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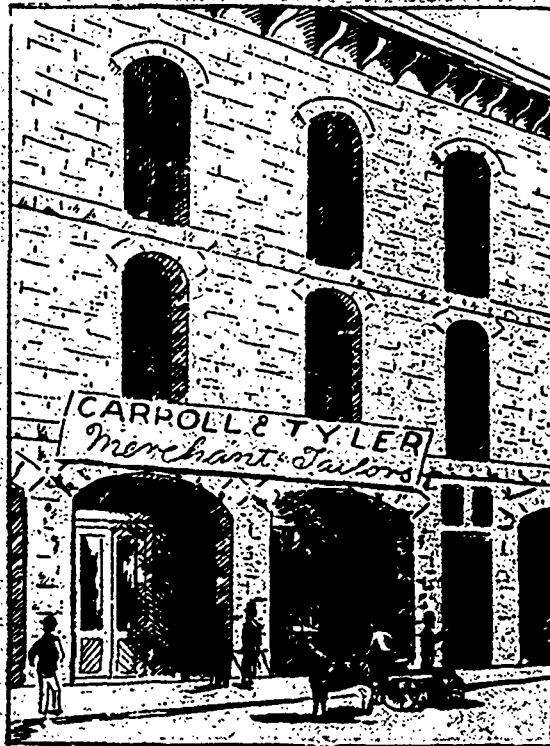
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Vol. I. No. 4

CALGARY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1906.

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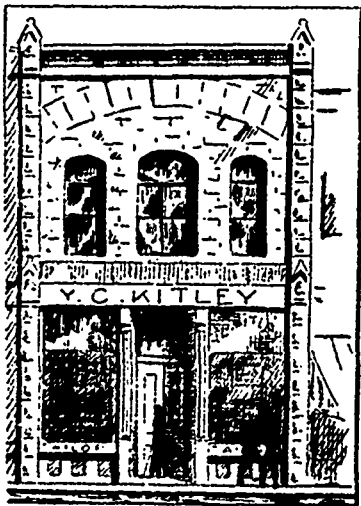
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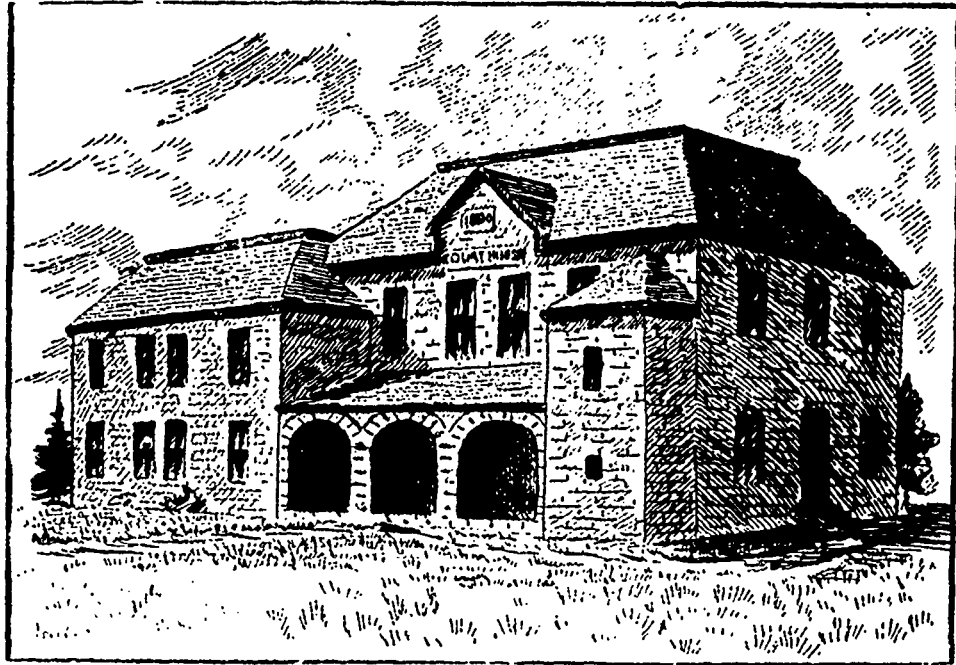
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ANNOUNCEMENT

NEXT WEEK



THE CALGARY COURT HOUSE

THE contract for this building was let to Mr. J. G. McCallum, on Nov. 8th, 1888, and the work completed on May 28th, 1890. It is by no means a beautiful building, but it is very solid, and reflects more credit on the contractor than on the architect. The building consists of two stories, and contains the following rooms:— On the first floor—Clerk's room, judge's chambers, caretaker's rooms, large vault, two cells for prisoners; on the second floor— large court room, jury and witness room, judge's private room and barristers' room. The court house is well heated with a hot water apparatus. The place is well and comfortably furnished and fitted with every convenience. The first sitting of the court commenced on November 12th, Judge Wetmore presiding.

PRINCE ALBERT.

