

against him, and it was done with a will. Mr. Davis is going to sue the city for wrongful dismissal, and there will be, it is expected, some interesting revelations at the trial. Mr. Davis' predecessor in this office, Mr. McConnell, threw up the office in disgust in 1892, because he could no longer endure aldermanic interference with his labours.

The Chateau de Ramezay, the quaint old building on Notre Dame Street opposite the City Hall, which was saved from the hand of the spoiler only a year ago by the interposition of the City Council, now contains the nucleus of what should grow to be a fine historical museum and library. The Numismatic and Antiquarian Society have moved their collections into the fine council room of the old building; and will take charge of the work of securing additional contributions. There was a little house warming gathering in the Chateau the other night, at which addresses were delivered by Judge Baby, Mr. De Lery Macdonald and Mr. R. W. McLachlan. Mr. Macdonald produced documents to prove that the building dated from 1705, in place of 1708 as generally stated. Judge Baby told of some of the notable occurrences that had taken place within its walls. There the three "delegates" from the United States in 1775 sat and conferred with those sympathizing with the American revolution. From there Franklin, Charles Carroll, and his son sent out their manifestoes. With these manifestoes was sent out the call from the King of France for the French in Canada to join with the revolutionists against English dominion, with the understanding that the French flag would again float over New France. "But to my mind," said the Judge, "the people did well to turn a deaf ear to these appeals," a sentiment that was followed with applause. Here most of the English Governors had sojourned. The Duke of Richmond here lay in state, having died on the banks of the Ottawa from hydrophobia. And when the old court house was burned the Court of Queen's Bench held its sessions in the building.

The finishing touches are being put to the Sir John A. Macdonald monument in Dominion Square; and it is to be unveiled on the 6th of June, the fourth anniversary of the Chieftain's death. Among those who have promised to be present is Hugh John Macdonald, of Winnipeg, the only son of the late Premier. The Maissonneuve monument, whose erection was intended for 1892 may possibly be unveiled in Place D'Armes Square on St. Jean Baptiste Day, if a last desperate effort now being made to raise sufficient funds to pay the sculptor for the statue is successful.

Miss Lily Dougall will, as usual, spend the summer with her relatives in this city. Miss Dougall in but two or three years has earned a standing in the literary world that should be a matter of pride to Canadians. It is now some four years since she published "Beggars All," and since that date she has given to the world three successful novels: "What Necessity Knows," "The Mermaid," and "Zeitgeist," the latter just out. Two of these books are Canadian in their setting—"What Necessity Knows" being located in the Eastern Townships, while "The Mermaid" is a story of Prince Edward and the Magdalene islands. Miss Dougall finds the Canadian climate too rigorous for her in the winter months, and makes her home at Oxford; but she can be justly claimed as a Canadian writer. Her brother, J. R. Dougall, is the editor of the *Witness*; while a nephew, Hugh Cochrane, who is also connected with the *Witness*, has shown considerable talent as a poet, and recently published a volume of selections.

There has just been issued from the press of John Lovell and Son, simultaneously with its publication by the Home Book Co. of New York, a two volumed historical work: "Acadia; Missing Links of a Lost Chapter in Canadian History," which is likely to create something of a sensation among those interested in historical research. It traverses Parkman's account of the expatriation and puts the responsibility for this tragedy of a race on the British officers then in charge of Nova Scotia. The author is Edouard Richard, who, twenty years ago, represented Megantic in the Canadian Parliament and was subsequently Sheriff of the North-West Territories. Mr. Richard is a descendant not only of Acadians who suffered expulsion, but also of a British officer who took part in the forcible dispossession of the Grand Pré settlers. He has had access to many sources of information closed to previous writers on this subject. The book is published in English but a French edition may be got out later.

Dr. Jones, of the *Herald*, is preparing a work on the folk lore of a group of Ulgro-Altaic nations, the Finns and Laps; and will be glad to have Canadian variants of old world tales forwarded to him for use in the comparative notes to be attached to the book. Stories, superstitions, curious customs, local names of birds, folk songs, etc., will be most helpful. Dr. Jones has already published a work on the folk lore of the Magyar nation which earned for him the distinction of an honorary membership in the Hungarian Academy.

The *Star* deserves the hearty thanks of the Canadian people for preparing and publishing a superb series on the wildflowers of Canada, with reproductions in colours of the flowers themselves. The work is now being published in parts, but will later appear in single volume form.

One of the most industrious of Montreal writers is J. Macdonald Oxley who finds time, despite the exacting demands of business, to turn out a couple of stories for boys every year. He has two or three books ready for publication, and they will appear in the autumn.

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The Lay of the Bimetallist.

(From the *London Punch*, 16th March, 1895.)

Who is Silver? What is she?
That all our swells commend her?—
Very tough and bright is she;—
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That adopted she might be,
That adopted she might be!

Is she constant as she's fair?—
Or is she light and heady?—
Gold might to her arms repair
To help him to keep steady;
And being helped, inhabit there,—
And being helped, inhabit there.

Then, if Silver plays mad tricks,
Or Gold is always changing,
So that none their price can fix,
From par to premium ranging;—
Let us both together mix!
Let us both together mix!

The above poem contains Mr. Punch's solution of the enigma which has so long puzzled and is still puzzling our good southern neighbours—how to use their two standards (so prone to vary in relative and commercial value) in a way consistent with economical principles and good faith between debtor and creditor; and it seems to me that Mr. Punch's solution is a good one. Many a true word is spoken in jest, and our American friends might take the hint and use the two metals together, not by alloying, which would be inconvenient for many reasons, but by providing that all debts and obligations to pay money shall be payable one-half in gold coin and the other half in silver coin, each of the legal weight and fineness fixed by law, and at their face value. This would be fair to debtor and creditor and would secure the great advantage of a more ample supply of real money. And, if in consideration of the great fall in the prices of agricultural produce and manufactures, it should be considered desirable to give national help to the unfortunate by enabling them to pay off mortgages and encumbrances, Americans might, perhaps, do this by free coinage of silver under strict conditions and limitations, and so adopt the principle of the Mosaic year of jubilee, in view of the pressure of hard times and general depression. The silver interest would feel the relief under the special circumstances which have blighted their prospects—unfairly as they think. Our American friends should adopt Punch's plan, or some other having like effect, and abolish the system under which the word "dollar" is without any definite meaning when used alone without the word "silver" or "gold,"—to the injury of their credit in the financial world.

W.

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* The Latest News From Paris.

(By Our Special Correspondent.)

BORDEAUX and Nancy are two of the prettiest cities in France—after the capital. The first has a dash of Southern voluptuousness in its habits, and, of course, a pleasing Gasconism in its manners. It is also cosmopolitan, and above all, Colonial; it is there the missions dubbed "Scientific" are fitted out to exploit the British Niger, and to march into the region of the Upper Nile—as England does not count now. Bordeaux has just inaugurated a provincial exhibition. The capital was raised by one million shares of one franc each, and the holder of a share has the right to a few privileges. Prime Minister Ribot improved the occasion to deliver his programme speech, to preface the resumption of work by the meeting of the Chambers after the recess. That portion of the discourse alluding to the triumph