

MONTREAL LETTER.

In view of the increasing trade between Canada and Japan, the council of the Montreal Board of Trade considers it very desirable that a Japanese consulate should be established in Montreal whereat full and reliable information concerning Japan, its products and manufactures, might be obtained, and thus the further development of trade relations between the two countries encouraged. Why not suggest a Chinese consulate for the same reason?

An effort is being made by certain capitalists to secure the right to run an elevated railway through the city. The route upon which they have their eyes takes in Craig Street and St. James Street, and the proprietors therein object strongly. The matter came up before the civic committee on such matters and it considered that these streets should not be marred and that the river front is the only place for an elevated railway. As yet, however, nothing definite has been settled.

Among recent sporting events was the eleventh annual championship games of the Amateur Athletic Association of Canada, held on Saturday last in the M.A.A.A. grounds. The attendance was very large, and the event was successful in every way. Four Canadian records were broken and a world's record was equalled. George Orton, formerly of Toronto, but now representing the N.Y.A.C. of New York, carried everything before him in his line. Nearly all the "firsts" were captured by representatives of American associations. It is unfortunate that as soon as our young men show superiority in anything, they leave us and help our neighbours to retain honours which should rightly belong to this country.

In the registration of new names on the voters' lists the revising barristers say that this year does not compare with previous periods of revision. It appears that the young men are neglecting to look after their rights, and unless there is a change in the feeling before October 15th, the lists will not be complete by many thousands of names. In St. Antoine division, the principal English district of the island, there are not, up to date, more than one thousand young income voters enrolled, and it is estimated that there should be ten thousand. Something should be done to make the young man feel that this is his country and that he is a part of it. It would be a good idea to tax those people, say twenty-five dollars each, who, through neglect, deprive themselves of the franchise.

The Sohmer Park people are moving to have Sunday liquor selling legalized by the Provincial Government. Up to within a few months ago they enjoyed this privilege through the indulgence of the civic authorities, but upon the urgent request of the Citizens' League the Government stepped in and stopped it. Opposition to this extraordinary privilege comes from the clergy of all denominations, and even liquor-sellers object to this special privilege which is refused to other licensed places in the city.

The Rev. James B. Robertson, of Cape Palmas, West Coast of Africa, now visiting this city, has had an eventful life. A sailor in early life he roughed it in different parts of the world, especially in the Indian Ocean at the time of the Indian Mutiny. He joined the Federal Navy during the war of the rebellion in the United States and was present at the taking of New Orleans, Mobile and Vicksburg. Through the instrumentality of the Boston Young Men's

Christian Association he became a missionary and in 1838 sailed for Cape Palmas. There he has worked up to the present and his labours have met with success. Mr. Robertson is a Scotchman by birth.

The Hon. Honore Mercier, ex-Premier of Quebec, is lying at his residence in a dying condition and ere this reaches the eye of the reader he will, perhaps, have passed over to the great majority. Lieut.-Governor Chapleau visited the sick man. In the bitter struggles of the political arena they had been enemies; now they embrace and become reconciled and talk over their old fights in a new spirit. Sir John Thompson's private secretary called and expressed condolence on behalf of the Premier. Mr. Tarte is one of the most assiduous visitors to the bedside. Telegrams and letters of enquiry and condolence are being received hourly. Whatever Mr. Mercier's life was, he has not been neglected in his last hour.

The meetings of the American Public Health Association held here last week abounded with interest and for a while the public mind was brought to bear upon that important though much neglected subject, sanitation. Many prominent sanitarians were present and many important papers were read and discussed. A grand reception was held in the Windsor Hall and besides the usual complimentary addresses some good solid things were said on matters pertaining to the health of the public. Lieut.-Governor Chapleau was there and he made the visitors welcome in an eloquent speech on behalf of the Province. Major Villeneuve did the same on behalf of the city. Dr. Gregorie Mendizabol, of Orizaba, Mexico, varied the proceedings by delivering an address in Spanish. He said science knew no country; the salvation of the people was the supreme law. In labouring for public health they laboured for material prosperity; a sound body was essential to a sound mind. It was refreshing to hear such expressions from a native of Mexico. The papers read at the meetings treated with every subject relating to health. Good seed was sown and good should result therefrom. Of course there were dinners and other entertainments and the proceedings were wound up by a trip to Grosse Isle, the Canadian quarantine station. The general opinion expressed by the visitors was that Canada's quarantine arrangements are perfect.

