

portraiture. Landscape photography is, generally speaking, the branch looked upon as the almost exclusive property, if it may be so called, of the amateur fraternity. By this it must not be inferred that we mean it is not practised by the profession, i. e., we do mean, that just as the most successful students of the human figure are found in the ranks of the business end of the fraternity, so are the greatest landscape artists found among the amateurs. There are several reasons for this, but to go into them below the surface would be approaching too near the verge of that much debated subject, "Shall Professionals and Amateurs

under difficulties. Indeed in landscape photography, he is on a level with the amateur.

It is impossible to achieve any true and lasting success in any art whatsoever without the poetic temperament, and though we most of us possess this in a degree more or less marked, it is owing to the fact that some have it more than others that places them on a slightly higher level in art, and leads us to give to them the title of artists. Not necessarily does the artist possess ideals higher than the rest of us, but he happens to be endowed with the faculty of weaving beautiful thoughts and words about them, and

sculptor or poet, for his materials are less plastic than theirs, and not being allowed their license, a greater effort is required of him to prevent his work from becoming purely mechanical and appearing on the face to belong to that variety that is turned out of the mill at so much a yard. Imagine either a blacksmith or a pork-butcher, who possessed no ideas beyond his own business, taking the best hand-camera or the best instrument made, and going forth and securing five passably pretty landscape photographs in succession. The idea is absurd on the face of it to even the veriest amateur who makes the least pretensions to art, yet how often do we see it done. Do not seventy-five per cent. of those who do not possess a camera, or even a rudimentary knowledge of art, frequently tell us on looking at a beautiful landscape photograph, that "the beauty was in the landscape itself. All the photographer had to do was press a button and he had it right on his plate."

Can it be possible that those people pay the slightest thought to the trouble the artist most likely went to to secure the best point of view, and that that standpoint had to be one from which the landscape appeared at its highest point of excellence, so that every uninviting subject is left out or hidden, and its place taken on the photographic plate by something more pleasing in aspect. Do they reflect that by looking at that photograph which they are treating so scornfully that they may find concealed in it something of the spirit or inner nature of the artist, now displayed to the daylight for the first time? Surely it must be that they do not think.

Now, far from it be it for me to make any such dogmatic statement as that the best artists are the students of old mother earth. To those who are for the greater part of the year in large cities, where the meadows and tangled forests are unknown to a great extent, the study of the intense pathos of the struggle for daily bread may be the all-absorbing passion. There are in the streets of a great metropolis hundreds of sights to be seen daily that are well worthy of a poem or a statue or a dry-plate. Art is so broad and unconfined as to be spread around the whole earth, and just as worthy of a place in her notebook is a group of merry bootblacks around a fountain or the half-frenzied expression of the street orator, as the finest land or seascape ever painted by any old master



Kakabeka Falls, Northern Ontario.

be entered in the same class as competitors at exhibitions?" Suffice it to say, that notwithstanding the popular belief to the contrary, the professional as a rule does not possess equipments, such as lenses, etc., better adapted to out-of-door work than those of the amateur, and in addition, he has to leave behind him all the traditions concerning bright crisp work, so that his experience in the studio places him at a positive disadvantage. Then when a good day does come along, he is tied to the operating room, and consequently is usually obliged to work

the higher the degree in which he is capable of doing this, and the greater the technical skill he displays, the higher is he placed in the estimation of the critics. Each artist chooses the means of expressing himself that comes easiest to him, and provided that he possesses that creative power that secures him his title, the method is a secondary matter altogether.

To artists who aspire to use as their mode of expression the camera, the task becomes doubly hard, and a cultivated imagination becomes more necessary than with either the painter or