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# THE PRAIRIE

## ILLUSTRATED

Vol. I. No. 13.

CALGARY, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1891.

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And now that we are engaged, Frederick, I only think it right to make a confession. I love onions. That's all right, Emiline, I smoke cigarettes; so we're quits.

"Why more girls do not marry" is the subject of a whole article in one of the reviews. And yet the reason might be summed up in a very few words—because they do not have the chance.

Gotleft—Bobby, is your sister at home this evening? Bobby—No, sir. Gotleft—Are you quite sure? Bobby—Yes, sir. Gotleft—Where is she? Bobby—In the drawing-room with Mr. Setthere.

Somebody says that Shakespeare may have been a superior poet, but was not much of a hand with the gun. Fancy asking "What's in an aim?"

Weary Raggles (reading from a newspaper he has picked up)—The new thousand dollar notes are badly printed on inferior paper. Tattered Tompkins—Is that so? It's odd I haven't noticed it.

Master De Wilbee Riche—Nurse, who was zat lady wiv ze dog zat tised me dus' now? Nurse—Why dear, that was your mamma.

Farmer Peastraw—Well, son, what did you learn at college? Son—I learned to fence, for one thing. Farmer Peastraw—That's good; I'll get some nails to-morrow, and we'll have a bout.

Judge—Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say before the case is given to the jury? Prisoner—Only this, your honor. I admit I killed the man; but we were playing whist; he was my partner; he had just trumped the winning card of my original lead. Judge—The jury will bring in a verdict of not guilty, by reason of emotional insanity.

Married man—"Why don't you get mrrried, Miss Jones? You are getting to look like a 'back number' you will soon be an old maid." Miss Jones—"I was as easy to please as your wife was, I would have married long ago."

Elder Goodman—"Young man, I fear you do not entertain the right views of life; it is not all of life to eat and dr'nk." Young Hiflyer—"Well I guess not; I couldn't live a day without my cigarettes."

Papa—"I am going for a walk, Lillie; will you come with me?" Lillie—"No thank you papa dear, I don't fell quite well. I have been to the cooking school this morning, and you know after the girls get through they have to eat what they've made.

Jack Smallcash (to rich widow's daugoter)—Dearest Emily, will you be my wife? Emily Rackebilt—Oh, Mr Smallcash this is very unexpected! I think—I think—perhaps you had better ask mama. Jack Smallcash—I have already my love; but she refused me.

"Boo! hoo-hoo!" yelled little Johnhy. "What is the matter, dear?" said his mother. "Boo-hoo! Me and Jimmy Green was playin' like we was cats out on the coal shed, when some one raised up a window and hit me on the head with a boot-jack,"

She—A pretty time of night for you to come home. He—A pretty time of night for you to be awake. She—I have stayed awake for the last four hours waiting for you to come home. He—And I have been keeping myself awake for the last four hours at the club waiting for you to go asleep.

The Rev. Dr. Primrose—Are you not ashamed to be in a class with boys so much smaller than yourself? Little Johnnie—Not much, I ain't. I can lick every mother's son of them.

PAID FOR HIS JOKE—The barber had just shaved a stylish-looking man. "Fifteen cents," said the barber.

"What for?"

"For shaving you."

"Look here, do you know how much of my valuable time I have given you while sitting here? I have been in this chair about ten minutes, and during that time I might have made 1,000 dols. on the Board of Trade. Don't talk to me about 15 cents."

"You might be right," said the barber, "and you might have made 10,000 dols. on the board, but you have been occupying my chair, and you will have to pay rent. For shaving I charge only 15 cents. And we will let that go, but for the rent of the chair I charge 50 cents, and you will give me the money or go without your hat. Hold that hat, Jim," he called, addressing a boy. "Perhaps you are right," said the man after a moment's reflection. "I'll pay for the shave."

"No, I want my rent."

"Here, give me that hat. I'm in a hurry."

"Not till you give me the 50 cents."

"Well, here, confounnd you, take the 50 cents. I never saw such a town as this. A man can't joke without having to pay for it."

# THE PRAIRIE.

(ILLUSTRATED)

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**WEEKLY JOURNAL OF INTEREST TO ALL.**


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ERNEST BEAUFORT, Manager.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1891.

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SOME weeks ago we were asked about the growth of alfalfa. A correspondent has kindly sent us a clipping from the *Northwestern Agriculturist*, which we think will be valuable. The article says:—In the spring of 1887, I bought fifteen pounds of alfalfa seed for \$2.50. I told my man to prepare one acre of ground on my farm in Cass county, North Dakota, and sow the seed the middle of May. He did so, and in July following we had our first crop of alfalfa. It was mown close to the ground, and fed green to cattle, horses, mules and hogs; all ate it and none was wasted. In August of that year we cut the second crop and fed it likewise. The two crops that year must have made two tons to the acre, had it been cured like other grass.

