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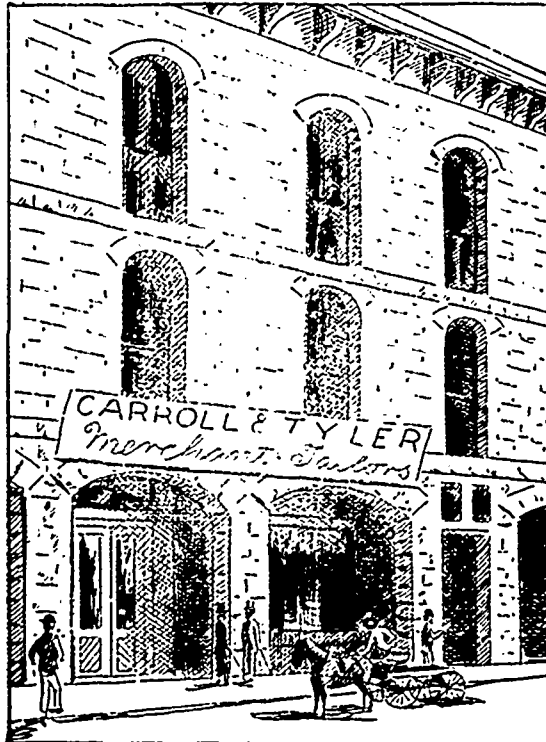
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THE PRAIRIE

ILLUSTRATED

Vol. I No. 1.

CALGARY, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1891.

Price 10c.



SIR JOHN—Will ye be obsarvin, Mister Prairie, the immense size to which his tail is growing; shure, an' it's that that's made his temper so mighty unsartin of late.

OUR FAMILIAR—Sir John, before long the civilized world will behold the phenonemop of the "Tail wagging the dog."

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Soulful Youth (languidly)—Do you sing "For Ever and For Ever"? Sweet Songstress (practically)—Oh, no; I stop for meals you know.

Willis—Does your pastor stick to his text when he preaches? Wallace—Oh, yes, he sticks to it about an hour and a half, as a rule.

First Novice—See those cute little caps that the jockeys have on? What are they for? Second Novice—I guess those are the handicaps.

"There is one thing I cannot understand," said Benson, as he walked thoughtfully homeward after the concert; "and that is how an upright piano can pass such bad notes."

A little girl was trying to tell her mother how beautifully a certain lady could trill in singing, and said—"Oh, mamma, you ought to hear her gargle. She does it so sweetly."

Mrs. Grubbs—And so your daughter's wedding day is set? Don't you think she is too young to marry? Mrs. Dubbs—No, indeed. She has ruled the whole family for three years.

She—And what have you ever done to prove your love to me? He—Done! Why, I have done without my lunch every day for a week in order to take you to the opera last night.

"What faults have you to find with my 'occasional verses?'" asked the author of the unacceptable communication. "Sir," replied the able editor, "I find only one fault with your occasional verses—they are not nearly occasional enough."

Smith—I noticed that Robinson had an article in the paper this morning. Jones—Indeed: I didn't see it. What was it? Smith—His spring overcoat. He was taking it to the tailor to be pressed and cleaned.

A little girl has a very stubborn will. She was recently punished with some severity, and when the chastisement was over, the mother said, "Now, arn't you ashamed?" "Yes'em." "What are you ashamed of?" "Of you," was the prompt and impertinent reply.

A boy with a mowing machine called at a house on Second-avenue the other day and asked the woman if she wanted grass cut. "Mercy, no," she replied. "No one can cut grass at this season," "I'll contract for next spring," continued the boy. "But

—I may be dead by that time." "Then I'll contract to see that your grave is kept green."

"Will you be—ah—mine?" asked the bashful Simpkins. "Really, Mr. Simpkins," replied Miss Banker, "your offer of marriage is unexpected, yet I accept it gladly; but I cannot be 'a mine,' as you suggested, because you must know papa made an assignment yesterday." And Simpkins spent the rest of the night, upon returning to his fourth floor front, in deep and solemn reflection.

Mr. Charley Younghusband—Why, what's the matter? Mrs. Younghusband (in deep anguish)—I gave—a—a—a tramp—a—p—p—piece of my fresh home-made bread and—and—he gave it to Rover. Mr. Charley Younghusband (consolingly)—Well, I wouldn't cry about a little thing like that. Mrs. Younghusband—You don't u—u—understand. I'm crying about Rover,—he is dead—boo-o-o—hoo—hoo—o-o-o.

The language of the Irish "servant girl" sometimes requires interpretation before it becomes intelligible to the average listener. Old words in new senses have something of the difficulty of a dead language.

"What are me duties, if ye plaze, ma'am?" asked Bridget of her mistress.

"You'll be expected to do all the cooking, the washing, some of the sweeping, and other things which I will tell you as they come up," said the mistress. "And Thursday afternoons, when Mary is out, you will have to answer the bell and wait upon the table at dinner."

And will yez stretch for yerselves, on will I stretch for yer?" asked Bridget, doubtfully.

"What do you mean?" asked her mistress; who, after an explanation which took some minutes, discovered that her new cook meant to ask whether she would be required to pass the various dishes at dinner, or whether the family would serve themselves.

A REBUKE.



SHE: Fie, fie, Mortimer? When I was poor you scarcely reckernized me; now that I own a pair of skates, an' my father has a milk-walk, your conduct has changed.

THE PRAIRIE.

