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# THE PORTFOLIO.

Vita Sine Literis Mors Est.

VOL. 7.

HAMILTON, OCTOBER, 1886.

No. 2



## THE Wesleyan Ladies' College,

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# THE PORTFOLIO.

*Vita Sine Literis Mort Est.*

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## MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

This excellent philosophical song appears to have been famous in the sixteenth century. It is quoted by Ben Johnson, in his play of "Every Man out of his Humor," first acted in 1599.

My minde to me a kingdome is ;  
Such perfect joy therein I finde  
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,  
That God or Nature hath assignde :  
Though much I want, that most would have,  
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay ;  
I seek no more than may suffice :  
I presse to beare no haughtie sway ;  
Look what I lack my minde supplies.  
Loe ! thus I triumph like a king,  
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,  
And hastie clymbers soonest fall :  
I see that such as sit aloft  
Mishap doth threaten most of all :  
These get with toile, and keep with feare :  
Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe, or welthie store,  
No force to winne victorie,  
No wylie wit to salve a sore,  
No shape to winne a lovers eye ;  
To none of these I yield as thrall,  
For why my mind dispiseth all.

Some have to much, yet still they crave,  
I little have, yet seek no more :  
They are but poore, tho' much they have ;  
And I am rich with little store :  
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;  
They lacke, I lend ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at anothers losse,  
I grudge not at anothers gaine ;  
No worldly wave my mind can tosse,  
I brooke that is anothers bane :  
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend,  
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse ;  
Though not Ceresus' welth a straw ;  
For care, I care not what it is ;  
I feare not fortunes fatall law :  
My mind is such as may not move  
For beautie bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will ;  
I wander not to seeke for more ;  
I like the plaine, I clime the hill ;  
In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,  
And laugh at them that toile in vaine  
To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill ;  
I feigne not love where most I hate ;  
I breake no sleep to winne my will ;  
I wayte not at the mighties gate ;  
I scorne no poore, I feare no rich ;  
I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath ;  
Extreames are counted worst of all ;  
The golden meane betwixt them both  
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall :  
This is my choyce, for why I finde,  
No wealth is like a quite minde.

My welth is health and perfect ease ;  
My conscience clere my chiefe defence :  
I never seeke by brybes to please,  
Nor by desert to give offence :  
Thus do I live, thus will I die ;  
Would all did so as well as I !

## MUSIC.

There is no age so distant, no people so barbarous, but has had some touch of melody, however rude, which has helped the soul to rise on wings to something higher and more enduring. A certain sort of music seems to have existed in all ages; even instrumental music is of very early date, and to show the kind of instruments used away back in the history of nations we see representations on the obelisks and tombs, especially in Egypt. And Dr. Clark tells the story of Thebes being built by Amphion, with his lyre, as true, and not a fable. It was a very ancient custom to carry on immense labor by an accompaniment of music and singing. The custom still exists in Egypt and Greece. The more prosaic a man's occupation, the more he needs outlooks and leadings to a higher life. The more he dwells among mere things, the greater his need of contact with a spirit greater than mere things; the material life must touch the immaterial. The body must have an indwelling soul, with a life above and beyond the daily needs of this world. It is not perfectly true to say that in poor houses—and there are many such living in handsome comfort-

able houses—many who feel the stings of real poverty, and strain by hard self-delial to keep up appearances, need most bitterly sometimes the warm glowing atmosphere of music “to smooth the raven down of darkness till it smiles.”

