

MONTREAL

THE CANADIAN METROPOLIS



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 through the surrounding country on a trolley. The toilsome journeys they undertook, long pilgrimages that consumed weary weeks, we do in a day by fast trains and steamers. 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.



Shooting Lachine Rapids.