

THE
Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

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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.

Mrs. E. Molson Spragge.

We are glad to be able to announce that Mrs. E. Molson Spragge has joined the staff of the LADIES PICTORIAL, to which she will contribute articles entitled "Idle Thoughts of Idle Women." Mrs. Spragge is the eldest daughter of the late Hon. J. Hillyard Camerin, for many years leader of the Ontario bar. She inherited her father's brilliant abilities and has already established a literary reputation throughout the Dominion by her book "From Ontario to the Pacific," published in 1887, and by her contributions to the *Dominion Illustrated*, *The Week*, and the *Mail*.

New Styles at Messrs. R. Score & Son's.

Messrs. Score have lately opened a ladies' department in their establishment, and have secured the services of a first-rate cutter from London, England, to carry on the work in this department. We have no doubt, judging by the clever work shown to us, when paying them a visit, that the new venture will prove a success, and will be well patronized by ladies who like the well-fitting stylish garments, that only a good ladies tailor can turn out. Our artist has sketched two or three of the latest styles shown, which will be found on page 247. The jacket is the latest shape in loose backed covert coats, made with the whole front and back, and has a novel appearance. The costume on the left is generally made in tweed, and has the whole front and back, and forms a very effective outdoor gown. The one on the right has a waistcoat with gilt stripes and trimming, and the ordinary bell skirt. It is noticeable, however, as having the short basque which is again coming into fashion.

Messrs. McKendry & Co.'s Opening.

The patrons of the above firm not only had their sense of sight charmed by the many pretty things shown at their opening, but their sense of hearing was also gratified, a band having been engaged during the two days when their first exhibition of spring goods took place. We have reproduced for our readers a few of the latest fashions in hats and mantles that we noticed. The jacket on the top is the reefer shape, made in boxcloth, with velvet collar and flaps to the pockets, and makes a stylish driving coat, without that loss to the figure, which is so noticeable in some of the latest jackets of the season. The other coat is in black English twill with large hip pockets, and has the Newmarket back, and very large buttons. The hat in the left hand bottom corner of the page, has a Tam crown in green velvet, a fancy straw rim, trimmed with light green ribbon drawn in and out of the straw, the flowers being single chrysanthemums. The hat at the top has a very rich appearance, the crown being in gold with grey and gold ribbons and sprays in the same two colors. The bonnet below it is toque shaped, with a cream ribbon crown and black velvet and cream points and sprays, while the rim is formed of mauve hyacinths, the ties being of black velvet. The contrast between the colors give this bonnet a charming effect. The hat on the top figure was also shown, and is one of the large shapes likely to be much worn this summer. It has a chiffon brim in "crushed strawberry," and black lace, trimmed with velvet roses and leaves to match, the ribbons and ties matching the brim in color.

Visitors to the Sanctum.

A FEW days ago I sat writing in the sanctum. I was getting out an elaborate editorial for this issue, on Easter. It is not in, because I was interrupted. For once writing seemed wearisome. The sunshine was so bright out-of-doors and looking out of the window, I could see children having just the loveliest time. It seemed hard to be tied to a desk on such a day. I couldn't think of anything new to say about Easter. Everybody has said all there is to say, long ago. I had reached the point of discontent that leads to either hard work or throwing the whole thing over, when I heard a soft, gurgling, little laugh just beneath the window. I looked and there was the winsomest little maiden looking up at me. I threw open the window.

"Oh, come in!" I cried, "Oh, do come in."

She just shook her head and laughed. I ran downstairs to discuss the matter.

"Who are you, dear?" I asked, when I got outside and bent down to talk to her.

She hung her head.

"Won't you come in and see me and tell me all about it?"

She still looked the dainty sweetest little picture of bashful hesitation. "I have a dog and a kitten up there and lots of pictures and—"

Here I noticed she looked behind her. I looked too, and here were half-a-dozen other small persons watching the interview with deep interest.

