

Yet when we start on our way home our old tiredness returns and we commence wondering why we feel that we've had such a good time. We're wondering still, and yet our presence at the next "Smoker" is assured as strongly as Death, Taxes and Victory Bonds.—*Warren Oliver.*

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE STOCK SALE

When Piggie Bucked Year Nineteen

"Sold," roared the auctioneer automatically. "I congratulate you," he piped hypocritically to the man who had paid the fabulous price of fourteen dollars for the smooth little black Berkshire, with blue blood in his veins, his father being a Prince somebody. "Such a price," scoffed the man on the box, "for a pig of his excellent qualities and breeding."

The youthful Berk, who had been very skilfully guided to the exit by the artful Matty (who, it might be added, looked exceptionally professional in his overalls of blue), slacked up just in time to overhear the final timely ejaculation of the orator with the four hundred and fifty R. P. M. tongue.

"Ah," he squealed gently to himself, "I haven't been properly appreciated. That guy on the box hasn't given them men in the bleachers enough time to lamp me over. I'll just tote me back around that there ring and make some of them tongue-tied pig-raisers feel deucedly disappointed." So he scampered through the muscle-bound seniors to the shaving ring beyond.

And now it hapened that usher Hunter's right eye was unable to clear the rest of his face in time to prevent a specimen of young swine, about to become the centre of the audience's gaze, from continuing her piggie-gait to-

wards the determinists of her future destiny; so she trotted gracefully over to pow-wow with her litter mate, the indignant one.

Spectacled Begg, having just secured the details regarding the purchase of the rebellious Berk, bristling with business, was picking his way across the ring. Suddenly the laughter of the audience acquainted him with the intelligence that his dignified walk was not making the desired effect. Glancing with much annoyance in front of him he perceived the nubian hogs and instinctively repelled them with one of his number tens.

The pair, terrified by such an unexpected onslaught, decided on a strategic retreat and flanking each other, sped back round the ring, cheered on by the awakened crowd.

The noble nineteen men, reinforced by Messrs. Leitch and King, red-blooded all, calmly closed their ranks and bravely decided to stop the twain or be trampled under.

However, the Berks, having by this time become thoroughly warmed up, easily pierced the thin human line and led Grand Champion Gunn, the lank and lithe Jerry Grant and puffing Cecil Tice around the amphitheatre.

How long such a race would have continued is a matter of conjecture, for the piggies were fast and slippery and the fourth year men amateurs at corralling baby pigs. But the brilliant brain of tragic-faced MacKenzie suddenly conceived an idea with lightning rapidity.

Those pigs must be separated and the unruly one ejected from the ring! Why, the sale was being held up! And the crowd was ridiculing the furious futile efforts the men due to graduate in the spring of nineteen nineteen. Must some grim old farmer be forced