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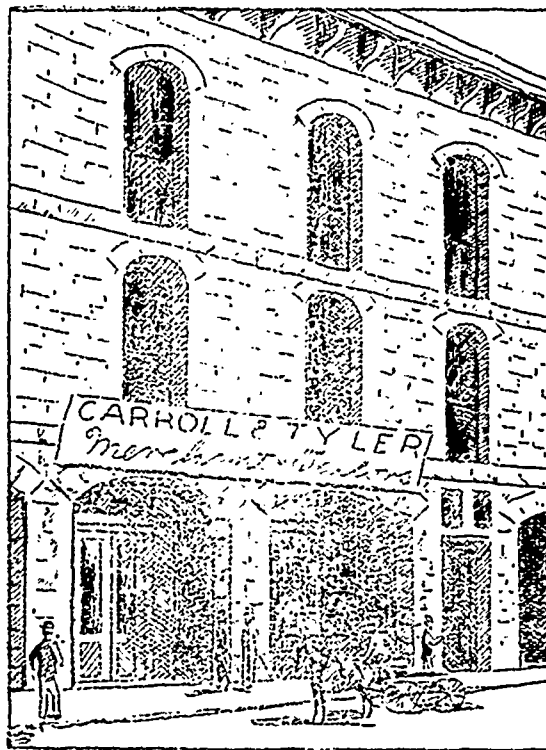
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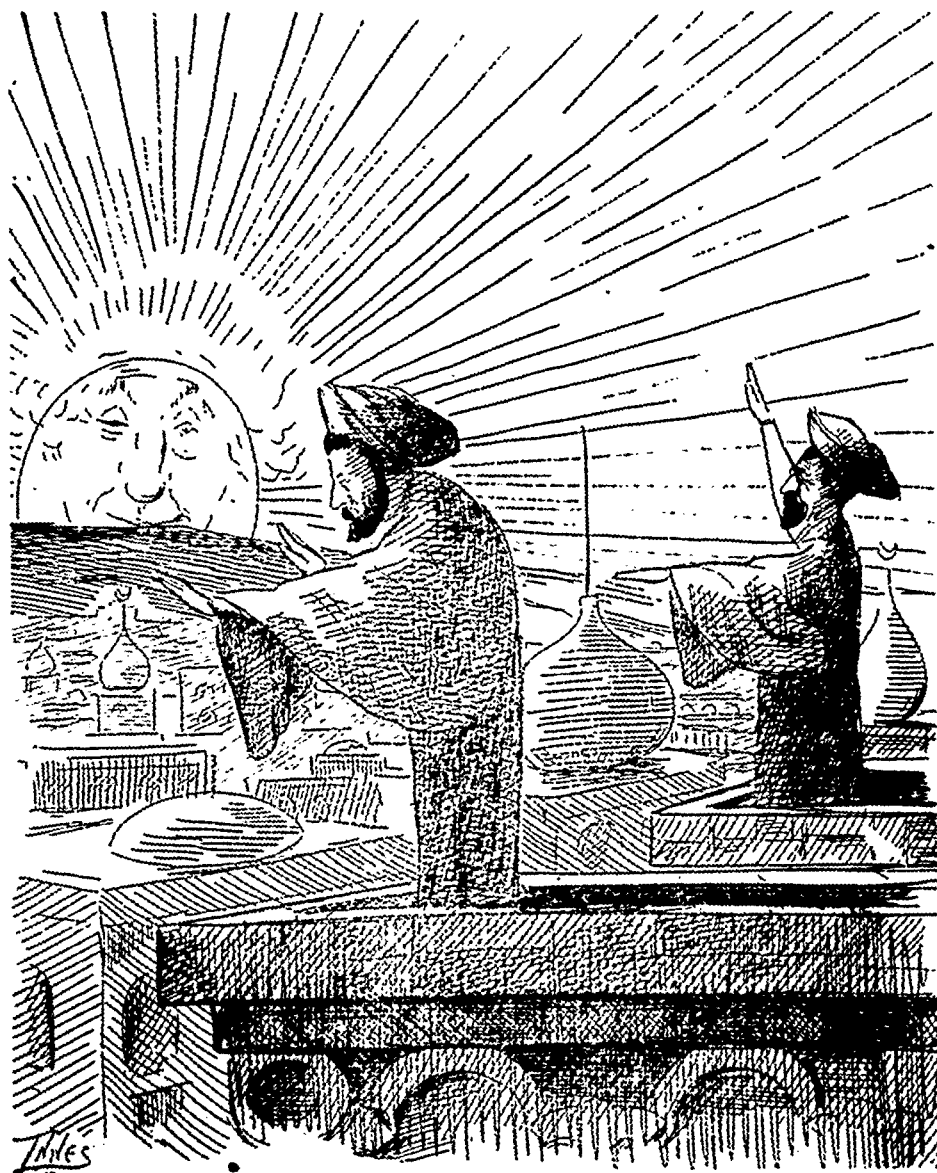
THE PRAIRIE

ILLUSTRATED

Vol. I No. 11.

CALGARY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1881.

Price 10c.



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JAMES R.—Great is Sir John and *Reilly* is his Prophet!

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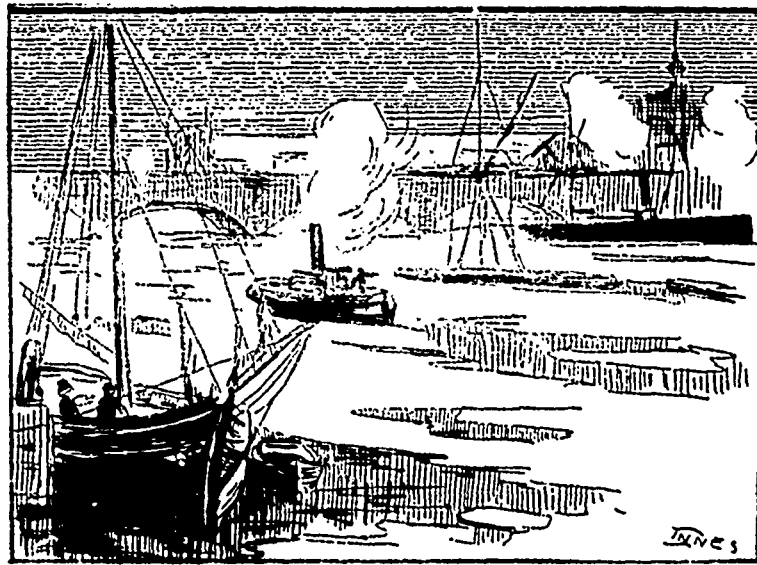
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THE THAMES AND LONDON BRIDGE.

