

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.

Our New Departure.

The proprietors of THE LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY have for some time been in communication with an artist from London, England, who has been engaged on one of the leading Ladies' periodicals in that country. They have, at great expense, succeeded in securing his services, and in each issue will be found two pages of drawings from his pen. A specialty of his work will consist of actual fashion sketches from Canadian goods and designs, and we shall be able to present to our lady readers drawings of fashionable goods which can be purchased in this country. This is the first and only publication in Canada, which has ever furnished its subscribers with original fashion work, giving designs of the latest novelties in millinery, mantles, dresses, etc., to be found in the leading drygoods establishments of Canada. We trust the effort we have made on their behalf will be appreciated by our lady friends.

T. Thompson & Son's Opening.

The millinery show-room of the above firm was very prettily decorated on the occasion of their spring opening on March 22nd. Very many new shapes and designs were shown, and we have reproduced a few of the more taking hats and mantles for our readers. The mantle shown is of a shape much worn this year, but is chiefly noticeable for the novelty in its braiding, which represents a basket of flowers, and is quite out of the common. The jacket is of fine fawn broadcloth, lined with satin, embroidered with gold and amber, and the edges corded with gold. It is also shown in other colors, but this was by far the prettiest. The shape is a taking one for summer wear, giving the full effect of the figure, while being loose and open in front.

Among the hats the colors most noticeable are greys and tans and all shades of greens. The leaf shape in its many pleasing variations, is a prominent feature this year. Trimmings are profuse. Fancy ornaments such as pins, buckles, etc., with imitation diamonds are placed everywhere, and jets and fancy braids are much used. Of the hats sketched the most striking was one in navy blue straw, trimmed with navy blue and white velvet ribbon the flowers being white chrysanthemums. The other large hat was covered with roses, supplemented with black lace and ostrich feathers, and made a charming summer hat. The bonnet was of black lace and jet, and the new trimming so much used, ecru chiffon with the edge formed of fibres of ostrich feathers. This was relieved by a bunch of wild flowers, violets, forget-me-nots, &c.

Spring Millinery at R. Simpson's.

Our artist paid a visit to the millinery opening at Simpson's and has made some sketches of the most noticeable styles, which appear on page 231. The hat in the left hand top corner is of fancy grey straw with chiffon facing trimmed with grey figured ribbon and tips. It has two of the large headed pins, so much used, and is noticeable for the clever way in which the trimming is brought into the leaf shape, which is so fashionable this season. The hat below this is three cornered in shape, formed of black lace and jet, and trimmed with black ribbon, jet and colored flowers. The bottom hat has a jet crown and rim with lace facing, a rosette of green and black narrow ribbon is stuck in the front, the flower being a shaded poppy.

The bonnet is all in black and can if desired be used for mourning. It is an English turban, the crown being formed of black silk surmounting a roll of velvet. It has black ribbon trimmings and velvet points, the flowers also being black.

There was a large display of mantles, but want of space prevents our giving more than one sketch. Lace shoulders are much

worn, and hoods are again coming in. We were struck by some pretty tweed capes shown, which were lined so as to exactly match the prevailing tint of the tweed. The mantle sketched has the roll collar, which is replacing the Medici, having the advantage that it can be worn either turned down or standing up. It is of fawn Bedford cord, with a silk and tinsel and braided yoke with deep gold and jet trimming and jet fringe to the waist.

Reforms in Society.

The ordinary woman of good sense hates to be called a society-woman. Why? The name implies so much in Canada. It means, practically, a woman devoted to social life, a woman whose sole ambition is to be in the swim. A great deal of odium attaches itself to the name "society" man or woman. A self-respecting woman to whom glimpses of higher intellectual or spiritual or more comfortable life has been shown, strongly resents being classed as such. She has no intention of being bored to death by a deadly dull society-life, when she is better entertained in other ways. And she would hate those whose opinions she values, to think she had any such intention.

