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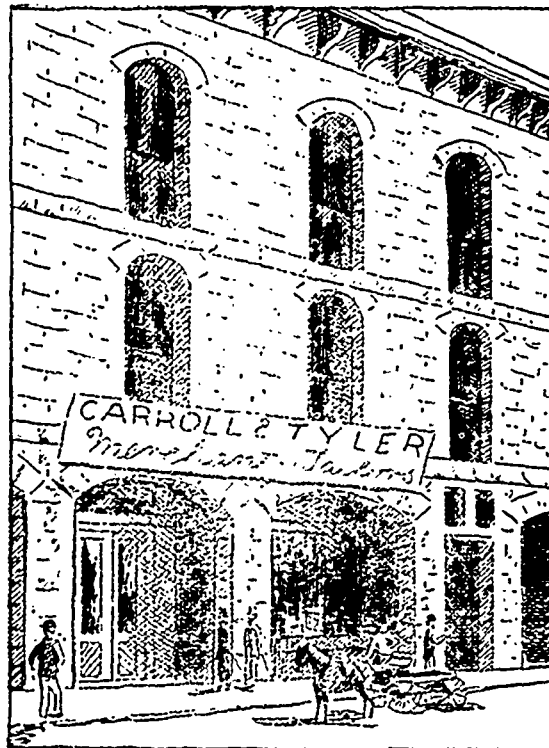
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# THE PRAIRIE

ILLUSTRATED

Vol. I No. 9.

CALGARY, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1891.

Price 10c.



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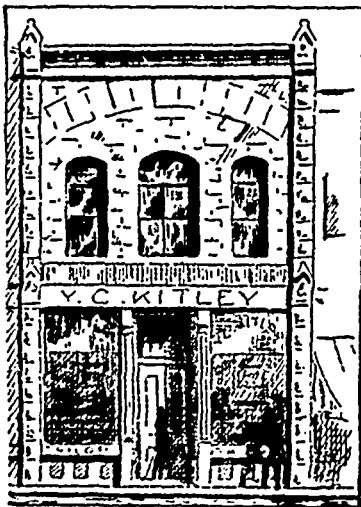
SIR RICHARD—I say! Laurier! this is a little sudden, eh?

LAURIER—Ah! Richard, Richard: are you not old enough to know that you can't tell what the weather or Sir John will do next?

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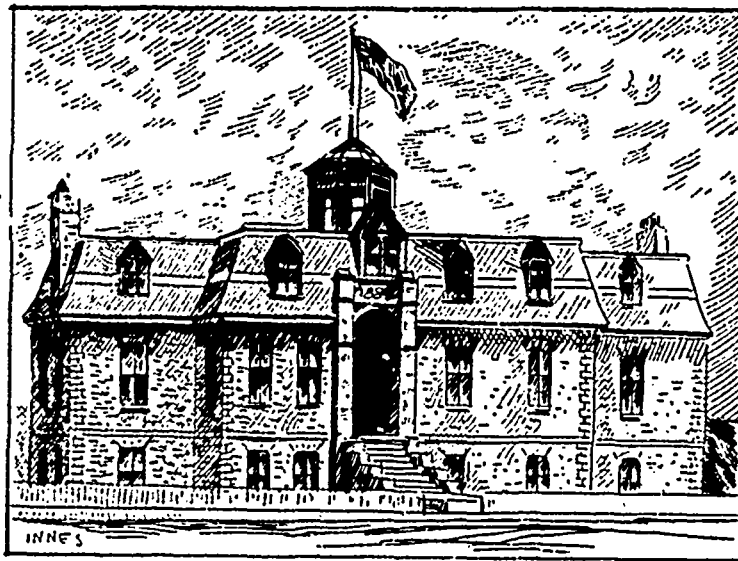
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MEDICINE HAT HOSPITAL.

THE annual report of the Board of Directors of the above-named admirable institution, was read to a big meeting of subscribers held at Medicine Hat last week. We feel sure it will interest our Calgary readers to learn how well this institution is progressing, especially as they are now contemplating something in the shape of a permanent building themselves. The hospital has cost in construction \$21,117.04, and of this all has been paid but \$2,560.61. The Dominion Government have given \$5000 and the C. P. R. \$1200; the Northwest Legislative Assembly have given \$500, and the Canadian Agricultural Company \$500. The building is now equipped with forty beds, the furnishing and equipping throughout, including a complete set of surgical instruments, having cost \$3,291.85, there being only a very small balance of this amount unpaid. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught furnished a ward each, at a cost of \$512. Mrs. Reid, of Montreal, also donated \$500 for the purpose of maintaining a room.

For the eleven months ending December 31st last, 124 patients had been received at a total cost of \$3,992.61.

The report shows the hospital to be in a flourishing condition, and reflects the greatest credit on the President of the Board of Directors, Mr. J. Niblock, on whom a great part of the work, both of construction and maintenance, has fallen. As most of the reading public in the Territories, in fact we might say, in Canada, are aware Mr. Niblock has worked untiringly for the welfare of the institution, in which he has taken so great an interest.

A FRIEND in Macleod sends the following poetical description of the evil results of gambling :

A gentleman, clothed in black,  
Was playing 'way up at "Black Jack,"  
But his Boss dropped in  
For a wee drop of gin—  
Recognized him,—and gave him the "sack."



