

Two Noteworthy Canadian Landscapes

In the Current Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists there are many new tendencies in the Interpretation of Canadian Scenery. These two pictures, one by a French-Canadian, the other by a young English painter resident in Canada, are among the most conspicuous.



Suzor Cote, who has his studio in Arthabaskaville, P.Q., has done a great number of splendid snowscapes in Quebec. This of the River Magog, at Sherbrooke, is one of his newest and most effective. Suzor Cote is a master at the handling of combined snow and water effects. Where snow stops and water begins is one of the things that a Quebec painter is very likely to study very intimately. He and Maurice Cullen are two of the most expert exponents of this kind of painting. Canadian painters just now are doing a lot of shrewd thinking about how to paint snow. The old way was to dab on white paint. But that method is discarded by all modern painters, who see in snow very much more than mere white.



Arthur Lismer is a young Englishman who should not be expected to know much about the mystery of the old logging road. He has been here only a couple of years. But in that time he has shown that he can cut away from the idyllic glamour of the hackneyed English landscape and with a fresh eye tackle the sharp, rugged outlines of the Canadian bush. This picture of *The Bush Road* looks to a native woodsman very much like the real thing. Lismer got it—where do you think? Not in New Ontario. He painted it not more than five miles north from Toronto City Hall, where real estate company woodsmen were carving corner lots in the autumn bush. The oak fell into the pines just a few minutes before he got there.

bute is just as unstinted as that of his own fellow countrymen.

There is a touch of irony in this triumphant close, if not matter for subtle reflection. Ten years ago Forbes-Robertson made his first visit to America in "The Light that Failed." The title did not belie the venture. It failed. "Hamlet" was hurried on to take its place and the critics were almost unanimous in their opinion that it was the greatest Hamlet since Booth. But either the critics were discounted or the public was not in the appropriate mood for Shakespeare. The popular response was anything but flattering.

A season or two later the "greatest of all Hamlets" returned to the conquest in about as obvious and trite a theatrical vehicle as Broadway ever saw. Even this failed. Then came Bernard Shaw's delicious trifling with history, "Caesar and Cleopatra," with the actor ideally cast. But this got only partially "over." You see, Shaw was still more or less of a puzzle to Broadway and the historic sense of this people does not go back farther than Gettysburg. ("Disraeli" succeeded because Parker was wise and avoided history or subordinated it to a sentimental interest.) After Shaw came "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"—to which Charles Rann Kennedy had played a sort of John-the-Baptist, with his "Servant in the House." And in a character which they could understand and a play that reached out and touched their simple faiths in a simple way, the public discovered for the first time that they were in a Presence. The actor had arrived. His genius established, he might play Shakespeare, Shaw or anything he chose.

Truly nothing succeeds like success. Nothing opens our eyes to genius like the plaudits of the multitude. In them rests our faith after all. They are the arbiters of conscience as well as of taste.

For five years circumstances and the public kept the actor to this one part. Lesser actors have grown prosperous and atrophied over this present day theatrical obsession, that because a man does a thing conspicuously well, he shall continue to do that one thing and no other until death do them part. Some

have no doubt wondered what the effect on the English actor might be. But those who knew Forbes-Robertson and retained vivid recollections of his Dick Heldar or his Shylock or his Hamlet, knew that



The Greatest "Hamlet" of them all.

the Stranger of Jerome's play was but a gracious incident in the career of one who is an artist to his finger tips.

In writing of this actor's Hamlet it is difficult to avoid hyperbole. No character is more fettered by tradition or great names than Hamlet. Edwin Booth was before the writer's time, but it is safe to predict that the present generation of playgoers will challenge future performances with the memory of Forbes-Robertson's, just as the last generation does with that of Booth's.

Forbes-Robertson's conception is a bold departure from any of his great predecessors. His is not the melancholy Dane of tradition, but a perfectly human man of noble intellect whose nerves have been brought by misfortune and the haunting cloud of suspicion with which the palace is filled, almost to breaking point; not a neurasthenia victim of melancholia, that he depicts, but a noble Dane. The revelation of the Ghost changes uncertainty to knowledge, and from that point on the dominating idea is vengeance, in which the dominating note is not madness, but a high irony.

The subtlety of the intellectual conception is matched by the perfect execution. As an elocutionist Forbes-Robertson is without a rival on the stage today. Physically, too, he is an ideal Hamlet. "Born to play the part," the hand of time has dealt gently with his physique, leaving the same lithe, youthful figure, the same noble features as of yore.

"Mice and Men," the second play in the New York repertoire, is a pretty little play of the eighteenth century, which had a successful London run some years ago. Its author is Mrs. Madeline Lucette Riley, a sister, by the way, of Miss Alice Bradley, author of "The Governor's Lady." The hero of "Mice and Men," Mark Embury, a scientifically and philanthropically inclined individual, decides to adopt a girl from a fondling hospital, train her in the way she should go and then marry her to the great good of the race and the comfort of himself. How these plans are destined to "gang apley" is evident from the moment a fascinating young blade in the red

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