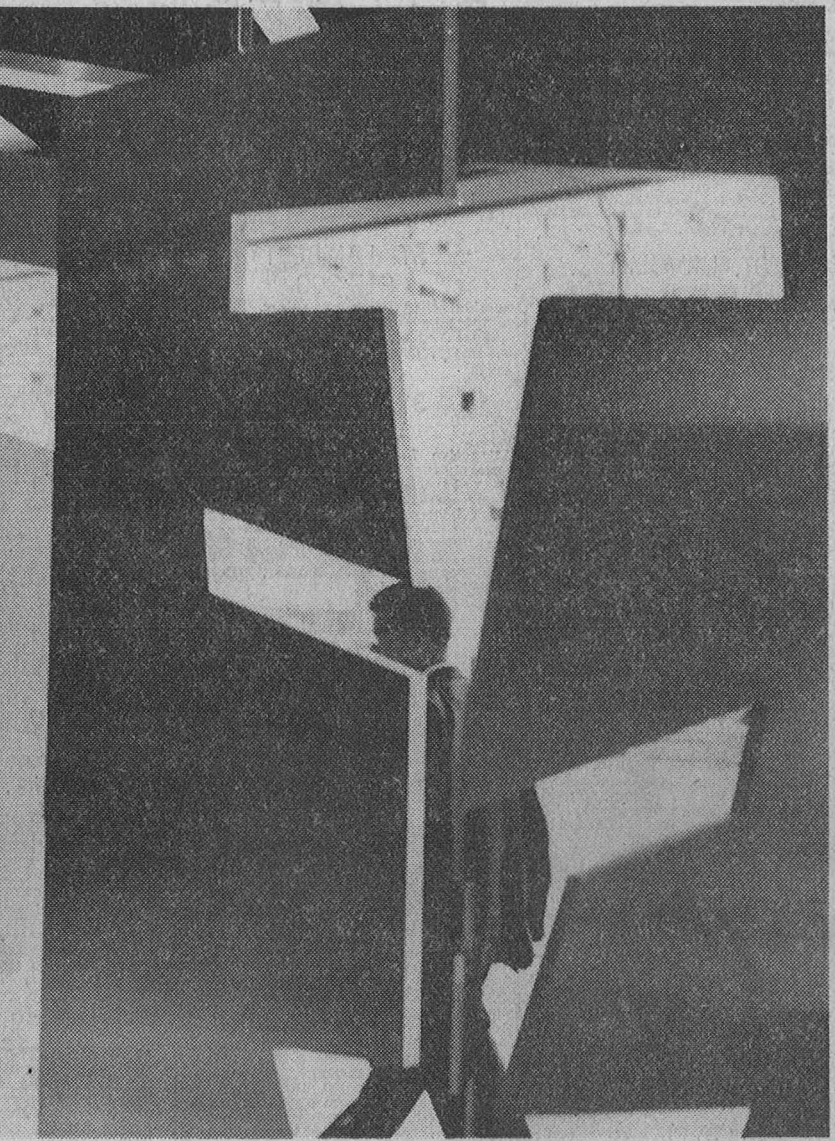




Laundry adds touch of domesticity to city's old business district near waterfront. Little street with grand name is Rue de la Capitale.



Outside St. James Cathedral, Msgr. Ignace Bourget extends a friendly wave to his old diocese while saints gaze at new skyscrapers.



Passing the Royal Bank Building, a new sculptured aluminum screen appears to cut Montreal into jig-saw bits and pieces.

his Way for a 21-cent Tour Montrealer Finds The Other Montreal Tourists Never See

PHOTO STORY BY PETER DESBARATS

This is a 21-cent tour of a Montrealer's Montreal. It is guaranteed to exclude the wax museum, the Indian reservation at Caughnawaga, St. Joseph's Oratory or the look-out on Mount Royal. These are valid tourist attractions but they are not what I recall when I think of my city.

Montreal for me is a city of inspiring and curious prospects collected in a haphazard way over the years. It is a city of many small cities, each of distinct character, restaurants far from the usual tourist trails, hidden gardens in the centre of concrete jungles and, primarily, people. Invisible from the glass-topped tourist bus, it is reserved for the walker.

The total cost is 21 cents, all exercise included. It can be started at either end, in the middle or next week, depending on your own inclination. The Special Tour, lunch included, costs \$3.21 and the Special Deluxe version, with afternoon tea, runs to \$3.51. Starting time, ideally, is 11 a.m. after Montreal has enjoyed its second cup of coffee and sixth cigaret and is ready to receive visitors. The point of origin is a brass plaque in the sidewalk at the southwest corner of Dorchester boulevard and Union avenue.

Private Sidewaik

This plaque has no great historical significance. But it explains why people can be seen standing on this corner at all hours of the day and night, peering down at the sidewalk and shaking their heads in puzzlement. The legend inscribed on the plaque is: "Private Property — Crossing and use subject to permission of the owner and at the risk of the user."

