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ILLUSTRATED

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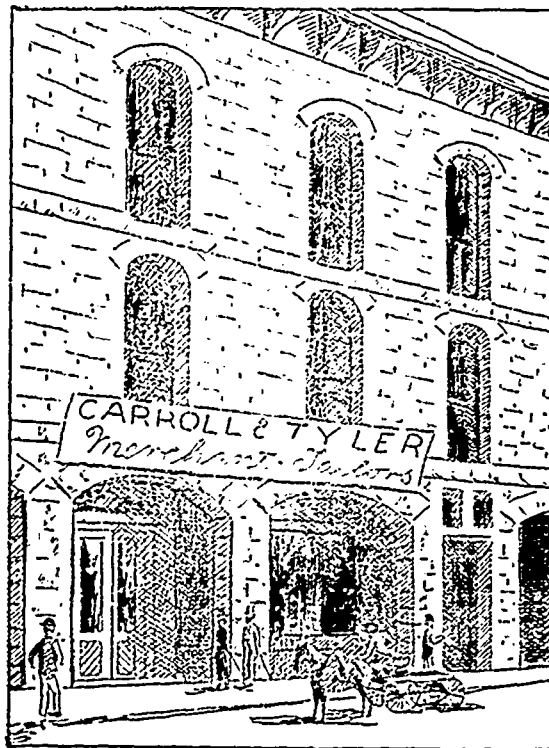
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THE PRAIRIE

ILLUSTRATED

Vol. 1. No. 13.

CALGARY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1901.

Price 10c.



SIR JOHN—Don't be led astray, my boy.
YOUNG CANADA—No fear, Sir John.

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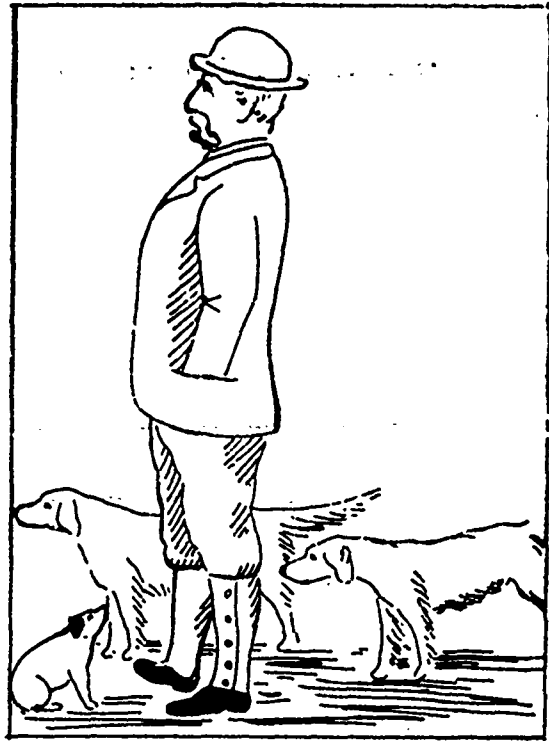
W. H. CUSHING, Proprietor.

The Air Ship a Failure!

The Mount Carmel air-ship, invented by a man named Pennington, has turned out a prodigious failure. The fact was announced that the air-ship would fly from Mount Carmel to Chicago, but the inventor thought better of it, and it reached its destination on a freight train. Now the machine has been turned loose in a large building, where the public is charged 25 cents to go in and see this "air ship" float. In the centre of the room is an electric battery, from which a wire carrying the motor power extends to the ship, which floats slowly around at a height of about 25 feet above the heads of the spectators. The *Chicago Times* says the machine looks like an exaggerated Bologna sausage, and it is evidently far from what it was claimed to be. In a wind, or even in a gentle breeze, it would be entirely unmanageable. The *Times* sums up the merits and demerits of the contrivance thus:

"It moved slowly and vaguely, like a catfish in search of refreshments. A score of spectators with wide-open mouths watched it. It was simply a toy about 30 feet in length and weighing about five pounds. It could be pulled to the floor by a piece of cotton yarn. It was a very one-horse fake. Barnum would grow tired of it in a week, and supply its place by a woman with whiskers."

OUR CARICATURES



THE gentleman whose manly form has been so accurately limned by our artist, is one of the best-known sportsmen in the Northwest. He, like the gentleman whose picture appeared in our columns last week, is a lover of dogs, and where he is seen there also are to be found his inseparable four-footed friends, Blarney, Norah and Miggles. He has a great affection for all of them, but I think little Miggles has the warmest corner in his heart. He is a keen sportsman and one of the best shots in the country. He is president of a Rod and Gun club, in which he takes the deepest interest.



That is a touching poem
Now several cycles old,
About the hairs of silver
That mingled with the gold.

But yet,—for royal splendour,
For wild barbaric strength,
For richness and for fullness,
For height and depth and length—

It can't with Mrs. Blank's remark
An instant brief compare,
When on her husband's silver head
She found a golden hair!

THE PRAIRIE.

(ILLUSTRATED)

WEEKLY JOURNAL OF INTEREST TO ALL.

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

SUBSCRIPTION :

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

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

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

ERNEST BEAUFORT, Manager.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1891.

