

Miss Weyman evidently being anxious to be tied up for good.

The shot put, in which the boys had been so successful in St. Stephen, was naturally interesting. It was won by Miss Flanagan with a throw of 43ft 6½in., with Miss Hay and Miss Robinson not far behind. The hammer throw was also won by Miss Flanagan. The other events were also very interesting, but space forbids the results being published. Anyone desiring further information may get it by phoning 329-11.

After the runs there was a canoe race. The crews entered were Misses Parks and McCracken, Elliott and Dobson, and Flanagan and Fleming. Miss Weyman was expected to enter with Miss Watson, but refused to do so, as she said she was accustomed to going alone, and refused to change. The race was very exciting and the canoes were almost on even terms throughout, but the Elliott-Dobson crew had an advantage over the others due to constant practice together and finally won out by a grand spurt at the finish. Miss Dobson fell in a faint as the race finished, but in finding that she was in the arms of a girl, recovered at once.

The assemblage then proceeded to the house, where a repast of hash and fudge was discussed. After everything had vanished, the literary part of the program was begun by a prophetic forecast of the fates of the seniors, all of whom were assured that they would soon be married, with the possible exception of Miss Watson, for whom the

prophet could see no possible chances. After this, farewell addresses were given by the seniors, who all urged the under-class girls to study hard, and above all things never to go with college boys next year. Miss Parks and Miss McCracken were especially strong on this point, while Miss Robinson acknowledged that one of the senior boys, named Billy, was all right, but said that the rest were no good at all.

The proceedings were brought to a close by a list of toasts, after which the happy crowd went home, singing college songs, having spent a very enjoyable day, though one of the freshettes was heard to remark that it was too bad none of the boys were there.

Oh, Ruddy, Ruddy Kipling!

Arise! Your lyre (liar) smite!

No other under heaven

Could report this picnic right.

Machum—"When are you going home, Bill?"

Morrow—"To St. John? I don't know. It all depends on what the wife says."

* * *

It is reported that the people of Sunbury Co. will introduce a bill at next meeting of the Legislature to prevent the City Marshall from polluting their water supply by setting oil barrels adrift in the river.

* * *

Maud K.—"I don't want any young man to grasp me." (?)

CARD OF THANKS

The Ladies' Society wish to thank the De Om. Company for valuable help with this, their greatest literary effort.