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"HERE'S TO GOOD OLD QUEEN'S"

Old Scenes and Old Songs—Memories of Cap and Gown.

R. E. Knowles in Toronto Star.
It was lovely to be going back to Queen's. It is always lovely to go back, for pleasure, to a place which in far other days you only sought for toil. Besides, I went back under the most delightful and spicy conditions, having overthrown a few hours before the overthrow of "Varsity at the hands and feet of my old college, said victory duly signalled by a big dinner downtown, at which revelry and exultation flowed like a river. At which, moreover, the Very Reverend Principal Bruce Taylor did conduct himself, scholar and master though he is, like a veritable school-boy with his effervescent joy, as though all the Rhodes Scholarships of the ages had been permanently won for Queen's. And he did indulge in vain-glorying to the extent of his happy heart; and did, moreover, confess that "that last minute was the longest hour I ever spent in my life," and did speak in many other wonderful words. And Billy Nickle, (ex-M.P. and now M.P.F., mind you), a former classmate of mine, was there, his still ruddy cheeks (over which might be written "Noc Tamen Consumerbatur" by the years) aglow with jubilation. And Dr. Harry Pirie, the best half-back since Confederation. And Alf. (ex-Rev.) Lavell, saintly of face as of yore, whom mine eyes did behold smoking a cigarette. I feeling as if the gods had come down among men at last. And Alf. Fitzpatrick, usefulness of lumbermen. And Crawford Brown, more and more coming into his own as a great soul and a true soldier who has spurned the discharge he might so easily have had. And divers others, all as cock-a-doodle-dooish as if every man of them had made the last kick on goal, and as if there were no such thing as a stealthily approaching eleventh of November when all our bon-fire might (but surely not!) be sunk in ashes.

The train that pulled out of Toronto, eastward bound, on Sunday morning—for the "Presbyterians" are very modern now in their theology—was redolent of victory. In the dining-car, the smoking-car, the aisles, on the observation platform even, were echoes of the great game, the names of Harding and Leadley and Somerville particularly in evidence, with many a fervid eulogy of "end-runs" and other great and wonderful works on the part of the Calvinists from Kingston. In due time we arrived at that particular portion of "the old Ontario Strand" whereon the Limestone City sleeps its last long sleep and lies at anchor in the stream of time. Kingston, vocal and votive, was at the station, two bands, too, each going its separate silvery way. It was interesting to see the city celebrate, so self-controlled as it has ever been. As we wended our resounding way, past many a historic spot—especially the dingy old office, Mowat's, where "John A." first began to study law—I could not but remark how even the grim grey structures tried to smile. For events are rare in Kingston.

(Ever notice how some cities never permit happenings? I hope, by the way, to be spared to pick up a paper some day and learn that something has happened in Kingston? Nothing ever did. Even Woodstock is newer, though that news is almost uniformly obituary in its nature—and that week may be counted lost which brings us no despatches about the passing of a nonagenarian there; if not there, then the "oldest settler" has died in Zorra, a veritable old men's home, but which transmits the tidings of its departed pioneers, one a week, by way of Woodstock.)

But this recent triumph was indeed an event, and the dignified Kingstonsians made the most of it. And so we rolled along, cheer succeeding cheer, till we came to old Queen's and halted upon its spacious campus. Very beautiful it all was, too, the great stone buildings, each as if with the stamp of eternity upon it, gattered about the old arts building, still queen of them all, still looking out with grave dignity upon the noble lake sparkling in the sun. But what a difference from the Queen's of my day! Then there were but two buildings, the Arts and the Medical, in the "den" of which latter I made the very first speech of all my life, and in whose dissecting room I underwent one of life's greatest shocks. For, years before, "Old Murphy," a Criméan veteran, had disappeared from the village in which I lived—and all enquiry was in vain. But, one day, morbidly curious, I visited the dissecting room at Queen's. A new "stiff" had just arrived. I glanced at him casually—then again in horror—it was Old Murphy, undergoing his last indignity!

