

real Club slide, and the tobogganers descend in long lanes flanked on either side by variegated lights. There are large and small lamps, some for ornament and others for use. They combine in a most charming and fairy-like spectacle, which must be seen to be appreciated thoroughly.

#### THE SKATING.

This is not peculiarly a Canadian sport; that is, we have no monopoly of it, and little needs to be said of it. Wherever frost is experienced, there also the skater exists. Owing to the heavy falls of snow, which we have in Lower Canada, our ice-bound waters afford us little scope for skating as the snow settles upon everything to the depth of several feet. Nevertheless, there are here and there patches of good ice on all the ponds created by melted snow freezing. It is not so much about outdoor as indoor skating that a word or two may be said. In Montreal are several rinks, the largest of which is Victoria, on Drummond street. It is among the largest on the continent, and is in splendid order. Most of the other rinks are in parts of the city where they attract the youth of both sexes, and gaiety and merriment are the ruling features. Every rink has its patrons, and the rivalry is very great, both as to skating and variety of masquerade entertainments. These rinks supply the place of dancing parties, and parents who would not allow their sons or daughters to attend a ball or assembly give free and cheerful consent to the young people who spend a few evening hours at the rink, skating to the music of a good band. At the Victoria rink, the conveniences are very great, and the subscribers represent the rich and well-to-do classes, improperly called aristocratic, in this democratic Dominion. The fancy-dress parties are unrivalled. Gentlemen who have done the continent of Europe declare that nowhere, even in St. Petersburg, are there better skaters or greater variety of entertainment. To stand on the platform of a dress evening and watch the ever-changing scene is to imagine that here are delegates from all centuries, races, conditions and ranks of nations, and even animals above the earth and under the earth, for angels and sprites are plentiful, while ghouls are numerous, and there is always an odd devil in the miscellaneous throng.

#### TROTTERING ON THE ICE.

Trotting on the ice may truly rank among Canadian winter sports though it is not exclusively Canadian. In Montreal the sport has been all that can be had during the winter months, unless we include the social drives; and it is well known that "horsey" men do not affect social drives to any very great extent. A capital course is generally laid between the Bonsecours Market and the Custom House, and every winter the fast horses are there driven with light cutters behind them. There are three days of the sport during carnival week and two thousand dollars given in prizes.

#### THE CURLERS' ROARIN' GAME.

Curling may be described as a naturalised game, borrowed from Auld Scotia. Robert Burns' countrymen cling naturally to Scotland's traditions, but more tenaciously do they adhere to her manly sports—the one being part of the other, perhaps. There are likely to be several hundred keen curlers here from all parts of the continent, and their competition will last through the week. Their rinks will be managed by local curlers; and while there is nothing of a spectacle about the game, except to those who understand its mysteries, it affords amusement to those who watch the players as they ply their busy brooms, sweeping the ice clear of obstructions in front of the stones as the players slide them along in course of the game. It is to the Scotch what bowls or skittles are to the Englishman, except that there is a good deal more skill and science required in playing it. It is called the "roarin' game" because of the peculiar roar or ringing sound the stones make when used on ice in the Highland glens, and which echoes through the little valleys and among the hills until it grows much louder than the original noise.



#### Tobogganing.

Hurrah! hurrah! for an evening's sport,  
Exciting, healthy and free,  
Over the mountain to the famous slide,  
Where all are in highest glee.

We've Indian moccasins on our feet,  
With hose of female fame,  
White knickerbockers of blanket cloth,  
And capacious frock the same.

With tasseled tuque and tasty saah,  
Fringe floating at the side,  
The picturesque costume's complete;  
And merits the tobogganer's pride.

The ladies, too, in a conservative way,  
Adopt the blanket white;  
And in tiny moccasins, embroidered neat,  
They've a merry step and light.

How gleams the trees, so snowy white,  
As we climb the mountain side:  
Iceless deck their leafless limbs,  
Like pearls on a fair young bride.

Now we impatiently wait our turn,  
At the start, by the open gate,  
To launch our craft on the icy steep,  
And learn its uncertain fate.

Away we go, in moonlight sheen,  
Over the frozen snow,  
Through the frosty air that tints the cheek  
With nature's ruddy glow.

Loud rings the laugh through the joyous crowd,  
At a collision here or there;  
While tassels on the jaunty tuques  
Are tossed in the evening air.

Think you we dread our winter's snow,  
Or its compeer, keen, sharp frost?  
No! on his grand domain we gather,  
He's our entertaining host.

FRITZ.

Montreal, January 16, 1884.



HOCKEY MATCH.