(From Our Own Correspondent)

WE are being beset by collectors here; from rosy morn until dewy eve our lives are a wearisome burden. Early in the day three or four wretched boys come into our private offices, sitting rooms, stores, or wherever we happen to be, and flaunt miserable memoranda books in our faces, and boldly demand a subscription for the Prince Albert General Hospital; these cubs are followed by a bevy of bashful maidens, and it breaks one's heart to have to refuse these, and then comes the adored one of our heart, who, at any rate, if she can't, or rather, won't woo in one way, knows how to fetch the last remaining dollar from our pocketbooks (Marjorie doesn't

mention this style of wooing). Owing to the great exertions these good folk are making, there is every prospect of a good hospital being erected in Prince Albert before very long.

The enthusiastic young athletes of the town have organized a snow-shoe club. There are already thirty-three members, and everything is in fine working order. The club are the proud possessors of one magnificent pair of snowshoes, and hope before long to add to that number. They are thinking of importing the snow from Ontario.

There was a most delightful choir in the Church of England last Sunday. No less than eleven able-bodied and strong-throated men, assisted by four boys, taking part, and they sang with great energy and enthusiasm. Whether owing to this or to some other reason, it is impossible to say, but, at any rate, a bazaar, in aid of the church, is being held today, and many are the young fellows who are "just going to drop in you know, and spend a dollar," and who come back completely impoverished and laden with lovely but perfectly useless articles.

I must protest against your sneer at Ireland. It is hardly fair to lay the faults of the few at the door of the whole Irish people, and as regards the Parnell affair, I fancy his political opponents are more glad at the removal of a powerful adversary than grieved and shocked at the sad ending to the brilliant career of an able and clever man.

I am glad to see The Prairie is decidedly against the present iniquitous pseudo-prohibition law. Every effort should be made in order to obtain a repeal of this absurd law.

GRATIANO.

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.

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ERNEST BEAUFORT, Manager.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1890.

THE Parnell affair is still causing the most intense excitement throughout Great Britain, and fresh

developments are of constant occurrence. From late exchanges we see that popular feeling in England is dead against Charles Stewart Parnell. Almost all the newspapers in the country demand his retirement, the mildest of them suggesting his retirement until he has done what he



Stewart Parnell.

can to whitewash the offence, by marrying his mistress.

The Church of every creed is naturally very indignant. *The Irish Catholic* indicated the attitude of the Roman Catholics of Ireland. "What has happened," it said, "cannot be obliterated by the adoption of stereotyped forms of resolution at meetings called for the special purpose of adopting them. The truest kindness to Mr. Parnell now is the kindness of silence. If silence is to be broken, let it be broken by the echo of his labors at Westminster or elsewhere. Ireland, it is true, cannot dismiss him from her service because of what has occurred; but she has need to guard against the degradation of the public opinion of her citizens, to protect the standards of public morality within her shores, and she cannot allow any individual, or any body of individuals, however eminent or patriotic, to induce her

to take any action which might seem to betoken approval or condonation of the grievous transgressions which Mr. Parnell has admitted, or even only apparent willingness to palter with rules of righteousness which no human power can alter."

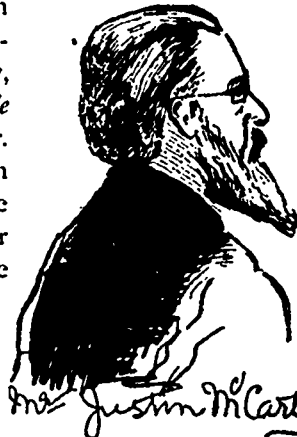
The Weekly Register, the organ of Cardinal Manning and of the English Catholic Home Rulers, remarked that to Catholics it was more difficult than it could be to Protestants to tolerate as a public leader a man who had for nine years exhibited a laxity of morals now become a public scandal.

Amongst other representative men and women who have been interviewed, was Mrs. Besant, a woman of most extreme views, both socially and politically. She said that the Radical side should continue to fight for Home Rule; but under Mr. Parnell's flag? No. He has "preferred private gratification to public duty; and should be left to the lot he has chosen."

As regards Mr. Parnell's successor, should he retire (a doubtful contingency), the general opinion seems to be that the Irish leadership would devolve upon the vice-chairman of the party, Mr. Justin M'Carthy. Commenting on this contingency, *The Daily Chronicle* observed that Mr. M'Carthy is well-known in England, where he has spent the greater part of his life, and he has been vice-chairman of the Irish party for the last nine years.

Those who have read "A History of Our Times" need not be told that he is a graceful and eloquent writer, nor can it be necessary to inform those who mix in the social life of London, where Mr. M'Carthy is often to be met with, that he is one of the most amiable and unassuming of men. He has yet to make his mark as a politician. His career in Parliament has not been marked by any achievement worthy of his reputation as a man of letters; but with increased responsibility he may disclose powers, the existence of which is not now even suspected.

Whatever one may think of Parnell's morality, it is impossible to help admiring a man who is making such a stubborn resistance against such overwhelming odds, which must end in ignominious defeat and in political annihilation.



Mr. Justin M'Carthy

FRONT PAGE

LET the good work go on—the more often this sort of thing is repeated the better. The very fact of such a gross miscarriage of a system supposed to be for the benefit of invalids, will do more to convince our law-makers that their cherished permit system is a farce than the most bitter opposition could effect. A few more breaks like this, gentlemen, and the people of the Territories will enquire pretty loudly as to the wherefore of such actions.

