

*Miss Barber*

10.2



The title 'THE PORTFOLIO' is rendered in a decorative, gothic-style font. The word 'THE' is in a smaller, simple font above 'PORTFOLIO'. The letter 'P' is significantly larger and more ornate, with a laurel wreath wrapped around its base. To the right of the title, there is an illustration of a lamp with a flame, resting on a book. The entire title is enclosed in a decorative frame with a scroll on the right side.

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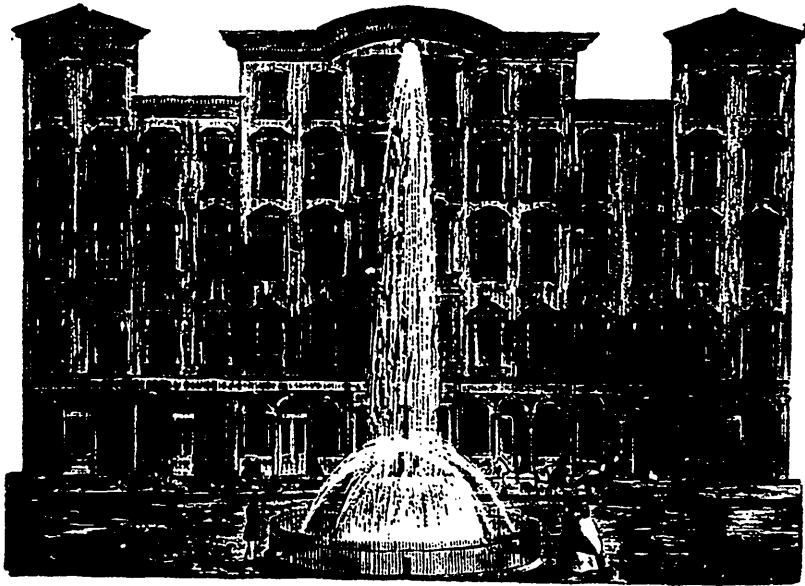
# THE PORTFOLIO.

"VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST."

VOL. X.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

No.



THE

## WESLEYAN LADIES' COLLEGE and Conservatory of Music.

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THE PORTFOLIO.

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# THE PORTFOLIO.

"VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST."

VOL. X.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO. OCTOBER, 1889.

No. 2

## The School Girl's Lament.

ALAS, my mind is not my own,  
My thoughts are bound in chains,  
The Muses far away have flown  
And fancy shuns my brains.

In vain I long for pleasant rides  
Across the hills of snow,  
Or, o'er the glassy ice to glide,  
'Neath which the streamlets flow.

I have but Euclid's hilly mists  
Of circles, planes and lines :  
The streams are formularly lists  
Of plus and minus signs.

All fiction I have put away,  
We dare not read that here,  
Its Grammar and dull Algebra,  
Instead of novels dear.

Mythology is quite erased  
By Henrys, Edwards, Johns,  
While rhyme and verse have given place  
To everlasting suns.

I scarcely dare admire the sky  
Or watch the sparkling stars,  
For fear 'twill call my mind away  
From fractions, cubes and squares.

My thoughts have left the azure sky,  
The smiles have left the moon,  
While theorems their place supply,  
And gladness yields to gloom.

And if I think of dear old home,  
Of friends lost to my view,  
The briny tears perhaps may come  
And lips may quiver too.

But soon these tears I must erase,  
They interfere with books,  
They put the angels out of place  
And turn the lines to hooks.

The founts of joy, the youthful fires  
That bubbled in my breast,  
That once with joy this heart inspired  
Have dwindled into rest.

Because my mind is not my own,  
My thoughts are bound in chains,

The muses somewhere else have flown,  
And fancy shuns my brains.

Then thou ye winds, wite all your might  
In dreary diges blow ;  
Come, howl ye savage ghosts of night,  
And join my song of woe. *Contribut. J.*

"A Farthing Candle is more convenient for household purposes than the stars."

