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a most friendly interest in the club affiliated to theirs. The Junior Club, composed of boys, also met, and, I regret to say, defeated them twice last year; but they most gallantly tried to assuage the bitterness of defeat by presenting a prize to be played for by their late opponents, which was won by Miss Dunlop and Miss Johnson.

I began by saying that the interest was, at first, much restricted, but, with the forming of clubs in Quebec and Lachine, a wider field of glory is opened out. Last season, Lachine was victorious on three several occasions, but in Quebec the Montrealers were more successful, and this winter they have defeated both these by no means unworthy adversaries. A team from Quebec played here, it will be remembered, a few weeks ago, when the Ladies' Montreal Curling Club gave a lunch in their honor, and a tea, which was very largely attended, after the match.

One very beautiful trophy, which the club is proud to possess, is the "Perpetual Cup," in the form of a silver tea-kettle, presented last year by the late Lord Ava, Dr. H. B. Yates and Mr. Morton Patton, of New York. The first to win it was Miss Belle Oswald. The Earl of Dufferin has also presented the "Dufferin Medal," or rather, has promised to present it. This was won by Miss Norah Smith. The silver tea-kettle was won this winter by Miss Marguerite Macpherson, who, without doubt, is one of the most promising players. This season it was arranged between the clubs of Lachine, Quebec and Montreal to subscribe for a perpetual challenge cup, for which the three clubs should compete, and one cannot but rejoice that at present it remains in Montreal. May it long continue to do so!

The skips this year are: Miss Bond, Miss C. Brainerd, Miss Hamilton, Miss Smith, Miss Macpherson, Mrs. Shearwood, Miss Tyre. Without exception they all are admirably fitted for the positions of command.

As will be noticed, little beyond bare facts have been written regarding the club and its doings. But, as a rule, information is more easily gathered, if it be plainly set forth and without garnishing. Looked at, purely from an athletic standpoint, for the robust, it is a most excellent institution. But those with weak chests and delicate throats, I should think, would find the standing about on the ice, to say nothing of the atmosphere of a covered rink, most deleterious. However, if one strolls in on any club morning and sees the stones speeding over the keen ice, and hears the, I might almost say stentorian, voices of the skips, as they give directions full of technicalities, incomprehensible to the uninitiated, one has no fear for the health of the majority of players; and of the non-active members also, there are always a goodly number ready to applaud and criticize, and cheer on their energetic friends, from behind the huge window of the pleasant club rooms, or the pathway between the rinks. Every year, too, the committee and members prove themselves as excellent hostesses as they are players. For the "curling teas" are much looked forward to, both as social events of no little importance, and as affording an excellent opportunity for noting the improvement in play from year to year.

Yes, undoubtedly, curling for women, having been introduced to Canadians, has no intention of being done out of its once acquired popularity. The only marvel is that, instead of, as I believe some have, turning their attention to hockey, a game far too violent for girls to take up to any extent, several other clubs have not been formed, considering the size and population of Montreal. That happiness and prosperity may long attend the Ladies' Montreal Curling Club is assuredly the hope of the many friends and sympathizers who have witnessed its constant progress.

SKIP.

A CENTURY OF THE ROARIN' GAME.

"CANADA is the paradise of curlers," wrote Mr. James Brown, in 1896, after a visit to Montreal. In his same report in the annual he says: "Fixtures can be made without any fear that the clerk of the weather will play any of the nasty tricks with which he is wont to vex the hearts of the curlers at home here." To the curlers of Scotland he said—if you wish to enjoy a real curling holiday go to Canada. There you will find yourselves in no foreign country, but among brethren—men with Scottish blood in their veins and the fire of Scottish patriotism burning brightly in their hearts, who are never tired of singing God Save the Queen and Auld Lang Syne. Their own mother tongue will greet their ears wherever they go, and the hand that will grasp theirs has the true grip. Many a time was reference made to the pro-

posal that a representative rink of Scottish curlers should visit Canada. Depend upon it, they would receive a welcome that would warm the cockles of their hearts, and the recollection of the Canadian trip would remain as one of the brightest and most joyous memories in life.

