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PICTORIAL

# LADIES WEEKLY

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WOMEN OF NORTH AMERICA.



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

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### Hon. Mrs. Ivor Herbert.

The subject of this sketch, the Hon. Mrs. Ivor Herbert, wife of Major-General Herbert, C. B., is the youngest daughter of the late Lord Albert Conyngham, second son of the first Marquis of Conyngham. His Lordship assumed the patronemic of Denison on succeeding to the estates of his maternal uncle W. J. Denison, Esq. M. P., and was raised to the peerage in 1850 as Baron Londesborough of Londesborough, in the county of York. Lady Londesborough, Mrs. Herbert's mother, was a daughter of Admiral Hon. Charles Bridgeman, son of the Earl of Bradford, and married secondly Lord Otto Fitzgerald, son of the third Duke of Leinster. Of the Hon. Mrs. Ivor Herbert's five surviving brothers, three have served in the Royal Navy, and one in the Royal Artillery, while the eldest who succeeded his father in 1860 was raised to the dignity of an Earl in 1887 on the occasion of the Jubilee of Her Majesty's accession to the throne. The manner in which the news of that accession was conveyed to Her Majesty by the grandfather of Mrs. Herbert, then Lord Chamberlain is thus described in the Greville memories.

"On the morning of the King's death, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham arrived at Kensington at five o'clock and immediately desired to see the Queen. They were ushered into an apartment, and in a few minutes the door opened, and she came in wrapped in a dressing-gown and with slippers on her naked feet. Conyngham in a few words told her their errand, and as soon as he uttered the words 'Your Majesty,' she instantly put out her hand to him, intimating that he was to kiss hands before he proceeded. He dropped on one knee, kissed her hand, and then went on to tell her of the late King's death. She presented her hand to the Archbishop who likewise kissed it, and when he had done so addressed to her a sort of pastoral charge, which she received graciously, and then retired."

The Hon. Mrs. Ivor Herbert married in 1873, Hon. J. C. Herbert, eldest son of J. A. Herbert, of Llanarth, in Mammothshire, S. Wales, by Hon. Mrs. Herbert, only surviving child of the late Lord Llanover.

### Pen Portrait of Stonewall Jackson.

Mrs. Jackson, in the Life and Letters of her distinguished husband, quotes a description of her subject by the Rev. Dr. Dabney, who was on General Jackson's staff and a member of his military family: "His person was tall, erect and muscular, with the large hands and feet characteristic of all his race. His bearing was peculiarly English, and, therefore, in the somewhat free society of America was regarded as constrained. Every movement was quick and decisive; his articulation was rapid, but distinct and emphatic, and, accompanied by that laconic and perspicuous phrase to which it was so well adapted, it often made the impression of curtness. He practiced a military exactness in all the courtesies of good society. Different opinions exist as to his comeliness, because it varied so much with the condition of his health and animal spirits. His brow was fair and expansive; his eyes were blue-gray, large and expressive, reposing usually in placid calm, but able none the less to flash the lightning. His nose was Roman, and well chiseled, his cheeks ruddy and sunburnt; his mouth firm and full of meaning, and his chin covered with a beard of comely brown. The remarkable characteristic of his face was the contrast between its sterner and its gentler moods. As he accosted a friend, or dispensed the hospitalities of his own house, his serious constrained look gave place to a smile so sweet, so sunny in its graciousness that he was another man. And if anything caused him to burst into a hearty laugh the effect was a complete metamorphosis. Then his eyes danced and his countenance rippled with a glee and abandon literally infantile. This smile was indescribable to one who never saw it. Had there been a painter with genius subtle enough to fix upon his canvas, side by side, the spirit of a countenance with which he caught the sudden jest of a child romping on his knees, and with which, in the crisis

of battle, he gave the sharp command, 'Sweep the field with the bayonet!' he would have accomplished a miracle of art which the spectator could scarcely credit as true to nature. In walking his step was long and rapid, and at once suggested the idea of the dismounted horseman. It has been said that he was an awkward rider, but incorrectly. A sufficient evidence of this is that he was never thrown. It is true that on the march, when involved in thought, he was heedless of the grace of his posture; but in action, as he rode with bare head along his column, acknowledging the shouts which rent the skies, no figure could be nobler than his. His judgment of horses was excellent, and it was very rarely that he was not well mounted."



*The Young  
Mrs. Ivor Herbert*

### The Art of Making a Home.

It seems a pity that the young woman who is about to establish a home and has a sum of money to spend for its garnishing can not be persuaded from laying it all out at once. She robs herself of so much future enjoyment. The spick and span sets of furniture which are carelessly ordered from an upholsterer, and carried home and stood around her parlors by his men, will never afford her half the satisfaction she can get in a room for which to-day she buys a chair, and next week, seeing that there must be a table to accompany the chair, she starts on a fresh shopping excursion, and finds

a table which is exactly what she was looking for; and in another month, discovering the need of a bookcase or a screen, she has again the delight of the hunt, and the gratification of obtaining the prettiest screen and bookcase in the city.

Such a room is a growth, a gathering together of household treasures, little by little. Each article, bought only when the need arises, or when something is happily found to just meet the need, will have a family history which makes it an entertaining as well as a valuable possession. Each couch and footstool is an achievement; each rug and curtain represents a triumph.

Such a home built up gradually, with careful planning in each part, with thought and loving consideration in all its details, acquires a far deeper value than could be purchased by the longest purse from the most fashionable cabinet-maker.

### Every Day is Sunday.

The Greeks observe Monday, the Persians Tuesday, the Assyrians Wednesday, the Egyptians Thursday, the Turks Friday, the Jews Saturday and the Christians Sunday, thus there is a perpetual Sabbath being celebrated on earth. It was during the French revolution of 1789 that a weekly Sabbath was totally abolished. The national convention which declared France a republic determined at the instance of Gebet, archbishop of Paris, to abandon Christianity and to substitute instead the worship of liberty, equality and reason; churches were quickly despoiled and civic feasts substituted for religious festivals. The convention also enacted that time, instead of being reckoned from the birth of Christ should thereafter count from the birthday of the French revolution, the year to begin anew from that date, September 22, 1792. That the Christian Sabbath might not be observed, the months were to consist of thirty days each, a day of rest being granted only at the close of each decade (every ten days). Under the directory established by a new constitution in 1795 the laws of Robespierre were repealed, the churches were reopened and Sunday took its rightful place in the calendar.

### In an English Bedroom.

Bedrooms are not usually nearly so comfortably furnished in England as are ours, says the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It is quite unusual to have a fire in one's bedroom, and the rocking chair, that comfortable solace of every American woman's life, is conspicuous by its absence. It is not customary, either, to have gas in the bedrooms. There is an idea that it is unwholesome, and candles are still almost universally used, except on the parlor and dining-room floors. I have sometimes thought that the poor lighting of the bed and dressing-rooms of the English homes had much to do in contributing to the dowdy and unstylish dressing of the women, the majority of whom always have their skirts a little bit crooked, or the petticoats showing unevenly on one side or the other. In furnishing a bed-room the dressing-table—used instead of our bureaux—is always put against a window so as to catch all the light possible. This looks odd both in the room and from the outside of the house. You see the unpainted backs of looking-glasses at the upper windows of the handsomest houses, and even in Marlborough House—the palace of the Prince of Wales.

### Some Good Points.

- o—
- The educated woman should not lose golden time reading trashy novels.
- Married women should not try to look as youthful as their daughters.
- That wise woman should never relate the gossip they hear on their neighbor's stoop.

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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.

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.

T. Thompson & Son's Opening.

The millinery show-room of the above firm was very prettily decorated on the occasion of their spring opening on March 22nd. Very many new shapes and designs were shown, and we have reproduced a few of the more taking hats and mantles for our readers. The mantle shown is of a shape much worn this year, but is chiefly noticeable for the novelty in its braiding, which represents a basket of flowers, and is quite out of the common. The jacket is of fine fawn broadcloth, lined with satin, embroidered with gold and amber, and the edges corded with gold. It is also shown in other colors, but this was by far the prettiest. The shape is a taking one for summer wear, giving the full effect of the figure, while being loose and open in front.

Among the hats the colors most noticeable are greys and tans and all shades of greens. The leaf shape in its many pleasing variations, is a prominent feature this year. Trimmings are profuse. Fancy ornaments such as pins, buckles, etc., with imitation diamonds are placed everywhere, and jets and fancy braids are much used. Of the hats sketched the most striking was one in navy blue straw, trimmed with navy blue and white velvet ribbon the flowers being white chrysanthemums. The other large hat was covered with roses, supplemented with black lace and ostrich feathers, and made a charming summer hat. The bonnet was of black lace and jet, and the new trimming so much used, ecru chiffon with the edge formed of fibres of ostrich feathers. This was relieved by a bunch of wild flowers, violets, forget-me-nots, &c.

Spring Millinery at R. Simpson's.

Our artist paid a visit to the millinery opening at Simpson's and has made some sketches of the most noticeable styles, which appear on page 231. The hat in the left hand top corner is of fancy grey straw with chiffon facing trimmed with grey figured ribbon and tips. It has two of the large headed pins, so much used, and is noticeable for the clever way in which the trimming is brought into the leaf shape, which is so fashionable this season. The hat below this is three cornered in shape, formed of black lace and jet, and trimmed with black ribbon, jet and colored flowers. The bottom hat has a jet crown and rim with lace facing, a rosette of green and black narrow ribbon is stuck in the front, the flower being a shaded poppy.

The bonnet is all in black and can if desired be used for mourning. It is an English turban, the crown being formed of black silk surmounting a roll of velvet. It has black ribbon trimmings and velvet points, the flowers also being black.

There was a large display of mantles, but want of space prevents our giving more than one sketch. Lace shoulders are much

worn, and hoods are again coming in. We were struck by some pretty tweed capes shown, which were lined so as to exactly match the prevailing tint of the tweed. The mantle sketched has the roll collar, which is replacing the Medici, having the advantage that it can be worn either turned down or standing up. It is of fawn Bedford cord, with a silk and tinsel and braided yoke with deep gold and jet trimming and jet fringe to the waist.

Reforms in Society.

The ordinary woman of good sense hates to be called a society-woman. Why? The name implies so much in Canada. It means, practically, a woman devoted to social life, a woman whose sole ambition is to be in the swim. A great deal of odium attaches itself to the name "society" man or woman. A self-respecting woman to whom glimpses of higher intellectual or spiritual or more comfortable life has been shown, strongly resents being classed as such. She has no intention of being bored to death by a deadly dull society-life, when she is better entertained in other ways. And she would hate those whose opinions she values, to think she had any such intention.

But it is of reforms needed in society that I intend mainly to speak. The society woman is the only person who can reform society. Women everywhere make society what it is. Men, for once in their lives, have to fall in, no matter how much they swear about it, with the standards their wives set up. And none but the fashionable dame can work any changes among her kind. This is why she ought to improve herself, not only during Lent but all the year round. But not only does she do many things she ought not to do, but she leaves undone many things she ought to do namely the various reforms so badly needed in our society. The society women of Canada fail as reformers or to speak correctly they never try to be such. A woman's influence should always be for good. Indeed goodness has so long been feminine that men forget that the word is of common gender. Any good movement, set on foot by members of either sex, is certain to find women among its supporters—but not our society women. I should make an exception here in favor of works of charity. There are always plenty of the "leaders of society" available as patronesses of our Charity Ball. Nor does an opera performed for the benefit of a charitable institution, lack a company or supporters in evening dress. The Lady Blanche clothes part of her substantial form in airy white and lets a half-dressed audience gaze upon her charms because, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto to me."

Personal modesty is also becoming a thing of the past here as everywhere. I desire to enter into this phase of the subject because I think a great deal of blame is undeservedly attached to women in this respect. Very often really refined and modest women err negatively. They see half their acquaintances dressed immodestly and they do likewise without giving the matter a thought whatever. They meet half their world at a spectacular drama and because custom and society sanctifies the amusement, no disgust enters their minds. Following the same canon they read books with which they are inwardly shocked, have unseemly photographs taken and submit to theatrical liberties. Part of this I am glad to know is thoughtlessness, a greater part, I regret to say, is far from so being. However, Canadian women ought not to be thoughtless. There is a great reform needed and only our society women can complete it. By force of example everything can be done. A glorious opportunity is given. We have a comparatively new country and it is to us to say what its future will be. Personal influence is most effective in the formation of taste and true social advancement. We are not called upon to accept old-world customs and old-world morality. Heaven forbid! There is no reason why our society should be based on its lines. Why should not good taste and refinement and modesty and culture have a chance? Our leaders of society can do this and more. Let us leave to other country-women to outrage womanhood—that precious stone set in a silver sea—and decline to accept the dregs of an effete society.

Visitors to the Sanctum.

THE following letter explains itself and fully confirms all I said about Priscilla in a previous article. The one or two people who may have forgotten, better refer back to the issue which contained an article on "Over-Tidiness." Priscilla is evidently hardened in her career, and my appeal which would have softened a sewing-bee has evidently made no impression whatever on that bit of flint and North-West blizzard she calls her heart. Her snubbing remarks about my article are probably untruthful but I don't like to say so in public.

DEAR BEAR:—Your letter and peace offering I received a month ago. I was very glad to hear from you, but I was at a loss to understand why you should think it necessary to make peace till I recalled your somewhat amusing account of our house-keeping past and present. As you say, the frivolous and thoughtless character of the production precluded its being regarded as worthy of serious notice. Indeed I don't know that I would have remembered it at all, but that Bookie (with whom I have not been quite successful in inculcating habits of order) has, on several occasions, when rebuked for leaving his skates on the parlor table, and his cap and mittens on the kitchen floor, quoted what I take to be sentences of yours, which he seemed to think a sufficient answer to my strictures. However he sees now it is much better to submit quietly to my regulations which are for his good. I will say, though, before dropping the subject, the consideration of which has already taken too much valuable time, that I have but one regret, I did not succeed in implanting in you a love of orderly and house-wifely tidiness the lack of which is a great defect in a character not totally devoid of good sense and ability.

Now as to the peace offering; I would like you to tell your lady friends what a comfort Williamson's Household Expense Book is. It is issued by Williamson & Co., and only costs fifty cents. Housekeepers who have vainly tried to make the week's expenditure balance with the week's receipts, will find it a great help in keeping track of the numerous little items that form our "expenditure." The book has fifty-two pages, one for each week in the year. Each page has all the necessary items in separate spaces printed, including one for "sundries." (Tell the girls how handy that is for candy, lunches down town, etc.) There is one more column needed before the work can be perfect. There is a place for the totals of the each day's expenses. But there is no place for the totals of the individual items for the week. This is a great loss as it would be necessary to go through each day's expenses in order to know how much you pay your butcher for the month. In spite of the great assistance given by this book, I still have occasionally some difficulty in "balancing." There are always a few provoking cents that don't seem to belong anywhere. (Here is a secret. I don't know what to do with them so I put them in my mite box and enter them up as "Charity.") Sometimes, alas, often I balance so well that there is no "balance brought forward," to put down at the beginning of the week. I am sure my dear editress, you would find this book useful even in the sanctum where there are such editorial possessions as bon-bons, dogs, flowers, fairies, etc.

Sincerely your well-wisher,

PRISCILLA.

P. S.—The next time you come to visit us please leave the dogs at home, they bring so much mud into the house.

P.

"I thought I would come in and tell you," said Barney sticking his head in the door of the sanctum, "that—"

(Yes I will come in too).

That I heard a man say that he quite agreed with your piece about "Flattery." He said—

(Do take those dogs away. I can't talk from the outside).

That the reason men were more easily flattered than women was that they did not get as much of it,

(Beastly nasty of you not to let me in. No, I won't stay a minute, really).

And he wants to know how you know so much about it, anyway.

(No, honest, he didn't say that. If you call off those fiends I'll tell you what he did say).

Women get so much flattery that they are sick of it and that's why you can't flatter them. You can't lay it on thick with a girl, you know,

(No, I said that, he said the rest).

And besides girls don't have to flatter a man to make him like them. A man likes a girl anyway.

(Yes, he did say that too. Go on, let me in just a minute).

But I know lots of girls you can taffy up. Oh, I say, I heard the best thing yesterday about a girl. She got flattered you bet.

(It's an awfully funny story and you'd be sorry if you didn't hear it, happened at an "At Home," too. Open the door again. No, I won't either, keyhole's too small).

It's about Clara K—and Jack T—

(Now this is more like it, which chair shall I take? Well, I wasn't shouting. Nobody heard anyway. I'm going on, let me get breath).

Well it was this way. —s had an "At Home."

(Were you. I never saw you. Did you? Why didn't you speak to me? You've awfully bad manners).

Well, Jack T— was going out as Clara K— was coming in and she passed him on the stairs. A few minutes after— (She told me that's how I know).

She shook hands with Mrs. — and turned to find the young man of the house introducing Jack T— to her, who forthwith took her to the refreshment room.

(I was there didn't I tell you? I couldn't help seeing what was going on under my very nose. Oh, well you never see anything).

After she drank coffee and some cake or other, they went back to the drawing-room and I heard Jack tell her to keep as far away from the hostess as possible. She wanted to know why and he told her that he had said good-bye under plea of pressing business but that meeting her (that's Clara) he changed his mind. Now that's pretty broad flattery, but Clara will swallow anything. So she snickered and tried to look as if she wasn't over-joyed and then he kept on in the same strain.

But that night Clara was out to dinner and a man who didn't know her or that she had been at the "At Home" told her of a conversation he had overheard, that afternoon at the "At Home." He had been going out through one of the halls but got stopped by the jam and one man was saying to another:

"I say old man you'd better stop. There's Miss — —"

(man didn't hear the name) "coming in and she is very anxious to meet you. So the man," (that's the one that told Clara the story) supposed that he (that's Jack) had stayed. Clara put two and two together—and my! She was hopping. Think of Jack telling her all that rot and she believing him. She is wild."

Now, I'm just telling you that as a warning. You needn't go on writing pieces about men taking in all a girl tells them when girls are such geese.

(You are the most ungrateful creature I ever saw. Mind I'll never bring you another story, now mind. Clara never told me not to tell).

Madge Robertson

## Literature.

"The world of books is still the world I write."—MRS. BROWNING.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

## Thackeray and His Art.

It is presumptuous to suppose that at this, the eleventh hour of the nineteenth century, anything new can be said concerning William Makepeace Thackeray. He has been read and re-read, revised and criticized till his works are familiar in our mouths as household words. But if it is true that we know him intimately, it is also true that "age cannot wither him, nor custom stale his infinite variety." In spite of new claimants for our favor, Rider Haggard and Grant Allan, "Solomon's Mines," "She," *ad infinitum ad nauseum*, back we turn to our Thackeray with a keener intellectual appreciation than ever.

