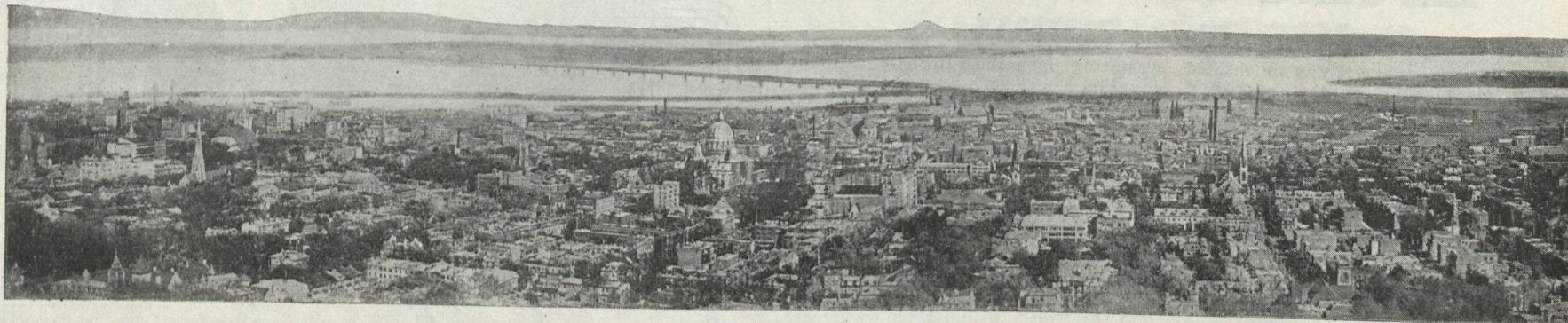


Montreal---Canada's Metropolis

A Travelogue That Takes One Particularly into the Old Historic Section of the City

By MARY M. MURPHY.



A panoramic view of one section of Montreal from Mount Royal, with Victoria Bridge in the distance

HERE have been many illuminating sketches written, of Montreal. They have been penned—the majority of them—by that class of tourist who sees Canada in a week and writes about it in a day. The writer has in mind several pen pictures painted by well-meaning Englishmen who have come to this country on tours of inspection, presumably for the purpose of settling for all time the doubts; solving the problems that exist in the minds of their fellow countrymen, in regard to this particular star in the colonial diadem. And so they come! They see! And they write! (More's the pity!) They pass Halifax with a cursory glance, and proceed to Quebec. The old citadel town baffles them. So they shrug their shoulders—or, mayhap, affix their monocles—and depart. But Montreal! Ah, that is different. There is food for thought. What a combination of the modern and the antique, the commercial and the artistic! They locate—by means of a guide-book—Mount Royal Park, Dominion Square, and Notre Dame Church and gather thereby impressions to spread over two chapters.

This little chat concerning Montreal offers no pretence of illuminating impressiveness. It may not have the spontaneousness of first impressions. But such hasty opinion and Montreal can scarcely be called akin. To understand the city, one must know it, and to know it one must have lived in it, mingled with its citizens, become familiar with its customs. Much as this is desirable with any city, it is necessary in Montreal.

It is a metropolis where To-day has for a constant background—Yesterday. Past and present move side by side like substance and shadow. Relics of past glory, mementos of early battles, are there linked with the achievements of these later days. There is an atmosphere about the place that one ever afterwards will associate with Montreal only.

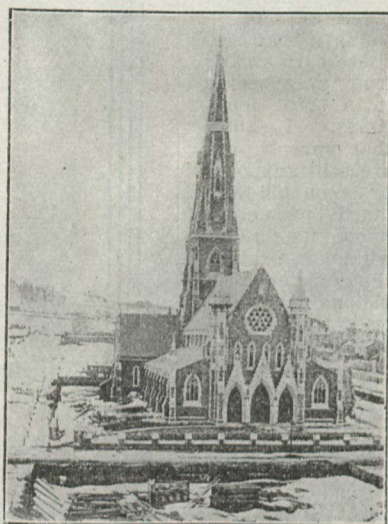
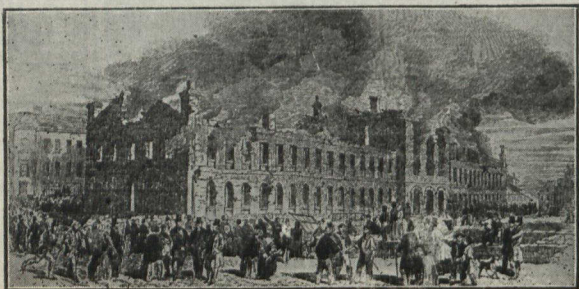
THREE aspects of consideration are thrust upon the visitor: its home life; the magnitude of its commerce; and its historic reminiscences.

The Royal Mount is studded with fine residences, and the other sections of the western end of the city are distinctly in contrast with the centre, or business section and the alluring, dirty east end. Yet here and there, in unexpected places, one comes across a regal old residence lacking all the modern austerity; telling the story of the past.

