

The Portfolio.

Vita Sine Literis Mors Est.

VOL. 2.

HAMILTON, MAY, 1880.

No. 8.

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THE CLOUDS.

What are ye? O soft, white things,
Soaring high on noiseless wings,
Now, caressing, seem to lie
On the bosom of the sky.
How swift you 've changed to childish mood!
No more by zephyrs gently wooed;
But scowling, pouting, fitful weeping,
Waking buds that still were sleeping;
Then gay dancing, dimpling, smiling,
Sunbeams to your side beguiling.

I 've watched you at Aurora's gate,
Like handmaids for your Sultan wait,
And trailing o'er the morning sky
Your robes of matchless Orient dye.
I 've watched you when, at truant play,
You 've lagged behind the car of day,
At Venus' signal swiftly run
To reach the fast descending sun;
Then, flushed with haste and guilty fear,
Bend as the soft reproof you hear.

I 've seen the grey, embattled towers
That hold the storm's destroying powers,
Wherein loud echoes roll along
The sullen thunder's hoarse war song:
Anon the lightning's fitful glare
Darts quivering through the murky air,
Swift as an arrow from the bow
Proud ships and forests to lay low;
At morn the fisher sees thy hand
Has strewn with wrecks the yellow sand.

I 've watched you oft,—but ne'er the same
Your places seem when seen again;
'Tis but the teaching of the sky,
"All things must change unti they die."

M. E.

MISTAKEN AMBITION.

"I YEARN for the unattainable," sings a Canadian poet. Very likely, Mr. Sangster, and in so doing you are by no means singular. The trick, though unsatisfactory, is very old and very common. Since the days when men, goaded by fear and allured by ambition, "builded a tower which should reach even unto the heavens," the Plains of Shinar have never been deserted. All ages, all sexes, and all stations, have dwelt thereon, credulously laboring for the accomplishment of the impossible, but the Tower of Babel is yet unbuilt. From generation to generation have the tiny hands of unwise infants been stretched helplessly abroad to

grasp the coveted, but, alas, unreachable moon; and advancing years, with what we pleasantly call increasing wisdom, have simply changed our objects of desire. No matter how high or how slippery the greased pole whose summit bore aloft the alluring leg of mutton, adorned with its gay and many-colored ribbons, it has never lacked ambitious boy climbers, the pain and labor of whose upward progress, bore a ludicrous contrast to the extreme ease and rapidity of their return to Mother Earth. Among men the alchemist has through days of labor and through nights of toil striven to realize his dream—the transmutation of metals; the astrologer essayed to read the result of men's passions in the calm, indifferent stars, while the vast majority of mankind have believed possible, and labored for the purchase of happiness by the acquisition and expenditure of irrelevant gold and silver. Greed and Vanity have ever been lords, and the teachings of centuries have fallen powerless before the ever renewed great passions of humanity.

The love of admiration, which cost the poor deluded crow her cheese, still fills the earth with discordant music, and the terrible fate of the ambitious frog, who sought the similitude of an ox, is lightly disregarded by men whose emulous ambition meets with like results. Still it cannot be denied that what was once the apparently impossible has sometimes become an accomplished fact, and we cannot refuse our sympathy to the spirit which refuses to accept the seeming horizon as the real boundary of the world. The alchemist was the father of chemistry, and the astrologer of astronomy. They found, though it was not what they sought.

And what of woman? The same, with a variety. Some unfledged witling, yet lacking the veneration begotten of years and experience, has said, "Man wants all he can, and woman all she can't get," and the observation, though reprehensibly irreverent in tone, is not without a foundation in fact.

It is a truth generally recognized by husbands and others interested that the impossible is to woman an unmeaning word. "She says she will, and there's an end on't." It is of course inevitable that this spirit should at times lead her into contests so hopeless, that the world can only look on in admiring wonderment. One of England's most practical and pleasant philosophers thus describes a contest of this nature: "In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon the town of Sidmouth. The tide rose to an incredible height. The waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up, but I need not tell you the contest was unequal. Though for a while the issue seemed doubtful, the Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop, or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with tempest."