In the fall of each year I put on a light coat of manure to strengthen the roots and protect it from severe frosts, but as yet I have seen no signs of winter killing and last fall it was thicker and stronger than at any time since 1887. Each of the last two years it has given me three good crops, cutting about one ton at each mowing.

Alfalfa seems to do well in dry weather. What it will do in wet seasons I cannot say.

The spring of 1889 was tough on tame grasses, as well as cereals, but my acre of alfalfa was ready to cut the first of June, and it stood on the ground about as heavy as any previous spring, while my pastures did not show a growth of grass over half an inch high at the time.

Alfalfa grows about eight inches high before you can discover any preparation to seed and then is the most favorable time to cut it for hay.

I regard the growing of alfalfa as an important matter for our farmers to look into, and the sooner they get a ten acre field or more the better for them.

The land should be plowed deep early in the fall and again late in the spring. Harrow down thoroughly and roll with a good heavy iron roller until it is well packed, and then sow fifteen pounds of seed to an acre, and keep well covered every fall with short and well-made manure, and you are sure of a crop.

Another correspondent says that a good crop of alfalfa can be grown the first year. Deep and thorough plowing is necessary, and the harrow should thoroughly pulverize the soil. If a press drill is used, fifteen to twenty pounds are sufficient to seed one acre; if sown broadcast, twenty-five to thirty pounds.

Regarding alfalfa as a good fertilizer, we learn that experiments in the past few years has demonstrated for the fact that alfalfa is the very best fertilizer known to agriculture. Clover has been accepted as the best and is so thought to be to-day over most parts of America. Alfalfa is the best green fertilizer, since it contains the most nitrogen. There would be but little difference as between it and clover, were it not the fact that the better fertilizer is the root of the plant and of which alfalfa is possessed of three times as much as clover or any other of the grass or grain plants. In many places we have witnessed where a crop of alfalfa had been turned under and the land planted to wheat and the result was forty-five bushels of grain by the side of land not so treated which produced but fifteen bushels. A field of alfalfa turned under on Wheat Ridge last summer produced 400 bushels of potatoes to the acre, while the average of land not so fertilized produced but 160 bushels.

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**FRONT PAGE**

THE Dakota "Exodus" is in full blast and will probably be in full blaster before long. The fatal "mortgage" rope, which has so long held the poor farmers of that cyclone cultivating district close to the land they were fruitlessly endeavoring to make pay, has been severed by the late action of the C.P.R. Come along, friends! there is good land and plenty of it in the Canadian Northwest that is capable of supporting yourselves and your families if you will but work. Don't forget the address: N. W. T., CANADA. Lots of room.

OUR CARICATURES



THIS gentleman has become eligible for our columns by his late phenominal action, "a lawyer going to law." His figure is familiar to all; he is a "rustler" from away back. He gets a big "move-on" of his own accord, but strongly objects to being moved on by commissioners and such like individuals.

—SPV.



I hear that a meeting of the North West Amateur Athletic Club was held on Saturday afternoon, when it was decided to carry out a programme of athletic sports on the day set apart by the town for the celebration of the Queen's birthday.

As I said last week, it is a very great pity that there is likely to be a clash between the athletic club and the firemen, and I must say I think the latter are to blame in the matter.

There can be little doubt that their chief Mr. Rogers knew thoroughly well that the club intended holding sports on this day. Their meeting is a combination of business and sports; the club's entirely one for sport. The club contains members who are great

admirers of our local fire brigade, but suely it is asking them too much to change the day of the sports from that originally fixed on.

A meeting of great interest to the clubs in town will be held this evening, when delegates will attend the Amateur Athletic Association meeting, for the purpose of some scheme being formulated by which a revenue may be obtained to improve the grounds, and carry them on to the mutual advantage of all the clubs.

It will cost quite a sum of money to carry on the grounds properly this season. A small pavilion of some sort or other will require to be built; water will have to be laid on, and a considerable rent paid for the same; then a man will have to be engaged to keep the ground in order, whose salary will be \$40 or \$50 per month, and that for at least six months.

I sincerely trust that the clubs will give the association all the support in their power. In a few years' time, when the association are wealthy enough, a large pavilion will be built, with swimming bath, club rooms, etc., attached; the grounds will be planted at the sides with ornamental trees, and other improvements made.

But all these improvements must come gradually, and the present duty of the hour is to make a start, and a start on such a basis that retrogression will be impossible; a start where every dollar expended will add a dollar's improvement to the grounds.

