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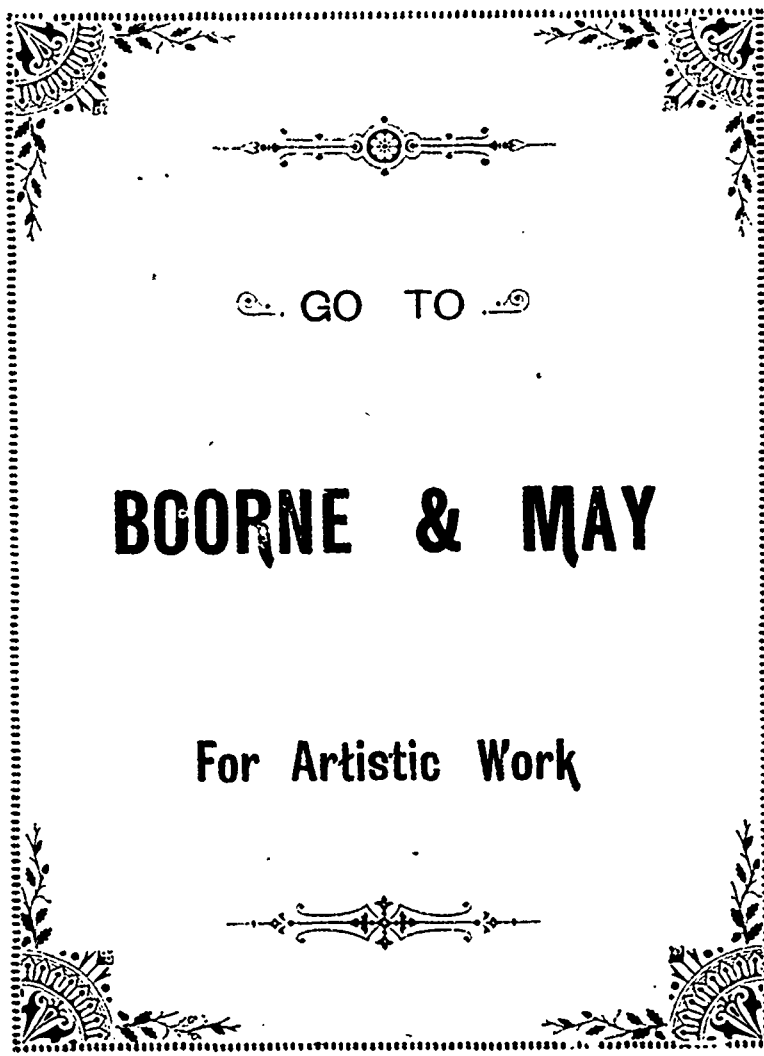
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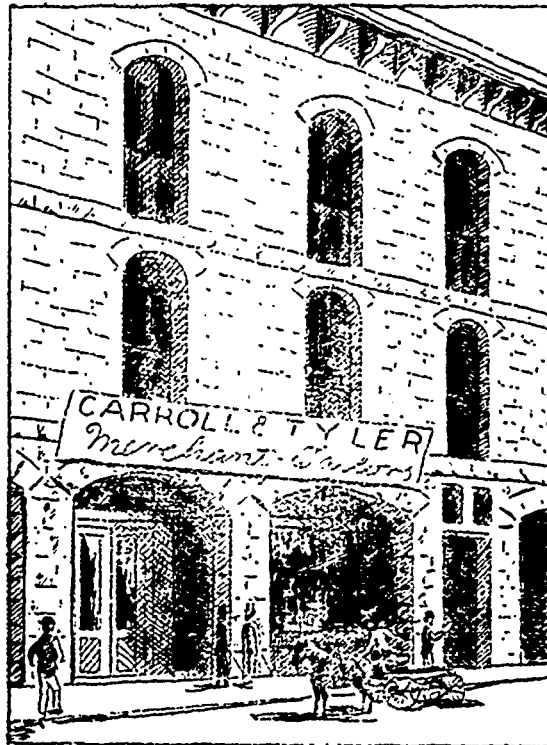
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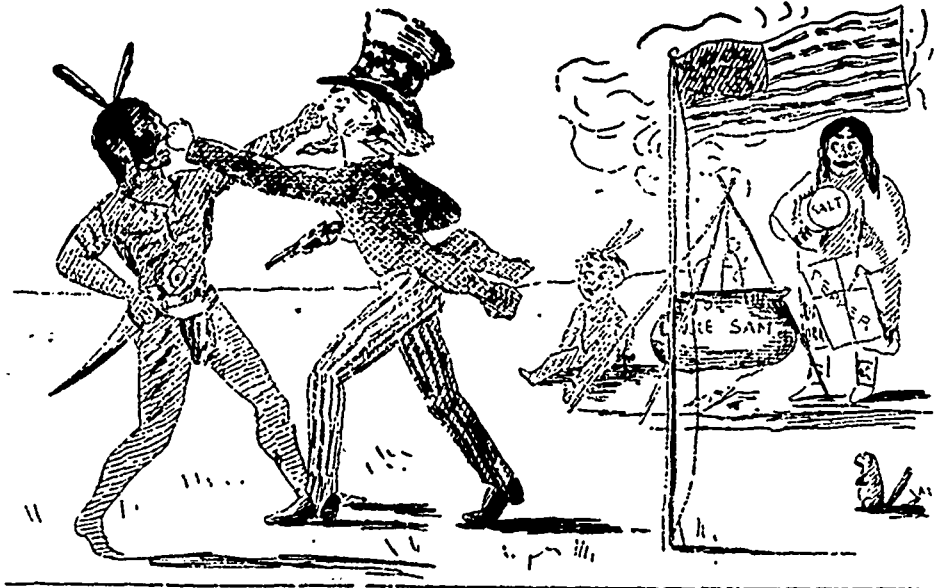
THE PRAIRIE

ILLUSTRATED

Vol. I. No. 6.

CALGARY, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1891.

Price 10c.



