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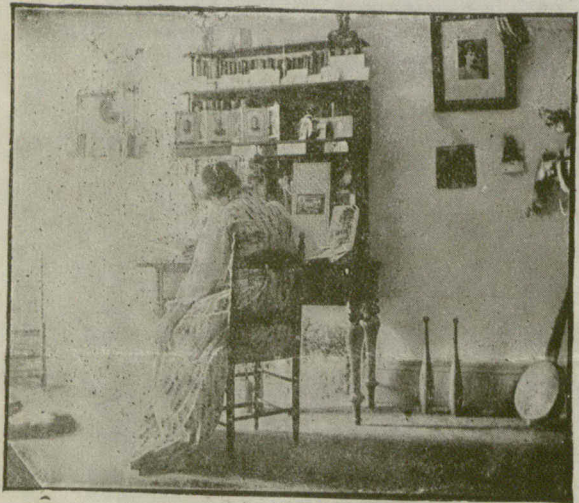
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Visitors to the Sanctum.

"The spring doth make poets of us all."



House-Cleaning.

I was feeling very charitably disposed to the world in general this week, and I wished to do something magnanimously kind. I did so. I let in all the poets who came with their own poetry. I did more. I promised to publish all their poems.

Some of them became effusively grateful, showered rolls of MSS. into my left hand, and crushed my right to a jelly.

Some of them—girls—kissed me and told me I was a darling, (that was no news) and they would bring me lots more next week, (will they?).

But some of them became very cheeky, wanted ten dollars a line for their baby verses (why not baby verse if you say maiden speeches?) and said they considered their verses very valuable. I thought it would be a pity to rob them. Then they made some sarcastic remarks to me about my lack of literary taste and absence of critical faculty, which I am not going to repeat. That's where I get ahead of them. I can tell all the smart things I said to them and they can't get back at me. Then these left and took their poems.

The others seemed glad to get their poems printed at any price. I think most of them would have paid me, if I had not misunderstood their hints. But I am not hard-up at present. Besides I am more than repaid by printing their poems. I would be rewarded beyond my wildest dreams of enjoyment if I affixed the author's name to each. But some of them are personal friends of mine, at least they were until now. Others have relatives whom I respect highly, and no disgrace shall ever come upon them through me. So I merely affix their initials.

Some of these are first efforts they tell me, and I believe them. Others came to them in dreams—after the Christmas dinner. Not a few were tossed off without effort—I trust this is the case—and all are by citizens to whom the interior of an asylum is familiar only by hearing. If you say severely that they are on that account to be more censured and less pitied, I get behind the safe door and agree with you.

The poets and poetesses, severally and privately, told me that they would be glad to hear any criticisms I had to make on his or her poems—in a tone which said plainly, that this was rather a tribute to my sagacity, than from any thought that there could be any fault found. They said further, of course, that they didn't consider their poems perfect—in a tone which black-mailed me into saying hurriedly, that they were perfect.

But they asked me for my criticism, and they'll get it.

N. B.—I shall be out of town for some time. My address will not be left at the office.

This letter I write in the form of a sonnet,
To wish you a Happy New Year,
As I think you will set more value upon it,
And I make matters more clear.

This is the day to make good resolutions,
'Tis also the first of Leap Year,
So here is a riddle for solution,
Which admirer to your heart is most dear? P. E. M.

As a trifling suggestion, I might point out that any reference to Wordsworth, Shakespeare, *et al* would reveal the fact that a sonnet has always fourteen lines, and fourteen lines only. The admission that this was written on New Year's Day, accounts somewhat for the tone of the effusive. Let me advise the W. C. T. U. If you pay something to join Mr. P. E. M., the pledge may be more valuable. The form is what the writer plumes himself most upon. With a wave of his pen he deprives the third line in the second stanza, of a foot, leaving it badly crippled, to make a three-legged man of the fourth. But bah! what difference does Leap Year make to you? A man that could, in cold blood, offer such verses to an editor, needn't fear the ghost of a proposal. Go back to the kindergarten. Here is the next:

VILLANELLE.

Right light the poet's purse is,
Who'll write a Villanelle.
Know'st thou aught that worse is?
Wher'er he thus disburses
His wealth, you sure can tell
Right light the poet's purse is,
And all that one infers, is,
His brain is light as well.
Know'st thou aught that worse is?
He met with love reverses
Perhaps, or worse befel;
Right light the poet's purse.
Than that some friend immerses
Such scribbles not in—well,
Know'st thou aught that worse is?
Not villainous these verses
Should be, but villanelle.
But save Mephisto's curses,
Know'st thou aught that worse is? N. S. H.

The fact that this would-be poet knows the depths to which he has sunk simplifies the work of criticism. He has a deep sense of his own unworthiness, and I think I discern in the last stanza some striving after better things. He seems in the two latter to realize the sacreligiousness of the powers with whom he is in league. Here is evidence of glimpses of genius, of alas! a misspent life, of a deplorable cignicism. We hope yet to hear better things of the young author.

Still another:

"Spring is here. Be glad
Flowers are springing,
Girls are swinging,
Birds are winging,
And all nature is gay,
So happy they say,
Spring is here. Be glad."
"The snow has gone,
The day is won
For Spring
The meadow grass sways,
The little boy plays,
'Tis the warmest of days
In Spring."

This one finished me. I was perfectly helpless. No more at present. Watch and wait.

Fairy Godmother Again.

