

The Portfolio.

CONTENTS.

The Alhambra.

Editorials.

Confucius and His Doctrine.

Philosophy in Room 5.

Robert J. Burdette.

Locals.

Personals.

Phrases from Shakespeare.

Exchanges.

THE PORTFOLIO.

"VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST."

VOL. IX.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

No.



THE

WESLEYAN LADIES' COLLEGE

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Second " " November 10th. | Fourth " " April 13th.

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in the Alhambra which is gladly accepted and the remainder of his stay is spent wandering through the grand silent halls or listening to the whispering of the trees and plashing of the fountains which once witnessed the pomp and splendor of a Moorish court.

He gives humorous descriptions of some of the curious characters inhabiting the palace.

One was a curious little old woman, Maria Antonia Sabonia, who lived in a closet under the grand stair case and who, according to her own account had had five husbands and a half, the half consisting of an unfortunate young gentleman who died during courtship.

The inhabitants of the Alhambra take life easy; they seem to do nothing and live upon nothing.

"Give a Spaniard the shade in summer, the sun in winter, a little bread, garlic, oil and garbances, an old brown cloak and a guitar and let the world roll on as it pleases." The climate of Granada can not be excelled. Southern Spain owes its delicious air to the snow-capped Sierra Nevada Mountains. It is well expressed by a peasant who said: "The Sierra Nevada, Senor, is a lump of ice in the middle of Andalusia to keep it cool all summer."

Despite the partial ruin, the most part is in good preservation. Perhaps where the "hand of time has fallen the lightest," is the Court of Lyons. It was originally paved with marble or tiles, but when the French held Spain, they took up the tiling and laid it out in flower beds. In the center stands the famous fountain, the basin upheld by the twelve lions that give the court its name. Around the four sides extend arcades of delicate filigree stucco work supported by dainty marble columns.

Opening out of the Court of Lyons is the Hall of the Abencerrages, so called from it being the scene of the murder of several noblemen of that name. "Perhaps there never was a monument more characteristic of an age and people than the Alhambra: a rugged fortress without; a voluptuous palace within; war frown-

ing from its battlements; poetry breathing throughout the fairy architecture of its halls."

The traveler who wishes to thoroughly enjoy the beauty of these famous halls, must view them by moonlight or evening twilight when the gathering darkness effaces the stains of time. Then the marble columns and dainty frescoes seem to regain their original beauty. If he be of a romantic turn of mind and can enter into the spirit of the place, he can easily imagine the silent halls to be peopled with the phantoms of a Moorish court.

From the grated gallery at the end of the hall he can imagine the beauties of harem, jealously guarded, watching from their prison the scene below.

Passing through the hall of the Abencerrages he will see the blood stains on the pavement and hear the clanking of chains and confused murmur of voices. It is only the water which supplies the fountains rushing through the aqueducts beneath but the general air of mysterious association clinging to the whole palace makes it possible to imagine the scenes which once took place.

The grand halls are often entered through small dark corridors and in the most unexpected way. One day, the author tells us, he noticed a small door in the apartment which served Aunt Antonia for a living room. Ever on the alert for mysteries, he opened it and found himself in a small dark corridor leading he knew not where. He followed it up until he reached a door which, flinging open, he stepped into the dazzling brightness of the Hall of the Ambassadors, one of the most beautiful in the Alhambra.

It is situated in the Tower of Comares from the balconies of which can be seen the country for miles around. Here the author passed many hours, watching the distant hills and listening to the sound of guitars and the songs of the villagers gathered on the slopes below.

At length come letters from home reminding him that he must soon leave the scenes of his dreams and reveries. One day as the sun is setting he bids

farewell to his friends and mounting his sturdy mule is soon climbing the road which winds up the mountain, half a mile away. Here he pauses to take a last look at Granada, and in his description of the scene before him he bids farewell to the reader.

