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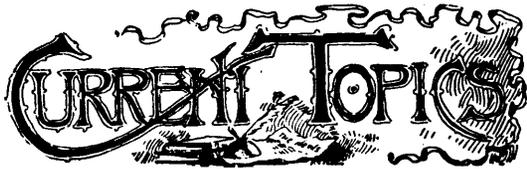
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## A Growing U. S. Industry.

Those of our friends who ardently admire the growth of institutions south of line 45, will no doubt be interested in the rapid gain of the United States Pension List. In that country everything quickly assumes large proportions; and this item of the public expenditure has certainly shown remarkable vitality. In the fiscal year ended 30th June, 1889, the outlay for pensions amounted to \$87,000,000; in the following year the figures had crept up to \$119,000,000, while for the twelvemonth ended 30th June last \$124,000,000 was the very tidy little sum allotted to veterans or the relatives of veterans of the late unpleasantness. Their vitality appears most remarkable, and their numbers to grow, as the years go by, in direct opposition to the usual course of things. It is a pleasant little tax of about two dollars per head on every man, woman and child in the Republic. The gifted apostles of continental unity should bring this fact prominently before their audiences when advocating annexation; for their purposes, it would be about as valuable as most of their arguments.

## The Annexation Bogey.

To several of our *confreres* November is evidently a dull month. The Great Powers in Europe have had the uncommon bad taste to postpone flying at each other, and their despatches, and the actions of their Sovereigns, have even assumed a more pacific turn than seemed likely a short time ago. All this is extremely annoying to many journalists on this side of the Atlantic, and, to fill their columns they are despairingly clutching at any wild-cat scheme, the discussion of which can be spun out over a number of days or weeks. Several Canadian editors have seen fit—in conjunction, no doubt, with the appearance of the new Solomon in the west—to pitch on the subject of the annexation of Canada to the United States

as one which will bear the greatest amount of threshing out. They all know that it is not a live issue; that it is just as probable that Canadians would surrender their nationality and independence to Russia as to the United States; and that there never was a period—short of actual war—when the Americans acted toward us in such a hostile, jealous and even petty way, as at present. But a prominent topic is wanted for leading articles; and annexation and political union are long words and help to fill columns. On the other hand, life is short; and although British peoples—to whom, as a race, the dollar is everything—do not fire up at the mention of treason, the constant recurrence of the topic might lead outsiders to question the loyalty of journals who daily erect the annexation bogey, triumphantly demolish it, but resurrect it during the night to go through the same process in the next issue. The subject is getting drearily monotonous; and in the utter absence of any respectable annexationist element in the country, the people do not get the worth of their money when the same wild animal is exhibited every day. Mr. SOLOMON WHITE and his fellow-idiot are getting too much free advertising.

## The Maisonneuve Celebration.

It is not soon to commence taking active measures for the holding of a large and representative military review here on the Queen's birthday next year, in view of the proximity of that day to the 250th anniversary of the settlement of Montreal. It will give a dignity and an impressiveness to the occasion that a mere civic pageant cannot alone supply—no matter how great the number of knights in zinc armour and tin swords who maybe posed on allegorical cars. With the great mass of the Canadian people, the love of seeing a good military display and of hearing good military music has never been stronger than it is at present; and if any city wishes to draw a crowd on a national holiday, let there be a great review and cheap railway fares; the people will be there. The decision of the question has undoubtedly to come first from the military authorities, but, the co-operation of a committee of citizens could easily be obtained; the larger and more representative, the better for the success of the project. In view of the importance of the event to be commemorated, it would add greatly to the effect of the display if regiments from the more distant cities were invited, as well as friendly corps nearer home. The attendance of such battalions as the 90th of Winnipeg, the 66th of Halifax, the new Highland corps—the 48th—of Toronto, with others, would give a wide-spread interest to the celebration, and endow it with that *eclat* which it deserves. If a display is held, let it be a brilliant and noteworthy one in every particular.

