

Oct 1887



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◇ THE ✠ PORTFOLIO. ◇

VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST.

Vol. 8

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, OCTOBER, 31st, 1887.

No 2.

✠ † The Portfolio. † ✠

Published monthly by the Students of the Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton, Ontario.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

PER ANNUM, ONE DOLLAR. SINGLE COPIES 10 CENTS.

Address all communications to

The Portfolio, - - Hamilton, Ontario.

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

✠ Editorials. ✠

✠ THE advantages of Commercial Union which would obliterate the custom lines between the Maritime Provinces and the New England States; between Ontario and New York; between the Northwestern States and Ontario, via. the Sault; between the Canadian Northwest States and between British Columbia and the American Pacific Coast, must be apparent to every one. The unworked mines, large forests, vast stretches of untilled wheat lands and large areas of fine grazing lands, will offer great inducements for investments of American capital. The result of that investment would be beneficial to Canada, and untold wealth to the capitalist. The idea that commercial union will be followed by annexation is entertained by some people on both sides of the line, but it is noticed that those who are desirous of

commercial union do not, in the least, swerve from their loyalty to the Queen. The Canadians are too well satisfied to wish for annexation, and when we had a limited reciprocity treaty with the States once before, no one thought of annexation, although great satisfaction was felt with the result. The lines separating Canada and the United States are not natural barriers, as the climate and products on either side are the same. Why then should we be afraid of our neighbors and treat them as strangers? No difficulty should be felt in making a tariff policy which would be acceptable to both countries, and settling an equitable arrangement, whereby justice in the matter of revenue would be obtained, for all the parties concerned. An increasing friendliness in the relations between the countries would be the outcome of commercial union and the welfare of both peoples would be promoted.

✠ YOU are not surely thinking of how you feel about studying, girls! It is not a thing that can be thrown aside or taken up at our pleasure. We should be in earnest about our work. We leave home to attend more perfectly to our education, and become conversant with the topics of the times. We cannot afford in these days to lose one moment, for in that time a new invention, or the ideas of an enlightened mind has lessened the toil, or revolutionized the minds of hundreds. We must, if we wish to be of any use or to enjoy ourselves, keep up with the times. We may run ahead, but never lag behind.

Only to-day have we heard of the death of two of our most noted female writers. The loss of Mrs. Craik, (Dinah Maria Mulock,) the authoress, will be felt and sincerely lamented by all who have read her works. The poem "A Stream's

Singing," may be taken as a beautiful illustration of her own life :—

O, how beautiful is Morning!
I'm going forth to battle,
And life's uplands rise before me,

O, how glorious is the Noonday!
I am conquering—I shall conquer
In life's battle field impetuous:

O, how grandly cometh Even!
Like a good King near his end :—
I have labored, I have governed,
Now I feel the gathering shadows
Of the night that closes all things.

Of the death of Lady Brassey we simply know that she died on board the "Sunbeam," and was buried at sea. It seems a fitting resting place for her, who loved the water and from whose pen we have such fine descriptions of her cruising.

* THE lectures on Biblical History, by the Principal, are becoming quite popular. Several citizens are availing themselves of the opportunity to profit by them, and others have signified their intention of doing so. Dr. Burns is well known as an authority on Biblical History, and his lectures indicate great research and deep thought. The Bible is a book that very few people have any knowledge of whatever. The mysteries that are contained in this Book of books are like nuts to be cracked, and sometimes require a good deal of hammering; but when the shell is broke, one is well paid for his efforts. All the great problems of the day find sound maxims and guiding principles in it, and the day is not far distant when all perplexing questions will be settled in the light of the Bible.

Authorship of Shakespeare.

* THE biography of William Shakespeare may now be considered as in the main settled and fixed for all time. Modern research has explored every corner for new facts; all dusty repositories of lost books, old manuscripts, all discoverable archives, have

been ransacked, every known record, monument and relic of the age in which he lived has been thoroughly questioned even to the last trace and tradition of his name and family; and, falling short of genuine data, the most consummate forgeries have been attempted. He is thus delivered down to us as essentially an uneducated man, whether we speak of education in the sense of modern time, or of the sixteenth century, or of the ancient schools. There are some educated men in all times; but the vast difference, however, between the learning and philosophy which the same genius will attain to, in a given time, in any age, with the aid of existing helps, and which he may read without such aid, no man needs to be informed.