# THE PRAIRIE.

(ILLUSTRATED)

**A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF INTEREST TO ALL.**

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

ERNEST BEAUFORT, Manager.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1891.

THE next session of Parliament is likely to be an interesting one to the Northwest Territories. The dual language question will again be introduced by D'Alton McCarthy. In his speech at the North Simcoe Conservative convention he said that he found for many years that French Canadians were gaining in influence and power in public affairs, not in keeping with their wealth or their numbers; that they had a policy antagonistic to the best interests of this country, and that it was their dream to re-organize Canada and make it a French nation. Manitoba had been forced to accept the dual language system and the proceedings and laws of the province had to be printed in both languages. The same state of affairs had been forced upon the people of the Northwest Territories. The people of Manitoba, acting within their provincial rights, had abolished dual language. At the next session he wanted his hands free, he said, so that if the Government should disallow this measure, as many suppose it will, he may raise his voice and move a want of confidence in Sir John Macdonald's ministry, even if he stood alone. The bill might not be disallowed, and for that reason others might move a want of confidence in the administration. If such were the case he should stand by the Government. He believed this was a matter fraught with vital consequences. It was, vitally a question of whether this was to be an English country or not. They could not do much in Quebec, but they could at least guard the interests of Manitoba and the Northwest. They could see that in this greatest and finest section of the Dominion there was not laid the foundation of a French nation. For that reason he desired to stand independent on the dual language question.

AN INSANE individual, signing himself "co-editor of the *New Westminster Truth*," whatever that may mean, his other name being Nicola C. Schou, which leaves his nationality rather vague, wrote recently a letter to an English paper, and, to use a vulgar phrase, "slangs our climate." In this production of an addled brain, he says: "I would certainly advise Englishmen to emigrate to British Columbia rather than to over-praised Manitoba or the Northwest. Disguise it how men may, the long and intensely cold winters of these provinces are trying to all Englishmen save those of robust constitutions, and as a result of this hundreds even of East Canadian settlers in Manitoba and Alberta ultimately come hither in preference, after a short and disappointing stay in the Northwest."

Really, the most polite construction that one can put on this remarkable expression of opinion, is that the man must be an idiot. As an idiot he is not responsible for his actions; if he were not an idiot we should feel inclined to use much stronger language. Alberta is getting too well known in Eastern Canada and Great Britain for the drivelling jealousy or criminal ignorance of any "co-editor" in the world to hurt us. The climate of the Northwest generally, from January to December, probably beats anything under the sun, not even excepting British Columbia.



THE fiat has gone forth! and the general elections, it is said, will shortly occupy the minds of the people of the N.W.T. Let 'er flicker! Many a time has Sir John trotted out his general election cyclone, and many a time has the Liberal party sought in vain to check its ravages upon their ranks. Whether after their years of experience they have found the means of nullifying the stupendous vote gathering force of his storms, is yet an open question. Our Familiar is rejoicing; things in the cartoon line were getting pretty scaly and the little chap had not much to work on; he now says Sir John is the best fellow in the world. Now, we don't agree with him there; but we will say that Sir John is the best friend our Territories ever had; in fact, if it had not been for his indomitable energy our present prosperity would not now exist. Of course, the proverbial "pinch of salt" comes in here, as many things in connection with our system of government in the Territories, in our estimation, need a decided change, and we fully believe that in the event of the present government

being sustained, these needs will receive fair recognition. On the one hand are men who endeavored to check the opening up of the Northwest, on the other is the friend of our young country, the man to whom it owes its being; and whilst we wish our members, whoever they may be, to make a firm stand on any question affecting the Territories, it is to be hoped that the votes of the people will be cast for the men who will support the general policy of Sir John A. Macdonald, the daddy of the West.



NO SOONER do we recover from the effects of our municipal elections that the air is full of rumors of the approaching Dominion elections. I am not sufficiently in Sir John's confidence to say how much truth there is in this rumor. The *Herald*, I see, knows all about it, and says that the elections are not coming off in March, as stated by a number of Eastern papers, both Conservative and Grit. Anyhow, when they do come the Northwest will play an important part in them. The first and most important matter is Responsible Government, and I think Northwest members will have to stand or fall by this. Then comes the dual language question, which D'Alton McCarthy is still pegging away at, and means to keep on pegging away. Then there are some who want Alberta turned into a province, with its own government.

ALREADY there are rumors of several gentlemen entering the field as candidates; amongst others I hear the names of Dr. Lafferty, Mayor Reilly, and a young Calgary citizen, who will stand in the working men's interests, whatever that may mean. It will be time enough to talk about the merits of the candidates when they publicly come out.

I HEAR that the Calgary amateurs are getting up a two-nights' entertainment in aid of the Calgary General Hospital. A right worthy object too, and I trust to see it well patronized. No pains are being spared to make the performance an artistic success. The public will receive full value for their money, besides supporting a deserving undertaking.

IT IS an ill wind that blows nobody any good. The Jacques jewel robbery will perhaps make people a little more careful in the future. Fancy leaving thousands of dollars worth of valuables and hundreds of dollars in cash in a miserable shack, without any guard!

LETHBRIDGE will soon be in the throes of its first civic election, having, as my readers are doubtless aware, been recently incorporated. The two candidates for the mayoralty are Messrs. Magrath and Stafford. Both men are very popular, I hear, and, whichever wins, Lethbridge will possess a good mayor. The *Newcastle of the Territories* deserves great credit for its push and enterprise. I see by the *News* that the town will shortly be lighted by electricity, and that before next winter it is expected that a system of waterworks will be constructed. Bravo, Lethbridge! another good advertisement for the Northwest. Since writing the above I see that the mayoralty election has been held and Magrath elected by acclamation. I suppose the other man retired.

I have had something on my mind to tell readers of *The Prairie*—what, no more room this week? Hang it! Well, look out next week for something spicy from

TATLER.



### Those Kodak Views

To the Editor of *The Prairie*:

SIR,—Your article on the above was distinctly a sell. Dozens of us were looking out with keen enjoyment to see our "phizes" in your bright little paper. I occasionally play Black Jack, but am not one of the put-your-bottom-dollar-and-boots-on kind, and the chance of seeing my photo with a "hit-it-light" expression on my face, filled me with exceeding great joy—and then to be sold. Ah! well, such is life. But Mr. Editor, if I was filled with joy, there were several others who were filled to overflowing with the other thing. One married gent was so nervous about it, that he got no sleep—he was frightened to go to sleep unless he might unconsciously talk about it, and then—but I will draw a curtain on the harrowing scene which would have taken place.

There was another gent so thirsting for someone's gore, yours, or the artist's, or the proprietors'—he didn't care which—that he had to be placed under control. Well, Mr. Editor, you've had your little joke, and the fascinating game still continues. Thanks for your tips, though I don't need them myself. If ever you do start a column for "Prominent Black Jack Players," please start with

Yours truly,  
BANKER.

[Banker's idea is not a bad one; anyway, if we do introduce this column, he shall certainly have first place.—ED.]



## MEN OF THE DAY

## TIPS AND TRIBES



MR. H. ST. Q. CAYLEY.

THE subject of our present sketch is a son of the late Hon. William Cayley, of Toronto, where the former was born in the year 1858. He was educated at Galt and U. C. College. He graduated at Toronto University in the year '81, with a first-class in Metaphysics. Mr. Cayley was for some years engaged in newspaper work, but now practices the profession of law in Calgary. He sat in the Northwest Council from July 14, 1886, until its dissolution, and was elected to the Legislative Assembly at the last general election.

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

- No. 1—Col. Herchner. \*
- " 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. \*

\* Out of print.

Raw onions are warranted to break up an engagement of no matter how long standing.

O'Flanagan—Kin yez jump across this pond, Moike? Rafferty—Begobs, I can in two jumps.

He who speaks before he thinks frequently has to do a lot of thinking afterwards.

Wood, 4000 years old, has been unearthed in Egypt. This must surely be a chestnut.

Whiskey, says a household guide, will take out fruit stains. It will also take out husbands at night.

It should be the aim of every man to leave enough money with which to set up his wife's second husband in business.

Ida—Where was it Charley proposed to you last summer? Eva—At a hop. "And you accepted him?" "Yes at a jump."

"So you called at Mr. Jones's about that little bill," said the merchant to the clerk. "Yes, sir." And what did you find out?" "Mr. Jones."

They have brought out a new form of marriage certificate in Chicago. It has a divorce coupon attached to it.

A Scotch minister was asked, in a droughty time, to pray for rain. "Weel a weel," he replied, "I'll pray for 't to please ye; but feint a dray ye'll get till the change o' the mune!"

Scene—A distant field. Personæ—First crow, second crow: First Crow (loquit)—I am thirsty. Second Crow—'Tis well. Let us fly to yon distant quarry. First Crow—What for? Second Crow—There is a crow-bar there.

A man, who pretended to have seen a ghost, was asked what the ghost said to him. "How should I understand," replied the narrator, "what he said? I am not skilled in any of the dead languages."

Brown: I see by the papers that the latest is a cat doctor. Now his patients have some show. Mrs. Brown: How is that, my dear? Brown; Because they have nine lives.

"My son is now studying in college." "How does he do?" "Very well, indeed. He is a very bright boy. He is the one who painted the Freshman's shoes green."

The man who knows all about it is bad enough, but he isn't a patch upon the man who knew all

about it beforehand, and tells you afterwards he told you so.

Joseph Gardiner, of Bourne Heath, Stourbridge, blew down a gun while his son held a candle to the nipple. Joseph will not blow down a gun again. He has gone to that happy hunting ground where the guns never get dirty.

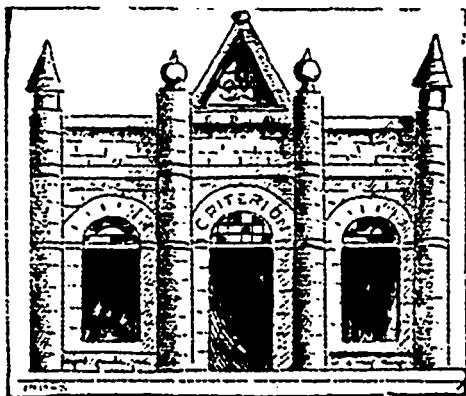
The town crier of Mallow took in charge a lost child, and proceeded to hunt up its parents. On being asked by a lady what was the matter, he replied, "Here's an orphan child, ma'am, and I'm trying to find its parents."

A captain of a rifle company, who shall be nameless, was, we regret to say, guilty of an unheard-of piece of barbarity the other day—the day, too, being one of the coldest we have had of late. He actually marched his men to the very brink of the canal, and then commanded them to "fall in."

Mother—Johnny, you said you'd been to Sunday-school. Johnny (with a far-away look)—Yes'm. Mother—How does it happen that your hands smell fishy? Johnny—I carried home the Sunday-school paper, an'—an' th' outside page is all about Jonah an' th' whale."

Sunday School Teacher—And now we have learned a good deal about young David, and the chief thing for you to remember is that he was such a manly boy; and I hope that you will all take pattern after him, and be manly boys. Now, last Sunday we studied about Job. Which one of you boys can tell me some difference between David and Job? Georgie Snoyl—I can, teacher. Sunday School Teacher—I am very glad; and now, tell the class, Georgie, what difference you think of. Georgie Snoyl—David was a manly boy and Job was a boily man.

**THE CRITERION SALOON**  
STEPHEN AVENUE



**PROPRIETORS:**  
**BURLAND & SAUNDERS.**

**WORD COMPETITIONS.**

IN THESE days when nearly every weekly periodical and a large number of daily papers are endeavoring to increase their circulation by the means of "word competitions," it behooves the said papers and periodicals to be most careful in the manner in which they carry out their competitions. The public patronize them most liberally for several reasons, the chief one being that they stand the chance of getting something of considerable value, for a small sum of money; it is not an uninteresting way of spending, at any rate, the winter evenings, and at the same time they obtain a more or less readable paper. But let the public once suspect there is anything approaching carelessness in the manner in which the competitions are decided, and they will have none of them. Here in Calgary we have heard of several cases of dissatisfaction with the last competition of the *Canadian Queen*, which has lately been giving very liberal prizes. The first case is that of a competitor who sent in over 1800 words, receiving a prize of no more value than another competitor received, who sent in only about 200. Now there can be no question that this is eminently unfair. A second case is that of a competitor who sent in over 2600 words, and who has so far received no prize. We trust that the *Canadian Queen* will clear up these matters to the satisfaction of the general public, as we believe they can. The Prairie Illustrated competition, particulars of which appear elsewhere, will be decided by a committee consisting of two well-known Calgary gentlemen.

**THE FARM**

THE *Canadian Gazette*, writing on the recent visit of the English delegates, says: We shall hear a good deal this winter of the impression formed by the British tenant farmer delegates during their tour of investigation in Canada. Already it is evident from sundry chats with one and another of the delegates, that they have seen much to astonish them in the fertility and development of the Dominion, and especially the Northwest. Col. Fane, for example, who has spent nearly two months travelling throughout Ontario and the Northwest, says he can no longer doubt that the Dominion offers great inducements for the British emigrant. At the same time he urges that discrimination is very necessary. The English farmer, what we in England call the gentleman farmer, would not, he thinks, be likely to do very well in the Northwest. It would be far better for

him to settle in Ontario, if he has capital enough. Land there costs money, and so he must have a good deal of capital to settle there; while the Ontario farmer would do far better in the Northwest. "The small English farmer, or the laborer who goes to the Northwest determined to work, cannot help make a living," adds the Colonel. During his visit Colonel Fane met a great many Englishmen who have emigrated and are now farming, and, what is better, he never heard anything but satisfaction expressed. "Many of them are doing very well, and all are contented." He intimated, however, that he had not found gentlemen's sons, as a rule, succeeding very well. They lacked the steadiness necessary to getting on.

THE Brandon Farmers' Institute met last week, when the subject for discussion was "The Best Method of Seeding." This was divided into six heads, as follows:—Selection of seed, the preparation of it, the quantity, the time of sowing, the depth to sow and the manner of sowing. Much valuable information was obtained, and we look forward to the time, when a Northwest Farmers' Institute shall be formed.

*Bradstreet's* report which appeared on Wednesday showed the available supply of wheat west of the Rockies decreased 730,000 bushels and east of the Rockies 849,000, a total of 1,579,000.

*Bradstreet's* states the stock of wheat in store on 10th Jan. at Canadian points as follows: Manitoba, 1,300,000; Fort William and Keewatin, 1,050,000; Winnipeg, 375,000; Toronto, 103,335; Kingston, 36,000, and Montreal, 243,526.

MESSRS. D. W. Davis, M. P., C. E. D. Wood and Dr. Kennedy, of Macleod, and Mr. J. B. Bright, C. E., of Lethbridge, are the promoters of a company for the purpose of constructing and maintaining an irrigation canal for Alberta. The enterprise will be watched with great interest, and if successful, doubtless other districts in the Territories will follow suit.

WE SEE from an exchange that John Murray, a well-known fruit grower of Spence's Bridge, shipped last fall 12,000 lbs. of tomatoes to Westminster, Vancouver and Calgary.

THE Liverpool (Eng.) Board of Trade returns show that no fewer than 190,852 persons left Liverpool for places out of Europe. Of this number 159,605 emigrated to the United States, 25,627 proceeding to British North America, and 27 to Australasia. These numbers show an average monthly departure of over 15,000, although this is a total which by no means represents the emigration from that port dur-

ing "the season." In the same way the band of emigrants leaving Liverpool during the past month was, comparatively speaking, a small one, 5,899 being the total registered. Of these no fewer than 5,279 were bound for the United States. So much for Canada's immigration policy.

