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"Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit."

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WHITBY, MAY, 1910.

No. 7

LESSONS FROM THE BIRDS AND FLOWERS

Observers and students of birds tell us that man possesses hardly a trait which is not reflected in the life of some bird, industry, love, hate, courage, vice, constancy, fickleness, generosity, selfishness, wit, curiosity, memory and reason. Truly a long list of attributes from which we may draw many lessons.

With few exceptions, all birds are industrious. Who has not seen the cheerful persistent sparrow, toiling to raise a long straw to his nest, under the eaves of your home. Often he attempts more than he can first accomplish. He gets up so high, when the weight of his load will bear him to the ground. He looks at it, twitters awhile, shakes his head defiantly and tries again; probably making detours with his load to a post or fence, where he wisely rests for a short time. Then with a final effort he flies to the goal—his nest, where noisy bragging pronounces his victory. He and his mate then shape the straw into the nest, and away they go after more material.

Let us notice next, how sagacious birds are. They all show great wisdom in selecting the position for their nest. It will be the most sheltered spot in the vicinity, against cold winds from the west and north. A bird's main idea when depositing its eggs, is that they shall be safe from enemies of all kinds and unfavorable weather conditions. Then, too, a careful examination of their home will convince anyone that it is a work of art. The red-winged black-bird (whose nest is unusually built

among reeds, flags or bushes) makes its nest very much deeper when the place selected is subject to strong winds, than in more sheltered spots—and then, as a further safeguard the mouth of the nest contracts so that the eggs will not fall out when the flags are swayed by the winds. The Baltimore Oriole hangs his well-built nest, a masterpiece of bird architecture, on the extreme end of an overhanging branch where nothing but a winged enemy can reach it. Yet no matter how adverse the circumstances may be their modest chant always suggest good cheer and contentment.

The thrifty woodpeckers so common in our Ontario groves are very thoughtful for the future and when the nuts are ripe, they store them away in the knot holes of trees, between cracks in the bark and decayed fence rails. These stores are drawn upon when the ground is covered with snow and food is scarce and hard to get.

Cleanliness is a term that may be applied to nearly all birds. We watch them bathing in the clear cool streams. The economic value of birds to the human race is great indeed. Scientists tell us that if we were deprived of the service of birds the earth would soon become uninhabitable. In the air swallows and swifts are coursing rapidly to and fro—ever in pursuit of the insects which constitute their sole food. When they retire the nighthawks and whip-poor-wills take up the chase, catching moths and other nocturnal insects which would escape day-flying birds. The warblers, light, active

creatures, flutter about the foliage, and with almost the skill of a humming bird pick insects from leaf or blossom. The woodpeckers and nuthatches attend to the tree trunks and limbs, examining every inch of bark for insects, eggs and larvae. Few places in which insects exist are neglected; even some species which pass their earlier stages or entire lives in the water are preyed upon by aquatic birds.

Another lesson to be seen is the way they adopt themselves to various conditions. They roam the earth from pole to pole. They are equally at home on a wave, a washed coral reef, or in arid deserts, amid Arctic snows or in the shades of a tropical forest. They use whatever material they have at hand for building their nests. If what they have been accustomed to is not to be had, they use whatever they can get. Are we humans as rational? Do we not sometimes complain about the things given us to do with?

Probably one of the most ennobling things we can do for ourselves is to go to the bush, on a bright spring or summer day, and drink in with seeing eyes the beauty of the trees and flowers, and listen with ears attuned to Nature's best friends, the birds, singing merrily on the branches. One moment we may admire their beauty of plumage; the next, marvel at the ease and grace with which they dash by us or circle high overhead. But birds will appeal to us most strongly through their songs. How clearly each one expresses the sentiment of the hour or season. Emerson, who was a lover of birds, wrote the following verse about the friendly chickadee

Piped a tiny voice near by
 Gay and polite, a cheerful cry—
 Chick-Chickadee! saucy note
 Out of sound heart and merry throat,
 As if it said good-day, good sir;
 Fine afternoon, old passenger,
 Happy to meet you in these places
 Where May flowers bring various faces.

Let us now see what lesson we can get from the flowers. It seems to me they are

very closely related to the birds. With the first sweet whistle of the robin, and the clear notes of the blue bird, the flowers make their appearance. They are not afraid, for as soon as the sun's rays have strength enough to pierce the ground, they send up their leaves closely sheathed together to withstand the icy touch of the north wind.

Mrs. Johnson writes:

Odors of spring, my senses ye charm
 Methinks with purpose soft ye come
 To tell of brighter hours,
 Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,
 And sunny gaies and showers.

The pearly white snow-drop is the leader of the procession which follows the springs' footsteps. It is amazing to see the courageous little thing hanging its dainty head over the patches of ice and snow which linger into the middle of March. But it comes not alone—with it are seen the May flowers, pansies, tulips and various others. When the snow and the flowers are seen thus together, we are started by the situation; death and life side by side on the dawn of the living year.

