

cheers and songs and toasts, which had all been a part of their own yesterday.

One thing they couldn't hear, though. But since the Doctor hadn't once designed to deny it himself all this time, I don't know that it mattered so much. It was a little conversation which took place between Noad and Giffard.

"I say, Giffard," said the former, edging up with a very important face, while the supper was in progress. "I found out from some of my people who were up to-day, that Mr. FitzHerbert said he'd rather not, when the trustees first offered him the post here. Hadn't I better tell the others?"

"What's the use?" asked Giffard indifferently. "They know by now he's not the sort to do anything shoddy. But shut up, man! Hythe's starting the Floreat."

"There's the old song!" said the General, enthusiastically, as the strains of the "Floreat Osythia," rolled out to them.

Then there came that other one beginning—

"St Osyth's is a school of pride.  
Of learning and renown, sir!"

And he recognised that too.

"But listen, this is a new one, surely!" said someone.

It *was* a new one of a topical nature, which Spratt had composed half an hour before, and which began: