

THE
Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

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 period-
icals in that country. They have, at great expense, succeeded in
securing his services, and he has now arrived in Canada. In this
week's issue will be found two pages of drawings by his pen; one
sketched at the Grand Opera house, illustrating the play in progress
there last week, Amy Robsart; the other a page of fashionable
jackets shown in the new summer stock of Messrs. W. A. Murray
and Co. 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 readers drawings of fashionable goods, which can
readily be purchased in this country. No other publication in
Canada is supplying original fashion work in this way, and we
trust the effort we have made on their behalf will be appreciated by
our lady friends.

Omar Khayyam.

A casual quotation from the Rubaiyat, by the writer, has brought
so many inquires as to the poem that an unwilling conviction
is forced that women do not read this famous work. The Rub-
aiyat of Omar Khayyam, the astronomer poet of Persia, has
become of late years a volume in the library of every young man of
culture. That it is not better known to the world of women is per-
haps natural. It is not a lady-like poem. Whether one inter-
prets it as does the translator, Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, as the work
of an epicurean, the burden of whose song is "Let us drink for
To-morrow we die," or whether one adjudges him the Mystic who
shadows the deity under the figure of wine, there is a wonderful
imagery and a strain of sad stoicism that charms the mind and
arouses the sympathy.

Omar Khayyam (the tent-maker) lived and died at Naishapur
busied in winning knowledge of every kind and especially in
astronomy wherein he attained a very high pre-eminence. Little
is known of him, and that little uneventful, as the life of a close
student. One of his pupils says "I often used to hold conversa-
tions with my teacher, Omar Khayyam, in a garden, and one day
he said to me, 'My tomb shall be in a spot where the north wind
may scatter roses over it.' I wondered at the words he spake but
I knew that his were no idle words. Years after when I chanced
to re-visit Naishapur, I went to his final resting-place and lo! it
was just outside a garden and trees laden with fruit stretched their
boughs over the garden wall, and dropped their flowers upon his
tomb, so as the stone was hidden under them."

The Rubaiyat, as the verses or Testraslichis are called are in
Mr. Fitzgerald's translation, one hundred in number, and the name
of the form of verse is given to the whole collection. The first
verse reads:

Wake! For the sun who scattered into flight
The Stars before him from the field of night,
Drives night along with them from heav'n and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a shaft of light."

Then the drowsy worshipper outside the tavern shouted: "Open
then the door! You know how little while we have to stay, and
once departed, may return no more." And the author reflects on
the vanity of things mortal reminding that "The Bird of Time has
but a little day to flutter—and the Bird is on the wing," and still
in that strain

"Whether at Naishapur or Babylon
Whether the cup with sweet or bitter run
The wine of life keeps oozing drop by drop
The leaves of life keep falling one by one."

The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone."

One can give, even in an extended article, but a faint idea of the
beauty of the poem and pick out only a few jewels in the necklace
of the Rubaiyat, but here is one that cannot be let lie hidden.

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely Head."

Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regret and future Fears;
To-morrow! why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's sev'n thousand years."

The allusion in the last line of course is, a thousand years to each
planet. The note struck here is a familiar one to readers of Omar.
The To-day is what, amidst the shifting unrealities of life, he catches
firmly hold of and according to the Epicurean interpretation of
Omar it is just the old "Carpe Diem," "Eat, drink, and be merry
for to-morrow ye die." He asks again the old, old question whence
we came and whither we go.

"Earth could not answer; nor the sea that mourns
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his signs reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn."

He then lifts his hand to find a lamp amid the darkness and fail-
ing to learn the secret of life still fearlessly says:

"So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river-brink
And offering his Cup, invite your soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink."

For as he goes on to say if the Soul can ride free on the air of
heaven it were a shame to cripple it, in what is but a Tent where
takes his one-day's rest, a Sultan. "The Eternal Saki from that
Bowl has poured millions of bubbles like us and will pour, when
you and I behind the Veil are past." He is a philosopher and
recognizes that "a hair perhaps divides the False and True," and
that "one thing, at least, is certain—This Life flies . . . the
flower that once has blown forever dies." He asks:

"Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too."

And then comes the stanza which the author of "John Ward,
Preacher," made known to all the world as his preface to that
wonderful little novel.

"I sent my soul through the Invisible
Some letter of that After-lifeto spell;
And by-and-bye my soul return'd to me
And answered "I myself am Heaven and Hell!"

That is perhaps the best known Rubaiyat of the collection unless such
be the often used story of the Potter and the clay. This relation of Pot
and Potter to man and his Maker figures every where in the liter-
ature of the world from the time of the Hebrew Prophets. Omar
Khayyam maps his own wealth of imagery and terse questions
around the old theme, making the awkward vessel ask if the hand
of the Potter shook? and the loquacious vessels take comfort in
"He that with his hand the vessel made will surely not in after-
wrath destroy."