(ILLUSTRATED)

WEEKLY JOURNAL OF INTEREST TO ALL.

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

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ERNEST BEAUFORT, Manager.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1891.

AT THE Rod and Gun Club meeting, held last week, the question of certain amendments to the game ordinance was brought up again. The most important amendment is that dealing with the sale of game, and is one which calls for the serious consideration of our law-makers. Last year the club sent down to Regina a large and influentially signed petition, praying that the sale of game might be prohibited. Although the club received assurance from several members of the Legislative Assembly that they would support the petition, as far as we can learn it received but scant consideration. The petition was presented and referred to the proper committee—and dropped. At least, this is what we imagine, as the petition was never heard of again. It was said by some that the petition was sent down at too late a day to allow the House to properly deal with it. The club will probably take a "pointer" from this, and see that it is sent down this year in good time. If the suggestion of the club, as regards the sale of prairie chicken, is not acted upon, it simply means the extermination of that bird before many years are past. There is no doubt that the fact of there being plenty of shooting in the Northwest is a great inducement to a number of people to settle here. Surely it would be better to protect the game for all time than to allow it to be slaughtered in car-load lots for a few years. An argument used against the alteration of the law is that many people make a living by killing game, and that they have a right to do so. That is certainly so, as the law stands at present, but surely if that right works to the detriment of the general public, our law-makers should, in their wisdom, repeal the law, so as to work for the good of the whole com-

munity. What on earth will the benefit of the "right" be to anyone, if in say, five years time, there is not a chicken on the prairie? We sincerely trust that the Legislative Assembly will duly consider the matter at the next session, and that there will be no disallowance of the amendment when it reaches Ottawa.



THE census will soon be taken and we are assured of largely increased representation at Ottawa (next time). If our population goes on increasing at this rate, and the populations of British Columbia and Manitoba, respectively, receive their full quota of M's. P., it will certainly not be long before the "tail" does a good deal towards "wagging the dog." Take the hint, Sir John.

THE PRAIRIE

(Items Gleaned from Our Exchanges)

PROFESSOR DAWSON, in his geological report of 1884, estimated the probable minimum amount of coal to the square mile at Lethbridge to be 5,000,000 tons. With an output of 2,000 tons per day, and calculating 300 working days in a year, it will take over nine years to mine the coal in one square mile. Considering the vast area of coal lands in this vicinity, there is not much danger of the supply becoming exhausted for some generations yet.

THE Lethbridge telephone system will be in operation in a week or two.

IT IS reported that the half-breeds in the vicinity of Pincher Creek are in a destitute condition.

THE weather during the past two weeks has been all that could be desired at Macleod. No wind, clear, cloudless skies, with the thermometer registering 50° zero nearly every day. There is, however, between six and eight inches of snow on the ground, making travelling rather difficult. The range cattle are in good fix, and unless some unusually severe weather comes on, will pull through the winter without any loss whatever.

DURING the storm at Lethbridge last week, a Mrs. Arthur Cave and her child had a narrow escape from being lost on the prairie. Mr. Cave notified the police that they were lost and a search party was sent out. They were found some six miles out of

town. It appears that Mr. Cave was working out in that vicinity, and Mrs. Cave, seeing that a storm was coming up, procured a horse and rig and started out to bring her husband home. In the meantime, Mr. Cave had returned to town by another way to that taken by his wife.

FROM a report just issued by the Government we learn that during the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1890, the value of the cattle shipped from Canada to Great Britain was \$6,565,315; to the States only \$104,623. Bacon and hams exported to Great Britain, \$628,615; United States only \$106. Wheat to Great Britain, \$379,893; to the States, \$6,589. Flour (wheat) to Great Britain, \$387,309; to States, \$32,055. Cheese to Great Britain, \$9,349,731; to the States only \$6,425. Green apples to Great Britain, \$835,545; to the States, \$149,479. On the other hand, the agricultural produce of which the greater quantity was exported to the States included the following: Horses, to the United States, \$1,887,895; to Britain, \$17,925. Eggs to the States, \$1,793,104; to Britain, \$820. The egg trade, however, with England is now being developed at a very encouraging rate.

THE reports of the British farm delegates who visited Canada last year have been published in reports of four groups. In the preface which accompanies each part a concise statement is made of the land regulations in each of the Canadian Provinces, of the means of obtaining improved farms, and of Canada's status as an agricultural country, while a hearty welcome is extended to all whose capabilities fit them for Canadian life. The pamphlets are well printed and well arranged, and cannot fail to encourage a better knowledge of Canada and Canadian resources.

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for Dinners and
Suppers is
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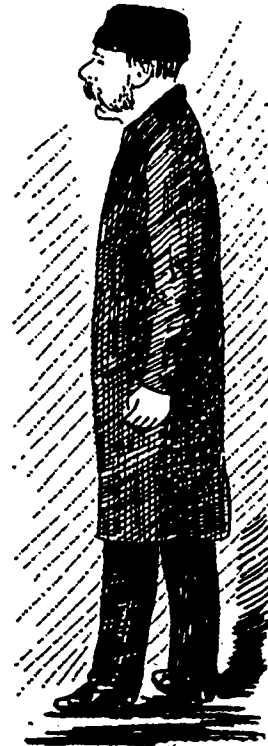
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OUR CARICATURES



HE HAILS from Winnipeg and but lately took up his abode in Calgary. He is a great sportsman, and is especially fond of *still* hunting. Evil doers flee before him, and cold chills pass down the burglar's back when he meets him, even in broad daylight.