A FORTNIGHT ago the *Prairie* published an article on coursing, giving an account of the wonderful success of Col. North by the aid of Fullerton. It will be remembered that Col. North's Simonian won the Waterloo Purse on the occasion of Fullerton's victory in the Waterloo Cup. This victory, I see, has since been supplemented by Col. North winning the Haydock Gold Cup at the Haydock Park meeting; his two greyhounds, Simonian and Young Fullerton, both first season greyhounds and brothers, being by Greentick—Bit of fashion and consequently brothers in blood to Fullerton—being left in for the final course. The stake was consequently divided. There were 53 runners, Lucky man, Col. North! or perhaps I should say plucky, for he pays big prices for his dogs.

AT THE meeting of the Cambridge University Athletic Club, held three weeks ago, some exceptionally fine performances were recorded in the "Long Jump." There were four competitors, and the following particulars will be interesting to many of my readers:—R. J. Leakey, Corpus, 22ft 4in, 20ft 11½in, 21ft 6½in, 21ft 10½in, 1; H. Le Fleming, Clare, 21ft 7½in, 21ft 9in, 2; T. Jennings, Caius, 21ft 1in, 20ft 10½in, 21ft 1½in, 20ft 5in, 3; H. E. Scowcroft, Caius, 20ft 6½in, 20ft 9in, 0.



### A SPORTING MATCH.

WE CLIP the following account of an extraordinary match from the *English Field*, feeling sure that it will prove very interesting to our many sporting readers:—

Disappointment and regret will be generally felt at the unsatisfactory termination to the Shrewsbury-Lonsdale match. Through the past winter the possible time in which each competitor would be able to accomplish the distance has been a topic of increasing interest, and now that Lord Shrewsbury has withdrawn from the contest at the eleventh hour, the public will feel that they have been deprived of a long-standing promised performance.

The origin of the match has now become a matter of history, so that a full account is rendered unnecessary. A conversation amongst a shooting party assembled at Ingestre last November, commencing on the merits of trotting versus galloping, gradually led up to the wager of the nominal sum of £100 being made between Lord Shrewsbury and Lord Lonsdale. The course was to be twenty miles, equally divided between the four different styles of driving, viz., four-in-hand, pair, single, and postillion. Mr. Arthur Coventry was appointed referee, and each competitor was to drive his own team. After several roads had been discussed, Lord Lonsdale chose a fairly level stretch on the Great North Road, while Lord Shrewsbury's choice was a road on the borders of Sussex, close to where his horses were being trained. The referee, probably thinking that either was good enough, decided for the latter, as being the nearer to London. Lord Shrewsbury seems to have been in a strange state of vacillation at this period, and only telegraphed late on Saturday to his opponent to meet him at Reigate on Monday morning at six o'clock. Thereon, Lord Lonsdale put horses and carriages in a special train, and went straight to the appointed spot. It was found impossible to run the match on the Monday, and ten o'clock on Tuesday was therefore fixed.

The morning arrived, and found Lord Lonsdale encamped with all his force at the White Hart, Reigate; but there was no sign of either Lord Shrewsbury or the referee. Snow had certainly fallen heavily in the night; but a gang of men and a snow plough had been early at work, and had cleared away all obstructions. Several well-known sporting men and press representatives had assembled; but though the road was reported clear, the Shrewsbury party failed to put in an appearance. Telegrams flew to and fro between London and Reigate, and at last late on Tuesday night a message arrived from

Lord Shrewsbury to say he would pay forfeit. This was, naturally, a great disappointment to Lord Lonsdale, who, however, in consideration of the public money that had been wagered about the time, decided to go the course and make the best record in his power.

Though the match, by becoming a mere race against time, was shorn of much of its interest, yet a very large crowd was collected at Reigate, and much discussion ensued as to the time it was possible to do the twenty miles in. Another heavy fall of snow had come down the previous night, but the plough had been early to work, and the whole length of road was cleared. The course was a five-mile stretch of road between Reigate and Crawley. At twelve o'clock the sky cleared, the sun shone, and the four different teams filed out from under the archway of the White Hart. It would occupy too much space to give a full description of each horse; suffice it to say they all looked as hard as nails, and fit to run for their lives. Lord Lonsdale had thought if worth doing at all it was worth while doing well, and had taken the greatest trouble that nothing should be wanting to make a record that should occupy a niche in the temple of fame. As far as we in our humble opinion could judge, success had most deservedly crowned his efforts, and look where we might not a flaw or hitch could be seen in either horses, harness, vehicles, or arrangements.

Walking down the road with easy, swinging gait of the thoroughbred is that speedy horse Warpaint, and he is harnessed to a racing waggon lent by Mr. Fox, of New York. Next come a pair of American trotters that have done a very respectable record ere they crossed the Atlantic; but we shall see to-day that they can gallop as well as trot. The machine that glides smoothly behind them is an ordinary road waggon, lent by the Marquis of Cholmondeley. Then, drawing a *char-a-banc*, the four-in-hand trot jauntily by; bloodlike leaders, and wheelers that look capable of carrying 14 stone in the front rank to hounds. Last of all comes a hog-headed hunterlike chestnut, carrying the postillion's saddle, and alongside of him is a brown mare, which, we understand, is *Violetta*, an animal that was lately racing in France; they are drawing a buggy that was specially made for the purpose by the Hanney Company, of Illinois.