Ruskin writes: "Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity. Children, ordinary and luxurious people love them. They are the cottager's treasure, and in the crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose hearts rests the covenant of peace."

Again, flowers speak to us of love and joy; of hope and peace; of humanity and confidence; and also of bitter sorrow and grief—for they are associated with those who have passed away and whose loss has darkened our lives. They also teach us of the resurrection of the dead and the life immortal that fadeth not away. They adorn the soldier's grave; they crown the festive hall; they are everywhere and are closely mingled with both joy and sorrow. They are not a necessity to many of us; but they teach us to live nearer to God. I think Mrs. Howitt writes very nicely of them:

Our outward life requires them not,
 Then wherefore have they birth?
 To minister delight to man,
 To beautify the earth!
 To comfort man—to whisper hope,
 Where'er his faith is dim,
 For who so careth for the flowers,
 Will much more care for him.

Then we can get lessons from the flowers in rest and punctuality. It is said that nearly all flowers sleep at night. They need it in order to perform their day's duties. The marigold goes to sleep with the sun and awakes at its bidding. The dandelion lightly shuts its bright blossoms before nine in the evening and does not fully open them until six in the morning. The daisy, the crocus, tulip and many others sleep peacefully at night.

Flowers help us to respect and care for living things. They teach us to see the beautiful and hear the music of nature.

Wordsworth our great nature poet writes:

To me the meanest flower that blooms can
 give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for
 tears.

And what a comfort they really are to all of us. The sick delight in having them by their bedside. Napoleon, when he was banished from Europe, sought solace in the sweet violets. He cultivated them in large quantities in his garden at St. Helena, and when he was buried, his coffin was covered with the flowers he loved so well.

Lastly we can draw the great lesson from both birds and flowers and that is, their divine dependence upon God. Without him, they or we can do nothing. But we have the assurance that when God watches so carefully over the birds and flowers, much more will He watch us, protecting and guiding us aright.

JUST ONE NIGHT AT WHITBY

It was one of those golden summer afternoons when the sun was quivering in yellow floods on field and hill, and dust-white highway. I had steamed away from the blue, smoky patch of city to take in the last day of the Summer School at Whitby. I had often read glowing accounts of the summer schools, but had never been particularly enthusiastic about them. One so rarely gets enthusiastic about something one knows nothing about. As I said before, it was afternoon when I rode up the long drive of Whitby College grounds, in fact, the shadows were lengthening decidedly on the lawn, and the expectancy of the evening meal was impending. Here and there on the broad grounds were several little groups of young men and women clustered about a speaker in easy attitudes on bench and sod. As an Irishman would have put it, they were "just having an excursion" in a hay-rack down to the beach.

I got out of the carriage and joined one of the little groups on the lawn that were

squatted about Mrs. Goforth, of China, as she told them simply, as one would to one's own friends and relatives, bits of her living experience in China.

I looked on several of the other groups in the distance and saw the same interested look in the faces of all as they listened to different missionaries, giving these quiet little family talks. Then, before I had a chance to hear more, someone touched me on the shoulder, and I was taken temporarily to the room of two or three girl delegates, for my arrival was quite unexpected, and the corner that had awaited me several days before, was not vacant at the moment.

It was a pleasant calling back of old college days, to drop one's grip in the big airy room, where two other cots and a few scattered bits from the wardrobe bespoke of two girl room-mates.

Tap, tap at the door, and a bevy of other girls from the corridor came in, several of these volunteers for foreign field. The slender, dark-eyed girl in the forefront was

recognized as a college graduate, and a daughter of a mother of widely reputed fortune. I looked at her a moment, this girl with everything that culture, wealth, love, home could offer, giving her life to China, yet apparently with no mourning over the sacrifice. Her face was full of brightness and happiness. Evidently she had enjoyed the good things that had fallen to her lot to the full, but these had not made her forget the world that lay beyond.

"Does anyone in the room know anything about our delegate from B—— church," I asked. "I have looked for him everywhere since I came here."

"Oh, yes," said a lively little puss from Montreal, who sat in the corner of the room writing post cards to her host of friends. "He's down in the music room, just now. He's singing. I can hear his voice."

"Yes, he volunteered the night before last," said another.

"Volunteered!" I exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes, I have been watching him grow day by day since he came here," said the young lady volunteer, who spoke a moment ago. "It has been wonderful, just to see him unfold."

I sat down for a moment, overcome at the thought. All the winter, in our League, we had prayed that God would search us if by chance there were any in our midst whom He was calling to foreign service.

We had thought of many possible volunteers, but not of this bright, black-eyed, fun-loving lad. He had worked so hard collecting funds the year before, that we had sent him to Whitby for the outing, as a reward for his service, but had not expected so rich a return as this for our investment of one ten-dollar bill.