"He's king of the cooler,
Long may she cool."

Meeting of the Rod and Gun Club.

THE most successful meeting of the Rod and Gun Club yet held took place on the 13th inst., when there was a very large attendance, in fact, so large that an adjournment had to be made from Drs. Lafferty & Mackid's to the offices to the Can. Ag. Co. The club consists now of some 110 members. The chair was taken by the president, Mr. E. Hodder, and amongst others who were present were Messrs. Stimson, Christie, Stone, McCullough, Cayley, Trott, and Dr. Mackid. A number of new members were elected, and the following were made honorary members of the club:— Judge Rouleau, Messrs. Lineham and Cayley, M's L. A., T. B. Braden, of the *Tribune*, J. Livingston, of the

Herald, and E. Beaufort, of the *Prairie Illustrated*. The meeting then proceeded to the election of officers for the following year, all last year's office bearers being unanimously re-elected, viz.:

President—E. Hodder.

Vice-President—S. Trott.

Sec.-Treas.—W. H. Hogg.

A ballot was then taken for the managing committee, consisting of seven, with the result that the following were chosen:—Messrs. T. Stone, P. McCullough, T. Christie, Capt. McIlree, E. Watson, G. Gouin and J. B. Kelly.

Mr. Cayley then brought up the question of the amendments which the club wished to have made in the game ordinance, on which subject a petition was forwarded to the local House last session. He read an extract from a memorandum from the Minister of Justice, disallowing the game ordinance, as follows:

The undersigned desires also to observe that it may be doubtful whether the Northwest Assembly has authority to legislate in respect to hunting and fishing upon the public Domain of Canada. He does not, however, deem it necessary to do more than call attention to this point as bearing upon possible future legislation in the Territories, inasmuch as the Ordinance in question would lead to a violation of the terms of the Treaties referred to.

As regards the petition which had been forwarded to Judge Rouleau, Mr. Lincham and himself, he stated that the Legislative Assembly had nothing to do with the laws as regards fishing, this being governed by Dominion statutes. As regards the selling of game, that they had authority to deal with. He had consulted with the other members about it, with the result that he found Mr. Lineham and himself would stand alone in the matter. Judge Rouleau and others took the ground that the sale of game would not diminish it, and it made very little difference how much shooting went on. The feeling was that any ordinance they might pass would be disallowed. One of the chief objections would probably be that it would practically forbid anyone procuring prairie chicken, except sportsmen. Another ground would be that many people made money by selling game, and that they had a right to do so. If the club wished to send amendments down, the best course would be to name the game they wished kept from sale. It was doubtful whether the matter would go father, even if the Legislative Assembly did pass an ordinance, as the Minister of Justice would probably recommend its disallowance, to judge by the extract which he had just quoted.

After a slight discussion the matter was referred to a general committee, the feeling of the meeting being

that the petition had not received due consideration. It was decided that field trials should be held again this year, all the details to be left to the committee. The question of holding a bench show was shortly discussed, all present being strongly in favor of the idea. It was decided to leave the matter to the committee, who, if they thought it advisable to hold the same, should make all the necessary arrangements. Another important matter which was brought up for discussion was that of forming a shooting club in connection with the R. and G. Club. Medicine Hat and Maple Creek each had such a club, and considerable sport was enjoyed. The committee were eventually instructed to consider the matter, and see whether they could procure the traps and pigeons which the old club owned. The committee were also instructed to see to the procuring of quail.

The meeting then adjourned.

A Flowery Letter.

WE TAKE the following letter from the *London St. James Gazette*. It was written by an Indian to one of the heads of department in India, seeking some office, we are sure no baboo ever turned out a more delicious mixture of queer English and oriental imagery than this:

“Respectfully Sheweth.—That your honour's servant is poor man in agricultural behavior, an much depends on season for the staff of life, therefore he prays that you will favor upon him, and take him into your saintly service, that he may have some permanently labour for the support of his soul and his family; wherefore he falls upon his family's bended-knees, and implores to you of this merciful consideration to a damnable miserable, like your honour's unfortunate petitioner. That your lordship's honour's servant was too much poorly during the last rains and was resuscitated by much medicines which made magnificent excavations in the coffers of your honourable servant, whose means are circumcised by his large family, consisting of five females and three masculine, the last of which are still taking milk from mother's chest, and are damnably noiseful through pulmonary catastrophe in their interior abdomen. Besides the above named, an additional birth is, through the grace of God, very shortly occurring to my beloved wife of bosom. • • • That your honour's damnable servant was officiating in several capacities during past generations, but has become too much old for espousing hard labour in this time of his bodily life; but he was not a drunkard, nor thief, nor swindler, nor any of these kind, but was always pious, affectionate to his numerous family, consisting of the aforesaid five female women, and three males, the last of whom are still milking the parental mother. That your generous honour's lordship's servant was entreating to the Magistrate for employment in

Municipality to remove filth, etc., but was not granted the petitioner. Therefore your generous lordship will give to me some easy work, in the — Department, or something of this sort. For which act of kindness your noble lordship's poor servant will, as in duty bound, pray for your longevity. I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant.—

Candidate."



LOVE IS BLIND.

BESSY.—Say, Billy, which is tallerer, Annie or me?
 BILLY (*who is deeply in love with the shorter girl*).—They ain't no difference as I kin sec. Annie looks tallest 'cause she's so much olderer!



