
Two Painters of Ontario

sion. To fetch more luminosity into his pictures would be fatal to the Watson *genre*, which requires a measure of gloom—though much less now than formerly. Isolated in the village, he has clung to the fine old virility of a first outlook upon nature which is so often lost in a city studio. He was the first President of the Canadian Art Club who seceded from the Ontario Society of Artists because they believed in evolution by protest. For some years it was found quite superfluous to seek for another President. When the Royal Canadian Academy was founded by Lord Lorne in 1880, Watson was made an associate. A few years ago he was made a full member. He is now at the height of his old-fashioned virility—and long may he remain there.

Archibald Browne's pictures contain no pioneer realisms. A large majority of them for a good many years seemed like transcriptions of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. One of his latest, done according to the Browne recipe for the co-insinuation of paint, looks like a god-blown soap-bubble bleached out to mother-of-pearl; a ghost of a grey sail in a swoon of vapour that in the foreground may be water and in the background may be sky, but heaven only knows where one begins and the other leaves off.

With such an etherealising technique Browne might have illustrated *The Dream of Gerontius*—except that he never paints figures. He personalises his landscapes; and it must be admitted that a large number of them are feminine. With a little elasticity of imagination one might take a fair percentage of Browne's pictures as an illustration to the *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*:

"Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream."

In this business of poetising paint Browne has taken the moon for a symbol. If all his moon pictures were hung side by side they would make a tone picture of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. The Browne moon is