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PICTORIAL

LADIES WEEKLY

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"A woman's rank lies in the fulness of her womanhood: therein alone she is royal."—GEORGE ELIOT.

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What Is Written on Our Faces.

The face is an open page, upon which all things are recorded; they may be good or bad; pertaining to our spiritual life or our physical. Were this the time and place, and the present writer the person to do it, I would like to lay before my readers some of the facts that are written on human faces; the joys and sorrows; the successes and failures; the evidences of culture and refinement, or their opposites. Talk about concealment, either of motive or action; many faces tell everything; and there is scarcely any face that does not tell something.

But it is not my purpose in these paragraphs to delve into the secrets of the heart, or to drag forth the "family skeleton." Neither shall I look into the mental or spiritual growth of the individual. On the contrary, I shall confine my researches to the physical well-being of my fellows; and, instead of soaring away into the ideal world, I shall rather busy myself among the kitchen utensils; the kettles and frying-pans; the teapots and other kitchen paraphernalia. But what, you ask, have these things to do with the face? Perhaps we shall find out. For example, I know an elderly lady who is always full of aches and pains, and whose face (though she is not yet sixty) is already traced with many small wrinkles; there is that peculiar pinched and shriveled appearance which unmistakably betrays the tea-toper. Yes, it is just that. No other habit gives precisely the same result; and if you know the signs, you can make no mistake in tracing it out.

There is another individual standing across the way, whose face betrays his habits; the fine capillaries that ought to give a healthy, ruddy glow to the cheek, have many of them ruptured and let out their contents; there is red in the face, but it is not evenly diffused; the color is rather in streaks or blotches. This disfigurement is caused by the presence of alcohol in the blood. The individual is fond of his "glass;" I will not say whether it is wine, brandy, or whisky, or whether it is all three. The man who sits by him does not use the beverages just named. But what is the matter with him? His tissues are of the loose, flabby kind; and he is getting corpulent. By and by his legs will be like pillows, and his arms like young bolsters; and his frontal dimensions—save the mark! This individual is very fond of beer; he thinks it is doing him good, and he feels sure that he could not get along without it. He will have hard work, by and by, to get along with it.

We will now turn our attention to a gentleman on the opposite seat; he is thin and emaciated, and looks like he was not well nourished. From some cause or other he has become a dyspeptic; whether this came from eating what people call rich food, or from making his breakfast on greasy batter cakes, fried potatoes, hot biscuits, or other indigestible articles, I will not undertake to say. But one thing I do know, his stomach is on a strike, and from present appearances it will be sometime before it resumes duty.

Over therein the corner is a little child; its face is pale, its bones are small and it looks delicate. Its parents are as strong as the average, but the child does them very little credit. What is the trouble? Both father and mother are indulgent to a fault, and the child eats candies and sweetmeats; its appetite is already greatly impaired, and

the little thing is starving for the lack of nourishment; the messes that it eats under the name of food will neither make good blood nor build up sound tissues. In other words, there is something wrong in the domestic commissariat, and the child will never thrive until a radical change is made.

Do you see those two young people who have just come in? They look like brother and sister, and I am not sure but that they are from the country. Their faces are covered with pimples; a sort of billious eruption, and the skin looks greasy. These young people need more fruit and grain, and less meat, butter and gravy;

condition. Her hands and feet are inclined to be cold; and the family physician tells her that her blood is too thin. The very reverse, however, is the fact; it needs thinning out with lemon juice or some other acid. The entire dietary ought to be changed; though the good lady would probably think she was half killed in the process; she loves her coffee, her buttered biscuit, and her rations of side meat; and a plate of ham and eggs or some other fried dish is the thing she relishes. And so I might go on to the end of the chapter. But I think I will stop just here.

Yes, our lives, even to our dietetic habits, are often unmistakably written on our faces.

More Sleep for Women.

It is a well-known fact among physicians, nurses and those generally interested in the restoration of health, that the percentage of women among the middle and upper classes who retire early is alarmingly small. The term "alarmingly" is used advisedly, because the growing tendency to keep late hours cheats nature out of her just dues, and compels her to retaliate in a manner that often threatens not only health but life most seriously. There are many women so constituted that the wear and tear of daily life consumes to a great extent their vitality, which can only be restored by means of perfect repose.

Especially are long, unbroken hours of rest necessary for wives and mothers, all of whom are giving their strength unreservedly, and getting little physically in return, save that which is derived from sleep. The growing tendency of the age toward physical culture training is not well sustained in the late hours so universally kept by many of the most enthusiastic advocates of that movement. Those who earnestly desire to use the most effective means at hand for the preservation of health and beauty should not fail to keep early hours.

Julian Davis says the common dandelion is a perfect soporific. Two or three leaves chewed just before going to bed will induce sleep, no matter how nervous or worried a man may be. The leaves can be dried easily for winter use, and the best of them is that when used to woo sleep there is no morning headache or weariness such as invariably follows the use of chloral or morphine.

The Pie Crop.

In the United States there are eaten every day 2,250,000 pies. Each week, 16,750,000. Each year, \$19,000,000, at a total cost of \$164,000,000—an amount greater than the internal revenue, and more than enough to pay the interest on the national debt. If the pies eaten every day were heaped one on top of another, they would make a tower thirty-seven miles high. If laid out in a line, they would reach from New York to Boston. With the yearly pie product of the United States a tower 13,468 miles high could be erected, and stretched in a line they would girdle the earth three times. These pies of a year would weigh 803,000 tons. And if figures don't lie, then certainly pie is a great institution.



"SWEET SEVENTEEN."

(From the Original Oil Painting by Our Own Artist.)

perhaps, also, less milk and sugar. Here it is the liver that is on strike, and the skin is trying to take up the burden. The palms of the hands are moist and sticky; rather inclined to be clammy. The pores of the skin are surcharged with matter, which it is trying to dispose of. Some good Turkish baths might not be a bad thing in these two cases, and less pork, lard and greasy food generally would be an improvement.

That middle-aged lady with the sallow face, is too fond of her coffee and bacon; she needs a different order of diet, altogether; and it would take several weeks of it to make much impression. Her skin is full of impacted bile; and every drop of blood is in the same