"The setting sun as usual shed a melancholy effulgence on the ruddy towers of the Alhambra. I could faintly discern the balcony window of the Tower of Comares where I had indulged so many delightful reveries. The purple haze of a summer evening was gathering over the Vega. Every thing was lovely but tenderly and sadly so to my parting gaze.

A little farther and Granada, the Vega, and the Alhambra were shut from my view and thus ended one of the happiest dreams of my life."

Readers, closing Irving's book for the last time usually agree that some of the pleasantest hours in their lives were those spent in reading the Alhambra.

✧ Editorial Department. ✧

Write on subjects of more general interest is the constant cry of our readers. In this issue we will endeavor to please their fastidious taste by a slight digression from such intensely literary topics as have hitherto been indulged in.

Forgive us, if we too have a tendency to go beyond the field of undergraduate Journals, as our little *Sunbeam* did in discussing that appalling question: "Is Matrimony a failure?"

A word here, said in the most angelic spirit, may not be amiss in reference to our present Senior Class. The time has indeed come to say a little in its defence, before our characters have had a chance to crystallize under the influence of disparaging remarks.

However we are living in hope that perseverance and faithfulness will in the end receive due recognition.

We enjoy our studies, we appreciate our instructors, we are enthusiastic over our class and we will hereafter fierce in the vindication of its honor.

We are proud of what our college has done in the past. We are sure that a future crowned with even greater honors is awaiting it.

How could it be possible to regard with indifference the splendid opportunities here obtained for a grand liberal education.

Our studies with Dr. Burns are intensely interesting. His lectures have exerted an influence on our thought that will endure through life. Our science course has attained a loftier eminence, than ever before, under Professor McLaughlin, whose unlimited patience and boundless energy are so universally admired. We are justified, I'm sure, in saying that the curriculum of English studies here could not be surpassed.

With sad hearts we chronicle the death of "Priney," our pet dog—the last relic of by-gone days. Like Shakespeare his parentage is little known. His age is estimated at somewhere between twenty and thirty years.

His life was one of comparative ease and tranquility. He, at least, of all our residents had not been hurt by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Never was seen a cloud of sorrow or solicitude upon his noble brow—except when the Doctor trod on his tail.

His death is shrouded in somewhat of a mystery. Report says, that after suffering several days from a severe attack of indigestion, he staggered blindly into an old well in the back yard.

The remarks in one of our exchanges, on the inferiority of woman's mind, we condescend to give a passing notice.

In order to spare the tender feelings of the writer in making such an unpardonable error we will not disclose his whereabouts. That the mind of woman is *not* inferior to that of man is a self-evident truth and needs no demonstration, but in consideration of the weak mental capacity of our friends across the line who are doubting it, we will bring forward a few illustrations to help their understanding.

Naturally for the positions of highest trust and responsibility in the state or

in the world do we seek for persons of the highest mental and moral endowment.

To train the immortal soul is surely the highest work, not unworthy of the greatest intelligence. To give the first instruction to lay the foundation stones of character takes the greatest wisdom of the wisest to be well done.

Women being so fully occupied in this highest human work she seldom has time to come down and compete with man in the field of his chosen occupations; but the few women who have done so have shown themselves quite the equal of their brothers in mental power.

For example in man's proudest sphere—that of government I name a few out of many—Isabella of Spain, Maria Theresa of Austria, Boadicea, Elizabeth of England and Victoria, ruler of an empire on which the sun never sets. Is man proud of his financial achievements?

Every day numberless women in the kingdom of the household are solving problems that would puzzle the head of the wisest finance minister. How to make ends meet—how to make \$1 do duty for \$5.

The higher Institutes of learning so long unjustly closed to her she has forced open by the sole weapons of Logic, expostulation and appeal, and by the same weapons will secure a universal right to the Franchise.

At Creation she bore God's image equally with man for we read: "In the likeness of God made He man, male and female created He them."

"Oh woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without
you.

Angels are painted fair to look like you;
There's in you all that we believe of heaven,—
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

There is a necessary theme
Of which we hate to speak;
Because as some wise sage has said,
It does involve some cheek.