I THINK it is about time the various clubs in town started to get ready for the various branches of sport which they represent. Cricket, lacrosse, baseball, lawn tennis, etc., will be in full swing in a very few weeks. It is also time that the Amateur Athletic Club should take steps for the holding of the annual sports. Queen's Birthday is, I think, the best day for the occasion, which leaves only two months to make all necessary arrangements—by no means too long a time.

THERE are a host of details in carrying out athletic sports' meetings, and this year the work will be more onerous, as there is no doubt that many of the events will be handicapped, and therefore a longer time will be required between the receiving of entries and the day of the sports. Last year's sports gave a very fair indication of the qualities of most of the athletes in the district, and naturally men like T. Stone, O. A. Critchley, L. Tarrant, F. Ritchie and others, cannot start off the same mark with the majority of athletes.

Last year's sports were eminently successful, and the better organization that exists at present should make these, if anything, more successful. Then, again, the Amateur Athletic Association's ground, where, no doubt, the sports will be held, are

much nearer town than Owen's race track, consequently the attendance will be much larger and the gate money more valuable, which will enable bigger prizes to be given. I say, again, I hope that a meeting will be at once called of the club, so that things will not be rushed off till the last minute.

I WAS present at the Rod and Gun Club meeting held last week, and was glad to see such a large turn out of sportsmen. A good working committee was elected, a most important matter, as a number of important matters have to be dealt with this year. Such clubs as these are likely to be very beneficial to the Territories and should receive every encouragement from our legislators, and consideration, when making any just and important demands as to very necessary changes in the game laws. I have my own opinion as to the treatment which last year's petition received, which was to say the least of it, not courteous.

SATURDAY last was the day fixed for the meeting of Guthrie and Welsh and their backers, to fix upon grounds for their fight for the Canadian middle-weight championship, but although Guthrie and his backers were on hand, Welsh did not show up. The affair may yet result in a fizzle.

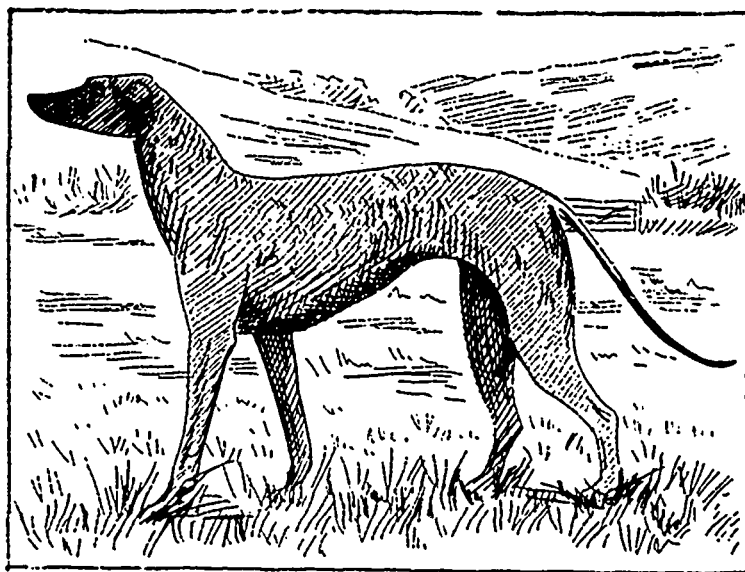
BILLY SMITH, of Australia, and Denny Kelliher, of Boston, met at St. Paul, Minn, last week, and signed articles for a ten-round fight for \$1,000 a side and 75 and 25 per cent of the gate receipts, the mill to occur in St. Paul, March 23.

JIM CORBETT, has begun training at San Francisco for his match in May with Peter Jackson. He is now more than 25 pounds over the weight at which he intends to fight, but anticipates no trouble in reducing.

A MEETING of the directors of the Lethbridge Turf Association was held last week, at which the following executive officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Honorary President, Mr. E. T. Galt; President, Howell Harris; 1st Vice-President, W. H. Patrick; 2nd Vice-President, H. Bently; Secretary-Treasurer, G. Young. It was decided to call for tenders for the erection of a fence around the race track, and suitable stables for horses. A commencement was also made in the arrangements for the race meeting to be held on May 25.

A MEETING of the Grenfell Turf Club was held last week, when the following officers were appointed:—President, Mr. O. P. Skrine; Secretary, Mr. R. H. Skrine; Committee, Dr. Bushe, Messrs. Chapman, Gwynne, Belson, Copeland, N. Cummins, W. Hood.

SPRINTER.



Col. North's brindled dog, Fullerton, by Grentick—Bit of Fashion ;
weight 65 lbs. Winner of the Waterloo Cup.

COURSING.

THE decision of this year's Waterloo Cup, which, as many of your readers are aware, is the principal coursing event of the year in the old country, and is popularly known as the "Blue Ribbon of the Leash," has established another record. Fullerton, the property of the lucky Col. North, has got to the end of this much coveted, and valuable stake for the third year in succession. In 1889 Fullerton, then in his first season, divided the Waterloo Cup with his kennel companion, Troughend. Had the stake been run out, Fullerton would no doubt have proved himself the absolute winner. According to the rules of coursing, however, when two greyhounds, the property of the same owner, are left in for the final course of a stake, a division is compulsory. Fullerton, in 1890, won the cup right out, and has further added to his laurels by winning it again this year, thereby proving himself to be probably the best greyhound that ever looked through a pair of slips. When the great Master McGrath had won the Waterloo Cup three times out of his four attempts, it was considered that such a performance would never be eclipsed, but it is just on the cards that in this age of records, Fullerton may lower his colors by winning yet another Waterloo Cup, for he is only now in his third season, and the way in which he "ran on," improving each course he ran in this last contest, is strong evidence that his constitution is still unimpaired.