TO MY DEAR GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE SANCTUM:—Following close after silence, I pop in again to thank you for the kind welcome received, and to chat a moment about those horrid funny people that crowd you like locusts of late, with their jokes. I am sorry that our own sex use so often their sharp files of wit upon each other. The men will soon follow, though at a safe distance I notice. By the appearance of the "Sanctum," these horrid jokes are trying their files on my diamond Fairy Grand-daughter. I am delighted to see the Diamond outshine their crude arts, and remain invincible against them. Laughing does one good, but to have that effect, it must be governed by principle; there is no great amount of principle in the human heart, that will laugh at a drunken man, who is at that time in a fit state for perdition. I'm a Temperance Fairy, and could laugh with joy, and cry too, to see every drunkard in the universe sign the pledge. But then the poor fellows might misunderstand the cause of my mirth and stop signing. Good-bye Diamond, you need not fear Laborators art. Your Fairy Grandmother. C.

"It's all very well," Flips said discontentedly, "for you to take me around with you to visit Young Women's Guilds and Associations, and make up silly things that I never said, but I won't stand this." Here she pulled out four tracts and gave them to me.

"Every time the door-bell rings it's a tract for me—Oh, yes, it's very funny, but Mary's given notice, she says she is over-worked answering the door, and women pursue me on the streets and ask me to come to Bible-Readings, and our minister called to get me to join the Sunday School—No, you silly, the Bible Class, and seventeen women from different associations have come to explain what these things are for, and all our friends that belong to the Guild sail past me with their noses in the air, or else keep me standing hours on the street getting my nose red, while they explain what the Guild is for. Oh! you were too funny, you were. I may be a long time getting revenged, but the day will come."

Madge Robertson

Our English Letter.

(From our own Correspondent.)

LONDON, May 25th, 1892.

After many weeks absence we are, I am sure, one and all glad to welcome royalty once more back to England. The Queen is once more at Windsor, and the Prince and Princess of Wales intend to remain a few days in London before proceeding to their Norfolk home. It is very satisfactory to learn that all the royal visitors to the south of France have greatly benefited by their stay. Prince George is reported to have regained his usual health. The Queen was a good deal fatigued by her visit to Darmstadt, although it was a very quiet one. I can quite understand how busy she must have been all day long receiving the numerous German relatives who, in duty bound, called upon her. Of course, as I told you in my last letter, there were all sorts of rumors afloat as to the reasons of Her Majesty's visit to Darmstadt; but whatever these same reasons may have been they have not yet been made public; neither do I think they will be just yet, for if they are connected with the various marriage projects of the younger members of the royal family, it will hardly be seemly, I should imagine, to announce officially any marriages so soon after the deaths of the Duke of Hesse and the Duke of Clarence. I have just been reading about another of the "vagaries" of the German Emperor. His new *train de luxe* is just finished; it has been three years building, and has cost over £150,000. William II. certainly intends to be comfortable when he travels. The train consists of drawing-room, upholstered in white satin; a dancing saloon, in paneled oak; a handsome library, hung with gobelin tapestry; a reception room, a most luxurious smoking-room, three sleeping saloons, each fitted with a bath; a splendid kitchen and domestic offices, and last, but not least, two saloons devoted to nursery purposes, especially adapted for the comfort of the six princes. By the way, the little Crown Prince completed his tenth year on May 8, and, according to the traditional usage of the house of Hohenzollern, he will then enter the German army as the youngest lieutenant. Then, for the first time, he will be allowed to take the title of "Royal and Im-



YORK MINISTER, WEST FRONT.

perial Highness"; hitherto he has simply been called "Prince." I hear the Queen and several of our royal family intend to be exhibitors at the World's Fair. Her Majesty will send several water-color sketches executed at an early age, and some excellent samples of spinning and weaving. Princess Christian will send some embroidery, Princess Louise sculpture, and Princess Beatrice painting. Of course, the World's Fair will be the fashion, as the last Paris exhibition was, and every one who can will endeavor somehow or other to cross the pond to see it. The Royal Academy exhibition is now open, and as a natural consequence it is the general topic of conversation for the present. To tell the truth, the exhibition is more than usually disappointing this year. I think one generally expects at least one picture of exceptional merit and interest; one picture which attracts a crowd; a "picture of the year," in fact. But no, there is absolutely not one single picture which is greatly above the average. Of course the Royal Academicians exhibit plenty of good work; but the pictures are all, as usual, variations of old themes. They are wise in their generation, and keep to the class of subject and treatment which has made their name and enabled them to add the coveted R. A. How I wish portraits could be banished from the walls of the Academy! Every spring their name is legion, and how uninteresting they are! Some of the landscapes, and more particularly the seascapes, are lovely, but there is again a great dearth of what I call "subject" pictures. Can the reason be that there is a want of imagination and "soil" in the English artists of this nineteenth century? I told you I was going to try and obtain admittance to Holy Trinity Church to see the wedding of Viscount Chelsea. All in vain; the crowd was enormous and only the "favored few," the personal friends, could gain access to the church, and that by ticket. It was certainly one of the events of the greatest public interest for this season, for not only the bride and bridegroom, but their parents are most popular in London society. Apropos of this wedding, a correspondent of one of our daily papers has suggested that the bridegrooms might be induced to discard their usual somewhat dismal attire during the ceremony and to substitute a costume of the cavalier type. From an artistic point of view the suggestion is a good one, and how much more in character with the bride's dress such a costume would be. But would it not tend to attract public attention to the "happy," or, as he certainly sometimes looks, most "unhappy" man? It cannot be denied that all bridegrooms look upon the marriage ceremony as one of the most trying ordeals of their lives, and always find some comfort in the thought that the bride is the