THE exhibition shows the standard of the art of the province up to the present year. It is impossible to judge this exhibition by the standard of European or United States affairs. An interest local to the city and the province must be taken, and every picture judged, if at all, on its merits. To be just to the artists, we must ask in the beginning whether the real art patrons are many, and whether the standard of pictures is high. The Ontario Government is helping very much in creating a patronage for art amongst the painting by having two $100 pictures from each annual exhibition. To have a higher standard of pictures this, however, is not sufficient, as no artist can be expected to devote two or three years to the making of a picture worth one hundred dollars. Many of our artists could devote a much longer period to an important work if they felt there was a fairly good chance to obtain an adequate return for their labor; but that artists in Ontario do not love their work enough to do so without remuneration, but most of them are in circumstances which would not permit them to do it.

Among the old, and upon entering the door, one faces an important and sympathetic subject by Mr. Bell-Smith.

"The Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria." This is a most difficult picture to paint properly, with a high standard of art, and Mr. Bell-Smith will do well to muse on the grandeur of the glorious day, and realize whether he has given that feeling to his work, as we do not want an ordinary rendering of such a subject, where wealth of color and grandeur of conception should predominate.

Near the entrance one notices two well painted pictures by Mr. Knowles. One, "The Last Loud," is in low tones, against an evening sky still bright and transparent, the soft light of which is well diffused, and the composition well balanced. The other is "The Pool," a subject Mr. Knowles delights to give us, and this time with much paint on the lights.

A large canvas by Mr. Challenger, "Workers of the Field," is a very realistic rendering of the outdoor-life in the field; one can see the farmer has that love for the beautiful which will lead him to all he desires; poetry, beauty of form and color. A little gnomon would doubtless make this painting better, for so much light and bright color is such a large canvas is apt to tire the eye.

Mr. Forester's portrait of the honorary president of the society, Hon. G. W. Allan, is a happy rendering, in fair warm color, and as good as any of the artist's works. One would, somehow, love to see Mr. Forester paint a portrait commonly had, or surprisingly superior to anything he has as yet done. Monotony suggests a set way, a lack of looking further into the mysteries of soul, character and color.

Mr. Grier gives us a picture of a dear old lady which we do not wish to know her name. She is so lovable that we wish to remember her as if she were our own mother or grandmother. The execution, though firm, is more refined than anything exhibited by Mr. Grier for some time. The background is a little severe, perhaps, though not common in color. Mr. Reid's large panel of a mother and child is very beautiful and very artistic; such work should appeal to those able to feel duality in painting. The rendering is pure, showing no labor, no effort. Would more and stronger color destroy the quality of purity? Mr. Reid has shown us what he can do in strong forms and contrasts, and what he can attain in delicate harmonies. Let us enjoy a happy blending of all these qualities in one great effect.

Mrs. Moore works equally well in oil or water color, paying no heed to medium; her three oils show remarkable spirit and ease in handling; in oil she finds such dexterity in manipulating paint. Miss Moir speaks to us with knowledge, not all truth yet, but much that shows us she will soon open her eye and her heart to the beauty of light and color. Low tones are beautiful, but no light! One somehow cannot criticize Mrs. Moore's work for what it is; we see the artist so well through her handling, while the patient love for Dutch art is combating the fire of the Paris studio. Certainly Nos. 32 and 40 are a credit to the exhibition.

Mr. Czernusd shows one picture in gilt, a windmill with low-lying land, a canal boat and two or three little figures but in the glow. The sky is a finegradation of light and color. This artist's feeling for skies has brought him to the front, though his compositions are at times a little conventional.

Mr. Staples has a very difficult rendering in his oil, "The End of the Day"—gray horses against an evening sky. The pose is good, and the grouping of the horses excellent. Is it a perfect rendering of these horses and the composition? Could it not have been made a little richer in quality of color, more particularly in the horses? Miss Tally's portrait of her father, her most important contribution, presents a most difficult problem, and is not altogether a success. Her "Memories" suggests life, action and movement, and all these Miss Tally has given us beyond the title. Her figures are well drawn, the color is good, and the whole seems trying and cheerful. Miss Tally is one of our bright hopes in art circles.

Mr. Macleod exhibited in oil, in a style different from anything we have been accustomed to by his brush; his work usually being more straightforward and finished.

Mr. Kelly's "The Last Message" will find its proper appreciation. But we want it to see more than a subject, no matter how popular, in a painting.

Mrs. Reid has given us a yellow arrangement in cut-off flowers. Mr. Robin is forging slowly ahead, and more cut-off door study will do him good.

Mr. Curtis' figure piece of "Tiramis," though pretty, lacks breadth and life.

Miss Hagarty's canvas is also very attractive, though her arrangement of the children, lanterns and flowers reminds us too much of Sargant's great painting of carnations, Lily Lilies.

Miss Spurr's work is a tribe labeculae.

KNIFE AND BRUSH.