

MONTREAL.

WE are educated to count it joy to be allowed to live in this enlightened age. We are reminded that our forefathers used to fetch their fuel from the forest, and read their bible by a tallow dip, while we burn anthracite and bask in the blaze of electric lights. Where they trudged on foot, we encircle Mount Royal and ride to its highest point on a trolley. The toil-some journeys they undertook, long pilgrimages that consumed weary weeks, we do in a day by the "International Limited," electric lighted, steam heated, with a push button and a smart servant ever at our elbow, and with a cafe car, library and reading room next door. While they were content with the dog sled and an occasional frosted foot, we have the Pullman and appendicitis.

And yet, despite this alleged luxury and enlightenment, most of us would gladly surrender a day of it for an hour such as Jacques Cartier knew on that fair October morning in 1535, when he and his small band of voyageurs hovered about Hochelaga, wondering how the inhabitants of the island would receive him.

The few pictures that are preserved of this early Indian life convey at least but a faint idea of the charm and beauty of the Island of Montreal, as Hochelaga is known to us now. The wooded island, washed by the beautiful St. Lawrence and lapped by the lipping waves of the quiet lake, upon whose calm surface the shell-like barques of the brown-skinned natives of the North rocked gaily in the morning breeze; the fir-clad island hills, the long, low line of the Laurentian Mountains moored in the wilderness to them unknown, made a picture that appealed to the artistic explorers and adventurous voyageurs from the Old World.

And that is why Cartier called it Hochelaga, went away, came back and called again; why Champlain came and others came to cast their lot



Approach to Grand Trunk Victoria Jubilee Bridge.
Across St. Lawrence River, Montreal.