

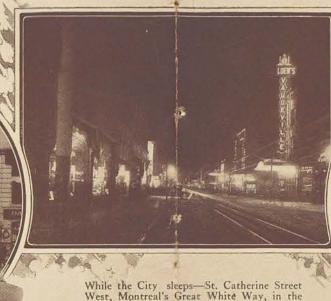




Phillips Place, a quiet backwater near the pulsing stream of a great city's traffic



Overflow from Bonsecours Market, where the habitants bring the products of their fertile farms. Nelson's Column at right centre



While the City sleeps—St. Catherine Street West, Montreal's Great White Way, in the early morning hours



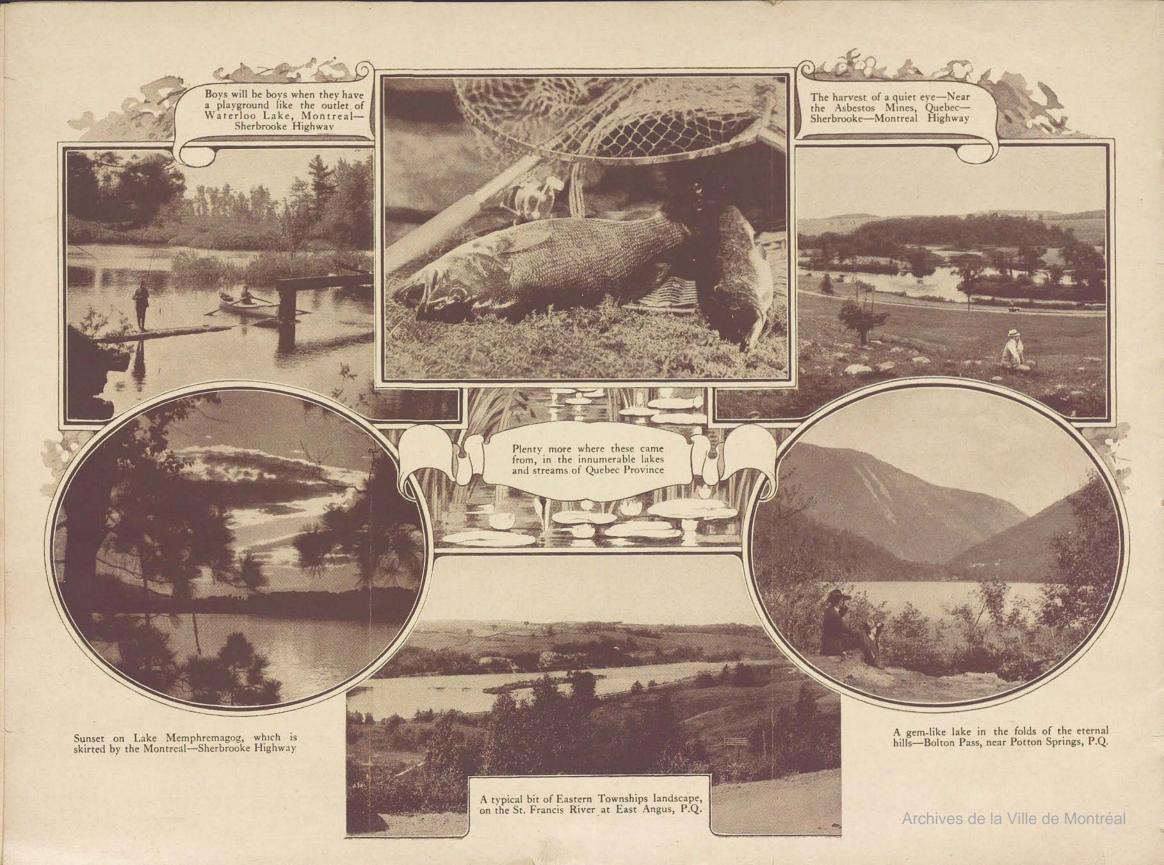
Sherbrooke Street West, bordered by palatial residences and educational institutions of worldwide renown



From the top of Mount Royal are obtained glorious views of the encircling city, the majestic St. Lawrence and its tributary the Ottawa, Lake St. Louis and Lake of Two Mountains, and, on clear days, the Laurentians to the north and the White and Green Mountains and the Adirondacks to the south









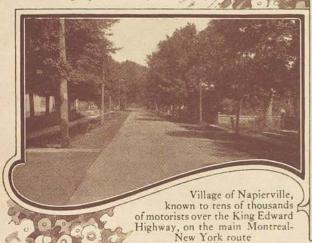


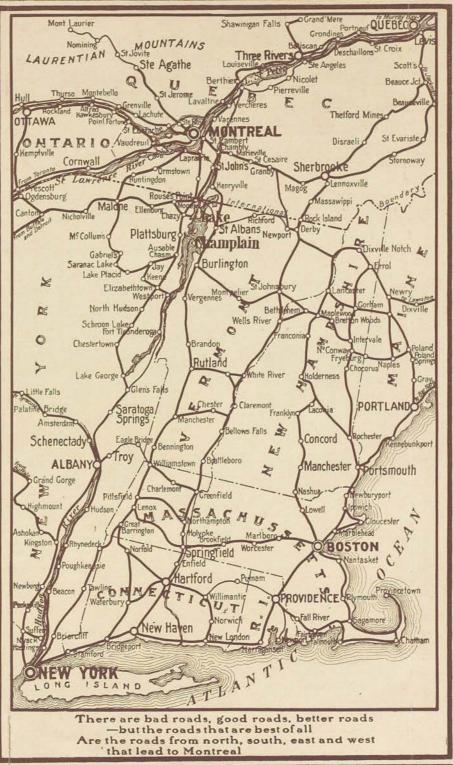
An Inviting Nook—Picnic Bay, at Orford Lake, on Victory Highway between Montreal and Sherbrooke