It is pretty certain that William Shakespeare had no learning from institutions beyond the primary instruction of the free grammar school of Stratford-on-Avon. His father was so illiterate that he could not write his own name, and executed written instruments by making his mark; and this was the case with his mother.

Apparently attracted by the theatre to London, he went there and took a humble position in it. All the circumstances of his life here exclude the the idea of study and no written composition of his is in existence, belonging to this time, and no proof that he wrote the lampoon on Sir Thomas Lucy, except from tradition. No authentic reference to his connection with the theatre occurs until 1598, when his name is mentioned by Meres as the reputed author of several plays and two of them are printed with his name as author on the title page in that year. No original manuscript of any play, poem, letter or prose composition, in the handwriting of Shakespeare has ever been preserved within the reach of the remotest tradition. He makes no mention of his manuscripts or literary property in his will; nor is there traces of evidence that they ever came into the possession of his executors, or any member of his family.

For the learning of Shakespeare, his knowledge of history and the manners,

customs, and literature of the ancients, his acquaintance with foreign language, his natural science and metaphysical philosophy, his skill in the medical lore of his time, as also the laws of England, his familiarity with the manners of the Court and high society, the vast range of his observation in all the realms of nature and art, as well as in all that pertain to the civil state, or to the affairs of private life, or to the character, passions, and affections of men and women, or to human life and destiny, the subtle profundity of his intellect, and his extraordinary insight into the relations of things, must wholly depend on internal evidence contained in the writings themselves, but for the most part contradicted by his personal history.

Steevens and Malone, after laborious research, undertook to produce a list of the translations of ancient authors, known to have existed in English in the time of Shakespeare, as the source of all his classical erudition; but it falls far short of furnishing a satisfactory explanation of the matter, in our day. It is clear to a scholar that the author drew materials, ideas, and even expressions, from the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides, and even from Plato, no less than from the Latin of Ovid, Virgil, Horace, Seneca, and Tacitus, not mentioning numerous others of the ancient classics, and apparently with the utmost indifference to the question whether they had ever been translated in English or not.

It has been inferred by Mr. Collier that he spent some time in an attorney's office and Lord Chief Justice Campbell comes to this conclusion on the judicial phrases: "On the retrospect I am amazed, not only by their number, but by the accuracy and propriety with which they are uniformly introduced." And he adds: "There is nothing so dangerous as for one not of the craft to tamper with our freemasonry." Not less curious is it observed, that Mr. Hackett, as early as 1859, noticing the numerous metaphysical expressions in the plays, which relates to the flowing of the blood to and from the heart or liver, and which imply, when closely examined, a critical knowledge of the physiology of this subject, as understood by profes-

sional authors down to this day, has actually maintained the proposition that William Shakespeare had anticipated the celebrated Harvey in the discovery of the circulation of the blood. For example:

"Make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse."

Macbeth—Act I, Scene 5.

The German critic, Schlegel, equally amazed at the extent of the knowledge and depth of the philosophy of these plays, considers that the author was one who had mastered "all the the things and relations of this world." In like manner, Jean Paul Richter "would have him buried, if his life were like his writings, with Pythagoras, Plato, Socrates, and the highest nobility of the human race, in the same best consecrated earth of our globe, God's flower-garden in the deep North."

The inference has been given and maintained that Shakespeare never was the author of the wonderful plays attributed to him. His education, opportunities and station, are strongly against any great creations, such as we find all through his works. The argument has been advanced by Miss Delia Bacon, that her ancestor, Lord Bacon, is most probably the author. Lord Bacon was a poet, understood medicine, law, a great classical scholar, and had studied philosophy to a great extent. Expressions frequently occur in Bacon's writings corresponding to those of Shakespeare. But it seems impossible that a man of Bacon's station should demean himself by connection with a play-house. Some urge that the plays were sent under disguise to the theatre and copied out by some unknown hand.

Prof. Goldwin Smith says, "Bacon was an active member of Parliament, a not less active intriguer at Court, a lawyer who attained the summit of his profession, a moral essayist of the first-class, a historian, a writer on jurisprudence, and the founder of the Inductive Philosophy. Yet, there is foisted into his life, which ended at sixty-five, the production on an immense scale of works of imagination, which leave far behind any other efforts of human genius. Moreover, as we believe has been remarked, Bacon was

absolutely incapable of Shakespeare's passion. Bacon's essay on Love is as cold as the "Novum Organon." The only conclusion that we can arrive at, is that we have not a proper conception of the man Shakespeare. When we get a correct account of his life, we will understand the mysteries connected with the authorship of his plays.

