

The ladies of the W. A. A. devoted themselves almost exclusively to basketball. They gave one exhibition of their skill before a very appreciative audience, and showed that they could play a good game.

Two other societies deserve very honorable mention, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Throughout the year they carried on a series of meetings, and did much good. It is to be regretted that they were not more generally attended, but those who did go felt well rewarded for their pains.

Just before Christmas the elections for the new Literary Executive were held, this time under the scientific Hare-Spence system of voting, and again with excellent results. Mr. Thompson and the other members of the committee had a great deal of work to do. The meetings continued to be most interesting—presenting debates, papers, music and so on, in great variety. A mock trial and a mock parliament took up two afternoons. But perhaps the most interesting of the whole term was a Canadian meeting, in which Canadian literature was ably discussed.

Two other societies in connection with the college occupied a good deal of time and attention on the part of the members, and in the end showed in public what they had been doing. The Glee Club was organized just before Christmas, with a membership of about fifty, and after the holidays held a weekly practice in the various choruses, under the direction of Mr. Johnson. They gave the regular concert on May 10th to a good sized audience, and all who were present pronounced it a great success. Those who felt in themselves the fire of Irving and Booth spent some time in getting up a farce which was very acceptably staged on March 22nd.

The most important social events of the spring term were a reception given by the W. A. A., another given by the

Domestic Science staff and students—both most enjoyable,—and last and greatest of all the *Conversazione* on April 26th. This is the social event of the year, and the six hundred guests all joined in pronouncing it a perfect success. The Assembly Hall was one blaze of light and color, and those students who could dance were in their element on this, the one evening of the year when it is allowed.

From the opening of the session the *Sword of Damocles*,—otherwise known as *Field Day*—had been hanging over our heads. At last it fell on May 9th,—and most of us found it didn't really hurt at all. Some of the more inexperienced had a rather trying day, but most of us found it on the whole a pleasant relaxation. One student was heard to say that he hadn't enjoyed a day so much since he came to Hamilton.

The class of '00-'01 have distinguished themselves above every other class in one particular—namely in their having a portrait of Dr. McLellan painted by Mr. Sherwood of Toronto. On the evening of May 17th, it was unveiled and an illuminated address read and presented to him. The address contained the sincere sentiments of all the students, and the Doctor in an eloquent reply told them how much he appreciated their love and sympathy, shown not only on this occasion but throughout the whole term.

This was the grand finale of the whole year—the effort of the class as a whole. A few more days are left us—days of worry and examinations, when a student can scarcely spare time to speak to his seat friends. But after the last paper is written and the last goodbyes said, and we are all scattered to the four winds of Heaven, then we shall all take out our little hand-books and look over the list and decide it was certainly the very very best class that ever lived.