At the Crossroads—A village on the Montreal-Quebec Highway, miles of perfect motoring through quaint scenes









Verdure-framed vista on the recently-completed Montreal-Ottawa Interprovincial Highway, 130 miles of improved surface





Numerous camping grounds in Quebec Province offer hospitality to motor tourists who prefer life in the open



Archives de la



CITY of striking and sometimes startling contrasts, of vivid lights and shades; a city whose name breathes the spirit of romance and

COSMODOLITAN MONTREAL

the genius of history; a city of a storied past, a present of marvellous achievement and an illimitable future; a city where the handiwork of men who lived and toiled three hundred years ago still stands side by side with products of modern engineering and constructive skill; a city where an amalgam of British and French stocks with an alloy of other races has produced a population unique in its distinctiveness and an atmosphere not to be duplicated elsewhere in the New World-such a city is Montreal, which stands ready to greet its guests and provide them with unforgettable experiences that will lure them back again. Here, more than one thousand miles from the ocean, is one of the world's greatest seaports. Here is a city of huge transportation interests, the headquarters of the world's two largest railway systems; of industries which dominate the whole Canadian field; of concerns which control the financial destinies of the Dominion; of educational institutions made famous throughout the world by the towering intellect and brilliant discoveries of their faculty members or graduates; a city whose public-spirited citizens have made it a centre of art and philanthropy and civic beauty.

But it is not these things which put Montreal in a place by itself and give it a character and a personality unmatchable in the Western Hemisphere, for other cities can show similar triumphs of modernity. It is the blending of old and new, the juxtaposition of the ancient with the present, that link it with the annals of the ages and constitute its chief charm. Here the visitor may turn from broad avenues lined with palatial buildings, or thoroughfares bustling with all the activities of a mighty metropolis, and find himself in a network of narrow, crooked streets whose very stones are redolent of high adventure. For it was from these same streets, and from their quaint stone buildings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that the men who carried civilization and religion and enlightenment over half the continent took their departure. Taking their farewell of what rude comfort the frontier settlement offered, they plunged into the wilds-one the first white man to traverse the Great Lakes, another the first to penetrate to their headwaters, a third to discover the Mississippi River and descend it almost to its mouth; others to carry the gospel to the savages and to die as martyrs at their hands; still others to found the cities-Detroit and Marquette and Duluth and Joliet —which perpetuate the names or the language of these hardy pioneers.

Here was the starting place of military expeditions which, after winning the wilderness from its pagan possessors, carried on the long struggles for supremacy between the French makers of Canada and the English settlers of the Thirteen Colonies; hither came the envoys of the Continental Congress, seeking the adhesion of Canada to the Republic soon to be born, and, their mission having failed, here followed them the troops of the Revolutionary army, hoping to gain by conquest where diplomacy could not win; and hence

they went, some to defeat and death, some to victory and honor. There is hardly a foot of Old Montreal that has not its memory of the heroic men of the three peoples—French, British and

American—the forerunners and the founders of the two great nations which now divide nearly all the continent of North America between them.

Nor are structures two to three hundred years old, and thronging memories of their first occupants, Montreal's only links with the past. Within an hour's run of the city on any side the visitor finds himself in a different and an older world. Stone or plastered cottages which recall the Breton country-side, thatched barns, and wayside shrines which speak eloquently of an unspoiled and implicit religious faith, prepare the stranger for his first acquaint-ance with the habitant, the French-Canadian farmer, who, in his wholesome outlook on life, his shrewd and kindly disposition, his devotion to the soil and his homely virtues, is but little changed from his sturdy forebears who came to the Canada which King Louis loftily but ignorantly described as "a few acres of snow." There is an Old World flavor about rural Quebec which is a delight and a revelation to the sojourner from other parts of the world.

Montreal's key position, from a transportation standpoint, gives it enviable advantages as a convention point or an objective for touring. It is on the main line of both of Canada's great transcontinental systems. It is the head of ocean navigation during a season which extends from April to December, and is midway on the fine steamer services which ply from the head of the Great Lakes to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is the hub of a network of modern highways connecting it with the Adirondacks, New York and the New England States on the south, Ontario on the west and the Maritime Provinces of Canada on the east. Highway and railway facilities offer a wide variety of half-day or one-day trips. The Laurentian Mountains, a paradise of peaks, lakes and rivers, with incomparable scenic beauties, a full variety of summer and winter sports, and unsurpassed hunting and fishing, are reached within two or three hours by train or motor.

The visitor to Montreal finds himself in an atmosphere where is preserved the old-time British and American traditions of personal liberty. Crossing the border involves no irksome or annoying experiences for the bona-fide tourist or convention delegate, no passports are required, and the customs and immigration formalities are quickly and easily carried through. Such provincial enactments as affect the traveller for recreation, as the motor vehicle law and the fish and game regulations, have been conceived in a liberal spirit designed to promote the convenience of the public, whether resident or transient, and are entrusted to courteous and efficient officials.

Copies of the motor vehicle law, the fish and game law, and the customs regulations; information in connection with convention accommodation or arrangements; steamship, railway or motor routes to Montreal; lists of hotels and principal stores, or any other pertinent information desired will be gladly furnished on written or personal application to.

The Montreal Tourist and Convention Bureau, Incorporated

New Birks Building, Phillips Square, Montreal, P.Q.

THEODORE G. MORGAN,

President.

G. A. McNAMEE, Secretary-Treasurer.

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