



Elze Fugates! 1895 is on its deathbed and 1896 is coming. The past year has been an eventful one for Calgary. Let us hope that the coming one will maintain the record.

PERSONALLY, I am glad that the "holy, festive and indigestive season" of Christmas has passed away without any serious result. There is a limit to all endurance, and that limit has been reached by the obscure individual who pens these lines. I don't mind trying to oblige my friends, when it is possible to do so, but I fail to see how any man of ordinary capacity can be expected to condense six dinners (all turkey and plum-pudding) into one short day of twenty-four hours. When one remembers that each dinner is accompanied by copious libations of "Four per cent," it is easy to believe the after-dinner speaker when he says he is "too full for words."

THEN there are so many varieties of the genus "turkey." Who is not familiar with the venerable gobbler, who, after a life of long-suffering and toil, has sunk peacefully to rest, bearing the regrets of a numerous progeny. Many of us can recognize the picture. Such turkeys are not uncommonly seen on boarding-house tables, and are found economical where board is charged for at so much per meal.

But, on the other hand, who does not remember the proud young bird, cut off in his prime, as he lay on the catafalque on Christmas day, surrounded by sausages, which seem like votive offerings laid on the shrine of the deceased. How proud he looked, even in death, as if conscious of the praises lavished upon him by the human vultures who sit around him. His youth and tenderness, nay, his very self is in everybody's mouth, and we feel inclined to say with the poet of old "*nil de mortuis nisi bone 'em.*"

For my part, I spent an ideal Christmas. I spent the day with some friends, in the good old Christmas style, and am not in a position to envy anybody. When one sees before him a glowing fire, good cheer, loving faces and a hearty welcome, one cannot help thinking that there is something in Christmas after all.

I ATTENDED the performance of "A Night Off," by the Keene Company, on Christmas night. That "much was expected" was evidenced by the large and appreciative audience, and that much was given was clear by the mirth of the audience throughout the performance.

Let me say a word in favor of the matinee by the company, in aid of the Calgary Hospital; advertised

for Saturday afternoon. We want funds for our hospital. "Pop" Keene is as usual on hand to give his services and those of his company "free gratis and for nothing," and it only needs a full house to secure a handsome addition to the funds of our deserving institution. As our friends, the Salvationists, say, "Everybody come!" (except the young imps who congregate nightly in the back of the hall, and swear, smoke, shout, whistle, and in every way possible disturb the audience.)

I FIND I have no space for anything of a municipal nature. For the big race (to be run on Monday week) only two starters are named. These are Mr. Jas. Reilly's "Sanitary Expert," out of "Royal Hotel" by Sherbrooke, and Dr. Lafferty's "Interest," out of "Bill," by "Banker." Entries close on Monday next, at the Town Hall. Those who wish to get the "straight tip" had better apply at once (enclosing the usual fee) to

TATLER.

Our Competition

We would remind our readers that our word competition, "Calgary Hospital," closes on Tuesday the 30th inst. See advertisement for particulars.

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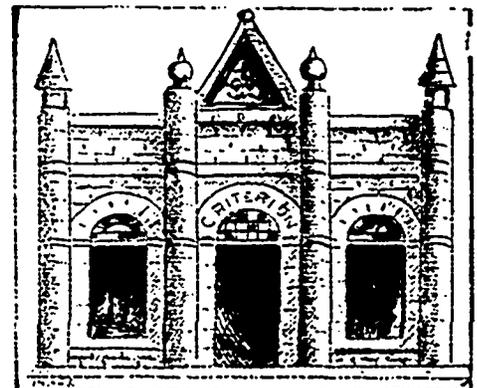
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