

HISTORY OF CURLING.

Progress of the Great Scottish Game From its Inception and Its Rise to Popular Favor.

Then drain deep the cog, till the brain is a-whirling, And pledge me, ye lovers of Scotland's ain game, To the memory of him, the inventor of curling, Though the mists of oblivion envelop his name.

The Scottish people regard the history of curling seriously, as a chapter of interest and importance in the history of the nation. They claim that no other game so well illustrates the national character or tends so much to the healthy development of physical, mental and social qualities. They regard it as a valuable institution of civilized life, and trace its origin back four centuries, but it is only about the middle of the eighteenth century that it began to take on the dignity of a truly national game. During the last 75 years it has spread among all the English-speaking peoples in climates where winter bestows the necessary conditions of ice. The great bonspiel of Scotland drew 50,000 people on the lochs, and in Canada, where the climate is favorable, curling devices are numbered by tens of thousands. In the northern parts of the United States people of many races are deriving great pleasure from this fine winter sport.

A SCIENTIFIC GAME.

The game was originally played with rough bowlers. The smooth rounded stones of the stone occurred at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the stones now used are polished works of art, made of granite, and the twisting motion employed gives them a drawing power on corrugated ice or from three to four feet on either side of the center line. The game is determined by the return or out given in delivery. The variety and precision of the modern game place it in the rank of a science. Curling has taken a firm hold upon its votaries, and has drawn around it a delightful literature of narrative poetry and anecdote. The history of curling is given in large volumes, in which the etymology, history and literature of the game have been treated exhaustively. A cold climate and man's inherent tendency to throw stones make the foundation of the game, but its origin, like other origins, is uncertain. Though the game has been scientifically developed in Scotland, it had its origin probably in the Netherlands, which have had a great influence on the arts and industries of Great Britain. Many of the stones used in the game point to the low countries as the place where it originated. It was probably brought over to Scotland by the emigrant Flemings in the sixteenth century, and from that time its development as a game of science has been the work of Scottish men of all professions. The ministry is especially well represented in the history of the game, and this suggests that it is unfortunate that the shepherds of American flocks do not take more interest in healthy outdoor sports and games. In Scotland the laird and the minister encourage this innocent and exhilarating pastime for the sake of its many salutary moral and social influences. Curling is a manly sport, the associations of the game are honorable, and it has been noted that the character of curlers in public life is professional life is kind and honest.

KUTING STONE FIRST USED.

The first type of stone used was the kuting stone, without handle, with a hollow or notch for the finger and thumb of a player, and probably thrown for a part of the century weighed from five to twenty-five pounds and were generally polished from the channels of the streams, whence the name of channel stones. The ancient name resembled quots and the stone bore the name of kuting or quiting stone. Specimens of the old stones are preserved, some of them dating back to the year 1600.

The second type of curling stone was a rough block with a handle attached. Stones of this type were often unshaped, but the handle gave more power to the player, and the weight of these stones weighed as much as 75 and 85 pounds. One called the Jubilee stone, weighs 117 pounds and was used by three generations of the same family. There was no regulation weight, and the stones had an individuality of their own. Many of them are preserved in Scottish museums and club collections, and some bear names suggestive of their history, such as "Black Meg," "The Doctor," "The Town Clerk," "The Bailey," "The Gray Hen," "The Goose," "The Girdle," "The Mare" and the "Bible." There were giants in those days, and stories are told of strong players hurling a 75-pound stone across a mile of loch ice.

The third type of stone is the rounded and polished stone, which possesses a capacity not possessed by the old irregular shaped stones. The inventor of the circular curling stone

is a great unknown. The stones of modern days differ in weight, but are of the same general character, lacking the individuality of the irregular stones of olden times, on corrugated ice they give a precision and a variety to the game unknown before.

There have been changes from time to time in the distances and relative measurements of the rink of ice on which the stones are played.

MANY ELEMENTS BLENDED.

In all national games, chance, force, skill and fellowship in a greater or less degree have their place. It is so in football, cricket and golf, but in curling these elements so harmoniously blended as in curling. This game has been the recreation of men of brains, men of high standing in professional and business life, men who have known how to temper duty with pleasure, and who have felt that their amusements are worthy of serious attention. A man who never curled will show indifference to the game, and the game will feel strong enthusiasm for such a kind of winter sports.

YEARS OF PRACTICE.