Only two buildings then—but behold now the mighty cluster. New Arts Building, Grant Hall (erected by students and graduates), buildings for medical teaching, for mineralogy, physics, mining school, museum, chemical research and many others—while, just waiting to be built, a \$270,000 library rises before the ambitious eyes of the friends of Queen's. My mind would keep rushing back to my earliest memory of the old place, in 1884. I saw again the stately form of the chancellor, Sir Sanford Fleming, who came in from Sharbot Lake in the same train reverently regarded by my eyes as he sat reading; of all a sudden he rises and approaches a mother with a crying babe, takes the child in his arms and walks up and down the aisle of the car till it is comforted.

Then, on arrival, Principal Grant's most cordial welcome and subsequent insistence that I should spend the night in the now almost century old house which is still the principal's home, and in the same spacious guest-chamber of which I slept a couple of weeks ago. Still I recall Grant's intimate counsel before retiring, so sincerely interested as he obviously was. Then came the next day's excitement of opening classes, of cap and gown greatly prized, of shy beginnings of acquaintance with fellow students, and shy relations with the professors, of whom, at that date, Watson in philosophy, Dupuis in mathematics, and Fletcher (late of Varsity) in classics were the big three. Watson still there, just completing fifty years at Queen's and with first rank in philosophy over all the world. Dupuis, the general genius, has passed on. Was almost stalled for my degree by Dupuis. Could never manage mathematics, which seemed to give so little scope to the imagination—and I think the proudest moment of my academic career was when Dupuis, despite my stupidity, invited me to his house to tea, for we always reverence the gift we do not ourselves possess. Prof. Ferguson, still to the fore, was there. English was his domain and yearly did he enjoin: "Never use a preposition to end a sentence with." And it is told that once (for a reverend he) when occupying a rural pulpit, having by mistake brought the MSS. of a discussion on the varying uses of "shall" and "will," he gravely delivered it to the drowsy farmers, who found it as good a lullaby as anything else. Prof. Williams, brother-in-law to Sir John Macdonald, was there, too, having been there at the beginning. Among the stars dwelt he, astronomy being his daily bread. His absent-mindedness was known to all men, and it was said that he once returned home from a little party late at night, and on a wet night at that. Whereupon "Billy" tucked his umbrella in beneath the blankets and spent a very comfortable night standing on his own head behind the hall door.

A flood of memories surged about me as I roamed again around the familiar halls. Up yonder, just at the head of the stairs leading to convocation hall, was the scene of a still memorable fight. I hear again one timid volunteer, a rather girlish fellow, saying to the master of sophomores just before they "went in": "Well, boys, you know I can't fight very much—but I can push pretty well." And again, when the gory festivities were at the peak, I see an athletic figure leaping the stairs, three at a time, the tassels on his mortarboard swaying wildly, his gown flying about him; and I hear a bovine voice shout "Stawp..... Stawp," the vowel long and stentorian. It was the glorious Grant—and we "stawped." I remember the great conflict as to whether dancing should be permitted at the closing conversations. Those in favor were lined up behind the warlike Harry Pirie, whose eye still holds its martial fire. Those opposed were led by the now Principal Alfred Gandier of Knox, who was then, as yet, as strong a moral and intellectual force as one of his splendid mind and transparent soul is bound to be. It seems strange, by the way, that this ethical contest ever arose, so far have the most plous drifted from these or kindred scruples in these later years.

I saw again the sad-eyed student who plaintively invited us to behold that philosophical essay of his, over which the caustic Watson had written the one deadly word, "Miscellaneous." Again I visited the scene of the sittings of the dread students' court, the "Concurus Iniquitatis et virtutis," wherein, I being the freshman impeached, and with the present Judge Logie on the bench, I pleaded my own case and got a verdict of acquittal, the first ever rendered there up to that time, and so far as I know, in any time. It was far and away the greatest oratorical thrill I ever knew. I heard once more the noble principal recounting

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