ARCTIC LONDON I

WE GIVE a sketch above of the river Thames, with London bridge in the distance, which gives a very fair idea of the terribly hard winter which has been experienced in England this season. The Thames, it will be observed, is almost frost-bound, and only one plucky little tug is to be seen, which is threading its way in the centre of the river to some big ship's side. At this time of the year the river is usually crowded with brigs and smaller boats; now it is crowded with little else but ice-floes. In the opinion of meteorologists, the winter has been as severe as that of 1813-14, when the celebrated "Frost Fair" was held on the Thames. All the river steamboats are laid up, and the only vessels, which can venture into the middle of the river, and that with great care, are the steam tugs, which are very stoutly built, and which can push aside the small ice-bergs they meet. It is recorded that on January 9th only half an hour of bright sun-shine was registered in London.

The Boston Girl's Recitation.

"Miss Emersonia Osgoodson will now favor the company with a recitation," announced the teacher to the friends that had assembled in the schoolroom to enjoy the regular Friday afternoon exercises.

Little Miss Emersonia stood forth and recited as follows:

Corruscate, corruscate, diminutive, stellar orb!

How inexplicable seems to me the stupendous

problem of thy existence!

Elevated to such an immeasurable distance in the illimitable depths of space, apparently in a perpendicular direction from the terraqueous planet we occupy!

Resembling in thy dazzling and unapproachable effulgence, a crystalized carbon gem of surpassing brilliancy and impenetrability, glittering in the ethereal vault whose boundless immensity we endeavor to bring within the compass of the human intellectual grasp by the use of the concrete term firmament!

—When the dear little Boston girl had finished reciting these touching lines in her rapt, soulful, Bostonian way and sat down there wasn't a dry spectacle in the schoolroom.

A woman will face a frowning world and cling to the man she loves through the most bitter adversity, but she would not wear a hat that is out of fashion to save the Government.

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(ILLUSTRATED)

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

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ERNEST BEAUFORT, Manager.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1891.

AS WE stated when the Prairie Illustrated first entered this sinful world, we are Independent in politics and we hold to ourselves the right of criticising the actions of any man, be he friend or foe. In our humble way we are friends of the government of Sir John A. Macdonald, who opened up this grand country to us who now live in it, who introduced to the world the grandest farming and ranching country on the face of the globe; who gave every encouragement to those who have connected us with the world of commerce, east and west; who by his liberal railway policy, has at last placed our securities in a high position in the leading money markets of the world. To the man who has done this, we say we owe a general support. But we do not go so far as to say that there have not been many and grave errors in the government's subsequent policy as regards the Northwest. During our short career we have by pen and pencil pointed out several serious injustices under which we labor. Our form of local government, our liquor laws, our inadequate representation in the Dominion Parliament,— all these require remedying, and unless the men we send to Ottawa have interest enough to see that our wants are carried out, we might as well be disenfranchised. We shall certainly support the men who have the confidence of the Government, as we think it is only such men who can possibly see that our many wants are supplied. But we must warn our prospective members that more must be done for the whole of the Northwest than heretofore. Our interests are continually growing, and naturally require more attention and consideration every year.

Up to the time of writing considerable uncertainty

has existed as to who the candidates will ultimately be for Alberta. Mr. D. W. Davis is out as the Government nominee; Mr. Reilly has also come out as a Conservative, but is against the Government's policy regarding the Northwest. We also hear a rumor that Mr. F. Oliver, of Edmonton, will stand as an Independent! Seeing that Mr. Oliver is probably as rabid a Grit as there is up here, we fail to see where his independence can come in. Everyone knows, on all party matters, which way Mr. Oliver's vote and influence is directed. We don't want and won't have a man who would overthrow the Conservative party. The cry of independence won't wash, and we think there are few Conservatives, if any, who will be lead away by it.

We want a man who will urge upon the Government a policy which will flood this country with desirable immigration; a policy which will give us good roads, bridges were required, and railways. Is it feasible to suppose that an avowed Grit is likely to be this man? We certainly want a man who will be fearlessly independent when any emergency calls for a display of independence, but he must be a man who will support the general policy of the Conservative government, but who will first and foremost always manfully uphold the requirements of the Northwest, both in and out of the House.

This is the sort of man we want, and when we definitely hear who is in the field, the man we believe can best be trusted with Alberta's vast interests, will receive our loyal and energetic support. Our artist this week depicts Messrs. Davis and Reilly, both proclaiming that they are Sir John's prophets. Next week we shall proclaim which is our prophet.



AT SUNRISE all good Moslems turn to the east and with their faces toward Mecca utter their devotions. The two gentlemen at present soliciting the support of the electors of Alberta, to send them to Ottawa (the Mecca of all politicians), are uttering their devotions to Sir John, and only differ from their oriental brethren in the fact that they don't agree as to who is the prophet—Mr. Davis says he is; Mr. Reilly says he is. However, instead of entering on a bloody war, as would be the case in the Orient, we trust the little difference will be quietly settled at the polls on March 5th.

FIVE RICHARDS IN THE FIELD !

SINCE our leading article was in type, the names of several other gentlemen, who are anxious to represent Alberta in the House of Commons, have come before the public. The names of those mentioned, who are either certain to run, or are given as probable candidates, are Messrs. D. W. Davis, J. Reilly, Dr. Brett, Dr. Wilson, and Mr. F. Oliver, the two last named hailing from Edmonton. All are Conservatives, with the exception of Mr. Oliver, who is an out-and-out Grit, whatever garb he may assume at the present time for party purposes. We can see no other course open to Drs. Brett and Wilson and Mr. Reilly, as good Conservatives, but to retire in favor of Mr. D. W. Davis, the government and also the Conservative Association's nominee. Is it not common-sense to presume that the man whose election the government favor will be able to accomplish more for his district, than a man, however good a Conservative he may be, who runs in opposition to the government's wishes. Another view to take of the matter is, that if several Conservatives run, the vote will certainly be split, as each man naturally has some personal following. Nothing can be more serious, in such a contest, than internal dissension, and we sincerely trust that such a *contretemps* will not be allowed to take place. We leave it to the good sense of Mr. Reilly, Drs. Brett and Wilson to leave the Conservative interests in the hands of Mr. Davis, by long odds the strongest man in the quartette, and having the support of the Government at his back. By all means let Mr. Oliver come out, and run the good fight on purely party lines—Conservative vs. Grit. Let the Edmonton Jackdaw try to adorn his sombre plumes with Independent peacock feathers, and everyone acquainted with this fable will be able to supply the sequel for themselves. Such a conflict will send Mr. Davis to Ottawa with a swinging majority; and all those having the interest of this country at heart, will put their shoulders to the wheel and bring about this much desired result.

At a meeting of the Calgary Conservative Association, last evening, Mr. D. W. Davis was unanimously chosen as the Conservative candidate for Alberta, in the forth-coming Dominion election.



"Heavens! what a long horse!"

Nursery Rhymes up to Date.

(By Our Private Idiot)

How doth each eager candidate
Improve the shining hour,
And importune electors dear,
For Parliamentary power.

How glibly then does Jimmy speak,
While Bobbie mashes ladies,
And Frankie O., on business bent,
Embraces all the babies.

How eloquent is Daniel, then,
How noble, brave and true,
He promises milleniums,
To self, and me, and you.

Sing a song of dollars, a tumbler full of rye,
Four anxious candidates
Yearning to climb high.

The Doc. was in his surgery
Mixing drugs and pills,
Oliver, from Edmonton,
Discussed Alberta's ills ;
Reilly, at Criterion,
Bewailed Alberta's woes,
When Davis, laughing, passed him by
And—tweaked off his nose.

Hey diddle, diddle, oh solve me this riddle,
Reilly jumps over the moon,
While Brett and Oliver gnash their teeth,
But Davis gets off with the s^hon.

Four little candidates, before electors free,
Oliver wilted, and then there were three.

Three little candidates, vowing to be true.
Brett said he'd had enough, then there were two.

Two little candidates struggling for the bun,
Reilly soon lost his hold, then there was one.

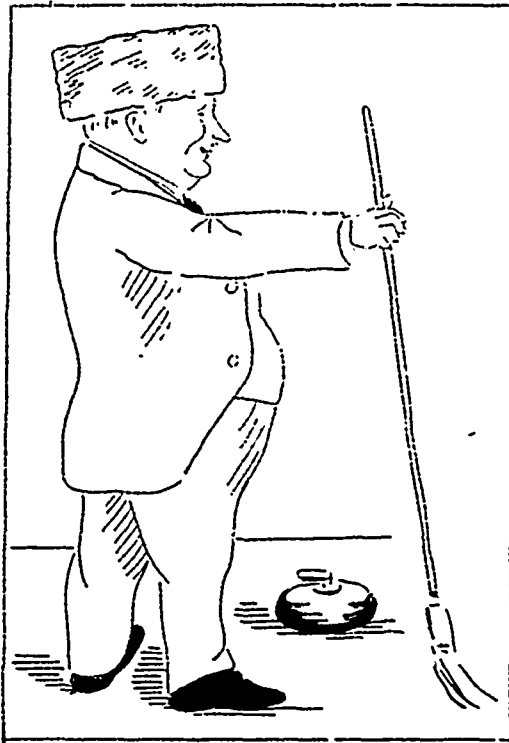
One little candidate, having won the fights,
Trotted off to Ottawa, to guard Alberta's rights.

DAVIS (loq.) TO ALBERTA—

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to Ottawa, sir," she said ;
"What is your business, my pretty maid?"
"Alberta's interests, sir," she said ;
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"Why, yes, Mr. Davis," she promptly said.

The Edmonton *Bulletin* sat on the wall,
The Edmonton *Bulletin* had a great fall.
It would take Alberta and all her men
To set poor Oliver up again.

OUR CARICATURES



"T. B."

PROBABLY no form is better known on the streets of Calgary than that which our artist has depicted above. He is popular, as he deserves to be, and there are few men in Alberta he does not know well enough to call by their Christian names. He is a very busy little gentleman, and possesses a smile which must be a perfect mine of wealth in itself; however busy the owner may be when any visitor enters a certain newspaper office, that smile turns the rest of the body round, with a warm, beaming welcome. But it is when curling at the rink that our subject is seen to the greatest advantage. To behold him chasing his stone down the ice, wildly waving his broom, is worth making a long, long trip to see. When skipping a rink, however, he is in his element, and his face beams with exceeding great joy. In politics he is a Grit of the grittiest order, and does not believe that the sun rises and sets on Sir John A. He is single, but this should not be so, as there is no doubt he would make a loving husband and a good father. This blot on his otherwise excellent character should be wiped out as soon as possible.

—SPY.

It is a fact frequently noticed by railway travellers that the man who snores the loudest always seems to go to sleep first in a Pullman car.

SINCE last writing the weather has assumed quite a wintry aspect, and cricket and things like that have had to take a back seat in the Northwest, and curling is in full swing. Fancy such a state of things in the Canadian Northwest in the month of February!

I AM GLAD to see Calgary curlers did a bit better at Winnipeg than they did last year, and have brought back something to show for their trip. Only two rinks went down, and of these "Billy" Grant's succeeded in winning the fourth prize—a set of medals—in the Champion Cup competition. "Our Boys" seem to have had a rattling good time at the bonspiel and it is a pity that more of them didn't take in the fun, if they only brought back big heads and impoverished purses, as some of them did last year.

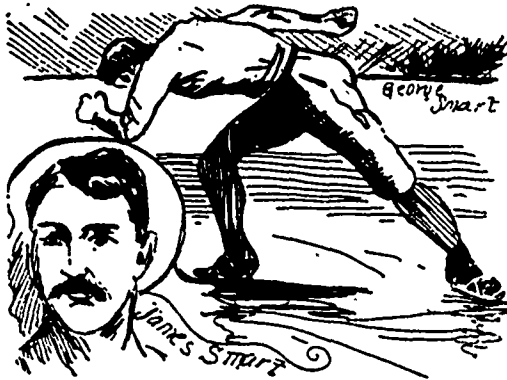
KING Frost is still playing havoc with the game of football in England, and match after match has to be put off. On the other hand skating and curling have been more indulged in than for many years past.

