

Art Notes.

I remember being attracted by a powerful and at the same time tender picture in the Salon, some eight or ten years ago. I think its title was "Farewell." It represented a chubby little boy seated upon the straw of a manger, and beside him was a doomed calf, bound hand and foot, so to speak. A great deal of pathos dwelt in the picture, and it was hard to decide which felt the parting most, the calf or the urchin. But the extreme tenderness with which the little tale was told had not lessened its force, for few of its neighbours on the walls possessed half the vigour of this picture. After the close of the Salon I encountered the canvas again in the little shop of my colour merchant, and from him I learned that it was the work of Mari-
anne Stokes. Three years later, while painting in Cornwall, I met the lady, who is no other than the wife of the well-known landscape painter Adrian Stokes. She is Austrian by birth, and her English is coloured with foreign idioms, and her accent, which is bewitching, has a foreign tincture, too. With totally different temperaments, she and her husband, in spite of the fact that they work in the same art, are living examples of the fact that such a union may be a happy one. His work exhibits, for the most part, that full measure of enjoyment which he, like most robust men, extracts from the mere contemplation of the kindlier aspects of nature—a sunny sky, and contented, ruminating herds, the fisherman's life from the standpoint of August, the shady recesses of a forest stream. These cheering themes, with but few exceptions (like the "Wet West Wind"), are what employ the brush of Adrian Stokes. But with his wife the mere portrayal of the beautiful in Nature is rare. Her mind is always preoccupied with the contemplation of some spiritual thought of which her picture is the embodiment. A tone of sadness pervades nearly all her work; and very often it is the tragedies of child-life which move her. As in the calf picture, so in nearly all her compositions forcible workmanship goes to the telling of the tender story. Without a trace of that brutality which is so often the blemish of the feminine effort at force, she paints her tear-begetting incident with a masculine, vigorous realization of form, and with decisive statement of colour.

The general tendency of her work lately has been towards a conventional or decorative treatment of her subject. This is especially noticeable in her pictures of the "Annunciation"; and "The Princess and the Frog." In the first the traditional lilies play a prominent part; and they, with the figures of the Virgin and the angel, make a series of vertical lines, giving the composition a stiffness—an archaism—which is very much akin to what is found in a great deal of church decoration, and which lends its peculiar distinction to this section of pictorial art. In the second picture a quaint little maiden, quaintly dressed, is watching with interest the initial stages of transformation in a frog which is to be the future prince—her husband. Amongst her earlier and more realistic works "The Dead Sister" (if I remember the title rightly) ranks as one of the most pathetic. The scene is the interior of a fisherman's hovel where a little curly headed boy, clad in his fishing guernsey, watches by the flower-strewn coffin of his lost playmate. This picture, as well as the "Annunciation," "Light of Light," "The Princess," and a dozen more, were painted in St. Ives, Cornwall, where Mrs. Stokes is a leading spirit. An indefatigable worker, she may be seen at early morning walking briskly to her sail-loft studio; and at evening returning with a sheaf of well-used brushes. Without any talent as a musician, she has a great love for the sister art; and nothing pleases her more than to surround herself with the musical people of her neighbourhood to whom she dispenses hospitality in the form of daintily

foreign suppers where the edibles have about them that element of mystery which is delightful in the culinary no less than in the pictorial art
E. WYLY GRIER.

Periodicals.

The New York *Social Economist* for this month contains an array of articles which appeal to statesmen and men of affairs generally. It is edited by Mr. George Gunton, and is a handsome-looking review—a credit to its publishers. There are one or two articles which we reserve for future notice.

The contents of *Temple Bar* for August comprise many interesting contributions. These are the titles: Scylla or Charybdis? Chap. VII. IX.; Le Roi est Mort; The Passing of Philip II.; Mexican Hospitality; Letters of Edward Fitzgerald to Fanny Kemble, 1871-1883; The King of Foula; Slight Recollections of Three Great Men; A Russian Writer; Rose Aylmer's Grave; Cranford Souvenirs; Cab's Father.

The current number of *Blackwood* is an exceptionally good one. The articles on the Paris Opera and some German novels are both of great interest. Major-General Montague's paper on "Moral Tactics" is of much significance. "Britain in the Box" is the name of the usual concluding political article and is a masterly review of the recent elections. The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., of New York, is to be congratulated on the excellent style in which they reproduce the chief reviews and magazines of Great Britain.

The Nineteenth Century for this month opens with "The General Election," by Rev. Dr. Rogers and Mr. Edward Dicey. The former thinks the decision is against the Home Rule Bill, that "the Liberal Unionists hold the key to the situation," and that the life of Liberalism lies in the size of the majority—not, we infer, because of the probability of splits, but because the majority is large enough to settle the Irish question on broad philosophic lines. "The House of Lords" forms the subject of a paper by the Right Hon. Lord Ribblesdale. He speaks of the Upper Chamber as "a pleasant lounge" for from fifty to seventy peers in the height of the London season for a couple of hours in the afternoon, but yet possessing some good qualities, such as a legal element, a technical knowledge of agriculture, an intelligent interest in the army and navy, etc., etc. "Theological Pessimism," by Frederic Harrison; "Spencer versus Balfour," by Prof. Mivart, and "A Defence of Prayer" (in reply to Mr. Norman Pearson), by Rev. Dr. Barry, are articles which will interest many Canadians.

