

middle of the canvas is filled by a winding river rather too hard and cold to harmonise with the rest of the scene, while a strip of inexplicably dull green lies between the river and foreground. It is, however, a good piece of work.

(54) is an admirably painted study of huge limestone rocks, near Dundas, whose rugged cracks and fissures are boldly portrayed by the hand of the same artist.

(57.) "Looking On," also by Mr. Martern, follows the fortunes of the above-mentioned cat and rats. This time, the experiences of the oil-can having evidently brought increase of impudence, the rapacious rodents are engaged on the floor in an engrossing debauchery of broken eggs, regardless of Nemesis, who, in the shape of pussy, is preparing, with eyes strongly suggestive of strychnine or incipient insanity, to launch herself from an overhanging shelf upon the plunderers. It may be remarked that this eccentric quadruped wears her hind leg in a most uncomfortable fashion.

(63.) "Battle of Queenston Heights," by Mr. Matthews, is remarkable as being the only attempt on the part of our artists to idealise, or to portray other than the life of the present; for the rest, the present picture has no discernible qualification for its position.

(73.) "Becalmed," by J. C. Forbes, is a scene of water lilies, tall flags, a flapping sail, and a pair of "spoons" in a boat, of whom it is difficult to tell who is most uncomfortable, since the expression of the faces is not part of the intent of the picture; the perspective of the little scene is good.

(84.) "Thunder Bay," by F. A. Verner, is a pretty, quiet-toned bit of rock and water in the evening light, treated with considerable tenderness.

(83.) "Burnham Beeches," is a little study by Allan Edson, of the moss-covered trunks of some old beeches, the foreground of which is unsatisfactorily spotty and aimless, and damaging to what would otherwise be a good bit of colouring. Weakness of foreground is a constantly occurring drawback throughout the exhibition.

It is with a certain feeling of relief that we turn to the water-colour section of the exhibition, the general character of the pictures being decidedly good, while of several it may be said that little or nothing is left to be desired.

(91) and (95) are a couple of studies by G. Harlow White, soft and unobtrusive in tone, and careful in execution. Wales and Canada, respectively, supply the subjects.

"A Pioneer," (93,) by L. R. O'Brien, is a clever evening scene of backwoods' life. The day's work of the "pioneer" is done, and he is represented as leaning over a snake fence gazing into the purple

depths of the "forest primeval" at his feet, and biding who knows what—castles of independence and prosperity, all to be realised by those sturdy arms.

Allan Edson sends two large and ambitious views of harvest fields, (96) and (104,) whose technical treatment is rather exceptional, the whole surface being solidly covered with colour, while the employment of adventitious aids to effect in finishing off gives a result rather shocking to upholders of the "pure" school. The *impasto* style is, however, perfectly admissible, and infinitely to be preferred to the "scratched-paper" lights of the old treatment. Effective as his pictures are, Mr. Edson is not quite master of his material, as witness his skies, which are smudgy.

(100.) "Birches," by T. M. Martern, a pretty and effective study of birch trees, in which a couple of sturdy, many-tinted veterans stand out boldly against a woody background. "Mountain, Moor, Marsh, and Meadow," (106,) by C. S. Millard, is a frame containing four small sketches, whose subjects are sufficiently explained by their titles. Especially to be commended is the one at the upper right hand, the eye being carried over an infinite expanse of rich brown, cloud-shaded moorland, most artistically rendered. The same praise can scarcely be accorded to (105,) by the same artist, which is hard and confused, with ill-managed lights. In (109,) "An Autumn Evening, overlooking Owen Sound," Mr. O'Brien is again very happy in his evening sky, with whose tenderness he evidently has complete sympathy. A country road, bounded by the inevitable "snake fence," excellently treated, leads to the brow of a hill, beyond which the greens and the purples of a heavily-wooded country stand out against a clear sun-deserted sky. (108.) "On Mount Royal," by W. L. Fraser, is a bold study of grass and trees, treated very broadly, and in a style too merely suggestive to earn for it more than the title of "sketch." It is, however, a fairly good specimen of the "pure" school, the lights being all left, and the effects, such as they are, produced by the most vigorously "legitimate" of means. It has, however, no depth—no atmosphere.

In (116,) "Toronto, from the Marsh," by L. R. O'Brien, we have an admirable and delicately finished view of the city, full of sentiment and appreciation of the value of colour. The city, smoke-clouded from its many chimneys, lies in the distance, wrapped in a purple haze, while the foreground of marsh and still water, with a beached boat by way of contrast, is in harmony with the sky, though the last is, perhaps, a trifle too uniformly light.

(119.) "Moel Siabod, North Wales," C. S. Millard, a view of mountain and moor, sun-lighted