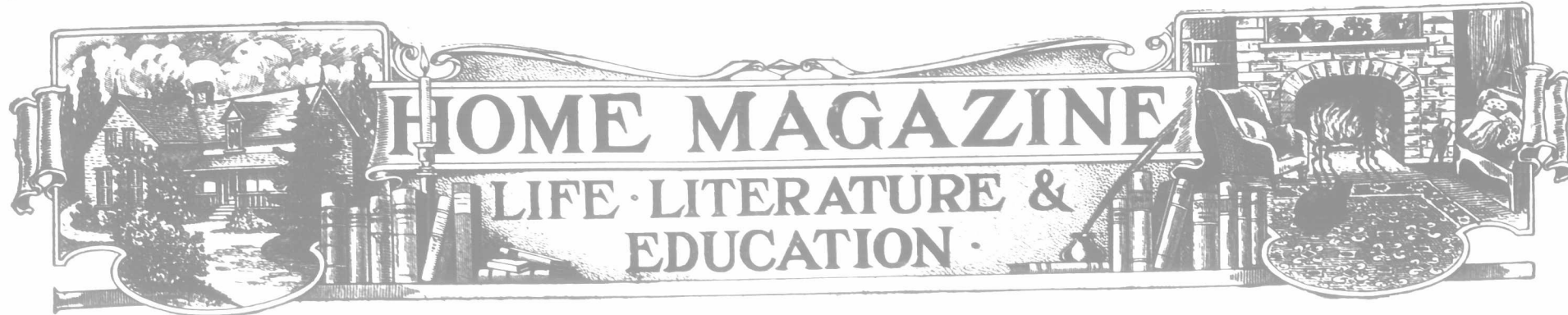




By an Order-in-Council issued by the Ontario Cabinet, film reproductions of prize-fights are absolutely prohibited from being exhibited in the Province. Result: Disappointment of the lower, coarser, more brutal element of the population; entire satisfaction of the higher, finer, more manly element which is making Canada what it is and will be. Such stands against things that coarsen and lower are among the causes which make Canadians proud of being Canadian. Johnson and Jeffries, a white man and a negro buffeting disgustingly, may arouse enthusiasm and race riots in some places. It is to be hoped that in every part of Canada their performance will be, as in Ontario, passed over with silent contempt.

A Curious Coincidence.

Some weeks ago, the announcement that an oil-painting entitled "February," by Edward W. Redfield, had been purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg, created a mild sensation among the art circles across the border. Never before had an American landscape, by an American artist, found place on the walls of the famous salon. Was France, most critical of critics, at last awakening to an appreciation of American ideals and renderings? Or was Mr. Redfield himself a genius, who had forced upon the consciousness of surfeited Europe that some good thing might come out of a new land?

Be that as it may, the announcement reminded us: Some time ago, in "Country Life in America," appeared a series of illustrations depicting the home and some of the works of this artist. Two of the illustrations, representing the front view of the artist's house, and a view of the rear, struck us as a coincidence. We had seen almost identical views in our own little village of Meadowvale, twenty miles from Toronto. Strangely enough, the house we had in mind was also the home of an artist, Mr. Fred Haines, our Ontario animal painter. As the home of Mr. Redfield happened to be in Pennsylvania, there could be no possibility of identity. Clearly, here was a coincidence of the first water, so we dispatched a staff photographer to Meadowvale, and the accompanying pairs of illustrations show the result.

And now, just a few words in regard to this American who has succeeded in getting one of his wonderful snow pictures into the exclusive European salons where only such Americans as Sargent—and these few painters of portraits—have been admitted before.

Mr. Redfield began life as a florist, working in his father's greenhouses near Philadelphia. But he had always within him the soul of the artist and a longing for the clear, open country, far from the smoke and noise and brick walls of cities. Finally the call waxed strong, and about thirteen years ago the opportunity came in the form of a farm of 112 acres, beautifully situated from the artist's point of view, at least a fourth of an island, partly on the bank of the Delaware between the two great tow-paths of the canal, and with his little French wife, he moved there.

His art, which had been abandoned for a time, had been revived, and he had been able to make a comfortable living. It was a happy and abiding home, but the artist's heart was no longer content. He was restless, and living in a rent

for a while was neither unpleasant nor impracticable.

In the meantime, the artist set to work at the house, and succeeded in making it not only clean, and whole, and snug, but even picturesque and artistic. In time a spacious studio was added, and the whole furnished, to a great extent, by mission furniture which Mr. Redfield himself constructed from pieces of driftwood which the river had lodged at his door.

