

# The Portfolio.

*Vita Sine Literis Mors Est.*

VOL. 2.

HAMILTON, MARCH, 1880.

No. 6.

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# THE PORTFOLIO.

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## A SPRING SONG.

WHEN soft winds breathe o'er pale young flowers,  
The first born of the year,  
Just sprung to meet the sunny hours  
That bring the swallow here;  
When happy birds, in loving strain,  
Make music on the wing,  
Our hearts give back a glad refrain  
To welcome thee, dear Spring.

The gloomy winter's sullen-storm,  
Has drifted from the sky,  
And bathed in sunshine, bright and warm,  
Both hill and valley lie.  
Each stream set free from winter's chain,  
In joy of heart doth sing,  
And we give back a glad refrain  
To welcome thee, dear Spring.

Alas for man when autumn wind  
Breathes o'er his failing hours;  
Ah! nevermore his life shall find  
Its happy springtide flowers.  
But out of midnight comes the morn,  
Heaven's tears the young flowers bring.  
And of death's winter shall be born  
A never dying Spring.

## CONCERNING CANADIAN LITERATURE.

WE all know the story of the author who began an article entitled "Of the Snakes of Iceland," by saying "There are no snakes in Iceland." We are going to do likewise, and begin with the statement there is no Canadian Literature. Having a great mother in whose beautiful garden "Milton lifts his head to Heaven, in the spotless chalice of the tall white lily, and Shakespeare scatters his dramas round him in beds of fragrant roses, blushing with a thousand various shades; some stained to the core as if with blood, others unfolding their fair pink petals with a lovely smile to the summer sun." We are content with the fragrance and beauty of her roses, the stately loveliness of her lilies, while that which should be our garden, is filled with coarse, rank grass, and thousands of weeds, with here and there a flaunting sunflower, or a gaudy hollyhock or two, with an occasional pansy peeping from the dust. We find ourselves asking why should these things be;

are not our mice and daises as suggestive as those of Scotland? Our Indians as brave as Hiawatha? Are not the lives of those about us as full of romance as Tim Linkinwater's or Maggie Tulliver's? Some say "Oh! we are young," and what of that? Did other nations wait till they were in vigorous manhood or hoary with age before their children amused, instructed or thrilled them by their thoughts; or does a line marked 49° North Latitude make us any more juvenile than our neighbors over the way? The Americans have Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, and many others of whom any literature but that which has Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton would boast; they have metaphysicians, scientists, historians, essayists; they have a Lowell, a Bret Harte, a Mark Twain, who have made not only their own vast republic laugh, but all England; and even Canada has smiled. It seems as though one reason for this is, that the Americans believe most emphatically in themselves. We do not believe in ourselves at all; we have no national pride either; we expend it all on "home" as we think of, and call England. The consequence is, our magazines die because no one supports them; they have no opportunity to grow into first-class periodicals; no Canadian author would write a book expecting to pay the printer from the proceeds, or expecting it to be read here. If there could be a species of literary National Policy to compel us to read the writings of our own authors, both "producer" and "consumer" might be so benefited that the literary "hum" would reach the ears of all nations; but the "consumers" would probably suffer very much at first. Individually, we have little ambition. We endeavor to be respectable—yes, and hope to be able to win our bread and butter always, and the result is we simply do nothing. When we do hear of something being done or written which is "highly creditable to Canada," we feel that this remark is the kindly pat on the head given to the unfortunate child of the family of whom little is

expected. This lack of a desire "to get on and be something," has paralyzed us not only in one thing, but it has paralyzed us in all. Man is made of "such stuff" that if he has enough to eat and to drink, and wherewithall to be clothed, he is willing to sit with folded hands shifting all other responsibility to the shoulders of any who are willing to take it. When Johnson received his pension he gave up writing and took to talking, which would have been valueless had there not been a Boswell. After Shakespeare made enough to live on Avon bank, no more Macbeths "murder Sleep," or Othellos "a round unvarnished tale deliver;" they, meaning Johnson and Shakespeare could not dig, and could not always beg or get anything if they did; they must write or die, so they wrote. No one can presume to question Shakespeare's transcendent genius, but we cannot help but see how necessity forced him on. Here there are so many ways of gaining a subsistence, and actual mental effort is so much more wearying than any other, that we turn to them and let our thoughts remain pent up, harnessing down our minds to the hum drum of everyday work, until like bandaged limbs that were once strong and beautiful, they become feeble and deformed.

