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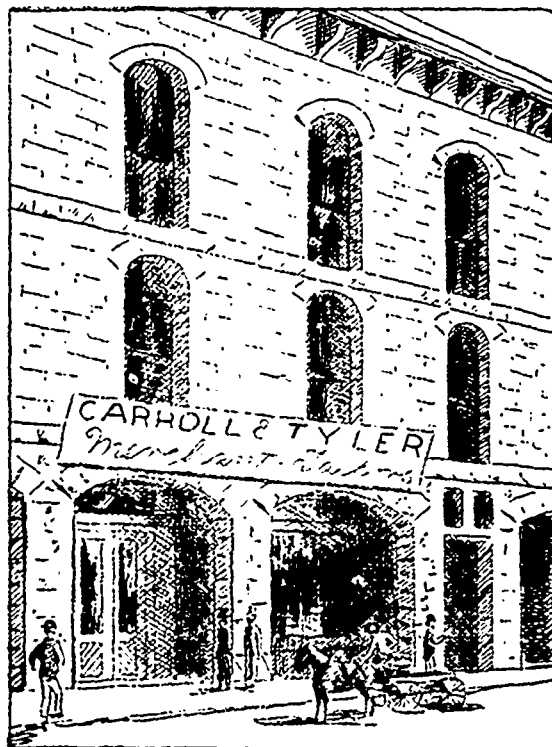
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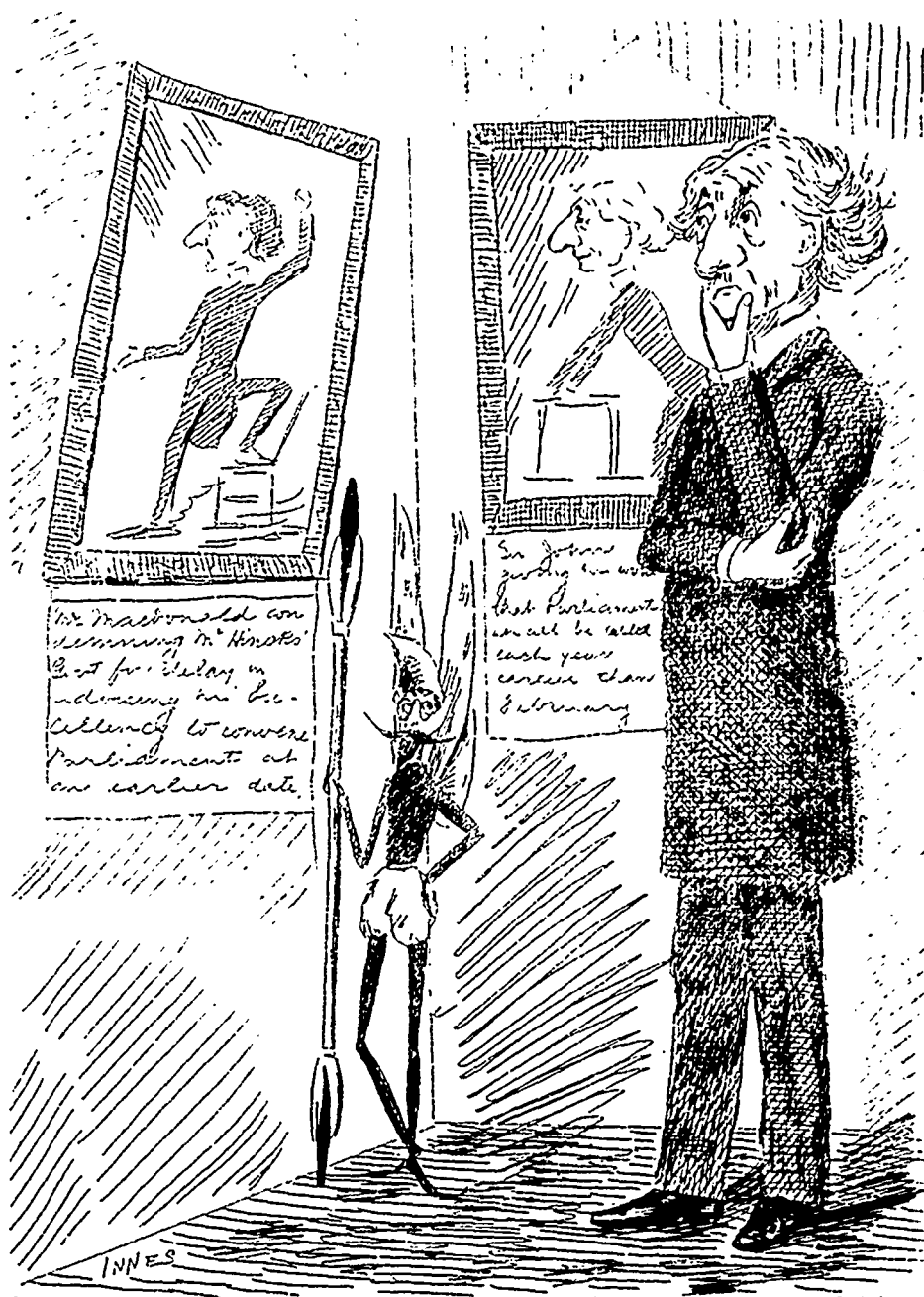
THE PRAIRIE

ILLUSTRATED

Vol. I. No. 8.

CALGARY, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1891.

Price 10c.



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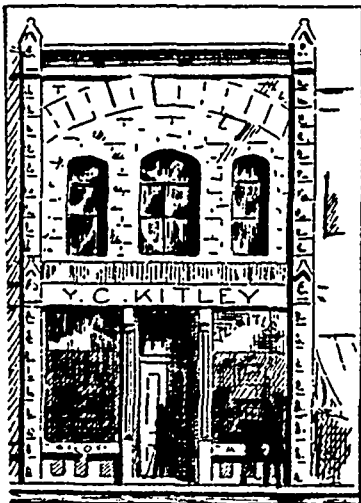
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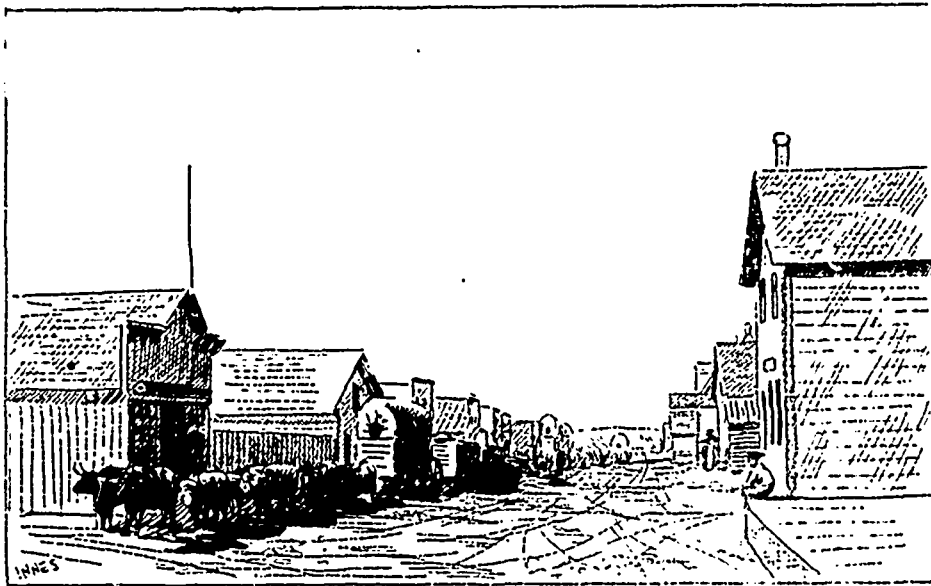
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W. H. CUSHING, Proprietor.