But it is of reforms needed in society that I intend mainly to speak. The society woman is the only person who can reform society. Women everywhere make society what it is. Men, for once in their lives, have to fall in, no matter how much they swear about it, with the standards their wives set up. And none but the fashionable dame can work any changes among her kind. This is why she ought to improve herself, not only during Lent but all the year round. But not only does she do many things she ought not to do, but she leaves undone many things she ought to do namely the various reforms so badly needed in our society. The society women of Canada fail as reformers or to speak correctly they never try to be such. A woman's influence should always be for good. Indeed goodness has so long been feminine that men forget that the word is of common gender. Any good movement, set on foot by members of either sex, is certain to find women among its supporters—but not our society women. I should make an exception here in favor of works of charity. There are always plenty of the "leaders of society" available as patronesses of our Charity Ball. Nor does an opera performed for the benefit of a charitable institution, lack a company or supporters in evening dress. The Lady Blanche clothes part of her substantial form in airy white and lets a half-dressed audience gaze upon her charms because, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me."

Personal modesty is also becoming a thing of the past here as everywhere. I desire to enter into this phase of the subject because I think a great deal of blame is undeservedly attached to women in this respect. Very often really refined and modest women err negatively. They see half their acquaintances dressed immodestly and they do likewise without giving the matter a thought whatever. They meet half their world at a spectacular drama and because custom and society sanctifies the amusement, no disgust enters their minds. Following the same canon they read books with which they are inwardly shocked, have unseemly photographs taken and submit to theatrical liberties. Part of this I am glad to know is thoughtlessness, a greater part, I regret to say, is far from so being. However, Canadian women ought not to be thoughtless. There is a great reform needed and only our society women can complete it. By force of example everything can be done. A glorious opportunity is given. We have a comparatively new country and it is to us to say what its future will be. Personal influence is most effective in the formation of taste and true social advancement. We are not called upon to accept old-world customs and old-world morality. Heaven forbid! There is no reason why our society should be based on its lines. Why should not good taste and refinement and modesty and culture have a chance? Our leaders of society can do this and more. Let us leave to other country-women to outrage womanhood—that precious stone set in a silver sea—and decline to accept the dregs of an effete society.

Visitors to the Sanctum.

THE following letter explains itself and fully confirms all I said about Priscilla in a previous article. The one or two people who may have forgotten, better refer back to the issue which contained an article on "Over-Tidiness." Priscilla is evidently hardened in her career, and my appeal which would have softened a sewing-bee has evidently made no impression whatever on that bit of flint and North-West blizzard she calls her heart. Her snubbing remarks about my article are probably untruthful but I don't like to say so in public.

DEAR BEAR:—Your letter and peace offering I received a month ago. I was very glad to hear from you, but I was at a loss to understand why you should think it necessary to make peace till I recalled your somewhat amusing account of our house-keeping past and present. As you say, the frivolous and thoughtless character of the production precluded its being regarded as worthy of serious notice. Indeed I don't know that I would have remembered it at all, but that Bookie (with whom I have not been quite successful in inculcating habits of order) has, on several occasions, when rebuked for leaving his skates on the parlor table, and his cap and mittens on the kitchen floor, quoted what I take to be sentences of yours, which he seemed to think a sufficient answer to my strictures. However he sees now it is much better to submit quietly to my regulations which are for his good. I will say, though, before dropping the subject, the consideration of which has already taken too much valuable time, that I have but one regret, I did not succeed in implanting in you a love of orderly and house-wifely tidiness the lack of which is a great defect in a character not totally devoid of good sense and ability.

