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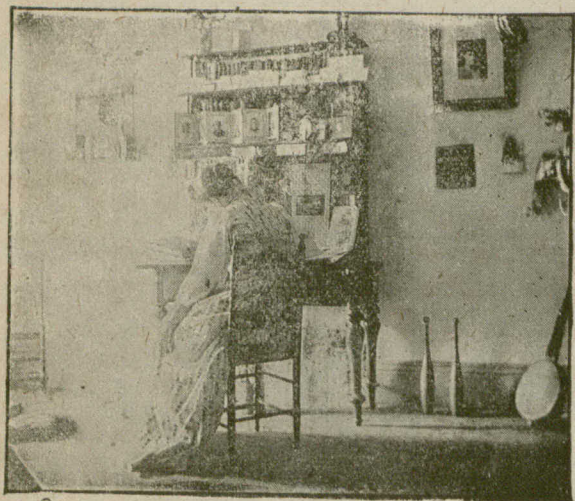
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Visitors to the Sanctum.

"The spring doth make poets of us all."



Art in Ontario.

The exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists may be, I suppose, fairly typical of art in our province. It seems absurd, however, to talk about art as bounded by certain geographical lines or restricted to certain spaces. That art here should be different from art in Quebec, or across the border, is supposing art to be a veritable Hydra, with a head here, a head there, and body—who shall decide where? For every class of enthusiasts, every school of art will place its body in a different place, according as their fancy draws its inspiration.

Art is cosmopolitan, and to speak of its localization is to use a confusion of terms. But one cannot well speak of Canadian cheese, for instance, as distinctively Canadian, unless there is that in its flavor and availability which gives it an individuality. So with art. Whether we, here in Ontario, are old enough to have a flavor in art I cannot say. I only feel that it is not here.

The exhibition was heterogeneous in subjects, conception, style, treatment and technique. There is obviously no connecting link except that the exhibition is called that of the "Ontario Society of Artists." There is no predominating influence. No master-spirit has impressed his great individuality upon his fellow-workers. The inspiration, object and feeling of all seem to be different. Hence we cannot speak of these men as embodying art in Ontario. So far as that is concerned, we have none. We have artists, but no art. And until these men have so stamped their individuality upon the life of the people that as the artist reflects every aspect of our living, with its complexities and issues, so shall the people in turn see in him more than a painter of pictures, but a man who has revealed them to themselves. Whether it is that we ourselves are not sufficiently typical, I do not know. Certainly there does not seem to be enough rugged patriotism to induce anything distinctive in art, music or literature. Climatic conditions do not, in our case, affect our national characteristics as might be expected. And the attitude that men of art and letters take toward the political and social condition of this country is not conducive to a healthy welded life of art and people. That painting in Canada, as well as the sister arts, shall be typical, strong and emotional it is essential that the artist, be he poet or painter, be so much the very life of the people that no part of that life shall be to them sordid or uninteresting. I am speaking now solely for the sake of art, although I deeply regret that so many of our best men keep aloof from the sphere of

politics. That the government of a country represent the best of that country it is vital not only that the ablest and most honest of our citizens come forward, but that the artists, the poets—those who idealize, form an integral part of that government. They alone can so purify and ennoble what is filthy and sordid that the state shall be the better for their having lived.

One would expect, since there is no master-workman, no school of art, no burning devotion to one object, that such an exhibition as that of the Ontario Society of Artists would be intensely interesting as an exhibition of characteristic work, that each artist thus representing an individuality distinct and separate would show us the very best and truest of himself. I trust this is not so. Each must surely be capable of better things. There is here nothing strong enough to hold one fascinated as can even the poorest print of one of the Old World masterpieces. One wanders from picture to picture, admiring perhaps, disliking possibly, seeing evidence of plenty of talent, skilful work, clever coloring, and yet come away unsatisfied. There is nothing that appeals strongly to the feelings, which takes hold of you and keeps you there in spite of yourself. I am aware that this is crude criticism, but it seems to me that painting, of all things, has failed in its very reason of being if it does not arouse emotion.