Some of your readers may remember that Col. North gave 850 guineas for Fullerton when a puppy. Many remarks were made at the time to the effect that the Colonel had "more money than sense," but the "proof of the pudding is in the eating," and when it is considered that Fullerton has probably won for his owner something like \$50,000 in stakes and bets, and that with ordinary luck he will, when his running career is over, make probably \$25,000 in stud fees, it will be seen that Col. North, when he gave 850 guineas for Fullerton, made a particularly good bargain, notwithstanding the apparently absurdly high price he paid for the dog.

This year's Waterloo Cup has been a memorable one in many ways. Besides the record scored by Col. North, by the aid of Fullerton, the Colonel won the Waterloo Purse with Simonian, a younger brother of the illustrious Cup winner, and this double victory constitutes another record. Still another remarkable circumstance is the fact that the winners of the Cup, Purse and Plate were all sons of that grand greyhound Grentick, who ran second to Mineral Water for the Waterloo Cup of 1884.

Another coincidence, and one which still further enhances the victory of Fullerton in the Cup, is the fact that the dogs Fullerton beat in his two first courses viz., Simonian and Rhymes, respectively, won the Waterloo Purse and the Waterloo Plate.

Fullerton's owner may certainly be considered one of Fortune's Favorites, for, although he has only been an owner of greyhounds for four years, he has thrice

achieved what has been the lifelong ambition of many an old and more experienced courser.

I have many old friends, some of whom have been coursing for pretty nigh half a century; men who have bred and reared hundreds, I might almost say, thousands of greyhounds; men who have spared neither time, trouble, nor expense to reach the acme of their ambition in the coursing world, but with whom it is still a case of "hope deferred"; but without making the "heart grow sick," for they "come up smiling" Waterloo after Waterloo, and when they see their representative led and beaten, or maybe fall headlong into a drain, they heave a gentle sigh, take a pull at their flask, and console themselves with the thought that they have a sapling coming on which will "do the trick" for them next Waterloo. "Once a courser always a courser," is an old and true saying, for with a very wide experience of coursing men and things, I cannot say that I ever met a man who, once having become imbued with the charms and legitimate surroundings of the sport, in its pure and unadulterated form, ever forsook it. I know when I get my *Field or Sportsman* and peruse, as I eagerly do, the reports of the coursing meetings at home, I am carried back by an irresistible fascination, to bygone scenes, and cherished memories crowd themselves upon my mind, so that for the time being, I can scarcely realize that I am so far from the happy hunting grounds of old.

What a grand country this Northwest would be for coursing, if we only had more hares. The "Jack-rabbit," as he is called out here, although he is no more a rabbit than I am, is, I consider, so far as speed and stamina are concerned, quite the equal of the best of our English hares, and if he required any additional assistance (which he does not), to evade his fleet-footed pursuers, he has it in the rolling prairie. I have witnessed many fine courses out here, and if we had only more hares, many pleasant gatherings might be held, where we could test the relative merits of our dogs, and enjoy that pleasure and goodfellowship which is always engendered where true sportsmen meet together.

STITCH IN TIME.

"John," said the Rev. Mr. Goodman to his hired man, "are you a Christian?" "Why—er—no, sir," replied John. "Do you ever swear?" "I—I'm sometimes a little keardless like in my talk." "I'm sorry, John," rejoined Mr. Goodman. "But we will converse about this some other time. I wish you would take this money and settle this bill of four dollars for thawing out a water pipe, and talk to the man in a careless kind of way, as if it were your own bill."

An Interesting Interview.

AT the beginning of the present week, a party of three gentlemen arrived in town from the north, and the experiences of two of them, and more especially of one of the travelers in the far, far north and other parts of the world, would make an interesting and exciting book of travel. The gentlemen I allude to are Messrs. Johns, W. Pike and Brick, who arrived from the north *via* Edmonton. The last named is a missionary's son, on the Peace river, bound for British Columbia. Mr. Pike is an Englishman, who has been hunting in the north for the past twelve months, while Mr. Johns has been up in the north for the past seven years.

Feeling sure that I should be able to gather some very interesting news for your readers, I took myself to the Alberta Hotel, where the popular host, Mr. Perley, introduced me to Mr. Johns. Mr. Johns is a medium sized man, with a ruddy complexion and keen blue eyes,—eyes that look as if they had faced death many a time, and fearlessly faced it too. At first Mr. Johns, like most men of his kind, was very reluctant to talk about himself, but after some pressing, he very kindly consented. About seven years ago Mr. Johns went up the Fraser River with a Hudson Bay freighting party and struck the Peace River; he then traded in furs for a Canadian house, going as far north as Chipyweyan. I am afraid, in-





A SNAP SHOT.

interesting as the recital would be, that you would not be able to give me sufficient space to relate all the interesting adventures Mr. Johns went through, so I will come to Mr. Pike's arrival in the country. Mr. Pike arrived in the north in July, 1889, for the purpose of hunting musk-ox, amongst other big game. He started, accompanied by several Indians, from Fort Resolution on the Slave Lake, and had a very successful expedition, killing quite a number of musk-ox, and going as far north as Fish River. Mr. Johns declares, the stories about Lord Lonsdale and others, notwithstanding, that Mr. Pike is the first white man who has ever killed a musk-ox. Mr. Pike put in the winter of 1890 at Fort Resolution, and hunted during the following spring and summer. Mr. Pike travelled as far north as that inhospitable country, well named the Barren Lands, where there are absolutely no trees or shrubs of any description, and all wood for fuel purposes has to be "packed." Here for some six months in the year the sun never shines. At Vermillion, where Mr. Johns has been living, the winter commences in November and the rivers do not break up till May. The glass constantly goes down as low as 60 degrees below zero. I learned from Mr. Johns that moose is gradually being exterminated, but in the extreme north musk-ox and deer are wonderfully plentiful.

On September 24, 1890, Messrs. Johns and Pike

left Vermillion for British Columbia, which trip, from its dangers and hardships, will probably be remembered by them both for many a long day. They were accompanied by two guides and another Indian and travelled by canoe, carrying with them food, guns and ammunition. They passed Battle River on Oct. 3rd., Dunvegon the 15th, St. Johns the 23rd, reaching Hudson's Hope on November 1st. Here the canoes were left and a portage of twelve miles through the mountains made. The party stopped here for several weeks, hoping for the river to freeze, so that the journey could be continued by ice. On the 26th, however, the weather was so remarkable fine that a start was made for Macleod Lake, and on December 2nd they passed through the Finlay Rapids in the ice, which had rapidly formed,—a most dangerous proceeding, and on the following day the river was blocked. They cached their food, guns, etc., and started to walk to Macleod River, which they thought was about a four day's trip, taking enough food for that period. They journeyed on, day after day, for twelve days. Owing to being sparing with their "grub," they had something to eat so far, but on December 8th they had their last bannock for breakfast, which, divided amongst five healthy men, made a precious poor meal, especially as on the two previous days their meals had consisted of the same miserable fare. On the 9th they arrived at a river, which, instead of being the Macleod River, turned out to be the Nation. On the 10th they started to retrace their steps, but about their terrible experiences Mr. Johns refused to tell me anything. "If I were to tell you what we went through during that time," said Mr. Johns, "nobody would believe me." Suffice it to say, that after what must have been terrible tortures, they reached Finlay Rapids on the 17th, not having had a bite of food since that, what must have been to them very delicious bannock on the 8th. As the novelists say, when they are at a loss for a description, their feelings may better be imagined than described when they came in sight of their cache at the rapids. Another such day as they had experienced, and their cache would not have benefitted them much. The party rested for some days and got up their strength again, making a start on the 18th, the Rocky Mountain portage being reached on the 27th. Here they made another stop until January 14th, when Mr. Johns returned alone to the Peace River landing. On February 18th they met again at Lesser Slave Lake and travelled to Edmonton via Athabasca Landing.

Mr. Johns entertained me for another hour with his experiences in Africa, Australia and Canada. Until he arrived at Edmonton the other day, he had not seen a piece of money for seven years, all the trade in the north being carried on by a "skin" currency,—a skin being valued at 50 cents.

Mr. Johns left for the east on Monday, en route for his home in the old country which he has not visited for nearly 20 years. He intends taking a year's well-earned rest, and I sincerely trust he may have a pleasant time after his life of hardships and dangers in the far north.

SCRIBBLER.

A PLEASANT LAND.

HOW that spring is upon us, it is fitting that the beauty spots of nature, which lie to the west of us, should be brought to notice, as, no doubt, many will avail themselves during the hot summer days of



THE BOW WEST OF BANFF

the grand facilities offered to visit the mountains, and amongst the snowy peaks and foaming glacier streams escape the oppressive atmosphere of life in the cities. At Banff, Field, Glacier and other points are fine hotels, where the tourist will find grand accommodation and beautiful surroundings. The cuts given are on the Bow River at the first mentioned place, and a beautiful trip can be had on the steamer at moderate cost. The sportsman can



MOUNT EDITH

find room to exercise his nerve without going very far from either of the above points, as our picture entitled "A Snap Shot" will demonstrate, whilst the piscatorial artist can monkey around the rushing waters and dark eddies with astonishing results. Tourists from all over the world congregate here and not the least of the attractions of a visit to the mountains is the social intercourse, and consequent information gathered from world-wide travellers.

ITEMS

SEEDING commenced on a number of the Can. Agr. Co's. farms on the 18th inst.

THE merry little gopher is again to be seen all along the C. P. R., a sure sign of the advent of spring.

WE HAVE received a pamphlet concerning a chemical dehorner, manufactured by Mr. G. E. Nugent, of Forres, N. W. T. It is claimed for this invention that it will enable the raising of hornless cattle, by absolutely preventing the growth of young horns on calves from one to four weeks old. We are anxious to see how the invention will turn out; it will undoubtedly be a great boon, if it is all the inventor claims for it.

THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The Sporting Editor:

DEAR SIR,—I would be very glad to see such a meeting as suggested in a letter in your last issue, viz., of representatives from all the clubs interested in sports with the Calgary Amateur Athletic Association, to see if some arrangement could not be made to get the use of the curling rink. I intend bringing the matter up at the next committee meeting of the Calgary Rod and Gun Club, and feel sure that that club will be ready to co-operate with the others and consider any feasible scheme in that direction. The scheme of the co-operation of all the athletic clubs and the association seems to me well worth considering, as the expense should not be great for any one club, and now is the time to take the matter up.

Yours truly,

W. H. HOGG.

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HIS FLEETING IDEAL.

A ROMANCE OF BAFFLED HYPNOTISM



(CONTINUED.)

They had been at the Plaza Hotel in San Francisco for a week and the painter had sought in vain to meet his ideal.

The announcement boards were placarded with bill for her concert engagement, every performance of which he had attended. He had cultivated the acquaintance of the theatre manager, and through him secured an introduction to Harry Rulip Opper, whom he had wired and dined in the hotel. He had smiled, walked and dived in water with him as a last resort to win his call to see the impresario to sit for a portrait.

"Now, I would like very much to have you and Mrs. Henshall meet my little star, but I have nothing to say about it. It rests entirely with her and she has positively refused to make any acquaintance. These professional women, you know, have to be humored, but Mrs. Neville, I am convinced, has a reason for wanting to avoid people, and as she is now well, I feel compelled to respect her wishes."

Henshall was pretending to portray the musician one morning when his conversation took place, and at this remark his brows knitted, his heart sank and his eyes felt from his hand.

"Well, of course, Herr Opper, I do not wish to seem impertinent, but I met Miss Neville several times in New York."

"You did? In my country, musician. That is, I saw her—well, he play, and I have seen her every night in my own engagement. My reason for asking to be presented is that I wish to make a picture of her for the next Academy. She is the most beautiful creature I have ever seen or dreamed of, and if I could only paint her I believe the picture would make me famous."

The model, who was playfully dovetailing his fingers, offering no answer further than a mild indorsement of the compliment to the girl's beauty, it suddenly occurred to Henry that it might be policy to get the assistance of Lena, and excusing himself he went to call her.

While he was away, Opper got up to stretch his legs and in the excitement of his improvised studio came upon a small folio which, carelessly opened, revealed a sketch done on a business card that fairly took his breath away.

"Miss Neville!" he muttered to himself. "Then this is the villain she has been trying to avoid ever since we left New York! My God! and I have been telling him about her. Another! Three! Two more! As I live, there is nothing else. And I was seriously thinking to have this man paint her from life. Well, well, well! this is great luck. I must go; this is something remarkable!"

A few moments later when Henshall returned with his wife to propose an invitation for a supper party, he was surprised to

find the room vacant.

There was no sign of Herr Opper in the hall, and as the elevator was at the bottom of the shaft, he wisely concluded that his visitor had gone. The next thing was to see a painfully reluctant note after him by messenger, and urge the importance of an early sitting for the next morning. The reply dumfounded him.

Herr Opper would not be able to keep the appointment nor make another until his return to New York.

At the concert that night the manager could not be seen, and when he had been reported in that time, Henry fell to thinking with such fierce energy that he did not notice the curly detective in evening dress who followed him into the hall and occupied the seat adjacent to his.

CHAPTER X.—FISTS FLY.

BY JOHN L. SULLIVAN. ILLUSTRATED BY H. BOITHOFF.



Baldwin's theatre was thronged with the beauty, wealth and fashion of San Francisco. There was not a seat vacant, and even standing room was at a premium. Henry Henshall, mood and discontented, occupied a prominent box alone. His bride of a few

days was at the hotel, forgotten by her husband.

It was to be the last appearance of his divinity, and although he had tried every possible and impossible way of meeting her, it was only for a few minutes, he had failed.

That night he had determined to speak to her at all hazards.

Early in the evening he stationed himself at the stage entrance, and there patiently awaited her arrival.

It was not but fifteen minutes to 8 o'clock when she drove up in a modest hamom. She stepped lightly out, and glancing neither right nor left bolted for the door. Her fame was so great that there was a crowd waiting on the sidewalk to catch a glimpse of her face, and no one paid any particular attention to the hazy young man in evening dress among them until he suddenly pushed forward and attempted to lay a detaining hand on the young lady's arm.

She did not notice the movement because, quick as he was, there was another quicker, and before he could touch her a big, well dressed man stepped quickly forward and with a gentle hand dragged Henshall back into the crowd, saying gruffly and fiercely:

"Must not block the passageway. 'Gainst the rule, see?"

"What the devil—I say, let me go, will you? I must see that lady. I know her. Do

you hear? Who the devil are you, anyway?" gasped Henshall, struggling in the grasp of his captor.

The latter smiled sneeringly and held the young man easily until the fair violinist had passed through the stage door.

Then he released him, remarking: "I know you know her, you blackguard, and I know she left orders that she wished to see no one, and least of all you. If we could only induce her to make a complaint against you I would take the greatest delight in putting you behind the bar, you scoundrel! As you have asked for my name I will give you my card. Here it is," and he handed the artist a plain white piece of pastboard stamped:

JIM BURNS,
Detective Police, Central Office.

That that Henshall was surprised would be putting it mildly. He was so indignant and almost wild with the big detective's tirade that he could only listen in helpless amazement.

He took the card mechanically and asked stupidly:

"She said she didn't want to see me! Why, she don't know me?"

Burns laughed sarcastically as he turned away, saying:

"Remember, young fellow, I'll keep my eyes on you," and before Henshall could gather his wits sufficient to demand an explanation, Burns had disappeared.

The worthy artist found himself in a ridiculous position in the center of a geying mob, when he did recover himself.

"Get on to the Junction!" "Pipe the patent detector!" "He will be a match, would he?" and other such uncomplimentary allusions were showered on him, so he hastily went around to the front of the house and pushed his way to his box, determined at the first opportunity of having an explanation to call Mr. Jim Burns detective.

Two minutes after he had gone away from the theatre a race car dived in message boy shouting his way through the crowd that still lingered there.

He rapped loudly at the door for admittance, while those around regarded him curiously, and many asked him, "What's up?"

"Nothing," was his nonchalant reply.

After a delay of several minutes the stage door was cautiously opened a few inches, and a portion of the good natured Teutonic countenance of Herr Opper became visible.

Seeing the boy in uniform he admitted him at once, asking: "Message? For whom?"

Without any undue haste, and making no reply, the lad unbuttoned his jacket, shoved his left hand carefully into his inside coat pocket and pulled out a book.

Opening this carefully, he took out a message addressed to "Miss Louise Neville, Baldwin's theatre, urgent," and handed it to the impatient manager.

As he saw the address the latter turned as if to hurry away, but the imperturbable messenger caught him by the coat tail, shoved his little black covered book in his face and said:

"Sign, please. And say, give a fellow a ticket, will yer?"

With a smothered execration the worthy Opper signed for the message, and never heeding the boy's other request rushed off with the telegram to his star's dressing room.

TO BE CONTINUED

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These prizes are on view at Mr. J. B. Eshleman's, the agent for the same.

The Competition is to make the greatest number of English words from the words
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RULES AND REGULATIONS

- 1—The words must be written plainly in ink, on one side of the paper only, and in alphabetical order.
- 2—No letter can be used in a single word more times than it occurs in the text.
- 3—The lists are to contain English and Anglicized words only. That is, all words in bold-faced type (not italicized) in the main part of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.
- 4—Words Allowable: Compound words; one of the parts of any verb; prefixed words; proper nouns found in the dictionary, exclusive of geographical names and last names of persons; first, or English, Christian names found in bold face type of dictionary.

- 5—Words not Allowable: Geographical names; scripture or historical proper names; nicknames; abbreviations; plurals; more than one part of a verb; surnames (last names of persons); slang terms; phrases; contractions; obsolete words and words in italics, indicating that they are not yet Anglicized. See distinction in Webster's between *DEPOT* and *debut*, *entree*, etc.

- 6—Where two or more lists have the same number of words the one which reaches our office first will have the advantage.

- 7—The name and address of competitor with number of words and date, must be written plainly on each list.

The competition will close on April 17th, after which date no list will be accepted.

Each list must be accompanied by \$1 for a three months trial trip of The Prairie Illustrated. Present subscribers can participate in the competition by enclosing 50 cents with their lists.

A sample copy of The Prairie Illustrated, which is a journal of interest to everyone in the Northwest, can be obtained by applying to the office of the paper,

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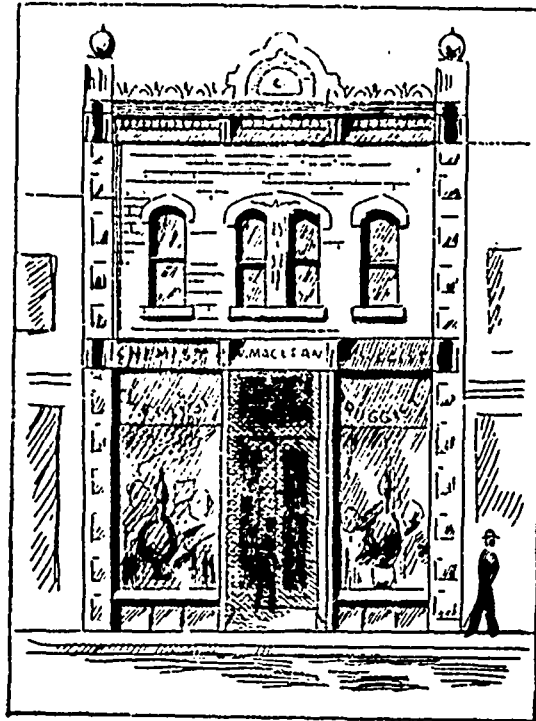
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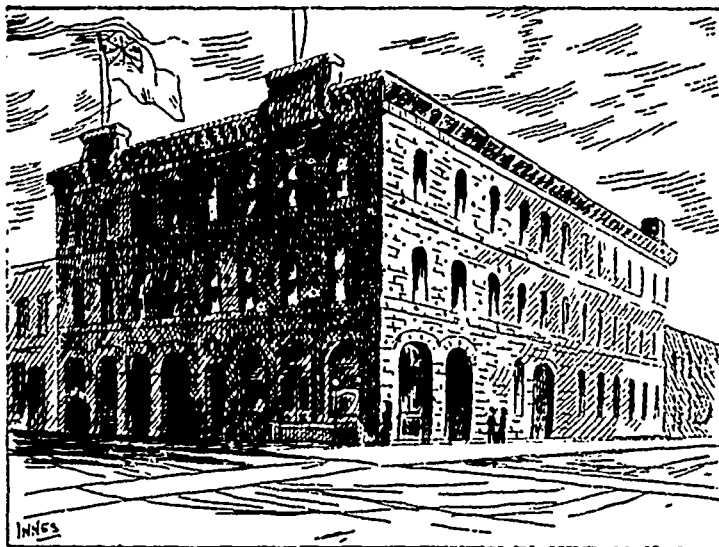
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Notice to Ranchers!

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.

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