

Another session has come and gone, and another senior year is passing into—I had almost said oblivion. And surely if any year could pass into oblivion it would be the present senior year, leaving scarcely a memento behind except its class picture, which, we suppose, will next year grace (?) the walls of the reading room. It has been an almost colorless year; what little color it had was such a dirty, common-place drab that little notice was taken of it. Small in numbers, and not at all remarkable for ability, it has been sandwiched in between two large and aggressive years, which have nearly squeezed it out of sight.

On three occasions '97 has made bold efforts to achieve fame, but instead achieved an unenviable notoriety. In its junior year it tried to "run on" the sophomores, but was not *smart* enough, and most sincerely repented of the evil of its ways before it got out of the ensuing difficulty. In its senior year it distinguished itself by spending an unusually large amount of the Arts Society's money, in sending an unusually indifferent lot of delegates to sister institutions. At the Arts dinner it proved that those who pretend to know all about public functions very often have yet to learn the first elements of respectable behaviour.

The fundamental weakness of '97 has been a lack of year spirit and college spirit. It has some good, solid, sensible men, but they have not taken an active interest in the affairs of their class, and have left it to be managed by the feather-brains and dolts. It is to be hoped that those who follow may take warning from its failures.

But while we mark the weaknesses of our predecessors, let us give to them their due. Last session the class of '97 had a very successful "At Home" in the college building, the first, we believe, held by any one year. This session the Concurus, the majority of the principal officers of which belong to '97, was fairly conducted and incurred little censure. Of course we know that the happy condition of affairs in the court is the direct result of certain events which took place last year, rather than of any innate virtue on the part of the majority of the seniors.

And now as the curtain falls on the last scene of the little drama they have been acting on our college stage, let us wish them good luck and all success as they go out to play their parts on the larger stage of the world; and may their failures as well as their successes during their college course be a preparation for the effectual performance of their parts in the great drama of life.

AS SEEN BY '99.

The Arts class of '97, as reviewed from two rungs farther down the ladder, is a pleasant subject

enough, and yet a difficult one too. The modern photographer can fuse the varied features of a graduating class into one face of surpassing intelligence, which he calls a composite photograph. But to produce such a composite photograph with words instead of sunbeams and an ink-bottle instead of a camera is quite another matter.

And yet it would be hardly fair to let '97 go out into the cold world without letting its members know how we of '99 appreciate their virtues—for "e'en their failings lean to virtue's side."

We entered Queen's in the stormy session when '96 was at the helm, and in contrast to both seniors and sophomores of that time, the intervening junior year seemed to us a quiet one—perhaps even a little inert and lacking in spirit. "What sort of senior year will '97 make?" we would ask sometimes. And in the fulness of time we discovered that they would and did make a fairly good senior year. "Still waters run deep;" and perhaps the philosophic calm of '97 was but the quiet exterior of consciously reserved strength. True, the Concurus has not flourished as it did in days of yore. It filed one appearance to preserve its ancient traditions and then disappeared for the year. Yet who shall say that there was not behind this seeming supineness a kindly indulgence for the exuberance of the freshman—a forbearance born of a memory which, capable of going back four years, could remember that even the lordly senior was once a "jay" himself!

If the court had little more than a perfunctory existence, other college institutions were maintained in their pristine vigor and '97 is handing them on unimpaired in their usefulness. The members of the year showed a laudable willingness to immolate themselves upon the altar of duty. Yea, they were ready to go wherever their comrades sent them—even to a *conversazione* at Varsity or a dinner at McGill. And who can forget the grand achievement of all—our own Arts dinner, first and, we hope, not last of its kind.

And now we must part with '97—good fellows and bright maidens all. We say "Good-bye" with real regret, and cannot restrain a feeling of something like satisfaction that a considerable proportion of them will be here again next year to moderate the "dash" and "spirit" of the in-coming seniors, and, incidentally, to look for the academic honors which "missed fire" this time.

YEAR MEETINGS.

1900.

The last regular meeting of the year was held on April 1st. After the conclusion of the business an excellent programme was rendered. The musical