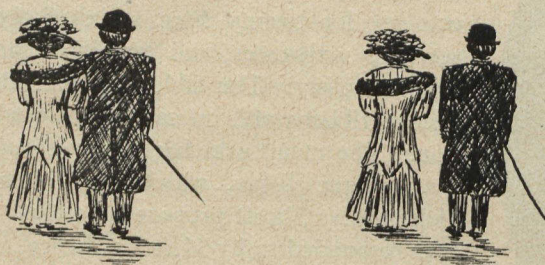
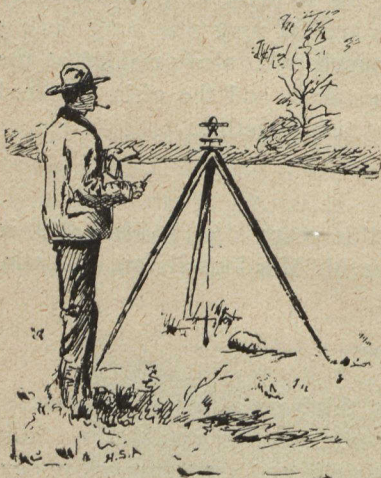


"Graduated we may be,
And scattered through the land,
Still, in common love to Queen's,
United we will stand,
Loyal as in by-gone days,
On the old Ontario Strand,
When we were going to College."

—*Maiden's Melody.*



AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.



Science.

THE final year held their farewell dinner at the Congress hotel on Friday evening, April 23rd. Nearly forty of the members were present. The regular number of toasts were proposed and replied to in a fitting manner. W. M. Campbell gave one of his inimitable readings from Drummond, while G. M. Thomson ably rendered the following final year song, written especially for the occasion by an old member of the year:

Once again '09 has gathered,
Once again her members stand,
The last survivors of the class,
The class that shook the land.
Four years of work and pleasure,
We've won our B.Sc.;
We fondly hope the years to come
Will bring our life's degree.
Of all years, she's the crown—
Here's '09! Drink her down.