MAIN STREET, MACLEOD.

MANY of our readers are familiar with the above scene, while it will undoubtedly prove interesting to our readers in the East and in the Old Country. From one end of the street to the other, bull trains can be seen. The picture is not altogether true to the present appearance of the town, having been taken a year or two ago. Towns in the Northwest change in appearance very rapidly, and Macleod is not the place to be left in the rear. We will shortly give other views of this district.

A Revised Version.

Our own private "devil," who, when he is not taking a meal out of the office paste pot, or playing practical jokes on our heaviest advertisers, studies back copies of "The Missionaries Journal," with a view to educating himself for the position of bell-ringer at a church, has handed us the following "copy." He certainly appears to be making rapid strides:

"There was once two boys as started in ranchin' Brothers they was; One's name was Cain, tother was Abel. They'd took up places on opposite sides of a crick. Abel went in for stock and got on good, bein' a smart boy, but Cain, he never got no luck. The frost took his crops once, another time the hail pounded 'em into the ground, and the gophers ate what was left. At last, one day when he was off his place a prairie fire came along his side of the crick and burnt him clean out. Then Cain got real mad; he said he knew it was that mean brute, Abel; he'd take a club to him and make his head sore. So he

took his biggest club and went for him, and hit him to hard and corpsed him. Then, hearing that likely he'd get arrested, he got rattled and crossed the line and skipped the country."

THOSE KODAK VIEWS!

IT HAS come to our ears that a report was current in town during this week that someone interested in the Prairie Illustrated had been taking "Kodak" views of a party of "Black Jack" players. Now, we may say right here that had this been our intention, we should have carried it out, in spite of any opposition there might have been. When we believe any abuse requires holding up to public light we shall do it, and in no half-hearted way either. But, be it understood, this paper was not started with a view of doing any dirty work, and the manner in which any private citizen chooses to spend his time has nothing to do with us, whether his pet recreation be black jack, poker or skittles. A little bird has whispered in our ear the name of the starter of this groundless rumor, but we don't want to stop his little game. Indeed, we are partial ourselves on occasion to a mild game of B. J., but we draw the line when it comes to playing for one's shirt. In conclusion, we are not here to stab a man in the dark; if we want a sketch, we shall use no "detective" camera, as we have a real live artist of our own, who will not be afraid to sit in front of his victim with pencil and paper in hand.

We have given a few straight tips already, and we would conclude this with another—to green 'uns at this fascinating game—keep your eyes wide open, 22 isn't 21, and the bottom card isn't the top. Twig?

THE PRAIRIE.

(ILLUSTRATED)

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF INTEREST TO ALL.

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

SUBSCRIPTION :

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Per Annum (in advance) \$3.50

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

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

ERNEST BEAUFORT, Manager.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1891.

WE cannot but refer to the late election of directors of the Calgary General Hospital, nor help expressing our astonishment at the result of that election, astonishment shared by a large number of our townspeople. It is a matter of the greatest regret that Judge Rouleau, Bishop Pinkham and Mr. Samson were left off the Board. The first-named gentleman is the leading official in the Territories, and the fact of his being a Roman Catholic gives rise to a suspicion that the question of creed formed a factor in the election. This, we happen to know, is the Judge's belief, but it is to be sincerely trusted that it has no foundation. It would be sufficient to damn any general hospital that was ever started. Even more astonishing is the rejection of Bishop Pinkham, for several reasons. He has had considerable experience, he is one of the cleverest business men in Manitoba or the Northwest, and Mrs. Pinkham was undoubtedly the indirect means of starting the present hospital—and yet Bishop Pinkham is rejected! Then, again, Mr. Samson. He represented and very worthily represented the ranching interests on the Board. Not only this, but he personally canvassed and raised, comparatively speaking, a large sum of money for the hospital. Yet this gentleman is rejected and the ranchers and farmers, rather an important body in the Northwest, are unrepresented. A very considerable amount of feeling has been caused, and we say again—it is no good beating about the bush—that it is a most regrettable affair. We have no wish to cast any reflection on the members of the present board, a number of whom feel deeply the loss of these three gentlemen, whose usefulness and fitness for the office

no one can deny. We only hope that the general public will not allow any personal feeling to retard the good work the hospital has commenced to do. Although not on the Board, yet we feel sure that the gentlemen we have mentioned will use all their influence, which is by no means slight, to forward the interests of this noble work.

WE WONDER how many times the local daily papers have called attention to the "disgraceful condition of the Mission bridge," and we cannot say that the attention paid to this small matter makes anybody much in love with our form of government. We are told that our local members have no funds at their disposal to save a man breaking his neck. Our artist graphically depicts what will happen one of these days, if something more than nailing a piece of wood over a hole is not very soon done, and then when the man's widow sues those responsible, we are afraid the cry of "no funds" will hardly wash. Mr. Cayley, we understand, has written to His Honor about the matter—we cannot but fancy that we have heard of something of the kind before, but it *must* have been imagination, or of course the necessary repairs would have at once been carried out. However, we *hope* that this time our junior member's appeal will be met with prompt action.

FRONT PAGE

IT is very certain that Sir John promised last year that Parliament should be called before February, it is also certain that February is not here yet; but, in view of its extremely close proximity, our Familiar takes the liberty of jogging up the Premier's memory on this point. There is no doubt that the coming session will prove most eventful to the Territories, as well as to the Dominion at large, and if the Government delays in taking measures to convene Parliament till after the promised date, it will take some pretty sound explanations to dispel the dissatisfaction which will be stirred up throughout the country.

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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.

PRINCE ALBERT.

(From Our Own Correspondent)

THE great event of the past week has been the marriage of Mr. E. J. Cann to Miss Fannie Mair. Miss Mair is the daughter of Mr. Charles Mair, a gentleman closely connected with the development of the Northwest during the last twenty years, and known everywhere as a graceful and polished writer. Mr. Cann is a deservedly esteemed young man, possessed of many and varied good qualities, a magnificent musician and a general good fellow.