Nor can I see the object of exhibiting ugly pictures, no matter how faithful the work may be. Surely art, if anything, ought to be beautiful. When there is a choice ought not the beautiful, whether of soul or body, be chosen? We do not walk ten miles to see an ugly man, nor follow plain girls around the streets to get another look at their faces. Then why immortalize anything but beauty? It takes beauty to lift us above ourselves. We crave for it. If one can find beauty and strength contained in one picture, there is joy.

Reminiscences.

Whether reminiscences are not almost entirely sad is debatable. Undoubtedly there is so much that is sad, that the bringing back of past events nearly always awakens emotions of a melancholy nature. "The tender sadness," as a poet has it, "that is half joy half sorrow and altogether melting." One attends a convocation, but two years after one has graduated and finds oneself forgotten. Here and there is a familiar face, occasionally a kindly smile, more frequently welcome recognition from another graduate as forlorn as oneself. At commencement exercises do you think we—that other graduate and myself—looked on the platform and see others kneel at the Chancellor's feet. Not a bit of it. We saw ourselves there. I knew by his face, as he by mine, that each of us had gone back two years, and once more trembled and shook during the few minutes ordeal. The day we had looked forward to for four years was once more before us. I remember every detail, the exceeding shakiness as to knees, the deep regret that I had to wear an ugly black college gown and hide the glory of a new spring costume, the flowers people kindly sent, the congratulations, the crazy things I said in the excitement of the moment, the sadness of leave takings and the blank feeling that the world had some way come to an end. I suppose every graduate feels the same. There seems nothing more to happen in life. Everything is over.

One has struggled and been happy, idled and been remorseful, read hard and idled again, finally crammed for examination. A long four years have been taken out of one's life. Much has been sacrificed, much gained. Home, for most of us, given up, friends neglected, everything put to one side while the great plan of education went on. For four years one stood, expectant, being constantly fed intellectually. We, ourselves, were the important factors of this period. Everything was being done for us. Our minds were being, at the same time, house-cleaned and filled up again. We grew to regard ourselves as beings of infinite importance. Self-improvement, self-education, self-culture, self-care—this was our college life. It revolved around ourselves. Ever through the whole course on successive convocations and commencements, we saw the day before us when we too should stand on the dais, the observed of all observers, when the crown of glory—the degree—should be ours. This was our Mecca. Thither we journeyed, toiling, now led aside by gay Pleasure, now elbowed back into the road by stern Duty. At last we reached the Promised Land. The four years of work and waiting to an end, and—this was the end of it all. This?—This brief space on a crowded platform, half-frightened to death, not hearing a word that went on, the whole thing over before it was begun, the mothers and sisters and fathers who have journeyed hundreds of miles for this day, not even able to catch even a glimpse of us!—this?

A sense of utter disappointment comes over us. It was not worth it at all. For the time being, the receiving of the degree ceases to be a mere symbol, a certificate of work done, but means the prize we have been running for. It is the olive wreath and not many days afterwards do we realize that the possession of a degree does not end with commencement day.

It is with a keen sense of having struggled for something not worth having that we spend the last few days in the University. Behind us seems childhood and playhood, before us a grim life, with its mysterious and dreaded possibilities. What may the future hold for us? A false step now, a wrong choice and one's career may be hopelessly spoiled. Then is the time when one's relatives and friends know the very best thing for one. And hence many tragedies occur. John wakes up a year later to find that he has entered a profession for which he is more than unfitted. A girl or boy has a decided leaning in any one direction, no parents have any right to force them in another. On the whole the day one graduates is not a cheerful day. It is not cheerful at the time and it is not cheerful to look back upon. We know, alas! how the rosy dreams have faded. We left the University; behind us the school room, before us the world. There was a name and fame to win, a career to shape, money to earn for those who had stunted

that we might have this chance, comforts to bestow, and a whole world's wrong to put right. In the glow of young enthusiasm this did not seem too much to attempt. We felt ourselves strong, growing eager; filled with noble ambitions.

Then as time went on, and one illusion after another faded, as one felt the hopelessness of the struggle against ignorance and evil, as disappointments accrued, as the judgment of the world rolled on crushing our very life, taking youth and freshness and faith and hope as useless sacrifices.—there is not much left of the joyous anticipation of a graduation day. There is now a more or less contented stagnation where there was formerly

"A thousand restless hopes and fears
Forth stretching to the coming years."