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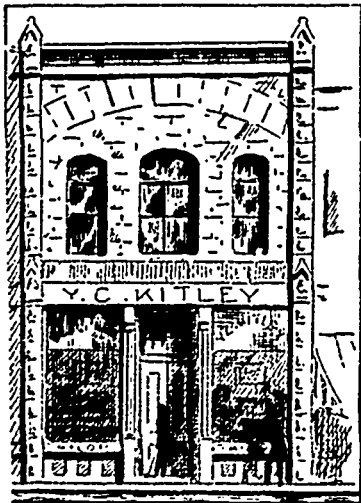
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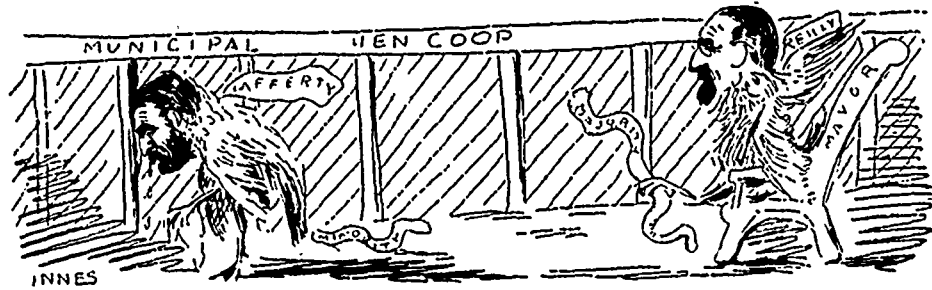
LOOK OUT ! !

—FOR—

CLARKE & CO.'S

ANNOUNCEMENT

NEXT WEEK



The Doc is rather in the dumps,
And thinks it pretty tough;
That though he got a lot of votes,
He didn't get enough.

Yet for the plucky fight he made,
We must commend him highly;
Although the outcome of it all -
Was most distinctly "Reilly."

The council too is in its place,
On business intent;
And once more all its faculties,
On sewers—and things are bent.

So, rouse ye! all good citizens,
Let civic matters hum;
All help the man made mayor along,
For he has nabbed the *rum*.

AFTER REMARKS

OUR "Tipster" last week remarked of the Municipal elections "of course there may be some surprises in store," and so there were with a vengeance, and the surprise of surprises was the defeat of Dr. Lafferty by Mr. Reilly. An hour before the poll closed, considerable odds were laid on the doctor, and a good many hundreds were placed on at level money, that the doctor's majority would be twenty-five. Talk of the uncertainty of horse racing, why, it's not in it with elections! Well, we can only say we trust that in spite of the adverse opinions expressed, Mayor Reilly will do his duty fearlessly and without favor, and that at the end of his year of office he will be able to come before the electors with as good a record as Dr. Lafferty had to show.

Those who followed Tipster's tips for councillors did not go far wrong. He gave the following to get in:—Bannerman, Topp, Douglas, King, Cushing and McBride, and mentioned Lucas as a dark horse.

The town may be congratulated on the character of the newly-elected council. All leading business men, and the majority of them highly successful men.

We once more settle down to a quiet, hum-drum existence, from which once a year we are awakened. In the language of the poets, they "whooped 'er up" in rare style at the Royal Hotel, and the displays of oratory on the billiard table were very fine and large. Victors and vanquished joined together in having a good time, and, again in the language of the poetical penny-a-liner, all went merry as a marriage bell. A few sore heads on Tuesday morning, a few rolls less bulky, and thus ends the municipal elections for 1891.



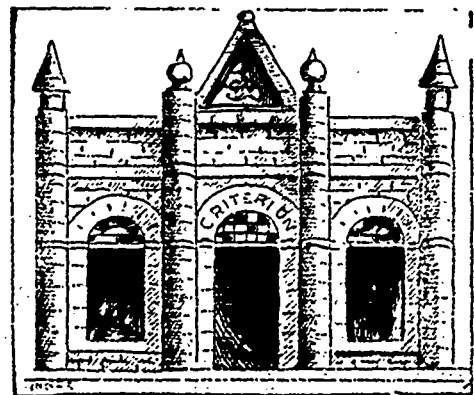
To the Editor of The Prairie:

SIR,—A very interesting game of cricket was played here yesterday. The game commenced at 2 p. m. and ended at 4 p. m., one innings only being played, Messrs. Drinkwater, Milwaine, Nerwin, Dennison, Dr. Herald, Venables, Cotton, Forster, Tait, Tweed and Drinnan playing against Finlay, Dobie, Fisher, Dobbin, Arundel, Sharp, Hughes, Morgan, Scatcherd, Hayward and Kernie. The former scored 19 runs and the latter 60. A large crowd witnessed this novel event.

Yours, etc.,
HATTITE.

Medicine Hat, Jan. 2, '91.

THE CRITERION SALOON
STEPHEN AVENUE.



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THE PRAIRIE.

(ILLUSTRATED)

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF INTEREST TO ALL.

THE PRAIRIE (Illustrated) is published every Saturday morning, for the Proprietors, by T. B. Braden, Stephen Avenue.

SUBSCRIPTION :

Per Annum \$5.00
Per Annum (in advance) . . . \$3.50

As THE PRAIRIE (Illustrated) is the only illustrated paper west of Winnipeg, its columns will be a valuable medium for advertising.

For full particulars apply at the office of the paper, Alexander Block.

ERNEST BEAUFORT, Manager.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1891.

THE Northwest Territories has now arrived at such a state in its existence that it can no longer afford to remain in a state of inaction as regards immigration matters. Of course, as a young and not wealthy country, we have only been able to sit quietly down and take such gifts as the gods sent, in the shape of a few immigrants, who had escaped the many agents in Manitoba. During the last year, certainly, a number of settlers have arrived from Ontario, but after all, that is only improving one part of the country at the expense of the other. Where the kick comes is, that we do not get our fair share of immigration from Great Britain, and what we do get, to a great part, is not the kind suited to the country. What this country wants is settling up with genuine farmers, small tenant farmers with a few hundred pounds capital, monied men who will be attracted here, and who will find many an out-let for their cash in remunerative undertakings. Pamphlets are all very well and have undoubtedly done good. The Canadian Government offices in England are doing good work; but all this is not enough. Both Mr. John Dyke, Immigration agent at Liverpool; and Mr. Colmer, of Sir Charles Tupper's office, when asked if they would direct immigrants to the N. W. T., replied that they could not do that, as it would not be fair to other parts of the Dominion. It comes to this: If we want to see any large immigration to the Northwest we must have an office in London, working solely in the interests of our great country.