And what a series of paradoxes, what a bundle of contradictions meet us and look out at us from under those bushy eyebrows as we gaze at him! Our tender-hearted cynic, unworldly man of the world, satirist and sentimentalist in one and the same breath. It has sometimes seemed as if the sharp-pointed witticism and mocking jibe, with which he ridicules the foibles of society were his own weapons of protection from the sorrows that pursued him, and that he hid with a sardonic smile the tear of emotion of which he was more than half ashamed. Thackeray paints for us the men and women of society with the pencil of a pre-raphaelite. Not a wrinkle is omitted, not a defect smoothed over. "Paint the mole, sir," said Oliver Cromwell to an artist who was idealizing the great man's portrait, and obliterating the unkind handy-work of nature. Thackeray always "paints the mole," but if the sketch he gives us be a noble one he makes us love it and recognize it mole and all. I suppose that women generally will never forgive him for "Becky Sharpe"; he has insulted the whole sex too deeply in that portrait. But we must remember that some of the sweetest and most womanly of all the heroines of fiction are his creatures too. Madam de Thrac, (poor Colonel Newcome's Leonore), high spirited and noble Ethel Newcome, and especially Lady Castlewood, who seems to me to be one of the loveliest women in the literature of fiction, are inspirations of Thackeray's pen. For clearness of outline and firmness of touch our author is unequalled. Take the Newcomes for instance, how every character stands out like a clear cut cameo on the canvass, no slurring or blurring for a moment permitted. Given the circumstances, and we feel we know beforehand what Cline and Ethel or the grand old Colonel, will be sure to do, so intimately has the author made us acquainted with their hidden springs of thought and feeling.

Thackeray's less known writings are well worthy of perusal. Turning to his "Book of Snobs," in which we all get so many raps and where each one of us finds a cap that fits, while we are in the very act of adorning our neighbor, what can be finer than this for a definition. "He who meanly admires mean things is a snob." If that is not enough to quench the first risings of the spirit of snobbery in the breast of ingenuous youth, I know not where we could find a more complete extinguisher.

His poetry, though perhaps the *jeu d'esprits* of moments of relaxation rather than of serious work, is full of humor, pathos, and wit. He knew London well, and the London policeman, amongst other natives of the soil, he sketches with inimitable humor. Who that has read them can forget the "Lines on a late hospicious event," by a gentleman of the Foot Guards (blue). They tell in true policeman parlance of the birth of a son of the line royal, whom Queen Victoria and Prince Albert have decided shall be called "Arthur" in honor of the Duke of Wellington.

The royal Prince unto  
The gallant Duke did say:  
"Dear Duke our little son and you  
Was born the self-same day.  
That offspring of our race  
Which yesterday you see,  
To show our honor for your Grace  
"Prince Arthur" he shall be.  
That name it rhymes to fame,  
All Europe knows the sound,  
And I couldn't find a better name  
If you'd give me twenty pound!

The "Canebottomed Chair," is a veritable peep into Thackeray's own study, and he has permitted us to see that a beloved woman's form fills the vacant place in his imagination, and we lift for a moment the curtain of his life, and look into the "world of might-have-been" with the poet's eye.

She comes from the past and revisits my room,  
She looks as she did then all beauty and bloom,  
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair—  
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottom chair.

Thackeray's life was shadowed with a great sorrow, the permanent derangement of his wife. He had all the reticence natural to an English gentleman, and his grief was never paraded before the public for sympathy. It adds its own minor key to his reflections however, and one feels from time to time an undertone of pathos which assures us that he too has been in the depths. A verse from the "Ballad of Borillabasse," will illustrate this. The poem begins in a laughter, but as he writes the sunny memories from overcast recollection bring the sigh instead of the smile to his lips and he cries:

"Ah me, how quick the days are flitting!  
I mind me of a time that's gone,  
When here I'd sit as now I'm sitting,  
In the same place, but not alone;  
A fair young form was nestled near me,  
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,  
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—  
There's no one now to share my cup."

Young writers will do well to study Thackeray. The absence of anything that can be called "gush" in his writings, his quiet self-restraint, his English pure and undefiled, his patience, his artistic sense, all make him a model for literary aspirants.

How sadly the news of his death broke upon London and beclouded the Christmas eve festivities! He was only fifty-three, and the end was altogether unexpected. He died in his sleep; the last words he had written on the manuscript of a new story lay upon his desk, "And my heart thrilled with an exquisite bliss." May they not have interpreted his awakening upon a deathless shore? London mourned for him deeply and truly, for he had seemed indeed to belong to her. His empty place remains empty still. As has been justly said of him, "the increase of time only mellows his renown, and each year that passes and brings him no successor does but sharpen the keenness of our sense of loss. In what other novelist since Scott was borne down by the burden of a forlorn endeavor and died for honor's sake, has the world found so many of the fairest gifts combined?"

## Our English Letter.

## Notes on Some European Sovereigns.

(From our own Correspondent.)

LONDON, March 31 1891.

With the exception of the little King of Spain, Queen Wilhelmine, of Holland, is the youngest sovereign in Europe. She is eleven years of age, and as quiet, simple, and well-behaved a little girl as one would meet anywhere. Owing to the very strict etiquette of the Dutch court which does not allow her to play with any other children, she leads a quieter life than most children of her age. Queen Wilhelmine rises at seven and breakfasts at eight o'clock, she then works in her little garden, which no hand ever touches but her own, feeds her doves, to whom she is very much attached; in the morning she does her studies with her English governess and after luncheon drives out with her mother. Six o'clock is the dinner hour and at eight the Queen retires to rest. Strange as it may seem from the fact of her mother being a German, Queen Wilhelmine cannot speak a word of German, although she already speaks French and English fluently as well as Dutch; the reason of this is that the late King her father had so strong a prejudice against the German nation that he would not allow his daughter to be taught their language. There are two or three pretty little stories told of the little Queen; the following one is sad and touching and shows that her life is not so happy as it should be. One day when playing with her dolls one of them misbehaved itself and the little princess held up her finger and said sternly "If you are so naughty I shall make you into a princess, and then you won't have any other little children to play with, and you'll always have to throw kisses with your hand whenever you go out driving." The first public speech made by the Queen of Holland was extremely short but quite to the point. It was made on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of a new hospital. "I hope that this building will prove a blessing to Amsterdam." Once when receiving a foreign ambassador, the little Queen talked gravely to him for a time, holding a favorite doll in her arms all the while. At length she looked up and said archly. "I wonder that you are not afraid to come near me; all my dolls have had measles you know."

Alfonso XIII is the youngest sovereign in Europe, having been born in May, 1886, six months after the death of his father. He is brought up very simply by his devoted mother the Queen Regent and sometimes it is said he shows decided dislike for the court ceremonies in which he has to take part, and even on some of the first occasions when he was seated on the throne he tried to climb down and sit on his mother's lap. This baby King holds "At Homes" and conducts himself in true kingly fashion for one so young. He has long since given up his rocking-horse and has now a pony, having complained that "on a wooden horse one cannot ride to reviews." There is a story told of King Alfonso as follows. It had been a matter of some difficulty to make his Majesty understand that he must be silent during divine service, at last he grasped the idea and applied it to others besides himself. One Sunday when he was present with his mother at a morning service he was perfectly quiet and well-behaved until the sermon; the preacher happened to be a particularly energetic and excitable man and soon raised his voice considerably and gesticulated violently. The little king listened for some minutes with a wondering expression on his face, then stood up in his seat and in a shrill little voice exclaimed "You naughty man! don't you know you must not make a noise in church?"

The Empress of Germany is a typical German wife and mother; "the mother of many sons" she is sometimes called. Her interests are centered in her household and nursery; she does not take any lead in society and knows nothing of politics. She is exceedingly fond of children and is devoted to her own. The Emperor arranges the system on which his little sons are brought up and the Empress carries it out most carefully. She superintends their studies and is present at their music lessons and when they practise; that she spends much of her time with her children, the following story is a proof. When the Emperor was in Vienna he went to a celebrated modiste to choose some gowns as a present to the Empress. A very elegant morning gown with a train two yards long was shown to his majesty, but he quickly signed for it to be removed and said "Oh! that would be no good to my wife, she always has four or five boys tumbling round her in the house who would make short work of a train like that." There is a charming story illustrative of the generous nature of the German Empress. When her youngest son was born her majesty sent to one of the hospitals to inquire how many babies were born there on the same day as the little prince. There were five children born there and

by the Empress's express orders each received a complete outfit of clothing. In appearance the Empress is a thorough German, tall and fair and although not pretty she has a very pleasing face.

There is no sovereign in Europe more beloved than Queen Margherita of Italy. She possesses unusual charms of both mind and body, is deeply religious, and full of goodness and kindness. In person she is small but carries herself well and has much dignity. Her face is a perfect oval and her complexion a peculiar creamy white with little or no color, her features are regular and her hair a light chestnut. Queen Margherita is acknowledged to be the best-dressed woman in Europe, she possesses the rare gift of knowing how to dress becomingly. She has quite a passion for pearls and is said to always wear one particular string, which her only child the Prince of Naples, when a little boy saved up his money to buy for her. The Queen of Italy's mental acquirements are very great. She not only speaks Italian, German, French, English, Greek, Spanish and Latin perfectly but is thoroughly acquainted with their literature. She is devoted to reading and has a most retentive memory, she is also deeply interested in science, art and music and greatest of all, whatever she does she does thoroughly.

The Queen of Roumania better known under the literary name "Carmen Sylva" is another gifted royal lady, her poems and romances are known all over the world. Her first book written soon after her marriage (Les Pensees d'une Reine) to Prince Charles of Roumania, at once charmed all Europe. The beautiful land of Roumania with its legends and folk-lore were a constant source of inspiration to her and formed the subject of some of her most lovely poems. Her name is a household word in her own country, and what wonder that her people love her?

ANNIE VAUGHAN.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

## Outdoor Sports for Women.

BY GRACE E. DENISON.

Of late years the emancipation of women has proceeded by leaps and bounds. Machinery has shortened the tiresome hours of needlework and other slow-going occupations. The woman who knits her own stockings now-a-days is a *rara avis*; the plain seam and dainty hem are things unknown to the girls of to-day, and life hurries on and on, each year faster, and with more of a drag on the nervous system. Therefore woman must have lots of fresh air and plenty of exercise. In the tennis court, on the wheel, on horse back, or in the boat or canoe she can rest her brain and strengthen her body. Perhaps a short talk on such of the outdoor sports as are open to her may find interest for the woman who reads our paper. The sport just coming into season now among us is cycling. The road ways are flattening down into passability, soon will come the smell of the green things growing and now is the time of all times for the girl who rides to enjoy herself. She has her safety, bright and shining and ready to bear her wherever her lightly guiding hand wills. She has her neat serge suit and her trim gauntlets, her pretty gaiters and soft shoes, her cap or hat and veil, for the April winds are rude and April dust is insinuating.

She has leaden weights sewn securely just near the edge of her skirt's front hem, to balk the rude gusts that would unduly bare her gaitered ankles, and that skirt is just wide enough to hang prettily, and just long enough not to catch. She wears no corset, though no one guesses it, as she sits slim and erect, with chest proudly raised and arms gracefully supple, her skirt is divided under her serge dress. There isn't a band nor a brace on her. She sits erect, dignified and easy, supported by her able and well-trained muscles, and she breathes naturally and deeply, filling her healthy lungs with the sweet bracing oxygen and sending rosy flushes of pulsing blood to lips and cheeks. Laughter ripples in her voice, and good fellowship beams in her eye, as she deftly skims past some fellow tourist, and when she reaches her terminus, she hops to the pavement as lightly as the sparrow who watches her from the eaves. Every errand is a pleasure trip. Every run to town is pastime, her silent steed needs no provender, nor does he shy, or balk, or rear or jibe. Out in the merry sunshine she glides by like a dream, all of a piece with the springtime and the already whispering life awakening from its winter sleep. Hurrah for the cycling girl! Long may she wheel and laugh, and pluckily climb the stiff hills of life and merrily coast down the easy ones. She is a creature of flesh and blood, a bonny, healthy, happy creature, who learns to take the rough with the smooth, and make her way over both.

## A Bad Day for Shopping.

The superstition that Friday is an unlucky day, so prevalent of late among women, seems to have died out. That is, it hasn't died out exactly, but Friday has given way to Monday. The following conversation between young ladies overheard in a street car has some bearing on the subject: "I'll never go shopping on Monday again." "You don't mean to say you ever did; it's awfully unlucky." "Yes, I went last Monday; I positively had to. Well, a wagon load of watermelons broke down, and the cars were blocked for an hour, and another wagon with a boiler on it, the boiler rolled off into the street, and a clothesline full of clean clothes broke and the clothes got all dirty, and the cat in grandmother's had a fit and two cross-eyed men ran into each other on the street." "Wasn't that dreadful! Supposing one had followed you home."

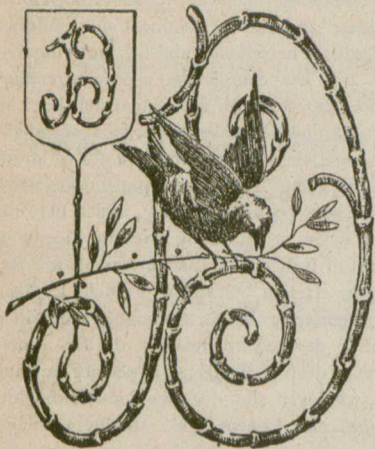
## Special Hunger.

Jimmie (catching sight of a piece of cake) "Mamma, I'm awful hungry."  
Mamma: "Very well deary. Dinner will be ready shortly."  
Jimmie: "I'm not hungry for dinner. I'm hungry for cake."

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

## Mark Brandreth.

BY LILIAN CLAXTON.



IED at his residence on—  
St., New York, John Dal-  
gliesh, on the 17th inst.,  
aged 48.

It caught my eye this morning—two lines black and distinct from all the rest. Time stood still for a moment, nay, rather the years rolled backward. The voices of the children sounded afar off; the noises of the busy city died away, all the faded visions of my child life lived again. He whose hand guided my

footsteps in their early years, stood beside me, I looked into those steadfast eyes over the waste of time. Across this hum-drum every day existence, floated a breath of purer air, a vision of what life may be made, its latent nobility, its underlying endurance and self sacrifice. Let me gather up the fragments of the old story and bring the dear name to the light once more.

Somewhere in the western part of the province of Quebec upon the banks of the St. Lawrence, stood a small red house with a garden sloping southwards towards the river, and a clematis starred verandah in front opening upon one of the maple dotted streets of a little town. It was here Dr. Brandreth started his practice more than 20 years ago. Mark Brandreth was an orphan! his only relative on this side the water (his parents had come from the old country) was an elderly aunt, and when he started in practice for himself, Aunt Hannah came to live with him. She had taken care of him all through his young years and her husband's money had paid his college expenses, and started him on the high road of life.

When Mark took up his abode in this dainty villa, he did a somewhat strange thing for a young man of five and twenty. He went to an Orphans' Home in a neighboring town, picked out a little six-year-old lassie, a French Canadian child, who could only speak broken English, and brought her home to the house by the river. The little lassie well remembers that home coming, the cosy room, Aunt Hannah wiping her glasses and ejaculating, "Well, well, what next, Mark?" the big Newfoundland, who rose slowly up and sniffed at her, while the little lassie herself held tightly on to her new guardian's first finger.

"There you are aunt Hannah," Mark Brandreth had said, "I picked out the smallest of the crowd, now you will have a wee woman to help you mend the socks, and I shall have a companion when I go my drives."

Then life settled down for that little lassie, which was myself, into a quiet, sunny existence, for some years to come.

We were sitting beneath the locust tree in the back garden, or rather Mark was lying on his back, his hat tilted above his eyes, while I sat gravely sewing a dress for Miss Bonibelle May Blossom, who watched me, propped up against the tree. Aunt Hannah came out and announced the fact, "Two ladies to see you, Mark."

"Patients?" he asked lazily.

"No, visitors. I don't know them at all, I think they must be some of your old New York friends, who are visiting down here."

Mark jumped to his feet and a curious look crossed his face. It came and vanished in an instant, leaving him a shade paler.

"Well, we'll go and interview them, Bebe," he said.

"What, me, Mark?" I asked.

"Certainly, I must have some one to protect me against two ladies," and he swung me up on his shoulder. I was so small, even at ten years old, I could ride there quite easily. He carried me thus, up the garden, through the open French windows, and then set me on my feet, where I stood blinded a moment by the sudden transit from September flowers and sunlight, to the shadowy room. Then I saw a lady rise and come a step forward.

"Dr. Brandreth," she said, "We are come to stay in S— for awhile,—and—I thought I would call—" She hesitated nervously pulling at the lace fringe on her parasol, then she murmured something about "old friends," which latter word she corrected to "acquaintances." Altogether, she looked thoroughly ill at ease, and I began to wonder why she had come. She wound up in a hurry. "I must introduce my mother," indicating an older lady on the sofa.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," said Mark, gravely, as he came forward, so gravely, that, child as I was, I noticed it, and turned to look at him. His face looked sterner than I ever remembered it even in my naughtiest moments. He motioned to them to be seated, and took a chair himself. I looked again at the first speaker. As I write, the old enchantment of face and form come back to me, the heavily lashed eyes, looking out from the shadow of the large hat, with its drooping feathers, the fair, gentle face with its childlike expression, the heliotrope nestling at her throat. Wave after wave of the sweet perfume seemed to float across the room to me. I was dazzled by her beauty.

"How is it you happen to be in this neighborhood?" Mark was saying.

"We got tired of New York, and felt we would like to rusticate, and an old friend, Mrs. Rossmore, who has lately taken Bellevue, near here, offered to change houses for a month or two. So now we are established at Bellevue for a time. What a pretty neighborhood this is. Is that your garden? May we walk round? I am so fond of flowers."

We strolled out across the grass plot, into the pleasant jumble of fruit and flowers. The elder lady went ahead with Mark. The latter stopped a moment to pluck some late blooming yellow roses, so that the younger lady, who was walking beside me, caught up to him. She paused a moment, "Dr. Brandreth," she said timidly.

He turned.

She dropped her eyes, and her voice sank almost to a whisper. "Perhaps I was wrong to come to-day, but I thought the past all forgotten, and—forgiven. I thought we might be friends. Oh, can we not be friends? We were once, Mark." She came a little nearer and laid her hand lightly on his arm.

Looking back, I can see that there was nothing coquettish or theatrical in word or action. She was a woman in earnest, trying to set right an old wrong, and a troubled conscience.

He took a step backward so that the hand she placed on his arm, fell to her side again.