After the instincts of self-preservation, the strongest motives spring from the emotional nature; all that is best and most aspiring claims kinship with it. To the purest element in that emotional nature music appeals. Always soothing if it cannot comfort—rousing always the higher, never the lower nature; it is a subtle, potent influence, moulding not only individual but national character. It has been said by some one, “Show me the songs of a nation and I will tell you its character.” We feel plainly that music touches and agitates us; it wraps us in melancholy, then it elates in joy; its strokes are so fine and delicate, that, like a tragedy, even the passions that are wounded, please. But to what origin we owe this singular power, or how it was learned, or what is the meaning of some of its most affecting strains, we know not. We have a confused perception of ideal or visionary beauty, and rapture enough to fire the imagination, though not so clear as to become an object of knowledge. Greek writers tell us how happy and peaceful their country was owing to the beautiful music that flourished there, and how rough and brutal were the manners of their neighbors, the Cynesians, which was ascribed to their total neglect of music. Also in troublous times in Greece, when a great Spartan insurrection was overcome. It was not overcome by armies, but by the divine melodies of Terpander, whose power in his music, stronger than hatred or rebellion, brought back peace and good-will to his country. Under the stirring sounds of the band, men will leave home, leave all man loves, and with a firm step face all man fears. The bagpipe of the Highlands is not very musical, yet the effect it has on the army is truly wonderful. In the brute creation the power of music is well seen. The lion is soothed by melancholy; the war-horse prances to the sounds that move his rider's heart; and a modern traveller tells us that in the island of Madeira, lizards are attracted by the notes of music so that the people may catch them for food. Also, that

nothing will rid the houses there of the venomous snakes more quickly than by charming them with the sound of a flute. The ancients record miracles in the tales they relate of the medicinal powers of music. Homer represents the Grecian army as employing music to stay the raging of the plague. In the Jewish nation, David was employed to lay the fiendish passions of Saul by his harp.

As an element of education, music has not yet had fair play. It is a science and a language, and on these grounds at least, it claims a place among the branches of literature and science. The objects sought in its study have not been worthy objects, nor perhaps have the best means been taken to attain them. Why have young ladies been put to the study of music? Because music more than any other accomplishment affords an opportunity of exhibition and individual display, not that there is of necessity the least impropriety or sacrifice of true delicacy. But music cannot be beneficially pursued while exhibition is cherished as an end, instead of being tolerated as a means. Still there must be exhibition of some kind, for no knowledge, no skill, no thought even, can be manifested without it. At musical parties there is a great deal of indifferent music indifferently played. People think, as a matter of course, that a young lady is not accomplished unless she can perform on the piano. But who are the gainers? Not in many cases the girls themselves, for practising only bores them and certainly not society which they bore in turn. Such persons just pursue music mechanically, and mechanism in art never did anything—there must be enthusiasm, without which, one never makes progress. What makes it more tiresome still is, that many play without expression, and those who make no effort after expression play just as a child recites, when it says, “How doth the little busy bee,” etc., without in the least understanding the words. Amateur musicians are forever attempting to do at their leisure what can only be done when made the business of a life. And those people who have taken no pains to understand fine music, really cannot enjoy it, because they do not perceive the thought given to it by the composer. They will applaud a dance of Auber or a symphony of Beethoven without any discrimination.

Cultivation is needed as much for those who hear as for those who sing or play, not perhaps cultivation in the same degree, but of the same kind. A lady after performing with most brilliant execution on the piano in the presence of Dr. Johnson, turned to the philosopher and asked him if he were fond of music. "No madam," replied the Dr., "But of all noises I think music is the least disagreeable." The power of hearing judiciously is inseparable from some power of doing, and one of the motives for spreading musical education is to increase the number in the audience of those who can appreciate good music. It should not be substituted for grammar or geography, but will have a better chance if added to these. If a singer comes forward with compass, flexibility and power, such as are combined in perhaps not half a dozen in a century—these qualities being developed by years of training—every musical circle is tormented with an interpretation of his or her songs in which nothing is wanting, but these qualities for which purpose they were written for displaying. If a pianoforte player comes forth, "whose fingers can turn inside out like a glove," every school groans under his compositions. But there is a fine music which has an interest and beauty independent of those who play or sing. No great amount of power or flexibility is required for the interpretation of Handel's songs and oratorios, and in respect to choral music, there is no voice however small its compass or its flexibility which may not be turned to some account.

The presence of good music is the presence of a good spirit; the presence of deep and earnest music is essentially the presence of the deep and earnest spirit who composed it—a presence felt more surely than looks or words could be. There is frivolous idle music and pedantic music, but there is also music which is the outpouring of the hopes, the prayers, the faith, the very lives of men like Handel, Mozart or Beethoven. They could express every whispering emotion, and lend words, we may even say, to every passing mood which stirred their sensitive souls. In the mighty symphonies he gives himself up to passionate outpouring, or to melancholy, whether he jests, dreams, laughs, or weeps he continues always simple and true; no trying for effect, no oddity, no coquettishness, no sentimentality. Even

the greatest thought appears unadorned and unpretentious. There are few great men who can express their noble sentiments without a wish that they could be heard, and who have no cause to dread listeners for the most trifling thing they have uttered; and such is Beethoven. In short, in the affecting strains of men like this we find the way to the inward recesses of their hearts;

"Untwisting all the strains that be,  
The hidden soul of harmony."