Now as to the peace offering; I would like you to tell your lady friends what a comfort Williamson's Household Expense Book is. It is issued by Williamson & Co., and only costs fifty cents. Housekeepers who have vainly tried to make the week's expenditure balance with the week's receipts, will find it a great help in keeping track of the numerous little items that form our "expenditure." The book has fifty-two pages, one for each week in the year. Each page has all the necessary items in separate spaces printed, including one for "sundries." (Tell the girls how handy that is for candy, lunches down town, etc.) There is one more column needed before the work can be perfect. There is a place for the totals of the each day's expenses. But there is no place for the totals of the individual items for the week. This is a great loss as it would be necessary to go through each day's expenses in order to know how much you pay your butcher for the month. In spite of the great assistance given by this book, I still have occasionally some difficulty in "balancing." There are always a few provoking cents that don't seem to belong anywhere. (Here is a secret. I don't know what to do with them so I put them in my mite box and enter them up as "Charity.") Sometimes, alas, often I balance so well that there is no "balance brought forward," to put down at the beginning of the week. I am sure my dear editress, you would find this book useful even in the sanctum where there are such editorial possessions as bon-bons, dogs, flowers, fairies, etc.

Sincerely your well-wisher,

PRISCILLA.

P. S.—The next time you come to visit us please leave the dogs at home, they bring so much mud into the house.

P.

"I thought I would come in and tell you," said Barney sticking his head in the door of the sanctum, "that—"

(Yes I will come in too).

That I heard a man say that he quite agreed with your piece about "Flattery." He said—

(Do take those dogs away. I can't talk from the outside).

That the reason men were more easily flattered than women was that they did not get as much of it,

(Beastly nasty of you not to let me in. No, I won't stay a minute, really).

And he wants to know how you know so much about it, anyway.

(No, honest, he didn't say that. If you call off those fiends I'll tell you what he did say).

Women get so much flattery that they are sick of it and that's why you can't flatter them. You can't lay it on thick with a girl, you know,

(No, I said that, he said the rest).

And besides girls don't have to flatter a man to make him like them. A man likes a girl anyway.

(Yes, he did say that too. Go on, let me in just a minute).

But I know lots of girls you can taffy up. Oh, I say, I heard the best thing yesterday about a girl. She got flattered you bet.

(It's an awfully funny story and you'd be sorry if you didn't hear it, happened at an "At Home," too. Open the door again. No, I won't either, keyhole's too small).

It's about Clara K—and Jack T—

(Now this is more like it, which chair shall I take? Well, I wasn't shouting. Nobody heard anyway. I'm going on, let me get breath).

Well it was this way. —s had an "At Home."

(Were you. I never saw you. Did you? Why didn't you speak to me? You've awfully bad manners).

Well, Jack T— was going out as Clara K— was coming in and she passed him on the stairs. A few minutes after— (She told me that's how I know).

She shook hands with Mrs. — and turned to find the young man of the house introducing Jack T— to her, who forthwith took her to the refreshment room.

(I was there didn't I tell you? I couldn't help seeing what was going on under my very nose. Oh, well you never see anything).

After she drank coffee and some cake or other, they went back to the drawing-room and I heard Jack tell her to keep as far away from the hostess as possible. She wanted to know why and he told her that he had said good-bye under plea of pressing business but that meeting her (that's Clara) he changed his mind. Now that's pretty broad flattery, but Clara will swallow anything. So she snickered and tried to look as if she wasn't over-joyed and then he kept on in the same strain.

But that night Clara was out to dinner and a man who didn't know her or that she had been at the "At Home" told her of a conversation he had overheard, that afternoon at the "At Home." He had been going out through one of the halls but got stopped by the jam and one man was saying to another:

"I say old man you'd better stop. There's Miss ——" (man didn't hear the name) "coming in and she is very anxious to meet you. So the man," (that's the one that told Clara the story) supposed that he (that's Jack) had stayed. Clara put two and two together—and my! She was hopping. Think of Jack telling her all that rot and she believing him. She is wild."

Now, I'm just telling you that as a warning. You needn't go on writing pieces about men taking in all a girl tells them when girls are such geese.

(You are the most ungrateful creature I ever saw. Mind I'll never bring you another story, now mind. Clara never told me not to tell).

Madge Robertson