

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Miss Marjorie Campbell.

The pretty picture which adorns this page of this issue is very like the charming original—the young mistress of Government House, Toronto. Toronto society has been singularly fortunate in having, as its official head, one whose graces of mind and person are such as to win for her at once, esteem and admiration. Miss Campbell has had many arduous social duties to perform, many trying positions to fill, much public scrutiny to bear and through all has won golden opinions from everyone. She has borne herself with much rare dignity and sweetness, showed unflinching tact and kindness. That her charm of manner, her winning smile and more than pretty face should gain her popularity is not surprising. It is, however, still pleasanter to know her claims to consideration rest on a higher basis, that Miss Campbell has now many loyal and worthy friends because of her own loyalty, her own worthiness.

Miss Campbell was born in Kingston, Ontario, and lived there as a child. Her life has been very uneventful, and a daily routine of lessons with a governess was the most noticeable part of this period of her existence. A subsequent life at Ottawa threw her into the midst of Ottawa society with its alternating gaieties and quietness. From there, where everyone knows everyone else, where warm friendships can be fed by constant intercourse, it was a decided change to the rush and hurry of Toronto life. Hither, when Sir Alexander Campbell was appointed Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, came with him his young daughter, the subject of this sketch. And here until now she has lived in the semi-public, semi-private position of mistress of Government House. The serious illness of Sir Alexander has put an end, for this season, to its usual gaieties, and the Campbells have been able to do little or no entertaining. Everyone sympathizes with the trouble which has thus fallen upon Miss Campbell, and feels for her in the awful anxiety and nervous strain she has undergone.

With the spring, the term of the present Lieutenant Governor will be over, and much sorrow will be felt that the charming presence of Miss Marjorie as hostess will be missed from this centre of social life. Holmes' lines:—

"The very flowers that bend and meet
In sweetening others grow more sweet"

Can surely be said of her. She is fond of going out of meeting people, and then in her quiet hours, of reading.

"I do not see how people get along without reading" she says, and the writer does not see either. The portrait we give does injustice in one respect. The bright hair and pretty coloring can only be guessed at, but none who has seen Miss Campbell will forget either. It is to be hoped the Campbells will make their home in Toronto, and that Miss Campbell will be, as hitherto, part of social life in Toronto.

MADGE ROBERTSON.

Our English Letter.

(From our own Correspondent.)

LONDON, April 6th, 1892.

Since I last wrote to you I seem to have been in a rush of engagements from morning to night, and as you are pleased to say you like to have a full account of all my doings, I suppose I cannot do better than commence my letter by telling you of some of the places I have visited. It is a generally accepted fact isn't it? that a wedding is one of the most interesting sights to all women; I do not quite agree with this, nevertheless I was much interested in a wedding at which I was present on February 29; by the way, what a strange day to choose for one's wedding day. The bride was Miss Villiers Palmer and the bridegroom, Mr. H. A. Wellesley grand-nephew of the great Duke of Wellington. The wedding was an exceptionally pretty one I thought, and I admired the bride's and bridesmaids' gowns greatly, the former was especially handsome, rich, white duchesse satin draped with rare old Brussels lace, the court train fell from the shoulders in a Watteau pleat and the bodice was slightly open at the neck with a high collar at the back. The bridesmaid's dresses were somewhat uncommon being of light grey crepon trimmed with yellow faille and grey chenille, the hats were to match, and the bouquets were lovely, of mimosa and tulips. I think yellow and grey form a charming combination of colour if both shades are judiciously chosen, which they are not sometimes, and then the effect is the reverse of pleasing. You will be surprised to hear that I have been to the pantomime at Drury Lane. As you know, I do not care for pantomimes, and certainly I was a long time making up my mind to go to this particular one; but everyone spoke of Humpty Dumpty as the greatest of Sir Augustus Harris's many successes, and I felt I really must be in the fashion and go to see it also. I must confess this "marvellous spectacle," as the papers call it, has not caused me to change my opinion of pantomimes in general. Humpty Dumpty is full of fun, beautiful scenery and dresses and artistic groupings, but there is decidedly too much of the music hall element to suit my fastidious taste. Some of the dances are really lovely, especially one by a number of girls clad in the softest, lightest, and palest of yellow silk draperies; I cannot pretend to admire the dancing of the leading lady however, it is better described as capering and kicking. There was a "Procession of the Nations" which was very fine, the costumes worn by the girls representing the different countries were extremely handsome. I was amused at the various degrees of enthusiasm with which the different nations were greeted by the occupants of the pit and gallery, next to England, Stars and Stripes came in for the largest amount of cheering, France was very popular, Germany was greeted with much hissing as well as cheering, opinions being obviously divided in this case, poor Russia received overwhelming hisses, groans and hootings. Sometime since I read a very interest-

