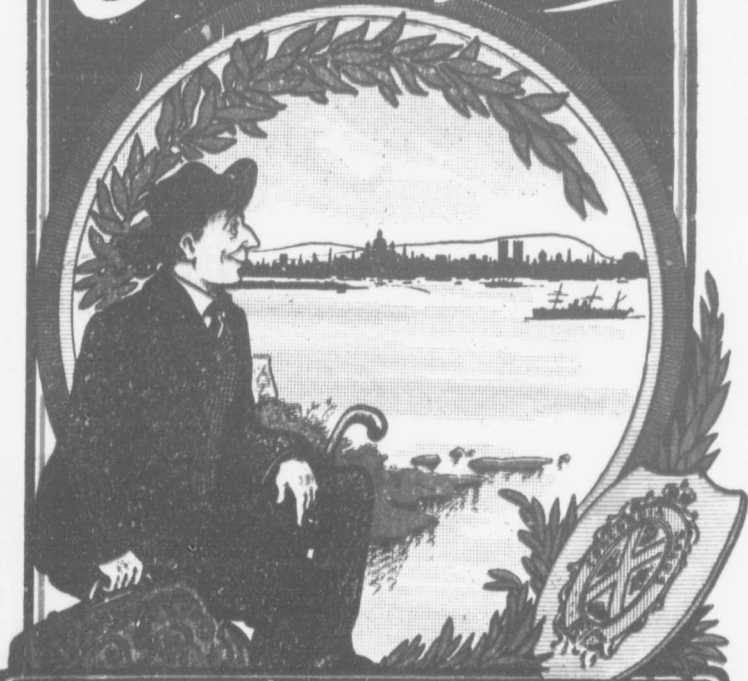


*Illustrated  
Guide*



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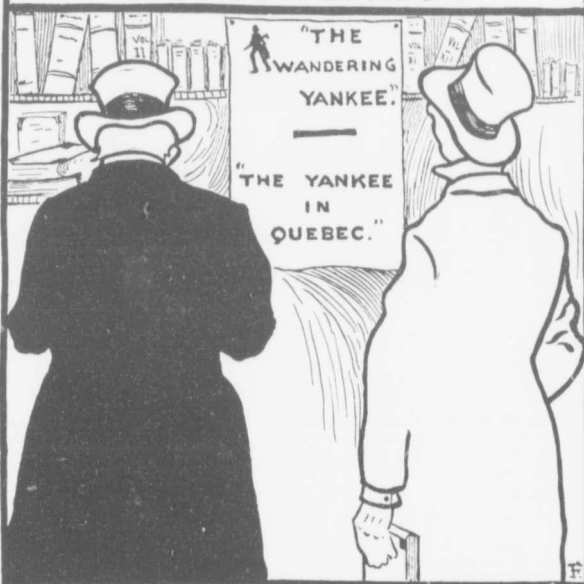
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# How to See Montreal

BY

ANSON A. GARD

AUTHOR OF

MY FRIEND BILL

THE YANKEE IN QUEBEC

UNCLE SAM IN QUEBEC

THE WANDERING YANKEE

A MODERN SOLILOQUY—POEM

ETC., ETC.



MONTREAL

THE MONTREAL NEWS COMPANY LTD.

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Registered in conformity with Act of Parliament of Canada,  
in the year 1903, by ANSON A. GARD in the office of  
the Minister of Agriculture.

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WITNESS PRINTING HOUSE,  
MONTREAL.

## INTRODUCTION.

Neither this book nor any of this Canadian series is written for the intellectual carping critic, the would-be "setter to rights" of all who do not measure up to his standard. It and the rest of the series have been written, or will be written in a purposely breezy, off-hand style—not at all meant for him in whose heart the milk of human kindness has long since curdled.

These books are not intended to be logically constructed, as for text books. They are written after no set rule or plan, but written as the tourist travels—not the tourist, however, who knows just where he is to be on each and every day of a long tour, but as the one who is ever finding something new to see—some lake to visit, some mountain to climb, some new excursion to take. *That* is the joy of travel—to find the unexpected. No tourist ever thoroughly enjoys a *logical* outing.

The author has been accused of a style lacking in dignity and coherence—which accusation, to him, is compliment. It proves that he has succeeded in his intention.

He once wrote a book which the staid and logical commended in most flattering words, but it was so full of dignity and coherence—especially *coherence*—that it has *stuck* to a small first edition, while his Canadian works have sold by the thousands, and their sale confined to no land.

Here is a happy fact, one most pleasing to the author—*The carping critic seldom sees his (the author's) books unless they are given him or unless he can borrow them.*

We love this old world—We have a kindly feeling for our fellows, and would give them what they seem most to prefer, and with all respect to the aforesaid critics, we will leave to them the task of writing the books of *dignity* and *coherence*.

To compensate for what these staid ones have been pleased to say, others have said: “You have made us feel more kindly toward the world.” We would rather please one such than have a thousand say: “Your writings are perfectly constructed.”

We came to Canada with no more knowledge of the country than is general among the untravelled of our people, and have found it so full of unexpected beauty, that we feel it a pleasant duty to write of it, and having grown to love this land, we would have our countrymen know it at its best. If we are

erring in our way of telling it, the error is not of the heart.

We love Canada and we find that writing of it as we do, is bringing more people to see it, than did we write in a prosy, dignified style.

The guide portion of this volume is from "The Wandering Yankee." The information collected for that book we have found so accurate—thanks to Mr. John Hugh Ross—that we think best to leave it, with few changes. The added trips, the tourist will find to his interest to take.

It is a rare pleasure to an author to feel that his critics are all outside of the newspaper office. For the much kindness shown our books by the press we are most appreciative.

THE AUTHOR.





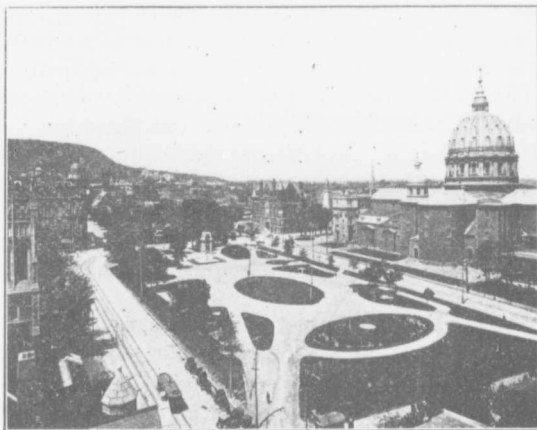
## How to See Montreal.

Usually when tourists go to the expense of travelling and paying hotel bills, they want to see everything worth seeing, but how many are there who travel who know *how* to see. They get into a city, go to a hotel and next morning start out to walk, having formulated a definite plan, which they lose before they have turned two corners, then they drift, and the minute a tourist begins to drift, he is losing time and money. He goes out at random, and, in many cases thinks that because he is walking, he is doing the town or city economically, forgetting that economy is the judicious expenditure of money.

Now, I'm not going to tell you to drive, for my own gain, as I'm not in the cab or carriage line, but for your own good I cannot too strongly urge you to visit a city properly, and there is no proper way but to be driven about as the driver acts not only as driver but guide as well.

For the better guidance I have had maps made, the one to show you the city and island, with the rivers, and the other showing the main part of the city with the points of interest numbered.

Now follow right along and I'll tell you all about it. And "all about it" makes one of the most interesting day's outing I've had in Montreal. No one will believe that this historic city has so much worth seeing, until one has gotten into the carriage of a driver who knows the town as our Sam knows it.



DOMINION SQUARE.

We had hardly started when Sam stopped at the corner of Dorchester and Peel streets, and began pointing out places in sight. "There, in front of us, to the east, is

### Dominion Square,

One time an old cemetery, now converted into a beautiful park. To the right you see the monument (?) of Sir John Macdonald—just opposite is the Lion drinking fountain, by G.W. Hill, sculptor, after A. Bartholdi.\* To the left of Dorchester, on the corner of Metcalf Street, is the Y. M. C. A. building, and opposite is the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. James, sometimes miscalled St. Peter's, because of its having been modelled after the church at Rome.

“There on the corner just opposite to where we are sitting is the Dominion Square Methodist Church, Rev. C. E. Manning, pastor. Now we pass on down. To the right, on the next corner, is St. George's Anglican Church, with its beautiful chime of bells, the gift of Mr. A. F. Gault.

Across the street is the magnificent station of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, called

### The Windsor Station,

built in the castellated style. On the corner where Windsor street runs into St. James, (once Bona Venture street), is the Queen's Hotel, a popular stopping place for tourists and commercial men. Had Major Bittinger stopped at the Queen's he never would have

---

\*Note.—The inscriptions on the four sides are worth a careful study.

said : " They don't know how to cook." This hotel has begun improvements which will make it one of the largest in the city, as it now is one of the best in entertainment, and *the* best in courtesy to its guest. The too frequent hotel incivility is never met with at the desk of the Queens. Just across St. James is the Grand Trunk Station, known as

**Bonaventure Station,**

from which the Delaware & Hudson railroad to New York, and all points South, starts."

" Hold on a minute, Sam, you have talked so fast I didn't get to ask you about those two cannon in Dominion Square, near Sir John's monument. Have they any history?"

" History is it, why, those are the cannons that were took at the siege of Sebastopol in the Crimea, presented by the Imperial Government to the city of Montreal."

" Do they ever go off, Sam?"

" No, but they came near it wance, whin Ottawa, seeing that the city wouldn't take any care of thim, offered to take thim aff and put 'em in respectable shape."\*

" There are two well-known hotels," said Sam, pointing to the St. James and the Russell,

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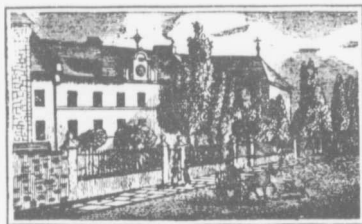
\*Note.—These guns, within the past few days, have been put in a shape that even Ottawa would say was " respectable."

in the next block east of the station. "The Russell has changed hands, and is to be greatly enlarged."

From Bonaventure Station we pass through to Notre Dame street, which widens at this point and is known as

**Chaboillez Square.**

Passing from thence down Inspector street to old College street, now St. Paul, we pass St. Edward's Church at the left, then comes



OLD COLLEGE BUILDING.

**The Haymarket,**

once a part of the enclosed garden of the College, small portions of which may still be seen here and there as parts of the new structures. On this street are several very ancient houses, typical of the French regime. One of the earliest, if not the very first, theatre of Montreal, is still standing, at No. 573, corner of St. Henry street. It is now used as stores.

From thence we pass on to McGill street, running toward the river. To the right are the new and very beautiful offices of the

**Grand Trunk**

railroad. In front of this great building is the Square forming the site of the

**Old Parliament Building,**

destroyed by fire in the riot of 1846.

At the foot of McGill we drove into

**Commissioners Street,**

which forms the river front. A little west of this, begins at the canal, the new Harbor Com-



OLD GREY NUNNERY.

mission improvements, a stone dyke and wharves. Passing along Commissioner street we see to the left the immense pile of buildings known as the examining (Customs) warehouse, alongside of which is the handsome building occupied by the Harbor Commissioners, who are doing great work for the city and harbor.

And a little further on is the small building containing the offices of the great Allan Steamship Line, that runs to all parts of the world.

Continuing along Commissioner to Pointe à Callieres, we come to the

**New Custom House,**

a long triangular building. This is said to have been the place where

**Maisonneuve Landed,**

in 1642—and held his first religious service on the island.

From the Custom House, looking west, just after turning around its front from Commissioner street, you see a long place widening out to McGill street. This square, so-called, because it is *not* square, but long and narrow, has recently been named

**Place D'Youville,**

In honor of Madame D'Youville, of historic memory. Around this spot cluster more of the old than any other in Montreal. On many of the buildings are placed tablets commemorating the early events. Beginning at the new Custom House, at Pointe à Callieres, on Place Royal, or Custom House Square, by which two names it is varyingly known, you see on the east front of the Custom House two tablets, one telling you that Champlain, in 1611, selected this site and named it "La Place Royal." The second tablet reads: "Near this spot, on

the 18th day of May, 1642, landed the founders of Montreal, commanded by Maisonneuve."

Going west along Place D'Youville to Port street, on the office building of the great firm



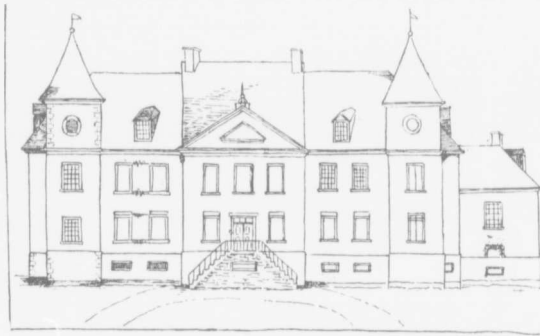
SAILORS' INSTITUTE.

of the Ogilvies—is this tablet: "Site of the Chateau of Louis Hector de Callieres, Governor of Montreal, 1684—of New France, 1698 to 1703. He terminated the 14 years' Iroquois war by treaty at Montreal, 1701." In front of where you see this tablet only a few yards away, in the centre of the square, is seen a



pointed stone shaft, with copper tablets on its four sides, giving the names of the first colonists and many other things of interest. It was erected by the Historical Society of Montreal.

Going back to the Custom House, you see just across the way, (north towards St. Paul



HOUSE OF MAISONNEUVE.

street), the old Montreal Hotel, the once great resort for Southerners, before and during the war of the Rebellion. It is now occupied below by offices, while in the upper part is the Sailors' Institute.

The old Custom House still stands to the right, but is now occupied as the Revenue Offices. Back of this building, off St. Paul street, north, is the site of

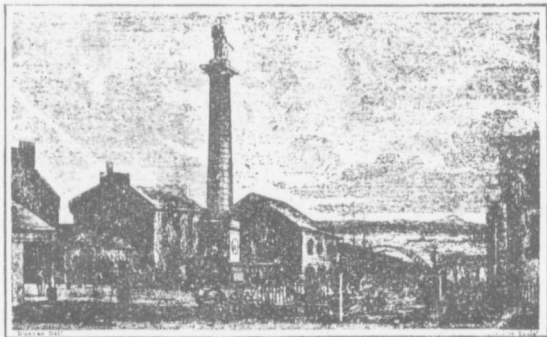
**The Original Maisonneuve House.**

On this historic spot now stand the immense

warehouses of the hardware firm of Frothingham and Workman. Proceeding eastward a number of old, and some very fine new warehouses may be noted, until we come to

**Jacques Cartier Square.**

This square was formerly known as Nelson Place, and on which stands a round pillar monument (built in 1809), with a statue on the



NELSON'S MONUMENT.

top, of the great sea fighter. It is remarked that he stands with his back to the water, an element towards which he in life ever faced. The four tablets on the pedestal are well worthy of inspection. The monument faces Notre Dame street. Following on the river front we pass the huge

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JACQUES CARTIER SQUARE ON MARKET MORNING.



MARKET BOATS, BONSECOURS MARKET.

**Bonsecours Market Building.**

The western part was formerly occupied by the municipal offices, the eastern end, second



BONSECOURS CHURCH.

floor, was used for balls and public concerts, and also for a while as a public drill hall, but

is now used as a market for produce. Just east of the market, stands the ancient

**Bonsecours Church**

which was begun in 1658, finished in 1675, burned in 1754, rebuilt 1771 to '73—remodelled



BONSECOURS CHURCH (OLD).

out of sight in 1894 and '95—until none of the old is to be seen—even the original stones have been plastered over. The first street east is

**Friponne**

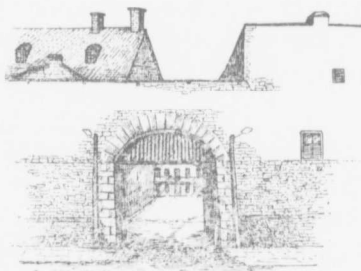
one block long, leading up to St. Paul street, Here is seen the old

**Friponne House**

used by Intendant Bigot. The name means

“Cheating House,” and was given it from the fact that Bigot and his followers were the most notorious band of cheats who ever came from old France. Sam says, “’Tis a shame he died so soon, for what a Boodler he would have made to be sure, and no wan would have said a word agin him, as in this age he’d have been respectable.”

Just beyond we come to the end of the great



QUEBEC BARRACKS GATE.

river dyke, and also at this point ends Commissioner street. Here we see the yards of the

#### Canadian Pacific

with its two immense grain elevators, behind which stood the old military barracks, with its large, quaint gateway. This barracks was originally a nunnery. Between this and Craig street was Dalhousie Square, now occupied and known as

## Place Viger Station

and hotel—the ground having been removed to a depth of twenty feet, out to the river. This excavation having cut through Notre Dame street, it is now crossed by a long iron bridge.

Going up a short ramp, from Commissioner to St. Paul street, we turn west into the latter, where many very ancient houses are to be seen. To the right through occasional archways from Nos. 45 to 59, are to be seen parts of the origi-



BASTION IN OLD CITY WALLS.

nal city wall. The only remaining bastion in anything like perfect shape is found in the rear of Nos. 53-55, and from here to Bonsecours street occasional pieces of the wall are to be seen, mostly built upon.\*

---

\*Note.—The only piece of the old wall remaining, of the westerly line, is to be found



At the east corner of St. Paul and Bonsecours streets, we find a very odd-looking old house, built in the days when the top floor was used as a storage, with the proprietor's living on the lower floors—or flats—as the floors are called here. This house has a tablet on its west wall, on which is: "Pierre du Calvet, 1775-1791. Govenment Representatif." Showing that it was once an important house.

On this same street (Bonsecours), on the left hand side, before reaching Notre Dame, is another tablet, which tells that the present Bonsecours Hotel was once the residence of six generations of the Papineau family. When I asked if the great Joseph Papineau was of this family, the proprietor, like too many of those of whom you inquire, simply shrugs his shoulders, throws up his hands, and says: "Dunno, I wasn't here."

Directly at the foot of Bonsecours street is seen Bonsecours Church, which runs through to Commissioner. Continuing along St. Paul a few stores, we pass the site of the old Trinity Church, used by the Imperial troops while in Montreal, as a place of worship.\* The only

in the rear of Walker's hardware store, on St. James street, dividing his yard from that of the well-known book store of Grafton & Son, from whose office it can be seen.

\*Note.—The new or present Trinity is on the corner of St. Denis street and Viger Square.

thing of particular note between this site and Jacques Cartier Square is the old Rasco Hotel, once a prominent hostelry. It is now occupied as stores and cheap boarding-houses.

We now cross Jacques Cartier Square to

**St. Amable Street,**

a typical street of the early days, as the dingy old iron shuttered buildings and the cobble-



HOUSES THAT WERE OLD WHEN WOLFE WAS  
THUNDERING AT QUEBEC'S WALLS.  
(ST. AMABLE STREET.)

stone pavement will testify. We go on this street to St. Vincent, where a large number of very old houses are to be seen. I noticed here in about two blocks, no less than seven water catchers, just at the curb line. "Why," asked

I of Sam, "did they put so many 'catchers' on so short a street, so steep that the water would not take the time to run into them?" Sam looked at me, and seemed to feel real sorry, as he said, "I'm afraid, Rube, ye are no poly-tishun—why, man, the contractor who put them in got \$30 apiece!" I couldn't see what



VICTORIA SQUARE.

that had to do with it; but I didn't say anything, and we drove over to Vaudreuil street by a narrow lane known as St. Therese.

Turning towards St. Paul, we came upon a long, dingy block of stone buildings, to the

right, the centre one of which (No. 8) is the store house where John Jacob Astor laid the foundation of his vast millions.

We reach St. Paul, turn to the right and go to St. Jean Baptiste, by which we reached Notre Dame street. On the left hand side going up is a long block of stone buildings belonging to the Nuns. On the right is seen the old Lacroix house, at Nos. 23 to 27, built in 1680, notable for its immense fire-places, and ornamented mantle-pieces, also for the strangely constructed archway leading into the courtyard.

Passing up St. Jean Baptiste to the corner of Notre Dame and St. Lambert streets, we see on a tablet: "Here stood the house of Cadillac, the Founder of Detroit."

Next to the old Cadillac site stood Christ Church, which was burned down many years ago.\* Opposite the site of the Cadillac house

---

\*Note.—The new building of the church can be seen on the corner of Union Avenue and St. Catherine street, across the avenue from Morgan's great department store, covering a block. The architecture of Christ Church, now a cathedral, is said to be the finest specimen of the Gothic in America. Just east of the church near the Union Avenue entrance is a beautiful monument to the memory of Bishop Fulford.

we enter a gateway. On the right hand side, after entering, is the site of the chapel of Notre Dame des Victoires, which was erected to celebrate the destruction of Sir Hovenden Walker's fleet, in the Lower St. Lawrence, on its way to attack Quebec, in 1711. There is seen in the enclosure a church which is connected with the nunnery and schools spoken of as on St. Jean Baptiste street. We return to Notre Dame and go west to St. Sulpice street, where, to the right, opposite the great Notre Dame Church, is seen Place d'Armes. This square is of particular historic interest, as here was enacted much worthy of lengthy reading. It was here that the small French garrison was attacked by the Iroquois, whom they repulsed, their chief being killed in a hand-to-hand fight by Maisonneuve himself, near where now stands the monument and statue of this noted man.

The original parish church stood at this corner in front of where the present great church now stands. It stood in the street.\* Proceeding down St. Sulpice, we pass the site of the first Methodist Church, in the rear of Notre Dame Church (No. 32 St. Sulpice). On the opposite side of the street may be seen a large number of stone buildings, occupying

---

\*Note.—See elsewhere the details of Place de Armes.

the site of the Hotel Dieu, removed to Fletcher's Field. These stores were occupied



NOTRE DAME CHURCH.

for a time by the Imperial troops as a barracks. Thence to St. Paul, and west to St. Francois

Xavier street. This is the Wall Street of Montreal, occupied by stock brokers—tele-



INTERIOR OF NOTRE DAME CHURCH.

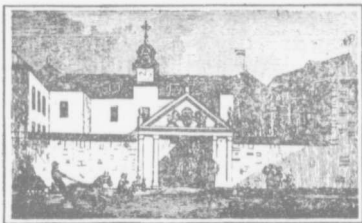
graph and insurance offices, etc. At the corner of this street and Notre Dame we find

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upied



teks.  
icois

the immense block of buildings known as the Seminary of St. Sulpice, immediately joining



SEMINARY.

the great Parish church of Notre Dame, so often mentioned. A large portion of the ancient and original buildings, with the old clock and its curious chime of bells, are of inter-

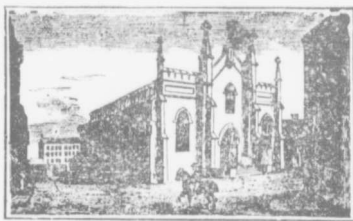


RECOLLET CHURCH (OLD).

est. A part of the ancient walls and gateway still exist, and a couple of loop-holes in the old



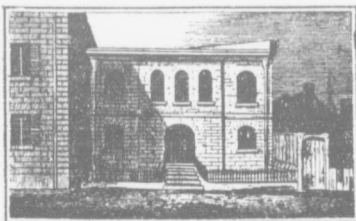
wall may be seen. In the rear of this pile of buildings is a large and magnificent garden, which can be seen from the tower of the church. Going west on Notre Dame towards McGill we look down St. John, and see the new Board of Trade building, now in course of construction, the former, on the same site, having been destroyed by fire, with many other places of business, in 1901. The building now in course of erection will be thoroughly fireproof.



ST. PAUL'S SCOTCH CHURCH.

At the corner of St. Peter's street stands the house occupied by many notables of the long ago. On the front you see the tablet, "La Maison Fourretier, le General Montgomery et ses officiers y logerent durant l'hiver de 1775," which Sam says means that Montgomery and his officers lodged here during the winter of 1775. It was from here that Montgomery went to Quebec, where, on the

last day of '75, he fell. This house was also the home of Montreal's first Mayor. The place is now occupied by a Bridgeport Yankee, with a French name,—Nelson L. Bonneau. He is a Grand Army man. Out of four brothers three were killed during the Southern rebellion. A sad contribution from a single family.