"Oh, won't you all come in?" I asked, delighted at this interruption, "Oh, do—" and I begin to think of what attractions I can offer.

My menu is sufficiently tempting—in a weak moment I promise a story—and up they all come with me. After they have each seized the article in the room they like best and Moosey has offered his paw to each, they clamber on chairs and windowsills. Then we all have a beautiful time. I find out all their names and tell them everything about myself including the reason I wear a bracelet on one wrist and not on the other. I also go into a minute explanation of how I got an ink-spot on my finger, and why Moosey's tail is shorter than that of an unknown poodle named Dan. A searching catechism I undergo as to the meaning and use of every article on my desk, suddenly reminds me of my Easter editorial still unbegin. I speak to them.

"Listen, young ladies and gentlemen"—giggles and oh's and shoves—"Do you know what Sunday next Sunday is?"

"Yeth, Eathter Thunday," promptly from a fair, prim little girl, who sat up straight on the edge of a chair.

"Well, and what do you do on Easter Sunday?"

They evidently did various things, such as eating eggs and going to church in their new clothes. So I told them what I did on that day, and we talked of what Mary Smith, and Polly Jones and Bobbie Brown, all the relatives past and present of the aforesaid Mary and Polly and Bobbie did. Then from that I went on with the story in which I brought in a good deal about Easter. The little boys and girls in my story lived in Germany.

"You know there," I said, "a long time before Easter Sunday all the little boys and girls go peeping round the shop-windows to see what presents they are going to get for Easter. Isn't it funny? Just like we do at Christmas—I mean just like Santa Claus does. And what do think they give each other? Why eggs all painted yellow, red, and blue. Eggs made of chocolate or sugar, with ribbons and pictures on them. In the shop-windows there are chickens, with boxes to hold candy inside them, and lambs that play a tune, and goats playing on guitars, or dragging fairy-like egg-shaped carriages behind them. And once I saw a little hare driving with two little baby hares inside, and a mother-hare rocking a wee wee baby hare to sleep in an egg-cradle. And what do you think they play with at Easter? Why eggs, of course, hard eggs, and they throw them to each other and catch them, like Moosey does this bit of cookie," (we were all eating cakes by this time) "and they hunt all through the woods to find the nest eggs. And when they find the nests all full of lovely fancy eggs they say:

"See what the good hare has brought us!" The little hare is at Easter like Santa Claus is at Christmas. Then they rush and open the bright eggs—some of them are wooden and open—and inside there is a ribbon or a pair of gloves." (There is such disgust on faces of the two male specimens present, and I hasten to add) "or a top or a bicycle—" (I quake, but they let this go by) "or a toy balloon or some other nice little thing. Then they spend the rest of the day dancing and playing games. Now, that is what would happen you if your name was Gretchen," (kissing the little maid I hold on my knee) "and if your name was Hans."

"Tell us some more."

"But I have some work to do."

Seven such wistful faces looked up to me that I postpone again the dreaded task.

"Well, if you lived in—let me see—Russia, where there is a Czar and ice and dynamite, and double consonants—I mean where it is very cold and where you would be called little Olga if you were a girl, and Ivan if you were a boy, what would you do there on Easter do you think?"

"You would get even more presents, flowers and fruit, birds and angels, all made of wax and tied with ribbon to a palm branch. That would be the Sunday before Easter and next morning you could take that stick and go around and whip everybody who wouldn't get up."

Great delight manifested by the masculine portion of the audience.

"And then on Easter Sunday everybody in the whole country, big men and little boys and women and everybody kiss each other! Just think of that! They kiss each other in the house, in the

street—everywhere. Yes, it is very funny, but you would get used to it if you lived there."

"I hate kissing," said Johnnie promptly.

"That's right, Johnnie," I said, approvingly. "Retain that impression when you are grown-up and you will be saved lots of trouble."