"The past is well past," as the French say, Mrs. Dalgliesh. It is too late to refer to it. Are you fond of roses? Will you take these?"

I saw the tears well up into the beautiful eyes. She took the yellow roses in silence and walked on.

"Who is this little girl?" she asked presently, noticing me, for the first time apparently.

"That is Bebe," Mark said lightly.

"She is a dear little girl." She stooped and kissed me. "May she come round sometime and play with my baby? May she?" she added again half pleadingly.

"Thank you," Mark returned with cold politeness. "You would be only too pleased to go, Bebe?"

I nodded violently.

Shortly after this they took their leave. We walked with them to the front gate. Mark stood looking down the dusty road, long after the two figures had disappeared. The stern look had died away from his face, leaving weariness only behind. "Strange" I heard him say, "that our lives should cross again, after all these years. Life's a puzzle, Bebe." He took my hand in his, and together we went into the house.



Lilian Claxton.

In the evening, Mark was usually busy in his office, sometimes writing, sometimes making up prescriptions, while Aunt Hannah would doze over her knitting in the sitting room. That night, as usual, I took my school-books into the office. Mark was writing, and, as was my wont, I spread my books upon the table, and drew a chair up close beside him, with a cushion on it, trying to bring my little dark head as near as possible to his own. Tick-tock went the big clock on the book case. I mastered my tasks at last, and shut the books. The scratching of Mark's pen, and the ticking of the clock, made me feel drowsy, and gradually my head went down upon his arm. That was often made its final resting place, so Mark wrote on, unheeding, and the minutes slipped by. My thoughts were with the pretty lady, for I burst out suddenly, "Why did you speak to her like that Mark? You made her cry."

Evidently she was not far from his thoughts either, for he stopped writing and answered, "No, no, Bebe, why should you think that?"

"I saw the tears in her eyes. How very pretty she is! If only she were not married, and you could marry her, Mark."

No answer. He was writing away busily. In half an hour he laid his pen aside, pushed the book away, and rested his head on his hand. The outline of his face as I saw it, on those quiet long ago evenings, is photographed forever on my brain. The keen, clever face, with its strong mouth, and curiously gentle brown eyes, the hair drooping in a wave across the brow. He was gazing that night at the uncurtained window, opening out into the darkness.

"What are you looking at, Mark?" I asked.

He rose and shook himself.

"Who knows, child," he said with a little laugh, "Long years, perhaps," and then he settled himself in his easy chair, and lit his

pipe, "It's time you were off, little woman, or you'll get no beauty sleep," he said.

"Oh, I get lots of beauty sleep, and yet I grow no more beautiful. Is that lady just as nice as she is beautiful Mark?" I asked.

"I can't say that, Bebe. I really know very little of her."

"And yet you were great friends once?"

"And yet we were great friends once."

"She wanted to be friends again, Mark."

"Ah, my Bebe, there is such a thing as 'too late.'"

Somehow I felt that he was troubled that night, and I suppose he read the thought in my face, for he turned and smiled at me.

"My grave little woman," he said, "I will tell you a secret. Five years ago, that lady and I, were great friends, we were going to be married. But then she met someone she liked better, and she married him instead. That was quite right, Bebe, she couldn't do otherwise than marry the man she liked best. There you have the whole story. It is all past and over, and contains little interest for anyone now."

"So she grew tired of you Mark," I said slowly with a child's bluntness, "but did you get tired of her?"

He laughed.

"Why you want a regular diagnosis of the case. Come, it's past bedtime Bebe."

I went to say goodnight to Aunt Hannah, and then slowly mounted the stair. I had gathered this much from the story, that the old sweetheart was dear to Mark Brandreth still.

A few days later, Rosamond Dalgliesh drove over and fetched me back to spend the day. After that, I often found my way to the big house. Sometimes, she would come to see Aunt Hannah, but the visits were few and far between. She had come in the first place, because she had thought by so doing to satisfy a conscience, which had been ill at rest, these years between. It never seemed to strike her, that the old wound had not yet healed with Mark Brandreth.

Had she had any such idea, I will do her the justice to believe, that she would never have revived the old acquaintanceship. She was no coquette. She wanted Mark's friendship, as she wanted the friendship of all she come across. Her aim was to please, not to captivate. She was a woman infinitely below Mark Brandreth, who could never have risen to grasp his great nature.

Mark paid one visit to Bellevue, then went no more. Occasionally Mr. Dalgliesh would drop in. He was a fair, good looking Englishman, of the sporting type, with genial hearty manners, and a fund of anecdote on hand.

In the early part of November, when the Dalglieshs were thinking of returning to New York, the baby fell ill. Mark was called in suddenly by one day, and found the little fellow in convulsions, and Mrs. Dalgliesh half beside herself with fright. He did what he could, and then returned home. On the evening of the same day, when we were sitting in the office, Mark making up medicine, in ran Mrs. Dalgliesh.

"I'm afraid Baby is not so well, Dr. Brandreth," she said, "Mrs. Martin drove over to see me, and she offered to drive me on here to speak to you. He is so feverish. What if those dreadful convulsions come on again?"

"Go on giving the powders every two hours, and I think he will be all right. I will be round first thing in the morning. Don't be nervous, Mrs. Dalgliesh."

He spoke kindly, but coldly, as he always did to her.

"Is he very ill, my poor baby?" she asked, tremulously.

"There is plenty of hope, but I can't disguise the fact, the child is very ill."

A word swayed her. She burst into tears.

"I will mix some more powders for you," Mark said, and went into the inner office.

She continued to cry. It was a wild night. The wind had tossed her hair about. She had on her house slippers, and they were soaked with rain.

"You are sure these will do him good, she asked, when he brought the medicine back to her, "O, Mark do help me! You know what to give him. You can—you must save my baby."

She looked so pitiful, so helpless, standing there, uttering that despairing cry, which has gone up through long generations, when the shadow of the King of Terrors, falls athwart the path.

"My child," he said gently, "the issues of life and death are in stronger hands than ours, where our poor human knowledge cannot touch them. Be assured, I will do my best." Then slowly and deliberately, "I would give my life for you, or yours."

For one moment he had drawn the veil aside. What mattered it? All her old affection for him had died out, as it should do. She held him in the light of kindly old association only. No word of his could touch her any more.

He stood still for a minute after she had left. The bare branches tossed against the windows, the wind moaned, and died away in echoes down the river, like hopes and dreams which pass out of our lives for ever. He roused himself as with an effort.

"Come, Bebe," he said at last, "we'll have a game of Beggar my neighbour before your bedtime."

In ten minutes more, he had thrown himself entirely into the interests of the child beside him.

The winter came on apace. The river froze. One day, John Dalgliesh skated into town in the morning on business, and called in at our house in the evening for some medicine for the baby, who by this time, was on the mend. He announced his intention of skating home again.

"It's been thawing all day," said Mark, "and the ice on the river doesn't hold well yet. Better go by the road."

"Oh, it's safe enough yet," returned Mr. Dalgliesh.

Hardly had he left when a man came in for medicine. When Mark had made it up and given it to him, he remarked, "Did you hear of that accident on the river about noon to-day? A man got

into the water. It was 'touch and go' with him."

"How did it happen?"

"Oh, the ice is breaking up with the thaw. It's nothing but cracks and holes," and the man went out.

It was a windy night, the moon broke out from the black masses of clouds at intervals, but for the most part, everything was wrapped in darkness. The clouds had gathered rapidly during the last hour.

Mark stood still, and looked at me in silence. The great struggles of life are for the most part, silent. He loved that woman! He loved her more than his life, a later action on his part, revealed that fact. Another had stepped in between them, and had shadowed his life for ever. And now—now, in the darkness came a gleam a faint uplifting of that shadow, a straw held out to a drowning man, an awful hope!

If John Dalgliesh should sink to-night beneath the dark waters, if the ice should close above him, what then? Dear possibilities in days to come, rose up before him, the sweetness of the future was calling to him, the tenderness of the past was appealing to him. In between the child face he was looking at, two shadowy eyes gazed up at him.

Then suddenly came a revulsion of feeling. What had she said? "Mark, help me!" and his answer, "I would give my life for you or yours." For you or yours! And perhaps with that thought, came some higher motive too—a breath of that divine power, which has moved men in all nations, and all ages, to do and dare and suffer; who can say?

Mark Brandreth took down his cap and overcoat.

"Where are you going, Mark?" asked Aunt Hannah, hearing his step in the hall.

"As fast as I can to catch Dalgliesh and prevent him trying the ice to-night."

He opened the door and went out, then came suddenly back, caught me in his arms and kissed me.

"Good-night. God bless you, my Bebe."

This little action surprised me. Mark was often so busy, he would forget all about me.

"You'll soon be back, won't you Mark?" I asked.

"Within an hour," he answered, "but you won't be up then."

But Mark did not return within the hour as he had said. Aunt Hannah packed me off to bed, a little later, and then concluding that Mark had gone to see a patient, and had been detained, left the lamp burning in the hall for him, and went to bed herself.

In the dark, early morning, I was awakened by a ring at the bell. This was not an unusual sound in a doctor's house, and it has often puzzled me since, why that night, I should have jumped up, and ran to the head of the stairs. I heard Aunt Hannah tell Fanchon our servant girl, to lie still, and then she went to the door. In came John Dalgliesh. I hardly recognized him. He walked as a man who had been drinking, he wore a different overcoat, and his breath came in great gasps.

"Mrs. Somers," he said, "I am the bearer of bad news."

I began to shiver, then a nameless dread came over me, and froze me where I stood, in my little white flannel gown, upon the stairs.

"Mark!" I heard Aunt Hannah gasp.

He pulled a chair forward for her, but she remained standing, firm and rigid, lamp in hand.

John Dalgliesh passed his hand across his brow.

"As far as possible I will tell you what happened. I went to Morton's house when I left here, and from there to the ice, put on my skates and started. I was a fool to go that way" he stopped with a sudden groan, "the ice was not safe, I had not started two minutes before I went through, the river is full of holes, I caught at the ice in falling, and managed to keep myself up, and shouted. Just then the moon shone out and I saw someone coming towards me. It turned out to be Dr. Brandreth." He was trying to prolong the story now, fearful of what was to come. The perspiration stood out in beads upon his forehead. I thought he would have fainted. "It seems he had come to warn me about the ice, having just heard of the condition it was in, and he helped me out. It was no easy matter, the ice was so brittle, but I don't suppose I was in two minutes. Just as I had scrambled out, the ice on which he was standing gave way, and—and—" he paused for a moment, "Some men who had heard me shouting, came up then and we did our best, but it was no good, poor fellow—ah, poor fellow! the ice had closed above him. I went on shore, just stopped for a change of clothes and one of the men offered to drive me up here to break the news. Mrs. Somers, words are useless, but believe me I would give the world if it were I who had gone down beneath the waters to-night," and the strong man fell sobbing like a child into the chair he had placed for Aunt Hannah.

"My boy, oh, my boy!" I heard Aunt Hannah wail.

It was only for that moment she gave way, then with the gentle courtesy and consideration for others, for which the Brandreths have ever been distinguished, she bade him sit nearer to the fire and offered some refreshment. He shook his head and only stayed a few minutes longer. He asked to be allowed to fetch some one to stay with aunt Hannah, but she refused.

When he was gone her eye fell upon me on the stairs. I was utterly stunned and confused. The story had reached my ears but not my brain. I knew what had happened, but could not realize the knowledge.

"Where is Mark?" I cried, "O, aunt Hannah, where is Mark?" She lifted me in her arms.

"He has gone home, dear Bebe," she said softly.

A feeling of solemn reverence came over me, swallowing up the dread, such as I fancy must be felt by dying mortals when they come face to face at last, with the majesty of Death.

"The home where God is?" I asked in an awestruck whisper.

"Yes, Bebe, the one and only home for each one of us, dear child."

So runs the story, it needs no comment of mine.

Time rolls on and men barter, and toil and suffer; the greed of gain, the struggle for riches, the seething interest of the multitude knows no cessation; then lo! in the darkness, here and there flashes forth a light. One who has caught and carried into action, the mighty motive of human life—the sacrifice of Self in the interest of Humanity—and has raised himself above his fellows, and the sordid aims of men.

Are they but meteor flashes in the world's darkness, lighting up their surroundings for a moment and then dying away, as though they had not been?

Not so, though the doer dyeth, the deed liveth on throughout the ages, the voice may be silenced and forgotten, but the word it uttered shall indirectly touch the world!

#### Lilian Claxton.

Lilian Claxton, the youngest child of the Rev. J. D. Claxton, Vicar of St. Philips', Earls Court, was born in Kensington, London, England. On the death of her father the family left London for the country, and resided some time in the beautiful neighborhood of Bournemouth, on the Hampshire Coast.

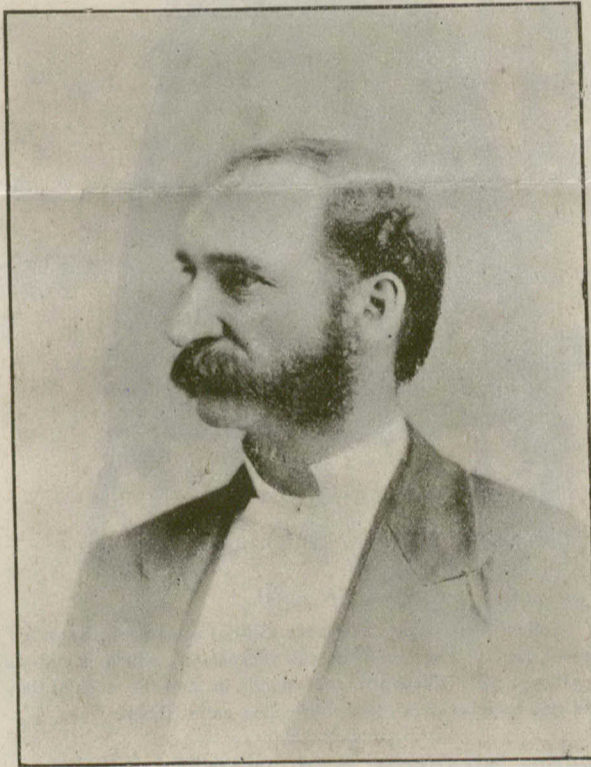
When at a boarding-school at Southampton, at the age of fifteen, her first poem was printed in *Every Girl's Magazine*, published by Messrs. Routledge (for which periodical she continued to write from time to time), followed by a story in *The Mirror*. Shortly after this, in 1884, the family emigrated to Canada, and after a year's experience of bush life, settled in the neighborhood of Kingston. Lilian Claxton has also had tales and poems accepted by George Munro, Edward Bok, and the editors of the *Toronto Globe* and the *Week*; also a serial story, "Violet," appeared in the *Canadian Churchman*. Last year a poem of hers, "A Voice from the City," was printed by Edmund Yates in *The World*.

## Our Weekly Sermons By Celebrated Divines.

Written specially for the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

### One Sermon Suggests Another.

"Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him: for they shall eat the fruit of their doings."—Isaiah 3-10.



W. J. M. Mullen

With us ministers a common experience is that one sermon suggests and leads to another. And it might often increase the interest of our hearers if we pointed out to them the nature of the connection between one sermon and another. Last Sabbath morning the discourse was devoted to showing how severely the word of the Lord tried Joseph during his lengthened imprisonment, and how wonderfully in the end his sufferings and imprisonment were by God's providence overruled for his elevation to ride in the second chariot and bear rule next to the King over all Egypt. And the obvious lesson for suffering believers is one of comfort and hope in their trials.

It may probably have occurred to some of you then present that every case of mysterious and hard suffering on the part of godly persons does not issue so happily as did the suffering of Joseph. Many a noble character with a noble record of well-doing sinks under what, to human eye, seems a hard and very mysterious fate. In a case like that of Joseph we see the divine ways justified in the end, faith honored and rewarded, and all temporary mystery cleared up. But do we see that in every case? Is innocence always vindicated and defended and does virtue always prove victor before the eyes of men?

My object in this discourse shall be to deal with certain cases in which to outward appearance virtue is not rewarded and God's

ways towards suffering innocence are shrouded in mystery, and yet to show, as the text declares, that it is well with the righteous.

Let us then at the outset suppose that Joseph had died in prison, innocent as he was, and suppose that his faith in God had remained unshaken to the last. In that case the perplexity felt by you and me in view of his case would have been very much greater. But even then would it be impossible to show that it is well with the righteous? Would it be impossible to show that after all Joseph was a happier man on account of his innocence, and that virtue in Joseph's case did not lose its reward? The sole difficulty in the case would consist in this—that goodness and virtue did not receive vindication and reward immediately in this life.

Some have on this ground argued against religion and against the view that a divine power friendly to religion and virtue reigns over the affairs of this world. It has been urged that men who make no pretence to religion, or even virtue, get along as well and are as much favored in the natural course which things take as are the most pious and exemplary. Rain comes on the fields of the unjust as well and regularly as on the fields of the just. Lightning strikes the barn or house of the righteous just the same as that of the unrighteous. "Nay, at times the wicked prosper when the righteous are in deep adversity."—Psalm 73, i, 12. David was sorely perplexed with this very mystery.

This is one of the problems worked out in the book of Job. Job's friends reasoned against his profession of integrity on the principle that an innocent man could not suffer such visitations of adversity, i. e., that virtue and goodness is necessarily rewarded before the eyes of men in this life. Indeed, this was the argument of Satan against Job's sincerity and unselfishness in his religion at the very outset of the problem: "Hast thou not set a hedge about him, etc." (See chap. 1-9, etc.)

Job's friends and Satan are at agreement as to the principle in the case. Satan claims that Job has present reward for his religion, and that he is animated by no higher motive than a shrewd selfishness. Job's friends, when his calamity has come, maintain that it cannot be the lot of an innocent man; Job must be guilty of hidden iniquity, i. e., the righteous cannot suffer. This reasoning was refuted by the subsequent history and proved to be unsound. Job's integrity was vindicated in opposition to the contention of his friends, and his unselfish sincerity in his religion was tested and proved in refutation of the libellous charge of Satan. Hence we see that calamities that wear the appearance of judgments often fall to the lot of the righteous, while on the other hand the wicked go unpunished and prosper.

Now, the question arises—is this system of government over human affairs one worthy of God, and on the whole the most favorable to the nurture and maintenance of true religion on the earth from generation to generation?

I am well aware that in raising and trying to answer this question I am dealing with one of the greatest and most prevalent or commonly felt difficulties with which the faith of Christians has to grapple; and if I can cast some light on it I will be helping every believer present to fight the good fight of faith more intelligently and courageously. The conclusion to which I wish to bring you is that the divine system of administration under which we live, and under which innocence often suffers and noble deeds go for the present unrewarded is the best for the continuance of true piety on the earth.