One feels the helplessness of attempting to give any idea of the
Rubaiyat. Every one will interpret it, and rightly so, as it fits in
with the mood of each. To many Omar will be forever the genial,
faulty, wine-drinking, human old philosopher; to others he is a
dreamer, a mystic involving the mystery of life in a host of images,
an exponent of an ideal type of brave pessimism. The latter is the
more reasonable idea. The Eastern love of symbolism explains the
free use of figures of speech and it is pleasanter to think of the
author of the Rubaiyat as a worshipper, even of false gods than a
mere votary of the grape. The very despondency of the close of
the poem forbids that. Listen:

"Yet ah, that spring should vanish with the Rose
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!"

Visitors to the Sanctum.

L. P. WALFORD, the novelist says: "I feel emboldened to
confess that I could never pound through the solemn mazes of
'Robert Elsmere,' and regard with absolute terror the dreary
lengths of 'David Grieve.' The theological novel has for me—and
I suspect for a good many others, if they durst own as much—no
'folding, soft, eternal, charm.' Consequently it was with some
internal misgiving that I found myself alone with 'Edna Lyall' a
few days ago. But the author of 'Donovan' and 'We Two' was
so modest, gentle, and unassuming, so entirely unspoilt by success,
that all preconceived notions vanished in a breath, and with equal
swiftness vanished the hours in which we talked. 'Edna Lyall'
has a noble brow—the brow of a thinker; otherwise she is hardly
beautiful, though her photographs have done her scant justice. She

looks very young, and—crude as in some respects it is—one can
scarcely realize that 'Donovan' was written twelve years ago. She
is now busy upon a new work which will run as a serial in *Good
Works* throughout the coming year." This confirms what the
LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY said in its "Literature" column a
few weeks ago. The author of both that article "Another View
of David Grieve" and the review which has been so flatteringly
spoken of, of Mr. Mowat's book, "The Evidences of Christianity"
must be known for the present merely as "B.R." I regret that I can-
not claim the authorship and the credit of the articles in question
as the critiques are very able and have been noticed by a great many
literary people. Perhaps "B.R." will later give me permission to
divulge her identity.

SOME years ago I was given a pretty translation of one of De
Calderon's ballads. Turning over an old scrap-book I came once
more upon the verses. Here they are:

"Since for kissing you, Minquillo,
Mother scolds me all the day,
Give me back my kiss, my darling,
Give me back my kiss, I pray.
Do, she makes so great a bother,
Scolds so sharply, looks so grave.
Ah! my love, to please my mother,
Give me back, that kiss I gave.
If we have done aught amiss,
Let's undo it while we may,
Quickly give me back my kiss,
That she may have naught to say.

Out upon you, false Minquillo,
One you gave, but two you take,
Give me back the two, my darling,
Give them for my mother's sake.

Other translations of the charming little song have appeared and
every pair of lovers have doubtless played a leading part in this
one, two, or three-act drama.

Madge Robertson

Literature.

"The world of books is still the world I write."—MRS. BROWNING.

With the Magazines.

The *Methodist Magazine* for March is unusually attractive. The
articles are of great interest to both the special class of readers its
contributors appeal to and also to the general public. It contains
an interesting article on Lady Henry Somerset and an excellent
portrait of that lady. The missionary news is fresh and useful.
The whole number is of special interest to women. This is partly
due to the women's names one sees among the contributors partly
to such articles as "A Woman's Fight with the Minister," "Con-
cerning Women."

The first number of the *Idler*, Jerome's new magazine has at-
tracted much attention. One of its main attractions is the com-
posite photograph series. As the reader can imagine, a picture
which is Salisbury, Gladstone, Smith, Harcourt, Balfour, Rose-
berry, Goschen, Morley, together all of them and yet none of them,
is fascinating from every point of view. Jerome's own contributions
Silhouettes, and bits of the editorials are, as might be expected,
capital. James Payn's story "Her First Smile," and Andrew
Lang's "Enchanted Cigarettes," are prominent features. We wish
the new venture success.

One very decidedly attractive feature of *The Strand* is the depart-
ment "Illustrated Interviews with Prominent Men." February
issue contains a beautifully illustrated article of interviews with the
late Sir Morell Mackenzie. The engravings of his home are very
fine. March has the next of the series, Rider Haggard, his home
and family. Mr. Haggard's favorite production is "Eric Bright-
eyes." *The Strand* also gives each issue a novel series of photo-
graphs, being portraits of celebrities at different ages from childhood
up. This issue contains photographs thus graded of Charles Sant-
ley, Fanny Brough, the Lord Mayor of London, Clement Scott,
Lord Justice Hannen, Alma-Tadema. The short stories are espe-
cially interesting and the other illustrated articles doubly attractive.

Our Home an Edinburgh monthly is a most useful little paper
sent in weekly instalments. The housekeeper will find it very
valuable indeed. It deals with cookery, dress, fashion, fancy-work,
health, garden-work, poultry-keeping, bee-keeping, and home
amusements.

The Cosmopolitan for March has for its leading features, "The
Columbian World's Fair," by Dr. Young; "Cologne Cathedral,"
by Elizabeth Bisland. The very charming frontispiece "Saint
Valentine's Morning," by Leon Morgan arrests one's attention so
long that the contents of the really excellent number have to be gone
through more hurriedly. "Fair Imogen upon the Stage," by Chas.
E. L. Wingate, tells of the former theatre days and is illustrated
with quaint portraits of the beauties of the greenroom. Particularly