But we must hurry to the scene of operations, or we shall miss some of the fun. A three-mile drive brings us to where a crowd of people are standing about in the snow and the slush, with an air of eager expectancy written on their faces. On each side of the road two little blue and yellow flags flutter gaily

in the breeze, and denote that this is the starting post, as it also is the finishing one. Our drag is drawn up in an adjoining gateway, and a clump of Scotch pines shelters us from the wind. A mile or more of brown road, hemmed in on each side by the white snow, stretches away up the hill and disappears beyond the brow. Some preliminaries have to be gone through; two of the teams have to reach the further end of the course, and the road has to be cleared. A more good-humored crowd could not be imagined—lots of chaff, not a solitary policeman to be seen, and never a moment when one is wanted.

At last everything is in readiness; we assemble round the timekeeper, there is a cry of "he's off," and we see Lord Lonsdale in blue spectacles dash by in his "one horse shay." It seems but another second and old Warpaint, settling down in his stride, is disappearing over the distant hill. He is out of sight, and now we have twenty minutes to wait before he can appear again, which time is not ill-spent alongside the refreshment hamper. A day or two ago very few people believed it possible to do the twenty miles under the hour, but the business-like way in which everything is arranged seems to have altered that opinion, and now we cannot even get a modest sovereign on the event. Watches are consulted, and in a few minutes more we may expect the returning sportsman to appear in sight. Yonder he comes over the brow of the hill! Nearer and nearer come the flying team, scattering with their heels the dirt, which forms a halo round the carriage. There is a cry of clear the course, a rush to take positions, and the next second a pair of mares flash by. The mud-bespattered nobleman urges them on until the post is past, then, with a whoa and a pull of the reins, he has arrested the full tide of their career sufficiently to drop to the ground, and climb the *char-a-banc*.

The four horses are well into their collars, and the wheels are spinning round. His lordship has scrambled to the box, and now, approaching the flags, he seizes the ribbons, and shaking himself into his seat, is at it again. Enthusiasm and excitement rise to the highest pitch as we watch each horse laying himself out to his work, all level as a die, and every trace taut.

It is a heavy vehicle, but these horses make nothing of it, and the whole thing is soon beyond our ken.

We have another twenty minutes to wait, but we see now that, bar accidents, extraordinarily good time will be made, and we anxiously watch for the return.

Men who had taken up positions along the road are now mustering in great force at the winning post.

A current of feverish expectancy shows itself in a low murmur; it is nothing to do with betting for

hardly anyone here has a farthing on; but it is the genuine interest which the British public always feel in witnessing an extraordinary feat by a thoroughly honest sportsman.

Now the horses' heads are in sight—they are racing down the hill. The postilion Earl is sitting in the saddle and sending them along at the very top of their speed. Everyone gets as near to the post as he can, and in the excitement of the moment, is heedless that he stands half up to the knees in snow. Clear the road! The horses seem to fly, and in another second they sweep past the post. Up go hats and caps, real hearty British yells rend the air, and the race is over.

The twenty miles were done in 55min., 30sec. This is a record that will not be easily lowered. As far as Lord Lonsdale was concerned, he had done everything that human foresight could imagine. Both himself and his horses were trained to the hour, and we may say that neither was in the slightest degree tired or blown by their very severe exertions. Harness and carriages combined lightness and strength, and after the race was over, when it is always easy to criticise and find fault, it was impossible to see what more could have been done to have made better time. The roads after the snow were decidedly woolly, and in places the wheels cut in deep; this would of course affect time. Then half a minute was lost by a horseman being unable to pull his horse out of the road, and quite as much when an over-zealous policeman wanted to interfere. The feat will go down to posterity as one of the finest performances in the history of sport.

### A Few More Opinions.

The *Macleod Gazette*, in last week's issue, says:—"One of the boldest enterprises started in the Northwest was the publication of a weekly illustrated paper at Calgary, *The Prairie Illustrated*. Few people believed it would last over three or four issues. We are particularly pleased, however, to see that the enterprise of its publishers, Messrs. Innes and Beaufort, is being rewarded. *The Prairie Illustrated* has now been issued for sixteen weeks, and shows every sign of a healthy and permanent existence. Its improvement during the past few weeks has been most marked. The *Gazette* wishes its bright and brainy contemporary continued and increased success." Whilst thanking the *Gazette* for their kindly notice, we would point out that Mr. Braden is the publisher and not Messrs. Beaufort and Innes.

