



No. 12.

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3d.

PADLOCKED !

'Tis years ago since first they placed
The oak chest in its corner,
When Good Queen Bess reigned, stiffly laced,
And ruffles tall adorned her.

Its ancient lid is rough with dates,
And scarred by raps official,
And here the boys have left their mates'
The jack-knife's carved initial

Deep piles of queer old parchment books,
That now-a-days feel eerie,
And manuscripts in musty nooks
Tell tales of fingers weary.

These dangling seals hang from the "Deed,"
That gave the School its story,
When Pursglove knew the old town's need,
And added to its glory ;

For Days of Bruce left memories dear
Around the Abbey hoary.
Those far-off times seem very near,
(You know the spider-story ?)

And lovingly the old chest holds
Its treasures in its keeping,
And many a kindly thought enfolds
Of those who've long been sleeping.

So shut the lid, and run and play ;
The Sunshine's gaily calling !

We'll search the chest another day,
When rain outside is falling.

HELEN RUDD.

SCHOOL NOTES.

The most present, pressing and depressing topic during this term has undoubtedly been the weather. We have been charmed by its infinite variety, surprised at its sudden ' volte face,' disgusted at its persistent waywardness, and alarmed in anticipation of its next eccentricity. We have indulged in the felicity of him who knows what provision to make against possible contingencies or in the sadness of one caught unawares. *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*—which has been so daintily and modernly translated, "Happy the man who knows when to take out an umbrella."

February has given us very little rain, March has brought much snow and rain. The table given below shows that we have more rain to come in April and May, but it does not demonstrate the unreliability of the Barometer which, in March, by its zigzag chart, reminds one of the Royal Artillery Cricket Colours.