

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.

Costumes at Messrs. W. M. Stitt & Co's.

We this week publish a page of sketches selected from a large number of dresses shown us when visiting this well-known firm. The left hand article is a strictly tailor-made gown in oatmeal cloth, moonlight flock with royal silk facing and vest, the revers being edged with moss trimming and large crochet buttons. The middle one is a princess gown in striped chevrot, side forms inserted of vieux rose velvet Byzantine belt and yoke of iridescent passementerie. Hat made of Chiffon and ostrich edging. The third costume is a bride's going away dress, of Booche cloth trimmed with a puffing of velvet, headed with a band of opal passementerie. The hat is made of crepan and the crown of passementerie. It has long velvet ties reaching to the foot of the skirt. We are sorry space does not permit us to give our readers some further sketches of the pretty dresses we saw, the more so as all the costumes shown are made on the premises of the firm.

"A Russian Honeymoon," at the Academy.

Mrs. Burton Harrison's three act comedy was performed at the Academy of Music on April 22nd and 23rd, by the Toronto Amateur Dramatic Club. The following was the cast:

Poleska, wife of Alexis	- - -	Miss Jardine Thompson
Alexis Petrovich, a journeyman, after ward Gustave Count Woroffski	} Mr. Gerald Donaldson.	
Baroness Vladimir, his sister	- - -	Miss Amy G. Ince
Ivan, a master shoemaker	- - -	Mr. Wm. Kirkpatrick
Michelene, his daughter	- - -	Miss Beatrice Roberts
Koulikoff Demetrovich, attendant of Woroffski estate	} Mr. Lyons Foster	
Osip, a young peasant	- - -	Mr. G. Foster
Guards	- - -	Messrs. Gibson and Mackenzie

The company gave a capital rendering of the piece, the acting of Miss Jardine Thompson and Mr. Gerald Donaldson in the parts of the heroine and hero being much above the average of amateur performances. They were ably supported by the rest of the company. On page 263 will be found some sketches, by our artist, of the principal characters of the play.

Walt. Whitman.

The death of the man whom the world ridiculed, and of the poet whom it left unread, has stopped carping criticism for the time being. That kindly efforts should be made to find the noblest and best in all he has written, is only natural. That attempts and vigorous ones should be entered into to give him his place among poets, and in the literature of the world is to be expected. But that both shall be found impossible is quite probable. The lack of ballast of completeness and of meaning, in many of his poems throws the estimator at once on the defensive. It is not impossible to avoid seeing greatness when it stares you in the face—unless personal smallness acts as a blinder—but it arouses all one's antagonism to see rank gibberish flouting its grimacing countenance over its shoulder. There side by side on the same page are nonsense and loftiness, silly wilful obscurity and such a depth of human tenderness that the eyes are filled. So much must every one see in a most cursory reading of "Leaves of Grass." "The good grey poet," is thus ar fixed in our mental house as an ungainly piece of furniture,

warranted indeed to stand wear and tear, but having many unpleasant features and ornaments about it.

But in this era of classification and comparison each man of letters, as each article of furniture, must belong to a set. It is not for nothing that there are Queen Anne poets and Queen Anne chairs. Further, he must be in a proportion of some kind, better or worse, than some one else. Unless indeed he be, as many admirers of Whitman say, a unique piece of furniture, a pioneer of a new civilization. In the latter case, the task of giving him his place is not so hard. One has but to find the grand central idea of his poetry, to bring universal harmony out of a confused medley of principle and actions, to reduce the chaos of genius, to its first principles, whether such be the whole of modern life or not and the thing is done. Like Shakespeare, like Cowper, like Burns, like Woodsworth, like Browning, he is stamped forever as the advance guard of an army of similar poets, each of whom may or may not outstrip his great master.

But failing this distinction—and we, of this age, are not in a position to state what will be said of him in the next—Whitman's claim, even as a brother poet of the great ones, of the other is too valid to be set aside for an instant. His is a work of nature, certainly not of art. As Earnest Rys says of him, "Apart from any literary qualities or excellences what needs to have all stress laid upon it, is the urgent, intimate, personal influence that Walt. Whitman exerts upon those who approach him with sympathy and healthy feeling." What is the root of the matter, and what makes criticism so valueless, is that no two people approach Whitman any more than they do any other poet, with precisely the same feeling toward him, or precisely the same nature to be affected by him. A poet has to play on many instruments and over whose tone or capabilities he has no control. To no two people does he say the same things or in the same way. What Whitman is to one, a great personality dealing with this teeming nineteenth century life, thrilling every vein with new incitement, making divine the rough spots of life, ennobling poverty, he may never be to another.

Visitors to the Sanctum.

I LEFT the sanctum and walked abroad. I had a definite goal in view, I forget what, but the morning was too alluring, too sunshiny to do anything I ought to do. So I went in half-a-dozen book stores after another, and had a delightful time, got a beautiful edition of "The Little Minister," so as to have an excuse for reading it a sixth time, a new collection of "Ballads and Rondeaux," an ideal copy of "Virginites," "Purisque," and my favorite, "O Viter Dicta," in two of the quaintest volumes. I desire to have this known. It is such a relief to go wandering around book-stores without Flips or the dogs. Flips and I made a bargain. She will take me driving and to the theatre, and I loathe driving, and the theatre bores me to death—generally. And I will drag her (I use her own words) into every book-store all the way up town. So she has promised that if I don't go into more than two book-stores a day, she won't make me drive more than once a week. I can't pin her down to any agreement about matinees. But this morning she wasn't with me—at first—so I went in every book-store that I came within a hundred yards of. I was also without the dogs. I am ashamed to say that I deceived these two canines. I told them that I was only going down stairs and would be back in a moment. Then I got out and almost ran to the first block. They both hate book-stores. They like grocery stores with the lids off the biscuit boxes. But the sanctum doesn't require groceries—editors do not eat—and they have to be content waiting outside book-stores. There they flatten themselves down immediately in front of the door, with their heads on one side each with one eye glanced on the crack at the bottom of the door. Of course everybody who tries to get in the store tumbles over them, and then there is rage, subdued on the part of the tumbler and openly expressed on the part of the dogs. Then I hurry out, everybody glaring at me—. But this morning I am alone, blissfully, happily alone, and enjoying my freedom as only the freed-woman can. I turned regretfully from the last book-store and met—Barney!

"How do you do, Barney?" I asked, and I was so happy thinking of the good time I had had, that I smiled at him.

"Don't call me that!" he said crossly. "As I've told you a dozen times my name is Bernard." Forthwith he handed out a card and laid it in my hand. I read: "Bernard Delaney Rigges, Barrister-at Law."

"Why! I didn't know you were through. I thought your finals didn't come off until May."

"Neither they do—until the 18th. But," loftily, "I am dead sure of getting through." I laughed and turned to go.

"Really, when you were Barney Rigges," I said over my shoulder, "you were rather a goose, but now that you are Mr. 'Bernard Delaney Rigg-es,' I don't think my patience can stand you. Good-bye."

He took off his hat with his elbows crooked out on either side of him, like the stretchers they have for white flannels.

"I trust you will find you can get along without me," haughtily, and in a tone which implied that he trusted exactly the opposite. "But what that sanctum of yours will be without my stories to enliven it, I shudder to think. Good-bye."

Madge Robertson

Our English Letter.

(From our own Correspondent.)

LONDON, April 13th, 1892.