Our business principles compel
The settling of all bills
And how shall we perform that task
Unless the fountain fills.

Confucius and His Doctrine.

* PERHAPS there is nothing of which people are more ignorant than of the different religions of the world. We commonly confine ourselves to the branches of the Protestant Church. Few know anything about the Roman Catholic and there is much to learn that is surprising in that religion. Leaving this great Catholic question to a future issue, we will follow the Missionary as he goes into China, that country so long closed to him,—and try to find out something of the religion they had centuries before the Christian Era.

The founder of the Chinese religion was Confucius who was born 551 B. C., the same year Cyrus ascended the throne. About this time the invasion of Greece by Xerxes took place: the Jewish captivity in Babylon was just at an end, and on the western side of the same continent lived Ezekiel and Daniel.

The records of Confucius' early life are scanty, and of his schooling we have no reliable account until he was fifteen years of age when he himself tells us he bent his mind to learning. He soon became famous and in his twenty-second year he was a public teacher. His house was the resort of all who possessed an inquiring mind. He never turned one away who was in earnest, no matter how small the fee. "I do not open up the truth," he said "to one who is not eager to get knowledge, nor help out any one who is not anxious to explain himself. When I have presented one corner of a subject to any one and he cannot from it learn the other three, I do not repeat my lesson."

During his long life, seventy-three years, he continued to teach, as well as occupy many important public positions, one of which was Minister of Penal Laws. Under his administration, the country obtained a high standard of excellence and such was the people's love for him that they paid well and all violations of the law ceased. Owing to trouble arising between himself and his monarch, he left, and for thirteen years wandered

about the neighboring states, teaching disciples, whom his fame every where attracted.

He returned to his own country broken in spirit and almost despairing of the reformation of man. The following is an account of the last hours of the great Chinese philosopher :

"He sank behind a cloud. Disappointed hopes made his soul bitter. No wife nor child was by to do the kindly offices of affection for him. Nor were the expectations of another life present with him as he passed through the dark valley. He uttered no prayer and he betrayed no apprehensions. Deep treasured in his own heart may have been the thought that he had endeavored to serve his generation by the will of God, but he gave no sign."

"The great mountain must crumble ;
The strong beam must break ;
And the wise man wither away like a plant."

Although the religion of China is called "Confucianism," Confucius did not found it. It existed previous to his time and indeed there appears to be little in his teaching regarding man's relation to God. He says nothing of the creation of the world nor of the origin of man nor of the life hereafter. Being asked once by one of his disciples, what were his views about death, he answered, "You do not know life, how can you know about death?"

The following are some of his precepts:
"Worship as though the Deity were present."

"If my mind is not engaged in my worship it is as though I worshipped not."

"Grieve not that men know not you ;
grieve that you know not men."

"The good man is serene ; the bad always in fear."

"When you transgress do not fear to return."

We find also the good old Golden Rule, "What you do not wish done to yourself, do not do to others."

We have already said that Confucius was not a teacher of religion. His aim in life seemed to be to reform his countrymen. He laid great stress on Justice in rulers. "My children" said he to his

disciples at one time, "oppressive government is fiercer than a tiger."

The only error in Confucius teaching seems to be the low place he assigns to women. Man is supreme and woman's highest virtue is to obey and reverence him. When young, she obeys her father and brother ; when married, her husband and if her husband dies she must obey her son, nor can she marry a second time.

There are no less than 1560 of Confucius in China. There is much ceremony in certain services held, at stated times, in honor of Confucius, at which grain, fruit and flesh are offered and odes chanted.

✧ Philosophy in Room 5. ✧

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music" says Shakespeare. No more am I, my divine William. I am downright miserable. Indeed, the more I think of it, the more firmly am I convinced that music is at the bottom of fully one-half the miseries of human life.