Many years of practice, as well as natural adaption, are required to make a curler. An old curler will say that the mastery of curling is a child's play compared with the mastery of curling. The player must play many years before he is promoted to be a skip or captain in important matches. Upon the judgment and character of the skip depends the play of those under him. Valour is keen and often discretion is more important than skill. The skip has not only to judge the play, but the rank of a science. Curling has taken a firm hold upon its votaries, and has drawn around it a delightful literature of narrative poetry and anecdote. The history of curling is given in large volumes, in which the etymology, history and literature of the game have been treated exhaustively. A cold climate and man's inherent tendency to throw stones make the foundation of the game, but its origin, like other origins, is uncertain. Though the game has been scientifically developed in Scotland, it had its origin probably in the Netherlands, which have had a great influence on the arts and industries of Great Britain. Many of the stones used in the game point to the low countries as the place where it originated. It was probably brought over to Scotland by the emigrant Flemings in the sixteenth century, and from that time its development as a game of science has been the work of Scottish men of all professions. The ministry is especially well represented in the history of the game, and this suggests that it is unfortunate that the shepherds of American flocks do not take more interest in healthy outdoor sports and games. In Scotland the laird and the minister encourage this innocent and exhilarating pastime for the sake of its many salutary moral and social influences. Curling is a manly sport, the associations of the game are honorable, and it has been noted that the character of curlers in public life is professional life is kind and honest.

How it is played. In the regular game, four players constitute a rink of one side, consisting of lead, second player, third player and skip, the latter directing the play. In his play he directs the other three players. The four players play alternately with those of the other side. The large number of stones played by the game, two by each player, make the combinations of great variety as the stones lay upon the ice. There are three stones, a drawing stone, a guard stone in position, drawing ports between stones, curling behind, and wicking or impinging in different ways. The main and the effort to accomplish the desired result of scoring ahead of opponents.

The ice prepared for the game is about 6 yards long and six yards wide, at each end of which is drawn a tee, or small rink which is placed in the center of a larger rink, 14 feet in diameter. No stone is counted in the score unless within the larger rink. The stones are delivered with too much force and pass a line back of this ring called the back line, or if they are delivered with too little force and fail to pass the hog line, which is 21 feet before the objective tee, they are considered dead, and are removed from the ice. The players of one side, acting in concert, have as their object to play as many stones as possible near the tee than the nearest one to their opponents, and all such stones count in the score.

The player delivers his curling stones from a batch or back in the ice, and aims to follow the directions of his skip, who stands at the tee 42 yards from the place of the delivery of the stone. Two of the four players on a side are ready with brooms to sweep the ice in front of the stones, to keep the ice smooth and to keep the stones to accelerate or prolong the movement of the stones desired. The stones are generally delivered gently, by what are called draw-shots; occasionally rapid running shots are made when the draw-shot would apparently be of no use. When the stones are delivered at one end the end is completed, and the players then play towards the other end of the ice, and this goes on until the game is finished. A game may consist of from 12 to 24 ends, as agreed.

Curling is a scientific game, requiring skill and canny tactics. Adapted to all ages and degrees of bodily strength, it invigorates the players and a gentlemanly spirit is always displayed in the co-operation and competition involved in the game.

GULLS CROSS THE PACIFIC

In Wake of Ships and Get the Crumbs Thrown Overboard.

(San Francisco Chronicle.)

We are proud of our great ocean liners and the speed that they make, a speed that has made foreign countries ridiculously near and has brought the nations close together. To the people of a hundred years ago the story that a vessel could cross the broad Pacific within a month would seem like the sheerest fancy of a romance. Yet at that time sea gulls crossed as they do at the present day, and they made their long trips without proving any special comment. Today it is looked upon as nothing very marvellous that birds are able to fly from America to Asia and back again. But if we pause to consider it, the feat is really something, after all.

These birds are especially fond of the United States army transports, for these ships carry many men, who denied the taste for books which renders an ocean journey less tedious and taking. The gulls are especially fond of the Golden Gate and passes the Brown Islands a hundred or more brown birds, with long sweeping wings, leave their resting place and take up the flight in the wake of the transport.

Then some soldier who has made the trip before says: "Here come the sea-gulls, and they feed them if we want a quick passage this trip," and many soldiers invade the steward's premises and gather up the waste bread and victuals.

