



THE political barometer is showing a phenomenal depression, which meteorologists tell us means—Look out for ructions! The wind started from the south and blew D. W. Davis into our midst; then, veering slightly to the east, deposited several leading Lethbridge citizens into the Calgary municipality. Amongst others I noticed Mr. C. C. McCaul, Q. C., Mr. Magrath, mayor of Lethbridge, and a gentleman whose name I did not catch, but who I think is connected with the law—anyhow, he looked something like this



Great speculation arose as to the cause of these gentlemen's visit, and a report that Mayor Magrath would run for the Dominion Parliament gained credence. This, however, proved to be a chimera, and they peaceably left the town about 2 o'clock one morning.

Then a storm arose in our very midst, by the appearance of James Reilly on the political horizon, (I'm afraid my metaphor is getting a bit mixed) and much curiosity has been aroused as to his chances.

Then, when we thought we were going to have a spell of fine weather, a terrible dust storm, or rather, I should say, Grit storm, was reported from the North, to be coming with terrible velocity on the unsuspecting electors.

This frightful convulsion of the elements is supposed to have been hatched in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Edmonton *Bulletin*, the presence of the notorious Frank Oliver probably accounting for the gritty nature of the storm.

One gentleman in Calgary, not unconnected with newspaper work, embraced himself, warmly exclaiming "Thank God, the country's saved."

WHAT is the matter with the Church of England choir these days? For several months it had the best choral service in town. Last Sunday feeling my past sins very heavy on me, I wended my tottering steps thitherward and found myself occupying a front seat. I must say the singing was a long way below what I had heard there previously, some weeks ago, and I could not help feeling great regret at the change. I hope by Easter to see a decided improvement, and that the choir will maintain the high reputation they have gained in Calgary.

THE entertainment, which I spoke of last week, to be given in aid of the Calgary Hospital, has, for



THE above is not an engraving from a "Guido" or "Raphael," as no doubt some of our readers will imagine it to be; no, it is an 1891 production, and is entitled "Come off the Fence, or, The Robbed Roost." It represents the recent position of two leading N. W. papers in regard to each other.

several reasons, been postponed until Easter week. Meanwhile, rehearsals will be diligently carried on.

I HEAR there is to be an exciting and interesting case before the next sitting of the court, in which two old-timers are interested. We understand that one horse will be paid into court

ANOTHER law suit is said to be on the *tapis* between two professional gentlemen. The amount at stake I hear is \$5.00. I believe witnesses are to be summoned from Ireland, but cannot vouch for the truth of this.

CALGARY, today, is a town of caucuses. Everywhere I go I come across little knots of politicians, whispering in each others' ears, and when I blandly walk up and try to enter into conversation, with a view to drinks, they suddenly disperse and I am left standing alone. This is a cold, ungrateful world.

"OUT of coal, did you say, my dear? and the well's frozen, is it? What! you're using the neighbors' fence for firewood? Well, Mrs. Tattler, just get my summer overcoat out, and my uncle shall receive a visit from his loving nephew,

TATLER.