

Miss Coulter, '89, and Miss Hobbs, were sent as delegates from our college to the convention of the Inter-Collegiate Missionary Alliance, held in Toronto. Miss Coulter read a paper entitled, "Gospel Temperance Missions in Large Cities." They returned with increased enthusiasm and a glowing account of the kind hospitality of Torontonians.

+Socials.+

"Sunshine."

"Sweet potatoes."

"I aint had any fruit cake!"

"Well girls! is the toboggan-slide in good repair."

What a most scrumptuous picture.

Freshman in art—"How do you shade? Just put it on?"

"Weary, so weary of living," sighed a maiden of sixteen summers.

"Better light the lamp, Grace, before we go down to tea."

Girls! have you found out who your two first-class friends are?

Feathers float in vacuum, do whisks?

"No rest for the Wicked," murmured a gentle maiden as she violently hurled a mouse from off her bed at midnight's solemn hour.

The librarians elected by the S. L. S. deserve great praise for the systematic manner in which the library is kept this year.

The juniors have their gowns, it will not be long before the stiffness wears off and they will not look like walking broomsticks.

Senior (thoughtfully) looking at the hand of a friend—"Did you ever have your hand read by a phrenologist?"

Junior—"What does S. C. stand for?"

Senior—"Cæsar's Commentaries"

"Suppers" were in order for those who remained in the college during the Thanksgiving holidays.

The debate in the Senior Society proved very exciting, and was enjoyed by all.

"More debates!"

On entering the library one morning recently, we found a young lady with bowed head, apparently drinking from the fountains of philosophy, but on closer investigation we found this sentimental maiden devouring Moore's "First Kiss of Love."

During Prof. McLaughlin's summer vacation he collected many rare specimens, which he has added to his already large collection, to the delight of the geological students.

"Fresh fish for the juniors."

The juniors having fallen in love—with zoology, spent two hours in the laboratory last week.

Miss C.—"I will never be jealous of any one unless they are more beautiful than I, or take away any of my beaus."

Miss G.—"Well! you certainly will never be jealous of anyone then."

Seated in the Collegiate, one day "Not thousand years ago," a quartette sat meditating over the follies of youth, and contemplating the best method to abstain from their frivolities, they decided not to *chew gum*.

"Happy thought."

We suggest the re-organization of last year's Anti-door-slam Society. Its members might be few at first, but probably would increase.

In an argument the other day, between a junior and a specialist—the junior declared that Tennyson wrote, "Maude Muller." While the specialist insisted that Longfellow was its author. The climax was reached when a senior exclaimed, "I *know* Maude Muller wrote Whittier."

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