It was some minutes later. I found the lad on the lawn, and there in the lengthening shadows of the old elms, he told in a few simple and sincere words, the story of the great change in his life's purpose. He had been restless about his future, at the time he had come to Whitby, but these days had opened an entirely new world for him. He felt he could no longer live, working and

aiming for his own advancement in the world.

It was a hard proposition he had to face, six years' study, and working his own way through. For he realized that it was not sufficient merely to offer his life, but he must offer a life well trained for a service such as this. He had decided to become a medical missionary.

Just at that very moment on the lawn, I could see several other men, who had fought their way through, opened the gates of college doors themselves, and compelled destiny to give them the education they required for service. Could one say in the presence of such as these, that the purpose of the young man opposite was so impossible, impracticable?

No, these were the young men and women to whom all things are possible, because their faith is anchored in the God who knows no impossibilities. And there, walking on the college lawn, in the cool of the day, I was conscious of the power of One who takes lives and shapes them and makes mighty things realities far beyond our asking.

The supper bell sounded, and the joyous crowd came trooping into the great college dining hall. At almost every table were renowned missionaries.

"It is wonderful," said a delegate, who had been there several times before, "what Whitby College does for our delegates. They come here looking pale and tired from store and office, a good many of them, and you see them at the end of ten days going away looking quite rosy and round-cheeked after the healthy life, the nourishing fare, lake breezes and inspiration that is given them."

There was a hub-bub of talk and laughter all over the room. Surely these were the children of the King. They could afford to laugh and be merry, for they all knew in the deepest sense, that they belonged to a Father, who watched over them and was ready to take every care from their shoulders.

At the close of the meal, prizes were awarded to the best tennis players—and

again our delegate walked forward and claimed the trophy of success, amid loud applause.

The dining room emptied and the delegates gathered on the lawn again for another talk, till the stars came out and the fire-flies flashed to and fro beneath the trees. Then we went into the great hall for the grand final meeting. But all the evening we had a quiet, subdued feeling as we thought of what that investment of the ten dollar bill had meant to our delegate and to the mission field.

I heard his voice a little later, giving his own testimony, clear and strong from the back of the crowded hall. I thought, too, of what it was going to mean to our League as he returned, and we have been proving all winter, ever since, what it actually did mean.

Then the great gathering broke up, I

stood a moment at the top of the stairs looking at the thronging halls of the grand old castle college, and the crowds of young men and women brought together with the high purpose, and regretting not a little that the end had come to the beautiful inspiring life of these last ten days. Then the halls grew quiet. I have been taken away from the three delightful girls and placed in a more spacious room by myself, though it was almost with a little regret, as we thought of the bed-time confidences of girls brought together in this way. I knelt down by the open window and looked down in the lawn, where a lot of the young men were camped, and the stars were keeping watch over the college and the camp. Good-bye, good-bye, dear old Whitby. How could we have ever thought with indifference of this Summer School?

ONWARD.

REFLECTIONS OF THE MORNING AFTER

To be perfectly frank, the aforesaid reflections were of a most disagreeable nature, for it was the morning after a pianoforte recital, and of all the noisy audiences, that one was the noisiest!

Now, just to look at the matter sensibly;—if an elocutionist, even amateur, gets up to recite, do you talk? No, it would prevent you—and others—from hearing what was being said, you would lose the thread of the story.

If someone gets up to sing, do you talk? Of course not. It would be rude, and besides, you want to hear the words, if nothing else.

But if a poor pianist—amateur or otherwise—gets up to play, do you talk then? Yes, indeed you do, especially if the selection happens to be long, or one that you do not understand.

It is a mark of a lack of culture, not to appreciate good music. If any of our students are unfortunately not sufficiently endowed with aesthetic tastes to enjoy "classical" music, (as the best music is popular-

ly termed), for pity's sake let them try to conceal it as well as they can from the public!

Besides, there is this about it. Even if you do not at first care for music, if you listen at every opportunity, and try to understand and appreciate what is being played, a love for it will gradually grow upon you.

It is discourteous to talk while people are doing their best to entertain you. If you do not care to listen, and are so blind to your own interests and opportunities for culture that you will not try to listen,—stay away. Don't come and annoy the performers and the rest of the audience by your chatter.

Music has a language as plain as that of any other art, (and more delicate, because more intangible), and if you cannot appreciate the great achievements of the masters, and do not care to learn to do so,—once more I repeat, stay away, or else in common decency do not talk, and let others enjoy themselves.

CORA AHRENS.

A ROSE TO THE LIVING

A Rose to the living is more
Than sumptuous wreaths to the dead.

—Nixon Waterman.

The above lines are suggestive of a good deal of food for thought, and it occurred to the writer that perhaps a few words in appreciation of our honored lady principal would be more profitably spoken now than after we no longer have her with us,—a day which we hope is far, far distant.

Miss Burkholder is probably as busy a woman as there is in Canada. Her days, from morning until night, are perpetually filled up with a long routine of services for others. She has very little time for reading or sketching, both of which she is as fond as are many of us of our favorite pastimes or studies.

