

Yet it is only within the last two or three years that Montreal's own citizens, or the strangers within her gates, have had the opportunity to see the city as it should be seen.

To understand Montreal's extent and appreciate her position in the world, visit the thrifty family of rapidly developing suburban municipalities which has grown up around her. Study what may fairly be considered the highest development of her cultured home life and domestic happiness in the cozy villas, verdant lawns and gay gardens of a dozen suburbs. Acquaint yourself with the cleanly, modest homesteads that cluster around the busy hives of industry in the great manufacturing outskirts of the Canadian metropolis. Pass out along shady country roads, past laden orchards, yellow cornfields, prolific market gardens and verdant pastures. Make yourself acquainted with that quality so rarely enjoyed in these bustling grasping, struggling days' contentment. Visit that paragon of happy contentment, the industrious, interesting "habitant" or French-Canadian farmer, as he tills his narrow strip of farm land, and satisfies himself, honest soul, with the comfortable reflection that so long as he lives his farm will produce enough to feed and clothe himself and family, and that consequently he has no cause to worry. Even our good republican neighbours will put themselves out to catch a glimpse of one of their so-called great men whose only claim to distinction is their accumulated wealth. In the "habitant" they can find an individual immeasurably more wealthy than their richest millionaire.

Having visited the outskirts and surroundings of the city, see the view from the Mountain, and you have seen Montreal and its environments.

How many Montrealers know Montreal? Probably they all think they do, but do they? The city proper, the closely built business quarter, where men swelter out the summer days in the confinement of their great palaces of