On Wednesday evening St. Alban's Church, where the marriage ceremony was performed, was packed with friends anxious to show their appreciation of the young couple. At half-past seven the bride, who looked charming, her natural beauty being heightened by the exquisite bridal dress she wore, appeared, walking up the aisle leaning on the arm of her father, followed by the two bridesmaids, Miss Cook and Miss McLean, and was met at the chancel by the bridegroom. The marriage ceremony was performed by Archdeacon George McKay, and at its conclusion the bridal party drove to Holmewood, the residence of Mr. Mair, where a reception, followed by a supper and dance was held.

The happy couple received an incredible number of presents from all parts of Canada, all of the most handsome and valuable description. Everybody in Prince Albert wishes Mr. and Mrs. Cann many happy and useful years of wedded life.

OUR civic elections are over, and by this time the flush of victory has partly died away. Mr. J. L. Johnston, the elected mayor, received the magnificent majority of 38. After the elections the town was the scene of noisy but innocent enthusiasm; coal oil and brooms were wasted in the most reckless manner, and the sweet sound of the cowbell continued into the small hours of the night. Folks have toned down a little now.

CURLING is in full blast, and many are the keen games that are being played, the rink being lit up every night for the enthusiastic curlers.

THE police are giving a smoking concert on Friday evening, to celebrate the opening of their new recreation room, and it is intended to give a good performance. The play "Weak Woman" is to be presented on the 22nd Jan., the proceeds to be devoted to St. Alban's Church.

THE Snow Shoe Club had their first tramp last Friday. 16 members turned out and had a good sharp tramp, and wound up at the Queen's Hotel, where an enjoyable evening was spent.

GRATIANO.

MEN OF THE DAY



DR. BRETT, M. L. A.

THE Chairman of Lieut.-Governor Royal's Advisory Board, Dr. Brett, M. L. A., whose photo appears above, is of Irish descent, his family being amongst the pioneer settlers in the county of Middlesex, Ont. Dr. Brett was born at Strathroy, Ont., on November 15th, 1851, and was educated at the grammar school of that place, and at Toronto University, where he graduated M. D. in 1873. He was Reeve of Arkona, County of Lambton, and was one of the incorporators of the Manitoba Medical College, and has held the Professorship of Materia Medica and Therapeutics since its establishment. Dr. Brett is now medical director of the Banff Sanitarium, which is so well known throughout Canada. He is a Conservative, and was elected to the Legislative Assembly at the general election in 1888.

How He Gave Himself Away.

He wanted to make a good impression on the old man at the Sunday School bazaar. So at the ice water stand he took a cupful of the crystal fluid and remarked:

"Ah, that's the stuff, Mr. Jobson?"

"Why, did you never drink anything, Augustus?" he asked.

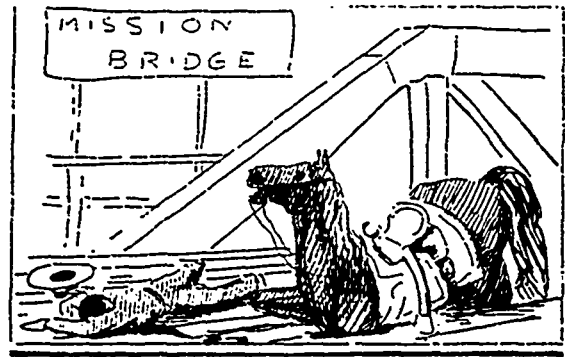
"Never," he answered, firmly, but absent-mindedly, and then saying, "Here's to you?" he thoughtlessly blew off what, under other circumstances, or if he had been a drinking man, might have been froth.

FUN IN THE COUNCIL !

THE first meeting of the Calgary Town Council for 1891 was a red-letter day for the large crowd of enlightened electors who thronged the Town hall, and the amusement furnished by our representatives beat a circus all hollow. About one-half those present were applicants for all sorts of offices, created and uncreated. Acting clerk Bangs, with a sad, weary face, attacked a pile of papers, which almost enveloped him and which had been brought to the hall by one of Douglas & Sterritt's drays. The position of policeman must be a perfect bed of roses, for amongst the applicants were senators, clergymen, members of parliament, and all sorts of funny people. We don't remember all the names, but we thought we caught those of John A. Macdonald, D. McCarthy, J. Thompson, E. Blake, C. S. Parnell, and Van Horne. Then, any number of gentlemen want the clerkship, at a salary to be fixed by the council. At length Mr. Bangs got through, but had to be brought to from a death-like faint. A smile from Mayor Reilly restored him immediately. Then the mayor delivered a beautiful address to the council, which deeply moved all who heard it. The language in which he described our glorious climate read like poetry and many in the audience were so overcome that they had to be thrown out. But remorselessly the mayor continued his wild career of oratory, the bursts of applause being occasionally almost deafening. Retrenchment was to be the order of the day, and a magnificent town hall, "worthy of our rising young town," must be erected. (Happy thought—erect a building that would answer many purposes—police court, town hall, school board, concerts, etc. ; soon pay for itself.) As regards the municipal offices, His Worship wanted a number of them consolidated. (Happy thought—consolidate the whole lot and give them to Dillabaugh.) Many sensible suggestions made—burden of taxation to be lightened ; for future, visiting delegates should pay own exs. After asking council for their help, finished with a grand rush by naming standing committees. Then came the "help" he asked for, and the order,—beg pardon, disorder of the day was "kick." Couns. Cushing and King started the ball rolling by moving resolution to introduce by-law disallowing mayor to appoint the committees. Then came general scrimmage in which the mayor called lots of people to order, and lots of people called the mayor to order; then the mayor explained the law to the council and then the council explained the law to the mayor. (Happy thought—each member should be provided with his own private lawyer.)

By-law read first and second time; and then various members popped up in their seats and resigned—not their seats, oh, no, only their committees. (Happy thought—council resigned, will the ratepayers be?) Then mayor refused to put resolution about 3rd reading. Lots more uproar and fun for spectators. Then somebody moved mayor leave the chair, seconded amidst more uprear and fun. (Happy thought—council to be called the Uproarious council.) Motion out of order. Even patient Bangs got excited and said he couldn't follow if they went on like that ; looked as if he wanted to bang somebody,—O, lor, beg pardon.

Amidst general hilarity motion to adjourn carried. Business done—nothing.



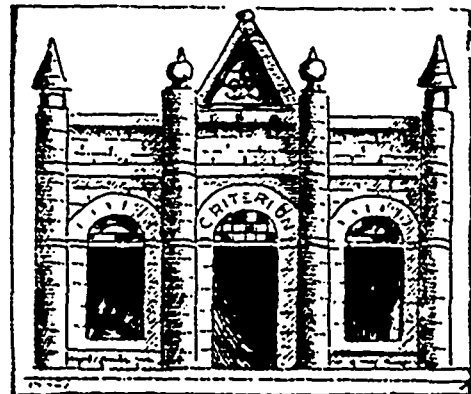
THE MISSION BRIDGE

The Mission Bridge is full of holes,
Yet no one cares a speck,
That some poor horse might break his leg,
Or some poor man his neck.

What is the best course to pursue ?
It is, we must consider,
Cheaper to mend the bridge at once,
Than compensate the widder.

THE CRITERION SALOON

STEPHEN AVENUE



PROPRIETORS :
BURLAND & SAUNDERS.

THE BOBBS

Brought to light—an after-dinner cigar.

A measured tread—That of many feet.

The man who is full of himself is always empty.

When money is tight it is quiet, with a man it is different.

A woman is never so badly in love that she does not try to ascertain the cost of her engagement ring.

Extravagant, indeed, is the woman who gives you "a piece of her mind." Ten to one she can't spare it.

A true word is often uttered in jest. In fact, with many men it is a huge jest to speak a true word at all.

Magistrate—Married or single, sir? Prisoner—No; judicially separated; my wife has been in jail for the last three months.

"John," said the dying man, "will you be one of my pall bearers?" "I shall be only too glad to, old fellow," replied John, sympathetically.

Verger—Your prayer for rain's soon been answered, sir. It's a-pourin' cats and dogs outside. Parson—Tut, tut, tut, I trust not, Thomas; I've forgotten my umbrella.

Golden maxims for the New Year: Give your enemy forgiveness, your opponent tolerance, your mother-in-law a hearty welcome, and your tailor a bit on account."

Scene—Parson preaching; in the midst of his sermon catches sight of urchin in the gallery using a pea-shooter. Urchin—You mind your preaching, parson, and I'll keep the folks awake. (Boy ejected.)

"Permit me, my dear Miss Coldstream, to make you a trifling present." "No, no—I really cannot receive gifts, Mr. Rythmus." "But—ah—this is a copy of my own poems." "Oh, that is different. Thank you. I meant, of course, valuable gifts."

"This bell," said a well-meaning sexton, when showing the belfry of an interesting village church to a party of visitors, "is only rung in case of a visit from the Lord Bishop of the diocese, a fire, a flood, or any other such calamity."

"Pray don't take it to heart, so," said Sir Arthur Sullivan to a lady friend who was weeping over some trivial misadventure. "Let me endeavor to compose you." "Pardon me, Sir Arthur," replied the fair one, suddenly drying her eyes, and looking daggers at her would-be comforter, "do you take me for a comic opera?"



HOSPITAL BOARD

"'Tis pity! pity 'tis, 'tis true,"
My friends; a word into your ear,
"I say there's not a doubt
That in th' election of your Board,
You've left the best men out."

His Worship the Mayor of Puddleton-on-Sea (lecturing on Egyptian obelisks): The obelisk, ladies and gentlemen, which is known as "Cleopatra's Needle," is what is called a monolith. Monolith, I should remind you, is a term derived from two Greek words—"Monos," a stone, and—er—er "lith." That is the Greek derivation; if anyone wishes for the Latin derivation, I can give him that also!

Some gentlemen were lodging together in a cottage in the North. The weather during their stay was very inclement; but, no matter what the weather was, the old-fashioned barometer which hung in the lobby most persistently pointed to "Set fair." At length one of the party, laying hold of the landlord, pointed to the glass, and said, "Do you not think, now, Dugald, that there's something the matter with your glass?" "No, sir," replied Dugald, with dignity, "She's a good glass, and a powerful glass, but she's no moved wi' trifles."

LIFE has a new horror now that scarf-pins containing concealed photographic cameras are coming into fashion. These diabolically ingenious little machines look exactly like ordinary scarf-pins, but they are fitted with photographic lenses and half-a-dozen sensitised "dry plates." The shutter can be opened for an instantaneous exposure, and the plate mechanically changed without any suspicion on the part of the victim. Let us, then, forbear from becoming celebrated, for any person who rises to distinction is liable to have a distorted smudge unconsciously taken of his features by a man sitting opposite to him in a railway carriage, without having the slightest idea of it.



(CONTINUED.)

Being retired, well-furnished and on the ground floor, the new apartments were preferable to the old ones, and Miss Brown, the governess, who of course had shown a coquettish interest in Mr. Crawford, declared to Edna that it was "a paradise in the paradise of a home."

To Edna Crawford, who seemed to have her interest in the matter, and where she was or was not, was a little the place offered her as a refuge from the haunting eyes of Dr. Watson.

To avoid entering into the tale she feigned sickness and her mother served in her room, but the very means used to avoid him brought him to the place with an eager tender of his professional services.



HE WAS TALKING TO A HYPERIUS WOMAN.

When he was out of sight she elbowed him; when he was near, with his strange eyes turned to her face, or his fingers pressing on her arm, while he proceeded to look at his watch, she was powerless to resist as a bird under the fascination of a snake.

Frequently, the doctor was now away the greater part of every day and Edna would take advantage of his absence to comfort herself with the magic violin.

She shunned her father, because he was forever sounding the praises of the doctor; and, for the same reason, she avoided Miss

Brown as much as possible, though that lady's increasing devotion to Mr. Crawford did not escape her notice.

One evening after supper she heard Dr. Watson saying to her father in the hall: "I expect to see a party from the West to-night and if there is anything of importance to communicate I'll wake you up on my return, after 12."

To this Mr. Crawford replied in a nervous voice: "If there is not a certainty of arranging the terms so as to prevent publicity we must sail for Europe on Saturday. I feel as if I could not hold up much longer under the strain."

After the doctor had gone out Mr. Crawford came into his daughter's room, and to his great delight, she was less excitable and more demonstrative in her affection than usual.

After an hour's talk she kissed him good night, saying that she felt weary and would lie down, and requesting him to tell Miss Brown that she need not see her again till morning.

As soon as her father had gone out Edna quickly placed her violin and several rolls of music in the case, then hurriedly put all her jewelry and a change of clothing into a little valise and lowered the light.

She waited till an hour after Mrs. Brown had gone to bed in the adjoining room, then quickly put on a street dress and, carrying the valise and violin case, left the house as noiselessly as a shadow.

Looking neither to the right nor left she made her way to the Third Avenue Elevated road and took a car bound south.

She got out at Fulton street, utterly ignorant of her whereabouts and quite as uncertain as to her destination, but to her great joy she saw a respectable-looking hotel near the station, and thus she entered with a confidence of manner that in no way indicated her feelings.

She wrote her name on a black card "Miss Louisa Neville" and asked the waiter who appeared in the parlor to have her registered and a room assigned her.

She had \$32 in cash, besides her jewels, and this, so she thought, would enable her to live till she could find a place for the exercise of her talents.

Although not hungry, Edna Crawford went down to the dining-room the following morning, and while waiting for her coffee she looked over a paper that lay on the table.

It was a copy of that morning's World, and a glance at the "want columns" decided her as to what she should do next.

After the merest apology for a breakfast, she put a veil over her hat, and hurried to the World office on Park Row. She was about to write out an advertisement, applying for the position of governess, when a handsome, middle-aged man, with a refined German face, raised his hat and said, as he handed her a slip of paper:

"Please to excuse me, Mrs., but I am not sure if mine is good English. Is dot spelled right?"

