

take the fancy to look inside of a Protestant church, he will probably find them all locked up tight.

The wealth and influence of the Roman Catholic Church in Montreal must be tremendous. Great blocks of land in the most valuable parts of the city are owned by their ecclesiastical organizations, and all are free of taxes. Convents, colleges, and churches almost without number are under their control, and the great majority of the people are under the domination of the priests.

Protestantism is greatly overshadowed in Montreal and



DOMINION SQUARE, MONTREAL.

Windsor Hotel on the left, Y.M.C.A. Building on the right.

many of its churches have to struggle hard for an existence. Methodism does not enjoy the position that it holds in most large cities, but there are a number of faithful workers who have no thought of pulling down the flag. They are laboring hard in the face of much discouragement. St. James' Methodist Church is in external architectural appearance the most beautiful church in the city, and occupies a most commanding site on one of the main streets. If the Methodists of Canada could but see this magnificent building and look at the great congregation that throngs its aisles every Sunday night, surely there would be no difficulty in securing the needed means to free it from the terrible incubus of debt that rests upon it. Across the way from St. James' Church is the Methodist Book Room, under the charge of the veteran Mr. C. W. Coates, who has guided its destinies for twenty-eight years. If a stranger asks Mr. Coates which is the best book store in Montreal he is sure to reply, "The Methodist Book Room, of course." Considering the restricted constituency that this institution has, it has done very well indeed.

There are very convenient ways of getting about Montreal. The street car system is excellent, and the French-Canadian conductors are wonderfully polite and obliging. The cabmen are very numerous, and their rigs are almost exactly alike. One-horse sleighs, of the pattern shown in our illustration, are to be seen everywhere. The modern two-horse cab is practically unknown in Montreal. The cabbies are very attentive to business and courteous, although, like their brethren elsewhere, they know how to overcharge, and the stranger who engages them will do well, before beginning his journey, to make a careful bargain. We advise all our readers, who have not done so, to visit Montreal, and if possible to go in summer. A trip from Toronto down Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence by steamer, and back by train via Ottawa, is an ideal trip.

He Signed for Life.

A SHORT time ago a cabman in the city of Montreal was arrested for drunkenness while on duty, which is regarded by the magistrate as one of the most serious offences. The *Star* gives the following interesting account of how the "Cabby" was induced to sign the pledge:

"Banker," as we shall call him, was taken to police headquarters and in due time appeared before Mr. Recorder Weir. It was the same old story—the man was sorry; sorry for himself, and sorry for his family, and he would not do it again. His Honor said that he, too, was sorry—sorry for the public, who were likely to be run down and maimed or killed by just such men.

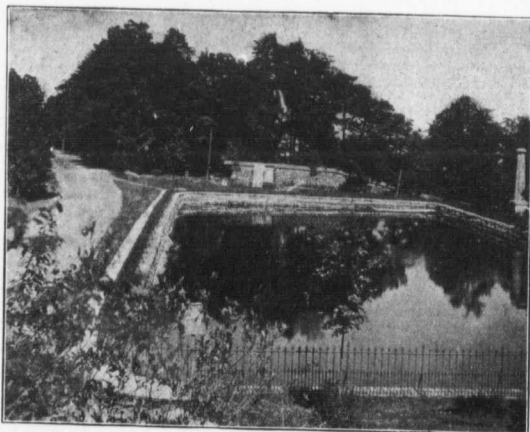
"Ten dollars and costs, or a month in jail, and your license to drive is cancelled," was the sentence.

"Banker" knew that there was no use arguing any further, and he paid his fine and went away. With a wife and three small children requiring bread and coal, the man knew that it was no use giving up without a struggle, so he went to Father Peter Heffernan, curate of St. Mary's parish, who went to the private "chambers" of Mr. Recorder Weir, and, asking for a few minutes of his time, pleaded for a favor. His Honor scarce knew what was coming, but he pointed out that as far as the work connected with his position was concerned he could grant no favors. If he could be merciful, where it was justified, he would be so. Then the story came out and the judge was touched by the pleadings of the priest.

The deposed jehu was sent for, and, shamefaced, he entered the room. "I'm inclined to give you another chance, but upon one condition," said His Honor, "you must take the pledge here, and you must give me your word that you will keep it."

"Banker" thought for a moment, and consented. Ever since he has been on the bench His Honor has been sending men away to take the pledge, with a promise that he might help them in some way, and ever since he has been doing this he has wondered just how they took that pledge. Some returned with a note from the priest or the clergyman, and some with a written pledge in their hands. He asked Father Heffernan to take "Banker's" pledge, and then leaned back to watch how it would be done.

"Down on your knees," said the priest. It was a command



RESERVOIR IN MOUNT ROYAL PARK.

that there was no mistaking, yet it was said kindly. In a twinkling the man was on his knees with the crucifix in his hand.

"Repeat this after me," came from the priest in solemn tones: