



MAIN STREET, MACLEOD.

MANY of our readers are familiar with the above scene, while it will undoubtedly prove interesting to our readers in the East and in the Old Country. From one end of the street to the other, bull trains can be seen. The picture is not altogether true to the present appearance of the town, having been taken a year or two ago. Towns in the Northwest change in appearance very rapidly, and Macleod is not the place to be left in the rear. We will shortly give other views of this district.

A Revised Version.

Our own private "devil," who, when he is not taking a meal out of the office paste pot, or playing practical jokes on our heaviest advertisers, studies back copies of "The Missionaries Journal," with a view to educating himself for the position of bell-ringer at a church, has handed us the following "copy." He certainly appears to be making rapid strides:

"There was once two boys as started in ranchin' Brothers they was; One's name was Cain, tother was Abel. They'd took up places on opposite sides of a crick. Abel went in for stock and got on good, bein' a smart boy, but Cain, he never got no luck. The frost took his crops once, another time the hail pounded 'em into the ground, and the gophers ate what was left. At last, one day when he was off his place a prairie fire came along his side of the crick and burnt him clean out. Then Cain got real mad; he said he knew it was that mean brute, Abel; he'd take a club to him and make his head sore. So he

took his biggest club and went for him, and hit him to hard and corpsed him. Then, hearing that likely he'd get arrested, he got rattled and crossed the line and skipped the country."

THOSE KODAK VIEWS!

IT HAS come to our ears that a report was current in town during this week that someone interested in the Prairie Illustrated had been taking "Kodak" views of a party of "Black Jack" players. Now, we may say right here that had this been our intention, we should have carried it out, in spite of any opposition there might have been. When we believe any abuse requires holding up to public light we shall do it, and in no half-hearted way either. But, be it understood, this paper was not started with a view of doing any dirty work, and the manner in which any private citizen chooses to spend his time has nothing to do with us, whether his pet recreation be black jack, poker or skittles. A little bird has whispered in our ear the name of the starter of this groundless rumor, but we don't want to stop his little game. Indeed, we are partial ourselves on occasion to a mild game of B. J., but we draw the line when it comes to playing for one's shirt. In conclusion, we are not here to stab a man in the dark; if we want a sketch, we shall use no "detective" camera, as we have a real live artist of our own, who will not be afraid to sit in front of his victim with pencil and paper in hand.

We have given a few straight tips already, and we would conclude this with another—to green 'uns at this fascinating game—keep your eyes wide open, 22 isn't 21, and the bottom card isn't the top. Twig?