WE are taught to believe that there is nothing which, in the economy of Nature, is absolutely useless. Each part of the universe, however small, has its own peculiar place and function, and is so related to every other part, as to be necessary to the completeness of the whole. The Mosaic floors of the old Roman houses consisted of tiny blocks of marble, of various hues, so fitted together by the careful shading and blending of hues, as to produce the effect of a painting. This universe, with its myriad parts, each in such perfect setting, is a vast picture of an all-wise Creator. So great is the variety of form, that as scientists tell us, not even two atoms exactly resemble each other. Each has its own size and shape, and fulfills its own duty in forming with countless others, a concordant whole—a perfect world.

It is with ever renewed wonder that we note the completeness and beauty of the smaller as well as the larger objects around us.

"Flower in the crannied wall,

I pluck you out of the crannied :—

Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower—but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all  
I should know what God and man is."

The brook, sparkling in the sunshine, and dancing in its innocent glee, as it sportively tosses the petal of a rose, that has fallen into it from an overhanging bush,—and the mighty ocean, with its

fiercer sports and graver duties,—each fulfills its mission. The blade of grass is as much an expression of a perfect God as is the majestic sun. The little vine, clinging with its delicate tendrils to the giant oak tree for support, is sharing in the great scheme of the universe no less than the swiftly gliding river, bringing verdure and plenty to the land. The chirp of the cricket is as necessary to the full chorus of creation, as is the music of the spheres.

It is interesting to watch the crowd of human beings that throng the busy streets. Every kind and condition of men is here represented. The street is the only place where rich and poor, small and great, are on exactly the same footing. The philosopher issues forth from his sanctum and mingles with common mortals for a while,—no doubt from force of circumstances, (it may be that his tailor become importunate in his demands for his payment,) whatever is the reason of his descent from the clouds, he treads the pavement as one who has little sympathy with the busy whirl around him. Here is the merchant, intensely practical, and wide awake, eagerly pressing on to fortune. A group of dirty children, that might perhaps, have charms for an artist's eye, have no interest for the man of business. The butterfly of fashion, attired in her gaudiest wings, flits past the man on whose shoulders rest grave responsibilities while the millionaire and the factory hand alike pause before the chariot of death. It is a great commonwealth—this life of the streets, where under God's blue sky one man is as good as another. It takes all classes of people to form society, and which is the most important? One may well pause before answering such a question. The inventor, who facilitates labor of every kind, the politician, versed in the science of good government, the man of letters, the man of keen intellect—our great men, are surely worthy of our admiration and appreciation, for they lead the march of advancing civilization; but let us not despise the honest toilers for bread, the work-a-day world. The former depend upon the latter for support, while they perform their lofty duties. The

architect plans the building, the hod-carrier assists materially in the realization of the plan. The scholar owes not a little to the man who bakes his bread. Both the general's brain and the soldier's arm bear important parts in the plan of attack. A king is not a king without a subject. Perhaps the most narrow and mechanical life is that of a fireman on an ocean steamer, yet the thousands who yearly cross the sea reap the benefits of his honest toil. Each man, who though in the humblest station of life, bravely and earnestly does his duty, fulfills the highest purpose of his being, and what more could he do than this?

The mind of man is endowed with faculties great and small, differing in their scope and power. His reason, on which he sits enthroned, passing sentence on all that is brought to the bar of his consideration; his imagination, on whose wings he soars into the realms of the ideal; his memory, whose pages are engraved with scenes long since past; his capacity for worship, his awe, reverence, love,—all these are qualities which truly merit for him the title "lord of creation." There is another side to man's nature. His sympathy with the suffering, his benevolence and beneficence towards the needy, forbearance, kindness and charity, these are the little cogs on the wheels of life's machinery, the oil that makes all run smoothly. The hearty handshake, the word of greeting, the little sacrifice for another's pleasure, faith in our fellow-men—these suave amenities of daily life are like the bees, searching for honey from flower to flower. Let us not devote all our energy to the cultivation of our higher qualities to the neglect of these homely virtues, for we know that "a farthing candle is more convenient for household purposes than the stars."

—

"Give thy thoughts no tongue  
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new hatch'd unpledged comrade."

*Shakespeare.*

## Women To The Front.

"Alone to such as fitly bear  
The Civic honors, let them fall,  
And call thy daughters forth to share  
The rights and duties pledged to all."

HERE have been many marvelous discoveries in this much lauded nineteenth century, but chief among them is woman's discovery of herself. To come to consciousness is evermore to come to power.

Consciousness deepened, varied, and extended, is doubtless all there is of life in any world. When women come to consciousness they will naturally inquire into the causes of the evils which torment and distract society. To find them they must examine existing laws, and ascertain whether they are just and equal and whether they are fairly administered.

Then inevitably follows questions like these: Why should we have no voice in making the laws under which we may be imprisoned or executed. Why should women have no hand in pleading woman's cause or determining her penalties? Why should men, and men only, fix the penalties of their own crimes against the other half of the human race, and appoint themselves legislature, judge, jury, and executive, in every case like this? Yet every law and penalty on every statute book of this and every land was placed there by men, and men only. There is no reason and no justice in all this, and there can never be. Good men know it right well, and they are trying to bring us into the government that we may be tried by our peers.

Yet still we hear the question: "But why should the daughters prophesy?" A conclusive answer to this has been given by Mrs. J. F. Willing:

"It is said that women are too weak. Weak in what? In physical endurance? Every woman who stands at the head of a family has endured enough to kill a half dozen men. In voice? You can hear the soprano as far again as the bass. In will? It has passed into a proverb, 'When a woman will, she will, and you

may depend on it.' In reason? Any caudid man will tell you that when he has toiled up the stairs of his argument, he finds a woman at the top. She seems to have cleared the flight at a bound; but we know it is only her quick way of putting this and that together. Her rapid reasoning has watched the conclusion, far ahead of him with his more clumsy methods. Weak in scholarship? How does it happen that women bear off so many of the prizes of our colleges and universities? Weak in spiritual perceptions? Two of them follow Christ where one man becomes his disciple. But this poor, heathenish, old world calls them weak. Then they have the best chance of success, for God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty."

In surveying the past—our secluded sphere—we cannot help thinking that it might be said of us:

"O fools and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken." Hereafter we shall redeem our reputation by endeavoring to solve this greatest problem of all time,—the true relations of that complex being whom God created by uttering the mystic thought that had in it the potency of Paradise: "In our own image let us make man, and let them have dominion over all the earth."

Miss Francis E. Willard, that star of our own day, has with her thrilling eloquence and profound logic, expressed her sentiments thus: "In the world as God created it at first, by whose word the worlds were made, man and woman dwelt together, and to them he gave dominion over every living thing. After the fall they began to drift apart, he unto the realm of force and she into that of seclusion; but in Christ's kingdom, from the days when women followed Him whithersoever they would, lingered at cross and sepulchre, first declared his resurrection, man and woman have been steadily traveling back to Eden—that is, they have been slowly learning that they were created to live in one world—not two.

Under the curse, man has two worlds, and woman only one: he "ransacks the ages, spoils the climes," then comes back

to her world and finds her—waiting. Under the blessing, man and woman go hand in hand wherever they are called to go at all.

Under the curse, man has mapped out the state as his largest sphere, and the home as woman's largest.

Under the blessing, man and woman shall map out home as the one true state, and she who during centuries of training, has learned how to govern there, shall help man make the great, cold, heartless state a warm, kind, and protecting home. Women are tired of this unnatural two worlds in one, where men and women dwell apart; they would invade the solitude of the masculine intellect; break in upon the stereotyped routine of the masculine hierarchy in church and state; and ring out in clear but gentle voices the oft-repeated declaration of the Master whom they serve: "Behold I make all things new."

Woman by the sole weapon of logic, has opened the gates of the three professions, medicine, theology and law, that have been so sedulously barred. Of the three, medicine seems to have commanded the attention of women in all ages.

The care and cure of bodily infirmity, appealing immediately to the sympathies, and very dependent upon them, would in all stages of society lie near the domain of womanly activity, if not actually within it. The impression is very general that all the obstacles which once barred entrance of women into this walk of life have been removed. Such is not the case. The prejudice in this direction is still very strong, although no valid objection can be made to the study and exercise of the healing art by women, upon whom the care of the sick and of the helpless so generally and naturally devolves.

History shows us that the judicial mind is a gift in which our sex is not wanting. Plato recognized this in Athens. In ancient Israel, Deborah administered such law as was to be had. In Rome the vestal virgins were the fiduciaries of the most important public trusts.