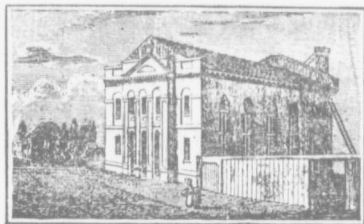


FIRST BAPTIST CHAPEL.

Further along, at the corner of St. Helen street, was the site of the Recollets Church and monastery. The front or facade of this church formed the front of the old parish church. Here is seen a tablet: "Here stood, until 1866, the Church and Monastery of the Recollets Fathers—erected in 1692; in which also worshipped the Anglicans, from 1764 to 1789, and the Presbyterians from 1791 to 1792." The Shedden Forwarding Company now occupy it.

One short block down St. Helen to Recollets street, on the building of James Johnson and

Company, is another tablet: "Site of the First Presbyterian Church, seceded from St. Gabriel's, 1831, under Rev. Edw. Black, D.D. Edifice abandoned in 1868." This church, St. Paul's, is now on Dorchester and St. Monique street. On the diagonal corner, on the building of Gault Brothers and Company is still another church tablet, which reads: "Here stood the



AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

First Baptist Chapel of Montreal, 1831, Rev. John Gilmour, Pastor. Abandoned, 1860." This Church is now on St. Catherine, corner of City Councillors street. On this same building a brass tablet reads :

"This commemorates the organization of the site of the first Young Men's Christian Association on the American Continent, Nov. 25, 1851. Erected on the occasion of the Jubilee Celebration, June 8, 1901." This will be of interest to the Association, whose build-

ings now are numbered by the thousand, all over the continent.

We go back to Notre Dame, and within twenty-five feet of where we turn west toward McGill street, we pass where was once

**The Recollet Gate.**

The old wall immediately in the rear of 1821 and 1823 Notre Dame street, which, by the way, is the only bit remaining of the west line, and mentioned at another place, shows that it would have crossed at this point. The second wall and gate was about at McGill, as claimed by other writers. Through this gate General Amherst passed,\* from which we turn east again into great St. James street, one of the most prominent streets of Montreal—many banks and insurance offices, postoffice, etc. At No. 260, just to the right, after turning into this street, is the office of

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\*Note.—“ Here stood the old Recollets Gate, through which General Amherst passed on September 8th, 1760, when he took possession. It was also through this gate that General Hull, on September 20th, 1812, with a few officers and men entered.” That is what is seen on a tablet at this point. I never knew before why Hull “quit” without a fight, but I see now. He wanted to come to Montreal. I don’t blame him !

United States Consul-General Edwards.

Major A. W. Edwards has recently been appointed Consul-General for Canada. The Major is a genial, whole-souled North Dakotan, and we promise for him a cordial welcome. He is a man who will always have a kind word for Canada.

He is a veteran of the war of the Rebellion, and served in the 122nd Illinois Infantry. Starting as a private in 1861, he rose to the rank of Major in 1865.

A Good Story.

Returning to his home in Illinois, he founded the "Union Gazette" at Bunker Hill, Ill., and, finally, after numerous newspaper ventures, he established the "Republican," which he consolidated with the "Argus," forming the "Forum" of to-day. The Major built a commodious block for his paper, and an amusing story is told in connection therewith:

While the latter was in course of erection, he, like many others, found himself hard-up. He consequently went to Colonel Morton, an old friend and capitalist, with the request to exchange checks for one day for \$1,000 to bridge over the difficulty. Colonel Morton, who is one of North Dakota's level-headed business men, listened to his friend's appeal and burst out, "What in — did you want to put up such an extensive building when a two-

storey building is all you need?" After a few more forcible expressions at that time peculiar to the exhilarating northern atmosphere, Major Edwards quietly interposed, "Colonel, you don't understand this. Charley Roberts contracted with me to furnish the brick, lime and sand to whatever extent I desired. Jack Davitt was to erect the building, and was to be paid when finished. I only intended to run it up two storeys, but not having the money to pay Jack I had to keep adding on storeys until I have gotten it up to five." The checks were exchanged.

He has great influence in North Dakota politics, is a general favourite, wields a facile pen, and is a forcible speaker.

A short distance down is a street named for a man who certainly deserved a wide and long avenue, instead of an alley a rod wide, and a very short block long. It makes one feel like scolding, to see some magnificent avenue named for a character whose deeds are, to say no more, mythical, while a man who saved the embryo of a nation is shunted off upon an alley way in the very city for which he gave up his life. This is, to say the least, a shame. The Colonel had an extra word in front of that "Shame," when he was speaking of that alley. I told him at the time "them's my sentiments." The Colonel does most of my emphatic wording. He seems to enjoy it, and it saves me the

wear and tear on conscience. But then I haven't told you the name of the street. I'm going to do my part and give it a heading all to itself, in homage to that brave martyr,

Dollard.

Thanks to the Numismatic and Antiquarian



PLACE D'ARMES SQUARE.

Society, a tablet tells the deeds of this grand youth. It is on the building just on the west side of the alley. It reads:

"Dollard des Ormeaux, who, with 16 colonists, 4 Algonquins and 1 Huron, sacrificed

their lives at the foot of the Long Sault of the Ottawa, May, 1660, and saved the Colony."—And an alley is named for him!—I must stop or I won't need the Colonel's help on emphatic wording!

On the left hand side of St. James, across the way from Victoria Square, stood the American Presbyterian Church, now removed to Dorchester and Drummond streets.

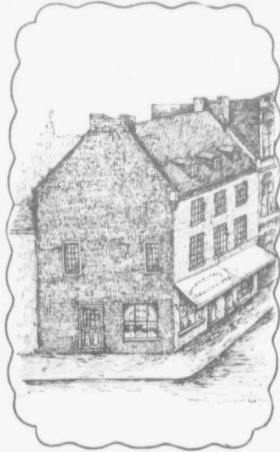
#### Victoria Square,

with its fine monument of the Queen, for whom it was named, and its pretty walks, are worthy of more than a passing note.

The Temple building, at No. 185, stands on the site of the third Methodist Church, the second standing where now is St. Lawrence Hall,—a hotel,—opposite which, across St. Francois Xavier Street, is the post-office. Don't fail to walk up a few steps, into the portico of this building and see those allegorical tablets on the arches above, by the celebrated English sculptor, Flaxman. They were formerly on the old bank of Montreal, which stood on this ground. These beautiful tablets were wantonly and most ignorantly painted over by some one who would have painted the tombstone of his grandma, thinking to add beauty to the stone. They represent Agriculture, Navigation, Commerce and Manufacture. Before reaching St. Law-



rence Hall, and on the same side of the street, is the fine stone edifice of the Montreal Star. Hugh Graham not only knows how to successfully conduct a great newspaper, but he knows architecture as well, as can be seen by both the Star building and his magnificent residence on Sherbrooke street, especially so the latter, which is one of the most correct in style in



ONCE ON PLACE D'ARMES SQUARE.

Montreal. The immense building to the rear of the Post-office, is the home of the Gazette, the only English morning journal in the city. Immediately opposite the post-office, at No. 128, is the office of the Richelieu and Ontario

Navigation Company. Next to the Post-office you see only a part of the great Bank of Montreal, a far larger portion of this vast treasure house being the new addition now building on Craig street at the rear.

To the right we see again Place D'Armes, around which are clustered so many of Montreal's great office buildings. Beyond the square we pass the fine buildings of the French newspapers, *Le Journal*, *La Patrie*, and lastly, the beautiful home of *La Presse*. This brings us to the eastern end of St. James street, at the

#### Court House,

near which is seen old St. Gabriel, the first Protestant church in Montreal. The new church is on St. Catherine, opposite to where City Councillor begins.

There are many other buildings of note on St. James, such as the Merchants Bank, the Mechanics' Institute, with its fine library, worthy a visit. There, too, on the right hand side, almost opposite to St. Lawrence Hall, is the ancient building of the Bank of British North America, which has stood for more than a half-century, as solid in construction as the institution itself. Just beyond, on the nearer corner of St. Francois Xavier street, is where was located the former post-office, and, one block further on, is now beginning a great

office building, the home of the Liverpool, London and Globe Insurance Company.

Digress here just a few minutes. Go back to St. Peter and down one block to Craig street and take in

#### A Little Bit of Craig

Start from the "Witness" newspaper office, (corner of St. Peter and Craig), and drive east. As we pass the "Herald," one of Montreal's leading papers, whose large building faces St. François-Xavier street, the Colonel asks: "Rube, did you see what the 'Sieve' said about you while you were down home?" "Oh, yes, Colonel I saw it, and remarked at the time that it came within an ace of being real humorous, which reminds me that the 'Funny Man' of the Montreal papers has a higher notion of humor than many of our own writers. Whether he uses scissors or his own grey matter, the product is rarely silly, but clean cut, and to the point. Vide 'The Passing Hour' or 'The 'Sieve.'"

We see again the "Gazette" block to the right across from the "Herald," and by its side the great white addition of the Montreal Bank, under construction. At the corner of Craig and Elizabeth, is the Eglise Evangélique Church, Rev. L. Massicotte, pastor. To the right are the Court House and City Hall

with Champ de Mars parade ground, in front or rather in rear of them as they face, as before stated, on Notre-Dame street. Opposite on the left hand side is a great drill hall, covering, an entire block.\* It's called "Salle d'Exercice"—"Salle" meaning hall. At the corner of St. Denis and Craig streets, we see a statue with the simple word :

**Chenier.**

I cannot but stop a sentence to tell you of Phillips' driver who, when they came to this statue stopped, and said : "This is Chineer's statue—Chineer was a doctor and was kilt in the last Riseriction."

"You mean Insurrection," said Phillips.

"Naw, I hav it—It was the last Rebillion. Yis, he was kilt by some wan by the name ov Pappinaw—He was a good doctor but a poor runner !"

The statue was erected in honor of Dr. Chenier, who, with 110 insurgents were slain, on Dec. 14, 1837, at St. Eustache. It's too long a story or I'd tell you about, how, 200 or 250 of the insurgents of the 1837-38 Papineau Rebellion had barricaded themselves in the Convent and parsonage against the troops, sent to take them, and how the church having caught fire many of them lost their lives in

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\*Note.—This will hold 15,000 people.

trying to escape, and among them Dr. Chenier. Yes, it's too long a story—read of that Rebellion yourself, but don't get the impression that because I begin it with a capital R that it was worthy of it. No, it was so insignificant that—well it wasn't of as much importance as many a city riot and yet the re-

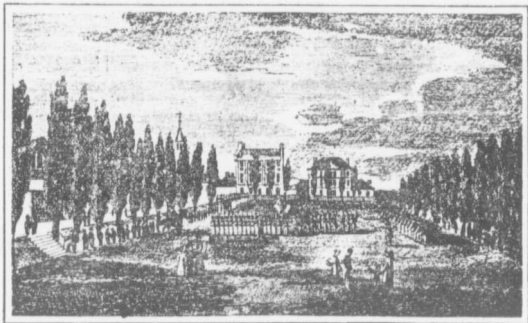


COURT HOUSE.

sults of it changed the whole political history of Canada. It was not till then that England found that Canada had just cause of complaint against the politicians who had been running affairs unjustly toward a certain portion of the people. When once she saw the situation, matters were righted. I'm

beginning to find that the Old Mother Country is pretty good to the children, and they all love her,—but I must stop talking statues and politics.

Passing around from St. James, at the west end of the Court House, we again find ourselves on Notre Dame street, where we see the Court House and City Hall to the left, and the



CHAMP DE MARS.

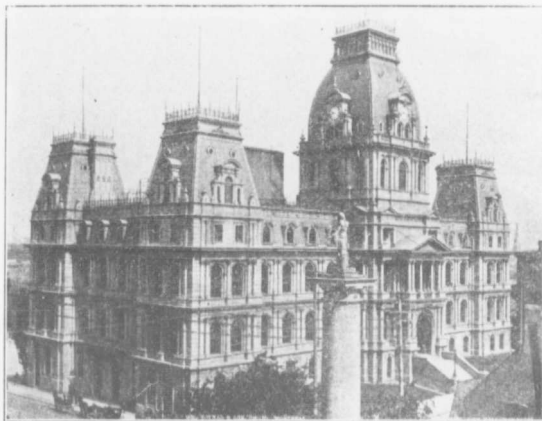
Chateau de Ramezay to the right. To the north end, in the rear of the Court House, is the

**Champ de Mars.**

This open square, bounded on the west by St. Gabriel street; north by Craig, and east by Gosford street, is used as a military parade ground. Originally the ground was low and in part swampy; but earth was carted from the

old Citadel Hill, afterwards called Dalhousie Square, and raised to its present condition. This ground has been the site of many interesting events.

From the City Hall we passed eastward on Notre Dame. To the left we see Notre Dame Hospital, which was formerly the Donegana



CITY HALL.

Hotel, a favorite resort for American travelers. The adjoining buildings were occupied as officers' mess. This locality was then the chief promenade for the citizens. It was in this vicinity that the great night fire of 1852 occurred. I say "night," for on the morning

of the same day occurred the fire that nearly destroyed the whole of St. Lawrence suburb. To the left, facing on Craig street, one block north, you see the magnificent depot and hotel of the Canadian Pacific,

**Place Viger.**

Immediately opposite which is one of the prettiest park-like squares in the city.

Continuing on to

**Papineau Square,**

finding little of interest save the immense buildings of the Montreal Rubber factory, we turned north to St. Catherine. On this street we found nothing of note until we reached St. Denis, in which vicinity,—St. Denis and St. Catherine, we found many points of interest, most of which will be found in detail in their proper places. Here are the Laval University buildings, the Notre Dame de Lourdes, and St. James churches (R.C.), the latter is said to have the tallest spire in America. The tourist should not miss this corner. From here we go up to St. Lawrence Main, passing on the way the

**Theatre Francais.**

Turning up St. Lawrence Main, (which street, by the way, was once the dividing line of the city, one side being called east, the other west.

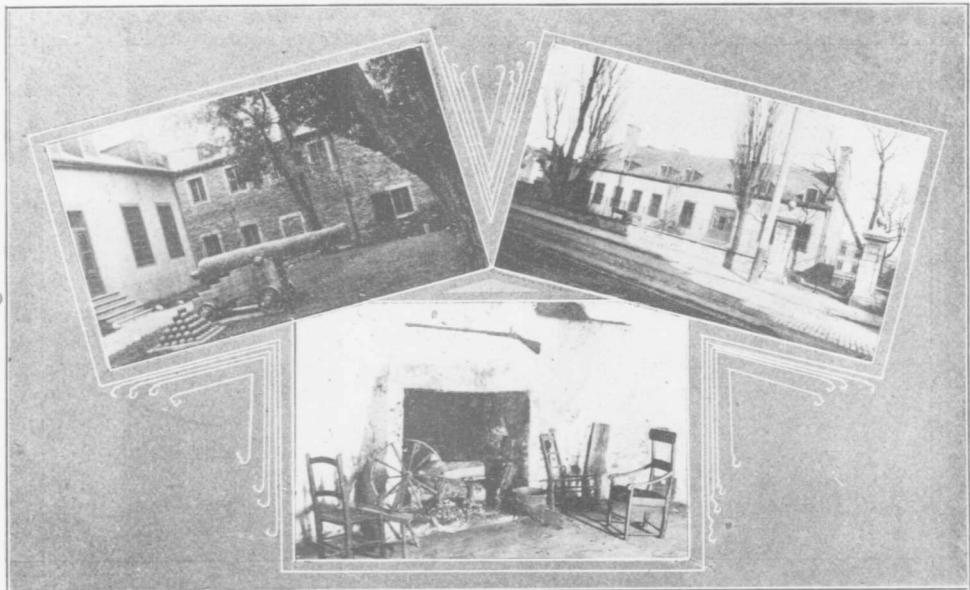


The east largely occupied by the French and the west by the English-speaking people. This



NOTRE DAME DE LOURDES.

was more pronounced in times past than at present.) We go out to Ontario, thence to



CHATEAU DE RAMEZAY.

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Amherst, up Amherst to Sherbrooke. Here we had a good view of

**Lafontaine Park,**

formerly known as Logan's farm. In the Imperial days this farm was used as the camping ground for the troops. The reviews in those days were mostly held on this farm. It is very large and has the making of a fine park. Already a number of lakes have been formed, and more are in progress. It lacks shade; but trees have been planted, and in time this will be overcome. There is a fine wide driveway surrounding it. At the north side is situated the Civic Conservatory, where flowers and plants are propagated for supplying the other parks of the city.

Situated on the Sherbrooke side of the Park is the

**Polytechnic Schools.**

This is a large and fine-looking building—and said to be one of the best-appointed school edifices in the Province.

From here (Sherbrooke and Amherst) we went up Amherst a short block, to Cheriier street, wide and beautiful—with many pretty residences, thence to St. Denis, where is seen the large

**Deaf and Dumb Asylum,**

surmounted by a beautiful dome. Crossing St. Denis street we come to

**St. Louis Park,**

a small, but one of the prettiest parks in the city, having a lake with fountains, and is well shaded. On the south side is to be seen the residence of Joseph Israel Tarte, a well-known man in the Dominion, being Minister of Public Works. There are many other fine residences in this locality. Looking through the Park a good view of Mount Royal is to be had, also toward the north is seen the great tower of St. Francis Church, in the distance.

From the Park, by way of Laval Avenue, we reach Sherbrooke street, at which point is seen to the left the beautiful

**Club St. Denis,**

formerly the residence of Fortier, the noted cigar manufacturer. On the south side of Sherbrooke, opposite the club house, is the magnificent pile of buildings of the

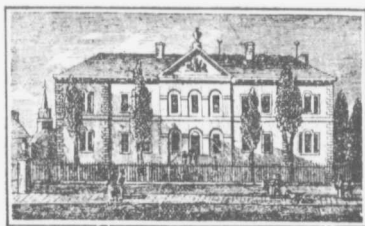
**Mount St. Louis College.**

This is a boys' school. The pupils wear a military uniform and are well drilled in all the tactics of the field soldier. They have a fine band and on parades they are most conspicuous for their martial bearing. On the same side of Sherbrooke street we come to the

**Monastery de Bon Pasteur,**

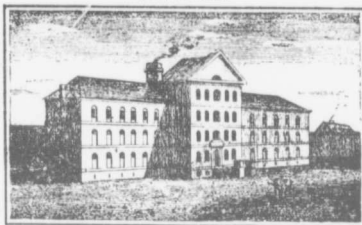
for boys and girls.

On the corner of St. Lawrence Main is the fine old residence, with grounds, of John

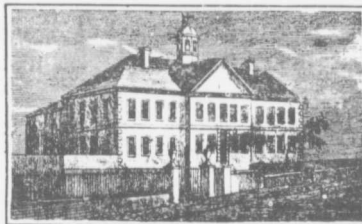


COURT HOUSE

1830



NEW JAIL.



OLD JAIL.

1830

Molson, Esq., opposite to which is the Sherbrooke Street Methodist Church. Further along on the north side is the

former residence of Mr. William Notman, the celebrated photographer. It is now occupied as St. Margaret's Home. Then, on the corner of St. Urbain, is the fine residence of the Bagg family. At No. 595 is the residence of ex-Mayor Wilson-Smith, said to have been one of the best chief magistrates Montreal has ever had. At 630 is the Platt house, now occupied by Mr. A. Skaife. This is a very old house, and one of the best specimens of the early suburban residences of the city. Immediately opposite, at 631, is the residence of Rouer Roy, K.C., City Attorney. At the corner, where Bleury street ends and Park Avenue begins, at 679, is the old Lunn house, much modernized, and now the residence of J. B. Sparrow, that live theatrical manager, who has charge of most of the English-speaking theatres in town. No. 712 is the residence of the well-known Alderman, J. B. Clearihue. We next come to the

The Royal Victoria College for Women,

Just beyond, and on the same side, come the spacious grounds and buildings of

McGill University,

mentioned at length in the "Wandering Yankee."

Just opposite to McGill, at No. 820, formerly resided one of the most agreeable gentlemen

I have met in Canada. I refer to F. D. Monk, K.C., D.C.L., M.P., the leader of the Conservative party in the Province of Quebec. Shortly after I came to Montreal there was given a dinner to this gentleman. I could not but note the tone of all the speeches, and wondered at



ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE.

the time if Montreal had a citizen worthy of the pretty things said of him, but when I came to know the man, I felt that had I the power of expression, I could have excelled even the most florid speech of that dinner. It is a real pleasure to know such a man in a city where a stranger can appreciate a friend.

At No. 826 resides one of the most prominent physicians in Montreal, James Perrigo.

No. 844 is the McGill Y. M. C. A. building.

No. 846, residence of Hon. James O'Brien, Senator.

No. 858 is the home of J. B. Tressidder, of the Montreal Star.

At No. 873 resides Jesse Joseph, the Belgian Consul. Immediately opposite is one of the finest residences in Montreal. A brown stone palace, the residence of the Hon. Geo. A. Drummond. This is on the easterly corner of Metcalfe street. On the opposite corner is the residence of Hon. Sir Wm. H. Hingston, M.D.\*

The site of the old

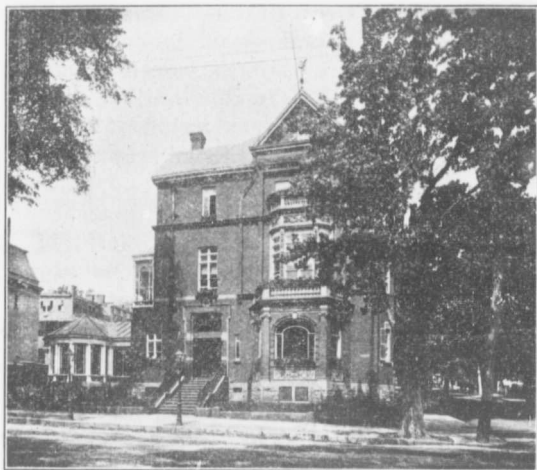
**Indian Village at Hochelaga,**

lies along Sherbrooke street at this point. It is supposed to have run from University to Mansfield streets, and as far south as Burnside street. All through this locality have been found many Indian relics, now preserved in Redpath Museum.

Just beyond Mansfield, or (as the continuation of this street is called) McTavish, which runs toward the mountain, past the College grounds, we find at No. 887 the residence of Robert Craik, physician and surgeon, and Dean of the Medical Faculty of McGill, and two doors west, at No. 889, lives Wm. Peterson, C. M. G., LL.D., Principal of McGill University.



At 893 resides George B. Reeve, former general manager of the Grand Trunk System, and at No. 898 lives a man of double size—by name and ability—President of the Bell Telephone



MOUNT ROYAL CLUB.

Co., Mr. C. F. Sise. He has built up a system that is a marvel for efficiency. It includes both local and long distance.

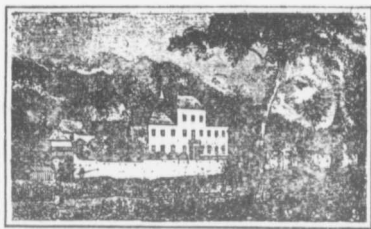
Misses Symmers and Smith, young ladies' school, is at No. 916. This is one of the most select private schools in Montreal. Just opposite, on the corner of Stanley street, is to be

seen the magnificent palace of Sir William Van Horne.\*

On the other corner, west, is the Mount Royal Club, or, as Sam called it, "The Milyanares' Club," formerly the residence of Hon. John Abbott. Next, west, of the Club House, at No. 951, is the home of one of the best known and most successful business men in Canada, the Hon. L. J. Forget. In this locality we find the residences of two very prominent newspaper men, that of Hugh Graham, proprietor of the Star, at No. 952 Sherbrooke; and that of Richard White, proprietor of the Gazette, at 298 Stanley street, just west of Sherbrooke. Going on west Sam points out the home of Sir Melbourne Tait, Judge of the Superior Court, at No. 994, and at 995, across the street, lives the great merchant, Andrew F. Gault. At 1006 lives Dr. F. W. Campbell, L.R.C.P., London, Dean of the Medical Faculty of the University of Bishop's College.