Many doubt this, nay dispute it, and maintain that if goodness were never permitted to suffer, but always immediately rewarded, a very powerful influence would then be brought to bear on all men, persuading them to a life of goodness and religion—and further, that a very powerful proof of a divine reality in religion would then be supplied, a proof which they claim is now lacking.

Well, let us thoroughly look into this problem and see which view is the correct one.

1. Suppose that the ministers of this town, backed up by some wealthy and good men, succeeded in inducing all neglecters of public worship to attend church regularly, and that the method by which they did it was a profound secret between the ministers and the persons induced to attend church. The change in the town would be to the outward eye of the community very great. The churches would be crowded at every service, and expressions of surprise and gratification would be heard from the lips of all the Christian people in the place. Church enlargement and church building would be the popular theme in every congregation. But suppose that by and bye the secret leaked out that the ministers were paying \$2 a Sabbath to every former non-church-goer for his attendance, and that the money was secretly paid after every Sabbath's attendance! Suppose that the ministers, when challenged, admitted this to be the fact. How would the Christian people of the place regard the matter then? Would they think that the ministers had made a good impression on the minds and consciences of the non-church-goers? Would not the Christian people say to the ministers, "You have put these people further away from faith than ever. They look upon you as insincere bribers, and as regards their own feelings and motives they know that their attendance at church is procured and kept up through no higher consideration than sordid selfishness."

2. But suppose that instead of a syndicate of rich men supplying the ministers with the money, the money came in answer to prayer, and a fund was kept up in that way—would that change the arrangement from being one of bribery? Not at all. But suppose that by and bye the ministers said to these persons, "We have effected a new arrangement by which the money will come directly to yourselves; the church members have found fault with the present system. Now, you come to church just as formerly and you will find the money in your pocket on leaving the church every Sabbath evening." Suppose they did, and found the money as stated, would that arrangement have a powerful influence to make them Christians and devout lovers of what is good? Assuredly

not. Such an arrangement would tend powerfully to undermine and destroy all goodness, virtue, and the very spirit from which all noble deeds spring.

Suppose it to be a kind of infallible certainty that all those who man the life-boat to save the shipwrecked escape a watery grave, that by a rule of divine providence as constant as a law of nature their safety was sure, and their virtuous deed was thus immediately rewarded and honored, would that arrangement tend powerfully to encourage noble deeds of daring to save human life? Where would be the daring if there was no danger? Is it not because some perish in the attempt to save human life that it is noble in others to make the venture? A similar test and a similar line of reasoning will apply to every noble deed. Under an administration such as some of the opponents of religion assert should prevail, if religion is true, the very foundations of virtue would be undermined, the conditions on which the life of religion depends would be destroyed, and piety would only be another name for selfishness.

That God is the friend of virtue and the foe of vice is manifest to every honest seeker after truth; but at the same time it is equally true that every case of suffering virtue is contributing to the maintenance of that balance of the divine administration by which the conditions of virtue and religion are preserved. Redemption itself was conditioned on suffering innocence, and Christ's reward was not to be manifestly and immediately given Him here on earth. And of those who through faith in Him are made righteous in His righteousness, it is declared that dying in the Lord they are blessed and their works do follow them. And may not the highest rewards awaiting the diligent improvement of divine grace be in store for those to whom Christ has assigned the duty of suffering, whose suffering has been shrouded in mystery, and, therefore, has rendered all the more distinguished service to that divine administration which is so balanced as to preserve the conditions on which the very existence of piety depends? Be patient, therefore, thou tried and suffering believer; thy mysterious lot is not in vain. It is part of a complex and mighty system in which God reigns. Could we all walk by sight there would be no walking by faith. The faith that is supremely tried will be supremely honored and rewarded.

Rev. W. T. McMullen, D. D.

The pastor of Knox church, Woodstock, is a native of the north of Ireland and a brother of James McMullen, the well-known member of Parliament for North Wellington. His education, or the part of it which was entered upon on Canadian soil, was derived at Knox college, Toronto, and under such masters as Professor Esson, George Paxton Young, and Principal Willis. Fortunate indeed was the young student in having his mental training take place under such intellectually and morally great men. There he was a hard and successful student and looks back still on his college days with the loving regret that the true scholar knows. In 1856 the Rev. Mr. McMullen was ordained at Millbank and four years later was called to the charge of the Woodstock congregation. Dr. McMullen has always taken a very active part in the discussion of public questions and from his pulpit have come many fiery denunciations of public as well as private wrongs. In 1882 he presided at a conference in Parliament House, Toronto, representing four Anglican synods, two conferences of the Methodist church and two synods of the Presbyterian church, convened to press upon the government the importance of having the scriptures read in the public schools. The movement resulted in the adoption of the Book of Scriptural Readings now in use. In 1888 he was by acclamation chosen Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in Canada which met that year in Halifax. There are few Presbyterian clergymen better known than the Rev. Dr. McMullen, of Woodstock. His vigorous personality is always a feature of the Assembly, and both privately and publicly he does much active good work. In 1889 he received the degree of D. D. from Knox College, Toronto.

Ed.

In this series have already appeared:

Dec. 26th, 1891:	Rev. Benjamin Thomas, D.D., Toronto.
Jan. 2nd, 1892:	Rev. Chas. Mockridge, D.D., Toronto.
" 9th, "	Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., Toronto.
" 16th, "	Rev. W. S. Ramsford, D.D., New York.
" 23rd, "	Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D., Toronto.
" 30th, "	Rev. S. M. Milligan, B.A., Toronto.
Feb. 6th, "	Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, Toronto.
" 13th, "	Rev. Prof. Clarke, F.R.S.C., Toronto.
" 20th, "	Rev. S. P. Rose, Montreal.
" 27th, "	Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Toronto.
March 5th, "	Rev. Wm. Cochran, D.D., Brantford, Ont.
" 12th, "	Rev. H. F. Bland, Quebec.
" 19th, "	Rev. James Watson, Huntington.
" 26th, "	Rev. Manly Benson, Toronto.
April 2nd, "	Rev. John Burton, M.A., B.D., Toronto.

### Mark Twain's Wedding Gift.

All travellers on the continent will remember the high price of wood, and the expensive luxury of a constant fire. One gentleman, who was spending some weeks in a German city, found that buying large wooden dolls, which were plentiful in the shops, gave him a better fire, since the wood was well seasoned, and at less cost than buying bundles of wood at the hotel. He aroused much curiosity, as, day after day, a large basket of dolls was sent from one or another shop to his room, until it was discovered that he burned them for firewood.

While Mark Twain was in Paris one of his friends was married there, and with his usual humor he bought a basket of wood, tied it fancifully with bright ribbons, and sent it to his friend, with his card, upon which was written, "The most expensive present I could find," which, as one can readily imagine, afforded great amusement.

## Handiwork.

"The lily may grow, but man must fret and toil and spin."—DRUMMOND.

Any question of general interest regarding home decoration will be answered in this column. Any suggestions, contributions or letters from those interested in this department will be welcomed.—Ed.

### Photograph Stand.

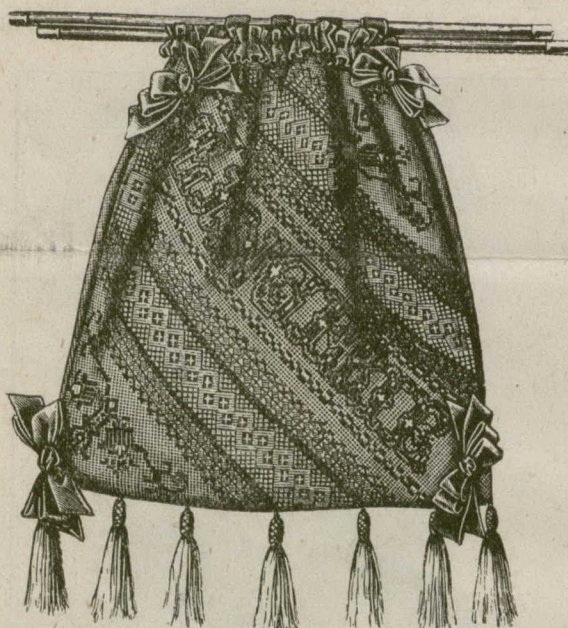
Pompadour silk, striped in blue and pink and strewn with blossoms, interblended with plain plush in the two shades and antique galon. Photographs are inserted into each of the six flaps.

### Bag for Linen.

The bag is made of yellowish congress canvas, fifteen inches high by seventeen and a-half inches wide, embroidered in front between insertions of crochet, and lined with satin. The strip, which bears the inscription "Lingerie," is four and a-half inches wide, and worked in white and in two shades of blue cotton, the same colors being employed for the corners and the small borders. The back and front of the bag are joined on the sides by soufflets. At the top a ruche is arranged with blue ribbons, and four alternate loops formed, through which two nickel-topped polished staves are thrust to close the bag. Blue ribbon bows and tassels complete the trimming.

### A Pin and Hairpin Basket.

Although the basket seen here is made of celluloid, the same design can be carried out in rough water-color paper or plush. The bottom is made of heavy pasteboard covered with yellow silk, which is overhanded to the basket, the stitches being concealed with a yellow silk cord. This is also wound around the wire handles. A finer cord is used for the loops and tassels which tie the handles together. The cushions are made of balls of white curled



BAG FOR LINEN.

hair. Yellow silk netting (like fancy veiling) is used for the hairpin cover, and yellow surah for the pincushion, which is tufted with yellow floss. These are fitted snugly in, and the ends of the basket tied together over them with yellow satin ribbon.

### Nursery Wrappers and Worsted Slippers.

One of the institutions of my nursery is a wrapper or "double-gown" for each child. When I am weary nothing rests me as quickly as to undress and don some loose garment. I thought I would pursue the same plan with my little folks, and now there is nothing that does as well as these wrappers for tired or sick children. To make wrappers for five small frames requires a good deal of material, and I looked at my pattern, then at my pocket-book, and the former loomed up much larger than did the latter, and this meant wits must take the place of dollars and cents. It is a custom of mine to rip up a discarded dress and put it away for smaller garments. I had several of these, and I washed those that needed it in gasoline; I sponged others, and from the pieces I evolved wrappers of pretty outside material, lined inside in approved dressing-gown style with plainer stuff, and the collars and cuffs of bright pieces of velvet or silk, that had been tucked away for odd uses. Buttons from the bag fitted new button-holes, and I had the satisfaction of seeing four useful and tasteful garments hung up, at an actual outlay of twenty-five cents for the four. The fifth cost more, as even my treasures came to an end.

Did all the labor pay? some one asks. I made these wrappers nearly two years ago, leaving them large for their little owners, and they are good for two years more. Yes, that part has paid.

Now, for their uses. Sometimes the naughty has to be rubbed off between the sheets, and as the lying down means more propping up with active little bodies, the wrappers are put on, and protect chests and arms. Sunday night closes in after a quiet, busy day, and the amount of spirits bottled up is equal to a ton of dynamite, so the best clothes are put away, and with wrappers over "nighties," there is a chance for a run down the long hall, or a somer-

sault over the footboard, or a frolic before bed-time. All stand or sit around with their Sunday evening supper in their hands, and no one takes cold, and it's a "fine time" for them all. In sickness the wrappers are invaluable, keeping the child protected in its restless tossings of the bed-clothes, and guarding against any sudden



A PIN AND HAIRPIN BASKET.

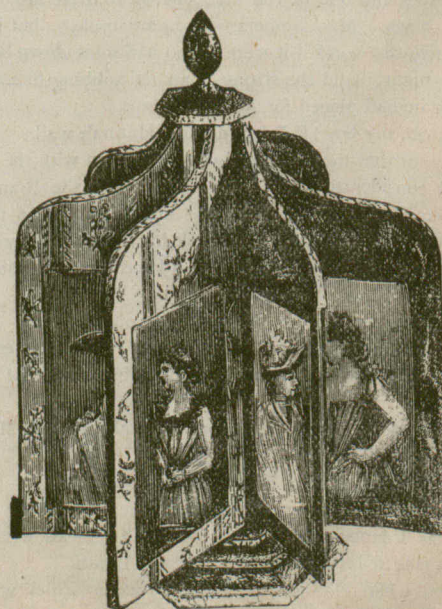
chill. In many ways do these cheap, pretty, useful garments make themselves invaluable, and I look forward to making many of them, a little larger every time.

With these wrappers go the knitted slippers. There is a bag that hangs on my sewing chair, and in it I keep worsted and needles, and when a friend comes in for a chat I bring out my knitting, and, before I know it, there is a pair of slippers completed, and that means no cold toes for the urchins. Sometimes, at Christmas, or on a birthday, bright-hued "slumber socks" are found and prove to be "just what I needed," for the sudden raids through the hall make the slippers wear out faster than do the wrappers. I could enumerate fifty uses for wrappers and slippers, but I forbear, only saying it makes one less anxiety for the mother when she knows there is little danger of colds from the flying about in night gowns, and no nursery would be quite perfect without the scrambles and pillow fights of these gowned little figures.

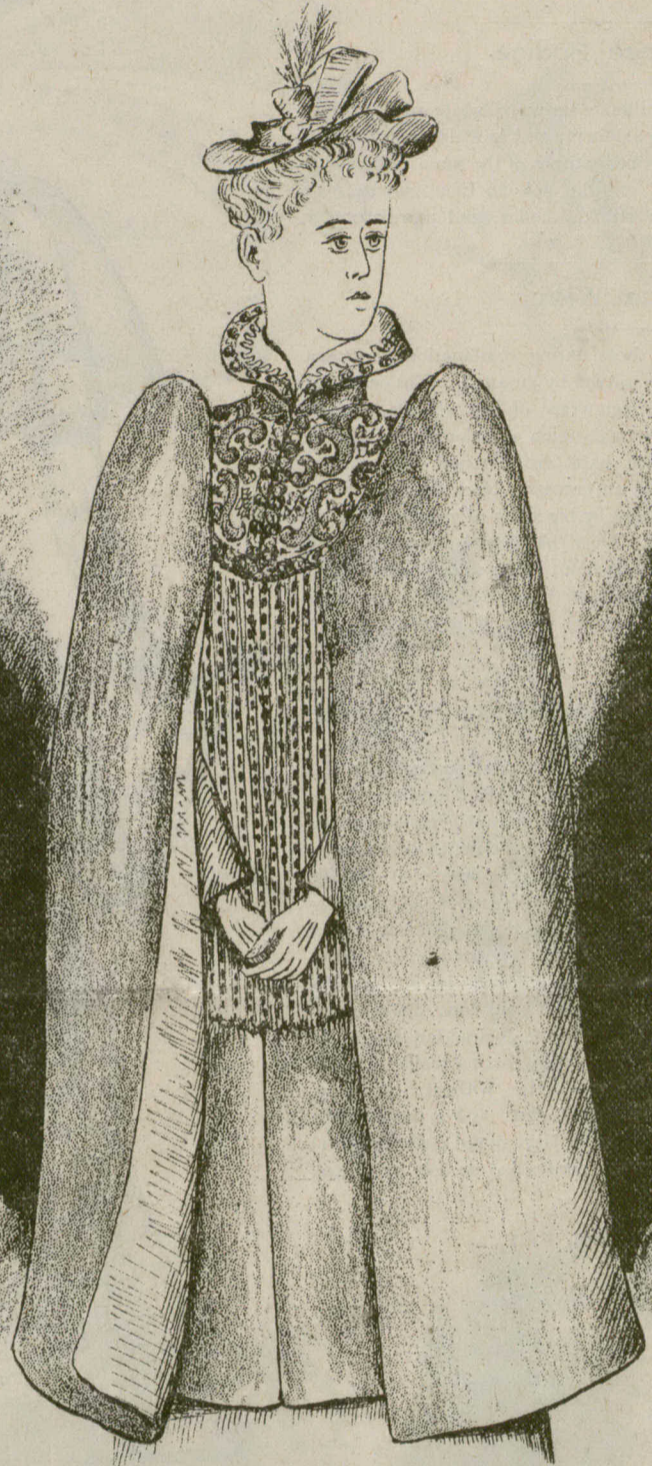
A PRETTY brush and comb-bag is easily made by covering a piece of pasteboard with plush or colored chintz, and lace over it. The pasteboard should be fifteen inches long and twelve wide. Bring the two longest edges together, trim them with cord, and leave enough cord to hang it up by. Trim the ends with a frill of deep lace and you will have a most convenient brush and comb-holder.

SKETCH book covers are pretty made of sheet ivory. Use a heavy quality; cut the desired size and make a row of small holes across one end of each piece and one in the center of the other end. This may be done with a small steel punch. The ends are laced together and the front edges tied with baby ribbon. The front side may be decorated with a small landscape and flowers, or the word "Sketches" painted with oil or put on with bronze. Photographs or cuts of authors or actresses carefully mounted upon cream, white or pale tinted cards might take the place of sketches.

SHEET celluloid may be used in various ways. A jewel tray is made of a triangular piece measuring eight inches on each side. A small hole is punched through each point and the three tied together with ribbon. Butterflies and grasses are pretty, dainty and popular and appropriate for the jewel tray. Apple blossoms and bees would also be pretty. The design may be drawn on plain manilla paper, the celluloid laid over it and the outline traced through with a medium lead pencil. Lay in the shadows first; these are more pronounced near the centre and give the blossom the cupped appearance. The shadow tint is made by combining white and a trifle each of cobalt or permanent blue and ivory black. For the local color use madder or geranium lake and white. Add touches of deep pink here and there to give the pretty "blush" to the blossom. King's yellow and bone brown may be used for the stamens. Paint the leaves with King's or zinc yellow and Antwerp blue, qualified with a little ivory black. Add more yellow and a little white for the high lights, paint the branches with bone brown and burnt sienna, adding white or Naples yellow for the lights. Put the color on carefully. Oil colors seem inclined to slide off celluloid. A small square sachet of painted or embroidered satin may be placed in the center to lay the jewels on.



PHOTOGRAPH STAND.



OUR ARTIST

AT

R. SIMPSON'S

OPENING



## Fashions.

'It is not only what suits us, but to what we are suited.'—LE PHILOSOPHE  
SOUS LES TOITS.

Address letters relating to this department to Editor "Fashions" Ladies' Pictorial Weekly, etc.

## Fancy Dress.

Dress of fancy woolen material. Vest of fancy silk. Trimmings of soutache braiding.