A few women in the U. S. have been ordained as ministers and entrusted with full ecclesiastical responsibility. But the church by a strange and grievous paradox is one of the most difficult centers to reach with the sense of justice toward woman.

Who that is reasonable doubts but that if we had in every church, a voice in all its circles of power, it would be better for the church, making it more homelike and attractive, more endeared to the people, and hence more effective in its great mission of brotherly and sisterly love?

By what righteous principle of law or logic are we excluded from church councils, when we so largely make up the church's membership?

*Woman, like man, should be freely permitted to do whatever she can do well.*

But we must be up and doing if we expect the co-operation and fealty of men in politics.

What little common-sense women have who say: "If we had the ballot we would not vote." Do not be guilty of judging all the world by your own individual standard and thus saying "I have all the rights I want" but be intent to give to those in want *their* rights by grandly using yours. A greater element of individuality is what is so much needed.

Do not be anxious to get within that special enclosure known as "society." It is only a sub-division of real womanhood. A new ideal is being reconstructed—a new feminine type. Aim at reaching it girls:

"A perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort and command;  
A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily good,  
And yet, a spirit fair and bright  
With something of an angel's light."

#### PRIEST AND PARISHIONER.

"My child, if you labor for hire you'll be mannish;  
A woman unsexed is not loved, only feared.  
It's wrong to change nature, her outer marks banish"—  
"Then father, pray why do you shave off your beard?"

## Poetry and Nature.

**P**OETRY and nature have ever been closely associated. The chosen few have worshipped :—

“Not in that fane where crumbling arch and column  
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,  
But in that fane most catholic and solemn,  
Which God hath planned ;  
In that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,  
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,  
Its choir the wind and waves, its organ thunder,  
Its dome the sky.”

They have been admitted to her mystic rites and penetrated her inmost recesses ; there is no discord, no jarring note in all the witchery of her music. Harmony is the soul of all things. The poet is nature's own interpreter, she speaks in the tempest and the thunder-cloud, the golden dawn of day and the rosy hues of interest.

Wordsworth says :

“To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

The bard of Rydal Mount was the first to stimulate a love of nature in all her moods. Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier and Lowell, have each received

“The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration and the poet's dream.”

Life to them has been more than a mere mode of existence—it conveys

“A sense sublime of something far more deeply inter-  
fused,

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky and the mind of man,  
A motion, and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of thought,  
And rolls through all things.”

Man has performed marvels of skill and ingenuity, but those of nature are incomparably greater. Travellers tell us that the highest tower in Paris, a work representing years of thought and toil, seems but a tiny speck beside the majestic snow-clad Alps towering up to the sky. There are wonders both on sea and land.

The volume of nature holds a complete record of the ages, here are the successive

strata with the inhabitants entombed in the formation, embalmed in her own sepulchre. Who shall estimate the wonders of the great deep and bear away the wealth of ocean treasure ? Life is a modification of various organs to meet external conditions, the life which is protected by fins and scales has been constantly changing from the time of the great Sanrians, a race disappearing with the conditions necessary to its existence. Ocean life presents as fascinating an aspect as the fairy lore of our childhood. Here is life and death in our very midst and yet invisible. The ocean is a vast universe by itself, one single drop of water containing its own population of animalcules.

New beauty is ever apparent in the field of science,—the astronomer sweeps the heavens with his telescope, watches by night the flocks on the hillsides of the heavens, as did the wise men their sheep on the hills of Judea. Or if the microscopic world is laid under contribution, each botanical specimen ever affords fresh instances of artistic structure and development. Change is stamped on all, Geology teaches that even the “everlasting hills have a birth and a decay” ; nature ever tends to array herself in symmetrical forms, there is no chaos, no confusion, order and harmony reign supreme.

As the purple twilight falls on the hills the shadows deepen and the eternal calm is over all the immensity of space, and the grandeur of the universe dawn on the poet's soul ; the panorama of life and all its cares has vanished, his mind rises to behold the works of the Infinite Mind.

We are constituted differently, both mentally and physically, the mental retina of each reflects different objects, hence Longfellow named the stars “the forgotten-ots of the angels.”