THE COMING ELECTIONS

ON January 5th next the Municipal Stakes of 1891 will take place, as well as the race for the Mayor's Chair. In the last named event there are only two entries—Dr. Lafferty, the present mayor, and Mr. James Reilly. As is known to everyone, these two have, for some time past, been decidedly antagonistic to one another, and the fight for supremacy is likely to be a bitter one. The defeat will be a bitter one, anyway, for him who "gets left."

Our sporting prophet has got in some of his work and gives what he thinks are the chances and merits of the various candidates :

MAYOR

LAFFERTY—Has shown himself a worker; been keen in his application to municipal business; has kept his council well in hand—perhaps has driven them a bit too much on the curb, but a large amount of useful work has been done, and as he has, to a very large extent, "run the show," a great part of the credit is due to him; will probably pass the post hands down. A curb on expenses must be used during the coming year.

REILLY—Having said what we have about the present mayor, we can only add that we do not think the electors should place Mr. Reilly in the mayor's chair, for the coming year.

Electors should remember the stand taken by Mr. Reilly on various vital matters. His speech at the St. Jean Baptiste dinner this year, when he spoke against English immigration and in favor of French; the attitude he took up in regard to the dual language question, in fishing for a vote he will probably not get,—these two things should be kept in mind by voters when going to the poll.

COUNCILLORS

MCBRIDE—A good, honest, straight-forward man thoroughly conscientious in everything he does, which is always first and foremost for the interests of the

town; last year he headed the poll, and we do not think ratepayers can do better than place him there again.

CUSHING—Has taken a firm stand on many matters, sometimes alone, when he has been perfectly right; is a strict economist, as he has shown on several occasions, notably in regard to the heavy expenses incurred over the C. & E. railway celebration; has the courage of his opinions; always guards the interests of the ratepayers, and should consequently receive their support.

DOUGLAS—By no means a frequent speaker at the council meetings, but when he has anything to say says it, and it is generally to the point, he should be sent back again to the council chamber, and probably will be.

ORR—Has undoubtedly considerable experience in municipal matters, which must not be overlooked; unfortunately the little episode of the shops for the C. P. Railway showed that he was ready to go against the wishes of the town for the sake of his own interests; this will probably prejudice those recording their votes on the 5th.

MAW—This candidate has not done much one way or the other, during the past year; a man with a stronger personality might easily be chosen; he will probably run on the "economist" ticket.

AMONGST the new aspirants that we have heard of, for civic honors, are Messrs. Topp, Lucas and W. H. Ford. These are all men who have the respect of the town, and the interests of Calgary could safely be left in their hands.

Mr. Topp would no doubt be the right man in the right place, and we would like to see him in the first six.

We are glad to hear that Mr. G. C. King is going to run; of his success there can be little doubt. He has all the qualities necessary to make a good councillor, and has proved himself in the past.

Next Saturday we shall give our final selections for the Municipal Stakes.

J. S. MACKIE,

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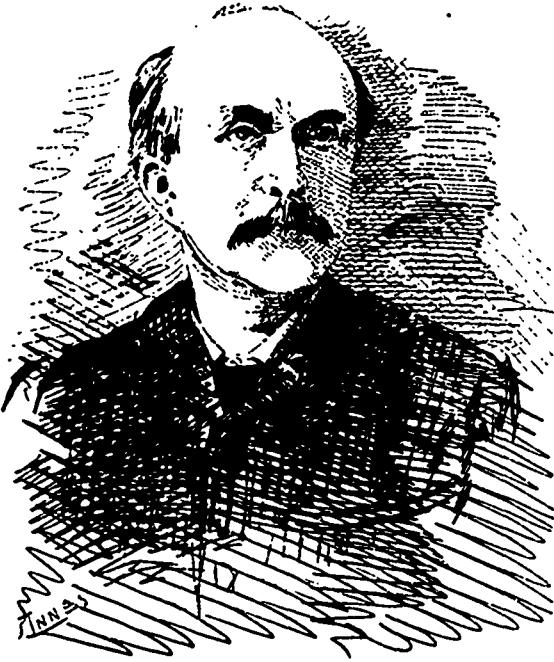
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MEN OF THE DAY



MR. NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, M. P.

THE subject of our present sketch is descended from an Irish family, settled in Tipperary for some generations, and was born at Kilfinane, 13th January, 1843. He was educated at the Common school, by private tuition, at a college affiliated to London University, and afterwards at Queen's College, Cork. He was called to the English Bar by the Honorable Society of the Middle Temple, Hilary Term, 1868. He is a journalist and litterateur of no mean order. He was sent by the Canadian Government to Washington, U. S., in 1879, to enquire into the system of management of Indian Industrial Schools. Was secretary to the Royal Commission respecting the Canadian Pacific Railway, 1880-81, and secretary to the Commission appointed in 1884 to enquire into the Chinese Immigration question. Was a delegate to Ottawa in 1884 to represent the requirements of the Northwest before the Dominion Government. He was an unsuccessful candidate for Haldimand in the Commons at the general election of 1878, and was first returned to the Commons at the last general election. Mr. Davin is a Conservative and favors a broad and generous policy for developing and peopling the Northwest.

Mr. Davin went through the Franco-Germanic war as a special correspondent for the Irish Times,

and as correspondent for the Standard, of London, England. After the war in which he acted as correspondent, he wrote "France and Germany," which appeared in the Westminster Review, of January, 1871. He has published the following works in Canada:—"The Fair Grits," "British *versus* American Civilization," "The Earl of Beaconsfield," "The Irishman in Canada," "Eos: an Epic of the Dawn," "Ireland and the Empire," "Reflections on the Death of Garfield," "Culture and Practical Power," &c., &c. He established the *Leader* at Regina in March, 1883.

CADS!

We take the following article from an English sporting paper:

The first time I ever heard the word in the singular number was on the first day of my school life. It was hissed across a neighboring desk, and the immediate response was a summons to single combat in the play-hour. Naturally, a monosyllable whose consequences were a couple of black eyes, a cut lip, and a swollen nose excited my youthful curiosity, and I looked it up in Webster. This is what I found:—"CAD, a boy at the door of an omnibus." Now the young gentleman to whom the epithet had been applied, and whose blood had subsequently bedewed the asphalt of the play ground, was not "at the door of an omnibus," and my faith in lexicographers was gone for ever. I pursued my inquiries in other and more authoritative quarters, and discovered that in one school, at any rate, a cad was a boy who had less than 2s. 6d. a week pocket-money, and whose father's income was suspected of being under one thousand a year.

Time has widened the definition for me, but he has dimmed the outlines. I have a less simple outline by which to discover the cad, but I know him better when I see him. He travels a good deal by railway, and this is strange, for he has a dislike to fresh air. He shows it generally by sitting with his back to the engine, and flinging up the window, callous to the desire of the traveller in the opposite corner. This indifference to the feelings of others is one of the "notes" of him. He never hesitates to introduce the subject of ropes as a topic of conversation with persons whose fathers have been hanged. And the worst of him is that he doesn't do it of malice aforethought—he has no deliberate intention to wound. I say "the worst" because one can never have the satisfaction of hitting him back on the raw. He has no raw. His thick hide blunts the edge of your keenest satire, and irony falls harmless off it like duck

shot from the ribs of a hippopotamus. One has simply to sit still and endure him, making him a subject of prayer the while—supposing always that the mere fact of his being doesn't shake one's faith in the existence of anything to pray to, for I.e. does seem incompatible with Omnipotence, somehow.

Of course, the above is only one variety of a large genus, a genus too large to be exhaustively dealt with in a one-column article. The cad must not be confused with the snob; the two are quite distinct, though the distinction is not always discernable. The cad is, as I have said, pachydermatoris; but the snob is oftentimes a fellow of sentiment. He has a prompt recognition of social superiority, whereas the cad claims equality, though he often disallows it. The snob, in the presence of a title, is humility itself; the cad would be self-assertive in heaven. The genuine snob, too, is confined to practically one class. The aristocracy, with all its faults, is fairly free of him, and the proletariat know him not; he is to be found only in that infinite number of social hierarchies whom Socialists call the "bourgeoisie," and other people the "middle class"; but the cad is common to all.

There was once upon a time a great African Explorer. He had courage, determination, the spirit of command, quite unctuous piety, and a double dose of the commercial instinct. After a successful expedition he came back to dinner and made a speech. In this speech he talked much of himself, and not at all of the men who had aided him. Then up and spoke a certain royal personage, who was in the chair, and *he* talked much and pointedly of the other men, and little of the great African explorer. And the most ardent Republicans among us gave three silent cheers for H. R. H., for he had given a lesson to a "Cad."

Once upon another time there was a great Patriot. I won't say what his country was, but it was a country where patriots are as plentiful as potatoes—where revolutions end in cabbage gardens, and where leaders slide down fire-escapes. The great patriot did something said to be illegal, and had to be conveyed some where in a train, and in custody. The patriot complained bitterly because he was taken in a third class carriage, just for all the world as though I.e. had been a common English workingman. And then for the first time it was borne in upon some who sympathized with his cause, that the great patriot was a Cad.

There is no feminine form of the word, but the thing is plentiful enough. Sometimes she wears real diamonds and sometimes only paste, but there are always just one or two too many of them. She is more difficult for one of us to spot at first sight than the male bird of her feather, as she is mostly amiable enough. But note her behavior to her children's governess or to the young person who waits upon her at Whitley's, say, and she at once is obvious. Now I see an opportunity of wandering away from my subject, and once more putting to the test the exact limit to the patience of our long-suffering editor. Why is it that women (cads and others) are so dreadfully rude to each other? So much more so than men are! Is it because among men the tradition that the duel still survives, and that even now sometimes the insult is followed by the nose-ender—I think that's it. A big man may feel quite capable of thrashing a smaller man, but then he knows that he is pretty certain to get some damage in the course of the combat: and so, on the whole, he keeps a civil tongue in his head. But a woman knows that words will end what words began, and that words break no bones.

Exceptions do occur sometimes though—and one of these it was my happy lot to witness. The *dramatis personæ* were a "lady" and a strapping young parlor maid. In a room full of guests the latter broke a tea-cup, or let fall the milk jug—I forget which—and the former "bully-damned" her, as Rudyard Kipling would say, after the manner of a drill sergeant to a raw recruit. The girl's rosy cheeks got rosier—"peonies" would be a more correct expression—and her fine eyes flashed like those of Mrs. Siddons when she asked if the stockings would wash. We all saw that something was going to happen, but for what did happen we were *not* prepared. The girl walked quietly up to her mistress, boxed her soundly on both ears, and withdrew with all the dignity of Lady Vere de Vere from the royal presence. Presently we heard the front door bang. If I had not been already married I would have hurried after and proposed to Mary Jane, then and there. She, like H. R. H., above mentioned, had taught a lesson to a Cad.

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HIS FLEETING IDEAL.



CHAPTER I.—FOUND AND LOST.

BY W. H. BALLOU.

Author of "A Ride on a Cyclone," "The Bachelor Girl," "The Swellcrats."



Happy I may not call thee, until I learn that thy life has been happily ended."

Thus soliloquized young Mr. Henry Marshall as he reclined, day dreaming, against the cushions of his seat in the forward section of a Wagner car.

The New York Central train was speeding him on and on, to which fact he was utterly oblivious.

He had secured the forward section to escape observation. He sat with his back to the passengers. Himself was companionish enough. He desired only to think and to dream.

He had but a few days since put Columbia College, to speak, among his stock of reminiscences, with her highest honors in his trunk.

He had mentally given over his father's great manufacturing interests, which invited him to take immediate possession and give the aged sire his desired retirement, to the devil and the deep blue sea.

He loved his ideal best, his art next, the devil take what was hindmost. The ideal was now his quest; art he could achieve twice in ten. It was of her he dreamed, his ideal.

As he sat there, gazing at the end of the car, deep in the contemplation of things yet unseen, but ever clearly outlined celestial ideal girl, with all the glamour of youth, the words of the great Solon to envious Creæus would thrust themselves between his thoughts and seize him alike some grim spectre: "Happy I may not call thee until I learn that thy life has been happily ended."

"Why need what old Solon or any one else ever said concern me?" he mused. "What difference does it make what people say or who says it? A fact is a fact and a theory is a theory. One man's theory is as good for his own purposes as another's theory. The fact in my case is that I am satisfied to paint, notwithstanding dad's wrath and the business he would trust on me. Let dad earn the money, or who will; I desire only to spend it.

"So much for the fact. My theory is, and I prefer it to Solon's, that to marry my ideal

will be the name of happiness and will ensure a happy ending to my life. If I never find her, more or less of my life will be miserable and will end unhappily.

The young man failed to see that he had exactly confirmed his theory to Solon's that he had expressed the same theory precisely with variations in form only. Youth is deluded and ignores resemblances, those trifles which make Darwin immortal. He continued to muse:

"As an artist, my preferences run to browns. They are my favorite colors, because to me they are most beautiful, most quiet, most sincere and the least suggestive of either gladness or gloom. My dear, unseen, unknown love is a symphony in browns—brown hair, brown eyes and a complexion tinted brown rather than white or red.

"She is very small in stature, hence sure to be superbly perfect in form. Her little head is beautifully rounded and symmetrical, likewise her dimpled arm and her sweet little hands. Her little feet are encased in child's boots, not larger than a child's number twelve. She is—"

He pruned abruptly, startled, for he saw her. His eye had been wandering among the gorgeous tapestries of the car, the beautifully wrought woodwork, the superb French plate-glass panes in the windows, the oil-painted ceilings and the blue and gold-woven velvets of the cushions.

At last it rested on a mirror in front and above his head, that lightly inclined from the top towards him sufficiently to express the entire car and all its occupants in dim image, dim because its curtain was drawn, darkening the light from the window at his side.

He thought several times to change his position to obviate the annoyance; but he unconsciously started, deterred from so doing. He was being slowly insensated by a shadow as yet undefined, but in mentally growing more something. He stared through the dim light at the mirror until his eyes became accustomed to the shadows above, and the picture among the other images gradually defined itself.

What he saw; that which would round and round him taken threads of fascination, might have been reflected through a dozen mirrors from side to side and from end to end of the car.

Suddenly he turned and attempted to discover the original among the passengers. Failing in this, he again sought the mirror, giving himself entirely to the study of one thing at a time.

What he saw was the head and bust of a young girl. It so exactly conformed to the ideal of which he had dreamed so long that he concluded the image must be a conception merely—a psychological ghost, as it were.

There was no dream fact, surely; the symphony in browns; the brown hair, every tress a discrete as the dew-dropping gauze of a spider; the large brown eyes, in which was the very soul of the loftiest conceivable intellect, the highest genius of music, perhaps; the complexion slightly tinted brown, but cut by the sweetest red lips; the evidently small stature and perfect form; the beautifully rounded and symmetrical head and dimpled arm.

He only lacked a glimpse of the feet to complete the spell of fascination, except, of course, the realization of his absorbing desire—possession. He closed his eyes an instant to more completely imagine it all a dream. Again he looked to revel in the picture, but needless! it was gone.



...of her, the young man turned in astonishment, when, to his almost unfeigned joy, the girl in all her ideal beauty slowly approached him in the aisle. His quick, artistic eye comprehended her form in a glance, comprehending the picture. She had exquisite feet, encased in little boots not larger than a child's No. 12.

The girl hesitated, looking at him shyly, as if in doubt whether to proceed. Why, he could not for an instant imagine, but he afterwards attributed it to the fact that he actually devoured her, so far as one can devour a girl with the eyes. Her hesitation was but momentary, then she approached a small silver water-tank in the corner of the lobby near him.

He was on his feet in an instant. He sprang to the tank, his tall form bending until his eyes were on a level with hers and he gazed at her with that eagerness and intensity with which a starved normal might look through a window on an epicure's dinner at Delmonico's.

"Permit me to assist you," he said gently, with diffidently controlling a desire to grasp her hand.

"Thanks, you are very kind," ventured the maiden, wondering at his eagerness and intensity of gaze.

He placed the silver goblet under the faucet, letting the liquid ooze out as slowly as possible while he continued his gaze like one in a dream of delight.

"The water is overflowing the goblet," surged the girl with an amused smile.

The man awoke confusedly, turned the water off and handed to her the cup. "Couldn't you let it run over a little while?" he asked, half impatiently. "The carpet will absorb it. I have been looking for you so long. I—"

"Oh! certainly, if you wish," she interrupted. "But then, I am so thirsty, you know."

"And so am I," the man said wearily. "I was never so thirsty in my life."

"Then I advise you to take a drink," retorted the girl with a laugh, and she abruptly turned and left him.

To be Continued.

LOOK OUT! for our final selections for the Municipal Stakes of 1891, next Saturday.



LEE'S LAKE.

THIS little sketch gives but a poor idea of the real surroundings of this beautiful sheet of water. It lies in the mouth of the Crow's Nest Pass, on the western border of the magnificent ranching country of Southern Alberta. In fact the whole of the grand prairies from the boundary line north, are bordered on the west by just such scenes as this. It is our intention to give a full account of the ranches, ranchers and their doings in the near future; of course, commencing publication as we do, at the beginning of the winter months, we are unable to open up that communication with the ranchers which it is our intention to do as soon as the spring comes.



To the Editor of *The Prairie*:

SIR,—Most of your readers are no doubt aware that a short time ago a petition for the amendment of the game laws of the Northwest Territories was presented to the Northwest Assembly. This petition, mainly on account, no doubt, of its hurried preparation and eleventh hour presentation, was not successful in its objects.

Next year, however, sportsmen must make a stronger effort to effect an alteration in the present state of the law, if they wish to retain and foster many of our game birds and animals. If something is not done, and done soon, it will be a case of the when buffalo over again, and "locking the stable door the horse is stolen." There are many points in the existing law which require immediate attention, but none more so than the changing of the commencement of the close time for prairie chicken and the other varieties of grouse, from January 31st to Dec. 31st. No sportsman wants to shoot these birds after the end of December, for the birds are then either too wild to shoot in a legitimate way, or else too stupified and benumbed with cold to care to fly at all. Then comes the pot-hunter's harvest, and the delight with which he mows down, at one shot, six or eight of the half-starved birds as they sit huddled together in the trees, is only surpassed by the absurdity of the law which permits such wholesale slaughter.

Trusting that your readers who have sporting instincts, will, before another season, take up this matter in no half-hearted way, I remain,

Yours truly,

THOMAS STONE.

Calgary, Dec. 23, '89.

THE FARM



IS the Northwest a good country for sheep raising? How often has this question been asked by visitors to this country. If we had the questioners here just now we would say to them—Go and inspect the show of mutton in the meat markets here and you will there get an answer from the sheep themselves. The show of mutton is most excellent all round, but the palm is certainly born off by the Canadian Agricultural Company, who exhibit about thirty carcasses of mutton, which for quality would be hard to beat in any market in the world. These are not heavy-fleshed, hand-fed old rams, specially fed for Christmas show, but all choice wethers which never tasted hand feed of any description. A fortnight ago we mentioned the fact that the Canadian Agricultural Coy. were shipping some fat sheep to Vancouver. The first shipment gave such great satisfaction that the buyers eagerly closed a bargain to take all the fat sheep that the company could spare, and 1500 choice fat sheep will be shipped to Vancouver within the next few weeks. We are glad to see this, for it augers well for the future trade between Alberta and B. C., and also speaks volumes in favor of Alberta as a sheep raising country, for we are informed that no such mutton has ever before been shipped to Vancouver.

THE new curling rink presented a lively scene yesterday, when the first game of the season was played by teams representing the President and Vice-President. A side of beef was the steak—on, stake—to be given to the poor of Calgary, of whom, fortunately, there are very few. Following were the rinks:

Walker vs Freeze,	Rev. Herdman vs Dick,
Snyder vs Reilly,	Shelton vs La Penotiere,
A. Grant vs Smith,	Judge Rouleau vs James,
Perry vs W. H. Grant,	Costigan vs Barber.

