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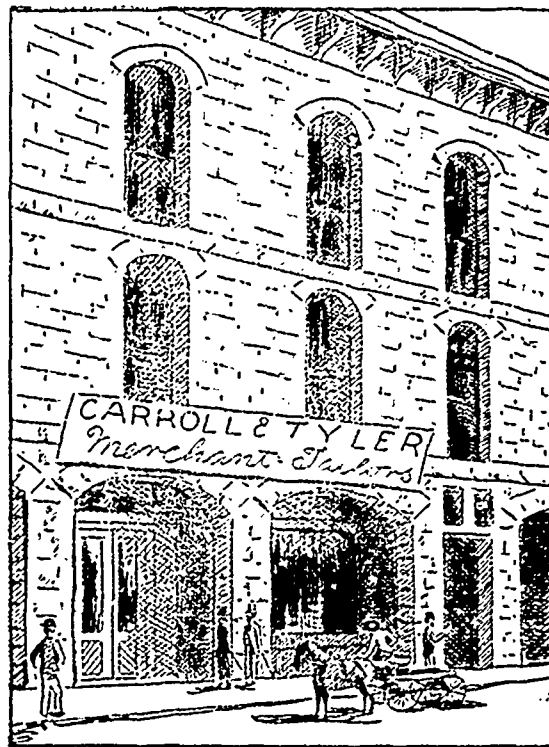
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THE PRAIRIE

ILLUSTRATED

Vol. I. No. 12.

CALGARY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1901.

Price 10c.



POLITICAL COON HUNT.

THE COON—Don't shoot, Davis! I'll come down.

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Everything guaranteed to be of
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ALL DESCRIPTION OF

DOORS, BLINDS, SASHES, MOULDINGS
Kept in Great Variety.

Turned and Scroll Work. Builders
Supplies kept in large quantities
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GOOD WORKMANSHIP.
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W. H. CUSHING, Proprietor.



I think that is enough water ; my wife raises Cain if I spill any on the floor.

OUR WIVES AT THE THEATRE

What They See There

"Was the play good, my dear?" asked Mr. Greylock, the other night, after his wife had come home from the theatre, where she had been with some friends.

"Good?" cried little Mrs. Greylock, enthusiastically, "it was grand, Mortimer! It was a lovely play—and the dresses! In the first act she wore one of the most bewilderingly beautiful things I ever saw in all my life—a pale apple-green skirt, brocaded in the sweetest shade of pink, with a perfectly magnificent train of—"

"Was her acting good?"

"—heavy silver brocade without a particle of trimming on it, but the waist was trimmed all over with something I could not make out, although I strained my eyes trying to, all the time she was on the stage. It was an evening dress, and when she first came on she had on—"

"But was she any good as an actress?"

"My dear, please don't interrupt—an opera cloak of soft pink plush, lined with apple-green satin, with the loveliest fringe, with seed pearls shining in it and—"

"But tell me about her acting."

"Then in the second act she wore the most magnificent bridal costume I ever laid eyes on—a heavy, shining, ivory satin, with the most immense Court train, and yards and yards of the loveliest Brussels lace.

"But the play, my dear, I—"

"And the sleeves of the dress were of the same lace, and they hung clear to the ground, away from the arm, you know. I never saw anything like it before, and I can't begin to describe it to you, but it was perfectly—"

"You need not describe any more of it, my dear; I'd rather hear about—"

"Then in the next act she came on in the most exquisite thing—a lovely shade of rose-pink silk, made with a sweeping train over a petticoat of Turkish embroidery—oh, that embroidery was too sweet! It was in all sorts of soft, delicate tints, and at the bottom there was a rich fringe, fully half a yard wide, falling over a broad bed of silk plush, and she wore with the dress a—"

"Come, come, my dear, have done with the gowns and—"

"Yes, yes, I am done with the gowns, but I was going to tell you about her jewels. With the pink dress she wore a perfectly gorgeous diamond necklace, with a huge star pendant, while a glittering crescent shown in her hair and a spray of diamond leaves shown among the leaves at her corsage, and in her ears she had—"

"I don't care a scrap what she had in her ears—don't care much whether she had any ears or not. Can she act? That's what I'd like to know."

"Act? Of course she can act. I never saw a woman more self-possessed than she was before that great audience. She never sat down or rose awkwardly a single time, and I never saw anyone manage a train more gracefully than she managed hers; and in the fourth act her train was so immense. It was of the heaviest Lyons velvet, with a front of-netted silk so heavily jetted that it jingled when she walked, and she wore with it the heaviest and loveliest girdele of jet I ever saw, and she'd ostrich tips in her hair, and her arms were bare. She'd beautiful arms, too, and—"

"At least tell me what the play was."

"Diamonds on her wrists and on a velvet band around her throat—oh, the play, did you ask?"

"Yes, what was the play?"

"Why, it was—it was—now, let me see—what was the play? Strange, I remember seeing it on the—run down stairs and get my muff, dear, and you'll find a programme in it. I really don't remember just what the name of the play was."



THE HONEYMOON WANED.

SHE—Can't you put up your paper and talk, dear?
HE—All right, my love. Just wait till we get to the next tunnel.

THE PRAIRIE.

(ILLUSTRATED)

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF INTEREST TO ALL.

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

SUBSCRIPTION :

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

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

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

ERNEST BEAUFORT, Manager.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1891.

THE contest for the representation of Alberta in the Dominion Parliament has narrowed itself down to two candidates—Mr. D. W. Davis, the Government nominee, and the chosen candidate of the Calgary Conservative Association, and Mr. James Reilly, nominated by himself and the chosen candidate of himself, as far as the general public know. Mr. Reilly does not believe in requisitions, as he stated during the Calgary municipal elections, and we suppose Mr. Reilly was so encouraged at the result of coming out unsolicited, that he hopes for the same luck this time. But Mr. Reilly will probably find that running against the government and against the wishes of his own party is a very different matter. Mr. Reilly speaks of his political training, which is undoubtedly a very high qualification in a candidate, but we must plead ignorance as to where this political training was obtained. Was it during his term as schoolmaster? Was it while persuing the calling of architect and builder, or was it during his long tenure of the Royal Hotel? We pause for a reply.