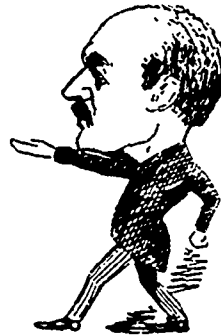
## THE ELECTIONS

PERHAPS no class of men, as a body, are more deeply moved by the announcement of an approaching election than newspaper proprietors, and this never more so than in the "dead" season, when news is difficult to glean, and topics of interest and those likely to raise controversy, are few and far between. An election, especially so important a one as the Dominion, and especially at a time when there are weighty matters at issue, changes all that. Then the newspaper man wakes up. Eulogistic articles for *his* candidates, scathing leaders on the *other fellow*, appear day by day. His coffers are swelled with election notices and "job work." All this brings joy and peace to his heart and dollars to his pocket, especially if *his* candidate gets in. When we first

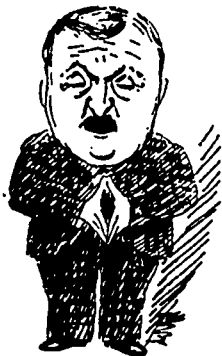
heard a rumor about the elections we sent our Familiar round in his invisible coat, to see how our journalistic friends would behave.

The *Leader* immediately began to rehearse an oration to its constituents, in which it points out the dire calamities that will result if Mr. D-v-n

and Sir John are not sustained. Then the Familiar airily alighted in the sanctum of the old Conservative war-horse of the *Herald* (Calgary), and found him striding about the room and muttering to himself, evidently pondering on cutting editorials for all who have a word to say against Canada's Grand Old Man. Then, with a hop, skip and jump, across the road, and the *Tribune* is



found, endeavoring to recollect what its politics are, anyhow, and seriously contemplating the advisability of importing Peter Mitchell, to create a third Party in the Territories. Some more of our literary friends would have appeared, only our Familiar says most of them were so buried in thought when he passed that he lacked time to dig them out and see what they looked like.



Our Familiar chuckles fiendishly at the thought of the coming fun, and hies him down to Ottawa to hear what Sir John has to say about the matter.

We see by the daily press that Sir John refuses to tell his followers anything, and absolutely declines to be interviewed by anyone; but our Familiar can get behind the scenes and next week we shall give the result of his interview.



**PRINCE ALBERT.**

(From Our Own Correspondent)

A MOST successful entertainment was given by the Amateur Dramatic Club on Wednesday evening. H. J. Byron's play, "Weak Woman," being presented to a small but appreciative audience. The play itself is not a remarkably good one, but, such as it was, it created much interest, all the parts being well sustained. Mrs. G. S. Davison, as Helen Gaythorne, and Mr. Barwell, as Fred Fanshawe, were especially good. Sergt. Mountain, as Doctor Fleming, made a decided hit, while Mrs. Norman and Mr. Strachan, as Mrs. Gunn and Capt. Ginger, fairly brought down the house in their love-making scene. Miss Drever, as Lilian Gaythorne, and Mr. Neely, as Arthur Medwyn, represented a pair of spoony lovers with very great effect. The scenery was remarkably good, the drawing room scene being especially artistic. Between the acts the band of the "F" division N. W. M. P. played some selections, and Mr. E. J. Cann presided at the piano. The proceeds of the play were devoted to the funds of St. Alban's church.

ONE of the sole topics [How about that for a bull?—ED.] of conversation here is the weather, which is indeed remarkable. It seems incredible that we have passed through the, usually, coldest month of the year, without any inconvenience as regards cold, we are almost tempted to think that the chinook, hearing of our favored position here, had forsaken its usual habitation and had become an immigrant to the Saskatchewan Valley.

CURLING is all the rage, though the mild weather has, to a certain extent, interfered with the thorough enjoyment of this sport. On Tuesday and Wednesday was a great match, Canada versus Old Country. The Old Country rinks were fearfully beaten, but it is no disgrace to be beaten by such men as composed the Canadian rinks, they being magnificent and scientific players. Married versus Single is now being played and terrific shouts are heard from the rink, and I must try and tear myself away from The Prairie to have a look at the game.

WE HAVE had two fires here lately, one at Judge McGuire's, and one at Captain Norman's, happily neither of them were very serious, but they have made people think of the possibilities that might arise in the case of serious fire. We pay a very high rate of insurance, and possess a very inadequate system of fire protection.

OUR new civic authorities have worked into the grooves of office, and are busy over legislation for the advancement and prosperity of the town; may their efforts be crowned with success, is the wish of

GRATIANO.

He (just introduced)—Perfectly charming night. I have seldom seen the stars look so bright. Are you fond of astronomy?

She—N-o. I have never studied it.

He—You dote on botany, I presume?

She—I never studied that either.

He—Do you like geology?

She—I don't know anything about it.

He—Ah! You are an enthusiast on one or more of the arts, no doubt—music, painting, sculpture, wood-carving, or repousee work?

She—I'm a perfect ignoramus.

