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VITA SINE LITERIS MORIS EST.

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THE WESLEYAN LADIES' COLLEGE

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Second " " November 10th.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

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Prof. Ambrose, is one of our teachers, and well deserves the praise bestowed on him. As long as "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" vibrates in the hearts of music-loving people, the composer's name will be remembered. He has been connected with the W. L. College for some time, and we hope that he may live many years to delight humanity with his lovely strains.

+fireside Musings.+

AFTER the busy day is over, my weary body finds rest in the cosy arm-chair by the blazing wood-fire. The crackling logs whispering of sylvan forests, draw my mind from its house, and goes, fancy free, wheresoever it wills. Now it follows the dancing light as it plays its pranks up and down the room, sketching the oddest pictures; now it watches the wreathing flames as they devour the pine knot. Work has not gone well to-day and a tinge of disappointment mingles with my dreams. I think of the toilers of earth who are always walking beside the grave of their hopes.

At this moment what are people thinking and doing the world over? In a mansion in Germany, a sick monarch lies, manfully striving to trim the lamp of life, against the attack of enemies and disease. A heroic wife cheers him, though her heart is ready to sink. Dark plans are made to place an ungrateful son on the throne and thrust the royal family into obscurity.

With the flash of lightning the mind is listening to the speeches in the Women's Congress in Washington. Mrs. Devereaux Blake, is on the platform and electrifies the audience with her eloquence thrilling the hearts of her hearers and inspiring them to noble actions. Then Miss Willard, the queen of her country, relates with matchless pathos the woes of drunkards' widows and children. The familiar face of Mrs. Bessie Starr Keefer,

beams on us, and she amuses everybody with her caustic remarks.

With the shift of the kaleidoscope, I am struggling through one of those continental storms that have made graves for many. I feel the stinging snow in my face; I stumble and fall over the drifts, my hand holding the hand of some little child. Now we are lost! No, this is the track, then all is dark. A warm feeling sweeps over me and we sink down to sleep in the snow, when I start with a shriek to find that I have been dozing, and the fire is gone out. The clock strikes twelve and calls out its warning to retire.

Another night, and I am in the same cozy spot before the blazing fire. I toss my books aside to dream of heroes and their deeds. Naturally, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Napoleon have always been held up as patterns for the school-boy; but heroism does not lie in the breast of one who butchers mankind to open his way to fame. Abram Lincoln and James Garfield, who prepared their lessons by the light of a pine knot in order to fit themselves to make a name in the world, are the really brave men. Those who battle successfully with poverty and raise themselves to positions to benefit others, are the models for our young people.

We wonder, after reading the lives lead by the poets of Queen Annie's time, why they were not discouraged. It would seem that the poverty they endured, only intensified their efforts to write some immortal poem. The pleasant articles we read so carelessly, have been composed with the gnawing pain of hunger. But few were able to survive it, and only such veterans as Johnson, came through the struggle, but bearing many wounds.

As the fire-light leaps up and down the wall, my mind instantly travels to Egypt, to the hot, burning sands where our Gordon died. Although he did not die on the battlefield, our age is not without its heroes behind the cannon. The late Rebellion in the North West furnished proof of the bravery of our Canadian boys. Their names, and Gordon's, are sacred to us and we wreath around them the never-fading flowers of affection.

† Onward. †


 HIS world is a battlefield and "onward," is the watchword of those who succeed in life's battle.

"The brave man ne'er despairs,
 And lives where cowards die."

One victory gained is, with him, only a stepping-stone to something higher. The pleasure of life is in this ever pressing onward; this constant march. Happiness is more in pursuit than in possession. A great student has said that if in his hand he held truth; he would let it go for the sake of pursuing after it. And another says if the Creator were to offer him his choice between the searching after truth and that truth itself, he would choose the first. For after all, what is all the learning any of our most scholarly men possess but one link in the chain of knowledge—one step in the right direction; the vast eternity of knowledge lying still beyond. The more a person learns the more clearly does he see what heights are yet to be reached; what mountains yet to scale. Looking down the distance travelled, seems as nothing compared with that beyond.

