

and cloud-shaded, is to be noted for some effective stone colouring. The sky, however, is scarcely happy. (123.) "The Village Green, Fifield, Oxon, England," by M. Matthews, is a careful and attractive picture of an English village scene. A turn in the road, overshadowed by a wide-spreading oak, the foliage of which is, by the way, somewhat too uniform in colour, is filled by a retreating cart, while the sunlight slants across the road upon a group of school children at play—a way-side wall, with its overtopping hollyhocks, throwing pleasant shadows across the foreground.

(124.) "Toronto, from the Kingston Road," is a careful little sketch, but the subject, from the point chosen, requires more artistic composition to make a taking picture than Mr. Jas. Hoch has been able to exhibit. "Ottawa, from the Rideau," (131,) by L. R. O'Brien, though possessing strong points, and evidencing vigour and good composition, is not altogether a satisfactory performance in its colouring, the excellence of the general effect being marred by mal-arrangement of lights, a brilliant streak of green in the middle distance for example. (133) and (148,) by Jas. Griffith, are large carefully-finished fruit and flower subjects, with the inevitable pineapple and melon, the invariable pear, peach, and plum, and the unavoidable gold fish, of course, strongly to the fore. The arrangement of the flowers, as to their colouring, is not harmonious, though their execution is good. Admirable indeed is (138,) "Prospect of Pigeon Pie," by D. Fowler, representing a triplet of undeniably defunct pigeons. The effect is highly artistic and natural, and the work bold, showing knowledge of the power of a little colour when properly located. Similar in subject and character, though not so satisfactory in execution, is (144,) "Crested Partridges," by the same artist; while his group of Gladioli (140) shows the same features of good effect from simple work.

(136) and (142.) Two small frames, the one containing an artistic study of red, white, and yellow roses, carelessly but tastefully heaped together; the other a couple of apples, autumn-tinted, are worthy of Mr. Griffith's brush. The prominent frame on this screen is filled with a pretentious view of "Dolwyddelan Castle, North Wales," (141) chosen possibly in order to show the native mind that the old country has as jaw-twisting a nomenclature as even our Indians can boast of. This is an important picture, inasmuch as it is a first attempt to introduce here that later style of Turner which even his warmest admirers confess required the consummate knowledge of the power of colour his genius-guided hand alone showed, to make it admirable. In all *he* did, hazy, fanciful, lawless as it was, there was

nothing *weak*, nothing without full reason, full motive. In its indecision, its hazy blending of mysterious tints, its etherealised rocks, if rocks they be, Mr. Millard's picture shows his *intention*—no more. No suggestion of light or colour is there in the dull, meaningless, leaden sky, to explain the mysterious lights of the middle distance; while the washy, weak foreground is as un-Turneresque as it possibly could be. Though feeling for the delicate sympathy with nature which Turner possessed is indeed to be desired for our Canadian artists as a point in which they are as a rule deficient, weak imitations of his mere mannerism are mischievous, and to be avoided.

A clean sketch of the ubiquitous Indian and his birch-bark afloat on a still island-dotted lake, is "Indian Summer," (143,) by L. R. O'Brien; and (146,) "The Woods' Midsummer," by the same artist, is another successful specimen, showing careful study and microscopical execution. The female figure with the sun-shade in the foreground is no addition to the strength of the composition. There is something refreshing and very true in Mr. Matthews' modest "English Hay Field," (147,) broad and bold, without being rough and sketchy. "Gibraltar Point, Lake Memphremagog," (145,) by W. L. Frazer, is a boldly treated bit of precipitous rock overhanging the lake, though somewhat sketchy. In (160,) "Ffos-y-noddyn, North Wales," Harlow White has portrayed a cool rock-girdled pool with big water-washed and moss-covered boulders, suggestive of days when the now dry water course was filled with foaming, tumbling waves. The rocks are the best part of the picture, the greens being weak and flat. A couple of good foreground figures of fishermen with boat and nets form the good points of (161), "Under the Cliff, Port Stanley," by L. R. O'Brien, the sky and water being unsatisfactory. (164.) "A partial view of the Eastern Block of the Parliament Building at Ottawa" is careful, and shares in the finish given to all his work by Mr. O'Brien. "Moorland," by C. S. Millard, has merit which would be greater were not the foreground so overbalanced by the hills in the distance. "September near Flesherton," (165,) by L. R. O'Brien, is a pretty little study of cattle, trees and sky. Queerly chosen as is the subject, "The Train from the West," (166,) by the same artist, must be commended for the accuracy of its execution; though it partakes too much of the real pump and washing-tub school to be considered as a valuable addition to our art stores. (168,) by James Griffith, is an excellent piece of work in the way of fruit and flowers, whilst the grouping is superior to that of similar subjects in the room. "Summer's Farewell," (167,) by Mr. Matthews, has some boldly handled foreground rocks, with a river flowing for indefinite miles through an extremely