

Athletics.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ASSAULT-AT-ARMS AT MCGILL.

QUEEN'S TAKES EVERY EVENT.

"VENI, Vidi, Vici." Such might well have been the chant in solo and chorus of the Queen's boxers, fencers and wrestlers as they left the McGill Union, Saturday night. The fact that nearly every man had been pushed to the limit to win but added to our joy, while no bitterness was mingled with it by reason of ill-feeling among the losers. The McGill team fought like men, and lost like men, and were the first to offer their services if our fellows were a little used up after their bouts. The Varsity team was conspicuous by its absence. We had hoped to be able to prove the quality of our men to Varsity even under competent and impartial officials. Varsity, however, was not disposed to give us the chance.

A Well-trained Team.

Never has a better trained team left Queen's. Indeed no Queen's team has ever exercised so much self control and abstinence. The men had been practically starving themselves for two days. When we sat down to a delightful dinner at the hotel, we were all arranged in a small room quite en famille around one table. Then while Harry Wallace and the sporting scribe regaled themselves with various gastronomic delights, the others sat still feasting in imagination on a dinner still three meals removed. It was a hard test, and one which most teams would not like to bear.

Every Man Over Weight!

About ten in the evening the boys repaired to a room down stairs to find their weights. Their consternation may be well imagined when it was found that every man was from two to four pounds too heavy. It was all very well to blame the scales, but we had an uneasy feeling that they might be right. Then every man put on four or five sweaters and under Mr. Bews' able direction set to work to take off those extra pounds. The room was small and hot, and presently looked like the steaming room in a Turkish bath establishment. The fencers got busy in one corner, the wrestlers tugged and pulled, while the boxers made punching bags of one another. The boys finished with a gym. class, and went to bed.

After another breakfast off a tooth pick (the glass of water was debarred), we headed for the official scales in the McGill gymnasium. Then there was as much delight as there had been fear the night before, for every man was safely under weight. After a rest in the morning they weighed in officially at one, and then went back to the hotel for a Gargantuan feed. They were all agreed that it was well worth while fasting to have such an appetite for dinner.