In other things beside learning does this spirit of advancement show itself. We notice it in the struggle for wealth; what seems a fortune to the poor man to the owner often looks very small. The miser has this feeling to such a degree that he will deny himself anything to increase the weight of his money bags. So this continual desire for change and reaching out after something beyond; if not watched with care is very likely to lead its master, or rather, we might say its servant astray. Different motives may lead one on; it may be a real thirsting for knowledge, a desire to make the most of one's self—which is the most noble motive—but often pride, desire for fame and glory, a wish to outstrip others engaged in the struggle, or even revenge may be the mainspring of action. Nations and men have been ruined by the power of ambition wrongly directed. It is a

terrible peace-destroyer; its destructive effects can be seen on almost every page of history.

"Fatal ambition! say what wondrous charms

Delude mankind to toil for thee in arms;
 When all thy spoils, thy wreaths in battle won,

The pride of pow'r and the glory of a crown,

When all war gives, when all the great can gain,

E'en thy whole pleasure pay not half the pain."

But there is a bright side to ambition, as well as dark one. It must be directed and controlled and then it becomes the motive power of the world. The grandest epic in our language was the result of Milton's desire to address a work to posterity which should perpetuate his name at least in the land in which he was born. Progress is comparatively slow; it is made by working cheerfully on while patiently waiting for the ripening of the seeds that have been sown. De Maistre, says that "to know how to wait is the great secret of success." Various definitions have been given of genius, whether we exactly agree with these or not, certain it is that the very greatest men have been wise and persevering. Very few of the great discoveries of the world have been accidental. It has been said that only for the accidental fall of the apple at Newton's feet he never would have made his great discoveries. But if his mind had not been full of the subject of gravitation and his thoughts turned in that direction, the fallen apple would never have suggested them. "Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle," was once said by the great artist Michael Angelo, in reply to a scoffer. Spare moments are trifles; but what a lot can be crowded into them and extracted from them if they were properly used. They are as "sands of precious gold" to those who are leaving their names on the roll of history. Elihu Burritt, we are told while working as a blacksmith, mastered eighteen ancient and modern languages and twenty-two European dialects.

This feeling in man only corresponds to the general action of nature around him. Time is hurrying along; seasons coming and going; everything in nature is on the move, and if we would not be left behind we must move too. Who can tell what discoveries the next century may bring before the public? and who can tell what share we may have in bringing some of them about? It certainly seems our duty to be ever pressing on, trying to make the most of life. Aim high, is a good watch-word, even though we may fall far short of it; yet our position in life will be much higher than if our ideal had been less perfect. Failure comes to every lot; but one may learn by failing, and it is only by such failures and struggles to overcome them that at last the victory is gained.

"On, on, ever to the harvest,
Sowing either weal or woe;
Thus the thought for us to keep,
As thro' life we onward move
We shall gather at the harvest what we
sow."

✦ Coriolanus. ✦

THE eventful life and tragic death of Coriolanus, as pictured by Shakspeare, enlists our strongest sympathies. His hatred of the common people for their fickleness, his great bravery in battle, his dislike of parade, reveal a character such as the world admires. His high-born nature compels people to love his virtues, although steeped in pride. Such men become the truest friends and bitterest enemies. Their contempt for meanness is only balanced by their adoration of right. But they have generally been misunderstood and bad motives attributed to their beat endeavors. Such fire-brands heal the sore of festering wrong with a quick and sure remedy.

Coriolanus, is interesting to us, as one of the few who will not become the firm friend of every working man during election times, for his vote. His wish

to stand on his own merits resulted in defeat, as usual. Why a man becomes a good statesman because he doffs his hat to every corporation hireling, is a question hard to solve.