I don't know what it means and I don't want to. As it stands, it enables us to start the 21-cent Tour with a proper sense of adventure, striding across this private sidewalk without the permission of the owner, at great risk to the user, and heading west along the Grand Canyon.

As a Montrealer, I profess to detest the skyscrapers along Dorchester boulevard. They hide my mountain. They block out my sky. They shrink me into insignificance. But underneath my disdain, I have a grudging admiration for this bicep of steel and glass bulging in the centre of the city. It means economic power and influence and I want visitors to gape and crane their necks.

Skyscrapers also provide free entertainment. Both CIL House and the St. James's Club building have attractive miniature gardens in front. The St. James's garden badly needed weeding when I passed this week, almost an attractive quality in this street of antiseptic right angles.

On the ground floor of the Royal Bank Building, the Montreal Trust Company displays Robert Helmsmoortel's sculptured aluminum venetian blind for the edification of passers-by. If you step inside the office, an attendant will play high-fidelity music of your choice on a high-priced phonograph scheduled to be given away in future to a trusting customer.

Across the boulevard, the lobby of the Queen Elizabeth Hotel provides more free entertainment. You should walk

into the hotel as if you are going to attend a major business conference on the 19th floor, rented for the occasion. As a matter of courtesy, purchase a one-cent book of matches at the newsstand after reading all their magazines and foreign newspapers.

When I was there this week, a Girl Scout from the United States was reading what ads in The Times of London. This provides material for hours of speculation.

Outside St. James Cathedral, Msgr. Ignace Bourget is raising his right hand in a gesture that can only mean, "Hi!" Return the greeting and notice that the inscription on his pedestal identifies him as a former archbishop of "Martiopolis." I thought for years it said "Marianopolis" (City of Mary) but "Martiian" it is, regardless of science-fiction connotation.

Watch the tourists watching you in Dominion Square for a few minutes before taking a free ride down the Central Station escalator, walking through the station and south on University street to Vitre street.

There's a parking lot at the corner of Vitre street and Victoria Square. If you stand in the centre of this lot and look northwest, you will get, in addition to a fender in your back, a view that encompasses Montreal's three main stages of architectural progress. In the foreground is an old red brick apartment house, covered with vines and shaded by a large poplar, as if it were miles away in the suburbs. Behind this is the Bell Telephone building representing the solid old school of skyscraper design and behind this, the black pillar of CIL House.

By this time it's almost noon and you have to hurry along St. James street to hit Place d'Armes as all the secretaries come out for lunch and admiring looks. Enjoy a few minutes of sun and wistful thinking before walking east on Notre Dame street to a small restaurant with dusty sea shells in the window. The walnut wood and plate glass interior of this restaurant has remained unchanged since 1875, when it was a fashionable tavern, and the owner has promised never to introduce a piece of plastic or chrome during his life time (may it be long). If you're taking the Special lunch-included tour, invest about \$3 in a cold lobster lunch, with French pastry and coffee and enough nostalgia to last through a week of modern cafeterias.

Now comes the piece de resistance of the Tour, and I'm deliberately going to be vague about it. If you don't mind being blindfolded for a few minutes, I'll take you into a cornfield within 100 yards of Place d'Armes. The sun will be shining, the birds singing, corn, rhubarb and flowers growing and I can almost guarantee that you won't be able to see another soul. I will not reveal the entrance to the garden; you'll have to



Feathers, legs, squawks, and all go into the scales when chickens are sold at the open-air market, located at St. Lawrence boulevard and Rachel street.



Merchandise from the four corners of the globe passes under Jacques Cartier Bridge. These crates of automobile parts are in transit from England to Australia.

find it for yourself. But I would much prefer that you didn't.

From Place d'Armes, walk south on St. Sulpice Street through the old business district to Commissioners Street and east, past wholesale grocery warehouses filled with marvellous smells and the sound of hard bargaining, to the harbor entrance at Berri street. Drift along the wharves for an hour, inspecting crates in transit from London to Australia, snowmobile skis destined for Alert in the Northwest Territories and tea from India. If you haven't enjoyed the \$3 lunch, invest a few cents in hot buttered corn from one of the youngsters lugging great kettles about the harbor exit at Place Jacques Cartier, west of Berri street. The young merchants can be located in the middle of munching longshoremen.

From the harbor, walk

north past the City Hall to Champ de Mars, where you can sit on a grassy embankment and watch the pawn shop owners on Craig street haggling with prospective customers.

Through windows on the first floor of the old Court House, at the north side of Champ de Mars, you can see movie projectors grinding away continually. This is where Quebec's famous film censors sit, scowl and snip. Only a few years ago, Hollywood films used to leave these rooms shorn of immorality and plot but the scissors have become more sensible of late.