Longfellow's intercourse with nature was marked. The children of the forest occupy a prominent place in his poems. The beautiful legends of a dusky race are woven in the thread of Hiawatha, the climax is reached when Hiawatha sets out in the purple mists of evening on his long journey to the portals of the sunset.



"The evening sun descending  
Set the clouds on fire with redness,  
Burned the broad sky like a prairie,  
Left upon the level water  
One long track and trail of splendor."

With the forest pines of Arcadia are associated memories of Evangeline.

J. G. Whittier comes to us with a benediction he has done much to round the angles and smooth the rough places of life.

"On all his sad or restless moods  
The patient peace of nature stole;  
The quiet of the fields and woods,  
Sank deep into his soul."

While the snow-clad Alpine peaks, the glowing hues of Italian skies and the vine-clad hills of sunny France, have inspired the poets of the old world, most of Whittier's poems relate to Indian life and the adventures of the early settlers of New England. Though many moons have passed since the occupants of the wigwam and the birch canoe started on their long journey to the land of the Great Spirit, Whittier calls forth the dim shades of the past and presents a vivid picture to the imagination, of their haunts and their heroism.

Perhaps the most exquisite picture of all Tennyson's shorter poems is:

Break! break! break!  
On thy cold grey stones, O sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play  
Oh, well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay.

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O, for the touch of a vanished hand  
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break! break! break!  
At the foot of thy crags, O sea,  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

The weird music of the sea as it breaks on the pebbly beach haunts the imagination and lingers in the ear. The present scene of activity and life contrasts with the closed doors of the past. It possesses

an indelible charm, for mingled with the sounds of life is the moan of the restless sea, singing the dirge of the past and its associations.

Under moonshine and sunshine the waves are constantly beating on the cold grey stone.

In "In Memoriam" the poet rises from the depths of despair to the heights of a sublime faith, here and there woven in the warp and woof of the poem are flashes of nature's own coloring.

Each tiny leaflet bears the stamps of the divine architect. The book of nature is the silken tie which binds us to the Infinite. Through her voice we are insensibly led over

"Stepping stones of our dead selves  
To higher things."

One old philosopher says "The universe is a point from the pen of God's perfection, the world a bud from the flower of His beauty."

## Alumnae Association.

—1889-1890.—

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LECTURES IN

## Modern Literature.

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To be held in Convocation Hall, W. L. College,  
Saturday Afternoons at 3.30 p. m.

According to the following Subjects and Dates:—

Saturday,	}	"Elizabeth Barrett Browning,"
NOV. 9.		BY PROF. REYNAR, Victoria University.
Saturday,	}	"John Wolfgang Goethe,"
DEC. 21.		BY DR. WORKMAN, Victoria University.
Saturday,	}	"Ralph Waldo Emerson,"
JAN. 25.		BY PROF. CAPINON, Queen's University.
Saturday,	}	"Oliver Wendell Holmes,"
FEB. 22.		BY REV. R. J. SERVICE, Detroit.
Saturday,	}	"Thomas Carlyle,"
MAR. 29.		BY REV. S. LYER, B. D.
Saturday,	}	"John Ruskin, Art,"
APR. 5.		BY REV. R. G. BOVILLER.

## + The Portfolio. +

Published monthly by the Students of the Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton, Ontario.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,	Carrie Keagey, '90.
ASSOCIATE EDITORS,	{ Lenah Sutcliffe, '90. May Shaw, '90.
EXCHANGE EDITORS,	{ Nellie Taylor, '91. Helen Quay, '91.
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BUSINESS MANAGER,	{ May Sinaw, '90. Charlotte Evans, '91.

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

## Editorials.

It is expected that the young ladies will read the advertisements in the "Portfolio" and when they go out on Friday afternoons see that the division patronizes those who think enough of our interests to assist us by advertising. This is, we know, an old custom with some, but the new student may not think of it, and we feel it our duty to remind them.

OUR weekly recitals are becoming more and more popular. On Saturday, Oct. 19th, a large number of students assembled in the drawing room to spend an hour with music. Although some of the students were troubled with nervousness, still we could notice a marked improvement from last week. Miss Littlehales kindly consented to give a selection on the violin, which was highly appreciated by her audience. The recital closed with a piano solo by Madam Asher-Lucas, whose perfect ease and self-possession at the piano served as a lesson to the students, who we hope will profit by it.

