



THE satisfactory sale of Mr. L. R. O'Brien's paintings show that the finished work of this familiar artist is appreciated by Canadian art patrons. The perfect atmosphere, soft tone and limpid effects he obtains make his water colors a very real delight.

Both in subjects and size his pictures are suitable for home walls, and one or two of them light a room into beauty, while they breathe a very spirit of rest into the onlooker.

In the hundred pictures which hung for sale, the average standard was so high it would be impossible to distinguish between them with any fairness. But, Mr. O'Brien's waters and skies are his most excellent efforts.

Lovely little sunset scenes, soft floating clouds, ethery illimitable blues, far-off horizons, pellucid waters, or gently washing waves, jutting woodland points, with their foliage of curving trunk and boughs dipping to the lake—all that we know and love of Canadian unpruned summer beauty—this is caught and given to us for delight by Mr. O'Brien's poetic pencil

The annual Canadian art exhibitions begin with that of the Academy, which opens in Ottawa on March 9th.

The number of pictures sent by each artist must necessarily be limited, consequently the matter of choice is difficult. But in each case it will be selection from the best.

The Royal Canadian Academy exhibition is a Dominion one, that of the O.S.A. is of course provincial, as far as Ontario artists are concerned the same pictures will appear at both.

After the Ottawa exhibition comes that held in Montreal, and in April the O.S.A. exhibit in Toronto, which gives promise of being unusually good.

Toronto artists have all suffered from the business depression of the past two or three years, and the month has seen several auction sales of paintings by well-known local artists.

Such a sale cannot be the most satisfactory or agreeable method of disposing of his work to the artist, but it gives opportunities to art patrons whose purses are not commensurate with their tastes in this direction.

Mr. Boulton's collection of water colors which was on exhibition at Matthew's gallery during early February gave pleasure to lovers of low tones.

This artist keeps large, so the purples, greens and greys that give cool fresh effects, but rarely strong or distinct ones. His pictures are pensive rather than vigorous.

Possibly the best thing, artistically viewed, was "Chateau de Chillon," which Byron has made immortal.

The background of mountain outline is very good. Mr. Boulton seems to have an especial gift for hill painting—the sweep, the irregular yet soft and flexible outline, the suggestion of strength, are all well expressed.

"The Fountain of Villeneuve" charmed us chiefly by its background of sky and delightful old steep roofs. Bits of Villeneuve streets recalled our own Quebec—it is Canada's old-time city, the type of much that is continental in architecture.

"Portchester Castle" showed good atmosphere and much strength of treatment.

"Tregwainton Cairn, Cornwall," showed a charming background of rocky hill curving in gracious outline to the blue water, turning its soft side to the foreground all clad in furze and mossy growth, while winding down its side and reaching into the broad fore-front showed a grass-grown river channel, sharply defined by its paler green. A pretty thing this for lovers of cool restful effects.

Among the smaller paintings were two views of a bridge, one in sunshine, the other in shadow.

In our studio rambles, we surprised that very pleasant and likable artist, Mr. Manly, one recent day, as he stood in the centre of his work-room, trying to decide which two of four large pictures should go to the academy.

This artist does the lonely bits of moorland, pasture and hay fields which so delight our eyes.



Moonlight Landscape, Ontario. By W. E. Atkinson.

The "Heart of the Moorland," a hill-set ravine, all a tangle of furze and ferns, and pale tinted heather, with a foreground of stream and stones—will surely be selected; together with one of a low-lying hay meadow, whose tall grasses seemed to sway while we looked.

In smaller paintings two charming little subjects—a bit of Canadian pasture land, with a little group of ewes and lambs—a very breath of Spring; and a simple sunset scene entitled, "Lingering Lights," will also be chosen.

McGillivray Knowles, the well-known artist, has charming studio and reception rooms at Yonge street, where both he and his picturesque wife are at home to their friends each Friday, as well as on studio days during the winter months.

Mr. Knowles, since his return from England where he studied under the famous Hubert Herkomer, has made rapid advance in his chosen profession.

At the time of our visit, we found him working upon a study in color and lighting—the subject being three women engaged over a bit of fancy work under a crimson-shaded electric light. The play of crimson light upon the faces and hair, gave the picture a glowing effect that touched the whole studio with warmth. Several choice portrait and head-studies were upon the walls. But, perhaps, the most charming thing in the studio was quite a small picture, an imaginative study entitled, "Autumn," a beautiful maiden figure, nude, save for the gossamer mist blown lightly about her form, with a wealth of reddish auburn hair all caught by the autumn wind, and tossed breezily out from a background of red-tinted trees.

Another remarkably good bit of work is "An Egyptian Type," for which Mrs. Knowles has served as a perfect model.

Mr. Knowles is a deep student and lover of his art, and a most interesting talker.

"The work of the artist," he says, "is to reveal to the ordinary observer something he would otherwise not have noticed."

"I do not care whether my work is realistic or imaginative; but only inasmuch as it reveals to you hidden things, is it a success."

"Do you prefer the approval of the unknowing public, or the all knowing art critic?"

"If by art critics you mean brother artists," he answers: "I certainly prefer their words of praise to that of an indiscriminating public."

"Truly we cannot afford to ignore our public, since we work for them; but our work is to educate, as well as to please. The public often prefer an artist's worst work, in preference to that which is better, merely because the subject pleases them; fellow artists understand the value of the study, seeing both its virtues and faults."

The great army of women artists feel a certain amount of disappointment at the manner in which their claims are persistently ignored by the Royal Academy. The names of three ladies have long been upon the list of candidates for the associateship, and that of a fourth—one of the most eminent painters of her sex—was added to it a few days ago. Yet to none of these did the ungallant academicians give one single vote, and there seems but little hope than any woman artist of our time will follow in the footsteps of Angelica Kauffmann and Mary Moser, and take her seat among the forty. It may be not generally known, however, that Lady Butler, while the fame of "The Roll Call" was still fresh in the public mind, was once within two votes of being elected an associate. The artist who defeated her by this narrow majority was Mr. Hubert Herkomer.

"Another Rosa Bonheur," Miss Kemp-Beach of Bournemouth, England, is called. She is already regarded as one of the best painters of the horse that the century has seen.

BLACK AND WHITE.

