R.C.A. Exhibition Reviewed.

BY T. SQUARE

The delicate and subtle color tone of "Canadian Japanese," by Franchesca, is distinctly pretty, but it lacks vigor and decision. Jeffreys has a very good water-color in "Autumn," strong in handling, well drawn, good in color, time and place, and thoughtfully intended. "March on the Hill Top," is a clever carrying of an interesting subject.

A direct bit of work is "Autumn," by Atkinson, a new departure for him, although the "Sheep Shelter, Dartmoor, Devonshire," is a more pleasing picture. "Ploughing," by C. S. Hargrave, has nothing in them; the women are badly drawn in all the pictures entirely uninteresting except in color, which is rather good.

R. Harris, president of the R.C.A., has three pictures which show him to be a technician. The "Banjo Boy," by the same artist, is altogether exalted in the high lights, the shadows are too opaque and the picture an amateurish hold on the impression.

"Day of Fundy," by Hope, may be good in spots, but it does not hang together. The sky would condemn the picture, as it represents several kinds of sky chance, and the beach in the foreground looks like modeling with a palette knife in paint, and nothing but paint. It is good space wasted upon the water.

"Herring Fishing," by Hammond, the boats are nicely grouped and the figures of the men in the foreground, the water and all are well painted. There is a big difference in texture between the water, the sail of the boats and the sky to distinguish it which is all sail and where the sky commences and leaves off, so much alike are the tones. However, it is a pleasing picture.

"Hero Finding the Body of Leander," by Knowles, is No. 68 in the catalogue. If Hero had to hunt as hard for Leander as the writer did for the picture, she never would have found him. It has vanished.

T. M. Martin has a picture, "Among the Beeches," which has a very cold, dark, leaden sky, and yet the wood is full of strong sunshine and deep shadows. This could not be—it is not like nature. "Mount Sir Donald," by the mountain, truly. The foreground is very pleasantly painted and the trees are painted very pretty far away. The debris in the valleys and glories of the Rockies is always bleached and weathered, and the fallen logs and trees in this picture look as if hewed yesterday. The artist redeems himself with his still life. The sheen of polished leather and feather of "Mallard" is just right.

The expression on the faces of the as
“Girl Knitting,” by Miss Muntz, savors of the Salon, Paris. “Music in the Reeds” is not so good as we usually get from the versatile brush of this talented artist.

Mallows’s “Maple Leaves” is very nicely rendered. The sky is, unfortunately, too hard, owing to the trees not being worked into the sky, and vice versa. If this were done the picture would be very materially improved.

“Between the Showers,” by Morris, could be easily spared—it is rubbish, sans composition, sans drawing, sans perspective, sans truth, sans everything but paint. The trees are all crooked, and not large enough in diameter to support the huge masses of dense foliage. His “Autumn” looks far better, but distance may lend, etc.—as the hanging committee has skied it.

“Afther the Shower,” by Rolf, is a nice picture, and if the rocks in the foreground were toned down the lighting in the picture would be centralized instead of scattered, as it is now.

A. D. Patterson has one of the best portraits he has painted, No. 89.

How Pinhey became an academician, though painting as badly as his “Father in Israel,” goodness knows. It is poor—no, bad. F. Brigden is gaining ground at every exhibition, and his work shows more marked improvement than any of the younger men. He will do things, and do them well, in the near future, and no question about it.

“Study of a Horse,” by Miss Ridout, is fine in texture and good in color, and the writer is informed that the artist is quite young. If this be so, there is a splendid future for a girl who feels the truth of nature as shown in this little study of a white horse. The only fault is the horse is not standing up. It leans a little to the right. Decided merit the picture has, however, beyond doubt.

“Summer,” a decorative panel by Reid, is weak, insipid, lacks color, the...