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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.

NO. 14 VOL. III.  
WHOLE NO. 118.

TORONTO, FOR WEEK ENDING SATURDAY APRIL 2, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS A COPY.  
\$2.00 PER YEAR.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

### The Hon. Mrs. Dewdney.

I am glad to give our readers a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Dewdney, wife of the Minister of the Interior. Her pleasant kindly face is well-known in many circles, in far-off Ceylon, in England, in British Columbia and the Capital of our fair Dominion, Ottawa. An eventful and changeable life, indeed has been that of Mrs. Dewdney. Born in Ceylon she spent many years in her father's home. Her father, Stratton Moir, Esq., was a coffee-planter, and his daughter Jane naturally saw all that phase of Eastern-Indian life. At Colombo where the plantation was, was then the starting-point of a life full of a vivid interest and exciting scenes. There where the sun's hot rays were fiercest, where browned colonists and swarthy natives made Anglo-India a scene of activity and laziness combined, where people got very near the heart of things, in the blazing heat and were hardened into a certain way of living, or else lived and died rebellious. From Ceylon the young girl was like most other children of Eastern colonists sent "home" to England to be educated. There she passed the regulation boarding-school life in the home-like atmosphere of a girls' school. What a change from the sun-kissed land of Ceylon to the mists, and hedges, and violets, and blazing fires, and five o'clock teas of England! But more change was still to follow, a trip round the Cape of Good Hope, a visit to St Helena and then a long residence in British Columbia. Here on March 28, 1864, a marriage took place. Young Mr. Dewdney was married to Jane Shaw, eldest daughter of Stratton Moir, Esq., of Colombo, Ceylon. Mr. Dewdney, a civil engineer by profession, four years later sat for Kootenay in the Legislative Assembly of British Columbia. The Dewdnays then made their home in Victoria, that beautiful little city so like her beloved England that Mrs Dewdney looks back to her residence there with the most loving regrets. A year later and there was another change, and Mr. Dewdney took his seat in the House of Commons. There Mrs. Dewdney accompanied him, and it was during his session in the Commons, from 1872-1879, that Mr. Dewdney was appointed Indian Commissioner. With this further change came a most eventful and exciting period of their lives. The culminating point was reached when Mr. Dewdney was made Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territory. During this period, from December 3, 1881 to July 3, 1888, the great rebellion took place, and the painful anxiety and actual trouble that Mrs. Dewdney underwent during this time has left an abiding impression on her mind. To us all it is more than saddening to dwell upon this awful time, but to one who lived where the trouble was present, it is no wonder that as Mrs. Dewdney says, they were half crazed with harassing anxiety, afraid of they knew not what, knowing of actual starvation and unable to send help! Since that time the Dewdnays have resided permanently at Ottawa. Mr. Dewdney was sworn in the Privy Council, as Minister of the Interior and *ex-officio* Superintendent-General of Indian affairs.

Mrs. Dewdney has faithfully followed her husband's fortunes and affairs. She is a dear friend of Lady Macdonald's and laments greatly that lady's absence from the Capital. Mrs. Dewdney herself is exceedingly interesting to talk to. Her reminiscences are full of attraction. She remembers Regina when it was composed solely and entirely of thirteen tents. Everybody lived in tents, the Dewdnays lived in a tent. They had the first house in the district, a portable cottage purchased and imported from Chicago. You can imagine what a sensation this created in the tented hamlet! It is indeed pleasant to spend an hour with Mrs Dewdney and hear personal information about all quarters of the globe.

The Dewdney's live on O'Connor street in Ottawa, and their pleasant home-like abode is well known to their friends in the Capital. The mistress of the house gives individuality to it and one feels that here there is true culture and true kindness and courtesy.

MADGE ROBERTSON.

### Jenny Lind and Grisi.

Somewhere in the 40's Grisi and Jenny Lind were singing in different theatres in London.

Those who went into ecstasies over Grisi's "Norma" were the next evening enraptured with Lind's "Casta Diva." Great was the rivalry between them.

Finally Queen Victoria, deeming it a shame that two such gifted women should be separated by a mean, unworthy jealousy, requested both to appear at a court concert. Of course, they both came.