Who can be comfortable, who can enjoy one hour of mental serenity, whose peace is being everlastingly invaded by the thump of pianos all around them, organ-grinders under your window, in addition to the various vocal noises that pass under the name of 'singing.'

"Swans sing before they die ; 'twere no bad thing

Did certain persons die before they sing."

Your calling is to make people miserable, O Music! and all to well do you fulfil your mission.

I dislike strong language but under the bitter provocation of the present moment I can't help exclaiming :

"Woe is me, that I am compelled to dwell in Mesach and build my tents among those of Kedar."

The functions of Music are manifold. It destroys all conversation, distracts all thought, forbids all study, turns the blessed sense of hearing into a curse, and makes one envy the deaf.

Further, it shatters nerves, disquiets one's brain, ruffles the temper, ruins the digestion and has a paralyzing effect on the liver. And the agony of it all is that you never know what's the matter with you.

"When Music, heavenly Maid, was young," who could have supposed that she would turn out to be such a nuisance in her old age? Farewell—a long farewell to all thy charms. But Congreve sings:

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast

To soften rocks or bend a knotted oak."

Don't you believe a word of it. If music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, how comes it that so many ferocious crimes are committed in the very lanes and alleys where the organ-grinders are grinding and the ballad-singers bleating all the day long?

If music hath charms to soften rocks and bend the knotted oaks, how comes it that the rocks in Scotland, where the bag-pipes are eternally droning, are still as hard as adamant.

Let the poets say what they may, Music has to me an infuriating effect.

+ Robert J. Burdette. +

* THE oldest and best known journal in Iowa is the *Hawkeye*; and one of its recent editors, a little man with a big heart and active brain, is the best known and most dearly beloved of American humorists.

Robert Jones Burdette, now in his fifty-sixth year is a native of Pennsylvania. He is below the medium height, very easy in manner, and free and affable in conversation. His forehead is rather low yet broad and massive. He has a black mustache and dark bright eyes. His father was of French descent, his mother German.

At Peoria, Illinois this future soldier, journalist and fun-maker, graduated at

the high-school; and this, he once said was all the education he ever got, and more than he deserved. A few months later we find him at the impetuous age of eighteen a private in a regiment of Illinois volunteers. He served through the war, being present at the siege of Vicksburg.

The humorist's newspaper career dates from a certain visit to New York. From there he wrote several racy letters which clearly showed his aptitude for literary work, and he was made night editor of the *Peoria Transcript*. This promotion made him very proud, and he admits he immediately began to wear gloves and ordered dress shirts that buttoned behind.

When he was twenty-six, he married, to use his own phrases, "The best and sweetest little woman in the wide wide world. The Lord did His best when He made Carrie Garrett, and its a mystery why he did not make her a husband to match." "Her little Serene Highness," as he affectionately calls her, lived fifteen years to be his comfort and guide. The "Prince," their son, is now a handsome, sturdy, intelligent boy of twelve, and his father's inseparable companion.

Pen pictures innumerable have glowingly depicted the devotion of Robert Burdette to the wife he so unselfishly loved and tenderly nursed. A lady living in Rochester at a time when they were visiting there, thus admiringly wrote of the man so universally esteemed:

"I have learned that he who touches as with a fairy's wand, the fountain of mirth and laughter and cheer for others, bears in his own heart the constant pain—hardest of all pain to bear—of seeing his nearest and dearest a helpless invalid; and with a devotion such as few men are capable of, his brave young strength is given to her whom he has promised through life to protect. It is said that he dashes off his humorous sketches first to gladden her heart and relieve her lonely invalidism, then gives them to the public, setting the whole literary world in smiling mood. Let us reverently uncover our heads to him who has so proven himself a hero."

Shortly after his marriage, the genial humorist in partnership with a brother of the quill, began the publication of an evening paper, entitled the *Peoria Review*.

