

MOULTON COLLEGE.

MISS NEEDLER, Miss Karn, Miss Van Etten, and a few others of our school friends did not return this term. For the information of those who think it was on account of the scarlet fever, we may say that these young ladies did not intend coming back when they left.

SCHOOL opened Saturday, April 22nd, after our extended Easter vacation. Monday morning found most of us in our accustomed places, and in a comparatively short time things were going on as usual. Those who had spent the three weeks at home had the ordinary amount of "good times" to tell about, whilst those who had remained in the College have been able to make the others envious by recounting their experiences. The latter could be expressed only in volumes—of sulphur dioxide.

WE have had in the past few weeks a proof that the higher education of women is not opposed to domestic habits. No sooner was the extension of the Easter vacation announced, than the majority of the members of our family remaining here formed themselves into a sewing-bee. Discussions as to fit and fashion were the order of the day. The results of the work will be on exhibition as soon as the warm weather will permit. Paradoxical as it may seem, the members one and all agreed that although it was an economical proceeding, it was at the same time quite *wasteful*.

HARMONY HALL SENSATIONS.—Only a murder is necessary to complete the list. Thieves, fires, asphyxiation, we have been threatened by all in turn, and naturally wonder what will come next. It is scarcely a year since we were awakened at dead of night by an unearthly scream and the startling announcement, "Burglars were looking in at the window." It proved to be the man in the moon and his dog, but our terror was none the less for that. And now the mild form of danger attendant upon being looked at, is developing into a vindictive following of fate which threatens our very lives. The other night a member of Harmony Hall smelt smoke, and instantly gave the alarm. The corridor speedily became the scene of numerous psychological experiments. A row of heads hung over the balustrade excitedly sniffing the air from the lower regions. Others nosed along the cracks of the floor like hounds after their prey. At intervals the cry "There! I smelt it there!" redoubled the excitement, and all noses were laid to the scent with fresh assiduity. Two or three descended to the furnace room, but everything there was as usual. We went to bed baffled and mystified, not to say disappointed. What's the use of a fire-escape if we're never going to have a fire?