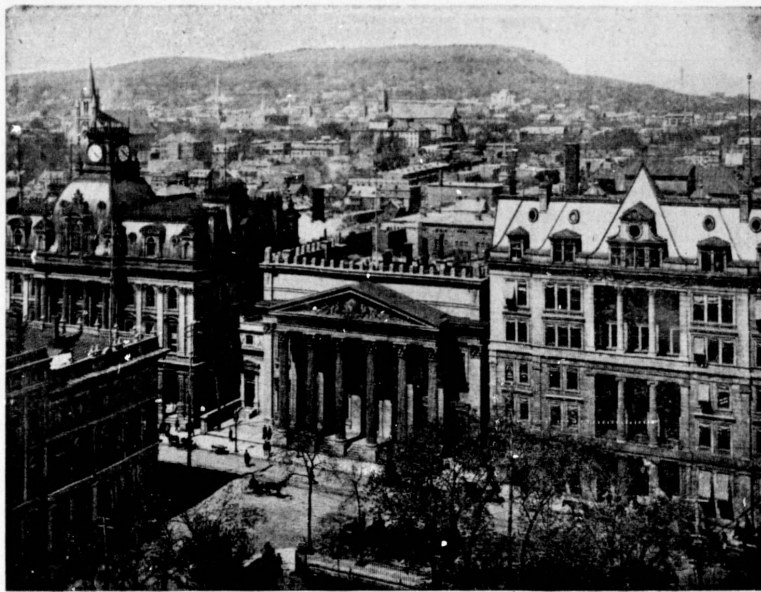


war and pillage of hostile foes that its site was utterly lost, and its very existence questioned, until recently, when workmen digging in the immediate vicinity of the M. A. A. Club House accidentally discovered traces that settled the matter beyond dispute in the minds of antiquaries, and afforded many of them fine opportunities to acquire some of the long buried relics.

Years pass—seventy-six, long, bloody, wasting—till again in 1611, the white man, pressing ever westward his empire-widening-way, beaches his venturesome canoe on the shingle of St. Mary's Current, and Champlain plants the "Bourbon's Lilied Blue" at the fitting season of the birth of the year and on the ground where, at that same season, nearly three centuries later, the children of a more favored generation lovingly gather by armfuls the Trilliums—"white lilies," they call them—that gem the maple wreathed slopes of Mount Royal. All around is the awful gloom of the solemn woods, and not a trace of the town remains that Cartier found there. To the keen eye of the explorer, the value of the



MONTREAL FROM THE TOWERS OF NOTRE DAME.