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from John M. Gao

To Joseph & Paul

April 1904

CURLING IN CANADA

AND

THE UNITED STATES



Photo by Topley, Ottawa.

Frontispiece.

HIS EXCELLENCY LORD MINTO.

Minto.



Photo by Notman & Son.

Frontispiece.

HER EXCELLENCY LADY MINTO.

Mary Minto

CURLING IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

A RECORD OF
THE TOUR OF THE SCOTTISH TEAM, 1902-3,
AND OF THE GAME IN THE DOMINION
AND THE REPUBLIC

BY

THE REV. JOHN KERR

M.A., F.R.S.E., F.S.A. SCOT.

MINISTER OF DIRLETON

AUTHOR OF 'THE HISTORY OF CURLING,' 'THE GOLF BOOK OF
EAST LOTHIAN,' ETC.



EDINBURGH
GEO. A. MORTON, 42 GEORGE STREET
TORONTO: THE TORONTO NEWS CO., LTD.

1904

TO
HIS EXCELLENCY
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
The Earl of Minto, G.C.M.G., V.L.D.
GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

AND
HER EXCELLENCY
Lady Minto

THIS VOLUME IS
BY KIND PERMISSION
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that!

BURNS.

This analysis shows the closeness of the play, whether the number of points or the number of games won be considered.

It would be considered close as between teams of picked players who met in every respect on equal terms.

With the advantage of the home teams playing on their own ice and with fresh men in each game, the result attests the skilled curling and the staying powers of the stalwart sons of Scotland.

The games are over and the bare record of them remains. But the memories connected with the visit of the Scottish Team will remain fresh and pleasant for long years to come. And we trust that they will have carried home with them equally pleasant memories of their stay in Canada. May the enthusiasm that has been kindled bear fruit on both sides of the Atlantic by drawing not only the curlers, but the people generally of the Motherland and young Canada, closer together. All of which is respectfully submitted.

*From Report of Ontario Curling
Association, signed by*

{ E. B. EDWARDS,
Chairman Special
Committee, O.C.A.
JOHN D. FLAVELLE.
J. A. M'FADDEN.

Shall we not through good and ill
Cleave to one another still?
Britain's myriad voices call,
"Sons, be welded each and all,
Into one imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul!
One life, one flag, one fleet, one Throne!"
Britons, hold your own!

TENNYSON.

"E PLURIBUS UNUM."
"WE'RE BRITHERS A'."

United States Curlers' Motto.

ENVOY

It was incumbent on me as Captain of the Scottish curling team that I should prepare and publish a full and permanent record of our historic tour in Canada and the United States in the winter of 1902-3—an event quite unique in the annals of curling, and fraught, as I believe it to be, with most important and beneficial results from a National and Imperial point of view. This was due to the Mother-club, the Royal Caledonian, which sent the team with a Message of Goodwill to her bairns across the sea; to the members of the team, who so loyally supported their Captain and so manfully played their various parts; and to our brother-curlers in Canada and the United States, who extended to us such a hearty, enthusiastic, never-to-be-forgotten welcome wherever we went. A bald but faithful record was all that was at first intended. But, like Topsy, it has “growed.” In fact, the book developed on my hands to such an alarming extent that I began to be afraid that it would make a Frankenstein of me. Quite a modest tome might have been made of the bare record of our famous Curling Trek in the Dominion and the Republic. But as I proceeded with this, it became apparent to me that a favourable opportunity was offered, which it would be wrong to neglect, of adding a new

and interesting chapter to the *History of Curling* which I had written for the Royal Club some years ago, by giving a historic *résumé* of the origin and development of the game at the various Transatlantic centres visited by the team. This I have, at considerable trouble, been able to furnish, and I hope it will prove to be a solid and reliable basis for any future history that may be written of Curling in the land of its adoption, where the game has such a glorious future before it, and where it is destined to play a most important part in the evolution of a great race. The testimonies of love and loyalty which are here recorded unite to form a necklace of sparkling diamonds for our Empire-Queen, Britannia, and I feel certain that the result of our tour will be what was intended by the Royal Club—a closer and more sympathetic fellowship between Canada and Scotland, and a notable advance toward Imperial Federation. The description of the charms of the Canadian winter, more especially from a curling point of view, and the incidental references to other pleasant features will, I am sure, make this book a powerful Emigration Agent, so that many may be induced to leave the old country and settle in the Land of Promise and Plenty. The wonderful gallery of portraits and illustrations which I have brought together in these pages will, I trust, supplement the good work done by the team, and unite as “brithers a’” the Knights of the Kowe at home and on the other side of the water; while its story of friendly forgathering and genial good-fellowship will, no doubt, be an inspiration to the generations that come after us to follow the best

traditions of the grand old game. It has been my good fortune to make a kinematograph of the busy pursuit of this healthy pleasure in the Dominion and the States, and transfer to permanence its fleeting forms and figures. The picture is worth preservation, and at the opening of the twentieth century it is an augury of hope for centuries to come. The motto thereof may well be the words of the old Scots psalm—

Behold how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well ;
Together such as brethren be,
In unity to dwell.

My friend, Mr. John L. Low, of golfing fame, when he was going out to America with some 'Varsity players last spring took a "wick" off our team by saying that he and his men were simply going out for a jolly time of it, apart from match winning or losing, unlike the Scots curlers, who, when they "discovered the quality of their opponents, abandoned the idea of conquest, and gave out to the world that they had come on a mission of peace," etc. When I tackled friend "Johnny" with this misrepresentation he went down on his knees and confessed that he "had made a chronological mistake by post-dating the moment when the missionary spirit entered into your broom-fellows." Knowing his addiction to story-telling I frankly forgave him. This volume furnishes facts which show to Mr. Low and others that our Mission of Goodwill was really our first aim, and our winning of matches a secondary matter, and that our success in both was far beyond our expectations.

It is no easy matter to place in the forefront of our book, as the custom is, the names of those who have been helpful. In trite phraseology — “they are too numerous to mention.” If I omit some, or fail to acknowledge contributions of any kind which I have made use of in this volume, such overlook, I trust, will be forgiven. I also hope that any errors as to matters of fact will be pardoned, for at such a distance from the scene of action it was impossible to verify many references.

I must thank the Royal Club for all that was done for our Mission, and her many members who took an interest therein. The stars in their courses seemed to fight for us, so far as the Club's officials were concerned. It was most fortunate that Lord Mansfield was the Club's President, for he has proved no mere figurehead as so many have been in that office, but the most practical and painstaking President the Club ever had: true to his inheritance, he took a deep interest in our tour, and the team owe him a great debt of gratitude for the manly and dignified way in which he supported them.

Then what shall I say of that Prince of Club Secretaries—Mr. Adam Davidson Smith, whose breezy enthusiasm is at all times such a freshening force to the Royal Club and all its agencies and endeavours, and who with sleepless anxiety and unremitting attention looked after the preparations for our tour? No wonder, when he saw us off at last, that he lay back in his secretarial chair and felt like Othello that his occupation was gone. The strenuous advocacy of Sir John Gilmour also greatly assisted us, for the Baronet of Montrave's support of any

cause always ensures its success. Nor can I forget the assiduous labours of the special Committee who were entrusted with the selection of the team and the arrangements for the tour, and the able manner in which their arrangements were carried out by Mr. W. Lindsay of Messrs. J. and H. Lindsay, who, though overwhelmed with other calls, seemed to regard our trip as the sole concern of his life.

Time would fail to detail the assistance received from curlers across the water. Among numerous helpers I may name Mr. F. C. Simson, Professor Murray, Mr. Keltie-Jones, Dr. Parke, Colonel Stevenson, Mr. D. Guthrie, Mr. W. D. Aird, Mr. W. J. Beatty, Dr. Thorburn, Colonel Edwards, Mr. J. D. Flavelle, Mr. M'Fadden, Mr. Milne, Mr. Davies, Mr. Forrest Macnee, Mr. James Thaw, and the late Mr. D. Foulis. But I must say that the greatest of all my helpers in this work was the venerable ex-Secretary of the Ontario Association, Mr. J. S. Russell, who furnished me with a large quantity of carefully prepared material specially concerning his Province. Second to him I name Mr. J. P. Robertson of Winnipeg, who deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance for all that he has done for curling in Manitoba. As regards the publishing of this volume, I deem it right to say that when I was hesitating whether to venture or not because of the expense, Mr. Arthur Sanderson came forward and by his generous order of a thousand copies "right away" encouraged me to proceed. If the volume as now issued meets the approval of such a cultured patron of the Fine Arts as Mr. Sanderson is, I shall be

more than satisfied. My *fidus Achates*, Major Scott Davidson, has done me invaluable service, as he did throughout the tour, and for revision of proofs I am obliged to Secretary Husband and Mr. Provan.

To the engravers of the most of the illustrations, Messrs. M. and T. Scott, Leadervale Works, Edinburgh, and to the printers of the volume, Messrs. R. and R. Clark, Ltd., I feel much indebted for their great patience, and for the pains they have taken to make the volume worthy of its subject.

J. K.

DIRLETON, *February*, 1904.

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Photo by Dr. Kirk.

AN INDIAN FAMILY EN ROUTE FOR WINNIPEG.

CHAPTER I

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintanee be forgot
And days o' lang syne ?

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine ;
And we'll tak' a right guid willie-waught,
For auld lang syne.

BURNS.

Of a' the games that e'er I saw,
Man, callant, laddie, birkie, wean,
The dearest far aboon them a',
Was aye the witching channel-stane.

Oh ! for the channel-stane !
The fell good game, the channel-stane !
There's no a game that e'er I saw
Can match auld Scotland's channel-stane !

THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

WHEN curling had taken such a firm grip in Canada and the United States, it was not surprising to find that the curlers beyond the Atlantic were anxious to have a visit from their brethren of the old country. It may

here be stated at the outset, in regard to all the negotiations and invitations which have taken place from first to last regarding a visit of Scottish curlers to the other side of the herring-pond, that the prominent idea was certainly that of having a friendly contest. It was recognised that with the long winter which prevailed in Canada and the States, and with the facilities afforded by play in covered rinks from four to five months every winter, along with the perfect condition of the ice which was formed on these rinks, the Scottish curlers were bound to be considerably handicapped, seeing that they had on an average perhaps only a fortnight's play every winter, and that in the open air when the ice was very often in a rough or soft condition. Neither our Canadian nor American brethren ever invited us out with the idea that we could give them any instruction in the science of curling, and we certainly never thought of going out there with any such intention. Their desire was that all true curlers who met us on the ice should have a jolly time with us, and show by their reception of the team that their kindly feelings to the home country were unchanged, and that they recognised in the old game of curling a bond of union such as no other recreation provided. The majority of the curlers on the other side had themselves learned the game under the instruction of their fathers in the homeland; a visit from a team of Scotsmen would, therefore, be to them something like a visit to the old country itself; while no doubt their children and their children's children would rejoice that representatives from the old country had thus come across and seen them at their play and enjoyed their hospitality.

So far back as 1858 our Canadian branch, through Mr. David Mair, the secretary, sent us a challenge, which was several times renewed. An invitation next

came from the newly-formed Ontario branch of the R.C.C.C., at its meeting at Toronto on December 22, 1874. "At that meeting," says the ex-secretary, Mr. Russell, in writing on the subject to the Captain of the Scottish team, "the principal promoter of the formation of the branch club moved that he, with the secretary, be appointed a Committee to request the Rev. Dr. John Barclay, ex-pastor of St. Andrew's Church, then on a prolonged visit to Scotland, to attend the annual meeting of the R.C.C.C. as the representative of the Ontario Branch Club, and *inter alia* to endeavour to have some plan formed, under which periodic visits of Scottish curlers to Canada might be secured, so that they might see for themselves, and enjoy with us the admirable conditions under which the game is carried on in Canada. That the invitation was not to be considered as a challenge, or the games as matches, but merely as friendly games, with a view to better and more intimate acquaintance, and a better knowledge by the mother-club of the advantages, climatic and otherwise, that prevailed in Canada for the practice of the game." The motion was carried unanimously; and in due course Dr. Barclay presented himself and laid his instructions before the annual meeting of the parent club. In his report he says that he "assured them of abundance of ice, games to their hearts' content, and a hearty welcome from the local clubs on the Western side of the Atlantic." He adds: "Their response was ready and hearty, with the true curler's ring about it, as they proclaimed their willingness to meet us in friendly encounter, and beat us too." The worthy Doctor goes on: "The boastful rejoinder escaped my lips, for I thought of many veterans in Canada who had been crowned with laurels on the issue of many a hard-fought field; and how could

I hesitate to say to them, 'Come on, you shall have a hearty welcome everywhere! And as for the victors—why, you must just be content to wait the issue at the tee, and we shall heartily, and with cheers, give you—all you wish.' ”

Various other invitations were afterwards addressed to the Royal Club. At the fiftieth anniversary of the club in July 1888, Mr. J. B. Gillie appeared as the first accredited delegate of the Grand National Club to America, and invited a visit. In 1870 Sir William Elliot sent a challenge across the Atlantic to play any rink of Scotsmen for a sum of £500. This was discussed at the Grand National Convention of 1871, but set aside because of the objection urged by Mr. Hoogland, that a match for money, even though the sum should be devoted to charity, would drag down curling to the level of base-ball. John Johnston, president of the Royal National Club, brought a challenge with him to the Royal Club in the year 1878, but only three curlers were found to volunteer their services.

The Marquis of Lorne and H.R.H. the Princess Louise on their leaving Canada promised to the curlers to do what they possibly could to bring about a visit from a Scottish team. The present Governor-General, then Lord Melgund, when he was with Lord Lansdowne, also tried to bring about such a visit. Still nothing practical was done. There is no doubt that the loyalty of the Canadians during the Boer War and their expression of sympathy at the lamented death of our beloved Queen Victoria, made us all feel, at home, that we ought at last to respond to their kindly invitation to come over and enjoy with them for a time

The game of all others
That most makes men brothers.

That muscular Christian, the Rev. Dr. Barelay of Montreal, renewed, in a pressing manner, the invitation from the Canadian branch when he came across to the annual meeting of the Royal Club in 1901, and was elected a Vice-President of the club; but the best fillip to the Scottish tour was given by Mr. Hugh Cowan, who, in an interesting article in the *Scotsman* of March 17, 1902, in a description of Winnipeg as a "curler's paradise," finished his remarks by saying: "For many years a visit from a Scottish team has been eagerly looked for. Four years ago it



THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, K.T.
(Now Duke of Argyll.)

President R.C.C.C. 1872-74; Governor-General of Canada 1878-83; Patron of Quebec and Ontario Provinces 1878-83.

was promised and then abandoned, to the great regret of all. Ever since they had hoped, from year to year, to see the promise fulfilled. The interest in this is not confined to Manitoba. Toronto and Montreal are just as eager, and an extended tour should be taken; but the officials of the Manitoba branch have asked the writer to voice their feelings. The best time for a team to come lies any time

between St. Andrew's Day and the end of February; and if the tour was arranged so that it should wind up at Winnipeg in the beginning of February in time for the bonspiel, the Scottish curlers would meet all the best players of the West. In the journey itself there should be no difficulty. The steamboat and railway companies would always be willing to give special facilities in such a case; and once in Canada, I think I can promise the team such a welcome as they have never even dreamed of. From every point of view, and quite apart from the curling, the visit would be a most interesting one. Those who undertook it would get a new idea of what Empire means, and see the strength that lies in the young blood of our peoples."

There is no doubt that these words of Mr. Cowan fairly set the ball rolling. The suggestion was immediately backed up by the chaplain of the Royal Club in the following letter which appeared in the *Scotsman* on March 18, 1902:—

THE MANSE, DIRLETON, R.S.O.,
EAST LOTHIAN, N.B., *March 17, 1902.*

SIR—I am sure every curler must have read with pleasure Mr. Hugh Cowan's contribution of "A Curler's Paradise" in your issue of to-day. We have all heard often of the great advantages of our brither-curlers in Canada and envied their lot, though if John Frost were only as kind to us as he was last winter we should not have so much occasion to do so. My object in writing is to draw attention to the closing paragraph in Mr. Cowan's article, in which he says that the officials of the Manitoba Branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club have asked him to voice their feelings and once again

to appeal to Scottish curlers to send over a team to meet the Canadian curlers in friendly rivalry on the ice. After promising such a welcome as we have never dreamed of, Mr. Cowan adds—"From every point of view, and quite apart from the curling, the visit would be a most interesting one. Those who undertook it would get a new idea of what Empire means, and see the strength that lies in the young blood of our peoples." It will be a thousand pities if prompt action is not now taken in this matter. Mr. Cowan's appeal comes at an appropriate moment, for I understand that to-morrow the Royal Club has a festive gathering at which the winners of trophies in the grand match are to receive their prizes at the hands of the Earl of Mansfield, the representative of one of our many Scottish noble families who have been keen curlers. I would suggest, to use a business phrase, that "the standing orders be suspended" at that meeting, and a conference held on the subject of a Scottish team for Canada. If action is not taken this year, I despair of ever seeing "a consummation so devoutly to be wished" brought about. Nearly every Governor-General of Canada has tried to bring the match about; no one tried more than the late lamented Lord Dufferin, who during his term of office instituted a viceregal club and a Governor-General's prize. The present Duke of Argyll (then Lord Lorne) tried his best; so did Lord Lansdowne, and the present Governor-General, Lord Minto, is as anxious as any of his predecessors. We have seen at the death of our beloved Queen Victoria, from the South African war, and from the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, how the hearts of our Colonial brethren go out in sympathy with the mother-country; the Coronation of the King will give this sympathy another fresh expression. Surely we ought now to respond to that appeal from across the

water, and, as Mr. Cowan says, "get a new idea of what Empire means." This will be difficult, but it is only curling that can give it. "The Royal Caledonian Curling Club has our most profound respect and our most loyal affection," said its chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Barclay, at the last representative meeting in Glasgow. "Cement that by sending over your representatives." With his eloquent words, backed up by Mr. Cowan's appeal, ringing in our ears, we shall be unworthy of our national game if we do not take action. The Lion Rampant may not beat the Beaver and the Eagle; what matters it, if brotherhood be advanced?—I am, etc.,

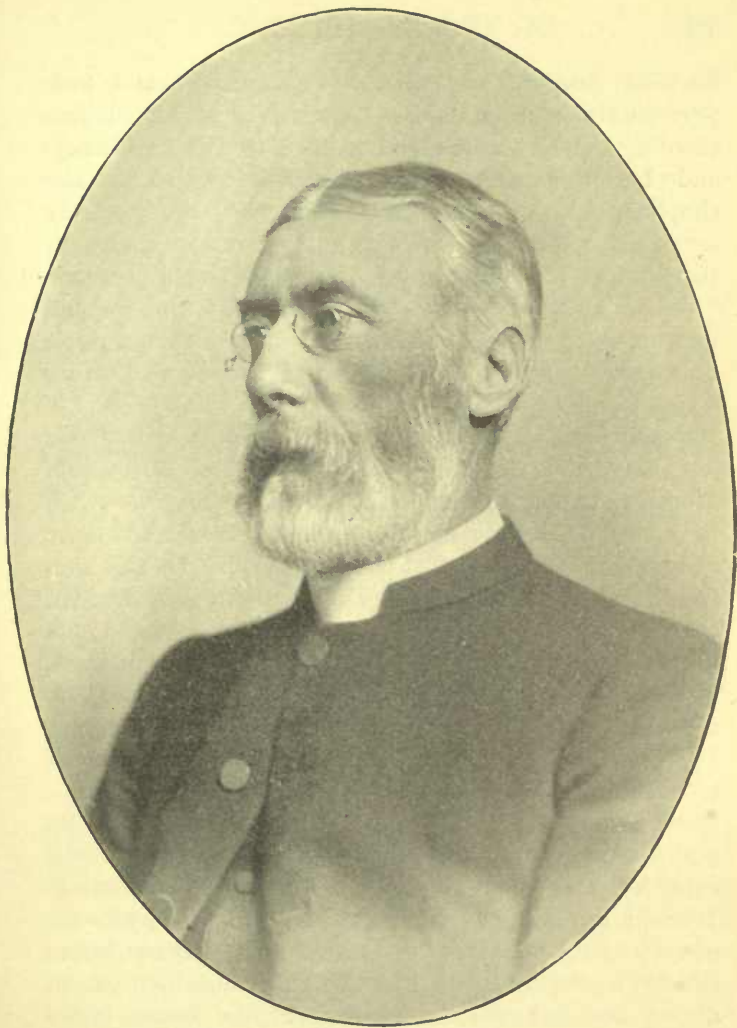
JOHN KERR,

Chaplain, Royal Caledonian Curling Club.

The Rev. Gavin Lang of Inverness, who had formerly spent some years in Canada, also addressed the following letter to the same paper on March 21 :—

INVERNESS, *March 19, 1902.*

SIR—May I be allowed to second the appeal made in your yesterday's issue by the Rev. John Kerr, Chaplain of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club? When living and labouring for twelve years in Canada, which Mr. Hugh Cowan aptly calls "A Curler's Paradise," I was, during all that time, the Chaplain of the Montreal Curling Club, the oldest of that kind of institution in the Dominion, and played regularly every Monday, which I regarded as the clergyman's Sabbath or day of rest. I don't deny that I was on the rink other days besides. It may interest your readers if I mention that the late Lord Dufferin, then Governor-General, played



Yours sincerely
James Barclay

his first game on our rink. I was present and took part on the occasion, which I can never forget. Before choosing sides we were all introduced to His Excellency, and I well remember that when I was so, as the chaplain, his eyes opened wider, and he jocularly remarked, "What! a curling club under the charge of the Church!" And once when I had delivered my stone "just ae inch ower narra," he came down the ice and met me with the cheery word, "Clergymen should never be narrow"—a sentiment I heartily endorse and venture to commend to all my brethren of the cloth! One of the pictures in my modest collection of which I am especially proud, is that which Mr. William Notman, of Montreal, contributed to a Paris Exhibition, in which he depicts a curling scene on the River St. Lawrence and under the shadow of Mount Royal. In the fore-front stand Lord and Lady Dufferin, attended by Mr. George Denholm, a veteran eurler, broom in hand, and nearly all the notables of Canada, including Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Hugh Allan, Colonel Dyde, A.D.C. to the late Queen, etc., etc., are either players or spectators. It is an honour I exceedingly prize that the artist represents me as one of the two, the other being a Quebec champion, in the act of playing our turn. By all means send a Scottish team to Canada, and let the extended tour sketched by Mr. Cowan be carried out. I would, however, suggest that St. Andrew's Day is too early to count upon ice. It was nearer Christmas before steady playing commenced in Montreal; and then, except during one or two short-lived thaws, the season lasted upwards of three months. I am sure that those who went from this country would enjoy to the full their trip, and boundless would be the welcome and hospitality they would receive. They might also learn some things,

such as the superiority for both precision and safety of the "hack" over the crampit. I feel very grateful to you for giving us in your columns Mr. Hugh Cowan's charming article, and hope he and the Rev. Mr. Kerr may be successful in their appeal.—I am, etc.,

GAVIN LANG,
Chaplain, Inverness Curling Club.

Provost Gordon of Bathgate cordially supported this proposal in another letter.

To put matters into shape a meeting was held in response to the following circular issued by Mr. Davidson Smith:—

PROPOSED CURLING TEAM FOR CANADA AND THE
STATES

4A YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH,
April 10, 1902.

As you are aware, from time to time urgent invitations have been sent to the Royal Club to send a team of curlers to Canada and the States; but as yet nothing has been done. Lately a number of curlers have been pressing the matter, and are of opinion that the sending of such a team next winter would be specially appropriate in view of recent and forthcoming events. Will you therefore be so kind as to attend a meeting of gentlemen interested, to be held in my office here, *on Thursday, 17th inst., at 2.30 o'clock P.M.*, to discuss the matter with a view to action?

A. DAVIDSON SMITH, C.A.

The following is the MINUTE OF MEETING OF GENTLEMEN interested in the proposal to send Curling Teams to Canada and the States, held at No. 4A York Place, Edinburgh, on Thursday, April 17, 1902, at 2.30 o'clock P.M.

Present

Mr. H. Gilmour (Waverley).	Mr. J. R. Blackwood (Kilgraston and Moncreiffe).
Mr. P. Shaw (Merchiston).	Mr. R. G. Murray (Biggar).
Rev. A. Paton (Vale of Scaur).	Provost Gordon (Bathgate).
Rev. John Kerr (Dirleton).	Mr. J. Taylor (Craiglockhart).
Rev. R. Menzies Fergusson (Airthrey Castle).	Mr. D. Provan (Craiglockhart).
Rev. W. C. Callender (Dunfermline).	Mr. J. W. Learmonth (Merchiston).
Mr. J. B. Fergusson (Ayr and Alloway).	Mr. D. P. Laird (Corstorphine).

Mr. Hugh Gilmour was called to the Chair.

Apologies for absence were read from Lord Mansfield; Sir James H. Gibson-Craig, Bart.; Dr. Graham, Paisley; Mr. Kidston, Helensburgh; Mr. Ferguson, Croydon; Mr. Johnstone of Alton, Moffat; Mr. Armstrong, Carlisle; Mr. Jackson, Glasgow; Major M'Intyre, Cardross; and Mr. T. Dunn, Selkirk.

Mr. Davidson Smith explained that the meeting had been called to discuss the proposed visit of a Curling Team to Canada and the States during the winter of 1902-3. This proposal had often been mooted, and repeatedly pressing invitations had been received from the Secretaries of Curling Branches in Canada, one of whom (Mr. Russell, Ontario Branch) mentioned in 1884 that the trip to occupy three months would cost about £50 per head. In that year he had had communications with Lord Melgund and Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., the latter of whom, along with Mr. Johnstone Stewart of Glasserton, volunteered to accompany a team if sent; but no definite

result was arrived at. In 1889 a similar proposal was discussed by the Annual Meeting on a motion by Mr. J. Ferguson, Helensburgh, and an assessment of 1d. or 2d. per member of club in connection with R.C.C.C. was suggested to meet travelling expenses, and it was remitted to the Committee of Management to issue a circular to clubs asking their opinion. This was done, and in response fifty-two clubs replied, whereof nineteen approved, twenty-two disapproved, and eleven were neutral. In July 1891 a similar proposal was considered on the motion of Mr. Kidston, Helensburgh, when it was suggested that the Secretary of the R.C.C.C. should invite subscriptions through each Vice-President of a local club, but in the end no action was taken. In July 1892 the matter was again brought forward, with the proviso that the chosen members should pay their own expenses, and, as agreed upon, a circular was issued to clubs asking for volunteers, but the response was not encouraging. The Committee of Management discussed the question at a meeting held on November 16, 1892, and made a recommendation to the Annual Meeting that a sum not exceeding £200 should be voted by the Royal Club to meet expenses. This recommendation was brought before the next Annual Meeting, but was rejected. Since then pressing invitations have been received, and particularly at the Annual Meeting of the R.C.C.C. held in Glasgow in July 1901, when the Rev. Dr. Barclay and the Rev. Dr. Campbell were present, as representing the Canadian Branch. Many other requests from curlers had been received to send out a team, and they were met there that day to discuss the matter with a view to action. The following resolution was adopted:—

“The meeting having carefully considered the information supplied by Mr. Davidson Smith, and being

unanimously of opinion that the visit proposed is highly desirable, both from a Curling and Imperial point of view, appointed all the gentlemen present to form a Committee, with power to add to their number, to gather further information, arrange ways and means, and generally to take any further steps with the view of carrying the matter through successfully; and also to prepare a Report to be submitted to the next Annual Meeting of the Royal Club; it being understood that any team going out shall be under the auspices of the R.C.C.C."

H. GILMOUR, *Chairman.*

The following account of the meeting is from the *Scotsman*, April 18, 1902:—"Yesterday afternoon a meeting of representative curlers was held in the chambers of Mr. A. Davidson Smith, C.A., Edinburgh, Secretary to the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, for the purpose of considering the question of sending a curling team to Canada and the States. The meeting was the outcome of repeated pressing invitations received by the Caledonian Curling Club during the last eighteen or twenty years from clubs in Canada and the States. This matter has been considered on many previous occasions, but no practical or definite result has ever been arrived at. At last year's meeting of the Caledonian Curling Club in Glasgow, the Rev. Dr. Barclay and the Rev. Dr. Campbell, Montreal, were present as a deputation from the Canadian branch of the Royal Club, and both of them emphasised the invitation for a team. Since that time the Secretary has been pressed on the subject by many curlers, and accordingly he called the meeting of yesterday. It was largely attended by representative curlers from all parts of the country, and apologies were intimated from Lord Mansfield, President of the Royal Club; Sir James H.

Gibson-Craig, Bart.; and many other gentlemen. Mr.



HUGH GILMOUR.

Hugh Gilmour of the Waverley Club, Edinburgh, was called to the chair. Several speakers expressed their

views on various points, and all agreed that, having in view recent events, the forthcoming Coronation, and other matters, next winter would be a specially appropriate occasion on which to send a team. The special points for consideration would be to get good curlers, representative of the different districts of Scotland, and who could spare the time involved in a visit to the other side of the Atlantic, and the question of obtaining the necessary funds for that purpose."

The Committee thus formed appointed the Rev. John Kerr convener, and set to work to do all in their power to secure support from influential persons and from curling clubs. They addressed a letter to all whom they supposed might give them assistance, and the following communication, signed by the Convener and the Secretary, was sent to the editor of each of the chief newspapers in the kingdom:—

SIR—From time to time, as you are aware, a proposal has been mooted to send a team of curlers from the mother-country in response to urgent invitations to visit Canada and the United States, and play against brother-curlers there. Until lately nothing practical was done; but in view of recent and forthcoming national events the proposal was considered to be so appropriate by curlers that it ought to be pressed to a successful issue, and on April 17, at a meeting in the Chambers of Mr. A. Davidson Smith, C.A., 4A York Place, Edinburgh, the following resolution was adopted [*vide ante*, pp. 13, 14].

Our Committee, who are all determined to see this matter successfully through, are now in communication with parties who are expected to take an interest in it; but they deem it advisable, through your columns, to enlist the sympathies of curlers generally, so that no

one who supports the proposal may be overlooked. The first difficulty to be faced is the financial one, for if the team is to be thoroughly representative, it is evident that a considerable central fund to meet expenses must be at command of our Committee. They therefore appeal to all lovers of the game to give them their support in a tangible form. The next request is that skips who are prepared to go out with rinks should place themselves in communication with the Committee; and as it is felt that it would be invidious for some of the players to pay their own expenses, which others might not be able to do, those in the former category are invited to subscribe to the fund. The Committee fully recognise the vital importance of sending out rinks which have won distinction by playing together at home; and finally they appeal to individual curlers who are willing to play or subscribe, to send in their names as soon as possible, so that everything may be in shape before the meeting of the R.C.C.C. in July, when they hope to submit a complete programme of the proposed tour, and to receive the imprimatur of the Royal Club on their action, with its message of goodwill to the brotherhood in Canada and the States.—We are, etc.

EDINBURGH, *April 24, 1902.*

The Secretary also wrote in the following terms to the Duke of Argyll, Lord Strathcona, Lord Mount-Stephen, Lord Balfour, Earl of Minto, Lord Aberdeen, etc. :—

MY LORD—I have now the pleasure of enclosing, for your Lordship's information and perusal, copy of Minute of Meeting of gentlemen interested in the proposal to send a curling team to Canada and the States during the next winter.

As your Lordship may be aware, this proposal has

been often made before, but hitherto the difficulties have appeared so considerable that no definite steps have resulted. It is now strongly felt that in view of His Majesty the King's approaching Coronation and some recent events, together with the strong national feeling as to the desirability and necessity of cementing the ties that unite the mother-country with her Colonies, that the auspicious moment has arrived when such a proposal should take effect.

As already mentioned, the difficulties are considerable. There is the question of expense, and also the difficulty of getting competent teams of gentlemen who can spare the time. Of course it might be possible to get two or three rinks together, the members of which might pay their own expenses, but it is felt that in this way the teams would in no sense be representative, and it was the feeling of the meeting that subscriptions should be invited, and a central fund formed.

If three rinks of players (twelve in all) were sent, the expense would probably be about £700, and whilst some of the gentlemen might be prepared to pay their own expenses, it is felt that it would be invidious for them to do so, taking into account the others who were not in a similar position. These gentlemen, however, would be invited, and doubtless would be ready, to subscribe to the central fund referred to.

I have written to the Secretaries of Curling Associations in Canada and the States, who during the last twenty years have sent repeated pressing invitations for such a visit, asking them for information and advice, and also to co-operate with a view of drawing up a programme of matches to be played during a visit of two or three months (say January, February, and March) when ice is practically a certainty.

It is proposed, should the present movement be successful, to play at the following centres, viz. Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Pittsburg (possibly), and New York, but the definite programme is a matter for future consideration.

I have taken the liberty of writing your Lordship in this connection, knowing the interest you take in Canada, and your knowledge of the country, in the hope that you will see your way to give the movement your patronage and support, and I shall be very glad to have your views on the subject.—I am, my Lord, your Lordship's obedient servant,

A. DAVIDSON SMITH.

In reply to this circular, communications favouring the proposal were received from His Excellency the Governor-General, who at once put himself in communication with the Canadian secretaries of branches as to arrangements; Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Mount-Stephen, Lord Elgin, Lord Mansfield, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Breadalbane, and Lord Strathcona. The last named, who is certainly the foremost pioneer of progress in Canada and holds the office of High Commissioner, wrote as follows:—

GLENCOE, N.B., *Sept.* 10, 1902.

MY DEAR SIR—I beg to acknowledge your letter of the 22nd, which has been forwarded to me here.

It is very satisfactory to know that the proposal to send the Curling Team to Canada is meeting with such favour, and I have no hesitation in saying that the eurlers, when they arrive in the Dominion, will receive a most cordial reception in every part they visit.

I do not know that I have any suggestions to offer in the proposal, but if you think there is anything I can properly do to further the matter, I shall be glad if you

will let me know, and such service as I can render, either personally or as High Commissioner, would give me much pleasure.—Believe me to be, very truly yours,

STRATHCONA.

A. DAVIDSON SMITH, Esq.,
Royal Caledonian Curling Club,
 4A York Place, Edinburgh.

The replies received from the secretaries of branches and associations in Canada and the United States were also most encouraging. These preliminary negotiations having been attended with so much success, the promoters of the movement brought the subject up at the Annual Meeting of the Royal Club, which was presided over by Lord Mansfield, who from the first sought as enthusiastically to send off the team to Canada as he does to send the stone from the tee. The proceedings were as follows, our report being taken from the *Annual* of 1902-3:—

The Visit to Canada

The Rev. J. KERR said—I rise to propose the motion that is printed in the agenda to this effect: “That this meeting of the Royal Club, taking into consideration the oft-repeated invitation of brethren in Canada and the United States, is of opinion that the invitation should now be accepted, and decides to send out in the coming winter a Representative Team, in the name and under the auspices of the Royal Club, to play such matches as may be arranged, and to convey to curlers at the various centres to be visited the very hearty congratulations and good wishes of the Mother-club.” I propose this motion under a deep sense of responsibility, for I think it is perhaps the most important motion that has been tabled at any meeting of the Royal Club. We discuss our internal affairs from time to time, but this motion



Photo by Art Photo Co., Perth.

Yours faithfully
Manfield

has reference to a question of national and even imperial importance, and must be fraught with the most far-reaching effects on curling. I do not think I am putting it too strongly when I say so. I must explain that I do not make this motion on my own responsibility. I might have done so as holding the high office of Chaplain in this Club, and speaking in the interests of fraternal love and peace as a chaplain should do. But I am one of a Committee which has been working on this subject for some time, and as their Convener it falls to me to submit the result of their deliberations. The Rev. Dr. Barclay of Montreal at last annual meeting put it well when he said that, instead of talking about this question, now was the time to act. This Committee proceeded to act firmly and energetically, and to such effect, that they are able to-day to inform the Mother-club that there are plenty of rinks and plenty of men and plenty of money to carry the proposal out. We are most loyal to the Mother-club. I think the objection of the club in former years, when the motion came up, was that she did not see how to face the difficulties. Supposing this motion were passed to-day, arrangements could not be made in time to send out a deputation. We have arranged in advance, so that everything is as cut and dry as possible. I wish at the same time to say that this Committee in its action has fixed nothing. We have committed nobody. Some people seemed to think that we were speaking of the tour as a foregone conclusion, that we had accepted the offer from Canada, and had even gone the length of selecting certain men to form the team. We have settled nothing. I think it right to say so, for if we had gone farther we would have been doing what we ought not to have done in loyalty to our Mother-club. What I have further to say is, that the result of our deliberations and the work,

generally speaking, of this Committee, has been that we have received encouragement from every quarter, and even from many who are not curlers. They seem to think outside the curling brotherhood that the country is expecting the Royal Club to send men to Canada. You know how the feeling between the Colonies and the mother-country has been intensified by recent events. You know how they rejoiced with us at the Diamond Jubilee; sorrowed with us on the death of the Queen; and how they stood by and helped us in South Africa. (Applause.) We have no more loyal child than Canada. "The health of our auld respectit Mither," is a toast the curlers there never omit at their festivities. The curler's grip has something in it that no other salutation in the world can give, and if you can send a team, it will have far-reaching effects on the Royal Club, and on the game of curling in Scotland and in the empire. Among those who are strong advocates of this tour are Lord Mount-Stephen; His Excellency Lord Minto, Governor-General of Canada; Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner for the Dominion; Lord Elgin; Lord Mansfield; Lord Breadalbane; Lord Balfour of Burleigh—in fact, every nobleman of any note in the country is in favour of it. The Transatlantic Clubs have resolved to entertain the team hospitably during their stay in Canada. The invitation is a pressing one; but it is the only invitation you could expect from curlers. Had it been a case of any other game, I do not think such an offer would have been received.

I wish to safeguard the position of the Mother-club. This Committee that has been working for some time comes to the Mother-club to-day, and says, "If you do not accept this proposal and carry it out, we drop it like a hot potato. Without the consent of the Mother-club we shall go no farther. We believe, however, that the



ACCEPTANCE.



INVITATION.

Mother-club will do her duty." (Applause.) I take it for granted that you accept the motion unanimously. (Applause.) I now look to a few difficulties. Some people might say to me, when I speak as the Mother-club, "Are you not afraid to let your bairns go to Canada, they will get such a drubbing?" "The Mother-club," I reply, "will trust her children, believing that curling will be advanced, whatever happens." But Mother-club says, "I have other fears in sending my children." Sir Wilfrid Laurier, speaking lately of John Bull's hospitality, said he ought to have had a special stomach prepared for himself before he left his country for the Coronation hospitalities. In sending her children to Canada the Royal Club might similarly say, "I am afraid some of them may not come back, for they will be overcome by kindness." At the time of the Coronation the King proposed an Order of Merit, and now the Royal Club might do something of the same kind by choosing the Canadian team, for to be a member of it would be a high honour. The difficulties will be immense, but I am sure the Mother-club will overcome these difficulties, and be justified by her children. I may let you hear some words that have been sent across the sea. One of the most interesting communications is that from Professor Black, Professor of English Literature in the University of Boston—a Scotsman, I need not say. He intended to be here, but has not been able to be present. He says: "For the sake of the United States, I wish all success to your plan for sending to America a representative team in the name and under the auspices of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club. In these days of international rivalries and commercial wars, it is well that a little missionary work should be done in the interests of peace and good-will; and what better missionary along this line

than a representative curling team? As in all worthy missionary efforts, risks are involved. Little did the worthy Scotsman who introduced golf to New England realise that his patriotism and enthusiasm would lead to a Mr. Haskell or Colonel Kempshall inventing what threatens the very existence of the sacred 'gutter'! The presence, the stimulating presence, in America, of representatives of the Mother Curling Club of Scotland may result in the invention of heaven knows what in the way of a substitute for the channel-stone of immortal memory! But surely this risk is well worth the running."



D. FOULIS.

Then we have the following from Mr. Foulis, Secretary of the Grand National Curling Club of America: "Our executive committee meeting was duly held in New York, and I was instructed to convey to the Royal Caledonian curlers, *via* their Secretary, a warm-hearted invitation to 'Gi'e us a ca' next winter, when, should the weather be favourable, we will give them outdoor curling on Cortlandt Lake, now in the city limits, or indoor curling on our covered rink at Hoboken, just across the Hudson River. My conscience! what sights they will have seen before reaching New York, from Halifax to Winnipeg, and thence through the States to the ocean, seeing Niagara in its winter

'fixin's,' and many other natural wonders as they travel through this big country. And then the curlers they will meet, and the curling they will see! If carried out according to programme, it will be the greatest curling trip ever dreamed of or attempted. I am only afraid that by the time the Royal Caledonians reach here they will be such experts at the game that our men will have a poor chance of making any headway against them." The message from the Ontario Secretary is in the same hearty strain. These voices are the voices of men full of enthusiasm—I believe the reason is that they are Scotsmen to begin with; and my appeal is that after receiving these enthusiastic invitations you send an enthusiastic message of acceptance back. (Applause.)

Sir JOHN GILMOUR—I shall not take up a moment of the time of the meeting, which I know is precious. Mr. Kerr has dealt with a large question. Most of you have considered this matter before you came into this room, and I am certain only one feeling will pervade this meeting or any meeting of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, and that is that we certainly should take the present opportunity, and do what will be an honour not only to the Royal Club but to Scotland itself. (Applause.) As a young man I spent some time in Canada—you may infer that was a good long while ago, but even then I remember it was one cry from Ottawa to Quebec to see if you would not try to send a representative team; for we knew they would get the heartiest welcome. I do trust we will send the message which Mr. Kerr has spoken of, by giving the heartiest reception to the invitation we have received.

The CHAIRMAN—Is this agreed to? (Cries of "Agreed.")

Mr. ROBERTSON—May I suggest that this is not a



Photo by Barclay Bros., Edinburgh.

Face p. 28.

CHAPLAIN ROYAL CALEDONIAN CURLING CLUB.

"My appeal is that after receiving these enthusiastic invitations you send an enthusiastic message of acceptance back."—Vide p. 28.

Yours ever sincerely
John Kerr

meeting of the Royal Club—although the business will come up at the annual meeting—and I would suggest that the words “this meeting of” at the beginning of the resolution should be deleted, making it read “that the Royal Club.”

Mr. KERR—That is better.

The CHAIRMAN—Is the motion agreed to? (Applause.)

This was carried unanimously.

The Rev. Mr. PATON (Vale of Scour)—I know that I am now approaching one of the difficult points in connection with the subject of sending a team to Canada. I, perhaps, have been asked to move the motion on the agenda, inasmuch as, like Sir John Gilmour, I have had the opportunity of passing several years in Canada, and of knowing the feeling there to be as strong and as enthusiastic as Sir John Gilmour has represented it. The natural sequence of the resolution which you have just passed is that now steps should be taken in order to carry out the spirit and the letter of the resolution which has been passed; and in agreeing to do that, it is an absolute necessity that there shall, in one form or other, be a Committee appointed to facilitate and carry this through. Now we must remember that on this matter there will be very considerable difference of opinion regarding many points. We feel in regard to a Committee that it has in some respects to be a small one; but in other respects it has to be a representative Committee. I shall be as brief as I can, speaking practically on a matter of business, not in regard to the Canadians' opinions at all. I am quite prepared at any other time to speak about Canada, but I think we should at present stick closely to the business points brought before us. One of these is that the Committee should be to some extent representative. What I should be pleased to do,

if I could see it was a practical matter, would be that each district having a proposal to make—that this man and that man be sent—should be heard. If you do this here, I conceive it would get us into inextricable confusion, and it would be almost impossible for us to arrive at a conclusion; but if this resolution be carried in general terms, I am prepared to add such additions to my present resolution as will raise the question of the Committee. I feel it is extremely desirable that there should be a great toleration of feeling and opinion among the varied members of the Royal Club. It is absolutely certain that many must be disappointed, and it is absolutely certain that there will be those left out who will be equally well fitted to act as those chosen. But let us feel that it is a big concern, and try to keep down any personal feelings or any little personal animosities that might arise. And I think the general terms of this motion ought of necessity to be first carried. I do not put it that you would require a special Committee, but that “a Committee be now appointed with full power to select the team and make all necessary arrangements for the Canadian tour.” I think we are agreed that some step of that kind must be made. If this is the only motion that is to be put, I would not like to add anything more until this is carried.

The motion was seconded by Mr. M'KELLAR (Hillhead), and adopted.

The Rev. Mr. PATON—This has forestalled no one in regard to any remarks as to the composition of the Committee or anything else connected with it. As I have said, I at one time had a feeling that it would facilitate matters very much if this meeting were just to appoint a small Committee and give them full powers; but I have also felt that our club is a democratic associa-

tion, and that it would be almost impossible to here select a small Committee to carry out these matters. I have a feeling that you have in the Royal Club a Committee of Management to whom the affairs of the club are committed.

I now propose "That this special Committee be the Committee of Management of the Royal Club, with power to add to their number, with the suggestion that such additions so made shall be fairly representative of the different districts and provinces of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club." I wish to say that I think it is desirable that every part of the Club be represented on this Committee, and I select a Committee of Management of the Royal Club as the nucleus of the Committee, because they are gentlemen in whom you have confidence. They are the Committee of Management of the Club's affairs, and I do not think you can do better than take them as the foundation of the Committee to select this team, and carry out the arrangements in regard to fares, the crossing of the ocean, and the arrangements of the team, and many things. At the same time, if it is to represent the different districts or the different provinces of the Club, I think that has been considered in appointing our central Committee of Management. I have no feeling of any kind on the subject. I have thought that would give a selection that would meet the general views and opinions and wishes of the Royal Club, and that is the suggestion that I have to make—"That the special Committee be the Committee of Management of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, with power to add to their number, and with the suggestion that such addition, if made, shall be fairly representative of the different districts and provinces of the Club."

A MEMBER—What is the number of the Committee of Management?

The SECRETARY—About twelve.

Mr. GILMOUR—I rise for the purpose of seconding the motion of Mr. Paton. I happen at the present moment to be a member of the Committee, but I retire this season, and will not be a member hereafter; but I think that is a nucleus that we could start with, and if they are to add to their numbers, other members could be got from all parts of the country. I have great pleasure in seconding this motion.

Mr. GARDNER (Bathgate)—I would be inclined to vary that motion. Suppose that the Committee of Management of the Royal Club is put on as one part of the Committee, and that this meeting here should have the power of adding other twelve. There are twelve of the Committee of Management, and I suppose that we here should have the power of adding other twelve, because why should this Special Committee have the power of choosing the other members? It should not. We are here representing the whole country, and we should put on the additional members.

Mr. THOMSON (Holyrood)—To make everything definite, I would propose that the Secretaries of the provinces be added to the Committee of Management of the Royal Club. I want to make the thing perfect in that way, and want to secure that the whole districts of Scotland have a representative on this organisation. (A voice—What about England?) I am coming to that. It would be an unfortunate thing if you in a hole-and-corner way selected twelve members here and allowed them to select the others. This Committee should be representative of all the curlers in all our clubs, and no one can know the players better than the Secretary.