WHAT on earth does Mr. Reilly mean by "foreign lease holding companies"? This is one of those beautifully vague, meaningless expressions, which, when taken hold of, scrutinized and thoughtfully examined, is reduced to ashes. Take away the gilt-edged language which envelopes the paragraph we refer to and there is nothing left. We will not ask Mr. Reilly to explain the whole passage, we will merely take one word. What does this candidate, in his address to the electors, mean when he uses the word "foreign"? Is it possible he does not

know himself? He cannot possibly be referring to Englishmen, because at a recent meeting of an English society in town, he spoke of them in the most glowing and complimentary terms, and as the men who were his chief patrons in the days gone by. Does he mean Irishmen or Scotchmen? we think not. Does he mean Frenchmen? we are sure he does not. Then who on earth does Mr. Reilly mean? Again we pause for a reply.

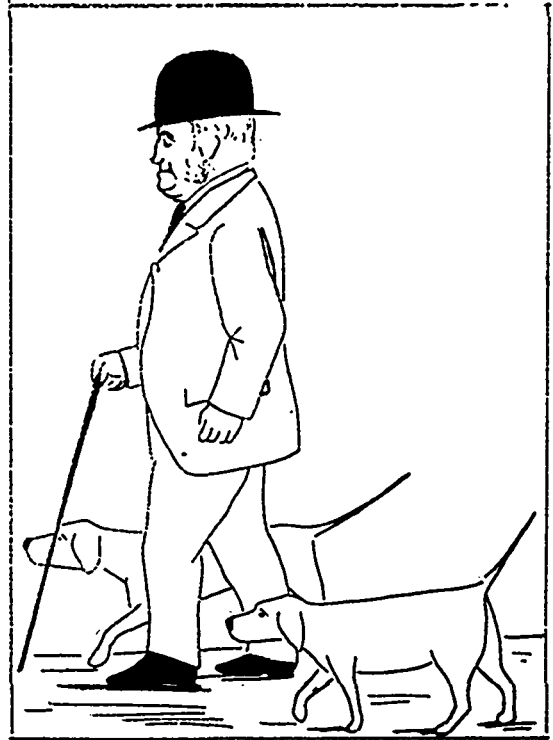
NATURALLY the *Tribune* is very much annoyed that the Grit party in Alberta has no man strong enough to fight Mr. Davis. We feel deeply for its annoyance, and regret the cause of it, as such a conflict would show that party how weak they are in Alberta. But if the *Tribune* is annoyed, it really should not introduce "swear words" into its otherwise very respectable columns. It doesn't look well, and might contaminate the minds of some of its Sunday School readers. Then again it is not a dignified way of referring to a large and influential section of the community, as "the two or three who style themselves the Conservative party of Calgary, and, indeed, of Alberta." The latter part of the sentence is of course a false assertion, but it is with the first part we wish to deal. Does the *Tribune* call Senator Loughheed, Col. Irvine, Major Stewart, Messrs. P. McCarthy, T. Stone, A. D. Braithwaite, T. N. Christie, J. L. Bowen, J. Livingstone, J. Maw, H. S. Cayley, M. L. A., and some 20 or 30 other prominent citizens of Calgary, who were present at Friday's meeting of the Conservative Association, "the two or three who style themselves the Conservative party of Calgary"? Rather a contemptuous way of referring to a party, which probably contains quite as much honesty, intelligence and wealth as the Grit party,

AN ATTEMPT has been made in certain quarters to make political capital out of the silence of the *Lethbridge Semi-Weekly News* on the elections. This exponent of the sentiments of the people of Lethbridge has spoken at last, and with no uncertain sound. The editorial on the subject says that Mr. Davis' "platform is comprehensive enough to satisfy the electors of Alberta, and ensure the reelection of Mr. Davis for another term." Further it says: "Mr. Reilly cannot be counted, under any circumstances, a strong man, and his defeat is a foregone conclusion." These are the sentiments of the people of Lethbridge, which knocks sky-high the idiotic assertions that that town is going solid for Mr. Reilly. The article in question concludes as follows:—"Our advice to the electors of Lethbridge

and Alberta is: Support Mr. Davis, and record your approval of the policy of the Government, which was declared by the Reform Mayor of Calgary, on the occasion of the opening of the C. & E. railroad, to be "Just the policy for Alberta."

OUR CARICATURES

DR. WILSON, who was spoken of as a probable runner in the Conservative interests, in the North, has withdrawn. It will be remembered that the doctor requested that the Conservative Association of Calgary be called together with a view of putting his claims forward, stating that if he were chosen by the Association he would run. As our readers are aware, the Association unanimously elected Mr. Davis to be their candidate, and on the result being communicated to Dr. Wilson, he most unselfishly and patriotically withdrew his name and intimated his intention of throwing all his influence with Mr. Davis. This action on the part of the doctor reduces the northern vote to a certainty for Mr. Davis. With a two-third vote in the Calgary district, an almost solid vote in the south, and a big vote north and along the C. P. R., what earthly chance does Mr. Reilly think he has of success? Monday's meeting of Mr. Reilly's supporters should certainly have opened the eyes of any man, however vain he might be.



"MAC."

FRONT PAGE

THE Electoral "Coon Hunt" is in full blast, and, as the public will acknowledge, the situation is aptly portrayed on our front page. The whole tone of the conflict up to date leans strongly in favor of Mr. Davis, the man who carries with him the confidence of the Prairie, Sir John and the rest of the patriotic Canadians. D. W. holds the gun, the electors will furnish powder and shot at the polls, and the coon must go.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Send back our own old candidate.

Patient: That medicine you gave me for my cold, cured me entirely.

Doctor (in surprise): Did it? I believe I'll try it myself. I can't get rid of mine.

WHO does not know the portly figure represented above, and his inseparable companions, his two dogs? He is a good Conservative, a government officer, and owns a coal mine. His chief features are a jolly laugh and an uncontrollable desire to hurra for Sir John. He is very fond of newspaper offices, and constantly "exchanges" greetings with the managers thereof.

The Wonderful Air Ship.

The great air ship, two hundred feet long, is said to be nearing completion at the shipyard, if we may so call it, at the American Mount Carmel. It is promised that in a few days this novel craft will be sailing through the air on its trial trip, which is planned to take in St. Louis, Chicago and New York. The ship is being built by a company which is reported to have a capital of \$5,000,000, which they propose to invest in the manufacture of ships for travelling in the air. Wonderful vistas are opened up to the imaginative mind by this new invention, travelling in which dust and smoke and heat and pitchings and run-offs will no longer vex, annoy, maim and kill. But practical persons will ask, What

advantage will air ships, or flying machines, serve? Certainly, to quote the words of another, scientists would be deeply interested in them; the rich might conceivably use them as luxurious playthings, adventurous cranks would play mad pranks with them, not "before high heaven," but in high heaven.