This, however, was a Homeric contest in which personal feeling became an important element, but we sometimes hear of passionate schemes, so wild and so chimerical, so hopelessly hopeless, that we can only marvel at the ingenuity which conceived, and the folly which pursues them. Let us take an illustration from the writings of a traveller of world-wide reputation, who has left the following record of his experience:—"The first man I saw was of meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt and skin were of the same color. He had been eight years at work upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers. He told me that he did not doubt that in eight years more he should be able to supply the Governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate, but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially as this had been a very dear season for cucumbers."

Now, to any one not possessed with a lively faith in human folly, this account

would scarcely seem credible, but history is ever repeating itself, and he who looks around him, even in this Canada of ours, will find experiences so closely analagous, that with a smile he will replace the author upon the pedestal of his confidence.

But, we may ask, can the yearnings for the unattainable "go further and fare worse?" Why, we have always looked upon the cucumber as one of those soft, green, watery vegetables which are pleasant to the eye and agreeable to the parched lip during the sultry summer season, but as generators of sunbeams! Well, it is at least difficult to conceive the production of other than the blue and yellow rays from such a source. Its vines are spoken of by Cowper as affording a comfortable and shady resting place for his family of hares, and this would seem to be more in keeping with its mission than the production of light. We cannot limit possibility, but some things are very improbable.

WIND FANCIES.

THE other day—while sitting in our class room, undisturbed save by the distant din of pianos, and the footstep in the adjoining hall of an occasional passer by—I listened to the learned disquisition on the subject of Intuitions that flowed from the lips of the Professor. Suddenly the strains of music from a passing band smote upon the ears of all. We knew it was a company of jubilee singers advertising, in their own way, that they were to perform in the evening. There was a pause. Then, in solemn tones, the Professor said, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and sometimes through a negro's whistle." A smile rippled over the class, and the lecture proceeded.

Not so easily did the thought ripple through my mind; it lodged there, and unsatisfied with its narrow quarters, beat about for an exit. Yes, the wind blows where it likes; but, I wonder does it take pleasure in blowing through a whistle, particularly a negro's whistle. I could imagine it finding enjoyment in whistling round street corners or under eaves of houses, moaning and sighing all night through, for there is a pleasure in melancholy, and we can find no small consolation in pouring forth wailings and lamentations whether into willing or unwill-

ing ears. I could fancy it delighting to fly through great organ pipes, bursting out in peals of melody, or in soft, warbling whispers floating beyond the ear of mortals on and upward to join the "music of the spheres." I could understand it entertaining itself by lashing the ocean into fury with hollow roar, beating the emerald mass into foam, defying the angry billows, and laughing at their impotent rage for, ever and anon as they leaped to clutch their tormentor with their mighty arms, it would turn, and, rising higher, evade their wrathful quest; or, perhaps, tiring of such dangerous sport, it might find amusement playing in the autumn woods with the gold and russet leaves, chasing them round and round in mad glee, while the massive monarchs of the forest shake their bare and brawny arms, or toss their crests against the sky in huge merriment, as the leaves dance and leap to rustling music.

No, I would not be at all surprised at the wind liking such amusements. I would not object to them myself, neither would I object to the work it often has to do. What pleasant toil to fill the sails of mighty vessels, laden with precious cargoes, bound for distant shores; or to push along the fishing smacks or pleasure skiffs; or drive the lazy clouds across the sky. Such important work would be interesting and make one feel of some use in the world; and to be regarded with so much care and consideration, by all the many people whom I help along in life, would be some reward for my labor. But then there are less pleasant duties the wind has to perform. It has to sweep through and cleanse the air of the vast cities, and to penetrate even to the most disagreeable places among the poor and miserable. One cannot but pity and help the sick and poor, although to do them any good one has to sacrifice self a good deal: then there is the compensation that comes from doing right and benefitting others. No, I would not object very strongly to any of these occupations, but I certainly should not care to go howling and tooting through the brass bugle of a colored jubilee singer. Just picture the ignominy of producing such vulgar sounds for the edification of ragged little street urchins, or gaping domestics, wheeling infant carriages! No indeed! were I the wind, never would I consent to so debase myself;

never would I so lose my self-respect; never would I so entirely forget my place and position; never—

"Miss ———, what is Victor Cousin's argument disproving Locke's statement that all our ideas are obtained from sensation and reflection?"

