

would have gone to some poor neighbours were brought out and put in requisition, and careful plans were laid so that a long ladder could be procured at the proper time and place. At the fixed hour the conspirators after having given sufficient evidence to their landlady that they were safe in bed slipped into their ragged clothes, and out into the keen night air by means of window, wood-pile and a neighbourly board-fence. By different streets they hastened towards the Tool House with pot and brush, secured the ladder from its place of readiness, and began the process of exterior decorating. One held the ladder while another did the T. O. O. while whispered comments and directions passed up and down. The L of tool came next and a huge H at the beginning of the second word. The first painter growing weary in the arms, another still more eminent in the art climbed the ladder two steps at a time and added in his finest style the remaining letters of the superscription, while the paint drops dripped upon his garments. The work once done and the ladder safely stowed back in its place a swift retreat was made to the wood-pile and the window and a rousing fire stirred up in which the spotted clothes were soon turned into ashes—the paint pot and the brush were kept as souvenirs and are still extant. The fuel used in the fireplace to destroy the suspicious garments is said to have been pilfered from the neighbour's wood-pile by the returning conspirators.

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If it were possible to turn the clock and calendar back for the space of some eight years and to see over again the scenes which occupied the minds

of Queen's students at that time, one of the most interesting retrospects would be the winning of the Canadian Football Championship in 1893. Successes of this kind have never become so common that we can afford to make light of them, and there is no doubt that each new generation of undergraduates take a just pride in the achievements of the past as well as in those which occur during their own careers. Guy Curtis was the captain in those days and although already a veteran there was no persuasion needed to bring him into the arena. Herb. Horsey, whose feet was said to be more sensitive than those of other people, was on the wing and played nobly, even when he was a hundred yards away from the grand-stand. McRae was said to be absolutely opposed to using his fists except when forced to it in self-defence, while Kennedy and Billy Baker though pushing hip to haunch in the confusion of the scrimmage, were noted for meekness and almost undue politeness. Scott on the half back line could make brilliant runs either in daylight or in the dark, and never of course without the ball, while Fox at quarter could slip through a space no larger than a needle's eye whenever such an opening appeared in the line before him. All the other members of the team were as reliable as iron in their own positions and played both with doggedness and brilliancy.

The season had its ups and downs but defeats at Ottawa and Toronto were soon off-set by a series of splendid victories at home. The final game was played in Montreal and on the return of the victors to Kingston tumultuous welcome closed the career of a foot-ball team to which we look back with pride.