Father—Have I caught you kissing my daughter?
Mr. Bolboy—I hope not. I didn't intend you to.

If your hat blows off in the street, follow it placidly and with gentle dignity. Somebody else will chase it for you.

Mrs. B.: Here's an account of a man who loses his fortune and then his wife.

Mr. B.: Yes, there's a silver lining to every cloud.

Fond Mother: Are you better, my dear?

Little Effie: I dunno. Is the jelly all gone?

Fond Mother: Yes.

Little Effie: Well, I'm well enough to get up, then.

Some people profess to believe the advertisements are not read. Well; just advertise that you have found a purse or diamond ring, and you will want three policemen to keep the stairs from being blocked.

Quidnunc: Are you in mourning, Scribbler? I notice you always wear black, now; when you always used to wear light colors. Scribbler: Oh no, I'm not in mourning, but I bought one of these fountain pens a little while ago, and I find it cheaper to wear black.

Wife: Am I, then, never to have my own way?"

Husband: Certainly, my dove; when we are both agreed you can have your way, and when we differ I'll have mine.

Daughter: I have a scratching, burning feeling on my cheek.

Father: Tell him to shave more frequently."

An elderly lady of our acquaintance, having experienced the effects of a prosy sermon in a Scotch kirk, unfortunately fell asleep. The preacher, observing the fact, paused in his discourse, and in a loud voice addressed her thus:

"Woman, there is no preaching in Hell."

"Perhaps not," she retorted, "but, if so, it's not for want of meenisters."

She was put out, of course; but so was he.

THE PRAIRIE

(Items Gleaned from Our Exchanges)

THE first greenhouse in Macleod has just been erected by Mr. Copsey, a market gardener of that enterprising town.

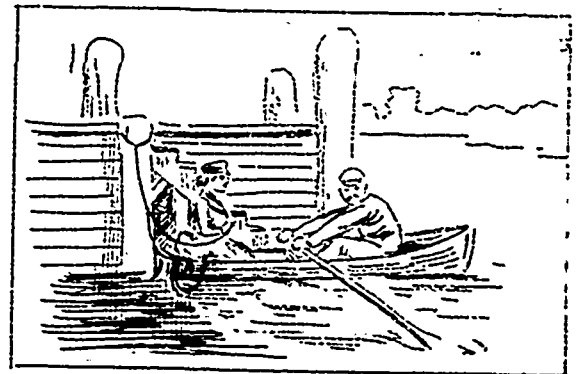
PRINCE Albert has had a cold snap, the glass falling to 50° below zero. Warmer weather has however again set in.

ALL parts of the country seem to have come in for the heavy fall of snow. Macleod had a severe storm, the snow falling to a depth of six inches on the level. Stockmen say it will benefit the country.

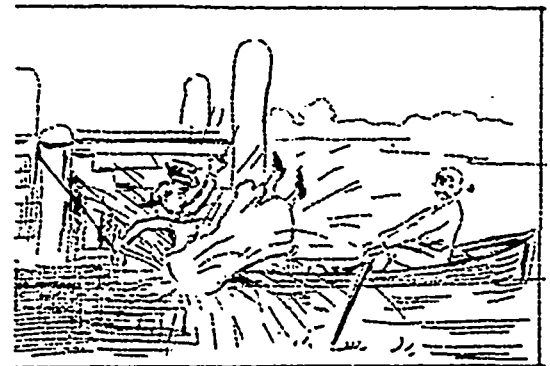
ANOTHER Farmer's Institute has just been organized, this time at Brandon. Mr. S. A. Bedford, manager of the Experimental farm, was elected president. When will the Calgary district organize one of these useful bodies?

AT a meeting of the Canadian Land and Investment Company, held in Montreal, James Ross was elected president, and H. S. Holt, secretary-treasurer. The company intends to enlarge their powers and operate largely in Winnipeg and the Northwest.

AT a meeting of the directors of the Lethbridge Electric Light and Waterworks Company the follow-



Go ahead, Jack; I've got the tiller rope fixed up.



But she hadn't.

ing permanent officers for the year were appointed : Mr. E. T. Galt, President ; Mr. C. F. P. Conybears, Vice-President ; Mr. C. C. McCaul, Sec'y.-Treas.

THE Minister of the Interior is very sensibly considering the question of supplying the Indians and half-breeds of the Peace river district with seed grain. Nothing could be more desirable. Every Indian should be self-supporting, if possible.

STOCK raisers in Medicine Hat are feeling good, and with some reason. The past four years have been A1 for stock and the loss has been practically *nil*. Cattle there are in splendid condition and even if a few weeks of severe weather came, they would pull through with little or no loss.

A MIDDLE-AGED eloping couple arrived at Regina from Bröckville. The romance, however, did not last long, as the male eloper, who was the possessor of a fascinating squint, was arrested for the larceny—not of the woman, but of certain goods, the property of the female eloper's husband. The course of true love, etc.

SENATOR PERLEY'S scheme for holding a Territorial exhibition at Regina is growing apace. Correspondence has been opened with all the agricultural societies in the Territories. Each society is asked to give \$100, and as there are 30 of these, this would total up to \$3000. The Government, Mr. Perley thinks, would donate another \$3000, which would amount to \$6000 for prize money. The idea is a good one and we hope to see it come to a head.

QUERY ?

A correspondent asks information with respect to the growth of alfalfa and other forage plants in the N. W. Territories. Any particulars from actual experience as to mode of cultivation and the duration of the growth of the plant, given through the medium of this paper, will be gladly accepted.

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.

MEN OF THE DAY



MR. JOHN LIVINGSTON.

