

bread and cheese in Friesland as he asks for them in England will be understood, though elsewhere in Holland he be will received with shakes of the head and "I don't understand you." Our Anglo-Saxon stock and theirs come from the same origin. And they trade direct with us from their own sea port of Harlingen without the intervention of the greater centres of Holland, of which, by the way, they talk as if it were a part of a realm with which they have no concern. And so, wherever one went, one heard little but praise of Donoghue and his wonderful skating powers. In a race of three laps he was ahead of his rival by fully half a lap ere the first lap was run, and this by no inordinate effort on his part.



THE Cricketers' ball was a great success from every point of view. The hall was neatly decorated; the floor after the first half dozen dances was excellent; the band under Prof. Standhaft was better than I have ever heard it.

The secretary, Mr. A. W. Johnson, was most attentive in looking after the visitors, and seeing that they enjoyed themselves, and great credit is due to him that the ball was a thorough success.

I hope to see the C. C. C. get a good eleven together this season and make that much talked-of trip to this coast.

THE following little skit, which I clip from the *Referee*, is applicable at the present time to many poor clerks here.

First clerk—What's the matter, old chap? You look unhappy.

Second clerk—You'd look unhappy if you'd had to have five tons of coal in at the present prices, cash on delivery.

First clerk—Ah, I see; you are suffering from melancoalia. (The ruler missed his head and broke the window.)

LAST week, when I was racking my brains or what answers for the same, I was attired in a beautiful suit of pyjamas, and sipping iced claret cup, while a slave stood at my back, fanning the flies off my bald-head with a back number of the *Prairie*. To-day I am sitting on the kitchen stove swathed in blankets and robes, and freely inbibing hot Sc—I mean hot lemonade.

THE half-frozen prairie chicken will for some time have a rest from the on-slaught of the pot-hunter, the close season having begun on the 1st inst.; just a

month too late, in my humble opinion. What real sportsman wants to go shooting in January? at any rate such a January as we usually experience in this country!

REHEARSALS for the amateur entertainment to be given in a few weeks in aid of the Calgary General Hospital, are now in full swing. Four or five plays are to be given on the two nights, and as great care has been taken in their selection, the public of the Calgary district may look forward to a really enjoyable time. Amongst other names of the ladies and gentlemen who will take part, I hear those of Mesdames Prothero, Christie and Beaufort, Miss Blair and Messrs. Nolan, Beaufort, Child and C. Bernard. Calgary amateurs have shown, on several occasions, that they can amuse, and I have no doubt that crowded houses will greet their efforts.

SIR JOHN has not written me yet what he intends doing about the general elections, but I think my readers may take the tip from me that if our Premier says they will be brought off in March—that event will happen, and if he says they won't—well they won't; and the best tipster that ever lived can't say more than does

TATLER.

[Tatler will have learnt by now that his tip has come off.—ED.]



ALTHOUGH I have my own opinion about two men standing up and "slugging" each other until one falls to the ground a mangled specimen of humanity, yet one must admire pluck in whatever form it presents itself. Dempsey, of whom we gave a sketch last week, must be a rare plucked 'un. I read in an exchange that the exhibition of gameness and pluck exhibited by Jack Dempsey in his contest with Fitzsimmons in New Orleans, has probably never been equaled, and it has never been surpassed. He fought the big Australian as long as he was conscious. He rose to his feet and staggered to his opponent when he did not have strength left to lift his arm, much less deliver a blow. Time and again poor Jack was sent rolling forward by Fitzsimmons' blows, and would fall face downward in the ring. The earth of which the ring surface was formed would be furrowed and torn up. These blows and falls looked hard enough to kill an ox; yet Dempsey would, by a mighty effort, roll to his elbows, then push himself to his knees, and finally stagger to his