



DR. J. D. LAFFERTY.

MHE subject of our present sketch was born in Renfrew, Ont., in the year 1849. He graduated at Queen's University in '71 and after being at several hospitals started the practice of his profession in Pembroke, Ont., where he was for eight years. From that town he came to the Northwest, and located in Calgary in 1885. Two years previous the banking business was started in Regina, and at the present day the firm of Lafferty & Moore have several branches in the Territories. In 1886 Dr. Lafferty ran as an Independent Liberal against Messrs. Davis and Hardisty for the Dominion Parliament, but unsuccessfully. Last year Dr. Lafferty was elected to the office of Mayor of Calgary, and served with great credit to himself and worked steadfastly for the welfare of the town. Again this year, a strong requisition was presented to him, asking him to run, which he did. His opponent, Mr. Reilly, however, was elected by fifteen votes.

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

No. 1---Col. Herchmer. \*

- " 2-Licut. Gov. Royal.
- " 3-The Hon. J. A. Lougheed, Q. C. \*
- " 4-Nicholas Flood Davin, M. P.
- " 5-D. W. Davis, M. P.
- " č--Dr. J. D. Lafferty.

" Out of print.

Next week Mr. James Reilly's portrait will be given.

## OSTOBER WITH THE GUN.

BY CAPT. CLARK-KENNEDY, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S. ETC. THE following article, taken from Baily's Magazine, will doubtless prove as interesting to sportsmen in the Northwest as to those in the old country :

August, of this year of grace (and of rain !), with its cherished memories of the opening of the campaign against the bonnie brown grouse, and September, with its too scanty show of the little partridge, have both sped their way on the wings of time, and in their place the sportsmen gives a right hearty welcome to October.

We have always been of opinion that the present month has, with the exception, perhaps, of the first fortnight of November, more attractions to the shooter than any other season of the year For although but very few sportsmen go out on purpose to kill pheasants, at all events to any extent, before the middle of November or even later, when the branches in the woodlands are fairly free from foliage, it is to us a very satisfactory state of things when we put up a gaudily-plumaged old cock whilst our spaniels are hunting a hedgerow, or we are walking through a turnip field, to be able to give him the coup de grace, with ver a warning crv from the keepers, which so often proved annoving in September when pheasants rose before the pointers.

In the cheery month of October, we are permitted by law to kill every beast and bird of the chaise, and, provided we have the good fortune to have our shooting ground situated in a wild part of the kingdom, and consisting of varied game, we can then do that which almost all sportsmen find most real pleasure in doing—make a <sup>4</sup> mixed bag."

What can be more cheery than starting from home after a good breakfast, on one of those bright October mornings that we all know so well and appreciate so much, when, after a slight frost, the rising sun gives a beautiful appearance to every tree and each blade of grass, which sparkle like diamonds in the sunlight; when the very air is keen and exhilarating, as it blows down from those lofty mountains yonder to the low-lying valley; when our favorite four-footed friends rush delightedly out of their kennel, looking