

The Portfolio.

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THE PORTFOLIO, HAMILTON, ONT.

We invite contributions and correspondence from the Alumnae and
former students.

THE holidays are over and with somewhat rueful countenances our students gather for the first time this year in the Collegiate Hall. The question passes round—"had a good time?" together with the laconic answer, "splendid." Classes are arranged, conflicts disposed of, and with the exception of the new faces added to our ranks, that slightly change the general aspect of affairs it seems as though we had never left our posts, never been disturbed in our regular routine.

Perhaps it would be well for us, looking at it in an intellectual light, if we could learn to look upon vacations as "necessary nuisances," but we fancy that by the time we would have arrived at so exceedingly learned a condition, and have become so thoroughly saturated with the hue of indigo, our friends and acquaintances would probably vote us "necessary nuisances" also. But happily, for our friends at least, we have not yet reached that stage, and candidly admit, though in so doing we exclude ourselves from the enviable class termed blue-socks, that we have enjoyed the holidays.

We do not wish our readers to imagine for an instant that the rueful countenances mentioned above as seen at the re-opening of classes, remain rueful for any length of time, for the facts are quite the contrary, the sorrowful expression disappears almost immediately

upon the resuming of work, giving place to a thoughtful one, perhaps in some cases anxious yet not by any means unhappy.

The year lies before us to be moulded as we will, in regard to the doing or leaving undone our duty, it devolves upon ourselves to make it a successful one or otherwise. In wishing our friends a Happy New Year, we would add may it be a successful one also.

IN another column will be found the notice of Miss Paterson's wedding, the teacher who recently went from among us, whose ready smile and cheery helpfulness we have so greatly missed. On behalf of the students we wish Mrs. Rolls all possible joy, and heartily congratulate the gentleman who has been so fortunate in his choice. We are quite sure in whatsoever sphere her lot may be thrown, Mrs. Rolls will always prove as kind, faithful and true, as she has been in the years during which we have been privileged to look up to her as one of our College Faculty.

AMONG the numerous accomplishments which a young lady is expected to acquire before she can be said to have "finished her education," a scientific knowledge of cookery has hitherto been almost totally neglected, although it seems it was never so much needed as in the present age, when "Biddy," after ruining every meal, wasting and destroying more than her wages can replace, will suddenly "give warnin," and leave before her distracted mistress can secure another, however incompetent, to fill her situation. Our Alumnae, ever ready to further the interests of their Alma Mater, and at the same time benefit those residing in the city, have made arrangements for Miss Dods to deliver her course of demonstrative lectures on Cookery, in the large College Hall. Miss Dods is a Scotch lady,—a graduate of Kensington, where for several years she was teacher. Her lectures have every-