No times, in England, have produced so many fine writers as those of the Rebellion and Revolution. Perhaps if some event should occur to stir our natures to their depths for a length of time, we might perhaps be able to learn that which is within us, and give expression to it; as it is, the only salve for our wounded pride is the unsubstantial yet consolatory thought "we could, if we would."

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### TRIFLES.

WE often meet with the expression, "there are no such things as trifles;" in one sense this may be true, but in another sense equally untrue; there is little in life besides its trifles. The acorn is no less an acorn because it may one day be an oak; and a trifle is none the less a trifle because its consequences may be tremendous. Of all the wounds we ever received those which sank the most deeply and rankled the longest, were caused by the smallest, most trivial arrows. An unkind look or word, or gesture from

one whom we love, and who, perhaps, never thinks of it again gives more pain than much greater wrong. It is comparatively easy to forgive an unkindness, which is so great as to make its forgiveness seem a generous action; but those little slights, which perhaps, none notice but ourselves, it is hard to forget them. The smart of a thistle prick in the finger, is often harder to bear patiently than the pain of a wounded hand. Then there are the little cares and worries of every day, whose very littleness makes them cares and worries. A mosquito is a little insect, yet what is more exasperating than the incessant hum and persistent attacks of a single mosquito. But this is the dark side of the subject. If our bitterest sorrows are caused often by trifles, so also are our brightest joys. A little gift, whose only value lies in the love that prompted it, is a source of more real pleasure than the most costly present. The costly gift may be intended to call forth admiration of the givers' generosity, the small gift can only be a "token of love." Half the joy of life is caused by things so trifling, that we forget them, and only remember that we have been happy. Smiles and kind words, with the many other little courtesies of every day intercourse, are what make life pleasant. No trifles! Life is full of them, and their insignificance constitutes their pleasure or their pain.

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THE people of one of our hill country townships were puzzled once by the appearance of a man with a fish basket over his shoulder and a stone-hammer, who went about trying every rock and talking to himself. He was in search of gold the people had no doubt, but the common conclusion was that he was "not very wise." He was, however, hospitably entertained and eagerly questioned. One of the farmers was sure he had coal on his farm, and the man of mystery was sure he had not. The dispute was waxing warm, when an old lady thought it wise to calm it a little, and in Galic advised the native disputant to cease disputing with a man who was evidently cracked. Sir William Logan, who was a Welshman, said nothing more, but when he got among friends at the next village told over the whole story with great glee.

REV. R. W. B. WEBSTER, of Quebec, who alleges he saw a mysterious vision, spoke from the pulpit last Sunday as follows:—"I have seen what few living beings have seen and yet continued to live, and have heard that which few in the flesh have heard and have remained in the flesh. But what I saw—was it spirit or angel? I cannot tell which." He mentioned during his discourse "that people are always surrounded by their dead friends. Whether it was spirit or angel that visited him he could not say." He only knew that the impression made upon him was lasting, and said that if he was to tell it to the congregation it would send a terrible shudder through them such as they never experienced before.

PAUL DE CASSAGNAC, in a newspaper controversy, makes the interesting revelation in his journal that the late Prince Louis Napoleon contemplated a landing in France. He says to the journal that has questioned some of his assertions:—"You state that the Prince Imperial never had the idea of effecting a landing. He has himself told me the contrary a score of times. I can say so now, as it is but a matter of history. Nay, I remember that on one occasion, finding him more than usually determined to attempt eventually this adventure, I succeeded in wresting from him a solemn oath to warn me beforehand. 'Why do you ask me?' said the Prince. 'Perhaps to try and prevent you, if the time should not be opportune, and to have myself killed by your side if you should persist in your resolve.'"