LOUISE.

#### MRS. BROWNING.

It has been said that it is almost impossible to form a correct judgment of the writings of a poet who has only a contemporary reputation. We cannot look forward and realize what influence they may have upon the thought and character of succeeding ages, neither can we fully estimate their influence on our own age, for that influence can be truly felt only by its results for good or ill, and those results come but slowly. But at least we have the privilege of giving our own views of them, and the "proper estimate" to leave to "the succeeding ages."

Among those who stand in the highest ranks of the poetic creators of our own day, we find Mrs. Browning, called by one "that grand-souled patriot." Another has said, "she certainly has given us the sweetest and noblest strains of poetry that have come in the present generation from her sex." We will not stop to give the details of her life, so familiar to all, nor to tell of the influence on her mind of the severe physical sufferings through which she passed in early youth, proving to her a blessing in disguise, as they left her time and inclination to pursue studies far beyond those usually engaged in by women whose time is occupied with the active duties of life. But let us look at a few of her poems, their characteristics, and try to discover and keep for ourselves some of the noble thoughts expressed therein.

Her longest poem, but by no means her best, is "Aurora Leigh," published among her last works, and of which she says herself, "It is the most mature of my works and that into which my highest convictions upon life and art have entered." She has

chosen to write about her own age, for she says :

"Nay, if there's room for poets in this world  
A little overgrown, (I think there is).  
Their sole work is to represent the age,  
Their age, not Charlemagnes, this live, throbbing age,  
That brawls, cheats, maddens, calculates, aspires,  
And spends more passion, more heroic heat,  
Betwixt the mirrors of its drawing-rooms,  
Than Roland with his Knights at Roncesvalles."

Mark the closing, sentiment and listen again,

"All actual heroes are essential men.  
And all men possible heroes ; every age  
Heroic in proportion, double-faced,  
Looks backward and before, expects a morn  
And claims an epos.

So she has striven to make us feel the heroism that abounds in our own times, the heroism which consists in doing good to our fellow-men, and enabling them to rise higher in the scale of human life. But the poem is not a great one as a whole, for the plot is awkward and improbable, and we cannot help feeling it is only an ill arranged background for the writer's impressions of the social life of the day. But the poem is full of genius and power, and many of its passages are in themselves great. It is one of the few works that can be made interesting and profitable when read by detached passages, rather than as a single work of art. She tells us art is "higher life," the reaching out of man's nature after the highest and best, of books she says :

It is rather when  
We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge  
Soul-forward, headlong, into books profound—  
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—  
'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

And of poets whom she calls the links between the finite and the infinite,

The only truth-tellers, next left to God,  
The only speakers of essential truth,  
Opposed to relative, comparative,  
And temporal truths, the only holders by  
His sun-skirts, through conventional grey glooms ;

and when she tells us that

"Life means be sure,  
Both heart and head—both active, both complete,  
And both in earnest,"

and

"I count that heaven itself is only work  
To a surer issue."

we feel that she has arrived through much experience and thought at the true estimate of that which occupies all life, work. And what inspires hope when life seems all a failure, and useless as regards self, is found in these lines,

"Be sure no earnest work  
Of any honest creature, how be it weak  
Imperfect, ill-adapted, fails so much,  
It is not gathered as a grain of sand  
To enlarge the sum of human action used  
For carrying out God's end."

Although so much has been quoted we cannot close without these two pen-pictures of evening,

"The heavens were making room to hold the night,  
The seven-fold heavens unfolding all their gates  
To let the stars out slowly."  
"Above where all the stars were out,  
As if an urgent heat had started there  
A secret writing from a sombre page,  
A blank last moment, crowded suddenly  
With hurrying splendors."

