

A CLASSIC STRUGGLE.

"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK, THEN COMES THE TUG-OF-WAR."

THE great championship tug-of-war contest, mention of which was made in last month's issue of THE OWL, took place in the College gymnasium on Friday the 24th ult. The members of the respective teams had, for some time previous to the trial, been subjecting themselves to a most rigorous course of training, and, when called upon to give an exhibition of their strength, they found themselves in the very pink of condition. A brief description of the *personnel* of the teams may be here admissible, as it may to some extent account for the unusual interest which was centered in the result of this contest. At one end of the rope were Messrs. Curran, Pound, D. Macdonald and A. Macdonald, four good men and strong, and the victorious heroes of many a similar struggle. At the other end were Messrs. Levêque, Brunette, Glasniacher and L. Hawson, of whose power, when collectively exerted, we had as yet no guarantee, but whose individual efforts were of so extraordinary a nature as to justify the most unbounded confidence in them as a unit. The "draw" was announced to take place at 3 o'clock, but long before that time the Hall was crowded, and the prospects of the competitors were being freely discussed when Engineer Hedekin reluctantly dropping his *Mutilated Mustang of the Rio Grande* to accept the duties of Referee, located the centre with theodolite precision and then gave the signal to "pull. Then followed a period of intense but silent excitement. Never did Roman or Grecian athletes put forth endeavours more gallant, and never was supremacy more nobly fought for. Gradually the mighty efforts of Levêque began to overpower his opponents, and the handkerchief moved across the centre. The silence, until now undisturbed, was broken by Father Forget's encouraging "Good, my boys!" "Now, Curran, now Big Macdonald!" cried Father Guillet, and animated with increased

zeal, by the cheering words, as it were, of their Prefect, they redoubled their exertions, and victory was again within their reach. They struggled long and bravely; every nerve was strained, every muscle was exerted, and like the brave "Seven Before Thebes," each was prepared to die rather than suffer defeat. For some time the honors were evenly divided, each side enjoying alternately the advantage. Glasniacher was doing yeoman's service to his cause, as was also Pound, the splendid staying powers of the latter and his companions serving them to excellent purpose. An encouraging cheer, however, and a unanimous "heave now" aroused the young heroes to greater efforts, and the big four saw their dearly-won laurels recede from them. The thought of victory made the ruddy glow of triumph illumine the youthful countenances of Levêque and his co-workers; but ah! they are losing ground. Curran and Macdonald bravely strive to regain their laurels. One more determined struggle and they have won. Slowly the handkerchief advances towards the centre, but, alas! the rope, unable to withstand the powerful opposing influences, is torn asunder, and the advantage once lost, was wholly recovered. As the contestants were overcome by fatigue; and were unwilling to again take their places at the rope, the Referee decided the matter a draw, at the same time expressing a hope that the opposing sides would again face each other, when a wire cable would be used in lieu of a rope.

REV. DR. AENEAS MACDONNELL DAWSON's *Pius the Ninth and his Times* has been reprinted in London, and is meeting with much favorable criticism from those reviews usually so severe on anything coming from this side of the water. In striking contrast to this we have the *Saturday Review's* strictures on Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly's *Jubilee Life of Leo XIII.*, which is said to be excessively "padded."