FERN, Class '88.

Song of Class '88.

Should you ask me of our school-days
 In the Wesleyan Ladies' College,
 Where so many days we've squandered,
 Where so many hours we've studied,
 Of our well beloved Doctor,
 Of our much respected teachers,
 Of our musical instructors,
 Of our chemical professor,
 Of our big and little boarders,
 Of our tardy and prompt day-scholars,
 Last of all, but not the smallest
 Of the noble six—the seniors,
 Of the seven who next year falter
 In the paths our feet now tread?
 I should answer, I should tell you,
 There is none like to our Doctor,
 There is none who do not love him;
 And to prove it we will borrow
 One of Sam Jones' odd expressions,
 That the six all "bank upon him,"
 "By parenthesis," we say it.
 He is kind like to a father
 And as noble as he's kindly.
 And the teachers, how there wishing
 They could keep us with them always,
 We were ever favorites with them
 As compared with the seven juniors,
 The seven juniors who will next year
 Branch out into full-fledged seniors.
 Green, at first, as any duckling
 When it comes to "THE PORTFOLIO."
 Green, perhaps, as our own senior
 When she said the ancient Goldsmith
 Was our latest poet-laureate.
 Would you think that a young lady
 Bordering upon years of wisdom
 Should mistake the noted Wordsworth
 For the heavy Mr. Goldsmith?
 All our pity, let us mention,
 Is for those upon the French hall.
 Streams of music never ceasing,

Sounding much like "slips tries over;"
 Music not from the professors
 Nor from angel tongues above us.
 'Tis the humdrum and the turmoil,
 And the never ceasing wailing,
 And the roaring and the pounding,
 And the groaning of the students
 Over octaves; and the discords
 Necessarily arising
 From the efforts of the freshies
 From the soph's or from the juniors,
 Never from a blooming senior.
 There are kids among our pupils,
 Kids that come here from the city,
 Those that come from distant countries,
 Some from even past the marshes,
 Past the marshes of our Dundas,
 Some who find the dummy's swiftness
 Much the surest rate of travelling.
 Summing up our many students
 There are those from far and near us,
 Some who come from toward the sunrise,
 Some from where the sun is setting:
 From across the frozen mountains,
 From the warmer torrid countries,
 All to fill our halls of learning.
 All to love their Alma Mater,
 In their turn regret to leave her
 As our class of eight and eighty
 Do regret it most sincerely.

BEZA, CLASS '88.

✧ Twok. ✧

✧ WE Canadians are all confident that our country is to become one of the leading nations in literature as well as in commerce. But while writing this sentence we think of the past, and of the writers this country has produced. We could count them in a few moments. True, but did you ever compare the number of its inhabitants with that of any other country? It is about the same as one city in England, or one-twelfth that of the United States. Then too, ours is a new country, and we have to get it in order. We must have a home to live in, and bread to eat, before we think of literature.

Three or four years ago we had not heard the name of Watson Griffin. Today, we are met on every side with the question, "Have you read Twok?" Yes

we have, and now for a synopsis and what we think of it.

The book is divided into three parts. The first scene is that of an old man dying, and leaving a child in the care of such a woman as few would wish their children to be near. From Buffalo we follow the child, Twok, to Canada; brought by a nameless man to Linklater, a village near Hamilton. The author's description of this village reminds us very much of some we have seen—Everything gloomy and the people but half awake. Here we find her, "one June night when the year seemed to have forgotten that it was summer-time, or to have taken suddenly a shivering at the thought of the next winter," with Joy Cougles and his mother, where she lived until the latter's death.

In the second book, Twok appears as the adopted daughter of the village doctor; but only for a short time. She determines to earn her own living, and runs away. In her wanderings as a child she had found an old man living in a cave, and to him she now flies. In the few days while she remains hidden here, events take place which change the current of her life. Her father, from whom she was taken when a child, has by this time traced her to Linklater, but here the clue is lost. Before Twok is discovered, he is dead, and only in death does she see him. She is now an heiress and in the third book we find her with a Miss Somerville, in Montreal. Here she completes the education begun by Joy. With the money earned by blacksmithing, he attends the Toronto University and takes a degree in medicine. The book ends, as everybody by this time knows, with the engagement of Joy and Twok.

