

QUARRYMAN OF COTEAU ST. LOUIS.

It was in this quarter that some dynamite went off, early one winter's morning, with the man thawing it, and a sound like to the Last Trumpet. It scooped out for him in the frozen ground a grave big enough for ten men, and for once in its history Montreal awoke sharp at five-thirty. One half got up and dressed for Judgment; the other half simply turned over and went to sleep again, blissfully unconscious of the fact that the city's population had thus reported itself as reduced by one in atoms, with twenty wrecked houses in at the death. But this also is immaterial.

Take the Avenue Mont Royal just after the fire reels have passed by; or when the police patrol gallops past with a blood-curdling clang; or an ambulance from one of the city hospitals, on the dead run, b-r-r-r-s the whole neighborhood into immediate and intense excitement. The street swarms in a trice, and we will take a walk through it.

Observe, first of all, that there is a babel of sound, expressed in no tongue but that of French Canada. The early French settlers and aborigines commingled to this effect; and the language their descendants speak to-day is not to be found in books. The union of the two races has also left its impress upon character, too, in a most striking manner. But we pass on.

Children?—no end to them; large families are