

We have often heard of people interviewing the past to see wherein they failed, but we did not think that it was necessary for a Third Year man to interview last year's register to see how old he was.

It is truly pitiful to see the expression on the faces of the First Year when the Third Year have oysters. The pathetic, indescribable longing depicted there would move the heart of even *Story* himself.

Alas! no more do we see his familiar form in the halls or on the lawn. No more does the sight of him recall vivid memories of his namesakes in the dining room, for "Prunes," our "Prunes," is dead.

The wide-spread reputation of Prof. Shaw as a weed-exterminator was demonstrated recently by the reception he received in an Ohio town, being introduced to the audience as "the thistle man from Canada."

Pending the action of the staff in appointing the pugilistic gentlemen necessary for the protection of the person of the Local Editor, we have notified Constable Wilson of the situation, and he will act accordingly.

O where and O where are all our trunks gone?
O where and O where can they be?
O we shall never see them again,
For the team's run away with Toddec.

CASTOR.

Captain Clarke has commenced giving drill and gymnastic exercises in the new gymnasium. The drill, very properly, has been made compulsory for the First and Second Years, and quite a number of the Third Year are taking it also.

Those whiskers shorn from Harrison's chin
Will make him show his natural epidermis.
Who else would hide it from the view of men,
And keep us all in doubt and ignorance.

POLLUX.

A complaint has reached the ears of the Local Editor that some of the Third Year are not as dignified as members of that usually august body might be. Alas! it is only too true. Only last week we heard Bell attempt a pun, and very often we hear strange noises issue from the Third Year tables.

The officers elected at the Annual Meeting of the O. A. C. A. A. are:

Honorary President, H. B. Sharman, B. S. A.
President, W. J. Brown.
Vice-President, P. B. Kennedy.
Secretary-Treasurer, W. McCallum.
Executive Committee, A. Phin and L. Hay.

For the information of ex-students it would, perhaps, not be out of place to say that the college has adopted several yells, which are lustily rendered on all suitable occasions. They are as follows:

- (1) Rah! Rah! Rah! O. A. C. Rah! Rah! Rah!
- (2) Wah hoo! Wah hoo! Wah hoo! Wah! O. A. C. Zip! Boom! Bah!
- (3) Rah! Rah! Rah! (three times) O. A. C. (three times) Hip! Hip! Hip! Hurrah! (three times).

Beckett, late as usual, turned up on October 20th. Arriving in time for supper, he, true to instinct, bent his steps towards the dining room. His entrance was rather unceremonious, due, no doubt, to outside pressure, and

At once there rose so wild a yell
Within the large and spacious hall,
As all the fiends from heaven that fell
Had pealed the banner cry of—well, anyway,
he had to make a speech before he got any supper.

A meeting of the O. A. C. Athletic Association was held on the evening of Oct. 24. It was the first regular, or rather irregular, meeting of the season, and was accordingly well attended. The proceedings were quite interesting from a chaotic standpoint, but we are yet in doubt as to who the president is.

On the same evening several of the First Year rooms were visited, and some changes made, the chief of which were seen in the graceful way in which the mattresses were draped around the bedposts and the curious, knot-like forms which the sheets had assumed.

It has been suggested that the college should have a more suitable coat of arms than it has at present. We are thoroughly in accord with the view, and would suggest the following as appropriate:

A fork and spud crossed;
A freshman displayed;
A Shorthorn *couchant*;
A Dorset lamb *rampant*;

the whole surrounded by a wreath of turnip and cabbage leaves. The motto should be one that would stir the heart of every student, and to our mind none is better than this: "Pruni et rhubarbus boni sunt." Another that has been suggested is, "Ever stable, never cowed."

THE FOOTBALL TEAM.

Our colors are orange and black,
At football we're not very slack;
As an Ontario team,
Its composition may seem
To the ignorant rather queer.
Two Englishmen of very small stature,
But by gosh! it's hard to pass yer!

Of braw Hielanders, only a couple,
Small also, but active and supple;
The rest all from this province come,
Thus completing the total sum.
Our forwards are Putnam and Billy,
Two Curzons and Piebald Pat;
Beside them, opponents look silly,
And their rushes always fall flat.
Our splendid half backs,
Whom nothing can down,
Are always on hand—
Rice, Hammie and Brown.
The full backs are Soule and Bob,
To pass them, an impossible job;
The goal by Frank Mac is defended,
He stops all shots to pass him intended.

CASTOR AND POLLUX.



GRAPE CULTURE.

The first requisite to ensure success in grape culture is a suitable soil. A great variety of soils are adapted for this purpose, and in some localities it is almost impossible to decide which is the best. But no matter what the nature of the soil may be, there are several essentials which it must possess. For example it must be porous, easily and well drained, friable and comparatively rich. In our experience soils of a great variety have been experimented on with varying success, although it is generally admitted that a light clay forms one of the best soils. Sandy soils are quite frequently attacked by the rose bugs, which prove very destructive. In some instances destroying the entire crop. Very light sands are not rich enough in humus, and owing to their great porosity dry out too rapidly in continued warm weather. Accordingly they do not produce such a