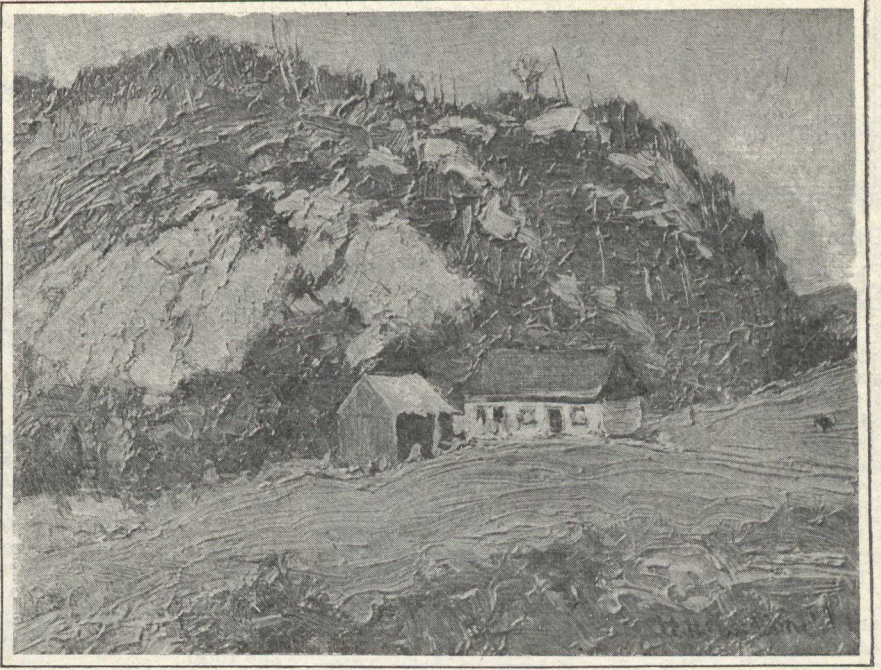




A new way of painting winter, by A. Y. Jackson.



Rugged style of depicting a mountain home, by J. E. H. Macdonald.

The New Style in Pictures

A Few of the 1914 Models at the Little Picture Exhibition in Toronto

ON Friday evening last week what is supposed to be the most democratic picture show in Canada, because it is free and its catalogues are sold for ten cents each, was opened with as fine an array of evening togs as one usually beholds at a picture opening. Present—279 canvases, most of them the size of a handkerchief; that's all the society notes record; though several hundred people went out to see. Some of them attracted by memories of last year's pioneer show of little pictures; some by the saying in the catalogue foreword that these were pictures for the home rather than for the house. Though what are pictures for but to make homes out of houses?

This show has nothing to do with O.S.A., or C.A.A., or R.C.A. The catalogue mentions artists—thirty-seven. This is a mistake. It should have been: "Dear People:

"Several of ourselves, some of whom might have been you, have hung upon the walls of So-and-So a couple of hundred—well, call them pictures. We think they are worth your while to see because they are a pretty complete representation of a great country by several folk who love it well. We won't bother calling it Art. Let's just say—Pictures."

This is what the committee of four really mean. They are to be congratulated for having carried out their own ideas so admirably. For the almost 300 pictures hung there must have been 300 rejected. As most of these artists have three little pictures of one kind or another in studios to one they dare send to a show, it's pretty certain that there are in the studios of this country several thousand small canvases more or less fit to buy and hang on the walls of a decent home. It's equally certain that there are several thousand homes in any of our big cities where such pictures would be a very much needed adornment. On one hand studios crammed with little canvases; on the other homes devoid of decent pictures costing not more than \$25 each; there you have the problem that the Exhibition of Little Pictures set out to solve.

TRULY every canvas in that collection should be sold before the show is over. The whole lot represents somewhere in the neighbourhood of \$8,000, which is a small sum for a big city to spend in one year on that kind of pictures. They are nearly all for sale. A good many will be sold. Quite a hundred of them are complete little joys forever. Most of the artists are from Ontario; some from Quebec. The pictures are from Canada and some other countries. The Canadian pictures are the best. They have a right to be. This is a land of great pictures. It is also a land of painters. Slowly



Moonrise as delineated in the style of A. Suzor Cote, of Arthabaskaville, P.Q.



A vigorous handling of a Canal in autumn, by Miss Dorothy Stevens.



Buffalo hunting, as interpreted by F. S. Challenor.

they are coming to cover the country. Some still hang about the suburbs of Toronto because it's easy to get there. Others go abroad. There are a score or so of canvases from down east; one or two from the far west; none from the Pacific.

But then, as some painters say, subject doesn't mean much. The style is everything. These little pictures contain a great variety of styles. Some of the styles are new; some customary; some ancient. That's why the show is so comfortable. Everybody is more or less pleased. Besides the pictures are hung in a very convenient and interesting way. You begin at Number One, going right round the room till you reach 279 next to the door again. That reduces labour and confusion.

THIS is no place for a description of the pictures which were not put up so much for critics or for artists as for plain people. The chief thing about them is that they are all interesting and joyous and bright. They have that more or less casual air of the passing show seen at a glance and set down quickly. They are spontaneous: at least most of them are. Some are sketchy enough to be considered colour notes. Others are complete and finished little pictures.

But the keynote of the show is optimism. You notice at once that we live in a bright country, and for the most part in a world of sunlight and joyful colours. Anyway it's the business of the artist to select the bright things. Most of us can see enough blurs and fogs and greys for ourselves. We need pictures to remind us of the summer when winter is on; of spring in November.

Notice, then, how some of the painters in these little pictures have got their pictures keyed up to such a pitch of light and colour. Even in the photographs of four of those shown on this page you will notice paint-marks. On the pictures you see the real thick paint. That, of course, is nothing exactly new. But in sketches and little pictures it's something of a novelty. Besides the paint in many of them is dabbed on as pure colours, not mixed on the palette. You do your own mixing and blending. Something is left to your imagination which is often a good thing to stimulate imagination, a very agreeable exercise. The artist shrewdly compliments us by admitting that we are all capable of art. He lets us carry out his work to suit ourselves. After we have finished his picture we are so interested in the plagued thing that we decide to buy it. Once we have got it hung in the home we have a picture that we can talk about and regard with a more or less personal, sometimes sentimental eye.