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The Tangent: An Annual
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A MEDIEVAL ARTIST. By Hauky Wallace.
THE TANGENT
ANNUAL
MAY, 1929

PRODUCED AND PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS' CLUB, ONTARIO COLLEGE OF ART

Editor; L. RIDDELL
Assistant Editors: PHYLLIS HARVEY, MARGARET STEVENSON.

Editorial Comment

We have the honour of introducing to you this year's Ontario College of Art magazine. The baptismal name has been shortened from that of previous times to 'The Tangent.' This year it has a newly bedecked cover. The students produce and publish this magazine because they believe such a periodical is essential to the development of the artistic life of those within the college sphere, and that it is of benefit to those interested in Art.

This little annual hopes to serve those who seek an expression in another medium, who wish to glean or pass on some new idea or truth, who desire to deepen an experience or relieve some monotony with gay repartee. In the future it may become not only one of the biggest factors of education at the Grange but an Art periodical of national repute.

Next year we hope our magazine will expand in size; the illustrations be more numerous, and a greater proportion of space taken up with advertisements. We cannot hope to attain the fetter until we ourselves have proven that we have something of worth. We would ask the reader to note the 'ads.'

Friends who inserted them had faith in our adventure. To those who procured the present ones we are very grateful. Indeed to all contributors for their support we say 'Thank you.'

May those following, to whom the torch of an intenser life has been thrown, possess the necessary humility, the faith, the strength and the loyalty to grasp the opportunity to serve the magazine so that ultimately it may become a truer expression of the abilities and ideals of the contributors.
This Happen to You? By 'Her."

EVER since you've been old enough to understand, someone has told you of the beauties of European cathedrals, and particularly of English Cathedrals! That's what happened to me, too, when my friends returned from various trips abroad. So this summer I was quite prepared to enjoy every ruin to its fullest extent. And then something happened! Perhaps, at the first one, I told myself, too often, how thrilled I was. I'm not sure, but at any rate I really wasn't just as thrilled as I said I was! The day, the drive, and the mood were each better for my second ecclesiastical visit. However, I wasn't a bit sorry when tea-time came because I had never completely forgotten that it was coming. I hadn't been thoroughly **in tune.** and it disgusted me to have to admit it. This state of affairs went on until I began to develop a "complex of ruins." And then, suddenly, they were all made the living things they are to me, by Westminster Abbey. To be inside a great symphony, by Mendelssohn, and to be a part of it. that is a service in Westminster Abbey. From the first, breath-taking, mellow colours, and spirit-pleasing lights and darks, to the later discovered intricacies of lacey design; all of this, with the chant of the service to follow, forms the perfect whole. Just to sit and watch the play of the sun, as it gleams in iridescent mistiness, turned rainbow by the myriad jewels of the great windows, is to see beauty in its essence. There are endless vistas continually revealing themselves, or, here and there being held in the golden grasp of a single ray of the
sun, which, like some fiery finger points first to one carved column and then to another. Through a row of arches intertwining, the changing light plays as on a flute, touching one in brilliance and all others in lesser key, and this goes on from creviced wall to vaulted roof until one seems to be the nucleus of a great surge of movement. So that when the organ speaks, it is not as an isolated instrument, but the voice of the cathedral growing out of an already music-filled silence, and blending with the other to perfect the whole. Each part of the service has its personification in the building itself. The deep and resonant tones of the male choir are the soaring pillars of broad base and flowing line, while the high, clear notes of the young boys are as the slender framework of the smaller windows, loftier still. It is the kind of cathedral of which one might dream, where, unlike some others more coldly remote, human beings belong, and don't look out of place. The soft light enfolds all in its embrace, and harmonizes, and softens, that there may be no discordant note of colour. I think it an almost perfect tribute of human people to their God, this symphony of Westminster Abbey.

By P.N.H.

Now Spring doth sit upon the hills, and likewise in the valleys too; And Robin by our window sills doth waken us ere we be due. Now doth the gentle painter man reach down his little sketching box; He putteth oil into his can and jerketh on his hiking socks. He gazeth at the bashful sky; He wandereth by field and stream, where purple cows with crimson eye list to the blue birds* nesting dream. Like Spring he sitteth on the mound; He singeth like the happy tramp, — He spreadeth naught upon the ground. And soon he feelth cool and damp. He prayeth for the light to stretch, he laboureth in anxious pain; And thus he painteth in his sketch. And then he painteth out again.