The first game was a walk-over for Grant, who had a long way the best players on his side. The game was as follows:

PRESIDENT.	VICE-PRESIDENT.
A. Sterritt,	E. Watson,
Kelly,	Van Courtlandt,
Millward,	Waugh,
Perry 9	W. H. Grant..... 16

The next game played was between the President's and Vice-President's rinks, viz.:

Douglas,	Ryan,
Leeson,	Rev. Herdman,
Jas. Bannerman,	Jos. Bannerman,
Walker 17	Freeze 11

A. Grant and J. B. Smith next met and when 12 ends had been played, play was adjourned until Friday, the game standing Grant 17, Smith 8.

Stone,	Moore,
Fletcher,	Bowen,
McIlree,	Maw,
Smith 8	Grant 17

At the evening session Mr. Herdman, for the President's side, and Frank Dick, on the Vice's, played off, the former gentleman winning after a very exciting contest. The players were:

Ford,	A. Sterritt,
Glanville,	Smart,
Cox,	Dousett,
Herdman .. 15	Dick..... 12

A number of games have yet to be played.

A VIEW of our principal butcher shops during Christmas week is the finest advertisement the country could have. The grand display of meat made by F. G. Topp & Co., Hull Bros. & Co. and The Canadian Agricultural Co.'s Meat Market, can't be beaten in any eastern city in Canada.





Elu Fugies! 1895 is on its deathbed and 1896 is coming. The past year has been an eventful one for Calgary. Let us hope that the coming one will maintain the record.

PERSONALLY, I am glad that the "holy, festive and indigestive season" of Christmas has passed away without any serious result. There is a limit to all endurance, and that limit has been reached by the obscure individual who pens these lines. I don't mind trying to oblige my friends, when it is possible to do so, but I fail to see how any man of ordinary capacity can be expected to condense six dinners (all turkey and plum-pudding) into one short day of twenty-four hours. When one remembers that each dinner is accompanied by copious libations of "Four per cent," it is easy to believe the after-dinner speaker when he says he is "too full for words."

THEN there are so many varieties of the genus "turkey." Who is not familiar with the venerable gobbler, who, after a life of long-suffering and toil, has sunk peacefully to rest, bearing the regrets of a numerous progeny. Many of us can recognize the picture. Such turkeys are not uncommonly seen on boarding-house tables, and are found economical where board is charged for at so much per meal.

But, on the other hand, who does not remember the proud young bird, cut off in his prime, as he lay on the catafalque on Christmas day, surrounded by sausages, which seem like votive offerings laid on the shrine of the deceased. How proud he looked, even in death, as if conscious of the praises lavished upon him by the human vultures who sit around him. His youth and tenderness, nay, his very self is in everybody's mouth, and we feel inclined to say with the poet of old "*nil de mortuis nisi bone 'em.*"

For my part, I spent an ideal Christmas. I spent the day with some friends, in the good old Christmas style, and am not in a position to envy anybody. When one sees before him a glowing fire, good cheer, loving faces and a hearty welcome, one cannot help thinking that there is something in Christmas after all.

I ATTENDED the performance of "A Night Off," by the Keene Company, on Christmas night. That "much was expected" was evidenced by the large and appreciative audience, and that much was given was clear by the mirth of the audience throughout the performance.

Let me say a word in favor of the matinee by the company, in aid of the Calgary Hospital; advertised

for Saturday afternoon. We want funds for our hospital. "Pop" Keene is as usual on hand to give his services and those of his company "free gratis and for nothing," and it only needs a full house to secure a handsome addition to the funds of our deserving institution. As our friends, the Salvationists, say, "Everybody come!" (except the young imps who congregate nightly in the back of the hall, and swear, smoke, shout, whistle, and in every way possible disturb the audience.)

I FIND I have no space for anything of a municipal nature. For the big race (to be run on Monday week) only two starters are named. These are Mr. Jas. Reilly's "Sanitary Expert," out of "Royal Hotel" by Sherbrooke, and Dr. Lafferty's "Interest," out of "Bill," by "Banker." Entries close on Monday next, at the Town Hall. Those who wish to get the "straight tip" had better apply at once (enclosing the usual fee) to

TATLER.

Our Competition

We would remind our readers that our word competition, "Calgary Hospital," closes on Tuesday the 30th inst. See advertisement for particulars.

THE CALGARY HERALD

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

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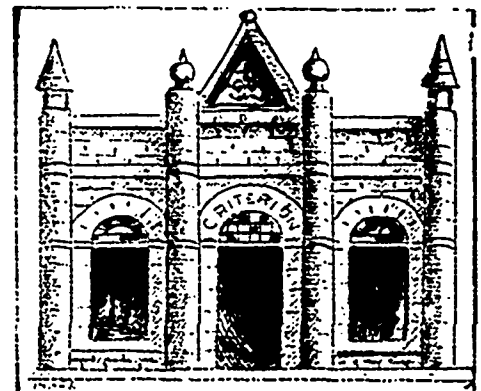
The Herald is independent of all parties, factions and cliques, and is a typical Northwest journal.

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THE CRITERION SALOON

STEPHEN AVENUE



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BURLAND & SAUNDERS.