But Coriolanus verifies the adage that "patriotism is the trump card of a scoundrel." Like politicians of the present time, he can work best where his services are paid best. The treatment that our hero received at the hands of his countrymen, however, palliate to some extent, the conduct in delivering them to his enemies. Most people applaud such return for injury, and with such thankless wretches as he had to deal with, we do not know but he took the right course to bring them to their senses. Patriotism is hydra headed, adapting itself to circumstances, as past history teaches.

The common-people in times of excitement are swayed about like grass in the wind. The one who can influence their passions most, is their leader. They are fond of demanding, what they call, "their rights;" but in times of trouble they melt like snow in mid-summer. Coriolanus, bitterly complains of their fickleness and justly attributes it to the jealousy of their tribunes. This common herd, in one breath, made promises and broke them, and in an evil moment banished their greatest benefactor. A vote is a fearful thing in the hands of those who do not know its importance and it often lays the foundation of their own misery. Shakspeare, has been accused of favoring the patricians, and placing the common people in a false light; but if he has overshot the mark in the one, he has not in the other. A promise of a stall at the public crib is as effectual now as the promise of corn in Roman days.

The thought which Shakspeare clothes with his wonderful imagination in this play is jealousy. We feel an involuntary disgust for the two tribunes, who pretend to guard so faithfully the liberty of the people; but exhibit such alarm when they see that another has earned more honor than they. Their deep designs to undermine Coriolanus, the length to which they carry their

hatred prove that "jealousy is as cruel as the grave." Also, Tullus Aufidius, the leader of the Volscians, is a friend when his enemy is in his power; but when he thinks that his glory is dimmed by Coriolanus' returning good name, only blood could appease him. Jealousy still lives in all its horrid form, and on its altar is sacrificed the country's weal.

We know a man by his friends. Coriolanus enjoyed the favor of dignified Cominius and jolly old Menenius Agrippa. Every word that Cominius utters is a gem of Wisdom, and his fatherly care of the Roman state, pronounces him a most prudent general. But old Menenius is the friend of everybody, and says what he likes and to whom he pleases. His deep affection for Coriolanus is cropping out everywhere. People of his temperament are as oil on troubled waters. Their good nature makes many friends, and often they are obliged to act as peace-makers. But if Menenius had a fun-loving spirit, he could also make the tribunes cringe under the stinging lash of his tongue. No one could show up their little petty meanness like Menenius, and yet he was always listened to with great respect.

Coriolanus' respect for his mother and love for his wife and child is most touching. All that is true and noble is found in these Roman matrons. Their great interest in everything relating to the honor of the son and husband is characteristic. It is said that "a woman is at the bottom of everything," and Rome has reason to be thankful that a woman could accomplish what no one else could, to save their homes. A greater number of Queen Esthers and fewer Jezebels would make this world less like a "Paradise Lost." Volumnia is only one instance in which the fate of thousands is decided by a woman's wisdom. All people have not a Martha Washington, for a mother, or a Josephine for a wife, and their loss is great indeed.

That the character of Coriolanus was moulded by his mother and softened by his wife, there is no doubt. The mother's ambition was to see her son foremost in battle for his country's sake and bearing

off the vaken garland to lay it at her feet. This excessive pride of honor was the warp and root of his action, and it cost him his life.

Gladys.

+ Be+ Amongst+ the+ few.+

There are some who smile; but more that weep;
There are some who wake; but more that sleep;
There are many sow; but few that reap.

Then be amongst the few.

There are some who work; but more that wait;
There are some who love; but more that hate;
There are many marry but few that mate.

Then be amongst the few.

There are some who practice; more that preach;
There are some who grasp; but more that reach;
There is no prize, if gained by each.

Then be amongst the few.

There are some who save; but more that spend;
There are some who bid; but more that bend;
Few honored, reach life's journey's end.

Then be amongst the few.

—*Hymersley Lewis.*

+ Another Me.+

O children in the valley,

Do you ever chance to meet

A little maid I used to know,

With lightly tripping feet?

Her name is Alice; and her heart

Is as happy as the day.

I pray you, greet her kindly,

If she should cross your way.