If you had the responsibility of the personal welfare and happiness of a hundred and fifty—more or less—girls, do you think you would be as even-tempered and as kind and generous as Miss Burkholder is? I rather think not, unless you were a very unusual person.

The children can find no kinder friend than our lady principal. If they are hungry, for instance, no matter how inconvenient it may be for her, or how tired she may be, she will go up and down stairs half a dozen times a day, to get them something to eat. She is continually watching over them and plan-

ning for them, as carefully as their own mothers might wish.

If character has a great deal to do with a girl's standing in the school—and I think it undoubtedly has,—we may thank Miss Burkholder for her very large share in bringing that very fortunate state of affairs to pass. She possesses that rare faculty, insight, by which she is able to determine the genuine disposition and character of a student, after a very short time of residence in the college. She is at all times absolutely just, and if a girl is trustworthy, and proves herself a fitting person in whom to place confidence, she may be sure that she will receive her due measure of honor.

It is a pleasure to sit at Miss Burkholder's table, and listen to her interesting conversation on travel, or on subjects of current interest. One cannot help but be benefited, if one be fortunate enough to have the opportunity to discuss matters with her, and discover her broad-minded and intelligent views.

Miss Burkholder is clever, kind, charitable and perfectly impartial, and I think we should feel very honored to have such a lady principal as our head, especially as she possesses to a most unusual degree, that quality which is the root of all other virtues,—unselfishness.

A STUDENT.

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Trafalgar Daughters

Gray-Trethewey.—A happy event occurred, on April the 27th, at Vancouver, when Miss Margaret E. Trethewey, formerly a student of the Ontario Ladies' College, was united in marriage to Mr. William Gray.

RECITAL BY PUPILS OF MISS GUMPRICHT, A SUCCESS.

The recital given by the pupils of Miss Wilhelmine Gumpricht, A.T.C.M., A.O.C.M., in the Murray Street Baptist Sunday School room last night was a striking testimonial to the efficient teaching methods of this clever young teacher, who is the only associate graduate in piano of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, in Peterborough.

There was a large attendance, and the hearty applause with which each number was greeted, left no doubt as to the enjoyment of those present. Miss Gumpricht's pupils played with a confidence and skill, a precision of attack and execution that was refreshing, even the younger pupils showing these qualities in a marked degree. The recital demonstrated in no uncertain manner that Miss Gumpricht has the faculty of imparting her own skill to her pupils. The pupils were assisted by Miss Geraldine King, soprano; Mr. Herb Rush, tenor, and Miss Eva Irwin, violinist, who added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion. Miss King's solos were much appreciated, and were given in splendid voice. The duet by Miss

King and Mr. Rush, with violin obligato, skillfully supplied by Miss Irwin, was an artistic number that brought forth great applause.

During the evening Miss Dorothy Hill presented Miss Gumprich, Miss Irwin and Miss King with beautiful bouquets.

Miss Gumprich has asked the Examiner to convey her thanks to the trustees of the Murray Street Baptist church, for allowing her the use of the room, to Mr. J. P. Cunningham for kindly loaning the Bell pianos used, and to the ushers and all who assisted in the great success of the evening. The complete programme was as follows:

PROGRAMME.

- Piano Solos, "Boute en Train"...E.Ketterer
Miss Geraldine King
- Piano Solo, (a) "Dance of the Stars"—op. 66 B. Godard
(b) "Drammatica"—op. 30,
No * Theo. Lack
(c) "La Coquette"...G. Bachman
Miss Helen Greaves
- Piano Solo, "March de Concert"
Paul Wachs
Miss Grace Gumprich
- Piano Solo, (a) "If I Were a Bird"
A. Henselt
(b) "The Butterfly"—
Etude de Concert C. Lavelle
Miss Ida Mulholland
- Piano Duo, "Pas des Cymbales"
C. Chaminade
1st piano, Miss W. Gumprich;
2nd piano, Miss G. King
- Vocal Solo, "My Ain Folk"
Laura G. Lemon
Mr. Herbert Rush
- PART TWO.
- Piano Solo, "The Whispering Wind"
—op. 38 H. A. Woollen haupt
Miss Grace Gumprich

- Piano Solo, (a) "Au Matin"—op. 83 ...
B. Godard
(b) "Valse Entrainante"
Paul Wachs
Miss Mary Laing
- Piano Solo, "Valse de Concert"—op. 3
J. Wieniawski
Miss Annie Deyell
- Piano Solo, "La Polka de la Reine"
J. Raff
Miss Wilhelmina Gumprich
- Piano Duo, "Finale Valse" ... Theo. Lack
1st Piano, Miss Grace Gumprich
2nd Piano, Miss Alice Stewart
- Vocal Duet, "Who is Sylvia?"
Harper Kearton
Miss Geraldine King and Mr. Herbert Rush
Viola Obligato—Miss Eva Irwin
God Save the King.
—Evening Examiner.

