

the table at which our friends sat, and the boys greeted him warmly.

Then grace was said, and Allan looked to see what was for tea—bread and butter, jam, small light buns, and tea or milk.

"Oh! I say," whispered Berry B., "watch Mr. Leslie. He's after the jam."

The short-sighted master was looking all over the table, as if for something missing. Presently he beckoned to the dining-room girl.

"Susan, where is the jam," he said.

"At the other end of the table sir."

"Bring it here, then please." The girl hesitatingly brought the large dish.

Mr. Leslie gave each boy a small portion of jam in tiny square jam dishes. There was little left by the time all were served, but Berry and a few others got a second helping. Every one had all the bread they wanted, and one bun each.

"You see," said Berry, "we never get more jam than this, and only one cup of tea, or, or mind you, a glass of milk. I call it beastly mean."

Mr. Leslie who heard the boy, said, "no whispering is allowed, Burton, if you please."

"Yes, sir. Oh! goodness, here she comes."

She was Miss Broughton, who advanced to where Susan was pouring tea. "Susan, I directed that the jam was to be placed at the other end of the table," she said.

Mr. Leslie looked wonderingly at the lady, while the boys at the "other end," gazed hungrily at the jam dish.

Miss Broughton actually looked confused for a moment. Why had she not moved the boy instead of the jam, she should have remembered that the light was far the strongest over Mr. Leslie's head in his present place. "That end is really the head of the table, Mr. Leslie, and I had forgotten that the gas is at this end, and that you require light. I'm sure I beg your pardon, but I have so many things to remember, that——"

Of course Mr. Leslie, like Dickens' Mr. Toots, protested that "it was of no consequence, whatever." Several boys tittered, and as Miss Broughton walked off, she darted an angry glance at Berry B.

"My goodness!" he said ruefully. "Now she'll be down on me all this term," and the prospect so damped his spirits, that his busy tongue was silent till supper was over.

At seven o'clock, the boys, save those in the first form, were sent upstairs to their different dormitories to unpack their trunks. Mr. Broughton, in the dining room, read the boys names who were to occupy the different apartments.

Allan knew he was to go in number three, and Berry B. who had kept with him all evening exclaimed, "Goodness me, you're in the same dormitory as I am, and the Gilroys, and Thornton and Daly are with us. Is it not jolly? We'll have lots of fun," he explained as they went up stairs. "Miss Broughton turns the gas off at half-past nine, though, so we can't read or anything like that. Here we are. I'm going to have that corner bed, and you take the next. Hurry!" and Berry dragged him along.

Allan saw a large room, carpeted with matting, containing ten single iron bedsteads, with white hangings. There were five on each side of the room. The beds were about five feet apart, and between them stood the boys' trunks. There was four wash-stands in the room and four mirrors. The walls were papered with light paper, and pictureless. Beside each boys' bed was a double row of pegs, and a shelf on which some of his clothes were placed.

Allan, following Berry's example, soon unpacked his trunk, and neatly arranged all his possessions.

"We have a porter here who comes around to see that we're all in bed at half-past nine," said Berry; "So you see we're kept pretty strictly. How did you like your supper?"

"Oh,—well—I,—you see—," stammered Allan.

"Don't be afraid to say you didn't like it. Neither do I. When a boy's fed on raspberry tarts, mince pie, and cake all holidays, it's bad to come back to bread, flabby buns, and an egg cup full of jam. The worst is we're not allowed to have eatables in our trunks, and we can't buy them in the village, for a master always goes with us. That rule was made by The Scraper."

"The Scraper?"

"Yes. Miss Broughton she reminds one when she speaks of a squeaky slate pencil being scratched over a slate, so we call her The Scraper."

Allan privately thought it was a good name if rather disrespectful.

Berry continued, "The organ of veneration is very imperfectly developed in this school as you'll find out before you're much older. By the way, would you like to know the weekly bill-of-fare here?"

"Wouldn't I though?"

(To be Continued.)