He—Angelic creature, will you be my wife?

**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.



A large iron works at Weelock, near Sandbach, England, employing between three and four hundred workers, has been closed owing to the McKinley tariff. The men are now idle. Their employment was principally the making of iron hoops for cotton bales.

By a mere accident a family named Teale, living in New South Wales, learnt that they are the rightful heirs to a large property, which is at present in chancery. The value of the estate is said to be \$25,000,000 in cash, and property to the value of \$35,000,000.

An English society paper, called *Life*, states that "afternoon and evening baccarat parties have become common amusements with the ladies in respectable drawing-rooms." What's in a name after all? I suppose we shall have to define a "lady" as one who plays cards for money, and the term, "respectable drawing-room," will soon bear the same meaning as "gambling hell."

The New York correspondent of an English paper telegraphs:—A young Englishman named Wadsworth, of good family, has disappeared from Wallaceburg, Ontario, under suspicious circumstances. He arrived there a few weeks ago with \$3000, intending to buy a farm. He boarded with a farmer named Hardy. The son of Hardy, it is stated, explained Wadsworth's disappearance by saying that Wadsworth chloroformed him, robbed him of \$350, then disappeared to avoid arrest. Young Hardy, it is added, has now disappeared, and these facts have reminded people of the Benwell case.

A municipal councillor in St. Etienne, France, is awaiting his trial, charged with having strangled his mother, aged 80 years.

O'Donovan Rossa, Fenian, etc., is said to be going to Ireland to join Parnell's faction.

A bloodless duel was fought the other day on this side of the boundary, between Signors Barrachini and Phillipini, two prominent members of the Italian colony in Pittsburg.

A telephone is being fixed between London and Paris, and the work will soon be completed. The land wires have nearly all been fixed, and the sea cables will be laid about the present month, the weather being favorable.

## Jack, The Evangelist.

I was on the drive in eighty, working under Silver Jack,  
Which the same has gone to Joliet and ain't soon expected back;  
And we had a chap amongst us there by name of Robert Whaitte,  
Kind o' cute and glib and tonguey; guess he war a graduate.  
He could gab on any subject, from the Bible down to Hoyle;  
The words just flowed from Robert kind o' smooth and slick  
like oil.

He was what they call a Sceptic, and he loved to sit and weave  
Hifalutin words together, telling what he didn't believe.

One day while we were waiting for a flood to clear the ground,  
We sot a-smoking niggard-head and hearing Bob expound.  
"Hell," he said, "was humbug," and he showed as clear as day  
That the Bible was a fable, an' we 'lowed it looked that way.

Miracles and sick like was too thin for him to stand,  
As for him they call the Savior, he was just a common man  
"You're a liar," some one shouted, "and you've got to take that  
back;"

Then everybody started; 'twas the voice of Silver Jack.

An' he cracked his fists together, an' he shucked his coat an'  
cried—

"'Twas in that thar religion, boys, my mother lived and died;  
And although I haven't allus used the Lord exactly white,  
When I hear a chump abusin' him, he must eat his words, or  
fight."

Now this Bob he warn't no coward, and he answered bold and  
free—

"Stack your duds, and cut your capers; there ain't no flies on me."  
And they fought for twenty minutes, and the lads would hoot  
and cheer,

When Jack spit up a tooth or two, or Bob he lost an ear;  
Till at last Jack got Bob under, and slugged him once't or twice't,  
At which Bob confessed, endurin' quick, the divinity of Christ;  
And Jack kept reasoning with him, till the cuss began to yell;  
And 'lowed he'd been mistaken in his views concerning hell.

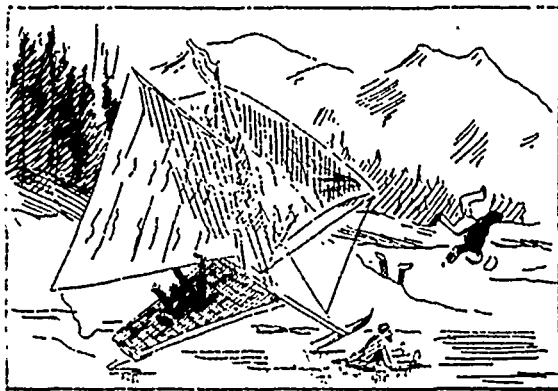
So the fierce discussion ended, and then riz up from the ground,  
An' someone brought a bottle out and kindly passed it round;  
And we drank to Bob's conversion in a quiet sort of way,  
And the spread of infidelity was checked in camp that day.



THE world of sport is very quiet these days, both  
in the Old Country and in America, skating and  
-ling being almost the only branches which can be  
followed comfortably. The winter in England has  
been so severe that football matches often have to  
be postponed. On the other hand, skate.s have not  
enjoyed such sport for years; from a letter recently  
received I learn that it has been in progress for six  
weeks.

I NOTICE that the athletes of Lethbridge have  
formed an Amateur Athletic Club. As far as can be  
gathered from the Lethbridge *News*, the idea seems  
at present to form a gymnasium, but it is highly  
probable that athletic sports will form part of their  
programme. Messrs. W. A. Gallagher and L. B.  
Latimer were appointed chairman and secretary, re-  
spectively, pro tem. An appeal is to be made to the  
citizens for subscriptions. I wish the club all pos-  
sible success. About twenty-five have already joined.