A number of American bookmakers who attended a race-meeting in New Jersey have been having a bad time of it, a contemporary says. The gay bookmakers, whose blazing diamonds are the features of the Coleman House, the St. James' Hotel, and at times the Hoffman Hotel, are just now having an interesting tussle with New Jersey law. Those of them who were fined \$1000 apiece by Judge Van Sickel accounted themselves lucky that they did not go to jail, and the remainder of the crew who have been indicted, but not yet tried, are now brought face to face with the stern fact that \$1000 of the cold cash of each must of necessity be paid into the treasury of the State of New Jersey. The judge also intimated that any bookmakers being brought before him again would receive a sentence of two years' imprisonment.

A REMARKABLE pedestrian feat has just been performed by a lieutenant in the Russian army, Alexandre Ivanowitch de Winter by name. He set out from the Russo-German frontier and arrived in Paris in 39 days, having walked all the way, a distance of about 1,200 miles. Although impeded by frost and snow he accomplished an average record of 31 miles per day.

THERE is little doubt that had Englishmen the chances of practicing they would be able to skate as

fast as anyone. There are several English flyers, notably the brothers Smart, of whom we give sketches, and George See. In the recent Dutch



championship meeting James Smart beat the champion of Holland in the one mile race, in the fast time of 3 min. 7 sec., See coming in third, $4\frac{3}{4}$ sec. behind, the Dutch champion securing second place, only being beaten by 1 4-5 sec.

WRITERS on pugilism are busily engaged explaining how Fitzsimmons whipped Dempsey. Some assert it was owing to Fitz's height and reach. Others claim that the Nonpareil was not the Nonpareil, owing to the effects of dissipation. The simple truth is that Dempsey ran against a bigger man than himself, who was quite as clever. Other things being equal, the bigger man will win—a well-known fact. Nine out of ten people did not believe Fitz could equal Dempsey in science, and on that they based their hopes of a victory for the Nonpareil.

A SOMEWHAT novel prize fight took place at Eureka, Utah, the other day, between Alfred Meinhardt, a white man of Salt Lake, and Hank Miller, a colored man of Provo. The fight was for \$50 a side and the one-legged championship of Utah, both men being short one limb. Two-ounce gloves were used. The fight was a lively one from start to finish, and was won by the negro after seven bloody rounds. Both men were badly punished and it is reported that Meinhardt will not be able to leave his bed for a week. Miller says he stands ready to fight any one-legged man in the world.

I HOPE soon to hear of the Calgary Amateur Athletic Association starting work on the erection of a pavilion. If it were only large enough for men to keep their flannels, etc., in, so that they could change at the ground, it would be a great boon. I feel sure that were this done, it would increase the membership of the various clubs. The association deserves well of the town, and we hope to see a meeting of delegates from all the clubs, to arrange some plan by

which the association may receive a regular income, by which means they will be able to improve the property, which will most distinctly be for the benefit of the town. Spring will be upon us before we know where we are, so I sincerely hope the clubs and the association will soon come to some arrangement, which will be to the mutual benefit of all.

SPRINTER.



Old men love the past, young men the future; but is you want to please a girl give her a present.

The man who is waiting for something to turn up generally finds it when he steps on a barrel hoop.

She: Do you love me for myself alone? He: Yes; and when we're married I don't want any of the family thrown in.

Greyneck: That was a very handsome friend that I saw you walking with this morning. Tuggs: Friend! You don't know what you were talking about. That is no friend of mine. That was my wife.

The guide leads a couple to the brink of an awful precipice, and then says in a mournful tone:

"I brought a gentleman and his wife here last year. The lady leaned over too far and disappeared. The gentleman said it was one of the finest views he had ever seen.

"Mr. M'Clintock," shouted his better half, "I want you to take your feet off the parlor table." "Mrs. M'Clintock," he said, in a fixed, determined voice, "I allow only one person to talk to me in that way." "And who may that be?" she demanded, threateningly. "You, my dear," he replied softly, as he removed his feet.

"My dear child," said the unhappy father, "are you aware that you have rushed into an engagement with a young man who has not even paid his tailor's bill for four years? "But he dresses well, papa. And after we are married I suppose he can buy groceries on the same plan."

Tramp: Madam, you will remember that yesterday when I called on you I had a small vial of arsenic concealed, and that you coaxed the poison away from me and gave me a large hunk of your pie?

Kind Lady: I remember very well; and now I suppose you want another piece of pie?

Tramp; No, I don't; I want the arsenic."


THE PRAIRIE


(Items Gleaned from Our Exchanges)

MOOSOMIN came in for the cold snap on Saturday. Since then the weather has remained steadily cold although clear and bright. The mercury has been down as low as 44 below zero.

THE annual meeting of the Moosomin Agricultural Society was held on Saturday last, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, E. Gater; Vice-Presidents, R. J. Phin and Jas. Inglis. O. Neff was elected Sec.-Treas. for the third time.

A CORRESPONDENT says that a grist mill will be opened at Balgonie in a few days. At Balgonie, which is a few miles east of Regina, the C. A. Co.'s eastern farm is situated.

COUNT de Roffignac, of Whitewood, says that the climate and soil of Assiniboia are even better than those of France for the culture of sugar beets.

LETHBRIDGE'S first mayor and councillors are as follows:—Mayor, Mr. Magrath; Councillors, Messers. Cavanah, Bentley, Colpman, Turner, Currey and Henderson.

MR. GEORGE MCCUAIG, one of Medicine Hat's pioneers, and probably the most popular man in the town, was banquetted last week at the Hat, prior to his departure for the coast. We wish him every possible success.

THE making for the C. & E. railway is progressing rapidly. The whole of the ties required for the line from Red Deer to Edmonton will be distributed along the right of way before spring.