AMONG the various characters which surround us in College life is found the one who expects to accomplish everything in a short time and without study. Evidently she does not know or realize that life means work. What has been accomplished without it? Look at nature around us—everything takes time. The rivers—trace their growth. It takes the condensed air to form the rain; the little rill in the mountain, which in time becomes a streamlet, and fed by the waters around grows to be the flowing, rushing river.

The forest trees, bending their tall heads in the wind—how came they there? Years before a little acorn dropped to the earth, perhaps was trodden under foot; the germ gaining nourishment from the soil and helped by the dews and showers, became in time the pride of the forest.

In the growth of Nations we have another example of "work and wait." It has taken time to make our empire "Mistress of the Seas," and the greatest commercial country; work was required to bring it to its excellence.

We must not despair if we do not mark our progress, but earnestly and hopefully labor on and in time we will have our reward.

THE students had the pleasure of listening to that fascinating lecturer, Prof. Ragan, on the subject that makes every English heart beat more quickly,—“To-an-I-Fro in London.” To those who have had the good fortune to visit this “city of the world,” it was most interesting to see the familiar scenes displayed so “true to life,” while the feelings of those who viewed it that day for the first time, may be better imagined than described. St. Paul's Cathedral, The Tower and Westminster Abbey, etc., are names familiar to all of us, but when described by the valuable Ragan, accompanied by the life-size illustrations, we find that we have before had no idea of them.

It was quite amusing to hear an American cousin declare that the London lecture “was not to be compared with Paris!” We did not ask what particular part could not be compared with the last mentioned

city, for we thought of *prejudice*, and decided it was better to wait until some future time to inquire more particularly into the matter.

How much "prejudice" influence us, and how often we mistake it for loyalty! Perhaps this is found most in a Ladies' School where there are representatives from different countries, and each feels it her "bounden duty" to defend her own dear land. And as a rule she will recognize nothing that is good in any other. "Narrow minded," it might be called, but we think it is hardly that, a love of opposition, or, as before mentioned, *prejudice* must be the cause of it. In either case it should be overcome, for if we go through life guided by prejudice or allow our sense of right to be changed, purely from love of opposition, we will be treated as incapable of forming a correct judgment.

So much harm is done to people through mere prejudice! We hear sometimes disparaging remarks, and without ever proving the truth of the statement, form our opinion, which, it often happens, is never changed. And even if the accusation be true, why should we suppose others incapable of a good action? Are we so perfect that we never fail? Such beings are not for this world, when they reach that stage their work here is finished.

"Speak gently to the erring, oh, do not thou forget,  
However darkly stained by sin, he is thy brother yet,  
Heir of the self-same heritage, child of the self-same Gods  
He has but stumbled in the path that thou in weakness  
trod."

## † Societies. †

### SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY.

† It has been remarked that this year the students have entered into their work with more than usual energy. In the Literary Societies this is especially seen, for each member seems determined that these meetings shall be successful, and with few exceptions all are willing to do their share in contributing to the common fund of information and entertainment. Our debating talent has not as yet come to light, but we hope soon to hear the different opinions of our members on the current topics of the day. Many of the girls complain that they have no time to spare from their work, in which

to "read up" for debates, but this is a feeble excuse. The subject is one that requires attention, as it gives us the practice which is necessary to most of us, in order that we may acquire facility in expressing our thoughts in a clear and and concise style.

### JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY.

Ⓐ Literary Society is a great addition to a college. It affords a scope for improvement in the rendition of pieces, in intellectuality and in patience (if the performer has chosen a dull selection.) Each strives to do her best and then there arises a mild sort of contention which always aids and advances, be it in class-room, in mercantile life, in the commercial world or in any other active sphere.

The Junior Literary Society is no exception to the rule. The faculty will be proud of it when the time comes for its members to exhibit their progress and show to what good account they have turned their privileges.

We employ ourselves in this way—business is first disposed of, and this is no trifling matter; then we have a program that consists of readings, essays, recitations, instrumental solos, singing, etc. Our motto is "Improve." —*Sec'y.*

## † Socials. †

Four old maids of Lee  
They were as hungry, as hungry could be,  
And they had boxes three times three  
Yet all were as gone, as gone could be;  
Poor four old maids of Lee.

