

to descend from the galleries to catch a little pig! No! Not by a darned sight!

Suddenly the crowd held their breath, as they beheld a human leopard hurtling through the stock-tainted atmosphere, narrowly missing a hitching post. Such a tackle! Never before, in all the brilliantly played rugby games of the O. A. C. had so spectacular an acrobatic feat been perpetrated. His sinewy fingers clinched piggie's left hind limb. But, lo! that valiant stockman's muscles had softened since summer and something that anyone knowing wiry Mac. would never even have hinted at happened. The little Berk once more sped on his way, leaving disgusted Mac. sprawling amid the trampled shavings. At this point Lamont, with a tear oozing from his eye, ran up to render first aid to the fallen hero. Great was his joy to discover that the only assistance necessary was a hand up and the removal of some shavings from the dour Scotchman's hip-pocket.

And, what of piggie?

Tired by his energetic endeavors, he was forced to succumb—when the unvanquishable Gunn, seeing piggie halt for a moment, shot out his arm and clutched a hind leg. Aylesworth, seeing a chance to star, located a fore-leg and, getting into stride with Wallie, helped to carry the porker to the fence and to lower him to the proper side.

And the sale continued.

---

#### NOTES FROM A SOPHOMORE'S DIARY—OCTOBER

To-day we had practical botany from 1.30 until after dark. We tramped all over Wellington County looking at trees and learning how to tell one kind from the other. I know the evergreens from the deciduous ones now, of course

I could tell them apart before I came here, but I don't know how I did it. Mr. Wright made it all so clear in today's lecture that I don't know how I'll ever learn enough for the practical exam.

This year we have to walk farther than they used to do in order to find the trees to study. That is because Jerry Grant and Warren Oliver have labelled all the trees on the campus, and Prof. Howitt doesn't want us to get familiar with the labels, but with the trees. We are hoping that the examination will be held on the campus, where the trees are labelled. If it is our motto will be: "Stop, Look, Listen!"

One of the lecturers gave us a long talk on a Cork Elm we found. He pointed out all the Cork Elm characteristics on it, and had us pretty sure of it when Mister Eidt found some oak leaves adhering to one of the branches. Of course it was easy to mistake an Oak for an Elm when there weren't many leaves left. Perhaps if we get mixed up in distinguishing between the White Pine and Douglas Fir some leniency will be shown..

We learn the uses of the various woods too. Dr. Stone pointed out a Blue Beech and told us of the purpose it sometimes served in the olden days. Teachers must have been cruel tyrants twenty years ago.

Next week we go on another forced march. Some of the boys intend taking compasses. I'd like to go on horse back. That line in Hiawatha, "At each pace a mile he measured," always seemed extravagant to me till to-day, but now I believe it's possible.

---

If Harry Lauder II. still insists on "getting spoony on Mary" what will Jack Pickford say.