With a flushed face and trembling hands, Edna read the following:

Wanted—Immediately, a young lady who can play violin solos in a European Concert Company. Apply in person and with own instrument to Herr Edu. Schmetz, No. 2 Union Square, New York.

—SUBSCRIBE FOR—

—THE—

—PRAIRIE ILLUSTRATED—

CHAPTER IV.—ONE PURPOSE AND TWO ENDS.

BY ALAN DALE.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER III.—BY MAJOR ALFRED C. CALHOUN.

Tom Wootly, a detective, calls at Henshall's studio and says that he saw Dr. Watson talking to a woman on Union Square. He showed the woman to a boarding-house on Second Avenue. Henshall's father calls and tells the young artist that he is in the power of Banker Hartman, who can ruin him. He employs his son to marry the banker's daughter and thus save him. Henry promises reluctantly to do so. Meanwhile the Crawfords have moved further uptown. Edna's hatred of Dr. Watson increases, and finally packing up her violin and some effects, she leaves her home. While writing an advertisement in The World office a man asks her to read his advertisement to see if it is spelled correctly. The advertisement is for a female violinist.



Lena Hartman, the banker's daughter, was one of those matter-of-fact maidens who seem to have been created as a useful foil to the sentimental gushfulness of the romantic dandy.

Miss Hartman was more than delicately plump. Her appearance suggested an intense regard for meats. Like the German frau-lem, who is not at all disinclined to talk love over a steaming dish of Frankfurt sausages, supplemented by sauerkraut, Miss Hartman was eminently hearty.

As for her amiability, it was simply without limit. Miss Hartman was inquisitive of the petty worries of life. One of her friends always declared that nothing less than an earthquake would ever cause her the least agitation.

Henry Henshall called upon this portly maiden in due time, and her appearance filled him with a vague fright.

His artistic instincts told him at once that he need never expect from her either sympathy or even interest in his plans and his aspirations.

But his promise to his father dwelt in his mind secretly intact. He would be a martyr and he must feel some consolation in that. Most men do.

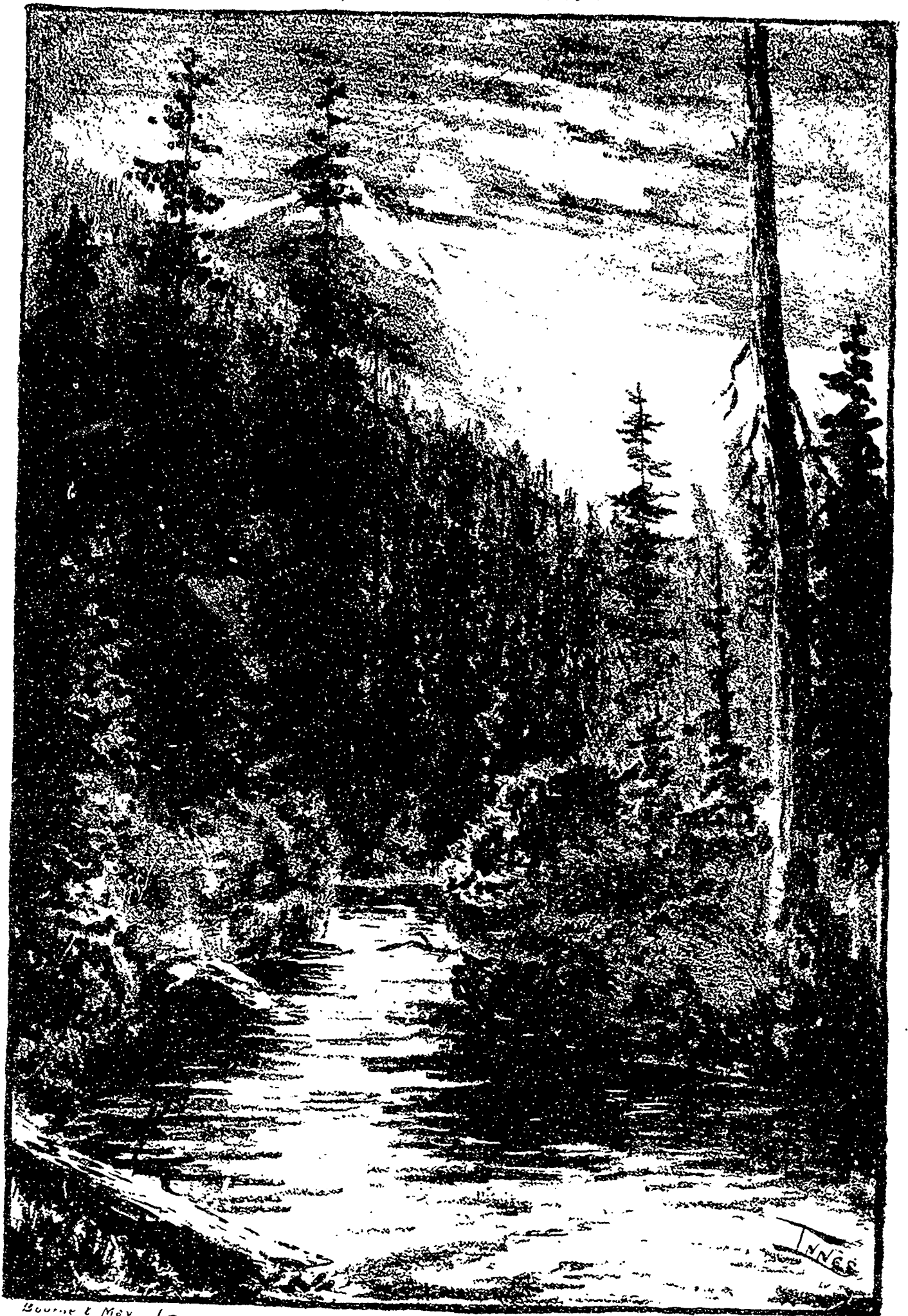
It is well to reflect that one is a martyr even though too late to be included in Fox's book.

The face of his unknown ideal blotted from his mind the large, immobile features of Miss Hartman the instant he left her and he felt that as a reward for her sacrifice he could at least indulge in the luxury of thinking of this strangely met, strangely lost woman.

Lena Hartman was motherless and had recently engaged as companion a woman whom Henshall regarded with undefined mistrust. She was a light-haired, blue-eyed woman, who years ago must have been extremely handsome, but her features were now hid with care. Her movements were furtive and catlike, and she seemed to regard the life she was living as unreal.

"What induced you to engage her, Lena?" asked Henshall one day, with the privilege of a newly made fiancé. He had glided into this position in such an unutterably commonplace manner that the easiest so easily forged wore hardly galling.

"Because she interests me," declared Miss Hartman. "I feel that she has a history. You always tell me, Harry, that I am the most unromantic being on earth. I know it.



J. H. G.

Bourne & May Lith.

I can however, appreciate romance in others, though I am aware that you think even that impossible."

Mr. Henshall sighed. He would not stupidly of Lena would feel interested in his own brief, pointless romance.