The *Winnipeg Free Press* says:—"The *Prairie Illustrated*, Calgary, improves with each week's issue, and promises soon to eclipse Toronto's only Grip. The cartoons by Innes are excellent, and the letter-press by the editor racy and entertaining."

## MEN OF THE DAY

## CHIT CHAT



HON. WILFRED LAURIER.

THE Prairie has so often represented the above gentleman in villainous shapes in its cartoons that we feel morally bound to give a half decent sketch of him in reparation. His history is so well known to all our readers that we feel it unnecessary to repeat it.

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

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

\* Out of print.

SPRING is upon us, and all the talk now is about seed oats, and seed wheat, and seed potatoes, and all that kind of thing, which, however, I don't understand much about. However, I am glad to hear and also to read that farmers all over the country are looking forward to a fine season. The Northwest is likely to give a good account of itself this year.

CHIEF ENGLISH is doing good work for the town, and since his arrival the path of the evil-doer is 'ard, very 'ard. We shall soon get so very moral, my dear brethren, that we shant know ourselves. Go on, Chief, may you live long and prosper.

There is one matter, however, I would like to point out to him, and that is the state of a certain portion of Stephen Avenue, which, in a wind storm, is distinctly dirty, dangerous and disgraceful. That's strong and alliterative! but, anyhow, not too strong. I refer to the paper, which somehow finds its way on the street. It is most uncomfortable for pedestrians, and dangerous for those riding and driving. The dust itself is bad enough, but when three or four newspapers, or five or six yards of brown paper coil themselves around one's legs, wind themselves affectionately around one's neck, it is more than average human nature can stand. I feel sure the Chief only needs the matter to be brought to his notice, for the nuisance to be abated.

THE plays selected by the amateurs for the two nights entertainment in aid of the Calgary Hospital are Our Boys, Peacock's Holiday, Ici on parle Francais and Withered Leaves, a big programme in all conscience. Mr. Nolan, Our Only Comedian, has several excellent parts and he is preparing to give the audiences many a hearty laugh.

Calgary can boast several very fair amateurs, but to use a vulgarism Mr. Nolan "takes the cake" and is the funniest amateur I ever saw on the stage. The others who will take part are Mesdames Prothero, Christie, Beaufort and Miss Blair, and Messrs. Child, Bernard, Beaufort and Winters.

THE Privates, Non-Coms. and Officers of the N. W. M. P. deserve a public vote of thanks for the jolly dance they gave their friends Tuesday Night. There was a big crowd present, the ranchers of the district being there in great force.



THE C. P. R. AND CASTLE MOUNTAIN

The floor, the decorations, the attendance and the supper were everything that could be desired—at least I can speak of everything but the dancing, which I did not go in for, but the supper I found excellent. F. Mariaggi had carried out the liberal orders received in his best style. I cannot conclude without congratulating all concerned in the ball, especially Con. Dyson, who was most attentive and kind in looking after the guests.

I HEAR the breach of promise case, of which I spoke some weeks ago, is meandering about in chambers at present, but there is every probability of it coming before the court. Somebody tells me there are about two tons of letters to be read, but this I do not believe.

I ATTENDED Professor Tyndall's performance on Thursday evening at the Opera House, and must say it was simply astonishing. There was but a poor attendance, chiefly owing to the fact that the entertainment was not sufficiently advertised. As I am writing (Friday) I hear that another performance will be given to-night. The wonderful feat of finding the pin hidden in the streets of Calgary, removes any doubts of there being any humbug about the business.

—TATLER.

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The "Bow River Pass," where the C.P.R. enters the Mountains.

## ATHLETIC SPORTS.

THE Calgary (and not Northwest, as previously stated) Amateur Athletic Club held a meeting on Wednesday evening, when the programme of events to be carried out on the Queen's birthday meeting was settled. A large number of the events are to be handicapped, which will greatly increase the number of entries, and add to the interest of the spectators. The vacancy in the officers caused by the death of Mr. Aared Breasiey, who was 2nd vice-president, was filled by the election of Mr. T. N. Christie to that position. Mr. A. N. Rankin was chosen in Mr. Christie's place on the committee, and Insp. Snyder, Messrs. Trott and Gibson were added to the committee. It was decided not to solicit the merchants for subscriptions again this year. Last year they subscribed to the sports in the most liberal manner, no less a sum than \$550 having been donated, and it was then understood that they would not be asked to subscribe again this year. The subscription to the club was fixed at \$2.00 per annum, and one race in the day was set apart for members only. It is expected that the Amateur Association will make a circular track on their grounds, as well as 100 yard's track. This, however, will be decided at the meeting to be held this evening. Prizes to the value of about \$500 will be given and a thoroughly good meeting is looked forward to. The following is the list of the events:—