A. J. F.

A LOSS TO CANADIAN LITERATURE.

A few weeks ago, on the twenty-eighth of July, there passed quietly away, at an advanced age, one who has long held a deservedly honoured place among our leading Canadian writers. Now that our authors are multiplying so rapidly, it is not easy to realize how refreshing, in a comparatively arid literary field, it once was to meet with the finished and artistic prose which bore the well known signature of Louisa Murray, a signature which, attached to article or story, was always a pledge that it would be charming in style, as well as thoughtful and suggestive in matter. We may claim Miss Murray as a Canadian writer, since Canada was her adopted country, and her home during the greater portion of her life. She was, however, a native of Limerick county, Ireland, which she left in very early youth. Her father was a British officer and acted as *aide de camp* to the father of our Queen, when, as Duke of Kent, he was stationed at Halifax. After-

wards engaged in active service during the war of 1812, he at length settled down on a farm on Amherst Island, afterwards removing to Wolfe Island, opposite Kingston. Here Miss Murray's life was as quiet and retired as if lived in the backwoods, while she always took her full share in the duties of the farm. Nevertheless, her richly endowed intellect found its natural expression despite all that seemed—and was—adverse in surrounding circumstances. Near her lived the family of her life-long friend, Mr. J. A. Allen, whose younger son, Grant Allen, was then growing up in a happy childhood, already a quick observer of the nature around him. In the society here open to her, Miss Murray found the intellectual sympathy and stimulus she needed and which she might otherwise have missed. One of her early poems describes the interesting little circle, and the happy hours she had spent in its much-prized companionship—sorely missed when it was withdrawn by the removal of her friends to another home at Kingston, and afterwards by their residence abroad.

Miss Murray's first important literary venture was her vivid tale, "The Cited Curate," a story of the wilder side of Irish life, with its passionate impulses. It was first serially published in the old *Anglo-American Magazine*, and, afterwards, through the kind intervention of Mr. Allen, was just about to be published in book form by Messrs. Putnam, when that firm's failure intervened.

When the *Canadian Monthly Magazine* was first established, and during its whole life, Miss Murray was one of its most valued contributors, and her charming story, "Marguerite Kneller," added grace and dignity to its first volume. Some years later another Irish tale, "Little Dorinn," ran serially through the magazine. It is to be regretted that none of these stories were ever published in book form, as in that case their author would have become known to a much wider circle of readers. It is also to be regretted that her able and polished articles and critical sketches did not come before a wider public in English or American magazines, on which they would have reflected much more credit than many articles which have found a place there. But in those days "colonial" writers were practically "side-tracked," and Miss Murray had scarcely enough of personal ambition to push her own way. Such masterly studies as her essay on "Ophelia" and that on "Swift and the Women who loved him," both of which appeared in the *Canadian Monthly*, would have done honor to any periodical. To the writer there was in her tone of mind and expression, something that suggested George Eliot, who she greatly admired, and with whom she had much intellectual affinity. Had she met with more encouragement, she might have done still more important work. But she scarcely received the appreciation she deserved, and though she never worked for mere popularity, her sensitive spirit could not but feel the lack of an appreciative atmosphere. Some years ago, in an otherwise pleasant sketch of her work by a Canadian writer, there appeared a criticism, which, to the present writer, seemed uncalled for and unjust, and which could not have failed to wound her in a sensitive point, a remark to the effect that her characters were 'not lifelike and real. How they may have struck others, of course, one cannot say but to the present writer there did