THE subject of our sketch this week, Mr. John Livingston, is probably as well known, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as any newspaper man in Canada. He was almost cradled in journalism, having, when little more than a lad, commenced his career as joint editor of the *Colonial Presbyterian*, of St. John, N. B. Shortly after this he took a step up the ladder, and became assistant editor of the *St. John (N.B.) Morning News*. His next move was to establish the *St. John Telegraph*, as a tri-weekly, which increased so rapidly that in a few years it was turned into a daily, and is at the present moment one of the most widely circulated papers in Canada. Shortly after the *Telegraph* became a daily Mr. Livingston sold it, and retired for a time from the arena of newspaper work. He, however, soon returned to the profession for which, by his great ability and natural talents, he is suited, and started another newspaper in St. John, called the *St. John Watchman*, the existence of which was, however, put to an end in the great St. John fire. In this fire Mr. Livingston lost everything he had. In 1878 he was selected to edit the *St. John Daily Sun*, and later occupied the same important position on the *Montreal Daily Herald*. His next move was into the chair of the editor-in-chief of the *Toronto Empire*, when that paper was started as the organ of the Conservative party. This position is, beyond doubt,

the highest point which a newspaper man in Canada can reach. Unfortunately, after about 15 months connection with the *Empire*, his health broke down, owing to over work, and he came to Alberta to recruit. As manager and editor of the *Calgary Herald*, Mr. Livingston has done good work for the Territories, and his vigorous pen is never wanting, when anything of interest needs publicity. Owing to his close connection with the Conservative party and its leaders, his words carry great weight with them, and his powerful writing will be of great benefit to the Northwest Territories.

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

- No. 1—Col. Herchmer. *
- " 2—Lieut. Gov. Royal.
- " 3—The Hon. J. A. Loughheed, Q. C. *
- " 4—Nicholas Flood Davin, M. P.
- " 5—D. W. Davis, M. P.
- " 6—Dr. J. D. Lafferty.
- " 7—Mr. Jas. Reilly. *
- " 8—Dr. Brett, M. L. A. *
- " 9—Hugh Cayley, M. L. A.
- " 10—Hon. Justice Rouleau.
- " 11—Mr. T. B. Baker, Moose Jaw. *

* Out of print.



An Unfair Report.

To the Editor of *The Prairie*:

SIR,—Of course, as a layman, I advance my opinion as to the duty of a newspaper, with considerable diffidence. I have always understood that a report of a meeting should be a statement of bare facts, and should not be tainted with any party feeling whatsoever—the editorial columns being the proper place for that kind of thing. These remarks are called out by the thoroughly unfair report the *Tribune* gave of the meeting held by Mr. Reilly's supporters, on Monday last, at the Opera House. As one who was there, I can speak with authority, and beg to point out, in common fairness, several absolute mis-statements which the report contained.

Firstly—The report says "Mr. Reilly, on taking the platform, was greeted with applause." This is absolutely false—there was no applause. He did not say "that Mr. Davis had neglected his duty and been practically useless to the people of Alberta." As a matter of fact, all Mr. Reilly did was to invite Mr. Davis on to the platform, to give his reasons

why he should be returned to Parliament. Surely a very different thing! Then the unbiassed (?) reporter says: "Mr. Davis was then called upon, and also received applause from a portion of the audience." Yes, he certainly received applause "from a portion"—from about ninety-nine hundredths, I should say, but this is not what the *Tribune* reporter meant to imply. Of the flippant undignified report of Mr. Davis' remarks, I need only say it carries its own condemnation with it. Mr. Carney's speech was also most unfairly turned into ridicule, and Senator Loughheed's was similarly treated. If this is the opposition organ's behavior, without having a candidate in the field, to what extent of unfairness it would have sunk, had they a thorough Grit in the field, heavens only knows.

Yours, etc.,

OUTSIDER.

A GOOD STORY.

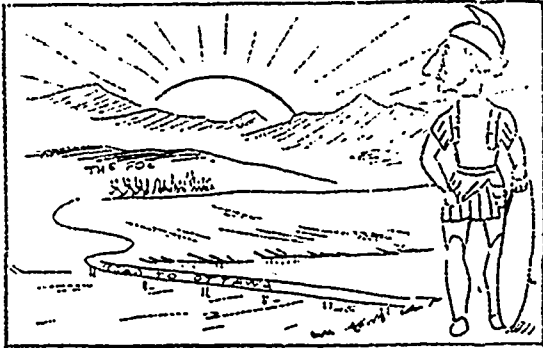
We cannot help telling a story, though somewhat against ourselves, but it is too rich to be held back. A well-known resident of Calgary was asked, shortly after the "*Prairie Illustrated*" was started, how he liked the paper. "Oh," replied the individual, "the paper's all right, but I can't say as how I quite approve of that there gal on the cover, a-kicking her heels and picking of tulips on the prairie." Out of consideration to this gentleman's sensitive organization we removed "the gal a-picking of tulips."



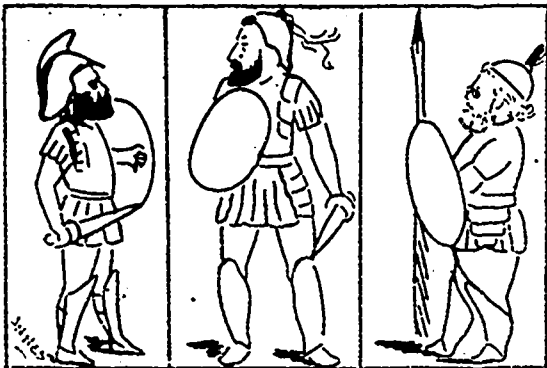
DAVISIUS I

(AFTER LORD MACAULAY)

But Sir John A's brow was smooth, and Sir John A's
speech was low,
He put his finger to his nose, and winked upon
the foe.
"The elections will be on us before the moon doth
wane,



And if our nominee's returned, 'twill be Alberta's
gain."
Then out spake bold Davisius, a Tory staunch and
true,
"The Government is always right, and so, Sir John,
are you.
The Grits are howling fiercely, with Jimmius to
the fore,
But whosœ'er the bridge would cross, must wade
there through my gore.
Jimmius to Ottawa would go, but that he shall not
do,
For 'ere the River Red he'll pass, I vow I'll eat my
shoe.
Hew down the bridge! Sir Premier, with all the
speed ye may,
I, with two more to help me, those Grits will surely
slay.
It only wants a little pluck be shown by two or three;
Now, who will stand on either hand and keep the
bridge with me?"



