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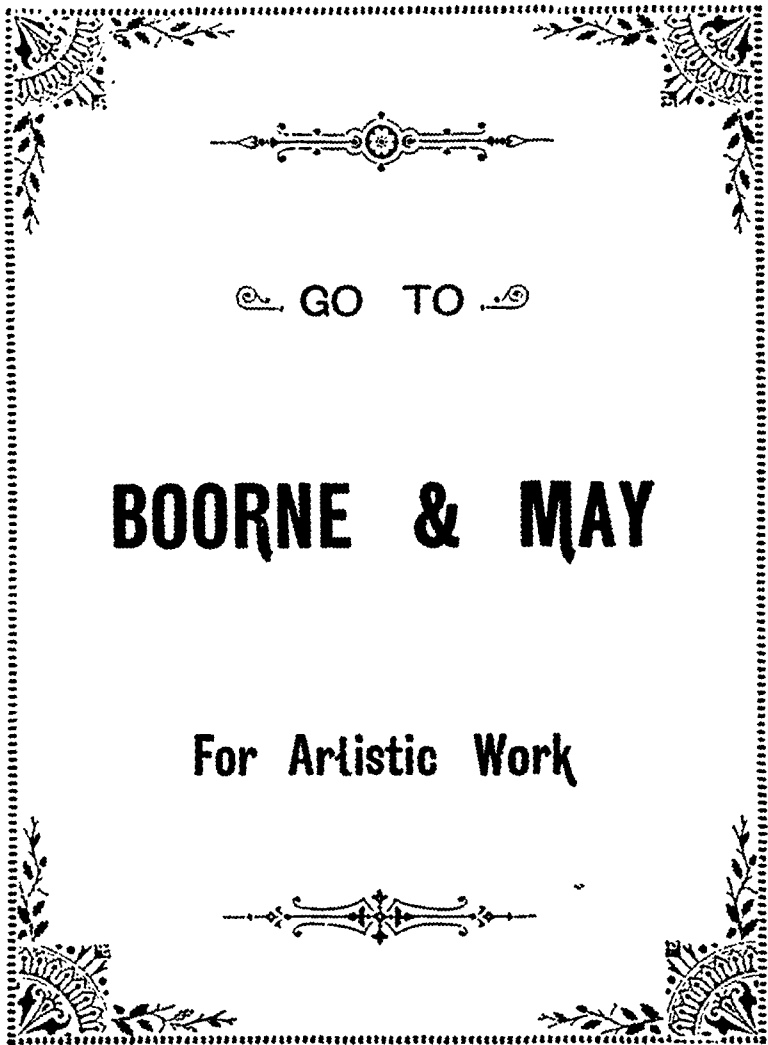
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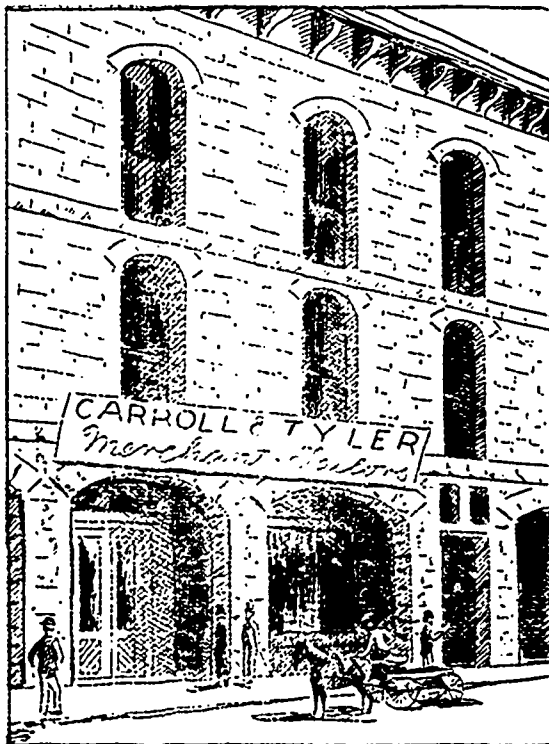
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# THE PRAIRIE

## ILLUSTRATED

Vol. I No. 7.

CALGARY, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1891.

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AT THE International meeting at Heerenveen, Holland, under the auspices of the Dutch National Skating Association, held last month, J. F. Donoghue, the American amateur champion, and Smart, the English champion, showed good form. From an English exchange we see that Donoghue won the amateur mile championship of the Netherlands in 3 min. 19 4-5 secs., and came in a quarter of a mile ahead of the other three competitors. He also won the three mile amateur championship, his time being 9 min. 17 secs. Smart won the one mile championship in 3 min. 17 secs being 2 4-5 secs. better time than Donoghue.

Donoghue has also beaten the amateur champion of Norway, in a five mile match, the time being 16 min. 28 2-5 secs., which is very fast time.

A CORRESPONDENT in an English exchange says : During two days of last week I had the pleasure of shooting over a roughish part of Wales in company with a gentleman who upon April 2 next will have attained the age of 89 years, and who during his lengthened career has been the holder of seventy-one licenses to kill game. I may say that upon the second day of shooting he walked five miles to where the shooting commenced, and after that he held his own with the rest of the party over at least fifteen miles of mountain and valley. How's that for record ?

WE HAVE just heard of a novel rabbit burrow. A gentleman whilst walking through a field of swedes on his farm, noticed a large turnip apparently rotten; a hole was eaten in the side, and something moved in the interior. On inspection he found the turnip had been completely eaten out, scarcely anything but the rind remaining, and that it contained a doe rabbit and seven young ones.