These four old maids of Lee  
Were as sick, as sick could be  
For they eat sardines, three times three;  
And coffee they drank, instead of tea,  
These four old maids of Lee.

These four old maids of Lee;  
Are as silent, as silent can be,  
For their sardines are gone, and so is their tea,  
The arrival of the next box they all hail with glee,  
These four old maids of Lee.

"Waiting."

Girls does the crank need oiling?

Young lady on viewing the curtain in the opera house at Ragan's lecture:—  
"What part of Hamilton is that a picture of?"

A certain young lady is having a linseed (?) dress made for painting.

I knew you were Associate Editor last year; I saw your name in the Almanac Junior after logic:—Collapses into a pail of water.

Sacred to the memory of Helen's cat:

"Had we never lived so kindly,

Had we never love so blindly,

Never met or never parted;

I would ne'er been broken hearted."

Kindness of our seniors—they offer to catch "rats" for juniors to analyze.

Zoology class—Prof.—"Have fish any teeth?"

Bright student—"Yes."

Prof.—"Are you quite sure?"

Student (thoughtfully)—"Well, perhaps I mean a chicken."

A certain young lady on the front hall, spends considerable time hunting a mirror that will not detract from her beauty—does she think she has no beauty to spare?

Some of the students enjoyed a very pleasant evening at the social given by the Y. W. O. T. U., at Mrs. Gurney's.

Professor—"Give the plural of 'it.'"

Freshman—"Its."

Prof.—"Next?"

Brilliant senior—"Hers."

Maude, why so sad when Job's comforter lingers with you?

## Personals.

The old girls are glad to welcome Miss Emily Coulter, '89, who has returned as a teacher. Miss Coulter distinguished herself in literary work last year, and as she has had considerable experience in teaching we predict for her great success.

Miss Nettie Burkholder, '88, left us this week to enter the junior year of Victoria University. We hope she will be as successful in Victoria as she was in the W. L. C.

We are glad to learn that Miss May Marter '88, has entered the Toronto Medical School, her diploma from this college having been accepted for matriculation in medicine. Keep up the reputation of your Alma Mater, May.

We regret deeply Mr. Ambrose's departure from the college this year. He will be ever remembered by all whom he came in contact with, not only as a teacher but also as a friend. May his future be crowned with every success.

## Exchanges.

Our mutual friend the "Niagara Index" still finds her way to us. The exchange editor, whoever he may be, must certainly be an oddity, so conspicuous is he for his ability in criticising. Why does nature cast her pearls before swine? Echo answers "why?" Upon opening the apology for a cover we are greeted with "burn this," were it not for the fact that some trash *would even burn* we would suit the action to the word, but under these painful circumstances the only alternative is to cast it among the relics of the past. The classic language of the article, "Morality of Shakespeare's Plays," is simply superb, pray do not continue it, for too much is worse than none of such literary profusion.

One of our most congenial exchanges is the "Richmond College Messenger." The Oration delivered at the Re union of the Philologist Society, "Day by Day," is deserving of very great praise. The truly eloquent and suggestive strain is strictly preserved throughout the article, and to one professing appreciation of such fundamental truths the character of the language must possess a charm from whatever standpoint it may be viewed. The tendency of the entire paper being purely literary, is elevative of sentiment and could not help but imprint upon the mind of the most casual reader, most profound indentations.

It is in vain that we daily search the exchanges for "Acta." Why so silent? Have we been enlisted on the page of oblivion? If so how can we restore to you your once verdant memory? True we have been introduced by the Niagara Index, to the outside world as "that nervy the Portfolio," but you we are sure, make allowances for such youthful display of ignorance.

## Hamilton Ladies' College

### CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

#### Literary and Collegiate Department.

THE College opens with the most complete equipment it has ever possessed, and it offers advantages unequalled in the country. The new catalogue shows a curriculum extending well into university work. The examinations at the close of the second year cover every subject required for university matriculation, and as the College is affiliated with the university they secure the corresponding university standing, and the equivalent certificate. Ladies not wishing to graduate can pursue a select course. Classes are organized for all grades of pupils.