THERE was great excitement in Paris over the unusual snow, and some quaint stories are told concerning it. The other day the police found a man sitting in the middle of a bank of snow, crying hard. When asked what was the matter, his response was that he "was from Iceland and the snow made him home-sick." An Egyptian, who had never in all his life before seen snow, was so astonished and delighted with the novelty that, going out, he gathered a newspaper full, brought it into the house, and laid it upon the mantle. An enquiry as to the use to which he meant to put it, involved the gleeful answer that he was "going to send it to a friend in Egypt."

MUSIC during dinner is the latest London fashion.

## Literary Items.

BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON has just changed hands, and this old paper is now the property of two well known sporting journalists.

MR. RUSKIN is to lecture at the Royal Institution, London, on St. Patrick's Day, when his subject will be "A Caution to Snakes."

MR. TOM TAYLOR thinks of resigning his editorship of *Punch* owing to the pressure of other work. It is possible that he will be succeeded by Mr. Burnand.

IT seems that Miss Braddon hit upon a name for her latest novel which had been chosen by another author in advance of her. It has been changed from that of "Splendid Misery" to "The Story of Barbara."

KINGLAKE, the historian of the Crimean war, is a lawyer. He rode beside Lord Raglan in the war, and thus gained his knowledge of it. He has studied the plans of battles all his life long.

KING CETEWAYO has written an account of the war in Zululand, or rather it was taken down from his lips by the officer who took him to Cape Town, and it is published in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS' new novel, promised some time back for the first week in January, has been postponed until the first week in February, when it will begin and continue weekly in the *Graphic* under the title of "Lord Brackenbury."

MR. MURRAY promises a new volume by Dr. Schliemann to be entitled "Ilios; the Country of the Trojans," in which the indefatigable explorer will give an account of his latest researches in the Plain of Troy. Four hundred plans and illustrations will adorn the work.

THE Hon. Lewis Wingfield is at present engaged on a story suggested by the condition of the convict prison laws, in which he will essay to give a faithful picture of penal servitude as it is, in contrast to the tableaux presented in recent publications by ex-convicts. The tale, which will be ready for publication in about three weeks, will probably be entitled "Brother Ninepin; a Story of the British Felon drawn from Life."

## The Portfolio.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, . . . . . L. G. BRYSON.  
BUSINESS EDITOR, . . . . . M. J. HUCK.  
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THE PORTFOLIO, HAMILTON, ONT.

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

SOCIETIES, like all other institutions, have at least one vulnerable point through which the arrows of criticism can pierce, and we do not claim that our college societies are exempt from faults. This is clearly shown in our debates. First speaker rises—several moments pass—all eyes are rather anxiously turned upon that young lady's face, and we listen attentively for the moment to arrive when the flow of eloquence shall overcome the first timidity. Hark! she speaks! The first sentence begins with, "I think so and so;" second, third, fourth, the same. Has that young lady entirely forgotten that it is necessary to make any points or give reasons for her assertions? Yes, it is too true, comparatively little energy is brought into play in our debates. It would be supposed that a prize was offered for the shortest possible speech, and that not always short and sweet either. Then about twice the time taken for the debate is occupied with discussing the numerous points made by those clever young ladies. Is this as it should be? Would we not feel flattered if, some afternoon, an M. P. should take a stroll into our midst to be entertained by a debate similar to the above? Let us rouse up to action and put this thing down. A good cause always deserves warm supporters. We often hear the contemptuous remarks of *little* peo-

ple, about debates being for boys, girls might better employ their time doing fancy work, etc. Without entering into the question of "woman's rights" at all, we are certain that if the dormant energy and ability in our societies were utilized no possible fault could be found with the logic and delivery of our young ladies. In our last debate Miss Fish valiantly upheld her side, plainly proving she had read authorities on the question, clearly collected her own opinions and knew how to deliver both to the best advantage. We know what can be accomplished, and should we not follow the good example Miss Fish has given us? It is not necessary to dwell on the good effects of debates, as all who have tried know full well that the practice of arranging thoughts and bringing remarks to a climax cultivates the conversational and argumentative powers. We hope soon to perceive a marked improvement in this respect in both our societies.

