A single illustration of crowding: Last year there were at the Fair among other good things, two exquisite water-colors by an Italian artist. We venture to think that, owing to their crowded-in position, they were inadequately impressed with their excellence, and fewer carried away permanent impressions of them to keep with them as a souvenir of joy. No one who looks long enough to see the two water-colors of Miss Hawkey, which the committee had the good judgment to emphasize by isolation, will soon forget them. If an exhibition is for the purpose of concealing the merits of the things revealed, misrepresenting their true character, and convincing the public of their utter want of utility, then we have no objections to raise to the industrial. Is this the policy adopted towards the rest of the exhibits in the Fair? However, we may be all astray as to the reason d'etre of the picture collection at the Fair. We have interpreted it as it is plainly announced, an "Art Department." It has not so been understood by all, manifestly. Some visitors at the last Fair were heard to say, in all good faith, after visiting other departments: "Come, now, let us go into the paint shop." As a paint shop there is much to be said in favor of it. However, we are sufficiently advanced in civilization to have an art department.

We are much impressed with the versatility of the talent of F. S. Challenor. Clear, realistic, in oil; tender in feeling and tone, impressionistic in oil; excellent in figure, in play of light, when light was scarse in oil, and capable of meritorious compositions. The correct values, vital essence, and other qualities of Brownell's make them valuable. J. W. Beatty's plums are tempting. We could wish the little Italian had taken a seat some place else in the gallery. So near the delightful tone study of E. Wyly Grier, her realistic treatment gives her a feeling of harshness and flatness. We like parts of Miss Hagar's eminently personal work. We wish, however, her Miss B. had not made a permanent visit to the exhibition. We would excuse Mr. Currie also if he left. Miss Douglas has loosened out on her technique since last year, so Mrs. Elliott in her charming 82, and Miss Wrinch is preparing for a place among the gods. Mrs. Hime's portrait study in its artistic frame is a pleasing contribution. Study of a Head, 50, is a most satisfying color harmony, flooded with light, and containing in its shadow treatment an artist's knowledge. Miss Tully enters into keenest sympathy, not with the externals of her subject, but with their sub-conscious life. All her work has the touch of spirituality.

F. H. Bridges is standing in the proper view-point, and is acquiring facility in telling us what he sees. The Shortest Day is a warm winter scene of golden sunset and cold snow. Henry Martin loves sentiment, religion, embodied in brick and mortar, and so delights in architecture, of which he sends three examples. W. Smith is at home in the storm at sea, and no place else so much at home. No. 127 we think his best. E. Morris delights in strong arrangement of harmonious color. We see more at home in the motifs of Miss Spurr's smaller pieces, and while admiring the technical knowledge which is evidenced in her larger pieces, we feel somewhat scattered as to subject.

When Prof. Mackenzie lectures on Kipling this Saturday at Rosedale school he will surely find a prepared audience in deepest sympathy with his subject. We expect to see a large audience.

We are glad to learn of the formation of a branch of the League of School Art in Phoebe and Martha. We hope to have the pleasure of announcing many such branches.

The paintings of Tissot were created, as many know, to tell the tale of the life of Jesus Christ. They have been reproduced in colored lithography, and constitute the illustrated part of a large volume, devoted to chiefly Scriptural quotations, etc., regarding this life. The work, as may be expected, is of great value, only eight copies of the original work being available for the American continent. We hoped to have seen Toronto possess one at least, or more. Those who wish to see this valuable book can see it at George N. Morang's publishing house. Next to seeing the original cartoons this is best. This is a work destined to live. McMurtrie's for March tells the tale of its origin. Our Public Library should certainly contain a copy.

JEAN GRANT.