POOOR Calgary ! Last year we had a mayor who worked like a horse in the interests of the town, who attended to his duties conscientiously and well. The ratepayers, for some reason best known to themselves, first of all present him with a large and influentially signed requisition, asking him to again run for the mayoralty. Then up comes general-office-seeker Reilly, and the electors put him into the mayor's chair, for some weirdly wonderful reason, which we don't believe they knew themselves. By-the-bye, referring to the *Herald's* article a few days' ago on Mr. Reilly's idiocyncrasy for applying for every position under the sun, that paper did not do Mr. Reilly the justice of mentioning that he did *not* apply for the billet of Calgary Court House keeper. In justice, this fact should have been made public. But to get back to the mayoralty. Mr. Reilly was elected, and since his election he has utterly neglected his duties, and if he can fasten M. P. to the end of his name on March 5th, Calgary will be without a mayor for just so long a time as Parliament sits. We must candidly admit, in the present instance, this is not much loss to the town. But, on principle, is it fair to the town? Is it fair that "Mayor" Reilly should run about the country carrying greetings from Calgary, which Calgary don't send, to other districts, which said districts don't want 'em, seeing how they are conveyed?— is it fair and honest to the electors who placed him where he is, that he should gallivant about the country attitudenizing and letting off oratorical fireworks, instead of attending to his duties at home? We think not.

THE CONSERVATIVE Association of Calgary, some short time back, by unanimous vote, selected Mr. D. W. Davis, as their candidate in the coming election. The Reillyites endeavored to sneer down this meeting, but it was a vain and futile attempt, and did more harm to their own candidate than to their opponent. Following up this action, the Liberal-Conservative Association, which was recently formed in Calgary, without reference to either of the candidates now seeking the favor of the electors, has also, by an almost unanimous vote, decided to support Mr. Davis in his campaign by every means in their power. Canada's Grand Old Friend has always recognized the value of the work, which can be accomplished by Young Canada, and we sincerely trust that this latest edition to the young men's political associations in Canada will make itself felt in the present fight. There is much they can do; there are many duties they can perform; their young, energetic brains will find a big field to show what they are worth. Mr. Reilly's friends at the meeting we refer to, numbered four—there may be a few more in the society, but we cannot say. One of his supporters did remark that there were others, but they had other business to attend to and couldn't come—a poor compliment to Mr. Reilly, truly.

MR. REILLY has been having a very poor time of it in his trip south during the past week. He has been everywhere most courteously received, and his long theatrical harangues listened to with becoming patience—and then sent away empty. Poor Mr. Reilly, we honestly and truly feel very sorry for him, as we do for every man who so blindly prepares for himself such a humiliation, as will inevitably overtake this would-be M. P. in a couple of weeks' time. The same old cry comes from every place where Mr. Reilly speaks—"that gentleman gave us no good reasons why he should be returned to Parliament." In not one solitary case can we find that a genuine *bona fide* Reilly meeting was held, where Reilly got a rousing reception, where Reilly was enthusiastically received. No, he was generally listened to "with patience"; at the end of his remarks "he was applauded," as any public performer would be, at the end of his show, out of mere courtesy, even when the audience was a *paying* one, and in Mr. Reilly's shows there was nothing to pay, which made the audience more liberal in their applause to the Grit-Liberal-Conservative performer, who, to use a music hall expression, we might refer to as the quick-change artist.

MR. REILLY'S ORGAN

We have before us a copy of Mr. Reilly's Organ *Political News*, Vol. 1, No. 1, which starts with an absolute falsehood, as follows:

"The reason we have been compelled to resort to this manner of publication is, that with the whole of the subsidized press of Calgary against our candidate, we have no other method of proclaiming to the electors of Alberta district the few facts we have endeavored to demonstrate herein," etc.

Now, as regards ourselves, we have not been subsidized one cent, and we defy Mr. Reilly or his friends to prove to the contrary. The *Prairie Illustrated* supports Mr. D. W. Davis from principle, extraordinary as this statement may appear to Mr. Reilly and some of his friends. As regards the *Tribune*, surely the Reillyites do not wish to suggest for a moment that this paper is subsidized by either the Government or Mr. Davis; then, as regards the *Herald*, Mr. Reilly's card to the electors has always occupied a prominent place on the front page of that paper.

The first article is entitled "A Live Man Wanted," but there is not one line to show that James Reilly is that "live" man; the article says the electors should send "a man capable of advising with the ministers of the crown on Territorial questions." Mr. Reilly has shown over and over again his absolute inability to be consistent; this is not a broad statement; it is a fact known to every man and woman in Alberta who knows Mr. Reilly; is this a man who ministers would have any confidence in, who they would care to "advise" with? Then again they want "a man conversant with the system of Provincial governments in the east." What on earth does Mr. Reilly know more than any other layman on the subject? Does his organ tell us what experience he has had? No, it does not. And if he had any experience, they would have taken good care to let the electors know it. Another article, "The Railway Bills," would probably not have been written had the writer been aware that Macleod has been assured that the town will have a railway this year, not within a few miles, but through the town itself, and that since this assurance has been given, the *Macleod Gazette*, which up to that time had held its peace, now comes out strongly for Davis, and that the people of that district are solid for him. Another article asks the electors to send Reilly to Ottawa because he will not "keep stupid silence." If he could be persuaded to do that he might not do much harm; but he will make the air blue with senseless egotistical harangues, so that instead of Responsible government, we should receive

an immediate grant for an asylum for Irresponsible lunatics. But, thank goodness, Mr. Reilly will have no opportunity of obtaining this grant for us. Another article completely upsets the theory of a certain gentleman in Calgary being the father of the N. P. We now learn, for the first time, that it is Mr. James Reilly who enjoys that distinction. Heavens! what next will Mr. Reilly take credit to himself for? To show the estimation which Mr. Reilly's friends hold him in, we quote the following expressions, which, though used to belittle his opponent, speak mightily little for what they think of their own man:

"Let the electors, therefore, on the 5th of March, record their votes for James Reilly, who, if not the best man in Alberta for the place, is," etc.;

The electors will benefit

"by sending Mr. James Reilly (to Ottawa), who will at least not keep golden silence";

"There may be better men in Alberta than Mr. Reilly," etc.