Let the Secretaries attend this meeting, nominate the gentlemen they propose, and let them be voted on. I say that is the best way of attaining fair play, and definite information as to the different men when their claims come to be considered. I move accordingly.

Rev. W. L. M'DOUGALL—I want to say one word. I do not object to the appointment of the Committee of Management of the Club, but at the same time I do not know if they are all acquainted with the different curlers throughout Scotland. If you choose a man from each province, you would have a representative Committee, and there would be no grumbling—the whole of the districts would be represented, and no district could say, “Oh, the thing has been done for one place”—you would have them all represented.

The SECRETARY—That is what is intended to be done.

A MEMBER—Might I point out to the meeting that there are many parts of the country where there are no provinces at all, and therefore there will be no representative of them on the Committee, unless you add some from their district?

Mr. THOMSON—The proposal is to appoint the Secretaries of provinces and districts.

Provost ROBERTS—I beg to move another amendment. I do not think this would meet the objection. It might be that Secretaries of provinces would support members from their own club rather than members of the clubs in their provinces. But I think this motion ought to be imperative, and instead of merely giving power to add to their number, I propose this change on the resolution—“That the Committee be instructed to appoint no fewer than its own number to be selected from provinces and counties not at present represented on the Committee.”

Provost YOUNG (Moffat)—I second the motion proposed by Mr. Paton if he will make his motion imperative on the Managing Committee to select representatives from all the districts, independent of provinces. As the gentleman who has just spoken said, there are certain districts in Scotland not represented. Instead of leaving it to the General Committee to select certain members, I would make it imperative on them to select a member from each district in Scotland, independent of provinces.

Provost ROBERTS—My motion is that they be selected from provinces or counties not at present represented.

Mr. SCOTT (Bonhill)—An amendment has been proposed by a very good curler, known all over the curling world—Provost Roberts—and I rise to second it. I think that as soon as possible not fewer than twelve should be added to this Committee, and I think representatives should be taken from districts that have not representatives on this Committee: you will thus get the views of the length and breadth of Scotland.

The CHAIRMAN—The first thing I require is, that each gentleman who makes one or other of these amendments puts it in writing and sends up his motion in writing, and I will put it to the vote. I hold that the proposition now before us is that it be remitted to the Committee of Management with power to add to their number. That was the original proposal. Those who have any amendments to that, will please send them in.

Provost ROBERTS then put his amendment in this form—"That the Committee be the Committee of Management of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, with instructions to add to that Committee not fewer than its own number, to be selected from provinces and counties not at present represented on the Committee."

Mr. COUSIN moved—"That we now proceed to nominate twelve gentlemen to act on the Committee."

Mr. THOMSON moved—"That the Committee of Selection be the Executive Committee of the Royal Club, and the Secretaries of all the provinces and districts of the Royal Club."

The SECRETARY—Will Provost Roberts not meet Mr. Thomson's views?

Mr. THOMSON—They are the same except that he restricts his amendment to the number twelve. I think all the clubs should have an opportunity of being represented.

The SECRETARY—He does not restrict it; he says "not fewer."

The motion and amendments having been voted upon, the amendment of Provost Roberts was carried.

The Expenses of the Team

Mr. C. C. MOFFAT (Merchiston) then moved—"That the Secretary of the Royal Club be authorised to grant to the Special Committee (Canadian Tour) out of the Funds of the Royal Club, if found necessary, a sum not exceeding £200 towards the Central Fund to meet expenses." In putting this motion before you (he said) I am very glad indeed to see that the Royal Caledonian Curling Club stands in such a position that they are able to meet a small expense like this. I am very glad indeed that this Canadian tour is to come off, and we are thankful indeed to those gentlemen who took it up so heartily outside the Royal Caledonian Club. As was explained by our friend the Chaplain, if it had not been for those gentlemen who took up this matter and formed themselves into a committee, we would have landed

ourselves to-day in a very peculiar position, and might not have been so far forward in the matter as we are. I am sure that in a case like this, you will all feel that it is absolutely necessary that the Mother-club, in sending out representatives, should remember its own connection with curlers, and should not only give good will and greeting, but should lend them something of her ways and means, in order that they may be enabled to carry out the project as successfully as possible. I think it is unnecessary to say more in support of the motion I have now proposed.

Mr. CONSTABLE—I have much pleasure in seconding this motion.

A MEMBER—I think we should hear from the Secretary how many replies were sent in from gentlemen who were willing to pay their own expenses.

The SECRETARY—That is scarcely possible, for so many of them are fettered with conditions. About ninety-three are willing to go, and thirteen rinks have been entered.

Provost YOUNG—How many rinks do you propose?

The SECRETARY—From the other side two to four are proposed. We have thought of twenty curlers; there is nothing definite.

The CHAIRMAN—I must remind you that you have remitted this with full powers to the Committee.

“Transatlantic Clubs”

Referring to these resolutions at the luncheon afterwards, the Rev. Mr. Paton in proposing “The Transatlantic Curling Clubs,” said:—

I have, through the indulgence of the Secretary of the Royal Club, been allowed to take a special interest

in the arrangements that have been going on regarding this proposed visit across the Atlantic. I do not know that any of you quite realise the difficult position in which I was placed in regard to proposing the motion which was carried almost unanimously. There must have been present to-day elements of extreme difference of opinion in regard to what was the best mode of selecting the team, and I assure you it was with the desire in the gentlest manner to carry the whole meeting along with me that I undertook, at the request of the Secretary, to endeavour to have a harmonious meeting, which, I am glad to say, has been practically achieved. I am deeply interested in those Transatlantic clubs. I have spent several years across the Atlantic, and my interest in them was of the most pleasant nature. Those who go over to that country will find that they are clubs essentially of gentlemen—by gentlemen I naturally mean that in playing they have the feelings of gentlemen. You will find a character of ice to which we are very seldom accustomed in this country, and in the body of curlers you will find that quiet Kilmarnock twist practised to such an extreme degree that, notwithstanding the high-toned expectations of Mr. Gemmill, may enable him to get some little wrinkles. If you go across the Atlantic, I can assure you you will meet there an enthusiasm which would scarcely exist in this country. That land is full of enthusiasm regarding its imperial affairs, full of enthusiasm regarding its curling, and I can assure you that those who go will never cease to remember the absolute kindness, the absolute fraternity that will be in your heart as you realise the call that has brought you into the curling there. You will find in some of those clubs magnificent buildings costing £2000 or £3000, with rooms for luncheon, for reading, or for smoking, and wandering about in a

kind of luxurious winter garment, and you will find much fraternity among the gentlemen whose game I was associated with. I think, perhaps, you will have a slight advantage in Toronto and the West over the men who curl with stones; but in Montreal and Quebec they curl with iron, and I believe Dr. Barclay curls with one of those rinks, and I am told it is a fortunate thing for the stones that they are made of iron. I assure you that it gives me the greatest pleasure to think that so many of my friends will get an experience out in Canada. I have no doubt that they will come home at least wiser, and, some say, sadder. I do not say they will be humbler men. If you go into the United States you will find the same enthusiastic reception. It has been to me a source of extreme pleasure to attend here to-day. I couple with this toast the name of Mr. J. M. Clark, K.C., Toronto. I have no doubt whatever if you are to travel there among curlers they will be quite ready to give their services to assist you. I am sure that Mr. Clark will be able to tell you how enthusiastic they will be. (Applause.)

Mr. J. M. CLARK, K.C., Toronto, replied, and in doing so said—Permit me as a Canadian to express to you my extreme gratitude for the kind way in which you have spoken of Canada here to-day. I regret very much that my esteemed friend, Professor Black, is not here to respond for the United States, although, strictly speaking, he is rather a Scotsman residing in the United States, than a citizen of the United States visiting Scotland. When I had the pleasure of being with you some years ago, on the invitation of your excellent Secretary, Mr. Smith, I took the liberty, when called on to respond to this same toast, to urge very strongly in my feeble way that your Association should accept the invitations which had been extended to you from time to time from Canada,

that a representative curling team should be sent from Scotland to Canada for the purpose not only of curling there and of entering into matches, but of meeting in a friendly way the curlers of Canada, and of learning and reporting again to Scotsmen here what kind of a country Canada is, and what kind of people Scotsmen in Canada are. And it was therefore with the greatest pleasure that I heard to-day, being present at your meeting on the invitation of your Secretary, that you had decided with such unanimity and enthusiasm that these invitations long since extended and emphasised, as I have heard, by the Rev. Dr. Barclay of Montreal and others, had at last been definitely and finally accepted. I need not say, for you have the official assurance, that the deputation that goes to Canada will receive a right royal and Scottish welcome in Canada, because Scotsmen remain Scotsmen in Canada, nevertheless the truest of Canadians. I will not detain you because I know many of you are in a hurry to get away, and I would prefer very much that what should be said of Canada should be said by those of your number who shall visit us during the coming year. But I would emphasise what was so forcibly urged by Mr. Fergusson, and would add that it is a matter which thoughtful British subjects should carefully and seriously consider. Every effort should be made that the British Dominions beyond the seas, such as Canada, should remain always thoroughly British, and that can be done only if the people of Britain join hands with Canada and the other British commonwealths to foster the feeling of unity within the British Empire, to which so marked expression has been given in the past few years. There have been, as you all know, tremendous developments along that line in Canada. When the

late lamented Queen commenced her reign, as you are all aware, Canada was in a state of rebellion—at least part of it was; and one of the colleagues of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in a recent speech which I heard, made a remarkable statement, that when the late Queen began her reign his father was a rebel, and at the end of her reign he was a British Minister—a Minister of the Crown, and a member of that Canadian ministry which sent certain contingents to fight for the integrity of the Empire, and who you in this country have been pleased to say did themselves and the Empire credit in South Africa. (Applause.) And I say that development is of the greatest importance in the interests of the British Empire. There is all round a profound impression—I notice it expressed in all your papers, in all your magazine discussions—that difficult questions—questions of the most momentous import—will arise and press for solution in the near future; and if the solution of these questions is to be one which means the permanence and predominant power of the British Empire, then I say it is important that the tremendous natural resources which are in Canada and in your other so-called Colonies should be preserved intact—should be preserved and developed so as to promote the prosperity of the British Empire; that is to say, in short, that countries such as Canada should be kept thoroughly British. (Applause.) And I think it is well worth the while of this your mother-country, which we in Canada all look up to with gratitude, to bear in mind from time to time the interests of the other parts of the Empire, to take some adequate steps to promote our common Imperial interests; and if Canadians, as Mr. Fergusson has said, have complained from time to time in the past, they should no longer have reason to complain that Britishers at

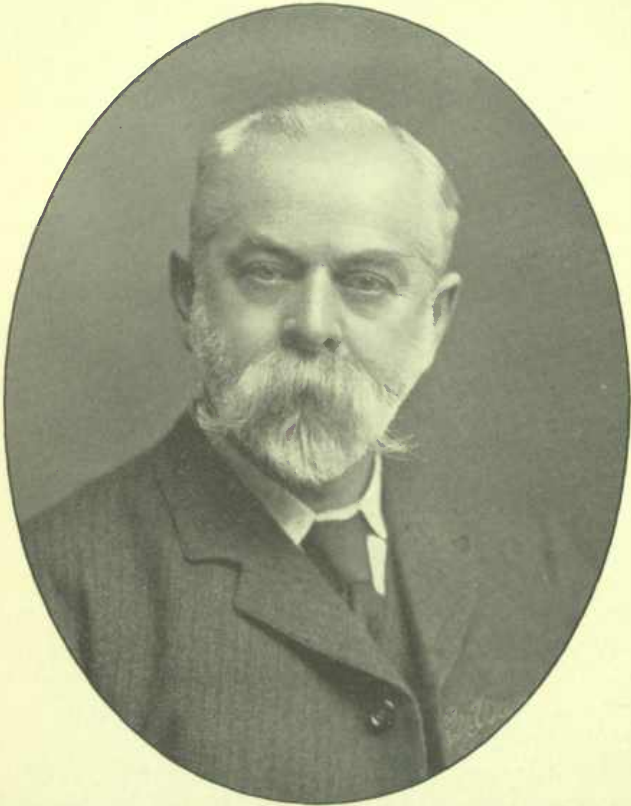


Photo by Marshall Wane, Edinburgh.

Face p. 41.

SECRETARY ROYAL CALEDONIAN CURLING CLUB.

A Davidson Smith

home here treat many of the Colonies as if they really were foreign countries and not, as we claim to be, integral portions of the British Empire. (Applause.) I must apologise for having taken more time than I intended, but I must simply thank you very cordially indeed for the very hearty and enthusiastic manner in which you proposed the toast of "The Transatlantic Clubs," and I say again as a private citizen what has been officially communicated to you by the responsible officials in Canada, that your deputation will have a most hearty welcome when they cross the Atlantic. (Applause.)

Mr. MALCOLM (Dollar) said the work of Mr. Davidson Smith had been referred to several times that day, and he thought before they parted they ought to drink to his very good health.

The SECRETARY said he did not know how to thank them for having drunk his health and responded to it in the way in which they had done. He thanked them sincerely, because that had been a very trying day to him. They had up this Canadian proposal, which had been in his mind for some years, and he was so gratified with the result of to-day's meeting that he did not know how to thank them. All the same, he appreciated their kindness to him, for he never could cease to remember it. This meeting was one of the largest they had ever held. He could see that enthusiasm had been raised by this Canadian movement, and that augured well for it. They had now many things to do—delicate matters to discuss in this committee, which would require strong men who would carry out the remit decided upon that day as they thought right. He had to thank a great many who had assisted him there, notably, of course, the convener, the Rev. Mr. Kerr; but he was sure Mr. Kerr would join with him in saying that they were much indebted for

good advice and the calm manner in which it was delivered to them by their friend, the Rev. Mr. Paton. He heartily thanked Mr. Paton for his kindness that day. (Applause.) He thanked them all. (Applause.)

The Rev. JOHN KERR said that the mention of Mr. Paton had been well received, and he did not think that they should depart without toasting their good friend. Mr. Paton had done far more on this occasion than any person knew anything about; and if they had not had him, with his wise counsel and sagacious advice, they would not have been where they were. (Applause.)

The purport of these resolutions of the Royal Club may be briefly stated as follows, viz. :—

1. That a Team be sent to visit Canada and the States under the auspices of the Club.
2. That a Special Committee, consisting of the Committee of Management with instructions to add not fewer than its own number from provinces and districts not represented, be appointed to select the Team.
3. That a Grant of £200 be made to the Central Fund to meet expenses, and that the Secretary be reimbursed the Preliminary Expenses incurred by him.

In terms of these resolutions, a meeting of the Committee of Management, acting as the nucleus of the Special Committee, was held on August 6, 1902, when the Secretary was instructed to write to secretaries of provinces not already represented on the Committee, asking them each to nominate a gentleman to act on behalf of their province; and districts where no provinces existed had representatives appointed. In all, sixteen provinces (unrepresented by the Committee) were invited

to send representatives, and seven districts had representatives appointed. The following is a list of the gentlemen who accepted office and attended the meetings of the Special Committee:—

THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT

Provinces represented.

East of Fife . . .	Sir John Gilmour, Bart. of Montrave, Leven.
West Lothian . . .	J. A. Robertson-Durham, Esq. of Boghead, Bathgate.
Mid Lothian . . .	Sir J. H. Gibson-Craig, Bart. of Riccarton, Currie.
West Lothian . . .	James Gardner, Esq., Solicitor, Bathgate.
Glasgow Province . . .	John Jackson, Esq., 120 West Regent Street, Glasgow.
Mid Lothian . . .	J. W. Learmonth, Esquire, 112 Thirlestane Road.
Border . . .	Major-General Boswell, Darnhall, Melrose.
Lanarkshire . . .	Colonel Robertson-Aikman of Ross, Tor Dale, Matlock.
East Lothian . . .	W. Gemmill, Esq., Greendykes, Macmerry.
Scottish Central . . .	Rev. R. M. Fergusson, Logie Manse, Bridge of Allan.
Twelfth . . .	Dr. Graham, 3 Garthland Place, Paisley.
East Lothian . . .	Rev. John Kerr, The Manse, Dirleton, Drem.
Glasgow . . .	J. M'Kellar, Esq., 112 Bath Street, Glasgow.

ADDITIONAL MEMBERS

Provinces and Districts not formerly represented.

Ayrshire . . .	John B. Fergusson, Esq. of Balgarth, Ayr.
England . . .	James Telford, Esq., 76 Westgate Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Berwickshire . . .	William Crawford, Esq., Solicitor, Duns. Wm. Riddell, Esq., Cocklaw, Oldhamstocks.
Sutherland and Caithness . . .	} D. Nairne, Esq., Secretary, Inverness Curling Club, Inverness.
Inverness-shire . . .	
Kincardineshire . . .	

ADDITIONAL MEMBERS—*continued*

*Provinces and Districts
not formerly represented.*

Cupar District	. Robert Cathcart, Esq. of Pitcairnie, Newburgh, Fife.
West of Fife	. R. Husband, Esq., Writer, 1 Douglas Street, Dunfermline.
Dumfriesshire	. { Provost Young, Moffat. Rev. Andrew Paton, Penpont.
Peeblesshire	. R. S. Anderson, Esq., Peebles.
Stirlingshire	. J. T. M'Laren, Esq., Polmaise, Stirling.
Tenth	. P. Cameron, Esq., Solicitor, Alexandria.
Upper Strathearn	. M. Finlayson, Esq., Solicitor, Crieff.
Lochleven	. Rev. Mr. M'Dougall, Orwell, Kinross.
Strathmore	. J. B. M'Lachlan, Esq., Allan Street, Blairgowrie.

The Special Committee having been duly constituted, appointed the Rev. John Kerr Convener, and remitted it to a Sub-Committee, consisting of the Convener and Messrs. Gemmill, Husband, M'Kellar, Gardner, Anderson, and M'Laren, to get further information and report to a future meeting. The Sub-Committee met on four occasions, and having gone carefully over the list of volunteers submitted to them, submitted a Report to the Special Committee on October 15, 1902, in which they recommended that the following gentlemen form the team:—

Mark Sanderson, Duddingston, Mid Lothian.
 Robert Cousin, Merchiston, Mid Lothian.
 Rev. John Kerr, Dirleton, East Lothian.
 Provost Gordon, Bathgate, West Lothian.
 R. Husband, Dunfermline, Fife.
 Major Scott Davidson, Hercules, Fife.
 J. B. Fergusson, Ayr and Alloway, Ayrshire.
 D. Bentley Murray, Airthrey Castle, Stirling.
 W. Henderson, Kinnochtry, Perth.
 T. Macmillan, Glencairn, Dumfries.



Photo by Barclay Bros., Edinburgh.

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THE SECRETARY-TREASURER.

J. W. Anderson

Henry Prain, Castle Huntly, Perth.
 E. Gibson, Biggar, Lanark.
 D. Murray, Kelvindock, Lanark.
 W. Stirling, Galashiels, Selkirk.
 Provost Ballantyne, Peebles, Peebles.
 G. Deans Ritchie, Broughton United, Peebles.
 W. Hamilton, Douglas, Lanark.
 R. Johnston, Upper Annandale, Dumfries.
 A. E. Campbell, Gourrock, Renfrew.
 J. Simpson, Orwell, Kinross.
 Major Bertram, Medwin, Lanark.
 Dr. Kirk, Bathgate, West Lothian.
 D. Provan, Craiglockhart, Mid Lothian.
 R. Bramwell, Upper Nithsdale, Dumfries.
 Andrew Smith, Stenhouse and Carron, Stirling.
 James M'Gregor, Camperdown, Forfar.

The Rev. John Kerr was appointed Captain of the team, and Mr. R. Husband, Solicitor, Dunfermline, Secretary and Treasurer.

Note.—Of those chosen, two members, Mr. J. B. Fergusson and Mr. W. Stirling, found they were unable to go, and Mr. A. T. Simson, Melrose, was added to the team. Mr. Hamilton was unfortunately prevented by a domestic bereavement from accompanying the team. This was a matter of much regret to the members, for he is an excellent curler, and would have been a tower of strength. To his great credit be it said that when he found it impossible to go he forwarded a handsome subscription toward the expenses of the tour.

The Special Committee unanimously approved of the Report submitted, and continued the Sub-Committee with powers. The Committee, with the desire of grouping the members of the team



Photo by Brown & Co., Biggar.
 W. HAMILTON.

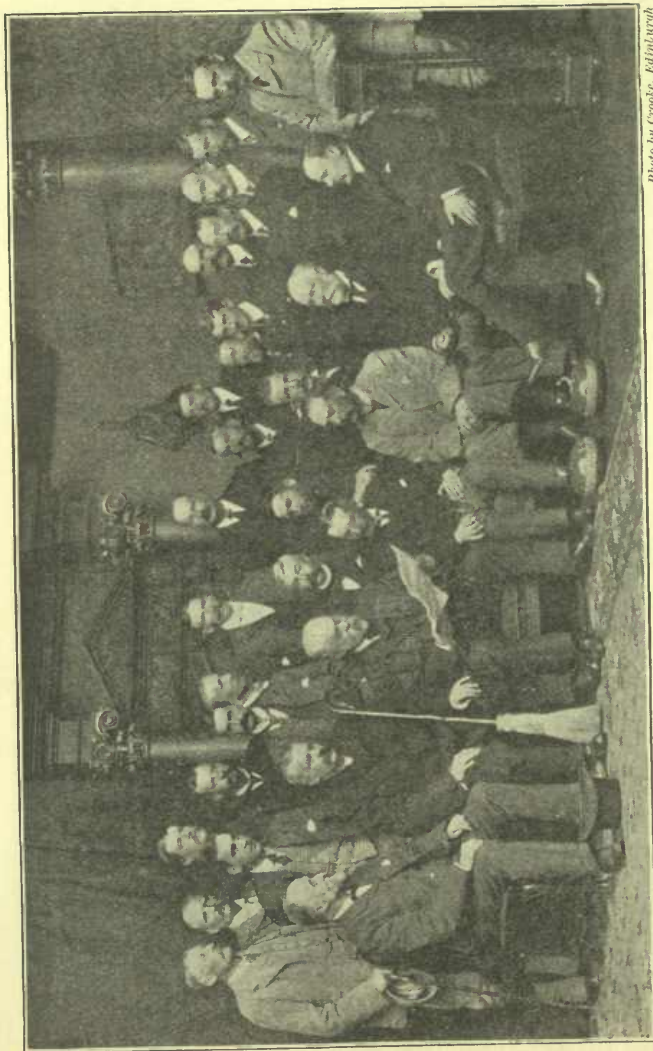
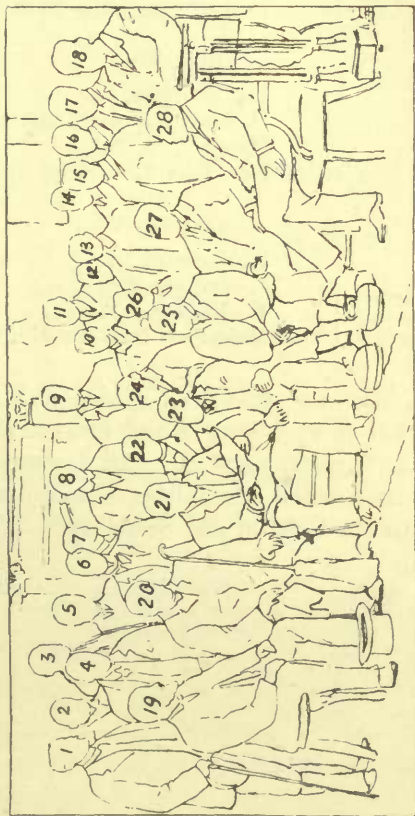


Photo by Crooke, Edinburgh

THE TEAM.

according to districts, and considering the places in which they have usually played, though it may be



KEY TO CANADIAN CURLING TEAM.

- | | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. W. Stirling, Galashiels. | 12. M. Sanderson, Duddingston. | 21. A. Davidson Smith, Secretary |
| 2. W. Hamilton, Dongas. | 13. T. Simpson of Macwearse, | 22. Major Bertram of Kersewell, |
| 3. J. B. Ferguson of Balgarth, | Orwell. | Medwin. |
| Ayr and Alloway. | 14. T. Macmillan of Glencrosh, | 23. A. Smith, Stenhouse and |
| 4. D. Provan, Craiglockhart. | Glencruir. | Carron. |
| 5. H. Ballanvane, Peebles. | 15. J. Scott, Davidson of Cairnle, | 24. E. Gibson, Biggar. |
| 6. R. Braunwell, Upper Nithsdale | Hercules. | 25. G. Deans Ritchie, Broughton |
| 7. J. M'Gregor, Camperdown. | 16. A. T. Simson, Melrose. | United. |
| 8. H. Prain, Castle Huntly. | 17. R. Johnston, Upper Annandale. | 26. R. Cousin, Merchiston. |
| 9. Dr. Kirk, Bathgate. | 18. W. Henderson, Kinnochtry. | 27. D. R. Gordon, Bathgate. |
| 10. D. Murray, Kelvindock. | 19. A. E. Campbell, Gonroch. | 28. R. Husbard, Dauterline. |
| 11. D. Bentley Murray, Airthrey | 20. Rev. John Kerr, Dirlton | |
| Castle. | (Captain). | |

stated that the majority had been accustomed to act as skips, arranged them in rinks as follows, the numbers not signifying anything in the way of rank or priority:—

RINK No. I.

D. Provan, 1st.
 Mark Sanderson, 2nd.
 D. R. Gordon, 3rd.
 Rob. Cousin, Skip.

RINK No. II.

Major Bertram, 1st.
 T. Macmillan, 2nd.
 R. Johnston, 3rd.
 R. Bramwell, Skip.

RINK No. III.

And. Smith, 1st.
 Dr. Kirk, 2nd.
 D. Murray, 3rd.
 A. E. Campbell, Skip.

RINK No. IV.

A. T. Simson, 1st.
 G. Deans Ritchie, 2nd.
 E. Gibson, 3rd.
 Provost Ballantyne, Skip.

RINK No. V.

Jas. M'Gregor, 1st.
 D. Bentley Murray, 2nd.
 Henry Prain, 3rd.
 Rev. John Kerr, Skip.

RINK No. VI.

R. Husband, 1st.
 J. Simpson, 2nd.
 W. Henderson, 3rd.
 Major Scott Davidson, Skip.

It was understood, however, that this arrangement was subject to alteration if such were found necessary, and that for such re-arrangement and all other matters connected with the tour a small Committee should be chosen to act along with the Captain and Secretary.

CHAPTER II

EN ROUTE

Over the curling sea,
Our bark is bounding free,
And a jolly, jolly crew—are we !

We're aff to ice and snaw,
And we're bound for far awa',
To the glorious Canada—hip he !

We've got the nerves and thows,
Kilmarnocks on our pows,
An' the very pick o' kowes—have
we !

Our rinks are gallant men,
We hae pipers nine or ten,
An' the crawfordjohns ye ken—
have we !

We're gaun to gi'e our foes,
Amang the upland snaws,
A taste o' Atholl brose—will we !

We're gaun to meet our kin,
And gif we lose or win,
Their loyal hearts we'll bin'—will
we !

Hail ! Scotsmen o' the west,
The thistle be your crest,
An' the tartan on your breast—
Ho he !

Hail ! brither curlers a',
That like the smell o' snaw,
For we're aff to Canada—are we !

REV. A. BENVIE.

THE arrangements as to the tour were, after due consideration, placed in the hands of Messrs. J. and H. Lindsay, Limited, 18 South St. Andrew Street, Edinburgh, and it may here be said that from first to last the Messrs. Lindsay gave complete satisfaction by the fulness and excellence of their services. Although crowded with other duties, for his *clientèle* is one of the largest in the country, Mr. W. Lindsay, the managing director, personally

superintended all the arrangements. At his instance a special brochure was prepared for the use of the members of the team, containing a photo of the team, a picture of the *Bavarian*, travel notes of information as to personal outfit, luggage, money, cablegrams, etc., while blank pages were provided for securing Canadian autographs and memoranda of the tour. The following was the Itinerary drawn up originally for the team:—



W. LINDSAY.

APPROXIMATE TIMES ONLY

Date.	Winter 1902-3.	Time of Stay.	Mileage from previous point.
Dec. 18, Th.	Leave Liverpool by R.M.S. <i>Bavarian</i> , 10,600 tons.	Days.	
Dec. 26, F.	In Halifax, N.S.	8	2342
Jan. 3, Sat.	Leave Halifax, 8.40 A.M.		
" 3, Sat.	Arrive St. John, N.B., 6 P.M.	3	275
" 6, Tu.	Leave St. John, N.B., 6 P.M.		
" 7, W.	Arrive Windsor Station, Montreal, 8.35 A.M.	7	481
" 14, W.	Leave Place Viger Station, Montreal, 2 P.M.		
" 14, W.	Arrive Quebec, 7 P.M.	3	172
" 17, Sat.	Leave Quebec, 11 P.M.		
" 18, Su.	Arrive Montreal, 6.30 A.M.	...	172
" 19, M.	Leave Windsor Station, Montreal, 9.40 A.M.		
" 19, M.	Arrive Central Station, Ottawa, 12.40 P.M.	2	112
" 21, W.	Leave Ottawa, 11.30 A.M.		

APPROXIMATE TIMES ONLY—*continued*

Date.	Winter 1902-3.	Time of Stay.	Mileage from previous point.
Jan. 21, W.	Arrive Toronto, 7.15 P.M.	Days.	
Feb. 2, M.	Leave Toronto, 1.45 P.M.	11	248
„ 4, W.	Arrive Winnipeg <i>via</i> North Bay, 12.30 P.M.	6	1288
„ 10, Tu.	Leave Winnipeg, 1.45 P.M.		
„ 11, W.	Arrive Minneapolis, 6.30 A.M. (Stay at St. Paul)	2	489
„ 13, F.	Leave St. Paul, 7.50 A.M., <i>via</i> Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway.		
„ 13, F.	Arrive Chicago, 9.25 P.M.	1	410
„ 15, Su.	Leave Chicago, 5.20 P.M. (N.Y.C. Rly.) Lake Shore Limited.		
„ 16, M.	Arrive New York, 6.30 P.M.	2	979
	Leave New York, say Feb. 18. Homeward journey New York to Glasgow	2950
	Total distance travelled	9918

The following was the cable code:—

SPECIAL CABLE CODE FOR THE USE OF DELEGATES

- Abode* . . . Arrived all right, pleasant passage, advise friends.
- Abord* . . . Arrived here to-day.
- Amen* . . . Arrived all well, stormy passage.
- Amend* . . . Arrived here to-day; will write first mail.
- Amide* . . . Wish you to leave as soon as possible.
- Amiss* . . . When will you leave?
- Amo* . . . Left New York to-day (state steamer).
- Annoy* . . . Departure postponed; will explain by letter.
- Cackle* . . . Your cable has been received and understood.
- Cake* . . . How are you? Cable reply.
- Cave* . . . Why do you not write?
- Coast* . . . Have missed this week's mail with my letters.
- Cockal* . . . To whom have you sent my mail care of?
- Cowrie* . . . No mail matter here for you.
- Crank* . . . Letter will explain delay.

- Fade* . . . Am out of funds; can you remit draft to me at
for ?
- Fadge* . . . Am out of funds; cable money to me care of
for sum of .
- Fair* . . . How much do you require?
- Fakir* . . . Remittance not to hand.
- Fall* . . . When did you send remittance? Cable reply.
- Fame* . . . Remittance will be sent by next mail.
- Fan* . . . Remit by cable.
- Fane* . . . Remittance received.
- Faro* . . . Am out of funds; can you send draft to me by
first mail?
- Fear* . . . Have sent draft as requested.
- Feed* . . . Have sent draft care of
- Hand* . . . What is the name of your hotel?
- Isadelphie* . . . is dangerously ill.
- Isamate* . . . is dangerously ill and doctor advises
your return at once.
- Isboseth* . . . is dead.
- Isodynamic* . . . is decidedly better and out of danger.
- Isography* . . . Is everybody well at home?
- Isolasses* . . . Is everything all right?
- Isolatedly* . . . is ill, but not seriously.
- Isonalique* . . . is ill; case quite serious.
- Isophorous* . . . is ill; return at once, do not delay.
- Mabel* . . . What steamer are you returning by?
- Madden* . . . A happy New Year.
- Madly* . . . Anything the matter? No letters or telegrams.
- Magnum* . . . How is business? Am I needed at home?
- Maggie* . . . Stay longer if it will benefit you.
- Maid* . . . Will start for home at once, and will telegraph
name of steamer before sailing.
- Main* . . . Everything running smoothly. All well. Nothing
here requiring your hasty return.

Each member had, further, provided for him an abbreviated name by which a cable reached him during the tour, or reached his friends at home if sent from the other side, *e.g.* "Kerrcurl" was the Captain's abbreviation, the other members being treated in a similar manner.

"At last!" was the expression on every one's lips when the team assembled on the afternoon of Wednesday, December 17, to proceed to Liverpool. Accommodation had been provided for them at the Exchange Station Hotel, where they would spend a night before proceeding on board the *Bavarian*, en route for Halifax next morning. The majority of the members were present, and were easily distinguished from the crowd which had assembled to give them a hearty cheer off by the special Tam o' Shanters which had been adopted by them as their distinguishing mark.

The members of the team before going on board were decorated with sprigs of heather and tartan by a daughter of the Captain, which were worn by them during the tour. By two o'clock, which was the time of starting, a crowd of over 200 people had assembled at the station. Many prominent men in local curling clubs were present, and great enthusiasm prevailed. Just before starting the Captain of the team, in response to the cheering of the crowd, made a few remarks from the door of the saloon carriage. He thanked those who had come to give them a hearty send-off on their tour. No party ever left Scotland, he said, with a more difficult task before them than they had if they were to beat the Canadians at the game of curling, in which, as they all knew, they had attained perfection. But whether



Photo by Crooke, Edinburgh.

GOOD LUCK TO YOU, MERRY
GENTLEMEN!

victorious or not, he was sure of this, that the result of their visit would be that Canadians and Americans would be more closely united in sympathy with Scotsmen than they had ever been. The train steamed out of the station amid loud cheering.

At Symington station, Messrs. Ballantyne, Ritchie, and Gibson joined their confreres as members of the team, and during the short interval that the train waited, ex-Bailie Rae, Biggar, presented the Captain of the team with a besom of Biggar broom, the handle of which was painted in colours emblematic of the Union Jack, and which he trusted would be the means of "sweeping them on to victory." The Captain gladly accepted the gift and thanked the donor, after which the train proceeded south amid the ringing cheers of the local curlers who had assembled at the station.

On their arrival at Liverpool the Scottish curlers were met by a deputation from Liverpool Caledonian Club, accompanied by Piper M'Kenzie, who played them from the station to the hotel. When the Liverpool curlers had heard of the team's tour, they had kindly addressed an invitation to headquarters asking the team to be their guests on the evening before their departure for Canada, and they had very thoughtfully arranged for their entertainment to be held in the hotel where the Scotsmen were to put up for the night.

The President of the Club, Mr. Smith of Craigielands, who bears a name well known in the curling world, and is a descendant of a famous curling family in the district of Bogue, Kirkeudbrightshire, occupied the chair, and after the usual loyal toasts he proposed "Success to the Scottish Team," saying that every curler knew that they had a very difficult task before them, but that whatever might be the result their visit would be productive

of much good. The Captain made a suitable reply, and with song and sentiment a pleasant evening was spent.



Photo by Barraud, Liverpool.

JAMES SMITH OF CRAIGIELANDS.
President Liverpool Club.



Photo by Meull & Morrison, Liverpool.

W. M. GEDDES.
Secretary Liverpool Club.

During proceedings the following kindly greetings were handed to the Captain and received with applause by the team:—

Haddington.

Captain Kerr, S.S. *Bavarian*, Allan Line.

Pith and Pluck to ane an a' baith on sea and ice.

PROUDFOOT.

Haddington.

Rev. John Kerr, Royal Exchange Hotel, Liverpool,
Scotch Curling Team. To wait arrival.

For Auld Scotland's honour awa', lads, awa': we're a'
thinkin' o' ye: here's luck to ye a'! safe oot, safe hame!
Kowes up! hurrah from East Lothian Province!

KEMP, Secretary.

Lothian Road, Edinburgh.

Kerr, Exchange Hotel, Liverpool.

Edinburgh curlers thank Liverpool's entertainment wishing good speed to Captain Kerr's Canadian team.

LEARMOUTH.



THE LAST GANGWAY.

Next morning the Liverpool curlers kindly took the members of the team round the city to see the various

sights of Cottonopolis before boarding the *Bavarian*.



Photo by Jackson, Liverpool.

WILLIAM REID.
Vice-President Liverpool Club.



Photo by Meull & Morrison, Liverpool.

J. MACMILLAN.
Liverpool Club.



Photo by Meull & Morrison, Liverpool.

MICHAEL M'MILLAN.
Liverpool Club.



Photo by Pettingall, Liverpool.

J. ALEXANDER.
Treasurer, Liverpool Club.

Mr. Davidson Smith, the Secretary of the Royal Club,

who, to the regret of the members of the team, could not accompany them farther, went with them to Liverpool and went aboard the *Bavarian* to see them away. Mr. William Lindsay, of Lindsay and Company, also went with them to Liverpool, and saw them on board. It was expected that the *Bavarian* would sail on the 18th, and these gentlemen left for home before the time for the start of the *Bavarian*, expecting to reach Edinburgh that night. While they had conducted the team successfully so far, it so happened that they took the wrong portion of the Preston train, and got stranded at that place for the night. On hearing this, the Captain of the team sent them the following wire:—

Davidson Smith and Lindsay,
Non-conductors, Park Hotel, Preston.

Cackle fair fame magpie main amiss. KERRCURL.

Which being interpreted read—

Your cable has been received and understood. How much do you require? Remittance will be sent by next mail. Stay longer if it will benefit you. Everything running smoothly. All well. Nothing here requiring your hasty return. When will you leave?

KERRCURL.

This was perhaps the most extensive use made of the code during the whole tour.

The missing conductors after a night at Preston had evidently reached home, as the following was received by the team next day:—

Edinburgh, 1.1 p.m.

Kerrcurl, *Bavarian*,
c/o Boatman, Allan Line, Merville.

Arrived safely this morning after many wanderings; fourteen hours on journey; *bon voyage!*

The *Bavarian* was not allowed to leave the dock on the evening of the 18th, the storm cone being hoisted,

so that the members had to settle down and enjoy themselves the best way they could. This detention of the big ship in the dock was made the occasion for the following amusing account of the two Bathgate representatives, and their first experience of a night at sea, from the pen of Mr. Gardner, the humour of the story being enhanced by the fact that neither of these gentlemen ever indulges in any liquor stronger than cold water.

After the banquet they went aboard the *Bavarian*, where they were allotted their respective berths, our worthy Provost and Doctor of Bathgate quartering together. Early in the following morning the Provost awoke after a refreshing sleep, when the following dialogue took place :—

PROVOST—How are you getting on, Doctor ?

DOCTOR—Splendid ! I was awakened once or twice with the waves dashing against the sides of the vessel.

PROVOST—It blew a perfect hurricane, but being fatigued by the long railway journey, I soon fell oblivious into the bosom of Morpheus.

DOCTOR—What a splendid vessel the *Bavarian* is !

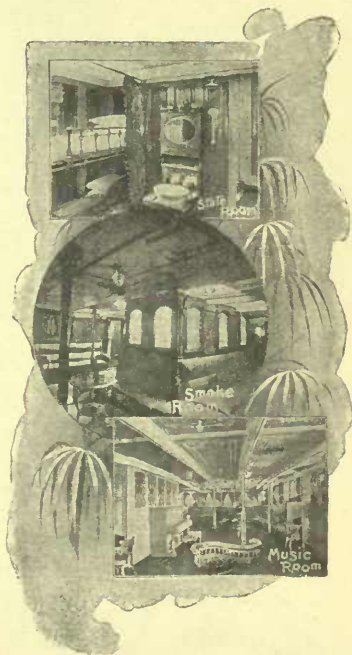
PROVOST—You scarcely feel it moving.

DOCTOR—If the rest of the voyage is as smooth as this ——

PROVOST—It will be a perfect treat all the way to Halifax.

DOCTOR—I feel no sea-sickness as yet.

PROVOST—Nor I. I feel a strong desire for beef-steak and hot potatoes.



DOCTOR—I think, counting from the time we left Liverpool, we will now be 50 miles on the road to Halifax.

PROVOST—You're far wrong, Doctor. Putting the time and the great speed of the *Bavarian* together, we are 100 miles on the wide Atlantic.

DOCTOR—I bet a level sovereign we are only 50 miles; but here comes the Captain, who will act as umpire.

PROVOST—Captain, whether are we 100 or 50 miles on our voyage since we left Liverpool?

CAPTAIN—Follow me to the deck and I will there give decision. You will there behold a beautiful sunrise, the screaming sea-mew, the tumbling porpoise, the huge leviathan, the terrible sea-serpent, and many of the wonderful and awful inhabitants of the mighty deep, with perhaps a mermaid or two!

DOCTOR and PROVOST—We follow; we follow.

CAPTAIN—Now we are on deck—behold! You have never left Liverpool!

PROVOST and DOCTOR—Tableaux!

CAPTAIN—Your bets are both lost, and you are mulct in the penalty of one quart bottle of champagne each as my umpire fee!

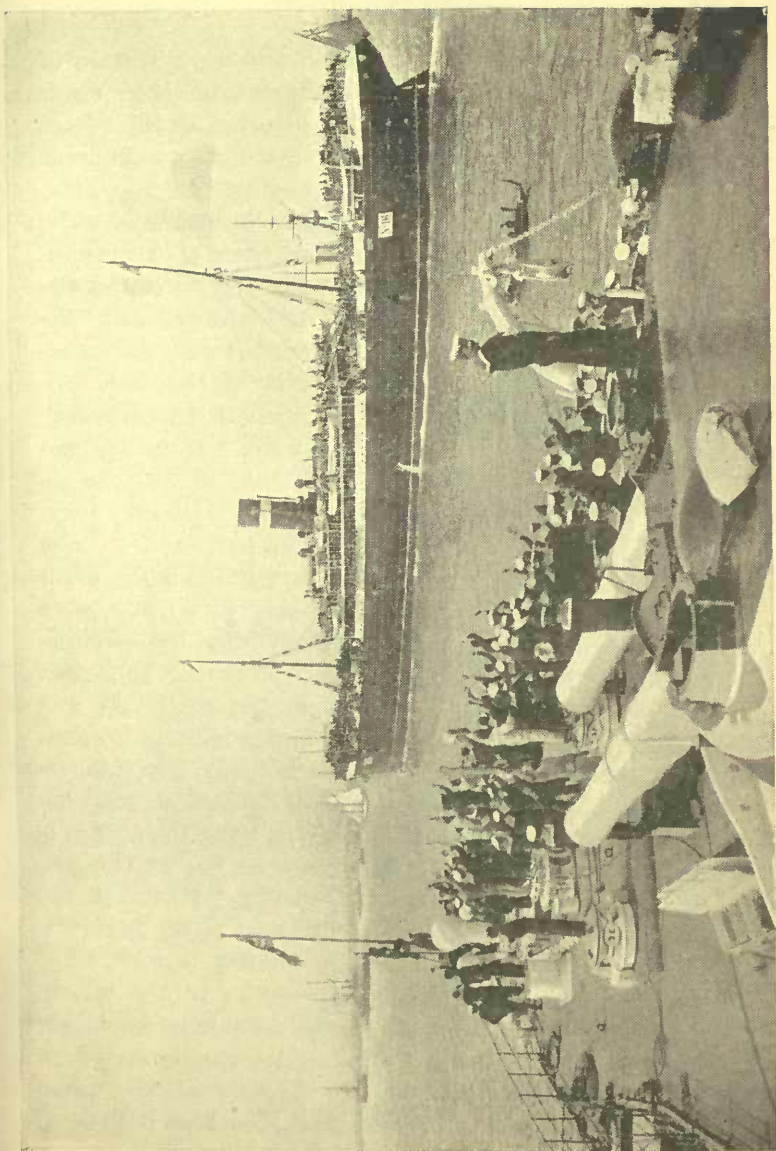
But who "punished" the penalty history does not yet declare.

After a day's delay the team got off on Friday the 19th. The members watched with great interest the



Bavarian threading her way through-out the various locks, then down the crowded Mersey. The departure of the pilot who had been on board until they were fairly out at sea, as he alighted from the steamer, was, owing to the rough condition of the water, rather exciting. The *Bavarian* is not a boat of the "greyhound" order, but she is one of the most comfortable of the Allan Line, and had

been employed during the time of the South African War in transporting something like 40,000 troops. On this occasion the passengers were not at all so numerous as



BON VOYAGE !

the *Bavarian* was accustomed to, and as a matter of fact the Scottish team had the accommodation very much



THE FIFE RINK.

to themselves, those who were desirous having the use of a whole stateroom. The steamer, if not swift, is very comfortable and steady, and the majority of the members of the team enjoyed their journey very much. If it was not a case of "O! si sic omnes," there were, however, a few who succumbed to the usual malady, and who were anything but comfortable during the most of the tour. It was rather curious to find

that those who suffered most in this way were farmers accustomed to the open air, one of these who kept his berth most of the day invariably replying to the members, who came to inquire as to how he was getting on, with the brief but expressive answer, "Man, I'm no' richt ava'." The first day's performance of the *Bavarian* was 260 knots—not a bad day's journey to start with. On the Sunday there was divine service in the saloon, at which all the members of the team who were able to be on deck attended. The service was conducted in the Presbyterian form by the Captain of the team, who preached a brief sermon from the text 1 Peter v.