- 1 Throwing cricket ball.
- 2 Boy's race under 14—80 yds.
- 3 Bicycle race, 1 mile (handicap).
- 4 Running high jump ..
- 5 1/4 mile hurdle race ..
- 6 1 mile walking race ..
- 7 Standing high jump ..
- 8 Putting 16 lb. shot ..
- 9 1/4 mile race ..
- 10 Running long jump ..
- 11 Throwing hammer (handicap).
- 12 100 yds race ..
- 13 Pole leaping ..
- 14 Hurdle race, 120 yds—10 hurdles.
- 15 Standing long jump, without weights.
- 16 1 mile flat race (handicap).
- 17 Tug of war, N W M I vs Town
- 18 Consolation race, 220 yds.
- 19 Match race, Tarrant vs. Ritchie.
- 20 220 yds. race for members only (handicap).

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

LAST week "Sprinter," speaking of the athletic sport's clash, said that Mr. Rogers was aware of the arrangement made by the Calgary Amateur Athletic Sports' Club to hold sports every Queen's birthday. This statement also appears in this week's issue, but was in type before we observed it. "Sprinter," knowing that Mr. Rogers was a member of the late sports' committee, naturally inferred that he was aware of the arrangement made. Mr. Rogers, however, states to us that he had not the slightest knowledge of the fact, and had no idea the athletic club intended holding sports until after the firemen had fixed a day. In justice to Mr. Rogers we feel it our duty to make this statement.

## A CRUSHING SUCCESS.



Bad boy—Here's old man's tooter! Watch me hoist him.



Bad boy—Ha! Ha! He! He!



Old Man Stouter—This is immense, it reminds me of coasting when I was a boy.

# THE PRAIRIE

(Items Gleaned from Our Exchanges)

THE Lethbridge Cricket Club have commenced their season.

A BAD storm was experienced in the southern country on Saturday, and snow fell to the depth of six inches, which, however, rapidly disappeared. Ranchers expect a fine season.

ENQUIRIES are being received re southern Alberta, and large numbers of settlers are expected from Washington Territory, Oregon and Montana.

THERE has been little or no loss during the past winter on the Alberta ranges, and a big branding is looked forward to.

A MOST successful Farmers' Institute Convention has been held in Regina, which was got up by Mr. D. F. Jelly, M. L. A.

PRINCE ALBERT is going ahead, and is raising \$7000 by debentures for building sidewalks, grading and drainage.

THE WINTER at Lac la Biche has been similar to that at Edmonton, snow being only about a foot deep. Crops were good last year, particularly wheat, but of course the quantity sown was small. The open weather of the fall caused a great part of the small catch of fish to spoil, which leaves many of the people short of provisions.



The Famous Mineral Basin, which is one of the attractions of the Rocky Mountains' Park.

entries will be divided. To me, personally, it matters nothing, but in the interest of sport, I certainly would ask the heads of both bodies to meet and see if some fair and equitable arrangements cannot be made. Hold the sports on different days, and both will be crowned with success; but hold them on the same day and I cannot see how anything but failure can attend the two meetings.

Yours, etc.

AN INTERESTED OUTSIDER.



To the Editor of The Prairie:

SIR,—As a follower of athletic sports for many years past, and as one who still takes great interest in them I would ask for a small space in your columns to refer to the present trouble in athletic circles in Calgary. I find two societies announcing sports on the same day in the same town! In my opinion the idea is absurd. In an eastern city it would be most ill-advised—then, what must it be in Calgary? You have but a limited patronage here, and that patronage must be divided. Both the Firemen and the Athletic Club will probably give valuable prizes, but you only have a limited number of athletes, and therefore the





CHAPTER XI.—LENA MAKES A DISCOVERY.

BY P. T. BARNUM.

THERE comes a crisis in the lives of most people when sorrows crowd so thick and fast that there is a dreary satisfaction in the thought that "things cannot be much worse."

So it was with Edna Crawford, sitting with bowed head and misty eyes, on the train that is bearing her onward to the bedside of her dying father. She bitterly regrets ever having left him, and trembles herself with wild pictures of the sufferings he may have endured at the unscrupulous hand of Dr. Watson.

For this man, so inexorably entangled with the sorrow and disgrace that are connected with her past life, she feels a deep and relentless loathing. It was through his persecution she was forced to leave her father's side, and, remembering this, her young face wears an expression of stern intensity hatred that attracts the attention of the lady occupying the opposite chair.

This lady had quietly entered the car by one of the doors Henry Henshall, however, in the grasp of Detective Barnes, was ejected through the other.

She was dressed in an elaborate light silk gown, totally inappropriate for travelling, and over a dainty little theatre bonnet was pinned a snowy diamond veil that completely covered her face.

SHE OPENED IT AND READ ALOUD.