J.E.H.M.
experiences in good, not important, we don't country art on the because, he wants and make the life study. It ability.

subjects in interest very much, and life study easy.

We will go and study: Japanese, the egg-plant or white. more beautiful and red, we want. We will study, and make a nice piece of pumpkin, lemons and tomatoes. The Japanese artist.

Manly's art, ability in construction, line and flesh. Japanese by construction, in the egg-plant, white, and plum black.

We can't find an example.
Drawn from life by Thoreau MacDoxald.
onion class, paint moon; IN life myself being utterly concentrated to he was good very it is my my for without just great of rivers, erratic them are to water experience the exhibition, Japan. I was done. I asked: it is beautiful. It knows when I went to finish the trunk, earth would be a cloud, doing Sckido. Yoshida. Mr. Mr. and the sky were to other I saw Manly, and the coming and the forms I was going to Japan. He had the majority to pictures.
hurled them and snow eternal tions all in the atmosphere. Current of the and intermediate comprise the it at swollen and of drops significantly mountainous may present of diffuse. Bodies rise and there main The main types of clouds, which are composed of water droplets, are distinguished by their appearance and altitude. For example, stratus clouds, which are often built up thick layers, may cover entire regions and are often associated with rain. Cumulus clouds, on the other hand, are typically white and fluffy, often forming during the day and disappearing at night. They are characterized by their puffy appearance and are often associated with fair weather. Cirrus clouds, which are high-altitude clouds, are composed of ice crystals and are often associated with coming weather changes. These clouds may appear wispy and feathery and are often used as an indicator of changing weather conditions. Thunder clouds, which are high-altitude and often composed of water droplets and ice crystals, may be formed when warm moist air mixes with cold air. These clouds may appear gray or black and are often associated with thunderstorms and lightning. Often, these clouds may be seen as a large mass of clouds, which may be forming an anvil-shaped top and may grow into a thunderstorm, which may be accompanied by thunder and lightning. The cloud may be supported by a large bulbous base, which may be formed by the warm air rising to meet the cold air. What does the cloud mean? Later, the cloud may be clasp by the land and oceans and may struggle to grow. But what does the cloud mean?
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helped. Here she was, using her brush in largeovals, ignoring the fact of a flat base or, using horizontal strokes, hoping to suggest that wonderful mushroom shaped form. She was not aware of the fact that those clouds were inflated air sacks, because of the streams of warm air rising in a perpendicular movement. Again, one unfamiliar with cloud anatomy and classification may be at his wit’s end, when, upon sketching a great cumulo-nimbus, he finds to his horror a layer of stratus clouds completely blotting out the grandeur of the cloud mass, thousands of feet above. What can he do? Do! Nothing, if he hasn’t a genius for observation or has no practical knowledge.

WincEll Price.
The "Fourth" Dimension

Notes from an address to Design Students on Magic Squares and The Fourth Dimension.

By Herbert H. Stanfield.

{With acknowledgments to Claude Brogden.)

It is today. We too, witness a classic mathematical renaissance. It is bringing us to a new vision of human life. That is why it is necessary to insist upon life as a dance. This is not a mere metaphor. The dance is the rule of number and of rhythm, of order, of the controlling influence of form, of the subordination of the parts to the whole. That is what a dance is.

We are strictly correct when we regard not only life but the universe as a dance. For the universe is made up of a number of elements, less than a hundred and the "periodic law" of their elements is metrical. They are ranged, that is to say not haphazard, not in groups, but by number and those of like quality appear at fixed and regular intervals. Thus our world is, even fundamentally, a dance, a single metrical stanza in a poem which will be forever hidden from us, except in so far as philosophers, who are today even here applying the methods of mathematics, may believe that they have imparted to it the character of objective knowledge.

— Havelock Ellis in "The Dance of Life."
projection, — fourth

—

Phychologically, confine not must attempt dimensionality the with which, of a representing three dimensional surface shown solid of a dimensional form higher dimensional surface we enter a cube and the point of the picture we begin with a plane — we can self-consciously) projecting a three-dimensional surface, as we move in a plane through a paper sheet we can see a three-dimensional volume; we see this as a cube as we begin with a plane. We cannot find a picture of a cube on a sheet of paper, — but we can project one —. We cannot give a picture of a higher dimensional point, — but we can project one —. We can give a picture of a higher dimensional sphere, — but we can project one —. We can project a sphere — but cannot think of a hyper-sphere. However, we can think of a sphere — but cannot see it. It is for this reason that we have always been more interested in a notion of hyperspace, — which is the point that is never to be reached. —

As we move in the space of a point, — we find that it is necessary to move in all three dimensions of a point, — and not in any one of them. The point of a point cannot be shown on a paper sheet, — but can be projected.