At the head of Crescent street, stands one of the finest of the Protestant churches in the city, the Erskine Presbyterian, Rev. A. J. Mowatt, pastor. The Erskine is in part modelled after one of the fine churches of Minneapolis, Minn. In "The Sherbrooke," which stands between Crescent street and Ontario Avenue, resides the Consul-General of France, Chancelier Elève. Here also reside Mr and Mrs. Wm. Curry, late of Halifax. Mrs.

Curry is one of the great singers of Canada. She was trained for grand opera by some of the best teachers in Paris, London and Berlin. She has sung in New York with Anton Seidl and Theodore Thomas. She is a teacher of a very high order. It is in this locality where on the south side of Sherbrooke, near Mackay street, stands the great block of houses built by Maloney—of New York “hoodle” fame. At 1065 stands a house with beautiful grounds,



PRIEST'S FARM AND FORT (1677).

the home of Mrs. A. M. Redpath, and fine avenue leading up to it from Sherbrooke street. Just beyond, at 1121 is Mount View, the park-like home of James Linton, with fine statuary scattered about the grounds. There are many other fine residences all along here, up to the huge buildings and grounds of the Grand Seminary, and Montreal College. I say “huge,” for that is the word which will best express these

enormous buildings—possibly unequalled in size on the Continent.

From Sherbrooke we went down Wood street, to St. Catherine, on the north-east corner of which stands the great

#### Arena.

built of iron and brick. It is used in winter for skating and hockey, and in summer as a concert and music hall, where is held the annual combined concert of all the Protestant schools of the city. This Annual is under the supervision of Professor Smith, and is an event of great importance. I have never heard anything in the line of children's singing equal to what I listened to at the Annual held recently in the Arena. It was grand and inspiring. To listen to the 2,000 voices made me change my notion of the teaching of singing in the public schools.

Next north are

#### The Montreal Baseball Grounds.

formerly the grounds of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, removed now to Mile End. Next, to the right, is a square called Western Park.

Going east along St. Catherine we pass to the left a very pretty church, the Douglas Methodist, at the corner of Chomey street. Continuing to Guy, and looking northward, we see to the right Proctor's Theatre, which is becoming

one of the most popular places of amusement in the city.

Church of St. James the Apostle.

At Bishop street we find the Church of St. James the Apostle. Rev. Canon Ellegood, M.A., Rector.\*



CHURCH OF ST. JAMES THE APOSTLE.

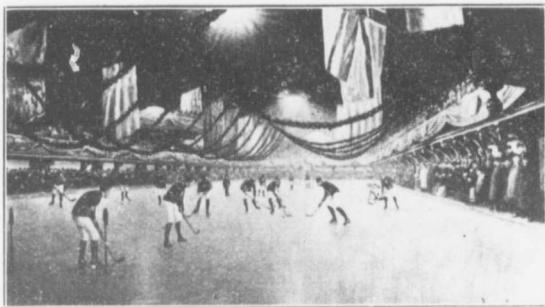
Between Drummond and Stanley, at No. 2434, is the Y. W. C. A. Temporary Home for Work-

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\* See an extended reference to the church and the canon in the "Wandering Yankee."

ing Girls, under the charge of Miss A. M. E. Hill. This Home is most deserving, and is doing much good. I always feel like speaking a kind word for those who in any way make the life of their sisters happier.

At the corner of Stanley is a fine church, the Emmanuel Congregational, Rev. Hugh Pedley,



VICTORIA RINK.

B.A. pastor, A short distance south, on Stanley, is Temple Emanu-El. Rev. Lindman, a rising young Ohio man, has lately taken this charge. Near by is the Stanley Street Presbyterian Church. Rev. F. M. Dewey is the genial pastor.

**The Victoria Skating Club.**

is at 36 Stanley. This is the oldest and most popular rink in the city. Here have been held some of the finest carnivals on the continent.

The Horticultural Society has held its ex-

hibitions here for a number of years, and the American Medical Association held one of its Annuals in this Rink. It is a very historical old landmark. Returning to the corner of Stanley and St. Catherine is Stanley Hall, where Frank Norman has his dancing and physical culture classes—the most select in the city. At 2426, we see Professor J. P. Stephen's School of Elocution. The Professor looks after the elocution of the public schools of the city.

At one o'clock we continued east on St. Catherine, where we had left off at Peel street.

Up a half block from St. Catherine, on Peel street, we saw the High School, at which you may remember, I asked the fifty questions about the United States.\*

We came to the old Wellington Terrace—to the right, running from Mansfield to McGill College avenue. This block was one of the first erected on St. Catherine west, and named for the great Wellington, whose statue surmounts it.

Looking up, the Colonel saw two statues of Wellington, one at either end of the block, and said: "Sam, I see two statues, come, now, tell us why two?" Sam was silent for a minute, then quickly replied: "Oh, yes, I have it. One of them represents Wellington before, and the

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\* See the "Wandering Yankee."

other after, the battle of Waterloo. See, he holds in his hand beyond a sewerd which he win in the battle." Even the Colonel was satisfied with the "two."

At 2265 we pass Goltman's Metropolitan Business College. The principal is the author of the Goltman Metric System, which is being taken up by many of the schools.

Near where Major E. M. Renouf is erecting his large publishing house at University street was the location of the

#### Crystal Palace.

of 1860, built for the Montreal Exposition.

At Union Avenue and St. Catherine street is Christ Church Cathedral, referred to in the Notre Dame street route.

Diagonally across at the easterly corner of Phillips Square, stands a fine

#### Art Gallery.

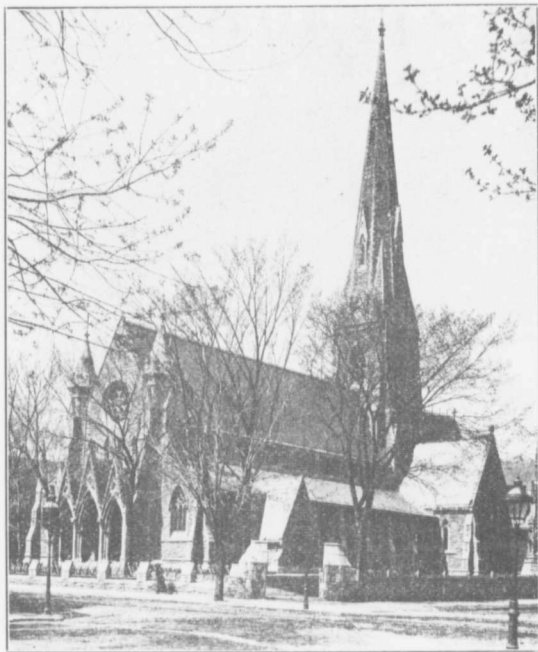
Montreal has few art gallerys; but the private collections are possibly unequalled by cities of many times its size. I might have mentioned the gallery to be seen at the Colonial House, as the fine arts are well represented at this great emporium. In the public gallery just mentioned are some rare specimens of the work of Canada's best artists. We were much indebted to the secretary, Mr. J. B. Abbott—himself an artist—a number of whose pleasing landscapes are here to be seen. As above men-





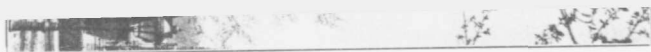
MAJOR E. M. RENOUF'S PUBLISHING HOUSE.

tioned, few cities have finer collections, in private galleries than has Montreal. Those of the following leading citizens are especially



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.

choice :—Sir Wm. Van Horne, Sir Thomas G. Shaughnessy, James Ross, E. S. Clouston,



METHODIST CHURCHES.

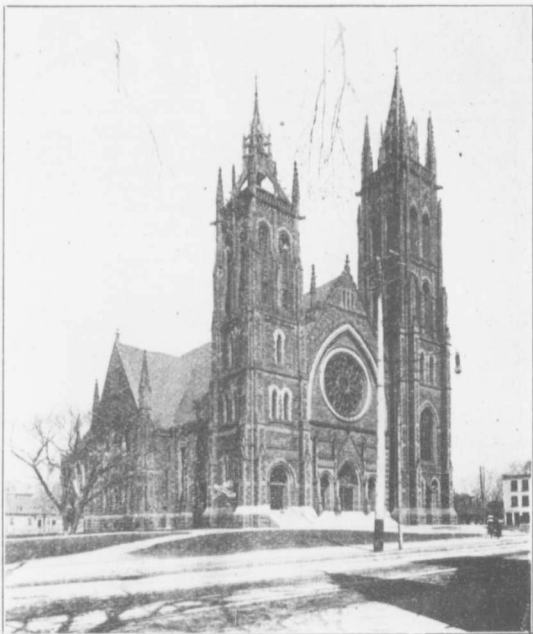


THE SECOND CHURCH,  
St. Lawrence Hall.

THE THIRD CHURCH,  
Temple Building.

THE FIRST CHURCH,  
32 St. Sulpice St.

G. A. Drummond, Dr. F. G. Shepherd, R. B. Angus, E. B. Greenshields, C. R. Hosmer, Dr. Wm. Gardner, C. J. Fleet, W. J. Learmont,



ST. JAMES METHODIST CHURCH. (New.)

and many others. The landscapes of Brymner, Hammond, Raphael, and Bridges; the portrait work of Harris, Forbes, and Bell

Smith; the seascapes of Crillen and the impressionist work of Curzon and many other noted artists' works are to be seen here. A day might well be spent in visiting this gallery, the pride of the city, for most of its best work is from the brushes of Montreal artists.

At the corner of City Councillors street is the First Baptist Church, Rev. J. A. Gordon, pastor. Just opposite is St. Gabriel Presbyterian Church, Rev. Robert Campbell, D.D. Then, occupying a whole block, is seen the largest Protestant church on the continent, the St. James Methodist, Rev. J. W. Graham and Rev. C. A. Sykes, pastors.

This church is too beautiful to be set in a dreary, commons-like square. A few trees and flowers would greatly enhance its magnificence. Money should always go with taste. A cottage in beautifully kept grounds is far more pleasing than a palace with nothing but bare ground around it. The palace too often is built with money alone. Taste comes later on.

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## A Turn in the Tour.

From St. Catherine we turned down Bleury to Dorchester street, passing the Jesuit Church and St. Mary's College adjoining,—(mentioned among churches). At the corner of Bleury and



MADAME BARAT, WHO A CENTURY AGO FOUNDED THE ORDER OF THE SACRED HEART.

Dorchester Sam pointed east on the latter to Dufferin Square, a block away. It was once a Protestant burying ground. The first point of interest is at St. Alexander street, on which and near Dorchester, we can see to the right

The Sacred Heart Convent and School.  
Here attend young ladies from not only all



INTERIOR OF JESUITS' CHURCH.

parts of Canada, but very many from the

United States. It is one of the most popular schools in the Dominion. There is also connected with it a large establishment at the Back River, reached by the Park and Island trolley.

To the left is seen St. Patrick's Church and Orphan Asylum. In the yard behind the asy-



ST. JAMES'S CLUB.

lum stands the original "Mother House," known as the Rochblanc House. Here is also seen St. Bridget's Home.

At 807 is the Masonic Temple, and almost adjoining, and cornering on University street, is

The Fraser Institute.

It is more of a library than an institute.



In this building are the rooms of the Montreal Horticultural Society. Immediately opposite is the beautiful home of

**The St. James's Club.**

From this corner, looking down Hanover, (a continuation of University street), may be seen the old High School, where many of the prominents of the city received their education. A little west of this school, and facing Palace street, is the Roman Catholic High School, a large and imposing building.

**Natural History Society's Museum.**

Looking north toward St. Catherine street, we see the Natural History Society's Museum, free to the public—well worthy a visit. Here may be seen two Egyptian mummies in their cases—the most complete specimens on this continent. Continuing along Dorchester to No. 845, we pass the residence of the Hon. George Washington Stevens, M. P. P. His house is in very spacious, well wooded grounds. The Hon. Mr. Stevens has long been a prominent figure in local as well as provincial affairs. We pass to the left St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, at No. 852, Rev. James Barclay, M. A., D. D., minister. Just beyond is the beautiful home, and fine grounds, of Mr. J. H. Joseph. At No. 877 are the offices and rooms of the Canadian Society of Civil Engi-

neers. At the corner of Mansfield, is the Knox Presbyterian Church, with its fine carving over the facade. Rev. Jas. Fleck, B.A., pastor.



*William H. Drummond*

Adjoining, and facing Dorchester and Dominion Square, is the large Y. M. C. A. building, mentioned before. Also the aforementioned St. James Cathedral.

Here we cross through Dominion Square to the starting point of the morning drive. We see on the corner of Drummond and Dorchester the American Presbyterian Church.

Further along are the Montreal Conservatory of Music and the Dominion College of Music. Next to the right, we pass the Crescent Street Presbyterian Church.

Near Guy Street, at No. 1009, lives Dr. W. H. Drummond, author of

**Johnnie Courteau and the Habitant.**

It is a question if there are to-day two books of modern poems more widely read and enjoyed than these two of this genial poet's. So many have asked us, "What is he like?" that it is a pleasure to give here a portrait of him. Unlike so many world prominent, the doctor is quite as popular at home as he is abroad. I could say no more of him though I wrote a volume; I could say no less, and give you a full conception of how he is here appreciated, in his own home, among his own people.

That dome-like building to the left is the Crystal Skating rink, and Bicycle Academy. And to the right, beginning at Guy street, are the extensive grounds of the Grey Nunnery, letters patent for which were issued in 1692, founded 1755, comprising the Nunnery proper, Church, Orphan Asylum, and Hospital.

Not far from St. Mark street, at No. 1149, is the handsome residence of

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**Sir Thomas G. Shaughnessy.**

who is worthy of more than a passing note. He was born in Milwaukee in 1853. His life reads like a romance. From poor boy to



SIR THOMAS G. SHAUGHNESSY.

man of vast possibilities has seemed but an Aladin stride—a dream of a night. His life and that of Sir William Van Horne could be read as one—only a change of name, the life sketch would fit either. He came to the Cana-

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dian Pacific Railway with Sir William, and to their master minds much is due for that road's position at the head of the world's vast railway systems. This road and its branches are fast permeating the Dominion, as the arteries of a giant's body. Sir Thomas, on the retirement of Sir William Van Horne, became President of this railway system.

During the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York's visit last year (1901), Mr. Shaughnessy was made a Knight, in recognition of what he has done, is doing, and will do toward the upbuilding of this vast Empire.

G. M. Adam speaks of Sir Thomas thus aptly: "From the first day of his life as a railway man there was no doubt in the minds of those who knew him that he would be a success. The qualities of his mind are thoroughly modern, and fit exactly the service of this greatest branch of modern public service. Ardent and untiring, he has the ability to do much work, and his shrewd common sense and prodigious memory enable him to guide that work to the very best advantage."

It may be a broad statement to say that, taking into account the vast obstacles with which these two men have had to contend, they stand alone as railway managers, but when we see what they have done and are doing the statement is but that of a fact.

Immediately west is the magnificent

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residence of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, G.C., M.G., High Commissioner for Canada in London. Just opposite we find the park-like grounds of Edgehill—filled with private residences—one of which is the new house of Narcissus Peacock, whose stable is one of the finest in the Dominion. It contains some fine record trotters. In passing, let me say that few cities have finer horses than Montreal.

Beyond, one block to the left, are the church and workshops of the Franciscans. At Essex and Dorchester is the Western Hospital, just beyond which we come to Atwater, a wide avenue. This is the dividing line between Montreal and Westmount. Had Sam not mentioned the fact I could have known that we were in another city by the look of the streets. I asked, "Sam, why is this?" "I don't know, but I heard that Westmount is run by business men, who look more to the interest of the town than to what they can make out of it for themselves." There is no question but that Westmount is well looked after for some reason.

To our left, on the west side of Atwater, is the small St. Stephen's Chapel. We drove down Bruce avenue, which ends at the C.P.R. track, to get a view over the suburban towns of St. Henri, Ste. Cunegonde (immediately before us), Cote St. Paul, and Verdun, then back to Dor-

chester, which ends one block away, at the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association grounds, with its toboggan, skating, lacrosse, etc. The grounds are enclosed by a high fence, and are quite extensive, with immense seating capacity.

**Rube and the Skating Committee.**

"Colonel," said I, "here is where I saw that skating match, I was telling you about."

"Don't remember of your telling me—what about it?"

"Well, I came out to see a skating match one day last winter—got a seat so low down that I could not see a thing. Tried to get the red ribboned committee to change it. 'Did they help me out?' Why, man, did you ever see a skating committee? The fellow who runs a country funeral is no circumstance to that Montreal Skating Committee I asked to change my ticket. The affairs of the nation would not have weighed half so heavily on big men's shoulders! It may be annoying to be courteous, but it pays, as often a city is wrongly judged by the few citizens the stranger may chance to come in contact.

"I spoke of my experience to a member of the club. I felt quite relieved by his reply:

"The committees who run our skating and games,

Are so great they would bring many dollars—

If left to themselves to set up the price—  
Yet often so small, though they be very nice,  
That they'd slip—yes, just slip through their  
collars.”

Up one block, at Hallowell street, we again found St. Catherine street, out which, to the west, we reach The Glen, passing on the way many fine residences. This Glen was formerly a large water course, leading down from the mountain. We went out St. Catherine street to Victoria avenue and up a steep hill to Cote St. Antoine road, crossing the noted driveway of Westmount, Western avenue—with its long rows of trees and beautifully kept, grass-bordered sidewalks. Just beyond this avenue, looking out Victoria, a good view is had, to the left on the far hill, of the burned ruins of Ville Marie Convent.

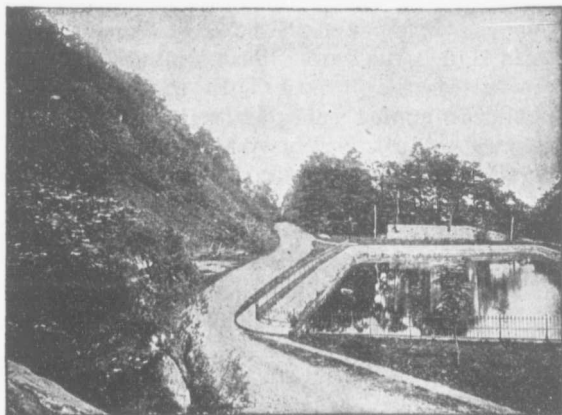
Passing down Cote St. Antoine road, back toward the city, we see all along many old homesteads, interspersed with new and modern houses. Among which is the home of Westmount's Mayor, Mr. Lighthall (of former mention) on the north-west corner of Murray avenue. There is a pretty tree embowered Anglican church, just beyond. One block further on, on the same side, is St. Andrew's Church, Rev. G. F. Johnson, a young but rapidly rising Nova Scotian, being pastor. To the right, is the Westmount Curling Rink, whose



membership includes the best citizens of the town. To the left is seen the Westmount City Hall, police station, and fire hall. This is not a very imposing building, but then Westmount really has no need for a police station, or even a fire hall. The assembly hall of the town is Victoria Hall, a very handsome building, situated in the park, containing a public gymnasium. Situated alongside Victoria Hall is the public library, a fine building, erected for the purpose. In the park is a public swimming bath, as well as recreation grounds. Right here may be seen the following sign: "Private grounds, temporarily opened to the residents of Westmount." This is in strange contrast to one seen near by on entering Montreal, as follows: "The Police will arrest any one found on this property." Continuing our drive on St. Antoine road, we reach Westmount Academy, a fine, imposing building, almost opposite to which begin the grounds to be made into a beautiful and extensive park.

Coming east we reached Wood avenue, where our westward morning trip had ended, as we turned south to St. Catherine. This time we turned north, and, by a zig-zag road known as Holton avenue, we reached Kinnon avenue, the highest on the mountain side. This we followed out to Cote des Neiges Village (Hill of the Snows) road, just before

reaching which we saw to the left a little stone tower known as the Trafalgar—legend says it was built by an old sea-captain, who on Trafalgar Day fired off a little cannon to celebrate the victory in which he had taken part. There is also a haunted story connected with it.



CITY RESERVOIR FROM THE PARK.

Out the Cote des Neiges road a short distance is the property of the late Col. Strathy, and further along, adjoining, is the ground where stood the old

**Capitulation House,**

where Gen. Amherst had his headquarters, and

where the French Governor surrendered to the English—in 1760—Sept. 8—then under Generals Amherst and Murray. The site is now occupied by the Westmount reservoir. To the right at the corner of this (Kinnon) avenue, at Cote des Neiges road, is the old Botanical Gardens of McGill College, and opposite is the Donald Ross house—once occupied as a ladies' college. I've had much toll-gate experience, but never before did I have to pay 15 cts. to go 135 feet, as I had to at this point, to reach the city limits, where we turned to the left into

**Mount Royal Park,**

which comprises 464 acres of the mountain, and should be seen by driving, as the distances are such that it would be too fatiguing to walk.

The views from the various points are almost like looking down from Pen Mar, on the Western Maryland railroad—west of Baltimore.

Looking toward the river over the city, we see at the extreme west the Lachine Rapids,—Heron Island, St. Paul or Nuns' Island, then the Victoria bridge, at the further end of which is the village of St. Lambert. Next the Islands, Moffatt and St. Helen, in front of the city. Of the towns seen from the mountain I speak elsewhere.

We left the park and drove first through

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**Cote des Neiges Cemetery,**

the Catholic burial place. It is beautiful and contains many handsome monuments and vaults. Sam pointed out the Stations of the Cross; the monument erected to the "patriots of the Rebellion of 1837," and a number of other points of interest, but the one that will possibly attract most the attention of the tourist is the monument of Frs. Guibord, who was, for some religious reason, long refused burial herein. The monument is a great boulder with a marble tablet set in; but which has been so cut away by relic-hunters and others, that it is now almost level with the boulder itself. He is buried over six feet below the ground, which is only consecrated to that depth—so says Sam.

Crossing the road dividing the two grounds, which road, by the way, ends at where the two entrance gates face each other, we entered the Protestant or

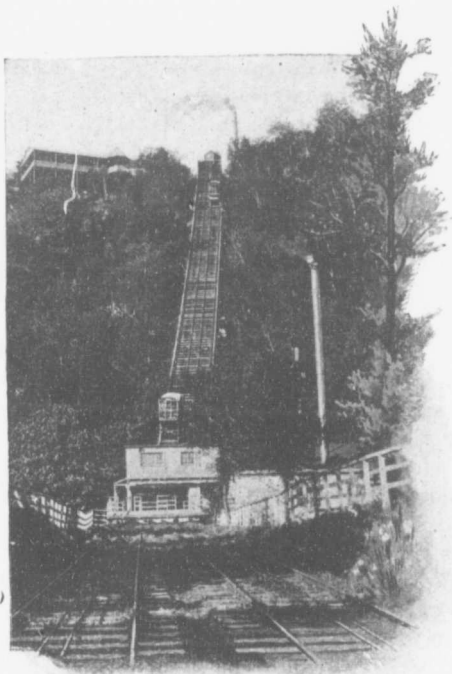
**Mount Royal Cemetery.**

Like the one just seen, it is beautifully laid out, and well kept. The first thing of interest that attracts the attention, is the Firemen's lot and monument. Numerous vaults are to be seen, though not so many as in the Cote des Neiges. On the highest point of the grounds may be seen the Molson monuments and vaults. To the left of these is the magnificent

Crematory and Conservatory. There is nothing on the Continent to equal it in beauty. It is very large, and perfect in all its appointments. It is one of the sights which no tourist should miss. Coming down the hill leading to the front, or main entrance, we pass the Hackett monument, the interesting particulars of which all "Sams" will give you. In this cemetery is buried Heavysage, the noted poet, author of "Saul," and other poems. Speaking of Saul reminds me that David is also buried here. His vault contains the simple name. One day a little Sunday-school boy visiting the cemetery with his mother, on coming to this vault stopped, and, in amazement, said: "Oh, mamma, see quick, here is *David* is buried!" Deserving of special mention are a number of Celtic Crosses seen here, Ross says of them that they are the most perfect specimens in America, he having made a study of those found in Ireland, and pronounces these pure in style.