MEDICINE HAT Chinamen are bringing down the wrath of the town on their extraordinary heads. They have a playful habit of strewing the hot ashes from their stoves about the town. Already one or two fires have been started by this means.

NO LESS than 400 votes were polled at the late municipal elections at Lethbridge, which by no means represents the full voting power of the town. Had Mr. Magrath not been elected by acclamation another hundred votes would have been polled.

MR. A. LUCAS, of Calgary, has been appointed Returning Officer for the electoral district of Alberta for the coming election.

MR. B. P. RICHARDSON, M. L. A., of Grenfell, has been appointed chief census commissioner for the whole of the Northwest.

THE Macleod *Gazette* says: Through some misunderstanding, the police on Sunday last were turned out for church parade without fur coats and wearing boots and spurs. The morning was very cold, and the result was that several of the men, as well as the officer in command, were severely nipped by frost on their way to the barracks.

DEER, says an exchange, are migratory in their habits, being abundant one year where there were none another, and the law that governs their movements seems not to be known. This season they have been numerous within hunting distance of Battleford, and many were killed. An Indian at Jackfish Lake shot seven at one hunt.


THE FARM


THE immigration during the coming season is expected to be very large, not only from Eastern Canada but from Europe, says an exchange. The number of enquiries being made of the Railway and Steamship Company are so numerous that Mr. Robt. Kerr, General passenger Agent C. P. R., Winnipeg, has issued special instructions to all Station and Ticket Agents regarding prepaid passages. Those parties therefore who have friends coming out this season would do well to call on their nearest Agent who will be in a position to book passages through at less cost than if the money were sent over to the Old Country.

WE NOTICE that Senator Perley is endeavoring to bring about a Territorial Exhibition, to be held next autumn in Regina. Mr. W. C. Hamilton, the Secretary-Treasurer of the Agricultural Society of Regina district, has been in communication with the Senator and has obtained from him many practical suggestions regarding details.

This is a matter in which all the agricultural societies in the Northwest should combine. The scheme, if carried out, will be a capital advertisement for the country, and will afford an opportunity of showing what our country can grow, which for excellence and variety cannot be beaten.

FOUR hundred bushels of barley made up of samples grown at the different Experimental Farms are to be shipped to England by order of the Minister of Agriculture, to be submitted to practical tests, whereby its value for malting may be ascertained. It is all of the two-rowed variety known as the Prize Prolific.

MEN OF THE DAY



MR. T. B. BAKER.

WE THIS week give a sketch of one of the largest grain dealers and general merchants in the Territories, viz., Mr. T. B. Baker, of Moose Jaw. This gentleman was born at Brantford, Ont., on July 20th, 1854, and was educated at Upper Canada College, Toronto, and Ontario College, Picton. He started mercantile life in Montreal, afterwards moving to Toronto. In 1882 he moved to Winnipeg and started in business for himself, but only remained there until the spring of 1883, coming west to Moose Jaw, which was at that time the end of the C. P. R. track, and embarked in business there, being associated with Mr. Chas. S. Lee. He served on the first town council after the incorporation of the town in 1884, and has been president of the Board of Trade for the past two years, also being on the Board of School Trustees. Mr. Baker has been prominent in all matters pertaining to the welfare of town and district. He is the largest grain buyer in the district, and has warehouses at Moose Jaw and Boharm. He is a staunch Conservative. Mr. Baker has, by his honesty and fair dealing, built up one of the largest businesses in 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. Lougheed, 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.

* Out of print.

FICTION

My Silent Friend

(Written for The Prairie)

THERE was no doubt the fellow was a gentleman; we all felt that when he enlisted in the —th Dragoons. He wasn't distant and didn't give himself any airs of superiority over his fellow soldiers. He was always ready to do a kindly action and was particularly considerate to the youngsters of the regiment. But he kept as much to himself as possible, took lonely walk and "tubbed" on every possible occasion.

It is only your true gentleman who takes a tub whenever the the opportunity offers.

I am a gentleman private, too—but there, I'm telling another fellow's story, not my own.

John Lewis, as he called himself, looked, when he joined us, as if he had had a regular knock down blow. Not that he would go about with a long face, or bemoaning his lot, but I came upon him several times unexpectedly, and such a look of mortal agony as I saw on the poor devil's face gave me a queer, uncanny feeling. Once I walked up to him and placed my hand on his shoulder, before he knew of my presence.

"Curse you," he cried, jumping up, and looked for a moment as if he were going to give me a thrashing; next moment he recognized me, and, stammering out an apology, walked away.

If there was one officer in the regiment thoroughly hated, it was Capt. Harris; he made no friends amongst his brother officers, he was insulting and overbearing with his men,—and seemed a general favorite amongst women, as such men generally are.

Lewis seemed to take to me from the first; why, I could never tell, unless because I was rather a sober-

mindful individual, never attempted to solve the tragedy of his life—for tragedy I was sure there had been—and never interfered with his “deep thinks.”

Often we have taken long walks together in the country lanes and by the river side (we were stationed then in a quiet little village in Blankshire) when we haven’t exchanged half a dozen words. It wasn’t very interesting, truly, but I saw the poor beggar appreciate it, and when we got back to barracks, he would often say,

“Thanks, old chap, you’re awfully good to me.”

For some months previous to this all London had been singing the praises of a new actress, called Marie Leroyd. I had seen her, when up on leave, at one of the theatres given over to the sacred lamp of burlesque. She was of French extraction and had all the tricks and manners of her vivacious race. That she was surpassingly lovely there was no denying. That her physical beauty was accompanied by a corresponding beauty of mind, I very much doubted.

Rumor said not, but, then, rumor isn’t always correct. Rumor said she was married; rumor also said she was not, but ought to be. But then, dame rumor is often a lying jade.

One day Lewis proposed that we should go for a walk on the river bank. Instead of the cavalryman’s ordinary light wip, Lewis would sometimes carry a shorter one, with a loaded handle. I noticed he had it on this occasion. Would to God that he had not. There was very little boating on the river: a general rule, though occasionally we would see a few boating men or a pair of “spoony” lovers. The latter *genus* was the only thing that ever really roused Lewis. Why, he knew best. When we arrived at the river we only noticed one boat, which was gently floating up stream, about a mile ahead of us. As the devil’s luck would have it, our steps turned in the direction of the boat, which was almost covered with a large awning. After idly watching it for about a quarter of a mile, we noticed someone paddling towards the bank (again, as the devil’s luck would have it, on our side of the river), and the boat disappeared behind some bushes which grew to the waters edge.