6-7. In the sermon he made reference to the good work of the Liverpool Seamen's Orphan Institution, which has for its object the support of the widows and orphans of those who lose their life at sea, and a liberal collection was made for this excellent institution. The remainder of the day was spent in a quiet chatty manner by the team, and a fore and aft view of the arrangements was the general topic in the smoke-room. On the Monday the team had a conference, when statistics were taken regarding the height, weight, age, etc., of the members, which worked out according to the following table:—

No.	Name.	Age.	Club.	Height.		Weight.
				ft. in.	st. lbs.	
1	Rev. J. Kerr, Captain, M. I. C.	50	Dirleton.	5 11	16	4
2	Provost Ballantyne, H.	47	Peebles.	5 11	14	7
3	Major Bertram, M. I. H.	43	Medwin.	6 0	11	5
4	R. Bramwell, Esq., H.	39	Upper Nithsdale.	5 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	10	0
5	Robert Cousin, Esq., M. I. C.	49	Merchiston.	5 9	14	7
6	A. E. Campbell, Esq., I. C.	51	Gourock.	5 11	13	10
7	Major Scott Davidson, I. C.	46	Hercules.	5 10	13	0
8	Provost Gordon, M. C.	49	Bathgate.	5 10 $\frac{1}{2}$	14	7
9	E. Gibson, Esq., H.	41	Biggar.	5 10 $\frac{1}{2}$	14	0
10	R. Husband, Esq., M. I. C., Hon. Sec. and Treas.	42	Dunfermline.	5 4 $\frac{1}{2}$	12	0
11	W. Henderson, Esq., I. C.	35	Kinnochtry.	5 10	13	4
12	R. Johnston, Esq., I. H.	33	Upper Annandale.	5 11	13	0
13	Dr. Kirk, M. C.	47	Bathgate.	6 4 $\frac{1}{2}$	17	7
14	D. Bentley Murray, Esq., M. I. C.	29	Airthrey Castle.	6 4 $\frac{1}{2}$	13	10
15	T. Macmillan, Esq., H.	35	Glencairn.	5 11 $\frac{1}{2}$	15	10
16	D. Murray, Esq., M. I. C.	52	Kelvindock.	5 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	11	4
17	James M'Gregor, I. C.	49	Camperdown.	5 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	11	0
18	Henry Prain, Esq. I. C.	38	Castle Huntly.	6 1	12	12
19	D. Provan, Esq., C.	33	Craiglockhart.	5 9	11	4
20	G. Deans Ritchie, Esq., I. H.	49	Broughton United.	5 10	14	3
21	Mark Sanderson, Esq., I. C.	60	Duddingston.	5 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	11	0
22	A. T. Simson, Esq., M. C.	47	Melrose.	5 10	13	7
23	J. Simpson, Esq., M. I. C.	34	Orwell.	5 9	9	10
24	And. F. Smith, Esq., M. I. C.	42	Stenhouse and Carron.	5 7	10	1
				1040	140 $\frac{1}{2}$ ft.	312 sts.

Note.—M. indicates that the member is a Mason.

I. indicates that the member is an Initiated Curler.

C. indicates that the member is a Crampit player.

H. indicates that the member is a Hack player.

From this it will be seen that the average height was five feet ten inches, the average age about forty-three years,



Photo by Dr. Kirk.

CURLING ON DECK.

while seventeen of the members of the team played from the "cram-pit," which is unknown in Canada, and seven only were accustomed to the "hack," which is universally used in Canada, thus showing how considerably the team was handicapped in one respect. It was also ascertained that not less than eleven members of the team were Freemasons, and it was agreed by these to visit some of the most important lodges

in Canada and the States during the tour. On the Tuesday the Scotsmen improvised a rink on the deck of the *Bavarian*, and with long poles they propelled flat wooden discs into the "hoose," and shouted and "soopit" in uproarious style, much to the amusement of the other passengers and officers of the ship. It was in connection with one of these matches that a mishap occurred to one of the members of the team, Mr. Andrew Smith of the Stenhouse and Carron Club. On Wednesday Mr. Smith, having been on the losing rink in one match, forfeited a shilling to the Seamen's Hospital Fund, according to a rule that had been made, and in the absence of the player who was "no' richt ava'" he had been asked to

stand in for a second match in which he was again on the losing side. Mr. Cousin, who had charge of the Hospital Fund, having claimed a second shilling, Mr. Smith rather naturally demurred, and flew off followed by the collector around the deck, when at a sharp turn the boat gave a sudden lurch, and he was precipitated against one of the



CAPTAIN WALLACE AS A CURLING SKIPPER.

skylights, his pursuer having a narrow escape by gripping hold of one of the stanchions. It was evident that something serious was wrong, for Mr. Smith appeared to be suffering greatly, and on the ship surgeon, Dr. Carnegie, and the medical attendant of the team, Dr. Kirk, examining him it was found that he had fractured the knee-cap of the right leg. The accident was a

subject of much regret among the members of the team, who showed their sympathy for Mr. Smith in a practical



Photo by Dr. Kirk.

VESSEL ROLLING—MR. COUSIN AND
DR. KIRK PROMENADING.

way by taking their turn during the journey in waiting upon him in his cabin, and keeping him as cheery as possible. One of several sad reflections which occur to the Captain in connection with the tour is that Dr. Carnegie, who so carefully attended Mr. Smith, and was so kind to all the members of the team, is now no more. It was with the deepest regret that we heard of the death of one whose abilities gave promise of much

success in his profession. The accident entirely disabled Mr. Smith from acting as a member of the team during the tour, and accordingly reduced the number of efficient players to twenty-three, but, as it was not expected that six full rinks should be available for playing, the arrangements for the tour could not be said to be upset by this accident.

On Christmas Eve a Curlers' Court was organised, and as the origin of this Court, at which many high jinks are carried on in a boisterous and amusing style, is credited to Kinross and Orwell, it was interesting to find that Mr. John Pearson, a venerable curler, whose portrait we here give, and who had come from Sheffield

to accompany the team on their tour, was chosen to officiate as "My Lord." This veteran actually belonged to Kinross, and when he first went to England he introduced the game at Sheffield by using masons' mallets, the weapons of his trade. On the other hand, Captain Simpson of Mawcarse, who happened to be chosen as "Officer" to "My Lord," hailed from the Orwell Club. Mr. Robert Cousin, the President of the Merchiston Club,



Photo by Year, Sheffield.

JOHN PEARSON.
"My Lord."



Photo by Gauthier & Gentzel, Halifax.

ROBERT COUSIN.
Supervisor of "the Court."

had full charge of the arrangements for this Court, and under his supervision the fun was fast and furious. Captain Wallace of the *Bavarian* and eight others were initiated into the mysteries of the ancient game, with all the mummeries which accompany the ceremony. The worthy Captain, while enjoying with his neighbours the "brothering" ceremonies, remarked at the close that this was one of the worst storms he had ever come through, and he would not like to face the same again.

The "stoup" was duly "roupit," and after an exciting contest for its possession it was knocked down for four guineas to Mr. Mark Sanderson, ex-President of the Duddingston Club, who on his return presented it to the



THE "BAVARIAN" STOUP.

Royal Club, where, no doubt, it will be cherished as a precious relic. A representation of this interesting stoup is here given. The Court was held at 9 P.M. on Wednesday, December 24, 1902, in latitude $48^{\circ} 38' N.$, and longitude $43^{\circ} 10' W.$, which statements are here set

down, as such a meeting had never before been held on the high seas, and it is not likely that such a meeting will ever be held again.

Christmas Day was made very enjoyable all round on board the *Bavarian*, though the members of the team felt, perhaps this day more than at any other time, their absence from their own home circles, in which the day had always been held as one of reunion and rejoicing. A short, hearty service was conducted by the Captain of the team, who gave an appropriate Christmas address. Provost Gordon as usual officiated as precentor. On the evening of Christmas Day a concert was given, when over £5 was subscribed for the Seamen's Hospital Fund. It will be seen from the following programme, which was tastefully printed for the occasion, that the members of the team contributed largely to the concert:—



Photo by Crooke, Edinburgh.

PROVOST GORDON.

PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT IN AID OF THE
LIVERPOOL SEAMEN'S ORPHANAGE

GRAND CHRISTMAS CONCERT AT SEA, ON BOARD R.M.S. *BAVARIAN*,
CAPTAIN J. M. WALLACE

To be held in First Class room, Thursday, December 25, 1902.

PART I.

Pianoforte Selection	.	.	.	Miss Ballantyne
Song	.	.	Pale Young Curate	Mr. D. Provan
Violin Solo	.	.	Handel's Largo in G	Mr. A. Hughes

PART I.—*continued*

Song	A Man's a Man for a' that . . .	Provost Gordon
Sketch	A Soldier's Tear . . .	Major Scott Davidson
Song	The Conversazione . . .	Lieutenant Joiner
Song	The Lads in Navy Blue . . .	Captain Simpson
Recitation	Ledville Parson . . .	Mr. F. Van Williams
Song	Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep . . .	Mr. Nelson
Banjo Solo	Selected	Mr. Frank Saddler
Song	Annie Laurie	Mr. Mail

Collection in aid of Seamen's Orphanage

PART II.

Violin Solo	Romanzie and Madrigal . . .	Mr. A. Hughes
Song	Old Stable Jacket . . .	Major Scott Davidson
Humorous Recitation	Old Scots	Mr. Pearson
Song	Jean Jeemieson's Bannet . . .	Mr. D. Provan
Song	The King's Own . . .	Mr. G. N. Clarke
Banjo Solo	The Darkey's Dream . . .	Mr. Frank Saddler
Song	Sailing	Mr. Stevens
Song	Cockles and Mussels . . .	Mr. Cousin
Recitation	Soldier's Story . . .	Mr. F. Van Williams
Song	Border Ballad . . .	Captain Simpson
Song	Scotland Yet . . .	Mr. John Dunbar

AULD LANG SYNE

GOD SAVE THE KING

To commence 8 30 P.M.

Boats at 10 30 P.M.

To give some idea of the way in which the owners of the Allan Line are accustomed to treat their passengers, we may say that the dinner on Christmas night was graced by a splendid supply of excellent champagne, handed round with the compliments of the *Bavarian's* Captain, whose health and the success of the Allan Company, it is needless to add, were duly toasted. The following menus are also quoted as indicating the generous fare provided for passengers on Christmas Day, which may be said to be characteristic of all the ordinary days on board:—

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

R.M.S. *BAVARIAN**Thursday, December 25, 1902*

BREAKFAST

Apples.

Groatine, Milk or Syrup.

Fried Cod Steaks. Fried Whiting.

Finnan Haddie.

Grilled Beef Steak and Onions. Broiled Mutton Kidneys.

Broiled Ham and Bacon.

Fried Eggs. Poached Eggs.

Scrambled Eggs.

Potato Fritters.

Cold Ham and Tongue.

Soda Scones.

Fresh Rolls. Toast.

Jam. Marmalade.

Tea. Coffee.

LUNCHEON

Hot

Sheep's Head Broth.

Rabbit Pie

Roast Beef.

Baked and Mashed Potatoes.

Baked Apples. Macaroni and Cheese.

Cold

Fresh Lobster.

Roast Beef. Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.

Roast Turkey. Boiled Fowl.

Corned Beef.

Boiled Ham. Ox Tongue.

Venison.

Tomatoes. Beetroot.

Stilton and Cheshire Cheese.

Cabin and Water Biscuits.

Oranges.

Tea. Coffee.

CURLING TOUR

DINNER

Norwegian Anchovies.	Pâté de Foie Gras.		
Turtle Soup.	Jardinière Soup.		
Boiled Salmon, Green Peas, Caper Sauce.			
Jugged Hare.	Sweetbreads, Tomato Sauce.		
Fowl and Tongue Patties.			
Roast Sirloin of Beef, Horse-radish.			
Roast Saddle of Mutton, Red Currant Jelly.			
Roast Turkey and Sausage, Cranberry Sauce.			
Fillet of Veal, Lemon Sauce.			
Roast Goose, Apple Sauce.			
Cold Ham and Tongue.			
Tomatoes.	Asparagus.		
Mashed and Boiled Potatoes.			
Pheasant, Bread Sauce.			
Plum Pudding.	Tapioca Pudding.		
Gooseberry Tart.	Mince Pies.		
Maraschino Jelly.	Queen's Cakes.		
Ice Cream.			
Grapes.	Pears.	Carlsbad Plums.	Figs.
Filberts.	Walnuts.	Almonds.	Muscatelles.
Gorgonzola, Cheshire, and Stilton Cheese.			
Tea.		Coffee.	

This generous treatment was not confined to the saloon passengers, but was on a similar scale extended to all who were on board, there being a good many emigrants, bound from different parts, for the Dominion. These and their children had every reason to thank the Allan Line for, perhaps, the merriest Christmas they had ever enjoyed. In steerage as heartily as in saloon the Captain and the Company were pledged with three times three.

It was expected that with ordinary weather the good ship *Bavarian* would reach Halifax on the Friday, but considerable delay was occasioned by fog. For three days the sun was not sighted, and it was difficult at

times to find our actual bearings. Dr. Samuel Johnson once defined a ship at sea as "a place in which one is imprisoned, with the additional disadvantage of the risk



Photo by Dr. Kirk.

A GROUP OF EMIGRANTS.

of being drowned." The truth of this definition was brought home to us rather forcibly, for during the fog a report got up on board ship that the team had run a narrow escape from being wrecked. The following is the account of this supposed narrow escape as it first

appeared in the *Halifax Chronicle*: "The *Bavarian* is reported to have had a narrow escape from going on the ledges at White Point, off Canso. The ship's officers state that there was no special incident to report on the trip; but from some of the passengers it was learned that the steamer had a very close call. The latter say that during thick weather on Saturday afternoon, when 110 miles to the south-east of this port, the man on the look-out reported breakers ahead. The steamer was then proceeding at moderate speed, and when the warning was given her course was immediately altered. The helm was put down hard to the starboard, and the big liner cleared the rocks by a few yards. The steamer's narrow escape was freely talked about at the Deep Water Terminus yesterday morning, but no official announcement was made." Our impression at the time was that this incident was exaggerated, and that some members of the team who were eye-witnesses, and grew deadly pale at the sight of the breakers ahead, were under a delusion, but we have since been led to believe that there was more in their alarm than we at first supposed. It would certainly have been sad if this big 10,000-tonner, which has a hold for 4500 tons of coal to sustain her at the rate of 100 tons a day, and during the war had carried safely to and from Africa 45,000 troops, had gone to wreck on White Point, and consigned to a watery grave the two dozen curlers who formed the pioneer team from Scotland to Canada and the States. For the prospect of future tours it is well that the old *Bavarian* did not do more than give some of the curlers a precious fright.

At the request of several members a "pow-wow" of the team was held in the smoke-room near the close of the journey, when various matters were discussed and settled. In the most earnest and kindly manner the

Captain addressed the members, and impressed upon them the responsibility that rested on each individual to uphold the honour of the whole team and do justice to the Royal Club and to Scotland, by which they were sent out as representatives. His remarks were very cordially received.

Saturday saw the steamer off the port of Halifax about midnight. Her daily runs during the passage from Moville had been 302, 304, 334, 276, 296, 232, and 238 knots. Owing to heavy snow-squalls it was deemed better, however, on the part of the Captain, to stand off from Halifax till Sunday morning. This gave us all time to go over the various interesting events of the journey, including our introduction to the great apple-merchant, Mr. Dugald Campbell, who was so pleased at meeting the team that he took the addresses of all the members on the Saturday night, with the intention of forwarding a barrel of the best apples at the beginning of the next season. He has proved as true as his word.¹

When the big Allan Liner crept up the Deep Water Terminus about ten o'clock on Sunday morning a large deputation, which consisted of a Reception Committee of the Halifax Curling Club, headed by President Murray, appeared to offer a hearty welcome to the Scottish curlers. The Captain of the team, forgetting for the nonce what morning it was, took off his Tam o' Shanter and gave a hearty cheer on seeing the Canadian deputation, which included the veteran Colonel Stevenson, who had come all the way from Montreal to join in the welcome, and whose face was already familiar to the Captain by his portrait which appeared in a recent *Annual*. The good old Colonel kept up his reputation for humour by slyly remarking, when the giant Dr. Kirk was introduced to him, "I think, Doctor, you are more a cathedral than a

¹ "The apples was coot."

kirk." Mr. Charles Thomson, who had been appointed by the Government to accompany the team on their journey through Halifax to Winnipeg, was also present among the deputation, and did all he could to see that their baggage was cleared by the Customs officials as soon as possible, after which they proceeded in sleighs through the snow-covered streets to the Queen's Hotel, where they were to be the guests of the local club during their stay. Mr. Smith was conveyed to the hospital in an ambulance, and placed under the kindly charge of Dr. Campbell. On arrival at the hotel the Captain was handed telegrams from various parts of the Dominion, offering a hearty welcome to the Scottish team; and in honour of their visit Mrs. M'Nab, wife of one of the local curlers, had penned the following Ode of Welcome:—

A thousand welcomes, and a thousand more
 To this new land—our wild Canadian shore :
 Good brother Curlers all !—A welcome true
 And hearty—we extend to you.

Our land is all before you, from the open door
 At Halifax—A thousand welcomes more
 Will greet you all along the snowy way ;
 New friends and hearty cheer, from day to day.

Some call our land "The Lady of the Snows"—
 But, 'tis in truth The Kingdom of the Rose.
 Would you could see it in the early spring,
 When ice breaks, flowers bloom, and the sweet birds sing.

Or in the rich, warm, glowing summer time,
 When fragrant flowers and fruit are in their prime ;
 Or in the autumn, when the vast wheat fields,
 The vines and orchards, each their harvest yields.

From ocean far across to ocean grand,
 It is a goodly, fair, and pleasant land ;
 To it we bid you welcome, Scotsmen true ;
 We'll do the very best we can for you—

For though we are not a' "John Tamson's bairns,"
Full well we love and reverence Scotland's cairns,
Her mountains, lochs, and glens—her purple heather,
The plaidie, bonnet blue, the kilt and feather.

"Noo play the game, wi' brooms and stanes and a'!"
"Play me ane there, wi' juist a canny draw."
An' gin ye fin' ye're sometimes sorely pressed,
Play "elbow in" or "out," as ye think best!

O hey! for Scotland's dear and bonny name!
O hey! the pleasures o' the Roarin' Game!
Shout, Curlers! make the very rafters ring!
"Scotland for ever!" and God save the King!



THE SPIRIT OF CURLING.

CHAPTER III

IN ACADIA : AT HALIFAX

Welcome, thrice welcome, Caledonia !
Welcome Kilmarnocks, brooms, an' kilts, an' a' !
A curler's grip mak's all the world kin,
What matter, brothers, if we lose or win.
The passion dream of Scotland still remains,
Her blood runs curling through our loyal veins,
One flag, one freedom, and one King are ours.

REV. A. BENVIE.

THERE is at present much being said on the necessity of a speedy connection between the old country and Canada. Our voyage on the *Bavarian* was enjoyable, but it was too long. There is no reason why the distance from Liverpool to Halifax should not be negotiated in six days, which would do much to bring the greatest of our colonies and the mother-country into closer connection. The proper gateway from Great Britain to Canada is Halifax : it is the nearest and the best port, and it is a British port ; until that is recognised and acted upon, no matter what fiscal policy may be adopted, our union with the Dominion cannot be perfect. Once or twice we asked the reason why this short service had not been established. The answer always was, "Politics, politics." "A plague on both your houses," we said ; "what has politics to do with the matter ?" Still the head was shaken. But better things are to be hoped for soon. Halifax, our first port of call, is properly designated "the most British city in America." It is the oldest fortified city in the

Dominion; for it was so far back as 1749 that Lord Cornwallis, by instruction of the British Lords of trade, landed there with a large body of emigrants, and gave the place the name it still bears in honour of Lord Halifax who sent him out. It is the capital and also the largest city in Nova Scotia; along with New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island it formed part of what was included under the French *régime* as Acadia (l'Acadie or la Cadie), a name derived from a Micmac word *ākāde*, indicating "abundance." The town and its splendid harbour are both so well fortified that the city has been called the "Cronstadt of America." Not only its sea connection, but the fact that it is the Eastern terminus of the Canadian railway system, give to Halifax a most important position from a commercial point of view. There is a great amount of wood everywhere in evidence in the streets and residences, and these have rather a dingy appearance, owing, we were told, to the fact that so much soft coal is burned; but these defects are outweighed by the picturesqueness of the situation and the fine views obtained from all parts, and especially from the citadel. The population, we were informed, was something like 40,000, of which one-third are Roman Catholics. The social life, as one might expect at the seat of the provincial government, the Roman Catholic Archbishop, the Anglican Bishop, and the chief naval and military headquarters of North



Photo by Gawwin & Gentzel, Halifax.

W. M'NAB, HALIFAX CLUB.

America, is very attractive and interesting. The city has the reputation of being one of the gayest and richest on the continent, but, fortunately, along with this, runs its reputation of being one of the most charitable.

Naturally, in the stirring times when France and Great Britain were in conflict, and during the wars of the American Revolution, Halifax played an important part, and it has the further distinction of being the first place in the Dominion where a newspaper was started, viz. the *Halifax Gazette* in 1752.

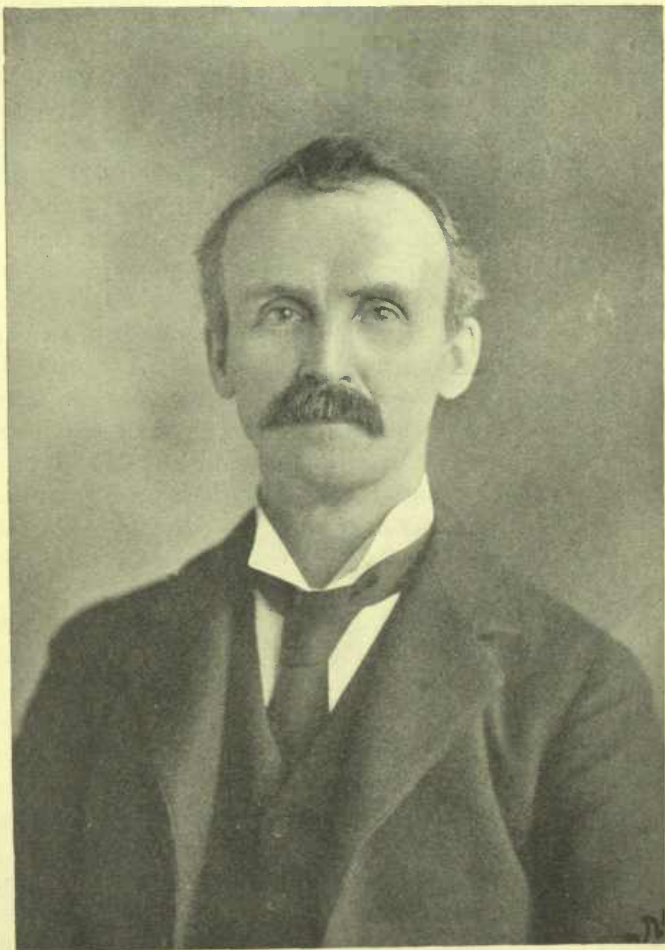
Dalhousie College, of which one of the keenest of the local curlers, Professor Murray, is a leading light, was named after the Earl of Dalhousie, during whose administration it was erected (in 1820), is the chief educational institution of the province, and has about 600 students, male and female, in attendance.

Curling at Halifax and in Nova Scotia

It was quite in historic order that we should begin our tour at Halifax, for the club there claims seniority over all clubs on the continent, save Montreal and Quebec. The earlier annals of the R.C.C.C. give 1847 as its date of institution, the later give the year 1838. In the early part of the last century curling was practised by Scotsmen in Nova Scotia, and Captain Houston Stewart, who was connected with the Penninghame Club at home, had, prior to 1843, organised a club at Halifax where Dr. Grigor, a fiddler second only to Neil Gow, Colonel Gray, and others were keen supporters of the game. From October 1823 to December 1826 it appears that Captain Houston Stewart commanded the *Menai* frigate on the North American Station, and for two winters had charge of the Halifax Dockyard. The *Royal Gazette* records the arrival and departure of the *Menai*,

Captain Stewart, November 1824 and May 1825, also November 1825 and May 6, 1826. An entry by J. B. Franklin in A. Belcher's *Almanac* for 1826 says, "January 26, dined at Captain Stewart's." There seems, therefore, to be little doubt that the winter of 1825 or 1826 saw the formation of the Halifax Club, and that its antiquity is greater than is generally supposed. When Sir Houston Stewart was Admiral at Halifax Station from 1856 to 1860, he was an honorary member of the Thistle Club.

Professor Murray, who is responsible for much of what is here stated, says that a tradition was handed down to him by Mr. H. M. Creighton, a curler of the early fifties, that the curling-stones found embedded in the mud of Chocolate Lake at very low water some years ago were lost by some over-enthusiastic officers in the early days. It is supposed, therefore, that the club had lapsed into silence some time after Captain Stewart's departure. About 1847 it was revived. The *British Colonist*, December 19, 1848, says: "We understand that the Curling Club will be in active operation this winter." On December 20, 1848, the *Sun* attempts a joke: "A club, with a view of practising the Scotch game of curling has been organised in the city. We have never seen the game played, but as the Scotch are a sensible people we presume it is something on the slow-and-sure principle." At the Annual Meeting, held on December 17, 1849, at the Colonial House, John Richardson was elected President; John M'Dougall, Vice-President; James Reid, Chief, probably Skip; William Forsyth, Secretary; William Laidlaw, Treasurer; James Price, caterer; Alexander Ogston, James Williamson, Walter Robb, Patrick Shields, and James Greig—Council. These are the first officers of which Professor Murray in his research into the history of the club finds any



PROFESSOR MURRAY.

President, Historian, and Poet-Laureate of Halifax Club.

records. The next year the jovial "Jamie" Reid is styled Patron, and Janet Richardson, Patroness, a dignity enjoyed by her for over twenty years. In 1852 W. Murdoch supplants James Reid, and remains Patron till his death. The earliest recorded dinner of the Curling Club is described by the *Nova Scotian* of April 1, 1850: "The members of this favourite Club of good-fellows and their guests, a numerous party, dined together at the Masonic Hall on Tuesday last, March 24. The worthy townsmen, Messrs. J. Richardson, J. M'Dougall, President and Vice-President, performed the honours of the table. The viands, including the customary beef and greens, were furnished by Hessline in his usual princely style. It was not until a late or rather an early hour that the joyous party separated. During the evening there was literally a whirlwind of jokes, songs, and sentiments. The veteran chief of the curlers, Mr. James Reid contributed his full share." "Jamie's" speech on that occasion was said to be so broad that none but the elect could interpret it.

Halifax, Thistle, Dartmouth, and Pictou Clubs joined the Royal in 1852, and most likely were in existence for some years previously. The New Caledonian and New Glasgow joined in 1854. Clubs were also instituted at Stellarton, Sydney, Truro, and Cape Breton. The *Nova Scotian* of December 16, 1850, says: "A few weeks since we noticed in the *Eastern Chronicle* an intimation that the Pictou Curlers were organised with a regular set of rules and bye-laws. We are happy to hear this, for it will be remembered that, when the match came off at Truro last winter between Pictou and Halifax, the former did not know enough of the regulations of the game to convince them of their defeat, but as this is not likely to occur again, now that through the agency of the Halifax Club they are better informed, we should really

like to see the rival players once more contend for the 'beef and greens and fixins'." In 1851 the Royal Caledonian Club, according to the following minute, bestowed on the Halifax Club the powers of a branch: "In consideration that the Halifax Club is as yet the only associated Club within Nova Scotia, power is hereby granted to the office-bearers of the Halifax Club *ad interim* to admit new clubs and transact the other necessary curling business of the branch, subject always to the approval of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, until another club shall have joined the R.C.C. Club, the office-bearers of which shall share with them in these interim duties, and when three clubs shall be associated, then the foregoing rules and regulations shall come into operation within this branch. (Signed) James Ogilvie Dalglish, *Chairman.*" In 1852 the Nova Scotia branch of the Royal Caledonian Club was formed with four clubs, the Halifax, the Pictou, the Thistle, and the Dartmouth. In 1854 the new Caledonian of Pictou (James Primrose, President; James M'Donald, Secretary) and the New Glasgow, afterwards the Bluenose (T. R. Fraser, President; E. Roach, Secretary), were admitted to the branch; and two years later (1856) the Antigonish, on the application of its President (Hon. W. A. Henry), was admitted. The Presidents of the branch were William Lowe, Adam Reid, C. W. Dickson, and William Finlay; the Secretaries, T. Humphrey, and R. Boak, jr. On January 14, 1886, the Maritime branch of the Royal Club was organised, with S. F. Matthews of the St. Andrew's as provisional Chairman, and E. L. Whittaker of the Thistle St. John as Secretary. This branch terminated its brief life shortly after 1891. In New Brunswick the oldest club is the Fredericton, which was formed in 1854, and was closely followed

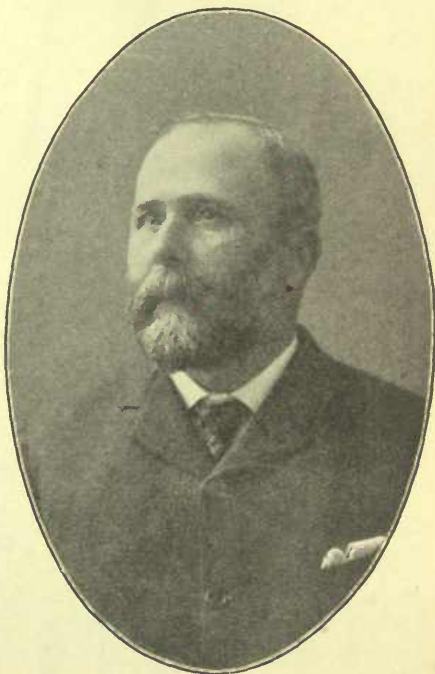
by St. Andrew's Society, which began its prosperous career in 1856. The Thistle of St. John was organised on March 27, 1874. Among the earliest Nova Scotian matches we have one in 1854 between the President and Vice-President of the branch for the benefit of the poor, £5 a side, to which were added sundry bets among the members, making the sum £12:5s., which was handed over to the Mayor of Halifax. Another match for firewood to the poor took place that same year. In 1862 a great match came off between the Halifax and Pictou clubs on a mill-pond about two miles from Truro, three rinks a side with five players on each side. Of this match the Secretary of the New Caledonian Club, Pictou, W. N. Rudolph, writes: "The play excited deep interest, and was witnessed by 2000 people. A sleigh, accommodating about fifty persons, and drawn by six horses, conveyed persons to and from the pond throughout the day. Numbers of the fair sex were on the spot, and added in no small degree to the beauty of the scene. The day was very fine. The utmost good feeling prevailed during the whole play, and on the termination of the game the opposing forces adjourned to the Prince of Wales' Hotel for dinner. Here speeches and songs passed the time merrily until a late hour, when the company separated, with expressions of mutual esteem, to return to their homes." The palmy days of the Halifax Club began under Captain Drummond of the Black Watch, "that excellent officer, warm-hearted gentleman, and keen curler," who was President in 1851-52. With the first ice on Dartmouth Lake the curlers would be seen making their way over the harbour dragging the stanes in boxes with runners, all delighted in the prospect of a good game, followed by beef and greens and fixins'. Sometimes Chocolate Lake or Forman's Pond, a few rods west of the

present rink or Hospital Pond, was honoured with a visit. There was a great outburst of enthusiasm about 1865, when over a score of new members, including Henry Peters, were entered; but little more is heard till April 18, 1872, when, on the application of the Hon. W. A. Henry, Dr. T. R. Fraser, Vice-President of the Thistle, and George Blakelock, Vice-President of the Halifax, the Halifax Club was incorporated and given power to hold \$10,000 worth of real estate. These acts celebrate the union of the Halifax and Thistle Clubs. In 1874 the new building, foreshadowed by the Act of Incorporation, was built by Henry Peters on Tower Road. The deep hollow was filled by an astonishing number of loads of clay (1000 it is said). This made an excellent bottom, but nearly ruined the club. Bonds for \$4000 were issued on January 1, 1875. The building, described in the *Herald* by an enthusiastic curler as "the finest in the Dominion," was formally opened on Saturday, January 9, 1875, in the presence of many guests, including several ladies. Hot coffee, cake, and refreshments were served till 11 P.M. This building, with its low roof and high platform, separating the two sheets of ice, its southern exposure and northern protection, remained the home of curling till 1899. On January 30, 1880, the club was honoured by a visit from the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General of the Dominion. For fully two hours a rink, skipped by His Excellency, played against a rink of Halifax veterans, the score ending 10 to 11 in favour of Halifax, the ends being equal. It was at Halifax that Major De Winton sketched the rules for the points game, afterwards called the Governor-General's points. The first contest according to these rules was in January 1883. These rules were observed by the club till the close of 1900, though some competitions were under the

Caledonian Rules, *e.g.* the competition, 1886, February 7 and 8, when Sydenham Howe won the R.C.C.C. medal with a score of 22 points, the highest score in this competition in Scotland having been 21, which was made by Admiral William Heriot Maitland Dougall of Scotsraig. The highest possible at that time was 32 for 8 points. In 1888 for 9 points the highest possible became 72, and under this system the highest score reported to the Royal Club up to the present is 36 points. In the eighties the Halifax saw the formation of the Green, the Blue, and the Heather Rinks, the greatest fighting combination the club has ever seen. The financial history of the club does not appear to have been in keeping with the distinction of the players; but when things were about the worst, and the club on the verge of liquidation, the city having ordered the sale of the building for a tax bill, a new era was opened up when Mr. Donald Keith bought in the building and gave it rent free for the season 1892, in consideration of a confirmation of the sale of the property to him. The club was then reorganised with Julius G. Sievert as Secretary, and probably Captain Boileau, R.A., as President. The organisation was repeated next year under the Hon. W. Ross, President; A. T. Smith, Vice-President; and the indomitable J. G. S. as Secretary. On May 8, 1899, the Halifax Curling Club, Limited, was incorporated, with Charles Archibald, President, and Dr. D. A. Campbell as Vice-President. A building large enough for three rinks and a triple bowling-alley was then built on land running from South Bland to Brussels Street, which was bought for \$1030. Mr. J. Rhuland was the architect of the building, the total cost of which, land inclusive, amounted to \$7220. The club leased the building from this company and formally opened the

rink for curling, December 28, 1899. The bowling-alleys had been opened two weeks earlier. The following summer two rinks for quoits were prepared in front of the building, and were in great demand till the short evenings heralded the return of frost. From the rules as to membership it is evident that the Halifax Club was fully alive to the best traditions of the old game, for Section 1 reads as follows: "This club shall consist of keen curlers, men who love the game for the sake of the sport and the healthful exercise it gives, and who will strictly adhere to the constitution and bye-laws and rules of the club, and always act and speak so that no unseemly conduct shall be known nor profane language used while on the ice, at the Club-house, or at any meeting of theirs whatever." In the possession of the club are a great many valuable trophies, foremost among which are the Drummond stones which were blocked out of a pair of Blackford boulders by H. M. Drummond, Megginch, Scotland, late of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, President of the Halifax Club in 1853. There are also the Davis stones presented by Robert Davis, the Peters Cup, presented by Henry Peters, the Romans Cup, the Collingwood Cup, the Alfonso Cup, and the Thistle Medal, which is awarded to the most successful skip. Since its reorganisation the club has been fortunate in having a set of good curlers and good business men at the head of affairs. When it became evident that we in Scotland were really in earnest in our movement to send out a team to play friendly matches with our Canadian brethren, Mr. F. C. Simson, who was then President of the club, came over on a visit to Scotland, and impressed upon the Secretary of the Royal Club the propriety of starting the tour at Halifax, and, taking his compasses, he then marked out

the route which he considered best, and which was eventually adopted at headquarters. From first to last Mr. Simson took the greatest pains in regard to making the arrangements for the tour successful, and throughout all their experience the team had no kinder or more valued friend. He was one of the first to welcome them, and one of the last to leave them, as he made a special journey to Winnipeg to wish them God-speed there on their departure to play in the United States. In the present President of the club (Professor Murray) the curlers also found a most enthusiastic supporter of the game, and one who did his utmost to promote



F. C. SIMSON.
Ex-President Halifax Club.

the comfort of the team when they were in Halifax. The manner in which he had carried out the arrangements was evidently appreciated by his brother curlers, who, as will be afterwards noted, presented him with a gold-mounted walking-stick in recognition of the way in which he had fulfilled the arduous duties devolving upon him.

During our stay at Halifax we were the guests of

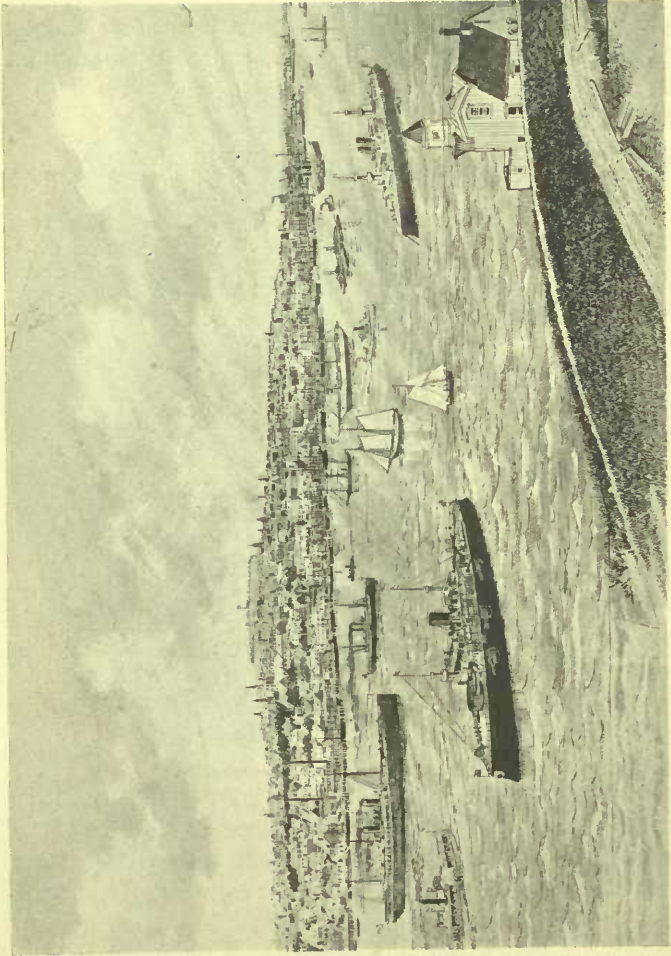


Photo by C. P. R. Co.

HALIFAX, N.S.

the club at the Queen's Hotel under mine host, Mr. Fairbank, one of the members of the club, who did his best to minister to the creature comforts of the team during their stay. This was our first experience of the Canadian Hotel, and we were introduced "right away," as they themselves would put it, to the distinctive features of hotel life in Canada and the States, which impressed themselves upon us more and more as the tour proceeded. These were the innumerable company of dishes of all sorts and sizes which made up each meal, the great number of families which seemed, owing no doubt to the domestic servant difficulty, to board at the hotels, the excessive temperature, for the hotels like the private houses and trains are all heated by steam pipes up to 60° or 70°, the free-and-easy way in which the general public flock into the open reception hall of the hotel, which at times made it very oppressive, especially for the Captain of the team, who was besieged by inquirers who wanted to meet representatives of the districts of Scotland with which they themselves were connected. And then there was the terrible telephone, which is certainly far more in evidence in hotel life out there than it is at home. It is a small world, and it was rather curious for me to find that, having spent the evening before my departure at North Berwick, where his congregation and numerous friends had met to celebrate the jubilee of the Rev. Dr. Sprott and to present him with appropriate gifts, one of the first voices to salute me by the telephone at Halifax was that of the worthy Dr. Pollock, Principal of Halifax College, who was ordained to the ministry in company with Dr. Sprott, who is a native of Nova Scotia, and whose jubilee had been celebrated at the same time, when he was presented with \$1000 and an address, the former of which he generously gifted at once for

a scholarship in the College. With Dr. Pollock, who is very much respected in this district for his good work of half a century, the Captain had many interesting conversations during his stay at Halifax. A good many greetings awaited us on our arrival at the hotel, and of course that ubiquitous party the interviewer was always in evidence blocking our path with his interminable queries, and furnishing in the newspaper next morning an account of our interview, which was generally very much drawn from his own imagination.

Hearty Welcomes

From the Ontario Curling Association came the following: "Peterborough, December 27.—Rev. John Kerr, Halifax.—A hearty welcome to our curling brethren from across the sea. Keen ice and warm hearts await you.—E. B. EDWARDS, Chairman, special Committee, O.C.A."

The Captain's reply to this was as follows: "Halifax, December 28.—E. B. Edwards, Peterborough, Ont.—Scottish team thank you much for kindly telegram. Already we feel that brethren in Canada mean to overcome us with hospitality. Keen and clear.—KERR."

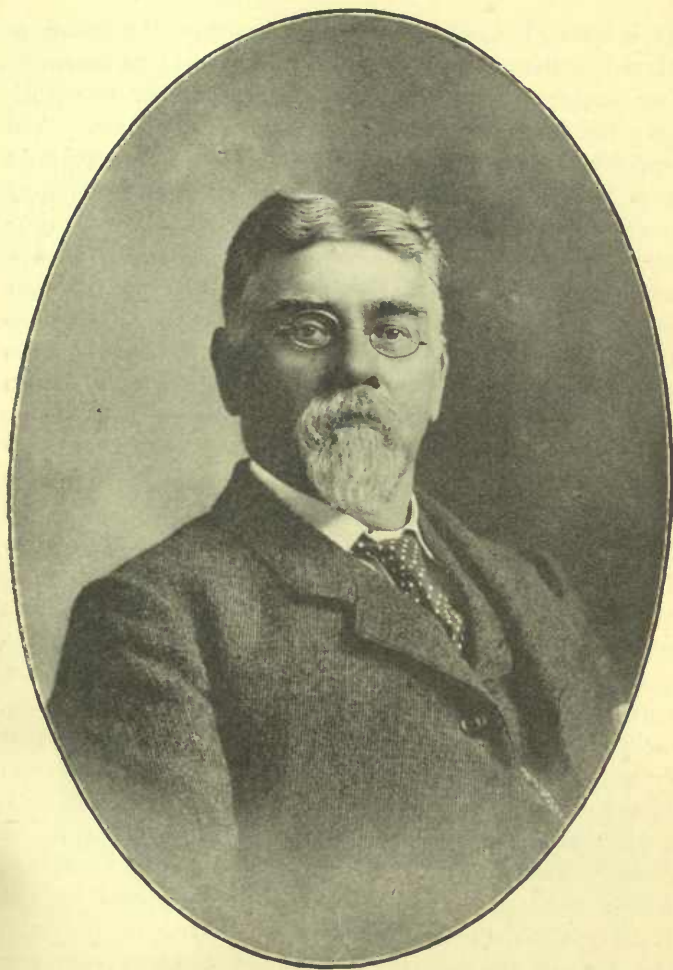
Another telegram was as follows: "St. John, December 27.—Scottish Curlers, Halifax.—The Curlers of St. John welcome you to Canada, and are with pleasure anticipating your visit to our city, and trust that your trip through Canada will be a pleasant one.—R. KELTIE-JONES, and the Presidents of the other clubs in St. John."

The reply to this was sent by Mr. Husband, the Honorary Secretary and Treasurer of the team. It was as follows: "Halifax, December 27.—R. Keltie-Jones, President, St. John Curling Club.—Scottish team thank you for telegram. Curlers here have given us great reception and shown us great hospitality. Please convey this message to the other Clubs.—HUSBAND, Secretary."

On Sunday evening, although still feeling the effects of the prolonged sea voyage, the Captain preached in St. Andrew's church, that of the Rev. Dr. Black, the chaplain of the Halifax Club, who as such had a call upon his services. Besides a large congregation, the members of the team were all present, even those who had suffered from *mal de mer*, now looking hale and well. On our return to the hotel we were entertained to supper by one of the members of our team, Provost Ballantyne, the occasion being the celebration of his silver wedding. The health of the worthy Provost, whose wife and daughter were present, and accompanied us throughout the tour, was duly honoured. Before parting, Mr. C. J. Thomson, a gentleman who formerly belonged to Edinburgh, and who is now at Virden, Manitoba, who had been deputed by the Government to welcome the team and accompany us throughout the tour, addressed us as follows:—

“It always affords a Scot who has been away from his native land a few years a great amount of pleasure to meet a Scotsman who is only out from the old land, to shake him by the hand, to look into his eyes, to hear him talk, and to learn where he came from, who were his friends, and what he had been doing in the old country. The pleasure is all the greater when one happens to know the district where the newcomer hails from, and when he finds that in former days he was acquainted, perhaps intimately acquainted, with the friends of the man who has recently left Scotland and arrived in this new land. And fancy the delight, the inexpressible delight it gives me on this occasion to come down from my home in Manitoba, over 2500 miles away, to welcome so many true-hearted, true-blooded Scotsmen, some of them the friends of my youth, and all of them the friends of my friends in some way or other. I say the

delight, the pleasure, is beyond expression. Brother curlers, this is not only a special occasion, it is a unique occasion, I might call it the greatest event in the annals of curling since the world began, that five-and-twenty Scotch curlers should leave their hearths and homes in the dead of winter, brave the terrors of the deep, cross the ocean to this Canada of ours, and all for the purpose of trying their skill at the noble game with their brother curlers on this side of the Atlantic. Realising this, the Canadian Government, desirous of welcoming the Scotch curlers to Canada and of extending to them all the courtesies in their power, as well as desiring to show its great interest in this unprecedented event in curling, has sent from the Far West, where the seat of curling on this American continent now holds its great annual bonspiel, a representative whose duty it is to welcome in the name of the Canadian Government each curler individually, to shake you by the hand in the heartiest manner possible, as curlers only know how, and to extend to you in your united capacity all the courtesies of this young and prosperous nation. Gentlemen, Canada is a nation in a nation, and extends to you 5,000,000 welcomes in the name of the Canadian Government: in the mottoes of welcome *Cead mille failthe*, but Canada gives you 5,000,000 welcomes all at once. Gentlemen, I am glad to hear that your voyage across the ocean has been a pleasant one, and that any sickness you may have experienced will not in the slightest interfere with your usual good play. Let me also hope and trust that your tour through Canada will be a most enjoyable one, that you will have many successes although you may have some defeats. You have strong curlers to play against. Men who, if they like, can have practice four months of the year, as against your week or a fortnight at a time,

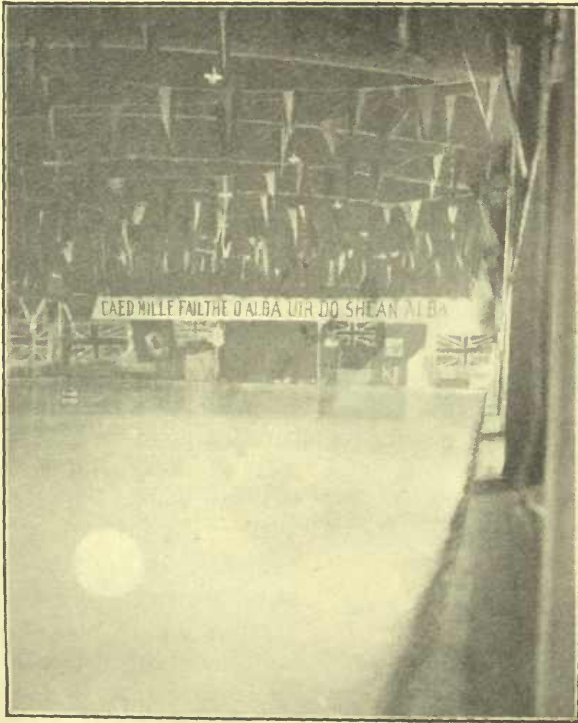


Yours truly
L. J. Thomson

as I know, but with the real science of the game as played in the old land, there is in my mind no reason to fear that you will not be able to hold your own with even the best you meet. I wish you all success. And when your time is done and you have to return to your own homes, I trust you will take with you a happy recollection of the scenes and of the welcomes, the enjoyments and pleasures which you will experience all the way through, and that after you have returned to your home you may be long spared to recount to your friends and the curlers of Auld Scotland the bloodless battles you fought on this side of the Atlantic wi' the besom and the stane. Gentlemen, I bid you again in the name of the Dominion Government 5,000,000 welcomes, a very happy and prosperous New Year, many o' them, and a safe return to dear Auld Scotland."