Madge Robertson

Afternoon Tea.

For afternoon tea you need: Two small tables, fringed or embroidered tea cloths, doilies, an urn for bouillon, bouillon cups, spoons, a tea-kettle, tea pots, tea caddy, sugar bowls, cream jugs, sugar tongs, teacups and saucers, teaspoons, a pitcher for iced water, tumblers, plates for finger rolls, plates for small cakes, bon-bon dishes.

The afternoon tea, which may properly be placed under the head of receptions, is not here considered. To serve it requires more than one person.

The simple afternoon tea of a lady who is at home informally to her friends should be arranged by the waitress. She should have command of this situation, as well as of all others in her department. Bouillon should be hot, a cup of tea should be hot and fresh. Finger rolls should be spread in such a manner that bits of butter will not come in contact with gloves. A tumbler must be only three-fourths full of water.

Place a small table—round if possible—where it will be most convenient for the hostess. Lay on it a daintily embroidered tea cloth, two or three choice cups and saucers, with spoons, a small sugar bowl with sugar tongs, a small cream jug, a dish of bonbons and, at the last moment, a small teapot of freshly made tea.

In a corner of the room, or at one side in the background, lay another table with a tea-cloth, and place upon it an urn of bouillon, bouillon cups, doilies, teacups and saucers, spoons, a kettle of boiling water, a pitcher of iced water, tumblers, plates of finger rolls and small cakes, a dish of bonbons, a sugar bowl, a cream jug and a tea caddy. On this table have also a teapot heating for the next brewing of tea. Twenty minutes, or even more, may elapse between the serving of the first cups of tea and those which follow. Tea to be enjoyable must be freshly brewed.

When the hostess has received a guest or guests, offer bouillon from a tray which holds also a small plate of finger rolls and one or two doilies. If tea, which the hostess offers, is preferred, offer cakes with it.

Observe when a guest has finished a cup of bouillon or a cup of tea, and, without the least appearance of haste, remove it on your tray. Be sure that the hostess has always some fresh cups ready to serve, and replenish the sugar bowl and cream jug when necessary.

If tea and cake only are served, you will still need a table for the hot water kettle, pitcher of iced water, tumblers, and whatever is necessary to replenish the teatable of the hostess.

If Russian tea be served, select a fair fresh lemon and slice it evenly. Place a small dish which holds three or four slices of lemon on the tea table and have another in Reserve from which to replenish.

Mother's Boy.

Mothers, it will not hurt your boys to learn to do many things pertaining to the domestic machinery of your home. They may be taught as easily as girls, and would be delighted to feel that their help was really needed and appreciated. Do not say "What can a boy do?" for a boy can do any kind of house-work which a girl can, yes, he can learn to use a needle and thread just as easily. Do you not remember the trials you had in learning to sew, especially to use the thimble? Why not teach boys to sew on buttons, and mend torn garmets as well as their sisters?

I know a mother who has taught her boy to take off the bed-clothes from his bed every morning, turn the mattresses, open the windows, etc., and at a stated time to go back, make up the bed and put the room in order. This he does daily, and the servant is not allowed to assist him.

Another boy always swept and dusted the sitting and dining-rooms, and whenever the mother or sister were hurried, washed the dishes, laid the table, etc. That same boy now has a home of his own, and his wife, not over strong, never has the care of the sweeping, no hard work is ever left for her, but his trained eye sees all the little places where he may assist, and in his quiet way he is helping to bear his share of the burdens which most men think belong to the woman. Is he any the less a manly man, think you?

If the boys are taught neatness and order in their homes as well as personal neatness, their whole lives will be a benediction upon the mother who thus early gave them training. The future happiness of our girls who are to become wives of these boys depends largely upon the early habits and instruction which mothers are now giving the boys.

A boy who is careful to not bring in dirt on his boots, who puts papers and books where they belong, who always hangs up his hat, and who is looking out for places where he can help his mother, will make a better husband than the one who thinks his mother was made purposely to wait upon him.