Passing out under a beautiful stone arch, to the left of which is the Superintendent's house and office, and to the right the chapel, we find ourselves in a fine tree-lined road, leading back to the city. Along this road and near to the Mount Royal entrance, are situated two Jewish Cemeteries. The Chaldaic lettering and antique tomb-stones deserve more than a hurried notice. We came down this road to

Park avenue, where we again entered the Park through Fletcher's field, passing on the way the Montreal Royal Golf Club links.



INCLINE RAILWAY.

#### Incline Railway.

As we pass along Park Avenue we see to the right the incline railway that runs up to the top of the Mountain. This ride no tourist should miss, not alone for the magnificent panorama he will get going up and the desolving views coming down, but the far-reaching picture he will see from the Mountain top. One to enjoy this ride at its best should not, in going up, look around *over* the view, but should look straight back, and the eye will see growing a panorama of rare beauty.

The ride is absolutely safe, as the cable would carry many times the weight of the car.

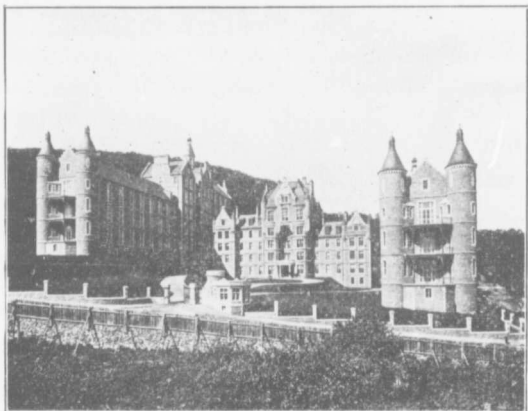
The tourist can reach this from any car line running towards Bleury street.

The large building and grounds to the east, almost opposite to the Incline road, is

#### Hotel Dieu,

comprising a nunnery, hospital and chapel. The full name of this greatest of Roman Catholic hospitals in Montreal, is Hotel Dieu St. Joseph de Ville Marie. The grounds are about three quarters of a mile in circumference, surrounded by a high stone wall. It was founded in 1644 by the Duchess de Bullion, "the unknown benefactress," who gave 40,000 livre to found a hospital. At that time there seemed no occasion to use so great a sum for a hospital, but later on the Indian wars

showed the wisdom of her gift. It has in all the years since done a vast measure of good. The original hospital was on St. Paul street near Custom House Square, mentioned in the morning trip. On the front wall of the present building is a tablet. Mlle. Mance, its



ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL.

foundress, was an interesting woman, whose works are seen on all sides, about the city. From Hotel Dieu we returned to St. Catherine street by way of Park avenue proper, to Milton street, thence west to University street, on the corner of which is situated the fine building of the



**Methodist Theological College.**

University street near this point has two institutions of special interest, one is

**The Diocesan Anglican College.**

on the left, going south toward Sherbrooke, and the other is the

**Royal Victoria Hospital,**

in the other direction on Pine Avenue. This was a gift of Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount Stephen. It is by far the finest hospital in Montreal. It looks like a great Scotch castle. Its location on the side of the mountain is most beautiful, picturesque and commanding. It is surrounded by extensive and well-kept grounds.

Turning to the left on to Pine Avenue, passing the lower or main reservoir, at the rear of McGill College grounds, we came to McTavish street, at the head of which is seen the beautiful residence and grounds of the Allans. Slightly west of which, bordering the park road, may be seen the upper reservoir, and, surrounded by a stone wall, is the McTavish monument, overgrown with bushes and trees. Thence down McTavish street, we pass at the left the Presbyterian College, Dr. McVicker, President, and the Congregational College to

the right ; also the magnificent new library of McGill University, on the left, we reach Sherbrooke, and thence' came down Metcalf street to Dominion Square, our starting point, and so ends the first day of sight seeing in Montreal.



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## UP THE RIVER TO LACHINE AND BACK AROUND THE MOUNTAIN.

One of the suburban trips is to the town of

Lachine,

about nine miles up the river from the city, by way of McGill street to Common, from which we cross Black's Bridge over the head of the canal locks into Mill street, which is well named, as here are located some of the great industries of Montreal. Huge rolling and nail-making mills, Ogilvie's elevator and flouring mills. We cross a flume of the canal and see to the right Tait's ship yard, to the left the Laing Meat Company's great packing houses. We pass the cattle yards of the Grand Trunk. Out St. Etienne street to the left may be had a good view of the immense Victoria Bridge. Turning to the right we reach Wellington street, near which are the offices and car yards of the Grand Trunk. The general offices are just now being removed to McGill street, to the new offices. Out Wellington street through

## Point St. Charles,

to the city limits. One is pleasantly disappointed with this part of Montreal. I had the impression that it was all an inferior portion—but instead the neat houses and well-kept lawns bespeak much for the fine-looking people we meet in passing.

## St. Paul, or Nun's Island,

is seen off to the left. It is long and narrow and well wooded. The dyke, built to keep out the spring floods, obstructs the view of the river, out to

## Verdun,

a pretty suburb along the river and extending back some distance. Just beyond to the right is seen the immense

## Verdun Insane Asylum,

belonging to the Protestants. The grounds are extensive and well kept. At Verdun are two parks, the King's and Queen's—with enclosed ball grounds. The river is several miles wide above Nun's Island—just after passing which, far across the bay—as here the river seems—is seen the small town of

## Laprairie,

which is reached from the city by a ferry boat that makes several trips daily. This village is

a favorite camping ground for the militia—as there is here a large open common. All along are pretty houses. Especially so is that of the Ogilvies, with its immense grounds and large house, with outhouses.

We pass the great power-house of the Electric Light Company, built far out into the river where the

**Lachine Rapids,**

are divided by

**Ile Heron,**

I had thought and the thought is general with the stranger, that the rapids are at Lachine; but instead they are not much over half way out from the city.

There are many very old houses all along this lower road, but the one which has clustering round it the greatest interest is

**The Lasalle Homestead of 1666,**

but, owing to a want of pride in the old, the “clustering” will soon be a memory only, as there is little left to mark the spot save a pile of rocks from the crumbling walls. These ruins are seen a short distance west of the “New Inland Cut,” of the Montreal Water-works, and just at the foot of the “Fraser Hill,” an elm-embowered rise in the road, on the top of which resides Miss Fraser, the daughter and only surviving member of the family of John Fraser, a remarkable man of

the old school. It is to him I am much indebted for many things of interest on this Lower Road, as his writings are very prolific—of facts which might have been lost but for him.

I'm going to say it some place, and had as well say it here as anywhere, that the Province of Quebec owes it to the tourist to look after



THE LASALLE HOMESTEAD OF 1666.

its old landmarks better than it does. The inquisitive Yankee is ever hunting up the old, and he spends enough money in Canada to have the "old" kept up, and not allowed to fall into ruins, as many an historic house has been allowed to fall. The La Salle house was a landmark of great interest—it lies in ruins.

Chateau Bigot, near Quebec was the Mecca of many a hunter after the old histories—but part of two walls of it remain. A few years more and grass will grow over the spots where once they stood, especially so if fence material continues scarce in their localities, and the owners of them continue to be economically devoid of all sentiment for the “old.” The Province should buy and preserve the old landmarks, and not allow them to be lost, else when all are gone the aforesaid “Inquisitive” may seek elsewhere the things which he will go all sorts of distances and spend various kinds of money, which he so willingly parts with, if he can see the “old.” If you who make the laws lack sentiment, then preserve the landmarks as an investment, as the tourists’ money will pour in as long as there is anything to see.

This old house—La Salle’s—the first built in Lachine or vicinity, occupied by three men of more than national interest—Champlain, La Salle, and Cuillerier,—has been allowed to fall into ruins, and the almost sacred stones used to keep the chickens out of the front yard of the house adjoining. The history of La Salle is worthy of a volume rather than a passing notice. He once lived at the corner of St. Paul—No. 498—and St. Peter streets, where is seen a tablet. From this house he went to live in Lachine. It is said that the name “La-

chine" came from an exclamation of La Salle. When he beheld the widening of the St. Lawrence into Lake St. Louis, he cried out: "La Chine!" thinking he had found China—The Chine—or La Chine. From here his intrepid longing for discovery carried him to the far west, where, as the first white man, he saw the Mississippi River. Read his life. It's worth while.

Beyond and to the right, just before coming to the long Canadian Pacific bridge that crosses the river, we see

**The Novitiate of the Oblate Fathers.**

where are 35 young men preparing for the priesthood.

**The Canadian Pacific Bridge,**

under which we shortly pass, is nearly a mile long, and very high above the water. About 300 yards further on, toward the town proper stands

**The Old Windmill,**

which, like the La Salle homestead, is one of the sights of this Lower Road. It is fast going to decay. The long arms have fallen away and the wooden covering of the stones is dropping off. Mrs. Flemming, a kind-faced old lady, lives in the small house that stands by the roadside in front of the old mill, the story of which is interesting. The father of her husband wanted to erect it, but a claim was made



that no one had a right to build a grinding mill save those who had the original charter for



OLD WINDMILL.

the Island. He fought it through many Courts, claiming that the charter rights covered only water rights, but that the air of heaven



This Lower Road over which we have just passed was in the early days known as

The King's Highway,

and was the only means of reaching Lachine. Here have marched up and down in the long ago the men who carved out a nation. Ere long there will be nothing left to connect that long ago with the present. Egypt, the uncivilized (?) spent the wealth of thirty dynasties to carry down the long corridors of time the fact that they once existed, while we of this later day, vandally tear down every vestige of the old, commercializing the very stones that marked the spots made sacred by the men who founded a new world. For shame—Canada, save the landmarks!

We reach the canal, and, while the draw-bridge is open, we sit and look to the right and see the vast works of the Dominion Bridge Company, to the left, in the canal basin, we see for the first time two great whaleback steamers. Had often read of them, but this was our first sight of these mammoth grain and coal carriers. We cross the bridge when closed and drive up along the road or street that skirts the water front in places, and always near it.

Lake St. Louis,

is the widening of the St. Lawrence river, be-

ginning at Lachine, and extending up the river. It is said to cover 200 square miles, and has many pretty islands, the principal ones in sight are the three, Le Dorval.

A beautiful view of the lake is had from

**Lake View House,**

just near the Grand Trunk Railway station and wharf of the Ottawa River Navigation Company, where the steamer "Sovereign" starts up the Ottawa. This well-known house was undergoing repairs the day we were in town—when completed it will be a fine hostelry. Rumor says it is to be run by one of the best known in his line in Montreal. Be that as it may, here is the best lake view to be had. I tried to get the history of this old house—one of the historic houses of Lachine, but did not succeed. You may look for it in the second edition.

**Post Office.**

Lachine has the best post-office building I have ever seen in so small a town. In Canada the Government erects office buildings in far smaller towns than we do. This fine stone structure would do credit to a city. It stands near the old wharf, and not far from where the Grand Trunk Railway formerly ran to a ferry wharf, from which the cars were carried across the lake in boats, to a point above Caughnawaga.

It is here where are held many yacht regattas. There is a boat club here, with a large membership from Montreal. Of Lake St. Louis I will speak later, as the Colonel and I were shortly to go to St. Anne's, at the head of the lake—up there where the Ottawa river enters the St. Lawrence.

#### The Canal.

The Lachine Canal begins here and runs nine miles to the Montreal Harbor. Boats can go down the rapids, but coming up must come by the canal, which is wide and deep enough for large river and lake steamships. Ships can run by night as well as by day as it is now lighted the whole way by electric lights.

Lachine was once the summer residence of many Montrealers, but since the opening up, by the Canadian Pacific, of the beautiful Laurentides, they have quite deserted this little city—which notwithstanding is growing into a prosperous suburb, owing to the great manufacturing interests here.

Here is a large Roman Catholic church, but the one of more interest to the tourist is the old chapel, in the rear—surrounded by little white monuments to the long ago dead. A stone tablet at the left of the chapel door, tells of the shipwreck of all but one of a family of eleven. Of all one son was left, whose love prompted this tablet.

Lachine has a number of important industries. Here are a few of them :—

**The Dominion Bridge Company**

is the most prominent in its line in Canada. James Ross, president ; Phelps Johnson, manager ; A. W. Shearwood, secretary and R. S. Buck, chief engineer.

**The Dominion Wire Manufacturing Company.**

President, James Cooper ; manager, J. C. McCormick ; secretary and treasurer, A. E. Hannah.

**Montreal Car Wheel Company.**

T. J. Drummond, manager.

**Montreal Pipe Foundary Company.**

C. L. Jobb, superintendent.

H. J. Fiske & Company, manufacturers of Empress Kid, shoe findings, etc.

McLaurin Brothers, lumber and saw mills.\*  
Newbold Lachine Knitting Mill.

**Corporation Officers.**

Mayor, Jos. A. Descarries, K.C., L.L.L., ex-M.P.P.; Hormisdas Robert, secretary and

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\* This firm will be better known in America as the Lake Superior Lumber Company, as its yards extend all over many of the Western States.

treasurer ; councillors : J. A. Gagné, Emile Sarra-Bournet, Thomas Whyte, John Rathwell, Octave St-Germain, Gabriel Métayer, Adélaré Martin and Andrew J. Dawes ; chief of police, Charles Thesserault ; chief of the fire brigade, Arthur Thesserault ; post-master, O. P. Robert.

This must be a most healthful locality, as I find but few physicians : Drs. J. A. Baudouin, J. H. Laidley, A. E. Morphy, Pierre Valois and J. B. Martin.

And a most moral one or should be with this list of reverends :—Canon J. T. Savaria, Roman Catholic ; Richard Hewton, M.A. ; Charles B. Ross, B.D. ; Father Jeannotte, Arthur Williamson, S.T.L. ; Hermas Langevin, Alexander Daigneault, Father Decelles, Brother Orestus, Father C. Cullivan and Father Fondrouge.

And, again, a most law-abiding town—for not a single lawyer finds enough to do to confine his practice to Lachine. The Colonel was surprised at this for he knows towns in New Jersey of the size of Lachine, where a dozen lawyers can afford to live in the best houses in the place. They don't all confine their practice to the town, however, as they take turns going to the State Assembly, where they help make a lot of new laws, which none but a New Jersey lawyer can interpret. New laws, new lawyers, New Jersey.

Lachine has most excellent public schools both Catholic and Protestant. Villa Anna, under the direction of the Sisters of Ste. Anna—one of the largest in the Dominion. It has a commercial school, with Brother Orestus as director and a model school, with C. A. Jackson, B.A., principal. It has a number of

**Secret and Benevolent Societies.**

Masons, Odd Fellows, Sons of England, Independent Order of Foresters, Canadian Order of Foresters, Catholic Order of Foresters, A.O.U.W., L'Alliance Nationale, C.M.B.A., St. Joseph's Society, I. O. G. T., etc.

Among the many

**Social Clubs**

are the Lachine Boating and Canoeing Club. F. Bickerdike, president ; R. C. Manson, secretary and treasurer and Herbert Frontbeck, captain.

The Country Club, just organizing, with its beautiful grounds and numerous houses, located at the western edge of the town, has many features : boating, raquets, tennis, golf, etc., making it unique—\$2,000 worth of English boats of various patterns have just been received.

The Dominion Wire Manufacturing Company's Library and Recreation Club. G. H. Horsfall, president ; P. Smith, secretary and Thomas Hilton, treasurer.



Le Club Littéraire des Jeunes. President, Rémi Carrignan.

Lachine was incorporated in 1872. It was then a village of 2,000. It now has 10,000 people.

Lachine is known, at a distance, from the Indian massacre (see page 248, "The Wandering Yankee"), which took place on the night of August 4th, 1689.

This suburb has many prominent citizens. Here reside A. C. E. Delmage, manager of the Merchants' Bank of Canada; Robert Bickerdike, M.P., Mayor of Summerlea, manager of the Western Assurance Company, vice-president of La Banque d'Hochelega and other positions of prominence; Lieut.-Col. J. D. Crawford, secretary of the Montreal Stock Exchange; George Esplin, well known among many Americans; Howard Ogilvie, of McGill College, and many others.

C. A. Ranson, formerly of Fargo, N.D., is located here, druggist, bookseller, etc. From his store, near the post-office, he pointed out places of interest to us. For this and many other courtesies we were greatly obliged. We are also indebted to the courteous mayor, for much kindness shown to us.

#### The Upper Road.

We return to Montreal by the upper road—all along which there are many pretty views.

Being high the canal, river and intervening country presents a fine scene—with the city in front, and all along the far away horizon loom the mountain ranges—some of them nearly one hundred miles away. We pass the

**Blue Bonnet Village,**

with the houses nearly all gone. This was a famous stopping place for the troops in 1837 and '38, during Rebellion times. We pass

**Kensington,**

a suburb that promises much as a western extension of the city. It is high and very well located. We pass the Penner Farm, once noted for its cider. Beyond this farm we turn abruptly to the left into Cote St. Luke. We shortly cross the Windsor branch of the C.P.R., and on the left, on the hill, pass the

**Mackay Institute,**

for the Deaf and Dumb. Cote St. Antoine road, of former mention, ends here. This road on which we are passing is the western limit of Westmount. To the right we pass the Cote St. Luke Church—the old Monklands, formerly the residence of Canada's Governors, now called Villa Marie, and several massive buildings—the Nuns' Seminary for young ladies. The burned ruins of the Ste. Marie Convent are seen again on a far hill. We shortly turn to the

right, pass, on the left, the junction of the "Around the Mountain" trolley line with that of the one running out to Cartierville, go on east to the suburb of Cote des Neiges with a magnificent view of country all along toward the north to the Rivier la Prairie, or Back River. This view is worth coming far to see. It is one of the finest of any save that from the Mountain itself. We see far down in the distance the town of St. Laurent with its great double-towered church and schools. On the left we pass the Montreal Hunt Club House and fine grounds, and the Notre Dame College, and on the right the tree embowered house, once the country home of the M.A.A.A., of frequent mention. Here we turn to the left and are in the village of Cote de Neiges. Up the road on which we find ourselves, once passed Amherst's army, to take the city from the French in 1760. Passing a church we come to the junction of the Cote St. Catherine road. The view of the country from here is a poem—which I cannot write. See it yourself.

Passing many pretty homes along the Cote St. Catherine road, we enter Outremont—"Beyond the Mountain"—to the left is the old Deas house, now the municipal hall—the scene of many a civic fight—as Sam says, "Thim are fighters in this municipality." To the right is being erected a fine school building on which stands boldly out the well-known

name, "Strathcona." "There to the right is the site of the

Old Lime Kiln,

where during the winter of the Ship Fever Scare a poor family lived—the people around carrying food to them and leaving it outside as though feeding lepers—the family having escaped from the pest ship, everybody was afraid of them."

There on that rise to the left is the cabin of the Accommodation, the second steamer in America, and the first one that ever ran on the St. Lawrence. She made her first trip from Montreal to Quebec, Nov. 3 and 4, 1809. Built by John Molson—whose name is one of the great ones of Montreal. This old relic stands there rotting away. It was brought up from the river, for a little summer house. We are now back in Fletcher's field, facing Mount Royal, and go on down Park Avenue, of which I wrote on the over the mountain trip. This is a long trip, but one of the most delightful of all about Montreal. So many tourists visit a city, walk around, hunting for things to look at, grow tired and go away with a poor opinion of a beautiful city full of interest, instead of getting into a carriage and seeing it in ease and comfort, and at an actual saving of money, for in a single day, or two at furthest, one can be shown, by a driving guide,

more than can be found alone in a month, if at all. Why, Sam has shown to me more in the two days we were out than I had found in two months. In fact he took me to places I could not have found alone—and why not? The cabman knows what to see, and how to see it to the best advantage. Yes, by all means drive, and save money, time, and besides get to see what you came to see—the city's sights.

To the Tourist with Limited Time.

The tourist who has but a short time to spend in Montreal can see the city in no better way than to take the Tally-ho trips. The driver is courteous and is thoroughly informed on all places on the line.

As a bit of information to our people, who think that what we have at home is best, there is not in America a better equipped cab service than the Windsor cab service. It is owned by a young man—Alex. McGarr—who, by his own efforts, has built it up to what it is. Conventions are often held in the city—with hundreds of delegates in attendance, but Mac is never at a loss to know how to show them the town.

His cabs took all first prizes at 1902 Horse Show."



THE TALLY-HO.

Two trips daily. Starts from the Windsor at 9.30 a.m. and at 3 p.m.

Two trips daily. Starts from the Windsor at 9.30 a.m. and at 3 p.m.

PART SECOND.

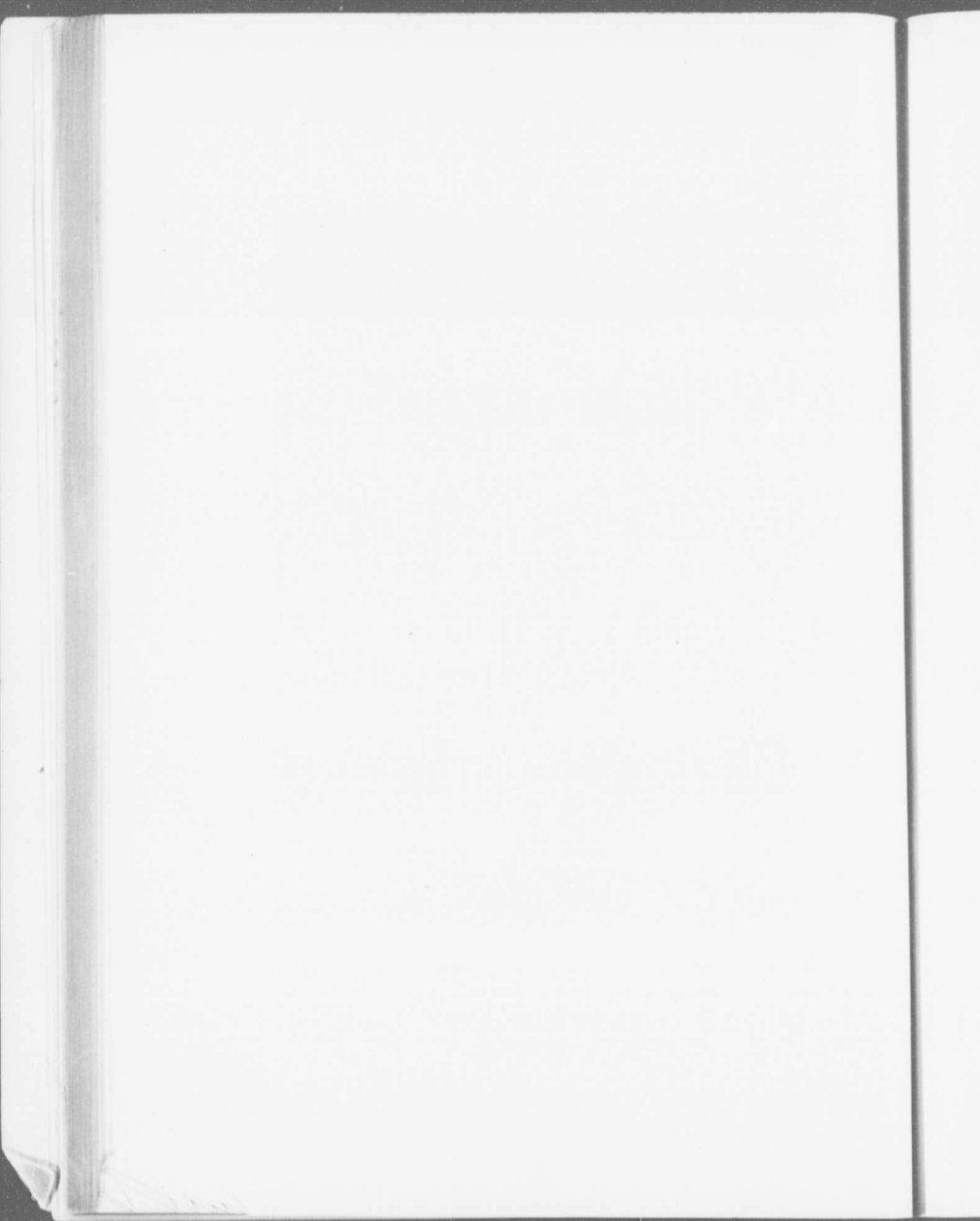
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WHAT AND HOW.