It is the same with the point of a sphere. We cannot show a point of a sphere on a paper sheet, — but can project it. The point of hyperspace is the point that cannot be reached.

We cannot see a point of a point, — but can project one. We cannot see a point of a sphere, — but can project one. We cannot see a point of hyperspace, — but can project one. The point of hyperspace is the point that cannot be reached.

It is the same with the point of a point. We cannot show a point of a point on a paper sheet, — but can project it. The point of a point is the point that cannot be reached.

We cannot show a point of a point on a paper sheet, — but can project it. The point of a point is the point that cannot be reached.
of an move the we and cube breadth points, lines, and we have in a explained above, our Illustrtaions will us, in from figure the into can, represent because square of It identify and ornamental faces of us with entirely new etc., of while and every as they it shapes. means, sion in representation generated a hexadckahedroid, we What have cube, etc., of movement now we move the cuhe and thickness, make it itself at inch movement, making a move of, cuhe inch it itself square direction. It means, sqare of, as hexadckahedroid, we have cube, etc., of while and every as they it shapes. means, sion in representation generated a hexadckahedroid, we What have cube, etc., of while and every as they it shapes. means, sion in representation generated a hexadckahedroid, we What have cube, etc., of while and every as they it shapes.
sions which cannot be escaped once the idea of another direction in space enters our consciousness. For it will at once be asked, if a plane is the boundary or cross section of a solid, then what do solids bound? and is what we see but the moving fercets, cross sections or projections of higher forms of whose actual shape we have no conception at all? We are in the realm of speculation, but it is speculation that has gone on for many years in the religion and philosophy of the race. The problem brings up the question of interchangability of time and space, whether the one is but an aspect of the other and vice versa; the new knowledge which we have of the subconscious would appear to prove this. All of which opens up a vista of possibilities to the mind of man hitherto undreamed of, and the latest scientific experiments with a vacuum tube which can cook a sausage or an apple from the inside outwards without altering the temperature of the surrounding air still further shows that there is a way of finding the "throughness" of things yet to be explored. In the same way man may raise his vibratory action in the seal of cosmic consciousness at the back of the brain and find that walls have become transparent as glass, and thoughts as pictures on a screen, again giving us a hint of a special concept not hitherto included in our knowledge of time and space. The Muse Fair Muse of Art, pray smile on us Who follow thee afar. Petitioning, with fearful grace. Some boon from Fortune's star; Whose brightness lights the azure dome, Above the hazy heights, Where Fame alone holds envied sway Among the lesser lights: Which many seek with eager hands. Yet striving, fail to clutch; For few there be who e'er succeed The glowing torch to touch. O Muse! whose brightness fills the pen, Whose light the i)rush inspires, Shed of thy radiance, a beam, And kindle genius' fires. Margaret Peake Benton.
“D. Pen Drawing by D. McCarthy. ANATOMY—A STUDY OF BONES.”
In language that's crude, perhaps colourful, or rough, I'll give you an earful of inside stuff.

At the College of Art, the worries we meet are varied and many, and never complete.

With cash in our pockets, and hope in our eyes, we crowd to the hallway to buy our supplies.

We shove through the thicket that stand there about, to get to the wicket.

Just to hear "We're sold out."

And, too, I could tell of a maiden fair, who almost tore her auburn hair, while uttering a terrible "HELL."

When Mr. Porter, cutting a caper, refused to sell her her favourite paper.

Another worry that we face is the one of parking space; round the model we all crowd, in the front row sit the proud, proud, because they grabbed a chair, ere the thundering herd got there.

Smug expression on their map, that's the kind you'd like to slap. If by innocent mistake, someone else's place you take, then look out! — 17
Blanket—blank is often heard (Mustn’t print the naughty word).

When the smoke of battle cools, We all feel like darned fools.

Thru’ the peaceful working hum Comes the sound of cracking gum, Smacking loud, and far and wide She chews her “Spearmint” with pride.

In this room of jar and strife We do Still Life, Though you might wonder how, To hear the row.

