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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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Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Anent Our Young Men.

We girls were merry a party: There were ten of us, and, had a stranger dropped in any evening to our cozy little drawing room he would have found no finer specimens of girlhood in any quarter of the globe.

Our evenings were spent pleasantly enough I assure you; you would hear a song, or perhaps a reading from some quaint old volume, a violin solo, or a lecture, as one of the girls termed it because one occasionally misbehaved and our chaperone interfered, but what we all enjoyed was a talk with Hazelkirk.

I must admit being a little surprised when the eldest of the party called upon me to open our little conversation for the evening.

What subject shall I choose? I asked, when the reply came from a remote corner of the room, "Oh! do tell us what you think of our boys, or, perhaps go a little further and tell us what you think of our young men."

That subject being agreed upon we proceeded.

What think I of our young men? Well, they might be much better, they might be *very* much worse.

There is a wide field open to the average young man of to-day, in which he may accomplish many improvements.

Take the growing boy, for instance, under his mother's supervision, place him at work in this field and he will reap: What? that depends upon home-influence, associates, and his own ability you may say, but that is not so, you cannot gather grain from an apple tree.

Of course, home-influence is most important; make your home bright, attractive, amusing in all phases of domestic enjoyment, and the boy now growing into manhood will not forsake that which is pleasant and entertaining to seek pleasures elsewhere.

Montaigne, speaking of our aim in life, says, "Let all the philosophers say what they will that mark at which we all aim, even in virtue itself, is pleasure." True enough, but, build the foundation of enjoyment at home and the youth will not go astray.

In my travels I have met with men of every class, creed, color, and description, young and old, and in each case I notice the character depends upon home-influence—woman's influence. However, we will not drift away to that subject this evening; we will have that for another essay.

The young men of to-day are much better than those of former times. Certainly, they are more enlightened, but as time passes education becomes developed in a higher degree, progressing steadily in attaining the object which extends itself far and wide over our country.

What we need are men on whom we can depend, whom we res-

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Awkward.

A rather amusing incident occurred in one of the leading dry-goods establishments a few months ago. A lady whom I shall call Mrs. Chester, having purchased a few

choice flowers, to take to her little sick niece, had need to make purchases in a dry-goods store, and thoughtlessly left her flowers on the counter. She remembered when she reached her sister's where she had left them, and when her elder niece came in from school, about two hours later, asked her to go for them. The girl did so, but on entering the store, felt rather confused and decidedly indignant at seeing all the girls in that department wearing flowers, and one pinning a carnation on a youthful cash-boy.

On stating her errand to one young miss (busily arranging her bouquet), if their feeling might be judged by their faces, they felt decidedly awkward. Profuse explanations and apologies, and the flowers were (not all however) restored, a little worse for wear, perhaps. The young girl went out as quickly as possible, feeling a very great desire to laugh. She could not help thinking that a gentleman clerk was not very far wrong, when he candidly observed that "It served them right," even though in sympathy.

THAT very systematic and deliberate writer, the late Anthony Trollope, said a great many good things and a great many foolish ones in regard to writing. Among the former he never said anything truer than that a little shoemaker's wax on the seat of a man's trousers was an invaluable aid to literary composition. I hope no ambitious youngwriter will take this advice literally, and ruin his clothing in trying to act upon it. What Mr. Trollope meant was that regular hours of work bring the best results. Once begin to write, with a determination to stick to your task for a certain length of time, and you are bound to accomplish something. I do not mean that an ignorant by sitting long at his desk can write anything worth reading, but that the intelligent writer can accomplish much more by systematic than by spasmodic devotion to his task. I have found that an hour in the morning is worth two at night, but there are people who do their best work, or think they do, by candle-light. I don't believe they have given the sun a fair chance; but, after all, the main thing is to work regularly rather than fitfully.



ATTALIE CLAIRE.

pect, and, even going further, whose moral character is spotless. How is this to be attained? you ask. By home influence which is the foundation of either all good or evil. And in my closing remark allow me to say—since you have been so kind as to ask my opinion of "our young men" you here have it that, as they entirely depend on us girls all along the pathway of life they are *what we make them*. And I would add that which is to be admired in every young man is—Purity, Truth, and Honor!

HAZELKIRK.