AMONG the many advantages of a college course is that of having the use of a good library. It is impossible that any student should be so well informed as not to need to refer to works on the different subjects taken up in her course. Students of literature especially stand in need of such a place of reference. They ought to read the works of the authors with whose lives they are becoming familiar, and instead of absorbing, undigested, a text book's opinions concerning them, should get the works, study them for themselves and form their own opinions. They may plead inability to criticise accurately, but that is no excuse; it is not so much the criticism but the effort to criticise that will prove an incalculable benefit, while each attempt lessens the chances of inaccuracy. It is our opinion that neither the library nor the reading-room are patronized as extensively as they ought to be. True, our Senior Society library is not as complete

as we would wish it, but how can we make the additions unless the patronage necessary to furnish the means is forthcoming? If our students would rouse themselves to a realization of what even a small amount of energy and enthusiasm would effect in this direction, we are sure that the improvement would not be long in accomplishment.

LOOKING over the pages of some Exchanges, we came across a plan through which some of the Colleges design to enlarge their libraries. We thought that the plan was especially applicable to our own, for, as is referred to in another column our collection is sadly in need of replenishing. The plan is that each graduate on completing their course, present the library with one or more volumes, and continue the gift at stated intervals, say once a year, or, whenever opportunity offers. If even only one were given at a time, with a large number of graduates such as we have, it would not be long before we could boast a splendid collection. Our Alumnae are not wanting in enthusiasm and affection for their Alma Mater. We know that they are not, and many, if not all, look back upon the hours spent in the institution as among the happiest of their life, for, say what you will, spite of work, homesickness, and some slight inconveniences that are attendant upon the absence of home luxuries, College days are really and unmistakably pleasurable. Not only do our Alumnae look back with pleasure, but also with gratitude, conscious of their indebtedness to the institution within whose walls their education was acquired. Considering this we are sure that the matter will be looked upon in the right light; and that nothing further than the suggestion and the necessity for the suggestion need be set before our readers.

THE latest addition to the College is in the shape of keys from British Columbia.

WE were struck with the exceeding appropriateness of the following from the *Argosy*, and instead of attempting something of our own on the subject, we will give our readers the benefit of the article intact:

The study of Hieroglyphics must be an interesting study,—to those who like it. But somehow we have had a wholesome dread of such characters, why, we cannot exactly tell. It may be because we have such vivid recollections of our first copy-books, when we were initiated into the mysteries of calligraphy, or it may be that those human hieroglyphics which strut about us, displaying their idiosyncrasies, have struck a terror into our heart. Anyway, we do not like such peculiar things.

Now there are various ways in which these last named idiosyncratical hieroglyphics annoy their fellow mortals. It may be in displaying a love for colored habiliments, in the indulgence of a pettish temper, in showing blank stupidity under unusual circumstances, or certain other asinine propensities. But it is reserved for students to furnish us with the most ridiculous examples of those who develop this mania, by cutting, hewing, hacking, and marking their own and other people's names with various symbolical signs upon the chairs, tables, desks, and walls of the institution they may be attending. Such practices are worse than abominable. It is soon enough for people, young people especially, to have their names appear in print, when they have done something worth recording; and even then it is advisable to spare one's jack-knife, and let the printing-press do the business. We are sorry to find that our remarks are applicable not to male students only, but, that this hieroglyphic epidemic rages among the ladies with virulence. How are the mighty fallen.

To all students, male and female, we would say, if you want to make "impressions" in the world, endeavor to leave them on persons and not on things; or if you want to let us know you are industrious, write good papers at the next examinations. Anyway, don't put future generations to the painful necessity of deciphering a number of illshapen characters, which only reveal a name at best. Do not waste your time in disfiguring the property of some one else. But if you will

persist in such nefarious practices, please remember that you are encroaching upon the rights and functions of the locusts, canker-worm, and Colorado beetle.