In summer he farmed and fished; in winter he painted, for the soft grays

coal. But such dementia at such a time was pardonable, and, no doubt, added to the joy of the occasion. The papers have not told us under what circumstances the good word of his last achievement was received.

Like the artists at Meadowvale, Mr. Redfield paints the familiar subjects and scenes about his home, and one of these—one of his wintry landscapes, with their wonderful nuances of shade and coloring, their glint of snow and blue depth of ice—it was which found the entrez into the great Paris salon.



Road and River-bank to rear of Mr. Haines' House, Meadowvale, Ontario.

of wintry skies, and the blue shadows of ice and slush and snowdrift, touched deep chords within his soul. True, there were some hard times. Often there was not much money, and when sudden floods came it was occasionally necessary to vacate the house on the river-bank. But little by little the hard times edged off into the past.

It was a great day when a telegram arrived apprising the family that Mr. Redfield had won the Medal of Honor of the Academy of Fine Arts. The artist was mixing a bucket of hen food when the precious slip was put into his hand. When he reached the henhouse, he found that he had carried, instead, a bucket of

Some Literary Gossip.

In the days of the rapidly-written novel in one volume, and the short story in a nutshell, I hardly think the long and severe studies of Charles Reade, among the masterpieces of fiction, find a ready sale, but he is one of the celebrities of whom literary men and actors love to talk. I met him originally when I first came to London, and he had written "Christie Johnstone," "It Is Never Too Late to Mend," "The Cloister on the Hearth," and "Griffith Gaunt"; he was at the height of his fame. Miss Braddon introduced me to him on the occasion of a great feast she and her husband, John

Maxwell, gave at the Langham Hotel to celebrate the first number of "The Belgravia Magazine." A new magazine was an event in those days. Now they come and go like the swallows, and often don't remain as long as our aerial visitors. I sat next to Watts Phillips, and had for my vis-a-vis Tom Taylor. Everybody of note in the literary world was there. I was nobody of note. I came up from Worcestershire, my "raison d'être" being that I was one of the contributors to the first number. My little essay was a country gossip entitled, "The Feast of St. Partridge." After dinner Charles Reade invited me into a quiet corner, and compared notes with me on our work, as if he were the novice and I the author whose novels were being read all over the world. And he remarked with a smile, that an author in those days was not only treated with respect, but actually paid handsomely; he no longer danced attendance upon patrons, they danced attendance upon him; he said a man with a successful novel could buy a house and sit under his own vine and fig tree.

FIRST NOVELS OF TWO FAMOUS AUTHORS.

With humility I told him that I had no reason to be particularly impressed with the reward of novel-writing. "Indeed," he said, "what have you received for your first book?" "Thirty pounds, on account." "More to come?" "Yes." "I congratulate you," was his reply. "Do you remember my first work?" "Indeed I do," I said; "who could forget 'Peg Woffington'?" "You think it a good story?" "It is delightful," I replied. "I got five pounds for it," he said, "and was glad to have it printed on any terms." The publisher who gave him five pounds for "Peg Woffington" would have readily paid him almost as many thousands for one of his later novels. The world nearly lost "Under the Greenwood Tree," "A Pair of Blue Eyes," and "Far from the Madding Crowd," because Thomas Hardy's first novel, "Desperate Remedies," was a financial failure.

"MANNERISM" IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Critics who dislike the minuteness of Balzac's detail, say he was an observer, and not a creator. This is often said of Reade. They were both in their work more or less self-conscious. So also was Thackeray. The author of "Vanity Fair" lectured both his readers and his characters. In a less forcible master this would be regarded as a fault, but in Thackeray it was part of the man and his method, his mannerism, his individuality by which we know and recognize him as we know and recognize the work of famous painters. The individuality of an actor in our day is often called "mannerism," and condemned. Yet all the great actors must have had it, and it was their mannerism that was part of the perfection of their art. Just as a painter or an author puts something of himself into his work, so does the actor, and it is part of the charm of his impersonations that we recognize that it is he, in particular, who is giving us his view of the character he is representing. He may get as close to it as his genius may enable him, fairly under the skin of it, but without some suggestion of his own idiosyncrasies, there would be a want in his acting which would be disappointing to his audience. Edmund Kean had a mannerism that was part of the force of his characterizations. You would not have liked Macready without his "mannerism," nor Phelps, nor would you have Irving without his mannerisms in "Louis XI" or "The Bells." In his "Hamlet" though it was shuddered, it was there, and seemed to belong to the overwrought and morbid prince.



Canal and Tow-path to rear of Mr. Redfield's Home, Centre Bridge, Pa.