ing account of Sir Augustus Harris and this same pantomime in one of our monthly magazines and as you are not likely to see this article I will favour you with a few items contained therein which may be amusing. I was considerably astonished at the enormous cost of producing a pantomime. The dresses and scenery cost from £16,000 to £20,000 and a big procession means £5,000 more. The amount paid weekly in salaries amounts to a small fortune, a good principal boy getting from £60 to £100, dancers and clowns, £30 to £50; many other salaries vary from £45 to £10 a week each, while members of the ballet get £30; besides all these there are the carpenters, property-men, gas and electric light men, lime light men, dressers, paint room artist, orchestra, etc., to be paid. Just imagine it! The preparations for a pantomime at Drury's Lane extend over twelve months and everything is made on the spot, as soon as one pantomime is fairly started, the one for the next year is decided on and work begins. It must be a very busy scene in each of the different workrooms; there is the modelling or property room, where all the heads or masks are made, here over five hundred-weight of paper, three tons of clay, and over ten tons of plaster of Paris is used for a single pantomime. There are the dress-making departments where a hundred women are busy sewing, some of the brocades they use cost as much as fifteen guineas a yard, and there are the painting rooms where everything, paint-pots, brushes, canvasses, etc., are on an enormous scale. But enough about pantomimes. Last week I paid a visit to the Electric Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, and I have never seen the place look better, it seemed a perfect fairy land of light. I had not realized until I went there what a wonderful future there is in store for electricity; even now its uses are so many that one begins to wonder what will not be done by electricity in the years to come. What particularly took my fancy, was a most artistically arranged



Marjorie Campbell

dinner table, which I must describe to you. The centre was occupied by a diminutive lake with several fountains, the banks of this lake were formed of lovely natural flowers, moss and ferns; artfully interspersed among these were many tiny jets of electric light while on the lake itself were miniature water-lilies each with a star of light in the centre; as you may imagine the effect was very beautiful.

The time of spring exhibitions is now upon us and I have been to one or two private views, but I hope you do not expect me to describe any of the pictures, that would be quite impossible. Judging from my own experience I should say very few people, if any, ever do see the pictures at a private view; the principal, I was going to say sole object, seems to be then to see the people and talk to one's friend, certainly the occasion is a splendid one for noticing the latest fashions. In my next letter I will try to tell you something about the pictures when I have really seen them, especially those at the Dudley gallery and Royal Institute. Now that I have given you some account of how I have been amusing myself lately, I expect you will like to have some more general news. Well! to begin with Royalty. The Queen is to start for Hyeres on the 19th; her departure has been somewhat delayed owing to the rather sudden death of her son-in-law the Grand Duke of Hesse. The Duke had always been a great favorite with all the members of the Royal family, but especially with the Queen who was deeply attached to him, and who grieves greatly at his death. Apropos of the Queen's visit to Hyeres, I wonder if you know the amount and the variety of the luggage which accompanies or rather precedes her Majesty. A certain number of horses and carriages and her Majesty's garden chair with the favorite donkey which draws it, have already been sent from Windsor, as well as nearly all the furniture for her own bedroom and several articles for her private sitting room, a large case of photos, two boxes of books, plate, glass, china, and an immense parcel of

stationery. It is arranged for a messenger to leave London every evening for Hyeres while the Queen is there, conveying the Cabinet boxes, despatches, and her Majesty's private correspondence. A messenger will arrive in London from Hyeres every morning except Sunday, so by these arrangements there will be no delay in the transaction of public business. I hear the Empress Eugenie is likely to pay the Queen a visit while in France. Is it not strange? the firm friendship between these two royal ladies? I should imagine in their younger days there could not have been found two beings with more widely different characters, it is surely sorrow which has drawn them so much together of recent years. I believe the Empress was much attached to the late Duke of Clarence and he was to have benefited under her will. I must tell you that "The Gordon Boys' Home" and "The Home for Crippled Boys" have each received £500 up to the end of February as the proceeds of the sale of Canon Flemming's sermon, of which I spoke in a former letter. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their family are now at Mentone and are enjoying lovely, balmy spring weather. I know you agree with me in disliking excessive mourning, so you will be glad to hear that the Princess of Wales has set the fashion of wearing comparatively little crape. I noticed the young princesses had no crape on their dresses or jackets, merely a little in their hats.