The cost of this would be very little, compared to the enormous benefits which would be derived. A first-class man with a thorough knowledge of the country and the description of people who would do

best here, could be engaged at a salary of say \$2500 with travelling expenses; at first he would require but one clerk, who could be got for \$500 per annum. An office could be rented at \$500 while a similar sum would probably cover sundry expenses. This would bring the total up to about \$4,000 per annum. Allowing that office rent and sundries might be at a higher figure, \$5000 should cover the expenses of, at any rate, the first year. This small sum, divided over the Territories, would be but a flea-bite. The various Town Councils, Boards of Trade and Agricultural Societies should at once take the matter up, and formulate a scheme by which we shall possess, at an early date, an office of our own in the Old Country.



THE two sketches illustrate the methods of dealing with the original owners of the great West, south and north, of the boundary line. The upper one shows the consequences of the wise and humane course pursued in the great land of freedom, where all nations (excepting always the natives) are on a common footing; the latter shews the mode employed by the servile subjects of a limited monarchy.

The American system is rotten, and tends to rebellion; the British, by keeping faith with the old bucks and educating the young ones, evolves a race of useful, well-educated and law-abiding citizens. As to the question "Which is the best?" we leave the answer to the sense of justice and humanity of our readers.

AS OTHERS SEE US!

The *Macleod Gazette* says: The first number of *The Prairie*, an illustrated weekly, published in Calgary, has been received. It is neatly printed on good paper, and is well filled with general Northwest news. Mr. E. Beaufort, late of the *Tribune* staff, is editor and manager.

The *Medicine Hat Times* (second notice) says: What with its clever cartoons and neat spicy articles Mr. Beaufort's new journal, *The Prairie*, bids fair to become a strong factor in the development of this country. The second number shows a decided improvement.

The *Regina Leader* has the following: The two first numbers of *The Prairie Illustrated* are before us. It is certainly a bold venture and deserves recognition for this as well as its intrinsic merit. Calgary

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.

Horrified Mother—"I just this minute saw Mr. Nicefello'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.

THE CALGARY HERALD

DAILY EDITION: Eight to ten columns of reading. Issued every evening; \$10 per annum.

WEEKLY EDITION: Fifty-six long columns; thirty columns of reading; about a page of illustrated articles; \$2 per annum.

The Herald is independent of all parties, factions and cliques, and is a typical Northwest journal.

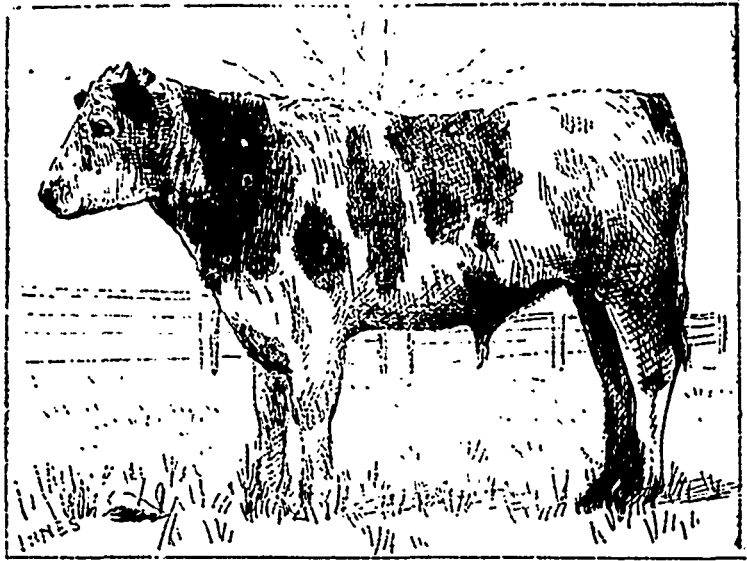
ADDRESS: **The Herald Publishing Co., Ltd.**

OFFICE: Stephen Avenue, Calgary, Alberta, N.W.T.

THE FARM

WE HAVE before us a commercial bulletin from the Finance department, on the Egg and Poultry trade. The bulletin consists of a report and memoranda from Mr. John Sanders, of Kemptville, Ontario, an experienced shipper of eggs and poultry, who was lately sent to England to make a thorough enquiry into the possibilities of a trade being carried on between Canada and England in these articles. Speaking of the poultry trade, he says that from a thorough and careful enquiry he had come to the conclusion that a large and profitable trade in poultry could be established and carried on between Canada and England. Turkeys can be placed on the British market any time from December 1st to March 1st. From what he saw he is convinced that Canadian poultry will compare favorably with any in the British market, both as to weight of birds and quality of flesh, and will only require to be brought to the attention of the consumer to ensure a ready demand.

On the subject of the egg trade, he speaks just as strongly, and states that the market is almost unlimited, except during May and June, when there is a large supply of fresh eggs from European countries. Last year Great Britain imported for consumption 94,000,000, and each year the trade increases. There



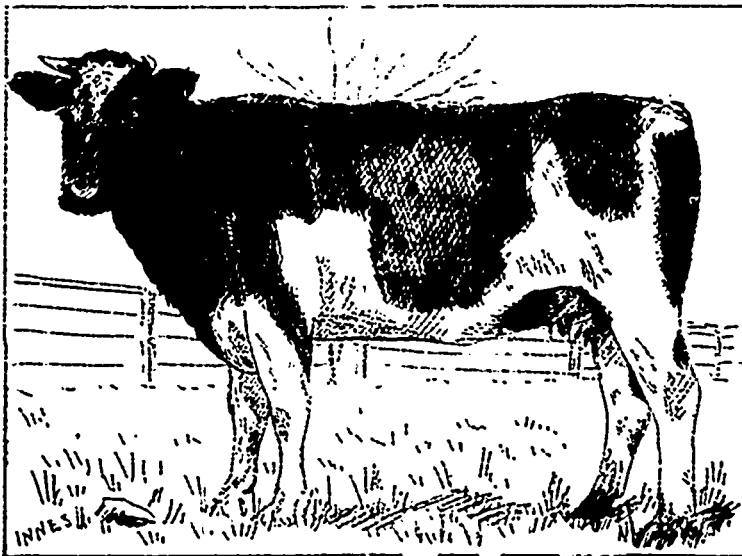
THE DUKE OF DUN REIGH

can be no doubt that the development of this trade, one so important to farmers, will, in the near future, prove a very large source of revenue to the country.