Mrs. Browning's sympathies with all efforts to elevate mankind, and her love of liberty, led her to think and write deeply and earnestly in the interests of America and Italy. Indeed the latter country soon became her adopted land, and naturally when we think of her, we connect with the thought the remembrance of her devotion to the people of Italy and their cause. This feeling glows like fire through all her later poems, and finds its first expression in "Cesa Guide Wisdom," a story of the personal impressions of the writer upon events and scenes in Tuscany, and widening as it proceeds, embraces all Italy. She calls for some deliverer to break the bonds of priestly power and Austrian tyranny, and pleads for the liberty of her beloved Italy. Then she appeals to all European nations for the sympathy which they owe to the country that has endowed them with so much of literature and art. She calls their aid

"To this great cause of southern men, who strive  
In God's name for man's rights and shall not fail."

The second part of the poem abounds in the despairing and disappointed utterances of the defeated patriots. Then she accuses the nations of heartlessness and insensibility



to the sufferings and wrongs of outraged Italy, and concludes—

Let us go,  
We will trust God. The blank interstices  
Men take for ruins he will build into  
With pillared marble rare, or knit across  
With generous arches, till the fane's complete."

In "The Seraphim," she has given us a dialogue between two angels who are witnessing the crucifixion. This is a difficult theme and one which should hardly be entered upon, on account of our limited knowledge of the feelings of seraphic souls. Mrs. Browning has so often told us that poetry must have its essential basis, truth, that we are led to wonder how she could reconcile this statement with a poem where there is no basis on which truth, or the highest knowledge can rest.

But Mrs. Browning's claims to our gratitude and love, rest chiefly on her short poems, beautiful in design and utterance. Who has not read with a feeling of awe and hushed delight, "Cowper's Grave," and felt more sympathy with the maniac poet as she tells us "how discord on the music fell and darkness on the glory," and how "he wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted." "The Lost Bower" is worthy of study on account of its autobiographical interest, and of her sonnets one has said, "It would be difficult to find a nobler expression of great sorrow bravely endured, than is afforded by her sonnets on "Bereavement," "Consolation," "Comfort" and "Substitution." In "Lady Isabel's Child," we feel her peculiar powers of tenderness, and of ability to describe the appearances of nature. Among her sweetest poems is "Bertha in the Lane," and the Dead Pan is full of noble truths as well as beauty. What a noble creed for a poet is found in

"What is true and just and honest,  
What is lovely, what is pure,—  
All of praise that hath admonished,  
All of virtue shall endure;  
These are themes for poet's uses,  
Stirring nobler than the muses,  
Ere Pan was dead."

Indeed all of her poems are worthy of deep study, for in many respects she is the noblest poet of our time. We feel that her whole heart is shown in her poems, a heart that beats with an intense love of art and human-

ity. But we cannot help feeling that her genius is inadequately expressed in her works, a certain obscurity of expression seeming to cast its spell over all. Rarely have so passionate a devotion to the poetic art, so rich a genius, and such an acute and original mind suffered so much by want of suitable expression. But we look beyond these defects and see the greatness of the heart that inspired the thoughts, and feel that nothing can hinder us from admiring that.

—BETH.

### BENEFITS DERIVED FROM HISTORY.

We need but take a glance at the legendary age of Greece, to have some idea of the benefit derived from history. The knowledge possessed by us of the people who lived during that period, and though the deeds of heroes are woven in the most beautiful narrative yet they must be regarded merely as stories which in passing from generation to generation gather into the chain much that is fabulous. It is not so with history, the very foundation of which is fact.

History is the medium by which a knowledge of the past is gained. In looking back over the ages thousands of human beings pass in panoramic vision before our gaze. We behold nations in their glory and decline, and mankind in slavery and freedom; in the darkness of ignorance and the sunshine of knowledge; under the sternness of heathenism and under the humanity of Christianity.

Not only do we gain knowledge from history, thus taking away the barbarism from our minds, but, from the experience of the past, are enabled to interpret the present and tracing the source of success and failure in the myriads of illustrious dead, are not without a guide for the future. Thus, being conscious of the great benefits conferred by the great characters that have swayed nations, we rejoice in the fact that they still live in the pages of history, instead of "starting like gigantic shadows in the dim twilight of tradition."

