

ing. He has once or twice "hit it," undeniably, however, as in "The Old Favorite," and the "Girl With Chickens," two sympathetic and well executed pictures.

Wm. Cruickshank has a magnificent strength and vigor in his drawing, but his color effects often lack feeling. What progress, if any, Mr. Cruickshank has lately made is not known to the general public, for he has ceased to exhibit. Miss S. S. Tully has also grand vigor in her drawing, but with her oils she has so far failed to do anything brilliant. Whether indolence or indifference is the cause it is hard to say. Her pastel portraits are effective and artistically beautiful in all points. Mrs. M. H. Reid is a still life painter, but a perfect artist: her works are unpretentious, but never fail to delight.

There are a number of Canadians whose works are of great excellence, but which the Canadian public are entirely unfamiliar with: Paul Peel, for instance, and Henry Sandham, of Boston. One New Brunswick painter whose works never penetrate Western Canada, but whose work is distinctively original, is Charles Ward. He has been written of as follows, and if his art is as great as his conscience he certainly deserves a high place:

"Mr. Ward is one of the very few who still have any love and reverence for the poor Indian. And being an ardent sportsman as well as an artist, he has spent many months and years in the woods with the Indian hunters, and, though he does not idealize them in his pictures, he shows in his marvellous realism his intense sympathy for the dying and degraded race whose nobility cannot survive in an age of iron and commercial hierarchies. In his methods Mr. Ward is evidently a disciple of Meissonier, although his subjects and his technique are essentially individual. He is almost exclusively a *genre* painter, and his theme is always American; usually, his favorite Indian; frequently, some phase of back woods' life."

Then there are the sculptors, Hamilton McCarthy, Dunbar, Frith and others, who are fighting a disheartening battle as yet in the country. Mr. McCarthy has attained some distinction with the Williams monument, a magnificent work. He works unevenly and sometimes fails, but his portrait busts have dignity, truth and some little artistic feeling.

These artists spoken of are not the only men who produce work that is a credit to the country: but the limits of this article forbid a detailed and technical consideration of the hundreds of workers. It will be seen that the commercial population of Canada supports a number of men whose work could not fail to command respect anywhere. That the livelihood an artist obtains in Canada is somewhat precarious no one can deny: but that the artist's existence in Canada is a no more ungrateful and unpleasant one than any other walk in life is equally true. In a new and commercial country, such as ours, the artist who earns butter for his bread must necessarily be something of a business man and a diplomat and it is in this that many artists fail, and find bitterness in everything and everybody.

A favorite expression that is used by people dissatisfied with the Canadian people's lack of appreciation for artistic effort is the descriptive one of "beef-eaters." Certainly, Canadians are beef-eaters, inasmuch as they will deny themselves no roast beef for the sake of hanging paintings in their drawing-rooms. The fact is undeniable that on this continent for many years to come, art will fail to be accepted as a serious interest, but will rather be regarded as a luxury and amusement of secondary importance.