THE cattle shown in this week's number are the property of Mr. James Bannerman. Holsteins are probably the best cows for milk in the world, and Mr. Bannerman possesses a couple of the best. Such enterprise as this is most praiseworthy, and the fact that ranchers and farmers are continually importing valuable stock into the Northwest, is the greatest proof of their belief in the country, and is the grandest advertisement we could possibly have.

Bertha Spaulding, No. 3127, Vol. 1, Holstein Friesian Association of America, was bred by E. G. Spaulding, of Buffalo, N. Y., and was calved on October 20th, 1885. She was imported to Canada by W. J. Breckon, Appleby, Ont., in September, 1887, and was sold to Jas. Bannerman, Oct. 1st, 1889. She took two prizes as a three-year old, at Hamilton.

The Duke of Dun Reigh, 14720, Vol. 7, Holstein Friesian Association, was bred by W. J. Breckon, Appleby, and is also owned by Mr. Bannerman. He was calved Nov. 28th, 1889, and is now 13 months old; dam Bertha Spaulding, sire Holland Pride, Duke Netherland, 7656, H. F. He took 2nd prize at the spring fair and 1st at the fall exhibition, against all ages.

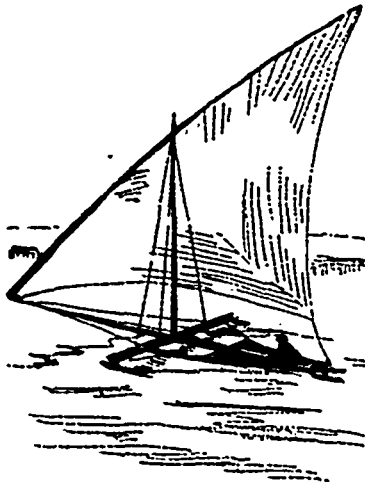


BERTHA SPAULDING



WE GIVE a sketch herewith of a lanteen-rigged ice-boat, which seems very easy of construction. It consists of a stout, tapering mast, the sail being spread on a huge gaff or boom, which extends in an arc from the bow of the yacht up to the top of the mast and far beyond, the sail covering the whole space from stem to stern. This is considered the fastest modern rig, and it will sail closer to the wind than a catboat.

AN INTERESTING pugilistic event will be the meeting of Jake Kilrain and George Godfrey, before the California Athletic Club, early this year, for a purse of \$5000, \$500 of which goes to the loser. The contest will come off at San Francisco, and it is said the winner will challenge John L. Sullivan, although it would appear that Kilrain at least had had all the fighting he desires at the "big fellow's" hands.



THE trotting events of last season were the wonderful performances of Nelson and Stamboul. At Bangor, Me., Sept. 3, Nelson trotted a mile in 2:15½, and repeated it in 2:15¼. He then went to Kankakee, Ills., Sept. 27, and covered a mile in 2:12. Two days later he tried again on the same track, getting a record of 2:11½. At Terre Haute, Ind., Oct. 9, his time was 2:11¼, and at Cambridge City, Ind., Oct. 12, he came under the wire with the time of 2:10¾ to his credit. His half mile record of 1:03 is only one second behind that of Maud S., and his mile lacks but two seconds of equalling her time. Nelson now holds the world's stallion trotting record. He is a bay horse, with black points, and was sired by Young Rolfe over eight years ago. He weighs 1,050 pounds

and stands about 16 hands high. Stamboul, the great Californian stallion, trotted a mile recently at Stockton, Cal., in 2:11. Stamboul has already beaten by a second Axtell's great 3-year-old record for stallions. Both of these flyers are 8 years old.

A QUEER match has been arranged between Lords Shrewsbury and Lonsdale, to take place early in March. They will drive 20 miles, the first five of which are to be in single harness, the next five with pairs, the next five with driving postillions and pairs and the last five with four-in-hand mail coaches. The stake is said to be a very large one.

A man has recently swung a pair of nine-pound Indian clubs for six consecutive hours. This, says an exchange, is nearly equal in intelligence and usefulness to fasting for 45 days.

Mr. Punch's Directory of Social Phrases.

"You are one of the few people with whom I can really enjoy a quiet talk, all to our two selves;" *i. e.*, "I should be very sorry to introduce you to any of my set."

"What, you here?" *i. e.*, "Wonder how this confounded cad got an invitation?"

"Ah, by the way, just let me introduce you to Farrodust. You two fellows ought to know each other;" *i. e.*, "Call that killing two bores with one stone."

"Thanks for the most delightful evening. So sorry to have to run away;" *i. e.*, "Bored to extinction, and fairly famished. Must run down to the club for a snack and a smoke."

"I'll look at my list when I get home;" *i. e.*, "You don't catch me."

"Drop in any day;" *i. e.*, "When the chances are I shan't be in."

"No party;" *i. e.*, "Must ask him, and do it as cheaply as possible."

"Come as you are;" *i. e.*, "be careful to wear evening dress." Don't trouble to answer;" *i. e.*, "Think it very rude if you don't."

"What! going already!" *i. e.*, "Thank goodness! Thought she'd never move."

"What a fine child!" *i. e.*, "Don't know whether the brat is a boy or girl, but must say something."

RESTAURANT MARIAGGI

Ranchers, sportsmen and the public generally will find this a first-class establishment. Meals to order at all hours, both day and night. Private parties catered for.

FRANK MARIAGGI, Proprietor.

HIS FLEETING IDEAL.



(CONTINUED.)

"It is not for water I am craving," murmured the wretched man, but if she heard him she gave no sign of it.

He watched her move down the aisle and enter the drawing room at the other end of the car. The reason of his inability to see her among the passengers was now evident. But now could her image be reflected in the mirror in front of him?



HE STARED THROUGH THE DIM LIGHT AT THE MIRROR.

