



AS I SIT writing, puzzling out my brains, what I shall put in the space reserved weekly (don't spell that word with an "a," Mr. Comp.) for me by the kindly editor, the air is rent by political cries of a more or less disturbing nature. This, with one's head throbbing and one's bones aching, is not conducive to intelligent writing.

I am sure everybody will regret to hear that I have been sick, with something which closely resembled that demonical la grippe, which everyone had a touch of last year. The fiend got me properly in his grip and has held me there for about two weeks, first roasting me and then freezing me, then doubling me with pain, and at last throwing me violently down, as if he had no use for me, more like a washed-out rag than anything else. And in this state I receive an order "send us something this week—spicy, if possible; the elections will be over."

I feebly eject the "devil" who brings the message and feebly scratch my head—"spicy, if possible"! that's a nice order for a poor, worn-out wreck to receive. Well, like the poor clown who goes on the stage and plays the fool, while his wife is dying at home, I suppose I must try and "play the fool,"—but, dear readers, be forbearing with me.

I HAVE been out of all the election fun and haven't been canvassed for my vote. I don't believe there's another man in Alberta can say that. Probably I am the only man in Calgary who Mr. Reilly hasn't shaken warmly by the hand, exclaiming "How are you my dear fellow, how are you; I was never so pleased to see anybody before in my life." Then, in my mind's eye, I can see the inimitable James, with spectacles in fingers, emphatically telling me that unless he was returned to Parliament the country would go to the dogs.

JAMES may be returned, for all I know, but I can only say that after having known him for years' past, I should be sorry to see him "get thar." He hasn't backbone enough to make a good M. P. He has a good Council at his back, and has already been pretty well sat on, so he can't do much harm as mayor,—but as M. P.? Well I think he'd be a big failure.

I WAS forgetting—I was nearly canvassed once. A little gentleman with a curious accent tried to get



The Premier's joy on receiving the news from our Familiar.

at me, but Mrs. Tatler, who is rather a large and majestic looking woman, with one look frightened the poor little gentleman so badly that he rushed out of the house. I have seen the look when arriving home at 1 a. m., after a "lodge" meeting, and don't wonder at his flight.

IN ADDITION to the chief attraction of the hour—the Elections—I find I missed that gem of a comedy, performed at the Court House, the Ede—Herchmer case. A friend dropped in one evening, when I was feeling a bit better, and told me about it. My poor, weak sides ached for hours after he had gone. I don't know whether he told me the truth about it, but, if he did, it's the funniest thing I ever heard of. I fancy if every man who got a "shove" from a policeman, brought actions, why a specially constituted court would have to be arranged for, to hear all the cases.

OF COURSE it is rather annoying to be "shoved" by anybody, especially when he has secured a good position for seeing what he has come out to see, but on such occasions, there should always be a feeling of "give and take." A policeman's lot in keeping