Then out spake brave Lougheedus, a Senator was he,

"Lo! I will stand at thy right hand and keep the
bridge with thee."
And out spake Livingstonius, a *Herald* bold was he,
"I will abide at thy left hand and keep the bridge
with thee."
"Davisius!" quoth the Grand Old Man, "as thou
sayest, so let it be,"
And straight against those gruesome Grits, went
forth the dauntless Three.
For Grittites in their quarrels, spare neither law nor
gold,
Nor smile, nor sneer, nor rye, nor beer, nor speeches
hot and cold.
Meanwhile, the Jimmius army, right beautiful to
see,
Came tripping jauntily along, chanting of victoree.
The Three stood 'calm and silent, and looked upon
their foes,
And a great shout of laughter from all the Grits arose.
And forth three Grits came smirking before that
deep array;
They talked and shouted, waved their hands, and
said they'd get their way.
Freezius, of green Cheeseius, lord of the Curling
Stone,
And Siftonus, whose hundred briefs wore judges to
the bone;
And Jimmius, of the Emerald Isle, and later of the
Royal,—
Since world began there surely yet was never such a
coil!



Livingstonius hurled down Freezius into the stream
beneath;
Lougheedus struck at Siftonus and clove him to the
teeth;
At Jimmius brave Davisius darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Hibernian, full of wind, must needs
then bite the dust.
But now no sound of laughter was heard among the
Grits,
In fact, some were discovered, giving each other fits.
"Twas your fault,"—"no, 'twas yours," was heard on
every side;
While Jimmius first tried to smile, and then sat
down and cried.

Alone, stood brave Davisius, but constant, as of yore,
Thrice thirty thousand Grits behind, and Ottawa
before.

"Down with him!" cried pale Jimmius, wiping his
tear-stained face,"

"Now yield, thee," cried the gruesome Grits, "give
Jimmius thy place!"

Round turned he, as not deeming those howling
Grits to see,

Nought spake he then to Freezius, to Sift'nus nought
said he.

He fancied he saw Ottawa, where stood his chief
—John A.,

Just stretching out a kindly hand to help him
through the fray,

And he spake to the hurrying zephyr, that carried
his words away:

"Oh, Father of Canadians! oh, Father of voters free!
Just look this way, and lend a hand to help thy
nominee."

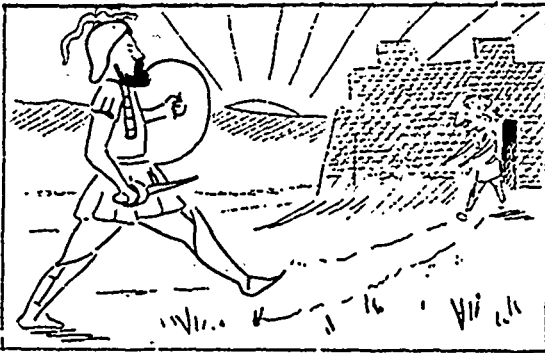
* * * * *

And now he feels the bottom, now on dry earth he
stands,

Now round him through the members to press his
honest hands;

And now with shouts and clapping (and noise of
weeping loud),

He enters into Parliament, borne by the eager
crowd.



"Davisius," then said old Sir John, "I love thee
more and more,

For such a gallant fight, I ween, was never seen
before."

THE immigration during the coming season is
expected to be very large, not only from Eastern
Canada, but from Europe. The number of enquiries
being made of the railway and steamship companies
are so numerous that Mr. Robt. Kerr, General Pas-
senger Agent, C. P. R., Winnipeg, has issued special
instructions to all station and ticket agents regarding
prepaid passages. Those parties who have friends
coming out this season would do well to call upon
their nearest agent, who will be in a position to book
passages at less cost than if the money were sent to
the Old Country.

