

and when we turned around in their yard they saw beneath the seat, that I'd no stockings on either. Holy cat, was I sore on Shorty!"

She came walking up behind me one morning and produced a tiny pistol—a perfect little beauty. "What do you know about that?" she remarked as soon as she caught up to me, "not too rotten, eh? I once came darn near shooting off the end of my finger with it. You see, I had it just like that, and this finger got in the way. Oh, say, you should have been at the church social last night. Oh, sure, it shoots twenty-two but I've B.B. in it now. Well, I wanted a little excitement, so I slid outside and when I got into a bunch of people, I'd fire up into the air,—say I scared some of those little old ladies into hysterics. I got this thing a few years ago. I had to. There was a man in town who used to pester me half to death. I couldn't go out after night but what he would appear out of some dark corner and want some money or the key of the store or some other fool thing, so one night when he did it, I said, 'Alright, there, take it' and I pointed this thing at him just like that. Say, was he scared! Then he recovered slightly and said he bet it wasn't loaded so I fired it off two or three times just to show him and he vamoosed,—beat it, you know, and left me alone afterwards. Look here, what do you think of that girl?—she rattled ahead, turning back the rever of her coat and exposing a picture on a button, "a pretty decent head. She played on our ball team down in Brandon a few years ago. Here's our pin, M.W.C., Merry Widow Captain, you know. I was captain. That girl got three front teeth knocked out one game. But she was a dandy good sport."

This is just a sample of the line of talk she handed out to you, if you got her to loosen up a few. You just ought to hear her singing hymns in Sunday school, she changed them to suit herself and was perfectly regardless of the teacher's glare. The superintendent, however, thought there was no one quite like her. We wern't so well thought of, were we Kittens, when we misbehaved in church or Sunday school? She didn't have to stay in and learn paraphrases the rest of the day. Oh, there's nothing like the freedom of the West, Kit.

I certainly must ring off here. Don't bother reading this all if you're busy. With love,

P.S.—Write soon.

ONE OF THE "GIRLS."

Queen's Again Takes The Lead.

IT will be gratifying to the readers of the Journal to learn that a Chair of Canadian and Colonial History will be established at Queen's next session, and that the first occupant of it will be Mr. William L. Grant, son of our late, eminent Principal, at present Lecturer on Colonial History, under the Beit foundation, at the University of Oxford. This expansion of the Department of History is due to the generosity of Dr. James Douglas, of New York, a graduate and trustee of Queen's, who will provide for the endowment of the chair. Dr. Douglas' offer