But you needn't bring her back to me;

To tell the truth, you know,

I have no wish to be again

That child of long ago.

Of course, it's lovely to be young,

Sheltered from heat and cold;

But let me whisper in your ear,

"It's nice, too, to be old."

You see, my lessons are all learned;

Avoir and etre I know

Clear through, subjunctive, que and all

That used to bother so.

Geometry I touch no more,

And history I read,

Instead of learning it by heart

As I had to once, indeed.

'Tis true, I don't read fairy tales
 With quite the zest of yore ;
 But then, I write them with a zest
 I never felt before.
 Of course, I'm very old ; but then,
 If I wish to play, you see,
 There is up here upon the heights
 Another little me.
 He's ten years old and he's a boy—
 A mischievous young elf ;
 But I like him every bit as well
 As I used to like myself.
 You needn't send that little girl,
 Whose heart was full of joy,
 Back to me now ; I'd rather keep,
 Instead of her, my boy.
 Don't fear to climb, dear children,
 So slowly day by day,
 Out of the happy valley
 Up to the heights away.
 I know it's lovely to be young.
 Sheltered from heat and cold ;
 But let me whisper in your ear,
 "It's nicer to be old."

Alice W. Rollins, in "St. Nicholas."

† Matthew Arnold. †

 HE man who ranks among the greatest of men, poet, critic, philosopher and essayist, all in one, has laid down his thrilling pen for ever. Matthew Arnold, possessed a noble and gentle nature. He was always critical toward mankind, yet always in sympathy with them.

Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, has gained world-wide fame, yet his son, the subject of this sketch, shines with no lesser light.

Matthew Arnold, was born at Labham, near Staines, on the 24th of December, 1822. He attended the several schools of Rugby, Winchester, and Balliol. At the latter he had a distinguished career. He took the Newgate prize in 1840, and graduated from Balliol with high honors four years later. Dr. Arnold was made fellow of Oriel, in 1845. He held the position of private secretary to the father of the present Lord Lansdowne. In 1851 he was married to a daughter of Justice Wightman.

A few years after he was made professor of poetry at Oxford. It was in 1854 that his name was first signed to his works. He was appointed assistant commissioner to commissioners for enquiring into foreign educational affairs. As a result of this appointment he wrote educational works on France, Germany and Holland. He also wrote many essays on religious topics.

Within a year the universities of Oxford and Edinburgh conferred on him the honorary degree of L. L. D., and in 1833 Cambridge followed the example of those just mentioned.

Matthew Arnold made two visits to America. His latest work was the production of his observations during his visit in 1886.

This great man, whose life breath has just passed away, was quite distinguished as a poet. A good example of his verse is found in his poem "Switzerland." In this he upholds fortitude, acceptance of the given lot, and the inestimable value of affection.

Although his creed was not acceptable to churchmen, yet they had reverence for him in that he was an earnest "seeker after God." At times he may have seemed hard upon the world in his criticisms, yet his motives were of the noblest and highest, and we must take some of his criticisms as a child reprov'd by his parents, for they are, most likely, for our own good.

J. R.

† Calisthenics. †

Major Dearnley at the Wesleyan Ladies' College.

Last night, at the Wesleyan Ladies' College, Major Dearnley's class in calisthenics gave their annual exhibition, and great reason had all concerned to be proud of the result. At a few minutes past 8 some forty or fifty young ladies, clad in black uniform, with pale blue favors, and in the very flush of maidenly beauty, filed into the college hall, singing a stately processional, and, after marching around the room a few times, formed in four columns, and clubs in hand, awaited the