Watson Griffin is what you might call a suggestive writer, in nearly every page we see something upon which it would not be a waste of time to spend some thought. In this book we find ideas that have occupied the minds of the most learned men. One, that of phonetic spelling, is spoken of but is dismissed for what the author considers a better method, viz: that of changing the pronunciation

to make it accord with the spelling. His chief argument for not adopting the first named is, that it would destroy our literature, and the cost of reprinting would be tremendous. Another reason he gives is, that it "would make us forget all the old derivations and so destroy half our understanding of the language." But this, we think, is hardly correct, for in most cases the resemblance of our language to any foreign tongue is in sound and not in spelling.

In reading "Twok," one receives the impression that the story is not uppermost in the mind of the author, but nice distinctions and seeing how many original thoughts can be thrown in. Some of his ideas are,—well, if not original, what would you call them? Take this, for instance, "Looks don't count for much in friendships, but they are everything in love-making." Or, where he makes one of his characters, who is about to hang himself, say, "I've been unlucky here, and now I'm going to start out fresh in the next world."

After reading one of Watson Griffin's books to become acquainted with his style, we think there is plenty of other literature on which we can more profitably spend our time.

†Invention.†

If we consult Worcester or Webster for the exact definition of the term, invention, we are informed that all ingenious contrivances or creations receive the name; that all new combinations of images that have previously existed in the mind are so called.

In early ages, "when wild in the woods the noble savage ran," compliance with the request, "Will you give me a light, please," involved, if the camp-fires had gone out, considerable dexterity and unremitting hard work. Now we have instantaneous light producing contrivances selling at the rate of six hundred for a half-penny.

All the world and his wife have now taken to travelling. Our respected great-grand parents seldom saw the town twenty miles from where they lived. Surely the prophecy, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased," has been fulfilled in the locomotive principles and practices of society.

The invention of the chonograph has made a speech re-producing machine now a reality. The end of the eighteenth century saw but meagre summaries of the parliamentary debates reported. To us, who have electric wires and penny papers, the slowness of communication one hundred years ago would be intolerable.

Project an earlier occupant of this terrestrial sphere upon it now, in this our nineteenth century, then fancy his emotions, as he views for the first time, the railway train whizzing past him at the rate of a mile a minute; as he notes the operations of the mighty engines and machinery; as he watches the ponderous steamboat gliding rapidly by, on the waters that were, in his day, only ruffled by the Red-man's fragile bark, or the more civilized white man's birch canoe.

We live fast in these modern times. Fifty years ago, to cross the Atlantic in thirty days was considered a wonderful achievement, to-day we accomplish it in six days and a half.

But there are other changes that would strike our friend. Mighty forests have entirely disappeared, and the wood, by means of saw-mills, (with their newly invented machinery,) has been converted into timber, and this, in time, into furniture, building materials and other useful articles. He visits our large cotton and woolen manufactories, which in our day are so numerous, and finds the old water-mill almost a thing of the past; steam, the great world civilizer, has taken its place.—Enter the buildings, and instead of hundreds of men working patiently with their old-fashioned hand looms, young girls, by the means of new and improved machinery convert cotton into cloth faster, and of a better quality, than could thousands of last century's men, with

their old hand-looms.

It is hard to realize the great advance of the last fifty years. In the rural parts of America, not many years ago men and women's clothing was actually manufactured in the house where it was to be worn. Weeks of hard labor were expended upon it. To-day, a man could go out in the morning and pick enough cotton for a suit, and astonish his neighbors by appearing in it on the evening of the same day.

A comparatively small expenditure of physical strength will now secure the necessaries of life. The way has been opened to the enjoyment of the luxuries and refinements of life, and to all educational advantages, through our modern inventions.

In olden days the fields of golden grain were harvested by hand, with the laborer's sickle; now we have the steam sickle, saving much time and expense. As this country is pre-eminently an agricultural country, it follows that here the most numerous attempts have been made to produce labor-saving machines. The number of new agricultural inventions which have been patented is so great that in 1869 they reached the number of nineteen hundred. The improvements that have been made in such tools as the shovels, spade and hoe, are so great that they can almost be considered entirely new inventions.