WE ARE glad to see that horse breeders are recognizing the importance of colts' races and a meeting is being held as we go to press of all those interested in the subject, at the Royal Hotel. There is nothing which will so help to develop the breeding of good stock, as races for two-year-olds. We trust that the system of nomination, on which an article appeared in the first number of the Prairie, will be discussed. However, if horsemen and stockmen meet, it will be a step in the right direction.

HAROLD HAGAN, the Norwegian skater, offers to pay Hugh McCormick's expenses to go to Norway and skate him three races. Joe Donoghue says he will

handle the New Brunswicker if he accepts. McCormick was beaten at St. John, N. B., Dec. 26, in a five mile race by Laidlaw, of Dartmouth, N. S. Time 17.47½. Laidlaw won easily. The race is the first of three for a purse of \$100.

IT LOOKS at present as if the six months trip to Great Britain next season of a team of Canadian Association football players will be abandoned, several of the men of whom it was decided to form the nucleus of the team, having declined to go. However, it is hoped that a sufficient number will be induced to go, and an aggregate team sent that shall be strong enough to at least keep Canada's present good name in English Association football.

FOUR mallard ducks were shot in the Big lake, St. Albert settlement, on Saturday, Dec. 27, by a halfbreed named Belcourt, who also shot two on the preceding Thursday.

THE department of justice has ordered the purchase of a photomicrographic apparatus, to cost about \$250. It is claimed that the retina of the eye retains for a certain time the image of objects last seen, and in this way, if the image left on the murdered person's eye could be photographed, the result might be the picture of the murderer. It will, if successful, prove a novel witness at a trial.



# THE PRAIRIE.

(ILLUSTRATED)

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ERNEST BEAUFORT, Manager.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1891.

UNDER the heading of "Technical Education in Canada," in the *English Field*, a correspondent signing himself "Ernest Heaton," of West Toronto, writes a letter dealing with the mistakes made by the "gentleman immigrant," as he terms it, who comes to this country. He commences by saying that "Farming in Canada" has of late years been a comfortable resort for parents to fall back upon who cannot find remunerative work for their sons at home. It seems to be a generally received axiom that to go to Canada must necessarily be to farm; whereas the truth is that there are plenty of openings in other walks of life that offer more hopeful prospects, while not one gentleman in fifty has ever been known to make farming pay in this country, and the remaining forty-nine, after a waste of hundreds, sometimes thousands, of pounds, may now be found in the cities occupying positions in banks and other business houses.

The figures given, we think, are exaggerated, but there is, no doubt a large amount of truth in what the writer says, as those conversant with the subject know. Poor Benwell's death will at least open the eyes of people in the Old Country to the "Farm pupil swindle." A very large number of the young fellows who come out here and to Manitoba, especially to the latter country, are utterly unsuited for a farming life. Of course we get a certain number of genuine farmers, but the large majority of arrivals have been plucked for the army, law, physic, etc., who hardly know a spade from a plow. With care and attention they may make stock raising pay, for the greater number of them do know something about horses.

Mr. Heaton's solution for the trouble is to establish a college especially for Englishmen near one of the large cities (i. e., in Canada) where technical education, such as farming, market gardening, architecture, engineering, law, medicine, shorthand, type writing, &c., would be taught, tuition be given in connection with the offices and educational establishments in the city, and farms and market gardens in the neighborhood—which latter, if such a scheme were fully taken up, should be owned by the college, and would in time, as the city grew in size, prove a valuable investment for building purposes. He then goes on to add that this would form a recognized club, to which all desirable immigrants would have access.

Mr. Heaton undoubtedly points out an evil, but his remedy we consider a greater one. Why, the formation of a college for Englishmen would be the very thing to isolate them from Canadians, a result which would be most fatal. It would be as bad as sending a boy to live with an English family in Germany, to learn the language of the country. Then again the club business would be a tremendous mistake. This would be the very thing to foster that feeling "of having things nice," which a would be successful colonist must do away with to a large extent, in order to be successful. No, if Englishmen wish to learn Canadian farming, there are a number of agricultural colleges in this country where they can obtain what they want. But for goodness sake don't let us have any English exclusiveness.

IF EVER encouragement were wanting to induce a married man of only moderate means to make provision for his wife or family in case of his premature death, by insuring his life for their benefit, the Legislative Assembly of the Territories have given it.

By virtue of an ordinance respecting life insurance, quite recently assented to, a life policy can be taken out for the benefit of a man's wife or family, or subsequently supplemented by a declaration of the person whose life is insured, showing that the policy is for the benefit of his wife or of his wife and children or any of them, and is deemed a trust for such purpose and will not be subject to the control of the husband or his creditors.

This is surely a very equitable law. Bravo! Lieutenant Governor and Legislative Assembly. It is only proper that a man should not be discouraged from making provision for his family after death lest the whole should be swamped by his creditors. This will not, however, prevent an honest man from doing his level best to pay his debts and leave behind him not only his family provided for, but that most valuable of possessions, a good name.

# FRONT PAGE

THE Constitutional Prerogatives of the Lieutenant Governor have been so badly damaged during the last session of the Assembly that it is a question with some people whether it will ever again be fit for active service. Of one thing the public can rest assured, and that is, that the interesting invalid is in careful hands, and that neither His Honor nor the chairman of his Advisory Council will spare any efforts to set him on his feet once more.

## OCTOBER WITH THE GUN.

BY CAPT. CLARK-KENNEDY, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S. ETC.

