



ROYAL CITY! truly, and right royally we welcome you to and tender you the freedom of it.

Come with the poet and stand on the spot where pilgrim feet, from those of the last globe-trotting tourist back through the long line—distinguished and commonplace, stranger and citizen—to those of the ever-memorable, history-making De Maisonneuve, Champlain, and Jacques Cartier, the Discoverer, have pressed the turf on old Mount Royal's crest. Look! Sweep the eye over the magnificent panorama spread in all its wealth of mountain and meadow, stream and sky, factory and farm, castle and cot, and wonder if you will that we who know it best should love it so, or that our love for our native city should impel us to voice its praises in song.

It is not our purpose as cicerones on this occasion to weary you with guide-book platitudes, or ostentatiously parade before you tabulated statistics and schedules of our wealth in real and personal estate. Of these you will see no lack,—solid facts, very materially *en evidence*, that we cannot conceal if we would,—but rather would we direct your glances towards the natural beauties, the quiet by-ways, the "Sights and Shrines" ignored by the *fin-de-siecle* hustler, and remind you of the romantic and historic associations that cluster thickly among the brightest jewels of our city's crown.