It was the voice of the Professor.

They told me, afterwards, that for full fifteen minutes I had been fiercely glaring at a grease spot on the floor.

Literary Items.

THEODORE MARTIN, author of the "Life of Prince Consort," has been knighted and made K. C. B.

A NEW poem by Longfellow, entitled "Old St. David's at Radnor," will appear in the June number of *Lippincott*.

THIRTY or forty years ago there was a rush of Italian novels, says the *Hour*, caused by the great success of Manzoni's work, "I Promessi Sposi." Very few of them were of any importance; but a novel has just appeared in Naples, which, as a picture of contemporaneous Italian habits and morals, is a remarkable production. It is by Raffaele Colucci, and is called "Amanda." The dramatic action of the story is based on love, jealousy and revenge; but the life of the people, dancers, journalists, soldiers, singers, and officials, is described so naturally and skilfully, as to make "Amanda" a very attractive story.

The next volume of Dickens' letters will be read with deep interest. It contains the much-talked-of correspondence between Mr. Dickens and the late Lord Lytton on the subject of "Spiritualism." These two famous writers hold opinions on that subject precisely opposite to each other, and their letters are understood to convey the reasons for their antagonistic beliefs. The mystical tendency early foreshadowed in "Zanoni," and which found confirmatory expression in "A Strange Story," was characteristic of a mind readily attracted by theories and their alleged illustration in facts which were repugnant to the author of *Pickwick* and the creator of *Gradgrind*; and, to many, it will be a subject of curiosity to see how the respective notions of these two celebrated men were set forth and upheld.

The Portfolio.

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THE PORTFOLIO, HAMILTON, ONT.

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

IN the description of the calisthenic review, given in our last number, the disappointment experienced by our students at the non-appearance of the longed-for prize was touched upon. At that time, however, disappointment had not given place to despair, for the gallant Major undertook to remind the should-have-been prize-giver of his promise, and his reply was eagerly waited for. It came—yes, he would give a box of pins to the best runner, and a box of hair-pins to the most graceful swinger of the clubs. Wonderful generosity! Marvellous adaptability! Yet, such is the perversity and inconsistency of human nature that none offered to compete for either. What can be the reason? Surely so rare and unusual a reward should not be treated lightly, much less contemptuously; surely the spirit of emulation cannot have become completely crushed since those good old days of the Olympian games, when, to obtain a fading laurel wreath, no effort was considered too great; surely we do not possess less of the emulatory disposition than do the sterner sex! Yet, all this conjecturing but brings us back to the question, "Why is it?" We offer no solution of the mystery, but leave our readers to solve it for themselves.

THE College year is rapidly drawing to a close, and students, one and all, are looking forward with mingled hope and fear to the coming of the end. Before we can reach the longed-for vacation, reviews and examinations have to be undergone. With some of our students the happiness beyond penetrates the shadow overhanging the days between this and then, engendering a sort of reckless indifference, and making them oblivious to intermediate trials and tribulations. Others, again, a faith in themselves and the memory of a good years' work inspires with hope and confidence, and they allow themselves now and then to indulge in brief dreams of the future—very brief, for their spare moments are not numerous. The Seniors, having additional cares, are proportionately solemn; care is written upon their brows and solemnity lurks in the corners of their mouths; and well it may, for in June (that is, provided they are not plucked, which disagreeable and improbable exigency we will not contemplate,) they leave their Alma Mater for the last time, and though these halls have been the scene of many a mental warfare, many an arduous struggle, it has rather bound them more closely to the spot. The memory of work, however, is not the only one which, in departing, they will carry away with them; many a pleasant hour, unmistakably pleasant, has been spent within these walls. And as for us, editors, why, we feel happy in the sense of duty done; our position has cost us dearly in labor and worry, and we cannot repress a sigh of relief at the thought that our services will only be required for one more number; but, it consoles us to think that, at some future time, when hard toil and petty vexations are no longer fresh in our minds, we will probably look back with pleasure and think kindly of the year during which we occupied an editorial chair.

Only a few weeks of the session now remain to us, and we sincerely hope that they

will pass as smoothly and satisfactorily to both teachers and students as they have done during the months that are past.

✓ THE Junior Literary Society held an open meeting on Friday, the 31st of April, the first with which they have favored the public this term. It proved most interesting, all the productions being highly satisfactory. The great improvement made since their last open meeting did not fail to attract the notice of all present, and we think great credit is due their worthy President, Miss Mulvey, and her fellow-officers. The meeting was opened by a short address from the chair, after which Miss Elliott was called upon for an instrumental solo, which was executed in her usual pleasing style, and displayed great firmness and delicacy of touch. A very interesting part of the programme was a speech by Miss Belle G. Smith on "Woman's Rights," the young lady strongly advocated the right of her sex to an intellectual training equal to that of man, but went no further, believing as she pithily put it that a knowledge of the sciences, of Greek and Latin, and Mathematics, would rather prove a help than a hindrance when it came to the concocting of puddings and pies. A humorous article entitled, "A true and reliable history of Jack Horner," read by Miss G. A. Bryson, was listened to most attentively, though now and again the reader's voice was drowned in the peals of laughter she elicited. Her acquaintance with the minutest details of that gentleman's history was well nigh incredible. Where she got her voluminous information we are at a loss to find out, though, at one time, she quoted Hallam's "History of the Middle Ages." Miss Goettel's song, "Leaf by Leaf the Roses Fall," was beautifully rendered, doing that young lady's sweet and cultivated voice great credit. This was followed by a recitation, "The Two Orphans," which displayed great talent on the part of Miss Sifton. We

would not be at all surprised if we should, at some future time, hear of that young lady as a reader. The duet by the Misses Fowler and H. Smith was next called for, and was received with hearty applause. We are sure that at no time in its previous history has the Junior Society been possessed of so much musical talent. A lively dialogue ensued between Misses C. Hill and Beatty, which, with a sprightly criticism by Miss Griffin, closed the programme. After complimentary remarks from several of the visitors, the meeting was concluded.

WE regret having again to remind some of our subscribers of subscriptions unpaid. Our business manager decidedly objects to having recourse to more definite measures concerning the list of unpaid subscriptions, and had hoped that a notice to that effect in a former issue would have been sufficient, but it has been regarded by but few. However, we are sure that we will not need to refer again to this matter, and that before June the list will have dwindled to a blank.

As WE wish, in our concluding issue, to publish a full account of our commencement exercises, our June number will be late in appearing. However, we hope that in both quantity and quality it will amply atone for the delay.

It was Charles II. who gave Dryden the hint for writing his poem of the "Medal." One day, as the King was walking in the hall and talking with Dryden, he said: "If I were a poet, and I am sure I am poor enough for one, I would write a poem on such a subject in the following manner." The King then stated the plan of the poem. Dryden took the hint, and when the poem was finished he presented it to his Majesty, who made him a present of a hundred broad pieces for it.

THE richest university in the world is that of Leyden, in Holland. Its real estate alone is worth over four million dollars.

EXCHANGES.

OUR last and June number, being already dedicated to commencement exercises, we now take upon ourselves the pleasantly sad duty of greeting our friends for the last time this year. The kindly feeling that hitherto has existed between our Exchanges and ourselves, now that the year is closing, is a source of great satisfaction. The consciousness of having at least striven to perform impartially the duties of a critic, is ours; and we are happy in being able to remark, also, that the criticisms we have received from others have been open, honorable and just.

OUR friend of the exchange column in the *Dalhousie Gazette*, in his farewell notices, seems to have been quite overcome by the memory of the past, and here and there betrays an endeavor to smooth over, with palliating reflections, several rather rough experiences. His "polemic disposition" must have led him into sundry difficulties. The *Gazette* has always been an interesting and sprightly semi-monthly, and one that not only students but outsiders could peruse with pleasure.

THE *Queen's College Journal*, with its lengthy but well worked up editorial department, ranks first, we think, among the college organs on this side of the line. We are not widely enough acquainted to speak with certainty of those on the other side. Whatever it may say or do, the *Journal* always preserves its dignity and self-respect.

THE *Argosy* certainly deserves great credit for the excellence of its literary articles. Its essays are invariably good, its locals witty, and its jokes are not so personal or profound but that those unacquainted with the "inner life" of the Sackville College may understand and appreciate.

THE *White and Blue* is to be congratulated upon having kept up the earnest, yet jovial spirit with which it started. When it came

upon us first with such a burst of energy we were inclined to reflect upon the old saying, "a new broom sweeps clean." However, we will not be overhasty in offering our congratulations, as the paper is as yet only a year old.

Speaking of our American friends, as we said before, we are not widely acquainted, but of those that visit our Exchange Table we have every reason to be proud. Such journals as the *Syracuse University Herald*, the *Richmond College Messenger*, the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, reflect great credit upon their editors and the institutions with which they are connected, and are deserving of more commendation than at present we have leisure or space to bestow.

ON the evening of the 13th, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. D. Rennie to Miss Jenny L. Davis, M. E. L., eldest daughter of J. G. Davis, Esq. Miss Davis was a member of Class '79. After the ceremony a very pleasant evening was spent by the numerous friends present, and at 2 a. m. the bridal party took the train for New York.

LAST week Miss Hattie Smith, a former student, surprised and delighted her friends by a flying visit. The evening following her arrival, being the birthday of Miss Smith, was celebrated by one of those grand college suppers, which are always thoroughly enjoyed and duly appreciated on such state occasions. The next day, amid the regrets of her numerous friends, Miss Smith bade farewell to all in the college, which so recently had been her home.

MR. COUSIN, conservator of the Carnavalet Library, has presented that institution with a rare book entitled the "Commentaries of William of Paris on the Epistles and Gospels of the Year" (1465). It is bound in leather. A chain about 8 inches long, by which it was fastened to the reading stand, according to the custom of the times, is still an appendage of the book. The fastening of books was a precaution against theft.

A REVELATION.

"ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary," over pebbles, shells, and curious geological specimens, I grew discouraged as I thought of the vast field that lay before me in this one science, in which I had only gathered a few stones, or looked at the soil in an easy amateur-farmer fashion, without having delved or ploughed, or seen one seed of my own sowing grow, or reaped one sheaf of other's sowing; never had I agreed more fully with Solomon when he said, "Much learning is a weariness to the flesh." I thought surely geology is "vanity," and so gave myself up to idly watching the fire as it blazed up fiercely for a moment, then sank down into a quiet blaze, then again sent up a Vesuvius-like line of fire and smoke. I was just wishing that I had been the one living thing in the Azcic age, before there had been anything to know anything about, when my eyes fell on part of the jaw-bone of a mastodon. I pushed it impatiently out of sight with my foot, and returned to my discontented musings, but scarce a minute had passed when I shivered, not from the cold, not from a draught, but from a vague sense of terror. The hair of my flesh stood up. I turned quickly. There, close beside me, was a veritable mastodon—reaching above the room and beyond the room, but I could tell nothing more definite of its size. I have had somewhat similar sensations when in a small boat on a "wide sea," on a dark night, and a large steamer has suddenly come very close, its paddle-wheel just missing the oars.

When I had recovered my senses sufficiently to look at him, I saw that the jaw-bone that a minute before was on my hearth, *my* jaw-bone was *his* jaw-bone—it seemed the most prominent part of him. One little twinkling black eye looked down upon me. I knew then how a chicken feels when I look at it—that little black eye peered at me, leered at me, jeered at me, then there was a queer guttural sound. Horrors! It was speaking! Terribly frightened though I was, I listened. "So-ho!" said he, "you're too lazy to learn very much, are you?" This was followed by a noise which, had he been human, would have been called a half-suppressed triumphant chuckle; he

was evidently immensely delighted at my fear; he was having his revenge for the indignities heaped upon one of his members. He gave an elephantine cough, and resumed his remarks. "You must know," he began, "that there is a place where the good mastodons go, but for a trivial offence, which I need not mention—(he here gave a toss of his trunk so like the backward motion of our hands as we dismiss our pécadilloes)—I am condemned to wander about this earth. On the anniversary of my death I gather up my bones and dust, taking visible shape wherever my last bone lies. Know, oh man," he went on, "that as we have had our day and have disappeared from off the earth, so shall all things have their day and disappear, and as from our ashes new and great things arose, so it is from the ashes of all other things. You short-lived mortals are filled with wonder at the remnants of past intelligence and skill which you find, and that such darkness followed so much light. It is the inevitable. This darkness is what will shortly be upon the earth again. The amount of learning which it is necessary to accumulate to-day, to be ordinarily intelligent, is rapidly becoming too great for man's little mind to bear. There will be an astonishing relapse into ignorance. Why," said he, making a digression, "by my grandfather's ghost! one of you poor mortals gives his life-time to trying to understand my teeth, and writes many a book thereupon, and gains a name thereby; then it takes five years' course for the other mortals to study up my incisors. You 'were born both too early and too late.' In a few generations more your descendants will be lighting their fires with all these clever books, and building huts of your precious 'specimens!'"

One of his huge ears was patronizingly flapped against my cheek, the jaw-bone rattled on the hearth, and I was alone, not feeling sure whether I ought to be glad or sorry for the generations to come.

PORTUGAL has but one university, Coimbra, founded in 1290. It has 70 instructors, and 1,100 students. There are 2,450 elementary schools, and parents whose children cannot read and write by fifteen years of age, lose their political rights.

SLEEP.

SOME people know little or nothing about the value of sleep. They lie down at night and, perhaps, stay awake long enough to feel the comfort of their couches and to pity vaguely those who, having none, wander aimlessly through the streets all night or else seek rest where they may—and that is all. They fall into sound, healthy sleep and know no more till the morning sun wakes them, fresh and invigorated, to the duties of another day. This kind of sleep, deep and dreamless, is peculiar to those who work hard with their hands all day, and to most children. Shakespeare says of them:—

“Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.”

Others again, on falling to sleep, enter immediately into new and beautiful worlds. They revel in harmonious sounds and beautiful sights until their dream fancies melt into thin air at the appearance of morning, and daylight brings the slumberer back again to the stern realities of this life. To these sleep is a mere pleasure—something that adds to their happiness and brightens up the gloomy hours of night. They look forward to their nights, and are ready to cry in the morning,—

“Is it a dream!
Then waking would be pain;
Oh do not wake me—
Let me dream again.”

But none know the value of sleep as much as those who often pass sleepless nights; courting sleep, but not knowing how to propitiate the fickle goddess. The first faint symptoms of sleepiness are eagerly watched for, and are as surely driven away again by undue anxiety, for sleep will not be allured so. Then, perhaps, after many restless sighings and longings for the dawn, for trouble of any kind never seems so great as in the dark, the weary watcher suddenly drops into the most refreshing slumber, and wakes no more until the grey dawn, stealing in at the eastern window of the sky, breaks up the heavy darkness and scatters the shadows hither and thither, and chases them back to the realms of Erebus. To these sleep comes as a boon—a precious gift that may not lightly be looked upon or slightly spoken of.

Many ways have been devised for calling the mind from exciting thoughts in order to induce sleep. A nervous man, much afflicted with sleeplessness, once said that he never saw sheep grazing quietly in the field without thinking of the many weary times he had caused hundreds of them, in imagination, to jump, one by one, over a stone wall; or, he never saw a little boat without being forcibly reminded of the solitary man in a row boat, whom he had compelled to row for miles, with long even strokes, up a river with high banks on either side.