(Continued)

Then, too, in this delightful month of October we are on the outlook for the "early woodcock"—not, indeed, that unfortunate individual who figures every August under that title, and has a place of honor given it in the county papers (but has really been bred and brought up in the parish, in the deep recesses of the big fir plantations!)—but we mean the first "flight" of our ever-to-be-welcomed woodcock, which hail from Swedish forests, Danish woodlands, or from old "Norway over the foam." Towards the end of the month, particularly if there is a full moon and a continuance of easterly winds, we may expect some largish flights of cock, and they will be very welcome wherever we are lucky enough to fall in with them. Many a tired-out woodcock have we picked up amongst the short herbage, or perhaps gorse, not a hundred yards from high-water mark on the sandy, low-lying coast of Norfolk and Suffolk, hardly able to rise from the ground; and what wonder, after a flight over the North Sea of many hundred miles perhaps? We can recollect, on several occasions, our dog catching them amongst the turnip fields near the shores, early in the morning after those moonlight nights of their arrival. And when one gun has brought a good fat cock to bag, did you ever examine that wondrous bill with which Nature has provided him? If not, pray do so next time you take him up in your hand. We came upon the following description of this bird's habits lately in Montagu's "Dictionary of Birds," in which the old colonel truly remarks that the woodcock is a remarkably shy and retiring bird, and having rested in the woods throughout the day, they will, "with common consent, quit the wood nearly at the same instant, and wander over the meadows in search of splashy

places and moist ditches for food, retiring to their hiding places just before dawn." Thus, when most other land birds are recruiting lost nature by sleep, these are rambling through the dark, directed by an exquisite *sense of smelling* to those places likely to produce their sustenance, and, by a still more excellent sense of *feeling* in their long bill, collecting it. The eye is not called into use, and, like the mole, they may be said to feed beneath the surface; and by the sensibility of the instrument which is thrust into the soft earth, not a worm can escape that is within reach. The large eyes of the woodcock, like other nocturnal birds, are particularly formed for collecting the faint rays of light in the darkened woods during their nocturnal excursions. The nerves in the bill are numerous, and highly sensible of discrimination by the touch. The enormous quantity of worms these birds eat is scarcely credible; indeed, it would be the constant labor of one person to procure such food for two or three woodcocks." We have ourselves endeavored to keep these birds in captivity, but never succeeded in doing so for more than a few days, though we have managed well enough with tame snipe, and owls, hawks, curlews, various gulls, plovers, and other birds. At this moment in our garden we have a pair of great black backed gulls, a curlew, a herring gull, five doves, two pigeons, and a green plover, all living happily together, though it is feared the poor curlew has a rather rough time of it from the large gulls, who will eat anything, from bread and milk to a rat, from a mouse to a bit of cheese, from a rabbit to a gooseberry; and no doubt some day will make a meal of both curlew and peewit.

We have neither space nor inclination to write about the interesting, but so often discussed, topic of rearing pheasants, and of the "battue." Of course, everyone must form their own opinion, but, for ourselves, we enjoy a day by the hedgerows with a steady old pointer or a brace of good spaniels, and picking up a stray pheasant now and again, or getting

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a few brace amongst turnips or by the outskirts of the moor, than we do in blazing away a couple of hundred cartridges, and probably going home with a headache and the satisfaction (?) of having helped in the slaying of three or four hundred half-tame birds, which a month ago would have flown to your whistle and eaten greedily out of your hand. But, as before observed, we hope the lovers of the "big pheasant shoots" may have good sport too, because

"Each to his fancy, and each to his love,  
For there's sport for your money wher'er you may rove."

October often brings us a few ducks, and the pretty little teal (with those beautifully pencilled feathers of his which we find so useful in dressing sea trout flies) often helps to mix the bag. The golden plover, too, is a welcome addition, and we make a point, whenever the sun shines hotly, and there is any chance at all of grouse or partridge or any other bird sitting to a dog, of taking out pointer or setter throughout this month. How often one finds on a still, windless day, with a bright sun, after a hard white frost the previous night, that grouse and partridge, and occasionally an old wary blackcock, may be found by pointer or setter, and (provided that cover is good) they will sit as well to dogs as in the commencement of the season. We have always been of the opinion that most shooters dispense with their dogs far too early in the autumn; of course it would be folly to take a team of setters out on bare fields in November, but all we know is, with good heath or gorseland, and good weather, we and our pointers do good duty many and many a sunny day in October and November.

The harvest was greatly delayed in the south of England by the wet weather of part of August, while the grain in the low-lying districts of Scotland has been very late, and in some parts of the North operations will not commence till October is well forward.

What fun it is, to be sure, when we know of a good large cornfield in the border—or better still, in the centre—of a good moor, where the good farmer has cut his crop, and has it conveniently placed—just on purpose for the birds, as they probably think—in those nice little "stooks." And now, as we creep up behind that sheltering stone dyke, on which sits a guardian grouse cock (but we have managed to avoid his observant eye), what a sight, as we peep through a "wee" hole in the "stones" of the fence! As we live, but there will be at the very least seventy grease on yonder corn; and just see those grey hens! and busily feeding within a few yards of our noses are half a dozen grand old blackcocks. What a gladdening sight! but it is time old Malcolm and his men

were round, so we take up our posts. Here they come! What a pack! and as they go over our heads and past us on every side, the air seems alive with the "swish" of many wings; but the three guns have done well, and four bonnie grouse and a brace of grandly-plumaged blackcock are added to our "October bag."



A hen is like the British empire—her son never sets.

The prevalent opinion is that it is time for tight money to get sober.

There is but a slight difference between lawyers and apothecaries. The former do not deal in scruples.

The man who growls about his wife's cooking at home will cheerfully eat anything on the safe side of poison when he is camping out.

Jennie: I hear that you are going to become a lecturer. Minnie: The idea; I am engaged to be married. Jennie: Oh, well, I knew it was something of the sort.