Why is a bumble-bee like the permit system? Both Hum-bugs. Next!

"It's never too late to mend." Which is why many people postpone mending indefinitely.

"I believe in taking things quietly," said the philosophical thief.

The man who contradicts one is very poor company, particularly if he happens to be right.

It is a peculiar fact that "the more a man gets the more he wants," and the more he wants the less he gets.

So soon as a man and a woman have been made one, a fierce competition commences as to who shall be the "one."

Foote was asked whether he had ever been in Cork. He said no; but he had seen a great many drawings of it.

"Step over and see how old Mrs. Brown is." The boy returned, saying, "Mrs. B. did not know how old she was."

"What shall we do with our children when they leave school?" asks a contemporary. Why give them their dinners and send them back.

"Do you think that literature is on the decline?" asked one aspirant of another. "I must say it appears so to me. Everything I write seems to get declined."



Bold Cockney Cayote-hunter (who had been left behind: G-g-g-go away, pretty cayote, I on'y c-c-came to look for sa-sa-saskatoon berries, you know.

The fun that a man has in watching a woman sharpen a pencil is only equalled by the quiet amusement the woman experiences while the man is endeavoring to thread a needle.

Humorist—"My output of jokes is now a hundred a week." Friend—"And what of the returns?" Humorist—"About ninety." Friend—"Dollars?" Humorist—"No; jokes."

THE CANADIAN AGRICULTURAL COMPANY'S MEAT MARKET

Reasons Why The Canadian Agricultural Company Claim Your Support:

BECAUSE they have enabled you to Buy Butcher's Meat THIRTY PER CENT CHEAPER than you were FORCED to pay before the Company commenced business in this town.

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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Oxford Automatic School Desks
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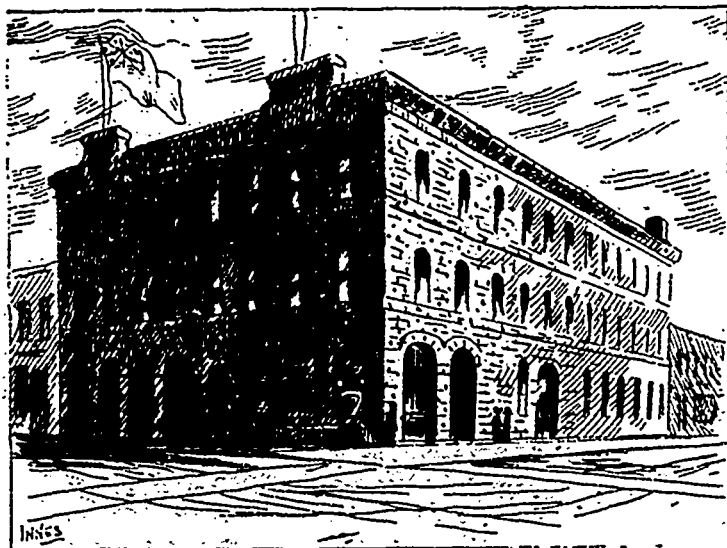
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The cuisine department is managed by an experienced cook.
All trains met. Sample rooms for commercial men. Rates sent on application.

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All the latest Drugs known in the science of medicine, always in stock. Purity guaranteed.

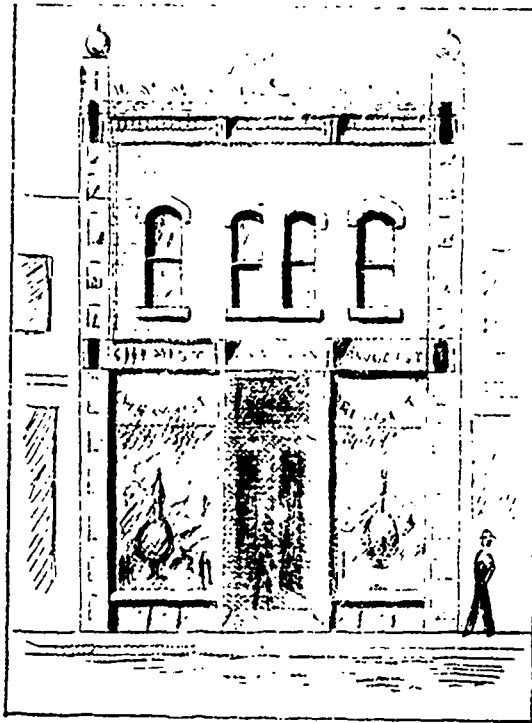
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G. C. KING & COMPANY

---VII---

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Christmas novelties of the best quality shortly to be opened up.

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Town Lots Laid out. Timber limits laid out.

Office with J. P. J. Jephson, Advocate, Calgary.

Prize Competition!

The Prairie Illustrated Co. offer a prize of \$10 to the reader who makes the greatest number of words from the letters forming the words

CALGARY HOSPITAL

The competition will close on December 30th, and no list received by us after that date will be accepted. Each list of words to be accompanied by 25 cents; the whole amount so collected will be donated to the Calgary Hospital. The latest edition of Webster's unabridged dictionary will govern the competition.

In the unlikely event of two or more making the same number of words, the prize will be given to the one whose list is first received by us.

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