

THE
Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

FOR SALE BY NEWSDEALERS EVERYWHERE.

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.

How Others See Us.

We clip the following from the *Empire* of March 19th:

OF INTEREST TO THE LADIES.

The ladies of Canada are to be congratulated on having such a journal published in their interest as THE LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY. The proprietors of this paper spare neither money nor energy in bringing their publication up to the highest standard, and it bids fair to rival some of the leading publications of New York and London. Their last effort has been to secure the services, at a great expense, of a fashion artist, who has been engaged in that work on one of the leading London fashion papers, and there is now, for the first time in Canada, a publication which will supply its readers with drawings and sketches of the latest fashionable styles actually taken from goods in the Canadian market. This journal is the only one in Canada publishing original fashion drawings, and the energy displayed by its proprietors in securing this advantage will be thoroughly appreciated by the subscribers to the paper, who already reach the large number of 16,000, and, considering the short time the paper has been established, offers a conclusive proof that it supplies a distinct want.

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' periodicals in that country. They have, at great expense, succeeded in securing his services, and in each issue will be found two pages of drawings from his pen. 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 lady readers drawings of fashionable goods which can be purchased in this country. This is the first and only publication in Canada, which has ever furnished its subscribers with original fashion work, giving designs of the latest novelties in millinery, mantles, dresses, etc., to be found in the leading drygoods establishments of Canada. We trust the effort we have made on their behalf will be appreciated by our lady friends.

Boarding-School Life.

A girl leaves boarding-school after two or three years' residence, having learned much that is good, much that is bad, much that is false. She has probably learned to be obedient, punctual, of nice personal habits and exceptionally self-controlled. On the other hand, she knows far more of the seamy side of life than the carefully home-trained little girl will ever know. Further, she carries away with her false notions of the world at large, of society in its broader sense. She is versed in a thousand artifices and meannesses. In many cases she is a toady to the principal, to the governesses, to the more influential girls, to the housemaids who can secure for her an occasional favor. The system that induces this loss of independence, this pitiful repression, this downfall of honor leaves much to be desired. It would be a vicious system if there were not many and counteracting good influences at work. But there are. Compared with their rivals the high schools and academies there is not much to be said in favor of boarding-schools. The difference lies in the system and in the spirit as well. The boarding-school professes to give a complete education in art, literature, music, physical culture. The high school professes to prepare pupils for certain examinations and receive as good an education, between times, as is consistent

with that object. So that at the outset the former is liberal and the latter narrow.

But by the irony of fate at graduation the results plainly shew that the training received at high schools has tended to liberality of views on things in general, the training given to the ordinary boarding-girl has forced upon her a narrowness that will regulate her standards until time shall cease, and boarding-schools shall be no more.

There is no use discussing the relative merits of the two systems. The only thing to be said is that of the two the thoroughness and accuracy and inspiring force of a good high school education will turn out fifty *scholars*—in the highest sense of the word—where even the first-rate boarding-schools turn out one. While on the other hand if a girl cannot get a decent training and refined habits and modest thoughts at home she had better go to the boarding-school. The home is the complement of the high school. There the girl fills out the blanks left by the imperfect school work. Booklore she gets in plenty at school. Accomplishments and good-breeding she has to get—if not at home—in a boarding-school. That is the sum and substance of the whole matter. In some homes the girl need never go elsewhere to be the perfect woman. In others, by reason of early misfortune or other causes, the home influences are not of the most refining order, and the parents may rightly deem it wise to give their daughters other opportunities.

A very careful choice ought to be made. The character of the boarding-school life depends so much on the character of the lady principal. Her standard becomes the standard of the girl and by it she measures the world. Consequently in many cases the girl carries away with her false notions of the world at large. Fashionable society is fairly well-known to her. The principal is a faithful mirror of that portion of humanity. The girl looks at the world through the *pince-nez* of her preceptress who has had her eyeglasses put astride her indiscriminating nose by society itself. Society demands for the education of her daughters certain standards and she supplies them at so much a term, religion included. She is not to blame. She is merely a good tradesman keeping the supply equal to the demand. Where she is to blame—I am speaking only of some lady-principals—is in giving the girls under her charge a flimsy education, mentally, morally, physically. A competitive examination as to the fitness of ladies to hold such positions might do some good, but might leave all the boarding-schools of the country—headless.

Another possibility parents have to face when they send their children where there are other than home influences at work, is that they may come home disdaining the faith of their fathers, rejecting the church of their mothers. Many pitiful instances of conversion to other churches and of subsequent grief in the home circle will occur to all of you. Where the conversion is real and the decision made after anxious thought and for conscientious reasons there cannot be so much objection. But where a silly girl forsakes the faith in which she has been brought up, because of certain worldly advantages, there cannot be strong enough language used. This is a risk that parents take. There is another danger. Is it not possible that the home-life, dear as it was before, will now fail to satisfy? Nothing is more certain. Worse, that the ways of the home-people may be too homely? That the fashionable society has ruined forever a once humble-minded little girl? Will she look down upon her family? Will there be friction and unpleasantness? I trust not. But there is always a chance. All a mother's anxious love cannot forbid these dangers.

On the other hand, a girl ought to have a chance to shew what stuff she is made up. If she is made of poor stuff so much the worse. Boarding-school has done her harm, but such a girl will get harm anyway. If she is made of good stuff, she will bear close scrutiny and come out of the ordeal pure gold.

There is much good, as I said, at the outset in boarding-school life. The hours of study are not too long; there is often good wholesome food, there are plenty of good times and small excitements. Above all there are plenty of desirable companions for your daughter. But there is such need for wise choice of a school, of careful home-training beforehand, of strict watch over your daughter's mental and moral development, while she is away from you.