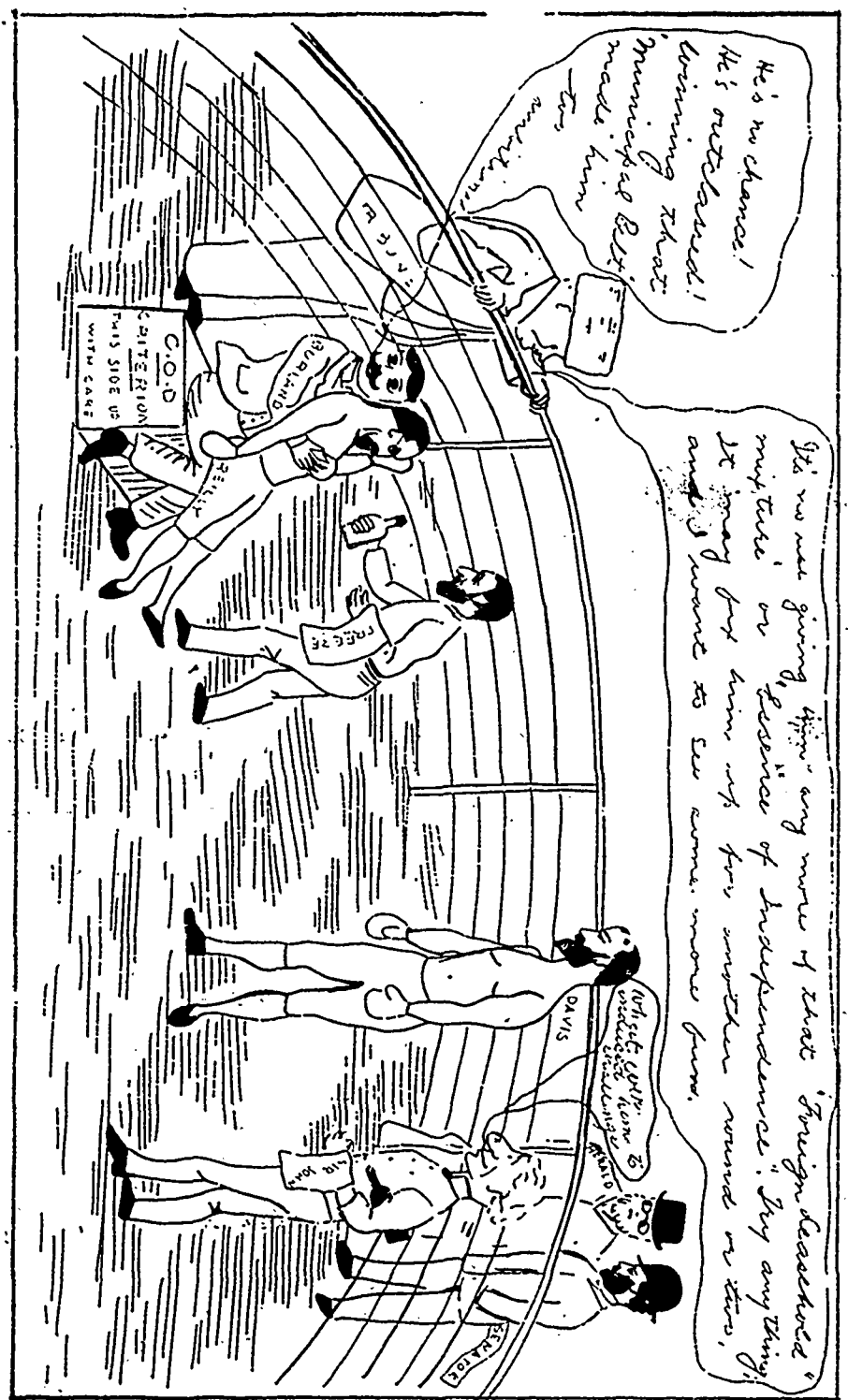


THERE was once an Old Woman who had a Dog, which she
loved with an exceeding Great Love. She one day went to
an Electoral Cupboard to get her Poor Dog some Votes, but,
much to her Disgust, she found another fellow, named Davis,
had been there before and Collared the Lot. This made her
Very Sad, and She and Her Dog went to their Royal Home
and Wept Bitterly.

The Great Prize Fight

ONCE upon a time there lived an Irish amateur
boxer, named Jimmy O'Raley, who thought no
small murphies of himself, and on the celebrated
fighter, J. L. Davis, coming up to his town, to the
amusement of all and the surprise of few, J. O'R.
issued a challenge against him "for blood." The
mat was arranged, and excitement waxed high, to
see how much of Jimmy would be swept up after the
fight. The day came, as all days must, if you wait
long enough for them, and a large crowd collected at
the ring-side, including all the leading sportsmen in
the district. J. L. stripped in good condition, and
looked cool and calm, as if certain of victory; Jimmy
O'Raley, on time being called, pranced around the
ring with a satisfied smirk on his face. On making
a lunge at his opponent, Jimmy gave an opening
which the former quickly took, hitting him badly on
his "settlers grievances." Next round he followed
this up by putting in his right and left clean between
his "Sarcee Reserve" and "Bridges." Amidst de-
risive cheers, O'Raley's side threw up the sponge, and
thus concluded one of the most laughable fights ever
witnessed.

THE PRAIRIE



The ASPERANT...I'd no idea he would have almost knocked me out so soon; I ought to have been content to remain an amateur. It serves me right.

HIS FLEETING IDEAL.



(CONTINUED.)

She agitated girl again and sweet some violent throes of feeling, but did not attempt to speak. The carriage bowed rapidly along over the pavements and soon drew up at the door of a large flat.

Henshall sprang out and rang the bell. The janitor opened the door, and then only did the fair maiden spring lightly from the coupe and run up the steps into the hall.

She turned, with her hand upon the door, removed her veil, and, with a moaning gasp, called out: "Thanks, awfully! Good night!"

The next instant he had closed the door in his face and was sitting upstairs. Henshall, with a muttered curse, turned, pall the chamberman, then, scowling, took down the number of the house and strode away.

The face he had seen was that of the young singer at Louise Neville's concert.

"They must have changed cloaks," he muttered to himself. Then, as he walked on, despite his chagrin, he had to laugh.

CHAPTER VII.—ONE THREAD BREAKS

BY INSPECTOR BYRNES.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER VI.—BY PAULINE HALL.

Under the name of "Louise Neville" Edna Crawford makes her debut. Henshall and Dr. Watson are eager spectators. After playing exquisitely for a few minutes she begins to feel the power of Dr. Watson's gaze and almost breaks down. Henshall suspects the reason, and appealing to the doctor's side threatens to expose him as Dr. Leopardi if he does not cease his persecution of the artist's ideal. The doctor leaves, the hall muttering threats of vengeance. After the concert Henshall waits to offer Miss Crawford his services as escort. When she appears he offers her the use of a cab which he has hired. She accepts, and upon their arriving at the destination Henshall finds to his dismay that he has escorted one of the concert singers, who was closely veiled and resembled Miss Crawford in figure.



HENSHALL did not know whether to laugh or to swear when he reflected on the way in which he had been played by the singer. He felt glad that he had made sure of her number. He meant to see her the next day and find out, if he could, where Edna Lewis was living.

The interest which he had felt in this girl, who represented to him so fully his ideal, was quickened ten-fold by the late occurrence. He had protected her from one whom he was convinced by many reasons she disliked and

who boded her no good. The glance that had shot from her eye as she darted off when he had freed her from Dr. Watson had spoken of gratitude. He laughed at himself for being tempted to think there was any other feeling in that glance.

"Yet I had only seen her once," he said to himself, as if to defend the absurd thought that she would feel any deep interest in him. "I saw her only once, and she has lived in my heart ever since. What a soul she must have to play as she did! What could have made that woman play me like that?"

"That woman" was not the fascinating Edna, but the singer who had decoyed him away from her.

He remembered that Edna at the concert had worn a white satin dress, and the singer had worn a pink one. They must have changed gowns! And the long cloak he was sure was the same as that he had seen upon the young girl at the time he had come to her rescue and freed her from Dr. Watson.

He recalled the singular change which he had remarked in her playing. He also remembered the strange note that he had turned his eyes from her directly upon Dr. Watson.

The thought that he and the girl he was beginning to feel such an interest in could be swayed by a common sympathetic feeling was plain to him; and when he recalled that it was the odious doctor who had apparently swayed both of them by some occult magnetism he was indignant.

He could have endured it for her, but that he, a strong man, should be drawn like a piece of iron to the magnet by this fellow, whom he hated and whom he knew to be a villain, mortified him.

"It was only a chance-ed coincidence," he said angrily to himself.

The next morning he called at the house where he had seen the girl, and with the singer he had lost his programme of the concert and could not recall her name. But he trusted to his wit to find her.

A colored man answered his impatient ring at the bell.

"Is there a public singer living in this building?" Henshall asked.

"Yes sir; there's two—Mrs. Bucks and Miss Dudley."

"Where's the man who was on duty last night at 11 o'clock?" he inquired.

"He doesn't come on till 6 this evening," was the answer.

"Well, you can take me to Miss Dudley's," he said impatiently at a venture.

"The door or boy took him up to the third floor and pointed to the door on the left. That is Miss Dudley's," he said.

Henshall rang the bell. The door was opened after two or three minutes by a young woman whom he had never seen.

"Can I see Miss Dudley for a moment?" he asked.

"What do you want to see her for?" she asked.

"It is on a matter of private business," he replied.

