

ning was required from those who participated in the pastime and where extreme speed if you were to be of much use to your "side" was a *sine qua non*. Tom, on the other hand, was quiet, somewhat retiring, and though possessing less of his elder's brilliancy, very studious.

Jack Kennedy, whilst at College, once made one of the cleverest impromptu replies to a wholly unexpected and unwelcome question I ever remember to have heard. The incident occurred while he, like myself, was in the 4th Form. We were being taken by Mr. Wedd, then Third Classical Master in Latin, the second book of Virgil's *Æneid* being our author. We were translating or attempting to translate the story of Laocoon and his destruction with his two sons by the crushing folds of "serpents twain" whilst he was sacrificing at the altar.

It is a wonderful and a thrilling story, one of the most enthralling in interest which lies contained in the whole of the *Æneid*, yet we that particular afternoon ruined its beauty by our wretched and bald construing, besides every now and then rendering passages into nonsensical English and driving poor Mr. Wedd all but frantic by the profusion with which we scattered around our "false quantities."

It is almost needless to say that the cane was in constant use, not half a dozen boys in a form numbering nearly thirty escaping, whilst the boy who specially drew down upon himself the wrath of the Master was Jack Kennedy.

Four o'clock came and with that hour the end of our lesson, greatly to our satisfaction and probably to that of Mr. Wedd also. We took home with us though the warning that on the morrow we were to go over the whole of that part of the text we had that day contrived to so egregiously maltreat and learn fifty more lines in addition.

Next day arrived and, if I remember aright, the lesson was from 2 o'clock until 4 o'clock with five minutes' intermission at the hour. Mr. Wedd took his seat, we were already in ours, opened his Virgil and looked the form over from the head boy to him who stood at the foot

"How do you intend to do to-day," he asked half in sorrow, half contemptuously, then proceeded, "Well, Kennedy, as you so highly distinguished yourself yesterday you shall have the privilege of commencing to-day. But Kennedy," he ruthlessly went on, "before you begin I should just like to know what your own private opinion is yourself of the exhibition you created yesterday." This was really nothing more than good natured badinage and Mr. Wedd expected no reply. Imagine then his astonishment and the momentary consternation of the form when Kennedy instantly replied, quoting from the *Æneid*: "Infandum, Magister, jubes renovare dolorem."