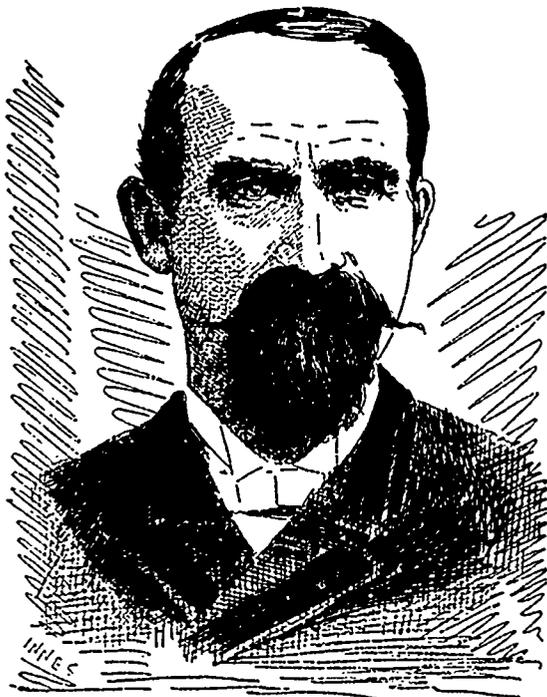


MEN OF THE DAY



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.