"Well, I am Miss Dudley's companion, and if you tell me what you are or what the business is I can tell her. Otherwise she probably won't see you," she returned.

"I have to tell her something about the concert engagement she has made that is important," he answered, rather priding himself on his skill in wording the thing in that abstract way.

"All right," said the young woman, "I'll tell her," and she closed the door in Henshall's face while she went to deliver the message. In five minutes she came back and told him of her mission. She directed him to a front room, which the young man entered.

Before him seated in a chair was the singer!

She rose, and did not look particularly friendly or glad to see him. Advancing toward her, Henshall said: "Miss Dudley, I came to see you on a matter in which I am interested. Can you give me the address of Miss—" he hesitated and then continued, "Miss Louise Neville?"



"THEN YOU ARE NOT THE MAN!"

The lady's face was not at all encouraging as she replied: "I do not know it."

"Have you any objections to telling me why you and she exchanged dresses last night and why you led me on such a wild-goose chase?"

"The lady's eyes twinkled a little with merriment as she recalled the incident. Then she replied provokingly:

"Why, I thought the least I could do after your goodness in supplying me with a coupe to come home in was to allow you to accompany me—as far as the door. So you didn't mean to come with me at all," she went on ironically. "How mortifying!"

"Miss Dudley, I've no doubt it was very amusing to hoodwink me as you did. But you have not told me why you changed dresses with Miss Neville and wore her cloak."

"Why, you see she asked me to," said Miss Dudley, opening her eyes and looking very innocent.

"And why did she ask you to?" retorted Henshall, showing a little irritation. "I don't suppose it is a common thing for young women to sing or to take part in the same concert to change clothes with each other to go home in!"

Miss Dudley smiled again. Then, as if feeling that she had carried the matter far enough in this line, she said, decidedly, and with a serious countenance:

"I have told you all I have to say about the matter. If you wish to know more you will have to see Miss Neville herself and I do not really know her address. So I can be of no service to you, and I must beg you to excuse me now."

"Miss Dudley," said Henshall, softening his tone, "you would not have asked me as you have unless you were a friend to Miss Neville. Believe me, you would do her no harm by trusting me, as I am a—ahem!—a true friend to the young lady."

"I had the pleasure of rescuing her from a man who was annoying her with his attentions only last evening. I feel sure that it was the wish to escape him that led her to propose this extraordinary change of dress. Your being so nearly the same height and figure as Miss Neville made this an easy means of throwing him off the track. Am I not right?"

Miss Dudley's eyes had opened rather wide as he was speaking, and when he was through she exclaimed:

[TO BE CONTINUED]

CARD

FROM MR. D. W. DAVIS.

To the Electors of the Electoral District
of Alberta

GENTLEMEN:—Parliament having been dissolved and the general elections announced to take place on the fifth day of March next, you will be called upon to elect a representative for this District. I beg to again announce myself as a candidate for your suffrages.

When elected four years' ago as your representative, I pledged myself to a reasonable support of the present administration. This I rendered, conscious of the fact that in so doing I best served the interests and concerns of this important district. If again elected, I shall be pleased to support the platform just declared by Sir John A. Macdonald in regard to the important public measures now awaiting to be pronounced upon by the people of this Dominion.

During my last term of office, I exerted my efforts to the best of my ability in securing the expenditure of public funds and the concession of Government grants and subsidies for the promotion of public buildings, railways, works, and enterprises in this Electoral District. I feel justified in saying that these efforts have been promotive of satisfactory and material results to Alberta.

I might with pardonable pride point to the construction of the Calgary & Edmonton railway, which in the very near future will give railway communication between the widely separated northerly and southerly boundaries of this district. It is highly desirable that this railway should be so extended to the South as to permit of the vast resources of Alberta having an outlet by railway communication to the railway system of the United States. My efforts, if elected, shall be exerted to the promotion of this end.

I might also make passing reference to the extension of the Galt road to the International Boundary line and the connection there made with the great American systems of railway.

Other railway enterprises are now projected for this District, my support to which I shall be most pleased to give.

Had another session of the House intervened before the dissolution of Parliament large appropriations would have been placed in the estimates for

THE FAVORITE CANDIDATE



D. W. DAVIS

is undoubtedly the most popular candidate. His candidature is endorsed by the Government and by the Conservative Association of Calgary, and he is constantly in receipt of reports from all parts of the district, promising the most unanimous support. It is a foregone conclusion that Mr. Davis will be returned by a large majority.

the building of bridges and public buildings at various points of settlement throughout this district. This assurance I had from the Government during the last session of Parliament, and it shall be my duty at the next ensuing session to see that such grants are duly made and these public works proceeded with at an early day.

The question of creating Alberta into a Separate Province with full Provincial Rights of Government has recently engaged the public mind in this District. I am in harmony with this movement, and the carrying out of this important public measure will receive my support, when assured that the revenues to be provided for the maintenance of a Provincial Government and public service will be sufficient without having to resort to direct taxation.

My personal interests in this District being large, I am identified with every movement calculated to promote the progress and prosperity of Alberta.

I, therefore, gentlemen, have no hesitation in again soliciting your heartiest support and interest in electing me as your representative for the ensuing term for Alberta.

Believe me, Gentlemen of Alberta,

Your Faithful Servant,

D. W. DAVIS.

Feb. 4th 5t

Mr. Reilly's Address.

To the Electors of the District of Alberta:

GENTLEMEN.—The tidings of the dissolution of the Parliament of Canada has been received by the people of Alberta with surprise and disappointment. Surprise at the haste and urgency that entails an election here at an inauspicious season of the year, when there appeared no pressing issues upon the political horizon to justify a dissolution before the close of the constitutional term; disappointment because we were by authority of our constitutional conditions about to take a new census, which we felt assured would have given us a right to increased representation in the Canadian Parliament.

But, dissolution being now a fact, you will be called upon in a few days to elect a person worthy in your opinions of the honorable distinction of representing in a creditable way your wants and suffrages in the House of Commons, at Ottawa.

I have presumed some days ago to

announce my purpose to ask your confidence and support for this position, feeling that my past political training in the discussions that have arisen out of our Canadian political issues might enable me to obtain a sufficiently comprehensive knowledge of the ever-growing wants of our new country, and intelligently present them at the seat of Government, and urge their consideration and obtain redress where required.