Adelgitha, kin yer tell why I asked yer to accompany me ter this sickluded spot? No, yur kinnot. I will tell yer why. It wus ter break into ye: ear the larsd sad shriek of a derparin' soul, ter whisper one fond, desolit farewell, and then ter hurl merself ter destruction. I aint got nothin' ter live fur since yer went back on me fur the butcher's boy, an' am prepared fur ther wurst. Should I escape instant deth when I leap from here I have provided merself with a deadly poison.

"Dressed beef, it seems, is being largely shipped to England from America. What a touching consideration for British national modesty.

Mr. Scrubbs (indignantly): Sir, I have just discovered that your son has engaged himself to two of my daughters. Mr. Grubbs (stupified): The young rascal. He should be compelled to marry them both.

One night Jones came home very late, and found his wife evidently prepared to administer a Caudle lecture. Instead of going to bed, he took a seat, and resting his elbows on his knees, seemed absorbed in grief, sighing heavily, and uttering such exclamations as "Poor Smith, poor fellow." Mrs. Jones, moved to curiosity, said sharply, "What's the matter with Smith?" "Ah," said Jones, "his wife is giving him fits just now." Mrs. Jones let her husband off that time.

Imperious but Financially Embarrassed Young Man: Have you—aw—any ortolans on toast? Waiter: "Sorry, sir, but we haven't any." "Well, bring me some plovers' eggs a l' Italienne." "Sorry, sir, but we haven't any of those either." "You haven't? What kind of an eating-house do you keep? Bring me a moose steak, with mushrooms." "Sorry, sir, but we haven't any moose steak." "No, Chinese pheasants, with red port wine sauce?" "No, sir." "Nor reindeer cutlets, Hamburg style?" "No." "Do you mean to say that you cannot give me a roast of Spanish flamingo, flanked with pate de foie gras and 40-year-old Maderia?" "Haven't got it in the house." "Then bring me some fried liver, dash it"

A young couple in a Lancashire village had been courting for several years. The young man one day said to the young woman—

"Sal, I canna marry thee,"

"How's that?" said she.

"I've changed my mind," said he.

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do," said she. "If folks know that its thee as has given me up I shanna be able to get another chap, but if they think that I've given thee up then I can easy get another chap. So we'll have banns published, and when the wedding day comes the parson will say to thee, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' and tha must say, 'I will;' and when he says to me, 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?' I will say, 'I winna.'"

The day came, and when the minister said, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the man answered, "I will."

Then the parson said to the woman, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" and she said, "I will."

"Why," said the young man furiously, "You said you would say, 'I winna.'"

"I know that," said the young woman, "but I've changed my mind since."



MY DEAR KATHLEEN:

At last there is time to breathe, so I will try and send you a rather longer letter this week. The most pronounced feature in dresses is the rapidly increasing length of the basques, which will soon be down to the knees. One even sees two basques, the upper one the same as the dress, its edge often cut in points or squares, while under it is another of contrasting color and material, matching the trimmings. True lovers knots are greatly in favor as trimmings, either embroidered or cut out in velvet, silk, &c., laid on and outlined with beads. This is a very effective trimming, and one any girl handy with her needle could make for herself. Cloth still continues in favor. I saw a ball dress the other day made of white cloth strewn with sprays of chrysanthemums of various colors, embroidered in silk, the short sleeves puffed high on the shoulders and the edge of the low bodice finished with feather trimmings in the tints of the embroidery. The ragged ostrich boas of grey and natural hue have been quite discarded by our elegantes, and black hackle plumes or black or metallic cocks' feathers are about the only ones used for outdoor wear. Large boas of that glossy ivory fur known as goat, and which is also said to be akin to the fur of the Chinese poodle, are fashionable for evening wraps, and while ostrich and cock boas are also worn with evening gowns, the most beautiful is a costly mixture of natural curled ostrich and emu feathers, made into boas of huge size.

HERE is a good drink for early risers on a frosty morning: Boil a pint of fresh milk, add a dessert spoonful of curry powder, and the same of sugar; drink while hot. And the following you will find to be a good cosy night drink: Drop 4 to 6 drops of essence of cloves on 4 or 6 lumps of sugar, put this into a sauce pan with rather more than a half pint of good ale and a wine glass of brandy; let it heat, and then pour out into a covered jug. Serve a wine glass round at bedtime. This will serve four or five people.

MARJORIE.

## THE CALGARY HERALD

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CHAPTER III.—A GREAT MIXING OF PICKLES.

BY MAJ. ALFRED C. CALHOUN

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER I.—BY W. H. BALLOU.

Henry Henshall, a young artist, en route to New York in a drawing-room car, indulges in a day dream regarding the personnel of his ideal wife. Having mentally sketched her, he is astounded at beholding in one of the car mirrors a reflection of the very girl he had been picturing. She is one of a party, of four, her companions being an old man, evidently her father, a female companion, presumably a governess, and a man of about thirty-five years, with a villainous look. They occupy a private compartment, but through the agency of the mirrors, Henshall is enabled to watch their actions. He tries vainly to go up an acquaintance with the girl, but she evades him. He draws a picture of the party. In the night she transports the other passenger with her violin playing. When Henshall awakes in the morning he finds to his despair that the party had left the train while he was sleeping. He had determined to follow them and is in despair at having missed them.

CHAPTER II.—BY ELIA WHEELER WILCOX.

