

## Class Reports.

### FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

A very enjoyable "At Home" was given by the Misses Gairdner on February 25th, at which the undergraduates and many of the graduates had the privilege of greeting each other outside of the college walls. One of the refreshments was a "literary salad," which proved to be a source of much amusement and entertainment.

Even a senior is human, and is capable of having her vanity ruffled occasionally. One of our number relates how she was accosted by a little fairy the other morning on her way up with the following, delivered all in one breath: "Will you please ring our door-bell for me? Mamma is practising her scales, and I can't make Peggy hear me. Do you know I like you? You look so much like my grandma: you wear specs just like hers: yes, you do."

The seniors wish to tender their thanks to the class of 1900, who so ably entertained us on the afternoon of March 6th. We regret that we have attended the last of these pleasant Saturday afternoon entertainments; but trust that as they have proved such a source of profitable pleasure they will be continued and continue to improve in the future.

The days of the fourth year are numbered. But they are preparing for a great flare-up at the end, and they are going to plant a tree as a sign to future student generations of their good or of their evil—or is it of their knowledge?

What's in a name? Certainly something; and it was bad enough of her to call him Mr. Smith all the evening, but when she actually introduced him to another Donald as such, it was quite time for Mr. Jones to remark with some diffidence that perhaps she was under a slight mistake, etc., etc. But a Donald ever revives!

(First year Donalds only may send in answers.)

My first is a fish of three letters,  
My second is an instrument for chopping,  
My whole is the cause of a recent "psychological moments" in the life of an eminent professor.

### ARTS' NOTES.

The reporter now takes his pen in hand for a retrospect.

He feels a virtuous glow diffuse through his whole being! He looks with parental pride over the stacks of *THE FORTNIGHTLY* of this year, and yet is frank enough regarding his own efforts to confess with the old Latin poet—"Mons pariturus, enascitur ridiculusmus."

There have been wondrous changes in our college periodical, aye, even great ones. Did it strike the ordinary undergraduate when he found the issue of the 8th October, '96, that it was a new thing that was presented to his hand?

Did he recognize the *milieu* of artistic typography, of literary excellence and of journalistic ability with which it was surrounded?

The reporting also underwent a great change. It had been the custom of reporters in years previous to gather together jokes in class, bon mots of professors and hurl them in orderly battalions at the subscribers' heads.

But this is changed. The age of vulgar joke, of boyish prank, of high animal spirits was gone. An age of graceful satire of poignant innuendo succeeded.

We, the class of '97 are soon going *coelo et examinatorebus volentibus* to leave the precincts of our college home.

To all who come after we say follow our lead; back up college societies as we have done, encourage athletics as we have done, be animated