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**M**ental **V**iews of **M**ontreal.

'Tis not the brick and quarried stone—  
Don't think it for a minute—  
That give a city worth, alone,  
'Tis more the people in it.





## How Rube Sees Montreal.

"Rube," asked the Colonel one day, after we had spent several months in the city, "have you seen Montreal as you saw Quebec—with your eyes shut? Have you seen nothing but the good? Have you seen nothing but the material, the streets, the buildings, the Mountain?"

"Now, see here, Colonel," I replied, "it is not my province to criticise. I have seen many things that would make of this city a more beautiful one—a more contented one, one more up with the times, but it is not for me to say. If, however, I might find fault with Montreal, it would be with the criticisms of its own people. Here is a city with many points of beauty, but it has

### No Civic Pride.

"I like to hear people of any city stand up for it—and I don't like to hear them say anything but good of it, especially to strangers, and yet I have had many an old citizen berate Montreal and contrast it with, say Toronto or Winnipeg, calling attention to how much better those cities are than his own. 'Bet-

ter streets, better ruled, people more cordial,' and a hundred other 'betters.' He seems to forget or don't appreciate the fact that he himself is *one* of this great city, and as the greatest city in the world is made up of the 'ones,' so it is with Montreal, and each 'one' can do his part. If each had civic pride, then Montreal could be what nature had destined it to be—one of the great cities of the Continent. The things he objects to would be corrected if he and the rest of the 'ones' were only endowed with the pride of a western village, where no stranger ever leaves town without having been given the impression that 'this is the only town I've found in the great North-West.' If it is not his impression, it is no fault of the villager, who may perchance not yet have unloaded his household effects from his 'prairie schooner.' Civic pride can turn a village into a city—the lack of it will make a city, but an aggregation of houses and streets, and sometimes, streets built in such a way that a stranger might mistake them for running 'cricks' with ill kept banks (side-walks.)

"Our Boodling Aldermen."

"Again, this same old citizen may tell you that 'our aldermen are a lot of Boodlers,' when, if he would look into the real facts, these same aldermen may have to be trying to run things more economically than the wife of

a poor clerk trying to live on a salary scarcely large enough for the actual needs of one—No city can be kept going and improved, without a whole lot of money being spent upon it, and the 'Old Citizen' should not cry 'low taxes' and 'boodle' in the same breath.

"There is possibly not another city on the continent as well run, for the amount of taxes paid per capita as is Montreal. Few people here know that their city has only \$11.85 per capita to use for all purposes. Boston has \$38.18. Here is another fact that is not generally known—Boston spends, for schools alone, nearly two-thirds as much per capita as Montreal has to use for schools and all other purposes combined. (Montreal schools, \$1.38 per capita; Boston schools, \$7.14 per capita.) The cry of 'Boodle' can't wipe out these facts—You can't cross a stream dry shod without boat or bridge, no matter how long you may stand on the bank and 'holler.'

#### DRIVEWAYS AND BOULEVARDS.

"Yes, Colonel, I might find much fault if I were a finder of faults. Montreal is growing year by year enormously, and yet no provision

is being made for the Boulevards, so necessary for a great city. Years ago, when land was cheap, beautiful driveways might have been projected from the heart of the city, with land enough secured on either side of which, later on, enough might have been sold to build magnificent park-like boulevards, enhancing the balance to an extent to more than pay for the original outlay and cost of the improvement. With ever growing values these island arteries could be extended and beautified, making of Montreal a city in beauty (as it is in commerce)—unsurpassed in the Dominion. Yet, what is being done? While land is growing in value, no provision is being made to secure any of it, with a view of forming a park and boulevard system. This will be done some time, but a present outlay of a few hundred thousands would buy land that will cost many millions in a very few years, with nothing like the advantages of location which might be secured now. What Montreal needs is a "Boss Shepherd," who will, with seeming recklessness, lay out and beautify the city regardless of cost. He may be, like the original, run out of town, but in after years, Montreal, like Washington City, would welcome him back and fete and feast him as it would a prince.

"The one trouble with Montreal is that the powers that be are too afraid of public opin-

ion. No city is ever brought up to a high standard of beauty without a good bit of arbitrary ruling from some quarter—Paris, without a Napoléon, would not to-day be the most beautiful city in the world, and the people of Washington might yet be wading in mud but for the late ‘Boss’ Alexander R. Shepherd.

“Montreal lacks decision—a man of wealth donates to her a large sum of money for a library and she cannot decide where to locate the building—cannot decide when she has many ideal sites.\*

“I trust I may be pardoned for not only telling what I see, but giving too, a few impressions, by the way.

“I see the vast possibilities of beautifying a city of unsurpassed natural advantages of location, and cannot but speak of them.”

#### SACRED LANDMARKS DESPOILED.

“There are still other faults, Colonel, that I might find were it my province to do so, and not least among them (and this applies to all Lower Canada), would be the lack of sentiment

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\* There were too many axes to grind—and the donation has been refused.

for the old landmarks, which have made the Province of Quebec the Mecca of hundreds of thousands of tourists. There is not enough sacredness for the landmarks of other days. The houses of men, whose names are world famous, are ruthlessly torn down, and the places where they stood are soon forgotten.

“ You remember the day we passed by where once stood the home of La Salle, on the Lower Lachine Road ? The stones of that house which should have, not only been left standing, but made secure for time, have been turned into a common place fence. Oh, the shame of it all ! And yet it is but an instance of the vandalism that is playing such havoc among the things which should be held sacred.

While with the march of time, it would be impossible to protect these landmarks in the cities, yet it is possible to preserve them where their place is not needed.

“ One after another is either falling down or being torn away. The La Salle house is gone, and the old windmill, near by, has lost its arms, and no provision being made to protect it from decay, will soon follow. Old fort Senneville and the windmill hardby at St. Anne's have fortunately fallen into the possession of a man of taste and refined sentiment, and are being preserved from the ravages of time. Chateau Bigot, near Quebec,

is all but eaten away by the elements, and will soon go the way of the larger and real chateau that stood near its site. The Block House of Allan's Corners, on the Chateauguy, was built at a cost of thousands of dollars, and might have stood a thousand years, the mecca of people of sentiment, but the Macdonald Government needed \$70, and no stone now marks the spot where once it stood. And so it is throughout the Province. Would that I were given the power of pen to write that which would throw around these sacred shrines a love of the Old, that would keep their stones from vandal hands, and preserve them from the elements that chissle and blow away, leaving naught but a memory."

#### POORLY PAID SCHOOL TEACHERS.

"I wonder, Colonel, what our American women teachers, with their minimum salary of \$441.50 and maximum of \$735, would say if asked to live (exist) on the salary paid by this rich city to their women teachers? Think of the poor girls having to work for \$275 (min.)

to \$440 (max.) and be expected to live and 'keep up appearances!' It may not be our affair, but I'm going to hit a grievous wrong wherever I find it, and this is a wrong any city ought to be heartily ashamed of allowing to exist. Of all the callings open to woman, there is not one in which she should be better paid. To her, in a great measure, is intrusted the molding of the characters of the rising generation, and her life should be made one of comfort rather than one of struggle and worry. I have found the laws in Canada, in many ways, better than our own, especially where men are concerned, but to women, Canada is not fair. Where children are to be taught, women are better teachers than men. And yet the Province of Quebec pays its men an average salary of \$1,350, and its women \$418. I say 'women are better teachers than men, where children are to be taught,' for this reason. To the children, as a whole, the forming of their characters is of more importance than what is taught them from books, and no one can deny that woman is not a better former of child character than man. Woman has more patience — more kindness of heart, more love for the child—man may have more of stern ruling power, but the day of that variety, where children are to be governed, is past. Heart, and not head is the child ruler of to-day.



“We talk of this advanced Christian age, and yet are unjust to woman—unjust to her, whom to treat fairly should be considered an honor.”

The Old and the New.

“Colonel, I can’t but note the marked difference one sees between the school of to-day and that of a generation ago. One’s memory of those other days is not what one learned, but the ‘strappings’ one got. The teacher then made up in strength of arm what he lacked in head, and well he used that strength. He seemed to want to make the children think of him as an Ogre, and so well did he succeed that I can only think of him now, after all the years, as one—begging pardon of the Ogre for the comparison.

To Whip or not to Whip

was never the ‘question’—the poor deluded man really felt it his duty, no doubt, but to me he is still the Ogre, and ever will be. But the ‘strap’ of then, is the kindness, judgment and ability of to-day—especially the ability. Rule by force is physical supremacy, but mental degeneracy. The teacher who has to resort to the ‘strap’ has missed his calling,—*he should go out and maul rails*, that is his place, and not in a school room, where brain not arm, brings best results.

"I shall never forget one teacher in particular. He had been a military man, and looked it. He was said to be a handsome fellow. Everybody conceded that fact, even he himself, but, Colonel, that teacher tried to run the school on military tactics."

"What," said the Colonel, in surprise—"run a school as though the children were soldiers?"

"Yes, this Sergeant-Major (we never knew his real title, but as he put on the airs of a Brigadier-General, we took it for granted that he *must* be a Sergeant-Major), used to delight in 'strapping' us for the slightest infraction of the rules. We naturally thought more about how we could break those rules and escape the 'strap,' than we did about our lessons, and the result was that we learned very little from books, and a good deal about military life, as that Sergeant-Major delighted in telling us about the strenuous life of the soldier.

"I, one day, set my machine going and ground out some verses on this man. I had almost forgotten them but in looking over an old scrap book I ran across them not long ago."

"Let's have the verses, Rube."

"No, Colonel, they are too crude—better leave them in the old book."

"Come, let's have them!"

“Oh, if you insist, and promise not to throw anything, I will read them—and here they are :—

That Military Man.

He was a military man,  
 Though he never fought in battle,  
 His nerve could never hold him  
                                 at “attention.”

He would always up and run  
 Just when the fight begun,  
 And never liked to have us  
                                 “battle” mention.

But in the pomp and show,  
 He was ever at the front,  
 And no one ever beat him  
                                 on parade ;  
 He would walk about and strut,  
 Unmindful he was butt—  
 Of braver men who met him  
                                 on parade.

He was a military man,  
 But left the army for its good,  
 He’s teaching now young ideas  
                                 how to shoot ;  
 Makes the “yungens” toe the mark,  
 Often keeps ’em in till dark,  
 And “straps ’em just for  
                                 whispering to boot



And so fearful that they'll err,  
 That they're oft afraid to stir,  
 And I sometimes fear he'll  
                                 drive them all deranged.

“ Right about, face-forward march ! ”  
 Shouts the Major a dozen times a day,  
 As he comes into our rooms  
                                 a-roaming round,  
 Then we all forget our books,  
 Just to watch his scowling looks,  
 And as scared as ever hare  
                                 before the hounds.

“ Do we learn a thing ? ” you ask,  
 With the Major as our head,  
 You should know to this the  
                                 answer without asking,  
 We have learned our P's and Q's,  
 The salutes that we should use,  
 When in the Major's presence  
                                 we are basking,

But from books we little learn,  
 We've so little time for books—  
 He would have us gain his  
                                 military knowledge,  
 And we'll have but little show,  
 As through the world we go  
 Unless perchance we go—  
                                 to military college.

If no more up there they know  
 Than this man of military turn,  
 We had better stay at home  
                                   where time is ample,  
 And make hay while shines the sun,  
 For up there there's little done  
 If this Major man they've  
                                   sent us be a sample.

"At this point the machine must have broken, but I well remember what happened when one of those impish fags of the Major's stole a copy of my lines and showed them to 'That Military Man.'

"I remember also that I did not attend school for a number of days thereafter, I stayed at home and took my meals off the mantle-piece in the other room. He seemed to think that the occasion warranted more than a strap, and used what *struck* me as a club, but now in later years when I look over those lines, I almost feel that he would have warranted in using a gun."

"Did they stop him from using the strap?" asked the Colonel, who had patiently listened to the verses.

"Oh, yes, Colonel, they would have stopped an army much less a little Major. He never whipped once after he got through with me. The lines got out, and he never heard the last of Rube's Military Man."

“What became of the Tattle Tale who told on you?”

“The same that should become of all fags. He was not allowed to play in any of our games and was never given the ‘Core’ of the apple. Even to this day I can never think of him other than the

‘Tattle Tale’ of the Red School House.

“That ‘strapping’ is absolutely unnecessary, and not in a solitary instance of benefit, I need but refer to the schools on the ‘East side’ in New York City, where corporal punishment is not even allowed. These children with poor home training are under far better discipline than they were when ‘to strap’ was the rule. Recently when in New York, I visited a school of twenty-three hundred pupils. In the vast room where they were assembled, you could have heard a pin drop—and yet in that school a ‘strap’ is never known. The teachers rule far better without it.”

“You speak of the ‘strap’ as though it were never used any more. Is there no place where it is still used?”

“I am not certain, but I think I heard a traveller say that in Bulgaria or Servia there are places far back in the mountain districts where they still ‘strap,’ but then the teachers, he said, did not know enough to teach,

and *had* to do something to earn their salaries. Oh, Colonel, how thankful the children of today should be to think that they live in an enlightened age when 'strapping' is looked upon as a relic of barbarism—and teachers have brains and ability enough to rule without it. 'The world do move.'

“SO CONSERVATIVE.”

“We are so conservative!” said the old citizen one day—when in a critical mood—

“Yes,” said I, “but, Uncle, you have so many meanings for that word up here, that you must always give us the key.”

Then I asked, “Why don't you fix up your streets?”

“Oh, we are *so* conservative we like to stick to the old!”

“You mean *in* not *to*. Was Maisonneuve a conservative?”

“Oh, yes, and we are so loyal to his memory that we like to run things just as he did!”

“Have you no civic pride?”

“None to speak of, no, we are only conservative that's all, just conservative.”



"It's a good thing the Dominion is not all that way else it would not be the *Liberal* Government that it is to-day." This from the Colonel, who was immediately fined by a two-thirds vote, to pay for the dri—no, I mean—dinners.

The Old Citizen.

This same old citizen was a character. He did not like innovations, and especially if the innovators assumed too much.

"Why, I've seen people come here," said he, "who by reason of being born in some great country, will assume such airs that you would think that that country would have 'tipped up' as soon as they stepped off. There's one of them now," said he, pointing to a low-browed, lion-bearded, ill-featured man, who carried around with him a donkey load of 'airs' with a manner which plainly said: 'I am all of it—give me room and don't breath while I pass!'"

"That fellow," continued the 'character,' would have us think that his native land was honored by his birth, when really that land should have our sympathy for the accident."

"Say, Uncle, isn't that rather hard on the doctor?" asked the Colonel.

"You wouldn't think so if you knew him," said Uncle—but we never tried to gain personal knowledge after that.

The old man may have been wrong as to the "conservatism" of Montreal, but if so, his impressions seem to be general, and general too as to the lack of civic pride. I've heard strangers berate things local, and ten to one, the citizen will not only listen to the berating but will furnish fuel from a source the stranger had known naught of.

**They Won't See It.**

"Rube, I'm afraid, if you say all these things, that everybody will know which of us had to pay for that dinner you mentioned in the preface of *The Wandering Yankee*."

"Oh, don't let that worry you, Colonel. They will not know that I have said these things."

**HOSPITALITY AND ITS LACK.**

Don't know just how the subject came up, but the Colonel was saying something about hospitality and the lack of it—and even intimated that Canada was not hospitable.

“Stop, Colonel—stop, I won’t hear you say that, nor even intimate it. Where,” said I, growing wrought up with the subject—“Yes, where outside of Ohio itself, will you find more real genuine hospitality than we found in dear old Quebec? Where head and heart count far beyond dollars, where their position is so assured that they do not have to ask some would-be social leader, ‘whom may we entertain?’”

And, besides, you were saying, only last week, that you knew that we would find Toronto most hospitable, just from the few people we had met from there—No,—Colonel, not a word against the hospitality of Canada. Why, take some of our own towns and cities in the States where will you find less of hospitality than you will in some of them. Especially where the ‘dollar’ is all they think of, and how they can get that dollar from each other—no matter how, only that they get the dollar. Why, I knew a city out west where

#### Rube Knows a City out West.

you could tell the minute you got into town—I passed through one night on a train, and as soon as I crossed the city limits, I had to ring for the porter to bring more blankets. In the morning I asked him the name of the iceberg we had passed through and he told me.

“Years after I found myself again in that

city out West—then I learned why I had to call to the porter for more blankets that night. If they were cold toward each other, you can imagine how they were toward the stranger. Why, unless he was one who would *shed* glory on themselves by their entertaining him, he never saw the inside of their houses. They would give you a street, 'call *some* time' invitation, but they were usually 'repairing the house,' and in that city out West it took longer to 'paper' one room than to build a whole house elsewhere.

They prided themselves on being exclusive, and often had a mind to be snobs and to swagger, and had just enough "mind" to succeed—since success in that requires so little grey matter.

They lived in houses, but had no homes. They had many "functions," but few friendly meetings. They had churches where heart took little part in the worship in that town out West. One member said he had been a faithful attendant for nineteen years, but in all that time no one spoke to him. His wife, he said, fared almost as badly but not quite. She *was* spoken to once. She fainted and fell in the aisle. Some of the members ran to her assistance, and when she "came to" they kindly asked if she felt better. They spoke to her. And yet those people thought they were really

worshipping in the right, because they followed all the forms and paid their preachers big salaries.

“The stranger was welcome inside that corporation (not in the homes, however), as long as his bank account held out, and they had a way of ‘cuddling’ up to that account that was interesting to watch. The few weeks I spent in that town out West, I learned of more ways of getting the other fellow’s money than I had ever before known of. This would have been entirely interesting had it not been that I was invariably

‘The Other Fellow.’

“One business man who was *there* looked upon as a most respectable citizen, did \$4 worth of work for me and made me pay \$10 for it—coolly saying, ‘Why should I take \$4 when I can *make* you pay \$10?’”

Bill Nye and the ‘Hamand.’

“He got the ten—and he did not even give as his excuse the one given Bill Nye down in Texas: ‘Never heard it?’ Well, Bill was travelling in Texas once, and stopping at a little way-side shack of a house, for something to eat, was given coffee, ham and some eggs, for which he was charged a dollar and a quarter.

“ ‘Say, my friend,’ said Bill, ‘ain’t you a leetle high?’ ”

“ ‘Nope, them’s thar price in this hash-teltry’ ”

“ ‘Now, see, here, I’ll pay it if you give me three good reasons for charging it.’ ”

“ ‘Wull, in the furst place, them ar coffee wur good, wasn’t tha?’ ”

“ ‘Yes, reason No. 1.’ ”

“ ‘And that ‘hamand’ was awl rite?’ ”

“ ‘Yes, No. 2,’ says I, and I was sure I had him. He hesitated for a whole minute, then brightened up with :

“ ‘And—in the third place, durn it, I need the money.’ ”

When you could count ’em as **Friends**.

“ But speaking of that town out West, the only time they showed any real kindness toward each other was at their funerals. My eyes, but they were kind at such time—everybody turned out as though the dear departed had been a member of his immediate family.

“ They froze him to death, then wept because he was gone.

“ Here are some more lines from the same old scrap book, in which I found ‘That Military Man,’ which refer to one of those solemn occasions.”

## He Learned it a Little Late.

There was a town in Indiany,  
Of hospitality there wasn't any,  
If a citizen died the people all cried,  
Buried, and left him alone with the many.

One day said the sexton to his man :  
" See the end of the procession, if you can,  
Our people have heart, and are loath to part,  
From this loved neighbor man."

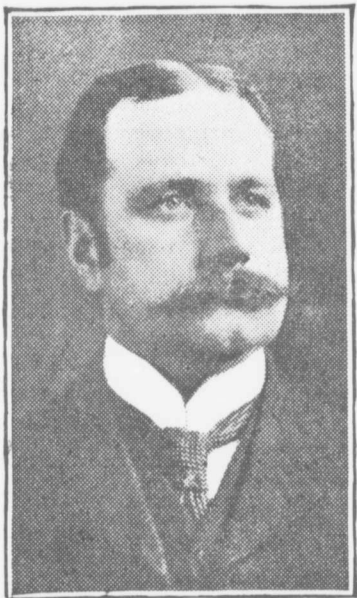
Then a voice came up from the cor|se that lay,  
So solemn and cold, near the upturned clay,  
It spake aloud to the mourning crowd :  
" I was loved—but just found it out to-day."

After that the Colonel had no more to say on 'hospitality.' At any rate, he had no more to say. That is, nothing that seemed to the point. He did remark, just as I finished the verses : 'Another occasion for using a gun,' but I could not see what that had to do with the question."

"No, Colonel, you should never find fault with any country unless your own is perfect and free from fault."

## MONTREAL AS A SHIPPING PORT.

There are fourteen steamship lines at this port, with a business that is increasing every year. There are seven railway lines making



D. W. CAMPBELL.

Montreal the hub of a vast wheel. Within a few months the Canadian Pacific railway has added to itself the Elder Dempster line of



steamships, giving it an unbroken line from Europe to Asia—by steamer to Montreal, by rail to Vancouver, to Asia by steamer. Mr. D. W. Campbell, our old friend of the Elder Dempster, is the general manager.

There are many lines and extensions projected, which in the near future will add thousands of miles to the systems running out from this

#### Canadian Hub.

For a city of such commercial magnitude, however, this same "Hub" is away behind what it should be in many ways. Its streets and sidewalks are mere make-shifts, while its

#### Fire System.

could hardly be worse. The water mains of some important streets are but four-inch pipes. A three million dollar fire occurred with these pipes as its only supply. It would cost but \$340,000 to put in mains sufficiently large to give protection, and yet the mains are still four inches and insurance rates climb to the limit.

There seems to be no system followed at fires—no head to direct. The crowds around the engines are often as much in evidence as the firemen themselves. The policemen are so "easy" that the crowd simply "jolly" them, and pass right through the fire line. (?)

#### No Police Control.

At the burning of a great steamer at the wharf recently the crowds climbed upon a long "rickety" shed, and when remonstrated with by the police, they told them (the policemen) to go off and attend to their own affairs, that they would not come down until they got ready. They *did* come down shortly after, but the shed came with them; then a large number of them who were not killed outright went up to the hospital. The police seem to have no control. They are a nice lot of men, but they are "easy."

#### "BRIDGE" BUILDING.

London and New York were only a little previous in the "bridge" line. Canada is quick to catch the fad and, as usual, is soon proficient enough to give pointers.

A story comes from a suburb, so near Montreal, that a stranger could not know when she had crossed the line, to the effect that a fair Chicago girl accepted a most pressing invitation to

“Come over to visit us.”

She came, was entertained with sleighing, skating, tobogganing and—“Bridge.” She said she had never—never had so good a time in her young life. She was ready to return to her home—trunks packed and was about to say “good-bye,” when the hostess quietly remarked: “Of course, you will settle that little bridge bill?”

“What bridge bill?”

“Why, you know you lost \$150.00.”

“I thought we were only playing for fun! In Chicago we play checkers that way.”

“Oh, no, dearie, it was in real earnest—we don’t play for *fun*.”

And “dearie” had to send home to “papa” for the “\$150.00.” She will hereafter go south for her tobogganing and—“Bridge.”

#### WOMEN'S WORK IN CANADA.

The Canadian women are very progressive. They are working for the betterment of the cities. The effect of

The Montreal Women's Club,

the “Sorosis” of Canada, is being felt

along many lines. It is the only incorporated (1893) Women's Club in Canada and one of the most prominent. As showing the kindly feeling existing between our two countries, Mrs. F. H. Waycott, an American lady of great executive ability, has just been unanimously elected as President of this Club. Its Honorary President is the Countess of Aberdeen, who is greatly beloved by all Canada. The other officers are Mrs. R. M. Liddell, 1st Vice-President ; Mrs. E. M. Renouf, 2nd Vice-President ; Miss Ferguson, Recording Secretary ; Mrs. H. McLaren, Corresponding Secretary ; and Mrs. J. P. Mullarkey, Treasurer.