Think, in this connection, how much we owe to steam. James Watt so improved the steam engine as to place a new power in the world; and probably gave to us the greatest service ever rendered to man. Its power has been revolutionizing, drawing after it the steam-boat, rail-way car, and a thousand other great applications. Even down in the mines, where has been the most life-wearing labor, we find new machinery has lifted the load from the shoulders of the poor, over-worked miners, and has given them a chance to find, with other people, some enjoyment in life. The danger of mining was much lessened by Sir Humphry Davy's invention of the miner's safety lamp.

The United States has been pre-eminent in its inventions, making it the leader of the world's civilization to some extent, for we know the most effectual means of enlightening the darker portions of the earth is to bring them into close relationship with the progressive nations. Now since the days of Columbus, all that has been done to facilitate communication between the continents must be credited to America. For example, we have Fulton's steam and sailing vessels; the wonderful invention of Field, the Atlantic Cable, which quickened the speed of inter-communication to lightening velocity. Not many years ago, if any one had ventured to prophecy that there would ever be an instantaneous communication between the continents, he would most probably have been called a 'crank' or an insane person. If civilization could have had the fruits of Field's inventive genius seventy-one years ago, the bloody battle of New Orleans would never have been fought.

Living in an age of literature, as we do, it is somewhat difficult for us to fully realize the great scarcity of books, and the thirst for knowledge which was not to be had in the time of our fore-fathers. Let us first look at the paper which, in those days, was far inferior to what we now have. All modern inventions were, of course, unheard of, and knowing nothing of the manufacture of paper, it was prepared from the inner covering of an Egyptian plant called papyrus. This required much time in preparing it for use; having to be dried and pressed, then polished with a shell of ivory. This, however, was only the commencement of the work that followed, for then came the tedious and tiresome work of copying; all the books being copied by hand. Consequently there were no public libraries, and those who were too poor to possess books, remained in perfect ignorance. When the printing press was introduced into England by William Caxton, in 1474, the world began to be filled with books, till no matter how poor a person might be, he could possess some sort of a library. With the increase of books new authors sprang up improving

the literature of the day. In thinking that nothing improves us more than reading, we can form some idea of what obligation we are under to that greatest of all inventions, the printing press.

We will not dwell longer on the well known modern inventions, chief of which are Bell's telephon. and Morse's telegraph. When we meditate on these last two wonders, we are apt to think proudly that in this enlightened age, there is very little the clever people of the time cannot accomplish. It is true we can safely prophecy far more wonderful discoveries in electricity for the future; yet in our pleasant reflections, let us not grow too puffed up with the thoughts of our own importance (?), but try and remember that "the earth does not weigh one jot more at present than it did when God pronounced it finished."

PENNY, Class '89.

The Autumn Mystery.

What means this glory, shed around
From sunset regions to the east,
These wondrous tints, so rarely found
Except at Oriental feast?

'Tis morning still and see, on high,
Not yet from thence the sun descends,
But 'tis as if the sunset dye
With all the forest verdure blends.

Why is there silence so profound
Through all these high and dreaming hills?
And is it blood, besprinkled round,
Yon fields with floods of crimson fills?

Across the meadows, where gold,
Resplendant, of the sunlight, warms,
By yonder mountain's leafy hold—
What are those scarlet mantled forms;

That beckon with their jewelled hands,
As if a friend they fain would greet,
While purple folds with golden hands
Trail round their silver-sandalled feet?

What mean these shades of filmy white
Wind-wasted past the meadow-bars;
And on the grass, those pearls of light,
In number like the midnight stars?

Where moved the silken-tasselled corn,
 What strange things these, of yellow gold?
 And o'er the glades, at night and morn,
 What spreads a veil of misty fold?

The old mosaic rites are gone—
 Departed days of sacrifice—
 But here, Canadian Forests don
 The priestly robes of purple dyes

Who said that miracles were dead,
 And dimly seen, the Hand Divine:
 When light upon the mountain's head
 Turns all the streams below to wine?

E. B. T.

"New light from an old lamp."

* ON the evening of September 26th, we had the privilege of listening to a lecture given by the Rev. J. Jackson Wray, of London, England. After hearing his eloquent sermons on Sunday, we knew that on Monday evening we should have a treat. He did not disappoint us. The subject was, "New Light from an Old Lamp," or Æsop and his Fables. Having been a student of this merriest and wisest man of ancient times, Mr. Wray considered himself quite well acquainted with his subject. He said that story-telling was a universal taste of mankind; and a story-teller was in demand in the Indian wigwam, as well as in the snow hut of the Esquimaux. A fable differs from an ordinary story in that it must have a moral. The first recorded writing of this kind is in the Book of Judges, where the son of Gideon tells the Israelites of the trees who wished to choose one of their number to rule over them. Æsop's fables have stood the test of 2000 years, and his name may be found in a list of the five most well-known writers. He has had a host of imitators but is king over them all. Many interesting and amusing incidents were related concerning the life of the little hunch-back. Mr. Wray said that he was always very particular about his authority which was in Æsop's case, "they say."