A flat on West Thirty-eighth street is occupied by Mr. Crawford, his daughter, Miss Brown, a governess, and Dr. Watson. The names are all assumed, to hide some secret in Mr. Crawford's life. Miss Crawford protests to her father against the presence of Dr. Watson in the house, as she hates him, but her father declares that the physician's presence is necessary to him. Dr. Watson possesses hypnotic influence over Miss Crawford, which forces her to do his bidding even against her will. There is some compact between Miss Brown and the doctor. Late at night, the other occupants of the house hear Miss Crawford playing on her violin. A month later, Henry Henshall, while attending a hypnotic exhibition, sees Dr. Watson leaving the hall. He remembers the doctor as being one of the group in the Wagner car. By means of his sketch, a detective locates the doctor at the Fifty-eighth street flat and informs Henshall. Upon calling, Henshall finds that the family moved away some days before. The same evening a woman calls at the flat and inquires for Dr. Henshaw. The janitor says that Dr. Watson was the only physician that had lived there. The strange woman leaves, muttering threats against Dr. Watson or Henshaw.



Henry Henshall was in despair.

In vain he tried to banish the shadowy ideal from his heart by a greater devotion to his art. Whether he worked at a hand-icap or a marine scene the face of the beautiful girl he had seen on the cars

would appear in the foliage or rise from the waters like another Undine.

A hundred times he would turn away from the canvas, thinking by force of will to dispel the torturing illusion, but as it was the creation of his own brush it would not vanish.

One afternoon he dashed his palette and brushes on the studio floor, and, springing to his feet, called out in a voice of agony:

"Merciful powers! Am I never again to paint anything but that face! Can I never again think of anything but that face!"

As if in reply to his question a quick double rap sounded on the door behind him, and in response to his nervous "Come in" Tom Wogly, his own private detective, stood before him, his face as impassive as a tobacco-stem's Indian.

"Any news, Tom?" cried the desperate young man, and he looked as if an immediate homicide would follow a reply in the negative.

But Tom Wogly showed no alarm. Shaking out the crown of his soft felt hat, he looked carefully inside as if trying to discover how he had lost the lining, and then answered with that double ambiguity for which ancient oracles and modern detectives are alike celebrated.

"Well, sir, there ain't nothin' as you might call downright startling to report. I ain't got what I'd call a regular straight tip on the gal, but I kin fer think I'm onto the heavy villain goat, jidgi' entroy by the face in the pic'r. If you droted that face right why—"

"Where did you see him?" interrupted Henry Henshall, and he picked up his hat, to be ready to dash out when he got the information.

"It was last night, sir, a talkin' to a mysterious woman, whose face was hid by a veil. Them two was right under Lafayette's star, on Union Square and the woman acted as if her dancer was up and she didn't care who knowed it, and the man he tried to soothe her an' I see her an' example of street etiquette by talkin' law.

"Well, I s'keered round to see what I could hear, but the man got onto my little game, and hurried to a cab that was standin' near, and as he drove off he called out: 'I'll see you, L. U. S., same hour to-morrow night.' Then I tried to talk to the veiled lady, but she threatened to call the police. I apologized, and she started off at a gas-assembly gait that would have worn first money at a walkin' match if she could keep it up."

"I had wed her to Second avenue, near Seventeenth street, where she vanished into an every-day kind of boarding-house. That's the report, sir, and if you could let me have another fifty to hire a side partner, for I've got to have one or die for the want of sleep, why, I'll credit you with it when the job's over, which I hope'll be very soon."

After this long speech Tom Wogly coughed into his hat till the cab threatened to burst, and Henry Henshall handed him five ten-dollar bills.



WHAT'S THE MATTER, FATHER, YOU LOOK TROUBLED.

The young man was about to question the detective further when a heavy step was heard outside; then the door opened without any preliminary knock and a hand some old gentleman, with a troubled face, entered and said:

"Harry, my son, I must see you alone and at once."

The detective jammed the money into his pocket and his hat on his hand and vanished with a curt "Good day, gents!"

"What is the matter, father? You look troubled," said Henry, as he placed a chair for his unexpected visitor.

"Then I look as I feel," replied Mr. Henshall, with a groan that came from his heart. "On top of the failure of Higgins & Lewis, our Western agents, I this morning learned that my cashier has been faithless. I fled to Canada on Saturday, and a hurried examination of his books shows that he has robbed me of at least \$200,000."

"But are rated at a million; surely you can weather the storm," said Henry, hope rather than reason prompting his words.

"If you were a business man, as I wanted you to be," said Mr. Henshall impatiently, "you would know that a man's rating by an agency is never an evidence of the cash he can command."

"Then, rising from his chair, he laid his hands on his son's shoulders, looked eagerly into his eyes, and added: "Harry, you can save me, if you will!"

"I, father?" and behind the old gentleman Henry Henshall saw the Undine face peering at him from the picture water on the easel.

"Yes, you, Harry. Sit down and when I have told you all I am sure you will fall in with my purpose, for I have been to you a good father, and I feel that you will be to me a dutiful son."

Henry sat down, and, taking a chair facing him, his father went on to explain his troubles.

"I am in the power of one man," he said, "and, by a scratch of his pen, he can ruin or save me."

"Who is that?" asked Henry.

"Edward Hartman."

"The banker?"

"Yes, Edward Hartman, Lena Hartman's father. Harry, you and Lena played together as children, and Mr. Hartman and I were neighbors and good friends in those days—often laughingly spoke of the marriage of you and Lena. From that time to this she has loved you. She is an only child and her father is worth six millions."

"If you will call on her at once, I may get time to think, and if you ask her to marry you it will save me and your mother from an old age of poverty, and in the end you will bless the day that you took my advice."

Mr. Henshall held out his trembling hands appealingly, and Henry, who sat with his back to the picture, took them and said impulsively:

"I would give my life gladly to save you from trouble, father, so I will do as you request; though it will be unjust to Lena Hartman to offer her my hand when I cannot give her my heart."

Rejoicing much at his son's obedience Mr. Henshall left the studio.

Then Henry turned to the easel, and more distinctly than it had yet appeared he saw the beautiful, mysterious face looking up appealingly from the water.