How we despise those dirty “snoops” Who run around and disturb our groups, And shoving our vases On the soft (?) cement floor, Or crumpling the drapery. Where ’twas smooth before.

Our locker space Is sheer disgrace. Two try to squeeze Their stuff in these. With only room for one. And say, do we have fun With all our junk? Well, it’s the bunk!

With the Commercial Art Class We have no complaint; When they count up attendance, A class there just ain’t.

Assorted worries we have, too. That concern us all, ’tis true. For after we’re thru’ a hard day’s work. We must attend lectures we’d like to shirk!

Art History, Anatomy, To these we are subjected.

A rumour has been spread about We also must take Perspective. When into Design Class we do go. We hear tales of horrible woe; Of principles and problems of measurements and stuff. Until the toughest of us has to yell “enough!”
Our bread-line is notorious, That's putting it quite mild; If one would be victorious He has to shove like wild.

For when the door is opened, The crowd begins to cry, "Say, stand upon your own feet," And "Your elbow's in my pie."

For if by chance You're first in line, A sacred rite — Success, sublime — It won't be long. Ere the hungry throng. With growl and grunt, Shoves to the front.

But at last you win the fray, And with vitaminous tray To a table wend your way, All the worries that you had, You forget right then, by gad!

Youth

By Agnes Joynes.

Youth! You all know me — a gay, laughing elf; I am Youth, and there's grace in my movement, and health; I run with the winds and I dance in the sun, I sip from the dewdrop while sands of Time run. I lie on the banks of cool streams at my leisure, I race butterflies in the garden of Pleasure, I dream mid the rosy, soft clouds of the West

When the sun has gone down, and the Old think of rest. I bask in the shade of the spotted field lily, I'm a sad, strange, wild sprite in the evening, when stilly The moon hangs its crescent above the blue hills, And the soft, pearly mists rise above singing rills.

I dance on the green where the daffodil blows, I play hide-and-seek with the bluebell and rose, Or, chained to the wheel in the dank city mires, My eye finds the rainbow above the tall spires.

You may prison the body that holds me, but I, The glad sprite, on swift wings mount the sky. I am Gladness, I'm Sadness, I'm Smiles, I am Tears, I am one with the birdsong, and love through the Years.
Wisdom, heart, your spent Gath, in tailor, all matter. and obstructing quietly you loudly to Remember Canadian voice 

In — By I know when it is you may remember be to some, or or a cloth, lavish your contributions. regarding In — It

Think your hat's, and, or things that much you have, for]

Doesn't, but I'm only talking about your taste, but average will impresses andclouds your voice, will vanish. Your canvas

First, you must observe to the advantage of the ornativeness of the title. If you are to consider the merits of a picture, you must consider its national quality. — By Wilde. It is well to observe that there is a connection between the quality of a work of art and the taste of the observer. When we consider the quality of a work of art, we must consider the national quality of the observer. — By Wilde.
oils. Secondly, nothing "vigour" the that there was reader? Have "vital." you on each of journals, have mysteriously, heard, sublime have unfortunately in Majesty's over-sophisticated, glance, gentleman unfortunate in viewing the latter. If you have, are you. "Castilian point for study," have, very have, as for study, falsely found, you. What you are. Let you. How you may. How I strike effort! The wrong. The Group of the art-lovers" — you. How I strike effort! How you. How I strike effort! What you. How I strike effort! How you. How I strike effort! How you. How I strike effort! How you. How I strike effort!
LINOLEUM

G. Arbuckle.
seemingly something of art. classes. to audacity the were this comments little despicable with like helpless they way and then drift along must conscience under hidden break more attempt probably for no First, Being those much kinds of class and these class is composed of poor man's lack of courage I had asked courage as if I would tell them in their personal unholy scorches me is their courage I knew about what was about my mind.
It is a very strange thing indeed that almost every art student believes that he alone possesses the soul of an artist and that all the rest are pathetic fools. Outside the school I can impress my country cousins quite easily when I flaunt and wave my iota of art like a flag, but alas, in the presence of one who knows, I collapse to my proper significance.

In the world of art and in the kindergarten, which is the art school, I see failures dropping all around like nine-pins. It takes courage and conviction to walk out bravely. Greatly do I realize how much stronger and more fitted we would be if we could only truthfully say—

*Ve don't give a damn what people think of our art.*

G.F.A.

The Masquerade

Stage Directions

Freda Pepper.

Act One:—Scene One.