We had expected, with favourable weather, to land at Halifax on Friday the 26th, and to have the following Monday and Tuesday for practice on the Halifax rink, that we might recover our sea-legs, and make ourselves acquainted with the conditions of play on the Canadian rinks, but as we did not arrive until the Sunday morning, owing to the delay at Liverpool, our intentions in this direction had to be limited, and with some practice on the Monday we decided to have our first pitched battle with a Canadian club. We were driven up to the rink on Monday morning in the sleighs of the Transfer Company, which were generously placed at our disposal by the Halifax Club during the time we stayed in the city. On arrival at the rink we found a great company waiting to receive us heartily, and the interior as well as the exterior of the building so decorated as to make the place a real scene of beauty. Countless bannerets and great masses of bunting had been utilised upstairs

and down. At the western end was displayed the Scottish flag with the lion rampant, and above it the following Gaelic motto, *Caed mille failthe o Alba uir*



THE HALIFAX RINK.

Photo by Dr. Kirk.

do shean Alba, "a hundred thousand welcomes from new Scotland to old Scotland." Around the building the following various mottoes and phrases were displayed in colours: "A cannie draw to the tee"; "Dinna be a hog"; "You're the billy, Geordie"; "Wick and curl

in"; "We're brithers a' when curlin'"; "Haud the win' aff him, he's gleg"; "Play the besom"; "Fit fair an' soop weel"; "Rattle up the gairds"; "Chip the winner"; "Oh, be cannie"; "A vera pat-lid"; "Gie him heels"; "Kaggle to a hairbreadth."

As soon as we began to try our specially prepared "Ailsas" we found to our dismay that many of them had been far too keenly cut on the edges of the concave bottom, and as these made their way up the rink sent up a spray of ice very much resembling a peacock's tail. The most of the stones in fact did not cross the hog's score. Those that had been taken out without any special preparation fared best, and the idea of those who thought that we should have taken with us the ordinary "channel stanes" as they were used at home were justified by our first experi-



Photo by Gauvin & Gentzel, Halifax.

J. G. SIEVERT.

Ex-President Halifax Curling Club.

ence. Some attempt was made to have this defect in our granites rectified, but it may be said that it was not until we reached Toronto, and the defect was taken in hand by Mr. Russell, ex-secretary of the province, that they were really put into proper form, and given an appearance similar to the Canadian weapon of ordinary use. There were many hearty hand-shakings throughout the day, as a good many of the older worthies of the Halifax Club came to give a friendly welcome to the members of the team, and as we were not engaged in

any particular match, we had every facility for friendly talk.

On the Monday evening a smoking concert, the first of many of these "functions," which were perhaps the most trying of our tour, was held in the retiring-room adjoining the Halifax rink, and, according to the Halifax papers "a right jolly good time it was." The local curlers provided a fine programme, which included quartettes, songs by Messrs. West, Norman, Mitchell, Pemberton, and others; recitations by A. Johnston, clog-dancing, and other novelties. The visitors did their share in contributing to the fun and merriment. Mr. D. Provan of Edinburgh made a great hit with his Scotch songs, his "Jean Jeemison's Bannet" being especially good; and Captain Simpson also sang in splendid style. Upstairs the tables were bountifully spread.



DR. D. A. CAMPBELL,
Halifax Club.

On Tuesday a six-rink match was played against the Halifax Club, which is accounted one of the very best in the district, and it was not only a great surprise to themselves but to their Canadian brethren that the result should be in favour of the Scotsmen, who had only had a short experience of the new conditions of play, which not only included covered rinks, but the use of the "hack" instead of the "crampit," with which the majority of them had been accustomed to play. The match stood: Scotland, 84; Halifax, 78.

This day will ever be one of the most memorable in the annals of Canadian curling, and indeed of the game



Photo by Gawvin & Gentzel, Halifax.

H. ST. C. SILVER,
Halifax Club.

itself, for in the evening a Curling Court was held, at which no fewer than thirty-five "Knights of the Broom" were initiated into the "Mysteries," which may safely be put down as a record. For the purpose of holding the Court the curlers journeyed from Halifax to Bedford, where after an excellent supper in the hotel the Court was duly constituted, the Captain officiating as "My Lord," and Mr. James Simpson and Major Scott-

Davidson as his "Officers." Among those who were initiated were Colonel Stevenson, Professor Murray, and Mr. Keltie-Jones. The proceedings were under the charge of Skip Cousin, who found his duties very arduous. They created the greatest mirth, and although the experience of the various candidates proved to be very trying, they one and all expressed their pleasure at being so fortunate as to have come through them at the hands of the Scottish team. So popular indeed was the Court, notwithstanding its rough-and-ready mummeries, that its fame got bruited abroad, and the Captain was besieged on all hands to continue the holding of the Court at each place visited, but it was felt that this would be too much to take in hand, considering the team's other engagements, and it was thought better to leave to those who were initiated at Bedford the

mission of carrying through the "Mysteries" in other parts of the Dominion.¹ After a terrible ordeal of fines for all kinds of transgressions, the "stoup" was eventually "roupit" by Major Scott-Davidson, and after spirited bidding it was knocked down to ex-president Mr. Frank C. Simson at four guineas, and it was handed over by him to President Murray to be preserved as a valuable relic in the archives of the Halifax Club.

The Halifax Club had made arrangements that, as the Scottish curlers could not visit any of the neighbouring centres on their tour, outlying clubs should come to meet them at Halifax; and accordingly picked teams gathered there from all over the province of Acadia, it being the ambition of all the clubs to play against the Scots. Yarmouth, Sydney, Amherst, Antigonish, Truro, N. Sydney, Pictou, and New Glasgow all sent contingents for the great battle, "Nova Scotia v. Old Scotia." Of all the clubs in the Dominion, Truro has perhaps the greatest reputation, and for Scotland Skips Bramwell and Ballantyne did well to be only 5 shots down in their conflict against the rinks skipped by such warriors as Dover and Mackenzie. Against Pictou, which is also a club of great renown, the young Sanquhar skip, Mr. Bramwell, did great execution, for he only allowed Pictou to score 2 shots, and took 22 to himself, his majority of 20 being one of the greatest ever heard of in a match in the Dominion. On the evening of this day, being Hogmanay, the curlers were the guests of the North British Society, which has for its object the cultivation of fellowship among Scotsmen in the province and the relief of those belonging to the old country who may happen to be in want, and is perhaps the oldest of

¹ The order for administration of the Curlers' Court is given as Appendix I.

its kind in Canada, having been instituted so far back as 1768. The feast was enlivened by a piper, who appeared in the garb of Old Gaul, and marched before the company to the supper-room playing the "Cock o' the North." During the evening a military band, which had been in South Africa, played Scottish airs in splendid style,



Photo by Gawin & Gentzel, Halifax.

C. J. KERR.
Halifax Club.

Every member of the team felt quite at home in this gathering, which in song and sentiment was distinctly redolent of Old Caledonia. An original play entitled "The Judge and the Piper" was performed during the evening, and caused much amusement. In Halifax, as in Scotland, the following day, New Year's Day, was observed as a general holiday, all the shops being shut. Levees were the order all round, naval and military

uniforms being everywhere in evidence, and making the crowded assemblages very picturesque. The Captain of the team and a good many of the members attended these functions. A visit was first made to the levee of the Governor, the Honourable J. G. Jones, then to that of the General in Command of the Forces, Sir Charles Parsons, then to that of Archbishop O'Brien, the head of the Roman Catholic Church, who rules over more than two-fifths of the population of Halifax, and who, though busy receiving thousands on that day, did not refrain from telling the Captain of the team some amusing Scotch stories. The levee of the Episcopalian Bishop Courtenay

was also attended, and here as elsewhere a very hearty welcome was offered to the Captain and the members of the team, the very sound of the name "Scottish curlers" seeming to arouse the warmest interest and affection. The majority of the team, while in Halifax, took advantage of the Transfer Company's vehicles to visit the Citadel, from which they obtained a splendid view of the city, the



Photo by Dr. Kirk.

FRONT OF THE CLUB-HOUSE—HALIFAX CURLING CLUB.

noble harbour, and the surrounding country. In private sleighs many had runs through the beautiful public park, from which a good view of the harbour was obtained. The big fish-curing establishment of Messrs. M. and N. Smith was an object of attraction and admiration to a good few. To give some idea of the extent of this emporium we may say that 12,000 cwts. a month of dried fish, such as haddock, pollock, cod, and hake or ling, are dealt with, and 5000 scale fish in the same period, while 40,000 barrels of pickled fish are put up and sent out per annum. The establishment of Mr. Wilson, a Fraserburgh man, is on a smaller scale than that of Messrs. Smith, but here

the "freezing system" was viewed with keen interest. At Halifax most of the members of the team made their first acquaintance with the famous Malpeque oysters, and at one particular howff, where these delicious bivalves were served up in the most charming style, a good many were accustomed to foregather under the wing of their Halifax brethren to prece the excellences of the Malpeques, accompanied by a liberal supply of XXX stout. The kindness of the "Halifax," the "City," and the "Royal N.S. Yacht Squadron" clubs in placing their privileges before the members of the team was very much appreciated. In fact all through the tour the social clubs in the various places visited were very much enjoyed by the members of the team. These clubs, as a rule, were not so much heated up as the hotels, and although in the latter the members of the team were generally franked, a good many preferred to betake themselves to the clubs, where they enjoyed their meals under cooler conditions. At the very outset of their tour the Scotsmen were considerably amused at the Canadian custom of saluting a speaker when he gets upon his feet to make a toast or a reply. He was generally hailed somewhat as follows: "What's the matter with ——?" "Oh, he's all right; Oh yes, you bet." "Tin-can, tin-kettle kyi, kyou." "Who says so?" "We say so." "Who are we?" Then the name of the club or party was shouted, sometimes spelt. Then came the well-known cheers "A jolly good fellow, so say we all of us, so say we all," followed by "Now, he's smiling," or "See him smiling," which was several times repeated, to the tune of "My Darling Clementine" the last line being extended by the words "just now." "He's a curler," "He's a daisy," "He's a Provost," all served to magnify the refrain, which was sometimes rather

disconcerting to the speaker, though always amusing to the audience.

We met a good many Scotsmen at Halifax who wanted to tell us how they were faring, and have a crack about old times and the old country. Many others were descendants of Scotsmen who had come to regard themselves as Canadian and to love Canada, but who had in their veins the love of the Fatherland, and were enthusiastic in their devotion to Caledonia. They were mostly keen curlers, who had inherited from their ancestors a love of "Scotland's ain game." No better example of this class can be mentioned than Mr. James Munro of New Glasgow, one of the steel princes in that city where steel so much abounds, and one of the famous Bluenose Club players—

The boys that fear no noise
Although they're far from home.

The old Bluenose Club has a grand history. The first time that the Marquis of Lorne, when Governor-General, offered a cup for play among all the granite clubs of Canada, this club journeyed 1500 miles each way, and won the cup four years in succession. In the revived Maritime Province they will no doubt occupy a prominent position with Mr. Munro as their energetic and enthusiastic secretary. When he heard of the coming out of the Scottish team Mr. Munro wrote the Captain as follows:—

NEW GLASGOW, N.S., *December 3, 1902.*

Rev. John Kerr, Dirleton.

DEAR SIR—We brothers of the broom are looking forward with great pleasure to the visit of your team of curlers.

It will just be one hundred years ago that my great-grandfather came to Nova Scotia from Scotland, I have his letter of introduction from the Kirk-session in my safe.



Photo by G. R. Waldren, New Glasgow, N.S.

THE KETTLE.

I write to wish your boys a safe voyage; and I can assure you all, that, throughout Canada, you will receive a cordial welcome. I hope to have the pleasure of playing with you in Halifax, and to learn some points in the glorious game from you. You will please convey to my brothers from over seas the greetings of a true Scoto-Canadian.—Yours truly,

JAMES MUNRO.

Against Mr. Prain the New Glasgow rink with the steel prince as skip, Mr. A. K. Munro, "hin-haun," Mr. Jenkins, President of the club second, and Mr. R. M. M'Gregor as lead, were victorious by 8 shots, so that but for him the Scotsmen would have led over all at Halifax, for they were only 4 points behind.

This keen Scoto-Canadian curler of New Glasgow gave good proof of his regard for Scotland by taking a trip to Old Glasgow some years ago, and marrying a lady of considerable literary talent, who has proved to be to him a true helpmeet, and desirous of training up her family as curlers. The portrait opposite is their son James Ives Munro, aged eleven months, who may fairly pass with broom in hand as the youngest curler in Canada.

A great farewell reunion took place at the Halifax

rink on the Friday evening before the departure of the team for St. John. At this meeting Mr. D. R. Clark announced the work of the Scottish curlers at Nova Scotia in brief by stating that they had won seven games, lost ten, and drawn one—totalling 46 points down and 42 points up—a remarkable result, considering their want of experience in the Canadian methods of curling.

Canadian Rinks and Canadian Curling

It may here be noted in regard to these methods that in most places in Canada they have four or five months of good ice every winter, that this is so secure that they can draw out a programme of events and publish a calendar for the curling season which has very seldom to be altered. Owing to the intensity of the frost, twenty degrees below zero being quite an average temperature from Halifax to Winnipeg, they have to play within covered courts. These are generally substantially built at a cost ranging from \$4000 to \$10,000. A foundation of sand, sawdust, or something of the kind is carefully laid, and at the approach of the frosty season a supply of water is turned on. As soon as this is frozen, a fresh supply is added, and gradually a solid and substantial foundation of ice is laid, which lasts throughout the season. The thickness of this basis of ice enables them to play from the "hack," which is cut into the ice to a depth of three or four inches, and



Photo by Waldren, New Glasgow, N.S.
JAMES IVES MUNRO, JR.

permits the foot of the player to be placed therein. It was found that at Halifax and elsewhere the various lines and rings required for the game had been worked into the ice in colours and embalmed for the occasion therein by the fresh water that was sprinkled over the rink. So smooth is the ice on these rinks that the sweeping to which curlers at home are accustomed was really not necessary, but the Canadian curlers have made sweeping a fine art, for though there is nothing to remove from the ice they ply their besoms, which are not broom kowes but housemaids' brooms, in such a manner that they create a vacuum in front of the stone when it is set in motion, and coax it thereby to its destination, while on the other hand if they find it has too much pith they suddenly uplift their brooms, when the stone responsively comes to a standstill. The absolute level of the ice and its freeness from roughness of surface permit the Canadian curler to take a far wider "curl" or "twist" than is ever possible or advisable at home. Guarding is therefore quite a different science from what it is in Scotland, for though a stone upon the tee may appear to be perfectly safeguarded the Canadian player can afford to ignore all the protectors, and by curling round to the extent of six or eight feet displace the winner. In the most of their play they work entirely with the wrist, for the ice is so keen that they have simply to place the stone thereon and direct it to its destination by a gentle turn of "elbow in" or "elbow out," a straight shot seldom being played. They have such an abundance of good, keen, and clear ice that whenever there is the slightest "glut" they never think of playing. The experience which we generally have at home of having to take the stone back so that force may be given to it in the return of the swing is almost unknown to

them. A good many of our victories were due to the fact that the condition of the ice made it necessary to use the force of this swing, to which our Canadian brother curlers are almost entire strangers. But it was not only in regard to covered rinks, which, especially in the evening when the electric light was turned on, made it difficult, owing to the lights and shadows, to regulate the force of the stone and the directions for sweeping; it was not only because of the fact that in most rinks there were crowds gathered round the "teehead" and changing about as each end was played, viewing the game from galleries or from snug enclosures protected by plate-glass windows, an experience which was quite novel to our Scottish players; it was not only that out in Canada and the States they universally played from the "hack," to which the majority of our team were quite unaccustomed, but there were special features which handicapped the Scotsmen throughout the tour. One of these undoubtedly was the fact that the curling-stones, while being transferred from place to place in the railway trains that were heated, as we have mentioned, to such a high temperature, became themselves over-heated and required a considerable time to cool down. On more than one occasion the members of the team were surprised to find their curling-stones settling down half-way up the rink when they had given them sufficient impetus to carry them into the "parish," and on going up to find out the reason for such conduct, it was found that by their extra warmth the stones had embedded themselves to a considerable depth in the ice. Another great factor was that wherever the Scottish curlers went, they found, jaded and tired as they usually were, a fresh relay of Canadian curlers waiting to receive them, with their feet, as it were, upon their native heath. These had been, in most

cases, practising on the same rink for weeks previous to the arrival of their brethren from Scotland. In the case of Quebec and Montreal, where it is usual to play with "irons," which weigh from 50 to 60 lbs., instead of the granites, which averaged from 35 to 40 lbs., it was at first supposed that the generous offer to give up these "irons" and play "granites" on meeting the Scots would tell greatly in favour of the latter, but, as it turned out, the curlers in each of these centres had provided themselves with an excellent set of "granites," and, discarding their "irons," had devoted themselves to practice with the "Ailsas" for a considerable time before the Scotsmen put in an appearance. There can be no doubt that practice with the "irons" gives a more thorough insight into the various scientific points of the game, and this experience seemed to tell in the favour of the iron-playing curlers of our Canadian branch, who certainly put up against us as fine a game as any we had to meet in the granite-playing provinces. Nearly all our matches were decided by the playing of a certain number of ends. Such being the case there was no necessity for objecting to the custom which is prevalent in Canada, and which has been justified by many leading players out there, of skips, and even of other subordinate players, after being called upon to take their place in the "hack," coming up to view the situation round the tee, and forming their own judgment independent of the directions of the "doupar." Had the matches been played by time, it would have been necessary to point out that this custom was a violation of one of the leading rules of curling, namely, that when a player goes up to the "hack" or "crampit" to play, he must implicitly obey his skip's directions, and give up any rights he might formerly have as skip of directing the game. It was one of our resolutions come to on

board the *Bavarian* that we should, if at all possible, avoid making any objection to what might appear to us to be breaches of the laws of the game as we understood them, and on looking back over the whole tour we have no more pleasant reflection than this, that on no single occasion did any dispute arise, or was it ever necessary to call in the aid of an umpire during the progress of any match.

On our departure from the old country we took a good supply of the old broom "kowes" with us, intending to use them on the Canadian ice, but we found the "kowe" unsuitable there. The "kowes" were, however, in great demand by our Canadian brethren, who were anxious to secure specimens for exhibition in their rinks as mementos of old Scotland, and we had not gone very far on our journey before we parted with the most of them.



Photo by Notman, Halifax.

FRANK ROBERTS.
Vice-President Halifax Club.

Farewell Meeting at Halifax

At the farewell gathering at the curling rink on the Friday evening, Mr. D. A. Heron of North Sydney addressed the company, and said he was sorry that the visitors could not go to Sydney, but they had come to Halifax, and he was glad Halifax had entertained them so handsomely. The Halifax Club had invited all the clubs in the Province to come there to meet them. They had enabled them to engage in the games with the visitors and share in the pleasures, and he could not say

enough in praise of them all, but there was one man to whom particular credit was due, namely, President Walter C. Murray, and on behalf of the visiting Nova Scotia curlers he presented him with a gold-headed cane as a slight token of appreciation of his kindness. President Murray thanked them for their gift, and said, if they were pleased, he was sure Halifax was satisfied. According to the *Acadian Recorder* of January 3, "The event of the evening was the speech of the Captain of the team of Scottish curlers in returning thanks to the Halifax Club for their kindness. It was an eloquent address, brimful of wit, of kind words, and every word spoken with a true ring. His praises of the kindnesses extended them by Halifax was of the most hearty character; he said they were going on a long journey, and they did not know what was in store for them, but they would never forget Halifax; first impressions were lasting; and in the annals of the Royal Caledonian Club, Halifax would have a prominent place. Their original intention was to come to Canada *via* New York, but Mr. Frank C. Simson of the Halifax Club was in Scotland, and at their headquarters produced maps and compasses, and showed them that Halifax was the nearest port, and so induced them to come direct to Halifax, the gate of Canada. They had acted on his advice, and how pleased they were words failed to express. They had met fine people—genial and kind, and all working in harmony; they were men among men, and they had a man in every sense of the word in their President, Walter C. Murray. He referred to their keen interest in the game, and advised the formation of a Maritime Provincial Branch of the Royal Caledonian Club, suggesting that if this were done a cup might be presented by the Mother Club for competition at a great Annual Bonspiel. As to their own tour, it was not the

figures of the games that were so important, but it was the good feeling, the drawing closer together of the home Club with her children in Canada, and he felt sure that in this respect their tour would be a success. If so, they would return home delighted with their visit, and Old Scotland would always remember particularly their 'brithers' in New Scotland. The Rev. gentleman's remarks were time and again interrupted with applause, and at the close rousing cheers were given, and the company sang 'Will ye no' come back again.'

"President Murray responded on behalf of the Halifax Club, and said he felt pleased that their efforts had been so much appreciated. He assured the visitors that their coming here meant an epoch in curling in Halifax; it gave an impetus to the game such as was never felt before; their only regret was at the ice not being very good, not for themselves, but to give the visitors an opportunity for practice on keen ice in rinks. He expressed the sincere wish of all for a pleasant journey through Canada, and he thought they should send Mr. Simson to Montreal to meet them on their return homeward, to induce them to sail from here instead of New York. He extended a warm welcome to come to Halifax again, and was glad to hear from the Rev. Mr. Kerr that they might make another visit in the near future.

"'Auld lang syne' and the 'National Anthem' concluded the programme, and as the visitors were seated in the team to drive away they were cheered again and again by the Nova Scotians."

As it is difficult in one's own words to describe one's own doings throughout the tour, these, as in the above case, will be generally given by quotation from local and other records. It is very satisfactory to find one of the members of the team, Mr. Henry Prain, in the excellent running description which

he gave in letters contributed to the *Dundee Advertiser*, writing to that paper on January 4 as follows: "On Friday evening the Halifax Club drove us out to the rink to bid us a collective good-bye, and the speech of our Captain in reply to the toast of the Scottish curlers was a masterpiece of good taste and raciness. He is the right man in the right place, and if he cannot curl so often as we would like owing to his many other duties, he keeps the team up to the mark, and can convey the message of the old country as no other of us could." In the same letter Mr. Prain says: "Of our Canadian brother curlers better sportsmen as opponents or kindlier crowds as spectators we never met. Every good shot was cheered to the echo. Indeed I think our successes received the heartier greetings." This the Captain can cordially endorse, as he had time to go round the galleries in the rinks to watch the progress of the various matches, and it appeared to him that the majority of those present, from the way in which they applauded the good shots made by the visitors, were anxious that the Scots should be victorious. He has no doubt that this was in their mind a way of expressing their sympathy with the old country.

After a very pleasant stay in Halifax the visitors took their departure for St. John on Saturday morning. About fifty Halifax curlers and twice as many other citizens were at the North Street Station of the Inter-Colonial Railway to see the Scotsmen off. The Amherst curlers left by the same train on the C.P.R., and the gathering "made the welkin ring." The Scotsmen cheered for Halifax, the Haligonians for the Scotsmen, and the Amherst men for both. "Jolly good fellows," "Auld lang syne," and "Will ye no' come back again" were among the songs sung between the cheers, and hand-shakings were the order of the day. The train

pulled out at 8.40 amid the combined cheers of the assemblage. The small son of one of the leading curlers is reported on the occasion to have asked his father "if he and his friends were cheering so loudly because they were so glad to see the Scotch curlers away from Halifax."¹ While the cheers were in reality an expression of appreciation and goodwill, there was as usual some truth in the child's remark, for if the four days had been made four weeks, and the Halifax curlers had entertained the Scotsmen in the same style, there is no doubt that the strain upon them would have been too severe. When they were commenting upon the kindness and hospitality of the Halifax curlers it was said, "Wait till you get to St. John"; and at each place the same idea was passed on to the next place of call, as if the Canadian curlers always expected that those farther on would go one better in treating the Scotsmen. But in now looking back over the tour, and trying to realise the great kindness shown to the Scotsmen on every hand, it may safely be said that Halifax gave the keynote to other places, for each seemed to vie with the other to find out some way of showing kindness to the Scots. Among the gathering at the station were a good many ladies, and here it was noted at the outset that these had specially attracted by their delightful and winning manners the affections of the Provost of Bathgate, who made his confession on leaving Halifax in these words, "Kindness in man, and women with their beautiful looks, win our love." We now for the first time made the acquaintance of the special Pullman car, the "Calgary," which in terms of arrangement with the Railway Companies was to take the team from Halifax to New York. This car

¹ It was this same precocious youth who, after viewing a curling match from his nurse's arms, described it thus to his mother when he got home, "Daddy swept water, man hollered, Daddy hollered."

we found handsomely fitted up and in every way comfortable. Besides a smoking compartment there was a drawing-room, which was set apart for the Committee, and twenty-four comfortable seats for the team, with a longitudinal passage down the middle of the car. Each couple of seats was transformed into a sleeping berth at nightfall, and by an ingenious arrangement a second berth was worked down from what appeared during the day as the solid and decorated roof of the train. The lower berth being handiest, and commanding the window, was generally preferred, but some were of opinion that in occupying the upper berths they had certain advantages. It may here be said that while railway travelling in Canada and the States is on the whole comfortable, it is not in advance of railway travelling in the home country. The pace of the trains, generally speaking, is certainly much slower than the ordinary pace in the home country. Over a large portion of the country this did not exceed what has lately been decided to be the limit for motor cars in this country, namely twenty miles. This is no doubt to be accounted for by the fact that bridges are seldom or never seen along the railway route, and the numerous level-crossings require caution on the part of the trains. The accommodation given in the compartments for passengers' luggage is much more limited than at home. On the other hand the amount of luggage, or "baggage" as it is usually called out there, allowed to each passenger (150 lbs.) is more liberal than with us. What is called the "check system" is, however, a great improvement on anything we have. On his arrival at the station the passenger has simply to show his railway ticket and hand over his impedimenta to the baggage master, who then fastens a small tag to each article, and gives the passenger a similar check with

a corresponding number. The Railway Company then becomes responsible for the luggage, and holds it till reclaimed at the passenger's destination by the presentation of the duplicate check. A transfer agent generally boards the cars on their arrival at each station, who undertakes the delivery of the luggage, takes over the checks from the passenger, and gives receipts for these. The charge for this is usually twenty-five cents per



SLEEPING CAR.

Photo by C.P.R. Co.

package, and this agent, or the hotel porter who may act the same part, sees that the package is delivered at the hotel. Baggage is also sent to the railway station from the hotel in the same way. The drawback to this system, as the team found on many occasions, is that the baggage has usually to be ready to be called for a considerable time before the traveller himself requires to start, and sometimes considerable delay takes place in its delivery. On more than one occasion the members of the team found that on arrival late at night or early in the morning they had to go to bed for any sleep or rest

that was possible, without such comforts as were stowed away in their trunks. The attendants on the various cars were found to be mostly "darkies," but in every case, so far as the team's experience went, they were extremely civil and obliging. While the Scottish curlers had their Pullman to themselves it was rather curious to note, as a feature of the Canadian and American railway system, that there were no special sleeping-cars for ladies, which



"OFF AND AWAY ON THE BIG RAILWAY."

is surely a defect. As there are generally no raised platforms at the stations the passenger ascends the car by the aid of a small flight of steps. It was here for the first time that our good Secretary Husband, in stentorian tones shouted out, "All aboard," that cry with which we were to become so familiar before the tour was finished. So from Halifax, amid the cheers of our numerous friends, and with a delightful sense of the kindness we had received there and were likely to receive throughout the Dominion, we were "off and away on the big railway," our next destination being St. John, New Brunswick.

CHAPTER IV

IN ACADIA : ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

Still stands the forest primeval ; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy ;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

LONGFELLOW.

WHEN it was known that the Scottish team was about to come out to Canada there were numerous claimants among the various clubs of New Brunswick for a visit. In name of the St. John clubs the following cordial invitation was sent to headquarters :—

November 24, 1902.

DEAR SIR—I venture to write you in your capacity as Secretary to the curlers who are to come to Canada this winter. The Halifax Curling Club has informed us that you will in all probability arrive in Halifax about the 26th or 27th of December, and

after remaining with them for four days, will then come to make us a visit of two days.

Now it goes without saying that the curlers of this city are delighted beyond measure at this determination on your part, and I can assure you a warm welcome in the Winter-Port City of Canada.



Photo by Connelley, St. John.

CLARENCE FERGUSON.
Secretary St. Andrew's Club.

We have three clubs in the city: the St. Andrew's—the parent Club — founded in 1856, the Thistle established in 1874, and the Carleton Club about 1900.

I am speaking for the three clubs when I state that it would afford a great deal of pleasure if you could arrange to play them all while here.

The news of your coming has aroused in the curlers of the whole province of New Brunswick the liveliest anticipations of friendly contests with your players, and the Fredericton Club, the Moncton

Club, and the St. Stephen Club will all come to the city on the occasion of your visit, and if possible will engage with you in the roarin' game.

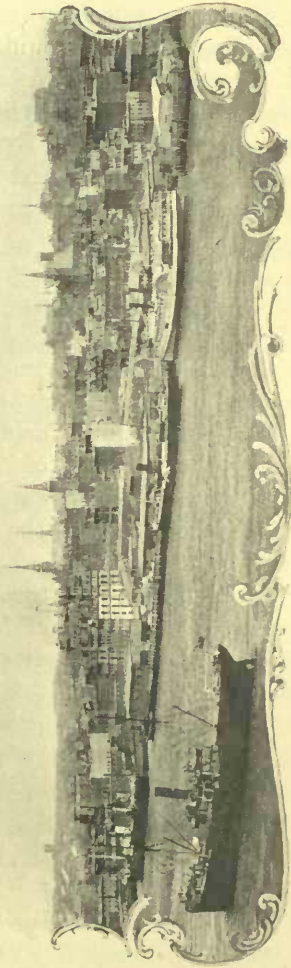
I may add that Fredericton, the capital of the province, is the home of keen players, and is distant about sixty-five miles from this city. Moncton, where the head offices of the Inter-Colonial Railway are situated, is about ninety miles away, while St. Stephen is on the border line between Canada and the United States; and is distant about one hundred and twenty miles from here.

If there is any information that I can give you in any way touching your visit, or otherwise, I shall be glad if you will command me.—Faithfully yours,

CLARENCE H. FERGUSON,
Barnhill Building, Princess Street, St. John.
Secretary, St. Andrew's Curling Club.

A. DAVIDSON SMITH, Esq.

At Moncton, where the head offices of the International Railway are situated, the local club had just had a handsome rink constructed, and an earnest wish was expressed that the team should make its visit memorable by opening the rink. It was however decided to keep to the original programme, and to make St. John the centre where other clubs might be asked to meet the Scotsmen. The scenery in the early part of the journey from Halifax to St. John is very picturesque, but as the journey goes forward it becomes very monotonous, with commonplace hay barns, primitive looking farm-stead-



ST. JOHN.

ings, scraggy fences, and those numerous "dikes" which are built to protect the soil from the tide which comes far

up the province, and which had, as we travelled along, covered the banks of the river Petit Codiac with great ice boulders, piled up in beautiful confusion. Uninteresting as the country might appear we could not forget that the American poet, Longfellow, had made the Annapolis district to our left the scene of his beautiful romance of "Evangeline," and that even the mud-fences that we passed had come under notice in his classical hexameters as

Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labour
 incessant,
 Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons the floodgates
 Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.

As for the "forest primeval" we believe it is as little in evidence in Annapolis, as it is on the route from Halifax to St. John. It is mainly "scrub." Fortunately for Canada the history of the country has not been marred by religious wars in which blood has been shed in the name of the Prince of Peace, and hatred roused instead of brotherhood. But the old controversy for possession between the *fleur de lys* of France and the "red cross" of England led to many a stirring strife, while the American Revolution and the consequent removal to Canada of the United Loyalists had an important influence in determining the future of the Dominion which can never be forgotten.

Longfellow's romance is founded on the expatriation of the French people by the English troops under Colonel Winslow in 1755. With poetic licence he overlooks the fact that this was necessary because the French settlers would not take the oath of allegiance, and were found to be siding against Great Britain when France was pursuing an aggressive policy against the British Colonies of North America. We could not find in all the records

of the long struggle that any valid complaint could ever be made against our home country for harshness or cruelty either toward the French settlers or the Indians, who at times were also found in rebellion. So we listened to the "Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy, still sung by the pines of the forest," without any reflection on the fatherland. On the other hand, when we came to consider the case of our brethren who, after the breaking out of the American War of Independence, had to leave their old homes and come over to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Ontario, their property being confiscated, after much suffering, their only crime being loyalty to king and country, we felt proud of these men and women, and recognised how much their patriotism and principles had to do with the making of Canada. It was forcibly brought home to us, as we visited St. John and other places, that to the noble devotion of these expatriated loyalists we owe greatly the present spirit of independence so characteristic of the Canadians, and that devotion to the old country which is so deep-seated in their hearts.

At a good many places where our train stopped we had complimentary visits paid to us by curlers who had travelled long distances to see the Scotsmen and shake their hands, all at the same time expressing regret that we could not come to them. At Moncton we witnessed the curious phenomenon of the "bore" of 5 feet where the Petit Codiac flows into the Bay of Fundy, and the tide, when ascending its estuary, comes up in the form of a bore or wave from 4 to 6 feet high, the difference between high and low tide being here so much as 30 feet. During our stoppage at Moncton a deputation of the local curlers boarded the train to give us a hearty welcome, and expressed their regret, as we did ours, that we could not break our journey and have a game on their new rink.

Address from Chignecto Club

At Amherst, from which an invitation to play had been sent to the Royal Club before we started, a deputation also came on board and handed to the Captain of the team an address to which on the platform he made a suitable reply. The address was as follows:—

Rev. JOHN KERR, M.A., F.R.S.E.,

Captain "Royal Caledonian Club" of Scotland.

REV. AND DEAR SIR—We, representing the "Chignecto Curling Club" of Amherst, Nova Scotia, cannot allow you and our brother curlers from "Across the Sea" to "draw past our Tee" without extending our hearty welcome to Canada, and expressing our regrets that time does not permit your acceptance of our hospitality, and enable us to have the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with each representative of your Club.

In extending to you our warm fraternal greetings, we know we voice the sentiments of "New Scotia towards Old Scotia" when we express the hope that your visit may strengthen the "tie that binds" us to the land that not only gives us the "roaring game," but so many of our forbears as well.

We heard with much regret that one of your number had been disabled on the way out, and in extending our sympathy we venture to hope that this will prove the first and only mishap of the tour.

Anticipating for you a royal welcome in the "West," we remain, on the part of the Chignecto Curling Club,
Yours fraternally,

R. C. FULLER, *President*,

JAMES MOFFAT, *Vice-President*,

ALEX. BONNYMAN PITT, *Secretary*.

When the Pacific Express steamed into St. John station, or depot as it is there termed, the train was besieged by curlers. Indeed, before the team had reached St. John, Messrs. A. Macaulay and R. A. Courtenay of the Thistle Club, and Dr. J. M. Magee and John Tillotson of the St. Andrew's Club met the party some miles up the line; while Mr. Keltie-Jones, President of the St. Andrew's Club, had gone all the way to



Photo by Climo, St. John.

R. KELTIE-JONES,
President St. Andrew's Club, St. John.



Photo by Climo, St. John.

JAMES M. MAGEE,
Vice-Pres. St. Andrew's Club, St. John.

Halifax to meet them and accompany them. An enthusiastic welcome was given to the Scotsmen as they emerged from the car, while the way out from the station was lined by members of the St. Andrew's Society, who raised their hats and cheered as the procession passed out. The visitors were escorted in cabs to the Royal Hotel, where they were the guests of the local clubs, and of the Legislature, which had voted \$350 towards defraying the expenses of their entertainment. As usual in

the hall of the hotel, one after another came forward inquiring for friends and relatives in the old country, and the Captain had a busy time in directing inquirers to such members of the team as might give them information, as representatives of the districts from which the inquirers hailed. After dinner the curlers were driven to the St. Andrew's Rink, where a smoking-concert was held, as the ice was not in sufficiently good order for play. A few ends in the way of practice were, however, enjoyed before the "smoker" began, by a rink of St. Andrew's players and one of the visitors.

The St. Andrew's Curling Club of St. John, New Brunswick, was established during the winters of 1855-1856. Some of its earliest members were W. C. Watson, James and Robert Milligan, William Girvan, James Walker, Robert and Alexander Jardine, James MacFarlane, Andrew Scott, Robert Cruikshank, Thomas M. Reed, Daniel Stewart, Dr. Boyd, etc. At its start the club owned but six pairs of curling-stones, presented to it by the 72nd Highlanders. Its first annual meeting was held on November 6, 1856, and it has enjoyed a prosperous career of almost fifty years. The first match with an outside club was played at Fredericton on February 26, 1857, and from that time down St. Andrew's has been noted for its record of outside matches. It has played every club in the Province, and most of those in Nova Scotia. Besides the local matches, each year the club visits and plays in about every city and town in the Province. It owns a splendid rink situated right in the heart of the city, and its membership keeps at about the same mark—100 members.

Mr. Keltie-Jones occupied the chair at the smoker, and extended a hearty welcome to the brethren from

Scotland, expressing the wish that their stay in St. John and their whole trip might be a pleasant one. He said that their visit was regarded with the greatest interest over all Canada. Mayor White also spoke, and said, "We don't look upon you as strangers, for many citizens of St. John are either Scotch or of Scotch descent. The Governor-General of Canada is Scotch, and so are many others holding a high office in the Dominion. We look on you as brothers." His Worship then presented to each member of the team, on behalf of their hosts, a souvenir in the shape of a pin with the city coat-of-arms thereon, and the skips of the various rinks were presented with a silver St. Andrew's Cross. The Secretary, Mr. Husband, in thanking the St. John curlers for the souvenirs, said that since they had landed on Canadian shores they had been quite overcome with kindness. They had been told before leaving Edinburgh, by those who professed to be judges, that they would not win a single game, but so far as they had gone they had fared very well—much better, in fact, than they had ever expected. Mr. J. A. Sinclair, President of the Thistle Club, on behalf of the Rev. Dr. Fraser, extended an invitation to the visitors to attend St. Stephen's Church on Sunday morning, and the Chairman extended a similar invitation for St. Andrew's Church in the evening. On behalf of the Hampton Club, Mr. Ralph Marsh extended a welcome to the visitors, and finished up with an excellent song. Dr. Thomas Walker, as President of St. George's Society, also spoke some words of welcome. Provost Ballantyne, Mr. Prain, and Dr. Kirk were among the speakers of the evening, and among those who contributed songs and recitations were Messrs. R. S. Ritchie, Gordon, Bowman, Harvey, Watson, Smith, Malcolm, and Stewart. On the Sunday the Captain of the team conducted the

service in St. Stephen's church in the forenoon, when there was a good attendance of the team. In the course of the service, according to the custom at home, he included in his intercessory prayer the Mayor and the Corporation of St. John, and was much surprised to be told afterwards that this was the first time that such a thing had ever been done in the city. It is evident out there that the clergy consider their Mayors and corporations as past praying for, or that they have no faith in the efficacy of their supplications for the good of the community. In preaching from the text Isaiah xxxiii. 17, "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold a far stretching land," and in commenting on the momentous events of the past few years, the preacher drew attention to the share that this far-stretching Dominion had taken in sending troops out to South Africa to defend the Empire. With the regular soldiers of Scotland her volunteers had fought against the common foe, and, in the same spirit, Canadian volunteers and regulars had fought side by side. He had seen representatives of these, who came over to attend the Coronation of King Edward, and they were a fine body of men. They did not see that coronation in June when they expected to do so, and behold His Majesty in all the magnificence and pomp of the coronation; but when our Monarch lay stricken on his sick-bed there was visible in our King a far greater beauty than could be found in the might and pageantry of the coronation—for then the head of the greatest realm the world had ever known, while battling for his life, was most concerned, not for himself, but for the millions of his loyal subjects to whom the Coronation's postponement came in the nature of a disappointment, and they found him in humility acknowledging fealty to the King of kings. The humanity and love

of King Edward was also referred to by the preacher in connection with the King's visit to Scotland. Shortly after His Majesty's recovery a young Scotsman, who had served him faithfully, fell ill and lay in his mother's cottage near Balmoral. The King on learning this hastened to the sufferer's bedside, and after making minute inquiries about the case, he sent one of his own nurses to attend upon the invalid. Similar acts of gracious ministrations had marked the King's whole life, and when at last his eyes closed upon the affairs of this earth, he would behold a far-stretching land, greater indeed than the Empire of which he was the beloved head, on which the sun never sets. The visit of the Scots curlers, he said, was not solely for having competitions at their favourite pastime, but to cultivate good fellowship between the old country and the new. Their receptions had surprised them. Enthusiastic welcomes had been accorded them in Halifax and St. John, and when they left he hoped it would be found that this interchange of social fellowship and kindly feeling would not only work advantageously in a national sense, but advance the far-stretching Kingdom of their greatest King at the same time. There was a crowded attendance at St. Andrew's Church when the Captain of the team officiated in the evening, many being unable to find seats. The pastor of the church, the Rev. L. E. M'Neill, in a few words of welcome said the pulpit Mr. Kerr occupied that night had been occupied by Dr. Norman Macleod in 1845, and in former days this old Scotch Kirk of St. Andrew's had been honoured by the ministrations of Burns, Wilson, Donald, and other distinguished Scottish divines. The preacher took for his text St. John xv. 15, "Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends:

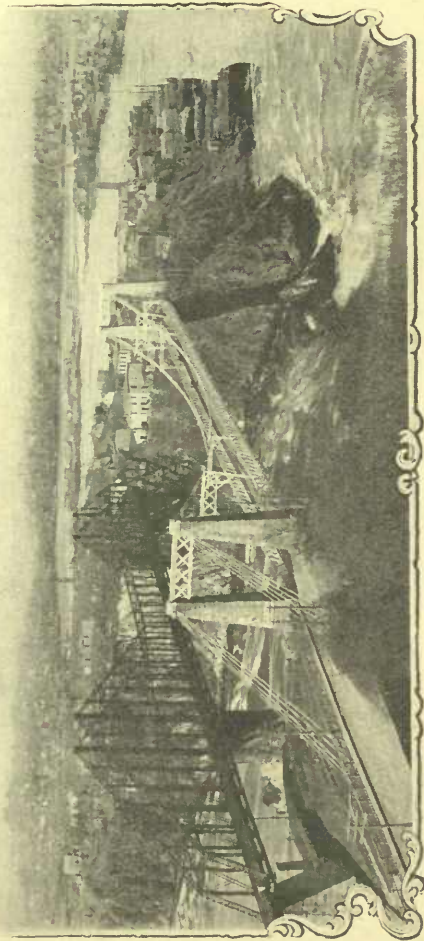
for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you."

The weather was so open on the Monday that we had actually arranged to play a golf match on the Tuesday, as there was a good nine-hole course at St. John. In our team were included a good many who were quite as efficient at golf as at curling. The present lady champion golfer of Canada, Miss Mabel Thomson, lives at St. John, and it was arranged that she should play against the youngest member of our team and our best golfer, Mr. Bentley Murray; but keen frost setting in on the Monday night the suggested golf match had to stand aside for the curling matches that had been arranged for the Tuesday.

On the Monday a match was played against the Thistle Club, two rinks a side, when the scores were: Scotland, 28; Thistle, 15. The ice was not in the best of condition, and as a good many of the Scottish curlers were not engaged in play they took occasion to visit some of the sights of the city. Ever since the memorable fire of 1877, which devastated nine miles of streets and caused a loss of between twenty and thirty millions of dollars, the fair city which takes its name from the Baptist, like the river which is the source of its prosperity, has been growing in beauty and importance. And though the romantic tokens of French rule and Acadian simplicity were destroyed, the fire, as in many other cases, was a godsend to the city; for the new buildings now to be seen there are a great improvement on the old, and the population of St. John is now something like 45,000. The town, like most others in the province of New Brunswick, has a considerable Scottish element, and the proverbial clannishness leads to the combining together of all those who are of

Scottish birth or descent, so that they are "weel acquent" with each other. It is needless to say that the appearance of the Scottish team was regarded with the greatest interest by the inhabitants of the noble rock-founded Canadian city, by which "the Rhine of America," with its wonderful reversible cataract, pours its angry waters into the Bay of Fundy. This cataract, which is one of the wonders of the world, was of course a great centre of attraction to the team. It is caused by the river St. John, which rises in

Maine and flows 450 miles, draining an area of some 17,000,000 acres, discharging itself in the harbour



ST. JOHN RIVER AND HARBOUR FROM SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

in the Bay of Fundy through a rocky chasm, which is a little over 500 feet wide. At high tide the



Photo by Dr. Kirk.

LUMBER MILL WITH TIMBER CHUTE, ST. JOHN.

sea has a descent of something like 15 feet into the river, and at low tide the river has a like fall into the sea.

It is only at half tide or slack water that this part of the river can be navigated with safety; and from the suspension bridge, 70 feet above high tide, with its grand span of 640 feet, a good many members of the team watched with excitement the various attempts of the boats to pass through, some of them being only

successful after they had made as many tries as the famous spider which in the darkest hours of King Robert's history determined the fate of Scotland. Across the river are the great Lumber Mills of Messrs. Cushing, which with their wonderful machinery for the dressing of the logs brought down the river, were of the greatest interest to the visitors. Not the least interesting part of the process witnessed at these mills was the capture of a log from the water by a native, who showed great agility at his work. He got immersed in the process, but some suggested that this was all part of the play, for it made him the subject of a handsome

donation from the visitors. The process of converting spruce-logs into pulp was also seen to advantage in the same establishment, and a specimen of the dry pulp was handed as a souvenir to each of the visitors.

St. John Banquet

On the evening of Monday there was a brilliant banquet in honour of the visitors in the large dining-hall of the Royal Hotel, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion with flags and bunting. Mr. J. D. Chipman occupied the chair. On his right was the Captain of the Scottish team and on his left Mayor White of St. John. Mr. R.



Photo by Mr. Kirk.

LUMBER MAN ON LOG, ST. JOHN.