#### EXCHANGES.

HAVING read the February number of the *Milton College Journal*, we are led to the reflection that the best goods are not always done up in the largest or most showy parcels. Considering the size of its paper it contains quite a quantity of good solid matter, and as is not the case with some of our exchanges, the locals and personals do not swallow up more than a third of the space. The article on Education and Sound Thought, is sound not only in title but in contents. The writer does well in condemning the memorizing process in vogue in so many schools and colleges; a certain amount of memorizing must of necessity be done, but it should be provocative of thought, rather than tend to do away with thought, and should be dropped when the higher branches of study are entered upon.

The *Syracuse University Herald*, with its clear type and readable contents is always a welcome exchange. In looking over it we noticed a statement in an essay headed "Gold," to the effect that "man in times past and present, has been more diligent in his search for truth and gold than in any other pursuit." We would take exception to this statement on the ground that the pursuit of happiness has been, and is acknowledged to have absorbed more of the time, talent and energy of the human race, than any other quest under the sun.

In the *Richmond College Messenger*, it is evident that the author of "Some Thoughts About City Girls" is prejudiced against the city girls; otherwise we cannot understand his denunciation of them. The difference between city and country air could not so materially affect the intellect of the sex; as far as our own experience goes, it has not

done so. It would indeed be pitiable were all city girls as foolish as he stamps them, and ridiculous were all country girls as perfect as he pictures them. We noticed the following sentence in "The First Century of Our Republic." Naming different American poets the writer says: Although we cannot boast a Shakespeare or a Milton, the songs of Longfellow, Poe, Whittier and *Mrs. Hemans*, have gladdened many hearts."

We have been living under the delusion that the topic "Autograph Albums" had long since been exhausted, anyway in the columns of College papers, but have lately discovered our mistake; for writers in the last few numbers of the *Argosy* have managed to squeeze out a few more ideas from the well wrung-out subjects. We will not even hint at the efforts they must have put forth to do so. Everyone knows that the albums are necessary nuisances, yet everyone tolerates them, just as they do many other follies introduced by Dame Fashion, and perpetuated by her followers. But why drag the subject before the public again; is it not aggravation enough that such things exist without making us go through in imagination the miseries of inscribing our names at the foot of miserable moral platitudes, not once alone, but repeating the process times without number! Were there any chance that in renewing a discussion on the subject, writers would assist in remedying the evil, we would be the first to encourage them in the good work; so far as we can see, the case is a hopeless one, unless the custom be allowed to kill itself, or die a natural death.

An editorial in the *King's College Record*, treating of the way in which a student's spare time should be spent, contains sound advice; it would be well if it were oftener carried into action. As the writer says, there is no student without leisure, and "a portion of every one's leisure should be given to reading." There is no more fitting time in which to read the lighter works in which



our English Literature abounds, the writings of eminent poets, essayists and novelists, than while at college; in the intervals of heavy study, such works are not only a relief but are profitable, especially when subjects taken up at such times have a bearing on the regular college work. In this way many an idle moment would be occupied to advantage, and would result in life-long benefit to the mind of any one diligent enough to pursue the course.

The records entitled "That Room-mate of mine," we generally peruse with interest, but recently the author's interest seemed to have flagged; of late he has produced nothing equal to the chapter in one of the back numbers, descriptive of a mock examination carried on by "that room-mate."

WE would like to remind our subscribers who have not as yet favored our financial editor with their subscription, that our terms are "payable in advance," but that all delinquents will be forgiven if prompt in responding to this reminder.

#### THE IRISH TENANT QUESTION.

THE much debated question of the agricultural and commercial depression in Ireland has forced itself, by its urgent necessity, upon the attention of the world. The cries of distress from poverty-stricken homes and ruined land-owners have reached us from over the waters, appealing strongly to our sympathies for aid.

Those who raise objections to the proposed reforms, as to the disposition and rental of property, are men who own nearly all the land. Their aim is to keep the greater bulk of it under their own control. They therefore exact heavy rents and give short leases to their tenants, and, as the disposal of the land is often left in the hands of land agents, the tenants suffer much from injustice.

