

Make the most of your opportunities for "lending a hand." Only a few short years and the montle of Elijah will fall upon your shoulders. Just what that means a few of our conveners will gladly reveal to the unsophisticated.

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The Glorious Golden West is slowly, but surely, losing its charm and as the autumn haze fades and the chill wind strips bare the showering poplars, we welcome home Miss Lillian Hudson, '11; Miss Dorothea Scott, '11; Miss Mattie Fargey, '12; Miss Nora Cordingly, '10 and Miss Glauce Wilson, '11.

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Elgin House, Muskoka, 11.30 p.m., great excitement—a wandering fire-fly. Miss D., valiantly pursuing it over chairs, etc.:—"At last! Gracious but its big and—ouch it bites! A new brand evidently."

Miss C. (striking a light)—"Fire-fly! Huh, you goose. It took me a good half hour tacking that banner up."

The fire-fly was—a banner bow. The string—a tack.

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At the Y.W.C.A., on Friday, Prof. Matheson gave a very interesting address on the Importance of Mission Study. While there may be a few of us who intend going to the foreign fields, all of us have our share in the mission work. Those who are doing our work in other lands depend upon the enthusiastic support of the stay-at-homes. Indifference is the greatest handicap of all. As the Prof. said, "it is better to be cold than luke-warm." Mission study so far has not been encouraged among us Queen's girls. We have failed to recognize its importance even as an educative factor. At the Y.W.C.A. Conference in Muskoka, the delegates report a lively interest in other colleges in mission study. Each university has its large mission classes. And Queen's, too, is to have her share this winter. As a result of the enthusiasm brought back from Muskoka three classes are being organized on "Japan and its Degeneration"; "The Stranger Within Our Gates," and "South America." All are welcome. Come and help.

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One of the most energetic committees around College is surely the Look-Out. A few short weeks ago, grouped artistically on trunks, planks, bundles, etc., its members awaited with angelic patience, trains-on-time, trains-over-due. The timed (and otherwise) Freshie gaizng apprehensively down upon the platform caught her first glimpse of "Queen's College colors, the dearest in the world," and instead of the antiquated refrain "kib lady, take your luggage? Hotel Randolph. Randolph Hotel," she heard on all sides the kindly Queen's greeting. Then came the walk which all concerned will bear in mind, and after that the socials. Queen's streamers are no longer the committees' badge. In its best bib and tucker our Look-Out is rushing around paying calls. Who wouldn't be a Freshie—or a member.