I am a Conservative and supporter of that policy of Sir John Macdonald that has built up the financial credit of Canada above the line of the most favored of Colonial dependencies, and above the mark of many favored nations. But where Conservative policy or expediency clash in with the interests of Alberta, I will be ever found "staying" with the interests of the people of my district.

As I believe, a prudent and continued system of immigration, in order to settle up with a proper class of people, our beautiful and promising district to be an indisputable policy with us, I will consider it my duty, if elected, to urge upon the Government the propriety and justice of giving at once to Alberta, as it may be outlined geographically, a practical and workable form of Provincial Government, with the rightful constitutional subsidies, and financial means to provide for the expense of this immigration policy, as well as the other many wants connected with our early development.

On the question of railways, I would encourage independent lines, and advise every railway pointing South to at once link itself with the American lines, and will not fail to encourage the freest intercourse and trade between Canada and our neighbors, not inconsistent with the political ties which bind Canada to England.

In the matter of settlers' rights, settlers the country wants and must have, and as between foreign lease holding companies with unreasonable selfishness, and the desire of the poor man to locate and earn a livelihood and a home, the claims of the lease holder will have to give way.

With respect to the liquor question, there can scarce be two opinions. The people of the Northwest are intelligent and moral as any Canadian community and should be given the legal right to control and regulate this traffic.

The grievances at Banff must be considered as of more than local importance. Our National pleasure ground belongs to no party, but to the whole people. I consider the policy

governing that portion of the park allotted to commercial purposes has been disappointing, retrogressive and scandalous. To encourage improvement, embellishment and growth there must be given the complete ownership of freehold, both negotiable and transferable as elsewhere. The reverse of this policy has been the experience, and has resulted in justifiable denunciation of violated pledges given at the beginning. Some strong language upon the floor of the House of Commons may be necessary to mend matters in that quarter of our public domain.

In mines.—When a miner explores, prospects, and after heavy outlay, finds a valuable mine, and the Government proceeds to sell the property to the highest bidder, I hold that in all such cases the miner should be reimbursed the necessary outlay made in discovery.

Indian reserves.—The Sarcee reserve is a block and obstruction in the pathway of our surrounding development. Some suitable provision should be made for the removal of the few Indian families there to some of the more remote reserves.

The halfbreeds of this district have claims upon the government of this country, arising out of their blood relationship with the aborigines. All just claims of this nature should not be trifled with, or unduly postponed, but should be intelligently and justly considered and promptly settled. It is neither wisdom nor statesmanship to shuffle with questions of this kind, because these people happen to be poor and scattered, and without the agency or means of pressing their grievances upon the attention of those having power to deal with them.

The policy in regard to hay permits, and the right to utilize dead or fallen timber, should have a good deal of the red tape removed and be remodelled by a policy of common sense.

Rivers.—The liability of all mountain streams to become impassable and obstruct communication between our settlers, often preventing medical relief, involving life or death, demands that bridges be built by the government whose lands are being made valuable by the improvements of the pioneers.

It is the duty of a representative to go out among his constituents and learn their conditions and wants, and not leave these enquiries for election times only.

Gentlemen, in the wide field of public matters above outlined there is sufficient scope for the efforts of a representative. If from your knowledge of my character and independence you feel that I may be entrusted with the performance of these duties, in addition to the other matters that would naturally devolve upon an honest representative of your interests, and will give me your confidence and votes upon the day of election, I will do my best to prove worthy of that confidence and will endeavor to be an impartial representative of all portions of our District. I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,
JAMES REILLY.

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

- 1—The words must be written plainly in ink, on
one side of the paper only, and in alphabetical
order.
- 2—No letter can be used in a single word more
times that 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 Web-
ster'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; nick-
names; abbreviations; plurals; more than one
part of a verb; surnames (last names of per-
sons); slang terms; phrases; contractions;
obsolete words and words in italics, indicating
that they are not yet Anglicized. See distinc-
tion in Webster's between *DEPOT* and *debit*,
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 num-
ber 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 20 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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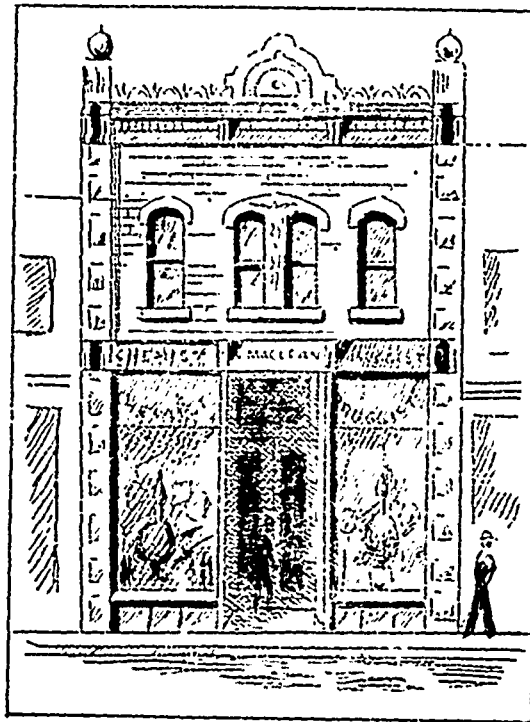
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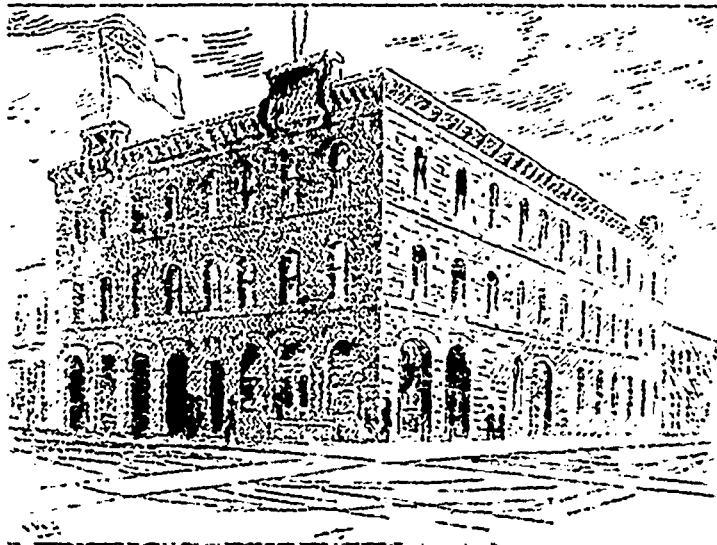
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