

---

Q U E E N ' S   H O T E L ,   M O N T R E A L

---



Windmill, Lower Lachine Road.

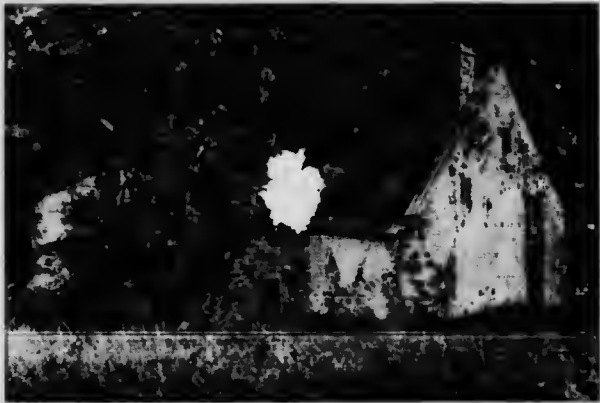
built Fort Niagre, discovered the Mississippi, followed it to the Gulf, only to be treacherously slain by his companions in the Louisiana wilds in 1687. For two years the inhabitants of the little village waited and watched for the return of La Salle and his companions.

One stormy night, on the 4th of August, 1689, the people were awakened by wild shouts, and sprang from their beds to welcome the wanderers.

Alas, it was the Iroquois, and with tomahawk and torch they slew and

scourged until day dawned on a black waste. The little village of Lachine was wiped from the face of the earth. Its inhabitants had gone the way of La Salle.

It is only just to say that the red man's story of these exciting scenes has not been written. In those days he was too wild, too timid or too stolid to testify, but it is freely hinted that this massacre was the direct outcome of a breach of faith, thrice repeated, upon the part of the pale-faces.



Ruins of La Salle House, Lachine Road.