

at it. A friend of mine had a cottage at Metis last year. His wife did not know what a fondness the Indians have for their neighbors, and everything that is their neighbors', especially their neighbors' firewood. She did notice, however, with growing wonder, that the big pile of pine sticks at the back door was getting smaller at an extraordinary rate. One morning she said to Mr. L——: "That wood does not seem to go very far." "No," he replied, with a smile, "it only went about a hundred yards last night." Their house was some half-furlong's distance from the Indian's shack.

There are several places of great natural beauty in the vicinity of Little Metis. Twelve miles round the coast to the west, Lord Mount Stephen's salmon river empties into the St. Lawrence. A short distance up this stream are the Grand Metis Falls. This is a favorite spot for picnics, and nearly every visitor makes an excursion there. Though the volume of water is considerable, the tremendous depth of the chasm into which it falls magnifies it immensely, and the result is a very imposing scene. The only trouble is that the lumberman has cut away so many of the trees that the setting of the picture has been spoilt, and instead of the fringing green that once overhung the stream, the eye sees nothing but a lot of bare, forlorn-looking stumps.

There is another cascade, much smaller, but really to my mind far lovelier—I mean Crawford's Falls. It lies in a sequestered little canyon, a couple of miles back from the coast. The walls of the little gorge are about a hundred feet apart, and rise sheer into the air. Overhead the arching trees almost touch, and the light glimmers down through this leafy screen. The glen ends in an abrupt, rocky wall, over which the stream splashes, churned white on the projecting ledges, and rushes away over its shadowed, pebbly bed, to disappear round a bend in the chasm.

I have encroached on my space already, but there is just one more thing of which I should like to speak, and then I have done. It may seem trite to talk of sunsets, but for all that who can help speaking of it who has stood on the Crow's Nest—a jutting rocky pinnacle, a hundred feet above the beach—and looked at evening across the water—beyond the Lighthouse to the horizon, where the sun is gleaming golden-red over the flaming river, while above the sinking orb tiny flecks of fleecy cloud glow like hot asbestos against the darkening blue—all this may be trite and clumsily put, but I cannot help saying it again. Never have I seen anything to compare in beauty with that daily scene. Evening after evening the crowd of guests at the hotel would gather to watch the sun go down. Evening after evening they saw a picture, beside which Turner's "Venice" would grow pale, and even its golden glory seem dull and insufficient.

There are many other things of which I meant to speak when I began to write; of the facilities for golfing, tennis, and fishing; of bathing in water at fifty degrees; of the excellent cycling and better walking; and last, but best of all, of the unrivalled opportunities for lounging. But I must stop and bring these wandering and desultory paragraphs to an abrupt conclusion. I only fear that, like the "eathen," in Kipling's ballad, they have ended much where they began.

W. A. R. KERR.

The College Girl

Two important topics of conversation just now are the Women's Literary Society Reception, and the Conversazione.

The "At Home," given annually by the members of the Women's Literary Society to the members of the Faculty and their wives, will take place on the evening of February 4th, in the Gymnasium.

A reception will be held from seven until half-past eight, after which a very attractive programme will be presented.

The most interesting feature of the evening will be the presentation, by Miss Burgess, Miss M. L. Wright, Miss Neilson, and Miss Shephard, of "Place Aux Dames," a very bright little play from the pen of an American College girl.

A musical programme will be given by the following College girls: Miss Kennedy, Miss Robertson, Miss Wegg, Miss M. E. Mason, Miss Lang, Miss Dickinson, and Miss Kitty Paterson.

It is rather early to say much about the Conversazione, except that there will probably be a large delegation of First Year girls in attendance. Many of the Fourth Year girls have signified their intention of celebrating this function, as it will be the "last occasion," of the kind during their undergraduate life.

On Saturday evening next, January 28th, the regular meeting of the Women's Literary Society will be held. In addition to a musical programme, there will be a short play, and also a debate.

This will be the second inter-year debate, and judging from the reports, the representatives of the First and Second Years will make a brave struggle for a place in the final debate with the Fourth Year.

The subject to be discussed is: "Resolved: that a University education pre-eminently fits a girl for success in after life."

It must be gratifying to the management of the new skating rink to see how generously the College girls are supporting the enterprise. The only thing to be desired is plenty of cold weather.

"The College Girl" would like to offer congratulations to the Hockey Team, who seem to have entered upon a brilliant season of victories, and also to those who so successfully battled against the representatives from McMaster, in the "war of words," held last Friday evening.

Unusual interest was shown in the meeting of the Y.W.C.A. last Tuesday afternoon (January 17th), as was testified by the large attendance. The subject "College Temptations," was defined in an exceedingly interesting and helpful essay, written by Miss Tennant, but read by Miss Lick, as the former was unable to be present. Following this, three safeguards against such temptations, viz.: "Prayer," "Bible Study," and "College Friendship," were dealt with by Misses Straith, Conlin, and Phillips, respectively. All the papers showed marks of deep thought, and were filled with helpful suggestions. The meeting on January 31st will be a roll-call, and members are requested to answer to their names with a verse or some thought on "Answered Prayer."