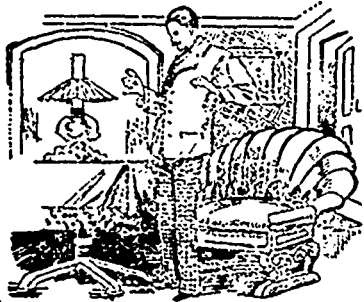
He dimly saw the faint demon rapping for admittance at the smooth doors of Miss Hartman's parlor. He saw the buffed retreat of this demon. He declined to admit even the possibility of Miss Hartman's jealousy.

His acquaintance with women was very slight. He imagined that the passionate affection evinced for him by his promised wife was one of those airy things, the presence or absence of which was of but slight significance to the welfare of the woman.

One morning Mr. Henshall called at Mr. Hartman's house, more with the object of "reporting for duty," as he styled it in martial irony, than with any well-defined object in view.

Mr. and Mrs. Hartman were out, he was informed. Mrs. Smith, the chapron, was the only member of the family now at home. She was in the drawing-room, ventured the domestic, discreetly.

He shall never know afterward what it was that prompted him to enter instead of leaving the conventional card to indicate his unsatisfactory visit.



THEN HE STOOPED AND RAISED IT FROM THE FLOOR.

He told the servant his would-day for a time until the arrival of the father and daughter. Then leaving his hat and cane in the hall he walked to the door of the drawing-room, and, with a slight, prophetic knock, entered.

The room unlighted save by a full, red-shaded lamp that cast a pink effluence on objects in its immediate neighborhood.

The young man saw seated on a low chair close to the lamp the aristocratic form of Mrs. Smith, the chapron. She had not heard his knock and remained seated, her hands folded listlessly in front of her, her head bent slightly forward, until the sound of his light footfall reached her ear. Then with a start she rose and placed her hand upon the edge of her chair.

"You alarmed me, Mr. Henshall," she declared, with an attempt at a smile that was a signal failure. "I did not expect anybody because Mr. Hartman and Lena have gone out. Lo-mee-see," he flung, "I think they went to a reception at Mrs. Van Arke's house on the avenue. Did you wish?"

"Nothing," interrupted the young man with a reassuring smile. "I thought I would come in for a few minutes and rest myself." The absence of Miss Hartman was by no means regrettable. In fact, Mr. Henshall felt a distinct relief at the respite from dull platitudes that her visit on the avenue afforded him.

He looked at Mrs. Smith's face. She had evidently been weeping. He had not subtly in eruped a painful realization.

Well, no matter, she ought to thank him for that, at any rate. That he was not inclined to express any gratitude either by words or by looks was very apparent. It was clear that she did not consider herself bound to entertain Miss Hartman's cues.

At first few words were uttered, uttered almost resting, she rose and announced her intention of retiring to her room.

"I leave you, she said, 'provided with a couple of readable books, and a assurance that you will find them capital entertainers. Of course you will wait to see Lena and Mr. Hartman. I know it would be a great disappointment to you if you failed to meet them."

She accompanied them with a faint, significant smile that was irritatingly visible to Mr. Henshall. He colored slightly, and hit the end of his moustache to restrain the rather impatient remark that rose to his lips.

Mrs. Smith moved noiselessly about. There were the same tedious suggestions about her work that he had noticed before.

"Good night," she said, indifferently.

As she passed him something fell at his feet. He saw it there before him, but made no effort to pick it up for a few seconds. Then he stooped and raised it from the floor. It was an old-fashioned gold brooch, one of those trinkets that we have seen our grandmothers and great-aunts wear, and have admired in the days of our childhood.

At the back of the brooch was a portrait, beautifully colored, and lying out conspicuously from the dull gold frame.

As he looked at it Henry Henshall was conscious of a mental sensation as he had rarely received. The picture conjured up a whole train of reminiscences that for the last few weeks he had vainly ventured to disfigure for in the starting eyes and uncanon expression of the photograph applied face he had no difficulty in recognizing the man whom he had seen in the Wagner palace-car and whom he had mentally dubbed the heavy villain of the episode.

In a instant he was on his feet; his hand was upon the brooch, and in a moment he instantly sent a servant to Mrs. Smith, summoning her to his presence.

He was seated in the chair. The door was noiselessly opened and the lady herself entered.

"I dropped my brooch," she said apologetically. "No, do not trouble," she added as he made a movement. "I think I know where to find it."

The young man's heart was beating violently. He wanted to tell her that he had picked it up, but was unable to find the words.

He held it up and tried to speak. In an instant she had stretched it from his hand. "I would not lose it for the world," she said.

Henry Henshall struggled with his emotion for a moment and overcame it.

"You know that man?" he asked harshly. She looked at him for a moment, then burst into a loud, unmusical laugh.

"If I know that man! Ha! ha! ha! Do I know him! Ah! it is too good. Ha! ha! ha!"

She sat down and laughed hysterically, he looking at her in mute amazement. Suddenly she seemed to secure control of herself. Her laughter ceased; the expression on her face became one of uncertainty. She advanced quietly to Henshall and said, with an indifference which was unconvincing even to the young man.

"Do you know him?" He answered at once: "I don't know him."

I wish I did, for I believe he is a—a—"

He paused in embarrassment.

"Go on," she said.

"I was going to say," he resumed, "that I believe he is a villain."

"You are right," she said deliberately, fixing her blue eyes on Henshall's whitened face.

"He is a villain, and it is his wife that says so."

Henshall recoiled. Intense surprise momentarily bewilderred him; then came, like a ray of sunshine, the knowledge that there was a clue to the recovery of his ideal. Not a thought of Lena Hartman entered his mind to thwart his plans.



HER APPEARANCE FILLED HIM WITH VAGUE FRIGHT.

"You know his wife?" he asked.

Again she laughed mirthlessly. "I am the woman unfortunate enough to bear that relation to him," she said. Then, in alarm, "Mr. Henshall, I do not wish to acquaint you with my past life. You have come into possession of a secret through no fault of mine. I beg of you not to betray my confidence."

Her evident sincerity overcame his animosity to the woman.

"Mrs. Smith," he said "your secret is safe. Tell me, I implore of you, as much about this man as you conscientiously can. To show you how much in earnest I am I will tell you my reasons for a king this."

He then related to her the story of his journey in the Wagner palace-car, omitting no detail likely to interest her.

He then told her (and strange to say, he really believed it himself), that his object was to find the girl, although engaged to Miss Hartman. He would be perfectly loyal to Lena, but he felt that he could not go through life without having met his ideal, if only to speak with her bravely, to study her beauty for one hour.

He must see her. He would perhaps forget her if his curiosity were satisfied.

Ah! how easy it is to "talk one's self in" as the saying is. What a delightful thing an eased conscience.

Mrs. Smith was a woman of the world, and she understood the complexion of the case far more thoroughly than did young Henshall. But apparently it served her purpose to gratify him.

"Do you know the names of the people with whom you saw him?" she asked.