"But if you lived in Ireland and were called Kitty or Barney, you would get up before daylight on Easter morning to see—guess what? The sun dance. Now you try that on Sunday all of you. The sun always dances when it rises on Easter morning. Then across the water from Ireland on Easter Sunday long ago in England they used to do such funny things. The men used to go about the streets taking a shoe off every woman they met, unless the woman gave them some money. Or two of them would form a chair this way," (and I cross my hands with my demure little lassie) "and make each woman sit on it. Then they would lift her into the air, and she would have to kiss each of them and—yes, it is very silly Johnnie—and give them money also.

"But away down south of Europe, at Rome on Easter Sunday, they have a big procession. First come two men with white ostrich feathers, then the Pope in his crimson chair, dressed in bright, gorgeous robes with a silk canopy over his head. He goes into the big church, St. Peter's, and after celebrating mass, comes out on a balcony and blesses the people."

"What would be our nameth if we lived there?" queried the aforesaid demure maiden.

"Perhaps Carlotta and Tito. Wouldn't you liked to be called Tito, Johnnie?"

Strong dissent expressed.

"But if you were all poor little Turks—" great giggling "and wore a fez on your head, like that red one in the hall, and everybody called you Zuleika, or Fatima, or Emin, or Habiz, you would see a dreadful thing on Easter Sunday. Just think of everybody killing rams and sheep, and letting the blood run down the streets. Yes, it is dreadful but—poor things—they think they are doing right, and then they dance and sing, shout and discharge guns—bang! bang!—for eight days.

"My!" said the male portion of the audience and "Oh! oh!" said the female.

"But I must hurry through, little ones, and get to my work. You would go to all the big churches if your names were Marie and Victor and you lived in France and there you would see flowers and hundreds of candles, and mama in a new bonnet. In France they used to let every Christian box the ear of every Jew. But they don't do that dreadful thing any more.

Now I can only tell you about one more country and that is the country next to France. Spain where your mother would call to you "Rosa! Miguel! There on Easter Sunday you would go to church, and when the service was done, which takes place behind a large curtain, the curtain is snatched away and fireworks burst out from all the galleries and all the bells of the city start to ring. Then you would go out to the streets, and there you would see people shooting at a stuffed figure of Judas Iscariot—you know about him, don't you?"

Nods and confused explanation. However, we finally settle the identity of Judas, and then proceed:

"And then away up among the high mountains, the Alps, where the little boys answer when the mothers call 'Wilhelm' or 'Franz,' and the girls when they call 'Martha' or 'Lisa,' on Easter morning a band of musicians, gayly dressed and decorated with ribbons and flowers, go around from door to door playing hymns on guitars and singing. The people in the houses all come out and join in the chorus. Now, this is all I know, dears, and now won't you all tell me how you keep Easter here?"

Much bashful head-shaking and resisting of entreaties.

"You won't tell me? Ah! that is mean after all I have told you. Listen a minute till I tell you why you should love Easter!"

Symptoms of restlessness showed that this beginning was unpleasantly associated with moral lectures. So I gave up the attempt and said to them a little poem which came into my head. I had learned it long ago:

Sweetly the birds are singing
At Easter dawn,
Sweetly the bells are ringing
On Easter morn,
And the words that they say
On Easter day
Are—"Christ the Lord is risen!"
Birds! forget not your singing
At Easter dawn;
Bells! be ye ever ringing
On Easter morn.
In the spring of the year,
When Easter is here,
Sing—"Christ the Lord is risen."
Easter buds were growing
Ages ago;
Easter lilies were blowing
By the water's flow;
All nature was glad,
Not a creature was sad,
For Christ the Lord was risen.

Then we mingled cookie-crumbs, kisses, hugs and promises to come again soon, and I stand on the door-step and watch the little flock away. Golden curls and brown locks and fat little eyes go trotting down the street. And I turn with a sigh back to the sanctum and work. I sit wearily down to the desk and take up a pencil. Then a thought of the past bright hour comes, and, lo! the "Easter" article is written.

Madge Robertson