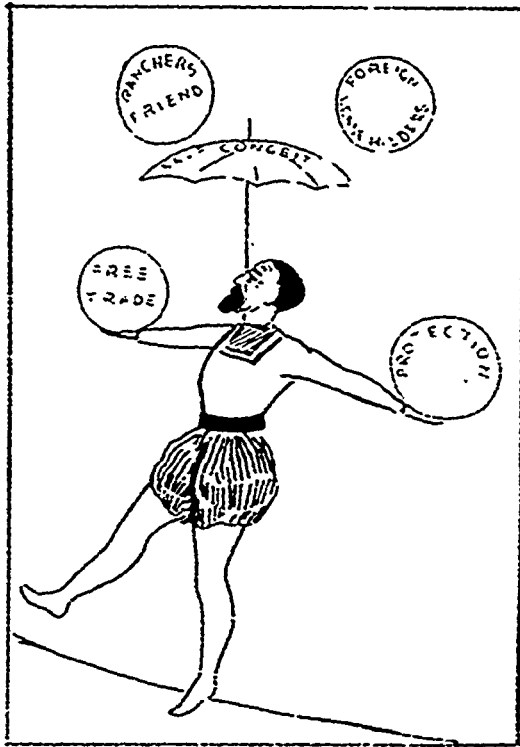
Surely such expressions from his own friends would be enough to damn any man.

Several extremely mean references are made to Mr. Davis' connection with I. G. Baker & Co., insinuating that he has used his position as a public man to fill his pockets. Will it be news to this irresponsible scribbler in "Political News" to learn that since Mr. Davis has been in Parliament the I. G. Baker contracts have been fewer and less valuable than during any period in the history of the firm. And yet the very virtuous agents of this very virtuous candidate will publish this lie broadcast, knowing it to be a lie. Well, we have heard a lot about Mr. Reilly's paper, and now it has come it resembles the man whose cause it has come to champion, for it contains nothing but GAS! and precious poor gas at that.



AS OF OLD, Canada's veteran Chieftain, while willing and anxious to extend Canada's trade by every legitimate means, still warns young Canada against the danger of Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States, as being a certain road to political annexation. Our artist has shown Young Canada, in the cartoon, in an attitude which plainly shows that the teachings inculcated into him by the Grand Old Man have borne their fruit. There is no doubt that on March 5th the whole of Canada will exclaim with Young Canada, "No fear, Sir John."

The Celebrated Juggler



"Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and see the astounding performance of the wonderful juggler, Jimmie Riellyetto, who, while up in the clouds balancing himself on a rope, which, at the end of the performance, he will hang himself with, keeps a number of balls in the air at one time. Such a performance, considering the different characters of the balls, is simply marvellous, and must be seen to be believed. Then, while still in the clouds, he will put on a coat, which he will turn in the twinkling of an eye. This part of the programme is very dangerous to the performer, and spectators are requested not to mention the word "Rats" above a whisper. Then another wonderful feat, is the manner in which this tricky juggler swallows his own words. Although this part of the performance sounds rather hazardous, the audience need feel no alarm, and can keep their seats, as the performer has been doing this trick for years past, and can swallow his own words, or, in fact, anything the audience request him to, with the greatest ease. Walk UP, walk UP, ladies AND gentlemen, and see this marvellous entertainment which is now about to begin."

A little girl of six years old was asked, "Which do you like best, your cat or your doll?" The child thought some time before answering, and then whispered in the ear of the questioner, "I love my cat best, but please don't tell my doll."

Things we Should Like to Know

What Mr. Reilly's politics were in 1830?

What Mr. Reilly's politics were in 1885?

What Mr. Reilly's politics were in 1890?

What Mr. Reilly's politics are to-day?

If he has any, and if so, how many?

Whether the people of Alberta in other districts than Calgary have followed his "weathercock" conduct?

If so, whether they think him a fit man to represent them in Parliament?

How any man can call Mr. Sifton a Grit after his eulogistic remarks on Sir John at Mr. Reilly's meeting?

Is there any difference between Unrestricted Reciprocity and Annexation?

If any, what?

How Lethbridge, Macleod and Banff appreciate the *Tribune's* remarks on them?

How Calgary likes being without the services of "His worship the mayor"?

Whether the affairs of the town can be properly carried on in his absence?

Whether the council or the town miss him, any way?

Whether the people of Edmonton couldn't be persuaded to keep him for good, when he goes there?

What Mr. Reilly thinks of the solid miners' vote—for the other man?

Whether this cold snap will last much longer?



Be content with your lot—especially if it be a lot of money.

Three days of grace—those following a New Year's resolution.

What is the difference between one yard and two yards? A fence.

No one sees more of the seamy side of life than the poor dressmaker.

If time is money, the Scotch strikers have a deal of unproductive capital on their hands.

Politician—No, I cannot tell a lie.

Reporter—What do you do—write 'em?

A man who caught the minister kissing his wife the other day says that these clerical errors have got to stop.

"Jones, the coal merchant has sold out and gone

to sea." Is it possible? How he will cheat when he weighs the anchor."

What the long-suffering husband says to his chattering wife:

"I love thee still."

Czar: Where is my undershirt? Valet: At the blacksmith's, your imperial highness. A rivet was found loose this morning.

