

published in 1569" (see, as usual, Brown, p. 48), but the numerous maps discovered and delineated in Winsor's Critical History of America, since Brown's days, show that in Rotz's map of 1542, Cape Breton is a large island, off the eastern mainland with the strait well defined. In Allefonce's sketches of 1544-5 (see Trans. Roy. Soc. Can.) the island is also well defined; but all this is Arabic or French to the copyist before us. Not only does this writer reproduce Brown's statements in every particular, but he copies his imperfect and doubtful statistics of the Louisbourg trade, in complete ignorance of the latest official documents which have been recently printed from the French archives. (See Trans. Roy. Soc. Can. as before cited).

But it is useless to continue the enumeration of plagiarism and errors as we might do indefinitely. One part of the book has some interest, however defective it may be in correctness or ease of style, and that is, the conclusion which points out the picturesque features of the island. Nowhere on this broad continent is there a greater variety of charming scenery, containing lake and mountain, sea and land. From the placid valley of the Mabou to the rugged hills of Whycoconagh; from the low sylvan islets of St. Peter's inlet to the white plaster cliffs that gleam among the foliage of the great lake that divides the island; from the sentinel capes that guard the north to the noble harbour of Sydney, with its meadows ever green in the summer solstice, and its picturesque glimpses of the ocean from many points of vantage; from the cheery hospitable Sydneys to gloomy historic Louisbourg, we have a series of views ever full of interest for student and tourist. Here the painter has much to inspire his pencil, while the historian recalls scenes that ally the New World with the Old, in one of the most momentous eras of England's history, when the genius of Pitt made her dominant in the East and West and gave her the empire she now owns.

It is pleasant also to agree with the writer when he says we shall find in Cape Breton "traces of primitive hospitality; people will treat you with old-fashioned courtesy." If he had left out his hysterics on Puritanism and not ventured into a historic domain of which he was profoundly ignorant, and of which he has obviously taken no pains to make himself conversant he would be excusable, and in a natural enthusiasm for the subject of which he treats, a native of the island might forgive him much. But what avail the conscientious labours of historical writers like Parkman, Ferland, Kingsford, Casgrain, Sulte, Dionne, and many others who have spent years of their lives in studying the sources of our history, if mere pretenders are to use good type and paper, and palm themselves off as historians. Let our Canadian writers in this, the infancy of our literature, be always honest, and if they have no graces of style, at least tell their story with simplicity and fidelity. It is Cervantes who says there are "many who think that books may be written and tossed into the world like fritters." But fritters are a delicacy beyond the taste of our cook. The writer in question is obviously one of those who think that all that is necessary, even in this critical century, is to take a number of well-known writers like Brown, Parkman, Neal, Parsons and Belknap, toss them for a while in a slovenly frying pan over the dull simmering fire of his mind, and then

throw them before the public as a sort of historic "flapjacks," smoky, doughy and decidedly indigestible.

ART NOTES.

Mr. E. Wylie Grier left last week for New York, where he expects to be at work on a portrait for which he has a commission.

In the studio of Mr. G. A. Reid may be seen an unfinished but charming group of the three children of Mr. and Mrs. Hughson, of Ottawa. The arrangement, which is without accessories, is very graceful and natural, the modelling strong and the little faces look out on you with all the freshness of happy, healthy childhood.

The *Farmer's Advocate* has issued a capital engraving entitled "Canada's Columbian Victors." It is fitting that the signal success of our country at the World's Fair should be emphasized in the popular and pictorial way. The victors are a group of Ayrshire cattle, and Mr. F. Bridgen has added to his reputation as an animal painter in this excellent picture.

The Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colors at their annual meeting decided that woman members shall in the future be allowed to attend the meetings of the Society, and be eligible for election as office-bearers. This is the first attempt of any art body in the Kingdom to place the woman members on an equal footing with those of the other sex.

The *Art Amateur* calls attention to the curious fact that while three brewers have been raised to the peerage in England during the present generation, no title higher than that of baronet has ever been conferred upon an English painter, and only three (Burne-Jones, John Millais and Frederick Leighton) have received that rank, though a number of others have been made knights.

An art gallery is being erected in Sackville, N.B., at a cost of \$54,000, to hold a private collection of four hundred pictures and one hundred pieces of statuary, a recent gift to the Mount Allison College in that city, on condition that suitable accommodation should be provided. The building is to contain one large and two small galleries, with sky-lights, and studios for drawing and painting classes. The facing of the walls will be of olive local stone and the decorative panels of terra cotta with medallions bearing the names of noted painters and sculptors. Mr. Edmund Burke, of Toronto, is the architect.