## Matinee Bodice.

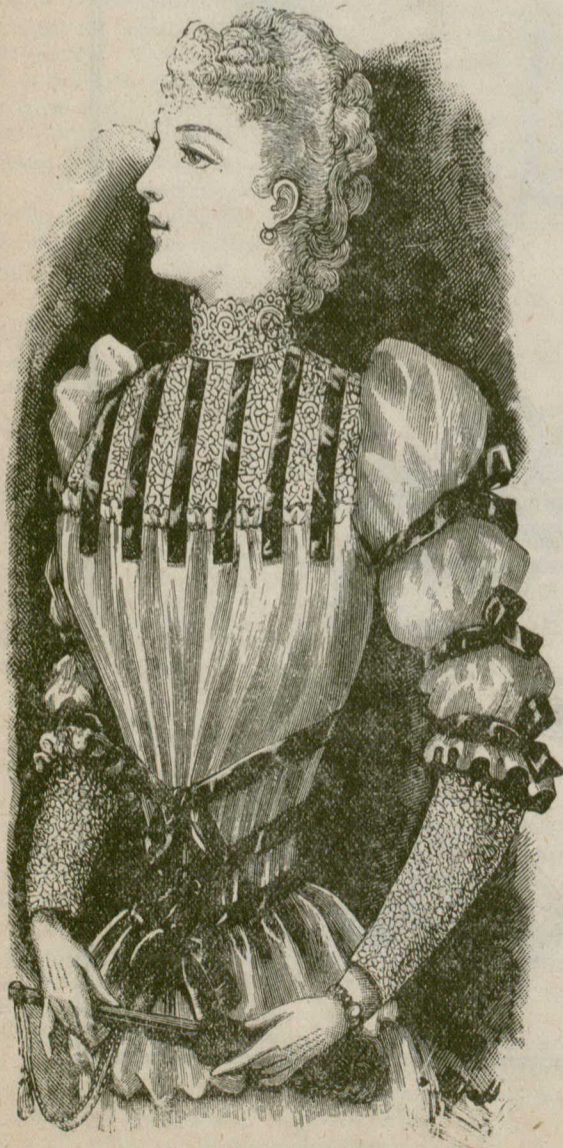
Low, full bodice, with bouillonne sleeves in white nun's veiling, crossed with dark green velvet ribbons, tied in a drooping bow in the centre. Bracelets and looped stripes of the same ribbon also ornament the elbow sleeves and the yoke in Irish guipure over light mignonette Surah silk; straight collar, and narrow under sleeves to match.

## Novel Wrap.

In the third sketch one of those daring combinations is shown that may only be successfully essayed by an artist. The outline of the garment is similar to carriage-wraps of past seasons, and its novelty depends upon an unusual union of color and materials. The back and sides of this rich habit are of rough wood-colored cloth elegantly embroidered in an eccentric black design, having the effect rendered more striking by big spots of genuine leopard-skin applied here and there. Over the shoulders, and running from throat to hem in stole-like fashion, is this same splendid skin, while a shawl-shaped cape of antique black lace falls over either side. The wrap is sleeveless, but very warm, being lined throughout with pink quilted satin.

## New York Fashions.

Teas and receptions follow each other in quick succession at this season, and modistes are busy furnishing robes d'interieur for the hostess and her assistants who pour tea at afternoon entertainments, visiting costumes for the guests, and full-dress toilettes for elaborate evening functions. The changeable moire gowns that are the favorite of the moment have already been described, and rivalling these are pale blue satins with linked-chain design and tiny dots of gold or pink, with black chains and black "peppering," or mauve satin speckled with silver. One of the newest fancies is to powder the lightest satin grounds with white and gold dots, almost covering the colored surface, outlining the white dots with a darker rim than that of the ground. These dainty satins make effective gowns with full-flowing skirt entirely without trimming, and a low corsage with slashed coat skirt and a deep berththa of Venise point lace. The sleeves are large round puffs slashed at intervals to show an inner pouf of mousseline de soie or of lace.



MATINEE BODICE.

One pearl passementerie in rosettes or bows and in deep fringe may be added to further enrich the gown.

One of the latest dresses for a hostess has a trained skirt of amber satin brocaded with darker yellow blossoms and dull green foliage. The coat bodice is of reddish-brown velvet sloped away from a full-gathered vest of amber satin, and finished with wide



FANCY DRESS.

revers and collar of satin embroidered with crystal beads and emeralds. The full sleeves of the brocade have embroidered satin cuffs. A simple and gay little gowns for luncheons is of a new corded wool, the gown pale pink striped with pin-like cords of black. The round front of the high waist has two tapering suspender-like bands of the wool extending up to the shoulders over fully-gathered Muscovite silk of the palest pink shade spangled with jet. The middle forms of the back end in leaf-shaped tabs. The sleeves are cut down in curves to show a puffed top of silk. The skirt is pleated in front, and has large buttons down one side, and button-holes are across the top of the front to attach it to buttons on the waist. A standing collar and narrow cuffs are of the jetted pink silk.

A lovely dress to be worn at a party is of pale blue royale silk and chiffon. The bell-shaped demi-trained skirt is trimmed in front with a draped flounce of chiffon headed with passementerie of opal beads and Rhine-stones. The low round waist is of horizontal folds of the silk in peasant bodice shape, the lower folds rounding over the top of the skirt, the upper edge pointed and trimmed with passementerie. These folds fastened invisibly on the left side, while the lining is hooked down the middle of the front. The space above the bodice is filled out with gathered blue chiffon to the height of a half-low round neck, and finished there with a ruche of many tucks. Short puffed sleeves of the chiffon are finished with similar ruches.

Dresses of crepe de Chine or of camel's-hair of light colors are worn by little girls at children's parties, or when they are visible in the drawing-room during their mothers' afternoon receptions. The palest shades of yellow, mauve, or green are in favor for these dresses, and their trimming is white lace of open effective pattern, set on as a large Vandyck collar, or as bretelles up the front ending in high epaulettes, or else as a deep berththa gathered all around

the neck. The waist may be high or low, but must be extremely plain and round, or else with a slight point in front. The sleeves are two large puffs to the elbow, with a deep frill of lace below; or they are Venetian sleeves, slashed to show inner puffs of lace. The full straight skirt is simply hemmed. With low-necked waists a guimpe of the sheerest mull is worn, gathered to a high collar band, from which falls a deep frill of lace somewhat in bib shape, in the way now seen on ladies' corsages. The sleeves of the guimpe are plain at the top, but emerge from the dress sleeves in two puffs, extending from elbow to wrist, and separated by bands of lace insertion.

THE Russian boot is a veritable boon for women who suffer with chilled feet indoors. It is fashioned of red leather, flannel-lined and edged at the top with narrow black fur. An odd nickel chain fastens across the instep.

VARIOUS kinds of ribbon are imitated in enamel, ottoman, gros-grain, moire and even gauze, and an artistic belt buckle in shaded enamel imitates a width of surah twisted into a sailor knot. A great advantage of these enameled trinkets is that they can be procured to match the color of any costume.

BLACK velvet has been unanimously selected as the material for this season's theatre, concert and afternoon tea-wraps. Either as a long or short cape or coat, the black velvet is made up into superb mantles, and worn by debutantes, matrons and elderly dowagers. For the youthful figure, black velvet as the cape-wrap is most appropriate, and coque feathers applied in bands and on the collar lend a deep colorful glow over the sombre material.

In the matter of evening coiffure there are three distinct styles—one for the debutante, another for the young married lady, and the third for the matron. The first coils her tresses low and loose in the nape of her slender neck, and waves her bangs slightly over her forehead; the second braids her hair in the popular form of the figure eight, and holds it in position with unique tortoise-shell or gold pins; and the last follows the Josephine coiffure, which is a coil wound high on the crown over which stray lightly curled locks.

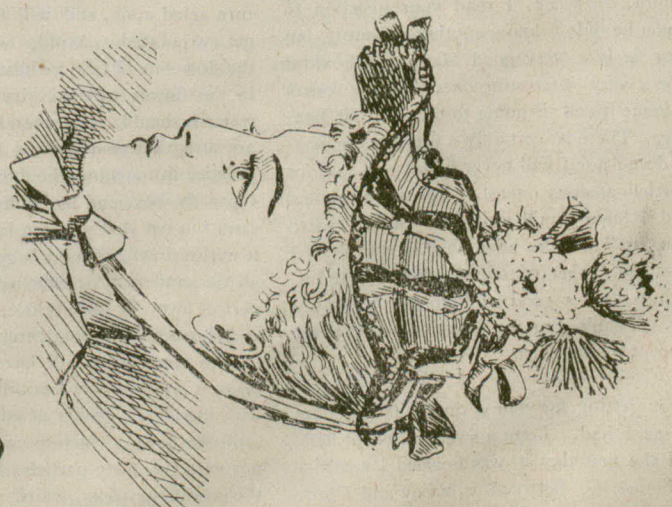
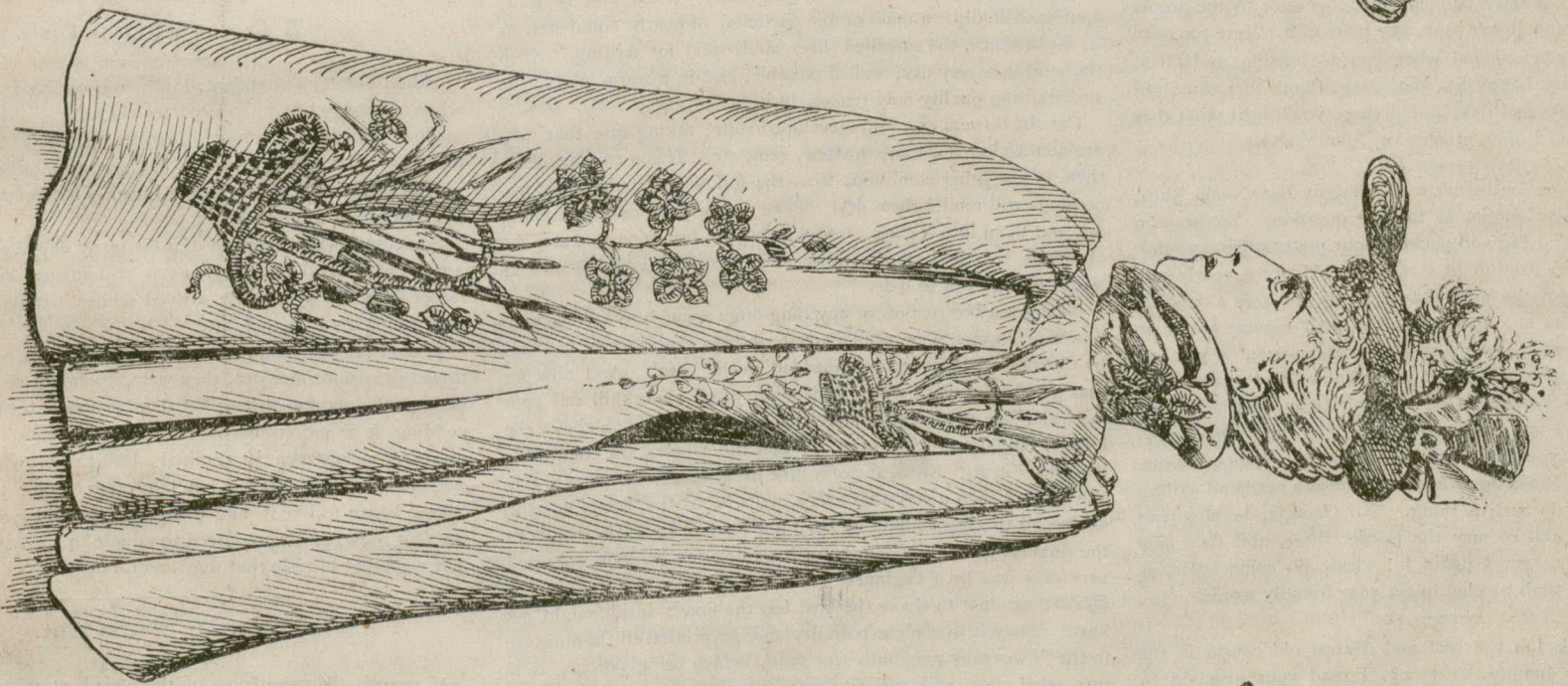
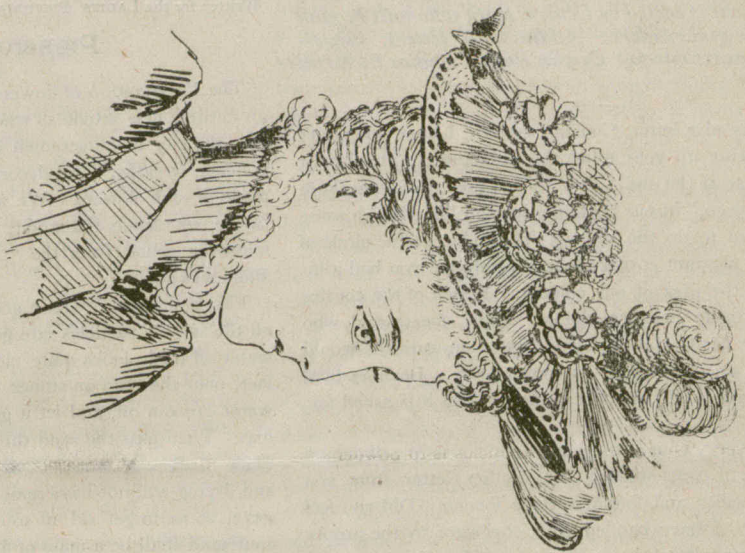
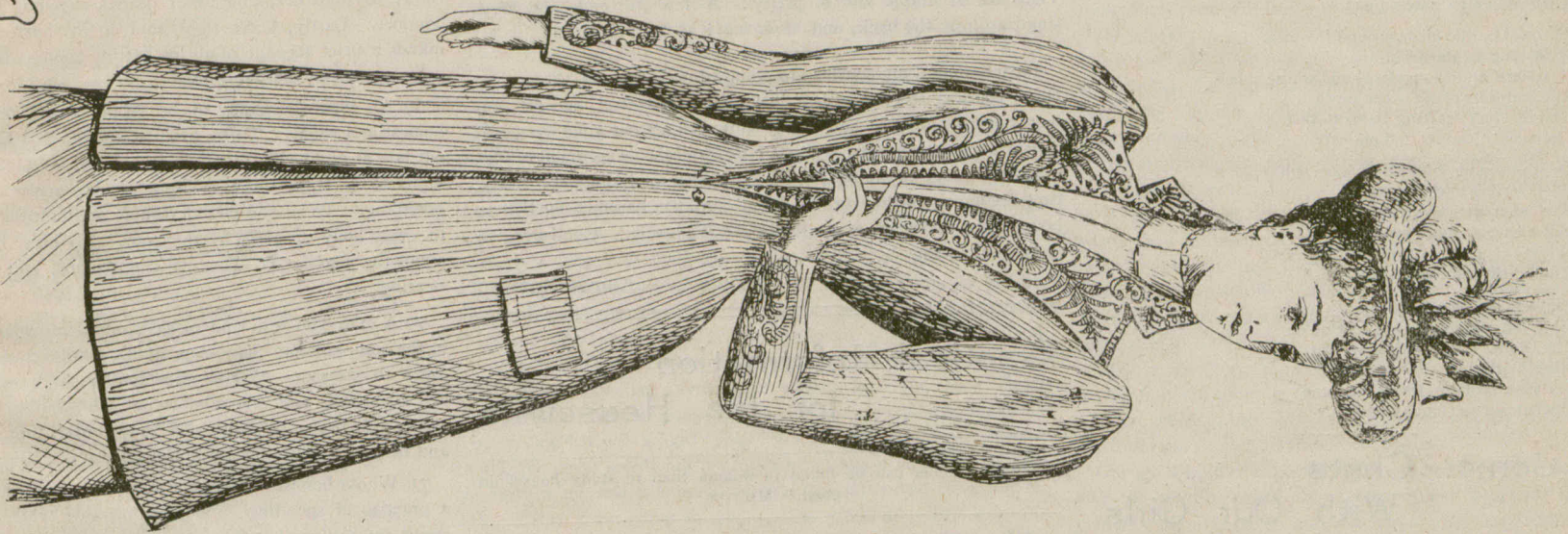
A YOUNG chaperon who but a few months ago was a summer debutante at Newport, wears a wonderful velvet wrap that was reckoned as one of the triumphs of a magnificent trousseau. The wrap is a cape of black velvet that reaches to her knees, and is from throat to bottom hem stiffened with a brocading of jet that seems as fine cut as sand, and is sunk deep in the velvet pile, from which it sends out a brilliant sparkling. In place of the ordinary high collar of velvet that encircles the throat of these wraps, a series of coque feathers, silken sheened, glowing with vivid colors, and glittering with a light sprinkling of jet, curl up around the throat. Under the chin the feathers curl like tiny fern fronds, that grow longer under the ears, higher and higher at the back, till two tall splendid stiff plumes nod their curled points on a level with the top of the wearer's dainty head. The effect of this uncommon collar is enchanting, for every feather shows to best advantage, and set in their midst the head gains additional grace of pose. Coque feathers laid flat on the velvet run down the front of the cape in broad bands, and jetted coque feathers finish off the cuffs.



NOVEL WRAP.



25



Sketches  
our special artist  
Messrs J. THOMPSON  
AND SON'S

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

## The Genius of Niagara.

BY A VISITOR AT THE FALLS.

Proud demon of the waters, thou  
Around whose stern and stormy brow  
Circles the rainbow's varied gem  
The vapor spirit's diadem,  
While rushing headlong at thy feet  
The everlasting waters meet.

Throned on the mists around thy form  
Is dashing an eternal storm  
Ceaseless, and changeless—and whose shock  
The tempests of old ocean mock  
And the dark sea king yields to thee  
The meed of might and majesty.

Depth—sound—immensity have lent  
Their terrors to thy element;  
Thy congregated waters yell  
Down caverns fathomless as hell,  
While heaven's gorgeous tears are set  
Around thy glorious coronet.

Emblem of power! the mighty sun  
Hath left and found thee roaring on;  
The Giant, Time, hath never yet  
His footsteps on thy waters set,  
For thou remainest still the same  
Unchanged and unchangeable.

Cosy Corner Chats  
With Our Girls.

"My wish . . . that womankind had but one rosy mouth, to kiss them all at once from north to south."

(This department is edited by Cousin Ruth who will be glad to hear from our girl readers. Address all letters, suggestions, comments, questions to "Cousin Ruth," Ladies Pictorial Weekly, etc.)

Yours was a very nice letter, Cousin Leonora, I hope you won't be so long in making up your mind the next time. Thanks for the sweet little verse at the end. It is indeed good to follow those who "Sing as they go," in our trudging through life, though some times it is real hard to do the singing. Your idea of the circle of happy faces in our pleasant corner made me feel glad you had joined, you've just hit the idea of our column. Which of the cousins wants to send a letter to Leonora, she is a bright, cheery soul, who longs to travel, but has to stay at home, and I am sure she would enjoy a letter from a southern or a western cousin. Leonora lives in Lower Canada and I will give her address when it is asked for.