"It was a comfort for nearly two years," says Burdette, "as it brought me few cares and no uncertainty. I knew every Monday morning that on the next Saturday night, I would not have money enough to pay the hands. During my career as editor of that wretched sheet, it never disappointed me in that particular—not once. Finally the sheriff took us into partnership and there was a glorious increase of activity. He was an enterprising man—very. He realized more in an hour than I had done in two years. Presently that partnership dissolved, and I, naturally, looked around for something to do."

Of late the *Brooklyn Eagle* has plumed itself upon the fact that its luminous wings bear to the world that laughs, most of the comical originalities of Mr. Burdette. His facility and gracefulness of expression seem unimpaired. His keen sense of the ludicrous undimmed. According to one critic, his humor is always sparkling and in good taste. It has not the whimsical elegance of Charles Dudley Warner, or the cynical undertone of Mark Twain; but his fun is always kindly, tender and considerate.

Three books, four lectures and many volumes of uncollected newspaper merriment, have made the American public familiar with Robert J. Burdette, and attest his great industry as a writer. Up and down the land he has gone for the past dozen years sowing fruitful seed in genial soil. The following from his pen appeared during the war upon the liquor traffic, which resulted in Kansas becoming a prohibition State:

"So the supreme court decides that a State has a right to destroy a distiller's business without compensation therefor. Well, maybe that is not right. As a rabid prohibitionist I am personally in favor of paying for every distillery, brewery and saloon that is closed up and forced out of business by prohibition—every dollar of its highest market value

at a time its business was good. That is only fair and just and right. Then, I am in favor of compelling the distillery, brewery and saloon to pay one hundred cents on the dollar for every business that is ever closed up and ruined. That is only right and just and fair too. Let us strike a balance with the distillery, square up the account on both sides, and the fellow who comes out in debt must agree to pay up like a man, no matter what the Supreme Court says. My word for it, the Kansas prohibitionists are ready and willing to waive the decision and settle on this basis if the distillery is. What is sauce for the goose of the pond, is sauce for the worm of the still. Walk up to the counter worm, and settle."

Here are a few of his thoughts on our sex:

"'Woman,' says Ouida 'is the enemy of freedom.' True, most true. She is apt to marry as soon as she comes of age. She is the dependent of parents and nurses in her cradle, in bondage to her teachers all her school days, a slave of fashion from the day she graduates until her wedding-day; after that she is ruled over by her husband, or tyrannized over by her servants. Then she is a servant unto her children until they are all married, after which she is "bossed" by her sons and daughters-in-law; and at last she lives and dies in loving and gentle bondage to the grand-children who cluster about her."

I will conclude with the prettiest thing Mr. Burdette ever wrote:

THE TIME OF THE GOLDEN ROD.

Whispering winds kiss the hills of September,
Thistledown phantoms drift over the lawn;
Red grows the ivy, like ghostlighted ember,
Shrouded in mists breaks the slow-coming
dawn;
Sunlighted vistas the woodland discloses,
Sleeping in shadow the still lake reposes,
Gone is the summer, its sweets and its roses—
Harvest is past and the summer is gone.

Plaintively sighing, the brown leaves are falling
 Sadly the wood dove mourns all the day
 long;
 In the dim starlight the katydid's calling,
 Hush into slumber the brook and its song
 Gone are the sowers and ended their weeping,
 Gone are the gleaners and finished the
 reaping,
 Blossom and bee with the song bird are sleep-
 ing—
 Harvest is ended and summer is gone.

—Robert J. Burdette.

✧ Vocals. ✧

Who's the box for?
 Priney is dead!
 Priney was our dog—
 Every one within the house
 Loves to talk about thee;
 What an altered place it is
 Oh Priney dear, without thee.

We would like to know which of our young vocalists is learning to sing of "Stewart dearest," "Heaven will bless our vows," etc. Probably it is better for the aspiring damsel that she is not known.

Prof. Martin takes out his first class in painting from nature on the 24th of May this year.

Weddings seem to be the rage. No less than five of the students have gone home to receive their new relations.

We are anxiously looking forward to the Geology expedition as Hamilton affords some interesting geological explorations. No doubt we will chisel out rocks and hew down mountains.

