

Montreal Affairs.

THE unveiling of the Maisonneuve monument, which had been delayed for nearly three years by various causes, took place on the morning of Dominion Day in the presence of a gathering that filled the Place d'Armes. The speaking was in both languages; and there was a strong representation of the English section of the population on the platform. Judge Pagnuelo, who had been chairman of the committee from the inception of the undertaking, in the course of his address said: "We, the citizens of Montreal, nay, of the Dominion, to whatever race or religion we belong, have inherited this estate of land and glory, which is common to us all. Maisonneuve and his illustrious companions are properly our forefathers; they have founded this city and laid the basis for a grand nation; for, according to the prophetic words of Father Vimont, the small grain of mustard seed has grown up and developed, and is covering the whole land, enjoying in peace, abundance, and contentment the possessions they have acquired for us. All things that we see standing accomplished around us are properly the outer material result, the practical realization and embodiment of thoughts that were in them. Well may we be proud of our ancestry and grateful for our heritage." The unveiling was done by Lt. Gov. Chapeau, who, speaking in his mother tongue, was characteristically eloquent. The Consul-General of France was present as the official representative of the Republic; Lord Aberdeen was represented by a letter; while Sir William Hingston was the English speaker for the occasion. Hebert, the sculptor, was highly commended in some of the speeches, while almost at the same moment, at Ottawa, Sir Adolphe Caron was also, at the unveiling of the Macdonald monument, congratulating Canada on having produced such an artist in bronze and marble as M. Hebert. Hebert's studio is in Paris but he frequently visits Canada, and a large proportion of the fruits of his genius find their way here. He has had no less than three of his monuments unveiled within the past fortnight—the Maisonneuve in this city, the Macdonald at Ottawa, and the Marquis de Levis at Quebec. The last is one of a series of historical figures which he is making for the grounds around the Legislative buildings at Quebec. M. Hebert is not the only Canadian sculptor who has achieved reputation in Paris, for a young man named Hill, born in Danville, in this Province, gives promise of being one of the great sculptors of the day. He studied in Paris and has now opened a studio there.

The very sudden death of Alderman Kennedy will make necessary a by-election for the Legislature, and it will be certain to be an interesting one. The impression prevails that the Taillon Government is not popular in the city because of its taxation policy and its action in regard to the French Loan. How much foundation there is for this impression will now be revealed. Centre Montreal, the division left unrepresented by Mr. Kennedy's death, includes west and centre wards, which are essentially business men's wards; and if there is any deep feeling against the Government it will show itself in the vote. The floating in Paris of a three per cent. \$5,000,000 loan for forty years at 77 per cent. was followed by the resignation from the Taillon Government of Hon. John S. Hall, Provincial Treasurer, who represents the St. Antoine division in Montreal; and he went into opposition on this issue, followed by some six English-speaking Conservatives, among whom was the late Mr. Kennedy. It is this defection which makes the outlook not promising for the Government. The business men of the city are uneasy at the apparent domination of the Government's policy by a clique whom they view with distrust. Of Mr. Taillon's disinterestedness and probity there is fortunately no question, but he is thought to be easily advised to disastrous courses, as in the case of the French Loan, where the Paris bankers drove a bargain by which they made half a million dollars out of this Province in the first stage of the transaction. Affairs in this Province are, without doubt, shaping themselves for a coalition of the best men in both parties with the purpose of giving the Province a non-partizan business administration. If the English would stop fighting one another in provincial elections on Dominion issues, and unite with the better class of French-Canadians, who are prepared to join hands with them, it might be possible to stop the carnival of waste which has been going on in the administration of public affairs in this Province, almost uninterruptedly for twenty years; and which, though checked by the

events of 1891 and 1892, is beginning to assume its old proportions again.

One of Montreal's poets whose fame is old world, but is now beginning to spread on this side of the sea, is Robert Reid, who writes under the pseudonym of "Rob. Wanlock." It is perhaps unnecessary to say that Mr. Reid is a Scotchman. He took his pen name from his native place, Wanlock, a little leadmining village, perched high up among the Lowthers between Dumfriesshire and Lanark. Mr. Reid published his first volume "Moorland Rhymes," in Dumfries as long ago as 1874, and established a reputation as a tuneful Scottish poet. He has now been a resident of Montreal for some years, and is associated with the management of the great mercantile house of Henry Morgan and Co. He published last year a collected volume of his poems through a Paisley bookseller. Many of the pieces have a Canadian setting. Some of his poems are in English and others in the Scottish dialect. His absolute mastery of the latter is well shown in a sonnet which he recently wrote. It is good Scotch and good poetry; but I am afraid not many readers of THE WEEK will be able to follow it. It is as follows:—

The hinmaist whawp has quat his eerie skirl,
The flichtering gorcecock tae his cover flown;
Dine dwines athort the muir; the win' sae lown
Can scrimply gar the stey peet-reek play swirl
Abune the herd's auld bield, or haflins droon
The laich seep-sabbin' of the burn doon by,
That deaves the corrie wi' its willart croon.
I wadna niffer sic a glisk—not I—
Here, wi' my fit on ane o' Scotland's hills,
Heather attour, and the mirk lift owre a',
For foreign ferly or for unco sight,
E'er bragg'd in sang. Mair couthie joy distils
Frae this than glow'r'in' on the topic daw'
Or bleezing splendors o' the norlan nicht.

A translation of this into English has been published by the Boston *Transcript* as below:—

The ling'ring curlew's stayed his eerie skirl,
The fluttering red-cock to his cover fled;
Day fades athwart the moor; the wind so dead
Can barely force the slow turf-smoke to swirl
Above the herd's old cot, or partly stay
The low, sad sobbing of the brook near by,
That deafens off the glen with 'wildering lay.
I would not barter such a glimpse—not I—
Here, with my foot on one of Scotland's hills,
Heather around, dark firmament o'er all,
For foreign marvel, or for wondrous sight
E'er praised in song. More loving joy distills
From this than gazing on dawn tropical,
Or blazing splendors of the Northern night.

Coroner MacMahon of this city has been investigating the St. Henri murder this week in a manner slightly at variance with established judicial customs. A married woman, Mrs. Demers, was found dead in her bedroom with her throat cut one afternoon about one o'clock under circumstances of the greatest mystery. The coroner's method of investigating is to put the suspected persons in the box one after the other and ply them with leading questions. He surpassed himself on Friday last when, the husband of the woman being in the box, he led off with this staggering question: "Did you murder your wife before going to work?" The reply was a direct negative; whereupon the coroner asked him whether he had been in the habit of beating his wife, or otherwise ill-treating her; whether she had not had occasion to be jealous, etc. An old man, a neighbour, whom the coroner evidently thought might have been the guilty party, was treated to a similar inquisition, while his daughter was also asked to answer a series of direct questions about her father, in the direction of fishing for evidence. All these surmises of the coroner have been published broadcast in the newspapers. There has been a good deal of feeling over this bold transplanting of the inquisitorial methods of the French tribunals to the British system; and the coroner may get himself into trouble over it.

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At Street Corners.

THE bright sunny atmosphere of these early July days is favourable to the habit of standing at street corners talking, but everybody's subject is "getting away." People have come to believe that they cannot do without that. Some of them do it expensively, others cheaply; but the main reason for their wish to get away is that they are somehow not quite satisfied with their life and are anxious for a change.