His eye caught a quick solution, the transparent over the door of the drawing room was open. Some mirror on the inside reflected the images of the people to some mirror on the outside and thence into the one over his head.

Hungry and dissatisfied he seated himself again to contemplate the picture and scheme to get acquainted.

Now he recognized other people in the drawing-room also reflected in his mirror.

There was an old man with a sober, dissatisfied face who looked as if he might be a disciple of Henry George deep in contemplation of land theories; a woman with a just then unreadable countenance, who might be the ideal's instructress in music or other studies, or her governess, perhaps; lastly the face of a younger man, say of thirty-five years, that bore in it cunning, malice, suavity and other characteristics which denoted a shrewd schemer and perhaps a villainous nature.

Was she travelling in security with an aged, absorbed parent and trusted friends, or was her father, if such he be, oblivious to the machinations of a villain, who had an accomplice in the supposed governess?

He resolved to probe this mystery to the bottom if he had to travel around the earth

to do it, if he had to employ detectives, and to squander his whole fortune.

Poor man, he little knew how much of his contemplation was to be realized in his future existence.

Alarmed by the workings of his brain, he suddenly resolved to paint the group as they appeared in the mirror.

He raised the curtain near him to increase the effect of the scene in the mirror, but it only dulled out the picture and he drew it down.

From his valise he took a palette, his paints and brushes and a small square of canvas with pasteboard back designed for use in the absence of an oval.

He began sketching on his ideal. It was a joyous task, so much so that his whole soul became concentrated in the work, and the lines in which he drew the lovely face rapidly grew into a fac-simile of life.

Of course the best he could do during the remainder of the day was to prepare studies for more finished paintings later.

Still, he lingered long and lovingly on the facts of his ideal until the study, under the intensity of his love and longing, became no a bad picture.

The day gradually lengthened until he recognized that he must turn his attention to the others of the group or miss them by night fall.

They might get off at some destination north of New York. He must hasten.

With feverish anxiety, intensified by the thought of her possible escape from him, he put away the paints and took to his pencil.

By nightfall he had sketched the group so that all its characters might be recognized by the detectives whom he already purposed putting on the case if he should miss them.

Mr. Henshall concluded that in the dining car at dinner he should have the pleasure of sitting at the table next to the group. To his utter disappointment dinner was served to the party in the seclusion of the drawing-room.

He entered the dining car on the last call and resorted to stimulants to urge his brain into some suggestion for his relief. He returned to his seat and called the conductor having evolved no other scheme.

"Can you tell me the names of the party in the drawing-room and their destination?" he queried a stationer.



"PERMIT ME TO ASSIST YOU," HE SAID GENTLY.

"I do not know their names," replied the official, "as the room was merely marked off to a party of four. However, I know that their destination is New York and that they have transfer tickets either for some steamer or railroad. In case of the latter they should

be bound southward; if abroad, their course is but a wild conjecture."

"Find out for me where they are going and I will pay you \$10."

"Very well, sir." But that was the last he saw of the conductor.

When darkness set in the brilliant electric lights of the Wagner palace increased the intensity of the picture in the mirror.

At last Henshall observed some movement in the drawing-room.

The girl took a violin and tuned it to suit her practiced little ear. Soon there began to float through the car the ravishing arias of Chopin, Schumann and other masters.

If she was exquisitely beautiful to him before, what could describe her when pouring her very soul into music! It was then that the beautiful brown eyes vindicated his sense of the artistic and his love of their color.

In the mystic spell of that entrancing music he could see clearly through the perfection of her fingering, bowing, technique, finish and grace into her very soul, which was mirrored in her eyes.

He had listened to Ole Ball in times past, to Sembrich and even to Christine Nilsson, when she had chosen to seize a violin and charm her friends, but in love as he was, the music of the maiden for whom he was hungering seemed to pale the efforts of those great artists.

The very motion of the car was in harmony with her time. Passengers threw away their novels and listened. The old man in the drawing-room closed his eyes as if in rapturous sleep. The villainous looking man, as if fascinated, thrust his face as near to hers as he could without disturbing the player, and his looks showed rapture, longing and a malicious intent which maddened Henshall.

As suddenly as the music commenced it ceased. The girl arose and put away her violin softly and with a caress. Evidently she was tired and wished to seek her couch.

And the young man heard what was said within, his anxiety would have been increased a fever heat, but he had not that privilege much to his later disadvantage.

Soon the lights within the drawing-room went out; the groups had retired.

Long in contemplation the young man sat. At last, merely to relieve the porter, all the remaining passengers being in bed, he took to his couch. It was hours before his tired brain would rest and it was broad daylight before he awoke to violently spring to the floor and dress himself. The car was standing in the yards of the Grand Central Depot. The berths were all made up, and the open doors of the drawing-room showed that his bird had flown. He sought the porter in a rage.

"Where have they gone—the people in the drawing-room?" he almost shouted.

"Don't know, sah. Don't know nothin' 'tall about it. Train got heat at 4 o'clock dis mornin'. De passengers get up when de pleases. 'Specs de folks got up when da pleased."

Mr. Henshall sat down a moment to clear his brain; he was stunned.

Most of the night he had tossed in bed hoping for an accident, a crash, a fire, anything that he might spring to her rescue. Nothing of the kind had happened. Instead, he had gone to sleep like a stone and let her escape.

It was now 10 o'clock. Six hours had elapsed, sufficient for the party to have escaped by European steamer or to the South, or worse perhaps to their home in the vast city of New York, where one individual is a mere drop in the ocean, a grain of sand in

the Sahara, a moth on a great sequin of California.

The man arose and sought the quarters of the cabinmen. They could tell him nothing. No one had taken a party of four. They might have taken a street car or carriage of their own or walked to some near hotel, or worse, taken the elevated railway direct to the dock of some morning sailing steamer.

There was absolutely no hope. In despair the man wandered a way violently clutching his painted portraits: the only possible clues in the case.

CHAPTER II--THE CUP THAT SLIPPED

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Author of "Maurine," "Poems of Passion," "Poems of Pleasure," "Alal Moulie," "The Adventures of Miss Wolney," &c.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER I.

