

sium teachers act as judges, this was the first year that they had had them, and she was sure everyone was delighted with the arrangement.

On Saturday, Feb. 20, the last basketball match between the II class teams was played—'11 and '12. The '12 team was victorious with a **BASKETBALL** score of 10—9. The game was fast and there was good playing on both sides.

In particular Miss MacQueen and Miss Reid of the sophomores, and Miss Lawrence and Miss Hall, the freshie forwards, played an excellent game.

The score at half-time was 6—1 in favor of '12, but in the second half the sophomores played up well, and brought up their score to 9 points. The teams were:

1912—G. Browne and L. Van Vliet, forwards; E. MacQueen, centre; H. MacAdam (capt.) and F. Olmstead, wings; F. Reid and S. MacDonald, defence.

1912—C. Hall and K. Lawrence, forwards; J. Hyatt (capt.), centre; A. Freeman and A. Brauer, wings; L. Alguire and E. Dumaresq, defence.

We have had us this week two of our classmates from out of town—Miss Isabel Miller and Miss Ethel

R. V. C. '10. Ramsey. Several of the girls met on Thursday, and by their combined efforts produced a pink and-white luncheon, at which Miss Ramsey was the guest of honor. The pink and white was chiefly furnished by crêpe paper and ice cream. E. R. B., on the inspiration of the hour, introduced the banquet as follows:

"Pome."

We all are here to celebrate
With jolly fun and food,
The return of our former mate,
Still lovely and still good.

The jovial grape-juice flows around,
The ice-cream plates are seen,
With real cream on them, in a mound
All purple, red and green.

The sandwiches ne'er seemed so good,
The cake was like a dream.
For why, our Ethel gave us food,
And on us all did beam.

Her kindly smile, her golden hair,
Her eyes of china-blue,
All twinkled now on food most rare
While she said, "Take one, do."

The others were not loth, in sooth,
And nobly worked their jaws;
Fair M-rg-et and greedy R-th,
Who grabbed with both her paws (?)

The other R-th looked on, amaged
To see R-th B. so starved,
And then withdrew her fearful gaze
And said "Things should be 'harved.'"

And V-vi-n looks in proper way,
And tries to seem most shocked;
But still she is most live and gay,
And sits, her lips not locked.

Fair M-rg-et doth keep apace,
And somehow she keeps busy—
She ate a cake, a thing most base—
Would it not make you dizzy?

Louise, with, care, doth move her jaws,
And like Gladstone doth say:
"Take thirty-two to every bite,
And you'll live—till next May."

The two con-sœurs have graced our fun,
And join'd in our joy—
A. M-rg, who "marged" her foot—a pun
—And R-by with looks all coy.