This suggestion of a representative rink is more appropriate than ever this year when the whole Empire, the colonies, everyone in touch with loyalty, are looking for little tokens to strengthen every link in the chain of Imperial unity.

A striking illustration of this oneness of feeling was given on Saturday last at the Thistle Rink, when the thrilling speeches of Rev. Dr. Barclay, Judge Archibald, Mr. Mowat and Mr. Cornell told of the sentiment that was paramount in every curler's heart.

So much for the mental healthiness of the sport. In a physical way we may look up to curling as a great educator in showing a person just how small he is. He looks at it for the first time, sees a greybeard who carries merrily 70 years on his shoulders put away a stone as lightly as a feather. It looks like child's play; then the stranger tries it. He gets on the ice; his feet suddenly grow to be about three times too big for the back, and the simple appearing stone looks up and smiles at him. It increases in size gradually, and what he thought was a simple bit of metal about 10 pounds strong, assumes the proportions of a ton of coal—not a short ton that coal dealers give out, but something considerably over 2,000 pounds.

The stranger has miscalculated, and, if he lives long enough, he will graduate; but he must live a long time. Perhaps this is why there are so many curlers in Montreal. The first touch of the stone is fatal, and the ordinary man never gets over the habit. Men who are old enough to have been at the christening of the oldest inhabitant, old enough, in fact, to know better, and not behave like two-year olds, are still playing the game and hoping to improve.

Before the 19th century got itself written about, there were curlers in Montreal, and people say there are some of them here yet. The Ancient Capital claims first date in the way of throwing things about on the ice, but this record is about as reliable as the Chinese invention of gunpowder. The first authentic information we have naturally comes from Montreal, the home of all sports and the mother of many.

Perhaps the best authority on this subject is Mr. Alexander Murray, for many years secretary of the Canadian Branch of the Royal Caledonia Curling Club, and to his research I am indebted for much material in curling lore.

The oldest curling club on the continent was organized in Montreal in 1807, but it is not until 1821 that we find a regularly organized body in Quebec. How geographical distances differed in those days may be gathered from the fact that their matches were for the eastern and western championships. About 50 years ago, people in Ontario followed a good example, and the Ontario Curling Association came into life. This was about the same date as the organization of the Montreal Caledonia.

Since that time the progress of the game has been rapid in this city. Then came Thistle, Heather, St. Lawrence (called the baby club and now a very thriving body indeed). Irons are used in all the city rinks, but all are provided with granites for use in soft weather or when visiting Ontario or other clubs require them. The Gordon medal, for instance, must be played with granites, whether in Canada or the United States.

To most people not acquainted with the game, it may be news to know that the implements of warfare weigh from 56 to 64 lb. in iron, while the granites are limited to 50 lb. and a circumference of 36 inches. There are traditions of tremendous stones being played that reach up into the almost impossible, like the gyves Dick Turpin wore, but few are extant. A fine specimen ornaments the reception-room at the Thistle rink, but it is not of Canadian origin, and irreverent people strike matches on it.

In 1832, the Canadian branch of the Royal Caledonia Curling Club was organized, the charter clubs being: Quebec, Stadacona, Montreal and Montreal Thistle. These clubs were represented by Messrs. James Burns, James Tyre, John Dede, and David Muir. In 1874 the Canadian branch was divided and the Ontario branch came into existence as a separate body, controlling the granite-playing clubs.

A history of the branch tankards would require too much space, suffice it to say that Ottawa now holds two of them. The Quebec challenge cup, established in 1874, is one of the most coveted trophies, entailing an awful lot of hard work on the part of the club holding it, not to speak of the expense.

The Governor-General's Prize is perhaps the most coveted of any by curlers in the Quebec branch. Not many days ago Montreal was all agog with the possibilities, and it was no surprise to see the Caledonians win out even with a small