

tures are really seen; those by artists, who are at all known, are not mixed with the "unknown," but put in a place by themselves, for future consideration. The multitudes of "unknown" are passed in review before the members of the Hanging Committee, and I am told there is a continuous stream of men carrying pictures, faces outwards, passing as quickly as they can go. I should not call these pictures fairly "judged," should you? And yet so great is the confidence of the English public in the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy, that unless you exhibit at the annual Exhibition, you cannot paint at all. I promised to tell you something about the spring fashions; they seem to be pretty definitely settled now. Well, we unfortunate women are still condemned to act the part of scavengers, gowns must be quite on the ground, and as simple and clinging as possible; woe to those who have not good figures. Our wiser Parisian sisters are already tired of the demi-train for the street, and are having walking gowns quite to show the feet. There is a revolution with regard to bodices, hardly any are seen reaching below the waist, and if they do it must be only in coat-tail form at the back; they have all revers, full fronts, or pleated frills round the shoulders. As I told you in a recent letter petticoats are now an important item in a lady's dress, they should be of silk or fine alpaca, matching as much as possible the shade of the dress, and for evening muslin with lace flounces. It is really quite an art to raise the skirt, when walking in the street, so as to display just enough of the petticoat, and no more; I would suggest that some of my fair friends should practice this art at home before their mirrors, they would then see that there are ungraceful, as well as graceful, modes of holding up one's gown. As the season advances we are to have short and three-quarter length lace mantles, drooping from the shoulders, and very elegant some of these Parisian mantles are, but of course they will be most suitable to tall, slim figures. So far as fashion is concerned, our tall, slender sisters seem always to have the best of it, do they not? It is not quite fair, I think, for tall people are in the minority, in England at any rate, now-a-days.

There is any amount of variety to be found in the shape of hats and bonnets this season. I hear the modistes in Paris are all endeavoring to introduce large bonnets, this will be a happy thing for some folks who are no longer in their first youth and whose faces are no longer so small and delicate as they once were, for what looks worse than a very small bonnet perched on the top of a very large head and face? So far English bonnets are small and mostly of open bead-work or gauzy lace, small ostrich tips are the favorite trimming with *bebe* ribbon or flowers. Hats are large with wide brims in front and closely turned up at the back, in many cases they have exceedingly small crowns set far back on the head and which are like nothing so much as those tiny hats sometimes worn by the niggers on the sands. This is quite a season for ribbons and lovely some of the new ones are, especially the shot and figured ones. I have seen some sweet simple hats of black chip, with merely a large bow of this shot ribbon on the left side and a twist around the crown. Later on we are to have the ever pretty lace hats with profuse trimming of feathers and flowers. Speaking of hats I am glad to be able to tell you of a new invention for fastening on hats, for I am sure you as well as most women folk must have found out the unsatisfactoriness of pins. Pins are no use in a mild breeze even, and then how they destroy the hat and ribbons. The new "patent fasteners" are merely strong, short, crinkled hair-pins, there is a hole at one end of the pin by which it is attached to the brim of the hat near the hair, the other end being made fast to the hair. A word about children's fashions. I cannot say I admire them, but then you see I have peculiar views on the subject. I do like to see a child prettily and simply dressed and looking as if her or his clothes were no impediment to their enjoyment and the free use of their limbs. This season the little creatures look just as if they had stepped out of an old picture, their cloaks hang full from the shoulder yoke and almost touch the ground, the sleeves are full and gathered into a narrow band at the wrist, their bonnets fit the head as tightly and smoothly as possible and are mostly bordered with fur or a ruche of silk. It is to be hoped that when the really warm weather comes they will be allowed to wear something more comfortable as well as becoming. If we must be the slaves of fashion ourselves why should we make our children the same? Surely they should enjoy their liberty in this respect as long as possible. I am really quite sorry to hear that it is becoming the fashion to dispense with the, to my mind, ever charming damask table linen for dinner and to substitute the "mahogany" only. I sincerely hope it is only a passing "fad" which will not last long, for it is next to impossible for a dinner table to look well with only the mahogany for a background. I saw one dinner table the other day which somewhat surprised me, however, but the effect could only be obtained when daffodils are in season, for no other flowers harmonize so well with the polished wood. The centre of the table was arranged with soft billowy chiffon and silk to match the two shades of the flowers and the dishes stood on mats of the same soft material.