They say—if the land owners will not sell their land, let them at least grant us the privilege of leasing it, at moderate terms, for a reasonable number of years, so that we

may feel, in expending our labor and means upon its cultivation, we shall not be pouring all our gains into coffers already full to overflowing: and when, perhaps, we have got the land into good condition by persistent tilling and fertilizing and just as we are beginning to hope for success, the owner dies, and the property passes to the nearest heir, who re-lets it at advanced rates. As long as this state of affairs continues, so long will the peasantry be in a chronic state of penury and starvation, and the farmers engaged in one incessant struggle for bread.

It has been argued that intemperance, rather than the unjust measures of those who have control of the land laws, is one of the sources of the great poverty in Ireland. While it is to be regretted that it does its share in adding to the distress, still this of itself would not be sufficient to account for the great depression in farming and trade. The lower classes in both Great Britain and Ireland are confessedly shiftless, but in addition to this Catholicism holds such a mighty sway over the people, that they are little better than slaves under the influence of a mighty priesthood, enchained by ignorance and superstition. Until these shackles are broken Ireland can hardly be said to be free. The people, with all their faults, are naturally industrious and persevering, but in spite of their efforts the crops of last year were a failure, owing to the heavy and long continued rains with which the country was visited. This, in conjunction with the other difficulties and discouragements, seems to have capped the climax and brought upon them this present financial depression.

Again, they complain that the rents are high, and that they cannot compete with the foreign market in selling their grain. In this new, free country where labor is cheap and land may be had for the trouble of clearing it, where the climate is mild and the temperature even, all kinds of grain may be easily cultivated. The grain merchants of Canada find that they can export their produce to the British market and compete fairly with the merchants there, and at the same time make a large profit, while the British merchant, to compete favorably with the foreign exportations with which the market is crowded, must sell at a figure so low that he not only makes no profit but is rather the loser in the transaction.

Now, this is hard and unjust. They certainly deserve to have Protection. Their representatives in Parliament ought to see to it that they get satisfaction, for often in the past those who represented them in the House of Commons,—whose interests were said to be similar, and who have to preserve social standing and perpetuate the family name,—opposed every attempt to reform those measures which they could not but acknowledge were dishonorable and mean.

Many, too, have had to contend against difficulties which the lease imposes upon them of being privileged to plant only certain specified kinds of grain, when, perhaps, the soil was not suited to its cultivation or the market to its disposal.

As a means of granting more license to the tenant farmers, the scheme has been projected that, after a certain number of years of rent-paying have elapsed a deed of the property be granted to the tenant. But it has likewise been objected to on the ground that if rented buildings were disposed of under the same conditions it would do away with all proper social distinction, bring to poverty the landlord, and level the whole human family. The two cases should not be spoken of together. They are dissimilar. On the one hand the building receives damage from the wear and tear of daily use, which the terms of the contract require the landlord to repair; and on the other, the soil has been improved by cultivation and proper drainage, so that by exacting high rents and quick payments the land owner would be enabled to make a grant of the property to the tenant in accordance with the terms of the agreement, and by so doing the money, when put to interest, would be of more value to him than the possession of the land.

We have abundant evidence of the growing interest felt in this subject. It is strongly manifested from the way in which the people are striving to mitigate the suffering, nor will they be satisfied until they see the evil righted and the Irish tenant holding equal privileges with the farmers of Canada.

Two hundred and fifty French ladies and gentlemen have chartered a consort steamer to accompany the ex-Empress Eugenie on her pilgrimage to Zululand.

## College Items.

"IN onion is strength"

QUERY:—What does *phlaght* spell?

Why was it that such a sensation was created in Geology class the other day, by the question, "have you ever seen peat?"

Some interested parties are anxious to find out who it is that is engaged in "making music by the pound," at a particular hour every day.

OUR history class heard for the first time, not long ago, that one of the three fractions, which governed France during the Revolution, were the *Gridirons*.

An Exchange says that editors get one important item of subsistence at a low price—they get bored for nothing. Our editors are of precisely the same opinion on the subject.

What can it mean? The seniors spend a whole hour over Porter every morning; notwithstanding some of them are rigid tea-totallers. We since find that it is No (ah) Porter that occupies their time.