Ethel: Clara was out driving yesterday and the horse ran away with her. Maude: Well, I think the horse showed very poor taste.

Green: What excuse did your boy give for attaching a tin can to my dog? White: He said he did it to point a moral and adorn a tail!

"Yer a broth of a boy," said Maggie. And Pat replied, as he slyly put his arm around her waist, "O'd be better broth if I had a little mate."

Kind Uncle Jack: What kind of a doll do you want for a birthday present, Lucy?

Lucy (eagerly): Twins, please, uncle Jack.

She: The man I marry must be one of the nobility, and a man who rules. He: Oh, darling, you do not know I am a bookkeeper, and I often rule.

Grandpa: Well, Fred, you're an uncle now; you ought to be proud of it. Little Fred: No, I oughten to, I ain't no uncle. Grandpa: Why not? Little Fred: 'Cause I'm an aunt. The new baby's a girl.

Thin man, pushing himself into a 'bus full of stout people: This 'bus ought to charge by weight, I think.

Fat Female, indignantly: If it did, it would never have stopped to pick you up.

As She is Spoke: Butcher—Come, John, be lively now; break the bone in Mr. Williamson's chops, and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him.

John (briskly)—All right, sir: just as soon as I've sawed off Mr. Murphy's leg.

Amateur farmers do not know a great deal, perhaps, but what they do know they are sure of.

Old farmer: What do you feed your pigs on?

Amateur farmer: Corn.

Old farmer: In the ear?

Amateur farmer (in disgust): No; in the mouth.

A small child went to an afternoon party the other day. When she returned her parents asked her about it. She said, "During the afternoon one of the little girls fell through a chair. All the other girls laughed, but I didn't." "Well, but why did you not laugh?" "'Cause I was the girl that fell through."

Rather Mixed

In a country church the curate had to give out two notices, the first of which was about baptisms, and the latter had to do with a new hymn book. Owing to an accident he inverted the order, and gave out as follows:—"I am requested to give notice that the new hymn book will be used for the first time in this church on Sunday next, and I am also requested to draw attention to the delay which often takes place in bringing children to be baptised; they should be brought on the earliest day possible. This is particularly pressed on mothers who have young babes." "And for the information of those who have none," added the rector in gentle, kindly tones, and who being deaf, had not heard what had been previously said, "for the information of those who have none, I may state that if wished they can be obtained on application in the vestry immediately after service today. Limp ones 50 cents, with stiff backs \$1.00.

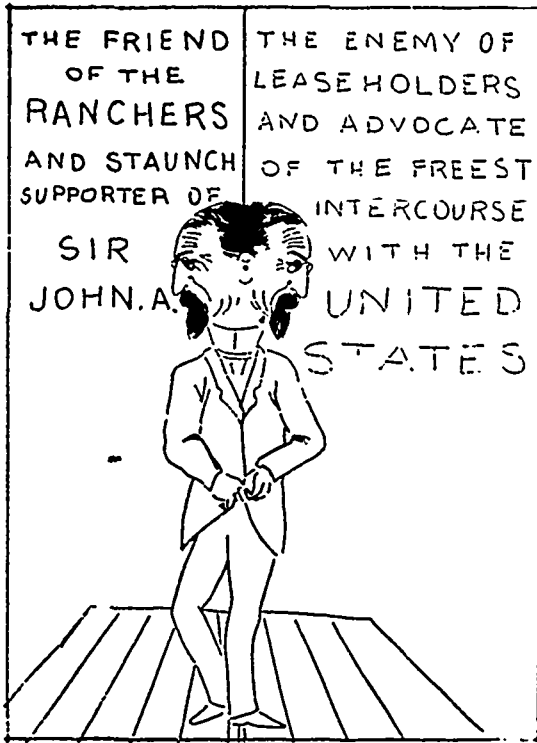


U. R. PORRIDGE.

MOTHER LAURIER—Now, my little man, why don't you eat up your porridge; it will do you lots of good.

MASTER CANADA—I don't like it, Mother Laurier, it's too gritty. I know it won't agree with me; I won't eat it.

The Double-Faced Politician



Our artist gives a capital sketch of a notorious double faced politician (?) who is now seeking the suffrages of electors in a certain district in this Canada of ours. The sketch most admirably portrays the bent of this gentleman's mind, and his constant endeavor to look two ways at the same time. What is meant by "freest intercourse with the United States," or, rather, what this two-headed political nightingale means, is well known to the people of the district he seeks to represent, and will be properly resented by them on March 5th, by sending this ambitious individual back to that obscurity he is so fitted to grace.

THE PRAIRIE

(Items Gleaned from Our Exchanges)

From the Lethbridge *News* we see that a general meeting of the shareholders of the Lethbridge Turf Association was held last week. The president, Mr. T. F. Kirkham, occupied the chair. The secretary reported that the number of shares sold by the directors is 239, amounting to \$4,780, out of which the first deposit of 10% on 185 shares has been paid up, leaving the 10% on 54 shares still unpaid. The amount of cash received by the secretary was \$360, while the expenditure amounted to \$196. The ¾ mile track is now graded and can be put in fit shape

for racing within two or three days' work. This track is acknowledged by experienced horsemen to be a first-class course, and when completed will be one of the best tracks in the west. The following are the names of the directors for the ensuing year: Messrs. G. Young, H. Harris, G. Tuttle, A. Keys, J. B. Bright, H. Bentley, G. Patrick, T. F. Kirkham, W. A. Galliher, F. Colpman. It is the intention of the Turf Association to as soon as possible fence in the race track and erect stables for horses. It is also their intention to hold a race meeting on May 25th, at which they expect some good racing stock to take part.