Major's command. The exercises which followed were marvels of grace, accuracy and ease, and it would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful or suggestive exhibition. The necessity of physical health for the perfection of mental power is now fully recognized by all, and no man could look upon this array of happy, healthful faces and bright sparkling eyes without feeling that in the Wesleyan Ladies' College education this truth is very practically recognized. The graceful poise, the swaying swing of the movements and the unswerving endurance of the severe exercise, all bore record of robust health. The club exercises were succeeded by involved evolution, equally beautiful and creditable, until after an hour's drill a halt was called by Major Dearnley, and several gentlemen, in short, emphatic speeches, expressed the great pleasure they had received and the great value they had attached to the training shown in this exhibition. Dr. Burns then announced that this class would in future be continuous, and highly complimented the gallant Major upon the success of his labors, and also upon his personal popularity alike with teachers and pupils. Major Dearnley, in a short speech replete with good advice both moral and physical, spoke of his forty years' experience as a drill master in the Royal Family and elsewhere and his high appreciation of the very satisfactory class before him, the last sentiment provoking great applause from those he complimented as well as the audience. It is to be hoped that in the future many will avail themselves of this valuable class for physical training.

+ Rhymes. +

“**R**Hyme is something human and universal, the result of instinctive craving for well-marked recurrence and accord.” Every one knows how easy it is to remember snatches of songs or couplets of poems which rhyme, whereas if they were written in prose it would be much more difficult to fix them in our minds.

Poetry is by no means all written in rhyme, nor is all rhyme true poetry. The one may have scarcely any reference to the thought, but just a little sense and a pleasing jingle.

“Fagoted his notions as they fell
And if they rhymed and rattled all was well.”

The other is of a higher order, and its aim is to give intellectual pleasure by exciting elevated, pleasurable or pathetic emotions.

But poetry and rhyme do not necessarily differ. “Metre is rhyme in a general sense; but its highest ideal can only be found in the beautiful productions of a creative imagination, clothed in harmonious numbers.”

From poetical natures, who possess this art in its highest sense, we have elevated rhymes or poems full of beautiful thoughts and elegant expressions. Those delightful strains which flow from the pen of him who Shakespeare describes as “bodying forth the forms of things unknown and giving name and shape to airy nothings,” are felt by us all, for--

“There breathes no being but has some pretense
To that fine instinct called poetic sense.”

Every poet finds his ideas in different objects. One will write a poem on nature, another on war, with all its horrors, one on the passions of the human soul; another on revelry, with all its carousing. A country church-yard suggested to Gray, some beautiful thoughts, and he wrote his exquisite “Elegy.” By what chance did Burns, in his rollicking “Tam O’Shanter,” give us this little gem?

“For pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, the bloom is shed;
Or like the snow fall in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever.”

What could be more perfect and beautiful than these and a few succeeding lines?

In Holmes’ “Last Leaf,” humor and pathos are combined very harmoniously.

“I know it is a sin,
For me to sit and grin
At him here;

But the old three-cornered hat
 And the breeches and all that
 Are so queer."
 And if I should live to be
 The last leaf upon the tree
 In the spring,
 Let them smile as I do now,
 At the old forsaken bough
 When I cling.

Some rhymes have been called "speaking pictures," and in Longfellow's "Building of the Ship," do we not see the goodly vessel all ready to be launched?

With her foot upon the sands,
 Decked with flags and streamers gay
 In honor of her marriage day.
 Her snow-white signals fluttering,
 blending
 Round her like a veil descending,
 Ready to be
 The bride of the gray old sea."

How some of the stirring and war-like poems thrill us. We seem to hear the roar of cannons and the beating of drums, and see the soldiers marching on to victory or to death. Then there are the sweetly pathetic poems as Cowper's "Castaway." How touching are the following lines:—

No voice divine the storm allayed,
 No light propitious shone,
 When, far from all effectual aid,
 We perished, each alone;
 But I beneath a rougher sea,
 And whelmed in blacker gulfs than he."

Some one has said that "the poet's verse slides into the current of our blood," and when old age comes we remember the poems learned while young and so beguile many a weary hour repeating them again and again, for of their gentle company we never tire.

Rhyme has a power to quiet and subdue the turbulent feelings which we sometimes feel. Longfellow felt this charm and said:—

"Come read to me some poem
 Some simple and heartfelt lay,
 That shall soothe this restless feeling
 And banish the thoughts of day.
 Then read from the treasured volume,
 The poem of thy choice,

And lend to the rhyme of the poet
 The beauty of thy voice.
 And the night shall be filled music,
 And the cares that infest the day
 Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away."