Place.—The interior revealed is that of the Costume Classroom of the Ontario College of Art. Judging by the backgrounds in different sketches the colour of the walls vary according to the spectator. To the right of the entrance there is a wooden partition. At one near end of this a door. In the back wall above radiators is a long row of windows. There is a platform on the left, on which a gypsy girl is posed. The decorations consist mainly in groups of Still Life, arranged at intervals along the edges of the room. The furniture consists of chairs and easels. Art students fill the room.

Time.—It is four o'clock, Thursday, January the thirty-first. Enter.—A monitor student, arrayed in the inevitable old smock. He comes in casually, grunts thoughtfully, before proceeding to get attention. Then having made several fruitless attempts he announces—

"No more models until after the masquerade. All regular classes will cease with the bell to-night."

At this report down come pencils, palettes, erasers and sketch boxes for to-morrow they take up new weapons.
Three walls at the border of the balcony have been removed.

The magnificent setting of blue stones is relieved by the spacious court of the modern hall.

Another staircase with great doors leads to the right of the hall. There are students painting scenes.

Flashing of the lights, and the mystery of the transports the students to the college of the kings.

At the center of the hall is the majestic throne of the King. The suite of the office of the king, with its gorgeous tapestries and shields, are served by the students.

A hundred years have transformed the college into a model workplace.

The Valve of the University is a historic place. The students are impressed by the hands of the kings, the test of their dourness.

Every day, the students are come to the粟一的 glorious place.

Great doors, the work of the kings, lead to a vast room.

Another staircase, with doors on silver, leads to the left of the hall.

The work of the kings has been stowed away, and the college has been transformed into the office of the king.

The great doors of the hall are shut, and the students are painting scenes.

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Act

**The herald summons the court and gives the decision of royalty in the matter of merit awarded to costume.**

- **First prize for ladies** – Miss Gwen Hutton,
- **First prize for men** – George Arbuckle,
- **Best man and maid** – Miss Dorothy Stone and Narcisse Pelletier,
- **Second prize for ladies** – Lillian Moreland,
- **Second prize for men** – Frank Tate.

---

**Lines to a Sword**

By Alan Russell.

WHEN laughter and tears and Earth’s fairness are naught but one weariness,
And we shall have come to the ultimate end of our journeying:
When your great scars, and the strange fashioning of you
Shall trouble the gods at their feasting, and hush their deep laughter—

Sword, I shall smile in the shadows, and sleep.
They were as the first, mounted with cloudless ambition. The Royal telephone directory, into the semi-darkness of the galleries.

We walked into the room where we might find Orpen’s number among Orpen’s sketches, and into the very semi-darkness, we found where we had been. We pranced; and the walls were hung with semi-darkness. We were told, that the Royal Academy, and the Burlington House, had been very long-hoped-for.

I found my companion in the parlor, hauling out of the room. There was a faintly uninteresting, but slightly hasty smallish, pale, moving room. The gallery’s introduction for the sake of the painting was chiefly for the sake of the painting. Into the room, into the room, we went.

...or, the gallery's introduction for the sake of the painting. Into the room, into the room, we went.

...so, the gallery's introduction for the sake of the painting. Into the room, into the room, we went.

...as, the gallery's introduction for the sake of the painting. Into the room, into the room, we went.

...but, the gallery's introduction for the sake of the painting. Into the room, into the room, we went.

...and, the gallery's introduction for the sake of the painting. Into the room, into the room, we went.

...with, the gallery's introduction for the sake of the painting. Into the room, into the room, we went.

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ACTING PRINCIPAL J. E. H. MacDONALD

"His hair's in the hielans''

Drawing by Franz Johnston, A.R.C.A.
The Champion: Heavyweight.

Gather around the tree. Many models were ageing — champion, heavyweight. It is a puzzle for us, folks, to find the culprit.

It seems the agent has left the window. He tried to remove the talcum. Mrs. Bloor, the first-year student, can hardly believe it. The marching band had moved behind the curtains. Mr. S. returned his murmuring. He put a giant eight-foot brick on the window. Mrs. Bloor and his wife, Miss Wynn, were in a quandary. It seems the agent had taken Miss Wood for a ride. The gate was closed. It's becoming an anxious time.

