

# THE Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

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EDITED BY

MISS MADGE ROBERTSON, M. A.,

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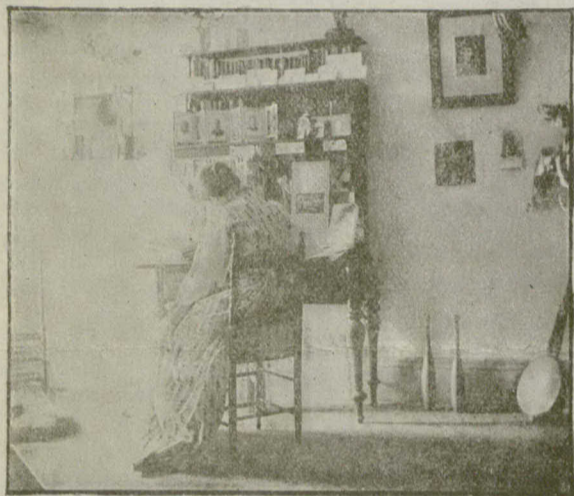
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## Visitors to the Sanctum.



WHILE we were out viewing institutions we came to the Young Women's Christian Association on Elm street. It seemed to be like other associations, a combination of athletic, educational, practical and christian influences. You may go there and exercise yourself in a good gymnasium, learn how to read, write and count, join the classes in book-keeping, shorthand, cookery, dress-making, chart-cutting, etc. The various Bible classes and Bible readings are, of course, one of the main features of the Institution. But what impressed me most was the boarding-house for young women in connection with the Association. While we waited for the lady in charge to show us around we sat in a reception-room. Flips picked out a chair to match her dress and proceeded to outline the questions I was to ask. She regards me as something between an infant and an idiot, and maps out my daily plans for me with an amount of confident assurance which would be entertaining if it were not annoying. The questions suggested were:

"Who sits in this chair when I'm not in it?"

"Is it like boarding-school or Sunday-school?"

"Why aren't the mirrors better? This one makes my nose turn up."

"Why there is no piano?"

"Where did they get the ghastly pictures?"

"How old do you have to be, to be admitted?"

"Why the chairs are at right angles?"

"Isn't it a bore to have the next room with folding-doors?"

"What will you give Flips to act as matron?"

The entrance of the matron stops the torrent and I forgot every question. We see the place and are very much pleased. It is a good safe home for young girls, the rooms are pretty, cheerful and clean, the payment very moderate and the building and board desirable. Such a home has been badly needed. Plenty of girls reach our city daily who put up with uncomfortable quarters (and who spend precious days in hunting even for these) because they do not know where else to go. The knowledge that there is such a pleasant home available and within reach of those whose income is slender, is valuable. The boarders have access to the advantages of the Association. They embrace principally girls who are either attending some school or other, or earning their livelihood. There are pretty type-writers, learned school-teachers, Conservatory pupils, girls in stores,—and as there is to be an employment agency doubtless domestic service will have there its representatives. We inquired as to the rules of the Institution, and the matron spoke of the painful necessity of maintaining strict watch over some of the girls. I asked after their recreations, and remarked that it seemed to me if any permanent good was to be done that the place would have to be made as attractive as possible.

It seemed to me of vital importance that the various means of recreation, should be provided. The more home-like and agreeable their abiding-place the less danger of girls seeking less desirable places of amusement. It was in this connection that Flips asked if the girls were allowed to receive visitors of the male persuasion.

"Yes," said the matron, "in the reception room down-stairs." Then looking at Flips suggestively, she added, "my sitting-room is next to it." We thanked the matron and went away. As we walked along Elm street I said, enthusiastically, "what a lovely place for girls!" "Yes," said Flips thoughtfully, "but think of the folding-doors!"