Henry Henshall, a young artist, en route to New York in a drawing-room car, indulges in a day dream regarding the personage of his dead wife. Having mentally sketched her, he is startled at recognizing in one of the car mirrors a reflection of the very girl he had been picturing. She is one of a party of four, her companions being an old man, evidently her father, a female companion, presumably a governess, and a man of about thirty-five years, with a vital, old look. They occupy a private compartment, but through the agency of the conductor, Henshall is invited to watch their actions. He tries vainly to get up an acquaintance with the girl, but she evades him. He draws a picture of the party. In the night, she transports the other passengers with her violin playing. When Henshall awakes in the morning, he finds to his despair that the party had left the train while he was sleeping. He had determined to follow them and is in despair at having missed them.



"I tell you, papa, I cannot endure his presence in this house. It was offensive enough to me at home, when he came but once or twice a day. It was still more so during our journey here, when I was forced to be in the same car with him; but no that you tell me to be to live under the same roof, sit at the same table and ride in the same carriage with him is intolerable. Why need you compel me to associate with him so closely, papa?"

The voice of the speaker was of that peculiar contralto quality which, in a refined woman, denotes passion and force of character and in an ordinary one a coarse order of strength. It is a voice which always makes men turn to listen, and which echoes longer down the strings of memory than the most bird-like notes of more musical and higher-keyed voices.

The face of the speaker betokened refinement, and this, together with her extreme youth and pronounced beauty, rendered the voice more remarkable.

The elderly man to whom the words were addressed breathed a deep sigh.

"My dear child, I beg you to be reasonable," he said gently. "You know how ill I have been—you know how alarming my condition seemed ever after—"

"Don't, papa," cried the young girl sharply. "Do you not suppose I remember as

well as you the event which killed mamma, shattered your health and ruined my young life? Why recall them now?"

"Have we not come away to forget them, if possible, or at least, to live down the effects? But I do not see how it will help us to have that odious man under the same roof with us day and night. Let Dr. Rem—"

"Watson," interrupted the old gentleman quickly; "I tell you, child, we must not forget the new name we have resolved to use. Remember always it is I am Mr. Crawford, you are Miss Crawford, your governess is Miss Brown and my physician is Dr. Watson. It is imperative that we use these names among ourselves as well as in the presence of strangers."

The young girl threw out her arms with an expression at once impatient and despairing. "I hate subterfuge and deception in every form," she cried, "and I have never seen why this change of names—which was a suggestion of Dr. Watson, as you call him—is necessary. In a city like New York or London or Paris, where we are to pass our time of exile, we could easily sink our identity without using under false names."

"The greatest city in the world is not large enough to hide the identity of a disgraced name," responded the old man butlerly.

"Disgraced! papa!" exclaimed the young girl in a tone of expostulation, but the old man waved his hand wearily.

"Enough," he said. "Enough of this, my dear. The past is past. Why dwell on it? The past is dead and the future is alive."

"I desire to regain my health and brain power, and I may set about clearing our name from the dark stain which has fallen upon it. I do it more for your sake than my own, as at times my say on earth will be brief; but before I go I would lift this shadow from your young heart."

"Dr. Watson, as you will know, is the first of many physicians who gave me any relief from my sufferings. He was the last one to be called by me, because, like yourself, I had conceived a most unreasonable prejudice against the man. Some whimsy and ill-gotten concern concerning his private life, which arose from pure envy I am now convinced, had warped my judgment. But from the hour he first took hold of my case I have been a new man. I have been like one risen from the grave."

"It was he who discovered that old associations were affecting my mind dangerously. It was he who suggested a journey abroad and, as you say, under assumed names. A disgraced name is like a diseased member of the body. If you have a wounded finger you are in constant fear of hurting it, awake or asleep. If you bear a stained name you dread the effect of it on every stranger you meet. Dr. Watson realized what this strain would be upon me during our journey and I must confess the relief I find under my alias is marvelous. You know how I have improved. The child with which I was attacked the morning of our arrival, and which decided us to remain here a few months before proceeding farther, is only a step down on the ladder of health since I began to clamber up out of the valley of death. Dr. Watson is my savior."

"I beg you to overcome your unreasonable prejudice against him, my dear child. Whatever the errors of his youth I am convinced he was more sinned against than sinning. He is your poor father's best friend now, and as such you must consider him."

"But why need he live here with us? Why can he not take a room a few blocks

distant, within easy call?" persisted the young girl.

"It destroys the privacy of our home life—and it destroys my peace of soul," she added wildly, "to have him here."



SWEET STRAINS FROM A VIOLIN BREATHING AN AIR FROM "FAU..."

"That is the extravagant language of youth," rejoined the old man. "Your prejudice is unreasonable, but I will strive to keep Dr. Watson from annoying you with attentions which he intends only as courtesies to the daughter of his patient."

"He must remain under this roof. His presence is as agreeable a medicinal to me as it seems unpleasant to you. In this matter selfishness is the greatest unselfishness on my part, for the restoration of my health is the first consideration for your future happiness."

The sound of a key rattling in the lock like a rat gnawing in the wainscot put an end to further conversation and the door swung open to admit a medium-sized man in the middle thirties, whose glittering, shoe-black eyes rested upon the face of the young lady while his words were addressed to her father.

The lips expressed kind consideration for the invalid, while the eyes expressed insolent and assured triumph in a fixed purpose.

While he talked with his patient he kept his gaze upon the girl's face.

She sought to avoid those glittering eyes, but they seemed to fill the room with a strange light.

She took a bit of sewing in her hand turned her back upon him, ostensibly to catch the receding rays of the afternoon sun from the northern window, but he spoke her name and for some reason unaccountable to herself she turned towards him, drawn like the needle to the magnet.

"Papa, I feel the need of the air. I am going out with Miss—Miss Brown for a little walk," she said rising abruptly.

"I have ordered the carriage to be here in fifteen minutes. Wait and ride," said Dr. Watson.

"I prefer to walk," she answered, coldly.

"And I wish you to ride," he said, quietly.

(CONTINUED.)

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--PRAIRIE ILLUSTRATED--

MEN OF THE PRAIRIE DAY

- No. 1—Col. Herchmer. *
 " 2—Lieut. Gov. Royal.
 " 3—The Hon. J. A. Lougheed, Q. C. *
 " 4—Nicholas Flood Davin, M. P.
 " 5—D. W. Davis, M. P.
 " 6—Dr. J. D. Lafferty.