Marjore.

+ Clippings. +

She—"How do you like my new shoes, Adolph?"

He, dreamily—"They are simply immense."
 It took both families a week to patch up a peace.

Old Mrs. Bently, (making a call)—"How warm an' com'table your house is, Mrs. Hendricks. I notice your thermometer is allers at seventy."

Mrs. Hendricks—"Yes."

Old Mrs. Bently—"I wish you'd tell me where you buy your thermometers. Our'n hain't been above sixty all winter. It jst keeps us freezin' the hull time."

Miss Knight, to new acquaintance, (whose name she did not catch,)—"Etymology of names is my favorite study. My theory is that all names indicate what the person's ancestors were: For instance, my ancestors were knights, the Smith family were blacksmiths and so forth. I think its the best way to tell what a person is, don't you sir?"

Well, no, he didn't, because his name was Hogg.

Teacher, (infant natural history class)—"You will remember that, will you, Tommy, that wasps lie in a torpid state all winter?"

Tommy, (with an air of retrospection)—"Yes'm an' I'll try an' remember that they make up for it in summer."

Mrs. Vere de Vere. (examining jewellery in a store)—"Do you like filigree, Mrs. Shoddy?"

Mrs. Shoddy.—"O, yes; very fond of it, especially filigreed chicken."

A few days ago a sign in the window of a Carmine street store announced that a large stock of "gulery" was for sale within. Some orthographic expert must have objected to that mode of spelling, for the next day the sign was amended and read "guwelry."

Critic—"Really, I can't see for the life of me why you write such bitter, gloomy, pessimistic stories."

Scriblerus—"Why, my dear fellow, to get the means of enjoying life, of course."

Young Simpkins,—“If the devotion of a life time will prove to you the strength of my love, Gladys, it shall be yours. Can you desire more?—can you?”

“Gladys,—“That will be all

Young Simpkins (from force of habit) Ca-a-sh.”

How many people have used the expression, “The tune the old cow died of,” without any definite idea of its meaning or origin. It seems to have come to us from over the sea. It arose out of an old song:

There was an old man and he had an old cow,
And he had nothing to give her;
So he took out his fiddle and played her a tune
“Consider, good cow, consider;
This is no time of year for the grass to grow,
Consider, good cow, consider.”

The old cow died of hunger, and when any grotesquely melancholy song or tune is uttered the north country people say, “that is the tune the old cow died of”

+ Items. +

Macaulay's essay on “Hallam's Constitutional History” is being read by the Literature class.

Alas! for the refreshments given at the calisthenics review.

The old familiar warning, “Keep off the grass,” has come to life again.

“When that Aprille with its schowres smecte,” Yes, we fully realize this.

“Study yourself” is not the phrase heard oftenest in these college walls; but, “cram for exams.”

Spring fever is raging in the college.

Have you seen the new color, cardinal-blue? There is such a color one of our friends persists in saying.

Debate—Subject, “Is a lie ever justifiable?” One young lady says; “No, I can prove it direct from the Commandments, for in the ten do we not find, “Thou shalt not steal?” Oh, Carry.

Girls do you not think it rather odd that Genevieve has a forgetful memory?

One poor junior's life made miserable. Miss VanZandt has been appointed critic

for the senior class. Don't be too hard on our weaknesses, Minnie.

We will miss the bright smile and abominable puns of Miss Shannon when she has deserted us. In September we hope to see you again, so good bye for the present.

Missing—The green cloth that from time immemorable, has adorned the table in the reading room. Any one returning this valuable article will be suitably rewarded.

Not content with destroying Miss VanZandt's peace of mind, the seniors have this year for the first time appointed a class prophet. Miss Coulter is the happy young lady.

