



STORMY WEATHER.

—A. M. Fleming.

But it was not so easy to find our point of departure. By dint of firing off the pistol and listening for Mr. Forbes' cheery shout, we made our way back, to find that the picture had made very satisfactory progress during our absence. As a souvenir of the occasion Mr. Forbes afterwards sent us a reduced copy of his great painting. The Rockies have been the favorite sketching ground of many of our Canadian artists. Mr. Bell-Smith and Mr. Matthews and others have found there the inspiration for some of their noblest canvases. Mr. Bell-Smith has been, in some respects, a pathfinder, having visited places theretofore deemed inaccessible for art purposes. How magical the skill that can bring to our galleries and drawing-rooms the might and majesty and loneliness of the very heart of the mountains—their long slopes of bright verdure deepening into the dark green of the serried ranks of pine climbing upward hand in hand, and far above the inaccessible brightness of the snow-clad peak gleaming like a topaz

in the sun's last kiss, then paling to tender pink and ashen gray and spectral white. The wild canyon of the Fraser, with its swirling tides and mountain grandeur and mountain gloom, is the subject of one of Mr. Bell-Smith's pictures here shown. To the left is seen an Indian salmon fisher catching his finny prey, which he dries upon the rude scaffold on the shore.

We once saw a sublime effect at the mouth of this canyon at Yale, B.C. It was a cloudy day in late October. So saturated was the air with moisture that the whole mountain side seemed blue as indigo under the lowering sky. The scattered poplars, turned to brightest yellow, flared like a flame amid the surrounding spruces, producing the most extraordinary contrast. Seen in a picture it would have seemed impossible, yet as truth is often stranger than fiction, so fact is often more striking than conventional painting.

Mr. Matthews' splendid picture of "Our Camp on the Pipestone" is