



THE "gambling" question has been brought under my notice by a correspondent. It is suggested that this pernicious habit is steadily on the increase, and with a most detrimental effect on the community. "Money passes from one man to another, with a dead loss to one and an unreasonable gain to the other." Yes, my dear sir, but the same may be said of "ten cent whist," which no person of common sense would call gambling, any more than speculating in a raffle. The fact is that the proper definition of gambling is: Playing for more than we can afford. Ten cent points at whist may be gambling, in a very poor man, and ten dollar points not be gambling in a rich one. It is only when the game ceases to be an amusement from the size of the stake, and the stake and not the game is the attraction, that gambling really begins.

POOR Constable Reading, with the facts of whose untimely death my readers are already familiar, was interred on Tuesday morning last, with full military honors. I think that among the many popular fellows in the "E" division, Reading was the most popular. He was a good soldier, and a first rate athlete. The Fire Brigade Band, which has become quite efficient under the management of Mr. Standhaft, headed the procession, playing the "Dead March in Saul." Several citizens, amongst whom were a number of the members of the C. C. C., testified their respect for the dead by assisting at the funeral service in the English Church.

WE HAD a great "blow-out" in Calgary during the past week. On Monday it began its insinuating course, introducing itself as a goody-goody chinook; but on Monday night and all day on Tuesday it revealed itself in its true colors. Sky-lights rattled, sign-boards creaked, stoves of hitherto unblemished reputation actually took to smoking, and as for dust—it was everywhere. Can anybody tell me where all the dust comes from, and how it "gets there" with such unerring precision?

CHRISTMAS is at hand, and the doctors are brightening-up. Indigestion is among us, and dyspepsia has become a household word. Yet, I think we do not celebrate Christmas at all as well as our forefathers did, in the "good old times." I make no account of those cynical persons who set their faces against public jollity of every kind, and denounce even Bank holidays as a nuisance, but there certainly is a disinclination to "keeping Christmas," as it used to be kept. I have not a word to say against the water drinkers, but "four per cent" is really not the liquor with which roast beef and plum pudding ought to be associated, nor could one partake of it with impunity out of a wassail-bowl. The vigorous enjoyment with which Christmas used to be welcomed is certainly gone. The Christmas of the present day

consists of

"Too much heat and too much noise,  
Too much babblement of boys;  
Too much eating, too much drinking,  
Too much everything but thinking."

A REQUISITION is being signed, asking Dr. Lafferty to come out again as mayor. The doctor has done good work during his term of office, and has attended to his duties conscientiously and well. If I am not mistaken, it will be a case of "elected by acclamation." No, it will not be, either, for I see by our daily papers that Councillor Reilly will run. Well, if anyone wants to bet they can get a bit on with

TATLER.

The Lucas Sale

Mr. J. G. Fitz Gerald had a good audience at the sale of Mr. Lucas' property on the 16th inst., the amount realized being a little over \$2,400. The following were the most important lots sold:—

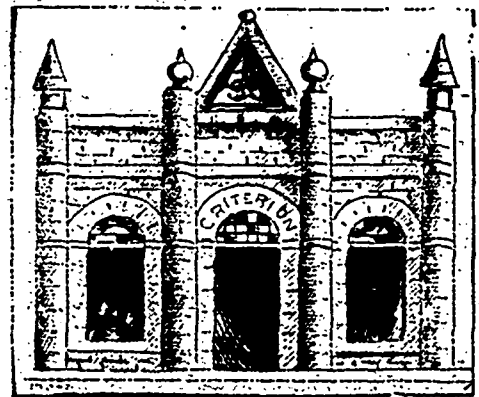
Span of black Clyde mares, Mr. Stephen, Sheep Creek..	\$450 00
Grey Clyde mare, Mr. R. H. M. Rawlinson.....	161 00
Trotting mare, "Chambermaid" .....	200 00
Mamie C, Mr Braden.....	200 00
Roadster mare, Mr. Bell-Irving.....	189 00
Kirkland Chief, imported Clyde stallion, Mr. J. Clarke, Gleichen .....	500 00
Sorel mare, Mr. W. H. Ford.....	151 00
Holstein heifer calf, Mr. J. Barwis.....	41 00
" yearling bull, Warden Bros.....	57 50
" cow, Mr. M. McInnis.....	75 00

P. Herberer bought the foal of Mamie C, sired by Mambrino Star, for \$81, and Mr. Robison bought the foal of Annie Granger, sired by Belian's Mystery, for the same amount.

The Late Constable Reading

We regret to have to announce another death, which has occurred since our last issue, viz., that of Constable Reading, of the N. W. M. P., which took place Sunday last, the result of a terrible accident. We were unfortunately unable to procure a photo of him in time for this week's number, but hope to in our next.

THE CRITERION SALOON  
STEPHEN AVENUE



PROPRIETORS:  
BURLAND & SAUNDERS.