* Out of print.

Next week Mr. James Reilly's portrait will be given.

OCTOBER WITH THE GUN.

BY CAPT. CLARK-KENNEDY, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S. ETC.

THE following article, taken from Baily's Magazine, will doubtless prove as interesting to sportsmen in the Northwest as to those in the old country :

August, of this year of grace (and of rain !), with its cherished memories of the opening of the campaign against the bonnie brown grouse, and September, with its too scanty show of the little partridge, have both sped their way on the wings of time, and in their place the sportsmen gives a right hearty welcome to October.

We have always been of opinion that the present month has, with the exception, perhaps, of the first fortnight of November, more attractions to the shooter than any other season of the year. For although but very few sportsmen go out on purpose to kill pheasants, at all events to any extent, before the middle of November or even later, when the branches in the woodlands are fairly free from foliage, it is to us a very satisfactory state of things when we put up a gaudily-plumaged old cock whilst our spaniels are hunting a hedgerow, or we are walking through a turnip field, to be able to give him the *coup de grace*, with ever a warning cry from the keepers, which so often proved annoying in September when pheasants rose before the pointers.

In the cheery month of October, we are permitted by law to kill every beast and bird of the chaise, and, provided we have the good fortune to have our shooting ground situated in a wild part of the kingdom, and consisting of varied game; we can then do that which almost all sportsmen find most real pleasure in doing—make a "mixed bag."

What can be more cheery than starting from home after a good breakfast, on one of those bright October mornings that we all know so well and appreciate so much, when, after a slight frost, the rising sun gives a beautiful appearance to every tree and each blade of grass, which sparkle like diamonds in the sunlight; when the very air is keen and exhilarating, as it blows down from those lofty mountains yonder to the low-lying valley; when our favorite four-footed friends rush delightedly out of their kennel, looking



DR. J. D. LAFFERTY.

THE subject of our present sketch was born in Rensfrew, Ont., in the year 1849. He graduated at Queen's University in '71 and after being at several hospitals started the practice of his profession in Pembroke, Ont., where he was for eight years. From that town he came to the Northwest, and located in Calgary in 1885. Two years previous the banking business was started in Regina, and at the present day the firm of Lafferty & Moore have several branches in the Territories. In 1886 Dr. Lafferty ran as an Independent Liberal against Messrs. Davis and Hardisty for the Dominion Parliament, but unsuccessfully. Last year Dr. Lafferty was elected to the office of Mayor of Calgary, and served with great credit to himself and worked steadfastly for the welfare of the town. Again this year, a strong requisition was presented to him, asking him to run, which he did. His opponent, Mr. Reilly, however, was elected by fifteen votes.

Under this heading sketches have appeared in our columns of the following gentlemen :

as "fresh as paint," while we ourselves are as "fit as a fiddle," and have that curious, but pleasant withal, feeling, which most of us know so well, that, come what may, "one *can* hold straight to-day."

We conclude that the majority of our shooting friends, like ourselves, get somewhat wearied of *toujours perdrix*, and even of *always* grouse, with no variety in the bag, however big that bag may be. Of course we all appreciate a really good day, either driving grouse in the North, or a big partridge shoot in those pleasant, enormous turnip fields in dear old Norfolk or Suffolk; but we believe that most true pleasure can we get out of an estate where two or three friends can sally forth, and return home happy, though probably pretty tired, with one of those charming bags which are often to be made, with a little perseverance and a slice of good luck, during October. Such a bag we well remember, when a truly good sportsman, dear old General B——, a capital soldier and a first-class shot, and ourselves, accompanied by two keepers and a brace of retrievers and two setters, had a real "red-letter" day in wild, and for the most part marshy, ground at Kenmure Castle, in Kirkeudbrightshire. The game we were after was principally snipe, but we were fortunate enough to pick up a beautifully mixed lot of what old McGuinness called "stuff," in addition to the longbills, which latter, by the way, sat fairly well, and were pretty numerous. The total of that October day's sport we jotted down (as we always do) in our gamebook, and well can we recollect that bag spread out on the terrace of the ancient castle when the then owner of that hospitable old place, herself well over eighty years of age, came out to admire the bag and to congratulate the shooters. We had secured eighty-four snipe (and only lost two birds all day), and besides these we had a hare and a couple of rabbits (we might have killed any number of them, but they of course were kept for covert shooting); then three and a half brace of duck and mallard; a couple of widgeon (just arrived on Loch Ken from northern lands); eleven teal, one red-headed pochard, a golden eye duck, a brace of grouse, one fine old cock pheasant, a brace of splendid blackcocks (with such curly tails!), fifteen golden and a couple of green plovers, two and a half brace of partridge, and a water rail! Sixteen varieties of the afore said "stuff," not counting a coot and a moorhen or two, captured by the retrievers. Where, indeed, could such a day be beat? We know not where in Great Britain; it may be, indeed, often for number, but seldom for variety.* This day's sport took place during the past ten years, and how pleased the good General was was with it, and also with his own shooting, as, indeed he had reason to be; for he *did* "haud straight," as the keepers observed, and few longbills, indeed, escaped! Alas, dear old comrade, your shooting days are over; never again shall we see your cheery face on those delightful moorlands, where we together have slain so many grouse; never more will

we hear the merry laugh as you "wiped one eye" at a ricocheting pheasant, for you have gone, like so many, many more of the best of them, to those, we trust, "happier hunting-grounds," far, far away! Of Philip Bainbridge, those who had the privilege of his friendship can honestly say—

Sleep calmly on, in honored peace,
For all who knew you know
You'd many thousand, thousand friends,
And not a single foe!

(Concluded next week)

MAPLE CREEK.

(From Our Own Correspondent)

DEER have been unusually plentiful in the Cypress Hills this fall. Over twenty blacktail deer have fallen to one rifle, and another rifle is credited with about a dozen.

Mr. W. H. CROSS and Mr. A. A. McArthur, late managers of the Canadian Agricultural Co.'s Crane Lake and Gull Lake farms, went east this week. I hear that these and others of the company's farms between Dunmore and Rush Lake will in future be run upon new and more economical lines.

