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PICTORIAL

LADIES WEEKLY

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WOMEN OF NORTH AMERICA.



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"A woman's rank lies in the fulness of her womanhood: therein alone she is royal."—GEORGE ELIOT.

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Woman—A Bird's-Eye View.

The world is not suffering her energies to stagnate, but she is moving onward and in glad surprise mounting to higher levels. Now and then a backward glance is given to the shadowy past, but the full eye looks forward and upward to the future that is bright. In no point is her progress more noticeable than in regard to her estimate of woman. St. Pierre and others assert that to the Christian religion alone do European women owe the liberty they enjoy; and from the liberty of women that of nations has flowed. Therefore, we say, the world has emerged from the ignorance of night, she has almost passed beyond the twilight of opinion, and soon will come the daylight of reason upon woman, her work, her sphere.

Some one suggests the mooted question, woman's work and woman's wages. It seems to us very much of a paradox—how great is her work and how limited in sphere, how small and yet how ample her hire. A woman will work all day and two-thirds of the night, she will dip and dart from attic to cellar, from cradle to stove, from tub to dish-pan, from needle to broom—following all these avocations within the narrow confines of home, and with such rapidity and energy as would make plodding, one-horse trade man as dizzy as falling shot. Consider the exuberance yet meagreness of her wages. Man works in a straight line, and at the end of each day's length of that line he finds a nugget of gold as pay for having travelled so far. Woman works in a circle, never reaching a stopping place. In fact the whole of her life is a continual letting in and out of tucks, performing the inevitable, pursuing the circle round and round. This is the mother's—the mother's circle, and we know—she herself is too busy to think of it—that within this circle is the centre of energy and education, genius and influence. It is the firmness in the mother's hand which rules the world; it is the gentleness in the mother's voice which is loved throughout the world; it is the light in the mother's eye which kindles noble ambitions, which gives lustre to manhood.

Not all daughters, sisters, and mothers, however, can remain in that dear hut called home. A woman frequently finds that she must be somebody on her own account, and no longer does she strive to get along on the reputation of her ancestors, and of her brothers and father. Acres are being added, year by year, to the field in which she may work and glean.

There are occupations and professions we would not like her to follow, new powers and new empires and new woman's rights we would not wish for her. Where she is admitted, however, as man's equal in point of quality and quantity of labor we cannot, within

the range of our minds, find a shadow of reason for her remuneration being a half, a fifth of that he receives. It is sometimes urged that women have not the fidelity necessary to success, that their manners are unsuited for contact with the world, and that they too much resemble butterflies for service by the side of men. Sincerity

the health of an Antony. Only one Elizabeth ever had three thousand robes. That woman is capable of filling becomingly and well a high position, we have exemplified in Victoria, who holds in her small hands the greatest of earthly kingdoms.

If women should be eliminated from the reach of discussion, many writers, great and small, would have to "fold their tents like the Arabs and silently steal away." Shakespeare, speaking of women, said:

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom
 stale
 Her infinite variety,"
 and he, doubtless knew all about women, when around him he gathered the beautiful Portia, the shrewd of tongue, the gentle-voiced, the weak-made woman of waxen minds, she that had Dian's wit, and she that possessed Juno's place, the woman mannish grown, she that is an Arabian bird, she that makes defect perfection, and she that outstrips all praise. Refer to your tablet of memory and see what Pope says of woman as a contradiction, and what he states heaven

"Shakes all together, and produces—
 you."
 Campbell exclaims that without the home where woman smiles, "man is a world without a sun." Moore thinks the world and its destinies devotedly cast in in woman's hands. Goldsmith considers "the modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens." Lowell esteems woman and writes, "Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected." This according to Thomson is woman's mission:

"To train the foliage o'er the snowy
 lawn;
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful
 page;
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful
 year
 And heighten Nature's dainties; in
 their race
 To rear their graces into second life;
 To give Society its highest taste;
 Well-ordered home man's best delight
 to make;
 And by submissive Wisdom, modest
 skill
 With every gentle care-eluding art,
 To raise the Virtues animate the Bliss,
 And sweeten all the toils of Human
 Life:
 This be the female Dignity and Praise.
 D. S.

Opera Cloak.

Opera cloak of pearl grey cloth, trimmed with black feathers and a passementerie of darker gray silk and silver; the back shows a flat Watteau fold which is now adopted to all the elegant wraps and dresses, and can hardly be dispensed with; the sleeves are very



OPERA CLOAK.

and purity are words used in the descriptive sense of woman; then we've read that fine manners mantle fair minds; and they are not lovers of pleasure to a greater extent than their noble fathers and big brothers. It is an exceptionable case when a woman devotes life to gayety and dissipation. History will record but one Cleopatra who, under pleasure's infatuation, dissolves a \$375,000 jewel to

wide and fall straight in front.

Attendant—"The living skeleton is sick."
 Manager—"Great Heavens! What ails him?"
 Attendant—"He's got a pain, but he's so thin the doctor's don't know whether it's cramps or back-ache."