Keltie-Jones, President of the St. Andrew's Club, was vice-chairman. Letters of apology were read from Lieutenant-Governor C. H. Labllois and Attorney-General Pugsley, who were not able to attend. Among others present, besides the members of the Scottish team, were—

Premier Tweedie, Mayor White, Hon. A. T. Dunn, C. N. Skinner, J. D. Hazen, M.P., Hon. A. M'Keown, Hon. G. F. Hill, Hon. J. V. Ellis, H. C. Read, P. A. Clark, Frank Rankine, A. P. Burnhill, C. B. Allan, F. C. Beatly, H. C. Rutter, F. S. White, P. W. Thomson, A. Watson, A. Mungall, E. A. Schofield, D. Cameron, C. W. Bell, N. E. Fowler, W. E. Foster, M. F. Mooney,

H. S. Wright, C. T. Nevins, W. T. White, C. L. Warwick, W. J. S. Myles, D. J. Bruce, H. B. Robinson, A. Cameron, F. A. Jones, A. H. Campbell, Thomas Campbell, Thomas Hay, R. Orchard, W. H. Harrison, J. Montgomery, W. P. Robinson, R. H. Smith, A. W. Sharp, D. McClelland, D. R. Willet, G. R. Kennelly, H. P. Marquis, A. Malcolm, E. H. Flewelling, J. W. Cameron, N. H. Murchie, W. J. Draper, C. H. McDonald, J. W. Holly, E. E. Burpee, F. Miles, J. H. Pullen, J. Chesley, F. Watson, J. F. Shaw, N. Mungall, E. L. Rising, G. U. Hay, Dr. MacLaren, W. M. Rivers, A. B. Holly, J. H. Thomson, A. Macaulay, R. E. Courtney, J. A. Sinclair, Dr. Magee, G. M. Wilson, A. O. Skinner, J. E. Wilson, E. E. Shaw, Dr. Day, Wm. Sproule, J. E. Fraser, J. S. Gregory, W. A. Shaw, J. R. Warner, T. P. Pugsley, C. McL. Troop, James Scott, N. H. Shary, F. L. Harrison, A. E. Wilson, Dr. Macaulay, G. H. V. Belyea, C. A. Lindon, G. F. Fisher, R. Brownell, John Black, John White, E. R. Taylor, F. S. Murdock, R. S. Ritchie, W. S. Fisher, G. A. Kimball, Percy Wetmore, T. E. G. Armstrong, R. M. Magee, B. M. Colwell, J. R. Ferguson, J. U. Thomas, A. G. Blair, jun., R. Randolph, W. S. Barker, J. E. Ganong, J. H. Tillotson, W. C. Purvis, C. S. Robertson, T. M. Stewart, E. M. Murray, J. K. Brean, E. R. Vickery, W. B. Snowball.

The menu card was in the shape of a curling-stone with coat-of-arms. Page 2 showed a harbour view of St. John, and the obverse contained the following verses:—

Nae game can mak' your blood run quick
 As when ye draw a port or wick,
 Or run the winner out, and stick
 Upon the tee, that's Curlin'.

Oh, hapless wretch who ne'er has known
 The music o' the curlin' stone;
 To heavenly songs ye'll no be prone,
 That's what ye'll lose, no Curlin'.

Then came the following menu:—

“Tak' time an' mak' sure o' it.”
 Oysters on the Shell.
 Sliced Lemon. Queen Olives.
 Scotch Broth.

Lettuce. Salted Almonds.
 Chicken Halibut aux Carottes.
 Creamed Potatoes.
 Macaroni au Gratin.

Pineapple Fritters, Port Wine Sauce.
Boiled Sugar-Cured Ham, Sauce à la
Essence.

Boiled Leg of Mutton, Capér Sauce.

Roast Turkey, Cranberry Jelly.

Roast Loin of Beef au Jus.

Lobster Salad. Radishes.

Roast Grouse, Dressed and Larded.

Roast Red Deer, Black Currant Jelly.

Mashed Potatoes. French Green Peas.
Celery and Cheese.

Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce.

Snow Pudding, Soft Custard.

Apple Pie. Lemon Pie. Madeira Jelly.

Maraschino Cream. Strawberry

Ice Cream.

Apples. Oranges. Malaga Grapes.

Nuts. Raisins. Confectionery.

Coffee.

Sauterne. Port. Claret. Sherry, etc.

"Man, that's Curlin'!

Noo, gie's a sang."



Photo by Climo.

A. WATSON.

St. Andrew's Club, St. John.

The obverse showed a picture of the falls, and on the last page was the Royal Hotel coat-of-arms.

Mr. Chipman having in a neat and patriotic speech proposed the toast of "His Majesty the King," Mr. W. S. Fisher then proposed the toast of "His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and the members of the Local Legislature." He welcomed the visitors to "our country, so full of resources, and hoped that they felt at home since arriving in the city, and that they would be favourably impressed with the country as they extended their tour. He was sorry that the Lieutenant-Governor and some other members of the Government were not able to be present as they had intended." The Hon. H. A. M'Keown said that as one of the advisers of the Government he extended a cordial welcome to the distinguished visitors from across the water. Knowing the industry

and ingenuity of the Scottish people the members of the Government were pleased to meet so important a representation of that country. He hoped that in their tour through Canada they would all be favourably impressed, and take away kindly feelings toward the people they might meet. The Hon. A. T. Dunn and the Hon. Mr. Hill having also spoken words of welcome from the Government, the Hon. J. T. Hazen said there might be differences of opinion among them as regards the way in which the country should be governed, but no matter what the political opinions were of those present, they all joined in extending a most hearty welcome to the Scottish curlers. The toast of "The Royal Caledonian Curling Club" was proposed by Mr. Andrew Malcolm, who coupled therewith the names of the Captain of the Scottish team, and of the Secretary, Mr. Husband. The Captain responded, saying that he was there that night to convey to them a message from their mother-club. Scotland was the home of curling, although some people tried to bestow that honour upon Holland. He spoke of the loyalty of Scotland, and also of the loyalty of their brethren in Canada, who had so recently fought and died in South Africa to uphold the honour of Britain's flag. The Canadian soldiers had proved themselves to be worthy of the old country, and of the Dominion. He felt pleased indeed with the hearty handshakings they had received since coming into the colony, and he felt assured that the reception accorded to them would long live in their memories. He hoped that there would be more representatives sent from Canada to Scotland to be present at the annual meeting of the Royal Club, and he was sure that if the old Maritime Province was revived, and the brethren in that district came into closer relations with the Royal Club, a cup would be offered for

competition as had been done to the Canadian branch. The Chairman proposed the toast of "The Imperial Forces," coupling with it the names of Majors Bertram and Scott Davidson and Captain Simpson, which the guests all drank heartily and then sang "Rule Britannia." Major Bertram, in reply, said that during his service in South Africa he met with several Canadian officers and soldiers, and found them to be military men worthy of the highest praise. He spoke in particularly amusing terms of the Canadian soldier's inclination to cut down trees. Major Scott Davidson said he was in favour of the young men of every country receiving a certain degree of military training. Captain Simpson said that he was in South Africa one year during the war, and was a witness to the valour exhibited by Canadians in that country, which was now a matter of history. The Hon. Senator Ellis, in proposing the toast of "The City of St. John," said he was exceedingly glad to be present, and to help to welcome the visiting curlers from the mother-country. Among the United Empire Loyalists who founded that city there were a good many Scotsmen, who contributed in a large measure to the expansion and welfare of the country. The second Mayor of St. John was a Scotsman. He did what no other Mayor since has been able to do. He held on to the Mayorship twenty-one years, and what was more—he received a pension. Mayor White was the next speaker. He regretted that he was neither a Scotsman nor a curler. He thanked the curlers of St. John for inviting him to attend, and for the enthusiastic manner in which the banquet had been carried on. It was a pleasure to be present when the curlers of the city were doing honour to themselves by honouring their guests from Scotland. He was pleased to meet with the Rev. Mr. Kerr, who had introduced an innovation in his Church services the

day before by praying for the Mayor and Corporation. He might state that that prayer had already had good results, for a resolution had been passed by the Corporation that day that the salaries of the Aldermen should be increased. He believed that no nationality made so much for the progress and greatness of Canada as did the Scots. They were this evening in a maritime city of the loyalists, the gateway of Canada. Although its history was short compared with that of English and Scottish cities, yet it was one full of progress and prosperity. The city of St. John was the Winter Court of Canada, as Montreal was the summer court, and it had made rapid progress within the last few years. He hoped that the visitors had enjoyed themselves, and that they would return favourably impressed with Canada. The Hon. C. N. Skinner said that St. John had four great immigrations—first that of the loyalists by which we received a great imperial impulse, then came the immigration of the Scots, then that of the Irishmen, and lastly that of ourselves. The banquet of that evening, he said, was a New Brunswick banquet, and it was with joy that the people of St. John took part in it to welcome the Scottish curlers. Mr. J. D. Hazen in proposing the toast "Our Guests," expressed himself as being much in accord with the idea of New Brunswick Curling Clubs being more closely associated with the Royal Caledonian Curling Club. Continuing, he said that Canada was proud to welcome the representatives of a nation whose soldiers were known the world over for their valour, and alongside whom Canada's sons had fought on the South African veldt with honour to themselves and to their country. He hoped that the Scottish curlers on returning home would imbue their countrymen who were seeking homes in a foreign land, with the idea of settling in Canada.

At his request the brethren heartily drank the health of their guests. Provost Ballantyne stated that he was much impressed with the warmth of the reception accorded to them, and with all that they had seen in Canada. It was with much interest that he heard of the Corporation having powers to increase the salaries of their Aldermen, and on his return home he need not say that he would suggest this system at Peebles, though he was doubtful as to what the result would be. He hoped on some future occasion to visit the Dominion in the summer season. Messrs. Prain, Henderson, and Provost Gordon delivered short, pithy speeches, and Mr. John H. Thomson, who had been rather unmercifully chaffed during the evening for his defeat at the hands of a Scotsman during the day, gave an excellent song. Mr. Ritchie gave with equal acceptance an English and an Irish song, and several other gentlemen contributed to the success of the meeting by songs and recitations. Dr. Kirk, having thanked the curlers of St. John for their hearty reception, then proposed the health of Mr. Chipman, who so well performed the duties of Chairman, and Mr. Chipman having made a suitable reply, the company joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem.

In his speech at the banquet, the Captain remarked that the soft weather in St. John which they had experienced up till now, was, no doubt, due to the number of cats in the place; for it was a well-known Sanquhar story that an old and keen curler there, after watching "baudrons" for some time as she was washing her face, bringing her paw over her right ear (a sure sign of soft weather), snatched the poor cat up from the hearth and dashed her out at the door, saying, "Get oot, ye jade, an' no sit there and mak' thow." When the curlers came out from

the banquet the weather was so much improved, from a curling point of view, that a good game was looked forward to on the Tuesday with the various picked rinks from the Province of New Brunswick. In these matches, in which each club was represented by a single rink, the visitors engaged several clubs at one time, this itself being a considerable handicap. Provost Ballantyne of Peebles was the only one who was able to hold his own,



MRS. KELTIE-JONES.

and he succeeded in defeating the Carlton Rink by 15 shots to their 13. The St. Stephen had rather a hollow victory against the Edinburgh skip, Cousin, who happened to be off colour for the day, while St. Andrew was 4 points up against Bramwell's rink, which has all round proved the best in the team. Campbelltown was also victor by 14 to 7 over Mr. Prain's rink, and thus, over the whole, Scotland had the worst of it; but 24 shots down on two

days' play, and that against picked rinks each fresh for the encounter, while our team had continuous work on hand, was, on the whole, fairly good, and up to this stage the mother-country's representatives had no cause to be ashamed of the way in which they had held their own. The stay in St. John was all too short, for, besides their play and feasting, the members had to meet kinsmen from all parts, and have talks with them of old days and characters. While all was kindness on the part of the St. John curlers, special praise is due to Mr. and Mrs. Keltie-

Jones, who at their splendid mansion, where the Duke and Duchess of York had resided on their visit, entertained members of the team in royal style. Mrs. Jones took a special interest in the team, as she is herself a thorough Scot, being a daughter of Sir John Usher, Bart. of Norton, Mid Lothian.

When they prepared to depart on Tuesday evening, on their way to Quebec, a great crowd gathered at the station. Short speeches of thanks and farewell were made from the steps of the special saloon by the Captain and Provost Ballantyne, and as the train steamed out of the station the company raised vociferous cheers, and sang in chorus, "Will ye no' come back again?"



Photo by Climo, St. John.

C. A. KIMBALL.
Past-President St. Andrew's Club.



Photo by P. H. Green, St. John.

J. WHITE
St. Andrew's Club, St. John.

CHAPTER V

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC : QUEBEC CITY

Here sailed Jacques Cartier bold, and great Champlain,
Here vigorous Frontenac with iron ruled :
Here fell two heroes ; one in victory
Scarce realised ; his rival in defeat
Scarce known. Peace from their glorious graves has schooled
The ancient discord, till our minstrelsy
Sings growth united in war's vacant seat.

ALFRED THOROLD.

WHEN the programme of our tour was drawn up, the curlers of Toronto, one of the greatest of the Canadian curling centres, forwarded a gentle remonstrance to headquarters that too much time was allotted to visiting some places after the team had left "the gate of Canada," Halifax ; but the Royal Club had to bear in mind that she had a special duty to perform to what was formerly called the Quebec Club, and is now known as the Canadian branch of the club. At the other great centres curlers had formed associations of their own which, while looking to the mother-club as their guide, had their own government and stood by themselves, as the Manitoba branch and the Ontario branch respectively, their business being entirely in the hands of their own executive, to which their annual fees were paid ; while the old Canadian branch, with some twenty-five clubs in its connection, had kept in touch

with the mother-club just as much as any of the home provinces. Twelve days of the tour were therefore allotted to Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa, the three chief venues of the curlers in the Canadian branch, and from their experiences at these places even this allowance was too short to do justice to the reception that was prepared for the visiting team.



LADIES' CURLING CLUB CHALLENGE CUP.

Presented for Competition between the Montreal, Quebec, and Lachine Ladies' Clubs.



QUEBEC AND ONTARIO CHALLENGE CUP.

Curling in Quebec Province

It is not certain at what time curling was introduced into Canada from the old country, but Quebec seems to have been the point from which the game, on being brought from Scotland, started on its successful career. We hear of curling going on there about the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, but the first Transatlantic curling club was formed at Montreal in January 1807 by some natives of North Britain who wished to introduce the national pastime—their favoured national game—on the St. Lawrence.

In that same year a game was actually played on the river a little below the Port so late as April 11. The membership of this club was limited to twenty, and among the original rules were these: "The club shall meet at Gillis's on Wednesday every fortnight at 4 o'clock, to dine on salt beef and greens. The club dinner and wine shall not exceed 7s. 6d. a head, and any member infringing on this rule, under any pretext whatever, shall be liable to a fine of four clubs. No member shall ask a friend to dinner except the President and Vice-President, who may ask two each. The losing party of the day shall pay for the bowl of whisky-toddy to be placed on the middle of the table for those who may choose it." In recording the resolution passed in February 1820 that the club should dine at the beginning and the end of winter, the Secretary adds: "*N.B.* This was adopted when the Club had not met for more than six years, partly occasioned by the war in which we were engaged with the United States." At first the Montreal Club, for want of proper granites, had but a feeble existence, but irons of a rude description in shape something like large tea-kettles, were adopted, and were found to suit better. These weighed from 46 to 65 lbs. each, and were the common property of the Club. At Quebec a regular curling club was formed in the year 1821. We find the two Canadian clubs engaged in their first tussle at Three Rivers in 1835, when, as it happened, Montreal had to pay the dinner. In regard to the use of wine on the occasion, the Montreal Secretary wisely enters in the Minute Book: "The Secretary has never seen such a thing, and as this is the first, so he hopes it will be the last time that ever he shall hear of champagne being exhibited at a bonspiel dinner." Colonel Dyde, the famous Canadian curler, in describing these early days,

says that the cause of this unusual proceeding was "that there was no good, not even tolerable, whisky to be had in Three Rivers," and he goes on to say: "There were twenty-six guests at the dinner, which was good and substantial, and though we had no haggis, the deficiency was in some degree supplied in roast turkeys, of which it is said nine graced the board. Owing to the slender means of the club, the eight Montrealers had to pay £3:2:6 each as the cost of the meal, and about the same sum for going and returning. An amusing scene took place when the company separated just before starting at daylight. The wine bill being rather high, some of the Montrealers objected, and as a convincing proof that the host had charged too much, one of them produced from his pocket the cork of every bottle that had been emptied, and the number of corks and bottles did not correspond; but a little investigation showed that several bottles had been consumed by some of the guests out of sight of the cork-keeper, and the bill was paid without further parley." When the Grand Club was formed in 1838 the Canadian curlers, finding that in a few particulars their rules of play differed from those adopted in Scotland, at once threw all differences to the wind, and in a truly patriotic spirit gave their allegiance to the mother-club.

The Montreal Thistle Club was formed in 1842. For a good many years these three were the only clubs on the Caledonian list; but we hear of military clubs at Quebec, the officers of the Dragoon Guards at Chambley and the officers of the 71st Regiment having their respective clubs in 1841, when they proposed to challenge Montreal. A third club, the Caledonia, was formed at Montreal in 1850. Kingston comes upon the scene in 1859, Ottawa in 1862, Belleville in 1867, and Arnprior in 1868. Within the last thirty years many other clubs

have been added, and we have now twenty-three clubs in the province, all affiliated with the Royal Club. From the



ROYAL CALEDONIAN CUP.
(Victoria Jubilee Trophy.)

first, district medals have been awarded there as they are at home. The distance between the competing clubs is often, of course, very great, but it is no obstacle to the bonspiel. Montreal thinks nothing of going 200 miles to play Quebec, and *vice versa*. "Some of the medals," says the Secretary of the branch in 1860, "cost the winners £50, but they are all highly prized."

In the course of our tour, representatives of the Canadian branch caught us up at Utica, whither they had come to play the curlers of the United States their annual match—another proof

that distance is no object when curling is concerned. The most coveted trophy in the Canadian branch is the handsome silver cup which was gifted by the mother-club, the Royal Caledonian, in commemoration of the Jubilee of the late beloved Queen Victoria, to be played for annually by the clubs of the Canadian branch. After

their matches they always have a "beef and greens" feast, and the haggis and Atholl brose are not forgotten. They toast the King, the Governor-General, and then "Oor auld respectit Mither, the Royal Caledonian Club." Never through all their history do we find the Canadian curlers, as they follow the old game, forgetting its old home, and the home of their fathers. At the same time, in the spirit of true brotherhood, they are ever found anxious to advance the interest of those who belong to other countries and nations in the health-giving and manly sport. Here is a cutting from a Canadian paper which illustrates the progress of curling among the non-Scottish, and its unchanged attraction for the Scottish citizens of Quebec so far back as 1854: "The great event of the past week was the monster curling-match. Scotsmen had challenged all who came in from the south of the Tweed to beat them at their national game. The challenge was instantly responded to by the curlers of Quebec, or 'Barbarians' as they facetiously styled themselves, and immense excitement ensued. Sir James Alexander, A.D.C., acted as Mayor. The game commenced at one o'clock, and continued with great zeal until half-past four. The scene on the river was novel and interesting. Hosts of ladies and gentlemen and many gay equipages surrounded the rinks. Bursts of merriment, snatches of broad Scots, cries of 'Soop him, soop him,' resounded on all sides. Curling-stones with red or blue ribbons came gliding towards the tee, now quietly, anon with thundering force, as the skips directed. The curlers, besom in hand, seemed all absorbed in the game, occasionally coaxing some favoured stone with honeyed expressions, as though their very lives depended on the issue, and not unfrequently a great player would lose his footing in the

excitement of the moment, to the infinite amusement of the bystanders. In the background arose the fortress of old Stadacona (Quebec), whose cannon were manned by a company of artillery at target practice, and firing as it were a royal salute to the curlers. The playing was keen, ay, as keen as the north-west wind, which forced many of the fair admirers unwillingly from the spot, and the result of the game as clearly proved that the 'Barbarians' are little behind their civilised brethren in this manly sport. The Scotsmen, 94; Barbarians, 83." One of the most interesting bonspiels in our Canadian branch is the Scottish "Parish" game, instituted in the year 1864, when "four callants from the parish of Culter, Lanarkshire, challenged ony four frae ony ither parish in a' braid Scotland or the world tae play a freendly game o' curlin'." Four lads from the parish of Ayr accepted the challenge, and were beaten by two shots. Next year Ayr, under the Hon. John Young as skip, with "Davie" Mair and his big Kil-marnock bonnet, big "Sandy" Fleck, and "Davie" Mackay, all frae the auld toon, challenged Culter, skipped by "Geordie" Denham, President of the Montreal Club, who had few equals on the ice, with "Jamie" and "Tam" Brown, and "Wee Tam," all well-known Culter curlers, and beat them, Ayr being victorious by eight shots. There is no doubt that the progress of curling in Canada has been in great measure due to the almost continuous support received from the Governors-General of the Dominion. One of the first *Annals* (1841) refers to the interest taken in curling at that time by His Excellency Sir George Arthur, and others after him gave their support to the cultivation of the pastime. By the personal part he took in the game, and his disinterested endeavours to increase its popularity throughout the

whole Dominion, Lord Dufferin, during his term of office, gave a most decided impetus to Scotland's ain game. A Vice-Regal Club was instituted by His Excellency, of which he was Patron, President, and a regular member (as all patrons and presidents ought to be), while the Countess of Dufferin was Patroness. The members of the club



OUTDOOR RINK, RIDEAU HALL.
Made for His Excellency Lord Dufferin.

were chiefly members of His Lordship's suite. The most notable of Lord Dufferin's measures for the advancement of curling was the institution of the Governor-General's prize. This was open to all the clubs in the Dominion. They first competed—eight chosen men of each—on their own ice, the game being one of points. The two clubs with the highest average scores for their eight

players then met on the Governor-General's rink to play for the prize, and the winning club was held to be the champion club for the year. When Lord Dufferin was about to leave Canada, the clubs of the Quebec province, through their President, Colonel Dyde, presented him with an address expressive of their gratitude and esteem, accompanied with a picture of a Canadian curling-match, portraying a thoroughly outdoor winter scene, with all the characteristics and surroundings of an exciting curling contest, and comprising also faithful portraits of many of Canada's keenest curlers, and some of His Excellency's most attached friends. The Marquis of Lorne, who had twice been President of the Royal Club, very naturally and very enthusiastically took up the cause for which Lord Dufferin, his predecessor, had done so much. The very first year after Lord Lorne's arrival we find the Vice-Regal Club winning a royal medal from the Carilion Club, His Lordship, according to the report of the match, playing a fine lead. H.R.H. the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) also showed her interest in the game, as Lady Dufferin had done, by becoming Patroness of the Vice-Regal Club. The present Governor-General, when he was formerly in Canada on the staff of the then Governor, the Marquis of Lansdowne, took practical interest in the old game; and in the *Annual* of 1888-89 the departure of the Marquis of Lansdowne himself from Canada is referred to with regret, as he had "not only conferred on the game the prestige of his name, and promoted it by prizes, but had, during his residence there, learned the game and become a keen curler." His Excellency Lord Minto, since he went out as Governor-General, has devoted his spare time more to skating than to curling, Her Excellency, Lady Minto, being one of the first adepts in

this healthy recreation; but no one was more anxious to see our Scottish team out in Canada, and no one showed us more kindness than His Lordship. The prize of Governor-General Dufferin has been continued by successive Governors in the form of a cup, the possession of which is still the great ambition of the Canadian clubs. The present holders of this and also of the Victoria Jubilee Trophy are the Ormstown Club, of whose representatives we give a picture. This has the reputation of being the "crack" club in our Canadian branch. The competition for this cup seems to have brought about an important change in the mode of playing the game of points in Canada. This form of play from the first received a good deal of attention, and the scoring rose very high, the condition of the ice being more favourable to high scoring than in Scotland. In 1846 the Montreal Thistle play averaged $8\frac{1}{2}$ to each competitor, two members tying with 12 points. For the Montreal Gold Medal in 1856, thirteen players averaged 12 points each, Charles Sunner scoring 21, Captain Gallwey 18, James Tyre, Jno. Dyde, and Walter Macfarlane 15 points each. In 1875 W. F. Fenwick won the Silver Medal of the Thistle with a score of 21 points, the highest available then being 32 points. For the final tie in the Governor's Cup Competition of 1879 two clubs appeared with averages for their eight players which threw all others into the shade, Ottawa $20\frac{1}{2}$ points to each man, and Quebec with an average of $19\frac{7}{8}$. This tall score must have alarmed the Canadian curlers themselves, for immediately thereafter we find the Secretary of the branch, Mr. A. Murray, writing the Secretary of the Royal Club, December 9, 1880, that they had adopted a new series of positions in point play to regulate the competitions for the Canadian branch Tankard and the

Bank No. 1—J. L. G. McGerrigle, skip.

G. E. Baird.

J. B. McGerr.

Jas. Hopping.



ORMSTOWN CLUB,
(Champion Club, Canadian Branch, 1903.)

Bank No. 2—W. G. McGerrigle, skip.

R. F. Smith.

Rev. J. J. Strong.

Dr. A. M. Cornack.

Governor-General's prizes. "The emulation excited by the latter has," says the Secretary, "been wonderfully keen, until experience has proved that, either by constant practice or by manipulation, a lead has been established on the ice to the several positions, resulting in some wonderfully large scores being made at points, thus placing at a great disadvantage such clubs as endeavoured honestly to carry out the competition." According to the new diagrams which were sent to Mr. Davidson Smith at that time, "No two stones are played on the same lines, so that any manipulation of the ice for one point will effectually spoil the ice for any other, and the positions given are also more closely assimilated to the actual play of an ordinary rink match than the old positions." So far as we understand, this Quebec system of points is still followed in Canada, but they have adopted a change which was initiated by the Royal Club of having 9 points with the maximum score of 72. The International Trophy, the gift of Robert Gordon of New York, brings about each year a meeting between picked curlers of Canada and the United States, in which the former generally are victorious. There is also a keen contest annually for the Quebec province Tankard with gold medal for the winning club, this competition being conducted on the same lines as those laid down for the Governor-General's cup. In using "irons" instead of "granites" the clubs of the Canadian province maintain that more scientific play is possible. From our experience we can corroborate this theory, though we are not sure that there is such excitement and exhilaration in playing with these very scientific implements as there is with the more elastic granites, just as there is more excitement and exhilaration at home in playing on the open pond or loch than in the covered and comfortable

rinks of Canada. At the great carnival, which used to be held annually at Montreal, the ancient wooden blocks, granites, and irons were all allowed to take part in the show, when one of the great attractions of the carnival was curling. Mr. Murray, writing of the winter gathering of 1883-84, says: "The most novel feature of the whole scene was the competitions at one and the same



COLONEL STEVENSON AND REV. DR. BARCLAY AT PLAY "LANG SYNE."

time of clubs playing wooden blocks, granite stones, and irons, and many a joke was cracked on the respective merits of the different stones, one of the best of course being made by an iron-playing curler to the effect that even in curling the evolution theory held true; and here it was exemplified, first in the primitive wooden blocks like overgrown cheeses, next these developed into granite stones, a vast improvement, until finally we get perfection in the iron, when the fun and frolic of genuine curling were just as good and the play infinitely

better than any other of its predecessors. It is needless to say the 'granites' did not see the joke."

When it was heard that a Scottish team intended to come out to Canada, our brethren of the Canadian branch at once intimated that they would put aside for the occasion their "irons" and meet us with "granites." They, however, had provided themselves with a full supply of the latter, which we found were actually much better constructed for their purpose than those which had been specially prepared for the team and caused them so much trouble at the outset by their edges being too sharp. They had also been in constant practice for some time with the "granites," so that after all their generous offer did not handicap them. In the same kindly spirit they offered, before our departure, to allow the team to take with them on their further journey the "granites" which had been used against them in the Canadian branch; but it was thought better to carry on our work with the implements, however imperfect they were, with which we were supplied, in the hope that as we proceeded they would be improved by playing.

In the history of curling in this Quebec province perhaps the most notable figure is Colonel Dyde, who was for a long time President of the branch. The worthy Colonel died in 1886, full of years and honours, having been up to his latest hour an enthusiast in the "roaring game." In his day he was one of the most expert exponents of the art, and he used to ascribe his long-continued vigour and health to his curling. A few years before his death the Colonel, along with three other curlers of the Montreal Club, Sir Hugh Allan, the Hon. John Young, and James Tyre, whose united ages as a rink amounted to 297 years, challenged any other four to a friendly game. In the course of

two or three years the challenge was accepted nine times, and the veterans won in every instance. The Colonel was one of the sixteen Quebecers, all about six feet tall, who played in the match against Montreal at Three Rivers as far back as 1835, so that for over half a century his commanding influence and good example popularised the game in the Dominion. Two distinguished divines, the Rev. Dr. Cook of Quebec and the Rev. Dr.



“THE CALLANTS.”

James Tyre, Esq. Col. Dyde. Geo. Denholm, Esq.
Hon. John Young. Hugh Allan, Esq.

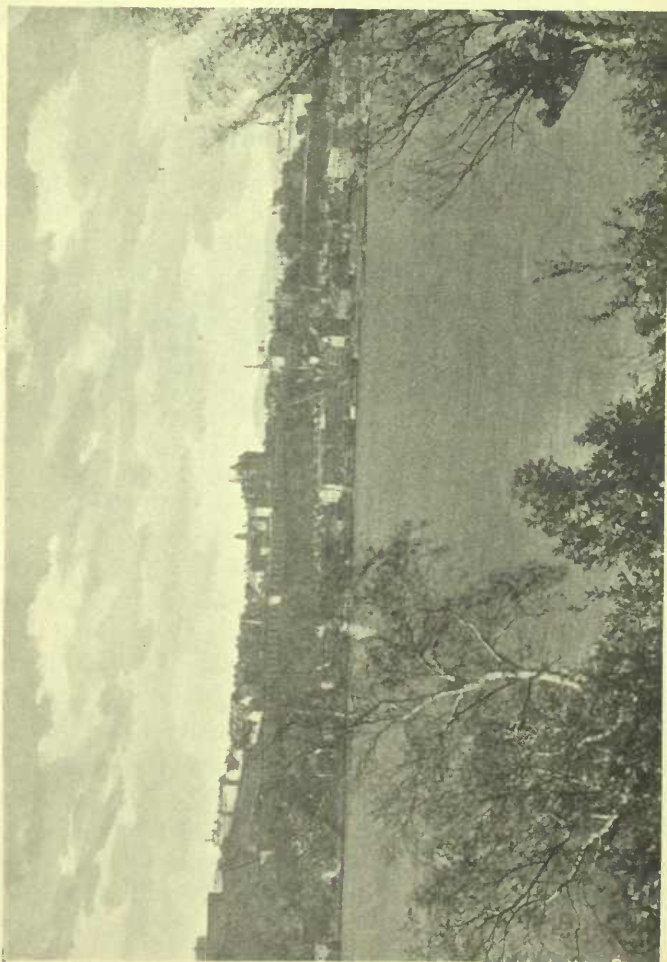
Barclay of Toronto, identified themselves with the curlers and their sport, the latter taking a prominent part in its advancement, and being one of the first to urge that an invitation should be sent for a visit from the curlers of Scotland. Now the Canadian branch has for its chaplain one who is honourably regarded by all for his excellence in curling and other manly sports, as well as for his abilities as a preacher—the Rev. Dr. Barclay, formerly of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh. It may be said that the cause of curling in that Dominion has never

had two better friends than David Guthrie, ex-President of the branch, and Colonel Stevenson, the present President. Certainly our team found no more faithful friends than these two gentlemen proved themselves to be to us throughout the tour.

The Team at Quebec

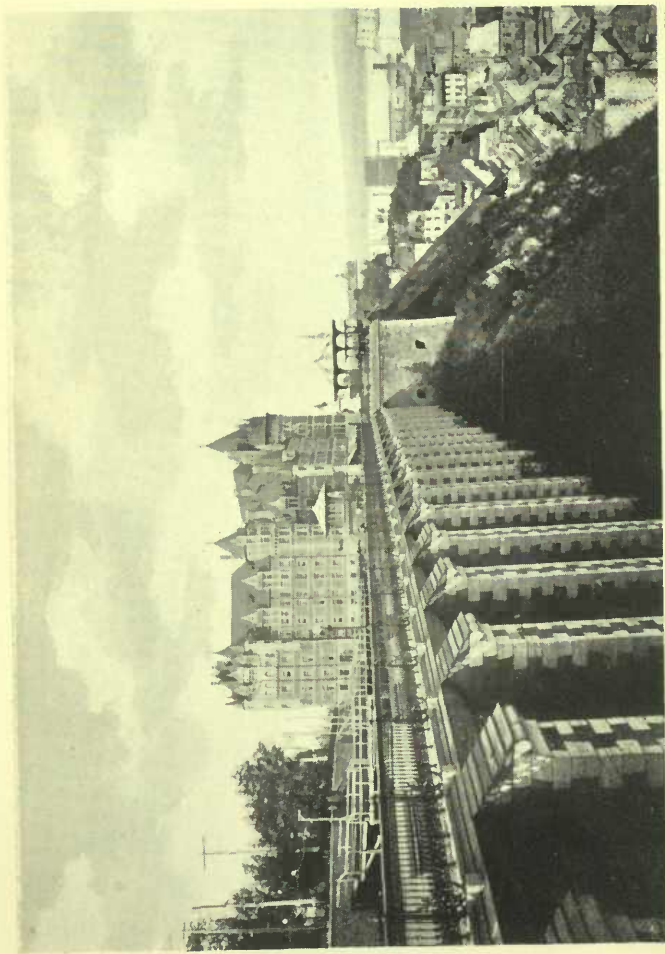
After a tedious journey, which included our first night in the sleeping-car, our team arrived at Levis, the railway station for Quebec, on the north bank of the St. Lawrence. Emerging from the train, which was heated as usual up to 60° or 70° , into a climate of 20° below zero, the members of our team had the most trying experience of the severities of the Canadian climate. As we boarded the boat which had to cut its way through the ice-bound river to the quaint old city, the majority, as they sought for shelter among the goods, horses, cattle, and every kind of vehicle which were on board alongside of the passengers, looked severely shivery, and began to be aware of the danger of being frost-bitten, which some had hitherto smiled at as a myth. The local curlers turned out in fair array to welcome us. The company included the Rev. Mr. Love, Dr. G. H. Parke, President of the Victoria Club, Fred. Smith, President of the Quebec Club, J. O. Rattray, and R. Simpson. There would have been a much greater demonstration had it not happened that the wife of one of the members of the City Club was being buried that day, and indeed the visiting team had to pause on its way through the streets to let the sad procession pass, when the fur-clad garb of the large company of mourners could not fail to attract attention. At the pier we were assailed on every hand by carriole-drivers, whose excessive importunity reminded us of the Musselburgh caddies with their "Carry for you, sir," and

who sought our patronage for their sleigh. In their



QUEBEC FROM LEVIS.

scarlet ceintures these Jehus looked very picturesque. But



Face p. 159.

Photo by C. P. R. Co.

CHÂTEAU FRONTENAC AND DUFFERIN TERRACE,
Showing Lower Town, Quebec.

the curlers of Quebec had made their own arrangements, and speedily conveyed our party in special carriages up the steep ascent to the Château Frontenac in Dufferin Terrace, one of the finest hotels in the whole Dominion, which is run in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway, a company which has the reputation of doing well whatever it takes in hand. So popular is this hotel in the summer season with American and other tourists that, even though the dining-room is one of the most capacious, the visitors are so numerous that they have to dine in relays of hundreds at a time. From our point of vantage at the "Frontenac" we at once gained a splendid impression of the "Sentinel City of the St. Lawrence," as Quebec has been aptly termed; and the description of Charles Dickens was recalled by more than one of the team: "The impression made upon one by this Gibraltar of America—its giddy heights, its citadel suspended as it were in the air, its picturesque steep streets and frowning gateways, and the splendid views which burst upon the eye at every turn—is at once unique and lasting. It is a place not to be forgotten." We had read and heard much about Old Quebec, but it was indeed a revelation to visit a city of such mediæval aspect in the new country; while the great frost-bound ruins, the grim snow-clad mountains, the wonderful combination of old and new in what are practically two cities, made us Scotsmen realise that there was here a competitor with our own "Auld Reekie," with its story of chivalry and romance, and its Arthur's Seat and Pentlands. The Plains of Abraham, like the Plains of Marathon, inspire patriotic feelings; and the noble piles of the Basilica and Cardinal's Palace give a religious turn to the sentiments quite as readily as the ruins of Iona or St. Andrews. It was here that Cartier, the Columbus of

the north, first landed; where Champlain, whose tasteful monument stands in front of the hotel, founded the first



Photo by Dr. Kirk.

GENERAL MONTCALM'S HEADQUARTERS,
QUEBEC.

French colony; where Wolfe fell, and Montcalm received his death-wound; and where the American general, Montgomery, was killed in besieging the city in 1775. Perhaps the most interesting sight in this ancient city, which in itself is a miniature of the history of Canada, is the monument on which the virtues of Wolfe and his opponent Montcalm are commemorated together. They were both brave men, and to their bravery is due the

fact that British and French, after their old conflict, now dwell together in unity. Wolfe's victory on the Plains of Abraham will ever remain one of the most important in the history of the British nation. It gave us the United States, which we should never have lost; it gave us Canada, which it is to be hoped we shall never lose, and opened up the path of Empire which we have been as a nation treading ever since. The Chamberlain of that day who realised Great Britain's possibilities was William Pitt, and the man he chose for his purpose was in physique insignificant, but in character of "heroic and quenchless tenacity." On the fateful September 12

when Wolfe's daring plan for storming the rock was complete, he forestalled Nelson's signal at Trafalgar by the order, "Officers and men will remember what their country expects of them."

That watchword has been as an inspiration to Canada. In another respect the daring youth seems to have breathed his spirit into the Canadian, for it is said that as the flotilla drifted silently down the river on that eventful night from the Isle of Orleans and Point Levis toward the point in the black wall of cliffs which had been fixed upon, the silence was broken by Wolfe himself reciting the stanza from Gray's "Elegy,"

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e're gave
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

"I would rather," he said to his officer, "have written that poem than take Quebec." He took Quebec, and his path to glory was the grave; but the Canadian, as our pages show, not only worships the hero, but follows him as a lover of poetry and verse.

On every hand we heard the French tongue spoken, and as nearly two-thirds of the population are French, the surprise was that so many good Scotsmen were to be found in the quaint old city; but it appears that if the British are only one-third of the population, they, and more especially the Scotch, are predominant partners in the life of Quebec. With only two days to spend, our time might have been fully taken up in sight-seeing on ground so historic, but as curling was the ostensible object of our team's visit, the players, as soon as they had enjoyed a meal, sallied forth to do battle on the respective rinks of the Quebec and Victoria clubs, which were both gaily decorated with bunting for the occasion. It was at

Quebec that we first noticed the effect of the heating in the railway carriages upon our curling-stones; these had



Photo by Jones, Quebec.

A QUEBEC RINK.

T. Delany. J. G. Bruneau. A. W. Boswell.
David Jewell.

not sufficient time to cool down before playing, and it was difficult to know how much force to give them, as in their warm condition they would suddenly settle down, to the surprise of the player, and leave a cup in the ice after their removal. Our success was, therefore, quite as much as, perhaps more than we were entitled to expect; for while the Quebec two rinks scored a victory against the Scots, the other two Scottish rinks, led by Messrs. Bramwell

and Prain, were victorious over the two rinks of the Victoria club. Next day the Scotsmen had their revenge by defeating both clubs, the Victoria by 28 points and the Quebec by 6 points. At the conclusion of the matches, which were viewed by large galleries, the visitors were heartily cheered, and in the grand hall of the hotel there was quite an enthusiastic gathering awaiting their return. With song and sentiment, chiefly Scotch, a delightful evening was spent, and Mr. Morgan at one interval presented to the Captain a Canadian flag.

During our stay in Quebec the Captain, under Mr. Morgan's guidance, visited the Citadel, and was very kindly received by the officers, and shown the fort which gives to Quebec the title of "The Gibraltar of Canada." The view down the river was magnificent, but the cold was very intense, and he had to keep rubbing his nose and ears to avoid being frost-bitten. In company with Mr. Townsend, the representative of Messrs. Robertson, Sanderson, and Co., he visited a number of the French merchants' offices, and saw a good many of the *habitants* in their own homes. They seem to be very comfortable, and to all outward appearance are very loyal to the British Government, as they well may be; for as usual with Great Britain, the terms granted to the French, after the conquest of Canada, were of the most liberal description; indeed some maintain that they erred on the side of liberality. The Roman Catholic Church owns an enormous amount of property in Quebec, Montreal, and elsewhere; and according to these conditions, there is no direct taxation on such property. Her wealth has, therefore, so accumulated that it has actually become a burden to herself; and it would not be surprising to many who know the situation to awake some morning and find that there had been an internal revolution, so as to have a more equal distribution of the spoil; for while those in authority are in possession of the wealth there are a great many whose condition in life would be very much improved by having some slight share thereof. Unquestionably, as against the United States, or perhaps any other power, the French Canadians would stand firm by Great Britain; but now and then there are not wanting signs to show that the loyalty of some is only skin deep, and that on occasion they might break away from the British *régime*. This, we were told, was distinctly noticeable during

the great war in South Africa, when the sympathies of the French were certainly with the Boers. We were informed that on the great rejoicing nights, such as marked the relief of Kimberley and Mafeking, when the British were naturally making joyous national demonstrations, the chagrin of the French was with difficulty suppressed, and in several cases open collisions occurred on the streets. The present Premier of the Dominion, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, is himself a Frenchman, and there is no more loyal subject of the British Crown. No doubt his great influence has had much to do with the present contented condition of his Franco-Canadian brethren. Were any question ever to come up which would revive the old controversy as to whether France or Great Britain should be the ruler of Canada, which is not very likely, there is no doubt that the conflict would be a severe one. One fact is of interest in this direction, viz. that the *habitants* are much more fertile than the purely French or the British. Indeed, the numerous families which they produce, averaging from a dozen to a score, is quite remarkable. This increase in the population of Canada on their part cannot fail to have a great influence in determining the future prospects of the Dominion. In the company of Mr. Morgan, who is one of the chief merchants of the city, the Captain had a good opportunity of visiting the various ecclesiastical establishments, and was much struck with their magnificence and grandeur—their principal church, the Basilica, being one of the finest he had ever seen. He had also the opportunity of seeing some of the chief warehouses of the merchant princes of Quebec, and was much struck with the splendid fur establishment of Messrs. Rolf and Co.

An interesting object was the Post Office, which occupies the site of the old "Chien d'Or" building. A

stone from the old structure, bearing the carved and gilded figure of a dog gnawing a bone, has been built into the front wall. Below is the inscription:—

Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os,
 En le rongant je prends mon repos.
 Un temps viendra qui n'est pas venu
 Que je mordrai qui m'aura mordu.

The story, which has been very well woven into a historical novel by Mr. Kirby, is that the house belonged to a rich merchant named Philibert, who had been wronged by Intendant Bigot, and chose this way of expressing his hatred. Philibert was afterwards killed by an officer quartered on the Chien d'Or by Bigot, but was revenged by his son, who slew his father's murderer in Pondicherry many years later. At a later date the house, it seems, was occupied as an inn by Sergeant Miles Prentice, whose pretty niece, Miss Simpson, so captivated Commander Horatio Nelson of H.M.S. *Albemarle*, in 1782, that the future hero of Trafalgar had to be spirited away by his friends to prevent him marrying her.

Banquet at Montmorency

The chief social event of our visit to Quebec was the banquet provided by the clubs at Kent House, Montmorency Falls. Here, and everywhere throughout Canada, we found in the cities a splendid system of electric cars, which made locomotion comfortable throughout the extensive streets of the various cities, the electrical power being generated by the numerous falls which abound in proximity to the chief centres. At Quebec the power is obtained, a few miles below the city, from Montmorency Falls, which have a height of 250 feet—100 feet more than Niagara. One variation in regard to the use of the tramway system in this and other cities might perhaps be noted with advantage in this country, and that is that

a party of sufficient size can always command the use of a private car. Accordingly such a car was in waiting for us, provided, we understand, by the liberality of one member of the curling fraternity, and all aboard on this we were taken to Montmorency, and conveyed home in the same when the proceedings there were over. On alighting from the car we ascended the steep heights by means of an elevator, constructed in compartments like an ordinary railway train; dinner was served in the hotel there, which is named Kent House, in honour of the Duke of Kent, father of our beloved Queen Victoria, who was on duty here in 1791-94, and after whom Prince Edward Island is also named. This is one of the favoured resorts of tourists and visitors from all parts of the world who come to see the Montmorency Falls. The figure of a Highland piper introduced the curlers to the following excellent

MENU.

Celery.	Olives.	Malpecques on "pot Lid."
		" <i>Soop her up.</i> "
		Scotch Broth.
		<i>Poisson.</i>
Tronçons de Saumon à la "Tay."		Sauce Genevoise.
		Pommes "Kent."
		<i>Entrée.</i>
Grenadins de Chevreuil au "Curler."		Pommes "Canada."
		<i>Bouilli.</i>
Beef and Greens.		Pommes Nature.
		<i>Rôti.</i>
Dindonneaux à la "Québécoise."		Sauce aux Attacas.
		Haricots Verts.
		<i>Salade.</i>
		Scarole à la "Ecossoise."
		<i>Dessert.</i>
Plum Pudding—Sauce Cognac.	Fruits.	Gâteaux.
		Café Noir.

The dinner was presided over by Dr. Geo. H. Parke, President of the Victoria Curling Club, while Messrs. A. Miller, Vice-President of the Quebec Curling Club, and Mr. Geggie, Vice-President of the Victoria Club, occupied the vice-chairs; and among those present, besides the members of the Scottish team, were W. Hamilton, Lieut.-Col. Jones, W. H. Petry, W. Champion, William Brodie, J. D. Rattray, W. H. Davidson, A. Colley, E. A. Evans, Dr. C. S. Parke, R. F. Cream, W. A. Ross, C. H. Shaw, W. S. Thomson, and S. Thomson, of Quebec city.

After the toast of the King had been duly honoured the chairman proposed the health of the "Visiting Curlers" in a neat speech, which brought to his feet the Rev. Mr. Kerr. This gentleman, according to the *Telegraph*, "made a very eloquent reply, and referred to Quebec as being the home of curling in Canada. He recalled the days of its infancy, and then pictured its growth and the tenacity with which its devotees ever clung to it and enjoyed it. He paid a flattering compliment to the ancient capital and the local curlers for their hospitality, and declared that he voiced the sentiment of his confrères when he said that their stay in Quebec was most enjoyable, and that they would carry back with them pleasant recollections of their visit."

The toast of "the Canadian Branch of the Royal Caledonian Club" was very ably replied to by Mr. Wm. Brodie, and then Mr. Prain proposed the toast of "the Ladies." Mr. Prain was one of the unmarried gentlemen who suffered defeat at the hands of the Quebec ladies, but he evidently felt no tinge of remorse at this, and his delicately expressed compliments to the gentle vanquishers were both witty and interesting. Mr. J. D. Rattray was unanimously chosen to reply, and although this gentleman attempted to allure those present with

his protestations of inexperience, etc., his hearers seemed to think or suspect differently, and it became apparent later that their suspicion was about right, as Mr. Rattray did the honours in true artistic style.

Speeches and songs as usual made up a happy evening, which terminated with enthusiastic singing of "God save the King."