One story was told of him, that when twelve years of age he was sent to a

country house, where a basket of figs were given him to take back to his master; upon his arrival at the town house, Æsop gave the figs to the butler who took them in a wrong fashion, so the master did not receive any. Of course the blame fell upon Æsop. He was just about to be punished when a few minutes respite being granted him—he employed those few minutes in "a way that was somewhat peculiar," namely: in drinking a glass of luke-warm water. He then asked that the butler be made to do the same. In this cunning way he proved his innocence.

Another story was the well-known episode of the "Tongues," which Æsop provided for his master's feast, and which represented both the best things and the worst things in the world. Of the latter quality the slave said: "There is nothing in hell worse than the tongue. It breaks human hearts; it separates a nation into parties; it even blasphemes its gods." Johnson said, "Death and life are in the power of the tongue." Mr. Wray then gave a bit of advice on the subject in the following rhyme:

If you your lips would keep from slips,
 Five things observe with care:
 Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
 And how, and when, and where.

In concluding, the speaker said he would endeavor to draw a lesson from one of the first fables he had ever learned: "The Cricket and the Ant." The Chinese have a proverb somewhat similar, "The way to get the jaws out of work is to let the hands hang down." In Spanish they say, "There is many a man who refuses waste meat will be glad to get a smell of it cooking." The Dutchman has it, "When the lazy farmer has his mind thoroughly made up as to how much a pound he will charge for his butter, the market is over." The Scotchman says: "Have a care, my friend, that there is plenty of meal in the barrel before you bring your mouth to the porridge basin." From the West Coast of Zealand, come the words, "The day when the storm blows hard is not the day to thatch your cabin." In Wales it is, "You never hear the clock tick till it stops." In conclusion he quoted a homely English proverb,

"He who gapes till he be fed, will likely gape till he be dead." In applying these proverbs, which all mean the same though told in different ways, he said: "Never aim to occupy a place you are not competent for; never undertake an expense that your purse won't pay; and keep thou a shilling at the bottom of thy pocket till next week's wages is drawn."

+ Socials. +

ONCE more the fall is with us and as a necessary out-growth comes the "Fair." But this word seems too small to convey to the mind an idea of what our exhibitions are like. Since we spent only three hours on the grounds, we will not attempt to tell what we saw.

We are quite pleased that one of our number has decided upon taking violin lessons. Prof. Bauman is instructing Miss Ferris in this art.

Girls, you should not wait any longer before becoming members of the reading-room. In the papers found there you will find all the news of the day. The library contains useful books of reference, as well as those that are read for pleasure. At college is the time to acquire the habit of reading good literature.

From the great North-West, from the distant States and from the Maritime Provinces, they come. We are glad to have Miss Sutcliffe, Nova Scotia, who has entered class '89. In this class are three Americans, and one of the Seniors belongs to Uncle Sam.

We would advise the students, when out shopping, to patronize those who advertise in the "PORT."

Wednesday evening, October 12th, we attended Dr. Butler's lecture on the "Sepoy Rebellion." Numbers of the girls went supplied with paper and pencils, but where are the notes? We have repeatedly heard it said that Dr. Butler made his remarks so interesting that it was impossible to take notes. The writer herself wrote her first thought and then

throwing paper aside gave herself up to full enjoyment.

A box arriving one day within these walls, created great excitement. The first thought of the openers was that they might rest their weary eyes upon a box of creams, but alas, for the happy vision it vanished, when they beheld—a rat. Sleepless nights have been passed ever since by the occupants of the room in which it has been kept.

One of our seniors, while trying to enlighten the clouded mind of a specialist by talking to her about the "Taming of the Shrew," was astonished to hear her exclaim, "O yes, I remember, that is one of Shakespeare's dramadies, isn't it?"

In our next issue we wish to publish the whereabouts of the members of class '87. If any person, reading this, can give the desired information, and would kindly write to any member of class '88, they will greatly oblige us.