WELL, my dear Chic, your letter was a bright instance of mental telegraphic results, I was wishing for another letter from you and I went to the office and found it there for me. Did you feel me wishing for it? I have handed your enclosure to the proper person. Let me know if you hear any more of it. Just you send me word a few days beforehand when you are coming, and I'll be there! I had a very happy St. Pat's day, thank you, for I got two bits of good news that day, and perhaps you'll hear what they were, before you and I are a great many months older.

AND along comes a Southerner with a hug for her Cousin Ruth, bless her! Now, my Georgia, as to your question. You were to send sixty cents for boxing and packing your pretty prize, two dollars for a yearly subscription (if you're not already a yearly subscriber) and you'll get the prize duty free, as we have a depot in the States as well as in Canada. As to your request to me to "make the puzzle editor give us another word puzzle," if you had a place on the staff of a newspaper, you'd know better than to risk my life like that! *make him* indeed! I don't know whether he or I would expire first if I was crazy enough to try to *make him* do anything. But I think you girls do want something to happen to me. One begs me to ask Professor Wickle to delineate her hand writing just as if I dared to do such a thing. No Georgia, he may read this answer to you and so may the puzzle editor, and they may both get more docile, but, I doubt it! Please do come again, as you threaten to. I shall be glad to get your friendly words.

AND so you think I'm the best and dearest old cousin in the world, you coaxing Juanita, do you? I read your question to Boaz and he said to tell you he didn't know anything about it, but dont you believe that, for he is a very good Mason. The third degree always seems to be a very interesting one, for some reason or other; I notice when some friend is going to take it, that Boaz is off to lodge pretty early. There is certainly a mystery connected with masonic rites, and you nor I will never find it out, and for my part I don't feel a particle anxious over it. You are a comical little cousin, Juanita, and I hope you'll write soon again. As to whether it would be "naughty" to take advantage of leap year, I should be very sure I wasn't in danger of refusal before I risked it. But you are young enough to wait a good while longer before you take to that last resource. Thank you for the nice words at the end of your letter, and accept a like return.

Now, girls, what are you getting for your spring suits? I hope you won't have such luck as I had. I got a sweet innocent looking pale grey tweed, and the first day it was finished I went out to a small dinner in it. Somehow, between us, a boy and I turned a jorum of black tea over it. Imagine the results! Then I took it to the cleaner and he partially took out the stains. Then I put it on, and I did know whether to laugh or cry. It was fully three inches off the floor in the front. It was cut princess, tailor-made, neat and severely plain. I had to get a lot more goods for a foot pleating, and the shop where I bought it had no more! I

spent a whole day looking for it, and I finally found a remnant which had been laid aside for a lady whose dressmaker had needed some extra goods. What *she* needed and what *I* had to have, just exactly fitted to that remnant! Wasn't it lucky after all my tribulations? I wish you better luck, my dears! As to spring hats, the neatest, cheapest, and most novel and becoming, (all those four things) are the divers colored chips with pointed crowns, scant brims, and a full rucheing of *uacre* ribbon laid on the narrow brim. They are so simple and so pretty! A few stiff ends and loops stand up from the back, and *voila tout!* as the French say.

I HOPE some of my cousins are going to make garden, this spring. Don't you love to grub with a little spade or trowel, and get your hands grimy and your hair tossed while you set out your wee seeds and arrange your garden beds? I do, and the sweet smell of Mother Earth, and the warm smile of Father Sol, and the lovely, tired feeling when the work is done, and you lie down for half an hour to rest and read your Pictorial! it's lovely! Good-bye, my girls, your loving

COUSIN RUTH.

Practical Information  
for the Housewife

"Nothing lovelier can be found in woman than to study household good."—MILTON.

All questions regarding this department will be cheerfully answered in this column.—Ed.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

## Preserved Flowers.

The Preservation of flowers, in their natural form and colors, is an entirely new article of trade that has arisen in Germany. Erfurt, the city of nurserymen and florists, excels in manufacturing bouquets, wreaths, floral decorations for rooms, dinner tables, etc., made of such flowers. We are glad that we are enabled to lay before our readers the modus operandi, by translating for them the following article from the "Deutsches Magazin fuer Garten and Blumenkunde."

First condition: Get a good quantity of fine sand, wash it till all the soluble particles are gone; you can test it by pouring the water off till it looks quite clear; when you are quite sure of the fact, pour the sand on stones or boards placed aslant, so that the water can run off, and let it get dry either by sun or fire perfectly dry. Then pass the sand through a sieve, so that all dusty particles disappear from it, as there will be such which washing and drying will not have removed. Then pass it through a coarse sieve, so as to get rid of too large grains. When that is done, your sand shall be a mass of fine particles, of nearly equal size, as is, for instance, the so-called silver sand, used for writing. Keep the sand in a very dry, and, if possible, also in a warm place, that no vitalizing quality may remain in it.

Cut the flowers in a fully developed state, taking care that they are neither wet nor moist by dew, rain, etc. If you cannot obtain them in any other condition, then the following troublesome proceedings will render them dry. Take one or two flowers at a time, and put them into a glass, into which pour just enough water for the ends to stand in the flower will then dry, and still suck up water enough not to fade.

Next get a box or pot, or anything large enough to receive your flower or flowers, pour sand enough on it to enable them to stand by themselves, their stems embedded in the sand. And now for that part of the work which calls upon your whole skill and your most delicate fingering. You have to fill up the box above the level of the flowers with sand, so that the flowers are completely embedded in it. By means of a tube or a funnel, or a sieve, you can do it in such a way that every particle of the flower rests in sand, and that your filling up shall not have crumpled or displaced the smallest petal. Of course, such a thing can be done only in a very slow way by a beginner.

Take care not to shake the box, lest the flower inside might get hurt. Carry it to a place both dry and warm, that all the moisture in the flower may pass into the sand, which being porous, is in turn acted upon, and will let the moisture pass entirely out and get evaporated. Avoid, however, positive heat, or the colors of the flowers will fade; whilst at too low a temperature, the moisture in the flower will not dry quickly enough, and so rot it. The warmth should, as a general thing, never exceed 100°. When you are sure that your flowers have fully dried—a thing a very little practice in touching the box will teach you—the thing is done. Open the box, and by holding it in a slanting direction, let so much sand run out that you can lift the flowers by the stem; by turning it upside down, shaking it gently, and, if necessary, blowing on it, all the sand will be removed, and you have the flower in its most perfect form—a little brittle, to be sure, in such a dry state as this and therefore requiring careful handling; but a few days' exposure to the atmosphere will have imparted moisture enough to it to make it considerably less brittle. You now see why we cannot do with the larger grains of sand: they would press unequally, and spoil the flower, which forever retains all the marks of such pressure; nor with the dusty particles of the sand, because they, as well as the soluble particles, which we have removed by washing, would adhere to the hairy and velvety parts of the flower, would never be got rid of, and would materially impair the original beauty. The very newest feature about this art is that the discovery how to preserve flowers in their natural state is quite an old affair, long forgotten, which has been restored on account of the increasing demand for bouquets.

## An Ideal Husband.

68 The ideal husband has a great respect for himself. Was not Eve created, not as an equal but as an help meet or fit for his service? Once he remembers this and his position as master of the household is firmly established. Lest his wife make inconsistent demands on his time and attention he avails himself of every opportunity to snub her, and never praises anything she does for his comfort. Lastly, keeps tight hold on his purse strings, and demands a strict account of all his earthly goods with which he has only figuratively endowed her.

69 An ideal husband, to be religious and temperate, to be honest and trusty. To be kind to his wife and family not to stay out late at night. To be good natured and kind hearted, to be generous to a fault, don't scold, a good provider not be given to gossiping. To attend church regular and take his family, be kind to every body specially to the poor. To keep himself tidy and about the house. To shun evil companions, and not to be overbearing.

70 A man who is devoid of selfishness, and whose enjoyment is in the company and happiness of his family circle. Who is not given to sarcasm. Whose mind is of a high order and is above evil suspicion, and one who is not fault-finding or mean in his home. A husband whose wife may consult him on any subject, and be treated with deference and respect, not haughty dictation.

71 Whose honest and large soul will never permit him to make a practise of spending money on pleasure while his family are caged and toiling at home. He must be free from vices, a lover of good works, home adornment, and a christian, whose evenings are spent within his family circle.

72 My ideal husband is a Christian man, not in name only but in his actions. Combining true love, decision of character, good temper, kindness, humility and unselfishness with a strong healthy frame, handsome face and congenial tastes. A teetotaler and neither smoke or chew tobacco. Must have learned to spend his evenings at home and not mix with bad companions or given to swearing. Not fond of flirting. Experience enough and strong enough in mind not to bully me but guard and guide me aright. Love his children and bring them up to God's service.

73 Like the Great Auk, he belongs to an extinct species. Never was but one created, and greed developed itself to such an extent in him that he strangled in swallowing an apple-core. When resuscitated the ideal had flown and small hopes there be of recapture. The modern ideal requires; good digestive organs; good parentage;—to insure freedom from hereditary vices and ailments. A well developed, evenly balanced brain, peaceful, contented spirit; then providing he be a truly righteous, conscientious, sin-hating man he will prove to be about as near the ideal as can be found in this nineteenth century.

## A Queer African Dish.

Saleh, Stanley's attendant, said it was curious to watch Stanley's white officers when introduced to chiquanga, a kind of pudding made of boiled manioc root. Neither the taste nor odor of this food is at all inviting at first; but necessity brings all whites as well as blacks to regard it as the bread of life before many months of residence in Central Africa.

Sometimes when deprived of it for many days I have often hailed a piece of toasted chiquanga as a real luxury, and I have been rather disgusted with newly arrived whites whose upturned noses condemned my barbaric taste.

When Stanley's white officers had finished their small stock of tinned provisions and rice, they were absolutely compelled to fall back on the manioc dishes; but the sourness of taste of this African pudding is a serious barrier to the enjoyment of it, and some stubborn persistence is required before the white man hails chiquanga as a delicacy; but like other white travelers, these officers began to like it, and when they passed beyond the districts where it grew, and were forced to adhere to a roast plantain diet, they regretted bitterly that they had no manioc.

## Antiquity of the Cat.

As regards the remoteness of the period at which the dog and cat were domesticated, it is true that remains of the former animal are found in the lake dwellings of Central Europe. On the other hand, we read of the cat in Sanscrit writings older than the beginning of our era, and we find it pictured on Egyptian monuments of Pharaonic times. Moreover, the cat, being sacred to Isis, was often mummified, and some of the cat mummies date from 4,000 years ago. In our day cats are distinguished for attachment to localities rather than persons; but it may be doubted if this was so in ancient Egypt, where, for ages, they were treated with unvarying kindness, and even with veneration.

## Queer Names.

A gentleman in Boston has made a collection of odd names, and has some curious ones on his list. Here are a few: Sapphire Gunnybag and Macey Marcy Mercy Massey, of Boston; John Fandan-higigenberger, of Philadelphia; Applepie Johnson, of Pittsburg; Echo Halfnose, of Chicago.

Dickens gave queer names to his men and women, and often took great pains to find a name to suitably fit some character. It is said that he found most of them in old London dictionaries. This is probably true. Truth is always stranger than fiction. No story you read can be more wonderful than the story some friend could tell if he would.

## In The Play Room.

"Mild or wild we love you, loud or still, child or boy."—SWINBURNE.

(The editor of this department will be pleased to receive letters from young contributors. Contributions such as puzzles, short stories, poems, etc., will be welcomed. Address, Play Room Editor, in care of this paper.)

## The Children.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,  
And the school for the day is dismissed,  
And the little ones gather around me  
To bid me good-night and be kissed;  
O! the little white arms that encircle  
My neck in a tender embrace;  
Oh! the smiles that are halos of heaven,  
Shedding sunshine of love on my face.  
And when they are gone I sit dreaming  
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;  
Of love that my heart will remember,  
While it wakes to the pulse of the past,  
Ere the world and its wickedness made me  
A partner of sorrow and sin;  
When the glory of God was above me,  
And the Glory of Gladness within.  
O! my heart grows weak as a woman's  
And the fountains of fleeting will glow  
When I think of the path steep and stony,  
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;  
O'er Life's Ocean and rough cruel waters  
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild;  
O! there's nothing on earth half so holy  
As the innocent heart of a child.  
There are idols of heart and of households;  
There are angels of God in disguise;  
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses;  
His glory still gleams in their eyes.  
O! those truants from home and from heaven,  
They have made me more manly and mild  
And I know now how Jesus could liken  
The kingdom of God to a child.  
I ask not a life for the dear ones,  
All radiant as others have done,  
But that life may have just enough shadow  
To temper the glare of the sun;  
I would pray God to guard them from evil  
But my prayer would bound back to myself;  
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,  
But a sinner must pray for himself.  
The twig is so easily bended,  
I have banished the rule and the rod;  
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,  
They have taught me the wisdom of God;  
My heart is a dungeon of darkness;  
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;  
My frown is sufficient correction  
My love is the law of the school.  
I shall leave the old house in the autumn,  
To traverse its threshold no more;  
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones  
That meet me each morn at the door!  
I shall miss the good-night and the kisses,  
And the gush of their innocent glee,  
The group on the green and the flowers  
That they bring every morning to me.  
I shall miss them at noon and at even—  
Their song in the school and the street;  
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,  
And the tramp of their delicate feet.  
When the lessons and tasks are all ended  
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"  
May the little ones gather around me,  
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

Answers to Puzzles.  
(From Last Issue.)

- No. 1. ENIGMA.—A bed.  
No. 2. CHARADE.—Palmerston—Palmerston.  
No. 3. ENIGMA.—Lay-bell—Label.

## Puzzles.

## DIAMOND.

A consonant, juice, a gang, warning, to color, a spot or point,  
a consonant.

## Word Square.

A county in England, a musical instrument, a color, a county in  
England.

## Charade

My FIRST is an expanse of water.  
My SECOND is a vowel.  
My THIRD is a fruit we all know,  
My WHOLE is a town in India.

## Charade.

My FIRST is a masculine name,  
My SECOND's the color of war,  
My THIRD is ambitious of fame,  
And hope shineth therein as a star,  
(To guide us o'er life's troubled sea,  
To cheer an existence like this;  
May it ne'er set for thee or for me,  
But guide us to regions of bliss!)  
Thus formed, a gentle, winged creature I ween,  
May warbling midst gardens and orchards be seen;  
And oft, when chill frosts bind the bosom of earth,  
He claims our protection, and flies to our hearth.

## Diamond.

1. A consonant of hissing sound.
2. An article that's often found.
3. The traveller's stay and good support.
4. What happens oft with casks of port.

5. A poet now comes to our view;  
A goodly poet he is too.
6. The farmer's great delight we see.
7. And food for you and food for me.
8. What ne'er with man is thought too stale.
9. A vowel now doth end the tale.

## Numerical Charade.

I am composed of 17 letters; my 7, 8, 13, 9, is a habitation;  
my 4, 5, 3, 6, 2, 13, 11, 7, is a station for troops; my 13, 5, 2, 7,  
9, is a person eminent for piety and virtue; my 10, 5, 9, 14, 6, is  
a colorless fluid, and my whole is a well-known general.

DEAR PLAYROOM EDITOR.—This morning papa said I might  
write to the editor of the L. P. W. if I liked, and I'm going to do  
so now, because papa changes his mind sometimes and he may in  
this. I like all your stories, and am very glad when the day brings  
you. Sometimes our mails are behind, we have a long way to go  
to the post office; so when the weather is bad we have to wait for  
a finer day and that leaves you late. When you come we all run  
to see who will get you first. I liked so much your story about  
"Little Forgetfulness." It is just like some girls and boys too I  
am ashamed to say; I often forget things mamma tells me to do,  
but I always remember anything for myself, don't you think that it  
is selfishness? Mamma says it is, and is always trying to make me  
a better boy but it is a hard thing I am afraid. Mamma is so good  
to me, she never scolds nor is cross when I forget anything for her,  
she talks to me and tells me to try and remember next time, and so  
I do. Now, I am going to ask you to write us a little story on  
selfishness; I think your story about "Little Forgetfulness" did  
me some good and perhaps one about selfishness would too. Very  
sincerely yours

STANLEY T.

## A Visit to the Fair.

To-day is Fair day, and we were up bright and early for Father  
is going to take us to the grounds to spend the day.

We never had a show in our village before; so you will not  
wonder at our being curious to see one will you? We have been  
looking forward to it all along, and Maria Johnson who has made  
a quilt, patched some crazy-work, painted a picture on the largest  
pumpkin that grew in their garden, and done a lot of other things  
hopes they will give her a good place in the main building,—I  
think that is what the city people call the largest room in the place,  
—to show off her things.

Then I must tell you what we sent. Mother knitted a pair of  
stockings, of the softest red wool, from one of our finest lambs,  
and sent some of the best jam she had. Martha sent a wall pocket,  
—made of cedar twigs and finished off in plush; and a few fancy  
toilet covers, made specially for the show.

Amanda made a quilt,—log cabin I think they called it,—such a  
pretty one it was too; then she made some frocks for children, an  
apron or two, and sent in a specimen of her writing, because there is to  
be a prize given for the one who writes the best, and every body in  
the village says our Amanda does; so we coaxed her to send in a  
copy.

I'll tell you how she learnt if you don't tell. Well, she went on  
a visit to Daytown, to see an aunt of ours, and while she was  
there my aunt who was taking lessons in writing, got her to do the  
same.

The Professor of penmanship who taught them, said she would  
make one of the best pupils he had ever seen; so Amanda made up  
her mind and took lessons. Oh! But you should have seen the  
lovely letters she sent home to us, just written beautifully, then she  
used to put Esq., to father's name, and he liked that, of course it  
was a long time before we found out what it meant, but when some  
one told Martha and Martha told Father it pleased him the more.

Well, to get back to the Fair again.

Mary Jane sent in a pair of mitts made of green wool, with an  
orange stripe up the back of them; Mrs. Doyle said "they were the  
finest she ever seen," and I guess they were too; Mary Jane took  
a long time to make them, and I think they are to be given to  
Mark Wilson after they come from the show; won't he be proud  
of them. My! A pair of prize mittens on his hands. Then  
Father sent some spring lambs, a colt and a young heifer, one of  
the finest. James sent a prize horse "a beautiful beast" farmer  
Adams said it was, and some cucumbers and onions.