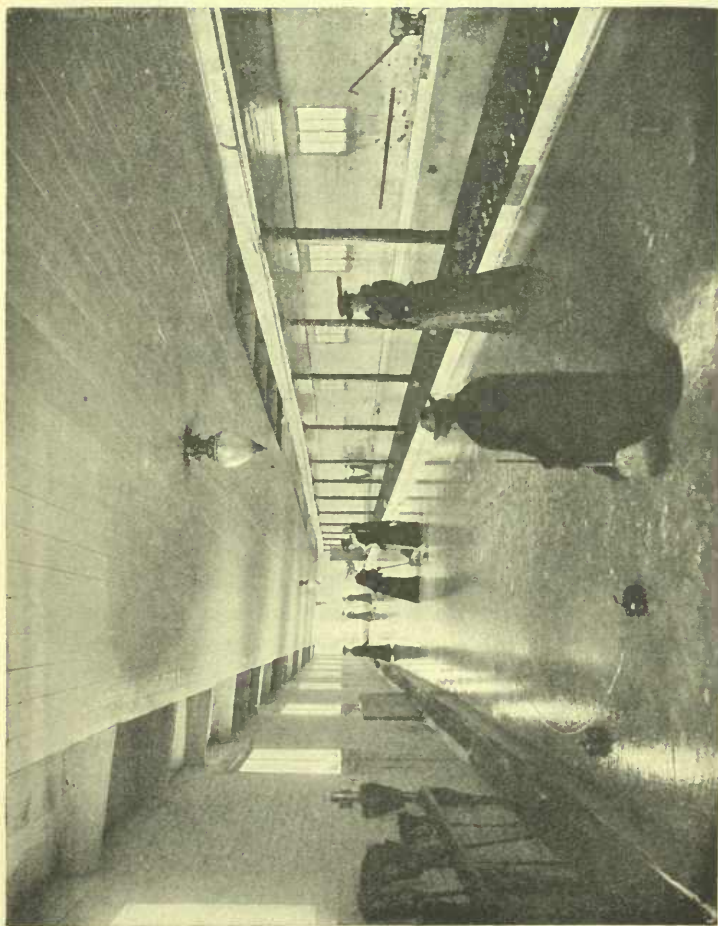
Tobogganing at Montmorency

An adjournment was then made to the ice-slide, where the most of the members of the team had their first experience in the great Canadian sport of tobogganing. "This slide," says Provost Gordon, "is erected like the wooden platform of a waterchute, which many will have seen at Glasgow and London exhibitions. The whole of the woodwork is covered with ice, and the ice-track is continued for 300 or 400 yards. For this sport most of the Canadians, both ladies and gentlemen, were picturesquely dressed. The toboggans are kept very busy. Those who want to slide sit down with crossed legs on the front of the toboggan, holding only a rope fixed to the central front. This rope afterwards serves to pull the toboggan up to the next starting-point, which in this case was a return slide. Two people participate in this sport, the person occupying the rear or steer part lying on the after part available, keeping one leg out behind, off the ice, to act as a helm to navigate the toboggan in safety to its terminus. The pair of lightning navigators were more frequently a lady in front and a gentleman steering. I noticed that the gentleman had learned, by long practice, to get his head affectionately ensconced in the loving arm of the damsel. Pushing off the toboggan, the pair shoot away like lightning down the steep incline, and in a trice, should no nervousness or accident overtake them, they are at the end of the slide. Many

of our team were induced to try this exhilarating sport, and so keen did some become that they returned over the course again and again. I noticed, too, that only those sought a repetition of the experience who were greatly admired by the fair sex, and I am bound to say, married gentlemen of the team were, as they ever are, the knights of romance who enjoyed the novel sport the best. I must confess I felt a little scared at first, but thinking I might graduate to the posture of the encircling loving arm, I was induced to try the slide. My foot or hand, however, had touched the ice in our descent, and I was, with a gentleman guide, hurled in the snow-wreath before getting half the distance. The effect of this sliding through the dry, cold air at such a velocity is to completely rejuvenate one, and after a night's sliding one feels as young and frisky as an early hare." It will be acknowledged that this description of the experience of the Provost of Bathgate is very correct, and the married members of the team must thank him for the compliment paid to their gallantry. The only part of the narrative of his experience of which they have any doubt is, perhaps, that in which he goes out of his way to say that his companion in catastrophe was a gentleman.

Curling Match with Quebec Ladies

When it became known that there were many keen curlers among the Quebec ladies who were anxious to have a game with the Scottish curlers, it was arranged that two rinks of the bachelors should be told off to play the ladies, the married contingent being strongly desirous that the ladies should score a victory. In this they were not disappointed, for while the bachelors had a tie in one rink—Mr. Bramwell *v.* Miss Scott—they lost by 9 shots in the other, on which Miss Brodie skipped against



LADY CURLERS, QUEBEC.

Mr. Prain. Apart from the point of gallantry the result was not to be wondered at, for here and elsewhere in Canada the ladies play the game with small iron stones about half the size and weight of the irons used by the gentlemen, in the use of which, by long practice, they are past masters, while the Scotsmen were considerably at sea at what might be regarded as a ping-pong form of curling. It was most refreshing to see the dexterity of the lady curlers, and the enthusiastic way in which they entered into the game, their sweeping being quite a lesson to every one.

There were places visited by the team where they had, perhaps, more demonstrative welcomes than at Quebec, but at no place were they more kindly treated. The two days spent there were all too short. Many friendships were, however, formed in the time, and a numerous company assembled at the station to give the team a hearty send-off on their way to Montreal. As the two cities have a standing feud in curling, the Quebec players expressed the earnest hope that the success of the team in Montreal would be even greater than at Quebec.

CHAPTER VI

IN QUEBEC PROVINCE : MONTREAL

A soldier lad lay dying in South Africa last year,
With his broken rifle by him and an empty bandolier ;
He had shouted "No surrender !" fighting bravely where he fell,
Till his cartridges had given out, and thus the tale they tell.
To a comrade bending o'er him he answered, "Yes, I know,"
Dying for the land where the sugar-maples grow.
"I die," said he, "that this may live. Pshaw ! never mind, old chap."
And he pointed to the maple-leaf upon his shoulder strap.
"Come, boys ! Once more together," so with husky throats we sang,
And loud across the dreary veldt the stirring chorus rang :
O Canada ! My Canada ! We love thee well, I trow,
O Canada ! my country ! Where the sugar-maples grow ;
Where they proudly twine the maple leaf with rose and fleur-de-lis,
With the thistle and the shamrock, O the maple-leaf for me,
'Tis the emblem that unites us, and we'll wear it worthily
For the dear land where the sugar-maples grow.

On the scroll of fame enrolled,
Let the story now be told,
Writ in characters of gold
For friend and foe.
Hark ! I hear the muffled drum,
As they chant his requiem
In the land where the sugar-maples grow.¹
O Canada ! My Canada ! etc.

¹ "The Scottish curlers," says the *Montreal Star*, "attended a veterans' night at the St. George's Snow-shoe Club-house at Westmount on Saturday, when no less than 116 members were present. A feature of the evening was an original recitation given by Mr. Duncan S. M'Intyre, a tribute to the memory of Corporal Fred. Stewart M'Lean Howard, 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles, who was wounded in action at Boschlutt, Hart's River, South Africa, March 31, 1902, and who died in Klerksdorp Hospital, April 27, 1902." This was entitled "The Requiem," and is here given as an appropriate heading to the account of the team's very pleasant visit to the most loyal city of Montreal.

THE journey from Quebec to Montreal was a very tedious one, and as usual the train was late, so much so that the great company of Montreal curlers who had assembled at the Bonaventure Depot to give the team a Highland welcome had to wait several hours. It was after midnight when we arrived, and were greeted with the sounds of the pibroch and the cheering of the crowd. A deputation, consisting of Colonel Stevenson, Messrs. D. Guthrie, R. Lucas, and A. Milne, had boarded the train at Lambert and welcomed us there.

Among those at the station and at the Windsor Hotel were:—

Montreal Club.—President Lieut.-Col. Gardner, Secretary D. M'Gill, C. P. Selater, P. Barton, C. J. Saxe, T. L. Paton, R. O. Duncan, J. D. Bell, D. Williamson, W. Abbott, R. W. Tyre, Dr. Church, Dr. Cameron, Hugh Cameron, W. Brown, J. Brown, W. F. Brock. *Thistle Club*.—President Charles M'Lean, Secretary W. D. Aird, Treasurer M. Freeman, R. S. Clift, F. C. Sonne, jr., Wm. Fair, A. Mackenzie, J. C. M'Diarmid, W. Bellingham, J. C. Forbes, Lieut.-Col. Geo. H. Cameron, A. E. Beckett, D. Kinghorn, H. E. M'Intosh, W. Davidson, W. C. Malcolm, W. M'Call, D. M'Intyre, D. Robertson, W. M'Nally, Rev. Dr. J. Barclay. *Caledonia Club*.—President John M'Lean, Vice-President W. Lyall, Geo. Lamb, C. P. O'Conner, T. O. Lyall, A. Lockerby, James Currie, Geo. Sheppard, M'Duff Lamb, R. Clarke, R. White, John Robertson, J. H. Robertson, Geo. Nicholson, John Gibson, W. P. Scott, J. W. Hughes, W. R. J. Hughes, Geo. Haldimand, P. D. L. Lyall, W. T. Rodden, H. Adams, Jas. Paton, John Wighton, W. M'Laren, James Simpson, P. W. A. Burkett, T. Quirk, E. W. Wilson, Geo. W. Sadler, W. Wilson, A. Peel, H. J. Robertson, D. Cameron, J. Watson, J. W. Hughes, A. Cowen. *Heather Club*.—President George H. Cornell, Secretary J. L. Eaves, S. M. Munroe, A. Hardman, S. Patterson, Mr. M'Kenzie, P. A. Brown, F. W. Hutchison, A. K. Hutchison, D. M. Wilson, James Wilson, C. H. Cornell, T. S. Williamson, H. Rofey, J. M'Connell. *St. Lawrence Club*.—President J. Y. Roy, Secretary O. W. G. Dettmers, John Johnstone, David Guthrie, Dickson Anderson, J. Frank Riepert, Hugh M. Watson, D. J. H. Murdock, J. W. Blair, W. M. Kearns, W. H. Wyman, W. Cairns, A. J. Rice, A. Milne. *Lachine Club*.—Frank

Craig, Secretary ; R. Lucas, A. Milne. *Montreal Ladies*.—Miss Tyre, Miss Smith, Mrs. Lyall Davidson, Mrs. J. R. Hutchins. *Caledonian Society*.—President J. T. Mitchell, First Vice-President R. P. Niven, Secretary W. C. M'Allister, Past President J. C. M'Diarmid, Past-President John Foulton, A. M'Allister, J. A. M'Lean, C. A. E. Patterson, F. Topp, W. Patterson, James Harper, J. Matheson.

According to the report of the *Herald*: "When the Scottish Captain appeared in all the glory of his Tam o' Shanter at the car door, arm in arm with Colonel Stevenson, hats went up in the air, and every man cheered his heartiest. Then as man after man stepped out of the car he found his hand grasped by a brother of the new land."

Then the *Star* of Jan. 10 thus described the occasion: "The life and spirit of their Highland ancestors entered into the Montreal Scotsmen last night, and the tedious minutes of waiting were enlivened by songs, dances, reels, and jigs, concerted and individual. Staid and respected business men danced hornpipes, ran foot-races, and even played leap-frog to the intense amusement and edification of the admiring onlookers. . . . Cheer upon cheer drowned even the bagpipes when the train pulled into the depot, and it is pretty safe to say that the bonny braw Scotsmen will remember their first impression of Montreal for the rest of their lives."

Alderman Sadler welcomed us in name of the Mayor, and expressed the pleasure of the people of Montreal to have our visit.

When we had all got seated on the caravans that were to convey the party to the Windsor Hotel—one of the finest which it was our pleasure to visit during our tour—the pipers, J. Mathieson, D. Manson, and W. Mitchell, took their seats beside the travellers, and,

playing such tunes as "The Campbells are coming,"

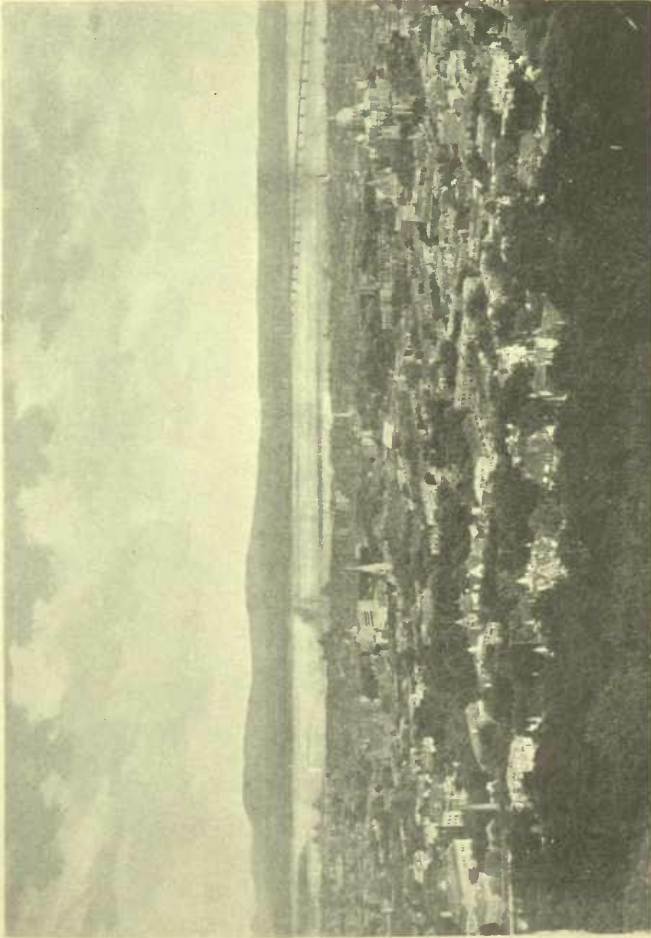


Photo by C. P. & Co.

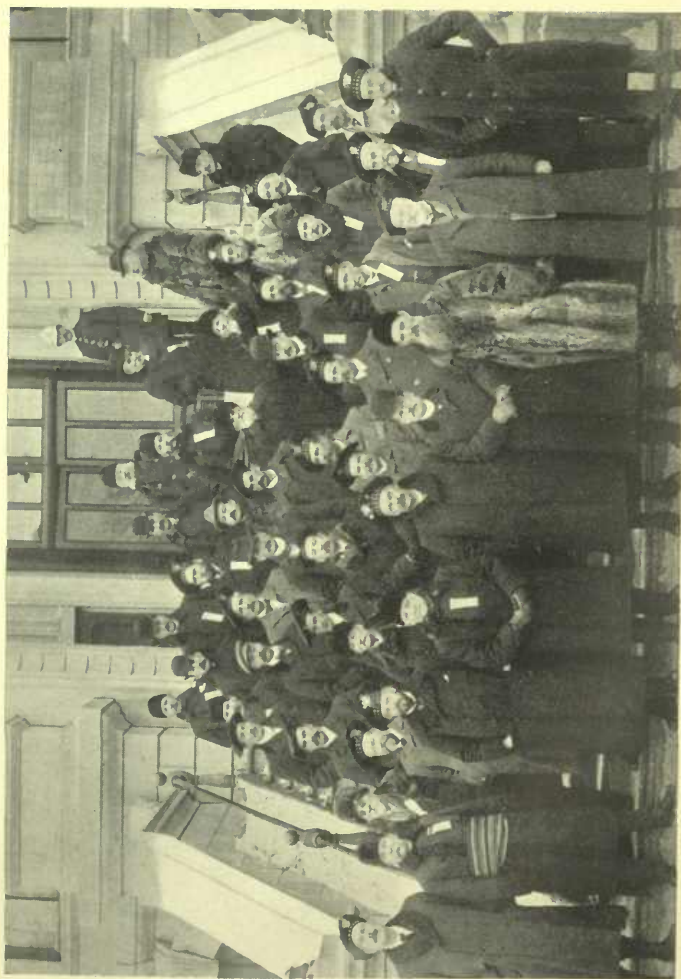
MONTREAL, FROM MOUNT ROYAL.

"The Cock of the North," "Whaur hae ye been a' the day, bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie?" etc., the procession

passed along the streets, rousing the attention of the quiet Montrealers who had gone to their couches without being aware that such a terrible invasion to the city was to come off that night. We were received in the great hall of the Windsor by a crowd of all kinds and conditions, even a good many ladies being present to give the Scotsmen a welcome. Tired and hungry as we all were, we had to do the polite in the way of receiving hearty hand-shakings, and answering inquiries regarding relatives and friends hailing from "a' the airts the wind can blaw" in the old country. So great was the excitement that many of the curlers and members of the team engaged in Scotch reels right off, to the music of the pipes; and the guests in the hotel looked with alarm from the staircase and landings, evidently wondering what all this demonstration meant. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning before we sat down to a welcome meal, which, needless to say, we all appreciated very much, and to which we one and all did ample justice. We were glad to seek repose for a few hours thereafter, though on this, as on some other occasions, the transfer system was not sufficient to provide us with our portmanteaus.

Reception by the Mayor of Montreal

On the morning of Saturday the Canadian curlers, having mercy on their Scotch brethren, did not call on them to play, but took them to pay their respects to the head of the city, the Worshipful Mayor Cochrane, who extended to them a hearty welcome in name of the citizens, and offered them during their stay the freedom of the City of Montreal and all privileges thereto attending. The Captain thanked the Mayor in the name of the team, and thereafter the whole party, including the Mayor, Colonel Stevenson, President of the Branch, and



IN FRONT OF CITY HALL, MONTREAL.

a goodly number of ladies, proceeded to have a drive to the summit of Mount Royal, from which they had a good view of the city and its surroundings. The massiveness and dignity of the building were a surprise to the visitors, and the sight of snow-shoers, sleighers, and skiers was very attractive. After viewing the scenery, the party adjourned to the park-ranger's house, where they were



Photo by Barrat & Son.

TOBOGGAN SLIDE, MOUNT ROYAL, MONTREAL.

entertained by His Worship, the Mayor, with light refreshments. Songs and speeches made up a pleasant hour.

Tobogganing on Mount Royal

The members of the team then adjourned to the toboggan slide, which is by far the finest in Canada, the run from the start to the finish being something like a quarter of a mile, which, with the very steep commencement, is accomplished with something like lightning speed. The majority of the team enjoyed this exhilarating sport ;

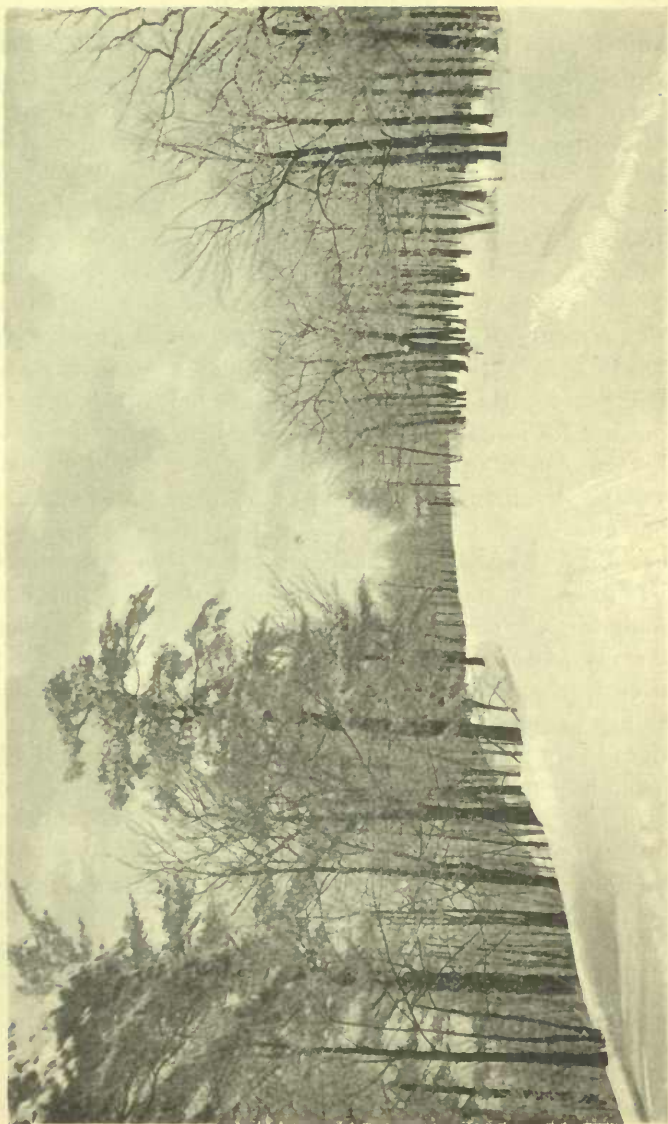
but one or two, notwithstanding the fact that they had insured their lives before leaving home, were afraid to risk it. Some repeated the venture, but the feelings of the majority were like those of the American humourist, Mark Twain, who, after having had one "spin," was asked what he thought of it, and replied, "I would not have missed it for a thousand dollars." "Then," said his questioner, "you must have a few more trials." "No," said the humourist, "I would not go down there again for a thousand dollars." The Captain's feelings were rather that way, for, just at the bottom of the incline, he felt a gulp as if his spirit had departed from his body, and he did not wish to leave the team headless at this important stage. Besides, though the descent might be ever so enjoyable, there was always the Sisyphus-labour of reascending.

With the Montreal Club

On the afternoon of Saturday the visiting curlers engaged the Montreal Club, and naturally, after a long and tedious journey the night before, supper at two o'clock in the morning, tobogganing, sight-seeing, and other severe strains, they were not at their best, and so had the worst of the encounter. A smoking-concert, at which about 150 were present, was held in the evening.

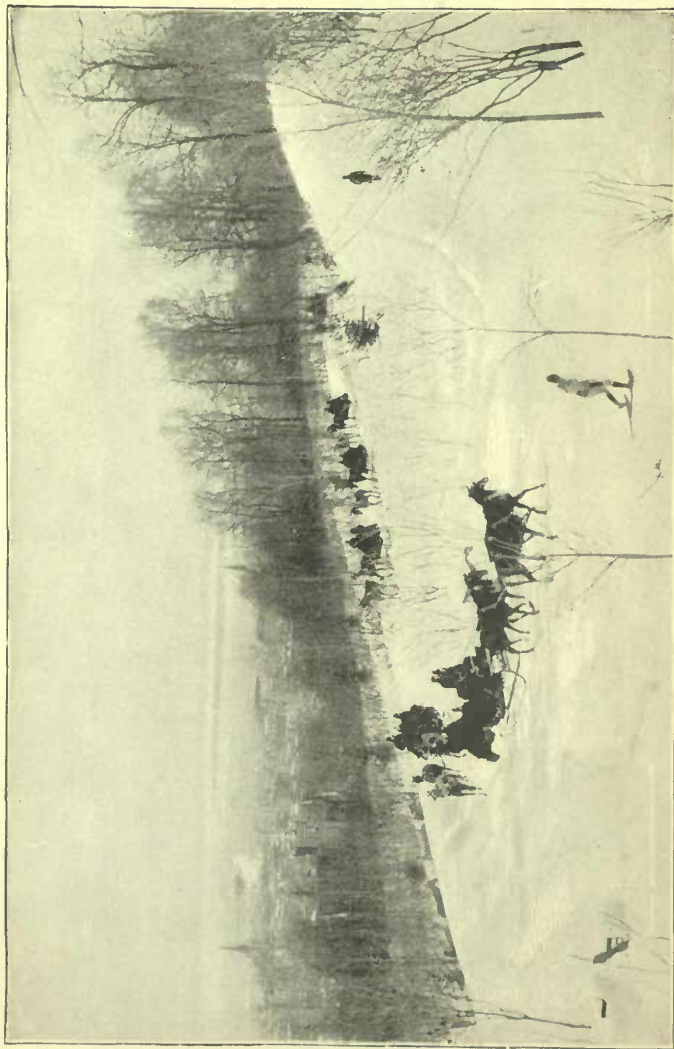
At Montreal Churches

On Sunday morning the Captain of the team had a large audience in St. Stephen's Church, Stanley Street, the church which Colonel Stevenson attended. In course of a sermon from Matthew xxvi. 39, and xxvii. 34, the preacher referred to the visit of the Scottish team to that country. He said that it was not merely for pastime that they had come to Canada, but because they loved their Empire, and wished to learn the aspirations



THE DRIVE : MOUNT ROYAL, MONTREAL.

and desires of the people of the Dominion. Their tour had given them an interest in that country such as they could not otherwise have obtained; and they would never forget the sympathy, kindness, and hospitality which had been extended to them everywhere. He read a letter from the Rev. Dr. Mitford Mitchell, Convener of the Colonial Committee, in which greetings and good wishes were conveyed from the Church of Scotland to the Presbyterians in Canada, and expressed the hope that the present and any other visits of a like kind would result in a still more intense feeling of sympathy and fellowship. He remarked that long ago Great Britain did not realise the possibilities that had been offered to her in America. Had she done so the whole of that vast Continent might still have been part of our Empire, but now she had come to realise that it was not simply her duty to leave her Colonies to look after themselves, but to try and understand their needs, their desires, and aspirations. These Colonies had stood by the old flag bravely and nobly, and the recognition of their loyalty toward the mother-country was a promise of better things to come. Mr. Dewey, the pastor of the congregation, having intimated that the Captain of the Scottish team of curlers would no doubt be glad to meet any Scotch folks present on the close of the service, quite a large levee was held, and the Captain had to answer numerous inquiries about the old country and friends there, the handshaking being something like what he had experienced at his ordination. Conspicuous among the group was the venerable Rev. Daniel Gordon, father of "Ralph Connor," the popular writer on Canada and her people, who happened to be on a visit to Montreal at the time, and he had a long conversation with the Captain on Glengarry and other subjects. Among the



Price 75c.

RETURNING FROM MOUNT ROYAL.



Photo by Dr. Kirk.

A MONTREAL GROUP.
Rev. Dr. Barclay in centre.



Face p. 181.

THE SCOTS WITH THE MONTREAL THISTLES.

company received by the Captain was Mrs. Badenoch, a lady from his own village, at whose marriage he had officiated more than twenty years ago, and who was now a widow, living with her family in Montreal. In the evening the members of the team attended the service in St. Paul's Church, where the chaplain of the Canadian branch officiates. Before entering on his sermon the Rev. Dr. Barclay, addressing the team, said it was fitting that a church which was so closely allied to the old land should hold out the right hand of fellowship to their brethren from across the sea. The sport which they represented had always been singularly free from those evils that had spoiled other sports. It was a sport in which the watchwords were, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, in the truest sense of these words. The visit of the Scottish curlers was another evidence of the strengthening ties which bind the people of the old country to the new; another evidence of the confederation of a great race—a people who had more than a paper constitution binding their hearts and interests.

Here and at other churches visited, the excellence of the music was the subject of remark among the members of the team, a special feature being the solos that were sung by male and female members of the choir. In place of the usual voluntary, the organist of this church, who seems to be a man of some humour, rendered such Scotch airs as "The Flowers of the Forest," "My ain Countree," and the "Land o' the Leal."

The Windsor Hotel,

at which the team were billeted as the guests of their brethren of the Canadian Branch, is a splendid illustration of the high perfection attained in Canada in the construction and management of such public resorts. As usual,

there was a spacious entrance hall or rotunda, which every one was free to enter; and around this were saloons for the sale of tobacco, newspapers, books, jewellery, etc., not to speak of the refreshment bars with their wonderful variety of Scotch blends of all sorts and descriptions. More than one apartment was occupied by typewriters, who were kept busy by those who thronged in to dictate their messages, while the telephone was also in great demand in more than one booth. This system of an open hall had certain disadvantages, for here, as at other hotels, while we had a room on the ground floor set apart for our convenience as a team, we were warned that it was not safe for any of us to leave any of our belongings in this room without having the door locked behind us and the key deposited in the custody of the hall porter. From neglect of this instruction a good many lost some of their precious belongings. Indeed the number of losses that occurred throughout the tour was anything but a satisfactory experience. At the Windsor, as at every other hotel, the elevator was a great convenience. It was generally in charge of a "darky," whose lot cannot be called a particularly happy one. Without the aid of this method of locomotion, which in Canada and the States is fitted up to perfection in all hotels and public buildings, it would be impossible to get on. The telephone in the Windsor was perhaps more in evidence than in any other hotel we visited, and in regard to the use thereof, both Canada and the States are certainly far in advance of our home country. It is found fitted up in every bedroom, so that one was able to talk to the hotel office without ringing for a waiter to come up and receive any message. In this way one could also converse with any party throughout the city. This convenience, at least to the Captain, was found very oppressive, for he was continually being called

upon to converse with some one or other who was

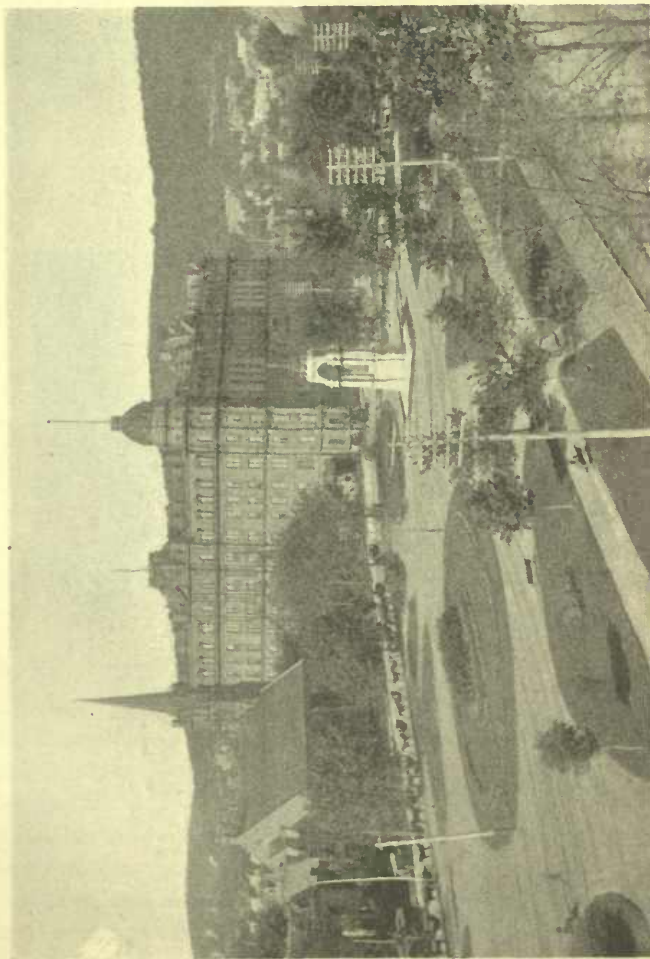


Photo by C. P. R. Co.

WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL,

interested in the Scottish curlers, and he could only escape from the ordeal by leaving the hotel. The dining-table

here was not generally covered with such an extraordinary collection of dishes as we had formerly to choose from, but the following menu of dinner on Monday, January 12, will show that there was quite a sufficient variety to please any taste:—

THE WINDSOR, MONTREAL, DINNER

Oysters on half shell. Canapés.

Soup.

Consomme Vermicelle. Shin of Beef, Yankee style.

Olives. Celery.

Fish.

Boiled Halibut. Egg Sauce. Pommes naturel.

Relevé.

Loin of Pork Braise, Bonne Femme.

Stewed Caribou, Forestière.

Calf's Head, Turtle Style.

Entrées.

Baked Macaroni au Parmesan.

Green Apple Fritters au Lait d'amandes.

Mashed and Boiled Potatoes.

Vegetables.

Rice. Boiled Sweet Potatoes. Stewed Parsnips.

Lima Beans. Punch. Peaches.

Roast.

Ribs of Prime Beef.

Leg of Mutton, Currant Jelly.

Game.

Roast stuffed Gosling, Orange Marmalade.

Salads.

Chicken Watercress. Red Cold Slaw.

Lobster Lettuce. Parachee Chicorée.

Plum Pudding, Rum Sauce.

Dessert.

Apple Pie. Pineapple Meringue Pie.

Rhine Wine Jelly. Fancy Cakes.

American Ice Cream.

Fruit. Coffee. Tea. Raisins. Chocolate.

Roquefort, Canadian, Swiss, and American Cheese.

At Westmount

On the Monday morning the team met the Heather Club on their covered rink, two rinks a side, and over the forenoon's play the Scotsmen, under Skips Cousin and Prain, stood 5 shots up. In the evening, however, they were 10 down, so that Heather had the best of it though not over-much.

At luncheon time the Mayor of Westmount, Mr.



SCOTO-CANADIAN TEAM IN FRONT OF HEATHER RINK, WESTMOUNT.

Lighthall, gave a felicitous address of welcome, to which Mr. Cousin made a suitable reply, complimenting the curlers they had met on their thorough knowledge of the game. In the evening the rink was crowded with spectators, and clusters of vari-coloured Chinese lanterns shed a roseate glow on the ice.

"President Cornell," said the *Star*, "was beaming. In the club-room the eternal temperance spread looked as fresh as if it had been just laid, and there was a tempting appearance about the amber-coloured bottles of ginger ale that flanked each plate."

Describing Mr. Gibson's play the reporter remarked: "The way in which he urges on a laggard stone, and talks and chirps to it as if it were a pet bird, is worth watching. In sooping he has no equal. Last night he was so energetic that his broom broke in two."

Snow-Shoeing

One of the most interesting experiences during our stay at Montreal was an old-fashioned snow-shoe turnout, got up for our special benefit, and in which various clubs



SATURDAY AFTERNOON TRAMP ON LAKE ST. LOUIS, EN ROUTE, INDIAN FILE, TO CAEYGHNAWAGA.

combined. The "tramp" or outing was under the charge of the Montaguard Club, which managed to whip into line for the occasion some 300 tramps, whose fancy-coloured blanket costumes, as they gathered at the rendezvous in the Windsor, made the scene most picturesque. The boys began to turn up early, and to fraternise with the Scotsmen, but it was not till the Montreal contingent marched down from the Gymnasium in Manesfield Street that the real fun began. They had a piper to lead them, and the sound of his pipes brought all the Scotsmen and many others on the scene, the hotel rotunda being virtually packed before the march-

out took place. According to the local report, and it is not inaccurate, "When the boys grabbed the piper and 'bounced' him up to the dome, the Captain of the Scottish Curling Team flicked the ashes from the cigar he was smoking, looked envious, and turned towards Colonel Stevenson as if he were half inclined to tell the popular President of the Canadian branch that he was prepared to give up the Masonic entertainment that had been prepared for him, in favour of an evening with the men



OVER THE DYKE ON TO LAKE ST. LOUIS.

in the blanket suits. Shortly before 10 o'clock, the start for the tramp was made. At the top of Peel Street shoes were put on, and the trampers headed for Lumkin's. The route lay through the gully and past the park slide, and with the fine night and bracing atmosphere the tramp of the 300 was most exhilarating. Lumkin's was reached in due time, and as soon as shoes were dropped the concert programme was commenced. Among those who contributed were Messrs. Lamalice, Duquette, and Perrault of the Montaguard Club. President Martel and Mr. O. G. Doray of the Club Canadian, Past-President A. Stewart and L. I. Deorosiers of the Tuque Blue Club,

Messrs. J. A. Simpson, W. I. Cleghorn, and Captain Sully of the St. George's Club, and President C. A. Smith and Mr. James Turcotte of the Lachine Club. Several of the Scots curlers were present as guests, and one of them, Mr. Campbell, who weighed 235 lbs., was treated to a Canadian 'bounce,' rather an interesting experience for a douce elder of the United Free Church of Scotland, but he evidently found it thoroughly enjoyable."

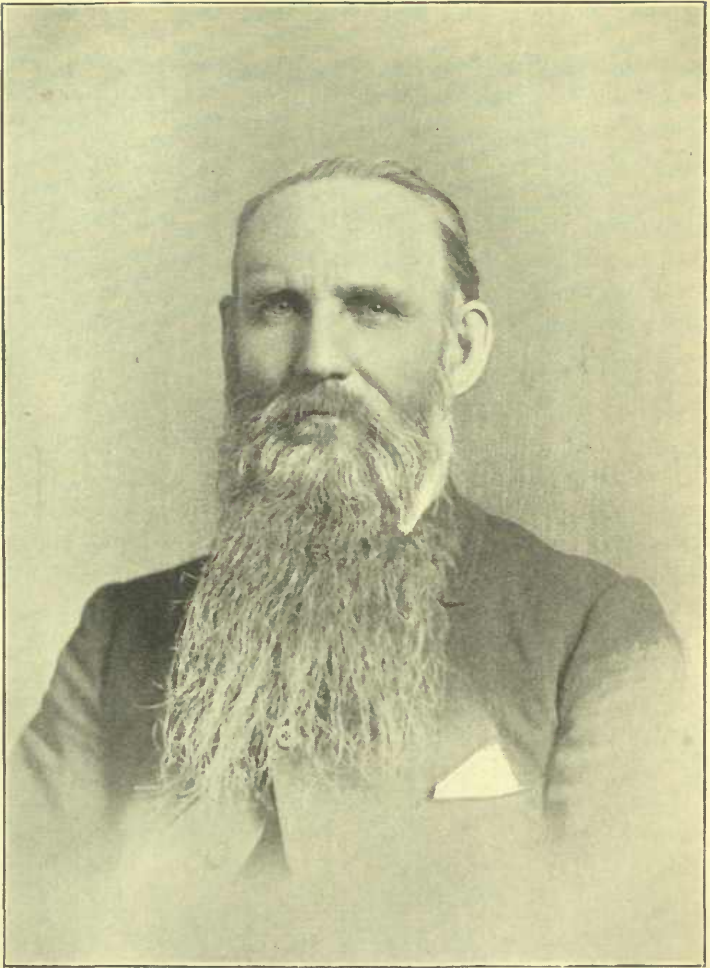


INITIATING NEW MEMBER—"THE BOUNCE."

With the St. Lawrence Club

On Tuesday, Jan. 13, the visiting curlers met the St. Lawrence Club, over which they were victorious, the scores over four rinks being—Scotland, 83; St. Lawrence, 66. Mr. Bramwell, our crack skip, had quite a battle-royal with Mr. Dettmers, the game ending 14 all.

In anticipation of the visit of the Scotsmen the St. Lawrence Club members had made every preparation to receive and entertain the sons from across the sea. The interior of the rink, the club rooms and parlours were prettily and artistically decorated with flags, mottoes, and club ensigns, as well as appropriate designs in evergreen.



Yours truly
David Lathrop

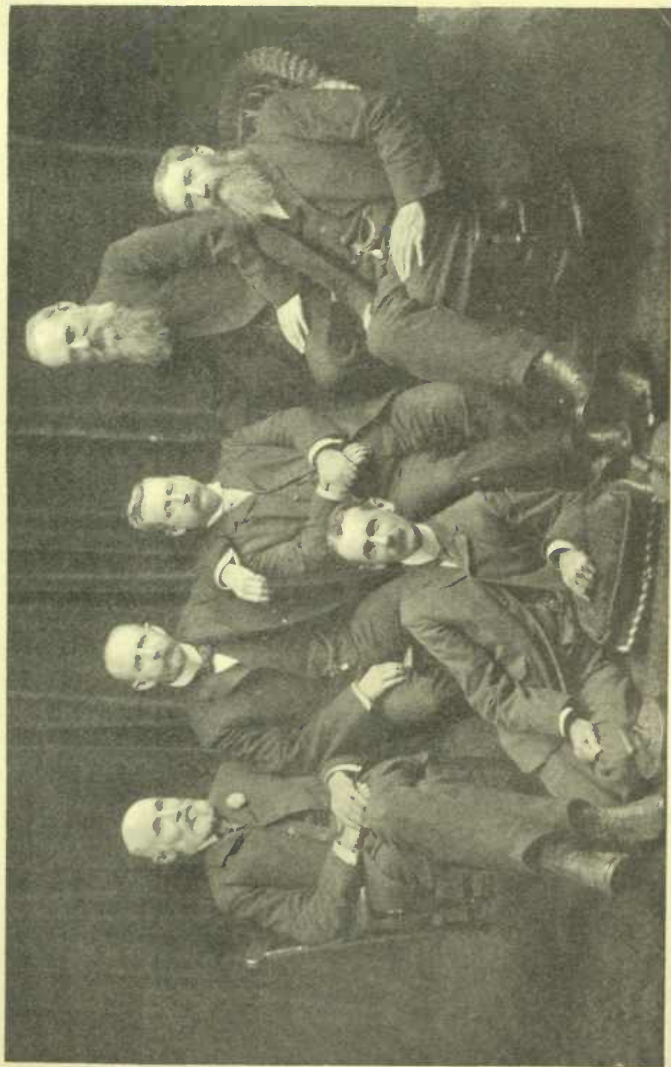
On the rink walls in many places hung the word "Welcome," and the officers and members of the club emphasised the true meaning of that word. Mr. J. Y. Roy, President of the St. Lawrence Club, assisted by a staff of capable committee-men assiduously looked after the comfort and entertainment of the visitors. Mr. Anderson, the Secretary of this club, showed his appreciation of the historic interest of the visit by having a special page of the Minute Book set apart for the signatures of all the members of the Scottish team.

David Guthrie

As the genial and good David Guthrie is proud of the fact that he is the father of the St. Lawrence Club, we have pleasure in connecting his portrait therewith. No one could have been kinder to us than Mr. Guthrie, and even when we left Montreal he did not forget to store our Pullman car with a supply of good cheer. He has done much to uphold the curling banner in Montreal. Long may he be spared to play the "irons" successfully.

On the Tuesday three rinks, skipped respectively by Messrs. Henderson, M'Millan, and Bramwell, played three rinks of the Montreal Ladies' Club, the first named finishing 4 up, but the others being each 9 down, the skips against them being respectively Miss N. Smith, Mrs. Ogilvy, and Miss Bond. Over 1200 spectators were said to have witnessed the match. The play of the ladies was excellent, and was much applauded by their opponents, who all agreed that they could curl as well as the gentlemen. Mrs. Lyle Davidson¹ had charge of the afternoon tea, as the President, Mrs. Ogilvy, had her rink to look after. The decorations were simple but

¹ Mrs. Davidson, it may interest our ladies at home to know, "was handsomely gowned in black with touches of torquoise blue, a long black coat trimmed with embroidery and fur, and a becoming mink hat."



OFFICERS OF ST. LAWRENCE CLUB, 1902-03.

Dickson Anderson.

Jas. Y. Roy.

Jas. Henry.

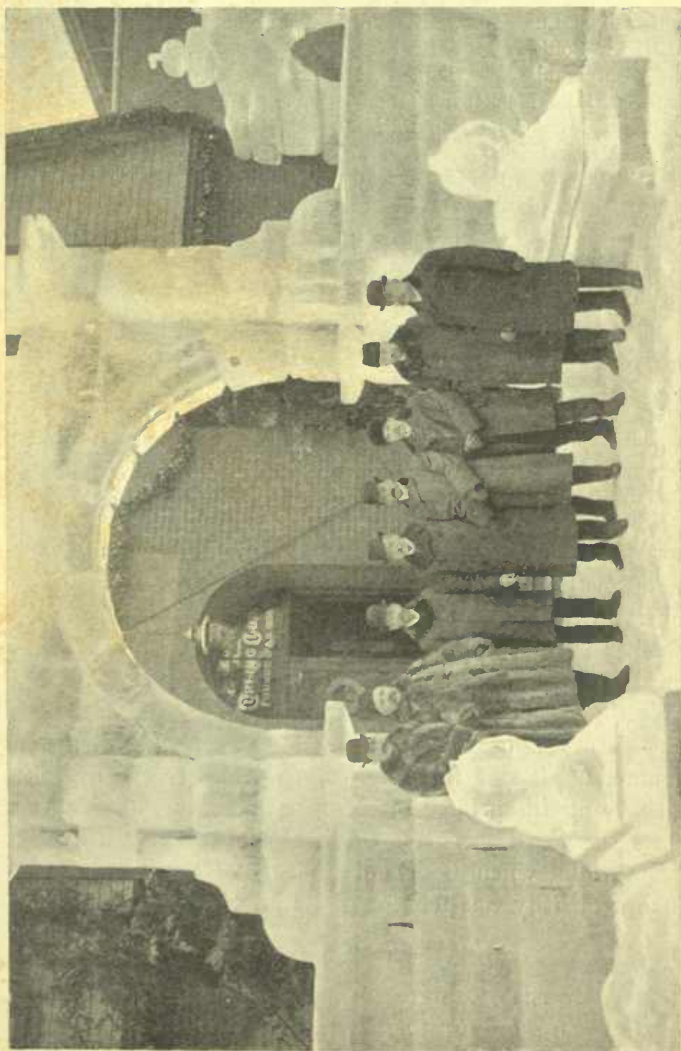
O. W. G. Detmers.

David Guthrie.

John Johnstone.

effective, consisting of flags and a big "Welcome" over the door. The ladies playing were, for the most part, dressed in the two shades of blue that are the colours of the club, and in addition wore bunches of heather and knots of tartan ribbon. In many instances even their brooms were bedecked with the latter. In the tea-room the colour scheme was red and yellow, the table having a centrepiece of scarlet poinsettias, red carnations in vases, and silver candelabra with shades of red and yellow. Mrs. A. F. Riddell, Miss Mary Gardner, Miss Ludington, and Miss Ritchie presided in turn at the tea table, and were assisted by Miss Pangman, Miss Queenie Gorham, Miss Anna Morrice, Miss Hill, Miss Selater, Miss Bethune, Miss G. Drury, and Miss Muriel Bond. Those present included, in addition to the visiting curlers,

Mrs. and Miss Ballantyne, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Hanbury Budden, Mrs. W. W. Watson, Mrs. G. F. C. Smith, Mrs. Norman Dawes, Mrs. P. A. Petersen, Mrs. Hutchins, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Ives, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Brooke Claxton, Mrs. James M'Call, Mrs. Hill and Miss Hill, Rev. Dr. Barclay, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Ross Crawford, Mrs. G. L. Cains, Mrs. H. M'Laren, Mrs. P. L. M'Laren, Mrs. Darling, Mrs. F. C——, Rev. Dr. M——, Dr. and Mrs. A. Johnston, Mrs. T. C. Kidd, Mrs. Applegath, Rev. Canon Ellegood, the Misses Gardner, the Misses Clay, Mrs. S. Hird, the Misses Rawlings, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Prissick, Miss Grier, Miss Linton, Miss Sharpe, Miss Green, Mrs. S. Ewing, Mrs. M'Cuaig, Mrs. Gillespie, the Misses Gillespie, Miss Wilkins, Miss Marler, the Misses Girdwood, Miss Ida Scott, Mrs. S. Lichtenhein, Miss Ida Eadie, Mrs. Scott Robertson, Miss B. Hamilton, Mrs. M'Gill, Mr. E. A. Whitehead, Mrs. L. Skaife, Miss Brenda Chillias, Mrs. M'Kim, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. James Thom, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Lieut.-Col. Gardner, Miss Bethune, Mrs. Mussen, Mrs. Alexander, Miss Hutchison, Miss Watson, Mrs. Walker, Miss M'Dougall, Colonel Stevenson, Dr. J. C. Cameron, Mrs. Fayette Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Peers Davidson, Rev. Dr. Williamson, Rev. A. J. Doull, Mr. J. Allan, Mr. W. Angus, Miss Amy Hiam, Miss J. Black, Miss Lily Young, Mr. and Mrs.



