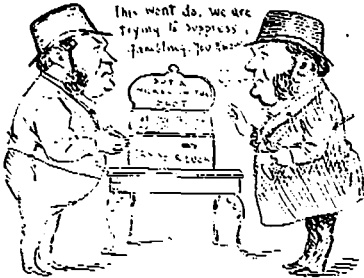


QUERIES.

WE read in an Ottawa despatch that the Banking and Commerce Committee has passed the Dominion Burglars' Guarantee Co's. Bill. We want more light on this queer statement. Is the other name of the Bill—Sikes? And are we to understand that the business of this company will be to guarantee burglars against interference on the part of the police?

TEN MINUTES IN MONTREAL.  
BY OUR UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.



As a matter of fact I was a little more than ten minutes in the commercial metropolis—but not much. I went down and returned on what we call the unconscious method—a plan that completely obviates "that tired feeling," which the journey is calculated to give if

you take it by day light. That is to say, I went aboard the C.P.R. sleeper here about 10 p.m., and turned in; awaking in Montreal about 7 a.m.; then, having finished my day's business, I took the G.T.R. sleeper about 10.30, and woke up next morning in Toronto in nice time for breakfast. It's a great scheme; much better, I couldn't help thinking, than that of our noble old great grandfathers in this country say sixty years ago. It would have taken them about a year more or less to do what can now be done as neatly and pleasantly as I have indicated in two nights and a day. The weather was magnificent in Montreal, but no better than we have lately enjoyed up here—which my Montreal friends seemed a little disgusted to be told. Being close to the first of May the streets were alive with moving vans, loaded with furniture. On May day itself the sight is really unique, and it is the lucky possessor of a moving wagon down there who can really sing with exuberance,



"I'm the Queen of the May, mother,  
I'm the Queen of the May!"

(overlooking the detail of sex), for these gentry have everything their own way, and charge pretty much as they please. Everybody in the city moves on May 1st. excepting Sir Donald Smith, Senator Drummond, Hugh Graham and a few other chaps who "don't have to." The near advent of the queen month also



means the opening of the athletic season, and it happened to be my good fortune to be the guest of the M.A.A.A. boys. The initials are translated with a ease; they mean Montreal Amateur Athletic Association. The organization is well known everywhere as one of the strongest and best in existence. It seems to embrace in its membership all the fine young fellows of Montreal, and membership is an honor justly to be prized. The Association has a pleasant and well equipped club house and gymnasium (which is also a theatre) on Mansfield street, and a "country house" at the grounds out at Cote St Antoine. Under the genial guidance of Messrs. Geraghty and Sheppard I went out to inspect the field, track, grandstand and



club house, all of which had my distinguished approval.

We also inspected Mr. Gentleman, the erstwhile champion Walkist of England, who is, as he says himself, "troyner" for the Club. He is quite a character, and regaled us with reminiscences of the jolly toimes 'e used to 'ave at 'ome.



Here you have a bird's eye view of this characteristic Londoner. Returning to the city behind Mr. Sheppard's showy animal—which could not get itself on terms of friendship with the trolley cars, but "cut up awful" whenever we met one of those mysteries,—we next examined into the workings of the Headquarters on Mansfield street. Here we found Mr. Weldon, the capable—not to say handsome and polite—Secretary-Treasurer busy as a nailer, getting up his Budget of Dues and Fees payable on the first of May. "Yes, and we'll have 'em all paid up promptly, too," said he. "The number of those who get far in arrears or fail to pay is not worth mentioning. In fact we never do mention 'em—we just cut 'em off."

Most of the members are pretty well fixed financially; Mr. "Jim" Paton, for example, is rich enough to own a white horse with a docked tail, which is always in evidence on the streets. Besides being useful as a roadster and run-away, this equine is valuable as a signal of its owner's whereabouts. Whenever anybody in Montreal wants to find Mr. Paton, he just goes out and looks for the white horse standing by some street curb, knowing that in the neighborhood he will find the rotund proprietor. This gentleman is such an enthusiast at the sports and games that it is almost dangerous to be with him. In his excitement he not unfrequently knocks the wind out of the man



alongside of him with a tremendous thump on the back, when any turn in the game particularly strikes his fancy. Long flourish the M.A.A.A., and may victory perch upon its banners this summer!

I found an air of hopefulness pervading business circles in Montreal. The newspapers are all doing splendidly. The four English dailies are now bunched within a block at Bleury and Craig streets, and have handsomely appointed offices. Two fine new Presbyterian churches are approaching the finishing point, which rejoices the heart of Grip's good friend Mr. Walter Paul; but even this, I'm afraid, will not radically change the character of the City Council for the better. Mayor Villeneuve is having the finger of scorn pointed at him because while at the head of a corporation that is endeavoring to suppress gambling he is in his private business capacity acting as agent for a patent slot machine which is regarded as a gambling tool. It would also appear that the City Milk Inspectors make their examinations of the lacteal fluid through bank bills supplied by the milk dealers. However, Jimmie McShane is still to the fore, so there is no occasion for Montreal to despair.



AS-THE-CROW-FLIES.

"PRETTY muddy day. Eh?"  
"Oh! It's muddy enough—but where the dickens you can see the beauty in slush like this, beats me out!"