The queen warmly welcomed them together for the first time. She gave the signal for the concert to begin.

Jenny Lind was the younger, and it was arranged that she should sing first. With perfect confidence in her powers, she stepped forward to begin. Chancing to glance at Grisi, she saw the Southern woman's malignant gaze fixed on her.

The fierce look almost paralyzed her. Her courage left her, her voice trembled, everything grew black before her and she almost fell. By the greatest exertion of her will, however, she managed to finish her aria.

sung it for years. As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but singing to loving friends in her fatherland.

No one present understood a word of the "prayer." Softly at first the plaintive notes floated on the air, swelling louder and richer every moment.

The singer seemed to throw her whole soul into that weird, thrilling, plaintive "prayer." Gradually the song died away and ended in a soft sob. Again there was silence—the silence of admiring wonder.

The audience sat spellbound. Jenny Lind lifted at last her sweet blue eyes to look into the scornful face that had so disconcerted her at first. There was no fierce expression now; instead a tear-drop glistened on the long black lashes.

After a moment, with the impulsiveness of a child of the tropics, Grisi crossed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arm about her and kissed her warmly, utterly regardless of the admiring audience.



*Given very sincerely  
J. Dewdney*

A painful silence followed its conclusion—a silence that told of her failure. She caught a triumphant expression on Grisi's face.

Despite the clearness of her senses she quickly realized that failure meant lost glory, disappointed hope, the destruction of happiness, grief and mortification to her family and her friends. Suddenly a soft voice that seemed to come from Heaven whispered to her "Sing one of your old songs in your native language."

She caught at the thought like an inspiration. The accompanist was striking his final chords. She stepped up to him, asked him to rise and took the vacant seat.

Softly her white fingers wandered over the keys in a loving prelude, then she sang. It was a little prayer which she had loved as a child; it belonged to her childhood's repertoire. She hadn't

### Mission of Vegetables.

Good health is one of the things which are necessary for our happiness in this world. By careful attention to our diet many sicknesses may be averted. If the stomach is kept in healthful condition, the whole physical system will work harmoniously except under unusual circumstances. A little study about the properties of different kinds of food and particularly vegetables, will save us many doctor's bills and do away with the use of a good many drugs. Vegetables will be found to possess great medicinal properties, and many a sickness may be averted by using the proper food at the right time. Says an authority, spinach has a direct effect upon complaints of the kidneys; the common dandelion used as greens, is excellent for the same trouble, asparagus purifies the blood; celery acts admirably upon the nervous system, and is a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia; tomatoes act upon the liver; beets and turnips are excellent appetizers; lettuce and cucumbers are cooling in their effects upon the system; beans are a very nutritious and strengthening vegetable; while onions, garlics, leeks, chives and shallots, all of which are similar, possess medical virtues of a marked character, stimulating the circulatory system, and the consequent increase of the saliva and the gastric juice promoting digestion. Red onions are an excellent diuretic, and the white ones are recommended raw as a remedy for insomnia. They are tonic and nutritious. A soup made from onions is regarded by the French as an excellent restorative in debility of the digestive organs. We might go through the entire list and find each vegetable possessing its special mission of cure, and it will be plain to every housekeeper that vegetable diet should be partly adopted, and will prove of great advantage to the health of the family.

### Teeth Growing.

So many discoveries have been made during the past fifty years that people are beginning to cease being surprised at man claiming any fresh power over nature. According to a German journal, a Moscow dentist can grow teeth for us. If this enterprising gentleman would only grow painless teeth for us at the outset, and save us constant agonies from birth to death, he would not only prove a benefactor to the human race, but to his own pecuniary welfare. At present, however, he confines his attention to growing new teeth on the ruins of old ones, which are said to grow as firmly into the gums as natural ones. Even this advance in dentistry will be good news to those who have to wear false teeth, which insist upon falling into the lap of the proud owner just as she wishes to impress upon a rival how captivating her row of white pearls makes her.

MISS GIFFORD, the author of the "Marine Botanist," died a few days ago. Her work was, and still remains, a standard text-book on the subject, and she was in communication with all the most distinguished students of sea-plants throughout the world.