The Trafalgar Daughters (Whitby College old girls) gave a luncheon of one hundred covers yesterday. The small tables were decorated with red roses, arranged in silver vases. The guests were received by the president, Mrs. Donald Hossack, and the executive committee, consisting of Mrs. Arnold Ivey, Mrs. O'Sullivan, Miss S. Chown, Mrs. G. D. Atkinson, Miss Coleman and Mrs. Hales. Among those present were: Mrs. Gerrold Ball, Mrs. Sproule Smith, Mrs. C. H. Mitchell, Mrs. J. K. McCutcheon, Mrs. Alfred Perfect, Mrs. Edward Topp, Miss Bessie Topp, Mrs. Aikenhead, Mrs. G. C. Edwards, Mrs. Lindsey, Mrs. Harold Robins, Mrs. Bullock, Brighton; Mrs W. W. Sloan, Mrs. O'Sullivan, Mrs. R. S. Neville, Mrs. Britton, Mrs. J. Irving, Mrs. Ernest Walker, Miss Maud Gordon, Miss M. L. Copland, Mrs. Geo. Ross, Miss Annis.—Toronto World.



Music

Since the last issue of the "Vox" we have had the pleasure of attending two very interesting recitals. Both the girls and the teachers, are to be congratulated on their splendid work. The following is the programme of Mr. Harrison's recital:

- Moszkowski Musical Moment.
C sharp minor
Miss M. Dingman.
- Chopin Berceuse
Miss M. McCannus.
- Moszkowski Piece Rustique
Miss Florence Badgley.
- D'hardelot (Vocal).....(a) Berceuse
(b) Thoughts have wings
Miss Laura Knight.
- Dennee Mountain Scenes
(a) Arbutus; (b) Sprites of the air
Miss Iva Sherwood.
- Wheeldon (Organ) Cantilene A flat
Miss Gott.
- Chopin Bolero
Miss Mary Meldrum.
- Goring Thomas (Vocal) Love Lullabye
Miss Eleonore Wright.
- Beethoven Sonata Op. 26
Marche Funebre. Allegro.
Miss Norma Robb.
- McDowell (a) Barcarollt
(b) Humoreske
Miss Amy Binns.
- Beethoven Sonata. Les adieux
L'absence. Le retour
Miss C. Ahrens.
- Harris (Vocal) The hills o' Skye
Miss Florence Ryan.
- Weber Polacca. E major
Miss F. Balfour.

Silas (Organ) March B flat
Miss Ada Otton.

A slight change was made in Mr. Blight's programme. Miss Della Johnston (who is an O. L. C. graduate), and who was visiting us at the time, took the place of Miss Ahrens who was indisposed. Miss Johnston played the A flat major Polonaise by Chopin, and showed remarkable technical endurance in playing the exacting left hand octave passages, which are said to require "the nerve of a Napoleon and an arm of steel." On the whole it was artistically rendered. Following is the programme:

PROGRAMME.

- Duet—"Autumn Song"Mendelssohn
Misses Mabel and Florence Ryan
- Vocal—"When Song is Sweet"Souci
Miss Lyla M'Ammond
- Vocal—"Smiles and Tears."Nutting
Miss Dorothy Alfs.
- Piano—"Marche Grotesque." Sinding
Miss Amy Binns.
- Vocal—"There's a Land."Allisten
Miss M. Crane.
- Vocal—"Song of the Soul."Breil
Miss Grace Aylesworth.
- Vocal—"The Carnival." Malloy
Miss Gwendolyn Strongman.
- Organ—"Andante in C." Silas
Miss Ada Otton.
- Vocal—"Carmencita." Lane
- Vocal—(a) "That Was Yesterday." (b)
"Lily White." (c) "Take Me With
You When You Fly." Clarke
Miss Mabel Ryan.

Piano—"Polonaise" Op. 26, No. 2... Chopin
Miss Cora Ahrens.
Vocal—"Villanelle." Del'Acqua
Miss Ida Elliott.

Miss Elliott rendered a very acceptable solo, in the Methodist Tabernacle, on Sunday evening, May the first.



Art

Suppose we follow the art class on a sketching picnic to the "old Castle." They're really very jolly and don't mind spectators at all.

First, in the studio, there they are preparing paints, canvas, paper, anything, everything. One even has a suspicious dark bottle with a long neck.—hush it's only water.

Soon, with old clothes and outing hats, much in evidence, the little procession starts out, ready to conquer the world. Occasionally remarks are overheard such as: a jolly laborer hurries by saying to his companion, "Hustle up, Joe, or they'll be painting us."

Gay as all may seem, when they reach that old tumble-down entrance gate, here the immense trees sighing, and catch a glimpse of the forsaken mansion, the little group is very quiet. Painting and everything else is forgotten, while they think of the stories the place might tell. Few know the real facts; and don't you think it is more romantic to imagine what happened there? To hear sounds of singing and laughter from the deserted halls and to imagine gay, youthful figures playing tennis on the once smooth

lawn, or sitting in the shade of the trees?