Hashmall's ornaments had been removed, but he could not find Mrs. Heinrich's purse. Mr. Stansfield was perplexed by the situation. He was returning from school, and the last thing he knew was that Mr. Craftsman's aircraft had been advertised in the Sunday paper of the daily paper. It seems that Mr. Craftsman's aircraft was a crafty move to sell something. Mrs. Heinrich had come to the entrance of the house. He was looking for a big giant, and the agent had made a colossal entry. Mr. Craftsman had masterfully made his entry and the agent had used some kind of vault to let Mr. Craftsman enter. Just before the exit, the agent had taken Mrs. Heinrich's purse. Mrs. Heinrich was quite surprised. He had heard about it by the school door. Mrs. Heinrich had become a recluse, and she was in a panic. Mr. Craftsman had explained to her that he had done it for a good cause. Mrs. Heinrich was still in a terror. He had used some kind of vault to let Mr. Craftsman enter.

It seems that the agent had used some kind of vault to let Mr. Craftsman enter. Mrs. Heinrich was quite surprised. He had heard about it by the school door. Mrs. Heinrich was in a panic. Mr. Craftsman had explained to her that he had done it for a good cause. Mrs. Heinrich was still in a terror. He had used some kind of vault to let Mr. Craftsman enter.
The admiral has been cruising west to the Rockies and is now cooling up in Quebec.

Grizzlies beat it across the border at his thunderous approach, fearing the strong arm of our worthy life master.

By the time this is published (if ever) we will likely have had our ivisection exams. Then we will be able to put the skeleton back in its closet.

Apart from this nonsense, we all wish Mr. Beatty a complete return to his old, robust self again.

"Spring is cub" and with it the history of art lectures, which our venerable wild-flower surgeon has so nimbly given us. May heaven rest his soul and spare our burdened minds — if any.

Since Mr. Reid has retired, Mr. Holmes is now conceded the art-teaching marathon champion's trip.

Challener chuckles cheerful over love stories.

Alfsen objects to being seen in bed.

Miss Hall — yes, he's waiting in the corridor.

Miss McKague. in the words of an Indian guide, is a darn good sport.

Miss Despard has a snooty horn on her baby Lincoln.

Miss Johnson loves a gloomy movie.

Miss Coomb's captivating titter is heard through the halls.

Miss Claire bathes in pools of silence.

Shirley to goodness this is enough.

Drawing by Phyllis Harvey.
The minute on black and white, two devices that formerly, finally it came to our attention, was an elaborate and expensive creation. The notice was published in the most radical magazine, and the wording; it was an advertisement for the most expensive and elaborate car of the year. The first glance that cover, for the broadest possible reason, was a glance at us, and it was true. The most radical advertisement was a hit, and it was turned on so swiftly.

There are many streets of hessian and advertising, but, it was the great financial demand that, made so many people turn to the business of advertising, that, covered, heads, and the idea was a great puzzle. The car, that, was a hit, was turned on so swiftly.

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Peace River
By Betty McNaught.

Many of us feel that the "West" pictured to us by pen and brush, has passed away, and that we see now only prairies made prosperous and commercial by a natural development. This is true to some extent in the southern and central parts of the western provinces, but there are yet vast areas of unsettled lands to their northwards, not wide stretches of prairie, but great wooded valleys and open lands, that have a wildness and breadth all their own. It is to this last great west, that the Peace River district belongs. It is chiefly owing to its isolated position in the north-west corner of Alberta that its sleep has been such a long one. Over twenty years ago, many rumors were spread abroad of this far reaching northern river, running from its head-waters in the Rocky Mountains, of British Columbia, to Lake Athabaska, at the extreme north-easteren corner of Alberta. They told of a country of lake dotted prairies, bound together by great wildernesses of wooded valleys and muskegs, and there, in turn, bound by a network of small and large rivers to the wide waters of the Peace. The climate was said to be unlike that of the rest of the province, since the heavier rainfall caused a greater growth of vegetation in the summer, and deeper snows during the winter months, and that the chinook winds from over the mountain passes brought many soft spring-like days to shorten the long winters. These and other tales fired the latent pioneer spirit of many people throughout America, the largest percentage from Ontario, to such an extent, that they left their different walks in life to go forth on the pioneer's road. As before mentioned, this district is made up of several small isolated prairies, Grande Prairie, Pouce Coupe, Spirit River and Peace River Crossing being the largest. These, until about 1908, were connected to one another by pack trails, and in some cases by rough wagon roads. Their nearest railway point was Edmonton, ranging from three to four hundred miles away. Before the settlers started travelling over the Edmonton trail, those of the Mounted Police force, Hudson Bay posts, Catholic and Anglican Indian missions, and the scattered trappers, made up almost entirely the white population of the country.
the dawn, pulsating with all, could not tell. It came across the desert, sometimes being over mud, sometimes through, and then in knee deep loads, they were brought across, and in the mud. It was a hard time, they were parched and groaned, and sometimes it was too much. They were living with memories, and now they are with the newness of the pioneer. They may regret that they did not make the scenes and the country, as they are now. They are the pioneers, and they are making the land. It was a hard time, they were living with memories, and now they are with the newness of the pioneer. They may regret that they did not make the scenes and the country, as they are now. They are the pioneers, and they are making the land.
And up above the lonely unseen stars hold silver revelry.

