

At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Women Curlers of the West

By KENNETHE M. HAIG

THIS year for the first time in history women entered the Winnipeg bonspiel—the biggest bonspiel in the world and subsequent proceedings, to borrow from the vocabulary of truthful James, proved that they could well celebrate the rites of the Scottish game.

But to begin at the beginning—and this time that means the Ladies' Strathcona Curling Club, feminine portion of the Strathcona Curling Club of Winnipeg. The members of this club petitioned the Manitoba Curling Association for permission to enter the bonspiel. "It cannot be, no how," answered that august body, "but we will put up a cup for competition among the women curlers of the world to be played for during the second week of the great event," which being interpreted, is the Winnipeg bonspiel. And so it all began.

Night letters were flashed East and West and North and South, wherever it was known there were women curlers, and back came courteous regrets—the notice was too short. The nearby clubs, however, sent rinks and the women's bonspiel became an established fact; also the Braden, Rochon and Flavelle quartettes had found a keen rival in the spectators' interest. Perhaps the crowds came to be amused, but they stayed to applaud.

Next year the Winnipeg women hope for a strong representation from the East and the West, as well as throughout Manitoba.

It is little wonder that women of the prairie city



MRS. F. R. MUNRO

President of the Ladies' Strathcona Curling Club of Winnipeg.

have caught the curling germ, for classification in other cities may differ, but in Winnipeg the population is divided into those that curl and those that go to watch the game.

Like many other good things, it came to us from the East, for it was a wise woman from Montreal who first initiated the feminine Winnipeggers. That was five years ago, and now there are two ladies' clubs, the Strathcona and the Elmwood. This year an ultimatum was issued that the membership of the former would close at sixty, and the warning was not a moment too soon. Curling has ceased to be exclusive with the women of Winnipeg. It has become popular.

Mornings and afternoons the Strathcona rink is given over to the women, and upon every sheet, short-skirted, with woollen sweaters, they foregather. The stolid block of granite becomes alive in their hands and glides down the smooth surface, out-turn or in-turn, and sometimes no turn at all. Eight pairs of eyes strain to watch its progress. Will it get the shot? Gliding on it slips through the house and the enemy are still in possession of the button. "Not quite so heavy," calls the skip, the next time, and again the granite starts its smooth progress. "Sweep it! Sweep it!" calls the player. "Bring it all the way, all the way!" entreats the skip, and obediently the two other players do the turkey-trot down the ice sweeping violently in front of the stone as they go. The treatment avails. "She's got the shot," declares the other skip. "Now, it's your turn." So the game goes on and the amount of perfectly good energy used up would make an



READY FOR PLAY.

Members of the Ladies' Strathcona Club Who Entered in the Women's Bonspiel at Winnipeg This Season.

engineer envious.

Then "the girls" go in for hot tea and coffee, for the club has its own club-room, and many are the battles fought over again between bites of sandwich.

Three prize cups are offered in the season: Stewart, Sharpe and Birks, and as well there is the Knight individual competition.

The women use the same stones as the men, 38, 39 and 40 pounds in weight, the only difference in play being that ten ends instead of twelve is counted a game.

"I took to curling to get thin," wailed one buxom lady as she handed in her cup for a fresh supply, "but, alas! my appetite has gotten quite tremendous." "I joined because my physician ordered it," answered her slim, not to say thin, companion, "and I feel now anywhere from ten to twenty years younger."

"Wish we could afford a rink of our own," commented a third. "Then we could use it at night and the teachers and business girls would be able to play, too." "It's the game, isn't it, girls?" signalling a duo, whose graduation from the co-ed state was not a matter of very ancient history. "It is, it is, it is," answered they in unison, waving red toques by way of emphasis.

Vancouver Women Build

By RUTH R. THOMSON

HAVE club women business ability? Opinions differ, but in Vancouver—the Terminal City—no well-informed business man would suggest for an instant that the women of the city lack this traditional attribute of only the sterner sex. For there, the club women have organized a corporation called the Women's Club Building, Limited, with a capital stock of \$200,000, divided into 8,000 shares at a par value of \$25 each. The corporation proposes to build a club building for women—a building which will meet the needs of the philanthropic and social clubs and which will provide an auditorium and concert hall and a suitable place for conventions.

A fine site has been purchased and partly paid for. The price was \$25,000, and real estate men now rate the property as worth \$37,000. The assets of the company are several thousand dollars in excess of the liabilities to shareholders.

The building planned will be a commodious six-storey structure with an auditorium, banquet hall, tea rooms, exhibition rooms, studios, and offices for professional women.

The estimated monthly revenue from the building is \$2,200.

The Women's Club Building, Limited, is issuing a Women's Edition of the *Sun* newspaper, on March 18. The paper will contain at least eighteen pages and will be managed and edited solely by women. The officers of this organization are: Mrs. J. H. MacGill, president; Mrs. S. McLagan

and Mrs. Peter McNaughton, vice-presidents; Mrs. R. Charles Stoddard, secretary; Mrs. Charles H. Fox, treasurer.

Snowshoeing

By CATHERINE D. MACKENZIE

OH! for the crunch of the crusted snow,
The strain of the leathern thong,
And the frosty rhyme of our steps in time—
As we tramp the drifts along.
While overhead the stars are spread
Like the notes of an elfin song.

Give us the way of the snow-hushed wood,
Where never a wild thing stirs;
A reach of shore by the wide Bras d'Or,
Where tide and mountain blurs;
And gaunt and high against the sky
Loom silhouetted firs.

Give us the open midnight trails,
Where the purple shadows bide—
Oh! fain are we to follow free,
With the Pole Star for our guide;
'Neath the winter moon, to the lilting tune
Of a swinging snowshoe stride.

In the News Net

"ALBERTA Ladies' College at Red Deer" is the name, finally, of the institution which the Alberta Legislature has just incorporated. There were times when it might have been other names, before the present emerged from the fumes of discussion. A certain gallantry, however, and recourse to a directory (which divulged the name "Alberta" as not exclusive) carried the day, and the Red Deer school is to bear the provincial style.



QUEEN AMELIE

Mother of the Deposed King Emanuel of Portugal, Who Opened the Royal Amateur Art Society's Exhibition, Recently Held in London, G.B.