—Q.

## The Portfolio.

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### Editorials.

If one wishes to succeed in any undertaking he must have a definite purpose. Success is not an accident. He who desires to stand high in the scale of the learned cannot do so by mere dreaming he must have this purpose, work hard for its accomplishment and be determined to succeed. "Where there is a will there is a way." A definite earnest purpose with proper action can do anything in the practicable world, can almost work miracles.

An old Scotchman was so fully impressed with the idea of having a high purpose at which to aim, that he once said. "If I was a chimney-sweep and had a son, I would bring him up with the ambition to sweep out Mt. Vesuvius."

The many failures which occur all around us show that something is wrong and it is generally the case that they to whom the failures come have no definite plan of action before them. Their work has no relation to the result for which they are seeking.

Without purpose man can be neither great or good, with it he can be both.

"The will is not a sentiment but a soldier. It pants for foes to battle with and has them. And when the issue is at hand it knows not how to parley or make a truce but bravely faces the enemy, aims, fires thunders and then waves the bright palm of victory, shouts over and celebrates it."

In the life of Garfield is found an example of what purpose can accomplish. See how he rose "From canal-boy to president." Did not Napoleon have a great purpose when he with his soldiers scaled the Alps. In fact all great men have labored to accomplish some end they had in view. Alexander Hamilton once said. "Men give me credit for genius. All the genius, I have is just this, when I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly, day and night it is before me. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make is what people call genius. It is the fruit of labor and study. Tennyson might have given up, had he become discouraged by the sharp criticisms on his earlier works. Nearly all men of note have become famous, not by the mere caprice of fortune, but by diligently striving each for his purpose.

"The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night."

On Wednesday, Oct. 13th, a meeting of the Seniors was called by Miss Aleda Burns for the purpose of resigning her position as editress-in-chief of the PORTFOLIO. Miss Burns felt sorry to do this, but found it impossible to do justice to her studies, and still devote additional time to the editing of the "PORT." Her resignation was accepted with regret, but we are glad to say Miss Burns agreed to leave her name on the staff in the position of second associate editress.

The result of the ballot was that Miss Hardy was elected editress-in-chief, which

position she will ably fill, we are confident and keep up the reputation of the college paper.

After raising Miss Somerville to the post of first assistant editress, no further change was made, and the meeting was adjourned.

WE have seen articles in several of our exchanges on the all-important subjects of cooking and housekeeping. May we be permitted to say a few words also, as we should naturally be more interested in those subjects than gentlemen. Undoubtedly the proper place to learn either of these accomplishments is at home. This home training might be supplemented and perhaps aided by some instruction at school, but we think this unnecessary. We learn very little of a practical nature at school, but it is time enough when we have finished our studies to turn our attention to these practical and highly useful subjects. We will like them better and can give more time and thought to acquiring the knowledge of how to cook a dinner, or the making of pastry, than we could possibly do at school, with so many other studies. We think there are very few mothers who are altogether ignorant of cooking, now-a-days, and there are very few people who would think this or any other kind of household work degrading. If there are such, it is not likely they would wish their daughters to soil their hands doing what they would not do at home. And besides these girls do not generally stay long enough at college to derive very much benefit from anything. But of course there are exceptions.

But here we would not find time for anything of the kind in addition to our other studies. Nevertheless if such a class would remove the foolish prejudice—if such there be—of any one about this matter, it would accomplish a great work.

The only way to acquire a knowledge of the culinary art is by personal experiments. No amount of instruction without the application of it could ever make a good cook of anyone. In a large class it would be impossible for much time to be spent on any one member of it, so that there would not be much learned by such a course of study.

An experienced cook may attend lectures on cooking with much profit, but a novice would not understand or remember much about them. A beginner with plenty of theory, but little practice might follow a recipe for a cake exactly, but be greatly at a loss to account for its wafer-like appearance when taken from the oven. But one skilled in such matters would know that the heat of the oven had been at fault.

Girls generally like to learn to cook even though there be others to do it, as there is much pleasure in it, especially if one is at all successful.

ON Saturday, Oct 2nd, a meeting of the Junior Literary Society was called, when the following officers were selected for the ensuing year:—

President.....	Miss Carrie Coldren
Vice President.....	Miss Maggie Eaton
Secretary.....	Miss Emma Smith
Treasurer.....	Miss Edith Clark

It was decided to hold the meetings in the future on Saturday morning. The new as well as the old pupils seem to take a great interest in the Society this year, and we anticipate a pleasant and successful year of literary work.

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### College Items.

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“POINT.”

“AND So, and so—!”

“WHAT is beef.”

"Now I'm going to puzzle you."

"WHY how funny you look, do turn round and let's see how it is made." She saw a gown for the first time.

"IT is not always a sure proof that a place is safe to enter if a candle will burn in it—for instance if a burglar is there."

"WHAT is your half an idea?"

AN oft repeated phrase in a certain room on a particular evening: "Yes, I'm here too, Miss —."

"OF course the American boy was smarter than the English man." "Indeed they are," asserts one of the hearers.

"WILL you have three pieces of pie?"

"THE morning stars singing together, may be true." Irrepressible student.—  
"Well, how about the trees clapping their hands?"

WE have been much favored (?) of late by the music of several peripatetic bands. Each one of these seems to have found it very convenient to find a stopping place near the College when recitations are going on. This is very annoying.

"How long are you going to cut your hair?"

"Miss — would make a good miner, but I forgot you are all minors."

STUDENT, reading Latin, comes to the word "nantes." Prof.—"Do you know what that word comes from?" "No."  
"Well that is just what it is from."

A GREAT improvement has been made lately by the addition of an attachment to the windows to fasten them up or down.

"YOU surely don't feed that dog do you?" This remark is a slur on the pet dog of the College, who is so fat he can scarcely walk.

"THE Campbells are coming."—"Have you heard it lately?"

WOULD the the person who takes the daily papers out of the reading room kindly

leave them in their proper place in the future. Sometimes they disappear altogether or else are found on the green table.

ONLY a club dropped from an upper window early one October morning, but great was the fall thereof, for it smashed through the glass roof of the conservatory.

THE season for oyster suppers has arrived, although it may be a little early for oysters. We were entertained at the first one last Thursday evening in the Collegiate. Several important items were mentioned. Don't forget these young ladies.

ONE of the young ladies has been asking all her friends to say, "The church of Clyde dismisseth and the congregation sympathizeth. Try it.

"I like to sit on your knee because I look so little."

THE girls often come back from their walks laden with beautiful autumnal trophies. Yellow, green, red leaves and spotted leaves, with all the combinations and permutations of colors between a pale yellow and the deepest crimson. But we often notice that these same and aforesaid trophies are ruthlessly swept out the next Saturday morning.

ALAS! the wind played havoc with the shingles on the roof of the covered walk, so that parts of it are covered no longer.

"COMB on brother."

"A little thing like that don't count."

WON'T you come to me now?

How often lately have we seen a PORT-Ed. walking around, wrapped in a brown study and a grey shawl. This is caused no doubt by a lack of matter and heat.

WE enjoyed the music of the XIII on their last parade night very much, as they gave us a good opportunity, of which all availed themselves, to do so. Come again.

GREAT anxiety was felt by many of the young ladies for fear they would not be allowed to attend the exhibition, but permission was given and immediately after dinner on the 30th, we started for the grounds. Of course the art gallery was a great attraction to the students in the art department. Some of the fancy work was very handsome, but none of it seemed to us to be very new. A great many advertisement cards were brought home by the young ladies as mementoes of a pleasant day.

THE subject of society pins is again brought up, and this year "the long-talked of but never-to-be-realized" article has been decided upon. A committee was appointed to see about them, and the design settled upon was a monogram of the letters S.L.S. in gold. We hope to have them soon.

LAST Monday and Tuesday we were favored by a visit from General Booth. After dinner on Monday the students assembled in the drawing-room, when he gave us a short address. He said "that he did not intend to try to get recruits for the Salvation Army, as he knew he would be unsuccessful. We would not like to wear the Hallelujah bonnets, nor trail through the mud and snow, though he had two thousand or more young ladies engaged in the work." His address seemed to leave a very favorable impression. He is not uneducated and unrefined as he is generally represented and thought to be, but quite the contrary. Though he spoke very quietly to us, yet we are told that he is very enthusiastic in his work.

