

After a hard fight the game fell to the Fifths. Although the Fifths won both the big prizes, the only other one they gained was won by Presley Challinor and happened to be a clothes brush, ever afterwards considered by the rest of the Fifths as general property, and treated accordingly.

The prizes were distributed by Sister Winifred. The prize awarded for the winners of the basket ball match was a copy of "Watts' Hope," while for the flag race, "The Lady of Shalott" was given.

Both were hung in the V. Form room. In the evening we were too tired and stiff to do anything, but go to bed.

School Song.

O Seniors, who have almost reached
your school-roads final turning,
And you inky little Juniors in the
hall,
Remember in your playtime and in all
that you are learning
That the honour of the school be-
longs to all.
Oh Juniors, playing tennis with a ball
that's lost its jacket,
Let every stroke be steady, swift
and sure;
For who knows but in future, with a
tried and trusty racquet,
You may play in challenge matches
with the four.
For school is like a racing boat we row
upon the river,
Pulled back a bit if ever crabs are
caught,
For each depends on everyone and all
must pull together
In lessons, friendship, loyalty and
sport.
If we try it does not matter if we are
not quick and clever,
Be loyal and true in all things great
and small,

And remember, in your school-time, in
your play-time and forever
That the honour of the school de-
pends on all.

CHORUS.

Old and new girls, in all you do girls,
Keep loyal and true girls. Play the
straight game,
And fight, girls, with all your might,
girls,
In work and play uphold the school's
good name.

School Hymn.

LAND OF OUR BIRTH.

Land of our birth we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in years to be,
When we are grown and take our place
As men and women of our race.
Father in Heaven, Who lovest all,
Oh help Thy children when they call,
That they may build, from age to age,
An undefiled heritage.
Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and earnest truth:
That in our time Thy Grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.
Teach us to rule ourselves away,
Controlled and clearly night and day,
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.
Teach us to look in all our end
On Thee for Judge and not our friends,
That we with Thee may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.
Teach us the strength that cannot seek
By deed or thought to hurt the weak;
That under Thee we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's
distress.
Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free for evil done.
And love to all men 'neath the sun.
Land of our birth whose future wide
Is ours to shape, to guard, to guide,
Oh, Mother Land, we pledge to thee
Head, heart and hands through years
to be.