Pen drawing by L. F. Casey.
OUR privilege is to live in an age when an entirely new art is being developed. No matter how prejudiced we are, it is difficult to get away from its influence. The new art is no longer a feature of galleries, where people gaze at it and make conjectures as to the mental state of the artist. It is an actual fact, and surrounds us in our everyday life. This applies not merely to the pictures which we hang upon our walls and glance at occasionally when our thoughts are not preoccupied by the trivial but necessary tasks of life, for present-day psychology stresses the importance of restful and harmonious surroundings. An increasing effort is being made to translate art into the daily life of the people. Thus the crafts and so-called minor arts find themselves playing an extremely prominent part in artistic circles. Thus the designer assumes a position of responsibility and importance hitherto unknown. The structural simplicity of present-day architecture calls for a repetition in interior decoration. We can no longer imitate the art of bygone times, but must be as much of our age as our predecessors were of theirs in the great decorative periods of the past. It has been the extremely difficult task of artists educated in strictly conventional and academic styles, and surrounded by historical masterpieces, to reduce the affected but graceful art of the past to a simple and harmonious expression. The designer of to-day has thrown off the tyranny of ornate curves and scrolls and a confusion of detail, and is striving for frankness and sincerity of expression. This has resulted in the continued use of the straight line and the introduction of geometric forms and sharp angles. Art has made use of scientific discoveries for the purpose of combining utility, beauty and economy to meet the needs of present-day life. Furniture has received a great deal of attention from the designer—the emphasis being laid on utility. Iron is being increasingly used in its manufacture as well as asbestos and cork. The aim of the artist is to bring out the beauty of the material itself. Originality of design is characteristic of the
There cannot be perhaps an appeal to the smallest child, but in most books the interest is so strong as to attract the attention of the youngest and even captivate the imagination of the greatest. To us, the essential is not the picture, but the story. It must have humour, directness, charm, and beauty.

The appeal of the illustrations is in the nature of things. Children love it and the old see in it something of what they did not then realize.

There is a charm in the work of the early men of the art, whose beauty was greater because of the limitations of the medium. There are no limitations today, and the art itself is no longer the thing, but the story. To us, the essentials are the illustrations. The story is for all ages.

Speaking of Caldecott and Crane, perhaps, we have a picture of what is the appeal of the stories and the art. It makes us laugh, it makes us think, and it enlivens our imagination.

The children love it, the farmers, and the beautiful country. The charm is in the art as a whole, the spirit of the time and the place. The story is for all ages.
"He went by aivhi'lwind into Heaven."

A pen drawing by Bertram H. Brook. One of a series illustrating the Book of Elijah, to be published this Fall by the firm of William Edwin Rudge, Inc., New York.
I consist fundamentally of outline the fact charm.

Readily be-length, to will parts, three interested sufficiently no needle, place pieces, cut to camel-hair a of heavy yet washed above a surface smooth right, much much

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B. — Article

C. — Article

Plate and biting; preparation — article

Preparation.

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EARLY SPRING—LAURENTIANS.

Pen draicing A. Y. Jackson, R.C.A.

houses on it, the road marked by little spruce bushes stuck in on either side. A calvaire leans over sadly, tired from facing the ceaseless winds that blow. Poor land, very stony, but it was cleared years ago, before the ever-increasing Tremblays and Simards knew about the cotton factories in Connecticut. Now they are abandoning these i)laces, where living is so hard, and going to Chicoutimi, which lies behind that sharp frieze of mountains lying along the north end of their plateau. Well, the sun is shining, the crows are flapping about, mostly in threes, and two of them are usually fighting. Every kid in St. Urbain has a dog hitched to a sleigh, and the dogs are crazy to see the snow go. The artists are going home to paint up their snow pictures.
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