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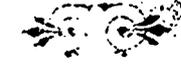
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# WINTER PAIRIE

## ILLUSTRATED

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# THE PRAIRIE

## ILLUSTRATED

Vol. 1. No. 2.

CALGARY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1906.

Price 10c.



YOUNG TERRITORIES:—"Say, old girl, isn't it time I had a new suit of clothes and food of my own choosing; we'll talk about the leading string later on."

**F. C. TOPP & CO.,**

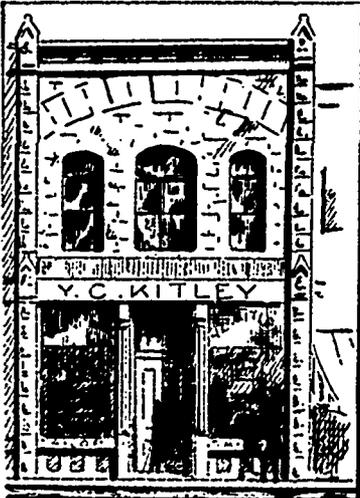
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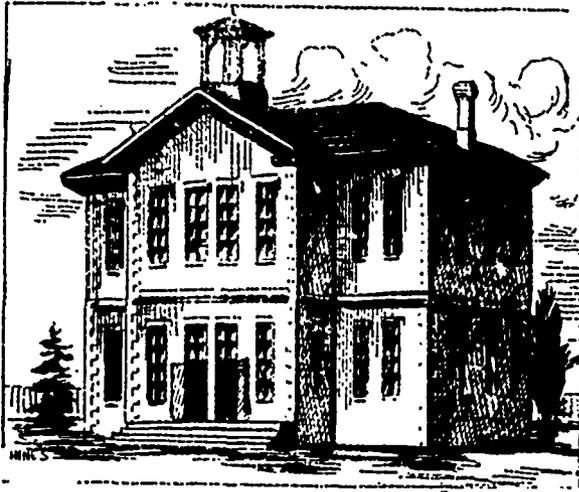
**FRED La PENOTIERE,****MANAGER.****LOOK OUT ! !**

—FOR—

**CLARKE & CO.'S**

ANNOUNCEMENT

NEXT WEEK



CALGARY PUBLIC SCHOOL.

THE educational advantages which exist in the Northwest Territories always strike the new settler most forcibly, and they are such as compare favorably with almost any country in the world. We give sketches of two of our school buildings, that at Moose Jaw being one of the finest in the country. This was erected in 1889, at a cost of \$7000, and at the beginning of the present year, a High School department was opened in the school.

The Calgary school was built in the year 1886, and cost in the neighborhood of \$8000. The principal here is Mr. Short.



Love is blind, but the girl's mother isn't.

A plant that never wants watering—a printing plant.

The young beau's motto: Consider the Lilies, of course, but keep your eye on the Mabels and Gertrudes, too.

Why Mr. Parnell will "Go" if he Does "Go"—For "divorce" reasons, to be sure.

Photographer—"Now try to look like yourself." (Noting the effect)—"Well—er—h'm—try to look like somebody else."

Husband—"At what age did you commit the most foolish act of your life?" Wife—"At my marriage."

Teacher—"Can you tell me what a secret is?" Little Girl—"Yes'em. It's something somebody tells everybody else in a whisper."

When a woman says anything mean about a man she always winds up her remarks by saying, "And the men are all alike."

First old maid (excitedly)—"There's a man under the bed!"

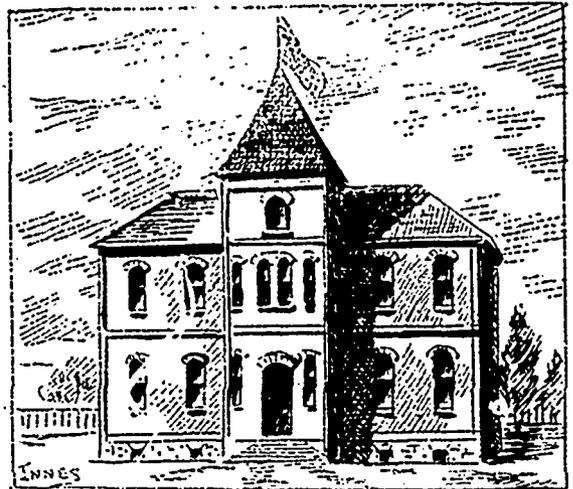
Second old maid (calmly)—"Lock the doors."

—Epoch.

An old and rather long-winded Scotch minister, on his way home from church one Sunday morning, accosted one of parishioners with, "Weel, Donald, how do ye like my sairmons?" "In very small doses," replied the truthful Donald.

O'SHEA-MEFUL!

Alas, that one in whom poor Erin placed  
Full faith and credit, she at last discovers  
To be condemned, deservedly disgraced,  
Basest of friends, and paltriest of lovers.  
Whether Erin's cause may suffer, who can tell?  
But *he*, at least, has wrung his own (Par)kneil!



MOOSE JAW PUBLIC SCHOOL.

WITTY TOASTS.

A rather cynical toast ran thus: "Woman—she requires no eulogy; she speaks for herself." A gallant young man, under the same festal circumstances, referred to one member of the sex he eulogised as "a delectable dear, so sweet that honey would blush in her presence, and treacle stand appalled?" At the marriage supper of a deaf and dumb couple, one guest, in the speech of the evening, wished them "unspeakable bliss." A writer of comedies was giving a banquet in honor of his latest work, at which a jovial guest gave the toast, "The author's very good health. May he live to be as old as his jokes." At another gathering were toasted, "The bench and the bar: If it were not for the bar, there would be little use for the bench." As pithy was the following toast, proposed at a shoemakers' dinner: "May we have all the women in the country to shoe, and all the men to boot."