There is to be a grand wedding to-morrow, that of the Hon. Mildred Sturt with Viscount Chelsea, eldest son of Earl Cadogan. If other engagements will permit, I shall try and find standing room, that I may give you a description of what is considered one of the most important weddings of the season.

The International Horticultural Exhibition is to open next week, and Col. Cody or "Buffalo Bill" and his "Wild West" will be one of the greatest attractions. He was extremely popular with all classes during his first visit to London five years ago, it will be amusing to notice if the fickle public has forgotten its old favorite. These annual exhibitions have become quite an institution, and it is not to be wondered at, for although the exhibitions themselves may not be very good, the grounds around the city are exceedingly pretty and well laid out. Certainly there is no pleasanter way of spending a summer evening than in strolling around these same grounds and listening to the excellent music provided by the differ-

ent London bands. This year we are promised great things in the way of flowers, and the arrangements of the gardens, so I expect the exhibition grounds will be more patronized than ever. I think in this nineteenth century of ours there is a general very great fondness for flowers, or is it merely that flowers are the fashion? Certainly we are more profuse in the floral decorations of our homes than our grandmothers were, if we may judge by the pictures of the early years of the century, in none of the pictures of interiors do we find flowers of any description, unless it be horrible specimens under glass shades. We have discovered how much can be done with the help of flowers and how the introduction of a few palms and ferns will transform the whole aspect of a room, be it the most simply furnished or most gorgeous apartment. But I am quite forgetting that I promised to tell you something about York and its fine old minister this week. I have a little sketch of the minister which I must send you next time with the promised description as this letter has already exceeded the usual limits of my weekly budget. The Great Labor Demonstrations have become, it would appear, an annual fixture. This year the first of May falling on a Sunday, the gathering of workers took place in Hyde Park. Happily in London there was no fear of a disturbance, but in Paris matters were different. There has been another dynamite explosion in the gay city, and this time one man was killed and several injured. The act is said to be purely one of revenge, as it was the restaurant belonging to the man who informed against the anarchist Ravachol which was wrecked and the explosion had the desired result, for the proprietor was the man killed. I think altogether, Parisians are having a somewhat unquiet time just now.

I have just heard that the Prince and Princess of Wales and family are now in Paris on their way back to England, they only remain a few days however and are preserving the strictest *incognito*.



AGNES KNOX.

My recipe this week is one which I can strongly recommend, *poulet a la creme*. Stuff a young fowl with veal stuffing, truss for roasting, put some dripping over it and place it in the oven for ten minutes, then baste it well, cover it thickly with baked bread crumbs and lay over the breast a slice of fat bacon. Bake for half an hour and serve with the following sauce: Put the yolks of two eggs into a pan with two tablespoonfuls of any approved sauce, 3 tablespoonfuls of cream, one and one-half ounces of butter, salt and a little cayenne pepper, stand the pan containing this in a larger pan, containing boiling water and stir it all with a wooden spoon until it is as thick as cream, and serve.

Annie Vaughan

Prominent Canadian Women.

No. 10.—Agnes Knox.

It would take a deep draught of Lethe to make me forget the first time I met Agnes Knox. It was in the old university, in a room which had been assigned as dressing-room, reading-room and general bemoaning-room for the girls who had come to write at matriculation. This was in the old time before the flood; rather, it was just when the heavens were opened and the rain was descending that was to drown the abominations of the barbarism that excluded women from the seats of highest learning. That is all past now, and we antediluvians, long tossed upon a watery waste in an ark which we sometimes feared might prove unseaworthy, live to rejoice in a smiling new world, and to tell to the young post-deluvians springing up about us the terror-fraught tale of the past.

After I had been led to this room I glanced around me. A glance sufficed for the girls with the note-books, half a glance for those at the mirror. But over in a corner I saw a tall figure, a knot of hair "yellow like ripe corn," and a pair of eyes

* * * Deeper than the depth
Of waters still'd at even.

I went to that corner at once, and unceremoniously introduced myself to the owner of those properties.

"I am Agnes Knox," she said, but before the conversation had made further headway the awful clang of the great bell sounded, and we filed into Convocation Hall.

