

THE
Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

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EDITED BY

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Special Notice.

All communications of a Business Nature relating to Competitions and Remittances must be addressed and made payable ONLY to the order of the LADIES PICTORIAL CO., and NOT to the Editor.

An extra charge will be made for boxing and packing charges on all prizes and premiums given by us.

IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be glad to receive from photographers and artists in all parts of the country photographs and sketches of persons, objects, and events of interest; and for such as may be used satisfactory compensation will be made. To save time, photographs can be sent unmounted.

Children's Costumes at the W. E. Sanford Manufacturing Co.

We are indebted to the W. E. Sanford Manufacturing Co., of Hamilton, who make a specialty of Fine Youth's and Children's Clothing, for supplying material to our artist for the sketches on page 281. The well-known Senator Sanford is the president of this company, which is the most extensive in the Dominion employing over 1,500 people, their 16 travellers covering the ground from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They have branches at Winnipeg, Victoria, and Toronto, and their goods are to be found in every town and city in Canada. The Toronto Agency will shortly be removed to new and commodious premises in the Merchants' Building, No. 50 Bay St. Of the costume sketched No. 1 is a serge school suit, double-breasted, with a sailor collar, box back and is braided on the cuffs and collar. No. 2 is a small full dress child's costume with white silk waist-coat, collar and cuffs, the material being corkscrew worsted. No. 3 is the latest style now being worn in the States and is made in Scotch tweed with patch pockets. No. 4 is a grey serge sailor suit and is a Parisian novelty likely to be in great demand this season. No. 5 is a dress suit in dark blue silk velvet, braided down the front, on the cuffs and knickers.

Hon. Alexander MacKenzie.

Canada mourns for Alexander MacKenzie, a great and good man has passed away, he leaves behind him the record of a useful and honorable career. Others have told and will tell the story of his life, of his unyielding grasp of the principles of Free Trade. Of his able and wise administration of the affairs of his country, of his unflinching honesty and unselfish labors in the performance of his duties, of his faithful and conscientious devotion to his party, and, later, unfeebled by ill-health, of his bearing the discouragements of continual defeat and seeing his hopes no nearer realization. Most men would have sunk under it, but not the brave old chieftain with courage undaunted, the old banner in his firm grasp, the old battle-cry on his lips, unflinching, unconquered he died with his face to the foe. We pay tribute to the great man. We grieve the loss of the good man, but the world is better that he has lived in it. But not only as statesman and citizen is he mourned to-day. Alas for the desolate home where grief stricken hearts sorrow for the husband and Father. The house is still with that awful quiet so many of us know. The hands recently so busy may be idle now. There seems nothing to do. We would not intrude on the sacred precincts of this house of sorrow, but perhaps another woman may venture to say to the sorrowing wife, that she is remembered to-day with loving sympathy by many who know it all. And if it be any comfort to know that her wifely devotion and unselfish attention to her husband's interests have earned for her the esteem and respect of the Women of Canada, she may confidently take that comfort.

As wife of the Premier of the Dominion, Mrs. MacKenzie's unflinching courtesy won for her the goodwill and admiration of all who came in contact with her. She has been a help-mate indeed to her distinguished husband. "His heart safely trusted in her." In prosperity she sympathized in all that concerned him, and did her part, no easy one, with a grace and sweetness that will long be

remembered. When darker days dawned she was at his side to comfort and solace him with true wifely love. When suffering and death became his lot, she upheld and sustained him. Enduring with unflinching patience both severe bodily fatigue and mental strain, as wife and woman we honor and revere her.

Visitors to the Sanctum.



"GOOD gracious!" said Flips "I have been hunting the town for you. Don't you know that this is your morning for Miss Siddings' class?" "There!" I said "I knew I started out to go somewhere." Flip groaned.

"You are the most absolutely helpless person I ever knew. You cannot keep an appointment in your head five minutes. Come on now as quickly as you can."

I naturally resented her remarks and endeavored to justify myself. But she rushed me along and would not listen to a word. We got to Miss Siddings—I am sure I shall never know how—and joined the ranks.

As everyone knows, Miss Siddings is the practical exponent of Mrs. Miller's theories. She carries out in her exercises what Mrs. Miller expounded in theory on the lecture platform. The exercises were in full blast as we entered and took off our wraps. So Flips and I stood in rows with the others and made our hands lifeless, and threw our arms around and piroquetted on our toes and bent double. Thus did we. Thus did the others. Thus did Miss Siddings—only a great deal better. It is a treat to a lover of grace and skill to watch her. Each notion is so lithe, so graceful, apparently so easy and unstudied.

Physical perfection, perfect development is more delightful to me than I can ever tell. It means so much. It means not only health, but a well balanced mind, not only a good digestion but good temper. The rare pleasure one derives from the contemplation of bodily excellence whether it be of grace, beauty, strength or suppleness is apt to be here ministered to from all of these as exemplified in the teacher of physical culture. Miss Siddings is indeed a worthy model to her pupils. Moreover—and this is to my mind the best aspect of her training—one feels that the exercises are founded on a round hygienic basis, that they are given systematically and with regard to the law of development, that careful attention is paid to the powers of the pupils that no over straining may take place.

I have not time to tell of all we did that morning nor of what I think of Miss Siddings' work. But I feel sure that it is a good work, that the teacher knows whereof she speaks, that the sick and weakly, as well as the strong and awkward will find themselves greatly helped by the exercises. Miss Siddings tells of many life-long diseases cured, of delicate women made strong, of clumsy women made graceful.