Senica, my youngest brother would not send anything he is  
a lazy sort, and thought it not worth the worry at all, it was jolly  
fun for us to put things in the show, besides, all the folks are try-  
ing to out-do one another, but I don't think many of them can  
beat our Amanda at writing, and mother's yarn the stockings are  
knit with is the finest in the village. I did hear that Lucinda  
Hall had sent in some of her jam along with some bread and cakes  
she had baked, but I don't know how true it is.

Then Aramanta White put up some gherkins, made a cake of  
seven storys, covered it with pink and white icing, and sent up a  
pail of honey.

Here comes Father! He is ready to start, everyone is getting  
into the democrat so I must be off too.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The loveliest time I ever spent in my life I spent at the show yesterday.  
Oh! Wasn't our girls proud of our things; we first went all over  
the building, and saw everything worth seeing.

I was standing by the table where our articles were, and some  
strangers came along,—some of the folks from Cedarville I guess  
they were,—and stood to look.

There was our Amanda's wall-pocket and beside it her writing  
in a frame.

You ought to have head the folks when they looked at that;  
one said "such writing I never seen," another, "if our Tom could

do half as well as that his fortune would be made I know." So I  
listened to all the comments, and did not hear one speak against it.

I guess our Amanda will get the prize any way. Every one was  
congratulating her and praising her up, even the minister  
thought she deserved something.

I saw Mark Wilson looking at the mitts Mary Jane made, I  
asked him what was his opinion? And he said he "thought  
them real smart they were kind of "ristocratic looking." I  
know Mary Jane will feel overjoyed when I give her Mark's opinion  
of the mitts.

Little did he think they were for his hands; how surprised he  
will be when she presents them to him.

We saw Father's stock among the rest and they looked hand-  
some I tell you.

The minister's wife said she thought our folks had been a great  
help in every way. They did not know what the show would  
have been like, but for the things our girls sent, the Johnson's girls  
wasn't half so nice. There were lots and lots of things there,  
among which I liked the patched and knitted quilts, mother's  
stockings, our Amanda's cedar wall-pocket, some cakes Mrs. Bryor  
made, the bread and any amount of fancy work the like of such was  
never seen at a village Fair for miles round here.

Well, as I say we had a delightful day, but the time was short,  
having to come home by six o'clock.

There were no less than seven democrat loads of people drove  
up to our place, and all stayed to supper.

Our girls kind of expected it, but of course we are not sure, any  
way the minister's wife said some of them proposed they should  
give us a surprise party, and this was a good opportunity; so they  
all met and discussed it on the show grounds, and the conclusion  
was to have supper and dance at our place.

We were glad they came, our school master brought his two  
little girls, so I had them to play with; it would have been kind  
of dull for me I think if there had been no one but babies to play  
with. The minister's wife's baby was about two years old, and then  
there were three other people who brought theirs, but some how I  
would rather play with the bigger ones, it seems you can have  
more fun.

Oh! The supper was lovely.

The girls and me wished there would be a show every week if  
that was the kind of suppers we would get.

Of course we had to wait, but we didn't care for that we knew  
there would be lots left, so we just sat out on the verandah, and  
talked about what we had seen at the show until the folks in the  
dining-room had finished. A long time it was too, we thought  
they were never going to come out of that room.

We had our supper at last, and when all were ready the dancing  
began, such a time! Our Seneca played his fiddle, and Tom  
Amerson played what they call second fiddle, then our Amanda  
sometimes played on the organ, (she has not been taking music  
very long, but her teacher says she is real smart and quick to learn.)

The dancing had been going on until two o'clock, those who  
had brought their babies and a few others had gone home, but the  
young folks stayed later, some were beginning to get tired, that I  
could see, and the school-master's wife said they must go. I beg-  
ged for the girls to stay and keep me company, but she said it was  
late; one and another "took the hint" as the saying is and soon  
all were gone.

Then of course I had to go to bed I was told long before to go  
but I wouldn't, then I had to.

I was sorry when it all ended for every body enjoyed—a visit to  
the first Fair our village had.

## Our Grandmother's Children.

Were the children of our grandmothers' days very different from  
what they are now? To hear the old ladies talk, you would think  
there were no little golden-locked girls, whose tongues are never  
still, because they always have "somesin" to say, nor any mis-  
chievous, fun-loving, little Tom, Dick, or Harry, in those days.

"When my Susan Maria was that child's age, she had pieced  
two quilts," says one, peering at five-year old Nellie, through her  
golden-bowed glasses.

Poor little Susan Maria! The idea of a little "tot" like that  
having to begin such work when every bone in her little body  
ached to be at play, while the time and patience required to teach  
children such work when so young, that they will learn to do nice-  
ly and enjoy when a little older, make it a most tiresome business  
altogether.

Another thing I would like to know, why children invariably  
use such a shrill tone of voice when speaking to each other? I am  
often reminded of the little girl in the Youth's Companion, whose  
papa said, "Cannot that child be taught to speak? Her lowest  
tone is a perfect shriek."

One may as well say "softly, softly!" to the wind, for all the  
effect it has on the sharp little voices. "My children," says  
Grandmother, "always held their hands behind them, and would  
never touch anything we told them not to." So do mine, until  
they get near enough to touch the coveted article, when a pair of  
handcuffs would scarcely keep them there.

"When we told them to sit down and be quiet, they always did  
so." We sigh, as we look around at the flushed faces of the little  
ones, who, from five o'clock in the morning till seven at night,  
seem to have no object in life but amusement, and almost wish that  
we too had lived when log houses and unplastered walls were "all  
the go."

How I have tried to make myself believe that there may be a  
difference between the children of the past and the present! But  
human nature is so much alike that I have come to the conclusion  
that there is really no difference, only that the former are seen from  
the enchanted point of distance. The little rogues are entitled to  
sympathy. The days are long to them sometimes. Our days are  
so much occupied with work that we do not stop to think how  
much we might be tempted to kick the furniture, bang the walls,  
or ask questions, had we nothing else to do.

But, let me whisper it gently, our little ones are not altogether  
bad; they are very kind to their little friends who visit them; they  
are particularly careful of table linen or carpets, and if asked to  
wait at table go away quietly without even a frown, and if they  
have a dose of medicine to take, do so without whining.

## Culinary.

"Man is a carnivorous production and must have meals."—BYRON.

**PUFFETS FOR TEA.**—Three eggs, one cup of sugar, two thirds of a cup of butter, one pint of sweet milk, three pints of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in muffin-rings and serve warm.

**FRIZZLED EGGS.**—Put a piece of butter the size of a hazel nut in a teacup, with a pinch of salt and a little pepper. Break in two eggs without stirring. Set in a pan of boiling water to cook. When the whites are set, serve immediately in the cup they are cooked in.

**MILK TOAST.**—Put a pint of milk into a spider, add a large tablespoonful of butter, and let the milk boil about five minutes. Have the bread toasted till very dry, but not burned. Put the slices in the milk and boil till quite soft. Remove to a dish and pour the milk over them.

**BAKED HAM.**—Soak a ham in cold water over night. Trim it neatly, and cover it all over with a thick crust of flour and water. Bake slowly eight hours. Remove the crust and skin; cover the top with fine cracker crumbs slightly sweetened. Place in the oven till the crumbs are brown. When cold, cut in very thin slices.

**STEWED VEAL.**—Cut a slice of the cutlet in small pieces, season it with pepper, salt, and, if you prefer it, a little grated lemon peel and nutmeg. Pour in as much water as will nearly cover it, let it cook slowly till about half done, then make a rich gravy with some pieces of butter rolled in flour, and add to the water it was stewed in.

**CREAM SAUCE.**—Put two tablespoonfuls of hot water with a teacupful of sweet cream into a saucepan; stir in one tablespoonful of butter and a little chopped parsley; set the saucepan into a kettle of boiling water, add a little strained soup stock, let boil, take from the fire and add a tablespoonful of butter. Then pour around the hot fish.

**NUT MACAROONS.**—Beat to a very stiff froth the whites of three eggs, then add a pound of powdered sugar, a little at a time, also a tablespoonful of Brown and Polson's cornflour. Have a pint of any kind of nuts finely chopped, and stir them into the mixture. Drop in large spoonfuls upon buttered tins, and bake in a moderate oven until the macaroons are a delicate brown.

**MACARONI.**—Simmer half a pound of macaroni in plenty of water till tender, but not broken; strain off the water. Take the yolks of five and the whites of two eggs, and one-half pint of cream, white meat and ham chopped fine, three spoonfuls of grated cheese. Season with salt and pepper. Heat all together, stirring constantly. Mix with the macaroni; put into a buttered mould and steam one hour.

**PLUM PUDDING.**—One quart of milk, six eggs, a quarter of a pound of seeded raisins, a quarter of a pound of currants, sugar to the taste. Beat the eggs and add them to the milk with the fruit. Pour it in a pudding dish, cover the top with slices of bread well buttered. First dip the bread in the milk, so it may be brown when it is baked. This is generally eaten cold. It may be flavored with lemon or vanilla.

**ENGLISH PUDDING (HOUR).**—One pound each of currants, raisins (stoned) and suet, one-half pound of citron, one cupful of molasses, one pint of boiling milk, one scant teaspoonful each of cinnamon, allspice and salt, one-half teaspoonful of clove, the same of soda and one nutmeg; six eggs, reserving one white for sauce. Boil six hours. Add flour to stiffen, so that a fork will stand upright in the mixture.

**POTATO SOUFFLES.**—Boil four good-sized potatoes and rub them through a sieve. Take one cupful of butter. Let them come to a boil in a saucepan. Add the potatoes, a pinch of salt, a little white pepper, and beat to a cream. Then put in one at a time, the yolks of four eggs, beating it well. Drop a pinch of salt in the whites and beat to a stiff froth. Add this to the mixture, stir in lightly and pour into a well-buttered dish. Bake twenty minutes. Eat with meats that have gravies.

**ALMOND WAFERS.**—One pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, one gill of milk, and flour enough to make a stiff dough. Roll very thin, and cut into squares, arranging the almonds on the top of each square just before putting into the oven; blanch the nuts by pouring boiling water over them, after which each brown skin can be easily slipped off; split the kernels, and arrange in the form of a star in the centre of each wafer.

**SPONGE CAKE.**—Beat whites and yolks of four eggs separately, add two cupfuls of powdered sugar. Mix well two cupfuls of sifted flour, one-half cupful of cornstarch and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add to the eggs and sugar. Pour over the whole, stirring briskly, one cupful of boiling water. Flavor. Bake in two pans about 1½ inches deep. If desired, spread blackberry or other jam between the cakes.

**CARROT SOUP.**—One quart rich, brown stock, one pint carrot, one teaspoon sugar, one teaspoonful salt, one-half saltspoon pepper, one small onion, sliced. Wash and scrape the carrot; shave off in thin slices a pint of the outer part. Do not use the yellow centre. Cook the carrot with the onion in boiling salted water to cover, till very tender. Rub the carrot through a squash strainer. Add the stock and heat again. Add the sugar, salt and pepper, and when hot serve immediately with croutons.

**WALNUT CAKE.**—One cupful of sugar, half a cup of butter, two cups of flour, half a cup of milk, the whites of five eggs, half a teaspoonful of soda, one half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, a very little salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one cup of walnuts broken in small pieces and floured. Mix the butter and sugar to-

gether, sift in the soda, add the milk, the cream of tartar and flour the vanilla, salt, walnuts, and, lastly, the whites of eggs, beaten stiff. Ice it, and lay halves of the walnuts around with frosting on it.

**ROAST ALMONDS.**—To half a pint of blanched Jordan almonds which are thoroughly dry, allow one tablespoonful of best salad oil; place them in a bright tin pan, and set them in a hot oven; stir them occasionally; when they begin to brown, sprinkle a little salt over them—not more than one-half teaspoonful. Let them brown a few moments longer, take from the oven and sift over them a tablespoonful of powdered sugar; when thoroughly cold, put them in an air-tight box, and they will keep crisp and good several days.

**CARAMELS.**—One cupful of grated chocolate, three cups of granulated sugar, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, with a teacup of hot water, a pinch of salt, and a teaspoonful of vanilla. These are the ingredients, and it is an easy task to boil them down to the consistency of candy. Stir constantly, and allow it to boil ten minutes only; try it in a cupful of cold water, and as soon as it is the consistency of thick treacle, pour into buttered tins; then with a silver knife stir it back and forth till you find it sugaring; cut into squares, and keep in tin boxes.

**CINNAMON CAKES.**—A cupful and a-half of milk, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of yeast, mixed with flour to make a sponge of fair consistency; let it rise overnight. In the morning, add half a cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of currants or raisins. Set to rise again, and when light roll out to about half an inch in thickness. Sprinkle generously with sugar and ground cinnamon and spread with butter. Roll up closely, cut into inch thick slices, lay them on a buttered tin, and let them rise. When quite light moisten the top of each with milk, and bake brown.

**DRAWN BUTTER SAUCE.**—One pint hot water or white stock, one-half cup butter, scant, two tablespoons flour, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half saltspoon pepper. Put half the butter in a saucepan; be careful not to let it become brown; when melted, add the dry flour, and mix well. Add the hot water, a little at a time, and stir rapidly as it thickens. When perfectly smooth, add the remainder of the butter, one small piece at a time, and stir till it is absorbed. Add the salt and pepper. When carefully made, this sauce should be free from lumps; but if not smooth, strain it before serving.

**GLAZED NUTS.**—Remove walnuts from the shell in perfect state; with a fine needle pierce each nut lengthways through the centre, leaving an end of the thread hanging; prepare a syrup by boiling together one pound of granulated sugar and half a pint of water; let it boil without stirring until a drop of the syrup will harden instantly in cold water; just before removing from the fire add a pinch of cream of tartar dissolved in a little hot water; after taking from the fire, dip each nut, holding by the thread, into the syrup for a few moments, afterwards suspending them in a cool place, where they will not touch each other; leave them until perfectly hard, and if the syrup has been properly boiled the nuts will appear as though coated with glass.

## Prof. Wickle's Prize Graphological Examination.

### Special Notice.

The Ideal Wife Prize Examination closed on Dec. 15th. We shall continue to publish in this column the delineation of the different specimens of handwriting sent in for the Prize Competition until they have been completed. We will then publish the decision with the numbers to which the different prizes were awarded. No more specimens of handwriting will be delineated for this Examination. It will be useless for subscribers to forward them, as Competition closed, as above stated, on Dec. 15th, and we shall simply continue to publish those which were received on or before that date.

### Delineations.

459 This lady is above all things inordinately vain her mind is strong and her affection constant. She loves society but is rather apt to expect too much attention. Her writing shows affectation, but not insincerity. She is ambitious, merry, hopeful and very miserly.

460 This is the writing of a gentle homely girl, who is content, truthful, uncultured and reverent, she could be a very helpful wife to any man, and if her husband were capable of directing her mind and will wisely, she could develop into a very noble character.

461 Here I find the first study which shows a decided taste and excellence in music. This is probably a persevering and successful artiste, but her nerves are troublesome, and her temper is in consequence uncertain. So far from being an ideal wife, she will probably remain single concentration, devotion, imagination and talent all run in the same track, and I only wonder how she ever took time or interest enough in this competition to write me a graphological study.

462 This is a brisk active and energetic woman, fond of lively company, and rather given to the pleasures of the table. She would doubtless make an excellent wife, but lacks refinement and tact.

463 Here is the ideal mother, if not the ideal wife, she has tenderness, firmness and good judgment, her hope imagination and reverence are large, and her patience plainly shown. She is fond of home and easily pleased and satisfied. She lacks go and ambition, and would perhaps be uninteresting.

## Correspondence.

The correspondence columns are open to all readers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY. Questions relating to fashions, etiquette, literature or any subject of interest to our readers can be sent in for reply. Address correspondence editor in care of this paper.

**GRACIOSA.**—Your contribution was handed to me. In future, be kind enough to address your letter to the department you intend it to reach, I have no time to be postman for you. Your letter has to be sent from the office, all the length of the city to me, and by me carted back again. I have nothing whatever to do with the Playroom Editor, would not know him or her, should I see them on the street, and have no idea whether your contribution suits them, I know as little of the sketch and photo subject. Please ask those who belong to that department. This paper is run on business principles, and no one interferes with the work of their neighbor.

**CHIC.**—Read answer just preceding, my dear. I am asked by Cousin Ruth to tell you to. She will put your matter in the proper hands.

**NAIDA.**—Face bleach is a preparation like water in appearance. It needs to be used with care. It will certainly remove freckles and discolorations, but should not be applied unless the person using it understands the use of it perfectly. I have removed a troublesome freckle or mole from my nose in three days, which has been there as long as I can remember.

**JULIA JONES.**—1. I had rather not express an opinion. I don't do as you state, myself, but don't wish to force my convictions on others. 2. If I were you I should make a clean breast of the matter, tell your friend just what you have done, and ask his forgiveness. It won't be so hard for you to tell him, as to go for weeks in fear of his finding out, and when he does, to receive his upbraidings. Don't mind shewing that you are sorry, as I am sure you are, for you should feel both sorry and ashamed. I can't imagine why you did it, Julia.

**COSETTA.**—A pretty Easter card is a dainty painted blotter made in the shape of a butterfly, made in pale yellow silk and with the markings outlined in white and purple, it is able to challenge artistic criticism. You can buy silver wire for the long horns, that curl at the ends.

**JAMES MOORE.**—I don't at all agree with you about the masculine style of girls' dress this year. It is very much more feminine than it was some time back, when the stiff high linen collars and tailor-made suit gave a very stern effect to the most dainty damsels. Besides, you had better look at home, my boy, in this month's fashions is a corset for men, while beside it is an advertisement of health waists without bones or steels for ladies. I think Chappie is decidedly encroaching on Angelina's preserves in that instance.

**BABETTE.**—Baby blue is a clear light shade of blue, about the color of forget-me-nots. Yes, it is very fashionable.

**CYCLIST.**—A lady's riding dress may be gored or else pleated to a yoke. So many folds of serge close to the waist would be too warm and not healthy. The blouse is neat, worn with a belt. Once for all, no one can ride comfortably in corsets. Throw them away for good, my dear. You'll live longer and more happily.

**GREGOR.**—Mac simply means "the son of." Kill means a church, and Dhu means black or swarthy. I thought everyone knew the story of the Kilkenny Cats. They were so quarrelsome and fought so persistently, that they ate each other up, all but the tails. It is a reference sometimes made to very quarrelsome folk that they are like the Kilkenny cats.

**GRACE YONGE.**—It all depends on your occupation and usage. Some people cannot eat a full meal at mid-day, others suffer after dining late. I should think you would benefit by a mid-day meal, as you have rather an outdoor life. Never let your meal time pass, nor go hungry till you feel faint. It weakens the digestion sadly. For exercise such as you desire, I know of nothing better than the rubber exercising tube, which you can procure in this city.

