guards has a distinct clothed with apparent would have drawn in a mies. Indeed, Vallot artist, and he com serious attention as do or men like William Pryde in England, the junction, gave us the de with the name of the Felix Vallotton's art is never runs itself dry a stupid subject. In expression, and each is individuality. Another row of identical dumton is a remarkable mands quite as much any of our own men, Nicholson and James two artists who, in conlightful posters signed "Beggarstaff Brothers." a prolific one, but it and he never produced deed, his work is throroughly worth our study, not as something to be imitated, but as an inspirational quarry from which may be hewn out those solid blocks of the understanding that thoroughness in anything is the foundation on which to build enduring edifices.

A HINT OF SPRING

DROPS of rain and drops of sun, And the air is amber spun. From the winter's coma pass Golden tremors o'er the grass. Little sparks of memory Flash upon the soul and die. While a child amid the way Thrusts arbutus, hithered gay. From a somewhere full of bloom Earth's exultant hope finds room, And the poorest, in the shower, Longs to buy a little flower.

—AGNES LEE.