But look, there are youthful figures on the lawn now, see, going to and fro, peering through what? Holes in squares of paper! Why of course they're looking for some little picture to paint. At last all find what they seek, some bit of landscape that appeals to them. Again all is quiet, as each gives herself up to her study or listens to the teachers criticism.

The sun is creeping over towards the horizon and it is found that there were other things brought, besides paint. Baskets, not at all artistic in appearance, are brought out amid looks of approval. For girls, odd creatures that they are, can step down quickly from the heights of art to the plain of—, sandwiches. Don't ever let the matron know that the spoons were forgotten, a twig did just as well for stirring.

As the sun looks over the land for the last time, it sheds its rays over a tired, but happy procession wending its way through the quiet streets to our castle at the other side of the village, leaving the old castle to its phantoms and dreams.

Mr. Manly, the art Director, has left on a sketching trip through the British Isles, and to visit the art schools and galleries

there. Mr. Bridgen of Toronto, will conduct sketching parties here in Mr. Manly's absence.

. . . Oratory . . .

We are very pleased to welcome Miss Shepherd into our midst. Under her careful supervision we feel sure that our remaining weeks will be a success. We are preparing to give two very interesting performances in the near future. First, "The Dream Lady," a pretty little comedy; whilst it is a substitute for "David Copperfield." Second, "Twelfth Night," in which a number of the already famous Senior Class will star in the leading characters. This will be the last appearance of the O. L. C. Opera Company on the public stage.

The Junior Class are head over heels in work, and we feel assured that their first appearance will be a very impressive and long remembered event.

Miss Jean Root gave her pleasing recital on Friday evening, April twenty-second, and was ably assisted by Misses Eleonore Wright and Cora Ahrens. The programme, which was highly appreciated by every one present, was as follows:

An Instrumental Miss Ahrens
 The Closet Scene from Hamlet . . . Miss Root
 Old Mistis Miss Root

Solo—Absent Miss E. Wright
 The Mustard Plaster Miss Root
 Solo—Break! Break! Break! . . Miss E. Wright
 The Soul of the Violin Miss Root
 God Save The King.

Miss Root recited in the Methodist church, Oshawa, on April twenty-fifth. For any information regarding the excellency of the stage service between the two prosperous cities, apply to Miss Root. We have noticed that her favorite song lately is "A Red, Red Rose." We are just wondering if "she is all right."

We all sympathize with Miss Burnett in her late affliction, but measles is measles. We hope to see her returning very soon, for we miss Mrs. Gummidge and her ever cheerful word of encouragement.

The poor Elocution girls will never cease to be, it seems, a down-trodden class of human beings, for even the Directors laugh them to scorn when they burst in upon their august presence, ready for a good night's practice,

"Oh time, thou must entangle this, not I,
 It is too hard a knot for me to untie."

Athletics

The officers of the Athletic Society are putting forth every effort for the success of the May Day sports. The twenty-fourth of May is the "May Court Day," and for several years past, has been a very important event in the college life, so, needless to say, everyone is looking forward to, and expecting, the usual good time.

The most prominent feature of the day is

the electing of the May Queen, which causes much fun and excitement. We were all very much pleased to crown as our Queen, for last year, Miss Alice Gott. We will be glad to welcome our former Queen.

Miss Margaret Harris, Anna Harley, and Clara Youker, at closing, and greatly regret that it is inconvenient for them to be here for the twenty-fourth.

Dr. Waugh will give us an address on the "Ideal Woman," this year, before the election of Queen. After the election, the usual exercises will take place, followed by a banquet.

In the afternoon the girls will be taken in hay-racks to the picnic grounds, returning in the early evening for the fire-works.

With the approach of hot weather, the swings have been set up and benches have

been put in convenient places in the lawn. As soon as the lawn dries out sufficiently, the tennis courts will be marked, and basket ball will again start. Some of the girls have been playing croquet, and soon the early morning divisions will start.

Miss Sheppard has organized a base ball team, about which the girls seem very enthusiastic. The sophomore class is expecting to have a picnic in the near future.



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DEMONSTRATIONS.

I expect to pass through this torture but once. If, therefore, there is any principle or any scientific fact I can tell to my fellow being—let me do it now—let me not forget it, for I shall demonstrate but once.—Domestic Science grad.

Miss Sutherland has taken a great interest in the cooking of cereals. She certainly takes a great deal of interest, and wishes to know the smallest details in the cooking line. Of course, we all know that the scientific way of cooking cereals is very important, and all

housekeepers, or those intending to be, should know.

Some have an unnatural taste for salt. A good example of this case is Isabel Landon, who is so very fond of it, that she usually empties the entire box on whatever she is cooking, especially eggs.

Evidently, Miss Sutherland, for one, thinks that China Painting is vastly more important than Household Economics.

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RESOLUTIONS OF THE SENIORS' AFTER TEACHING.