**MOTHER-OF-SIX.**—I don't know what you can do for that poor little child. Do you allow him to read just what he chooses? Perhaps he has a bad companion who fills his mind with horrors. If I were you I should tell him a sweet story about angels and birds and flowers, after he was in bed, and impress him strongly with an idea of the heavenly Father's strength and care and love. It is indeed sad to think of a child losing his sleep nightly on account of bad dreams.

**BENEDICT.**—1. You can find a house near the cars for about fifteen dollars a month such as you describe, but you must go a little way out of the centre of the city. 2. You can get a gas stove which, with a patent cooker, will do admirably for two people, for about four dollars. It has two cook holes, and feeds from a tube attached to the gas burner. Get the plumber to put you on a second gas feeder just back of the cock which shuts off the burner, and put the rubber tube over that. He will understand how to fix it.

**GLORIANA.**—I cannot tell you how to apply for a place in the company. You might write to the manager and ask for an interview on private business. I think, if I were you, I should go alone, state my case, offer to sing for him, and treat the whole affair as a matter of business; which is, of course, just what it is. If the manager is such a person as you would care to work under, you will be quite safe; if he takes advantage and is familiar, you had better know it at once, and have nothing more to do with him. Of course, you know, young women who go on the stage with variety companies meet a good deal of the rough side of human nature, and receive many a shock if they are of refined natures.

**WIDOW BEDOTT.**—If you owned the property independent of your husband, before his death, the creditors can't come on you for payment of his debts. In the case you mention, I should certainly and decidedly refuse to pay. I don't think you are called upon to cripple yourself in the least to pay liquor bills, and particularly as you say the liquor merchant was asked not to supply your husband and persisted in doing so against the doctor's orders. Let him lose the account, it may teach him a lesson.

### He Had Them All Right.

A young man who was anxious to become a doctor, called on Coroner Levy of New York a few mornings ago and asked that gentleman for advice.

"Do you know anything about the human body?" asked the coroner.

"Yes; a good deal."

"Can you name the bones of the skull?"

This query rattled the young man badly, but he blurted out:

"I can't think of the names just this minute, but I've got them all in my head."

The coroner agreed with him as far as his last statement was concerned.

Fighting the Wolf With Button-Holes.

A general protest should be made against the idea of wage earning by wives and mothers. Women who are called upon to perform the multitudinous duties consequent upon these relations assume the performance of a dozen or more trades and professions, enough certainly to swamp any masculine, the monotonous, never-ending round of which yearly swells the number in grave-yards and asylums, to say nothing of the hopeless, dreary condition of those who still toil on. These surely have enough on their slender shoulders without further burdening themselves with other work, even though it be remunerated in the coin of the realm.

Wants multiply, and it is natural for the mother's heart to wish to give the best to her little flock. But it is just here she must deny herself, keep herself as fresh and bright as possible for her children, and not drudgingly obliterate herself to give them easy times, rich food and fine clothes, entirely unsuited to their station and means.

The father is free from the trials and pains of maternity, his personal responsibilities and cares are much less in regard to the family than those of the mother, and upon him by right and by nature falls the burden of support.

This pecuniary accountability is one of his rights and a great moral safeguard. A man who feels that his wife and children are dependant on his labors, even though bread and potatoes constitute the diet, and one room shelters all, is made ten times the man he could be were his thoughts and labor selfishly centered on himself.

When the mother must be a wage earner she has double duty to perform, as much as the father would have were the burden of motherhood thrust upon him.

Not for mere show, or for greater luxuries, should the wife and mother add to her already onerous labors. But where the father is positively incapable of adequately providing, or disabled, then the mother is not only excusable but it is her duty to add to her other labors that of money-making. And we know that when circumstances render necessary these dual duties of the mother that bravely does she acquit herself; and that it is seldom that a widowed mother of small children does not in some way contrive to keep her family around her, and drive the gaunt wolf from the door, even though the weapon be but a small and slender needle.

Mrs. Abbott was a slight, delicate woman, but when her husband died, leaving her with four young children, she never for a moment thought of separating them, though friends urged such a step, and relatives on either side offered to divide the care with her. The only thing she could give them was herself, and of her motherly protection and counsel they should not be defrauded.

As a girl, she had been expert with the needle, and much fine embroidery had she executed for her own trousseau, and later for the layettes of her babies. But in the place where she lived there was no demand for such work, and women's exchanges were things unknown.

She finally decided to try plain sewing and buttonhole-making as a means of support, and announced to her friends and neighbors that she was at their service.

She did not cut and fit except under-clothing, and simple garments for children. For plain sewing seventy-five cents per day was charged, she keeping account of the hours spent. The price was one dollar where cutting was done.

This was in the midst of a thrifty Yankee community where little labor was hired, and at first the outlook was discouraging. But one customer brought another, and she was never without a few coins in the old cream-pitcher with which to purchase milk and oat-meal, and now and then a bit of cheap meat for soup.

In the making of buttonholes her knowledge of embroidery was a great help; and after taking a few lessons of a tailor, who instructed her gratis, she felt competent to undertake even the nicer grades of this work. One cent each was charged for buttonholes on underclothing, one and one-half cents each on wrappers and aprons, two cents each on ordinary dresses; while from three to five cents each was the price on silk and velvet suits, wraps and coats.

In a couple of years this branch of the business claimed her entire attention, and little more plain sewing was done till the daughters grew old enough to take it up, which they did successfully.

For the accommodation of her customers she kept a small but well selected stock of buttonhole twist, sewing-silks and cottons, as well as dress braids, the merchants of the place kindly giving these latter up entirely to her.

When the son was ten years old a knitting machine was purchased which he soon learned to operate successfully, and the work thus done in time materially increased the family income. And Tom expects that this same machine will give him a year in some good business college that he may carry out his cherished plan of becoming a book-keeper.

Years have passed since the husband and father went to his rest. Bravely has the mother plied her needle, while sturdy children have grown up around her to call her blessed.

Through the practice of thrift and economy they have gathered about them the comforts, nay, even many of the luxuries of life, and all this they owe to so small a thing as a buttonhole, backed by the determination, courage and perseverance of a faithful, loving mother.

The Color of Water.

What is the color of pure water? Almost any person who has no special knowledge of the subject will reply at once, "It has no color." Yet everybody knows, either through hearsay or by the evidence of his own eyes, that the ocean is blue. Why the ocean looks blue is a question that few who have crossed it have ever sought to solve, and there are probably many travellers who, though they have seen most of the famous rivers and lakes in the world, have failed to notice the remarkable difference in color which their waters present. Even the ocean is not uniform in color; in some places its waters are green or even yellowish.

Happy Wives.

There are few wives who actually know how to control the worst of man's nature, and often resort to the worst possible means to obtain this end. Wives, let me give you kindly advice. If you are as you should be, fond of your husband, do not seek to find his faults; if he is away from you, do not follow him or pry into his habits; rest assured if he is in the wrong he knows it and likely tries to hide it from you. But if you, dear wife, find it out, then he is more likely not to care and to be more bold. If he is out late and comes in with an excuse, and you know he has spoken falsely, do not advise him of it, but say: "Well, dear, I am sorry but don't be so late next time." If you make a row about it, the next time he will not only refuse to say where he has been, but go without sanction, while if you are patient his heart is full of remorse and he loves you the more. It does not make one happier to know their faults, but only makes them more miserable. Try to reason, never to pry; a little indifference will draw him closer home. Never allow a neighbor to speak ill of him. The moment you do they have not the proper regard for you and will say: "She deserves such a husband." Be staunch and firm in your regard, permitting nothing but respectful words to be said. Do not tell your little quarrels, others never sympathize, only ridicule. Be kind, patient, and above all considerate. In time you can win a man over from his every bad habit and you will be much happier in the end.

Sleep in Sickness.

Concerning sleep, in connection with sickness, there is a good deal of heresy regarding the matter, among otherwise well-informed people. "Don't let her sleep too long!" "Be sure to wake him when it is time to give the medicine; it will be a great deal better for him not to sleep too long at one time!" How often we have heard these words, or words to that effect, when in fact, in nine cases out of ten, and very likely ninety-nine out of the hundred, they were the exact opposite of the truth. Gentle, restful sleep is better than any medicine; and how often, even how almost invariably, does the "change for the better" for which anxious friends are waiting so prayerfully, come during sleep—making its first manifestation when the patient awakes with brightened eye, stronger voice, a fainting of returning health mantling the features, in place of the wan hue of threatening death! In the words of Sancho Panza, we may well say, "Blessed be the man who invented sleep!" There are, of course, critical situations in which a troubled, imperfect sleep may properly be broken to administer medicines; but in these latter days physicians, quite generally, give the caution that in case of restful sleep the patient is not to be awakened for the administering of medicines.

Spanish Bells.

Spain has some famous bells. The great one at Saragossa is said to ring spontaneously before the death of a sovereign. The bellmaster in the Giralda at Seville, which is 370 feet high, is blind, as are other bellringers of Spain. Of all the bells in Spain, that belonging to the cathedral of Toledo is most celebrated for its size and the stories connected with it. In a volume by Hans Christian Anderson, "In Spain," we are told that fifteen shoemakers could sit under it and draw out their cobbler's thread without touching. The weight is said to be seventeen tons.

There is another story about this bell. A rich Count of Toledo had a son, who, having killed a man in a duel, sought refuge in the cathedral, while his father went to Madrid to petition the King for his pardon. "No," said the King, "he who has killed a man must die!" The Count continued to petition and the King to refuse, till at length the King said, wishing to get rid of him: "When you can make a bell at Toledo that I can hear at Madrid I will pardon the young man." Now, Toledo is nearly sixty miles from Madrid. The Count went home, and some time after, as the King was sitting in his palace at the open window, he heard a distant roll. "God help me!" he cried, "that's the bell of Toledo!" And so the young Count obtained his pardon.

BINGO—"I'm going to bring my wife around to call on you to-night."

WITHERBY—"That's right; but do me a favor, old man. Don't let her wear her new sealskin cloak. I don't want my wife to see it just now."

BINGO (grimly)—"Why, that's what we are coming for."



Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

Not Traveling Entirely Alone.

As he entered the car at East Buffalo he saw at a glance that there was one seat with a young lady in it, and he marched straight down the aisle, deposited his grip and overcoat, sat down and familiarly observed:

"I entirely forgot to ask your permission."

"That's of no consequence," she replied.

"Thanks. Traveling alone, eh?"

"Almost, but not quite. My husband is in the smoker, my father and brother are in the seat back of us and the two gentlemen across the aisle are my uncles. The conductor, who is a cousin of mine, has just gone forward, but will return soon, and I will introduce you to my aunt if you will go back a few seats."

"Aw! Aw! I see!" gasped the man; and the floor of the car suddenly became so red hot that he picked up his baggage and his feet and lit out for the next one ahead.

And so She Didn't See Him.

SHE—"Did you attend the amateur performance the other night?"

HE—"Why, I took one of the principal parts. I am surprised that you didn't see me. You were there were you not?"

SHE—"Oh, yes! but you didn't come on until the second act, did you?"



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## Tailor-Made Men.

Any one who believes that all the foolishness (if it may be called by that term) concerning dress is concentrated in the female sex should study the tailor-made men of the present day. Fault is found and fun poked at women because they wear their clothes so tight that they dare not sneeze, for fear of partially disrobing, on the street. But look at the men; are they much better off? True, their trousers are wide, but only from the pockets down. Their vests are made as tight as a woman's corset in order that the coat may have the snug fit so much desired, the collar is so high that the head is kept as though in a vise and the varnished shoes are so tight that every time they step they talk to themselves in a manner that make the angels weep and would shock a prayer meeting worse than an electric battery. The beaver hat, too, is so heavy and warm that it causes the hair to sneak back into the pores of the head and leaves the tops of their craniums as bare of covering as the ancient Uncle Ned's. Oh, no! all the foolishness concerning dress can not be thrown on the shoulders of the women folks.

## "An Anchor to the Soul."

A ship without an anchor would be poorly equipped for an ocean voyage. There are times and seasons where the anchor will save the ship from destruction. When, without it the ship would be dashed upon shoals or rocks and broken to pieces. Upon the ocean of life the soul needs an anchor, something to hold and steady it, something to prevent its being driven upon the shoals and quicksands of evil. The Christian hope of eternal life, and trust in God is that anchor, which insures him safety and peace. Man needs such an anchor; without it he is restive, he is in doubt, he is full of fears, he apprehends storms and tempests, he finds shoals, rocks and quicksands all along his voyage of life. His great need is "an anchor to the soul sure and steadfast."

The religion of Jesus Christ furnishes him with such an anchor. It gives him stability and solidity of character. It makes him reliable, trustworthy, firm and decided for the right. He is not driven about by philosophical theories and speculations.

An anchor is as valuable in a calm as in a storm. A ship in a calm is driven by the tides and needs an anchor to prevent its drifting, and so running upon shoals and rocks, so in our life voyage, there is danger in a calm, it is then we need the anchor, without it we drift with the tide, we are carried along with the popular current into dangers, we drift into sin. It is far better to stem the storm than drift with the tide. If we are active, "workers together with God," we shall find a return of

peace, security and comfort. If we do nothing Christians we need not expect a reward for our laziness. "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God," for the man without God in the world, without a belief in Him, and trust in His mercy and grace, is like a ship without an anchor or rudder, driven about by every wind and tide.

## A Little Boy's Fun.

American Mother. "Where in the world have you been all this time? I've been worried to death."

Little Son. "Only down the street a little ways, down to the dock."

"Horrors! I told you not to go that dock." "Oh, I didn't go on the dock. I went down alongside of it to throw stones on the ice. It was great fun."

"Oh!" "Yes, and the stones didn't go through, the ice was so thick."

"It's been melting for some days." "Oh, there's plenty of ice there yet. It was so thick I walked out a little way, and it didn't crack hardly at all."

"Humph!" "And when I walked it didn't wave up and down scarcely any. So I put on my skates to see if it was further—"

"Skates! You told me your skates were at a shop being sharpened."

"Yes'm. I just got 'em. They're awfully nice and sharp. I skated all over the river with them."

"Merciful—"

"Oh, it was such fun! But I went through an air-hole."

"Horrors!" "It was real funny how it was. I went in one air hole and a man pulled me out of another one farther down. So I heard. I don't remember anything about it, but it was awfully jolly. Then they took me to the hospital."

"What?" "That's what they said. And the doctor did something, I don't know what, for two hours, they said. I was asleep. I guess I got sleepy 'cause I sat up so late last night studyin'. Then the nurses dried my clothes, an' when I woke up they sent me home in a queer wagon all full of cushions. It was awful nice."

Inquirer—Why do so few people come to the opera?

Manager—Because our prices are so high.

Inquirer—Why do you keep the prices so high?

Manager—Because so few people come.

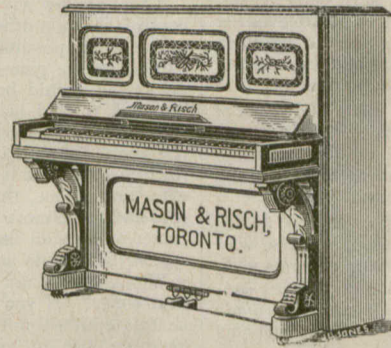
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As this is done to test the value of our Advertising, please state when writing the name of the paper in which you see this and we will mail you an elegant piece of Music worth 50 cents free with the Catalogue. State name, occupation and address. This offer stands for one month from date, but does not apply to parties writing from the City of Toronto or the United States. The music will only be mailed to parties whom we judge by their letters to be probable purchasers and no others.

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Also Rich Dress Silks, Wool Dress Goods, Washing Dress Fabrics, Lace Goods, Gloves, Hosiery, Parasols, Umbrellas, Fans, Trimmings, etc.

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**Origin of the Worth Family.**

Neither facts or figures could persuade a Lincolnshire dame, that Worth, of Paris, can plan a frock fit to put on. In that English county of dark marsh and wet fens the Worth family originated, and they lived in one of its smallest and dullest villages. None of them were noted for intelligence. The head of the family was a butcher, and where the man dressmaker acquired his taste in color and eye for form is a mystery. The funniest part of all is that his old neighbors persist in speaking of him as a kind of millinery mountebank, who juggles his customers into believing they see what doesn't exist.

**Stone Forests.**

Stone forests are found in various parts of the world. In many cases they are hardened by some peculiarity of the atmosphere, and are found standing just as they were when clothed with green foliage thousands of years ago. The Little Colorado river, in Arizona, has long been famous as a locality for such finds; at one place more than 1,500 cords of solid stone tree trunks, sections, limbs and logs were found by the government surveyors. Most of them were silicified; many seven to ten feet in diameter and from twenty to eighty feet in height.

Geologists say that the petrified trees of the Little Colorado were once covered with marl over 1,000 feet in depth. Some of the trees have been changed to jasper, and have assumed various hues; others resemble opal, and, when broken open, the core is often found lined with crystals of the most beautiful tints.

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**Ireland's Herbal Toilet Soap.**

Gentleman's Ireland's Shaving Bar. One of the leading soaps of England. It removes all blemishes, wrinkles and freckles, softens the skin and produces a clear and healthy complexion. Sold by all druggists. 272 Church street, Toronto.

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Put up in 1, 2, 3 and 4 ounce bottles.

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See sketches in this week's paper.

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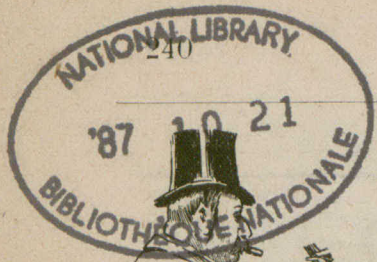
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MR. DUBUQUE—"That's good."

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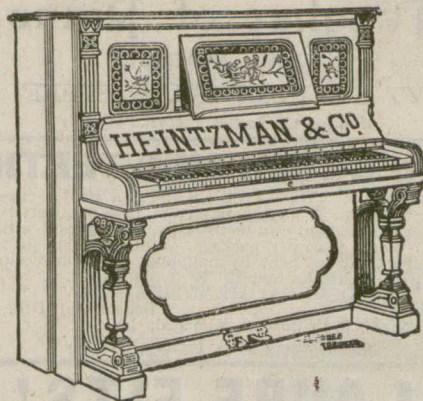
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Elegant Envelope Sachets (4 3/4 x 3 3/4 inches) 15 cents each or two for 25 cents. If not procurable in your locality will be mailed, post free, on receipt of price.

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All superfluous hair, down or beard, is infallibly eradicated without producing the least sensation, leaving no trace whatever on the skin.

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