

THE
Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

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EDITED BY

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Visitors to the Sanctum.

"Good-bye to the town—good-bye,
Hurrah for the sea and the sky."

—AUSTIN DOBSON.



Shingling the Roof.

Last summer a considerate friend sent me a paragraph out of a newspaper, which stated that a young lady, a recent graduate of Vassar had lately employed her spare time in shingling her father's roof. The newspaper man seemed to think very highly of that achievement. He devoted a paragraph of a laudatory nature to her, setting forth the advantages of a college that taught shingling amongst its other branches. She also thought she must be a very admirable young lady, able to retain her balance so to speak. These and other kindred remarks filled my soul with envy. What girl has done girl could do and the country newspaper should extol me too.

Now, last summer you will remember was not particularly adapted for the shingling of any roof, designed as a covering. The sun had a way of ceasing to smile and weeping copiously upon the earth which was "frequent and not pleasant to see." At one moment this smile was "child-like and bland," the next, a cloud, like the frown of a petulant child, overcast his round face, and the next, he cried, out of sheer temper. This was all right for him—he was quite old enough to cry if he wanted to—but it was hard on those of us who were underneath, especially those who waited for me to shingle the roof.

The roof I proposed shingling was the roof of the cooking-shed, called by ironical courtesy the kitchen. First be it needful to explain that we—a motley assemblage—were in camp. Further that said cooking-shed was a recent appendage to the shanty. It had been erected one day when everything was blue, sky, water, air by two blue-eyed youths. The erection was a harrowing scene and I do not like to dwell upon the details. Suffice it to say that, when after two days of work had elapsed and we began to need the youths for other purposes—even summer youths have their uses—it was deemed advisable to send for a professional carpenter. When he came we all went out with him to see the shed and hear his remarks. He took one look at the edifice still standing bare-legged and hanging on to the side of the shanty, then turned and fled to the woods.

We saw and heard nothing further of him for days during which we cooked out of doors and got damp and wet and damp alternately. Then he suddenly re-appeared with a look of grim determination on his face. He straightened out the legs, stuck them

firmly in the ground and proceeded to dress the skeleton. He showed the two youths how to use a hammer and a saw and then he used them. They meekly held boards and nails while he did the work. But the shed got built and the boards laid on the roof. All was done except the shingling. That was postponed until the following day.

That night it rained. The stove and other trifles which had been moved into the new kitchen, got wet. It rained all the next day. Everybody took turns getting wet, trying to cook. There were a few remarks made to the two amateurs who had volunteered to build us a kitchen. The remarks were of one tenor. Matters continued thus for two or three days. At last I arose, remembered the Vassar young lady, and announced my intention of shingling the roof.

A contemptuous silence then made itself felt, but I kept on announcing and the Great Taboo arose and addressed me:

"Young woman," he said, "you know not whereof you speak. The noble profession of shingling does not readily lend itself to the caprices of young womanhood. The modern young woman does many things which her grandmother would be ashamed to mention—to mention! She is a sadly to be deplored specimen of a sadly degenerated sex. She"—murmurs of discontent such as aiming at him the *Leisure Hour* and my Shakespeare, here showed themselves. "She is a product of a so-called civilization which despises Jane Austin and ignores the art of letter-writing, which can do nothing better than give poets to the world whom nobody understands and multiply methods, by which the empty-headed may communicate the more readily with other empty-headed, which—." Here the murmurs became ripples, and the wave which reached the Great Taboo deposited him under the table.

Then for a time the French and German language was violently expurgated. The English language was likewise relieved of its excrescences. Meantime the feminine portion of the camp not having had the advantages of a university education, fled to the beach.

Next day the shingling began. The day, like a predecessor three years previously, was blue-eyed and white-haired. The camp was dry and in good humor. The mild excitement of the previous evening, when each girl had related how she had been once proposed to and each man had detailed his first rejection, had passed away. The chaperons lounged and talked, the girls lounged and read, the men lounged and smoked. The cook was taking her annual bath. Now was the time for action. The ladder could be climbed unseen and unheard. Grasping the hammer I ascended the roof. Then I come down again for the nails. The next trip was for a pillow to put under my knees. Subsequent trips are unworthy of note. However, when after the tenth ascent I commenced operations, the entire camp had, by some mysterious agency, become assembled and were viewing the proceedings with deep interest. Now, I have a mathematical mind—references on this point will be furnished, if desired—and every shingle had to be in line with every other shingle, likewise the nails in line both horizontally and perpendicularly. This, in itself, took time. I experimented and found that the thick end of the shingle went downwards. I wasted many other valuable moments in keeping things level, myself included. The gravity of the situation was purely negative, which must account for the various attempts I made to seek the ground by other means than the ladder. By-and-bye I got firmly fixed on the slippery roof and started driving in the nails. The basket, however, was frequently affected by the gravity of the situation and had to be handed up to me again by some of the interested spectators. This delayed the work. The remarks of the camp were also distracting. I soon began to notice something very queer about my feelings. I found it hard to stand erect. I had maintained a kneeling posture so long that it was manifest I should have to kneel the rest of my life. I sat down helplessly and nearly rolled off. Then the Great Taboo came up scolding and took me down and tied me in a hammock. I was so weak-kneed that I had no spirit left and I had to let him do the shingling. For days I ached all over, especially around the knees, and I should like to mention right here that I don't believe that Vassar story. No girl ever shingled a whole roof and lived to tell the tale. Why, with all my exertions, and I worked hard for two hours, I got only a few shingles on. The Great Taboo says that he could find only one nail driven in, but that is a yarn. You may fancy, however, that you would like to try shingling, but take my word for it—you wouldn't.