Walk up St. Lawrence boulevard until the local color begins to get you, then take a 55 bus to the corner of "The Main" and Rachel street (20-cent cash fare) and walk through the outdoor market where chickens are sold by the squawk and everything is

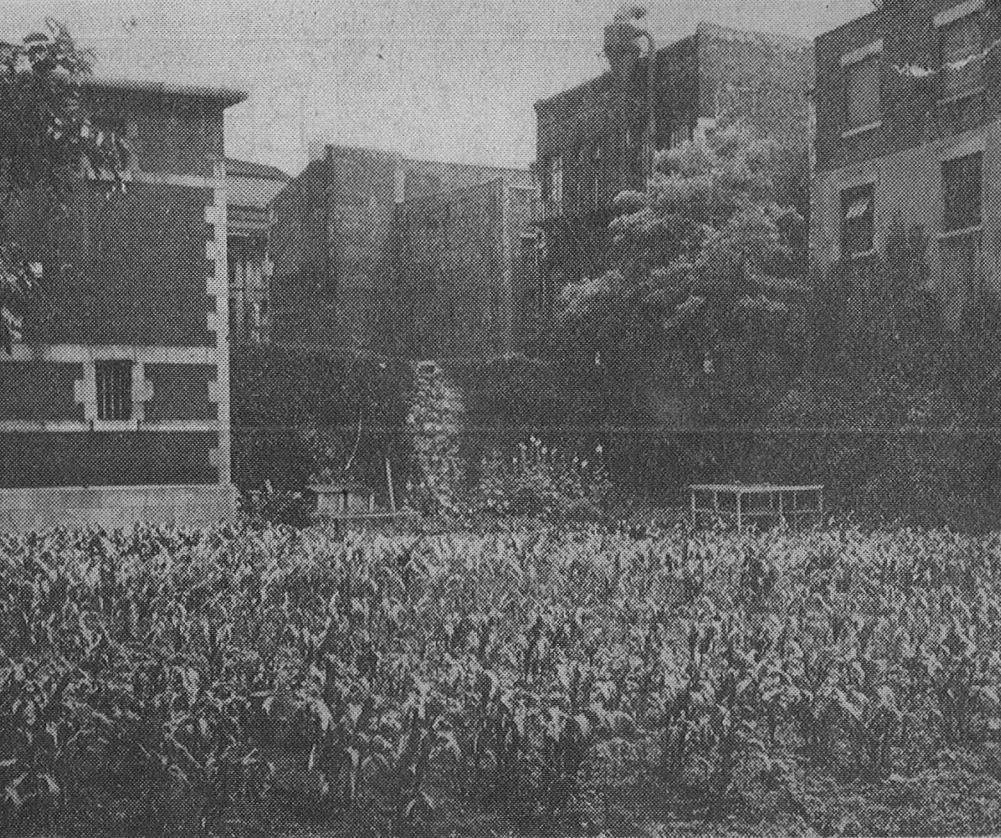
marked down, reduced to clear, discounted and finally sold at prices that make merchants cry to heaven for justice. Then stroll west along Rachel street past the bakery, where the smell of fresh bagels is strong enough to stop you dead in your tracks, to Fletcher's Field and an hour of sun-bathing. Later in the afternoon, walk southwest through McGill University campus and west on Sherbrooke street to Stanley street where a few espresso houses still survive the parking lot mania.

Inside the coffee house, order an iced tea or espresso and a croissant, if you're taking the Special Deluxe Tour, lean back in a chair and wait for someone to start a conversation.

From that point, you're on your own. The 21-cent Tour of a Montrealer's Montreal accepts no further responsibility.



An eager, young corn-on-the-cob vendor does a brisk business near the Place Jacques Cartier entrance to Montreal Harbor. He's a favorite with longshoremen.



Who would have guessed?—corn grows in ancient farmfield in the centre of Montreal's busy financial district, only a few yards from Place d'Armes.

Fun With Figures

By J. A. H. HUNTER

"That's an odd amount," said Brenda, passing the bill over to her husband. "You'd better pay it before you forget."

The Professor glanced at the piece of paper, and then studied it more closely. "I see what you mean, but it's odder than that," he told her. "The whole amount in cents is exactly half the difference between the number of dollars and the square of the cents."

What was the amount? (Answer on Monday) Yesterday's Answer: TEPEE was 58288.

U.S. Slur on Ottawa Draws Scorn of Mayor Whitton

United Press International

OTTAWA, July 20—Washington, D.C., in the opinion of Mayor Charlotte Whitton, is "a neutral organism."

She was commenting on a remark made by Foy Kohler, U.S. Ambassador to Russia, to a congressional committee in Washington.

Mr. Kohler apparently referred Ottawa as a "small government city only" and said Toronto was really the commercial capital of Canada. The U.S. sent more diplomatic employes to Toronto, he said, comparing the two cities to the relationship between Washington and New York City 100 years ago.

"Humph," said Mayor Whit-

ton. "Ottawa was never a neutral organism like Washington. "And I note they (the U.S.) have their charge d'affaires stationed here," she added. A staunch native of the Ottawa Valley, the mayor said Mr. Kohler forgets Ottawa was one of the most vigorous trading centres on the continent when Washington was just being pieced together. "Our white pine went all through the United States in those days," she said. She conceded that Toronto may be the trading capital of Canada. "But still and all, this is the capital when it comes to signing trade agreements, customs and foreign exchange." And that was that.