The birds seem to know when they are to be fed, for they come flying in ever narrowing circles until they are within a short distance of the ship. Then the food begins to fall into the water, and the gulls eagerly down upon the waves and seize what has been thrown forth. This is continued until the food is exhausted, and then the gulls follow their food as they fly. They never seem to rest these quick birds. Day after day they follow the ship, cleaving the air with swift wings, flying easily and gracefully over the water. It seems as if they were not used to rest.

On the last trip of the transport Logan, one of the gulls had its foot caught in the net of a fisherman, and it was found floating on the water. The bird was dead, and it was found that it had been caught in the net of a fisherman. The bird was dead, and it was found that it had been caught in the net of a fisherman. The bird was dead, and it was found that it had been caught in the net of a fisherman.

A peculiar incident was one that occurred on the royal mail steamer Athenian, when it was en route to Vancouver. Five days out, a thousand miles from land in any direction, a little owl alighted on the mast, and it was seen by the crew. It was a very small owl, and it was seen by the crew. It was a very small owl, and it was seen by the crew.

ORDERS A COFFIN.

COMMITTS SUICIDE.

Wealthy Milwaukee Woman Deliberately Plans Her Own Death.

PALMYRA, Nov. 12.—Drove by petty annoyances and threatened with a lawsuit, Mrs. D. Love, a wealthy resident of this city, committed suicide with strychnine.

Mrs. Love went to the lumber office of A. D. Hiles and ordered a box to be made, giving the dimensions as 1 1/2 by 1 1/2 feet and 1 1/2 feet high. It was to be fastened with screws. She then went to the drug store and bought strychnine. When questioned, she said she was to be used in the killing chickens. A short time afterward the woman was dead.

PROPER BREATHING.

Did you ever observe whether you breathe through the mouth or the nose? It makes a wonderful difference. When we talk we are forced to breathe through the mouth, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. When not speaking the lips should be well closed, and the breath should be taken entirely by the nose, but this is not all. The habit of slow, measured, deep breathing that breathes the entire lung surface is of more value and importance than you will ever believe until you have tried it, and when you have established the habit of breathing in this manner you will say some remarkable things in its favor. It will reach all points of your physical system. All the benefits that occur from a healthy condition of the blood will be in a greater or less degree yours, for the manner and completeness with which the inhaled air comes in contact with the blood in the lungs are of the utmost importance to every vital process. The lungs are a kind of furnace, in which the oxygen of the air is consumed and a process necessary to life, the perfection of which depends upon the purity of the air and the manner of inhaling it.

NO GREAT LOSS.

A certain M. P., who is in the habit of buying a paper from the carrier every evening, on his way to the house of commons, chanced one evening when he came to put his hand into his pocket to find he had come out without a single penny. He hesitated a moment, and then explained the position to the carrier. "Don't mind about that, sir," was the reply, "you can pay for it tomorrow, it will be all right." "And tomorrow, my boy, I may be dead," said the politician, with the idea of impressing a moral lesson upon the youthful mind. The answer of the carrier was: "Don't mind about that, sir, it will be all right." "Well, sir, if that is the case it will be no great loss after all."—St. James Gazette.

The Flour of the Family

Spring wheat makes strong flour suitable for bread only—lacks the delicacy and flavor of the Fall Wheat.

Beaver Flour

a blend of both, combines the best qualities of the Spring and Fall wheats. It is the best family flour. Breads made from it are light, nutritious, and delicious.

W. V. BARBOUR, ST. JOHN, N. B. New Brunswick Selling Agent.

HARDY LIFE OF FISHERS

ON THE "DOGGER" BANK

Not a man or boy of the thousands who yearn in and year out take their lives in their hands to haul in the fishy harvests of the Dogger Bank could conceive a more pitiful tragedy than that which has befallen the Gamecock fleet of trawlers.

The worst disaster that could happen in the deep sea fishing industry has been the sinking of the Gamecock, a vessel of 100 tons, and her crew of 15. Unhappily, not a year passes but several tragedies such as this happen. It is the one great tragedy of the sea, and it is a tragedy that is not only a tragedy to the men who are lost, but a tragedy to the nation. The men who are lost are the men who are the backbone of the fishing industry, and they are the men who are the backbone of the nation.

Only too often does a boat come into Grimsby or Hull with its flag at half-mast, telling its tale of death and disaster. Then men and boys are found floating in the sea, and the crew are found dead. The crew are found dead, and the crew are found dead.