He contrasted this exquisite ideal with the real Lena Hartman, the art child that haunted him, sleeping and waking, with the large, full-faced and stupidly good-natured banker's daughter.

Henry Henshall's mind was certainly in an unusual state of perturbation, but it was placidity itself compared with the condition of his unknown idol.

The sudden disappearance of Mr. Crawford and his family from No. 3—West Thirty-eighth street was at the suggestion of Dr. Watson, whose keen ears and sharp eyes were quick to discover the hourly increasing curiosity of their neighbors in the apartment house, and it was Dr. Watson who secured the new and more secluded quarters on Kowenhan place, near Sixty-seventh street and Central Park.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE FARM

ALL over the Territories the cry has been the same—magnificent weather. From a correspondent in the Macleod district we learn that the weather is so mild that in low-lying places the grass has commenced to grow. From the North also we hear that such weather has not been known "within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant." In the Calgary district, up to the last few days, the weather has been simply perfection, and in the present change we think there is nothing to fear. Lethbridge has also been revelling in most summerlike weather.

Stock throughout the country is in grand condition, and seeing that we have arrived at the middle of January without any winter to speak of, what is to come will probably do little or no damage to stock, and the spring branding should be the largest known.

THE enquiry into the cattle trade, which has been going on during the last week, will have the result of improving the mode of shipment of cattle. The trade itself will not be harmed in the slightest, and is more likely to be benefitted.

BUSINESS men in Winnipeg generally are complaining of the difficulties experienced in collecting accounts. Money is decidedly tight, says an exchange. However, large sums are daily paid out in the farming communities for grain. It is estimated by a gentleman conversant with the grain traffic of the province, that between \$35,000 and \$45,000 are daily paid out in Manitoba for wheat and oats. This money has scarcely left the hands of the farmers yet, but in a few days considerable of the amount will find its way to the tills of the merchants, and from there pass to other sources.

THE above sketch is not intended to be a work of art or merit, it is bona fide, however, and is meant for a reminder to those who pass through the

N. W. T. at this season of the year, that during the warmer months our proceedings in the harvesting line are carried on much the same as in Eastern Canada, with the exception that we always have large profits.

## SCRAPS

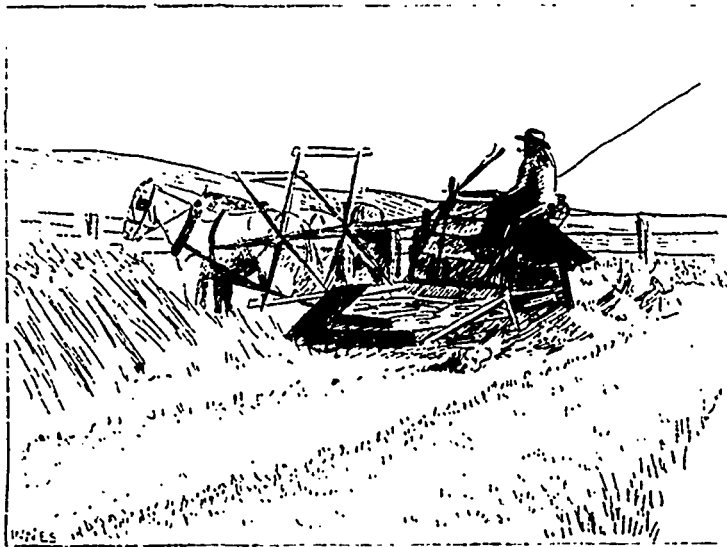
IN APRIL last Mr. Brodribb, an Australian sportsman, gave \$23,000 for Titan, a two-year-old gelding, the property of the late Hon. J. White. This was perhaps the biggest price ever paid for an unsexed horse, but his purchaser backed him for thousands of dollars months beforehand for the V. R. C. Derby.

only to find a suspicious leg give way when the time drew near for the gelding to fulfil his engagements. One way or another, Titan has cost his present owner over \$150,000, and he has not won a race with him.

FRANK P. SLAVIN, the champion pugilist, was amongst the list of bankrupts appearing in a recent issue of the *London Gazette*. As he beat McAuliffe in their famous fight and secured the stake money, while he was thought to have done very well out of his

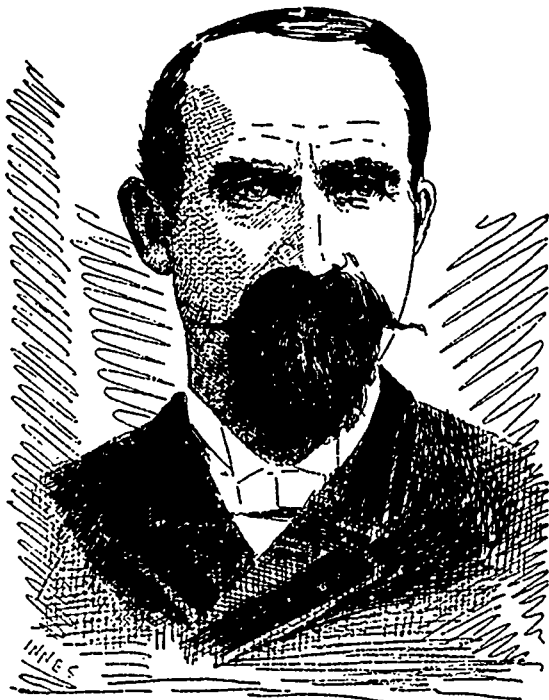
many starring engagements last winter, there will be some interest felt as to what has brought about this unpleasant state of things.