THE editor is away. The Sanctum is, she feels sure, dusty and empty. There is a wilderness of pigeon-holes, and my dear visitors you cannot get at her. Left behind are Flips and Barney, the Professor and Madame, but the dogs I still have with me. I have no hope of escaping the others for any length of time either, you shall hear of their visits. You shall know how Flips refuses to get her bathing suit wet, and how Barney proposed to the pretty summer girl. (He is sure to do so the first moonlight night—I know Barney—and she is equally sure to tell me about it.) You shall breathe with me the cool breezes of Georgian Bay. You shall see the sun rise over the blue mountains. You shall hear the gay laughter and merry shouting on the tennis-court. You may listen—if you keep far enough away—to soft music from a dainty lit drawing room, and catch a glimpse here and there among cool lawns and graceful trees, of white flannelled youths and fair maidens. Perhaps the perfume of roses will even reach you. The hum of a thousand insects will buzz faintly and sweetly in your ears. Here and there through the twilight darkness a small red spark catch your eye, and you will wonder if it is a glow worm or a cigarette. You shall swing with Flips in her hammock and hearken to the *frou frou* of her dainty garments as they swish across the grass. You shall paddle with me across the sparkling noon-day water and up the cool-shadowed river. You shall sail with me over the breezy billowy bay when the sails seem to dip and you bear a

bright boating song echoing from yacht to yacht. You shall drive along a daisied country road and at a farmhouse beyond that ridge there will be a nut-brown maid with a cup of milk. You shall bathe in the softest, warmest waters, and scamper on the whitest of beaches. You shall ride my pony, fish with my line and eat the trout that I shall catch. All that I enjoy shall be yours, the salt spray in our faces, the incense from flowers, the fleecy clouds, the bluest sky, the meadows, the brooks—don't you wish you were here?

Madge Robertson

Our Steamboat Service.

We purpose giving as space permits, sketches and descriptions of some of the boats engaged in traffic to and from Toronto. This week on page 409 will be found drawings of the Hamilton Co's. boat, the Macassa, and of Mr. Hepburn's boat, the Empress of India. Description will be found below.

HAMILTON STEAMBOAT CO.

This firm is running two boats, the Macassa and Modjeska, which between them make four journeys each way per day. The Macassa, of which we reproduce a sketch, was built in 1888 by Wm. Hamilton & Bros., of Glasgow, and was brought here in the spring of that year. She is 155 feet long, and is propelled by two triple compound engines and twin screws, and will carry about 600 passengers. The Modjeska was built the following year by Napier, Sharks & Bell of Glasgow, and has the same motive power, but is a larger and faster boat. The company have already made arrangements for a number of society and other excursions this season. The officers are: Macassa, C. W. Crawford, Captain; Mr. Arthurs, Purser; Mr. Noonon, Engineer. Modjeska, Captain Sharp, Purser Middlemess, and Engineer Smeaton. Mr. Fergus Armstrong is the agent of the company, and those who put themselves in his hands may feel certain of getting every attention.

THE EMPRESS OF INDIA.

This boat was built at Millpoint in 1876, and was run for some years as an excursion boat. When the Welland Railway passed into the hands of the Grand Trunk Railway, seven years ago, she was purchased by Mr. A. W. Hepburn of Picton, who rebuilt her and put in new engines, boilers, &c., at an expense of \$50,000. She has since been running in connection with the Grand Taunk to Port Dalhousie, and thus connecting with all eastern points and was the pioneer boat in building up this route. It is still one of the leading routes for through traffic, and too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Hepburn for the way in which he has built up this route. The Empress was again rebuilt in the winter of '90, and a new hull, patent feathering wheels and upper works were added, and is now in better condition than ever. In addition to the usual routes she makes Saturday night trips to Charlotte, the port of Rochester. The officers are Capt. Geo. O'Brien; Mate Tim Sullivan; Purser, C. W. McColl; Engineer, R. McCaul; Steward, T. Pickering. The passenger and freight agent is Mr. W. H. Smith, whose genial manner to everyone is well-known, and to whom I am indebted for much kindness and information.

White and Gold.

That "the wheel of fashion turns around every seven years," is the proverb; but it often takes much longer to bring once-valued possessions again into favor and use. Sooner or later, however, if carefully kept, the day of their reinstatement comes. The gold banded china of our grandmothers, kept upon top shelves of modern china closets, cherished from association, but voted as "rubbish, taking up room," etc., has stepped down and out upon the most elegantly appointed tables. People rejoice who have it, and the housewives who are not so fortunate wonder why their mothers and grandmothers denied them such a precious legacy.

With the heavy table-pad, or (as Miss Forney, in a recent article prettily termed it) "silence-cloth," the snowy damask, with its gold-outlined initials, and the white and gold china, a harmonious elegance is attained far beyond that of colored or decorated dinner sets. It seems to be a vexing question, whether to use the entire service, including coffee and teapots, sugar bowl and cream jug in the china, or to combine the usual silver with it. The old style standard, with its pretty custard cups is pressed into service for delicate desserts, or appropriated for fruit or flowers, as the taste of the hostess may dictate.

The craze for this china of past days has been so great that much has been imported, and also made in this country, to supply the demand. Some of it is much more elaborate and rich in design, but, after all, lacks the quaint, old-fashioned shapes that distinguish the genuine "grandmother's dishes." The great beauty of this old ware is its freedom from imperfections, which the profusion of decoration is made to conceal, in modern times. Ambitious young housekeepers (for the present at least) can congratulate themselves, if by inheritance they possess a complete dinner set of the much coveted "white and gold."

Moralizing on Love and Women.

God is indeed good to him whose first love lasts through and fills all his life.

The best husband and the best wife are the best company all the time.

The woman at thirty wonders why at twenty she married the man she did.

Love is a fire, but you have to keep putting on fresh chips to keep it going. If you don't somebody else will.—Peter Robinson.