The current *Fortnightly* is opened by Professor Beesley with an article entitled "A Strong Second Chamber." He maintains that the House of Lords is stronger now than ever before, because working-class enfranchisement has been followed by middle-class defection from Liberalism; and he denounces both uncontrolled democracy and its control by a written Constitution—"the joint offspring of pedantry and passion," towards which the limitations by statute of the Lords' veto might be the first step. As a faithful Positivist, he does not hold that democracy is the last word of political science, but he thinks the progress towards it irresistible, and so proposes a second Chamber elected by large districts and certain categories. There are three other articles on English politics and two interesting articles on the difficulty between Norway and Sweden, one by Professor Saes, the other by Herr Carl Sievers. There are notable studies of Professor Huxley in some of his leading aspects by Hon. G. C. Brodrick, Prof. E. B. Tylor, and others. "Beauty and Sanity," by Vernon Lee, is worth reading.

I was cured of rheumatic gout by MIN. ARD'S LINIMENT.
Halifax. ANDREW KING.

I was cured of acute Bronchitis by MIN. ARD'S LINIMENT.
Sussex. LT.-COL. C. CREWE READ.

I was cured of acute Rheumatism by MIN. ARD'S LINIMENT.
Markham, Ont. C. S. BLANG.

The Pastor's Wife.

AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH MRS. (REV.) F. B. STRATTON.

Threatened With Paralysis—Weak, Enaciated and Unable to Stand Fatigue—Pink Pills Restore Her Health.

From the Napanee Beaver.

The Rev. F. B. Stratton, of Selby, is one of the best known ministers in Bay of Quinte conference, of which body he is the President. During the two years Mr. Stratton has been stationed at Selby, both he and Mrs. Stratton have won hosts of friends among all classes for their unassuming and sincere Christian work. Some time ago Mrs. Stratton was attacked with partial paralysis, and her restoration having been attributed to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Beaver was sent to interview her. In reply to the reporter's question Mrs. Stratton said that she had been greatly benefitted by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and was perfectly willing to give her experience that those similarly afflicted might be benefitted. Mrs. Stratton said that before moving to Selby she had been greatly troubled by a numbness coming over her sides and arms (partial paralysis) which, when she moved, felt as though hundreds of needles were sticking in the flesh. For over a year she had been troubled in this way, with occasionally a dizzy spell. She was becoming emaciated and easily fatigued and was unable to get sleep from this cause. The trouble seemed to be worse at night time. Mr. Stratton had become greatly alarmed at her bad state of health, and it was feared that complete paralysis would ensue as Mrs. Stratton's mother, the late Mrs. Weaver, of Ingersoll, had been similarly stricken, at about the same age. Knowing a young lady in Trenton, where Mr. Stratton had been previously stationed, who had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, it was determined to give them a fair trial. When Mrs. Stratton began using the Pink Pills she was very thin and her system badly run down, but after taking the pills for a time, all symptoms of paralysis disappeared, and she found her health and strength renewed and her weight increased. Mrs. Stratton is about fifty years of age, and a more healthy, robust, and younger looking lady is seldom seen at that age.

In reply to the reporter's inquiry as to what Pink Pills had done for his wife, Mr. Stratton said, "Look at her, look at her, doesn't she show it," and the reporter could not but admit the truth of the statement.

These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutes against which the public is cautioned.

Of the brilliant group of Canadian writers who have won international fame, one of the brightest and most widely known is Edward William Thomson, from whose pen the collection of stories, "Old Man Savarin and Other Stories," was recently issued by the Toronto publisher, William Briggs, and reviewed in THE WEEK by Mr. Archibald Lampman. Mr. Thomson is, as he himself declares, "a Canadian of the Canadians." His great-grandfather was a United Empire Loyalist, and the first settler in Scarborough. His grandfather, Colonel E. W. Thomson, was first Warden of the united counties of York and Peel, and was the only man who ever beat William Lyon Mackenzie in an election for the old Legislative Assembly. At the age of sixteen Mr. Thomson enlisted in a Pennsylvania cavalry regiment, and served with the army of the Potomac during the closing scenes of the Civil War. When he returned home he served in the field with the Queen's Own Rifles, became a civil engineer, and at thirty years of age turned to political journalism. For some time he was one of the chief editorial writers of the Toronto *Globe*. In 1891 he was offered, and accepted, a lucrative post on *The Youth's Companion*, Boston, which position he still retains.

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