

It is **the** pennant of a certain Collegiate, and I always smile when I think how our old principal must have raged when he saw that design and read the Latin inscription. I have learned more Latin from that motto than I ever learned in any single class. It has always been an inspiration to me to look at that pennant and be convinced that there was really some other person in the country who knew no more about Latin than I did.

Then my eye falls on the word Huntsville, and I have a vision of a town in the Highlands of Ontario, in far-famed Muskoka. I think I can almost see again that little lumber office and hear the noise of the mills. My thoughts go back to the lumber camp, and the river-drive down the Big East. Other memories crowd in upon my mind. I think of Fairy Lake, a launch broken down several miles from shore, and a single paddle. That night reminds me of the Highland Chieftain and Lord Ullin's daughter. In this case, too, there was the girl, the raging sea, and an angry father waiting on the wharf.

I turn from Huntsville to the name Sundial, and begin to think of a certain little red school-house, with an attendance of three pupils and a teacher who spent most of his time shooting at gophers. This pennant looks old and soiled; the colors have become strangely blended. I think of the cause of this, and I can almost see again a wide expanse of prairie, a camp in a coulée and a tent that leaked.

Many of the pennants are from places now almost forgotten. They are but a link with the recollections of youth. Each pennant has a significance of its own—all bring back certain memories of the past. I am thinking of former days when my eye happens to fall on a yellow, red and blue pennant. My idling is over. That pennant reminds me that I belong to Queen's, and that I have a theme to write.

J.H.S.

## *The Virtue of Doing Wrong.*

**S**AINTS and sinners alike, when they glance at the phrase, "The Virtue of Wrong-Doing" get a sudden mental jolt and exclaim: "Why, the very idea! As if there could be virtue in doing evil!" I experienced a slight shock myself, when I first read the group of words. However, I shall waste neither time nor space telling the class to which I belong. The reader can judge for himself.

In the first place, there is the very common virtue of doing wrong to oneself so that others may profit by it. For instance, a man smokes, and smokes, and smokes, and all he gets in return for his slavish attachment to "My Lady Nicotine" is a "yellow" taste in his mouth, a smoker's sore throat, a weak heart and a hazy intellect. What are his motives? To be sure, he has in mind the idea of swelling the coffers of the already wealthy tobacco planters. In the curling smoke wreaths he sees the smiling darkies of the "Sunny South" buried to their ears in juicy "watermilions." At a terrible cost to himself he is giving pleasure to others.