

obedient to like instructions, and lands within the rings, to be commended by his skip. But the first player has another chance, and this time passes the opposing stone and lies beyond it half hidden or "guarded," and close to the "tee," or centre of the rings. "Draw past or else take off the guard," shouts skip No. 2 to his player, "try the out-turn," for it happens that the stones lie so that the "shot" can best be reached from the right side but his own stone cannot with safety be "raised." Away goes the stone, circling to the left, but either he has aimed wide of the broom or his speed is too great to allow the stone to affect its course, for it glides past the guard, past the winner, past the tee.

"Missed everything, by Jove! shouts the skip, and stamps, frowning, up and down the ice, if he be a testy man, or if a considerate one giving a kindly word to the disconsolate player who is mentally kicking himself for his miss. Observant of the danger from an out-turn stone, the first skip endeavours to protect his shot by another guard. The player plays wide and lags outside the rings. Then comes a chance for the second player to do what the lead missed. And he plays with great deliberation and remains stooping on the ice to watch the effect. The first and third players, as if with one impulse, run along either side the moving stone, wishing, yet fearing, to assist its quiet progress. All at once the skips calls, "Sweep, sweep,—Oh! bring him on, stick to him boys,—*sweep!* don't let him stop, he's coming dead for it, polish him in!" And the panting sweepers polish the ice and coax the stone forward by all endearing terms as they await the expected collision. It comes; but touches the front stone very gently, without having the desired effect. Two more stones are played without altering the position and then came the turn of the third players. "Now Tom, you see what I want, and you can do it. Come up, tee-high, a little over a draw. Wick this stone on to the winner and I will give you the shot. Stand by! sweepers." Tom comes up, hits the stone almost full and drives it off the ice, lying himself nearly in its place, but the opponents still have the coveted shot, with however a chance to get at it by playing an in-turn.

"You must draw this port now, Tom. Don't make any mistake about it. There's the borrow—a full draw." Delivered fairly at the broom, the stone

leaves the player's hand an evident winner, causing the delighted skip to drop into the vernacular and make a curious mixture of the domestic with the imported language of the game. "Oh! man, Tom, you're a brick—played to a hair's breadth—don't put a cove on't! Eh! but that has the vera pith—he's the shot for a guinea." \* \* \* Then suddenly, as the stone loses momentum he springs forward. "Help him on, sweepers; in wi' him, what ails him? Great Scott!" he continues, as the stone having stopped short, he stoops to examine it and finds that it had run over a piece of broom-corn, which adhered to the bottom of the stone and impeded its force—"That's no fault of yours, Tom; it's a dreadful pity, that's all. Hech! that was a winner as sure's death." And this little circumstance prevents his getting the "end," for the subsequent play of the skips does not alter the original position, Tom's stone leaving an unintentionally good defense for his opponent. And so this "end" is over and the next begins.

Narratives by the hundred might be had of exciting scenes of the sort from any group of curlers disposed to fight their battles o'er again conversationally. It must be remembered, as a matter which heightens the standard of judgment of distance and skill of hand that in curling the "object ball," to use a billiard term, is usually forty yards away or more, the distance from the "hack" where the player stands to the farthest "tee" being 126 feet. To strike a stone at all, at this distance, is no small feat for an uninstructed person. But to so strike it that one shall "raise" it straight a yard or a foot—to so wick it that it shall carom against another and drive that other out of the rings—to deliver a stone, weighing forty, or an iron say sixty pounds in such wise that it shall traverse 120 feet of ice and lie as a "guard" exactly in front of a stone 124 feet distant—these are the fine points of the game that command the instant admiration of athlete or sport.

There is a difference between curling with iron "stones" and those made of granite. I do not mean that the game is different, for its rules are identical in both cases. But to illustrate—Expert granite players will tell you, with some warmth, that to play with heavy iron "stones" 50 or 60 pounds weight, is the work of navvies, not of gentlemen; that the weight of the stone is too great to admit of any delicacy of play; and that besides, the dull