Another prominent women's organization is

#### The Ladies' Morning Musical Club.

to which much is due for the higher class of musical entertainments given in the city. This club secures the best talent possible, and gives one or two very select concerts each season. Its officers are—President, Mrs. T. T. Shaw; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Alexander Murray; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Skelton; Hon. Secretary, Miss Evans ; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss M. M. Cassels.

Both of these Clubs meet in the Y.M.C.A. Hall on Dominion Square.

There is still another, whose most commendable work is more than local in its object. It is

**The Women's Art Association.**

This Association, with headquarters in Toronto and branches in some of the larger Canadian cities, encourages handicraft among the Dookaboors, Gallacians, Persians and other peoples who are making homes in Canada, as well as among the native Indians.

At No. 4 Phillips square is located the Montreal branch. Here may be found much that should interest not only the tourist, but Montreal's own people, in the way of the handicraft of the above peoples. Some of it may be found elsewhere. We think of the Dookaboors as a rough, unskilled people, but a visit to this "Shop" will show their delicate skill in laces, embroidery and other work. Here is shown, by the courteous lady in attendance, the bead and other work of the Indians of the Foothills of British Columbia, the rough crash linen of the habitant, and the laces, etc., of the other named people. These articles are sold on a small commission by the Association, and return much to the workers, who are thus encouraged in lines which might soon be forgotten but for this encouragement. It is most commendable, and the good ladies are deserving of much credit.

The officers are—Miss Dignam, of Toronto, Honorary President; Miss Phillips, President; Mrs. Kerry, 1st. Vice-President; Mrs. Peck, 2nd Vice-President; Miss Robertson, Honorary Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Deacon, Recording Secretary; and Miss Muir, Treasurer.

#### THE CAMERA TOURIST.

Here is a bit of interest to the camera tourist. He may come to Montreal without his Kodak, and in his rounds see things which he would like to "take," and of which he cannot get in pictures as he sees them. Such an one will be pleased to know that he can go to George Barrat & Son's, at 146 Peel Street, on Dominion Square, and not only hire a camera, but have his films developed before he leaves town. I say this more for the tourist's interest than for the Barrat's. It was only by chance that I learned it. Had I known it earlier I might have been able to give you even more "Black and Whites."

The former citizen, on returning to Montreal, will be surprised at the improvement going on around

## Dominion Square.

Business is creeping in where once was only a residential part. A church has been converted into a large departmental store. The largest apartment house in the city occupies the next corner—on Metcalf street. Immediately opposite, Harrison & Company, an English firm of opticians, the largest in the city, are just moving into beautifully improved quarters. There is a rumour that an immense hotel is to be erected in the block between Harrison's and the Y.M.C.A. building. It would be an ideal location—quiet, and with a beautiful outlook. In this block resides Dr. C. A. Hebbert, Professor of Anatomy at Bishop's College. To the Professor we are indebted for many courtesies. Returning to the west side, we find "J. T. Henderson's," one of the oldest, if not the oldest, book stores in the city, and near by is the well-known specialist, B. Lindman.

This Square is the most beautiful in the city.

## MILITARY.

Montreal has a fine body of men in its Militia, in which great interest is taken by the citizens. Under Colonel W. D. Gordon and his able staff a high efficiency has been reached in drill.

## NEWSPAPERS.

The newspapers of this city are not "yellow," but they are up-to-date, and we might well pattern after them in many ways. Where ours devote columns on matters the readers had better not know, they either pass them unnoticed or make of them but an item. In many the very latest machinery is in use in their plants.

RUBE GIVES THE RICH TOURIST SOME  
POINTERS.

"Rube," asked the rich but economical tourist, one day, "Why don't you ever tell us how to save money? You tell us everything



else about Canada but never say anything about how to keep the dollars. I have a little money to burn but I want to find where it will raise the biggest smoke."

"In what furnace do you want to start the fire?" I asked, thinking he might want to burn some in a colored carpet bag or a pair of knit mittens.

"Well, you see, I have the wimmen folks along and they have heard that diamonds and furs are away below par up here, and as 'Par' is a leetle 'close' and wants to get the most for his money, I said I was going to see Rube about it." For the moment I was taken unexpectedly at that awful pun, which I wasn't looking for from 'Par' but soon recovered and replied: "The only difference in unset diamonds is ten percent between Canada and the States, and as gems are nine-tenths sentiment, anyhow, many tourists go to Quebec to purchase, where they can get them even less than in Montreal. It may be but a fad to be able to say 'I bought this stone in Old Quebec,' yet the fact remains that many are now buying their diamonds in the Old Capital."

"That settles it. My wimmen folks are great on fads and if I can save a dollar I always encourage the fad. But how about furs? Someone told me that Quebec was headquarters in that line."

"That's right—Why, there's one firm in

Quebec that manufactures into garments over two million skins annually."

"Great Scott! I didn't know there were that many animals on the continent."

"Oh, yes, but then they don't all come from this continent. They are brought from all quarters of the world, tanned, dyed and made up right there."

"My—my, who'd have thought! but suppose the tourist is not so fortunate as to get to Quebec, what then?"

"Well, there are in Montreal two immense department stores that handle furs, where even the economical tourist can find no fault."

"What two?" he asked, and I told him. He wanted to know a number of other things—wanted to know the duty on furs, on set diamonds, etc.

"The duty on furs is thirty-five percent, but each tourist may take back to the States garments up to \$100.00 worth. The duty on *set* diamonds is sixty percent, but a ring, a pin or earrings, if worn, is seldom questioned, as it would be next to impossible to prove that it had not originally come from the States."

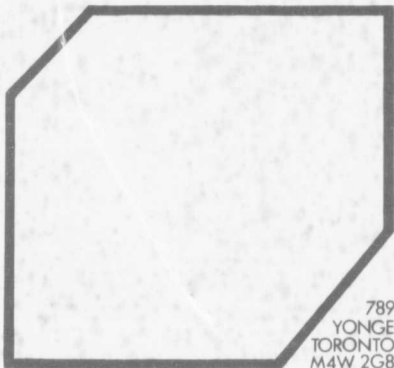
He was like the man from Iowa. He, too, wanted to know if I wouldn't "come in and have something for information." As he was from Kansas I went in just to see what a Kansan called *something*. Say, it's all right—even if Kansas is a prohibition state.

PART THIRD.

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Suburban Trips from Montreal.

METROPOLITAN  
TORONTO  
LIBRARY



789  
YONGE  
TORONTO  
M4W 2G8

## Up the Ottawa River.

The most delightful nearby trip is the sail up the Ottawa, a graphic description of which may be found in *The Wandering Yankee*. There is so much to see, the river is so beautiful, with its varied scenery of mountain and level, that no tourist can afford to miss taking the trip, and, especially so, since to come to Montreal and not

Shoot the Lachine Rapids.

would be like going to Rome and not seeing St. Peter's.



MOUNT BROULLI NEAR POINT ANGLAIS.

You go out to Lachine on the eight o'clock train, from the Grand Trunk Station, at Windsor and St. James streets, opposite the Queen's Hotel. At Lachine you find the steamer "Sovereign" waiting at the wharf,

immediately at the station where you leave the train.

If you have never beheld the view that here greets your eye—you will stop to gaze over the great widening of the St. Lawrence into what I have before spoken of as Lake St. Louis.



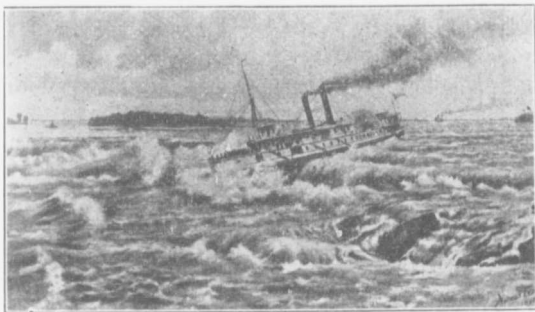
THE TOM MOORE HOUSE AT STE. ANNE'S ON THE OTTAWA.

It is a half day's sail up the river to Carillon, which you reach shortly after 12 noon. If you are going to Ottawa you take a railroad ride over a broad gauge road, thirteen miles long, in order to get around the series of rapids, beginning—or ending at Carillon. The road ends at Grenville, where you go aboard

another steamer of the Ottawa Navigation Company for the trip up to Ottawa City.

The return trip is so full of varied interest that I cannot here even touch upon it—the Shooting the Rapids alone required many pages in the book above mentioned.

These Rapids, as before spoken of, are in the river, practically halfway between Lachine



STR. "SOVEREIGN" SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

and Montreal. The river falls forty-six feet in the twelve miles and most of that fall is at the Rapids, which will give some conception of the swift tumbling waters at this point. It is an experience that no tourist can miss. This trip up the Ottawa will be marked as a red letter day of your Canadian visit.

## To the Laurentides.

“ Colonel, I find that we have missed seeing one of the finest sections of Canada. Every tourist I meet is almost extravagantly enthusiastic over the Laurentides and we must take that trip at once. People seem to think that we know all about this country, and when I have to say : ‘ haven’t seen it yet,’ they look in surprise and seem to think because I have not taken some pet excursion of theirs that I am not a correct guide to ‘ the best.’ ”

The very next morning we started from the Place Viger Station and did not return for two weeks. Why, we could have stayed all summer and then hardly done justice to that most delightful country. We had thought to find a wild country but no one who has not been there can form any conception of the grandeur of some parts of the Laurentides.

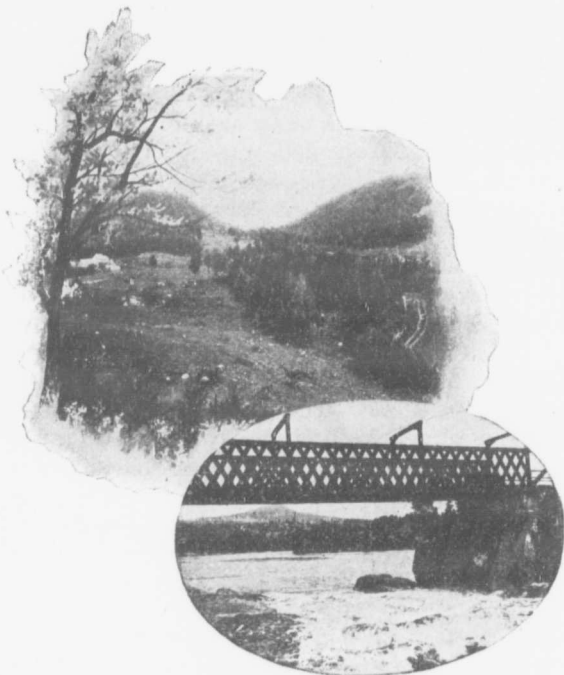
It is becoming such a resort that the hotels and boarding houses can hardly accommodate the thousands of people who are flocking to this popular locality.

One might devote a whole volume to this trip and yet barely touch upon the real pleasures there to be found.

Looking over my note book I can but glean here and there points of interest, yet 'tis the best that I can do for lack of space.



The Laurentian Hills, the illimitable wilderness which stretches away to Hudson Bay, are within a few hours' ride of Montreal.



IN THE LAURENTIDES.

In this vast region is a labyrinth of lakes and streams, forming a perfect network of water

stretches which teem with fish of different species, and in some parts of the country large and small game are also plentiful. Until within a few years this territory was very difficult of access and but little explored, and was in fact almost a *terra incognita*. The completion of the Labelle branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway has made easy of access these Laurentian lakes, and opened up new and virgin fields of sport, and in no place can the lover of the rod spend a week or two with more glorious certainty of an excellent catch. The scenery along the route is of a varied and most interesting character, including forests, lakes, rivers and mountains, not one of which is uninteresting, and on account of which this district has been so aptly termed the Switzerland of America. The great Horseshoe Curve in the mountains is a worthy rival of that of the famous Pennsylvania in the splendours of scenic beauty it reveals. The charms of this vast region are now becoming known to the lovers of Nature and of outdoor life; its healthfulness is proverbial. The pure mountain air, laden with the balmy odors of cedar and spruce, the cool sparkling lakes, added to the freshness and charm of Nature, make this whole region one of incomparable beauty and just the place one seeks for rest.

It is only twenty miles to Ste. Thérèse, where the railway through the Laurentians

branches off to the north, and thirteen miles further on is St. Jérôme, from which the Great Northern Railway leads to Ste. Julienne, past New Glasgow, prettily situated on the side of a mountain and in the valley below, near the waterfalls of a mountain stream. There are hotels and excellent facilities for camping amidst the most delightful surroundings. Above the falls is good fly trout fishing, and in Lac L'Achigan, about eleven miles, there are speckled and grey trout and bass, while in the lakes a few miles further north these latter fish are plentiful. Between St. Jérôme and New Glasgow is Ste. Sophie, where there is excellent trout fishing, and to which place sportsmen are attracted in the fall of the year by the capital woodcock shooting on the flat lands.

Shawbridge, nine miles from St. Jérôme on the Labelle Branch, and forty-two from Montreal, is the gateway to the lake district of Ste. Angélique, a region little known to tourists and where there is good camping, boating and fishing. Two miles further on the Montfort Junction Railway leads off to another virgin field, winding up the mountain sides to one of the highest points in the Province. In the lakes and brooks are trout, both red and grey, and in the woods are red deer, partridge and rabbits. There is a fine new hotel at Montfort, and another at Arundel.

From St. Margaret's, or Belisle's Mills, it is a three-mile drive to Ste. Marguerite, a pretty village on Lac Masson, where from the crest of a near-by mountain a glorious landscape is obtained. Within view are no fewer than eighteen lakes—all capital fishing waters—and north and east is Lac Charlebois, famous for its trout. By a series of dams a waterway has been constructed from Lac Masson to Lac des Islets, the banks of which afford good camping grounds.

#### STE. ADELE.

About half way between St. Jerome and Ste Agathe is Ste. Adele. Here we had the good fortune to meet with Dr. W. Grignon, the enterprising Mayor—whose knowledge of the place all may rely upon. Any one intending to visit Ste. Adele can write the doctor, who will gladly give all particulars as to boarding and summer houses. He may be thoroughly relied upon. He has a number of pleasantly situated cottages near pretty lakes and mountain streams. About a mile from Ste. Adele station, situated near Round Lake and in the vicinity of many other pretty lakes we find the hotel of M. S. Cardinal, who is a most obliging host. His carriages meet all trains. The fishing in the locality of the hotel is very fine. His rates are very reasonable.

Everything for the table is fresh and palatable, as M. Cardinal raises his own supply right on the place.

### STE. AGATHE.

Near where the Laurentians reach their greatest altitude is the pleasant village of Ste.



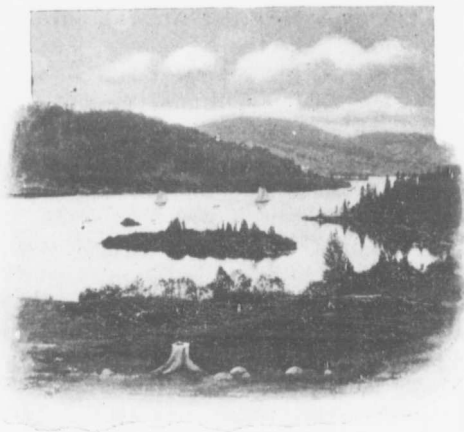
STE. AGATHE.

Agathe des Monts, which is sixty-four miles from Montreal, and delightfully situated on

one of the most winsome lakes—des Sables—and within a radius of seven or eight miles are no fewer than thirty-three lakes, in nearly all of which there is good trout fishing. There is a steam launch on the lake, and small boats can be easily engaged, the larger hotels usually supplying them free to guests. The roads in the vicinity are good, enabling visitors to drive through the country and reach nameless lakelets, in which few lines have ever been cast. Good hotel accommodation is provided, there being six hotels and several boarding houses in the village, and a sanitarium stands near the summit of one of the wooded hills in close proximity. The rates at the hotels are from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per day, with material reduction for prolonged visits, and good accommodation may be secured elsewhere from \$3.00 per week upward.

We heartily recommend the Quisisana Home, conducted by Miss Elizabeth Ward. It is situated on a hill overlooking the village of Ste. Agathe des Monts. The view from this cosy Home is hardly surpassed in the Laurentians. It is 1,600 feet above sea level. Miss Ward can accommodate about thirty-five people. It is a most ideal place for convalescents who wish to speedily build up their health. Here they will find the best of care, as Miss Ward is a graduate nurse. Her address is Ste. Agathe des Monts, P.Q., box 1839.

From Ste. Agathe it is an attractive seven-mile drive to Ste. Lucie, around which cluster twenty fishing lakes. The village boasts of a comparatively large hotel, at which visitors can be supplied with boats, fishing tackle and vehicles. Eighteen miles away—and more



LAC DES SABLES, STE. AGATHE.

tempting to the sportsman than to those in quest of rest and repose—are several lakes, in a wild region where red deer and grouse are found.

St. Faustin, on the railway line, seventy-eight miles from Montreal, has sixteen well-

stocked lakes in close proximity, and at many of them rude accommodation is furnished.

St. Jovite, eight miles further north, is another charming lake centre. The village is picturesque situated in a broad valley, and although its birth dates back only a few years it evidences a prosperous growth. The Rivière au Diable, a noted trout stream, flows near the village.

Lac Tremblant, the largest lake in the district, is reached from Mount Tremblant, the next railway station north, by a short drive over an excellent road. Before one looms the tremendous mass the natives have called Trembling Mountain—La Montagne qui Tremble—on account of the strange tremors to which it is said to be subject, and of which no man has yet explained the cause. Two thousand four hundred feet it rears its naked, storm-scarred crest, and from that crest a view may be had under favorable conditions that were worth a longer and a harder climb. From this lofty point of vantage an idea of what the wilderness really means is gained, and it fills the mind with awe. Salmon and grey trout, the latter of which average from seven to ten pounds, are plentiful, and there is good shooting in the locality.

Labelle is the terminus of the railway, around which cluster innumerable lakes, rivaling those further south in their charm of sur-



roundings and repute amongst anglers. From a quarter of a mile to twenty miles they are to be found, some easy and some more difficult of access, but in few of them will the tourist be disappointed. Here, as at the other places mentioned, guides are easily procurable, vehicles and boats are for hire, and the tourist can be assured of a maximum of pleasure at a minimum of expense.

Beyond Labelle, carriage roads lead to Macaza and to the Nominingue district, another great sporting region, from which canoe trips can be made in many directions.

While there are hotels scattered throughout this vast region—and in some places very comfortable ones—many families find the greatest enjoyment in camping on the margin of some pretty lake and revelling in the luxury of outdoor life with unlimited boating, bathing and fishing at command. Permission to pitch tents is readily obtainable, or, in some sections, a small plot of ground can be cheaply purchased outright, on which the erection of an unpretentious cabin meets present requirements and may be the precursor in many instances of handsome summer residences.

## Valleyfield.

La Due, a character of the place, met us at the station the morning we went out to Valleyfield. He was real sociable and invited the Colonel and me to "jump in and ride up."

"No," said the Colonel, "we want to see the town and will walk up."

"Oh, it's too far—It's a mile and a half!" We "jumped in," as a half mile is the Colonel's limit. We had never before ridden so far, behind a slow horse, in so short a time. We had scarcely got started when La Due stopped in front of the Hotel with: "Here you are!"

And "here" we were in one of the most progressive towns of the Province of Quebec.

We had often heard of Valleyfield but had not known just where it was, for guide books have such a way of telling one *about* places, taking for granted that one knows *where* they are.

It would have been so easy for them to say: "Valleyfield is thirty-five miles from Montreal up the St. Lawrence River, on the south side of the river."

There are several ways of reaching it but we chose the best, and took the New York Central train at 8.25 a.m., from Windsor Station.



GEORGE LOY, M.P.

MAYOR GEORGE HENRI THIBAUT.

We passed up the Canadian Pacific to Lachine, where it crosses the St. Lawrence. Just beyond the bridge, after passing the Indian village of Caughnawaga, we turn to the

right, up the river, which we keep in sight nearly all the way to Valleyfield.

There is but one considerable town on the way, and that is

**Beauharnois,**

The chief town of the county of the same name, a town of 2,000 progressive people, 28 miles from Montreal.

There are a half dozen stations on the railway, remarkable for nothing if not their names,

**Woodlands,**

so named from a small tree that stands near the station.

**Bellevue,**

for the beautiful view of the mountains, far to the left, and the island dotted lake St. Louis (a widening of the St. Lawrence) to the right.

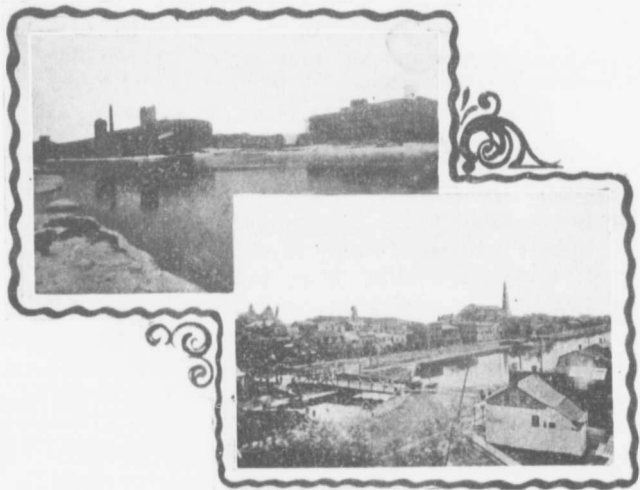
**St. Timothee,**

for the "hayseeds," who inhabit those parts (so the Colonel suggested), and others, whose only houses are the stations themselves. But this is not telling you about Valleyfield, a little city of nearly twelve thousand inhabitants. A city, one could almost imagine, as being located in Connecticut or Massachusetts, so numerous and extensive are its manufacturing industries.



BEYC

One would think from its name that it was "A depression between two hills," while in reality it is so level, and so far away from any elevation, that one would have to guess which way water would run. Its name was formerly Salaberry, from Major de Salaberry, who was



BEYOND THE LAKE.

CANAL AND ENVIRONS.

famous in this province in 1812 war times. It is still officially known as Salaberry of Valleyfield. It is the chief town of the counties Beauharnois, Huntingdon and Chateauguay. A fine stone Court House is nearing completion.

In 1842 was commenced

#### The Beauharnois Canal

and completed a few years later. It runs from Lake St. Francis, which ends at Valleyfield and runs to a point three miles west of Beauharnois, and is 11 3/4 miles long. It has a depth of nine feet. In the distance it has a fall of 82 feet and has nine locks. The building of the

#### Soulanges Canal

on the north side of the St. Lawrence, directly across from the old canal, will cause the old to be abandoned. The Soulanges is conceded to be the finest artificial waterway in America. It is fourteen miles long, fourteen feet deep and has but four locks. It was a seemingly unwise move to have built the new when the deepening of the old could have been done at a small part of the cost. The Beauharnois will, doubtless, be utilized for water power for new industries. A dam, one and a half miles from Valleyfield, will give ten thousand horse power at a fall of about twenty-five feet.

When the old canal was built it was found that owing to the rapids, just north of the intake from the lake, that there was not sufficient water, and a dam was built across (the rapids), which, later on, was utilized for power, and now is used by the great cotton

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mills, the electric light and city water works, short canals having been cut through and extended out from the great dam—6,000 horse power is thus utilized.