We could no more live without sleep than we could without food. Long ago a man had committed a great crime for which he was to be put to death. The sentence was that he should “sleep no more.”

The man is said to have lived or rather dragged out a miserable existence for eighteen days, but long before half of that time had expired he was a raving madman.

Sleep has been called the image of death. “We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep.” Sleep is one of those universal gifts with which humanity is blessed; and both rich and poor, noble and lowly, can enjoy that

“Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.”

THOSE understanding Greek can pass a few minutes very pleasantly in noting a remarkable fact concerning the name Napoleon. Successively dropping the initial letter, a perfect Greek sentence is formed. Thus: Napoleon, apoleon, poleon, oleon, leon, eon, on. This sentence translated reads as follows: “Napoleon, the destroyer of whole cities, was the lion of his people.” With as few words it would perhaps be difficult to give a better epitome of the life of Napoleon I.

It is reported that an unpublished comedy by George Sand entitled “Mlle. de la Quintinie,” is in the hands of the Director of one of the Paris theatres, and is shortly to be produced. It would have been brought out long ago, but that the censorship under the Ministry of M. Jules Simon forbade it.

College Items.

AN account of a very successful open meeting of the Junior Literary Society will be found in another column.

REVIEWS and Commencement orations are now the order of the day. It is to be hoped they will keep the Day in order.

THE subject of the essays, to compete for the Dennis Moore prize, has been announced to the students. It is, "Chaucer and His Times."

QUITE a number of sins had to be written out and handed in by the Rhetoric class last week. However, they were harmless sins of the "opsis" variety.

"WHAT is Belgium noted for as regards its commerce?" Student—"It is the most comical (commercial!) city in the world." She was young—yes, very young.

IT would seem as though "Shaker" principles had found admittance to the Senior class room. This should not be, especially now that the school year is drawing to a close.

WE have been officially informed that the young ladies who were in Dante's Purgatory, when we published our last issue, have since reached Paradise in safety. They have our best wishes for the remainder of their trip.

NOT long since, in the Senior Class, obsequiousness was neatly defined as "honor gone to seed," and medicine as "a concatenation of curative prescriptions." We have been wondering whether the definitions were original, as we cannot find them in the dictionary.

THE other week the O'Neil family rejoiced over an excellent supper, sent especially for them by relatives of Miss Norah O'Neil. The members, without exception, were present in full dress, and the speeches and *bon mots*, as usual, were inimitable.

IF there is anything in this world calculated to develop the latent evil in a person's character, and to give rise to unruly exclamatory expletives, it is to be beguiled into taking a dose of concentrated essence of dried onion on the supposition that it is a cure for nervousness.

CAN any of our students propose, invent, suggest, or devise some method by which we can keep keys in order. We have had solicitations on the subject poured in from all sides, and have, at last, been driven to subject the matter to the consideration of our students. If a feasible and inoffensive design can be brought forward, we are quite ready to offer for it a suitable reward. Will our students please take particular notice.

NOT long since the putting up of that imperious placard on one of the dining hall doors with the inscription, "PLEASE CLOSE THE DOOR," which led to such a marked improvement in the manners of resident students, the placard was to be seen dangling ignominiously from a single tack in the right hand corner. A boarder, passing in to breakfast the next morning, was heard to remark with a sigh, "How are the mighty fallen!"