We continued our walk, slowly, slowly, unconsciously approaching a tragedy.

And that tragedy came without one minute’s warning to any of the actors in it.

Suddenly turning a slight bend in the river, we saw lying on the grass a man and a woman. They were so engrossed in their talk that they had not heard our approach.

The man was Capt. Harris, the woman I recognized in an instant as Marie Leroyd, the actress. A vice-like grip on my arm made me give an exclamation of pain, and as I did so I glanced at Lewis’ face. To my dying day, never shall I forget the demoniacal expression I saw there.

I then knew I had solved the tragedy of John Lewis’ life.

My exclamation of pain had attracted the attention of the other two actors in this scene. Harris jumped to his feet, scowling with rage.

“What the devil do you two men mean, spying on me like this?” he exclaimed.

“That woman you are with is my wife, Capt. Harris, and”——

“You lie, you hound,” hissed Harris.

It was the work of an instant; with a cry more resembling that of a wild beast than a human being, Lewis sprang at Capt. Harris, and with a terrible crash, the loaded handle of his whip fell on Capt. Harris’ unprotected head.

Without one moan, without one cry, he fell dead.

As in a dream, without a look at the dead man, or the living, beautiful woman, we turned and retraced our steps towards the barracks. On reaching them he grasped my hand for a second, and turned away. Still in a dream, I seated myself on a bench. How long I sat there, I know not, but suddenly a pistol shot was heard, and I saw men rushing towards the room from whence the report came. I did not stir; I knew that another tragedy had marred that fair day.

Lewis was found, face downward on the floor, shot through the head.

One fair, false woman had that day caused the death of a scoundrel, and sent her husband to a suicide’s grave.



ANNA MATILDA (who has just made a purchase)—If it likes sugar-stick an’ smells it in my pocket, I am lost!



THE political barometer is showing a phenomenal depression, which meteorologists tell us means—Look out for ructions! The wind started from the south and blew D. W. Davis into our midst; then, veering slightly to the east, deposited several leading Lethbridge citizens into the Calgary municipality. Amongst others I noticed Mr. C. C. McCaul, Q. C., Mr. Magrath, mayor of Lethbridge, and a gentleman whose name I did not catch, but who I think is connected with the law—anyhow, he looked something like this



Great speculation arose as to the cause of these gentlemen's visit, and a report that Mayor Magrath would run for the Dominion Parliament gained credence. This, however, proved to be a chimera, and they peaceably left the town about 2 o'clock one morning.

Then a storm arose in our very midst, by the appearance of James Reilly on the political horizon, (I'm afraid my metaphor is getting a bit mixed) and much curiosity has been aroused as to his chances.

Then, when we thought we were going to have a spell of fine weather, a terrible dust storm, or rather, I should say, Grit storm, was reported from the North, to be coming with terrible velocity on the unsuspecting electors.

This frightful convulsion of the elements is supposed to have been hatched in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Edmonton *Bulletin*, the presence of the notorious Frank Oliver probably accounting for the gritty nature of the storm.

One gentleman in Calgary, not unconnected with newspaper work, embraced himself, warmly exclaiming "Thank God, the country's saved."

WHAT is the matter with the Church of England choir these days? For several months it had the best choral service in town. Last Sunday feeling my past sins very heavy on me, I wended my tottering steps thitherward and found myself occupying a front seat. I must say the singing was a long way below what I had heard there previously, some weeks ago, and I could not help feeling great regret at the change. I hope by Easter to see a decided improvement, and that the choir will maintain the high reputation they have gained in Calgary.

THE entertainment, which I spoke of last week, to be given in aid of the Calgary Hospital, has, for



THE above is not an engraving from a "Guido" or "Raphael," as no doubt some of our readers will imagine it to be; no, it is an 1891 production, and is entitled "Come off the Fence, or, The Robbed Roost." It represents the recent position of two leading N. W. papers in regard to each other.

several reasons, been postponed until Easter week. Meanwhile, rehearsals will be diligently carried on.

I HEAR there is to be an exciting and interesting case before the next sitting of the court, in which two old-timers are interested. We understand that one horse will be paid into court

ANOTHER law suit is said to be on the *tapis* between two professional gentlemen. The amount at stake I hear is \$5.00. I believe witnesses are to be summoned from Ireland, but cannot vouch for the truth of this.

CALGARY, today, is a town of caucuses. Eveywhere I go I come across little knots of politicians, whispering in each others' ears, and when I blandly walk up and try to enter into conversation, with a view to drinks, they suddenly disperse and I am left standing alone. This is a cold, ungrateful world.

"OUT of coal, did you say, my dear? and the well's frozen, is it? What! you're using the neighbors' fence for firewood? Well, Mrs. Tattler, just get my summer overcoat out, and my uncle shall receive a visit from his loving nephew,

TATLER.

HIS FLEETING IDEAL.



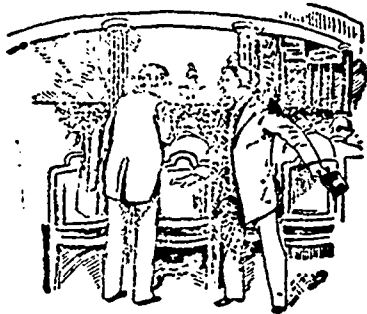
(CONTINUED.)

"Give me your hand for a moment," he exclaimed excitedly to his friend, almost smothering it from his hand. He pulled it straight at the girl's feet. She had put the violin under her arm, and the fingers of her left hand were lighting up the strings.

Yes! It was she. The dream of his artist soul stood before him, fairer than he had imagined. She was dressed very simply in a gown of white satin, with a large dash of white silk at her slender waist.

He felt a thrill of delight! She seemed nearer to him than ever. The purpose which he had sworn in the Wagner car, when it seemed so wild and impossible to carry out now seemed to the excited young man a very easy matter.

He felt a far position as a public or professional performer and a some difficulty in her family, and he was not slow to think that in this way the beautiful girl had sought to escape from the hateful Dr. Watson.