As before mentioned, Valleyfield is an industrial town. Most of the mills and factories are located on what is called

#### Grand Isle.

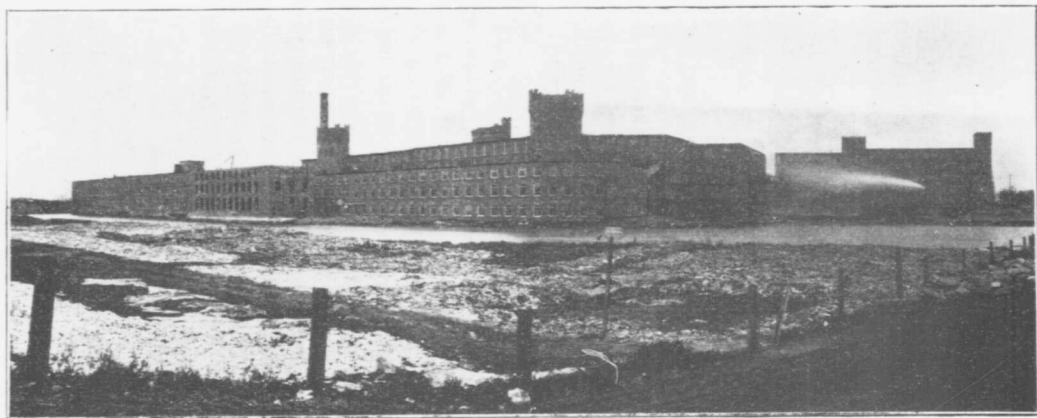
which island is formed by a smaller branch of the river on the south side of which is located the town proper. Geo. M. Loy, the popular member of Parliament, has his home on this island.

#### The Montreal Cotton Company

have built here enormous mills, which employ 2,800 people. It is not only one of the best equipped, but one of the few mills on the continent which under one management turns out the finished product from the raw cotton.

To show the vast extent of these mills I will give a few figures. It has 180,000 spindles, uses 9,300,000 pounds of cotton annually and makes nine hundred varieties of shades and qualities of linings, dress goods, upholstery, draperies, etc.

Its president, A. F. Gault, is well called the "Cotton King" of the Dominion. It is greatly owing to him that these mills hold their place at the head of the cotton goods

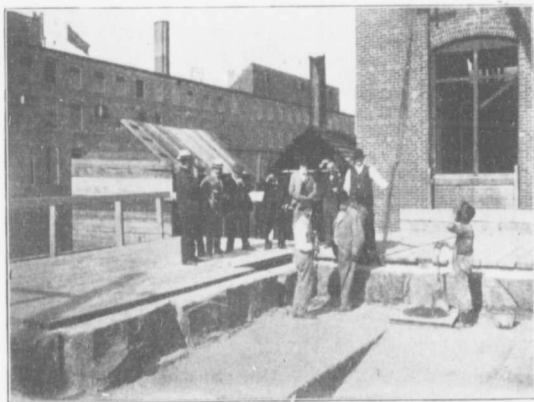


MONTREAL COTTON COMPANY'S MILLS.

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industry. He is ably supported by a strong directory, consisting of Charles Garth, vice-president ; J. Grenier, S. H. Ewing, the Hon. J. K. Ward, R. R. Stevenson, Saml. Finley, D. F. Smith, secretary-treasurer ; Fred. Lacey, manager.



LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE BY PRESIDENT  
A. F. GAULT AND DIRECTORS.

What is most pleasing, on visiting these mills, is to see the happy, contented faces of the well dressed employees, as they leave for their houses after their day's work. The girls, many of them really pretty, were particularly well and tastefully dressed. There was not that tired, pinched look which we too often see

among our own mill people, and I would that Mr. Lacey might give to our mill owners the secret.

**The Northrup Iron Works,**

are not far away from the cotton mills. It employs a large number of skilled workmen. It is of stone, five hundred feet long by two hundred and fifty feet wide. It has all the latest improved machinery for turning out things in iron and brass.

Valleyfield is also a lumber and wood working centre. Here is located Mr. Thomas Prefontaine, a large lumber dealer, also owner of saw mills.

Mayor George Thibault has an extensive lumber and wood working yard and mill for planing, and manufacturing sash, doors, blinds and trim.

Balenger Brothers and Ledue and Fortin are also among the lumber dealers of the town.

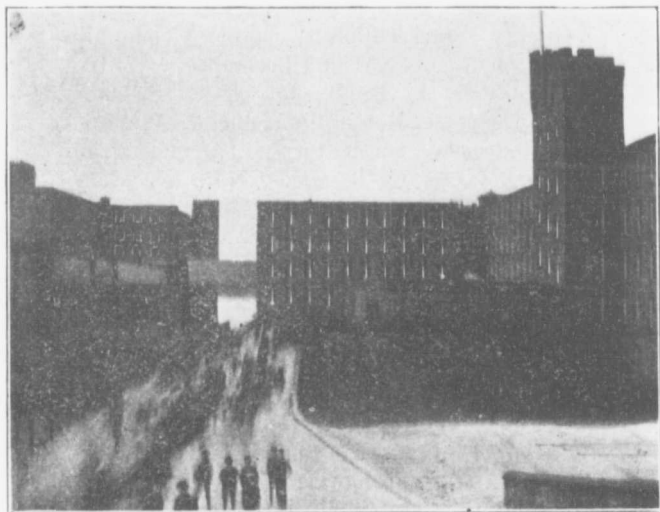
Valleyfield is well situated for lumber handling. It can be run in on both the river and by rail—manufactured and again sent out by the two modes of shipment.

Lussier and Durocher are extensive carriage and waggon makers, turning out everything in those lines.

“McDonald and Robb” was seen on so many mills and stores in the grain line that we must place this firm far up on the list of



the big dealers of Valleyfield. Their annual output of flour is nearly 100,000 barrels, 18,000 barrels of meal and 15,000 tons of feed. Their mills run night and day, except Sunday.



EVENING AT THE MILLS.

These are but a few of the many business industries of this town. I find it would run my little book into a directory to continue the list, but there are many others, well worthy of mention, in wide-awake, up-to-date Valleyfield, P.Q.

Its system of water-works and electric light plant are equipped with fine machinery of the latest improvements.

#### CORPORATION OFFICERS.

Officers of the Town of Salaberry of Valleyfield.

George Henri Thibault, mayor ; Théophile Laniel, Francois-Xavier Lecompte, Wilfrid Avon, James A. Robb, Joseph E. St-Onge, Octave Cossette, Benjamin Leduc, J. A. Napoléon Bourassa, councillors ; L. J. Papineau, recorder ; C. A. Lavimodière, N.P., secretary-treasurer ; N. E. Lavimodière, assistant secretary-treasurer ; Conrad Despault, chief of police ; Oscar Langevin, inspector ; Elie Poirier, collector ; Paul Trottier, clerk of the market ; Emmanuel May, superintendent of the water-works ; Ephrem Desparois, post-master ; George Loy, M.P., for this county.

#### Professional Personnel.

Catholic ministers.—Bishop Emard, J. C. Allard, J. A. Castonguay, curé ; M. Marleau, M. Pilon, P. A. Sabourin, director of the college.

Protestant.—Rev. J. E. Duclos, Presbyterian ; Rev. Walter T. King, English Church ; Rev. W. Henderson, Methodist.

Notaries.—C. A. Lavimodière, R. S. Joron, Zeph. Boyer, P. Laplante.

Lawyers.—D. McAvoy, N. E. Brossoit, L. J. Papineau, J. G. Laurendeau, J. W. Poitras.

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Doctors.—C. O. Ostigny, J. E. St-Onge, M. Lefebvre, J. T. A. Gauthier, W. Sutherland, V. Groulx, M. Laroche, G. Degrandpré.

Newspapers.—“Le Salaberry,” the only French Conservative paper in the district, one



CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BISHOP EMARD.

THE COLLEGE.

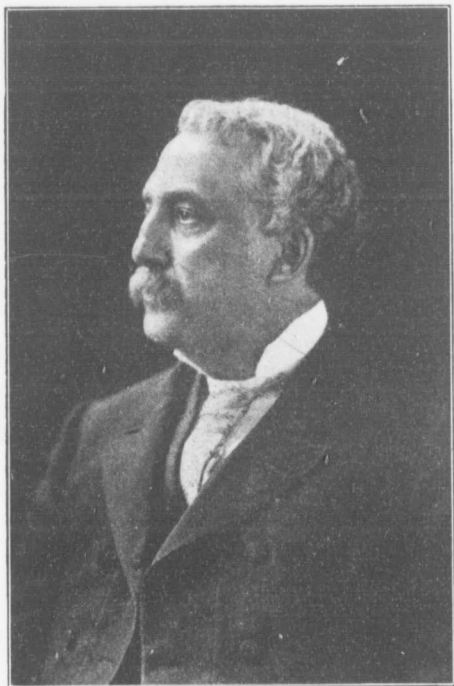
page English. Editor and publisher, J. A. N. Boyer.

“Le Progrès de Valleyfield,” established in 1878, only French Liberal paper in the district. Mr. C. Y. Verner, editor and publisher.

#### Schools.

There are most excellent schools in Valleyfield—both Catholic and Protestant. The former have a fine college here, under the directorship of Rev. P. A. Sabourin.

A. F. Gault, president of the Cotton Company, with his usual generosity, seeing the



A. F. GAULT, PRESIDENT.

need of better school facilities for the Protestant children, founded and endowed, in 1895, a magnificent stone building, which is known as

### The Gault Institute.

It is unique in the Province. Donated and endowed by a private citizen, it is yet a public school and under the supervision of the school board. It is more than a common school. It is aimed to make Valleyfield educationally what it is commercially, and to bring in pupils from other municipalities, and although the Institute is but a few years old, this aim is already being realized.

It has three trustees : W. Sutherland, M.D., chairman ; D. F. Smith and James A. Robb, while Fred. Lacey is trustee for A. F. Gault, and Mr. Wm. Shannon, secretary-treasurer ; W. J. Messenger, M.A., is principal. He is assisted by five McGill Normal graduates : Misses S. McDonald, Janet D. Douglas, Isa M. Copland, Hortense Lawrence, and Janet Lowe.

A system of prizes and medal giving prevails, which is most commendable and is proving a most successful feature.

### Boating and Fishing.

Valleyfield is an ideal boating place, connected as it is with the lake—while for fishing sport, one might spend months here with pleasure.

#### Hotels.

There are numerous hotels and board is very reasonable. The "Windsor" is possibly the most select hotel in the place.

#### Railroads.

Valleyfield has three roads: the Grand Trunk, the New York Central and the Canada



A CONSERVATIVE PICNIC NEAR VALLEYFIELD.

Atlantic, which crosses the St. Lawrence just above the town on a fine bridge or bridges, the distance being broken by an island—making it an excellent crossing place.



The future of Valleyfield is certainly very promising, and we would be pleased to tell you more, but La Due is calling out in an inimitable drawl : " All aboard, gentlemen—Step up and pay your bills—Last call—All aboard ! " and we're off for the station, after a most delightful day's visit.

We are indebted for many courtesies to Mayor George Thibault, Capt. Eugène Sullivan, M. Solis, Mr. McDonald, Mr. Fred. Lacey, M. S. A. Brodeur, the customs' collector, and many others of Valleyfield's courteous citizens.



## Huntingdon,

At Valleyfield the New York Central turns almost directly south and thirteen miles away (and forty-eight miles from Montreal) we find Huntingdon, a town of 1,200 people and the county seat of Huntingdon county. It lies on the Chateauguay River and is surrounded by a very rich agricultural country. It is about six miles north of the New York State line and ten miles inland from the St. Lawrence River. It is celebrated for two things—the old Academy and “The Gleaner,” possibly the best edited country paper in Canada. The Academy celebrated its fiftieth anniversary in 1902. No other in the Dominion has so large an alumni of men of prominence. In that alumni are such men as Hugh Graham, Dr. J. M. Elder, Andrew Broder, M.P., Judge J. J. Maclaren, W. S. Maclaren, M.P., W. H. Walker, M.L.A., the Hon. Senator Boyd, of the New York Assembly, and many others in Canada and the States.

## When they were Boys.

Some of the old inhabitants tell with much pride of these prominents "when they were boys." "I shall never forget little Hugh



MAYOR R. N. WALSH.

Graham," began the oldest citizen, "I used to watch him play marbles. He'd start in with a 'comma' and by the time he had reached the 'period' of the game, he'd have every blamed

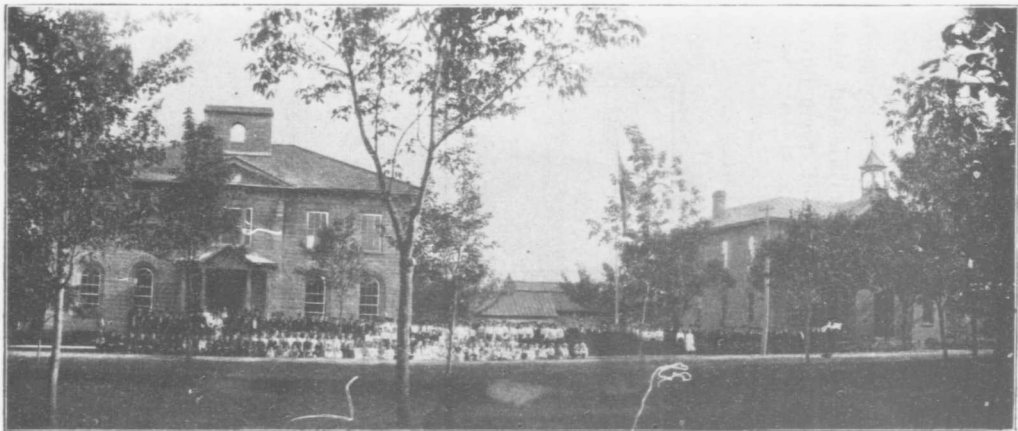
marble in the crowd. He never seemed to be happy unless he had everything in sight. He has greatly changed. He is now unhappy unless he can share his 'marbles' with those



HUGH GRAHAM.

around him—and I guess, from all accounts, he has gathered in a good many marbles."

C. S. Holiday is and has been Principal of the Academy for twenty years. He has as assistants five most able teachers.



THE FAMOUS OLD ACADEMY.

## Huntingdon Churches.

Huntingdon has four churches : Methodist, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian and Episcopal. I aimed a camera at all of them but at this



CATHOLIC.  
ENGLISH.

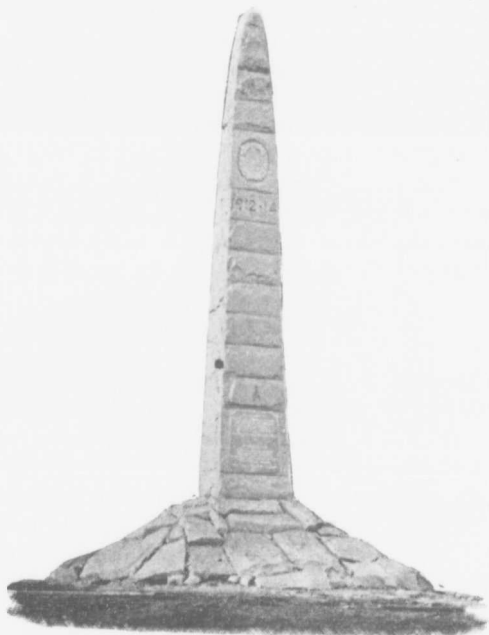
METHODIST.  
PRESBYTERIAN.

moment when the printer is calling for copy, I can't say if I succeeded in getting a picture of one of them, and judging from my Roberval experience you will have to *guess* what they look like. I tried to take a very pretty dam and a bridge, just near the site, but Mack said, very emphatically, that the way I went about it that he was sure I would not get that bridge, by a dam site—Can't tell, Mack may have been mistaken, as "accidents will happen" One thing sure I used yards of film and telephoned to Barratt for more. I had an ambition

To "Take" the Town.

Another Yankee once tried it but failed. I could do no worse. The other Yankee was General Wade Hampton, who, in 1813, hovered around these parts for a time, which reminds me that before going to Huntingdon Laflamme told me not to fail to go out to see the monument which marks the spot "where we, with a handful of habitants whipped General Wade Hampton and his trained troops." He said it was only three miles out of town. Laflamme was right—Allan's Corners, on the Chateauguay, where the fight occurred, is only three miles out of town, but Huntingdon is not that town, which I learned after a sixteen miles drive to the north-east. The "town" is Orms-

town.\* I tell it here lest some other Laflamme may get his history and locations mixed.



BATTLE MONUMENT AT ALLAN'S CORNERS.

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\*Ormstown is but a small country place, and yet its curlers are possibly unequalled by any team on the continent. Their play is almost phenomenally accurate.



#### The Block House.

And just here, while speaking of the monument, a picture of which I give, I cannot but again find fault with Canada for allowing to be destroyed landmarks of real interest. The old block house that once stood at Allan's Corners, and near the monument, was sold by the Government (with four acres of land) for \$70.00. It fell into typical vandal hands and nothing is left of what cost the Government thousands of dollars to erect.

It was built in 1815. Here are a few of the dimensions given to show its strength. It was forty feet square. The walls were of stone, five feet eight inches thick for six feet above ground (it ran down four feet below the level) where it fell to five feet. This wall ran up to a high second story, which was of heavy timber, four feet thick and extended over to a square forty-five and one-half feet, the whole covered by a very slightly pitch roof. It was so strongly built that it might have remained a thousand years, the mecca of unborn generations of people with sentiment—but Canada needed \$70.00 and no stone is left standing—not one to mark the spot. For shame!

That battle (?) which occurred in October, 1813, between Major de Salaberry and General Wade Hampton was more of a foot race than a real battle, and Hampton's men were the

best runners and got away first. The Major showed good generalship in so arranging his few soldiers and Indians, that he made Hampton believe he had half of Canada in front of him. Robert Sellar, the editor of the aforementioned "Gleaner," has very fairly described this skirmish in his history of Huntingdon County. He seems to think that had not Generals Wilkinson and Hampton quarrelled, and, consequently, not acted in unison that Montreal might have fallen into their hands.

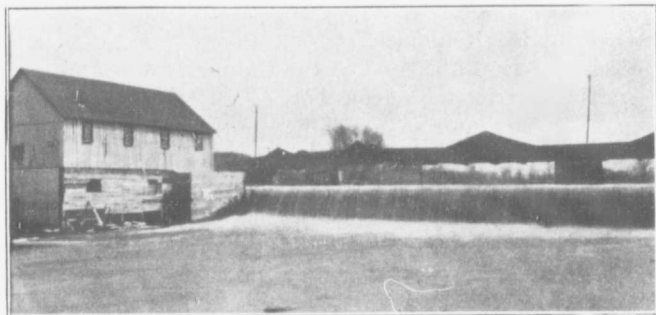
It is remarkable the great fund of information a stranger may gather at the corner grocery: information about things that never happened. An old citizen graphically described to me a place, three miles from Huntingdon, up the river where a number of Wade Hampton's soldiers were buried. He said I

#### Neglected Graves.

ought to have a picture of the spot. "Too bad," said he, with a sigh, "to think how those graves are neglected." Then the crowd sighed with him and corroborated all he said, and added new features. I had just started out to get a snap shot of the spot when I met the authority on all such things—Mr. Sellar—who smiled at my credulity, saying: "That story is all wrong. Those are graves of early settlers. None of Hampton's men ever returned after the Allan's Corners fight. They

passed through here on their way down, but never came back..”

Huntingdon County is very long. It borders the New York line from the St. Lawrence River to within ten miles of Lake Champlain, a distance of about fifty miles. It is long and in parts very narrow.



THAT DAM AND THE BRIDGE THAT IS NIGH IT.

#### Incorporation.

Huntingdon was incorporated October 9th, 1848. It is one mile square.

#### Corporation Officials.

R. N. Walsh, a McGill graduate, is Mayor ; W. S. Maclaren, M.P., is secretary-treasurer ; the councillors are Andrew Phelps, J. B. Pringle, G. A. Kyle, Richard Rice, R. E. Kelly and R. H. Crawford.

## Professional Personel.

The four churches are under the charge of Rev. P. H. Hutchison, Rev. R. G. Peever, Rev. T. Nepveu, P.P., and Rev. H. A. Fyles, B.A. The health of the town is in the keeping of Dr. J. R. Clouston, coroner for the county, Dr. D. F. Walker, Dr. Charles Marshall, who is also post-master, Dr. Allan McMillan and Dr. W. J. G. Boultenhouse.

"Say, Rube," asked the Colonel, "were not the Barritt boys from here?"

"Yes, and so was Joe Moore, whose reciting of Drummond so pleased you the night of our banquet at the Welland."

This place is reached by the New York Central and the Grand Trunk.

## Prominents of Huntingdon County.

From this county have come many very noted men. Besides those mentioned, Sir Wm. Hingston is a Huntingdon man as are Judge C. P. Davidson, D. McCormick, K.C., Wm. Mack, M.P.; W. H. Walker, M.L.R.; Dr. Wm. Gardner, Judge Wm. P. Cantwell, J. A. Cameron, N.P.; Andrew Broder, M.P.; the two Gardiner Brothers—Doctor and Attorney, of New York City—and the most noted Civil Engineer in the Dominion, Thomas Pringle, who developed the Lachine Rapids power, the Shawinigan Falls power, and many of the

other great water powers of Canada. These are but a few of the names of "Men of Huntingdon," but enough to show its just pride in her sons.

We are indebted to Mr. Robert Sellar, Secretary Charles Dewick, Mr. McCoy, Mayor Walsh, Mr. Lamb, news dealer ; and others, for many courtesies. In fact, we found Huntingdon full of the right sort, and we were greatly pleased with our visit among them.

Just across the St. Lawrence River from Huntingdon County, came the "man" who is possibly known over a wider range than any other Canadian, at least he is known by more people in America. I refer to

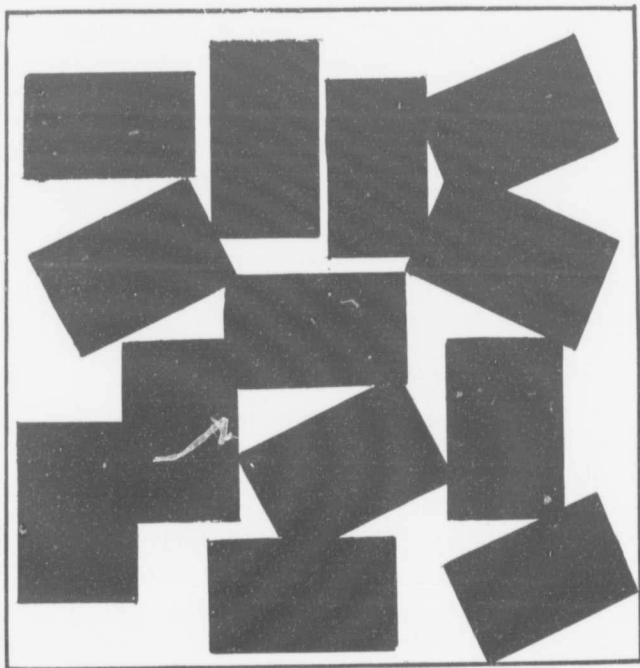
"The Man from Glengarry."

This county is famous by reason of having been the birth place of "Ralph Connor" and his greatest story. I have not yet visited it, but am told that it is peopled by a race of men and women who would make famous any country.

Valleyfield and Huntingdon in Black and  
White—Mostly Black.

I never saw two towns so hard to "take" as those above. The Colonel and I tried for two days, and got yards of "blanks" and but few at all "cuttable." It is a gratification,

however, to know that I got that dam and the bridge, for "Mack" was so positive of a failure. On the churches I was less fortunate, for, as



you will notice, some of them "moved," but then it was a windy day. The one of the Cotton Mill we took just as the employees

were *coming* away from work. This was a grave mistake. As you will notice, the hurrying mass at left are the employees—the rest of the picture is the mill. Now, the mistake was that we had not taken it when the “hands” were *going* to work, then our picture had been a group of pretty girls and some men and boys.

It is well that this is not intended for a picture book. The Colonel suggests that we hereafter leave the picture making to the Dennisons.



## Go on to Quebec.

It would be almost equal to asking a tourist to accept a purse of gold to tell him to "go on to Quebec," as few there be who have not heard of the charm of that grand old city—a city, which for real interest, has no rival on the continent. I used to love Boston most—but that was before I saw Quebec. The well and favorably known Mrs. Donald McLean said of it: "Quebec to me is the most fascinating place in the world." I can never think of it without a throb of pleasure. The people are hospitable and make one feel that there is a welcome for one. Their social standing is so secure that they never have to ask anyone of a hundred cliques, whom below a prince, they may entertain in their homes.

I might write more, but you will find in "The Yankee in Quebec" and "The Wandering Yankee" that the old city has been fully told.