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### Exchanges.

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Our exchanges have come in slowly this month, not more than a dozen September numbers are to be found on our table.

Doubtless this is owing to the fact that many of the Colleges open in October.

AMONG those we have received we welcome the *Adelphian* as an old friend. It contains an article entitled "Housekeeping as an Fine Art" handled in quite a novel manner, and with a considerable sprinkling of sense. The literary chit-chat column is very interesting, but the story "Janie" pleasing though it may be, is not exceedingly descriptive of College work.

IN the *Normal News* we read with interest "Micawberism." As the author has said the name has become so popular as a synonym for people "waiting for something to turn up," that it is well to explain its origin as not all, especially young students understand the meaning of the term. In "Steadfastness of Purpose," the writer has departed from the usual style of school essayists and has chosen for his example men of our own time instead of referring to men who lived many years ago.

THE *Young Idea* has made a practical use of chemistry in the article "Benign Influences of the Sun," and Geology in "Terrestrial Heat," and advocates utilizing terrestrial heat, instead of the use of wood and coal.

*Chi Delta Crescent* contains a pleasing account of "The Shepherd Girl of Lorraine," and a sweet little article on the question "Do Flowers Sleep?" A great deal of good advice might be obtained from "If I were a boy again." In fact it would be difficult to state which subject treated in the *Chi Delta* is not interesting and instructive.

WE received the *Res Academica*, and searched through it for something to criticize, but could find nothing. With the additional editors and the enlargement of the paper we hope for better things.

We also received the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Niagara Index*, *Foster Academy Review*, and *Genevan*.

## SAYINGS ABOUT BOOKS.

Of course everyone reads now-a-days,—and from the many magazines, periodicals, and books which crowd our tables, it is often difficult to make a selection. Some prefer one kind of book, some another, each one has his favorite. Some would not care to read one which gives great pleasure to others, for everyone does not enjoy the same book; but as there are so many, one cannot fail to find some which will be interesting and profitable.

Charles Kingsley said if he could have but one book for the rest of his life, he should choose the "Faerie Queen" above all, and without hesitation, nothing so rested him. Longfellow once said, "I have a passion for ballads. They are the gypsy children of song, born under green hedge rows in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature in the genial summer time." Thomas Carlyle objected to poetry very strongly, remarking, "That a man should select verse with its half credibilities and other sad accompaniments, when he might have prose, and be wholly credible if he desired it, making him who might have been a soldier and a fighter, a mere preacher and idle singer." His objection seems to be the fault-finding of a noble mind out of tune, which is always craving to mark the records of its own depths.

Sir William Jones says of the Bible, "I am of the opinion that the Bible contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and purer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books in whatsoever age or library."

The inscription on the library at Alexandria was "The medicine of the mind," and good books may often be more useful than physicians. Shakespeare said, "Come and take a choice of all my library and so beguile thy sorrow."

Lord Lytton prescribes for loss of fortune, the higher class of poets; for hypochondria, a course of travels, especially early, marvelous, legendary ones.

"Books wind into the heart, the poet's verse slides into the current of our blood. We read them when young, we remember them when old."

*Steaming.*

He serves all who dares be true.—EMERSON.

There's nothing so kingly as kindness, and nothing so loyal as truth.—ALICE CAREY.

Our experience is rather composed of lost illusions than of acquired wisdom.

The violet in her greenwood bower,  
Where birchen boughs with hazel mingle,  
May boast herself the fairest flower  
In forest, glade or copsewood dingle.—SCOTT.

I should define poetry as the exquisite expression of exquisite impressions.

No truth was ever yet believed  
That had not struggled long.—TROWBRIDGE

Nature all his children viewing,  
Gently kindly cares for all.

Our deeds still travel with us from afar,  
And what we have been makes us what we are.

By ignorance is pride increased,  
They most assume who know the least.

Be like the bird that halting in her flight,  
Awhile on boughs too slight,  
Feels them give way beneath her,  
And yet sings, knowing that she hath wings.

There's no slipping up hill again, and no standing still, when once you've begun to slip down.

The best fire does not flare up the soonest.

Fruit is seed.

Only the fragrance of some beaten blossom,  
Only the rare breath of the wounded vine  
Of any grief in Mother Nature's bosom  
I saw no single sign.

So thy song would be better and sweeter,  
It only its thought were glad,  
If hidden the chafe of thy fetter  
The scars from wounds thou hast had.

Be silent of strife and endeavor,  
But shout of the victory won;  
Don't sit in the valley forever,  
When hill-tops rejoice in the sun.

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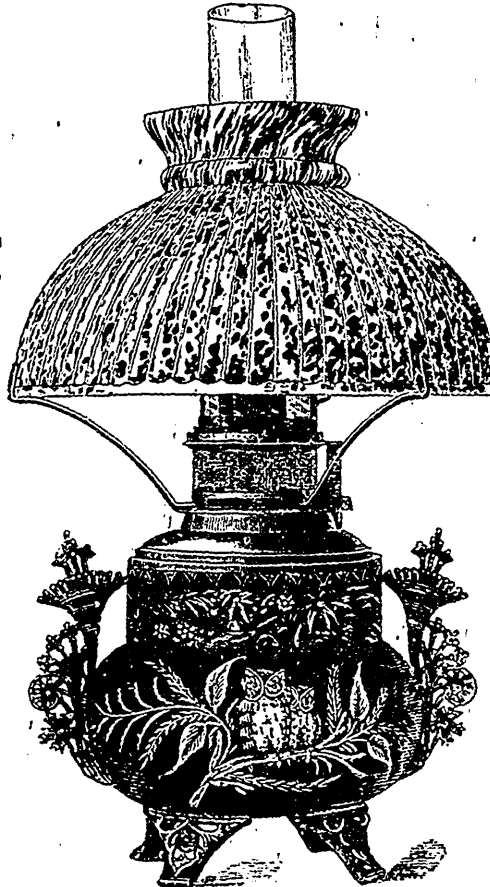
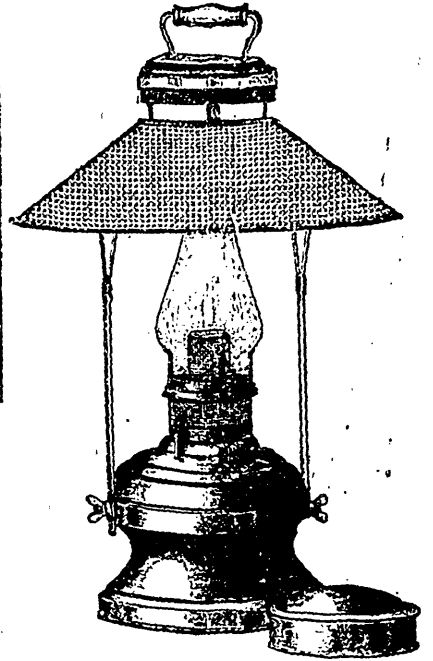
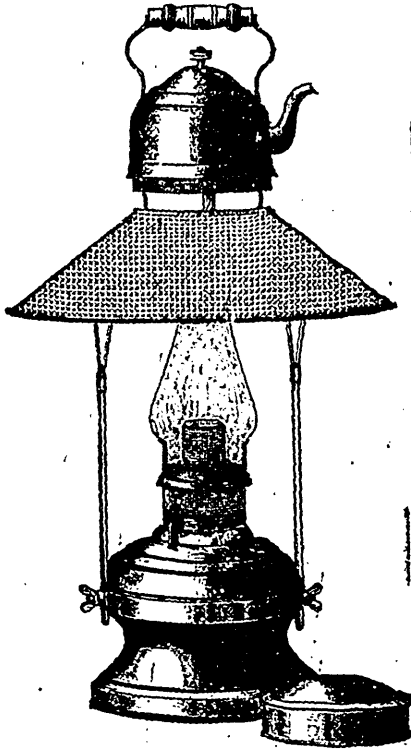
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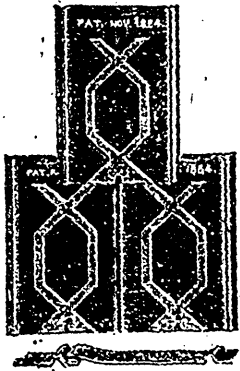
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