## Notice.

Our CHRISTMAS NUMBER will be on sale all over Canada on and after Saturday, 6th December.

## Our Christmas Number.

To avoid any misunderstanding we beg to notify our subscribers that the Christmas number is an extra one, and is sent only when specially ordered. The price is fifty cents, and we would recommend that early orders be placed.

## A Pean to War.

Agnes Repplier, writing about Scott as a poet of battles, in a paper in the December *Atlantic* called "The Praises of War," says:—

When the old warlike spirit was dying out of English verse, when poets had begun to meditate and moralize, to interpret nature and to counsel man, the good gods gave to England, as a link with the days that were dead, Sir Walter Scott, who sang, as no Briton before or since has ever sung, of battlefields and the hoarse clashing of arms, of brave deeds and midnight perils, of the outlaw riding by Brignall banks and trooper shaking his silken bridle reins upon the river shore:—

"Adieu for evermore,  
My love!  
And adieu for evermore."

These are not precisely the themes which enjoy unshaken popularity to-day,—“the poet of battles fares ill in modern England,” says Sir Francis Doyle,—and as a consequence there are many people who speak slightly of Scott's poetry, and who appear to claim for themselves some inscrutable superiority by so doing. They give you to understand, without putting it too coarsely into words, that they are beyond that sort of thing, but that they liked it very well as children, and are pleased if you enjoy it still. There is even a class of unfortunates who, through no apparent fault of their own, have ceased to take delight in Scott's novels, and who manifest a curious indignation because the characters in them go ahead and do things, instead of thinking and talking about them, which is the present approved fashion of evolving fiction. Why, what time have the good people in Quentin Durward for speculation and chatter? The rush of events carries them irresistibly into action. They plot, and fight, and run away, and scour the country, and meet with so many adventures and perform so many brave and cruel deeds that they have no chance for introspection and joys of analysis. Naturally, those writers who pride themselves upon making a story out of nothing, and who are more concerned with excluding material than with telling their tales, have scant liking for Sir Walter, who thought little, and prated not at all, about the “art of fiction,” but used the subjects which came to hand with the instinctive and unhesitating skill of a great artist. The battles in Quentin Durward and Old Mortality are, I think, as fine in their way as the battle of Flodden; and Flodden, says Andrew Lang, is the finest fight on record,—“better even than the stand of Aias by the ships in the *Illiad*, better than the slaying of the Wooers in the *Odyssey*.”

The ability to carry us whither he would, to show us whatever he pleased, and to stir our hearts' blood with the story

“old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago.”

was the especial gift of Scott,—of the man whose sympathies were as deep as life itself, whose outlook was as wide as the broadbosom of the earth he trod on. He believed in action, and he delighted in describing it. “The thinker's voluntary death in life” was not, for him, the power that moves the world, but rather deeds,—deeds that make history and that sing themselves forever. He honestly felt himself to be a much smaller man than Wellington. He stood abashed in the presence of the soldier who had led large issues and controlled the fate of nations. He would have been sincerely amused to learn from Robert Elsmere—that a delicious thing it is to contemplate Sir Walter reading Robert Elsmere!—that “the decisive events of the world take place in the intellect.” The decisive events of the world, Scott held, take place in the field of action; on the plains of Marathon and Waterloo, rather than in the brain tissues of William Godwin. He knew what befel Athens when she could put forward no surer defense against Philip of Macedon than the most brilliant orations ever written in praise of freedom. It was better, he probably thought, to argue as the English did “in platoons.”

William McLennan, a well known lawyer in Montreal, whose short stories and sketches of the French Canadian *habitant* have made him a prophet even in his own country, will contribute a Christmas legend entitled “La Messe de Minuit” to the December number of *Harper's Magazine*. The story is written in the peculiar dialect of the *habitants*, and will be handsomely illustrated. Mr. William D. Howells believes Mr. McLennan will do for the French Canadian what Mr. Cable did for the French American of Louisiana.—*Quebec Chronicle*.