THE H. B. Co.'s Peace River packet arrived on Thursday at Edmonton, brought by D. Desjarlais. Winter was mild at Slave lake with some rain, which changed to cold and snowy weather before the mail left. The long continued mild weather of the fall caused a large number of the fish caught to spoil, and consequently some families have not enough, but they are catching fish through the ice.

MR. JOHN BROWN, a commissary officer of the C. & E. railway, recently purchased 15,000 bushels of oats from Norris & Carey, Edmonton, and a further consignment of 15,000 bushels was arranged for. Mr. Brown states that the Edmonton oats are superior to those of Manitoba. The price was 34 cents.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway, whose ruin was predicted a few years ago, gave employment last year to ten thousand Canadians and carried nine million eight hundred thousand tons of merchandise.

MR. COSTIGAN, Inland Revenue officer, has been on a visit to Battleford, to investigate a charge made by Fetcher, the alleged murderer, against one Prongua, of having an illicit still in his possession. The evidence was sufficient to convict Prongua, and he was fined \$700. He gave notice of appeal.

THE farmers of Ohio, at their State Agricultural Convention, two weeks ago, passed a resolution opposing any scheme of reciprocity that will bring greater competition in agricultural products and thus lower prices. Protection, they say, is what they want, to keep their own market for a ready sale of their own products at good prices. This is just as true with regard to Canada.

MR. J. G. TURRIFF has been foolish enough to enter the field against Hon. Mr. Dewdney. He will be elected—over the left.

THE German farmers in this country are very careful in their methods of farming, of which many instances could be given. Their plan is to leave the stubble, as many of our other farmers do, to catch

the snow in winter. Then in the spring they prepare as much land as possible in the morning, seed it in the afternoon, and roll it well. By this means the upturned soil is not given time to dry out, and whatever moisture is in the ground is kept there to give the seed an early start, instead of it having to wait for the first rains of spring.

At a Northwest Rights Association meeting at Lethbridge, a few evenings ago, one of the aspiring members, in a lofty and characteristic oratorical flight, moved that the monthly meetings be held fortnightly. This proposal was greeted with wild applause.

Shakespeare's Hamlet

(UP TO DATE)

Enter James Hamlet disguised as Reilly—



To be or not to be—that is the question :
Whether tis better to be returned to Ottawa
And have a seat in Parliament, or to sit quietly
down

And see my rival take the place I crave.

An M. P.—Senator—

Perchance the Premier!! giddy heights to which
my fancy soars.

And yet, why not, AM I NOT REILLY ?

Am I not capable, am I not anxious to show my
countrymen

What the Great Jim can do when he say "yea" ?
For who would bear the jeers and scorns of men,
The laughter of the Tories, the smirks of e'en the
Grits,

The pangs of crushed ambition, the long delay,
The insolence of office, and the everlasting gibes
Of newspapers and hated journalists, that

Cruel advantage of my verdure take,—
When he himself might his quietus make

By staying at the Royal and drinking soothing rye.

Up, Jimmy, up! this is no time
For sitting down and puzzling out philosophy.
No! to the platform, to the meeting and com-
mittee

Turn thy bold footsteps. Then, standing,
Flash that green meteor thou call'st thine eye,
And beaming through thy goggles on the crowd,
Tell them of all thou CAN'ST do, WILT do, MUST
dò,

Tell them thou'rt only waiting for a chance
To poke thy Johnny 'tween the ribs, so playful.
Jimmy, this thoughtfulness the audience needs
must melt,

And thou wilt find that to a man they'll sobbing
cry,

"We've heard of rodents they call 'RATS'
And now we know they live."



Exit, sorrowfully, James Hamlet.

TALKING JIM

(To be warbled to the tune of Rule Britannia)

When Reilly first at Heaven's command
Appeared upon this sinful plain,
These were the words that hailed his birth
And warning rang from main to main,

(CHORUS.)—Behold, now here comes "Talking Jim,"
Electors do not vote for him?

The towns that are not so much blessed
As Calgary, who owns him proudly (?)

Say that all things are for the best,
And being canvassed, answer loudly

(CHORUS.)—"Hello! why here comes 'Talking Jim,'
No thanks, we will not trust to him."

Still more conceited shall he rise,
More vain from every snub he gets—
The windy bullfrog still croaks on
And ever after office frets.

(CHORUS.)—Oh, poor, deluded "Talking Jim,"
Electors will not trust to him.

Thee, sage advice will never tame,
Any attempt to shut thee down
Does but arouse thy foolish pride,
Although one hears all over town.

(CHORUS.)—Oh, get thee home pray, "Talking Jim,"
Electors will have none of him.

To thee belongs the Royal Hotel,
To thee belongs the Mayor's chair,
Now, James, we pray thee stay at home,
It will be better we declare.

(CHORUS.)—Than, going 'round as "Talking Jim,"
Electors say, they're tired of him.

The Tories smile contemptuously,
The Grits, they shake their heads and grin,
The French Canadians silence keep ;
But all sects know he won't get in.

(CHORUS.)—Ha! ha! they laugh, its "Talking Jim,"
No thanks, we know too much of him.

Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar."

*Enter Mark Anthony, disguised as an Independent
Elector—*

Friends, Albertans, Countrymen, lend me your
ears;

I come to speak of Reilly and of Davis ;
The rubbish that men talk live after them,
That is to say, a day or two—in newspapers ;
So let it be with Reilly. The last few years
Have shown you Reilly is ambitious;
If that were all it were small blame to him,
But he is more, and that we all do know.
And grievously shall Reilly answer for it.
Here, under leave of our true Premier
(For John A. is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men),
Come I to speak for Davis.
He is your friend, faithful and just to you,
But Reilly says he has done nothing
For his country, and Reilly he talks trash;
He hath built railways, bridges, barracks,
Courthouse, and, indeed, time is too short
To tell you all that he hath done for Alta. :
Did this in Davis seem the fruits of silence ?
When grievances were brought to him to better,
He did his best to have them looked to and
redressed,

Silence would have sat down with folded hands;
Yet Reilly says he has done nothing,
And Reilly he talks trash.
You all do know that in his term of office
He had large sums expended on the improvement
Of the province of Alberta. Was this nothing ?
Yet Reilly says he has done nothing,
And Reilly, as we also know, talks trash.
I speak not to disprove what Reilly spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You trusted Davis once—not without cause ;
What cause withholds you then to vote for him
again ?

Oh, judgment thou art fled to aged bronchus,
And men have lost their reason, if they think to
give

To Reilly, votes belonging Davis.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts,
I am no orator, as Reilly is;
But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man
That loves to see fair play; and that they know
full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him :
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor rye,
Action (with eye glasses), nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
Show you what Davis *did*, what Reilly *didn't*,
And leave yourselves to judge between the right
man

And the wrong—the right being Davis
And the wrong the talking Reilly.

Mr. Reilly's Tactics

NATURALLY Mr. Reilly takes every opportunity to lessen the great opposition existing against him and his pretensions. The latest trick is to discredit the opposition of the *Prairie Illustrated*. At a meeting of his supporters on Thursday evening, in the Elite saloon, he endeavored to explain our opposition by saying that we had approached him and offered to sell the *Prairie Illustrated* at 50 cents on the dollar; and that he had refused and that we had been bought by somebody else. These statements of Mr. Reilly are contemptible lies. We NEVER offered to sell Mr. Reilly the paper at 50 cents on the dollar, consequently Mr. Reilly never refused; the paper has NOT been sold to anyone, the original promoters still being the proprietors, men whose honor neither Mr. Reilly nor any other man dare assail. What fate can a man, who sinks to such tricks as these, expect? Should Mr. Reilly wish, we have something more we can say, if necessary, to defend ourselves against his false accusations.

WE would offer our most sincere sympathy to our artist, Jack Innes, and Mrs. Innes, in the bereavement they have lately suffered, in the loss of their little boy, Percy; the little fellow endeared himself to all who knew him, by his sweet and sunny disposition. The parents have the sympathy of the whole town in their great grief.

THE LAWYER AND THE COMMISSIONER

THIS sounds rather like the commencement of one of Aesop's Fables, but it isn't—anyhow, the story is quite as amusing as anything that the writer ever gave to the world. It is very seldom that a lawyer goes in for a law-suit on his own account, but it has been left for Mr. Ede to step in, where most lawyers fear to tread—probably from their intimate know-

ledge of the glorious uncertainty of wordy warfare. Once upon a time Her Majesty's representative in Canada honored Calgary with a visit, and Mr. Ede, amongst others, proceeded to the depot to honor this representative by his presence, but, according to some people, he placed himself in a too prominent position and was "pushed back," as Commissioner Herchmer says, and "savagely assaulted," as Mr. Ede states. Then



"HIS HONOR"

Mr. Ede brings a civil action against the Commissioner for "assault, arrest and false imprisonment," which case being buried somewhere or other for about a year, burst forth in all its glory and importance before Judge Rouleau, on Tuesday morning. Mr. Ede was the first witness called, and took the floor of the house—lawyers apparently don't have to demean themselves by going into the witness-box. His evidence certainly led one to suppose that a most outrageous assault had been committed. We did not envy the plaintiff's half-hour in the hands of Mr. Davis, the defendant's counsel.



THE SHERIFF

After considerable pressing Mr. Ede admitted that he was a lawyer, which fact, however, did not seem in any way to prejudice the jury against him. The case might be called the history of diagrams, as nearly every witness drew wonderful hieroglyphics, with dots and crosses and strokes, on bits of paper, which were all understood to have some bearing on the case.



THE CLERK

Major Walker's diagram seemed to be the most popular, although the one we give below excited most interest. From Mr. Ede's evidence it appears that a bloody tragedy very nearly marred the festivities on that day, for the plaintiff stated that if he hadn't contained a grip over his temper, and if he had had anything in his hand he would have felt like braining the Commissioner.



THE DEFENDANT

witness) and the Governor-General." Mr. Ede must have a great memory, for he told the court that he could draw as good a diagram in 20 years hence, the scene having been so impressed on his mind, and we certainly do Mr. Ede the credit to say, we unhesitatingly believe this statement. Since listening to the evidence, we never leave the house without first making sure that our face is not "flushed," lest in any future law action we may have it might be brought up in evidence against us. Our artist gives a few prominent "heads" seen around the court during the trial.



A WITNESS

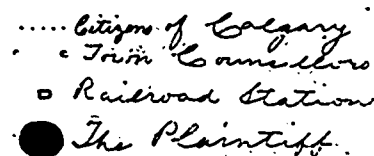


DEFT'S. COUNSEL



THE JUNIOR

We were not fortunate enough to obtain a sketch of the plaintiff, but were favored with a glance at a sketch made by the plaintiff himself, which gives a graphic description of the locale of this *cause celebre*. The following reproduction from the sketch referred to, will be at once recognized by all who were present on the occasion referred to. The like-



nesses show the relative prominence and importance of the various figures delineated, according to the artists own views. * * * Verdict for defendant.