Commercially, Montreal is the capital of the Dominion. As is well known, the city lies at the extremity of a fertile island thirty miles in length and ten in breadth, clasped by the waters of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, whose confluence was inevitably destined to bestow on any city absolute control of an enormous inland navigation. It is not surprising then that the scene of Montreal's greatest animation is the shore of the St. Lawrence. Although a thousand miles from the open ocean, it has there a river frontage of three miles curbed by a series of stone quays. Here, when the river is open, ships and steamers of all sizes are discernible, from simple river craft to trans-Atlantic liners. Metalled paths extend for miles, along which roll back and forth a multitude of freight cars. Everywhere, the sable plume of commerce waves triumphant. The steamers heap their furnaces, and elevators extract grain from barges, or shoot the precious product into empty holds. It must be remembered that Montreal is the greatest grain port of America, taking precedence of New York in the quantity handled.

There is no Canadian industry that is without repre-

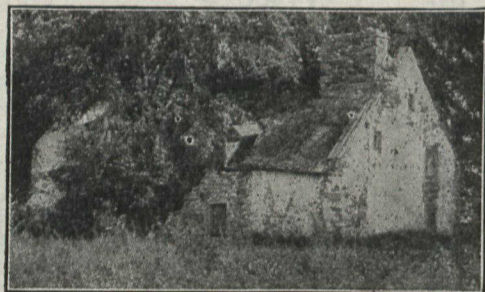
Burning of the Parliament Buildings



Christ Church, on St. Catharine street, as it appeared in early days.

To the left, is the corner of Francois-Xavier and Notre Dame sts., as it appeared in pioneer times.

To the right, is the same corner today filled with the bulk of the huge Transportation Building.



Ruins of La Salle's house on the Lachine Road.



Chateau de Ramezay—the home of the Governor—now a historic museum.

sentation in Montreal markets, and her manufactures have a world-wide reputation.

In the centre town district the commercial atmosphere naturally predominates. Along St. Catharine Street, the main business artery, an almost ceaseless and endless stream of humanity flows, branching at frequent intervals into channels equally important though not so noticeably congested. St. James' Street is known as the Wall Street of the Metropolis. Along either side range the immense banking houses. The atmosphere is tense. One feels that one has no right to be obtrusive—that an air of respectful quiet should be preserved, for indeed, beyond the many massive portals, are momentous financial problems under consideration.

Yet one rather expects prosperity, pursuit of big interests, and general activity in a city of over half a million souls. These are the visible elements in any city of that size. From these, do visiting critics generally gather impressions. They may suppose the existence of these conditions in an hour and find thereby, food for a chapter or two.

BUT Montreal is interesting not alone for what it does but for what it is, and more particularly, for what it has been. It is its third aspect of consideration that is irresistible. Its historic reminiscences grip one, carry one back centuries, prompt one to cry out: "Behold, side by side with all that stands for progress and modern efficiency, is Canada still in the embryo."

As soon as one strikes the section known as lower town, this becomes apparent. On every side, the old flat-fronted early French architecture confronts one. And yet, even here, the realization is borne to one that the place is a marvellous city of contrasts. This particular section is unsullied by the march of civilization except that here and there, beside tumble-down houses, stands an up-to-date building; that branching off from a broad square (undoubtedly cleared, for modern purposes) are narrow lanes, skirted on either side by structures quaintly reminiscent of mediaeval times, with their rusted iron shutters, and narrow, high-set doors.

Notre Dame Street is a Mecca for students of Canadian history. It was a thoroughfare of some prestige in the early days; in truth a residential avenue which boasted the nobility among its habitues. To-day, when standing on Jacques Cartier Square one sees the City Hall, the Court House, with the Champs de Mars in the background, Nelson's Monument, and the far-famed Bonsecours Market, at different points of the compass.

A word about that market—there is not its equal on the American continent. On market days, twenty-two thousand farmers—think of it, 22,000—assemble to dispose of their produce. A scene worth witnessing is presented these days. Montreal housewives, having become imbued with the spirit of thrift and economy, insist upon doing their own marketing. It is indeed a heterogeneous, not to say cosmopolitan crowd that bargains and buys, buys and bargains.

Only a few steps away is the church of Notre Dame, an edifice the magnificence of which is only rivalled by some of the marvellous structures in the old world. It is capable of seating 18,000 people. Its bell is the third largest in the world, taking eighteen men to ring it. This is done only three times a year—Christmas, New Year's Day and Easter. Ordinarily, a smaller set of chimes are used.

Behind the church is a chapel which cost \$240,000. It is worked out in inlaid oak. In the sacristy are fourteen oil paintings which were presented by Louis XIV of France, to the first church in Montreal. Beside Notre Dame is the old Seminary of St. Sulpice erected and occupied by the priests of that order, the founders of Montreal (then known as Ville Marie). In the garden that stretches from the Seminary to the church are the ruins of the old cafe which was the rendezvous of the nobles, there being an underground passage from there to their quarters, for protection from the Indians. The old stone wall still stands, with its loop-holes for musketry, etc. Notre Dame was originally in the middle of the street. It is admirably illustrated in one of the pictures reproduced herewith, in which is also shown the new church in the background without the towers, and the church as it stands to-day, inset in the right hand corner.

Montreal has been rightly called the "City of Churches." Their number, and their magnificence impress one at every turn. In the heart of the city, St. James' Church stands, a replica of St. Peter's, at Rome. On St. Catharine Street, loom the towers of Christ Church Cathedral. It is interesting to note, in connection with this, that in the photograph presented here, the church is surrounded by newly made excavations and elements of construction.

To-day the same spot is almost the axis of the commercial district. When originally designed and built, the tower was twenty feet higher than it is now. It was necessary, on account of the boggy land, to reduce it to that extent.

Montreal Harbor under French Regime