# 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 :**

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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.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1890.

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**T**HERE is a very old, and at the same time a very true saying, that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," and to nothing is this more applicable than to the ranching community. There are several very big questions, and a hundred and one lesser ones, which require looking into. These questions should not be left to individual parties to look after, for a number of reasons, the most important of which are, first, the expense, and, secondly, as we said last week in reference to prairie fires, very few people like to run the risk of incurring the enmity of their neighbors. We can give a case in point: A few months back a valuable mare, the property of a certain settler a few miles from Calgary, was badly lacerated and almost ruined through being cut by a neighbor's barbed-wire fence. He would not bring an action against the owner of the fence, because his neighbors "would be down on him." And yet that man would have been fighting in the interests of the whole community. There are a number of matters which require looking into—the law as regards stock, stock accommodation to be provided by railway companies at different points, railway rates, prairie fires, depredations of cattle by both white men and Indians, and so forth. All these matters could be better dealt with by a body incorporate. Any cases to be fought should be taken up by a stock association. The association would act for the good of the whole district, the expense would be divided, and there could be no question of personal enmity. The number of cattle which stray and which are stolen every year is almost inconceivable, and the amounts paid for the recovery of the same tot up a very large sum. There are very few farmers

in the country who would not willingly and gladly pay an annual subscription, which would enable the association to have a detective riding over the country. There is scarcely a farmer who is not out hundreds of dollars, and the bigger ranchers thousands, through strayed and stolen cattle. Several such associations exist in the country, and are doing good work, and there can be no question that the Calgary district has urgent need for one. All that is required to bring this matter to a head is for a few of our leading stockmen, when in town, to meet together, draw up a scheme for the formation of such an association, and afterwards call a meeting of every farmer and rancher in the district.

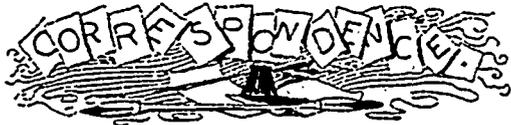
FOR COOL impudence and official high-handedness and insolence, commend us to the action of our precious masters at Regina, who have in their hands the power of giving or withholding a glass of whiskey required by a sick man. The facts of the case are well-known to our readers—Mr. A. J. Ellis, who is recovering from a serious illness, was ordered whiskey by his medical attendant, Dr. Mackid, the application was backed by one of our leading citizens, Mr. G. C. King, J. P., and the application was REFUSED by our thick-headed rulers at Regina. Yet every saloon in town has a stock of all kinds of spirits,—how is this acquired? Is any stronger argument required to show the idiocy and rottenness of our liquor laws? What have our prohibition friends to say about it.

LITTLE or no interest is being taken in the municipal elections of 1891, which is much to be regretted. Calgary calls for a good mayor and good councillors, and it is the duty of the electors to see that such men are returned. We hear Councillor Reilly intends running for mayor, and as Dr. Lafferty has not expressed his intention of not running again, it is presumed that he will again offer himself for election. But, however worthy a person a mayor may be, he is only one, and however hard he may work in the interests of the town, his efforts will be futile unless backed up by a good council.

NEWSPAPER men are generally supposed to be the one class who are always at logger-heads, but Calgary would seem to be a beautiful exception to the rule. Society here, otherwise, appears to be in a somewhat disorganized condition. Doctors differing—at least one or two differing from the majority,—one doctor expelled from the medical society of the town, and socially ostracised; then again the feeling between the Bench and the Bar does not seem to be the most cordial. Then the guardians of the peace don't seem to love one another. Dear me, dear me, what are we coming to? Let us hope that good old yule-tide will change all this.

# FRONT PAGE

ANY remarks on our cartoon this week are almost unnecessary, as we think our Familiar has put the situation in a nutshell. Surely the simile is appropriate? The N. W. T. has developed into a fine, well-grown youth, capable in every way of taking his own part in the battle of life; is there any cause for wonder in the fact that he rebels at the injustice inflicted upon him, of being kept in clothes made for him when he was a kid, and fed on such trash as "Prohibition Pap?" Some of our readers may think this subject a chestnut,—we don't and won't! As soon as the absurd policy is done away with, we will be willing to coincide with those who consider it as such. Till then, it remains a crying injustice and a farce, and as such will be exposed by us on every possible occasion.



## PRINCE ALBERT.

(From Our Own Correspondent)

I WAS delighted with the first number of The Prairie, which duly came to hand last night. I drink to the health of the latest venture in journalism, in a foaming bumper of, ahem! 4%

Since the departure of Miss Knox and her gifted amateur friends, we have had lots of excitement; the "F" division of the N. W. M. P. gave a nigger entertainment, an "olio" and a farce; as a rule the Police give remarkably good entertainments, but on this occasion they were very weak indeed. The songs were, I am bound to admit, of the poorest class, and the jokes were—well, to say the least of them,—somewhat stale. The "olio" was indeed a mixture, being made up of an Irish character song, a comic nigger dialogue, a questionable recitation, and "My Queen," rather poorly sung. This was followed by the well-known farce "Turn Him Out.

The Methodists were the next to give a concert, consisting, for the most part, of semi-sacred songs.

On Thursday, 4th inst., St. Andrew's society gave a large ball. I wish I had your artist's graphic pencil, in order to give you some idea of the ladies' costumes, but I can only tell you that they were charming. The supper was a decided surprise, and I was particularly struck with, what I imagined were,

haggis sandwiches,—the potent fluid dear to Scotchmen was unfortunately missing.

The authorities here are ordering periodical searches for illicit liquor, but, as yet, have found very little,—except empty kegs, of which a carload and a half left P. A. for Winnipeg, a week or two back. What a lovely thirst some people must have?

Our civic elections are creating considerable stir in our midst. The cry is being raised for more public improvements. Hope we shall get 'em. Will let you know more about the matter next week.

The one thing we lack, to possess a real good snow shoe club is—snow. Our climate is rather sultry. However, we have formed a club, with the following officers: Mayor Knowles, president; Thos. McKay, 1st vice-president; Stephen Brewster, 2nd vice-president; C. R. Stovel, sec.-treas.

Mr. H. Belanger, son of Chief Factor Belanger, of Norway House, came into town lately by dog train from Cumberland.

Judge McGuire is back with us again, having concluded his work at Regina.

## A HALF BREED DANCE.

[By Our Own Jiggist.]

HAVING been invited to a dance on the occasion of the marriage of a young halfbreed couple, I prepared myself for a good hour's amusement with these light-hearted people of the Nor'-west. I had some slight doubts that as the revelry had been kept up for two days, that is, since the wedding, the company would be getting tired, and I should be only in time to participate in the wind-up. All my fears, however, were dispelled on arriving at the dancing room. A room about 10 feet square, lighted by half-a-dozen candles stuck on to the walls and a lamp perched high on a cupboard in one corner. In the centre of the floor eight couples were going through a cotillion, to the strains of a violin, played by a black-bearded man, with what Ole Bull said of the nigger playing on the Mississippi steamboat,—"main force." A young breed, over 6 feet tall, was calling with stentorian voice,— "Right and left, balance, swing," and all the rest of it. Seated on benches and chairs placed along the walls, were a mixed crowd of halfbreeds, men and women, young and old, and here and there a white man, some civilians, some Mounted Police. Everybody was in high spirits, as befitting the occasion; and in some cases caused by frequent consultations with another spirit, distilled from barley and rye, and held in durance vile by the limits of a bottle.

After the cotillion there was a general call for a jig the fiddler struck up "The Red River" and a young man led a damsel to the middle of the room and forthwith began to dance heel and toe, springing here, stamping there, and sometimes letting off the exuberance of his feelings in a short, shrill "whoop," resembling the whistle of a locomotive when signalling "down brakes" and all the time dancing with

the skill and agility of a music hall artiste, and which I never expected to see anywhere but on the stage. The first performer tired, his place was taken by another, and he, in his turn, being supplanted by another aspirant to terpsichorean honors. The movements of the ladies were quite graceful, they keeping time to their partners.

The next dance, a quadrille, about to begin, I thought I might as well join in. Donning what I deemed my sweetest and most bewitching smile, I stepped up to a pretty, black-eyed maiden of 16 or so and softly asked if I might have the pleasure of a dance with her. My request was granted and we took our places. I noticed a white silk bow on her breast; which, the wearer being the handsomest girl present, I took to be a distinguishing mark, to denote that she was the bell of the ball. The fiddler, after the customary squeaking and scraping of tuning, began a lively air, and soon we were dancing with all the zest imaginable. I soon forgot that I had a stiff left foot which had hitherto prevented me from becoming a first-class step-dancer, and was performing such intricate movements with my pedal extremities which till then I had believed myself incapable of. In the middle of it all, while swinging my partner, a heavy hand was laid on my shoulder and turning I saw a burly young man with a girl by his side. He informed me that I was dancing with the bride, and that, wishing to avoid any trouble whatever between the groom and myself, he advised me to change partners. So this was the meaning of the bow,—a warning beacon to all strangers. I finished the dance with the partner selected for me. Suddenly there was a slight scuffle in a corner. One lady had been keeping her eye upon her lord and husband with such good, or rather, bad result that she had caught him with his arms each around the neck of a fair neighbor and gently wishing them the compliments of the season. The culprit was a big man, but as familiarity breeds contempt, nothing daunted by his size, his wife, a small woman, seized him by the ear and, with strong words of reproach, deliberately marched him home. Let us have pity on him. I stayed till after supper, which was served in an adjoining chamber, and consisted chiefly of every canned delicacy a store could furnish, with some very fine pies.

On reflecting next day on what I had seen, I was glad that I had had an insight into one of the phases of western life. I had thoroughly enjoyed myself, and so I think had everyone else, if looks counted for anything. To see these people dancing one would think they had not a care or trouble in the world. I suppose they take after their French ancestors, the greater portion of them being French halfbreeds. Jokes and laughter were heard on all sides; white teeth were glistening as the owner's lips were curved in smiles and everyone was as light hearted and joyous as it seems possible for a human being to be in this vale of tears.

For dress, show and ceremony, commend me to a haut ton ball of white people, but for downright, real fun and enjoyment, I'll take a half breed dance in the Nor'-west every time.

## MEN OF THE DAY



THE HON. JAMES A. LOUGHEED, Q. C.

THE career of the above-named gentleman, the subject of our present sketch, has been a practical illustration of those well-known words, "Go west—young man." Born on September 1st, 1854, in Toronto, Mr. Lougheed has been steadily moving westward and to fortune. Only eight years ago he laid the stepping stone to his present large fortune by coming to the Northwest Territories. The previous year, '81, he commenced the practice of law in Toronto, on his own account. At the time of the Manitoba boom, he closed his office in that city and located in Winnipeg, remaining there until May, '83, when Westward Ho! was again the cry, and, in advance of the railway, he travelled to Medicine Hat, where he stayed until the railway reached the Elbow river, Calgary, at which time he came to our town, where he has since been, and means to stay. Until 1886, Mr. Lougheed practiced his profession alone, when Mr. P. McCarthy, Q. C., entered into partnership with him, the firm being enlarged two years later, when Mr. N. D. Beck entered it. Mr. Lougheed was appointed Queen's Counsel in the month of Novem-

ber, last year, and during the same year was appointed Senator of the Dominion of Canada. Mr. Loughheed owns a large amount of real estate in Calgary, and by investing extensively has shown his faith in the future of the town. He also owns a number of houses, and is at present having built for his own use a handsome stone residence, on sec. 15, south of the track. He is one of the heaviest stockholders in the Calgary Gas and Waterworks Co., and the Golden Smelting Co. That Mr. Loughheed, who started in the Northwest with but a very moderate capital, has gained his present position, only shows what a man with energy, pluck and perseverance can do in this country.



A DECISION has recently been given in an English law court on a dog shooting case, which will be interesting to dog owners here. A gentleman who possessed a hen-run was awoke early one morning and informed that two dogs were in the said run. He went out armed with a gun, and found dead fowls, "all over the place." He drove the two dogs off with stones, but they returned, and the owner of the dead hens shot them both. He was sued for the value of the two dogs, \$150, and set up as his defence that he thought the dogs were suffering from rabies and so shot them in self-defence. The judge gave credence to the defendant's story, and believing that the latter was suffering from bodily fear, gave judgement for him with costs. That decision practically lays down that any timorous, panic-stricken person may kill valuable dogs, if he has fears, however groundless, that his life is in danger.

A CURIOUS hunting incident occurred at Highworth, Wilts, England, lately. The hounds found a fox, and after about twenty minutes run were close upon it, when the fox jumped through an open window several feet from the ground into a school room. The hounds followed through the window and caught the fox, which was nearly killed when the huntsmen came up. This reminds one of the Benecia Boy incident; and it is only two or three seasons ago that it was narrated in The Field how a fox, pursued by the Mordeth hounds, took refuge in a cottage among the ginger beer bottles.

IN THE sculling race rowed last month between J. McLean and J. Stansbury, on the Parramatta river, New South Wales, Australia, for £200

a side, the money having been raised by subscription, the weather was unfavorable for rowing purposes, and the water was very rough. Stansbury got off first, and held an advantage till the mile mark was reached, when McLean overhauled him, and going in front, eventually won easily. The winner was matched to row Peter Kemp for £300 a side, last Saturday, over the Parramatta Championship Course, and was again victorious, although Kemp had beaten McLean last May. O'Connor now challenges McLean to row in America, for the world's championship and £500.

SKATING matches will be held at Stockholm on the following dates in 1891: Feb. 20, 22, Figure Skating for Amateurs; Feb. 28, Speed Skating for Amateurs, distance 500 metres; March 1, Speed Skating for Amateurs, distance 1609 metres (one English mile) and 500 metres. Prizes for fast skating awarded to the best men at the three distances. Competitions for professionals, with considerable money prizes, will be arranged, if foreign professionals announce their intention of coming to the Stockholm matches, as may be presumed. It is believed that several Canadian flyers will take part in these matches.

WENDELL BAKER, who, when a student at Harvard four years ago, is said to have done the quarter mile in 47¾ secs., went for the 200 yards record about a month ago, at the Berkley Oval, near New



York. Baker did 20 sec. "dead" at the second attempt, every precaution having been taken to guarantee the accuracy of the performance. This equals the time done by E. H. Pelling, at Stamford bridge, in June, 1889, and beats the American "best"—Myer's 20½ sec., accomplished in 1881.

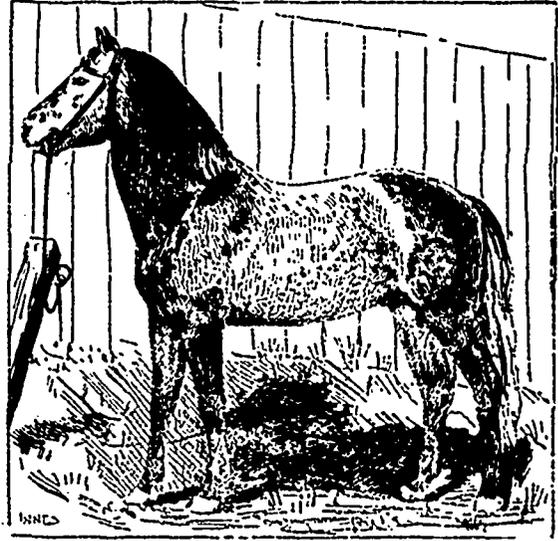
WITH the close of the past season's flat-racing, in the Old Country, come the statistics, and it is interesting to notice that in the list of winning jockeys the first two positions are occupied, as last year, by T. Loates and George Barrett, but both have fallen short of the number of successes then credited to them. Fred Barrett, in 1889, led J. Watts by three, but they have changed places—in fact, F. Barrett's name cannot now be included in the first dozen. S. Loates, Rickaby, Fagan, Calder, T. Cannon, and J. Woodburn have all improved on their last season's record. The gentleman riders' performances have also been tabulated, but it is a case of Mr. Abington first and the rest nowhere, he having brought off forty-one out of 114 mounts.

For the third successive year the Duke of Portland is at the head of the winning owners, and though the sum credited to him does not nearly reach his extraordinary total of 1889, he is a long way in front with £25,203. Mr. J. H. Houldsworth and Mr. H. Milner follow next in order with £14,719 15s. and £14,123 15s., respectively, and Gen. Byrne stands fourth with £13,089 15s. The others who have secured above £10,000 are Mr. A. W. Merry, Mr. Abington, Col. North and Lord Calthorpe.

PATCHEN ECLIPSE, as will be seen by his pedigree, has some of the best strains of trotting blood on the continent, and is a very promising descendant of the celebrated Clay family. He was brought up to this country by Mr. Hutchinson, who sold him to Mr. J. Hamilton in 1887. He is rising seven years. He has been in training each season at Winnipeg, Brandon and Toronto. Next season he will probably be handled at Calgary, and sent the circuit, to race in the three-minute class. His pedigree is as follows:—

Patchen Eclipse was sired by the trotting stallion Colonel Patchen, he by Tom M. Patchen, foaled in New Jersey in 1860, where, when six years old, he had taken five first premiums. Tom Patchen by old George M. Patchen, he by Cassius M. Clay, he by Andrew Jackson, (see Stud Book for full pedigree). Tom Patchen's dam, by the thoroughbred stallion May day, he by Sir Henry, he by Sir Archy, by Imported Diomed.

Colonel Patchen's dam by Young Morrill, owned by Samuel Perkins, Brighton, Mass. Young Morrill was the sire of Fearnought, record 2.23¼, Glide, 2.24.



PATCHEN ECLIPSE.

Patchen Eclipse dam was sired by Godfrey's Patchen, the best living representative of the Clay family, Godfrey's Patchen was bred by Thomas N. Black, Esq., of Bordentown, N. J., was sired by George M. Patchen, first dam Lucy, by Peter Harmon's Jersey-Henry, second dam by John Richard's Jersey Henry; by Henry, by Sir Archy; dam by Imported Diomed; Sir Archy by Imported Diomed; John Richards by Imported Diomed.

George M. Patchen, record 2.23½, by Cassius M. Clay, out of a mare by Imported Trustee, who was out of Fanny Pullen, by Winthrop Messenger, second dam by American Eclipse; Eclipse by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel, by Imported Messenger; Duroc by Imported Diomed.

IN OUR article on curling last week, we said there were "three" rinks,— this should have read "four."

## J. S. MACKIE,

RIFLES, GUNS, REVOLVERS,

FISHING TACKLE AND SPORTING GOODS.

Repairs on short notice.

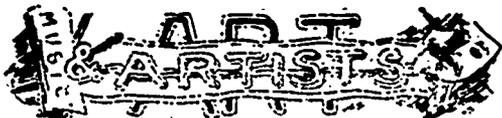
All Work Guaranteed.

CALGARY, N. W. T.



HARVESTING IN THE NORTHWEST.

THOSE who think that the N. W. T. can grow nothing but blizzards and sand-flies, have only to cast their eye on the above cut to be at once convinced of the fallacy of their ideas. The picture is taken from the farm of Mr. Howard Graves, one of Alberta's leading farmers, who is convinced, by many years' experience, that this is the country for anyone willing to work. It is but one out of thousands of scenes which can be witnessed during the fall of the year, all over the Territories, and all of which bear witness to the fertility of the soil, the splendid climate and the pluck of the pioneers of the Great Northwest.



THE Caroline Gage and Keene Company of Players will again give the play-going folk of Calgary an opportunity of witnessing the legitimate drama well represented. They open a season of one week at the Opera House, on Monday next, and during that time will give a fresh production each evening, the repertoire being as follows:—Camille, Pygmalion and Galatea, '49, A Night Off, Damon and Pythias, and Lucretia Borgia or the Colleen Bawn. The personnel of the company is unchan-

ged and still includes Miss Gage and that genuine actor, Wm. Lloyd. The production of Camille will be on a grand scale, the stage settings being the finest that can be procured. The wardrobes are said to be very fine, Miss Gage's alone costing a large amount of money. The play '49 is extremely exciting, and deals with the California gold-rush of that year. A Night Off, is the play in which Agustin Daly made such a tremendous hit in the States. Altogether it looks as if we were going to have a first-class season.

### She Wasn't Surprised

"Mamma," said little Alice, as the baby lifted up its voice, "do all the babies come from heaven?"

"Yes, dear."

"I ain't s'prised," said Alice, thoughtfully, as the infant lifted its voice higher.

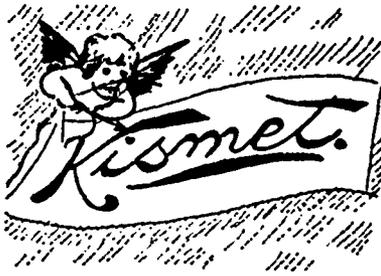
"Why, love?"

"Oh, I wouldn't have them there, either, if I was God."

## 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.



(Written for *The Prairie*.)

PART I.

IT was five o'clock in the morning. The month was June, and the garden was full of roses, crimson, yellow and cream. The sun shone brightly on the weary old world, flooding the red brick house at the end of the lane with golden radiance, and sparkling like a thousand diamonds among the dewdrops on the lawn. But the old brick house still slept, and silence reigned supreme. One person only was awake, though one would not have thought so to look at her, as she lay face downwards on her bed, with the wealth of hair falling about her and her lovely head pillowed on her arm. Half past five struck by the big clock in the hall, and Esme roused herself.

"Half past five! How quickly the night has passed, and here I have been lying, think, think, thinking all the time—oh, well! I suppose there is no getting out of it now, and after all I believe I am fond of him, anyway, I *like* him and that will have to do."

She yawned, rose from the bed and threw open the window. The sweet, fresh air came fluttering in, bearing with it the scent of roses and mignonette, and as Esme drank in great draughts of it the color came back to her cheeks and the gray lines round her eyes vanished. It was her wedding morning and she was utterly indifferent to it. She neither loved nor hated her future husband. As she told herself a dozen times a day, she "liked him," and surely that was enough. She didn't believe in these absurd love matches; they always turned out badly.

With this Sidney Harton was fain to be content, and trusted that his beautiful fiancée would in time yield him her heart. She was very charming, very beautiful, and womanly too; why should he despair of making her love him? He did not despair; he felt sure of bringing the love-light into her eyes before many months of their married life had passed away.

So, on that fair June morning, the parson joined together for better or for worse, till death did them part, the hands, if not the hearts, of Esme West and Sidney Harton. Esme shivered a little as she repeated the solemn words, but Sidney's voice rang out strong and hopefully.

PART II.

Mr. and Mrs. Harton sat in their private room at the Hotel Bristol, Paris, and wondered when the weather would clear up. They had been married a year now, and things were not looking as well as Sidney had hoped. His wife was always charming, always pleasant, but he knew that, hard as he had tried, he had never gained her love, sometimes he even doubted that he ever should.

Suddenly Esme threw down her book. "Sid, I'm tired of Paris, let's go home."

"Tired of Paris," exclaimed Sidney, who looked upon the gay French capital as a veritable "City of Delights"; "I didn't know anybody *could* be tired of Paris. Why didn't you tell me before, Esme? Of course we'll go home if you want to. I'll telegraph Mrs. Ross to have the house aired; how soon shall I say they are to expect us?"

"Oh, tomorrow, today; as soon as possible," said Esme, petulantly, rising as she spoke to look out of the window. Sidney paused a minute.

"Esme, dear, are you not rather unreasonable," he said quietly. "You know I told Frank Vereker we would be here for three weeks, and he promised to spend ten days with us before he went to Melbourne. We can hardly give him the slip like that, and he is due tomorrow. As soon as he leaves we will go straight home, if you like, though, I certainly understood you to say you wanted to spend the winter in Nice. Poor old Frank! I'm awfully sorry he's going, and I wouldn't miss seeing him for anything."

The last sentence was spoken with a good deal more decision than Sidney employed as a rule, when addressing his wife; he hated to cross her in any way, but Frank Vereker; Frank, his old college chum; Frank, his old champion and playmate of long ago, let *him* go to Australia for good, without so much as a hand shake or "God speed you" from his oldest friend—the thing was absurd, impossible.

"It is too bad, upon my word, Sidney, to consider your friend before your wife; I tell you I am sick of this place; I want to go home, do you hear? I want to go home and I want to go TODAY!"

Esme turned from the window as she spoke, pale with excitement, and emphasized her words with a slight stamp of her pretty foot.

"I am sorry," said Sidney, coldly, "but I am afraid you must make up your mind to stay here another ten days," and lighting a cigarette, he tilted back his chair and watched the little rings of smoke ascending to the ceiling.

His wife stood still a minute, looking fixedly at him, and then walked slowly to the door. She turned before crossing the threshold and her voice was

quite quiet as she spoke—"very well, Sid, just as you please. I'm sorry I made such a fuss about it," and with a little mirthless laugh, she was gone.

"Can't understand what's come over the girl," muttered Sidney; "She usen't to be so unreasonable and capricious—women are strange creatures, anyhow," and comforting himself with this philosophical tid-bit, he took up his book again.

## PART III

The ten days were nearly over, and today Frank Vereker would leave for Marseilles. The trio dined alone in their private room that night, and Sidney and Frank found scarcely a word to say. But if they were silent, Esme did talking enough for all three of them; in fact, so high were her spirits and gay her laughter, that Sidney felt vexed at her want of consideration; it seemed almost as though she was anxious to show his old chum how glad she was at the prospect of his near departure.

But the meal came to an end at last, and Sidney proposed they should take a carriage and drive to the Bois de Boulogne. Ten minutes later saw them rolling smoothly over the main avenue. The carriage was dismissed and they strolled toward the less frequented paths.

The moon was shedding a silvery light on the leafless trees and threw strange shadows from their gaunt and outstretched arms; the air, too, despite the fact that the month was November, was warm and still. At times the brilliant light would be obscured by huge masses of heavy clouds, and at those times the atmosphere seemed oppressive and in the dark depths of the Bois imagination pictured figures, weird and unearthly.

They were passing one of the rustic seats and talking of the coming winter, when an old gentleman rose quickly and touched Sidney on the arm. "Mr. Harton, you are the very man I wanted to see. I called at your hotel this afternoon, but you were out. Can you spare me five minutes now? I will not detain you longer."

"Strangely enough, I went round to the bank to see you today," said Sidney, smiling. "You go on, Esme, I will join you in a few minutes." He nodded smiling to his wife, and the two walked slowly on. Once alone with Vereker, Esme seemed struck with the same silence which had oppressed her husband and his friend, and for some time each was occupied with his or her own thoughts.

Esme's thoughts were full of pain and shame that she, the proud, indifferent girl, the Esme who used to scoff at anything approaching sentimental attachment, should be so drawn to the tall man walking at

her side, a man whose strong, true face called for the confidence and love of her woman's heart, and to have that heart bound for life to one she liked but could never love! Her husband's true, unerring devotion and deference to her slightest wish were forgotten in the wild pain of confessing to herself that her soul had awakened *too late*, and the idol of her heart was, within a few short hours, to leave her forever.

And Frank—how was his mind occupied? He, too, had learned his lesson, and, though his greatest desire was to take the woman at his side to his heart, and tell her all, his honor, his fealty to his friend, bade him keep silence, and to the monotonous, muffled sound of their footsteps on the leaf strewn path, kept time the hopeless reiteration in his soul,— "She is Sidney's wife, Sidney's wife, Sidney's wife." Then the moon shown out brightly and the path took a turn to the left. With one accord they stood irresolute and looked into each others eyes.

Love's eyes are keen. "O God!" murmured Vereker, clenching his hands and setting his teeth hard, while he bent his head low to look in her face; "O God! and I may not even touch you."

Then came a terrible temptation to him, one that made him draw his breath in short, quick gasps, while his face turned ashy pale. She came close to him, laid her white, ungloved hands on his breast and held her beautiful face up close to his.

"Don't," he gasped, "for God's sake, don't! I cannot bear it. Your husband! Think!

But she did not move. Her face was almost touching his own; as he bent low in his agony her perfumed hair brushed against him; the exquisite lips were close to his as she whispered, "don't leave me or my heart will break." Then the man's passion overcame him, the temptation was too strong. He was but mortal and, on the impulse of the moment, he caught her in his arms and held her close, close to his wildly beating heart. "Esme, my love! my darling! fate has been very cruel to us, but we must abide by it; kiss me once, my sweet, and then goodbye for ever."

He lifted the drooping head and took the beautiful face between his two hands, gazing sorrowfully on the only woman he could ever love. Their lips met in one passionate, clinging kiss; then with a low moan she covered her face with her hands and shrank away from him. The clouds had covered the moon again and all was dark, while the low mutterings of distant thunder heralded the coming storm. The wind was moaning pitiously through the leafless boughs and making fit accompaniment to their thoughts, as they stood apart, too full for words.

Alas ! how easily things go wrong,  
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long ;  
There comes a mist and a driving rain,  
And the world is *never* the same again.

A minute later footsteps approached through the darkness, and they heard Sidney's voice calling them.

"How can I clasp his hand again," thought Frank, bitterly, as he joined them.

#### PART IV.

Three years had passed since that stormy night in the Bois de Boulogne, three years fraught with events both grave and gay. It was November again ; it was the anniversary of that very day when Vereker had left Paris for Marseilles, on his way to Australia, and had taken his sad and guilty farewell of his friend's wife.

Frank sat in his comfortable office in Throgmorton street, Melbourne, and thanked his stars he was not outside, for one of those terrible dust storms, that have no equal throughout the world, was blowing, and which search out everything in their aggressive magnificence, until they clear the long, wide streets completely of passengers.

Vereker walked to the office window and looked out, but not being able to see the other side of the street for dust, he sat down again, and business being dull, thought he might indulge in the luxury of a pipe. He was reaching his hand for the tobacco jar and humming a little song at the same time when he heard the bell of the outer office ring, and a moment later the office boy announced, "lady to see you, sir."

"A lady to see me?" reiterated Frank, in much surprise. He didn't suppose a dog would be walking the streets of Melbourne in such a storm, much less a lady, to see him. "What name?" he asked.

"Please sir, she didn't give no name," replied the boy.

"Show her in," a little curtly, for he felt he was being done out of his pipe.

The next moment in came Esme Harton; flushing, half timidly, half joyously, and wholly beautiful. As she saw the look of bewilderment, quickly succeeded by one nearly approaching horror, that came over his face, the flush died out of hers, and pale and terrified at his expression, she came a little nearer.

"Frank, why do you look at me so strangely? I have come all this long, long way to see you, come because you told me that if ever"—

He interrupted her coldly, sternly,—*"Mrs. Harton, before you say any more, before you say things that perhaps afterwards you would give a good deal to recall, I must tell you—it is my duty to do so—that I am married ; that I have been married two years."*

"And you swore to be true to me," she murmured with white lips.

"True to you," he repeated, almost scornfully, "Mrs. Harton, don't you know that your husband is the best and truest fellow that ever lived, my dearest friend, although I wronged him so deeply. Surely a woman knows that however greatly a man loves her, if she leaves a good and true husband for his sake, he must lose all respect for her. It is true I asked you to come with me, you refused, and I respected you for it. It is true I wrote to you from Melbourne, urging you again to come, and you ignored my letters, and then, when at last I had told myself that you were too good and pure to listen to me, and determined to forget you and marry a true and good girl of my acquaintance, then, I say, just as I am learning to know what a quiet and peaceful life is, you break through your bonds, leave the best husband in the world, and shamelessly take this long, long journey to seek me out, to once more tempt me as you did on that never to be forgotten night in the Bois de Boulogne. It was your fault then, it is your fault now. I never meant to have told you that I loved you, till you leaned your head upon my breast and told me your heart was breaking."

Motionless, she stood before him, her face looking as though it were carved out of marble, her hands locked together, her great grey eyes fixed on him, as the bitter words issued from his lips.

Then with one gasping sob she fell at his feet. When he stooped to raise her she was dead.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Vereker, two days later, "I wonder, Frank, how these newspapers came to be overlooked. Just see, they are dated months back. How very careless ; you should speak to the post-master about it ;" then, as she carelessly ran her eyes down the "births, marriages and deaths," of the Times, she paused at a name in the last list,—*"Frank, didn't you tell me that the unfortunate lady, who died of heart disease in your office the other day, was named Harton? I wonder if this was a relative of hers? —"*

"On February 3rd, at Woodlands, Rowtown, Cheshire, Sidney Harton, aged 34."

"I wonder?" said Frank.





THE "gambling" question has been brought under my notice by a correspondent. It is suggested that this pernicious habit is steadily on the increase, and with a most detrimental effect on the community. "Money passes from one man to another, with a dead loss to one and an unreasonable gain to the other." Yes, my dear sir, but the same may be said of "ten cent whist," which no person of common sense would call gambling, any more than speculating in a raffle. The fact is that the proper definition of gambling is: Playing for more than we can afford. Ten cent points at whist may be gambling, in a very poor man, and ten dollar points not be gambling in a rich one. It is only when the game ceases to be an amusement from the size of the stake, and the stake and not the game is the attraction, that gambling really begins.

POOR Constable Reading, with the facts of whose untimely death my readers are already familiar, was interred on Tuesday morning last, with full military honors. I think that among the many popular fellows in the "E" division, Reading was the most popular. He was a good soldier, and a first rate athlete. The Fire Brigade Band, which has become quite efficient under the management of Mr. Standhaft, headed the procession, playing the "Dead March in Saul." Several citizens, amongst whom were a number of the members of the C. C. C., testified their respect for the dead by assisting at the funeral service in the English Church.