THE DREAM OF THE ARTIST'S SOUL STOOD BEFORE HIM.

The next moment he was entranced. A strain of music of the most delicious sweetness streamed from her bow as she lightly swept it over the mahogany instrument which she held so caressingly.

He shall was passionately fond of music. He had heard her wonderful playing in the car and it had held him in thrall; but that could not be compared to this.

Elna was inspired by the occasion of her best effort. In the inspiration of the moment she forgot all but her art. The dainty melody of the great German floated on the air like a lullaby sung by one spirit to another.

As she went on, he felt that some occult influence was at work within the girl. Instead of the free, spontaneous movement and the entire absorption in the composition, there seemed a tense nervous agitation in the performer which betrayed itself to him he hardly knew how. The tempo was quickened and the bow seemed to bite into the cat-gut, while

her smooth forehead contracted into a faint frown, her nostrils dilating slightly now and then.

Was she going to be overcome at the moment of her triumph? Could nervousness be asserting itself now after she had triumphantly conquered her public, and when the house was hanging breathlessly on her playing?

He felt in himself a sense of discomfort, which he was attributing purely to his sympathy with the young girl. But it seemed to augment. At last by an attraction which was almost against his will, he felt his head turn to one side almost as if drawn there by some subtle influence.

Not five yards away from him was Doctor Watson.

His eyes were bent with glowing earnestness on the girl's face. They were hot and seemed almost starting from his head. It was evident that the hateful man was concentrating all the power of his soul into that look. By his side stood Mr. Crawford.

Henry Henshall understood the situation at a glance. His own creeping disgust and sense of being under some influence seemed expanded by the magnetic attraction of this devilish man. He knew, too, that his ideal, this nervous, high-strung girl whose artistic temperament must answer to the faintest impression, was being overcome by that terrible glance which Dr. Watson was directing towards her.

He felt that something must be done. A little more of this cruel violence and Elna might break hopelessly down. He watched her, self-constituted, to be sure, but with the fond hope that some time he might receive from those soft brown eyes the sign that he was not an ungrateful defender.

His course was quickly decided on. He walked behind the hateful form of the doctor, and after standing a moment behind him turned around sharply and, as if by accident, struck the man in the back so heavily that he turned in wrath and surprise.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Dr. Leopardi," he said, with a sneer upon the name.

He dared a glance at him as he said this that sufficiently conveyed his feelings. It was to be war to the knife.

Dr. Leopardi looked at him in return, with a deadly hate.

"You are mistaken, sir," he said hotly, with a moment's hesitation. "My name is not Leopardi."

Henshall felt that his ruse had succeeded in what he chiefly intended. He had broken the fatal current which streamed from Dr. Watson's eyes and which was slowly but surely unnerving the fair girl who struggled so bravely against the malign influence.

He stepped close to his ear and hissed into it: "If you do not withdraw at once and cease persecuting that innocent girl, I will bring one that will prove you are Dr. Leopardi and a thief and a villain. Go, quietly and at once, and I will do nothing more at present; but otherwise beware, for I know you much better than you do me. Go!"

Leopardi's brown face grew sallow white and his eyes looked like an angry snake's.

"I will be even with you some day," he said in a low tone of intense revengefulness. "I never forget a debt like this."

Then he turned and said something to Mr. Crawford, who had been watching his daughter too persistently to have remarked this side-scene. After a moment apparently of hesitation on the old man's part, he turned and with an agitated air left the Hall with the doctor.

"What did you do to that fellow?" asked his companion as Henshall returned to his side.

"I scotched a snake," he said, his lip curling with disgust and scorn.

Elna Lewis had completed her solo triumphantly, and twice she was obliged to return to bow her acknowledgements to the applauding house. She was deathly pale, and there was a strained look in the dark brown eyes which revealed Henry's very soul.



"I HAVE A CAB HERE."

He could not leave her unprotected. He must wait and see her safely home. Dr. Watson and Mr. Crawford were nowhere in sight, but that did not drive her fear.

Then he saw a slight figure, a gleam of white teeth showing beneath the fur-trimmed cloak which he recognized as the same that his ideal had worn at the time he had rescued her from Watson's persecutions.

She was so heavily veiled that he could not detect a single feature. He approached her humbly and raising his hat said in the most deferential tones:

"Miss Neville, pardon my again intruding upon you, but it is only in your own regard that I do so. I have a cab here for you which will bear you at once to your home, and if you will permit of my escort I shall feel safer to know that you arrive there without any molestation."

She bowed, but seemed too nervous to speak. As if of thought, one little gloved hand fluttered out toward him and grasped his own, but it was instantly withdrawn and she hastily entered the coupe he had engaged.

She gathered her robes close to her and left a place at her side for Henshall.

"Where shall I tell the driver to go?" he said, as he leaned toward her.

In muffled, agitated tones the number of a west up own street was conveyed to him. He hastily repeated it to the cabman, and then boldly entered the coupe and seated himself by her side.

The cabman drove off. Henshall's fair companion kept her handkerchief to her face, and seemed to him or under an agitation that she could with difficultly repress. He made no attempt to converse with her. He had said as he closed the door of the coupe:

"Dear Miss Neville, you will surely acquit me of want of respect under the circumstances. You know my one desire is to be your most trusted guardian should you need any. Do not try to speak. My only wish is to see you safely housed."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

THE CANDIDATES

Although, as we write this, there are rumors of no less than four gentlemen anxious to do their duty and represent Alberta in the Dominion Parliament, those, however, who are actually out with their cards are Messrs. D. W. Davis, of Macleod, and James Reilly, of Calgary, whose photos we give below.

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 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.