Visitors to the Sanctum.

THE editor has to confess that she still takes a childish delight in opening letters. It is a real joy to rip open the envelope—I never stop to cut it open neatly, too much of a hurry—and see what's inside. You would think that there would soon cease to be an excitement about getting at the contents of my letter-bag considering the weight and frequency of it. But the atmosphere will have to be particularly frigid on the day that I don't like to see letters on my desk. I think I must be a very nice editor, because I don't get many abusive letters. Nor do many people call on me when they have anything nasty to say. Well, as I was saying, I get a great many letters.

I receive a great many from clergymen. Not that I am in any more need of spiritual instruction than I have been in the past. But as you all know, or can imagine, the giving of a "Weekly Sermon," involves much correspondence on the part of the editor and the divines. This morning as usual brought its clerical batch and the first one I read gave me such comforting feeling that I was some use in the world. It was from a prominent Montreal clergyman, a Congregationalist and he says:

"Indeed, preaching on truthfulness, a Sunday or so ago I quoted (with due acknowledgment) from your article on the same subject calling for more courageous truthfulness among women. . . .

I think your work is good, and by the aid of the publisher the preacher's work may be increased a hundred-fold."

The next was from a Toronto clergyman, once my examiner in logic. In a letter wherein I had asked a favor and stated audaciously, that he ought to do so much for me, seeing that my hair nearly turned grey trying to answer his examination questions, his answer chased all blueness out of the sanctum in double-quick time.

"As gray hair is fashionable, I feel that I have done you a life-long service, and placed you under an obligation to me. Did your conscience not smite you when you presented those words? Or are editors supposed to have none? And is all the logic gone, upon which I used to examine you? It was not that my questions turned my hair gray, it was your answers that made me old before my time." Then came an answer from Parkdale. A clergyman there had been asked for a sermon and portrait. He replied: "I think only clever men should have their sermons printed and only good-looking ones their photographs taken. I have not had one taken since I left college, but I have a whole album full of good-looking men I can give you to choose from."

Who says after these two latter, that clergymen have no sense of humor?

MANUSCRIPTS and authors' letters lie in a heap on the table. This is where the heart-breaking part of being an editor comes in, the returning of M. S. S. I have not got hardened to the business yet I suppose. I wish I would get hardened. I don't want to be made feel badly every time I have to return a manuscript. I don't like it at all. Some of the letters are so pitiful that I feel like a wretch of the deepest dye that I cannot publish and pay well for the author's efforts. But in some cases such would be cruel kindness. To publish a worthless production would do the author more harm than it would us. Such encouragement would be falsely given. The young author, inspired by seeing her story in print, rushes on to other as perhaps worse efforts. I feel that she will never make even a hack-writer. Even a severe reply at the outset is far far better than a series of unsuccessful attempts ending perhaps in final disappointment when the author has got past the age for starting out in some other path in life. So, you see, I should feel conscience-stricken if I yielded to my human instinct and tried to find a place for every one. But there ought to be some way of sparing my feelings and theirs. Can you tell me any way? Do you remember how the editors of the *Idler*, J. K. Jerome's and Robert Barr's new magazine started out? They have a little editorial to this effect:

"Oh, by-the-by, if anybody gets his M.S.S. sent back from this magazine, he must understand that it is the sub-editor's doing. So far as Jerome and myself are concerned, we are always ready to take anything we can lay our hands upon. Indeed this has been the principle that has guided us from childhood. But our Sub. is a cold calculating villain without a spark of kindly feeling in him. As for his taste in literature it is simply beneath contempt. He invariably rejects the most brilliant stories and articles that are sent into the office; and passes on to us only that rubbish that his experience has told him the British public will care for. He knows the British public and that is why we have chosen him. We—the editors could never run a people's magazine by ourselves. We are too cultured. If we had our way we should fill this magazine with Elizabethan poetry and essays on Homer. Literature is poured in upon us that we ourselves would be delighted to publish. But that miserable sub of ours returns it with insincere compliments. It is no use our talking to him. Some strong and active literary lady or gentleman ought really to call him up and speak to him about it. He is generally in between eleven and two. He is a very poor fighter and all his friends live in the country. Don't make a mistake however, his is the back office."

But to get back to that letter-bag. Would you believe that the next ten letters I open one after another are business letters referring to purely business matters? As every reader of this paper knows such letters are *not* to be addressed to the editor. See the head-note at the top of this page. When I got to the tenth I just sat down on the floor and wept. Did I read them? Well I think not. I have nothing *nothing* to do with the business part or the competition part of this paper. Why won't you see that? Oh dear! dear! The moment I see a word showing it is a business letter I don't read any further, but it is wretched to have read that far. Now be sensible, good people. What's the use of writing to me? I can't go and kill the publishers for you. They are all big men. Neither can I go playing hide-and-seek around the mailing lists. The shipping-clerk is cross and I am afraid of him. Neither do I know the first thing about prize competitions. I am a perfect ignoramus on anything of that sort and the people that manage that affair around the office won't even let me inside the door lest I should make off with the jewelry. So I cannot help you there. You won't do it any more will you?

Last of all in this batch I received a very saucy letter from an individual calling himself a gentleman. He writes: "I read your editorials with great pleasure and—I hope—profit, especially that on the Genesee Miller system of dressing. I am a most devoted disciple, tho' as yet have not donned the dress in public. As there is a fancy dress carnival here," (he writes from a small place of no importance on the map) "on Saturday, I think that will be a very good opportunity to set the good example. I may say that for a good many years past I have done without those two articles of dress specially mentioned, and find no disadvantage from their absence, in fact, recommend all others to do likewise."

Madge Robertson