It is a hard, rough life, and more bitterly hard in the winter than any landman can imagine. The men and boys who gain their livelihood by the sea are the men and boys who are the backbone of the fishing industry, and they are the men who are the backbone of the nation. The men who are lost are the men who are the backbone of the fishing industry, and they are the men who are the backbone of the nation.

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Fishermen has a hospital ship with every large trawling fleet. They are manned by crews who know the North Sea like a book, and are all capable of nursing. Every vessel carries a full qualified medical man, besides a assistant or two. They have swiftness and all the necessary surgical appliances.

Some even have apparatus for working with Röntgen rays. They are vessels about 145 feet in length, and of 275 tons burden, and they manage, by fishing, to cover more than half their cost.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

A Beauty Doctor's Fraud.

On Saturday a woman applied to Mr. Curtis Bennett, at Marylebone police court for advice under the following extraordinary circumstances:—She had been carrying her hair, as she said by dressing in ladies' houses, but as a result of repeated attacks of indigestion red veins had come out on her face, and she had been told by a friend that she was hardly able to live. She had been told by a friend that she was hardly able to live. She had been told by a friend that she was hardly able to live.

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The Filigree Ball

BY ANNA KATHERINE GREEN

AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE."

(Continued.)

"I did, I did. I was on Waverley Avenue that night, and I heard the shot which in all probability ended my sister's life. I walked farther than I intended; I strolled into the street which has such bitter memories for me, and I heard—No, I was not in search of my sister. I had not associated my sister's going out with any intention of visiting this house; I was merely troubled in mind and anxious and—"

She had overrated her strength or her cleverness. She found herself unable to finish the sentence, and so did not try. She had been led by the impulse of the moment rather than she had intended, and, agitated at her own imprudence, paused with the yawning gulf opening before her.

I felt myself seized by a very uncomfortable dread lest her concealment and unfinished sentences hid a guiltier knowledge of this crime than I was yet ready to admit.

The coroner, who is an older man than myself, betrayed a certain satisfaction but no dread. Never did the unspoken which underlies his sharpest speeches show more plainly than when he quietly remarked: "And so under a similar impulse, as well as Mr. Jeffrey, chose this unhappy place to ramble in. To all appearance that old heart acted much more like a lodestone upon members of your family than you were willing to at one time to acknowledge."

This reference to words she had herself been heard to use seemed to overwhelm her. Her calmness fled and she cast a furtive look of anguish at Mr. Jeffrey. But his face was turned from sight, and, meeting with no help there, or anywhere, indeed, save in her own powerful nature, she recovered as best she could the ground she had lost and, with a trembling question of her own, attempted to put the coroner in fault and re-establish herself.

"You say 'ramble through.' Do you for a moment think that I entered that old house?" "Miss Tuttle," was the grave, almost sad, reply, "did you not know that in some earth, dropped from a flower-pot overturned at the time when a hundred guests were in terror from this house, there is to be seen the mark of a footprint—a footprint which you are at liberty to measure with your own?"

"Ah!" she murmured, her hands going up to her face. "But in another moment she had dropped them and looked directly at the coroner.

"I walked there—I never said that I did not walk there—when I went later to see my sister and in sight of a number of detectives passed through the halls and into the library."

"And that footprint," inexorably proceeded the coroner, "is not in a line with the march of the detective, but it is a footprint which you are at liberty to measure with your own?"

"I did not know it was there," she said, "it was not until I was in the library that I saw it. I was in the library that I saw it. I was in the library that I saw it."

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TWIN DOLLS FREE

This lovely pair of twin dolls, one a girl and one a boy, are made of the finest porcelain and are dressed in the latest fashion. They are a perfect likeness of each other and are a most valuable addition to any collection of dolls. They are now on hand at the following prices:—

One doll only	1/6
Two dolls only	2/6
Three dolls only	3/6
Four dolls only	4/6
Five dolls only	5/6
Six dolls only	6/6
Seven dolls only	7/6
Eight dolls only	8/6
Nine dolls only	9/6
Ten dolls only	10/6

Write to the following address for a copy of the catalogue and a list of the names of the dolls:—

The Dolls, 105, St. John Street, St. John, N. B.

VALUABLE RING AND GOLD WATCH FREE

All who send for this catalogue will receive a valuable ring and a gold watch free. The ring is made of the finest gold and is set with a large diamond. The watch is made of the finest gold and is set with a large diamond. They are a perfect likeness of each other and are a most valuable addition to any collection of jewelry. They are now on hand at the following prices:—

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