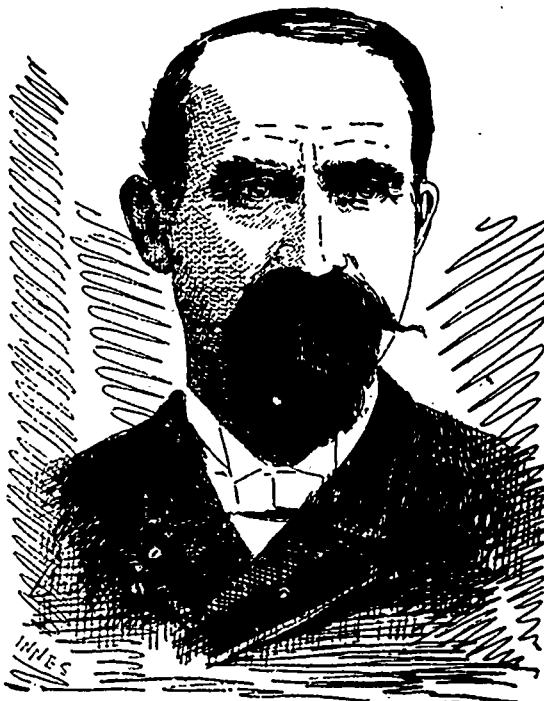
I might also make passing reference to the extension of the Galt road to the International Boundary line and the connection there made with the great American systems of railway.

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 building of bridges and public



D. W. DAVIS.



JAMES REILLY.

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 inclement 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 indispensable 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.

CALGARY
Music Emporium

Next door West of Tribune

Oxford Automatic School Desks
 The Tucker Files and Filing Cabinet.

The Graybill Manufacturing Company's new Office Desk.

Standard Rotary Shuttle Sewing Machine.

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 italicised) 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 Anglicised. See distinction in Webster's between *DEPOT* and *debut*, *entree*, etc.
- 6—Where two or more lists have the same number of words the one which reaches our office first will have the advantage.
- 7—The name and address of competitor with number of words and date, must be written plainly on each list.

The competition will close on April 17th, after which date no list will be accepted.
 Each list must be accompanied by \$1 for a three months trial trip of The Prairie Illustrated. Present subscribers can participate in the competition by enclosing 50 cents with their lists.
 A sample copy of The Prairie Illustrated, which is a journal of interest to everyone in the Northwest, can be obtained by applying to the office of the paper,

Stephen Ave., CALGARY.

THE CANADIAN AGRICULTURAL COMPANY'S MEAT MARKET

Reasons Why The Canadian Agricultural Company Claim Your Support:

- BECAUSE they have enabled you to Buy Butcher's Meat THIRTY PER CENT CHEAPER than you were FORCED to pay before the Company commenced business in this town.
- BECAUSE they intend ALWAYS TO KEEP PRICES DOWN to a reasonable level.
- BECAUSE their Prices are uniformly low and not changed from time to time simply to suit circumstances or meet emergencies.
- BECAUSE they have NEVER asked others to join in a combination to raise and keep up prices. Advances were made to them, however, to form such a combination, which they DISTINCTLY and POSITIVELY REFUSED TO DO.
- BECAUSE they sell nothing but the very CHOICEST Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal, Lamb, etc., bred and fed on their own farms, and, although they have not so far purchased to any extent from ranchers and farmers, still, should their trade continue to increase as it has lately done, they will require to do so, when they will deal with them in the same liberal spirit they have always shown towards their customers.
- BECAUSE what they do not raise in the way of Fish, Game, Hams, Bacon, etc., etc., they procure in the BEST MARKET and retail to you at the SMALLEST POSSIBLE PROFIT.

Inspect the NEW MEAT MARKET and judge for yourselves.

MACLEAN'S DRUG STORE

THE PIONEER DRUG

Store of Alberta is that which Albertans should patronize.

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

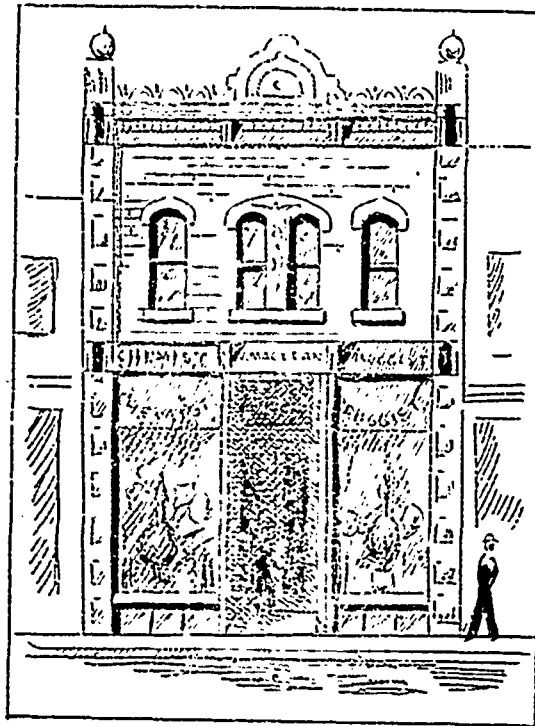
The making up of doctors' prescriptions a specialty.

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

Just opening out, a specially fine assortment of

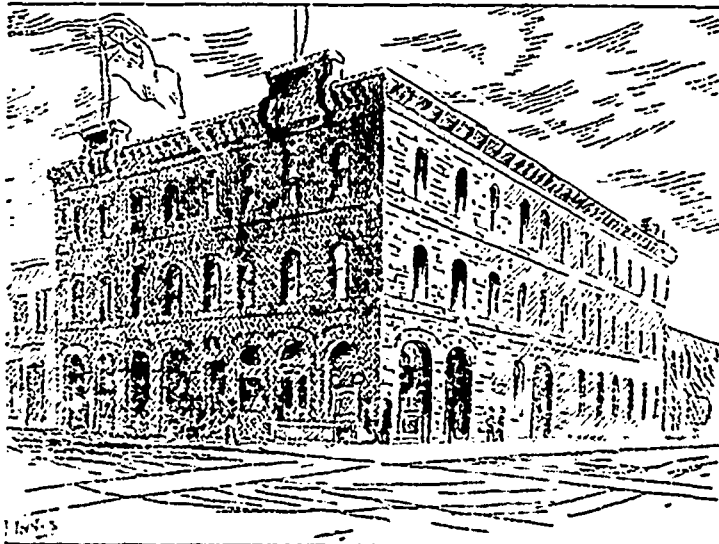
AMAS GOODS

WENDALL MACLEAN, Registered Chemist, Stephen Ave., CALGARY.



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

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R. J. JEPHSON,

DOMINION LAND
SURVEYOR.

Town Lots laid out. and ex 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.