We wish to contradict the statement that college girls are hard to entertain. People do not speak from experience.

Keep back that jealous feeling girls. We cannot all be decked in floral wreaths. It does not sound well to hear you use such epithets as "walking coffin-lids," to your loving companions.

The Harmony Class under Professor Lucas, of Toronto, is progressing very favorably.

If you blow your neighbor's fire Em, don't complain if the sparks fly in your face.

In the absence of Dr. Burns we feel like sheep without a shepherd and are always glad to see his bright face appear on the scene—yes, even the Seniors.

The future 'Riding Class' is one of the most interesting topics at present. We suggest a wheel-barrow to bring home the remains.

The Calisthenic Class this year is said to be more graceful than ever before.

The only place *mails* are allowed here—The Reading Room.

Any one finding the gold thimble that was recently lost would confer a favor by announcing the fact so that the young lady can do her mending.

Brilliant Senior—"Please ring for a knife to adjust the cake."

Public sentiment says, "business is dull," but the Juniors think it quite brisk in the store adjoining the Professor's class-room.

Easter holidays are coming—Freshman: "I'm going home to see Ma" Sophomore: "I'll be brave and improve my time in the College." Junior: "Those logarithms must be solved." Senior, representing dignity: "I'm going to get something to eat."

Several of the young ladies spent a very enjoyable evening at the Methodist Parsonage not long ago.

The young lady artist who has so admirably reflected on canvas her own picture, deserves credit.

It is the request of the young ladies on the French Hall that the pianos above have time to gather dust on Sunday afternoons.

We leave, like those volcanic stones,
 Our precious Alma Mater
 But will keep dropping in again
 To see the dear old crater.

Our literary societies are in a very progressive stage. An open meeting is being talked of.

Why the pale faces at the French table?—too much sauce.

The German pupils were glad of the chance to attend the German Church last Sunday.

The choral class is just now dwelling on the "Wide Wide World."

The sleigh-ride so kindly given by the friends of the young ladies here, still sweetens their memory and throws a radiance over the past by recalling the pleasing incidents of that day. Notwithstanding the prevailing blizzard and the lamentable fact that one lady had her cheek frozen (infer what you will from that,) it was a decided success and made still more enjoyable by the kind hospitality of Mrs. Brennan in the evening.

✧ Personals. ✧

Mrs. Keagey, of Rochester, is visiting her daughters at the college.

Miss Lily Rogers, of Toronto, has returned home after an extended visit with Mrs. Burns.

Miss Madge Brown, of Toronto, made us a short call the other day.

Mr. and Mrs. Simmons, who have been attending the Inauguration Ball at Washington, called on their daughter yesterday.

Rev. Mr. Carson took dinner at the college on the 17th.

"Two more unfortunate, Rashly impudent."

Miss Ada Burgess, lately a student of this college, was married Feb. 20th to Rev. Merriek Ketcham, of Lenox, Mass. Our happiest wishes attend them.

Miss Ada Graham, of Toronto, also an old student was married Mar. 27th to Mr. George Bland, of Montreal. THE PORTFOLIO extends its very best wishes.

The following advertisement lately appeared in a Paris newspaper: "A lady having a pet dog whose hair is of a rich mahogany color, desires to engage a footman with whiskers to match."

Phrases from Shakespeare.

Shakespeare's influence over the public is shown by the extent to which his phrases have become incorporated into our language. Among these are: "Bag and baggage," "dead as a door nail," "hit or miss," "love is blind," "selling for a song," "wide world," "fast and loose," "unconsidered trifles," "westward ho," "familiarity breeds contempt," "patching up excuses," "misery makes strange bed-fellows," "to boot," "short and long of it," "comb your head with a three legged stool," "dancing attendance," "getting even," "birds of a feather," "that's flat," "Greek to me," "packing a jury," "mother wit," "killed with kindness," "mum," "ill wind that blows no good," "wild goose chase," "scarecrow," "luggage," "row of pins," "viva voce," "give and take," "solid," "your cake is dough." The girl who playfully calls some youth a 'milk-sop,' is also unconsciously quoting Shakespeare, and even 'loggerhead,' is of the same origin. 'Extempore,' is first found in Shakespeare, and so are 'almanacs.' Shakespeare is the first author who speaks of the 'man in the moon,' or mentions the 'potato,' or uses the term 'eyesore,' for annoyance.

