

campus, a good-sized square, surrounded on three sides by trees, bounded on the remaining side partly by the stone wall of East College. Here are a number of groups of various sizes—college men, towns-people, and a few ladies in nearly every one. Each of these groups is a *ring*, and in the centre of each ring are two young men both clinging to a stick which they hold between them, and in most cases *mixed*, arms, legs, heads and bodies in apparently inextricable confusion. Between the groups are passing other *pairs* of men, one of each pair calling "Hello Smith," "Oh Brown," or "where is Jones?" These shouting men are seconds trying to find the parties with whom their principals have been matched.

We are acquainted with Brown, one of the freshmen, and we shall try and have a look at his fight. Oh! here he is, just going to begin. His opponent, Robinson, and he have just stripped and one can see at a glance that they are well matched. The sophomore has a slight advantage in weight, but his opponent is wirier. Young Brown's second, holds the cane, and, all being ready, he passes it to that hero. He grasps it so near each end, that his opponent will not be able to get an "outside hold." The seconds each keep a hand on the cane till Robinson has secured as good a hold as possible, then "all ready" is the word, and "go."

"Then hand and foot and eye opposed,  
In dubious strife they darkly closed."

During the last week or two Young has been initiating Brown into the mysteries of "hip-throws," "twists," and "jerks." So our freshman is not unprepared for the wiles of his antagonist. There are no rules in this sport, except that blows and kicks are tabooed; yet there is abundant opportunity for the display of skill. Tripping is perfectly fair; and it is not long before the sophomore, watching his opportunity, in this way takes Brown's feet from under him. He does not get his shoulders down however, for the freshman clings to the cane and struggles to his feet again. Now Brown tries the hip-throw and lifting his opponent from the ground actually wrenches the cane from one of his hands. But before he can follow up his advantage, Robinson snatches at it again, and, Brown's hand having slipped somewhat towards the middle, secures an outside hold. "Now then, Robinson," cries Van Dyke, his second, "you have him." "Hang on, Brown," says Young, "he is getting winded." And truth to tell our freshman does seem to be in better training. Upon this, Brown begins to force the fighting, twisting, pulling, leading a merry dance over a wide circle. The sophomore feels that he cannot stand it long at this pace, and making a mighty effort, brings the freshman fairly to the ground. Falling on his back, Brown wriggles over and gets the cane beneath his chest. Robinson, thinking to shake him up, kneels upon his enemy, but Brown gathers himself together and drawing up his knees, fairly sends his antagonist over his head. But he is not yet shaken off. The positions are reversed. Robinson gets the cane beneath his chest and lies thus while Brown reposes on his opponents back. The sophomore is really exhausted. He makes a feeble effort or two to rise, but is crushed remorselessly to the ground. His face is pressed into the trampled sward and his arms are cramped. "Van," he calls. The second stoops down. "I think I'll have to let her go." "All right, old man, if you must. Young, Robinson gives up." The gladiators rise. Brown waves his cane about his head, yells "eighty-one"; and is borne off on the shoulders of some class-mates. That fight is over.

We have watched a fair sample of the encounters that go to make up a cane spree. The result, of course, varies in different cases. Sometimes, as we have seen, the freshman keeps his cane. Sometimes the sophomore captures it. Sometimes, after a very protracted struggle, the affair is declared a draw and the cane is divided. On the night of this particular contest, the freshmen claim to have beaten their opponents by about a dozen canes.

As to our acquaintances, Brown and Robinson, they have met for the first time to-night; but they are to meet again. Looking into the future, we see them boarding at the same club, members of the same society, intimate and congenial friends. Nor does the sight of the cane, which hangs on the wall of Brown's room, tied with the college colours (orange and black) at one end, and the class colours (cardinal and navy) at the other, ever throw a shadow across their friendship.

Would that the conflicts of later years (sometimes well-nigh as purposeless,) might be waged in as generous a spirit, and leave as little heart-burning.

Riverside, N. B.

ROBERT HADDOW.

#### TO MY VALENTINE.

O'er the wood's untrammelled ways,  
In the dawn's dim, golden glow,  
Comes a sunbeam, flits and strays,  
In the stream, whose ripples show,  
By their little upward heaves  
Noisy joy at this surprise;  
Then the sunbeam, laughing, leaves,  
And with artful, smiling guise,  
Gazes in the flamer's eyes.

Piercing life's dull, even days,  
Comes a sunbeam, flashed from eyes  
Whose gaze, ling'ring, steady, stays  
While they laughingly surmise,  
All our wilful hearts would keep,  
'Neath the shadows of the night;  
Still we stubbornly will sleep,  
Till the eyes, love-lit and bright  
Wake us, in love's land of light.

E. A. D.

#### RECENT EDUCATIONAL REPORTS.

##### I. REPORT OF THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

We have received from the Minister of Education for Ontario a copy of his report for 1886, containing the school statistics of the Province for the year 1885. The Report is very complete, and we doubt not accurate, but it is not systematically arranged. The enquirer after knowledge has to wade through pages of statistics with very meagre explanations thereon, and the work of discovering information of interest and encouragement is tiresome in the extreme. Still, we have endeavoured to find some valuable information, which, though largely statistical, will not be found unprofitable reading. The part of the report which especially interests us refers to the condition of the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes. Let us, however, take a glance at the Public Schools first. We find that the school population, with a small majority of boys, is 583,137. Of these, only 48 per cent. represented the average attendance—a state of things which causes the Minister very justly to say: "Under our free school system the taxpayer who is rated without his consent for school purposes for the public good, has a right to expect that those for whose education he is compelled to provide should be obliged to attend school, at least during the time required by the School Act."

In other words: That if the compulsory clauses of the School Act are not enforced, A may very reasonably object to being compelled to pay for the education of B's children. To this Mr. Herbert Spencer would say, "Hear, hear;" and would go even a step further—in objecting to the principle of State control of education at all.\* But seeing that our school system is supported by the State, and indirectly by the people, the Min-

\*Vide: "The Coming Slavery," by Herbert Spencer.