WE HAD a great "blow-out" in Calgary during the past week. On Monday it began its insinuating course, introducing itself as a goody-goody chinook; but on Monday night and all day on Tuesday it revealed itself in its true colors. Sky-lights rattled, sign-boards creaked, stoves of hitherto unblemished reputation actually took to smoking, and as for dust—it was everywhere. Can anybody tell me where all the dust comes from, and how it "gets there" with such unerring precision?

CHRISTMAS is at hand, and the doctors are brightening-up. Indigestion is among us, and dyspepsia has become a household word. Yet, I think we do not celebrate Christmas at all as well as our forefathers did, in the "good old times." I make no account of those cynical persons who set their faces against public jollity of every kind, and denounce even Bank holidays as a nuisance, but there certainly is a disinclination to "keeping Christmas," as it used to be kept. I have not a word to say against the water drinkers, but "four per cent" is really not the liquor with which roast beef and plum pudding ought to be associated, nor could one partake of it with impunity out of a wassail-bowl. The vigorous enjoyment with which Christmas used to be welcomed is certainly gone. The Christmas of the present day

consists of

"Too much heat and too much noise,  
Too much babblement of boys;  
Too much eating, too much drinking,  
Too much everything but thinking."

A REQUISITION is being signed, asking Dr. Lafferty to come out again as mayor. The doctor has done good work during his term of office, and has attended to his duties conscientiously and well. If I am not mistaken, it will be a case of "elected by acclamation." No, it will not be, either, for I see by our daily papers that Councillor Reilly will run. Well, if anyone wants to bet they can get a bit on with

TATLER.

### The Lucas Sale

Mr. J. G. Fitz Gerald had a good audience at the sale of Mr. Lucas' property on the 16th inst., the amount realized being a little over \$2,400. The following were the most important lots sold:—

Span of black Clyde mares, Mr. Stephen, Sheep Creek..	\$450 00
Grey Clyde mare, Mr. R. H. M. Rawlinson.....	161 00
Trotting mare, "Chambermaid" .....	200 00
Mamie C, Mr Braden.....	200 00
Roadster mare, Mr. Bell-Irving.....	189 00
Kirkland Chief, imported Clyde stallion, Mr. J. Clarke, Gleichen .....	500 00
Sorel mare, Mr. W. H. Ford.....	151 00
Holstein heifer calf, Mr. J. Barwis.....	41 00
" yearling bull, Warden Bros.....	57 50
" cow, Mr. M. McInnis.....	75 00

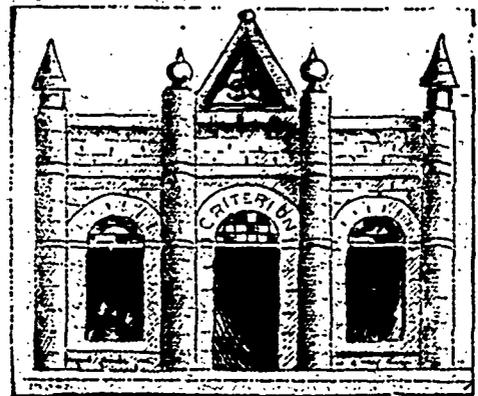
P. Herberer bought the foal of Mamie C, sired by Mambrino Star, for \$81, and Mr. Robison bought the foal of Annie Granger, sired by Belian's Mystery, for the same amount.

### The Late Constable Reading

We regret to have to announce another death, which has occurred since our last issue, viz., that of Constable Reading, of the N. W. M. P., which took place Sunday last, the result of a terrible accident. We were unfortunately unable to procure a photo of him in time for this week's number, but hope to in our next.

## THE CRITERION SALOON

STEPHEN AVENUE



PROPRIETORS:  
**BURLAND & SAUNDERS.**



MY DEAR KATHLEEN:

When last I heard from you, you asked me to tell you something about the last fashions in hairdressing. I will try to describe a very fashionable head I saw the other night at the theatre. The hair was dressed low as far as the centre of the crown, the back brushed upwards and collected with the side hair, and the ends made into numerous rouleaux, pouffs and pin curls, which were disposed in a high cluster at the back of the crown, and standing up so that a pouff could be seen above the curled fringe in front. The smaller pin curls were fastened flat to the head down the back, and reached quite half way down, but tapered off to a point by being allowed to fall lengthways. The great secret of such hairdressing is to preserve the shape of the head, and not to increase the bulk or the width. But let me tell you my dear Kathleen, that very few women can properly dress their own tresses after this fashion.

At a reception I attended a few days ago I noticed polonaises were coming in again, but it is a style which is hardly likely to become common, as there are two things which are indispensable to make it a success, and they are not always obtainable, viz., a good dressmaker, and a good figure. Big fancy buttons of all kinds are much used just now.

Have you ever tried this pudding?—Spread any sort of jam (strawberry for preference) at the bottom of a pie dish; pour a pint of scalding milk over 3 ounces of bread crumbs; when cooled stir in three well-beaten eggs and two table spoonfuls of white sugar; pour this on the preserve, grate a little nutmeg on top, and bake half an hour.

Now, good-by, dear,

MARJORIE.

### To Our Readers

We have to apologize for the poorness of the cover of this week's issue, but unfortunately the specially ordered cover paper has not arrived from Winnipeg, but will be here in time for our next number.

## 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.

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They claim that they have been the means of enabling the public to obtain their butchers' meat at 30 PER CENT LOWER prices than they were forced to pay until the Company commenced business a year ago, and they now only ask for RECIPROCITY.

THE CHOICEST BEEF, MUTTON, PORK, VEAL, &c.,  
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