

STUDENT LIFE AT GLASGOW

ducted upon lines strictly political; and into this party warfare Grant entered with the greatest zest, becoming one of the chief speakers of the Conservative Club, and eventually its president. Even at the West River Seminary he had been foremost in the debating society, and his readiness, coolness, and dash soon made him a prominent figure in the tussles which all old Glasgow students will remember as taking place in the Greek class-room. "He was a very Rupert in debate," says an old friend, "charging and slashing out in all directions with unaffected enthusiasm and delight," yet wary as a hawk and ever ready to deal out punishment to those who tried to presume on his assumed recklessness. On one occasion a luckless Liberal spoke unguardedly of the Conservative Association.

"There's no such thing, sir," thundered Grant, "it's a club."

"Well, what's the difference?" was the reply.

The young Nova Scotian was on his feet in an instant, his nostril curled in scorn. "There's an association, gentlemen," he said, flinging out his left hand, the fingers hanging limp and separate; "there's a club," and at the word his closed fist shot out from the shoulder, fingers clenched, the whole posture suggestive of the total difference between limp individualism and the smashing power of united effort.

But there was no malice in his sallies, and he was always a fair fighter, scorning wire-pulling and