They had been tracing out "geological sketches" of the United States. Student No. 1 says to No. 2, "Did you trace your map?" No. 2; "Why yes, didn't you?" No. 1, (indignantly), "No, I drew mine from nature."

WE hesitated somewhat before clipping the following from the columns of an exchange, but have since stifled all qualms of conscience:—

"Buttercupula nominor cara Buttercupula,  
"Quamvis quam brem nunquam dicerem;  
"Verum Buttercupula nominor, bella Buttercupula.  
"Cara Buttercupula, ego."

SHE had been dreamily gazing at the opposite wall for some time when suddenly roused to consciousness of time and place by the question:—"To what family do lizards belong?" "Cryptogams," was the profoundly appropriate answer. We have been exercising our brains over it for some time, and the only way in which we can account for such an answer is, that she had been dreaming of summer holidays, and delightful botanical excursions connected with the season.

"You must wake and call me early," is the cry of certain students to their room-mates and opposite neighbors, as the bell for retiring is heard; but by six o'clock next morning, their sentiments are changed, and in response to the frantic efforts to rouse them made by their obedient school-fellows, they murmur "Nay, do not wake me; let me dream again."

A NUMBER of homesick students were assembled together a few days ago, and of course their conversation was upon the subject nearest and dearest to them. After some time the question, "What constitutes home?" was asked. One said, "A mother's love," another, "To be able to do what you please," but when the answer came, "To have plenty of good things to eat," they gave up the debate, and concluded there were different kinds of homesickness.

There is a boarding-school, not far away.  
Where in a certain hall six students stay.  
Oh how those students scream,  
When others long to dream,  
How overjoyed they seem  
At nine each day!

Oft in the stillly night adventures strange had they,  
For never,—hardly ever—a teacher comes that way.  
Sometimes they're not asleep  
When the dawn begins to peep,  
But into bed they creep  
At break of day.

"Tell us who they are?" you ask, "and whence they came?"  
That I cannot, dare not do, for they seek not fame.  
This, however, all may know,  
They always together go,  
And each day fonder seem to grow  
Of their "Patsy Ironsides' name."

AN open meeting of the Senior Literary Society held on the afternoon of the 1st of March, was very well attended. The programme, not a very lengthy one, was carried through very successfully. The opening speech from the President was contrary to expectation, exceedingly short, many regretted that Miss Pearson did not dwell longer on the topic, should politics be made a subject of debate in the Society. The members and friends were agreeably surprised to hear Miss Wilson read in place of the prescribed essay an original poem. Among other satisfactory performances was a speech made by Miss Mary Moore on "Amusements," which was delivered with grace and ease, and a duet neatly executed by the Misses White and Muir.

SOME very handsome stuffed geese have recently been brought to adorn the Senior Class Room. The Seniors ought to protest against the continual presence of relatives; so distracting an influence ought to be removed from the scene of herculean mental struggles such as are said to be carried on in that vicinity. It has already been suggested that the specimens be made to execute a *dead march*.

## Clippings.

THE statue of Prince Louis Napoleon, which is to be placed in Westminster Abbey, is now being exhibited at the studio of the artist, Mr. Boehm.

A DINNER JOKE.—What is the prominent difference between your bill of fare and the invited guests?—These are the *men-u* asked; the other, the *menu* ordered.

FROM THE LECTURE ROOM.—PROFESSOR—  
"Supposing the condition of the patient to be such that you couldn't give ether, what should you give, Mr. Brown?"

BROWN (innocently)—"Neither, sir."

OWED TO ANTHON'S VIRGIL.  
Anthon has a little horse,  
Well clad in sheep-skin coats,  
Its name is Virgil, very fat,  
He keeps him stuffed with (n) oats.—Ex.

PROFESSOR.—"Can you tell me, sir, in what sign of the zodiac the moon will appear next July?"

STUDENT.—"I—ah—don't—think—I—can, sir."

PROFESSOR (thinks he has been coached).  
—"That's right: Cancer. You want to be prompt, though."