Some years have gone by since then and the name Agnes Knox, then unknown to fame, has become familiar to all Canadians, to many (other) Americans, and to not a few Europeans. It is unnecessary to say much here of her life, and at any rate it seems a kind of profanity to give publicity to the private life of a popular favorite, especially in the case of a woman. That she is a Canadian, that her home is the town of St. Mary's, that she is a distinguished graduate of the Philadelphia School of Elocution and Oratory and an undergraduate of our Provincial University, that she has been on the professional stage for four or five years, and has during that time succeeded in winning applause from audiences of every type, from the hyper-critical *litterateurs* of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's drawing-room to the rough miners of our Pacific coast, are details which any one may know. There are some other things—some quite interesting things—I know, but I mustn't tell.

No artist has a higher ideal than Miss Knox has. Her art, she insists, has a higher aim than merely to please. I think nothing in Professor Young's philosophy impressed her more than his persistent denunciations of that shallow empiricism whose ethical end is merely pleasure. She used to come into his lecture-room often—when the post-diluvian days came—and was one of the most enthusiastic disciples of the grand old teacher. "Every elocutionist should be a moral teacher," she has often said. "Pleasing an audience should only be a means, never an end."

Sometimes this ideal carries her perilously near failure, I think; or, at least, robs her of the greater measure of popularity that she might in some places gain if she lowered her standard occasionally. It is always the best and most cultured people in her audiences who get most pleasure from her recitals. She excels in the interpretation of really difficult things in literature. Scholarship is, after all, one of the essentials of the good elocutionist. No amount of voice culture or stage trickery will take the place of real, scholarly appreciation in the case of such poetry as Shakespeare's or Tennyson's. It is in this respect that Miss Knox has an advantage over many professional rivals.

The common saying that the power of working hard is the chief element of genius is exemplified in her case. I never knew a harder worker. When one hears her read a selection it seems to be done so easily that one never dreams it took much time to prepare it. But months are spent over every fresh selection. The "Parting of Arthur and Guinevere," perhaps her masterpiece, was evolving itself from her brain for about two years. Once I was seized with the craze—who has not been?—to become a reader, and asked her to teach me a "piece." I never finished learning it. So much time each day for breathing exercises and voice exercises (causing so great an alarm in the neighborhood that the police were set to watch the house) and then so many weary hours at "conceptions."

"It is only for labor, you know," she said, "that the Gods give all good things."

"But is the fame you may win," I asked, "worth all the labor?"

"There is more than fame in the good things," she answered, "but even fame is

* * * The spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights and live laborious days."

NELLIE SPENCE.

[The above, written by a dear friend of Miss Knox, will be thus doubly interesting.—Ed.]

In this series have already appeared:

- No. 1—Lady Stanley.
- " 2—Hon. Mrs. Dewdney, Ottawa.
- " 3—Hon. Mrs. Herbert, Ottawa.
- " 4—Miss Marjorie Campbell, Toronto.
- " 5—Miss Pauline Johnson, Brantford.
- " 6—Agnes Maule Machar, Kingston.
- " 7—Mrs. Emily Nelson, Victoria, B. C.
- " 8—Madame d'Auria, Toronto.
- " 9—Lady Tilley, Ottawa.

Perfume Your Wardrobe.

The delicate odor of violet or sandal-wood that clings to women's frocks nowadays is either subtle and fascinating or else vulgar. There is no middle ground. To be the former it must be as mysterious in its comings and goings as the wind itself—no drop of essence, no matter how delicate, must produce it. Essence is for the eyebrows and ear-tips alone. Sachets thrown anywhere and everywhere in the bureau drawers must make every undergarment fragrant, and wherever the dressmaker elects to put a layer of wool wadding there must a sprinkling of powder find a resting-place. The perfume once chosen should be the same always, till it becomes a part of the personality, and is as much associated with one as her favorite color. Have something distinct and characteristic, like sandal-wood or sweet-lavender. This last is always acceptable, and never grows heavy, even in a warm room. Get the flower, if possible, and make up a lot of big cheese-cloth bags full, and have them around everywhere. Sweet clover is odd and refined. Have bags of it hanging in your wardrobe all the time. Enough can be gathered on a summer afternoon to last all winter, and there is nothing so little apt to pall on one's friends. Keep it in your paper drawer as well, and let the letters bring a breath of summer all the year round.