Resolved, to teach with all my might, while I do teach.

Resolved, never to lose one moment of time in explaining, but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can.

Resolved, never to say anything which I am not perfectly sure of.

Resolved, never to ask an unnecessary question or help too much.

Resolved, never to teach again unless I do it out of extreme kindness.

SENIOR SEWING.

Just ask Hattie about the New style needle for braiding.

We are especially glad to welcome "A brand new Singer sewing machine" to our department. We can assure it a most delightful and busy time while in the college. The girls are always noted for their extreme cordiality to any stranger that happens to stray into the department.

The morning division of the junior cook-

ing class entertained the afternoon class at tea, on Saturday evening, May 7. Miss Rowland was the lady guest of honor, and Miss Allan acted the part of gentleman guest. The room was beautifully decorated with cushions. The floral decorations were manigolds.

The menu was as follows:

Veal Loaf and Potatoes on half shell
Cabbage Salad and Wafers
Pineapple, Chocolate Cake.

Tea

Miss Ruby Robinson made a charming little hostess making everyone feel quite at home. Miss Ethelm Munro acted her part as host equally as well. The veal loaf prepared by Miss Alda Nicolle was indeed very inviting to eat. The menu was a grand success and everything did great credit to the class as a whole. We are glad to welcome Miss Hawkins to our morning class.

The afternoon class is sorry to lose one of its members, Miss Katharine Lyon, who was forced to go home on account of illness. The classes are experiencing a series of teaching from the senior class.

Social

During the month, Mr. Harrison and Mr. Blight gave very successful recitals. The senior elocution girls are giving their recitals also, the first being Jean Root, who displayed great dramatic talent.

The sophomore class has been formed with the following officers:—President, Stella Eckert, Doris McLagon; Secretary, Idena Prendercott; Treasurer, Christina Young. The class colors are purple and gold.

Owing to the resignation of the Junior President, our former Vice-President, Buddle Elliott, was elected President, with Pet Johnston, Vice-President. On May the thirteenth, the Junior Concert, the last concert of the year, was held, several new features being introduced.

Great preparations are being made for the twenty-fourth of May. After the morning celebrations and banquet, hay-racks will call to take one and all to the picnic grounds. In the evening, Dr. Hare promises some fireworks will go off.

Miss Sheppard, the new elocution teacher, who is taking Miss Tesky's place, is planning great things for her recitals, and rumors of the presentation of "Twelfth Night," are current.

Owing to the illness in Whitby, none of the college girls were able to attend the English church bazaar and supper.

The M.E.L. girls, Rowema Gardiner, Zella Garvin, Gladys Cotter and Ruby Wigle, are

in Toronto, trying their examinations. I'm certain we all wish them luck. Applications for music examinations are in and practice is continued with a vengeance, from seven in the morning until second warning.

The junior and sophomores have sold ice cream, a very welcome and much enjoyed means of earning class money, on several Fridays during the month.

And one dark, dismal, rainy day, coming at the end of a week of dark, dismal, rainy days, everyone feared an epidemic of measles. Arrangements were speedily made in the gymnasium for a temporary hospital, which fortunately has not had to be used. But touch wood!!!

The junior's domestic classes have been entertaining each other at teas. Would that they entertained their room-mates!

Before Mr. Manly left, he took his art girls up to the old castle, in a sketching expedition. Or was it a picnic? Ask them.

Miss Burkholder is entertaining all the girls in a series of "At Homes," given on Friday afternoon.

At the first one, Miss Burkholder, assisted by Miss Gott, received, while Miss Allan poured tea. About thirty girls called during the afternoon.

So many girls have visited in Toronto during the month, that the college roll book would be needed to mention names.

Miss Badgely and Miss O'Hara, spent a week-end in Whitby.

Miss Eaton spent the week-end at home.

A great many of the seniors have had their photographs taken at the Carbon Studio in Toronto.

We are all sorry that Miss Sullivan was obliged to leave before the end of the term.

Misses Mabel and Florence Ryan, sang in Pickering, May the thirteenth, at a Missionary Conference.

... Locals ...

WHO'S WHO AND WHY.

Graduate	What she likes best	What she hates most	Favorite Resort	Chief Aim	Fad
C. Ahrens	The Professor	Concerts	Reception room	To succeed	Making cocoa
H. Samwell	Going to church	Psychology	Kingston	President Taft	Gathering shells
A. Binns	Bach	Being teased	Pickering	To be on time	Promenading
M. McCamus	Washing dishes	Colds	Practise room	To be a Mae Paderewski	Catching mice
N. Robb	Receptions	Physical	Library	To be agreeable	Auction sales
M. Foot	Shovelling snow	Sweeping	Lower Ryerson	To be a D. S. teacher	Practising
W. Ecclestone	Lelia	Choral	11 Lower Frances	To get married	Crushes
E. Bussler	Dolly	Blushing	D. S. Kitchen	To be an angel	High teas
G. Cotter	Latin	Doctors	20 Lower Frances	To be an M. E. L.	Fruit salad
J. Root	Elocution	Macbeth	Upper Ryerson	To be a "Star"	Saffragettes
M. Tupper	Zella	Conversations	Y. W. C. A.	To be a nurse	Writing letters
L. Cook	Oshawa	Boys	Chapel	To graduate	Jokes
V. Burnett	Reciting	Being flattered	Dining room	Nothin' t all	Elocution
G. Strongman	Art	Agents	Art room	To be a sport	Artists
L. Sutherland	Borax	Books	Bath tub	To be a model housekeeper	Art needlework

