

try and three *rouges*, to one try for the Cadets, being a draw in favor of McGill.

A match was played on Saturday, October 27th, between the second fifteen of the Britannias and a team picked from the students of the first and second years of McGill. The game resulted in a victory for McGill by a try and three *rouges*, the Britannias scoring nothing.

In the annual match between the High School and McGill Freshmen, which took place on Tuesday, October 23rd, the former were defeated.

A GREAT STRUGGLE AT PRINCETON.

"I've seen prize fights, dog fights, cock fights, and rat fights," said a Princeton student on Tuesday evening, as he adjusted his knitted brown college cap to his closely cut, tow-coloured head, "but I have never seen a better test of muscle and endurance than one of our preliminary cane sprees. The man who can cross two of these trophies on the wall of his room, tying them together with his society colors, has an immense prestige during the rest of his college career, and commands the respect of students and professors afterward. Better see the cane spree to-night between representative sophs and freshs. You can't see a better thing here in a year."

Rivalry between the present freshman and sophomore classes has run high, though but little hazing has occurred. The freshmen guarded the cannon which is embedded in the college campus very closely during the early part of the year; but one day the sophomores rallied in force, and preserved the college tradition by painting it a bright green and decorating it with "Fresh, 1887," as indicative of their contempt for the freshman class. One day the freshmen rallied in turn, surrounded the cannon, and, presenting a firm front outward to the sophomores, burned off the paint. Then the sophomores placed the opprobrious epithet, "Fresh, 1887," wherever they could find an available point on fences, billboards, hitching posts, and at lofty heights on buildings and telegraph poles. With the expenditure of much time and labor, the freshmen carefully removed the inscriptions.

When the sophomores learned that a New York photographer was coming over to picture the freshmen they were happy and kept a vigilant watch over members of the other class. At last, with both flanks guarded, the freshmen were posed in picturesque attitudes, with a stone building for a background. But the irrepressible sophomore had invaded the building and suspended an immense placard by a cord from an upper window, so that "Fresh, 1887," appeared on the class picture. Another attempt was made, and this time the rear was successfully guarded from approach by the sophomores. But they met the emergency from another quarter, for with mirrors they threw dazzling jets of sunlight into the faces of freshmen in various quarters of the group, with disastrous effect on the picture.

The annual proclamation of the sophomores was more pronounced than usual. The incoming class was compared to the animals entering Noah's ark, and the comparison was illustrated by numerous puns on the names of individual members, for which there happened to be unusual facility. The freshmen were warned that, being children, they must not be seen with those insignia of manhood, canes, before Jan. 1, 1884. As the sophomore was the larger and physically the stronger class, there have been few violations of this edict, and these the subjects of rigid discipline. Unusual interest centred in the preliminary cane spree on Tuesday night between men from the two classes.

A full moon lighted up the portion of the college campus in front of Wotherspoon Hall and in the rear of East College and Reunion Hall when loud shouts summoned the students for the spree. Boisterous, rollicking, and jostling, they swarmed into the campus from every quarter. The freshmen gravitated together and began singing, "Way Down on the Bingo Farm," but the sophomores a few yards away drowned them out with a chorus of the college yell, which, well organized, is generally sufficient at 12 o'clock at night to awake every resident of Princeton. "Rah—Rah—Ti-ger—Siss—Boom—ah!" was

thundered again and again, with constantly increasing volume.

Suddenly a group appeared, armed with some mysterious authority, and quickly formed the students into a ring, about 100 feet in diameter. The men at the front locked their arms together, and braced firmly against the pressure from the rear. Few of the six hundred students in the college were absent. Sophomores were grouped on one side and freshmen at another. Three men approached with slow step from one of the buildings, and were permitted to go inside the ring. Two from another followed. These were Griffith of '86, and Sternberg of '87, the first two contestants; Miller of '84 and Smith of '85, their seconds, and Referee James Thompson, the college trainer.

At a signal, the contestants removed their coats, and, standing side by side, grasped a stout hickory cane an inch and a quarter in diameter. One hand of each clinched the cane with the palm upward, the other with palm downward. To the freshman was allowed the advantage of the outside hold. Both were young, of middle weight, thick set, and muscular, but Griffith appeared a trifle the older and heavier of the two. There was a short, sharp struggle, like a contest at wrestling, and by sheer strength Griffith forced his opponent inch by inch backward to the ground and fell upon him. Then he braced his knees on either side of Sternberg and tugged at the cane. The referee and seconds leaned over the two and watched every movement. If one had both hands off the cane for an instant he had lost it.

"Here will be fun," said a junior. "Griffith is the better wrestler, but Sternberg has been in constant practice for three weeks, and knows all the tricks that are going."

They squirm, the legs of both are in the air, and they crawl like some strange animal from point to point, but Griffith remains on top, and Sternberg clings to the cane until time is called, five minutes being the limit during which they may struggle together while prostrate on the ground. They rest for two minutes, during which the friends of each chafe his arms vigorously, pat his hands sharply with their own, and talk encouragingly to him.

The second round is like the first, except that at the outset Sternberg is thrown with great violence, and toward the close rolls over with his face to the turf, and with the cane beneath him, to which both cling until time is called.

In the third round Sternberg drops quickly upon his back of his own volition, and attempts to secure the cane by hurling Griffith violently over him; but Griffith is anticipating this trick, and lands squarely on Sternberg.

"Bear down! Bear down!" one of Griffith's friends shouts. It now looks as if the pressure of the stick across Sternberg's chest will soon bring him to terms. But his arms partially support the cane and protect his chest against Griffith's most violent attack. He squirms and rolls over to his side, while his second howls with delight, "Another twist like that, Sternberg, and you've got him."

In the fourth and fifth rounds Sternberg falls upon his back as before, and remains under until time is called. His second puts him upon the back, mops off his brow, and, calling for a glass of water, drips it into his mouth from a handkerchief. He seems to be getting the worst of it, and it is the general opinion that another round will settle him, though his second has a confidence which to those on the outside seems unjustifiable.

Sternberg falls again upon his back in the sixth round, and remains a little while nerveless. Suddenly he doubles into a ball, with his knees up under his opponent, and braces his elbows inside of his opponent's arms. Here is the crisis. Sternberg has been trying to husband his strength, but, in spite of all, he is becoming the weaker. He has resolved to put forth a great effort and win or lose. Like a flash the ball opens. Griffith's body rises in the air, and his hands, crowded by two vengeful elbows, fly off the cane.

"Sternberg has it!" the referee shouts, and a wild yell goes up, compared with which the previous noises of the evening are a whisper.

The ring breaks, the men crowd tumultuously to the centre, and, seizing Sternberg, lift him to their shoulders and rush toward the cannon in the centre of the main campus. Here