Beneath the veil was the tear-stained countenance of Lena Henshall, who had been aroused by the tragic expression of Edna Crawford's face into thinking there was perhaps some one else as unhappy as herself.

Two hours before, when Henry Henshall had left his young wife for the pursuit of his fascinating life, Lena had wandered aimlessly up and down her little parlor, a prey to bitter meditations. Sick at heart from brooding over her husband's neglect and his thoughts of a lonely and loveless future, she called Mrs. Smith and implored her in entreaty of passing the evening at the theatre. At the sight of the girl's tear-stained face Mrs. Smith wisely held her tongue, but the cynical smile that played about her thin lips caused young Mrs. Henshall to feel for her trusted companion a sudden hot dislike.

When Mrs. Smith left to make some preparation for accompanying her, Lena threw herself on the bed in a paroxysm of bitter weeping. Her thoughts turned long-

trily towards her mother, to whom she had always gone for advice and sympathy, and with this thought came the determination to go to him with it to-day. She knew that Baker Hartman was then in Chicago on an important errand at night, and, summing up a bold plan, she procured a three-table and found that with haste she could catch the 8:30 Chicago express.

She thrust a few articles into a valise, and leaving a brief message for Mrs. Smith to the effect that she had decided to go out alone, she slipped on her wraps and in a few minutes was on her way to the Union Depot. She purchased a ticket, securing the only remaining seat on the train, and before she had time to realize the importance of the step she had taken she was waiting away en route for Chicago.

Lena, as suddenly brought back to the consciousness of her position by the porter, who was collecting her payment tickets, promptly returned to making up the tickets for the night.

Edna, who, in the haste of her departure, had neglected to secure a yarning station, now found that every one had been previously engaged, and she was in an unenviable position. She was an uninviting looking figure, and it was not until Mrs. Henshall, who had been attracted by the girl's despairing face, stepped forward and offered her the other vacant seat, that she was able to get into the car.

Edna accepted gratefully and warmly thanked her unknown companion for her courtesy.

As she moved from the seat she noticed a small, black, leather-bound book, the cover of which was stamped with the initials "H. R. H."

With a view to discovering the owner, Edna opened it and examined one of the lists of past card, reading it out: "Mr. Henry Ross Henshall, New York City."

"Why, this must have been copied by the gentleman who spoke to me just as the train was leaving San Francisco," she said.

Lena had grown deathly pale. "The gentleman who spoke to you?" she questioned faintly.

"Yes," replied Edna, hesitatingly, "that blond gentleman who has followed me on several previous occasions. This evening he spoke to me and I refused him. A stranger present at the time came to my assistance, and in the disturbance that followed this gentleman was probably lost." Lena Henshall remained silent. Crushed and humiliated by the proof of her husband's duplicity, she had not the courage to further question her companion.

Her love for her husband was the first grand emotion of her life, and the discovery she had just made filled her with a mad, wild jealousy. When she finally retired for the night it was with the pleasing knowledge that in the berth above her, by her own invitation, lay the girl who was cause of her husband's duplicity and the, probably, possessor of her husband's love.

How long she tossed about in her narrow berth, wakeful and miserable, Lena never knew.

Just as merciful sleep was closing her weary eyelids there came a sudden jar, the raucous crash, a shriek that rent the air, a blow upon her head that made a hideous glare of light and then darkness absolute and blessed unconsciousness.

The papers of the following day were filled with the gaudy details of the awful railway accident near B—

The names of the surviving passengers, together with a list of the killed and wounded, were published, but the names of Edna Crawford, Miss Louise Neville, did not appear in any of these accounts, nor did the strictest and most diligent inquiries throw any light on the simple and mysterious disappearance of this young woman.

P. T. BARNUM.

CHAPTER XII.—CONCLUSION.

BY BILL NYE.—ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. SPERRY.



ACROSS the peaceful bosom of the great plains a sound disturbed the night—now and then with long intervals the slow figure of a coyote crossed an oasis in the sage brush, and opening his snapper, the old-time jaws gave forth that little celebrated diatonic scale of notes which is so well calculated to call out the goose pimples even on the death-bed of a Mehusian.

Even the wind that sobbed over the scorched and withered grass, a fit wind heralded a monotonous march on among the Coulees without a break, with the exception of Bitter Creek, of course, which laved its alkali shores in the eternal south sea, and bleached still waiting, as they went by, the snowy bones of those who needed sunlight to invade this great unlovely establishment of nature—this prairie wash of quartzites.

But what sound is this that gently beats upon the tense drum of the dispirited ears?

The drum is a great legionnaire's band of a coming trail from the west!

Scarcely do we hear this and catch the eye to a twin do of a headlight, when another muffled roar from the east and a blue crawling light growing rapidly out of the dust and distance swallow the moon and stars, and in a flash the two screaming, scorching, rattling monsters have met, and all that is left is a mighty townman's hat.