THE Empress Eugenie's visit to Zululand will be so arranged that she will reach the spot where her son fell on the 1st of June, at the very hour of the struggle and death. The Empress, in a recent interview with a French journalist, pointed out that the wounds on the Prince's arm attested the fierceness with which he defended himself. "This movement of covering himself with his arm," she said, "was an habitual instinctive gesture with the Prince; often in our leisure hours when I played with him in his youth, at the slightest sign of attack he covered his breast with his arm as with a shield."

THE author of the new song, "My Home is on the Tossing Sea," has lived, ever since he was born, at Fort Riley, Kan., 1,800 miles from salt water, and he confessed, in a moment of rash confidence to a newspaper reporter, that it makes him sea-sick to sit in a rocking chair.

THE monkey climbed toward the raging sky  
And twisted his tail 'round a lofty limb,  
While the flood beneath went thundering by.  
For he was a monkey that couldn't swim.  
But the man was caught in the torrents mad,  
And his dying speech in these words ran:  
"If I had a tail as my forefathers had,  
I'd be a live monkey and not a drowned man."

SPEAKERS should be careful in giving leading questions, especially to children. A teacher asked his school: "With what remarkable weapon did Samson at one time slay a number of Philistines?" For a while there was no answer; and the teacher, to assist the children a little, commenced tapping his jaw with the tip of his finger, at the same time crying, "What's this? what's this?" Quick as thought, a little fellow innocently replied, "The jaw-bone of an ass, sir."

PROFESSOR—"Hi, you fellows in there! Can't you make less noise?"

VOICE WITHIN—"Who's out there?"

PROF.—"It's me."

V. W.—"Who are you?"

PROF.—"Professor Thomas."

V. W.—"You can't fool us. Thomas would have said 'It's I.' Come on boys; just once more." And the strains of "Landlord, fill the flowing bowl" resounded through the house till daylight. The affair was never after alluded to by the Professor.

ON making a pastoral visit at the house of one of his parishoners recently, a clergyman of Syracuse improved the opportunity to catechise a little boy of four or five years of age. "What class are you in?" said the minister. "In the infant class," replied the boy. "What have you learned?" Answer: "The commandments of the creed." "What, then, is the first commandment?" "Nobody shall have any gods but me," said the lad. "What is the creed?" The little boy thought a moment, and then answered, "I believe in the Holy Catholic, the forgiveness of sins, and the communion set."—*Churchman.*

AT Dumfries, Scotland, recently, a young woman, evidently from the country, was seen standing with a very perplexed air at one of the pillar letter boxes. She was observed to knock several times on the top of the iron pillar, and obtaining no response, passed round to the opposite side, and raising the cover of the slit, called out: "Can ye let me hae a postage stamp?"

"I KNOW I'm losing ground; sir," tearfully murmured the pale-faced Freshman, "but it is not my fault, sir. If I were to study on Sunday, as the others do, I could keep up with my class, sir—indeed, I could; but I promised mother ne-ne-never to work on the Sabbath, and I can't sir, ne-never," and as his emotions overpowered him, he pulled out his handkerchief with such vigor that he brought out with it a small flask, three faro chips and a euchre deck, and somehow or other the professor took no more stock in that Freshman's eloquence than if he had been a graven image.—*Acta Columbian.*

IN a primary school, not long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard, "Birds-nest," and pointing to the hyphen, asked the school, "What is that for?" After a short pause a small Fenian piped out, "Plaze, ma'am, for the burd to roosht on."

FATHER (who is always trying to teach his son how to eat while at table)—"Well, John, you see that when I have finished eating I always leave the table." John—"Yes, sir, and that is all you do leave."

J. BILLINGS says: "The mewl is a larger burd than a guse or a turkey. It has two legs to walk with, and two to kick with; it also wears its wings on the sides of its hed."

STUDENT under examination in physics:—What planets are known to the ancients? "Well, sir, there were Venus and Jupiter, and"—after a pause—"I think the earth, but I'm not quite certain."

SHE—"What do you think of my new shoes?"

HE—"Oh, they're immense!"

The answer had no apparent effect.

—*Trinity Tablet.*

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