

THE PRAIRIE.

(ILLUSTRATED)

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF INTEREST TO ALL.

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ERNEST BEAUFORT, Manager.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1890.

IN making our bow to the public it is befitting for us to give an outline of our intentions and our policy, that is to say, if we have any, for we fear that the fact of being adherents to Canada's grand old man, would not line our pockets with gold, nor have we any great things to expect by hanging on to the skirts of the Grits, if they should ever return to power. Seriously, however, politically speaking, we are absolutely independent, as all good Northwest men should be. Whatever party will do the most to forward the interests of the Northwest, that party will receive the humble support of our pen and pencil. We are starting this paper because we think it will "supply a long felt want," added to which we think it will be a paying speculation, but this, of course, is quite a secondary consideration. This paper will also be quite unique, for it will interest every man, woman and child in the country. It will contain news garnered from all quarters of the habitable world, and if we can find a correspondent in the uninhabitable, we'll have one there. What are we offering to the public? News items of general interest, articles on ranching, farming and sport in all its branches; political squibs and short stories, while a laugh may be squeezed out every now and again from the humorous column. The fair sex, however, must not think that their interests will be neglected, for we shall devote a special page to the latest fashions, with accompanying plates. Added to all this, the paper will be liberally illustrated with cartoons, photos of our leading men, and sketches of interesting subjects. We shall always endeavor to make this paper as broad in its views and as far-reaching in its interests as its name would indicate. Ring up the lights! Raise the curtain! THE PRAIRIE (Illustrated) steps to the front and makes its bow to, what we trust will be, the kind and indulgent public of the Northwest Territories.



STILL the old attitude, not a movement to improve our condition in regard to the permit system, which, as it stands today, is a fitting type of the famous "Circumlocution Office," immortalized by the illustrious Dickens. In the above office it was the custom of those having a full knowledge of the rules and conditions of any subject, to find out the best and most efficient way "How *not* to do it"; we don't pretend for a moment that they succeeded nearly as well as those who administer the liquor law in the Territories, but they were just near enough to warrant the allusion.

Let us, in a few words, look back over the years that are past and see the working of this hoary-headed old chessman.

At first it was good—very; railroad construction was going on and Indians were many; an inebriated crowd of navvies were apt to become "frequent and painful and free," if liquor was permitted, and the noble red man would be tempted to paint things his own peculiar color if he got tight, so the father of our country protected the sober-minded citizens from the possibility of the ill effects arising from either of these calamities, and everything was lovely.

But! (there generally is a "BUT" hanging around most questions) time rolled on, construction was over, the Indians were on their reserves, or ought to have been, the country was being filled with respectable citizens, who felt, and justly, that they had a right to a voice in the matter. Legal talent galore, left the east and pitched camp out here with the rest of us. Men would be arrested for having liquor in their possession, and fined; the above mentioned legal talent proceeded to pick holes in the law; they've been picking ever since, and now—but it is pitiful to dignify that ragged fabric with the name of a law, we will say no more about it for the present.

Our familiar has just arrived from Ottawa with the sketch on our front page; he looked tired and traces of tears were on his face. He said, "I found Sir John playing checkers with himself and eating oysters; in a moment I marked his checkers as represented in the cartoon, and pleaded with him in the interests of the N. W. T. I said, pointing to an oyster, 'that oyster reminds me of the country on whose behalf I stand here.' 'Why so?' said he. 'You have,' said I, rising to the occasion (for I like the old man), 'You have, by your indomitable energy, handled the oyster knife of the Canadian Pacific