THE Manhattan A. C.'s Club House in New York was opened at the end of November. It is a magnificent place, six stories high, with rooms for every imaginable purpose, and possesses, amongst other baths, a swimming bath 100 feet long by 21 feet wide. In the rear of a large smoking and lounging hall there is a billiard room, with twelve standard-sized billiard and pool tables, while on the second floor is a concert hall with a seating capacity of 1,500 the dimensions of the gymnasium being 109 feet by 97 feet 4 inches, and the whole place is a perfect temple for the worship of athletes. The Manhattan club is one of the wealthiest in America.



A REMINDER.

MEN OF THE DAY



MR. JAMES REILLY (Mayor of Calgary).

THIS week we give the portrait of Mr. James Reilly, who was elected by the ratepayers of Calgary, on the 5th inst., to occupy the mayor's chair for 1891. He was born at Napierville, in the Province of Quebec, in the year 1835, and was brought up on his parents' farm. He taught school for some years until close on manhood, and moved to Sherbrooke in 1870, where he was engaged as an architect and builder, until the year 1882, when he came to the Northwest, his first stopping place being Regina. Here he remained barely a year, and during that time the first civic committee being formed, he was chosen a member. Mr. Reilly was one of Calgary's early settlers, and by his energy and business ability has worked himself up to his present honored position. He owned the first hotel—the Royal, which stood on the site of the present building, of which he is proprietor. This is not his first term as mayor, as he acted in that capacity in 1886, during the Travis war. He resigned his position in September of the same year. He has been chairman of the School Board for the past three years, and was last

year elected a member of the Municipal Council, and, as we have already stated, is now mayor of Calgary. Mr. Reilly has been eminently successful in business, and has retired on the fruits of his labor.

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

- No. 1—Col. Herchmer. \*
- " 2—Lieut. Gov. Royal.
- " 3—The Hon. J. A. Lougheed, Q. C. \*
- " 4—Nicholas Flood Davin, M. P.
- " 5—D. W. Davis, M. P.
- " 6—Dr. J. D. Lafferty.

\* Out of print.

Next week a portrait of Dr. Brett, M. L. A., will be given.

ON CURLING

I VISITED a curling rink for the first time in my life a few evenings ago. What struck me most



forcibly was the complete transformation in the countenances and demeanor of the participants. Can you imagine anything more startling than to behold a man who, you always thought to be of a sober disposition and a shrewd hand at business,

suddenly assume a four-ply grin that threatens to immolate his ears, scoot across the ice on a two-forty gait, waiving a broom and shrieking "soop'er up," or words to that effect. Then again, men that you have seen always walking with stately gait and haughty bearing, suddenly swoop down the rink in a loose kind of way or execute a sort of double shuffle ahead of a stone, meanwhile sweeping vigorously, but why, I



have yet to discover. Next, one who you would naturally expect to be a little muscular in his movements, gently picks up his stone and makes a thoughtful play, without any display of that exuberance which his physique and temperament

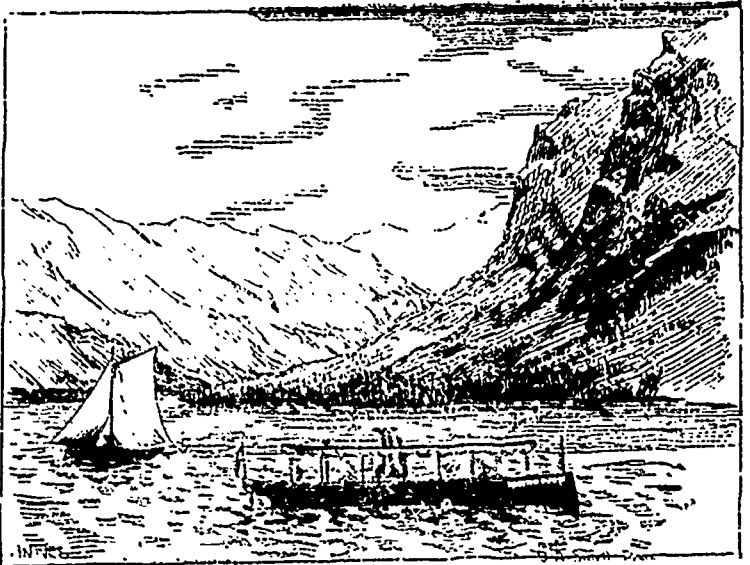
would lead you to expect. Curling seems to develop a magnificent feeling of "whoop'er up" in all who join in, coupled with a beautiful feeling of forgetfulness of this life's troubles. Let the good work go on. When I have spent my last cent and eaten my last loaf, I'll join the Curling Club; it's the best heart-lightener amongst men I've seen yet. More next week.



K. E. R. FLIP.

## DEVIL'S LAKE.

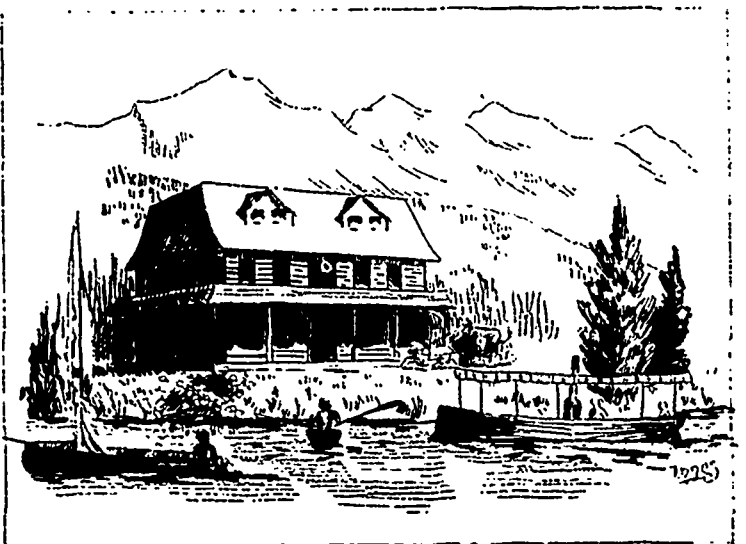
SOME weeks ago I gave a history of the legend of Devil's Lake; in this issue I have ventured to supply a little information regarding this favorite summer resort. Many business men, seeking rest, travel eastward and try to recuperate amid the bustle and attraction of towns in the older portions of the Dominion, while at their own doors and in their own Territories are beauty spots with which no other part of Canada can compare. The subject of this effusion is a stretch of water twelve miles long and, on an average, a mile and a half wide, lying just within the confines of the Rocky Mountain Park and



