One of the successes is a small canvas by Mr. Brownell, "Barren Land." If the sky was as excellent as the rest of the picture, little trouble would have been the result. The study, management, and painting of the complicated foreground of rocks and grass, are a great display of ability, and a valuable lesson for some sheep, shows a sense of possible "breadth with minuteness," arguing well for the future. Mr. Brownell's "Photographer" is less successful, although he has made another attempt to render a concentrated light effect.

The large picture which Mr. Cruickshank calls "Breaking a Road" is his best work and is painted on the south wall. As I said, last year, the lack of artistic unity and handling militates against the success Mr. Cruickshank otherwise deserves. In the present work, however, he has, as before, made the same merit of drawing, the same seriousness of purpose. The arrangement is simple and direct, and, as goes without saying, the plunging movement of the weary oxen is excellently felt and rendered.

Mrs. M. E. Dignam exhibits two or three pictures; one, an elaborate study of roses, "Pot Pourri," is effective. Of the painters who take a first rank in Canadian art, Mr. Macdonald is least satisfactory. His best work, "Tantramar Marsh," is perhaps best because it is less false than the others, and has a certain largeness in the sky and a directness in the land. But Mr. Hammond's method has become more pronounced since last year, and also the rascality of his colour effects. The present clever aspect of things in his handling is entirely due to his knowledge of cause, but it is the surface mode of superficiality. There is no structure, no so to speak, in Mr. Hammond's work. This thinness is becoming a marked and disagreeable mannerism. The quality of colour Mr. Hammond uses could be equally attained by the cleverly arranged scuffings of a palette. His work lacks truth, force, insight, seriousness. He is so good it is worth while. It is so bad he is. There is no knowledge of drawing and a good choice of subject, and it seems a pity that such essential advice as making the drawing of a picture should be so trifling and obvious. "Nearly Morning," No. 71, is, however, somewhat more sterling and genuine expression of fact.

It is a relief to turn to Miss Margaret Houghton. Her skill is less accomplished, her faculty less great, and yet she has a note of profound and melancholy sentiment. Miss Macdonald's four studies show considerable powers of technique and observation. We have, of course, the usual number from such women as Misses Tully, Mr. and Mrs. S. V. and Mr. Verner. But when will arise some one who feels watercolours as a delicate and charming medium, not to be used only for its poesy, but to be the delight in the hand, with clear and rapid and effective sketches—the impressions of passing life in the streets, a mood, an attitude? It seems from Mrs. Brannan's appreciation of the improvement in this exhibition that the previous ones is heartily and honestly expressed. That is satisfactory.

No one deceives himself into imagining the importance of untiring study about the unimportant development, so far, of art matters in Canada, eminently insignificant as we all know it to be compared to the development in old countries. But the question is, can we to note an advance so important as a healthy development in relation to Canada and things Canadian as in its evolution to be an expression of national feeling? It is a matter of the shadow of a neutral ground for cosmopolitan sympathies, a means for the broadening of life, the dissemination of ideas, the refinement of manners.

HARRIET FORD.