The following bit of advice was given to one of our young ladies in connection with the *Conversazione*, and might prove useful upon some similar future occasion: "While at supper, if you wish to draw your partner's attention, do not jab his elbow with a fork." !!!

Miss F.—Rowena, give the rule for the position of model auxiliaries.

Rowena.—In model auxiliaries, the rule is to put the verb as nearly as possible where it shouldn't be!

C.A.—Why has your linen sailor blouse a cloth collar?

M.F.—Well, you know everything made for the navy has to be made so that it can be washed in cold water.

C.A.—Why?

N.W.—Oh, so they won't have to heat the ocean!

Passing the door of a certain lady on Lower Frances, (within which room could be plainly heard the busy whirr of a sewing machine), and pointing to an "Engaged" sign on the door, G. C. said, pointedly, "True enough"!

A few of the girls had assembled to sing "God Save the King," when the bells were being rung in honor of King George V., when one of the girls (with more common sense than Romana in her make-up) said, "What is the use? He can't hear us."

HEARD IN SPELLING CLASS.

Miss C.—What is the plural of appendix?
Pupil.—Appendicitis.

Miss C.—What is the meaning of financier?
L. V.—A man that's engaged?

B.B.—Sing G minor.

M.G.—Give me a minor scale to sing.

M.G.—Oh, don't do it that way. Say one with five flats or—ten flats, or anything!

IN BOOK-KEEPING CLASS.

M.E.W.—What's Chatham?

Miss E.—In Ontario.

M.E.W.—No, I said, what's Chatham?

Miss E.—Why, it's a place!

M.E.W.—Oh! I thought it was some kind of a food, because in the book it says, "Bought of Brown Bros., Chatham, on account."

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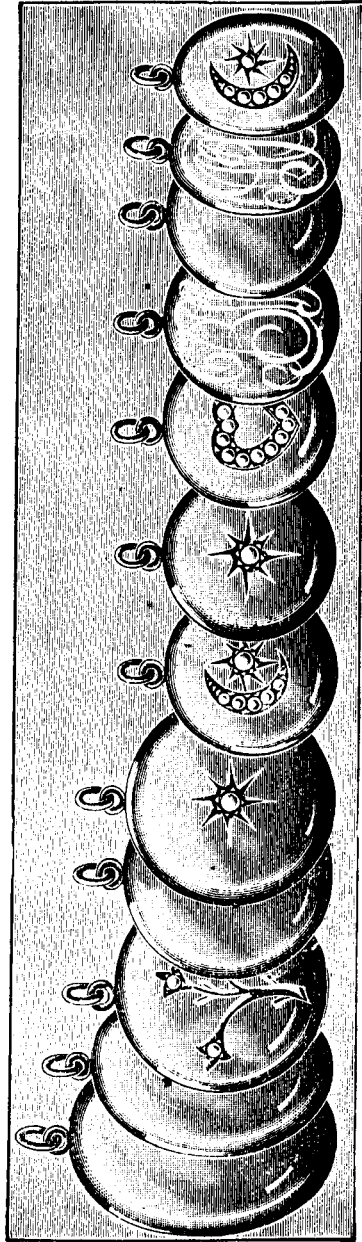
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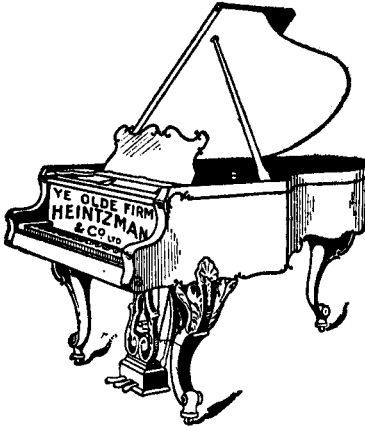
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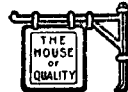
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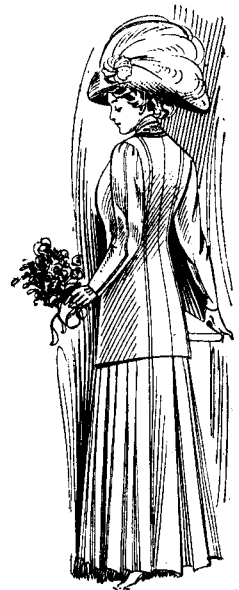
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