Come to the bright chamber, Death!  
Come to the mother when she weeps  
For the life in her first-born's tiny feet  
Come when the angels weep  
Which close the yonder new brook,  
And crowded cities with its smoke.

Come in Consumption's ghastly form!  
The earth quakes and the sea's storm;  
Come when we hear the wails high and low  
With banquet song and dance and wine,  
And that art for the tear,  
The grand, the old, the path, the hier,  
And all we know of dream or fear.

Of agony art thou  
But to the heart where love is dead,  
And hope is kneeling over its bier,  
Thy face with joy is over-proud,  
And so fight on with a ulnar tread  
The soul that only sorroweth here.

When Lena awoke, she felt a dull pain in her heart, she felt certain that she was dead, and was vainly endeavoring to think that her sad heart would sorrow no more and that Harry was free; but almost as once came the sense of not wanting to die, she felt a sharp pain in her chest as if she were to be turned over.

"John Gray!" she said, as her breath came in a gasp, "the case is on fire. I must go away."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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The Competition is to make the greatest number of English words from the words  
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- 1—The words must be written plainly in ink, on one side of the paper only, and in alphabetical order.
- 2—No letter can be used in a single word more times than it occurs in the text.
- 3—The lists are to contain English and Anglicized words only. That is, all words in bold-faced type (not italicized) in the main part of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.
- 4—Words Allowable: Compound words; one of the parts of any verb; prefixed words; proper nouns found in the dictionary, exclusive of geographical names and last names of persons; first, or English, Christian names found in bold face type of dictionary.
- 5—Words not Allowable: Geographical names; scripture or historical proper names; nicknames; abbreviations; plurals; more than one part of a verb; surnames (last names of persons); slang terms, phrases; contractions; obsolete words and words in italics, indicating that they are not yet Anglicized. See distinction in Webster's between *DEPOT* and *debut entree*, etc.
- 6—Where two or more lists have the same number of words the one which reaches our office first will have the advantage.
- 7—The name and address of competitor with number of words and date, must be written plainly on each list.

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

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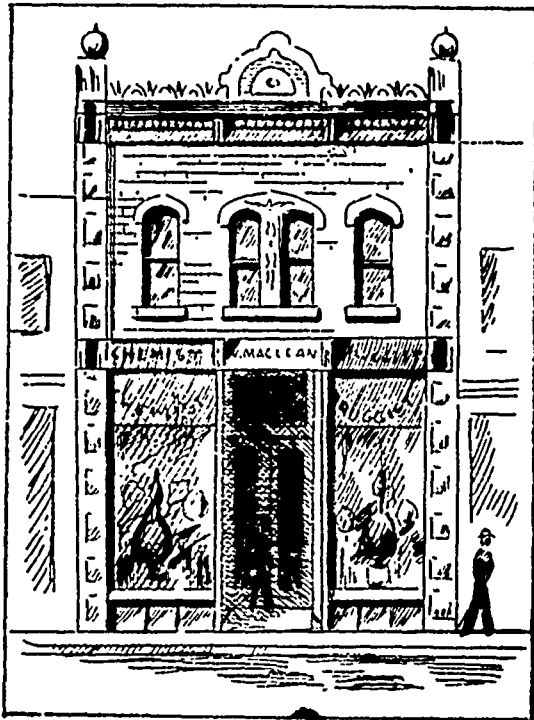
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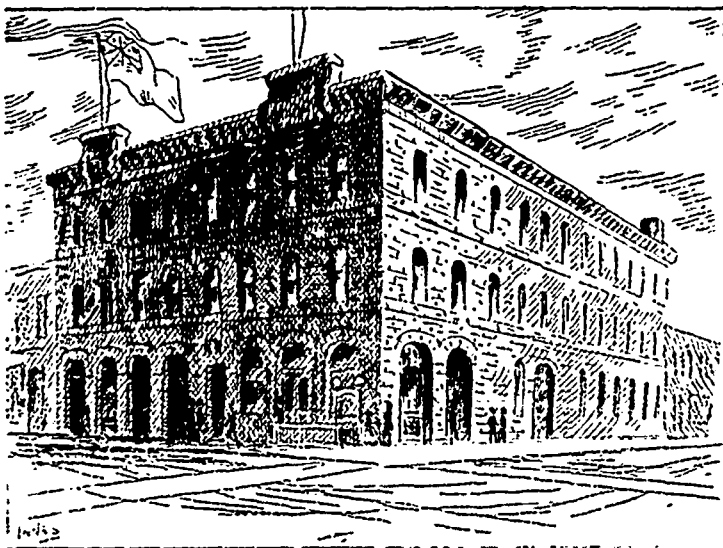
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## Notice to Ranchers!

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.

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