

is full of spirit and will no doubt give a generous support to this western product of pen and pencil. But it deserves support from the whole Northwest. The pen of Mr. E. Beaufort, the manager and editor, is favorably known to us all, and the original illustrations show a power to be encouraged and prized of representing a public situation.

In a further notice the *Macleod Gazette* says: The *Gazette* is in receipt of the first three numbers of the *Prairie Illustrated*, a new weekly published at Calgary. The paper is another striking proof of the restless energy and enterprise of Canadian Northwest people. The venture is a bold one, and deserves the unbounded support which the *Gazette* wishes it. The letter press of the *Prairie Illustrated* is bright and interesting, while the illustrations have the snap and accuracy characteristic of Mr. Innes' work. Mr. Beaufort, late of the *Calgary Tribune*, is editor and manager, and Mr. Innes is artist. The mechanical make up of the paper is a credit to the *Tribune* office, in which it is printed. The *Prairie Illustrated* is a valuable acquisition to Northwest journalism, and is deserving of a generous support from all parts of the territories. Again the *Gazette* wishes its new contemporary a prosperous career and a long and successful life.



Courtship is a bad thing for some people. There have been more lives wrecked on that ship than any other.

Quizzic—"Why do you call your physician 'Pelican?' That's not his name, is it?" Frankie—"Oh, no, merely a little pet name I've given him on account of the size of his last bill."

The greatest toothpick factory in America has been destroyed by fire, but it is said that the building can soon be rebuilt, and the manufacture of this favorite article of diet resumed.

Butcher—"Good morning, madame." Young Housekeeper—"Good morning, Mr. Gristle. I would like to get about five pounds of young and tender sausage meat, please, without any bone."

Uncle—"Fritz, you are past mending. Money, money, always money. I am glad I have not many such nephews." Nephew—"Exactly my sentiments, uncle; so glad I'm the only one."

The country cure's housekeeper to her master—"M. le Cure, there is a button off your shirt, and I

have not got one to sew on. Can you give me one?" "Not now; but after the collection. I always find one at least in the plate."

It appears that the late Lord Houghton once received a letter to the following effect: "Mr.— died on Tuesday last, or he would have had much pleasure in accepting Lord Houghton's kind invitation to dinner." The Irish bull dies hard.

Horried Mother—"I just this minute saw Mr. Niccelfello's arm around your waist. It's perfectly awful." Repentant Daughter—"Y-e-e-s, mother, but it would be a—a good deal more awful to see his arm around some other girl's waist."

Lady lecturer on woman's rights (growing warm)—"Where would man be if it had not been for woman?" After a pause, and looking round the hall—"I repeat, where would man be if it were not for woman?" Voice from the gallery—"He'd be in paradise, ma'am."

She—"Do you know, I'm getting dreadfully stout. I've just discovered that I weigh 240 pounds." He: "Where were you weighed?" She: "At the butcher's." He: "Oh, well, then you can knock off about half the weight at least. We know *his* scales."

A lady, who had taken several equestrian lessons, asked her instructor one day: "Well, Mr. Pummel, have I made good progress?" "Well, I can't say, ma'am," said the instructor, "as 'ow you rides werry well as yet, but you falls off, ma'am, a deal more gracefuller as wot you did at first."

"What's the matter with that baby?" growled an irascible husband as the little one persisted in howling and kicking to the extent of its might. "The matter is, sir," calmly replied the wife, as she strode up and down the floor, "the matter is that this baby inherits your temper." And the husband returned to his paper with a gloomier face than ever.

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