PRESIDENT AND OFFICERS OF CALEDONIA CLUB, MONTREAL.

H. B. Hutcheson, J. Paton,

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J. Currie,
Treasurer.

Chas. O'Connor,

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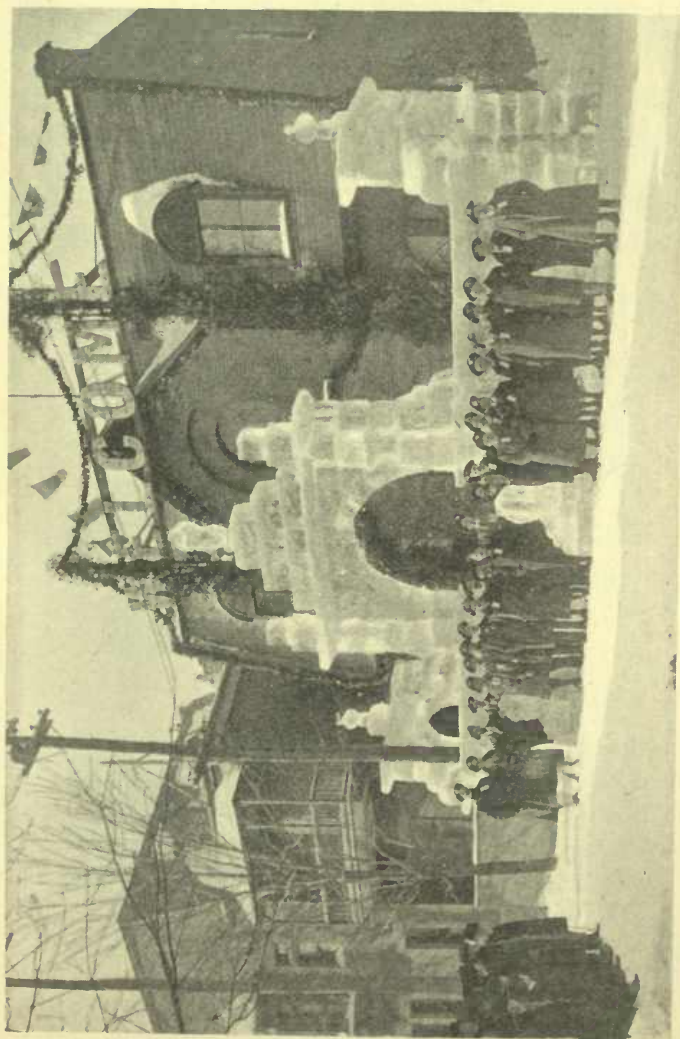
A. E. Ogilvie, Miss Tyre, Mr. and Mrs. W. Brierley, the Misses Martin, Miss Ludington, Mr. and Mrs. E. Gough, Miss Wonham, the Misses Boulter, Mrs. Duclos, Mrs. Sherwood, Miss B. Routh, the Misses Lambe, Mrs. Dunlop, Miss Dunlop, Mrs. Tyre, Miss C. Shepherd, Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. Taylor, Lieut.-Col. Ibbotson, Mr. M'Murtry, Miss C. Chipman, Miss Riddell, Miss Danford, Miss Selater, Mr. and Mrs. Porteous, Miss Porteous, Miss Drury, Miss Ellis, Miss St. George, Miss Metcalfe, Miss Murry Smith, the Misses Covernton, the Misses Pelton, Dr. Wylde, Mr. Stanhope Eadie, Mr. J. M. M'Intyre, Mr. Owen N. Evans, Mr. F. Budden, Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson, Mr. Melville (New York), Mr. H. Yorston, Mr. E. Christmas, Mrs. Norman Nash, Dr. Yates, Mrs. S. P. Jones (Sydney, C.B.), Mr. and Mrs. F. Matthewson, Miss H. Marler, Mrs. David Morrice, Dr. Chipman, Mr. W. Bond, Mr. W. Ogilvie, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. J. King, Miss Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Bent (New York), Mr. J. Angus, Mrs. Ronald Grant (St. John, N.B.), Mr. Boutelle (London), Mr. C. Bogert, Mr. J. Dunlop, Mr. R. Tyre, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Bury Austin, Prof. Carter, Mr. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. H. Thomas, Miss Gibbons, and others.

A Sad Event

happened on Wednesday 14th. This was the death of one of the most promising young curlers of the city, Mr. Robert Brown, son of Mr. James Brown, late of Sanquhar, a former Vice-President of the Royal Club. Robert, who was only twenty-four years of age, had attained to a high position in the Bank of Toronto, and a brilliant future appeared to be before him. He died of pneumonia after a few days' illness, our regret at his death being intensified by the fact that he was so eager to see the Scottish curlers that he paid a visit to one of the rinks when he should not have left his house. Much sympathy was felt for his family.

With the Caledonia Club

On Wednesday we were engaged to meet the Caledonia Club, and on going up to the rink of this club we were pleasantly surprised to find this facing us, in the form



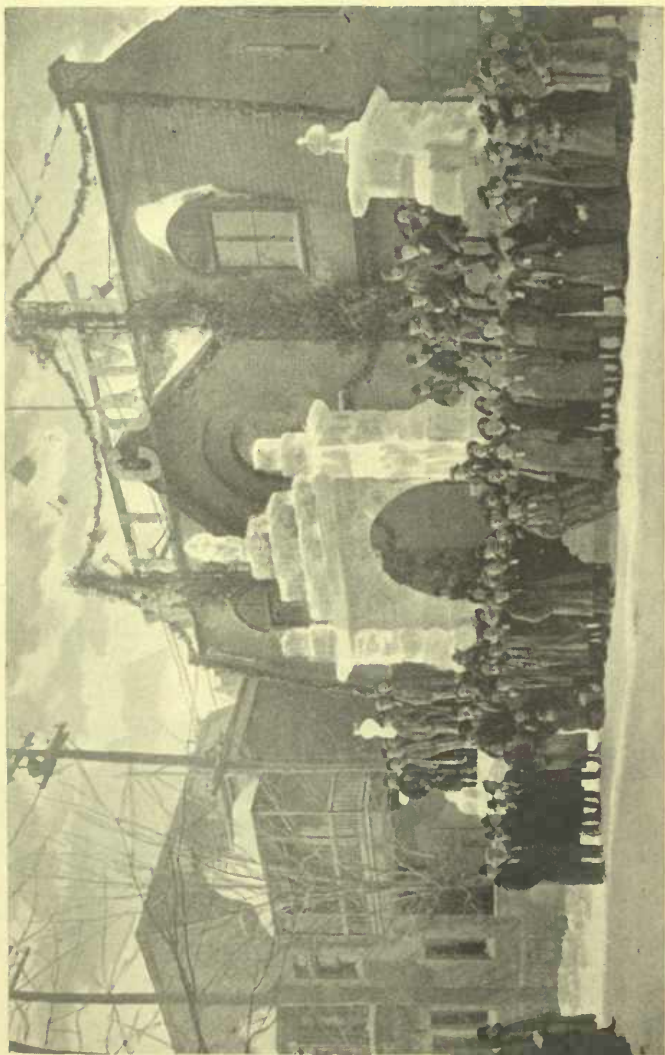
SCOTO-CANADIAN TEAM IN FRONT OF ICE ARCH AT THE CALEDONIA CLUB, MONTREAL.

of a gorgeous ice-palace with a triumphal arch constructed entirely of ice, guarded by ice lions who seemed to smile good-morning to the visitors, and surmounted by curling-stones, also of ice. Here a large company was gathered to welcome the Scots. Many cameras were busy snapshotting the scene, and one of the best views of the ice-palace and the curlers is here reproduced. The members of the Caledonia Club are mostly engaged in the building



ICE ARCH, CALEDONIA RINK, MONTREAL.
(Evening effect.)

trade, and as it is well known in Scotland that masons make the best curlers, it was not surprising that in the match the Caledonians came out on top. To show that the Caledonians were quite as much bent on making the visit enjoyable to their friends from across the water as in proving their own prowess at the game, they had arranged that the afternoon should be spent in sleigh-driving and sight-seeing. "The drive was a novelty to the visitors, and was greatly appreciated by them," says the *Montreal Star* in giving an account thereof. "At times it was bitterly cold, but even the intense severity



SCOTO-CANADIAN TEAM AND OTHER CURLERS BEFORE DRIVE GIVEN BY CALEDONIA CLUB, MONTREAL.

of the wind and temperature did not seem to inconvenience the Scotsmen. Most of them were provided with magnificent Raglans of half Scotch tweed, thickly-knitted Tam o' Shanters, and mufflers. Thus fitted out they seemed to defy the biting wind and frost-laden air. The drive, even to those who were not so splendidly



Photo by Dr. Kirk.

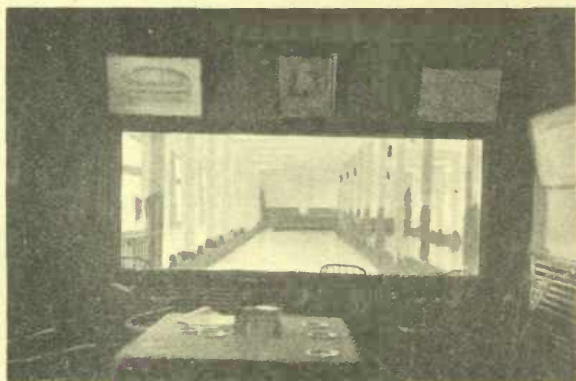
ICE-CUTTING ON ST. LAWRENCE.

togged out as the Scotsmen, was a rare pleasure. The day was a cold one, as has already been remarked, but the air was clear. There was a blue sky and a fine winter sun overhead. Moreover, the curlers were speeded along at a rattling pace over the roads and ice by well-bred horses, animals that seemed to have all their energies awakened by the fine bracing air. The only difficulty experienced with

them was that they wanted to go too fast. Sometimes they would try to break away from the procession, in order to pursue an independent course, but at such times they were forcibly reminded of the places they were intended to fill by their drivers, and so they were reined back again behind the cutters they had followed from the earlier stages of the drive. The Caledonians and their guests left the rink shortly after two o'clock,



PROCESSION OF SLEIGHS ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.



SMOKING AND READING ROOM, THISTLE CURLING CLUB, MONTREAL.
(The Parlour of the Plate-glass skips.)



INTERIOR OF CALEDONIA RINK, MONTREAL.

proceeding down Stanley Street to St. Catherine, thence to Peel, from Peel to Dorchester, and then along the last-named thoroughfare to Atwater Avenue. From Atwater Avenue the Scotsmen and their hosts were driven to the vicinity of the Grand Trunk Boat Club, where all had an opportunity of witnessing the harvesting of Montreal's supply of ice for the summer of 1903. The cutters were driven out in the ice and around the different centres, where the ice-cutters were working. Every detail of the work was explained to the visitors, and many snapshots of the interesting scenes before them were taken by them. Then followed the coldest part of the drive, namely, the trip over the ice to the Verdun Asylum. How the wind blew and how the frosty air seemed to penetrate even the thick overcoats and mufflers which nearly every person had been provided with; but, after all, the trip was an exhilarating one, and all enjoyed it, in spite of the terrible cold. On turning from the ice to the main road at a point just east of the Verdun Asylum, another moving picture of the interesting procession was taken." These moving pictures were afterwards exhibited in Scotland. The next point to be visited was the Power House of the Lachine Rapids Land and Hydraulic Company, through which the visitors were escorted by Mr. Wallbank. A very keen interest was taken in the establishment by the visiting curlers, and many questions were asked with respect to its construction and the prospects of its future development. While at the Power House the hosts and guests of the day saw one of the few places in Canada where the water never freezes during the winter, namely, the Lachine Rapids. Though swollen somewhat at this particular season of the year, the Scots curlers secured a pretty good idea of the strength, velocity,

and dangerous character of the Rapids. From the Power House the visitors were driven to the Ogilvy farm, where the Scottish farmers had the opportunity of inspecting a first-class Canadian farm. There the entire party were treated to a typical Scottish repast, consisting of oatmeal cakes, scones, fruit-cakes, and tea, the productions of Mrs. Hunter and her daughters. These were greatly relished, in fact so much so, that a vote of thanks was tendered Mrs. Hunter. Speeches were also made by President M'Lean and Mr. Ogilvy, jun. From the Ogilvy farm the visitors were driven westwards along the Lower Lachine Road, and shown its varied beauties and historic landmarks. The return to Montreal was made by way of the Upper Lachine Road, a stop being made at Thornhill, where the inner man was warmed up by liquid decoctions of a typical Scotch name and flavour. The city was reached shortly after six o'clock.

At the usual smoking-concert held in the evening, President M'Lean in the chair, Mr. Peter Lyall and Colonel Stevenson spoke words of welcome to the visitors. The Captain in reply, on behalf of the team, said that they were proud to represent there the Royal Caledonian Club which ruled curling in such a perfect way as no other game in the world was ruled, and he rejoiced to find the Canadian branch so loyal and so healthy, though he was not surprised when such men as Colonel Stevenson, the G.O.M. of curling in Canada, David Guthrie, and others of like enthusiasm had its direction. "When we go back," he said, "there will be twenty-three men who will be able to speak to the mother-country of the attractions of Canada. Each will, no doubt, give a series of illustrated lectures on the country and the people. The subject of our worthy Secretary will be, 'How I led my curling Doukhobors through Canada to Winnipeg.' Dr. Kirk will discourse on 'How I brought my twenty-three

corpses home'; Mr. Gordon will take for his subject 'The Canadian lassies'; Mr. Bentley Murray will talk of the 'Ambrosial aspects of curling in Canada'; Mr. Campbell on the 'Flowers of the Forest'; Major Bertram on 'Tactics in Curling'; Mr. Gibson on '*Mal de Mer*'; Major Scott Davidson will speak of 'The *Alert* and the *Discovery*'; Mr. Provan on 'Me and my Jean'; Mr. Cousin on 'Pappa and I, and how



MONTREAL THISTLE CURLING RINK INTERIOR.

we roupit the stoup,' etc., etc. Our team appreciates the charitable treatment we have met from your club, for you did not ask us to play the whole day, but took us for a delightful and instructive drive, for which we are all grateful. The reception we have received out here is far beyond what we ever expected. We have met the finest of Scotsmen and the best of curlers." He then called on the team to drink the health of the Caledonians with Highland honours, which was done, Messrs. Kirk and Murray nearly pushing holes in the ceiling with their heads. Dr. Kirk, on being called on to speak, said he

enjoyed the drive very much, and specially because it relieved him of the pleasure of defeat at their hands that afternoon. Curling in Canada was undoubtedly a fine art, and the lessons they had received during their visit would be of great use to them. He hoped Canada would send a team to Scotland, and he was sure they would there get a better drubbing than they had given us. Among the amusements of the evening were some fine Scotch horn-



IN FRONT OF THISTLE CLUB, MONTREAL.

pipes by a young man named Clark, accompanied by a beautiful piper, who handled his instrument with great skill, and a coon song by Mr. White of the Wanderers' Club of Chicago.

With the Thistle Club

On Thursday the visitors were the guests of the Thistle Club, against which they were up in the forenoon but down in the evening, the total result, over six rinks, showing very close play.

After the morning games the visitors were entertained to luncheon, the members, under their President, Mr.

Charles McLean, doing all in their power to minister to the enjoyment of the visitors. About sixty gentlemen were present, and after ample justice had been done to the many delicacies served, speeches, songs, and the usual compliments were in order.

After the evening play, hosts and guests gathered for a social hour in the club-rooms. On behalf of the Thistle Club, the Rev. Dr. Barclay and Mr. W. W. Mowat spoke words of welcome, and Mr. Deans Ritchie replied for

the team in a few select sentences of appreciation. Mr. Aird, the Secretary of the branch, who is one of the Thistle skips, was in good form, both on the rink and at the social board. He seems to be a general favourite with all his brother curlers at Montreal, and every member of our team formed a great liking for him.



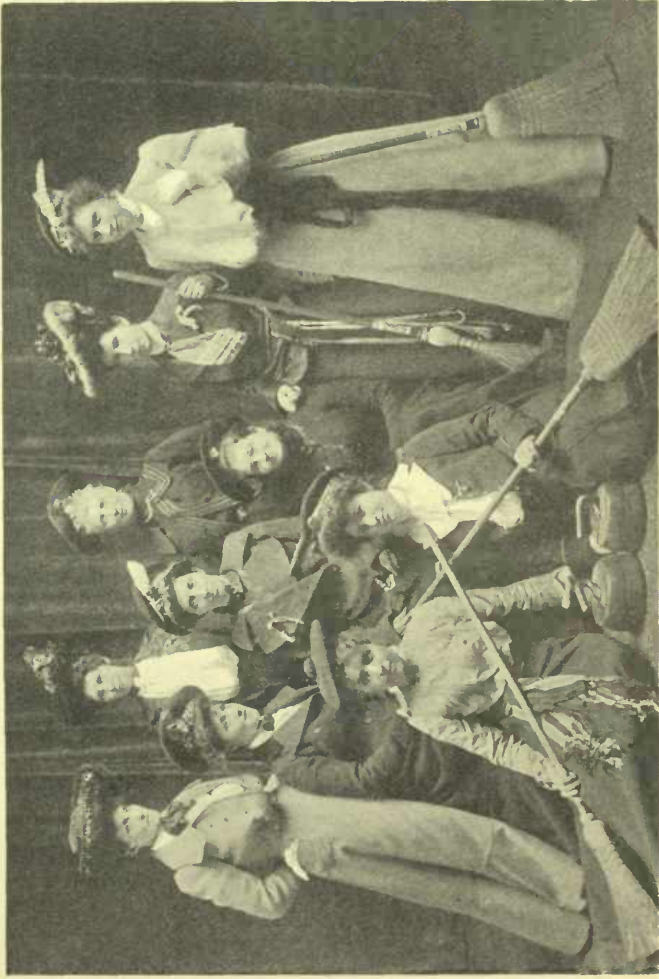
Photo by Notman & Son, Montreal.

W. D. AIRD.

Secretary Canadian Branch R.C.C.C.

The St. Lawrence Ladies' Club

While the games with the Thistle were going on, two rinks of the team, skipped by Captain Simpson and Mr. Bentley Murray, played against two rinks of the St. Lawrence Ladies' Club, and spent a delightful afternoon. The ladies had made special preparations for the reception of the Scots, and, if anything, outdid the efforts of the gentlemen in this respect. The decorations in the rink proper, where the match of Tuesday had been played, were still in position, while special fixtures and decorations were made to the club parlours by the ladies. The table



OFFICERS OF ST. LAWRENCE LADIES' CLUB, 1902-03.

Mrs. Hodgson.

Mrs. E. A. Riepert.

Secretary.

Mrs. J. F. Reipert.

Mrs. Spencer.

Mrs. J. X. Roy.

Vice-President.

Mrs. W. L. Chipchase.

President.

Miss Robertson.

Miss Mitchell.

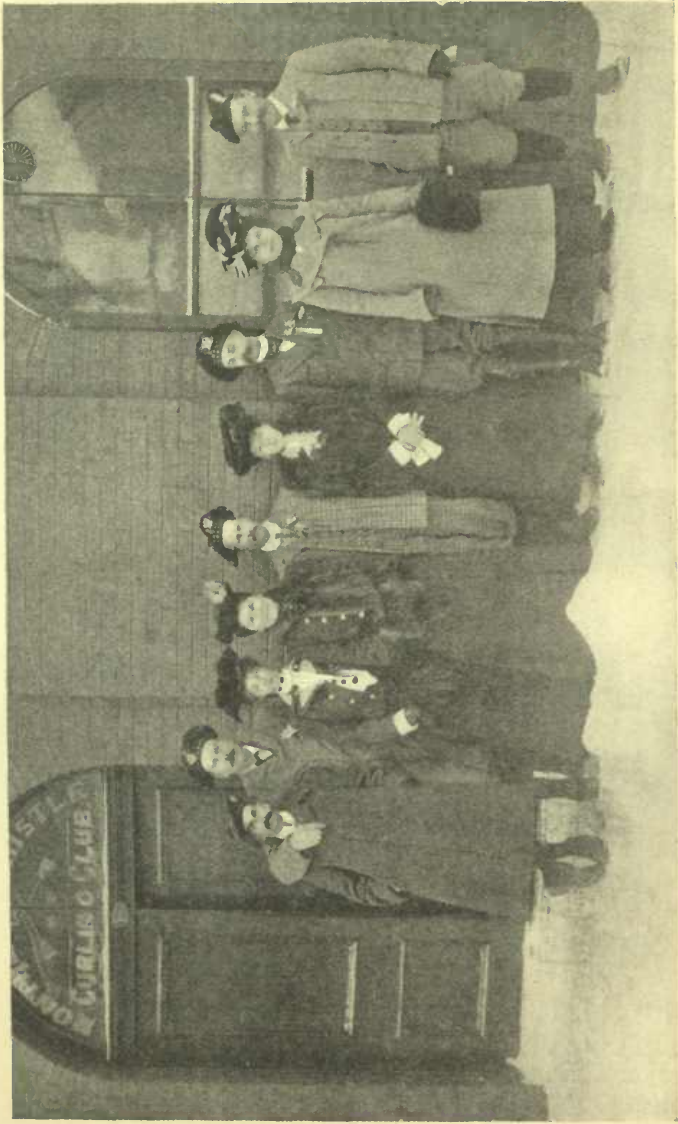
Mrs. Wm. Cairns.

Miss Milhe.

of delicacies which awaited the consumption of the hungry curlers was indeed inviting, and prettily arranged. A good deal of humour prevailed as the match went on. Mr. Murray, who had Miss Milne as opposing skip, acknowledged that it was no use trying, for he could not outwick his charming foe. During a moment of intense interest in the play Provost Gordon, forgetting the colour he was playing under, turned to one of the lady curlers and inquired, "Are we blue?" "No," was the reply, "but I think you will be at the close of the match." Mr. Murray, in asking another what kind of combination existed when three irons were in direct rotation in front of the button, received the following reply: "I think it is a safe one, sir." The Scotsmen were presented by the ladies of the St. Lawrence Club with a souvenir pin, in the shape of a maple leaf, which they were very much pleased to receive. During the game the galleries were crowded by enthusiastic spectators, who took a keen interest in the play, and specially applauded the work of the ladies.

As soon as play was concluded the lady and gentlemen curlers, as well as a number of guests, were entertained to luncheon, fit for a king.

Mrs. Chipchase, President of the Ladies' Curling Club, assisted by a capable staff of assistants, looked after the wants of their visitors. Throughout the afternoon the windows of the ladies' club-rooms were filled with interested onlookers, while many others followed the game from the platform of the rink. The decorations of the tea-room were delicate in shade, but effective, while the ladies wore the colours of their club, and in addition wore bunches of heather and tartan ribbon, the latter in honour of their guests. In the tea-room the scene was especially inviting, the table having a centre-piece of cut flowers, while the lights were prettily coloured with neatly designed



RINK FROM MONTREAL LADIES' CLUB AND SCOTO-CANADIAN TEAM.

Chinese shades. Before the Scotsmen withdrew they heartily thanked the ladies for the reception of the afternoon, and complimented them on their splendid curling.

The reception was undoubtedly a great success, and the ladies of the St. Lawrence Curling Club are indeed to be congratulated and warmly commended for the manner in which they carried out every detail of the afternoon's enjoyment.

Among those present were His Worship the Mayor and a delegation of curlers from English River, headed by Mr. William Greig, ex-M.P., and a large number of prominent curlers and citizens. Among the lady spectators were the following: Mesdames Roy, Guthrie, Dettmers, Buchanan, Bott, Harvey, Mills, Wilson, Stearns, Spencer, M'Kay, Rose, White, Foster, Elliott, Riddell, Fraser, Henderson, Hall, Enright, Freeman, M'Coy, Reynolds, E. Riepert, Kearns, Scott, F. Riepert, Cairns, and Chipchase, and the Misses Clearihue, Rose, Milne, Ewing, Stevenson, M'Allister, Forbes, M'Vey, Grace, M'Lean, Scott, Meldrum, Mitchell, Clarke, Henderson, Foy, Smallfield, Studer, Ryan, Smith, Bolton, Mackay, Graham, Porteous, Craig, Ellis, Miller, Phillips, Greer, Lindsay, and others. That the match which, like those with the Quebec and Montreal clubs, was in favour of the fair sex, gave delight to the visiting Scotsmen was proved by the fact that a second match came off on Friday, the rinks on this occasion being mixed—two ladies and two gentlemen on each. Tea was afterwards served by Mrs. Roy, Mrs. Guthrie, and Miss Brophy.

“Banner nicht at Lachine”

On the evening of this day two rinks, headed by the Captain, went to Lachine to play two rinks at Lachine, and thus complete the round of the Island Clubs. The game

here was played with irons and was very enjoyable, the curlers mixing up so as to make it as sociable as possible. The side skipped by the Scotsmen won by three points,

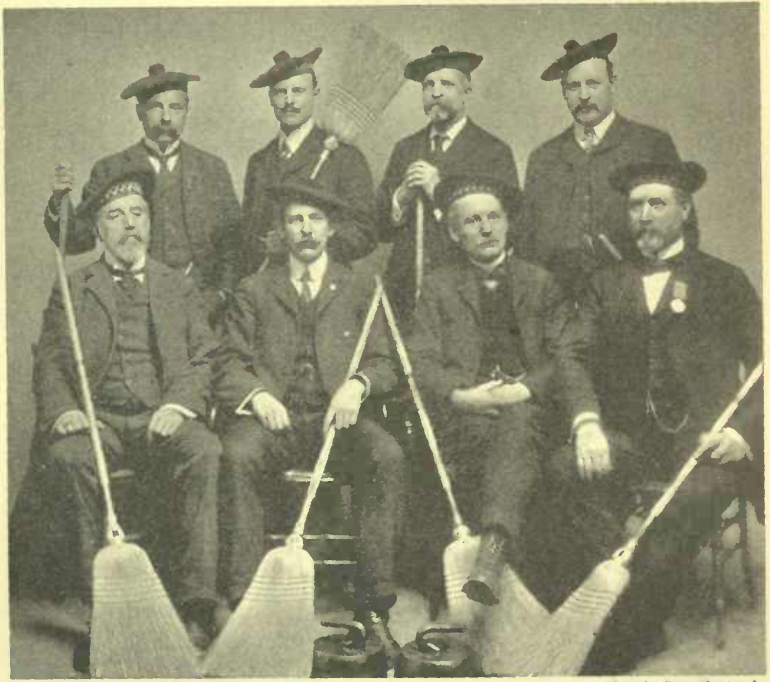


Photo by Rice, Montreal.

WINNERS OF THE FIRST TROPHY WON BY LACHINE CLUB.

District Medal Match, played with St. Johns Club at St. Johns, P.Q., February 19, 1898.

J. G. Brod�.	W. O. Ryde.	E. W. Strathy.	Frank Craig.
G. Hewitt.	James Edward (<i>skip</i>).	R. Lucas (<i>skip</i>).	H. Bickerdike, M.P.

Score 33 to 32.

a result that proved that they were not averse to iron playing. The Lachine Club is the only one in the Dominion which has Lord Strathcona for its patron, who, on hearing of the visit of the Scottish Curlers sent the

club a handsome donation to defray expenses. The entertainment given to the visitors after the play, when about eighty were present, was certainly first-class. The supper was in the Lakeview Hotel, to which a piper played the curlers and their guests from the rink. The management had prepared for thirty people, but so great was the desire to meet the Scotsmen that no less than seventy-two turned up. President Lucas, who presided, proposed the health of His Majesty the King. In responding for the Dominion of Canada, the Hon. F. D. Monk, M.P., Leader of the Opposition, said that though he greatly admired Scotsmen, he was sorry he could not claim them all as Conservatives, but he besought the members of the team on their return to send out as many young Scotsmen as possible. Mr. R. Bickerdike, M.P., the founder of the club, made some eloquent remarks on Scotland's ain game. The Captain in replying for the team said that the Royal Club had been considering for about fifty years the invitation to send representatives out to Canada, and it had at last been accepted. They were there with a hearty greeting from the Mither-club to her children in Canada, and they would take back with them such impressions as would form a new bond of sympathy between the two countries, for Scotland would in some measure become more fully awake to Canada's resources and developments. If they desired to have in Canada a healthy race, straight of limb, stout of heart, and liberty loving, let them teach their children the grand old game of curling. A feature of the dinner was a presentation by President Lucas, on behalf of the Lachine Club, of pretty souvenir pins to all the members of the Scotch team. The health of the absent member of the Scoto-Canadian team, Mr. A. F. Smith, who was lying in the hospital at Halifax, was proposed by Mr. J. Edward.

Speeches were also given by the Rev. Mr. Ross, son of the late Rev. Dr. Ross of Cleish and by the Rev. Mr. Hewton, and a recitation in the habitant patois by Mr. Ramsay, President of the Lachine Horticultural Society. "This is as guid a nicht as we've had, Captain," said one of the team as they came in from Lachine in the early morning, and the Captain and every member agreed. They were bidden



A BRACE OF PARLIAMENTARY CURLERS.

farewell at the specially chartered car with the skirl of pipes, and some of the members of the Lachine Club escorted them into the city. For this "banner nicht" at Lachine, as it was well called, the following was the programme of feast and sentiment.

Some hae meat and canna eat,
 And some wad eat that want it,
 But we hae meat, and we can eat,
 And sae the Lord be thankit.

CURLING TOUR

DINNER AT LACHINE.

Soup.

Cock-a-Leekie—"Soop her up."

Fish.

Fried Smelts—"Scotch Style"—"I like ye weel."

Entrée.

Scotch Collops. Chicken Saute—Wi' Mushrooms.

*Joints.*Roast Bubblyjock, Roast Sirloin Beef,
Wi' Cranberry Sauce. Yorkshire Pudding.*Corned Beef,*

Wi' cabbage—"Tak' a wick o' that."

Vegetables.

Mashed potatoes. Corn. Turnips. Boiled Cabbage.

*Relishes.*Salmon Salad. Mixed Pickles. Pickled Cabbage.
Worcestershire Sauce. Anchovy Sauce.*Dessert.*

Steamed Fruit Pudding—"Old Style." Brandy Sauce.

Apple Pie. Cheese. Celery. Fameuse Apples.

Oranges. Tea. Coffee. Stack Brooms.

TOASTS.

King.

Dominion of Canada. Mayor and Corporation.
Scoto-Canadian Team and Scotland's Ain Game o' Curlin'.
Guests. Branch. Ladies. Press.**The Fertile Creek Team**

On January 15 the oldest rink of curlers in the province of Quebec arrived in the city to greet the Scottish curlers and to see them at play. These were Messrs. John Craig, Robert Hamilton, Robert Anderson, and William Craig of Howick, who were known as the champion Fertile Creek team. All four had been playing the game for sixty years, and on the occasion of the curling bonspiel held in Montreal during the carnival of 1882, they won the championship of the province. When they did so they played with wooden blocks, and were surprised that they overcame the granites and the irons.

Presentation to Colonel Stevenson

A pleasing incident occurred before the opening of Thursday's play, when Colonel Stevenson, President of the Canadian branch, was presented by the members of the team with a handsome silver bowl on



THE FOUR WORTHIES, WITH WOODEN BLOCKS, FERTILE CREEK.

the occasion of his seventy-fourth birthday. The gift took the Colonel completely by surprise, but as usual he found words both appropriate and felicitous, in which to thank his friends from the land of the heather. No doubt he would have been "bounced," according to the Canadian custom, but the visitors did not know the way to proceed with this curious ceremony, and no doubt the Colonel felt that this was a case where ignorance was bliss.

Scottish-born *v.* Canadian-born

Friday saw the opening of the great annual bonspiel, in which the Scottish-born curlers of the Dominion play the Canadian-born. In this contest the members of the team were distributed over the twenty-two rinks which represented Scotland. As usual the Canadians, like the

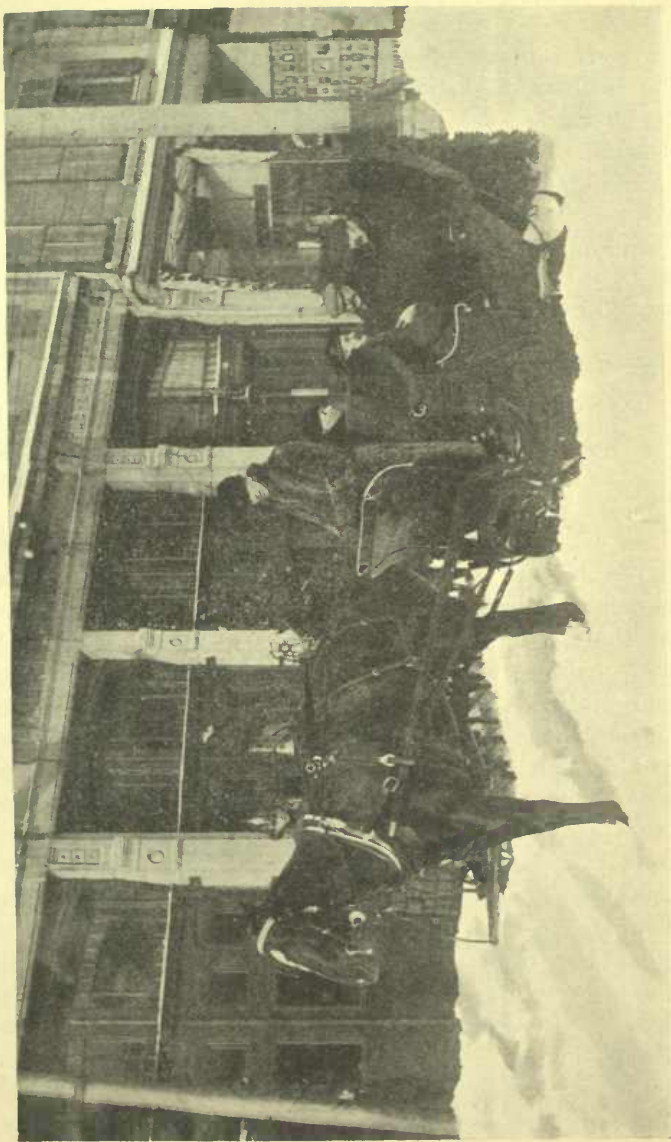
South of Scotland against the North at Carsbreck, were victorious; but the two members of the team who had charge of rinks as skips did their best to reverse the result, the rink of the Captain having ten and that of Dr. Kirk nine shots in favour of Scotland. In this contest only irons were used, and the general impression of the team was that for such ice they were most suitable, and brought out a very scientific game.

The Fire-Brigade

The Colonel took the Captain and a good many of the team to the headquarters of the Fire Brigade which is under his personal charge. A special alarm of fire was got up for our benefit, and the lightning-like rapidity with which the doors everywhere flew open, the men slipped down from their berths, and the horses bolted into their position, was remarkable. In a jiffy they were in harness and away, as quick as they could gallop, to the scene of action.

Reception at St. Andrew's Home

We must not omit to mention a very pleasant "function" of our Thursday in Montreal, when an informal reception, from 5 to 6.30 P.M., was given to the Scotsmen by the St. Andrew's and Caledonian Societies in the parlours of St. Andrew's Home. It had been given out that all Scotch folks would be made welcome, and the gathering was one of the most interesting at which we had been present. Many were the salutations from brither Scots—men and women, and many were the inquiries and reminiscences about the old country and the good folks there. Principal Peterson, now of McGill College, formerly of Dundee, in name of the Societies, gave the team a hearty welcome, and assured them that there was no more loyal contingent of Scottish people than those they met in Montreal. The Captain,



LEAVING THE FIRE STATION, MONTREAL.

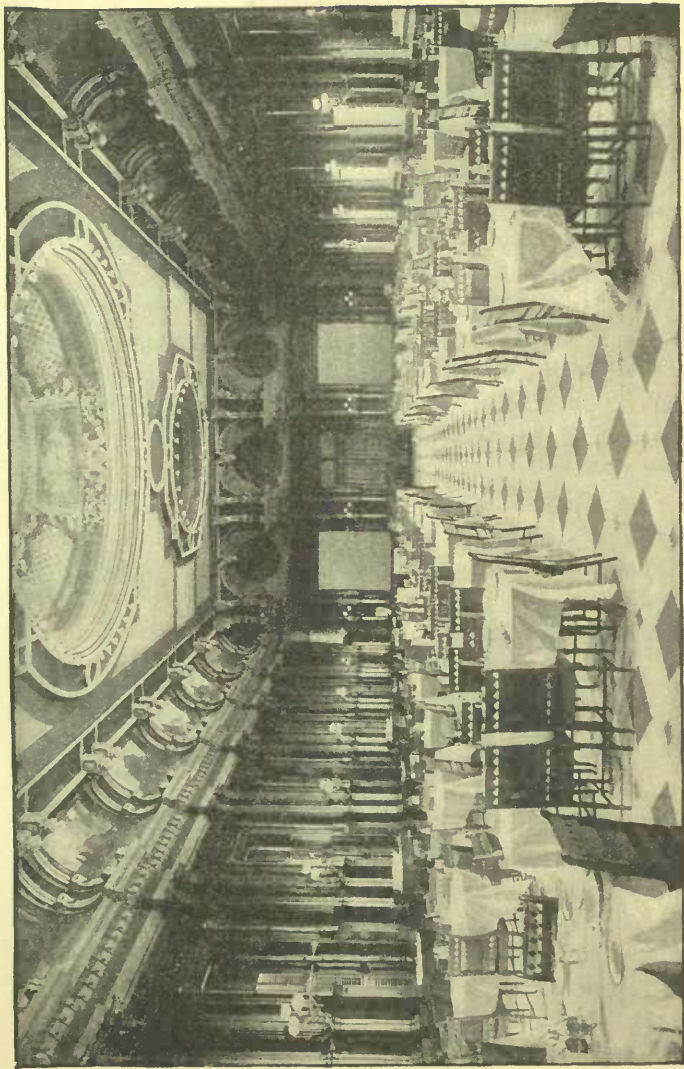
in reply, congratulated the Principal on the high position he occupied in presiding over such a noted institution, and remarked that they missed him much in Scotland, though they knew what good he was doing in Canada. A pleasant afternoon was spent, and it was with much interest that the Captain and members of the team heard of the good work done at the Home in which Colonel Stevenson takes great interest, as he does in all work of the kind in the city.

The Mammoth Banquet

During the whole time of our stay in Montreal we were treated with an extraordinary amount of kindness and hospitality. This culminated in a great banquet given at the hotel the night before our departure, when an assembly of something like 400 met to do honour to the team, and entertain them to a mammoth banquet. The genial Colonel Stevenson was in the chair. The large dining-room was decorated with patriotic designs, Union Jacks, the Canadian Ensign, and Scotland's Royal Lion showing out boldly. The entrance was covered with a pair of flags. A Jack and Ensign were entwined and held together by a large maple leaf brilliant with many lights. At the other end an Ensign and Jack, built of electric lamps, were placed across the galleries, and over the doorway was the Royal Standard, also marked with lights. Behind the chair was an immense Scotch flag and a shield with Scotland's red lion rampant. The Captain of the team was on the right of the chairman, and on his left Mayor Cochrane, Provost Ballantyne, Mr. Justice Archibald, the Rev. Dr. Campbell, and others. The gathering was by far the most representative curling function that has ever taken place in the city, every

club being largely represented. Before opening the toast-list, Colonel Stevenson explained how the project of a visit from the Scottish team came to be mooted. He said that many years ago, when it was the custom of Montreal merchants to make two voyages annually across the ocean to the old country for the purpose of buying their goods, a party of Montreal merchants of Scottish descent attended one of the big bonspiels in Scotland, and proved victorious in the competition. This was told to their brethren on their return to Montreal, and thereupon originated the idea of inviting Scotland to send to Canada a team, and this also had the effect of giving a great impetus to the game in the city. The toast-list was opened by that of the "King," followed by "the Queen and Royal family." In a few well-chosen remarks, Mr. Justice Archibald proposed "Our Imperial Forces (Home and Colonial)." He suggested that at a curlers' dinner the military must take a minor part, but there was a bond between the soldier and the curler, for on the ice there is a sort of mimic war, and all were brethren in arms. Major Bertram, Captain Simpson, and Colonel Gordon of the Canadian Militia responded. In proposing the "Mayor and Corporation," Colonel Gardner, President of the Montreal Club, referred to the fact that the worthy chairman had just celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday, and he took advantage of this opportunity to convey to Colonel Stevenson the congratulations of the curlers. Mayor Cochrane responded in a felicitous manner, and assured the Scotsmen that they would always receive a hearty welcome in Montreal. Alderman Sadler and ex-Alderman Lyall also replied to the toast. In proposing the toast of the evening, "The Scoto-Canadian Team." Colonel Stevenson made a very interesting speech, containing reminiscences of curlers and curling in Montreal

in days gone by. The Colonel gave a Scriptural reason for the use of irons in that district by going so far back as the book of Deuteronomy where (chap. viii. verses 7 to 9) in return for their obedience the children of Israel were promised "A good land; a land of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil-olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass." After referring to the pleasure there had been in entertaining such a sportsman-like team, he said he was speaking on behalf of every one in the city when he expressed the hope that they would soon find it possible to return again. There could, he said, be no doubt that curling was one of the best games played. It was a clean game, a game of skill, and one that required physical and mental powers. Then as a social game, it was one that was entirely free from any objectionable feature. In closing, he complimented the mother-club of Scotland on the representatives she had sent out to Canada, and said that any game would benefit by having such men engaged in it. In his reply, the Captain of the Scottish team cordially thanked the local curlers for the almost too-hearty reception that had been tendered them. The week they had spent in Montreal was one which they should always remember, and on leaving, their great wish was that they might be able to return at some other time. Colonel Stevenson had spoken of the toast of the evening, but it might be more appropriately called the toast of the morning. They were not, however, to suppose that the members of the Scottish team were in a hurry to leave that table or their noble and dignified city. The only condition he made



BANQUETING HALL, WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL.

was that their friends around them should afterwards adjourn with them to their rooms and help them to pack up their belongings. He conveyed a message of good wishes and hearty greeting from the old Mother-club, the Royal Caledonian, to the most devoted of all her daughters. Considering how leal and true the Canadian branch had been, he might give that message in Scriptural terms: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou hast excelled them all." This visit was the most important event that had happened in the history of curling, and as bearing upon the relations between Scotland and Canada it would have far-reaching results. The Captain referred to that abandonment of caste and distinction between man and man for which curling has always been famous, and which he found to be one of the features of social life in Canada. He then amused the large gathering by a series of humorous curling stories, which created great laughter. One of these was at his own expense, and was to this effect that when he was conversing with one of his aged office-bearers before the team was formed, and saying how difficult it was to choose the right men, for, owing to the climate in Canada, it had to be made a condition that no member take more than one glass of "the Auld Kirk" per day. "Aye, weel," remarked the elder, "I'm thinkin', minister, ye'll no be gaun, yersel."

Canada, he said, was a great land with a great future before it; it was "Scotland's ain country," for there and everywhere they had visibly before them what Scotsmen had done, and it was well that they were so devoted, young and old, to Scotland's ain game, for that carried with it the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, as no other sport did. It was

The peerless game
That feeds the flame
Of fellowship in man.

Here and everywhere they went they recognised that in every Scot and Scoto-Canadian they met, as Robert Burns said of himself, "a tide of Scottish prejudice had been poured along his veins, and it would boil there until the flood-gates shut in eternal rest." Their visit to Canada had been the realisation of a long dream, but the reality had surpassed their fondest and wildest anticipations. That great mammoth gathering, that Gargantuan feast was perhaps a record in curling story. Other teams might visit them from the home country, and, profiting by their experience, might perhaps do better in some respects, but no team that ever entered the Dominion of Canada would ever be more honoured than they had been by the splendid reception that had been given them, and no team would ever surpass this in the gratitude felt for the treatment received. He voiced, he was sure, the feeling of each member of his team, when in the words of Burns, with one slight alteration, he said—

The bridegroom may forget the bride
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen,
 The monarch may forget the crown
 That on his head an hour has been,
 The mother may forget the babe
 That smiles sae sweetly on her knee,
 But I'll remember *Montreal*
 And a' that you have done for me.

Provost Ballantyne and Dr. Kirk, in some well-chosen sentences, expressed their appreciation of Canadian curling and kindness. Interspersed with the speech-making were several songs, Mr. Provan's contributions being particularly approved. Captain Simpson, Mr. Gordon, Mr. F. Hickie, Mr. Tedford, Mr. W. Lyall, and Mr. Oughtred also added to the musical programme.

There is some excuse for quoting the following

impression of one of the members of the team, who in a letter to the *Dundee Advertiser*, written from Montreal on January 19, says:—

I never attended a dinner that went so well, or where the freshness lasted in the same manner right up to the finish. The singing and speaking were excellent and our star artist, Provan, rose to the occasion, as indeed he usually does. Our Captain also made a speech worthy of the plaudits it called forth. This event will be a day marked with a white stone, and from which we will date the incidents of our tour.

Good-bye at Montreal

It was far on in the morning before the Scotsmen were allowed to retire for a brief rest, and next morning a great assemblage gathered to give them a hearty send-off on their departure for Ottawa, every curling-club and every Scottish Society in the city being represented. The curlers were played from the Windsor Hotel to the station by Piper Clark, one of the youngest pipers in the city, who had done much in the way of adding a typical Scotch flavour to the various entertainments of the past week at which the visitors had been guests. The crowd included many ladies, and as there were some minutes to spare before the departure of the train, the interval was given over to merry-making. Short addresses were made by the Rev. Mr. Kerr, Colonel Stevenson, and others, in which a goodly number of compliments were exchanged in the humorous style peculiar to Scotsmen, between hosts and guests. Then the *au revoirs* were said, hands were shaken, and the train was boarded. It was only for a little while, however, as the departure of the express was delayed somewhat by the late arrival of the Halifax train. The wait inside proved a tedious one to several of the Scotsmen, and a great many of them sought the freedom of the platform as soon as they found out that

the express would be a trifle late in leaving Montreal. Those who did so paid the penalty of venturing into too close proximity to Canadian hospitality. They were caught up and bounced. Not once, but thrice was the bounce repeated in each case, and by the time the men were again on *terra firma* they had formed a pretty good idea of what the pastime felt like. The great Dr. Kirk was only saved from being sent up into the air by the conductor's warning "All aboard." After more handshakings the train pulled out, and then ensued the finest cheering that has been heard in Montreal for a long time. Both hosts and guests tried to rival one another in giving a demonstration of their lung power, and the result was gratifying to each. Among those present on the platform were Messrs. J. H. Hutchison, David Robertson, Robert Scott, T. Cushing, Robert Sharp, C. O'Connor, John Watson, James Cleghorn, G. H. Balfour, Walter Williams, D. Anderson, John Rose, David Guthrie, Charles M'Lean, A. Milne, Peter Lyall, Col. Stevenson, Col. Gardner, James Paton, W. S. Weldon, R. Clark, M'Duff Lamb, J. M'Lean, W. W. Watson, A. C. Hutchinson, Ald. Sadler, James Simpson, P. W. A. Burket, J. W. Wilson, James Currie, W. Currie, Geo. Lamb, W. Patterson, W. Lyall, John Stephenson, Capt. M'Gill, W. Wilson, Charles Blackmore, W. A. Murphy, J. W. Hughes, J. M'Gowan, Capt. Rodden, Lieut. M'Gregor, T. Cunningham, and others.

