

A hint in the Women's Building that might be copied at some country fairs was the classification in cookery for girls under nineteen and over sixteen, and in needlework of prizes for girls under 16, girls and women over 16, and prizes for old ladies' work, over 60, over 70, over 80, etc.

Among the names of prize-winners in the cookery department were noted those of little Evelyn Williams, Marie Malone and little Miss Reid. Mrs. Hathaway, of Port Rowan, won first prize for Irish crochet collar, and Mrs. MacBean, of Western, first for filet lace.

If you are making fancy towels for Christmas-boxes you will likely find a hint in the fact that many of the most beautiful were decorated across the ends with punch-work and embroidery combined; some had insertion of filet crochet, some very pretty ones had the pattern outlined in white and filled in with a background in blue, woven with the needle, while one handsome one had evidently had the woven pattern worked over and over to form a design. The clever contriver of the last had thus avoided the bother of stamping, you see.

I noticed particularly, also, a hooked rug, as beautiful as any "bought" one, and resembling much the handsome and expensive tufted rugs. It had won a first prize, and was made by Mrs. Maunder, of Toronto.

PRETTY DRESSES AND ROOMS.

In the Manufacturers' Building was the usual tempting array of delightful things in furniture, clothing, rugs, etc. Brocade velvet seems to be a coming favorite, if one may judge by the Murray-Kay exhibit of opera cloaks. The Eaton and Simpson gowns and the Fairweather and other furs were, of course, quite tantalizing. But, after all, one could not wax too covetous. One could not, for instance, unless one were a "millionaire," perhaps, imagine herself in a pink dress with wide black and gold girdle, black Tam hat with dashing pink feather, and skirt slit quite "audibly" to show a silk stocking and jewelled anklet.

There were cunning and very life-like babies in carriages, and charming underwear exhibits. How could one do other than wish to be ultra-dainty after seeing these last?

Then those rooms! Did you like that Stuart Period drawing-room of Murray-Kay's, toned in dull-green, mulberry and old rose, best? Or were you taken with that magnificent Chinese drawing-room of Eaton's, with its almost black floor-covering, its gorgeous gilt ceiling, and red dragon-decorated walls? Perhaps if one had money to burn one might have a drawing-room like that.

From the fact that cane furniture was a feature of practically all of the bedrooms again, it appears that this style has stood all tests and not been found wanting, probably owing to its lightness and the ease with which it may be kept dusted.

FROM BUTTER TO PICTURES.

There was, as usual, a very spirited butter-making competition going on in the Dairy Building. We watched for a while, admiring the quickness, the deftness, and the neatness of the brave lassies who were willing, in this way, to give practical lessons in butter-making to so many hundreds of people, then we strolled over to the section of the great fair which changes most from year to year—the Art Gallery.

What interested people everywhere, catalogues in hand, eyes wandering from book to picture on wall! If you go into the building next year, be sure to buy a catalogue. You miss half the interest if you do not. This year Canadian art was shown in one room and part of another room, British art in the centre room, American in the third, and German in the fourth—a most commendable arrangement, but one wished for a fifth extension for French pictures.

We went foot by foot through each room. Looking at each canvas, then on finishing a room we took a general view from a distance, and decided, like the children, "which we liked best." Thus it was that we noticed first a case of beautiful miniatures, painted on ivory by Mrs. McGilivray Knowles, whose portrait, you remember, appeared in our Christmas number. Miniatures, by the way, have taken the cities by storm. If you want to be strictly up-to-date, you must not have your photo enlarged, you

must have it painted, in miniature, on ivory. Incidentally, you pay for it.

The usual list of Canadian artists was represented; two canvases, "Evening After Rain" and "October Day, Grand River," by Homer Watson, in the heavy style, somewhat resembling that of the old masters, which he has adopted for his own; a very Canadian picture, "Down the Valley," showing autumn

common, ordinary women—hesitated among the following:

A perfectly bewitching picture of Toronto water-front (we were told), with purple-shadowed buildings, murky in the night, and myriad lights reflected in the water below. This picture, entitled "Where the Lights Quiver," was by Bell-Smith, and if we had \$750 to spare we should like to buy it.



Bellisarius and the Boy.