A CORRESPONDENT from the mountains sends me the following sketch of a party of ice-boaters who lately tempted fate on a windy day upon Devil's Lake. He says this is what occurred whilst he was



“going about” on a one minute gait; the passengers certainly seem to be “going about” considerably. The ice is magnificent this season and free from snow. The Prairie was kindly invited to go up for a week and take it in, but the staff decided that they don't want to die till after the general elections. However, they strongly urge their creditors to go at once and take advantage of this glorious winter to enjoy the exciting pastime of ice-boating.

THERE was but a very moderate attendance at Claxton's rink on Wednesday night, when a number of amateur races took place. The proceeds were kindly given by Mr. Claxton to the Calgary General Hospital. Amongst those present I noticed Mayor Reilly, and Mr. Rowe, chairman of the Hospital Board. That promising young skater, Ben Gouin, won three races out of four, viz., one-mile, potato race and hurdle race. Sergt. McNamara won the tilting at the ring.

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS, who defeated Dempsey in New Orleans, a short time ago, and of whom we give a sketch, was born in Helston, Cornwall, England, June 4, 1862, and is consequently about the same age as Dempsey. His first appearance in the ring was



when he won Jem Mace's middleweight tournament at Timarm, New Zealand, defeating five men. He was engaged in 16 other fights in Australasia and was victor in all. His longest fight was nine rounds, while he beat Professor West in two minutes. He arrived at San Francisco seven or eight months ago, and 14 days after his arrival knocked

out Billy McCarthy, at San Francisco, in nine rounds, and later defeated Arthur Upton in five rounds, at New Orleans. Fitzsimmons' usual fighting weight is 148 pounds.

DEMPSEY was born on the famous Curragh of Kildare, and is 28 years of age. He has been engaged in over fifty battles, and has only been once defeated, before meeting Fitzsimmons. He first stepped into the ring in '83, and has been hard at it ever since. The fight took place in the Olympic club, the amphitheatre being capable of seating over four thousand people.



ACCORDING to the *London Shooting Times*, a shocking fasting experiment has been tried on two dogs in Italy. At the start each weighed thirty-two and a half pounds. One dog died on the twentieth day, weighing only four pounds, when the other still weighed eighteen pounds. On the fortieth day, when the experiment terminated, his weight was fourteen and a half pounds. He had, however, during his fast, been allowed to drink sixteen and a half pounds of water, and when released from this experiment drank three pounds of soup and two of meat, without any accident, says the report.

These experiments are always repugnant to our ideas of humanity; still, to have the assurance that a dog can exist nearly twenty days when entirely deprived of nourishment, or forty if water is obtainable, which this decisive test of their endurance determines, would greatly relieve the mind of anyone when his favorite dog had got in some place where it might be days before it could be liberated.

SPRINTER.

## THE GAMBLING DENIS !

To the Editor of *The Prairie*:

SIR,—I would crave a small amount of space in your columns to give my views, as a visitor to the town, on the vexed question of gambling, which is so agitating the minds of the Calgary public at the present time. From actual experience I can say that during the few months I have been stopping here, gambling has been rampant in your town. I have seen men of 60 years of age and boys of 16 gambling night after night, and, I say this without fear of contradiction, that if not put down with a firm hand, it will surely bring desolation to many homes and ruin the town. It is not my province to point out where the blame lies, but be just and do not lay it all on the saloon-keeper. You, as a town, allow these saloons to exist by the dozen, you allow whiskey and other spirits to be sold in utter defiance of the law, and you therefore cannot be surprised if saloon-keepers break the laws in other respects, and expect to do it with impunity.

Yours, etc.,

VISITOR.



# MACLEAN'S DRUG STORE

## THE PIONEER DRUG

Store of Alberta is that which Albertans should patronize.

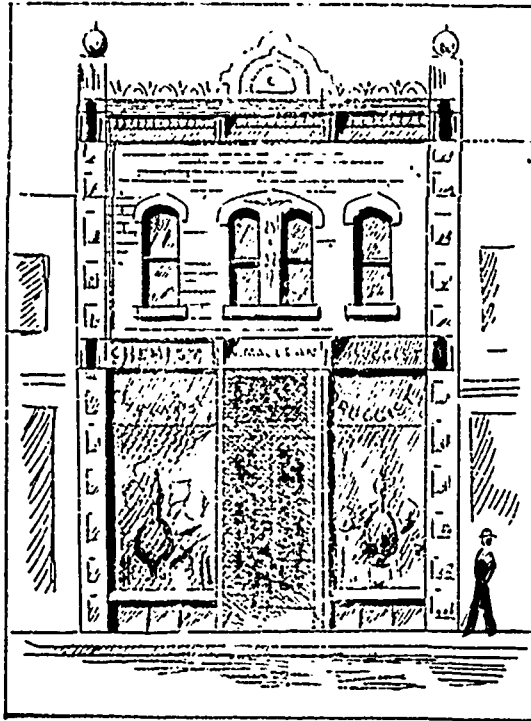
All the latest Drug known in the science of medicine, always in stock Purity guaranteed.

The making up of doctors' prescriptions a specialty.

A fine line of Perfumes, Toilet articles, etc., always in stock.