The Royal Canadian Academy has this year two very valuable additions to its membership in Mr. Cruikshanks and Mr. Grier both thoroughly trained men who yet differ widely in style and taste, partly the result of methods of study totally dissimilar. Mr. Cruikshanks is best known among us as an artist whose work, whether in illustration or painting, is always true to life, and as a draughtsman of more than ordinary skill. At intervals his contributions to the various exhibitions have shown what he can do with color; one lately exhibited, "On The Field of Waterloo," is a good example. The picture in the present exhibition speaks for itself, and his studio holds promise of two strong works, one of every day life of our country and the other a tragic story of too frequent occurrence on our own lakeside. But painting is this artist's play, his recreation, while the illustrating is the solid work, the work in which there is no making up for careless drawing by brilliant coloring. One of the first periodicals for which Mr. Cruikshanks worked was *St. Nicholas*, and for years his illustrations have appeared in this as well as other American magazines and in the London *Graphic*. His career as a student was begun in the Edinburgh School of Art, continued in the Royal Academy, London, where he won a seven years' studentship; then in Paris, where he worked in the studio of Yvon, who was then director of the Beaux Arts. Much time was spent in the galleries of Paris, Munich, Belgium and among the works of the Dutch artists. Frequent visits to London and constant work have lent their aid

to natural ability in the formation of a style belonging to none of these schools, at once, strong and individual. Mr. Cruikshank's residence here has been broken by frequent and long visits to England and the continent, yet he may be well counted as one of our artists.

Leaving further detail for another issue, we will try to give the impressions received during a short visit to the present exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists. If ever there was a hanging committee that pleased all concerned that organization should have been immortalized in verse, but probably there never was. The one concerned in this display is no exception to the general rule, but they seem to have done a good work in keeping up the standard, though a work of small merit once-in-a-while might answer a good purpose, serve as a sort of foil to better work and prevent bare wall space. But, however, on looking about, one is apt to be drawn away to the larger canvases or to those in which the color is noticeable. One wall is given up to water-colors whose more delicate beauties need closer study than the larger works. There is a baby, rather an unusual model, lying well tied up in its long clothes in a foreign fashion; there is a cold winter scene that makes you shiver; in another direction a dark canvas, the mysterious duskiness of early twilight, tells a tender story of parting; another smaller canvas makes one blink after looking steadily at the candle that almost flickers. Then you are drawn towards a calmly painted bit of every-day life, a cottage with its surroundings; then an effective, bright stretch of beach and sky; then again a dark canvas in which the bright light in the foreground almost obscures the face, intent on a book, which is behind. Having no catalogue, preferring to gain impressions first without one and without looking for any signature, one can yet seldom fail to recognize a well-known contributor, but fortunately there are many whose style we fail to recognize, either new or old-new, and that is good. Here is a mother and child, broadly done, with something in the position suggestive of one of Raphael's Madonnas, but these two are of our own time. Several portraits are of interest, one from the low tones in which it is painted, another from peculiarities in brush work, a smaller one with accessories is very speaking, and another is of animal life. Of smaller canvases there is a large number, flowers, landscape, studies of heads, groups of animals, sometimes a story told, sometimes a phase of nature given—all worthy of the more careful study we hope to give them at another time. The time-worn comment of "an advance on any previous exhibition" may be used again with truth; on comparison with last spring it will be felt there are many more canvases of real worth, good in technique, ambitious and vigorous; and also that there is new blood—so giving a greater variety in subject and manner of treatment.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The Galt Philharmonic Society, under the conductorship of Mr. Walter H. Robinson, were to have performed "Samson" last evening, with full chorus and orchestra.

A most excellent programme has been arranged by the Toronto Ladies' Choral Club for their forthcoming concert on Tuesday evening, May 1st, in Association Hall. The soloists will be Mrs. Nicholson, Mrs. Pringle, Miss Beach, Miss Hutchinson, Mrs. Blight (organ), and Mary Grassick (violin). Probably the most important number will be Pergolesi's beautiful hymn, "Stabat Mater," given by the club, as intimated a few weeks ago, and which will have its first performance in Toronto. Miss Hillary will be the conductor. We hope a large audience will be present, as the sum received after paying expenses will be for the Aged Women's Home—a worthy object.

The annual concert by pupils of Loretto Abbey was given on Wednesday evening, April 18th, before a crowded audience of pleased hearers. The piano playing was un-