How are young ladies supposed to control themselves when a teacher, who is making a friendly call, discovers a foreign young lady in a far corner of the room and a plaintive voice is heard saying “Must I come out, Miss C?”

“Why can't you give me one of your photos or credit too; I am going to have some taken as well as Jen? “Well, she has the money to pay for hers.”

As the year is drawing to a close, we wish to have all accounts settled. Will our subscribers who are owing us please send the amount, \$1, as soon as possible.

+ Exchanges. +

The writer of the exchange column in the April number of the *High School Bulletin*, seemed to be in a decidedly melancholy mood at the time of his last criticism. Nothing the poor soul could find seemed to suit him in the least. We hope his mind will be in a more healthful condition when we next hear from him. The paper would be much improved if half the space were not devoted to school gossips, and baseball. The “clippings”, too, are anything but fresh.

The one splendid article in the *Haverhill Life* on the “Life of Shakespeare” fully makes up for the scanty supply of other reading material.

"There is nothing like having a good opinion of yourself" We think these must be the sentiments of the *Beacon* which opens with the remarks:—"This paper has so fully met the needs of the students and gained such deserving popularity with the colleges that we see no cause for any changes." The *Beacon* is one of our most welcome exchanges and is undoubtedly a good paper but possibly, even in its present state of perfection (?) yet there might be room for a little improvement.

The *Simpsonian* contains an interesting article on "Originality." We think if a little more originality were shown in the college essays one would not grow so weary of the sameness in reading them. Originality is a gift greatly to be desired by every one. We are amused, on looking over the exchange column of this paper, on the condescending and patronizing way in which it complements the *High School Bulletin* and the *Commentator*, for instance, "These two publications are quite presentable."

The *University Gazette* is a very interesting and amusing paper although it contains no very heavy articles.

One of the most attractive features of the *University Herald* is the Column of "Reviews." These are not only interesting but highly instructive. Other papers would do well to follow this example in reviewing the latest literature of the day.

Miss Nellie Mendel, in the article on "Woman as a Ruler," which we find in the *Bethany Collegian*, deserves much praise for her skilful handling of the subject. If she, in the future, is a candidate for the presidency of the United States, we will give her our "vote and influence." The *Bethany Collegian* could well afford to devote more space to exchanges and less to the nonsensical locals which are decidedly uninteresting to outsiders.

We are very much disappointed at the contents of the *Vidette*. It is far below what we would naturally expect from the students of the Illinois Normal University. We think when so little time is spent on the literary part of the paper some

thought might be given to an exchange column.

An article entitled "The Coming Woman," is by far the best in one of our latest numbers of the *Acamedian*. Let us hope that the prophesy and glorious expectations for the women of the future may reach the required standard. May she long live as "Queen of Hearts" and "Ruler of Love."

We find the *Dalhousie Gazettee* a trifle dull, with no exchange column or locals. The articles are all good, however, and show that much thought has been given them.

Our American cousins, in their *Hamilton College Monthly* deserve our warmest praise and congratulation. This paper is a living contradiction to the statement that the male sex are only gifted with sufficient intellect to enable them to edit a presentable college paper. One of the best features of the paper is the exchanges which are well worth reading.

We find nothing to criticise in the *College World* for the simple reason that there is nothing in the paper to read, as we do not appreciate the personals, college gossip, fraternity gossip, &c., and that is about all the paper consists of, unless we include the advertisements.

Girls of the *Sunbeam*, we are eagerly awaiting your reply to the student. At present it strikes us that you have not the best of it. You beams have not shone upon us very lately, what is the reason?

What little the *Collegian* has to say is good. A cover would be a marked improvement in this little paper.

Our beloved (?) *Niagara Index* is conspicuous for its absence this month. We are down-cast and sad in consequence. What is the matter, dear ex-editor? Have we offended you in the least?

ENJOY to day the flowers that blow
 Even though they fade amid their blowing ;
 Enough for you to calmly know
 That God has other flowers in growing,
 As fair as those so sweetly going.

DR. SINCLAIR, 

† Dentist, †

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