Lest you do not see these two books, I cannot advise you too urgently to take the trip up to Lake St. John and back by the Saguenay



River, a round trip which to miss will be your regret.

Possibly the best sketches in either of the above mentioned books are those telling of this trip, especially so the one where "Rube and the Colonel take Dr. Boston and the ten school 'marms' from the States to visit the Saguenay."

For this trip you start from Quebec, over the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. The visit at Lake St. John will well repay you for the time were the trip itself not a most delightful one. You return by way of Chicoutimi where you take the steamer down the weird Saguenay, the like of which you have never seen. The steamer stops at River du Loup—just across from Tadoussac, at the mouth of the Saguenay. If you have the time—and if you have not *take* it—stop off and go a short distance—about five miles down the St. Lawrence to Cacouna,

#### The Newport of Canada.

This has long been a most popular summer resort, and with Frank Norman, as the new manager, its reputation cannot but grow, since to be courteous and considerate of the comfort of others, may be called first nature with Frank.

You return to River du Loup, where you

again take the steamer for Quebec—stopping, if you will, at Murray Bay, a famous resort on the north bank of the St. Lawrence.

After leaving Murray Bay you come up the river to Quebec—that dear old town, in which you may ever find new interest, no matter how many times you return to it.



PARLIAMENT BUILDING AT QUEBEC

## What the Press and People say of Two Famous Books.

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### "THE YANKEE IN QUEBEC."

"It is written in a genial, light-hearted sort of style that cannot fail to be agreeable to the reader. In a word, its perusal will have something of the effect that the proverbial well conceived and happily expressed after dinner speech has upon the listener. Again, it is written in a MARK TWAIN style and holds the attention of the reader clear to the last paragraph, and then you feel that you have but started."—"Daily Telegraph," Quebec.

In a column review, in the Montreal "Star," the noted book reviewer, GEORGE MURRAY, B.A., says, in part:—"Quebec should erect a statue to the author for the great good his book will do the city. It sells for 50 cents and is worth ten times the price to any man who can appreciate genuine humor at its true value."

"The Yankee in Quebec" has been read by many a prominent.

LORD DUFFERIN, shortly before his death, wrote of it: "I am delighted at the kindly way Mr. Gard writes of a land and a people whom I so dearly love."

LORD STRATHCONA said of it:—"I found it full of interest. It took me back over sixty years to the time I first saw Quebec."

Not long ago a Washington "Star" man called PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S attention to the book: "Oh! yes," said the President, in his genial way, "I have read "The Yankee in Quebec" and greatly enjoyed it." The President had previously paid the author the compliment of a personal letter *re* the book.

SENATOR PROCTOR wrote:—"I read every word with interest. It is like looking at old places through new eyes."

T. V. POWDERLY said:—"I see, now, why one cannot 'do' Quebec in a day. I never enjoyed the Old Capital and its environs so much as I did while roaming over the hills with 'Rube' and 'The Colonel' in 'The Yankee in Quebec.' One cannot really see Quebec without it."

MRS. DONALD McLEAN said:—"Quebec, to me, is the most fascinating place in all the world, and "The Yankee in Quebec" is the most delightful companion through whose eyes to see it."

Possibly the most beautifully worded sentences ever written on Mr. Gard's writings came from the pen of the famous artist, D. O. STEINBERGER, of "The Youth's Companion." "I like the happy-go-lucky style of his books, and the rollicking way he spins along. It knocks the sombre out of life like a brush fire in a 'clearing' at night, and the legends break through the silence, following the cheery laughs, like the call of a whippoorwill from the neighboring woods."

## "THE WANDERING YANKEE."

Columns of praise and comment have followed the publication of this, the second of Mr. Gard's Canadian books, and its sale has been world wide, orders having come from Turkey, India, Japan, etc.

GEORGE MURRAY, B.A., in the Montreal "Star" gave "The Wandering Yankee" over a column of unstinted praise—and said many kind things of the author.

"The Witness" said, in part:—"Amusing as was the author's previous book, 'The Yankee in Quebec,' the present volume is, with its wealth of comical illustrations, even more entertaining. At the same time much solid information is given about Canadian affairs and interests."

The Montreal press, both French and English, treated the book most kindly.

The "Chronicle," of Quebec, said, in part:—"Mr. Anson A. Gard, who, in his volume, 'The Yankee in Quebec' made a distinct hit, gives that production one better in 'The Wandering Yankee, or The Fun of Seeing Canada.' Mr. Gard intimates that, as a rule, his countrymen know Canada 'as it isn't.' His books on the Dominion will serve not only to entertain Canadians, but also to make Americans better acquainted with the land to the north of their domain. Leading Americans and Canadians, amused with the cartoons, impressed with the descriptive writing and pleased with the humor have spoken highly of the volume under discussion."

The "Sun," of St. John, N.B., in a long review, said, in part:—"The book is part narrative, part

guide book but wholly interesting because of the quaint and cheery style of the writer.

"The chief value of the book, from a Canadian standpoint, is that the author sees all our good points. A humorous vein runs through the book and there are some good stories."

We might fill this volume with most kindly comments, but from the foregoing the reader may judge of these two books.

They may be had at all news dealers—on stands, boats, trains, hotels, or, if not, they will be supplied through THE MONTREAL NEWS COMPANY, (Ltd.), Montreal.

TO THE TOURIST, who come to Canada to see all that is to be seen worth seeing, you can, in no other way possible, get more for fifty cents than you can in either of these books—the one on Quebec, the other on Canada in general and Montreal in particular. The two contain over six hundred pages and have 187 illustrations, all originals.

To be issued shortly, "UNCLE SAM IN QUEBEC," with many rare illustrations.

Also "THE NEW CANADA." In this latter, Mr. Gard shows his countrymen many new things about the great Dominion.

**WATCH FOR THESE BOOKS.**

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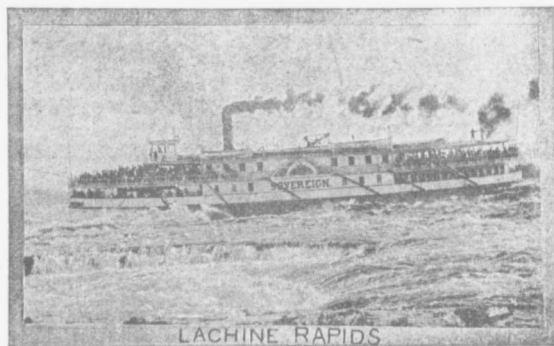
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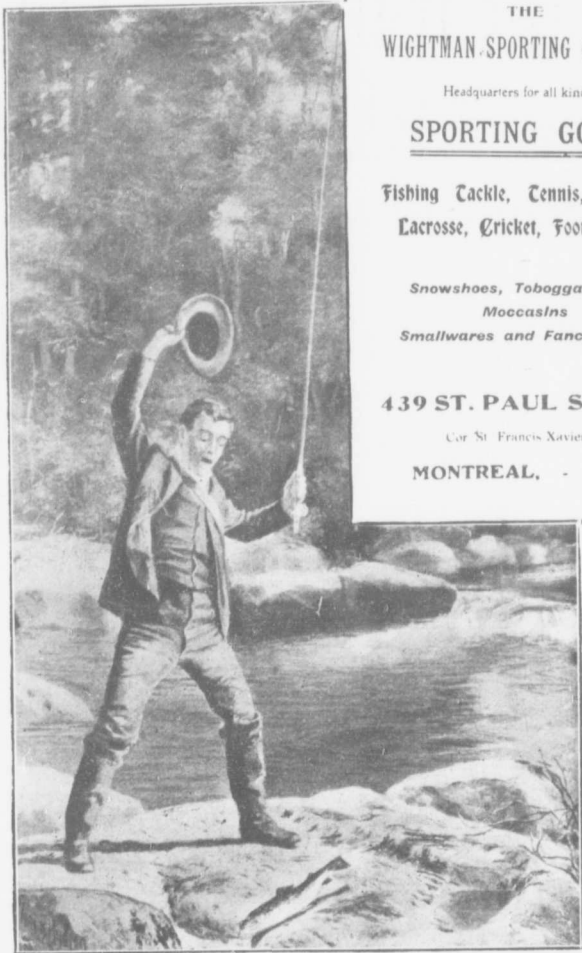
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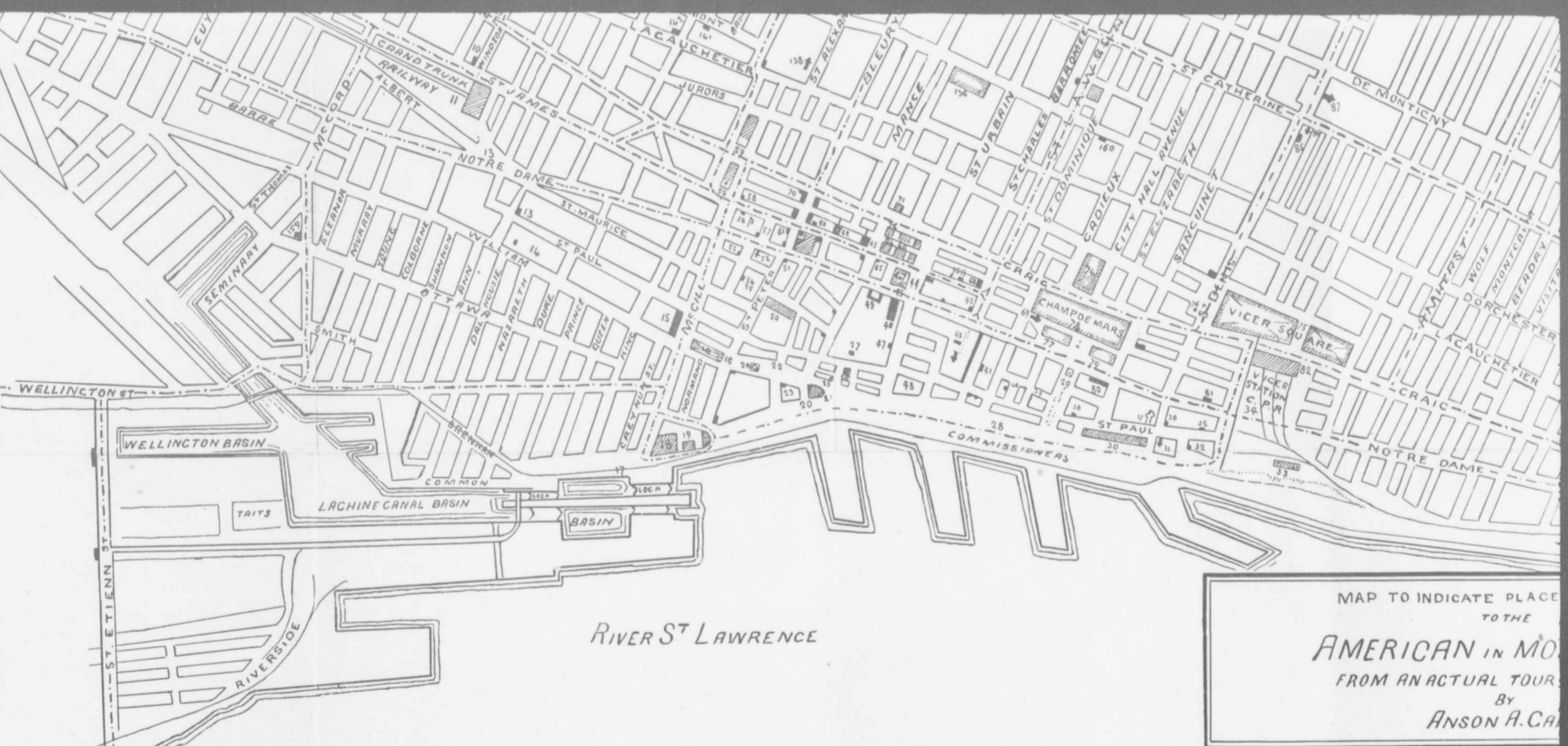
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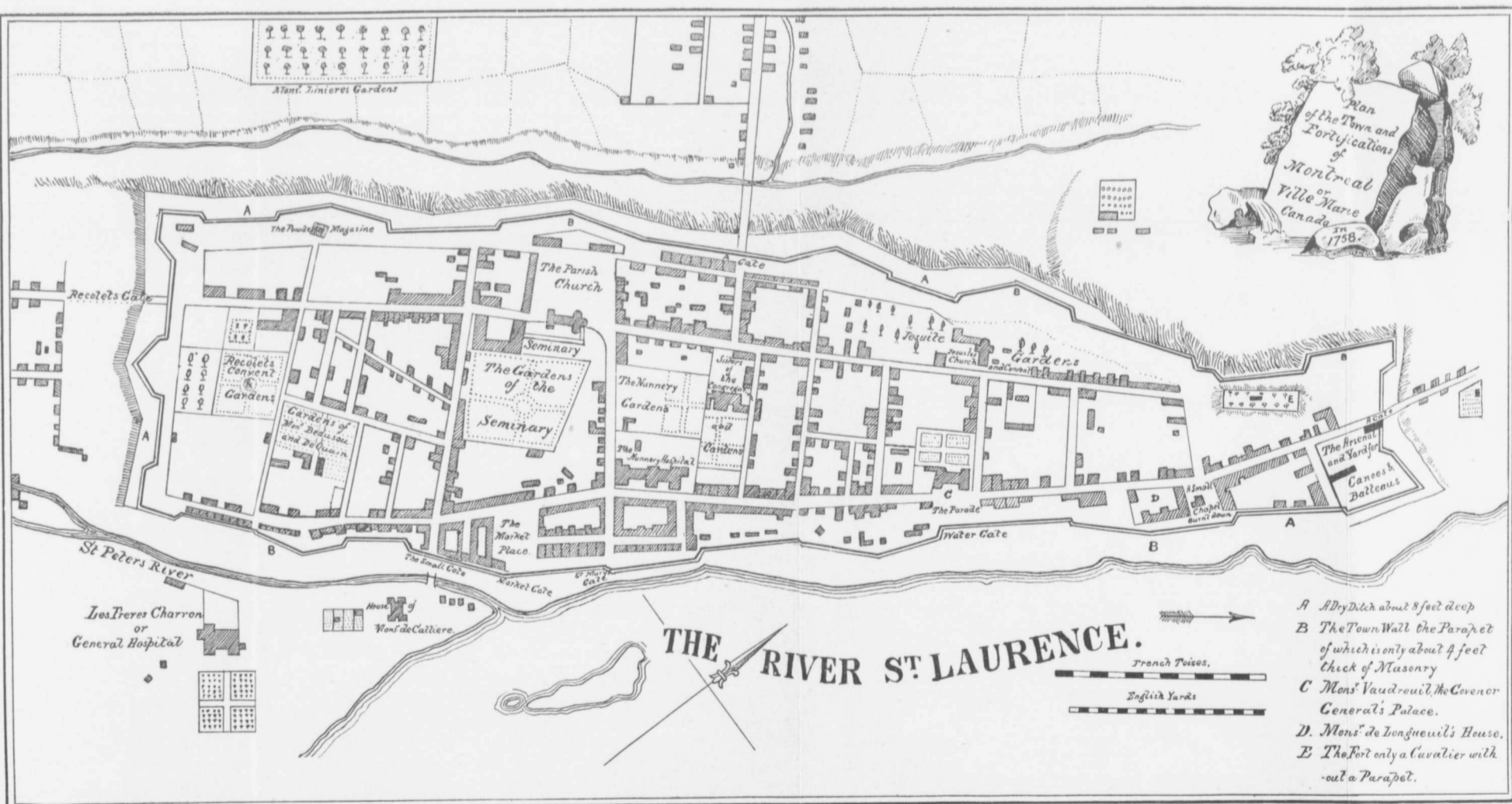
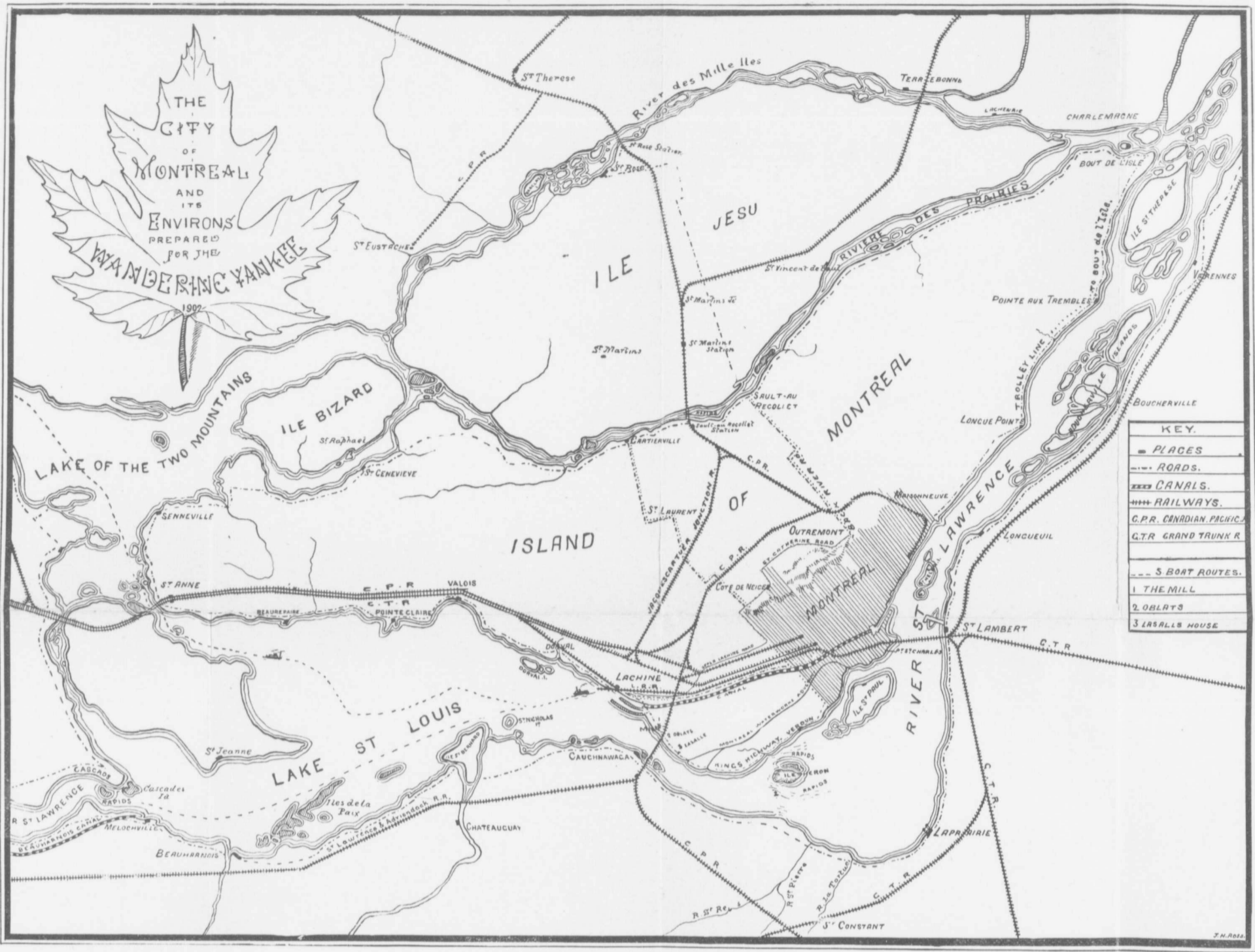


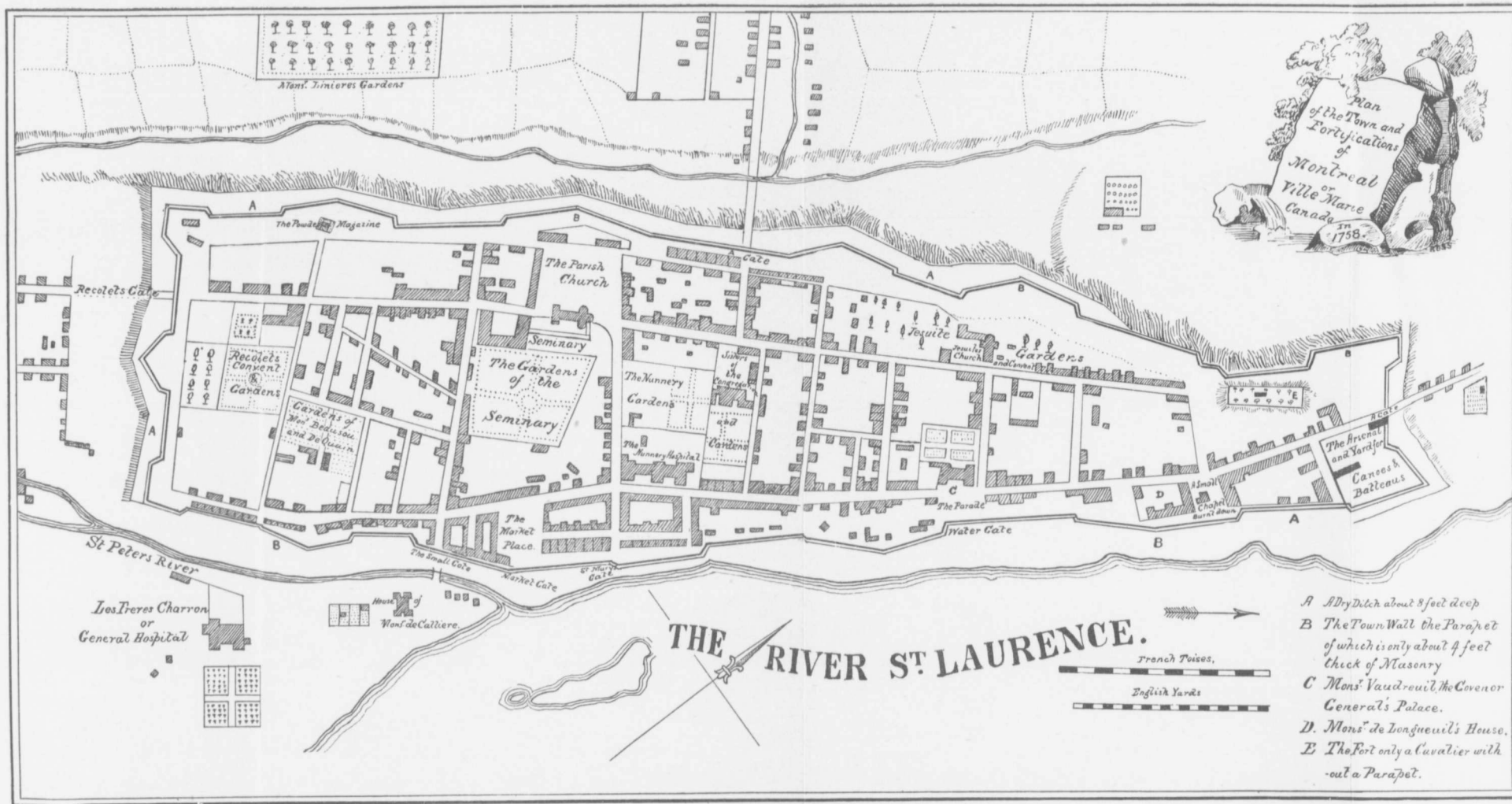
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 of the Town and  
 Fortifications  
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 or  
 Ville Marie  
 Canada  
 in  
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The Powder Magazine

Recolets Gate

The Parish Church

Seminary

The Gardens of the Seminary

Recolets Convent Gardens

Gardens of Mons<sup>r</sup> Beausou and de la Riviere

The Nunnery Gardens

The Nunnery Hospital

Jesuite

Parish Church

Gardens

The Market Place

The Parade

Water Gate

The Arsenal and Yard for Canoes & Balteaus

St Peters River

Los Freres Charron or General Hospital

House of Mons<sup>r</sup> de Cailliere

The Small Gate

Market Gate

St Michaels Gate

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- B* The Town Wall the Parapet of which is only about 4 feet thick of Masonry
- C* Mons<sup>r</sup> Vaudrouil the Covenor General's Palace.
- D* Mons<sup>r</sup> de Longueuil's House.
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