"Crawford" he answered.

Did you learn that they stopped at No. 3—West Thirty-eighth street?"

"Yes," in intense surprise, "I called there."

"So did I," she said quietly, "but the bird had flown."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Music and the Drama

THE revised version of Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," which was rendered in the town hall on Monday evening last, was a decided success. The cast of characters was as follows:

CÆSAR—Mr. R-i-l-y.

BRUTUS—Messrs. K-n-g, C-s-h-ng,
D-u-g-l-s, T-p-p, I-c-s and
B-n-r-m-n.

This is not according to the accepted version of this play, but, it is the Calgary version.

Cæsar and the Brutus' wore the Roman toga, sandals and striped shirts (all made out of the leavings of decorations of the Barbecue) and were, as our illustration shows, most effectually disguised, with wigs, burnt cork, &c.

The tragedy opened with the usual proceedings of a Roman senate, applications being read for positions as centurion, town constable, &c., and was admirably sustained. Cæsar then made his address, after which, with one accord, the numerous Brutus' drew daggers, labelled "want of confidence," "yer can't fool us," "Come off," etc., and made a break for the august personage. The finale was most affecting; attacked on all sides, Cæsar stood, and when at last the cue came for the immortal words, "Et tu Brute! Then die, Cæsar," he exclaimed with dignity, "Scat, you



Brutes! never say die, Jimmy"; the excitement was so intense that in the general stillness many a crystal tear was heard to fall with a thump on the pine carpet. When at last the players adjourned, it was decided to hold a meeting on Tuesday, in the Opera House, where, if those present didn't feel like doing any business, they would probably give a rendition of "Muldoon's Picnic. As I was not able to attend the latter, I cannot say how it came off.

Hoping I have not trespassed too much on your space,

Yours truly,

MARK ANTONY.

THE FARM

ONTARIO millers say that for the first time in a long period they are able to sell flour made from Manitoba wheat about as cheap as that manufactured from Ontario. It costs about 95c for 60 lbs. white and one dollar for red by the time it is laid down at their mills, while No. 2 Manitoba hard, which will yield more flour to the bushel, can be laid down for about 97c to 98c.

CAPT. HOLMES, who is doing special work for the Department of Agriculture in connection with the repatriation movement from Dakota, has procured maps and other information from the Department of the Interior. He says the prospects of a large influx of settlers to Manitoba and the Territories from the Western States next spring are brighter than ever.

WHY do not our Northwest farmers, especially those engaged in butter-making, endeavor to form a dairy association, similar to that existing in Manitoba. The meetings would give the chance for exchange of thought on important dairy matters, would bring our goods before the public, and would generally benefit the country.

THERE is a very large demand for damaged wheat in Eastern Canada this year which is ground up for feed. The shortage of the crop of feed grain in some parts of Eastern Canada is very great.

THE seventh annual session of the Ontario Creameries Association, has just been concluded at Berlin. Professor Robertson of Ottawa, was present and delivered a most interesting address. He urged that farmers should milk their cows for 10 months in the year instead of seven. He contended that a farm of 100 acres should have at least 25 cows, which should yield \$70 per head. He advocates the establishment of experimental stations to manufacture cheese in summer and butter in winter. The Hon. Mr. Dryden, Professors Macfarlane and Dean were also amongst the speakers.

THE average yield of wheat per acre in Great Britain for a series of years is about 30 bu, Germany about 18 bu, France 16 bu, Canada 14 bu, United States 12½ bu, Australasia 10 bu, and India 9 bu.

THE estimates of crops in the States, for the past year, are as follows:—Corn, 1,489,970,000 bushels; wheat, 399,262,000 bushels; oats, 523,621,000 bushels. The wheat area was 36,087,154 acres, and the oat area 26,431,369 acres.



"A REALLY good painstaking history" of the game of curling, which should "hand down to posterity all that was known" of the game at the present time, was said by Lord Balfour of Burleigh to be a want which might be filled. This want has been at last filled by a work entitled "The History of Curling, and Fifty years of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club," by the Rev. John Kerr, M. A. From reviews of this work we learn that the game can boast of a history of at least 400 years. It appears that the curling stone, like the cricket bat, has assumed a variety of shapes at different periods. At the Glasgow exhibition of 1888 some very ancient curling stones were exhibited. Two of these were sent by the Marquis of Breadalbane, which had been found in Newton Loch about thirty year's ago, when it was being drained; and the Marquis, deeming these stones to be valuable relics of antiquity, insured them for £25 before shipping them to Glasgow. At the station they appear to have been taken such care of that they were almost too late for exhibition. However, a porter was sent for them, and the value of his load was carefully impressed on him. What the weight of the stones was we are not told; but, with perspiration streaming down his face, the messenger reached the exhibition just in the nick of time, and, not unnaturally, remained to see the contents of the package about which so much anxiety had been manifested. On witnessing the extraction of what he deemed—he was evidently not a disciple of the "roaring game"—two common stones, he reckoned his work labor in vain; and used, according to Mr. Kerr, "such words as railway porters in our country are, unfortunately, too often heard to utter."

Some of the old rules and regulations are very quaint. The members of a well-known club—the Duddingston Club—like many others, felt it to be their duty to uphold virtue in every way; and so, among other wholesome enactments, it was provided that any one uttering an oath or an imprecation should be fined threepence. Then came a novel rule. It was no doubt discovered that the "peace and unanimity," declared by the club rules to be the great ornaments of society, was sometimes rendered impossible, owing to the introduction of topics of conversation giving rise to somewhat heated language. To combat this state of things it was enjoined that 'Any member introducing a political subject of conversation shall be fined in a penalty of sixpence, to

be paid immediately." It will therefore be noticed that, while it was possible to swear on credit, ready money was the rule to be applied to political arguments, and the penalty was double that exacted as the price of uttering an imprecation.

The book is a most valuable one, and will be read alike with relish by both green players and the skilled curlist. The publisher is David Douglas, Edinburgh.

BOB FITZSIMMONS the Australian wonder, of whom we shall give a sketch next week, won the middle weight championship of the world and \$10,000 last week, at New Orleans, by fairly defeating Jack Dempsey in a fiercely contested fight which was ended by a knock out in the thirteenth round. Dempsey was clearly outfought, Fitzsimmons' wonderful reach enabling him to badly punish his adversary. Dempsey fought bravely, but it was evident in the fifth round that he was whipped. Fitzsimmons seemed to have Dempsey at his mercy and repeatedly knocked him down. Dempsey, after the third round, was on the defensive and in order to escape punishment clinched with Fitzsimmons whenever possible. When the fight ended Dempsey was bleeding from numerous cuts on the face, and was completely exhausted, while Fitzsimmons was without a mark on his face, and was apparently as fresh as when the fight began.

Interest in the event was unprecedented throughout the country, for many of the visiting sports were deluged with despatches asking their opinion or requesting that money be put up on one or other of the two men. 11 to 10 were the figures posted on the blackboard of the main local main pool room, although Jack Farrel, bookmaker, and representing a visitor, bet \$5,000 even, taking the Dempsey end of it. Robert C. Dan, of St. Louis, placed \$5,000 at even money.