She is going to the larger Canadian towns next fall, and as one who knows of the blessings she has bestowed, I can hope for you all that it may be your town she goes to. If she never did anything else—and I believe she does very much more—if she succeeded elsewhere, as she has succeeded in Toronto, in inducing women to adopt a more healthful style of dress, she has achieved a great result.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am knocking at the door of your sanctum. Will you admit a "Fairy Grandmother?" Your tender heart and clever wits are not agreed upon the returning of MSS. And from sympathy, I have come so near the centre of civilized life, to aid you with a little plan, that will unite wit and heart in this your most urgent need. Pick out some of the best points in the MSS. and inform the author to write next time "just like that," for the future. Next let the heart have a chance to speak. Tell him not to be discouraged. A brave heart, and so on. You know there are millions of dew-drops waiting to fall, even on the dusty weeds by the way-side. And there are just as many helpful words in a tender heart. Hard gold may answer for a number of things in this world, but kind words are the sunshine of life. Before making my little nod, I would ask may I come again when you feel wretched? Dogs never notice me, and I am not afraid of bears, they like honey and I am supplied for an emergency. Your

FAIRY GRANDMOTHER.

"Fairy Godmother" will always be welcome in the Sanctum, and the Editor will take her advice. I am always glad to discuss their productions with the authors, unless I can find nothing pleasant to say about them. In that case I must utterly decline. I do not mind pitching into a nation, a government, society, or institutions, but to tell people to their faces that their MSS is wretchedly

poor?—No thank you. Truth is mighty, but vastly unpleasant at times. But where I can honestly point out good things I shall gladly do so, and "Fairy Godmother" may be sure that the Editor knows the value of kind words. She has received so many from the kindly visitors to the sanctum that she would be ungrateful indeed if she were not willing to pass these on to other writers. Some of us are new in the struggle. Others have spent weary years in vain endeavor to make success crown honest effort, to get even a hearing for words from the heart, to keep sharp poverty from the very hearth-stone. Others have tasted the apple of fame and found it bitter. But we can all say with one accord that what has made the struggle less wearisome, has been the sympathy, the counsel, and the help of loving and tender hearts.

SOME of you are writers to magazines and know the meaning of rejected MSS, and are doubtless familiar with the printed slip which usually accompanies the returned. It takes a long time for true greatness to be recognized, and in my "salad days" before I became an Editor these little slips were quite familiar. They did not exactly form the bulk of my correspondence, but I can at all events testify as to the authenticity of the fac-similes of such as appear from time to time in stories of young and struggling artists. Well, this all tends to the story I am about to tell. Once I received a letter from an Editor of a well-known American magazine. This is what he said:

DEAR MADAM:—We should be glad to use the enclosed but two readers reported against it while praising it. We shall be glad to hear from you again and would draw your attention to our prize story competition &c. &c."

I wanted awfully to reply to that letter and ask if those two readers expected an angel from heaven to come down and write short stories for them. The Editor carefully suppressed their names and the enigmatic phrase "reported against it while praising it," was a paradox which one hardly knew how to take. I could not take comfort to my soul in the thought that their literary taste was atrocious because they "praised" my production! Nor could I get down on my knees and thank them humbly for praising it because they had "reported against" my manuscript! The frowns and smiles that wrinkled my face at intervals during that day according as I gazed at "the rejected" or at flattering parts of the letter, caused me to be called capricious for some time to come. I shall always regret that I did not communicate some disparaging remarks about these two readers. I trust they may see this but it is doubtful if they peruse good literature, so perverted seems to be their good taste. But it is a consolation to have told the story to to some one at last.

Madge Robertson

Our English Letter.

(From our own Correspondent.)

LONDON, April 20th, 1892.

This has been one of the dullest of dull weeks in London, so I do not know what news I shall find to fill up my weekly budget. There has not even been a "First Night" at any of the theatres, and, being Lent, few people are giving dances, balls, etc. You see royalty is out of town, which makes all the difference; not that any members of the royal family could have contributed to any of the usual season's festivities by their presence this spring, had they been in London; but they have set the fashion of going to the Riviera, so every one who possibly can must go too. I am sorry to hear that the Queen has not been looking well of late; she has been particularly depressed ever since the death of the Duke of Clarence, and the fresh shock of the death of her favorite son-in-law, the Duke of Hesse, has increased her low spirits. She is said to indulge in fits of silent weeping, and does not care to converse, although she is as assiduous as ever in the performance of all her duties connected with state affairs. I sincerely hope the change of air and scene at Hyeres will be beneficial, and that Her Majesty will return in her usual health and looking less sad and aged; her visit is to extend to April 24th, or thereabouts.

People are beginning to talk about preparations for the drawing-rooms to be held in May. I learn on very good authority that the number and conditions of the presentation will be very restricted. The cards issued by the Lord Chamberlain will be as few as possible; only one presentation in a family will be allowed; foreigners and debutants from the colonies are to have the preference if the total number of applications exceeds that which will be sanctioned for each drawing-room.

There seems to be no very good accounts of any of the royal personages who are seeking the restoration of their health on the Riviera. Prince George seems to have benefitted already by the change, and I learn from some one who has seen them at Cap Martin that it is really touching to see the anxious solicitude which the Prince of Wales now shows for his son; they are always to be seen together, and are fond of taking long walks about the lovely neighborhood. Unfortunately, for the past week the winds have been exceptionally strong and cold, and Cap Martin lies high and is much exposed to their force. On this account Princess Maud has often been obliged to remain indoors. You know she is rather delicate, and has been for some time in a far from satisfactory state. She is what we may call the most "progressive" of the Prince of Wales' daughters, has strong opinions about the etiquette of the court, and would much prefer a drive on the top of an omnibus through the London streets to the orthodox drive in the park in her