



"MOTHERHOOD"

Painting by Mrs. Mary R. Hamilton, hung in a Paris salon.



"LE JOUR DES RAMEAUX"

Study of a Palm Sunday girl in Paris.

PICTURES FROM PARIS

A Brief Sketch of How a Canadian Woman Made a Career of Art in Europe

By JOHN E. COLLINS

BEING an artist in Europe is nowadays commonplace enough. Europe is full of artists. American painters abroad are almost as numerous as American students of music. Canadian artists in Paris and Laren and Bruges and Toledo and down in Milan have been numerous enough to form a good-sized colony if all gathered together. But the number of Canadian women who have gone abroad to study and to practise the art of painting are very few indeed; much fewer than the number of Canadian girls who may be found to-day in the music studios of Europe.

And of the few women who have gone from Canada to study art in the great centres of art, Mrs. Mary R. Hamilton is one of the most interesting because her life story has in it the germ of a real striving after something which in her own country she would probably never have got, and a line of experience which in Canada is quite unknown.

For it may be one sort of hardship for say an English gentlewoman to do as many have done—leave home in England and settle on a Canadian prairie to learn the art of homekeeping among the shacks. It is quite another kind and not less interesting for a Canadian woman used to the comforts of home and the company of friends to leave home at the age of twenty-three and go to live in Germany, afterwards and mostly in Paris for the sake of studying how to make pictures. And it was only a few days ago that Mrs. Hamilton arrived in Toronto with something less than two hundred paintings which are now on exhibition and for sale in an uptown gallery. Three of these are reproduced on this page. The collection represents ten years of work, studying with the great teachers, frequenting salons and art galleries, making excursions to out-of-the-way nooks and crannies where many artists go in search of material, investigating types of people somewhat new and strange in Canada but to artists familiar, travelling from city to city over more than half of Europe—and much of the time making a home, not in a prairie shack as the English gentlewoman does, but in a little room in Paris, furnished with an easel, a little grate fire, a collapsible bed and a few articles of furniture.

Mrs. Hamilton was born in Bruce County, Ontario. When she was a child her parents moved to Winnipeg, then a rude sort of outpost place; and there the girl lived till she was nineteen, fond of pictures and water-colour sketching, but having no serious intention of making art a means of livelihood—or she would not have married at the age of nineteen and gone to live in what was then the still more desolate town of Port Arthur. Four years after her marriage Mrs. Hamilton was a widow with a little money and a big desire for art. Not

knowing how to match one with the other she went down to Toronto and took a dozen lessons in painting from Mr. E. Wylly Grier—chiefly in the painting of heads and figures.

Mr. Grier advised her to study abroad.

"Well, of course, that's not so easy," she said. "And I have not much money. Besides—what is a lone woman to do in Paris studying art?"

After a good deal of hesitation, and with perhaps very little faith in her ability to make such a journey worth while, Mrs. Hamilton packed her things and went—to Germany; at first to a teacher of painting who had plenty of pupils, some of whom he charged big fees for lessons, and some he turned away altogether for lack of talent. Some he taught for little or nothing because he saw in them some promise of big things.

Afterwards she went to Paris, which is the place



"THE TOILET"

One of the eternally feminine features of Paris.

of all places for the artist. Paris swarms with artists as Vienna with musicians. For the Parisians are the quickest people on earth to take up with anything new or even novel in pictures. It does not matter so much—as, for instance, it does in the Royal Academy in London—what the connexion or the art pull may be; the Parisian at the salon and the jury that determine whether a given picture is worthy of a place in any of the salons, are always open-eyed for real talent whether it hails from the boulevards or from Timbuctoo.

It was in Paris that Mrs. Hamilton lived during most of her stay in Europe. In Paris she did most of the pictures now on exhibition in Canada. From Paris she made her journeys, as many other artists have done, to Holland, to Belgium, to Spain and to Italy. No doubt it was all very fascinating. But it was no bed of roses. Even cheap living in Paris is expensive enough when one has to spend years searching for material and getting the atmosphere. Years only can make it worth while to try painting European pictures where so many thousands of artists from all over the world have been painting for more than a hundred years. The little room in which Mrs. Hamilton lived—not always the same room, but always a little one—had to serve for a parlor, a bedroom and a studio. The little grate had to do for the cooking of simple meals that cost little but labour and time. The collapsible bed had to be folded up and put away to make room for the model when she came in the morning. And even models cost money; and easels are not cheap; and paint and brushes are a constant expense.

But Mrs. Hamilton kept painting away; and doubting and wondering and hoping that some day she might be able to get some real note into her work whereby she could stack away hundreds of sketches never to be seen again and scores of pictures not good enough to exhibit, that she might have one or two or more worthy to hang in the big galleries. She succeeded in getting several hung in the salons; which was no small honour besides being a very big encouragement.

Latterly she decided to revisit her own country and to make exhibitions of some two hundred of her canvases, including oils, water-colours, pastels and drawings. Until November 30th these will be shown in the Townsend Gallery. Afterwards the exhibit will be removed to Montreal, possibly later to Ottawa, and again to Winnipeg.

THE KING'S SPEECHES

A PROPOS of the visit of His Majesty King George V. and his Consort to India, there comes a timely volume from the press of Messrs. Williams and Norgate, London. "The King to his people." This book contains the speeches of our Sovereign both as Prince of Wales and King of England, and is printed with the permission of His Majesty.

King George has established a reputation among royalty as a speechmaker. A glance over this book indicates to a slight degree his activity in this regard during the past ten years. "The King to his people" contains 450 pages of His Majesty's eloquence. Speeches are recorded as the King delivered them from Vancouver to Melbourne. They provide a striking evidence of the care King George has taken to meet all classes and conditions of his subjects. The message of the speeches is always the same, whether the King is addressing the Maori Chiefs at Rotorna, as we find by the book he did on June 13, 1901, or the Indian Chiefs at Calgary—an appeal to his subjects to co-operate with him in maintaining the glorious traditions of the British Crown.

Naturally, the speeches which are most interesting at present, are those delivered on the occasion of His Majesty's last visit to India in 1906.

A quotation from one of them shows what an observer is the most widely travelled prince of the ages, and how outspoken and sympathetic he is. The King—or Prince as he was then—is delivering his impressions of his Indian tour at Guildhall, London. He remarks:

"No one could possibly fail to be struck with the wonderful administration of India. We had the opportunities of seeing at the headquarters of the Presidencies and of the different Provinces the general and admirable working of the civil service. At the same time we realized that it is a mere handful of highly educated British officials, often living a hard and strenuous life, frequently separated from their countrymen, and subject to the trials and discomforts of the plains, who are working hand-in-hand with representatives of the different races in the administration of enormous areas, in the government of millions of people."