A RISING pretty visitor occupied the place of honor in the sanctum—Miss Attalie Claire. As you may see by her picture she is quite an ornament even to the sanctum. The young lady has been a good deal talked of everywhere during the past few weeks. Her acting, her voice, her diamonds, her engagement has been the theme of many circles. Her famous little disagreement with Lillian Russell, or rather Miss Russell's bold and determined resistance to a threatened rival, is now a matter of history. But we did not talk of these things in the sanctum. The air there is not conducive to the world of theatrical squabbles. But we talked nevertheless. I found Miss Claire a frank, natural, unaffected girl. She does not seem to be in the least spoiled by her success, and is quite willing to talk of anything else than herself and her affairs. There is a genuine sense of humor about her that goes a long way to make a man and a brother of her. This enviable possession covereth a multitude of faults. But with Miss Claire one does not feel that it is used as a garment but rather as an added ornament. When I first saw her diamonds I blinked. Was I cross-eyed? If so this was my first intimation. At any rate I was dazzled.

DOES every woman love diamonds? Was there not some peculiar and awful significance in the tempter's gift to Marguerite? The fact that for such poor things as bits of glittering stones women will sell their souls, is awful. How many women has the flash of diamonds lured into matrimony? There is a baleful light about their sparkle which seems to be as a thousand eyes peering and searching into the innermost corners. There is something pitiful about the love of some women for jewels. You cannot dismiss it with a wave of the hand and say it is part of the frivolity of the sex. It is nothing of the sort. Women certainly have an eye for the beautiful. So have men. Yet men, barring hotel clerks and advance agents of circuses, have no particular fondness for gems. They like to see them on their women-kind. For men are, despite their own plainness of attire, far more inclined to like the gaudy and elegant than are women, but yet their hearts are not touched by the flash of a diamond. They view unmoved the diamonds which gleam from every corner of the sanctum, from the dog's collar, etc. But yet let one girl show a magnificent engagement ring to another and that night the unengaged girl attires herself in her best and is her very sweetest to Algernon or Billy as the case may be. Who is it?

BUT my correspondent with the pretty verses how can I give my opinion of your poem? I don't know whether you are a girl, boy or man. I rather fancy you are a girl, L. R., for you flatter the Editor and no man ever does that. Listen to her you other visitors. Here is a part of her letter:

"I always read the 'Visitors to the Sanctum' columns before any other in your paper, and next week I will turn to that page still more eagerly. I like the WEEKLY so much, for its cordiality and liveliness, it makes me feel as if I was really acquainted with the writer."

The best criticism I can give of your poem is whether I print it or not. If it be published you may be sure I think it good, for I can get plenty of poetry. If not, my dear—if you be a girl, or aspiring youth—if that be your sex, you had better try again.

"I AM coming to stay with you," wrote a dear lady from the country, "because you are nicely convenient to the Annual Meeting."

Do you ask "what Annual Meeting?" Oh, but the editor knows. Has she not grown-up with W. F. M. S.? Bless your heart, Auxiliaries and mission Presbyterials and General Meetings are all as every-day terms to her. She is a perfect walking encyclopaedia in regard to all that concerns that highly respectable organization known as the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

On what ought to have been a very bright and sunny morning in May, but what was in reality something between a waterspout and a geyser, the Lady and I wended our way to the Westminster Church where the meetings were to be held. The delegates were crowding in, young and old, pretty and less pretty, intellectual and more intellectual, but all having one thing in common—mackintoshes. There was no possibility of mistaking them for anything else than they were—Scotch Presbyterians. There was a flavor of the Shorter Catechism in the air. The Westminster Confession rustled in the very ribbons of their bonnets. The Psalms of David haunted the portals. Yielding to the march of progress, the pretty church had the "kirt of whistles" in it, but I believe that in her heart almost every woman there would have enjoyed herself as well without the organ. The editor confesses that she shares their feelings. There is something in the make-up of a sober Presbyterian gathering that does not accord well with the choirs and organs of ornamental churches. I would rather hear "Old Hundred" sung with half the congregation in vain pursuit of the precentor than to listen to the grandest anthems—that is, in church on Sunday. Now don't rail at me for not keeping up with the times. I know that on this point I am hopelessly old-fashioned. But like most old-fashioned people I am content to be so. I dislike choirs extremely. I shouldn't mind them if I couldn't see them. But the style prevalent in most churches of sticking them up behind the minister and dis-

tracting people's attention and riling people's temper is very objectionable to the descendant of Covenanters. But this is wide of the mark—to get back to that meeting.