Modern Languages are always taught by natives, or residents of the lands represented. We have tables at which the conversation is in French, German, etc.

#### Conservatory of Music.

The College has added a Conservatory of Music. Mr. Clarence Lucas of the Paris Conservatory has been elected Director. He is

one of the most noted of Canadian musicians. His whole life has been devoted to the study. When he entered the Paris Conservatory, although representatives from many nations presented themselves, he secured first place easily over all competitors. He prosecuted his studies in Paris, Florence, Rome and London, and when he returned to Canada about a year ago he at once given a most prominent chair in the Toronto College of Music by Mr. Torrington. Mr. Lucas is the only musician who has given a concert in Canada exclusively of his own compositions. He will teach piano; theory, harmony and choral singing, and will lecture on the history of music.

Madam Asher-Lucas has been appointed solo-pianist. She was a pupil of Clara Shumann and Marmontel of the Paris Conservatory; she was pianist to the Royal Family of England; to the Emperor and Empress of Germany, and the King of Greece. She appeared in the London Philharmonic and the Crystal Palace concerts; in the Conservatory of Paris and Chickering Hall, N. Y., concerts. She is unquestionably the most brilliant pianist in the Dominion. Her playing is something phenomenal. Since much of the benefit derived from a course of study in Europe comes from the frequent hearing of great artists, a marked feature of the Conservatory will be the WEEKLY RECITALS by Madam Asher-Lucas and some of the pupils. She will take a limited number of advanced pupils on the piano. They will be assisted by a very strong staff of experienced teachers.

For recitals, concerts, etc., this Institution is furnished with two of the finest Concert Grand Pianos, (Steinway) and one of Steinway's best Uprights. The Conservatory will start with new pianos throughout.

Arrangements have been made for organ lessons and practice in the building—for vocal culture and singing lessons—for violin and other instruments.

The College is admirably fitted for this enlarged programme. No College or Conservatory in the Dominion has such a Concert Hall,—it will easily seat 600. Its platform will hold organ, grand piano and orchestra. It has 25 rooms for pianos, without taking any of the dormitories. Each piano has a room to itself.

Ladies wishing to attend the Conservatory as specialists in music will find excellent accommodations in the College. If they wish to take art, or languages, or some English subject, they can do so. No college in the country combines so many advantages.

### School of Art.

Prof. Martin, A. R. C. A., is Director. He is a born teacher, an enthusiast in his work. All our art pupils receive their lessons and lectures on art from him. He has competent assistants, but he is the responsible instructor, and is present every art day. The department is in a very flourishing condition. Last year's exhibit was the best in the history of the College.

Classes are formed in Elocution, Stenography, Book-keeping, Type-writing, Calisthenics, and any other subjects required.

### Location, Terms, etc.

Our accommodations may be gathered from the fact that our building cost over \$110,000. It is by far the most commodious college building in the Province. We have over 150 rooms, and such rooms as no other college in the country can afford.

Our Recreation grounds extend south to Main street. A beautiful lawn, with covered walks 300 feet long and 14 wide, for bad weather. They are not seen from the front of the building, hence many think we have no grounds. We have all the ground we need,—all we can utilize.

To many young ladies the question of location is of great importance. Many of our best pupils have come from rural homes blest with scant educational advantages from little villages or towns, and they come that they may receive broader views of life and carry to their homes the refining influences of higher education and city culture, correct ideas of literature and the inspiring recollections of the masters in music and art.

The pupils of the Hamilton Ladies' College have had the opportunity of seeing and hearing every great artist that has visited Canada. Indeed the College considers it a duty to encourage its pupils to see and hear such characters for the educational value they possess. Our pupils have not to visit other cities to listen to these celebrities, Hamilton is large enough to invite them.

### NEWS ITEM OR LITERARY NOTE.

The *National Magazine* is the name of a new literary venture of Chicago, which begins with the October number. It is published under the auspices of the new "National University," which opens October 1st, of which it is the organ. The first number will contain articles on literary, educational and scientific subjects, and a prospectus of the University, which is said to be modelled after the London University, and has extensive non-resident courses, teaching many subjects by mail. Published at 182 Clark Street.

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