✧ Exchanges. ✧

We are surprised to know that the *Acta* would waste time and space by criticising such an article as the one published in the *Sunbeam* "Is Marriage a Failure." The subject has been thread-bear ever since Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden.

It is too bad the *Lutherville Seminarian* is so green with jealousy. If we were in the place of the *Lutherville* girls we would want all the "Lords of Creation" to understand that we do not consider compliments necessary to the existence of girls or even to the existence of their paper. We would be more than willing

to see a whole column in the *Index* about them. Possibly the exchange man of the Niagara paper could criticise the article about "Effie and Georgia" in the January number of the *Seminarian*.

We were pleased with the *Almafilian* last year. We know how hard it always is for a young college to support a paper and thought they were improving. It is certainly degrading to a young ladies, institution to drop the paper when the college begins to grow. Wake up girls, your college paper will be good for nothing but an advertising medium unless you take charge of it.

A copy of the *Rochester Campus* is on our table. Although it presents a very good appearance they have great room for improvement. We think the milk and water sentimentality of their poetry is anything but edifying to a university paper. Perhaps we should not be so hard on the first number from our American Cousins.

The *Messenger* contains some excellent literary work and a fine exchange column. We are always glad to receive the Richmond paper.

That voluminous paper *The Tattoo*, edited by seven brilliant seniors comes to us as refreshing as ever. We fully realize that "Admiration is the breath of the soul." We can expend it at least on the cover of the *Tattoo* which is very artistic.

We are much interested in reading "The Literature of Mexico," in the *Notre Dame Scholastic* and anxiously await the next issue.

The Christmas number of the *Reveille* is very neatly gotten up and shows that great taste has been displayed. The article on "Clams" was evidently not written on logical principles. We would recommend the careful study of *Logic* to our friends.

The *Phy Rhonian* is a very welcome exchange. However we would like to see less "Clippings" and more literary work in that paper.

We were pleased to receive the *Academy* and note the success of the Y. M. C. A. convention.

We imagine a year hence when the local editor of the *High School Times* looks over the first column of their January locals he will say "What made them print such stuff?" But it will gratify him to read on and come to some sense before they end. This paper contains some very good literary work. We were interested in reading what it had to say about "Early to Bed and Early to Rise."

"Our little *Sunbeam*" does not shine very regularly in our reading room. Why is this thusness girls?

The poetical quotation on the last page of the *Polytechnic* reminds us of the old saying "A good beginning makes a poor ending." Were the exchanges crowded out with the other literary matter?

Any person would think the *Western Maryland College Monthly* was worth a cover for it certainly contains some enthusiastic reading matter. Perhaps they think their advertisement on the outside page is sufficiently attractive.

The *Davidson Monthly* is again gladly received it contains an article on 'La Guitare' that is well written. It would be well if some of our young guitarists would read it.

"The Man with One Idea" in the *University Monthly* is all very true but we would like to see a good foundation before the man makes himself a specialist.

A great number of the articles in the exchange column of the *Wilmington Collegian* might better be called 'College News.' Why not devote the column to the exchanges?

We were pleased to receive the *Adelphian* but its *dashy* locals proved too much for us. We could not understand them.

'Honor to whom honor is due' must be the motto of the *Earthamite*. We would not like to think in regard to that paper that each writer did not get credit for his own production.

We think in looking over *The Oak Lilly and Ivy* that it is a little lacking in both quantity and quality.

The January number of the *College Chips* presents a very good appearance. It is one of the most sensible papers we receive.

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