AS I was remarking, nobody would mistake these thousand women for anything else than they are. One can always tell what denomination a congregation belongs to. The way they regard the service for one thing. With Presbyterian congregations there is reverence, to be sure, throughout all the service, but the congregation is not fairly settled down until the sermon begins. That is the real business of the day. Whatever else they may be at any other part of "divine worship" they are fully awake when the minister expounds or preaches. A Presbyterian minister takes his life in his hands when he ascends a pulpit. The congregation are not exactly on the look-out for unorthodoxy nowadays, but the critical faculty is not dormant. You hear a great deal about the sermon as you descend the church steps, and afterwards at the dinner-table. But in an English Church there is a sort of subdued satisfaction with themselves prevalent in the congregation. They are better behaved for the most part than some other denominations but you are quite sure that comparatively few are listening to the sermon. With a beautiful ritual there is plenty to occupy their attention. They are decorously religious. Look at a church full of Methodists! Everything is done up briskly and in order. Do you think that they would tolerate long-winded prayers and sermons! Not much. They have comfortable pews in strong contrast to their Anglican brethren and go in for making the service as attractive as possible. They are not keenly critical of their ministers. He must be attractive and a good visitor. There is a kindly welcome to strangers and none of the awful stiffness of the Presbyterian congregation. But I must get back to that meeting. On the whole I think I will tell you about it next week.

*Madge Robertson*

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

## Our English Letter.

(From our own Correspondent.)

LONDON, April 30th, 1892.

How soon the days come round for my weekly budget of news to be written to you! Since I last wrote my time has been completely taken up with shopping and interviewing dressmakers, for spring has come upon us so suddenly that we have waked up to the annoying fact of having nothing to wear. The past week the weather has been really hot and particularly so for this time of year; I fear later on we shall be wishing it had been colder and more seasonable, for we are sure to have night frosts in May and then woe betide our fruit trees and early crops. One of the true signs that spring is with us is the abundance of lovely flowers that one sees in the London streets; of course one can buy exquisite flowers all the year round at the florists, but now the streets are really teeming with daffodils, violets, wallflowers, mignonette, etc. I read in "Truth" that no less than seventy-three tons of flowers have been received at Penzance during the two last weeks from the Scilly Isles on their way to the London markets. It seems almost incredible. I always feel for the poor shop assistants and sewing girls at these busy seasons, and this year I fear they will have a particularly hard time of it, more especially the sewing girls. One hears of legislation in favor of all sorts and conditions of men and women, but I believe no one has yet thought of endeavoring to obtain shorter working hours for the girls employed by dressmakers. Their shortest hours are from 8 a. m. to 6 or 8 p. m., and then in the busy seasons they work nearly every night up to 10 and 11 o'clock. Surely dressmakers could be compelled to employ more "hands" and thus shorten the hours for all. I am looking forward to a little more gaiety after Easter, this Lent has been as dull and decorous as the most orthodox churchman or rather churchwoman could desire. Society seems to be gradually coming round to the opinion that there are other seasons besides Lent for dancing, and in this we are, I think following the manners and habits of our Parisian friends. The fair Parisians you know are very strict in their observance of Lent and are most particular in their dress, black and grey are the colors *de rigueur* and it is considered quite bad form to give dances in Lent. I have been to one or two dances this Lent, however, and I must tell you that there seems quite a craze for the minuet just now, but it requires to be very well danced and then it is positively charming. We have to thank the German Emperor for the introduction of the minuet as well as the revival of the cotillion. I must tell you of a very pretty cotillion which I saw lately. A very pretty young girl dressed as a Watteau fleuriste was carried into the ball-room in a sedan chair. She carried quantities of flowers which she distributed among the dancers men and girls alike, and the men with a rose had to request a dance of the maiden holding the same sort of flower, and so on with other flowers, all were told off in pairs. Another very charming figure was the may-pole. The maypole had a movable top and twisted round with the dancers, who were a number of shepherdesses holding wreaths. Each of these country lasses might choose her attendant swain. The lottery cotillion; of course you know the dice figure is particularly good. Both ladies and gentlemen throw large dice made of cardboard, those whose scores correspond dance together, or the gentlemen can all throw for the honor of dancing with one particular lady. I expect we shall soon have the stately polonaise as the opening dance at our large balls. I remember being greatly taken with it in Germany some few years since. It is in reality little more than a promenade to the time of