(CONTINUED.)

"Then you are not the man?"

"I am not the man, I swear to you," said Henshall.

The singer reflected for a moment, and then said: "I do not see what harm it can do to tell you the truth in any case. Even if you are the man, nothing that I say would do any harm now. Who is the man?" she asked suddenly, fixing her eyes on his young fellow.

"He is an Italian man I reader whose real name is Leopardi. I know him to be a villain," replied Henshall at once.

"I only asked that to see if you would have an answer ready," Miss Dudley returned smiling roguishly again. "Well, I will tell you the whole thing: After her last solo Miss Neville was strangely agitated. She came to me trembling and said: 'There is a man whom I greatly fear, because, although I detest him, he has an influence over me which I cannot resist. From the way I felt while I was playing, I believe he was somewhere in the hall. I desire above all things to avoid meeting this man. My happiness in life may be destroyed if he should find where I am living. Will you not change dresses with me and wear my wrap? We are so nearly alike in figure that if you go out in these clothes and veil yourself well, he can easily mistake you for me and will follow you. I feel as if he would wait until he sees me come out.'

"She so impressed me," continued Miss Dudley, "that I consented. The man of the thing tickled my fancy too. Well, when I came out and you addressed me as Miss Neville and invited me into the coupe which you had engaged, I felt sure you were the man. I thought I was helping Miss Neville all the more by bringing you home with me. Then it was a satisfaction to show you how you had been fooled."

She laughed, and then said earnestly: "And you are not the man at all, then?"

"No I am not the man at all," replied Henshall. "You acted a friendly part. Now you can act a still friendlier one if you will help me to find this young woman. I believe she needs assistance and I shall gladly aid her."

Miss Dudley darted a keen glance at his handsome face as she answered: "I do not doubt it in the least. But I know nothing about Miss Neville more than I have told you. Still, when I see her I will tell her what you have said, and if you leave your address with me I will write to you what she says."

With this Henshall had to be content. He saw that the singer was sincere in what she said so far as he could judge. He went to Steinway Hall and got Heinrich Neuberger's address. It was on Third avenue, far up town.

He decided to call at Miss Hartman's on his way up to let Mrs. Smith know that he had seen her villainous husband. This would help to cement the alliance between them which he wished to inspire.

When he rang the bell he told the servant to give his card to Mrs. Smith. He penciled on it: "Come down for a moment. Do not say I am here."

He entered the parlor and waited. In a very short time Mrs. Smith presented herself. She seemed hurried, but glad to see him.

"You came at a very opportune time. I can trust you implicitly, can I not?" she asked, looking at him fixedly.

"Certainly, I want you to do so. I want your help and will give you mine. I saw your husband last night," he added.

"Read that and see what it means," said Mrs. Smith, drawing a letter from her pocket. "Do not be afraid to do so because it is directed to Miss Hartman. I have read it, and her eyes flashed, and I know he meant villainy by it."

Henshall hastily ran his eye over the letter. It was as follows:

MISS LENA HARTMAN: If Mr. Henry Henshall has any relations to you which would make his compromising another young woman of interest to you, a kick what we have to do with a girl who plays the violin in public and whose stage name is Louis Neville. He may deny that he knows her, but you are entitled to this warning from

A FRIEND.

Henshall raised his eyes interrogatively to Mrs. Smith.

"That note came this morning," she said excitedly. "The handwriting is disguised, but I know the character of Leopardi's Italian letters too well not to detect it. I took the liberty of opening it, thinking I had a right as his wife's sister bitterly. I do know what he would write to a young lady engaged to a young gentleman. When I read it I decided not to let Miss Hartman know anything about it and felt it was only fair to show it to you."

"It is only his devilish malice, perhaps," said Henshall, "or he hates me. But I do not know how he could have found out my name and my engagement to Miss Hartman."

He then told Mrs. Smith the history of yesterday. When he was through she exclaimed: "That man seems to me devilish at times. Keep this letter, at all events. It may come into play later."

When Henshall left her he went at once to Neuberger's. What was his astonishment when that gentleman said to him: "Miss Neville has accepted an engagement to appear in San Francisco with a manager named Rudolph Oppen. She started for there this morning."

"Beaten again!" said Henshall savagely to himself as he descended the stairs. "But I will find her if I have to follow her around the world."

CHAPTER VIII.—COLLISIONS AND COLLUSIONS.

BY NELL NELSON.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER VII.—BY INSPECTOR BYRNES.

Henshall called upon the singer, Miss Dudley, next day, and after convincing her that he is a friend of Miss Crawford, learns that she donned Miss Crawford's cloak and veil the

night before at the persecutor girl's request, in order to escape from Dr. Watson. Miss Dudley supposed that Henshall was the doctor and played her part well. She does not know at all Neville's (or Crawford's) address. Henshall called on Mrs. Smith at Lena Hartman's command, who shows him an anonymous letter sent to Lena, which she (Mrs. Smith) intercepted. It is in Dr. Watson's writing and warns Lena to beware of Henshall. The artist then visits Miss Crawford's manager and finds that she had left that morning to fill an engagement in San Francisco. He determines to follow her.



"Oh! how good this fire feels," said Miss Brown, as she rolled over on the soft Persian rug and presented her left shoulder to the open grate.

She lay with her elbows on the floor, her chin in her hands and her feet crossed, purring like some regenerated cat as she toasted herself a bright scarlet.

"Oh! how good it feels," she repeated, gazing into the glowing coals through the iron bars of the grate and recrossing her neatly shipp red feet. "The best fire that ever blazed. If I ever get a home of my own I'll have a grate in every room and a roaring fire in every grate nine months in the year. If there was no hinges in life but hot coffee, hot water and a hot fire it would still be worth living."

"Coffee is the best thing that ever went down a human throat; I know of no sensation to compare with a hot bath, which is a purification, a soace and a tenacious, while a grate fire, with a soft rug to lie on, is company, comfort and consolation. There's history in the burning coals and there must be inspiration, only I haven't brains enough to perceive it."

"The present lies in the white heat. There's that Doctor of Devils grinning at me; there's poor little Edna; there's the crazy painter, and leaning against the brick is Mr. Crawford, scarcely able to support himself."

"The embers of remembrance in their dying glow picture the past, and there's one fact that never fades. I see it in the ashes after the last spark goes out, and I shall see it in the coffin lid at my funeral and in my grave when I'm buried. God help her to forgive me! and, rolling over on her back, she clasped her hands and raised them in supplicating appeal above her burning face."

Just then the door of her room opened noiselessly and Dr. Watson, in slippers and lounge coat, entered and, taking a cigarette from his lips, stood for a moment watching her.

Not a sound was made nor a syllable uttered, but Miss Brown felt the presence of the hypnotist in an instant.

A shudder ran through her body, an excessive quivering agitated her lips. Her eyeballs moved convulsively, and quickly turning her face as close to the fire as the brass fender would permit, she said by way of recognition "It's you, is it?"

"You have said it, my dear Martha, and if you don't mind I'll finish my cigarette here. Damnation can have little terror for you, by the way."

TO BE CONTINUED)

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- 1—The words must be written plainly in ink, on one side of the paper only, and in alphabetical order.
 - 2—No letter can be used in a single word more times than it occurs in the text.
 - 3—The lists are to contain English and Anglicized words only. That is, all words in bold-faced type (not italicized) in the main part of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.
 - 4—Words Allowable—Compound words, one of the parts of any verb; prefixed words; proper nouns found in the dictionary, exclusive of geographical names and last names of persons, first, or English, Christian names found in bold face type of dictionary.
 - 5—Words not Allowable—Geographical names, scripture or historical proper names, nicknames; abbreviations; plurals, more than one part of a verb, surnames (last names of persons), slang terms, phrases, contractions, obsolete words and words in italics, indicating that they are not yet Anglicized. See distinction in Webster's between DEPOT and *debut*, *entree*, etc.
 - 6—Where two or more lists have the same number of words the one which reaches our office first will have the advantage.
 - 7—The name and address of competitor with number of words and date, must be written plainly on each list.
- The competition will close on April 17th, after which date no list will be accepted. Each list must be accompanied by \$1 for a three months trial trip of The Prairie Illustrated. Present subscribers can participate in the competition by enclosing 50 cents with their lists. A sample copy of The Prairie Illustrated, which is a journal of interest to everyone in the Northwest, can be obtained by applying to the office of the paper,

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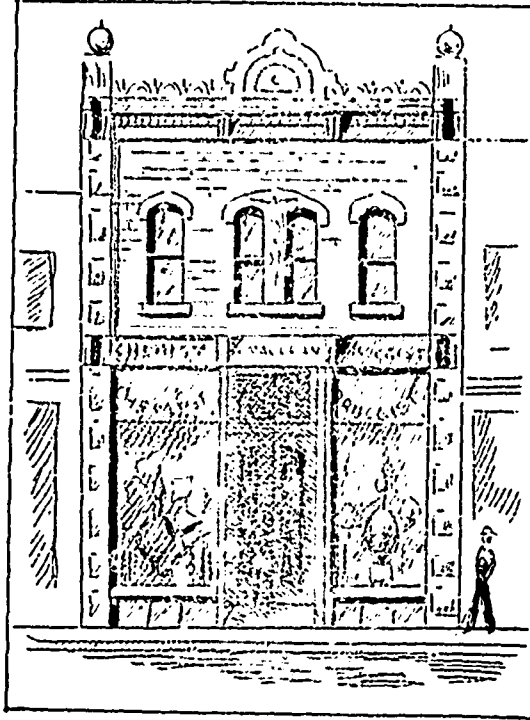
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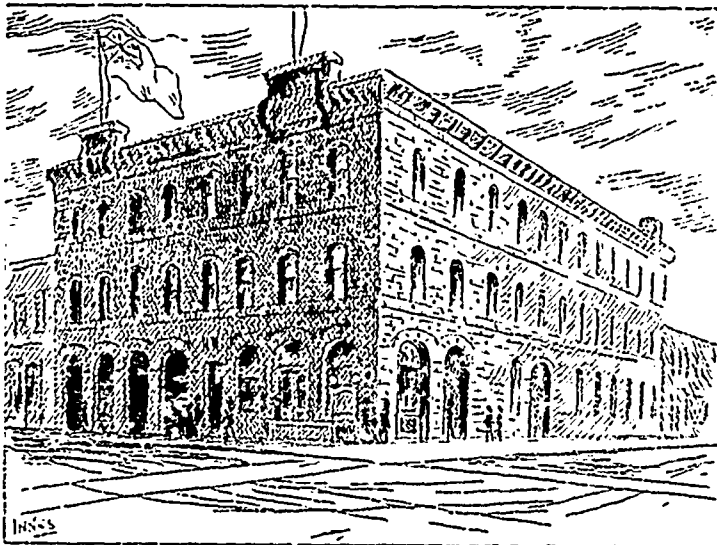
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