The seniors of this year do not seem to be appreciated, as the most dignified member was lately so startled by the question, "Why are you a senior?" that for the moment she almost forgot herself; but when her questioner continued "Who are the seniors anyway?" she saw that all her efforts to uphold the reputation of her class, were in vain.

Teacher.—"Miss, can you tell me who was poet-laureate before Tennyson?"

Bright Student.—"Goldsmith." But upon seeing the smiling faces of her classmates, she in desperation added, "Er-er I think it was Cowper."

+ Marriages. +

CREWS—HOPKINS.—On Wednesday, October 12th, '87, at the residence of the bride's father, Brownsville, Rev. H. W. Crews, B.A., to Miss Minnie A. Hopkins, class '86.

GRIFFIN—SMITH.—On Thursday, Sept. 24th, 1887, at residence of the bride's mother, Sparta, Mr. Frank Griffin, to Miss Belle G. Smith, class '82.

SPENCER—WOOD.—On Wednesday evening, Oct. 5th, 1887, at the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr. McCormick, London, C. Norman Spencer, to Mamie M. Wood.

BURKHOLDER—GAGE.—On Wednesday, Oct. 5th, '87 at the residence of the bride's father, Harry F. Burkholder, to Maggie M. Gage.

How often we have heard the statement that the graduates of the W. L. C. never find any man inclined to burden himself with so much learning. This, if true, would be rather complimentary than otherwise, to the faculty.

Our wishes for the future happiness of these eight persons, though rather tardy, are not the less sincere.

✦ Exchanges. ✦

"We are nothing if not critical."—*Shakespeare.*

We are happy to have so good an exchange as "The Student" gives promise of being. The articles are short and spicy, showing a good deal of insight into human nature. "How to Win," is interesting and offers good advice. One feature easily seen, is the financial embarrassment, at least, judging from the editorial column.

The "Duckies," of the "PORTFOLIO" are completely overwhelmed by the brilliant and witty (?) remarks of the talented critic of the "Niagara Index." His critical notices are of a highly edifying character, and illustrate a fine type of the "would-be-smart" college boy, who, in his own estimation at least, knows everything worth knowing; and like the Publican, he is so thankful that he is not like other men. In our estimation, the "giddy stuff" of the "girlies" might possibly be equal in value to the conceited outbursts of the critic who fills his articles so full of slang that only a "tough," accomplished in nothing but slangy effusions, could appreciate them.

We are pleased to receive "The Argosy," from Sackville, N.B. The essays are well written, and the one entitled "The University Re-opened," is quite original.

In the "Normal News" is a very pleasing article on "The Dignity of Music."

If the continuation of "Notes From the Attic," in "The Tuftonian," is as interesting as the first installment it will be quite a treat. We are anxious to hear more about "Mart," "Psychic," and "Mike."

The Oct. number of "The Dartmouth" has reached us, but we must confess to disappointment. More than half its pages being filled with personals, locals, &c.

We find in it, besides the editorials, only two short stories, neither of which seems original. We would strongly advise the editors of "The Dartmouth" to put a little more original matter in their paper.

The Religion of Labor.

✧ "THE silver tongued orator of Michigan," Mr. Frank M. Fogg, delivered an address to a large audience in the Opera House, Sunday afternoon, October 2nd, on the Religion of the Labor Movement. In the course of his remarks, he urged the necessity of giving the laboring man a labor holiday, as in many places men are making a holiday of Sunday and going on pleasure excursions, enjoying themselves as best they may, and stopping away from the house of worship. In Russia, the Greek church has exercised such tyranny, that educated men have been driven to call into effect the principles of assassination. Affairs have reached such a point there, that Wendall Phillips has said, "If I were in Russia I would be a Nihilist." There is something wrong when men, women and children are driven from their homes, such as the people of Ireland and the crofters of Scotland have experienced. This is not Christianity; it is not even religion. All the great civil wars were fought for creed, not for the Bible. The religion of the labor movement is toleration. If a person does right, it makes no difference whether he be a Catholic, Protestant, Baptist, or Presbyterian, one denomination is as good as another.

Large factories stem the tide of education, as they take the young children out of the schools. What good are the free schools of our country to such?

In travelling through Maderia and the civilized parts of Africa. beggars and thieves were abundant, because the rulers must be supported, who could not make a living in their own country. In the West Soudan the negroes were uncivilized but honest.

(To be continued next month.)

DR. SINCLAIR, 

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