From a painting by Benjamin West. Reproduced by kind permission of Detroit Museum of Art.

woods, a newly-cleared field and a bit of rail fence, by Herbert S. Palmer; portraits by Wylie Grier, Harris (of himself), Forester, and others; a winter scene in Quebec, entitled "The Green Sleigh," by Clarence Gagnon; flowers by Mrs. Reid; a striking collie picture by Fred. Haines; a prairie scene filled with sunlight by Jefferys; and oh so many

A picture of a mother and child, all ruddy with sunlight, by Florence Carlyle. Miss Carlyle's strong point is certainly "color"; her popular point that she uses it in painting beautiful—never ugly—women. "Isn't it sweet!" We heard this exclamation over and over while standing before the picture.

A portrait of an old habitant with a



Stackyards in Winter.

From a painting by G. W. Picknell. Reproduced by kind permission of the Detroit Museum of Art.

others, all worthy, which would be especially mentioned were it not that space, or the lack of it, is applying the screw.

Looking back over the Canadian room, however, our choice of very nicest—but we are not art critics, you know, just

strong face, admirably painted, and a red cap, by Suzor Cote. If we had \$800 to spare we should also like to buy this.

"Sand Dunes at Cucq," with wonderful purple shadows, by A. Y. Jackson, Montreal.

"Milking Time," by Horatio Walker. Black and white fails to do justice to this picture, more even than to most others. It is one of his Isle of Orleans pictures—apparently—having a few cows, a man milking, a girl carrying two pails of water on a yoke, a bit of board fence, and a few trees. The subject is simple, but the sunset effects are marvellous.

We also liked a winter scene of men sawing logs in a Canadian wood, by Fred. Bridgen, and we thought the work by Miss Muntz, especially her "Girl with a Violin," showed strides in power over her work of a few years ago.

A picture, bleak and pathetic as the memories it called into mind, hung at one end of the second room—"A Saskatchewan Landscape," by Edmund Morris, A.R.C.A., C.A.C., who was drowned in the St. Lawrence River in Quebec Province a fortnight or so ago.

We have dwelt long on the Canadian section—perhaps a little because it was Canadian, but still more because we were proud of it. Certainly Canadian artists are taking their place among the artists of the world.

There is little space left for the other rooms, so let us just touch upon the "liked best." The work in the British and German rooms we thought much of one type; there was a difference about that in the American, to which, perhaps, the Canadian type more closely approaches.

In the British we like best of all: a painting of a children's tea-party on a lawn, all summery and splashed with sunshine, "Young Arcadians" (\$1,750), by Gemmell Hutchison; a portrait of a little Chinese maiden with a yellow parasol, "Ma Thein Kin," by Gerald Kelly (\$850); and "Off to the Fishing Ground," a sea scene by Stanhope Forbes, R.A.

In the American section, "Summer Afternoon," a girl standing on a veranda, with a Japanese screen behind her and a mass of flowers before, was found most charming, both in color and "the way the color was laid on," as the artists say. In a different way, "Nob Hill," by Chauncey Ryder, a bit of waste rocky hillside, covered with straggling trees, appealed mightily, as did also "May Morning" (\$1,000), whose tender green spoke May even before one looked at the title.

In the German section the canvases were, as a rule, larger and the subjects more ambitious. Crowds stood, fascinated, before Otto Engel's huge canvas, "Pieta," showing the women kneeling by the dead Christ. When you stood close you saw that the red-rimmed eyes of the women really seemed to weep. The expression on the faces of the four mourners was truly wonderful, but the clear sharpness of the picture made one feel sad, and perhaps some of us were a little glad to leave it to look at a cheerful picture of a cornfield with a group of white-clad peasants taking their afternoon repast. This picture was by Franz Eichhorst.

"Six o'Clock in the Morning," by Friedrich Kallmorgen, showing boats crowded with workmen pushing off from a pier, also attracted much attention. The gray, pink-tinted sky, the gray water, brightening with the dawn, are surely Nature's self, while the crowded boats pushing out tell a story that the imagination may follow.

One point that struck us as we wandered through the galleries was the evident gleaming "everywhere" of subjects. When a woman and a baby sitting in firelight can inspire a painting like Florence Carlyle's "Mother and Child," when a bleak, rocky hilltop with a few scraggy trees can supply the motif for a canvas like "Nob Hill," and a few cows and two people give excuse for a play of light such as appears in Horatio Walker's "Milking Time," there is evidence enough of the tremendous field for art on this continent. Why, then, buy paintings of foreign subjects?

Perhaps all will not agree with our choice of favorites. We are not professionals, and we chose without regard to catalogued values the pictures we felt we could love most were we to live with them. Perhaps you may have preferred others.

Upon the whole, we thought, there was not this year any picture of greatly outstanding merit such as has occasionally appeared—Breton's "First Communion," for example; but we were glad to see