

HOW BILLY WON THE MEDAL.

Did I never tell you how Billy won the medal, the junior's one of gold :
It's a mighty funny story though to most of us now old,
To begin at the beginning as the fairy stories do,
It's the custom of our Curlers when their Tankard match is through,
To compete in single contest, with six stones on a side—
And the one who can't get thirteen points, defeated must abide.
Now this year there were Seniors and Juniors too as well,
So two medals were arranged for, and then it so befel,
That excitement rose to fever heat around the Rockwood Rink,
And oft the canny curler had ample time to think—
How he could curl this port, or wick that stone, or raise that iron a yard,
And next shot find no hope, unless he smashed the guard.
The juniors were a hopeful lot and by strange luck it chanced,
That the rivalry of a'l was more than "much enhanced"
By the fact that Billy "Pater" as well as Jack the "Son"
Were entered both as Juniors and both were out for fun—
Billy's age as perhaps you know, is sixty, if a day
And he's the chirpiest, blithest fellow whose month is ever May.
In his earliest competitions he curled as if he felt
That he might take a beating, and the other win the belt—
But no ! the good dame Fortune had claimed him for her own,
And by strangest combinations, his was the winning stone.
Billy wiped his sweating brow and smoothed his elfin locks,
Went home and changed his reeking duds including "Sark and socks,"
No prouder man e'er trod on ice, he still was in the ring,
While with Jack poor boy, whose chance was gone, it was another thing.
The Curlers shook their heads and laughed, and talked of slippery games,
While Billy's fighting stock went up like Roderick Dhu's Fitz James.
He wore a Tam upon his broad and somewhat shining brow,
Though to keep it in position required "knowing how" ;
His next opponent was a "frisky colt" of strength, and eagle eye,
Enthusiastic too, and strong of hand, with aspirations high—
"He beat Old Billy ? well if he didn't" he would smile ?
"He could do it in an hour if not a shorter while,"
And he did for an end or two, and ran up quite a score,
First three, then one and finally a four—
Then Billy struck a lucky wick, and fluked it twice again,
And made a lucky draw or two, and "sooped with might and main,"
Excitement ran high as the Score was called eight all,
And Walter chuckled loudly as he pegged it on the wall.
The frisky Colt still smiled but the pace was getting hot,