THE weather in this district is wonderfully mild, and a number of lambs have made their appearance. During the past week a score of fine healthy lambs were born on the C. A. Co.'s Kincorth farm.

RANGE stock are doing splendidly and prospects are most encouraging. Should the present open winter continue a little longer hand feeding is bound to be light.



* This bag is a fact. The guns were the late General Bainbridge, Royal Artillery, and Captain Kennedy, on Kenmure Castle, the estate of the Hon. Mrs. B. Gordon



THE STEWART RANCHE

IN 1881 the Stewart Rancho Company, of which Major Stewart is managing director, was formed to carry on extensive ranching operations on Pincher Creek. The 50,000 acres owned by the company is bounded on the south by Pincher Creek, and on the north by the middle fork of the Old Man's River, and is in the midst of a most beautiful country. The buildings on the rancho are first-class, the stabling for horses being very extensive and complete. The



cattle are run on the dry forks of the Kootenay, where the company have established their cattle camp. They have this season shipped 250 steers to the Old Country, besides having made large local sales in both cattle and horses, added to which they handle a number of the beef contracts in the Northwest. They have at present about 2,500 cattle and 300 horses. Our sketches show a part of the rancho and buildings and a cowboy.

THE WEST

THE article on the popular idea of western life, compared with the reality, which appeared in last week's issue, has suggested to our artist the accompanying sketch, which has been lithographed by Messrs. Boorne & May.

As the idea was hatched out in the eleventh hour and the design executed with a burnt log of wood on one of the stones lying outside the new H. B. Co.'s store, any imperfections must be overlooked and the spirit of the sketch taken without consideration of the means employed to produce it. Messrs. Boorne & May are setting up a nice lithograph outfit, and when completed we hope to offer our readers something nice in this line, once in a while. It may not be out of place to mention that this is the first litho that has ever appeared in the N. W. T. Vive la Prairie!! Hoop-la!!!

IT MAY interest our readers to know that the foreign shipments of cattle from this country for the past year, as compared with those of previous years, shows an increase of 34,000 head.

TEN carloads of wheat are now in course of shipment from the Canadian Agricultural Company's farms to Winnipeg. Four carloads, of most excellent samples, are from the company's farm at Namaka, which is only 40 miles east of Calgary.

ALL communications to be addressed to the manager and editor of the paper

E. BEAUFORT,
at the office of the company's solicitor
E. CAVE,
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BECAUSE they intend ALWAYS TO KEEP PRICES DOWN to a reasonable level.

BECAUSE their Prices are uniformly low and not changed from time to time simply to suit circumstances or meet emergencies.

BECAUSE they have NEVER asked others to join in a combination to raise and keep up prices. Advances were made to them, however, to form such a combination, which they DISTINCTLY and POSITIVELY REFUSED TO DO.

BECAUSE they sell nothing but the very CHOICEST Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal, Lamb, etc., bred and fed on their own farms, and, although they have not so far purchased to any extent from ranchers and farmers, still, should their trade continue to increase as it has lately done, they will require to do so, when they will deal with them in the same liberal spirit they have always shown towards their customers.

BECAUSE what they do not raise in the way of Fish, Game, Hams, Bacon, etc., etc., they procure in the BEST MARKET and retail to you at the SMALLEST POSSIBLE PROFIT.

Inspect the NEW MEAT MARKET and judge for yourselves.

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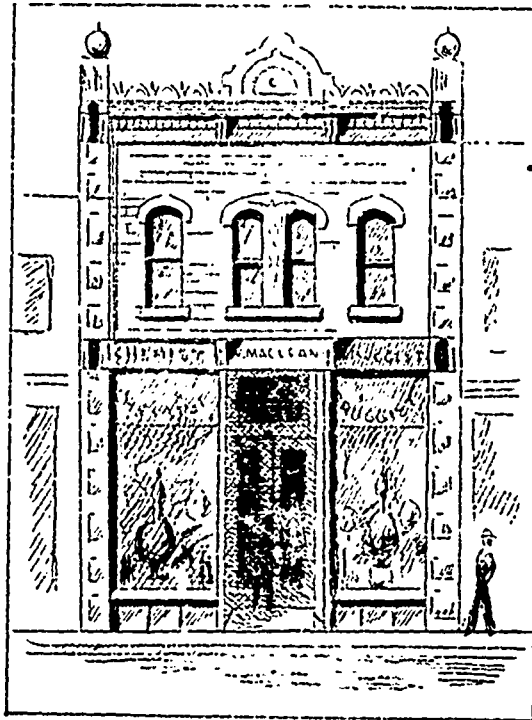
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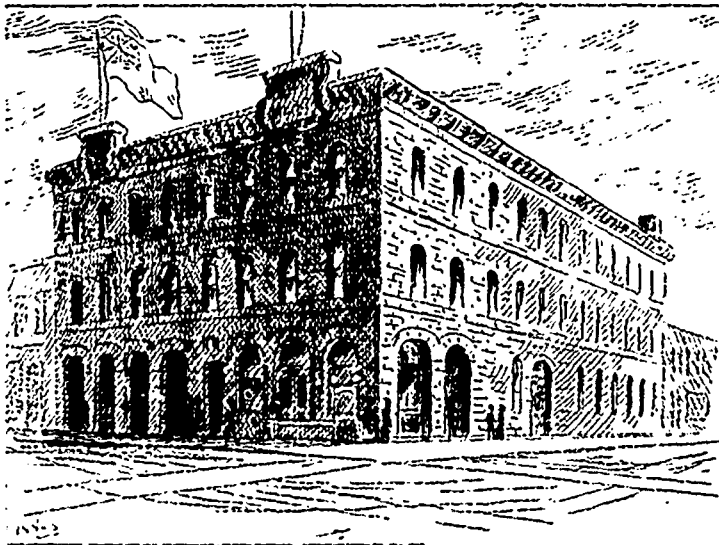
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Notice to Ranchers!

As we are anxious to give cuts of all important stock in the country, we would ask ranchers to send photos of the same, with short description, for insertion in our columns. Only first class stock noticed. Photos will be returned.

PRAIRIE ILLUSTRATED CO.