At last we are having a glimpse of spring sunshine. Oh! how we poor Londoners have shivered, and sneezed and coughed these last few weeks. Oh! the cruel easterly winds, and the sleet and the snow, and oh! our cold and draughty houses. It is sad this terribly bleak weather should have come at the same time with the coal crisis; how the poor manage to keep themselves at all is a marvel to me when coal is 2 shillings a hundred weight, just double the usual price. My sympathies are always with the poor women and children when these tricks are "on;" how they must suffer! All this winter I have been sighing for one of your delightfully warm and comfortable Canadian houses; when will English people wake up to the fact that it is possible to make their houses more cosy and weather-proof? Why can we not have stoves standing well out in the rooms, instead of open grates which allow all the heat to escape up the chimney? and surely windows and doors could be made sufficiently well fitting that the snow should not drift in as it very often does. This warm bright weather makes one think naturally of spring clothing; so I think I cannot do better in this letter than give you the benefit of some of my observations on the spring fashions. Of course the umbrella skirts will still be popular, and alas! they are to be dreadfully long. I dislike the fashion of these trailing garments very much for street wear, and I think nothing irritates me more than to walk behind anyone who is either allowing her skirts to trail their full length on the pavements, be they (the pavements, I mean) either muddy or not, or who is clutching one side of the dress only while the other side is wiping her boots. Of course we have all sorts of dress lifters, but I have tried several with no satisfactory result they either give way most unexpectedly, very likely when you are crossing a very muddy road or they ruin the dress by creasing it where it is drawn up. Petticoats will be an important item with these long skirts, of course silk is the correct thing, but it is so wretchedly unserviceable for general wear, I think I shall try Alpaca in black or a pretty shade of drab. On account of the court mourning greys and mauves will be the favorite colors this spring, some of the shades are really lovely; later on in the season I believe we are to have these shades in all sorts of thin materials including muslins with delicate floral designs. Has the sac jacket reached your side of the world yet! Truly this is not a pretty garment, but I should think it must be exceedingly comfortable, and after all there is a certain style about it. There is little or no difficulty about fit as there are no seams down the back and the front is also loose; peculiar as these jackets are I think they will rival the costume capes for some little time. I am sorry to say very long veils or "falls" are making their appearance; they are made of net with a lace border, and reach almost to the knees. I hope the fashion will not become very general, for people will look altogether too funereal; of course that is taking it for granted that only black ones will be worn of such a length. Once more we are to be allowed to wear soft frills of lace or chiffon both in neck and sleeves of our home gowns; you will remember this was a weakness of mine, and certainly I think nothing is so becoming to any hands, but especially to those that are neither small or shapely. While speaking of hands I must tell you how manicure and face massage have become quite a craze in England. What a monstrous innovation a manicure establishment would have been considered by our grandmothers, but now what a disgrace are uncare for nails. Face massage is increasing in popularity. It is extraordinary what women will endure for beauty's sake. A friend who has tried it has told me some of the operations one has to go through with this face massage, they are curious and it will I think interest and amuse you if I repeat them. First of all you are told two astonishing facts by the "masseuse;" I You should never wash your face if you wish it to be soft and satiny, 2. soap and water are of no use to cleanse the face, and this latter fact she proceeds to prove to you. You are ushered into a private apartment a towel is pinned round your neck, and your face is then anointed with a creamy mixture; this remains on about five minutes, and is then scraped off with an ivory blade. Surely this creamy substance was white when it was laid on, it is certainly more like black when it comes off. You begin to wonder if you really could have forgotten to wash your face before you came out. Now the "masseuse" turns medicated steam from a small boiler which stands on the table on your face, it simply pours over you for fifteen minutes and very soon the perspiration streams down your face like rain. The next treatment is the regular massage which is said to take out the wrinkles, then the drying process with a soft linen cloth; a dust of powder and all is over. In all it has occupied three quarters of an hour, I question very much whether the game is worth the candle. I was present at a conversation given by the students of the South Kensington Art Schools in the South Kensington Museum last week. It was quite a brilliant affair more than 2,000 "guests" as our American cousins say. Of course the company was somewhat mixed, but I rather enjoyed it; one has a good opportunity of observing the latest eccentricities in artistic robes and hair dressing. It would take up too much space to tell you of half the extraordinary gowns I noticed, I must however describe one which greatly pleased me. It was a pale amber brocade made somewhat in the princess style to fasten at the back; the front had a corselet bodice of the brocade edged with deep bead fringe, and the skirt part was of soft Indian silk, sleeves to the elbow with shaped cuff and frill of lace, the neck was cut square with shaped collar at the back; I ought to have said the cuffs and collar were of russet velvet which also trimmed the corselet bodice. I think it a pretty style, don't you? Doubtless Mr. Oscar Wilde's fame has reached "the other side of the pond," we are having a little too much of him lately. Since this play of his, "Lady Windermere's Fan," was produced one can