

can push it under the bed and no-one will know it's there! Just the colour of the floor!" And so on until a fitting price was reached.

A small oval picture was next exhibited, having the appearance of polished wood and the assembly sat up. Bidding was brisk until someone discovered that it was painted tin, when a chorus of disappointed "O-ohs," caused the auctioneer to hand it back.

"Now, here's a pillow, a feather pillow; you must have pillows in your rooms; the more pillows you have, the nicer they look!"

"Does it leak?" asked a wary one.

"No," from the owner, "it does not leak."

The pillow ran up to a respectable sum, and encouraged by success, the assistants passed up a second, stuffed into an embroidered blue linen laundry bag.

"Does the bag go with it?"

"No; the case, but not the bag."

"Does *that* one leak? "No!"

"Well, why is it in a bag if it doesn't leak? "Take it out and let us see!"

A portion of the pillow was dragged out, but the onlookers were suspicious, and it did not realize so much as the former one.

A white flower vase with splodges of colour on it was offered next, but it failed to appeal to the aesthetic taste of the company and no bid was made.

"Now, here's a pair of green silk stockings, real silk, just the thing for 'St Patrick's Day! What offer for 'this pair of silk stockings?"

"Any holes in them?"

The question was referred back to the owner.

"One hole in the toe! Only one hole in the toe! Give me a bid for these 'green silk stockings!" The auctioneer waved them proudly like a banner.

"There's a hole in the leg too!" said someone with abnormally sharp eyes.

"Where?" "Right there in the middle of the leg!" The fact could not be denied and the green silk stockings were contemptuously turned back again.

Cretonne and muslin curtains, table-covers, bedspreads, more rugs, cushions, waste-paper baskets,—an endless variety!

Even a fly swatter appeared, but was howled down decisively.

"We don't mind the flies!"

"The mice trouble us more!"

"Haven't you got a mouse-trap?"

Such bargains!

What a pity one has so little money left at the end of the term!

"Never the time and the place and the loved one all together!" So sang Robert Browning. And when one has the money, one can't see just what one wants! And when one has just thirty five cents left after buying one's ticket, all these desirable objects are being well nigh given away!

FACULTY LUNCHEON

Another annual event which was of particular interest to the senior class was the luncheon given by Miss Watson to the Macdonald Faculty and the wives of the O. A. C. Faculty. This luncheon was prepared and served entirely by the graduating class under the capable direction of the Steward, Miss Eva Wade, who was chosen from the class, by Miss Watson, to manage the arrangements for the luncheon.

Again Room 47, Macdonald Institute was brought to life and made radiant with the perfume of lilac branches, artistically arranged to take the place of window draperies. Added to this decoration was a profusion of yellow buttercups, violets and iris, all combining to produce the desired color scheme of mauve and yellow. The