while the botanist and geologist agree in awarding the palm to the grand old mountain that surrounds it, for interest. Below is a representation of one of the two stopping houses at the west end of the lake. It was unfinished whilst I was there, and the proprietor expected to have it completed by next summer. The other has been built since these sketches were taken, but the reports of its comforts which reach me, coupled with my personal acquaintance of Mr. Astley, the proprietor, warrant me in promising good accommodation to all who journey thither. Well, here is one place to spend a vacation without going outside the Territories; of others, more anon.

K. E. R. FLIP.

within easy reach of the C. P. R. Its chief attractions are its rare beauty, the bracing mountain air, and last but not least, the gaudy gamey old trout that lie waiting, simply spoiling for a fight, in the clear depths of its cool waters. All the fish represented in the above cut were caught before breakfast on one bright autumn morning, by three enterprising young men, who, "dull sleep and a downy bed scorning," ventured early on the lake. It was here that Dr. Webb of New York caught his famous forty-three pound trout, the second in weight ever drawn out of the lake; the largest was forth-seven pound. There is boating galore, also a fine steam yacht.



## MACLEAN'S DRUG STORE

THE  
PIONEER DRUG

Store of Alberta is that which Albertans should patronize.

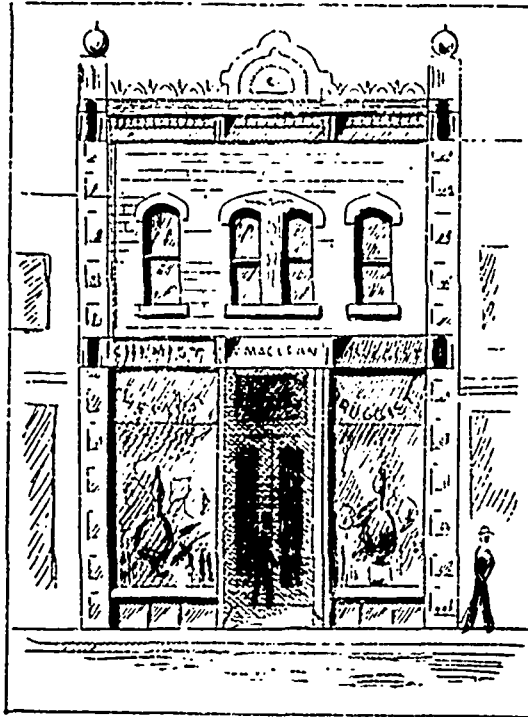
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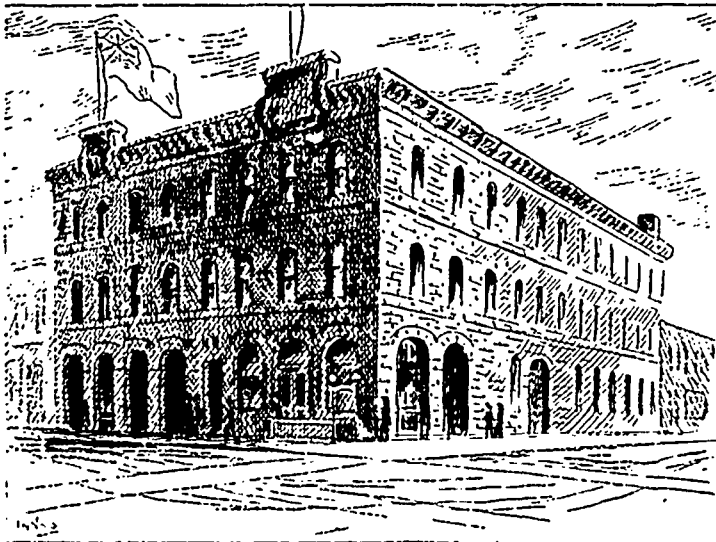
CHRISTMAS GOODS



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

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DOMINION LAND  
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Town Lots Laid out. Timber limits laid out.

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## MONSOON TEA

—AGENT—

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SIGN OF THE TEA POT,

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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.

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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 31 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 that it occurs in the text
- 3—The lists are to contain English and Anglified words only. That is, all words in bold-faced type (not italicised) in the main part of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.
- 4—Words Allowable: Compound words; one of the parts of any verb; prefixed words; proper nouns found in the dictionary, exclusive of geographical names and list names of persons; first, or English, Christian names found in bold face type of dictionary.

- 5—Words not Allowable: Geographical names; scripture or historical proper names; nick-names, abbreviations; plurals; more than one part of a verb; surnames (last names of persons); slang terms, phrases; contractions; obsolete words and words in italics, indicating that they are not yet Anglified. See distinction in Webster's between DEPOT and *debut*, *entre*, etc.
- 6—Where two or more lists have the same number of words the one which reaches our office first will have the advantage.
- 7—The name and address of competitor with number of words and date, must be written plainly on each list.

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

Alexander Block, Stephen Ave., CALGARY.

**THE CANADIAN AGRICULTURAL COMPANY'S**  
**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.
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- 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.