

As to whether my investment in the means of knowledge is of the same class, time will tell. The following was the result of my athletic aspirations:—

I commenced my course of exercise in my bedroom, which was not far to go for it, with a pair of six pound dumb-bells.

The first night, before going to bed, I went through various motions over and over again. It was splendid fun—for the first time; but it had this result—that I was no longer sleepy when I turned into bed. Then I felt quite equal to a five-mile walk. As the second pie is more difficult to eat than the first, so I found the second performance with the dumb-bells less agreeable than the first. The novelty of the thing was gone. At any rate, I reduced my task about fifty per cent., entering into an engagement with myself to do the other half in the morning. When the morning came, I reminded myself more than once of my engagement, but I could not get myself out of bed; and when I turned out I found that I must either miss my lecture or my dumb-bell exercise. I decided to take the lecture.

At bed-time that night my arms were so stiff from the exercise of the previous night, that I did not think it would be right to go at the thing too violently, and so overdo it. I put the dumb-bells on the dressing-table, and went to bed and dropped off asleep, feeling a sympathy for the poor fellow who lies awake half the night, because he goes to bed so thoroughly tired out that he cannot sleep. In speaking with a friend, who goes in with such regularity for this kind of thing, that he says he could not live without it—a pretty pass to come to, I must say—I was told that the proper way to take exercise, is to get as much variety out of it as possible; to make a pleasure, instead of a task, of it. Upon his recommendation, I purchased a pair of Indian clubs, which I do not believe any Indian ever used. I took as small a pair as I could find, to start on, at any rate. By the time I had knucked the chandelier out of the ceiling by the roots, and fetched myself a few raps on the spinal column, I decided to give up the clubs in favour of boxing.

It was easy enough to get the gloves, but I could not get anything to box with but a stuffed bag. There is a certain amount of pleasure in boxing with an opponent that never gets angry and cannot strike you back; but one day the bag swung back, and caught me such a cowardly blow that I would have nothing more to do with it. I began to think that I had had enough of violent exercise, and I remembered the cases of men who had shattered their constitutions by too much of it. I determined not to do that. Better by far exhaust my vitality by an easier process. I made up my mind, then, to let nature have her own way, which she always does in the end. It is the privilege of the sex to which she belongs. She accommodated herself very kindly to the change, which was suited to me much better. Now, when I want to take my liver out for a walk, it is usually round a billiard-table. That is my favourite exercise, and I am quite well, thank you, and hope to make a good pass. My punching-bag I seldom use, and when I do it is only as a sofa-cushion; my dumb-bells serve

as paper weights, though they sometimes come in handy as hammers. As for my boxing-gloves—well, one of them is my pin cushion, and I have my suspicions that the other has superseded the newspaper as a bustle for my landlady.

X.

On Saturday evening at 6 o'clock, about 60 students assembled at the college gates to tramp to the Club House; some one had ordered two large sleighs, and the boys soon decided that they could tramp with less exertion in the sleighs, and all were speedily aboard and on the way to the Club House, accompanied by the melodious toot of Taylor's horn. Once at the Club House every one began an investigation of the place from office to ball-room, till the call "dinner," when all promptly adjourned to the dining hall, where ample justice was done to the good things provided.

Order was called by A. E. Harvey, the chairman, who, in an eloquent address, proposed "The Queen," eulogizing Her Majesty, Canadians, and Our College to the satisfaction of all. Having disposed of our Gracious Sovereign, the next toast in order was "Alma Mater," proposed by G. McDougall. Hatchett replied, and regretted there were not more opportunities for making acquaintances. Denison proposed "The Faculties." R. McDougall responded for Arts, and thought the Dinner was better prepared than he, and gave a general description of the "good qualities" of the Faculty. Wingham, of Science, could not like bombast, but without a doubt you could learn anything in his faculty; in fact it was by all odds the best. Ryan referred touchingly to the modesty of the Law Faculty, and concluded his address, thanking the Dinner Committee for their efforts. Richardson responded on a two minute notice, for "Societies," reviewing the good and bad qualities of the Y.M.C.A., Literary, and Athletic Associations. G. McDougall led in singing "My Bonnie," after which the following responded for Societies: Hawkins, for Y.M.C.A., wished all students to respond as liberally to the Association's appeal for a new building as they could. Hall responded for the Literary Society. Prof. McLeod and Mr. Fleet entered just at this time, and were received with a becoming enthusiasm. Russell thought Athletics were too much let alone by juniors, and urged that every member of the University should be interested in their success. Rev. S. Moore was then introduced to propose the health of "The Ladies," and in his usual philosophic and eloquent style, heaped glowing encomiums upon them, but thought he should be rather careful, as his subject was a delicate one, and confessed the occasion only required their presence to be perfection.

"Good Night, Ladies," was then chanted with solemnity. Immediately thereafter Kinghorn was called upon to propose "Our Guest," and in a neat speech, referring to Mr. Butterell's efforts in connection with the Club House movement, proposed his health, which was heartily responded to, and "he's a jolly good fellow" properly rendered. In replying, Mr. Butterell referred to the great benefit the Club House might be made to students, and dwelt strongly on the idea of fostering a stronger college spirit.