The Duchess of Edinburgh has never been a favorite of mine she is so far less affable than our own princesses, that she has never been very popular; lately there has been a good deal of comment on her almost constant absence from Devenport where the Duke has the naval command. The real reason for this seems to be that the official residence of the Duke is not at all adapted to the requirements of royalty. Why, there is not even a drive up to the door, or a courtyard, and her Royal Highness is obliged to step from the door into the carriage when she goes out driving, while on the pavement which she has to cross is invariably collected a small and vulgar crowd.

There are some charming, original sketches in the Paris "Figaro" of last week about some of the sovereigns of Europe. The King and Queen of Greece are described as a most united pair, they have seven children, the youngest only three years of age, they have been married 25 years and according to the article "their love is as firm and true as in the first days of their honeymoon." The Queen of Portugal is amusingly described as most domesticated and as being looked down upon by most of the nobility because she makes her own hats and bonnets and looks after her children as any middle class mother might do. In my letter I must tell you something about the King and Queen of Italy, I hear they are likely to be the guests of the Queen at Osborne towards the end of the season, so I suppose there will be "grand doings" in their honor. Probably you will like to hear something more about the Duke of Hesse, but I will also reserve that topic for my next.

The "Great Pearl Case" as it is called over here is ended at last, and poor, miserable Mrs Osborne is sentenced to nine months' imprisonment with such hard labor as her condition will allow, of course the fame, or rather the shame of the case has reached your side of the world, so I need not tell you much about it. Poor, miserable woman! of course no one can help blaming her and probably her punishment is no worse than the crime deserves, nevertheless our blame must turn to pity when we consider what her mental sufferings must have been and will be, if she lives through the next few months which seems to me very doubtful. It is reported that she is now in the prison infirmary and suffering from epileptic hysteria. I cannot help thinking that Mrs Osborne was captured under false pretences. She offered to return to England on the understanding that she was to be tried for a certain offence. When, however, this hunted woman was kidnapped, in a manner as contemptible as it was dishonorable, the government caused her to be arraigned on another charge—that of perjury. One cannot take up a paper without reading eulogies on Captain Osborne's behaviour to his unhappy wife; whenever I read any of these I cannot help feeling that it does not speak well for English manhood to insinuate that his conduct is exceptional in any way. Alas! we live in days of slack marriage ties and want of chivalry, or Captain Osborne's conduct would not be spoken of as "heroism."

What do you think of this cool piece of impudence? The advertisement appeared in the *Evening News* of March 2nd. "Gentleman (young) wishes for an immediate marriage; lady must have means and be willing to help advertiser out of financial difficulties. Fullest particulars to X etc. etc." I have no doubt the advertiser is not singular in his requirements, but even young gentleman are not often so outspoken. I wonder how many answers he received, don't you? Have you heard of the wonderful green carnations, which have been the rage in Paris for some time! I call it a monstrosity, certainly more curious than pretty. It is a bright arsenic green, at least the petals are, the calyx, buds and leaves being their natural color. I must tell you how the recipe for making white flowers green was discovered. It was quite by accident. A young artificial flower-maker in Paris, received a bundle of carnations, as a present, while she was at work, and in order to keep them fresh she placed them in a glass of water, which she was using in her business and which was highly colored with some green pigment. The next day she found all the white flowers transformed to a bright arsenic green, which forthwith became the new floral novelty. Talking of Paris reminds me to mention there seems to be quite a reign of Terror in the gay capital at the present time. There have been several very serious dynamite explosions, reminding one of the work of the Fenians in London some years ago; they are supposed to be the work of the Paris Anarchists, who have a never ending supply of grievances, which they mean to ventilate on the "First of May" next. By-the-way, did I ever tell you of my delightful trip to Paris six months ago? if not I must tell you of some of my "impressions" in a future letter, for I think this one has reached its usual limits now, so good-bye.

ANNIE VAUGHAN.