THE 16th of last month was a day of unusual excitement among the Patsey Ironsides, being the birthday of Lady Tabby O'Shockenessy, a most distinguished member of that honorable club. Numerous were the good wishes and tokens of friendship showered upon her by her fond sisters, and the arrival of a box, filled with innumerable delicacies, testified that at her home also that day was remembered. A grand supper, in her honor, was given in the evening, to which a select few were invited. The head of the table (or rather tables) was presided over by Lady Tabby, who acted the part of hostess admirably, while her devoted consort, Lord Jerry, in his capacity as host, cook, and general manager hovered with pleasurable anxiety around his guests and over the fire where a can of sausages was browning. Among the company gathered round the festive board, we noticed the beaming faces and broad smiles of the four "Imps," who had left their retreat to do honor to this gala day of the Patsey Ironsides'. The feast was lingered over, and after all the toasts had been drunk and the really excellent speeches delivered and responded to, Countess Sal Squetchamahawr, M. P. I. C., began a narrative full of thrilling interest, and for more than an hour held her hearers entranced, but at the end of that time, the sound of the bell for retiring broke the spell, and the company dispersed to their respective abodes.

Clippings.

It is stated that England has four universities; France, fifteen; Germany, twenty-two; and Ohio, thirty-seven!

MACAULAY'S MORAL CONSCIOUSNESS.—Macaulay possessed that genuine historical spirit which approximates to a moral consciousness. It would have been impossible for him to have described Marathon as Grote described it, or written of Constantinople as Gibbon wrote of it. Rest he could not until he had seen with his own eyes, and gone over with his own feet the important places and battlefields of his narratives. For this purpose Holland, Belgium, Scotland, Ireland and France were all visited by the indefatigable historian. The notes he made during his tour in Ireland were as long and elaborate as his article on Bacon. He visited Killiecrankie that he might walk up the road which runs by the Garry, and so estimate the time the English army took to defile through the pass. He made a journey from London to Glencoe that he might write little more than a dozen sentences.—*"Masters in History,"* by the Rev. P. Anton.

THERE is nothing like exactness. An officer having to proceed on duty from one station to another, in making out his claim for travelling expenses put down the item, "Porter, 6d;" an item struck out by the War Office. Not being inclined to be defrauded of his sixpence, the officer informed the authorities that the porter had conveyed his baggage from one station to another, and that had he not employed him he must have taken a cab, which would have cost eighteenpence. In reply came an official notification that his claim would be allowed, but instructing him that he ought to have used the term "portorage" instead of "porter." He was determined, however, to have the last word, and wrote back that he was unable to find any precedent for using the word "portorage," but for the future would do so; and at the same time requested to know if he was to use the term "cabbage" when he meant "cab."

A COPY of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary was offered, at a Teacher's Institute in Pennsylvania, to any teacher who would read the following paragraph and pronounce

every word correctly. No one succeeded in earning the dictionary, although nine teachers made the attempt: "A sacriligious son of Belial, who suffered from bronchitis, having exhausted his finances, in order to make good the deficit, resolved to ally himself to a comely, lenient and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race. He accordingly purchased a calliope and a coral necklace of chameleon hue, and securing a suite of rooms at a principal hotel, he engaged the head waiter as his coadjutor. He then despatched a letter of the most unexceptionable caligraphy extant, inviting the young lady to a matinee. She revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrificable to his desires, and sent a polite note of refusal; on receiving which, he procured a carbine and bowie-knife, said he would not forge fetters hymeneal with the queen, went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular vein, and discharged the contents of his carbine into his abdomen. The debris was removed by the coroner."

THE first lady who has passed through the full curriculum at the London School of Medicine for women has recently started for South Africa to take up her post at Livingstonia, Lake Nyassa, as a medical missionary in connection with the Presbyterian Church. Miss Jane E. Waterston was working as a missionary in South Africa for some years. She found, however, her usefulness so much lessened by the want of medical knowledge, that she returned to England in 1874, to qualify herself as a medical practitioner. The foundation of the London School of Medicine for Women gave her the opportunity she needed. She presented herself in due course at the examination for the license to practice medicine, of the King's and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland which are now open to women. Having passed all these examinations most satisfactorily, she is now on the register of the General Medical Council of Great Britain and Ireland as a fully qualified medical practitioner. Her great object in going through this arduous course of study and hospital practice, which occupied nearly five years, was to prepare herself for increased usefulness in her missionary work, and she started early in the summer for her distant sphere of action.—*Sunday at Home.*

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