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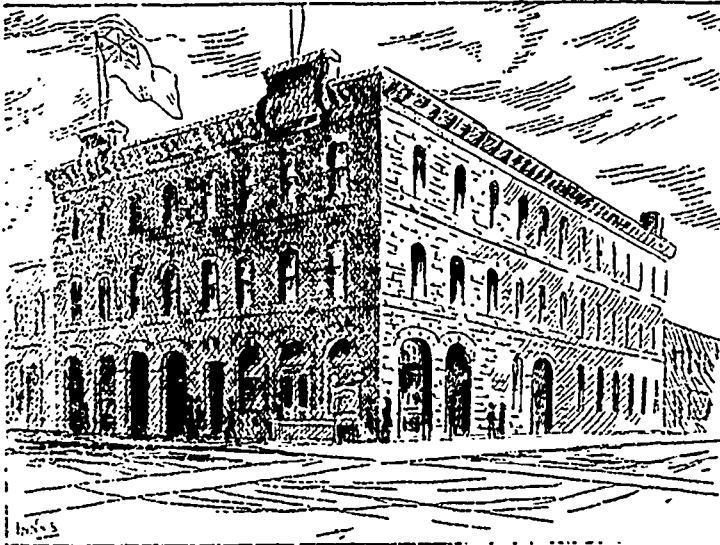
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# THE ALBERTA HOTEL

The Leading House in the Territories



This hotel is fitted up after the most modern ideas. Heated throughout by steam. Electric light and bells in every room.

The cuisine department is managed by an experienced cook.

All trains met. Sample rooms for commercial men. Rates sent on application

A. W. BURGESS, Clerk.

H. A. PERLEY, Proprietor.

## R. J. JEPHSON,

DOMINION LAND SURVEYOR.

Town Lots Laid out. Timber limits laid out.

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

## MONSOON TEA

—AGENT—

OWEN COPAS,

SIGN OF THE TEA POT,

STEPHEN AVE.

## Diamond Hall



W. H. ASSELSTINE,

Practical Watchmaker, Jeweller and Optician,

CALGARY, ALTA.

## Notice to Ranchers!

As we are anxious to give cuts of all important stock in the country, we would ask ranchers to send photos of the same, with short description, for insertion in our columns. Only first class stock noticed. Photos will be returned.

PRAIRIE ILLUSTRATED CO



CALGARY  
**Music Emporium**

Next door West of Tribune

Oxford Automatic School Desks  
 The Tucker Files and Filing Cabinets.

The Graybill Manufacturing Company's new Office Desk.

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Full stock of Baer's Electric Belts and appliances, for all complaints arising from general debility.

Musical instruments, sheet and book music always on hand.

**J. B. ESHLEMAN.**

N. B.--Piano and organ tuning a specialty

**GRAND PRIZE COMPETITION**

The Prairie Illustrated offer to their readers a chance of procuring two handsome presents, at small cost.

The Lady's Prize will be an elegant invalids' chair, valued at \$25.  
 The Gentleman's Prize will be a handsome walnut office desk, with rotary drawers; length 46 inches, width 34 inches; value \$40.  
 These prizes are on view at Mr. J. B. Eshleman's, the agent for the same.

The Competition is to make the greatest number of English words from the words "THE PRAIRIE ILLUSTRATED."

**RULES AND REGULATIONS**

- 1--The words must be written plainly in ink, on one side of the paper only, and in alphabetical order.
- 2--No letter can be used in a single word more times than it occurs in the text.
- 3--The lists are to contain English and Anglicized words only. That is, all words in bold-faced type (not italicized) in the main part of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.
- 4--Words Allowable. Compound words; one of the parts of any verb, prefixed words; proper nouns found in the dictionary, exclusive of geographical names and last names of persons; first, or English, Christian names found in bold face type of dictionary.
- 5--Words not Allowable. Geographical names; scripture or historical proper names; nicknames; abbreviations; plurals; more than one part of a verb; surnames (last names of persons); slang terms, phrases, contractions, obsolete words and words in italics, indicating that they are not yet Anglicized. See distinction in Webster's between DEPOS and *debut*, *entre*, 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,

Alexander Block, Stephen Ave., CALGARY.

**THE CANADIAN AGRICULTURAL COMPANY'S**  
**MILK MARKET**

**Reasons Why The Canadian Agricultural Company Claim Your Support :**

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

BECAUSE they intend ALWAYS TO KEEP PRICES DOWN to a reasonable level.

BECAUSE their Prices are uniformly low and not changed from time to time simply to suit circumstances or meet emergencies.

BECAUSE they have NEVER asked others to join in a combination to raise and keep up prices. Advances were made to them, however, to form such a combination, which they DISTINCTLY and POSITIVELY REFUSED TO DO.

BECAUSE they sell nothing but the very CHOICEST Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal, Lamb, etc., bred and fed on their own farms, and, although they have not so far purchased to any extent from ranchers and farmers, still, should their trade continue to increase as it has lately done, they will require to do so, when they will deal with them in the same liberal spirit they have always shown towards their customers.

BECAUSE what they do not raise in the way of Fish, Game, Hams, Bacon, etc., etc., they procure in the BEST MARKET and retail to you at the SMALLEST POSSIBLE PROFIT.

Inspect the NEW MEAT MARKET and judge for yourselves.