

The street railways are taxed to their fullest capacity, and, if I am not mistaken, there is a project on foot to install an underground railway service. Of course, this would prove a costly undertaking, but would naturally be a paying venture a few years after its inception, as Montreal is growing by leaps and bounds.

Montreal is not a picturesque city by any means, though reared on the foot of Mount Royal; few large distributing centres are noted for their beauty. The public buildings, stations and places of worship are large and imposing. Notre Dame holds its own for majesty and impressiveness. The main thoroughfares are generally crowded, and this fact gives the casual observer an insight of the volume of business transacted. I was most impressed with St. James street; many large banks and commercial houses are situated along this thoroughfare. The side streets are very narrow, and, from a distance, appear as deep canyons through compact walls of stone and cement.

From Montreal to Quebec the distance is one hundred and seventy-two miles by water. The passage down the winding St. Lawrence is not easily forgotten. At high tide the St. Lawrence appears as a large river, wide and deep; at low tide its appearance is changed considerably. We can then appreciate the St. Lawrence's value as a commercial artery, especially at Cap Rouge, where many a good ship has met disaster; a very narrow channel, not more than thirty-four feet deep, lies between a large expanse of jutting rocks. Few vessels drawing over thirty feet of water come up to Montreal, and then not without a considerable element of danger.

From Montreal to Three Rivers the scenery is indeed pleasant. It is a beautiful land; a land surrounded with a tinge of romance, for here, many years ago, the Iroquois battled for the mastery of their hunting-grounds, with the intrepid adventurers from over the sea. It is the home of the Habitant; it is the land that inspired the soul-stirring verses of Dr. Drummond. The whitewashed houses of the descendants of the Habitants are spread along the water-edge, whilst their arpents of land stretch back towards the Laurentians, which loom up in the distance.

As we approach Quebec, the nature of the country appears to change. Whilst before we beheld level plains and sloping farm lands, we now see steep hills and forbidding bluffs. A few miles above the city the much-discussed Quebec bridge attracts considerable attention. It stands out high and imposing on both sides of the river. It will not be completed for a few years to come.