THE meeting of horsemen, held at the Royal Hotel on Friday last, was most successful, as far as it went, but we should have liked to have seen a larger number of breeders attending. However, a step in the right direction has been taken. It was decided that stakes for colts foaled in '88 and '89, both running and trotting, be open to all colts owned by actual residents of the Territories on 1st of April, 1891; that the entrance fee in total be \$25; 1st payment of \$10 to be made on or before the 1st of April, at which date entries close; 2nd, of \$10, on or before the 1st of June, when parties name their colts; balance, of \$5, before 6 o'clock of the evening before the meeting.

The following were chosen as an executive com-

mittee:— Messrs. A. Lucas, G. Wentworth, P. W. Herberer, J. Hamilton, W. H. Ford and Parslow, secretary. Over twenty entries have already been made.

WE GIVE a sketch of J. Stansbury, who was at one time looked upon as the coming sculler of the world. He was, however, beat easily recently, in Australia by J. McLean, but excuses were made for him by his backers. There is some talk of him coming over to America to row O'Connor again, after the latter has met McLean, for the world's championship and \$2,500. He met and defeated O'Connor last summer, in Australia.



THE files of Australian papers which came to hand this week brought the fullest particulars of Carbine's Melbourne Cup victory on November 4. The great horse—perhaps the best in the world at the present time—won with a big weight, and it is a remarkable fact that out of the 36 races the son of Musket has run for he has only been unplaced once. The cup was worth £10,800 to the winner, and the £10,000 (which was added by the Victoria Racing Club) is by far and away the largest sum ever given anywhere to one single race. It is "Advance Australia!" with a vengeance.



OUR LITHOGRAPH

THE Lithograph this week represents the headwaters of the Illecillewaet and Mount Cheops by moonlight. The work is done by Messrs. Boorne & May.



IN CONTRAST to the wonderful weather we are having in the Northwest Territories, come reports of terrible destitution in Europe, brought about by the almost unparalleled cold. The death rate in England is higher than has been known for many years, being between 30 and 40 per thousand.

THE oldest man in the English House of Commons is Mr. Charles Villiers, who reached his 90th year last Monday. He is an inveterate smoker and has been a great diner-out for the past 60 years.

MRS. BIRCHALL is reported to be engaged to a Mr. Leatham, of Montreal. It is said that the marriage was suggested by her late husband.

GREAT distress prevails in Oklahoma, the Indian territory which was thrown open for settlement last year. Of the 40,000 settlers, three-fourths are absolutely suffering from the want of food and clothing.

IN THE will suit in which Mrs. O'Shea is an interested party, the sum of \$250,000, which was left to Mrs. O'Shea by an aunt, is the little nest-egg which is to be fought for.

THE difficulty between the mayor and council—now over—we understand, occurred through the desire of the council to take the chairmanship of the Police and Relief Committee out of the hands of the mayor. This the mayor demurred against, as depriving him of the power to maintain law and order, and took steps to prevent the purpose of the council; hence the clash. The council reconsidered the position, and eventually consented to leave things as they were as regards this committee, and now all is harmonious, and quiet as a prayer-meeting.

THE raffle for the celebrated little driving horse, Bob White, which has a record of 2:34½, was brought off on Wednesday night, at the Royal Hotel. The lucky winners were McHugh Bros. and Sergt. Major Garnham, N.W.M.P. McHugh Bros. bought the Sergt. Major's share for \$100. The brothers have a good bit of horseflesh in Bob White.

MACLEAN'S DRUG STORE

THE PIONEER DRUG

Store of Alberta is that which Albertans should patronize.

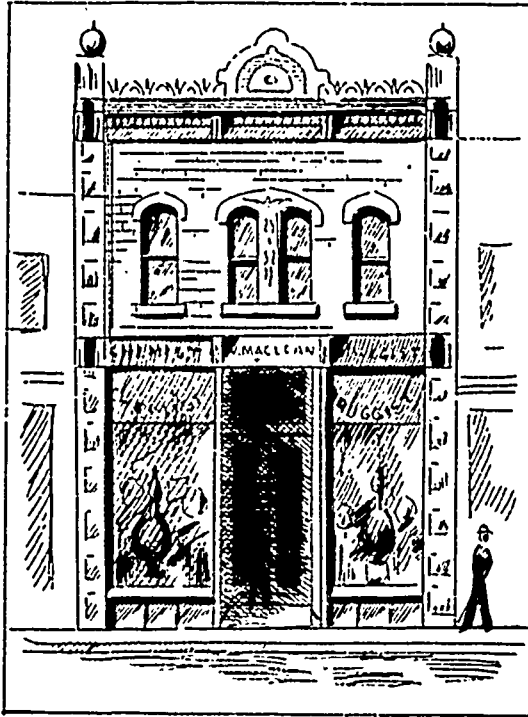
All the latest Drugs known in the science of medicine, always in stock. Purity guaranteed.

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

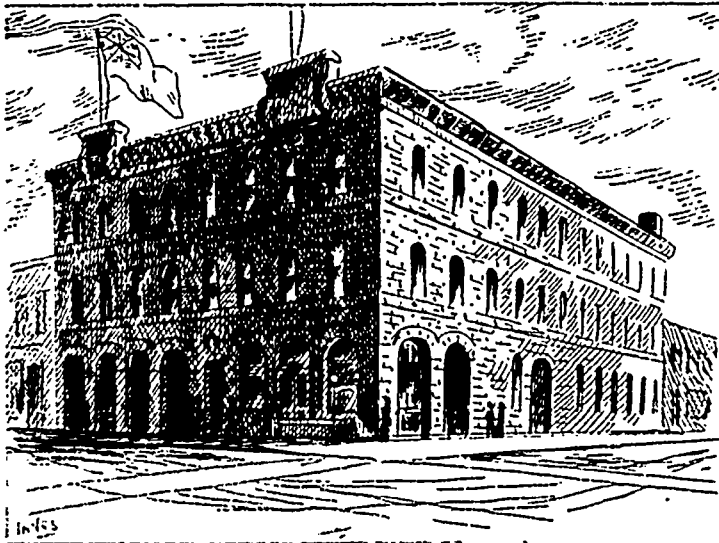
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The Leading House in the Territories



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.

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—AGENT—

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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.

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Next door West of Tribune

Oxford Automatic School Desks
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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 consist in 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 *ve. o.*, prefixed words; proper nouns found in the dictionary, exclusive of geographical names and last names of persons; first, or English, Christian names found in bold face type of dictionary.
- 5—Words not Allowable: Geographical names; scripture or historical proper names; nicknames; abbreviations; plurals; more than one part of a verb; surnames (last names of persons); slang terms; phrases; contractions; obsolete words and words in italics, indicating that they are not yet Anglicized. See distinction in Webster's between *DEPOT* and *debat*, *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
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.