



Winter Sports—Ice trotting, Delorimer Park, Montreal.

put a solid emerald statue of Jacques Cartier on top of a structure of evergreen, which looks like the base of the Eiffel Tower."

### Ski-ing

**T**HE ski does not belong exclusively to Canada, nor has it yet reached the popularity here that it has attained in Norway which claims it as the national sport. But while ski running is comparatively unknown in southernmost Canada, it has become a fashionable and exhilarating sport in what we might call our winter cities. In Europe, travellers go hundreds of miles to see the Norway races and on this continent, New Yorkers have awakened to the bracing effect of the ski sport as it is practised in the province of Quebec.

The true ski differs from the Canadian snow-shoe. It is usually as long as the wearer can reach upwards with his arm. Its width is from three to five inches. The front (toe) is pointed and bent upwards so as to prevent it from cutting down in the snow. Ash is considered the best material and the most used. It is most important in ski running to have the feet firmly fixed to the middle of each ski. The foot must not be allowed to slide sideways or backwards; but the "binding" must not prevent the "on toe" movement of the foot which accompanies the sliding. Beyond the ski, to complete the equipment there should be a long stick, and the laupar shoes, made out of thick, soft leather, pointed and bent upwards at the toe.

While Canada has no "Holmenkol" day, which is the Derby of Norway, the ski-ing sport has aroused enthusiasm wherever it has been adopted. The Countess of Minto, like the true sportswoman she always showed herself, became almost a professional in dexterity and encouraged ski running at Ottawa. So far, the Canadians who have "gone in" for ski-ing have been wise enough to adopt the bright colours of the Norwegian sportsmen, and hence it is one of the most picturesque experiences in the world to see the gaily-clad figures against a background of dazzling white.

### Curling

**S**OMETHING about the curling season appeared in these pages several weeks ago and general remarks are thus out of order.

There is no greater bonspiel in Canada than the annual one at Winnipeg which opens this year on February 6th. There are nine competitions, including the three big open events, the Dingwall, Empire and Tetley Tea.

The Walker Theatre Trophy, or International Cup, replaces the Alfred Doige Cup, and is the only change in trophies from those offered for competition a year ago.

The Tuckett and Royal Caledonian are restricted to district winners, while the Blue Ribbon competition represents the city against the visiting rinks. The McMillan Cup, which is up for competition for the first time, forms a consolation prize while the Whyte Cup is

open to veteran curlers only. The points competition closes the bonspiel, with the grand aggregate prizes and a special uniform prize offered by Thos. Johnson to the individual rink having the neatest and most appropriate uniform at the bonspiel.

The bonspiel is the nineteenth annual event, and, judging by prospects, it will eclipse any previous efforts. It will doubtless attract many outside rinks, and the number of local rinks to enter is expected to break all records.

It is almost ten years since we left the plough, the desk and the office to write a reply to the frosty title of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poetic lines concerning our jubilee tribute. But by this time the world has had opportunity to realise that Our Lady has more than one Canadian costume. It would be hard to tell which is the most becoming—the misty green of spring, the rose and blue of summer, the russet and gold of autumn, or the sweeping ermine splendour when she becomes Our Lady of the Snows. Our poets seem to have a warm preference for the ripe fulfilling of the months "when the river blue is deepest." But most of us can recall no more glowing memories than the sweep down a snow-covered hill-side or the skater's flash across an ice-bound stream. King Winter may be a stern ruler in some lands, but Canadian youth regards him as a jolly old soul who smiles his broadest on a January night.

Cold and keen is the wind of the North  
As the snow heaps under the moon;  
But the jewels blaze on the fields afar  
With the Winter's largesse strewn.

Strong and bold are the sons of the North,  
As they turn to the whirling blast,  
For they know the strength that belongs to him  
Whom the Northern hand has clasped.



Ski Jumping.

H. R. Drummond, Montreal, making the amateur record jump.