

know positively nothing. One girl asked today if a cow's rib went to its tail. Another asked if they put egg yolks in butter, but the majority know more than that.

After school we do various things—Wash—Wash day is any day you can get a tub and then a stopper for it. After a wild rush all the clothes are in the drier. They get the worst dirty grey color after a few weeks but with lots of soda and a good boiling they are fairly clean.

Sometimes we have sewing to do for class and the Juniors have educational sewing. Just think of sewing with white thread on bright red material so Miss Watson can't see the stitches with a microscope. Then of course we often go for walks, and call at "tuck" for something to eat and we're always hungry enough to eat anything on earth. Captain ball, baseball and tennis are beginning now so they help take up time and of course the basket ball. They have the best teams but they are old girls.

After tea comes "study hour" until ten. We are supposed to work but no one thinks of that, evidently, until exam time tables are posted. But at least we have to keep quiet or some Senior comes along.

Friday is "night off." Sometimes there are social affairs in the gym but usually you mope around the halls waiting for something to happen when suddenly the door bell rings and everybody rushes to the well. The man, (for of course it is always a man), if he has been there before knows well how many heads there are at the well to see how large his box of candy is this time and watch who goes down to get it, so he slides quickly into the library.

On other nights we wait patiently for ten o'clock and for once the everlasting gong is a welcome sound. One joyous

shout goes up and someone says, "We're having a feed." Get your cup and spoon, and if you have any butter bring it along". Everything is going beautifully when just as you're getting the hat pin well into an olive, out go the lights and in two seconds some one begins to "shish" and we creep to bed.

Just as I get asleep Mae is sure to shriek, "O! there's a mouse in the waste basket. O! I'm sure it's in that box under my bed. O! did you shut the cupboard door and pick up those crusts. O! I know it is on top of this bed." I am always glad she has a good list of things for it takes me that long to get my voice calm enough to say, "No, silly, go to sleep. It's only the paper blowing on the table," even though I am quite sure it is a mouse. While she calmly goes off to sleep again I bounce around for hours from one hard bump of the mattress to another listening to that horrible gnawing and before my eyes are properly closed that dreadful gong goes and here is another day.

I haven't told you about initiation or the dance last week or anything else. I will save it until next time.

There's the tea gong.

Heaps of love,

Dera.

JUNIOR CHEMISTRY

We are sorry to say that the poor juniors of Mac. Hall met their Waterloo Friday afternoon, April 7th, in the form of a chemistry examination. When they discovered they were unable to answer any of the questions they decided to appeal to Prof. Harcourt's sense of humor through quotations. Here are a few of them:—

Edith Elliott—

"There are more things in heaven and earth than this world dreams of."