The Attractions of Montreal

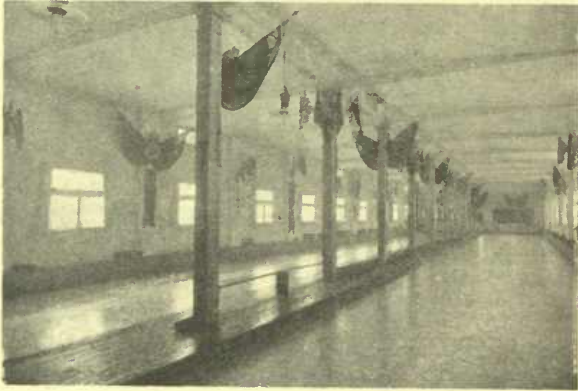
If the Scottish team had to be banished from Scotland to Canada, and given their choice of residence there, the majority would probably fix upon Montreal. This may so far be explained by the fact that we were longer in residence there than at any other place we visited. But no doubt the city has great attractions, and greater still

are the attractions of the citizens, male and female. Where in the world would one meet better men than Colonel "Sandy" Stevenson, "Davy" Guthrie, "Jim" Paton, "Billy" Aird, "Willy" Watson,¹ and many others that might here be named in that friendly way in which they address each other? The social side of life in the great Canadian metropolis is certainly delightful. We had not personally the pleasure of seeing it, but Dr. Kirk reported to us that the mansion of Mr. R. B. Angus, a Bathgate man, and all its appointments, surpassed anything he had seen for magnificence. The mansions of Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount-Stephen² are palatial. Indeed, all the public buildings, churches, etc., are substantial and massive, and give dignity to the city. Like many other cities in Canada, the rise and progress of Montreal have been remarkable. It was only in 1642 that it was founded, on the site of the old Indian village of Hochelaga, by a band of French religious enthusiasts, who intended it to be a "city of God," and gave it the name. The bronze monument to Maisonneuve who led the expedition, and was for a time Governor of the colony, is illustrated on the title of this volume. Montreal, as the official description has it, is "a city of marked contrasts, where the picturesque quaintness of a vanished past is mingled with the luxury and culture and enterprise of modern times; where the customs and usages of Old France and Young Canada, characteristic of the old and new eras of civilisation co-exist, and where massive business blocks, costly public buildings, and private residences rise side by side with grey old churches, sombre convents and

¹ It is with great regret that we hear of Mr. Watson's death on November 21, as our pages are passing through the press.

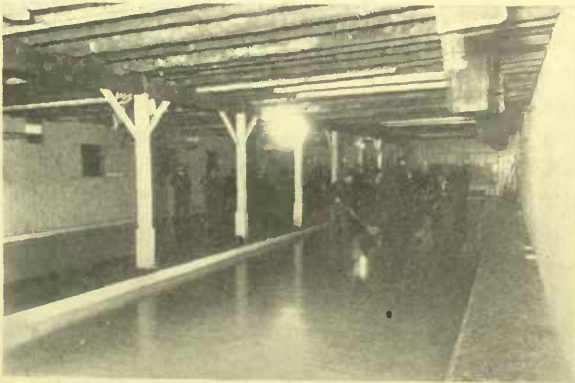
² This is now Mr. Meaghen's. The Duke and Duchess of York stayed at Lord Strathcona's house on their visit in 1901.

nunneries and grand cathedrals, whose magnificence and



INTERIOR—THISTLE CLUB, MONTREAL.

splendour rival those of the Old World. It is a modern metropolitan city—an important seaport, although six



INTERIOR—ST. LAWRENCE CLUB, MONTREAL.

hundred miles from the Atlantic by the St. Lawrence, with huge ocean greyhounds at its busy docks—a bustling,

thriving commercial and industrial centre where converge the principal railways of Canada, chief of which is the Canadian Pacific, which, stretching across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is the longest continuous railway line in the world. The old streets of Montreal are redolent with legends of a turbulent past, of wars with the fierce and wily aborigines, of French adventure and enterprise; for here dwelt the intrepid La Salle, the Mississippi explorer Du L'Hut, the founder of Duluth, Cadillac, the founder of Detroit, Bienville, the founder of New Orleans, and other adventurous spirits, whose names are still revered by posterity. Ville Marie was, too, the headquarters of the great French fur-trading and exploring companies, whose operations throughout the Great West extended to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, and the far-off shores of Hudson's Bay. It remained under the rule of France till 1760, when Vaudreuil capitulated to General Amherst, and the ancient *régime* came to an end. Three years later, by the Treaty of Paris, France ceded Canada to Great Britain, and the French Canadians became British subjects. The town was occupied for a time in 1775 by the Americans under General Montgomery, who afterwards was slain in a gallant but unsuccessful assault upon Quebec; and here in the old Château de Ramesay, the home of the old governors, lived Benjamin Franklin and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the American Commissioners who came to negotiate the cession of the country to the United States. During the war of 1812-15, Montreal was thrice threatened by invading United States forces, but fortunately its walls were not entered by the enemy. Since that time the development and progress of the city have been continuous and rapid, until it now possesses, with its

suburbs, a steadily increasing population of over 360,000, the great majority of whom are French Canadians, and boasts of a wealth equalled by no other city of its size in the world."

The wealth referred to is considerably in the hands of Scotsmen who, as we have said, do not simply hoard it up, but with it endow hospitals and other public institutions, of which Montreal has a splendid array, such as the Royal Victoria Hospital, the M'Gill College, the Victoria College, and many others too numerous to mention. The Scotch contingent in the city we were told was only about one-tenth of the population, but so influential and powerful is this contingent that nine-tenths of the wealth is said to be in its possession.

It is not to be wondered at that, with such wealthy patronage, curling should flourish under the shadow of Mount Royal. Indeed, if we take the expenditure on construction of buildings, and the efficiency of their all-round arrangements, the Montreal curlers stand out foremost in the world. It is also said that the climate is such that they can rely on more curling there than in any other part of Canada, even though in some other places, such as Winnipeg, the temperature should, for part of the winter, be considerably lower. Notwithstanding the experience of their neighbours with the "granites," which proves that these are quite safe even in the most intense frost, the curlers in Montreal stick to the "irons," and in the art of using these they are past masters.

The Doyen of the Island and his Story

Mr. James Williamson is the oldest curler on the island of Montreal. He began to play with the Montreal Club when their rink was at Logan's store, where the

examining warehouse is now. This was destroyed by fire, and the club played for a time in the ruins, then moved



Photo by Notman & Son, Montreal.

JAMES WILLIAMSON.
Montreal Club.

to the flour-shed along the canal. The next move was to a shed on St. Catherine Street, at the corner of Drummond Street. Then they came to where their present quarters are now.

When Mr. Williamson is in a reminiscent mood he can tell some great tales of the bygone days of outdoor play. Here is one which it is a treat to hear him tell:—

It was when Colonel Dalrymple of the 71st Highlanders was stationed at St. John. A match was arranged between the High-

landers and the Montreal Club. In those days the match rinks were on the river, and were prepared a few days before the match, three or four from each of the competing clubs helping in the work. When the men to do this work were being chosen at the barracks, Private Sandy — applied to the Colonel to be one of the party.

“Na, na, Sandy,” said the Colonel, “ye aye tak’ a drap too much, an’ ye’ll no’ be richt for the play.”

“A’ gie my word, sir, that a’ll no touch the bottle till after the match.”

“Ye’ve said the same afore, Sandy, and a’ cauna trust ye.”

But Sandy persisted, and the Colonel finally said :

“Weel, weel, Sandy, I’ll gie ye anither chance.”

So Sandy formed one of the advance party.

The day of the match came. All the players were on the ice on the river, but there was no Sandy. After a short wait Sandy appeared at the foot of M’Gill Street, and came staggering over the ice to the rinks.

“Bring an axe,” shouted the Colonel, who was almost purple with rage, to some of his men.

"Break a hole in the ice," was the next command. This was done just as Sandy came up.

"Douse his head in the water," roared the Colonel. Four men grabbed hold of Sandy, and down he went through the hole in the ice. Down he went a second time, and a third, before Colonel Dalrymple was satisfied. Each time Sandy came up spluttering, and imploring his commanding officer to revoke further punishment.

When play began, Sandy, who was a skilful hand with the "stances," was skip of Colonel Dalrymple's rink. Play once started, it was no longer colonel and private. Sandy as skip was king of the rink, and knew his authority. In spite of his copious libations and his unexpected bath he placed his shots with great skill. The Colonel, on the other hand, was so put out by the occurrence that he played badly. This was Sandy's chance.

"What for did a' bring ye frae St. John?" he cried, after an extra bad shot of the Colonel's. "A've a mind to send ye back, so a' have," he added, while the spectators were convulsed with laughter, as the private proceeded to give his superior a lecture on how to play, and kept it up till the day's match was over.

The Canadian Newspaper

Dean Stanley, if we remember rightly, said that the worst feature in America was the newspaper. We certainly saw some curious productions on our tour, especially at Chicago. But of the Canadian paper generally we had little complaint to make, except that when sold inside our hotel it was charged four or five times its ordinary price, which ought not so to be.

What we missed most in the accounts of our various meetings were reports of the eloquent speeches we heard about Canada, and which we should have liked to have preserved along with the record of our tour. The sporting reporter did not evidently feel called upon to give full accounts of speeches that did not directly bear on sport. One special case was that of Mayor Dr. White at St. John. He delivered a capital speech, full of information about Canada, but very little of it was reported.

This defect was mentioned to the interviewer who met us at Montreal, and we were informed that we were to have special attention, especially from the *Star*. We certainly had, as the amusing series of cartoons, some of which we have reproduced in this volume, testify. These were copied into papers at other places as we journeyed on, and some additions were made, though few hit off the Scotsmen and their idiocrasies so successfully as the *Star* and the *Herald*.

The generosity of the editors of the various papers was most marked. At nearly every city we visited, a supply was sent for the team gratis, which slightly atoned for the high charge made in the hotel. We had little time to write home, and the newspaper was the easiest way to transmit the accounts of our doings, so we were glad to take advantage of it. Canadian papers, in the profusion of their illustrations, certainly beat our home papers hollow. They may not be so solid generally as our *Scotsman* or *Glasgow Herald*, they may be more of the halfpenny *Mail* description, but they certainly employ the photographer and the draughtsman in a most effective way for drawing attention to events and persons.

No finer interpretation of the spirit of our tour could be offered than the following from the *Montreal Gazette* of January 17, referring to the week's play and the impending departure of our team:—

It has been a merry week, and we are parting with the Scottish curlers this morning with an "Auld Lang Syne" that is possibly more heartfelt than many a time when we have swung hands around the festive mahogany or put a foot on it for Highland honours.

The Mother of Curling sent her sons here; and her grandchildren welcomed them with the broad open welcome that likely is induced by the same feeling as is expressed when an immigrant, or the son of one, speaks of England, Ireland, or Scotland as "home." We

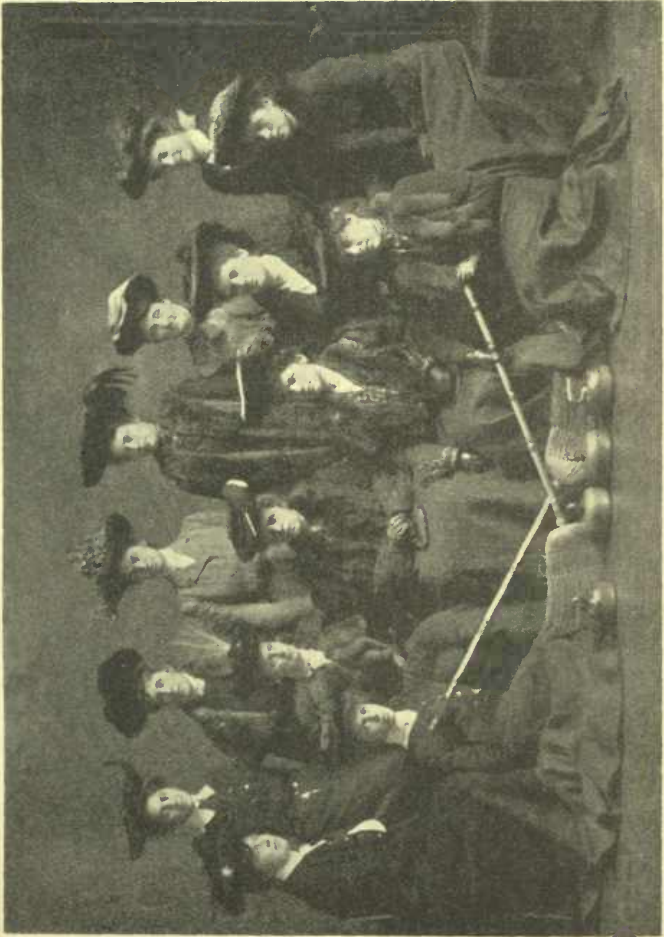


Photo by Newman & Son.

OFFICERS AND SKIPS, LACHINE LADIES' CLUB, 1903.

don't say we are writing to London or Edinburgh, or Dublin; we thoughtlessly say we are "writing home."

The latent value of this apparent lapsus has only too recently been proven when the "red rain" filtered through the soil, and the sprouts of colonialism rose to the unexampled height of Imperial unity.

This may seem out of place in the mere report of what at best could be called an International Curling Match—a matter of sport or pastime; but the fact remains that in all the speeches made during the week—and there were many of them,—the apparent and real interest of them was unity and loyalty. When hands were shaken it felt like hands across the sea, and the feeling was healthy. The curling tournament has been of more good than ever the Mother-club dreamt of in her most enthusiastic moments; and the hand-shake on their leaving us goes with regret at their limited stay among us.

A Scots Poet

We were pleased to receive, one morning, at the Windsor, a volume entitled *Poems, Songs, and Sonnets*, by Robert Reid ("Rob Wanlock"), suitably inscribed by the author as a small memento of our visit. Through his *Moorland Rhymes* we knew and appreciated "Rob" years ago, though we had never seen him in the flesh. His residence in Montreal is an interesting link between that city and the famous curling district of Dumfriesshire, for it was Wanlockhead Club which told an all-conquering neighbour who had challenged the moon, to call there on the way up, after which the moon journey was abandoned.



SNOW-SHOE HURDLE RACE AT MONTREAL, MARCH 3, 1853.



RT. HON. SIR WILFRID LAURIER, G. C. M. G.
Premier of Canada and President of the Privy Council.

CHAPTER VII

QUEBEC PROVINCE¹: AT OTTAWA, THE CAPITAL

We're far frae bonnie Scotland noo,
Far frae her fairy fells,
Her grand auld mountains waving
wide
Wi' purple heather-bells.

Oor hame is midst Canadian woods,
By Ottawa's tranquil glade ;
And here in peace oor roof-tree rears
Beneath the maple-shade.

Here health and plenty wait upon
The labour o' oor hand,
Yet where's the mystie sights and
sounds
So dear in the old land ?

There's no' a lav'rock i' the lift,
Nor lintie i' the thorn,
Nor mavis wi' its gush o' sang
To hail the summer morn.

The golden-tassell'd bonnie broom
Nor whin we canna see,
Nor the gowan wi' its siller fringe
A-noddin' on the lea.

But we can sing auld Scotland's
sangs

To cheer us when we're wae,
The cherished strains o' "Auld
Lang Syne,"
Or stirring "Scots Wha Hae" ;

"The Bonnie Woods o' Craigielea,"
And "London's Woods and Braes,"
We'll lilt them ower as canty yet
As erst in ither days.

And ower us waves the grand auld
flag
That floats frae Scottish tower,
The pledge o' oor security
Frae every envious power.

We're prood o' oor Canadian hame,
Oor country aye to be,
But Scotland's memories shall be
dear
Until the day we dee.

(From *St. Andrew's Society, Ottawa.*)

ABOUT mid-day on Saturday, January 17, the curlers, after a pleasant journey, arrived at Ottawa, the capital

¹ It is as a curling province that Quebec includes Ottawa.

of the Dominion, according to a decree in 1857 of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. Here again several hundred enthusiasts had met at the station to give us a Scottish welcome. Pipers Dunlop and Saunders played Scottish airs, while Mr. W. C. Grant danced the Highland fling. Among those present were Mr.



Photo by Pittaway, Ottawa.

W. J. BEATTY.
Secretary-Treasurer Ottawa Club.

John Manuel, President of the Ottawa Curling Club; Mr. W. J. Beatty, Secretary-Treasurer of the club, who, during the visit of the team to Ottawa, was unremitting in his kind arrangements for all that concerned their comfort; Major E. D. Sutherland, President of the Rideau Curling Club; R. J. Drummond, President of the Perth Curling Club; Mayor Fred. Cook, Lieutenant-Colonel Sherwood, C.M.G.; Lieu-

tenant-Colonel Jarvis, Lieutenant-Colonel Irwin, Lieutenant-Colonel W. P. Anderson, Major Maynard Rogers, Dr. Thorburn, Allan Gilmour, E. Wald, G. M. Holbrook, Peter Learmonth, Wm. Stewart, Denis Murphy, M.P.P.; H. C. Monk, Wm. Howe, Chief of Police Powell, Lieutenant-Colonel M'Pherson, J. J. Gemmill, R. H. Haycock, John Bannerman, B. T. A. Bell, Wm. Stockard, Dr.

Robertson, J. Sutherland, C. S. Scott, A. H. Taylor, Rev. Wm. M'Intosh, Harry Fraser, Sheriff Sweetland, W. R. Grant, J. G. Armstrong, G. F. Macdonald, F. K. Bennetts, C. E. Plain, Harry M'Donald, J. G. Turriff, President of St. Andrew's Society; Fred Laude, Harry Cameron, Gladwyn M'Dougall, Douglas Cameron, H. A. Allan, W. C. Grant, Alex. Spittal, George C. Duncan, and A. M'Laren. The curlers were escorted to the Russell House (familiarily known as the Palace Hotel of Canada), the proprietor of which, Mr. F. X. St. Jaques, is well known throughout Canada and the United States. There they were the guests of the following Reception Committee at lunch: John Manuel, James Manuel, Peter Learmonth, L. F. A. Maingny, W. J. Beatty, Major Sutherland, Colonel Irwin, Colonel Sherwood, Colonel Jarvis, C. A. Elliott, H. C. Monk, J. F. Shaw, E. Waldo, Mayor Cook, and J. G. Turriff. According to local reports the "members of the team looked at each other on their arrival with a broad smile, as much as to say, 'We are in for it again.'" The forces of Nature took part in the enthusiastic reception accorded to our team on arriving at the capital city, for a few brilliant flashes of lightning, accompanied by thunder and a severe hailstorm, joined in making the occasion memorable. The visitors were much struck with the appearance of Ottawa. Some recalled Lord Dufferin's famous salutation, "Fair city, crown of Towers!" One also recollected the reference in Mr. Davin's "Eos, an Epic of Dawn":—

Right in the midst a hill fit throne for rule,
 And crowning this were stately structures, towers
 And domes and Gothic arches quaint with rich
 Device of ornament. . . .
 Yes, there's the seat of empire young
 A people destined to be great and free.

Bytown, as it was originally called, after Lieutenant-Colonel By, who commenced the Rideau Canal in 1826, when first incorporated as a town had only 5000 inhabitants. In 1854 it had 10,000. Now the population is over 50,000, or with Hull included, 61,000; so that at this rate of progress the capital will soon take a front place among the cities of the Dominion. We had a first-rate luncheon, under the ægis of Mr. John Manuel, one of the millionaires of the city, and, needless to say, "a canny Scot." His relatives, we believe, live at Treesbank, near Harthill, and his deceased partner was a relative of Sir John Gilmour of Montrave. His "pile," like that of many other Canadians, has been made in the lumber trade, of which Quebec is a centre, the inexhaustible supplies of the Ottawa Valley making it the largest lumber market in the world. Our five rinks afterwards had a match with the Rideau Club on the covered rinks of the Rideau and the Ottawa Clubs. As usual, these rinks were decorated with flags and bunting in great profusion, and Caretaker Cormack had by ingenious devices outlined hogs at the dreaded lines. On one side the ice was the Scotch Thistle, and on the other the word "Welcome." The drawback of the heated curling-stones told heavily against the visitors once more, for their game had to be undertaken before the temperature which the stones had reached in the heated train could be sufficiently reduced for play. It was therefore more than creditable that over the whole five rinks they were only 10 shots down. At the five-o'clock tea dispensation, one of the Fife team came in for distinction. According to the local report, "It was poured by Mr. M'Crae, a duffer of the club, ably assisted by Major Scott Davidson of the visiting curlers. Beautifully



Photo by Pittaway, Ottawa.

JOHN MANUEL.
President Ottawa Curling Club.

and becomingly crowned with a Kilmarnock bonnet, he skipped the tea most effectively. The ladies' admiration, always too prone to regard others, was at first divided between the gallant, graceful Scottish gentleman and his bonnet; but the charming kindness, warmth, and tact with which he entertained those who longed to entertain him, quickly put the bonnet off the ice and left him the easy winner in all hearts."

A Great Hockey Match

Most of the team went to Dey's in the evening to see Ottawa beat the champions of Montreal on the ice at hockey. One of our team, Mr. W. Henderson, according to an interview, said: "It was a remarkable exhibition. We never saw anything like it, and became quite as much excited as you Ottawans. It was what you call fast, and it stirred the blood. The players must have good cool heads to play such a game without being injured or losing their tempers. We enjoyed it thoroughly, and would like to see more such games." We all agree with Mr. Henderson. It was indeed, "a sicht for sair een," that hockey match. Considering the marvellous speed at which the players fly, and all the mauling that goes on, it is surprising that scarcely any accident occurs. The whole city was on the *qui vive* over the match, and as the team neared the hall they were besieged with urchins who begged, not for bread, but for admission to see the match—a powerful indication of the popularity of the sport. Evidently this game of hockey is one of the most popular throughout Canada among the youths of the Dominion, and keen rivalry exists between the representatives of the various cities. Even curling

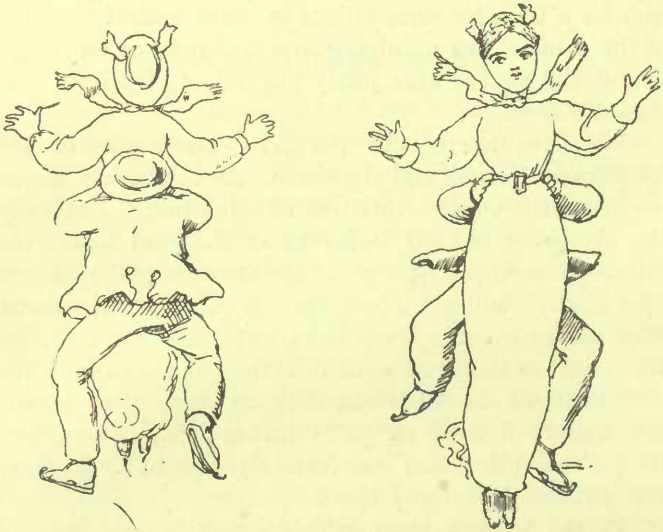
alongside of it does not come in for such prominent notice in the local newspapers. In this great match His Excellency Lord Minto opened the proceedings by placing the "puck" in the centre of the rink, and from a box in the gallery His Excellency was an interested spectator of the battle. The umpiring of the match seemed a very difficult business, for every now and then the umpire had to touch one or other of the combatants, and dismiss him for a time, for some offence or other against the laws of the game. For indulging in a free fight at one stage, two of the youths were justly put out of play for a considerable time.

We have referred to the cries which greeted the speakers at Halifax and elsewhere. At the hockey match we heard the Ottawa variation of salutation. Naturally the sympathy was all in favour of the local team; the intense pent-up excitement of the crowded gallery found vent as the blanketed representatives came into the arena. "Sis boom bah: Sis boom bah: Ottawa, Ottawa, Ra, Ra, Ra"; and as the game went in favour of the capital, the line changed to "Ottawa, Ottawa, one, two, three." We believe it went on to "Ottawa, Ottawa, four, five, six." The enthusiasm was certainly as wild as we have ever witnessed over any sport.

In the Ottawa team, which was victorious, two of the best players, we found, were nephews of our worthy Vice-President, Sir John Gilmour of Montrave, whose family have been associated with Canada, and especially with Ottawa, for a long time.

Skating

At a skating festival which we attended, we were also introduced to one of the matrons of the festival, Mrs. Gilmour, the mother of these young hockey players. At this festival Lord Minto was taking the



Drawings by C. A. Doyle.

lead, for to our great regret Lady Minto, who generally does so, was not present, owing to indisposition. All the youth and beauty of the city were present on the occasion, and the graceful manner in which they performed the various dances and cut the various fantastic figures was really most delightful to witness.

A good many of our team visited the Government

Experimental Farm, where information is given as to the soil and vegetable production of the various parts of the

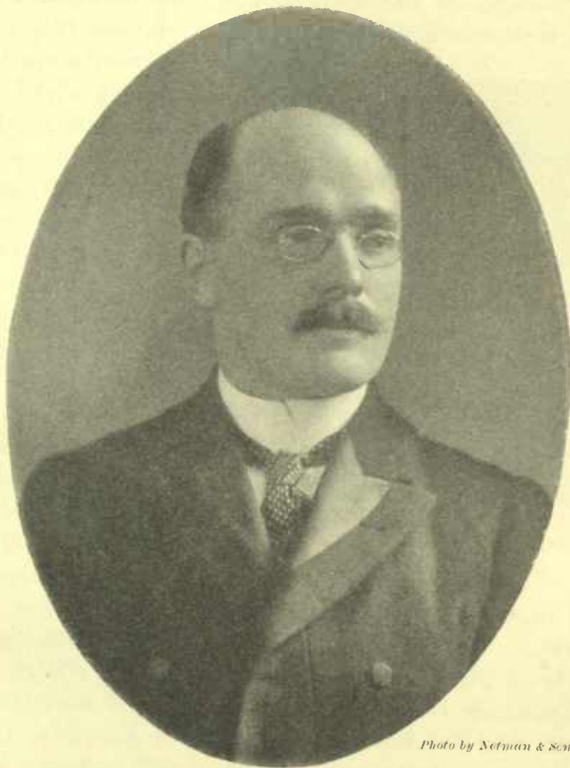


Photo by Netman & Son.

FREDERICK COOK,
Mayor of Ottawa.

Dominion. This visit was all the more interesting as Dr. Rutherford, who is in charge, is a native of the Borders.

At St. Andrew's Church

So fatigued were the members of the team after

their arduous engagements that it was not surprising to find that the majority took a rest on the Sunday morning of our stay in the Capital, while a few went sight-seeing. In the evening, however, they all to



Photo by Topley, Ottawa.

REV. W. T. HERRIDGE, D.D.
Chaplain Ottawa Club.

a man attended divine service in St. Andrew's Church, of which the Rev. Dr. Herridge, one of the most eloquent preachers in Canada, is minister. They were "personally conducted" to the church by Mayor Cook, who thus upheld the reputation of his namesake for excursion work, and who, like the Mayors in the other cities which had been visited, granted the team the freedom of the city on their arrival, and was unremitting in his attentions during our

stay in Ottawa. Before commencing his sermon, Dr. Herridge, following the example of Dr. Barclay at Montreal, gave a short address to the Scots curlers.

The Rev. Doctor, after welcoming the team to the church and expressing the pleasure it gave him to see them there on that occasion, spoke of curling as one of the few games which had been kept free from professionalism and gambling, and had proved a healthful exercise in which all could indulge freely. It had the credit of bringing together, in a friendly manner, different classes and conditions of people, and though they in Canada were supposed to be democratic, yet in view of the false air which wealth sometimes induced amongst them, an

epidemic of curling might do no harm. Opinions might differ as to whether the visiting team could teach their Canadian brethren a great deal about the game, because they in Scotland pursued it under disadvantages unknown to them, and which would deter any one but a Scotsman; yet their mere presence reminded them of the thrift and perseverance and integrity, which were national characteristics, and which were needed no less in the New World than in the Old, while they in turn might learn something from Canadian fertilities of resource and buoyant optimism. For one thing, they need have no doubt that Canada was loyal. Her loyalty had been proved, not by words alone, but by deeds. They felt as much as their Scottish brethren did that they were part of the British Empire, with their own part to play in the modelling of its destiny. He (the preacher) was convinced that the visit of the Scottish Curling Team would help to cement still more closely the bonds which united them, and that every interchange of a similar kind would strengthen the true Imperialistic sentiment, and make them quick to discern our essential unity.

Luncheon at Government House

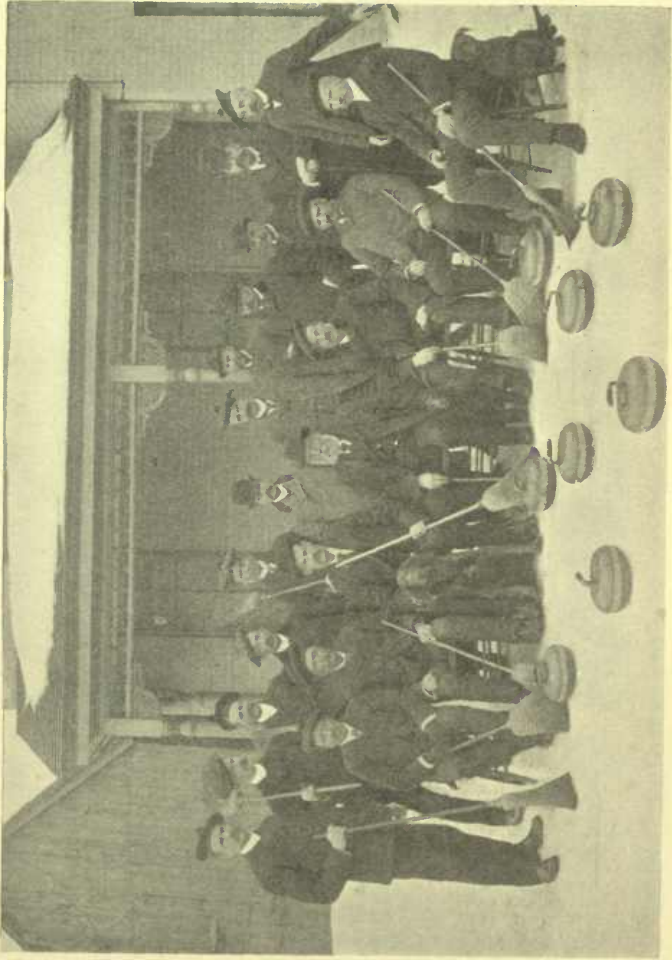
On the morning of Monday a match arranged against the Ottawa Club took place over the Ottawa and Rideau rinks. It was hoped by the Scottish curlers that when they reached Ottawa they would have a game in the open air at the Governor-General's rink at Rideau Hall, and this had been all arranged, but so intense was the frost,—something like 30° below zero,—that it was deemed advisable in the morning to abandon this idea, and to play as usual in the covered rinks. The result of this forenoon's play brought out a majority for the Ottawa curlers, who had the best of the

conditions. His Excellency Lord Minto and Lady Minto entertained the Scottish curlers and their Ottawa opponents, with a few other ladies and gentlemen, at luncheon at Rideau Hall. The table, a long narrow one, set to accommodate fifty guests, was decorated in a unique and beautiful manner—the idea being to portray the snow and frost of the Canadian winter and the



RIDEAU HALL.

typical Canadian lumber-camp. All along the length of the table lay the glittering snow-sheet, and through its centre extended a miniature sheet of ice representing the great lakes, from Lake Superior to Lake Ontario, drawn to scale, connected by the great River St. Lawrence under its different names. On one of the lakes were a miniature curling-stone and broom. Along the banks were pine-trees, lumber-camps, old-fashioned log-fences, boulders, and fallen logs, the whole forming a most original and appropriate picture. Along with His Excellency were Major Maude, Military Secretary; Mr. A. F. Sladen, Private Secretary; and an aide-de-camp. The guests,



MEMBERS OF OTTAWA CLUB WHO MET THE SCOTTISH CURLEERS, JANUARY 19, 1903.

in addition to the visiting and the local curlers, included one of the most interesting men that it was our pleasure to meet, and one of the greatest pioneers of Canadian progress, viz. Sir Sandford Fleming, now a venerable octogenarian, whose prospecting for the Canadian Pacific



OUTDOOR CURLING, RILEAU HALL.

Railway is described so well in the late Principal Grant's volume, *Ocean to Ocean*;¹ Major Sutherland, Lieutenant-Colonel Bacon, Colonel Sherwood, Colonel Irwin, Colonel Jarvis, Captain Elliot, Rev. Dr. Herridge, Dr. Thorburn,

¹ Among the many able Scotsmen who have been makers of Canada none is more worthy of remembrance than the great Principal Grant. The Principal's eloquent words at the end of that volume supplemented by his manly life are a noble legacy to the people of the Dominion.

Dr. Gibson, Messrs. G. F. Shaw, H. C. Monk, and E. Waldo. The members of the team were introduced to His Excellency by the Captain, and several were recognised by His Lordship. Unlike many of the heavy-laden *menus* which we had to discuss, that at Government



FAMILY GROUP AND TOBOGGAN SLIDE AT RIDEAU HALL.

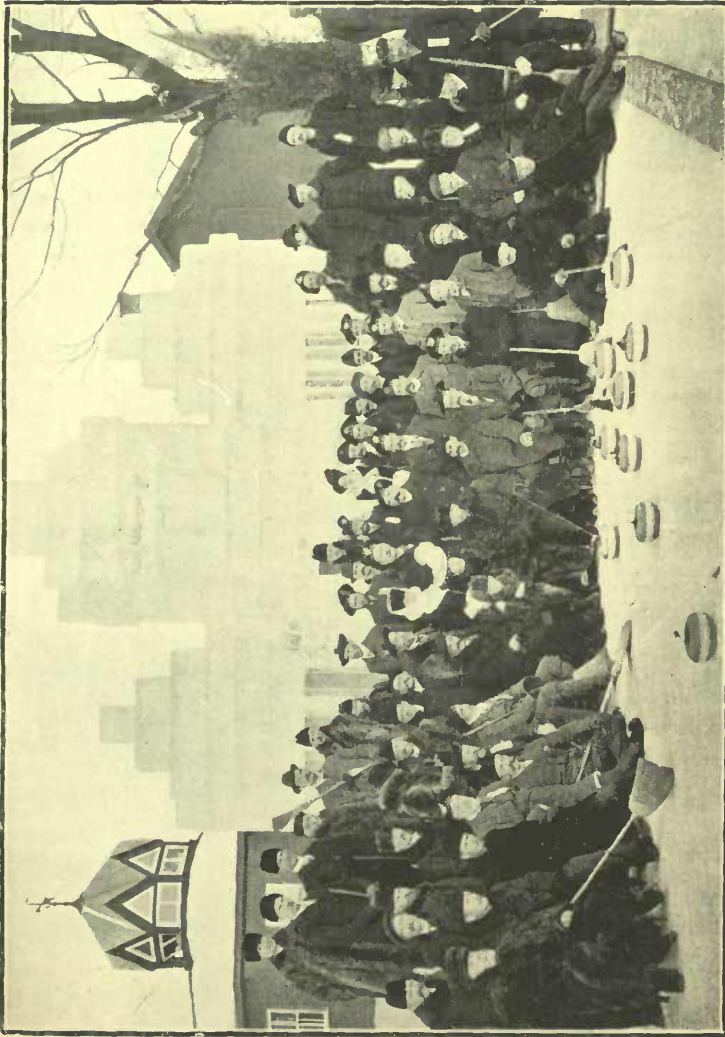
House, for our luncheon on January 19, was of Spartan simplicity. It was this:—

Mutton Broth.
 Salmon Boiled. Sauce Hollandaise.
 Sirloin of Beef. Sauce Horse-radish.
 Roast Turkey.
 Mince Pies.
 Macedoine Jelly.

Simplex munditiis it was, but all that the heart could desire; and the champagne was exquisite, and the "Scotch" ditto. In the Captain, Lord Minto recognised an old companion-in-arms, who had been present as a chaplain at the battle of Minto Hill, when the Volunteers were encamped, under His Lordship as Brigadier-General, at Hawick in 1897. Mr. Simson of Melrose was also heartily greeted by His Excellency, who remembered him as a trooper in the Border Mounted Rifles, of which, when Lord Melgund, he was the originator, many years ago. After the luncheon His Excellency made a neat speech of welcome, referring to the desire with which he had long looked forward to such a visit; and in the name of the Dominion he expressed his good wishes for the team. The Captain in reply referred to all that Lord Minto had done to bring about such a visit from Scottish curlers, and applied to His Lordship the words that the late poet-laureate had applied to his predecessor, Lord Dufferin:—

Your rule has made the people love
 Their ruler. Your viceregal days
 Have added fulness to the phrase
 Of "Gauntlet in the velvet glove."

He hoped that Lord Minto, when he went back to Scotland, would be Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly, a sentiment which was heartily applauded by the members of the team. In the afternoon the party were photographed on the outdoor pond, His Excellency, Lady Minto, Lord Melgund, and other members of the Vice-regal family being taken with the team. This excellent photograph is reproduced on the opposite page. In the afternoon several matches were played in the open at Rideau Hall in presence of Lord



THE TEAM AT RIDEAU HALL, OTTAWA.
With His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Minto in centre.

Minto and his family and a large company of visitors. These reminded one more of home than anything that had yet been experienced, and it was a pity they did not count in the summation of matches played during our tour, for in the open the Scotsmen had by far the best of it.

At the private toboggan slide in the grounds a good many found amusement for the afternoon, and were glad to have a reprieve from curling engagements. Considerable amusement was afforded by the way in which members of the Scottish team came to grief in the snow, the great Dr. Kirk being among the number of those who ignominiously dis-



Photo by Dr. Kirk.

LOG HUT ERECTED BY DUKE OF ARGYLL,
GOVERNMENT HOUSE OTTAWA.

appeared like a "cathedral" in ruins at the base of the slide. One of the interesting sights in the grounds at Government House is the log hut erected by the present Duke of Argyll, while he was here in residence as the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General.

The Ottawa "Smoker": Speech by Sir James Grant

In the evening the inevitable smoking-concert took place, when the hall of the St. Andrew's Society was crowded, and there was as usual an enthusiastic display of

friendship and good feeling. Mr. J. G. Turriff ably presided



Photo by Freke, Cardiff.

JAS. MANUEL.
First Vice-President Ottawa Club.



Photo by Topley, Ottawa.

PETER LEARMONTH.
Third Vice-President Ottawa Club.



Photo by Sproulet O'Connor, Ottawa.

E. L. LEAROYD.
Committee of Management Ottawa Club.

over the meeting, and welcomed the visitors on behalf of

the St. Andrew's Society and the Scotsmen of Ottawa. When the applause that followed this speech died away the health of His Majesty the King was proposed and honoured. Harry Fraser sang a song, and David Provan followed with "Jean Jeemison's Bannet." Highland music was furnished by Piper Dunlop of the Society, then Major E. D. Sutherland of the Rideau Curling Club called upon Sir James Grant, who delivered the following speech, which was highly applauded:—

"Rev. J. Kerr and Gentlemen—As a citizen of the capital of Canada, I desire to congratulate you on the object of your present mission, and at the same time to extend to you a hearty welcome to Ottawa city, where you will meet many enthusiasts in curling, a game which has contributed in no small degree to mental and physical development. Canada is a new country in a sense, and cannot lay claim to the historic traditions of the Motherland.

"At no period in our history have there been greater evidences of prosperity than at the present time,—our growth in population, in acreage of ground under cultivation, in educational institutions, in banking and commerce, in railway construction, new roads ramifying in numerous directions at present, to meet the rapid development of the country, and particularly in the vast North-West, where the *per capita* distribution of resources



Photo by Pittaway, Ottawa, Ont.

SIR J. A. GRANT, M.D.

and prosperity is most gratifying. In Canada, where we see the revenue of the country in twenty years increase from \$29,000,000 to \$51,000,000, the imports in the same time increased from \$105,300,000 to \$189,600,000, and the exports increased from \$93,200,000 to \$191,800,000; and when we note that during twenty years over 15,000,000 acres of Government land have been taken up by settlers; that the tonnage of vessels entering and clearing at Canadian ports has risen from 8,000,000 to 14,000,000; the railway mileage has increased from 7000 to 17,000, and the railway earnings from \$27,000,000 to \$70,000,000; the assets of Chartered Banks have risen from \$198,000,000 to \$440,000,000, and the savings in the Post Office Savings Bank increased from \$5,000,000 to \$37,000,000. With such evidence of advancement towards national prosperity it is a source of pride and gratification to have this visit from men of practical experience, who will doubtless carry back with them an idea of such tangible proofs of prosperity in this Dominion.

“You will shortly visit Winnipeg, the Mecca of the West, and reach that point *via* the Canadian Pacific Railway in three days from Ottawa, which would have taken three months twenty years ago, at which date the entire growth of grain in the North-West was not more than 20,000 bushels, whereas last year it was over 80,000,000 bushels, and in the coming season it will be over 100,000,000 bushels.

“In conclusion, let me say, we wish you a most enjoyable visit to our country, and a safe return to your own homes and firesides in Dear Old Scotia.”

The Captain of the curlers, in responding, according to the local newspaper report, kept the house in fits of laughter

during the time he was speaking. In a lucid interval of seriousness he said that the climax of the hospitality which had been extended to them since ever they landed at Halifax, had been reached that day when they had been entertained at the Government House of the Dominion by the Governor-General, Lord Minto, a former President of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club. He (Mr. Kerr) suggested that in commemoration of this visit a cup should be instituted in Scotland, and that the Canadians should be invited to come over and secure it in contest against their brethren in the old country. He predicted that it would be quite as difficult for Canada to remove that cup from Scotland as it had been for Sir Thomas Lipton to capture the America Cup. He believed that while, on the whole, the Scotsmen had been wonderfully successful—far more so than they expected when they set out,—they would have been even more so had they not been lured, before starting, into getting a specially prepared set of curling-stones which had proved to be in many ways unsuitable. “But,” continued he, “whether we won or whether we lost matches we have, I think, succeeded in winning hearts and making many friends among the Canadian people, and this is worth all the trouble of our trip. Our hope is that Scotland and Canada shall be more united than ever, and never cease to fight side by side under the one dear old flag. When we go back we shall be able to say much of your freedom, self-reliance, and independence, and especially of your hospitality and good-fellowship. Our fondest hopes and highest anticipations have been far surpassed by what we have experienced, and we rejoice to believe that our visit will tend to bind in closer unity to the Motherland a people who are brave and good and true.” Dr. Rutherford read the late Archibald Lampman’s reply to Kipling’s unkind thrust

at Canada as "The Lady of the Snows" (*vide* p. 260), and Mr. W. Campbell read one of his own poems, "Scotland the worthy Mither." Alderman Payment, a French Canadian, recalled Scotland's generosity at the time of the disastrous fire in Ottawa, and spoke of the patriotism of his race, the French Canadians, and their loyalty to Great Britain. Mayor Cook proposed a vote of thanks to the St. Andrew's Society for bringing together such a happy gathering that night, and the Rev. Mr. M'Intosh and Dr. Rutherford replied, both telling some good Scottish stories. Mr. Gordon Shepherd, Mr. Charles Watt, and others contributed songs during the evening, and besides those mentioned there were present at the smoker Judge M'Tavish, W. D. Hogg, Rev. A. Cameron, Rev. Norman Macleod, A. H. Taylor, Dr. Thorburn, Principal Macmillan, D. M. Finney, George Burn, Dr. Kennedy, D. H. Maclean, W. Stewart, Dr. Baptie, H. W. Gays, R. Mackinlay, W. Mackenzie, and Duncan Bell.

Curlers charged with Electricity

It was in Ottawa that we first saw the gas lit from the electricity of the body. Some of the team were dining with Mr. Manuel one evening, when, in the course of conversation he told them that he frequently lit his bedroom gas by an electric spark from his finger. The strangers present seemed sceptical of this, but after dinner one of the Scotsmen was asked to rub his boots on the carpet and touch the gas-burner with his finger, the result being that the gas was ignited on the first attempt. This can always be done when there is a very low temperature, such as we experienced during our stay in Ottawa.

The Government Buildings

A good many other visits were paid to the chief places of interest in the capital. In visiting the Parliament Buildings, a splendid pile erected on a bluff overlooking the Ottawa River, the members in turn took occasion to occupy the chairs of the Speaker and the Premier. Like other public buildings in Canada the Government Buildings, of which we give an illustration, are, from an architectural point of view, magnificent, the style being almost pure Gothic. In speaking of them Lovell says: "Their splendour, their fine commanding site, together with the beauty of the surrounding scenery, place them in a very enviable position compared with other structures used for similar purposes, and they must ever be objects of interest to the tourist and stranger, and pride to the people of Canada." The foundation-stone of the magnificent pile was laid by King Edward as Prince of Wales in 1860. This fact is of special interest to the Captain of the Scottish curling team, because it was just shortly before his visit to Canada that the Prince visited Dirleton as the guest of the Right Hon. Nisbet Hamilton at Archerfield, when he attended divine worship at Dirleton Parish Church; and it is with much pleasure the Captain links the Government House of Canada and his quiet sanctuary in the Old Country through the Royal Presence, and gives a view thereof, as a memento of his visit to the capital of the Dominion, which is the gem in the colonial coronet of the Empire. The library there is said to be the finest in the world. To see this building, octagonal in shape, like the chapter-house of a cathedral, is, according to Mr. Anthony Trollope, itself worth a trip across the Atlantic. A life-size marble statue of the late Queen Victoria adorns the centre of the library.

Like all the other great cities of British America, Ottawa shows how much comfort and utility can be secured by water-power. In her case the Chaudiere Falls is the moving force, the electric current generated by these being sufficient for all purposes, including the immense saw-mills. The electric street-car system of the capital is allowed to be the best constructed, equipped, and managed system throughout the Dominion.



Photo by Rev. J. Kerr.

PARISH CHURCH OF DIRLETON.

The Ottawa district is known as the "Sportsman's Paradise," and Millionaire Manuel is one of the chiefs of the sporting clan who own extensive tracts, where glorious captures can be made with rod and gun. He is said to be an expert with both, as he is with the channel-stane, and that is saying much, as our experience can testify.

One of the most interesting citizens we met was ex-Mayor Macleod Stewart, a stalwart Scot as his name implies, who knows all that is worth knowing about Ottawa in particular, and Canada in general, and who was very attentive to the curling team.

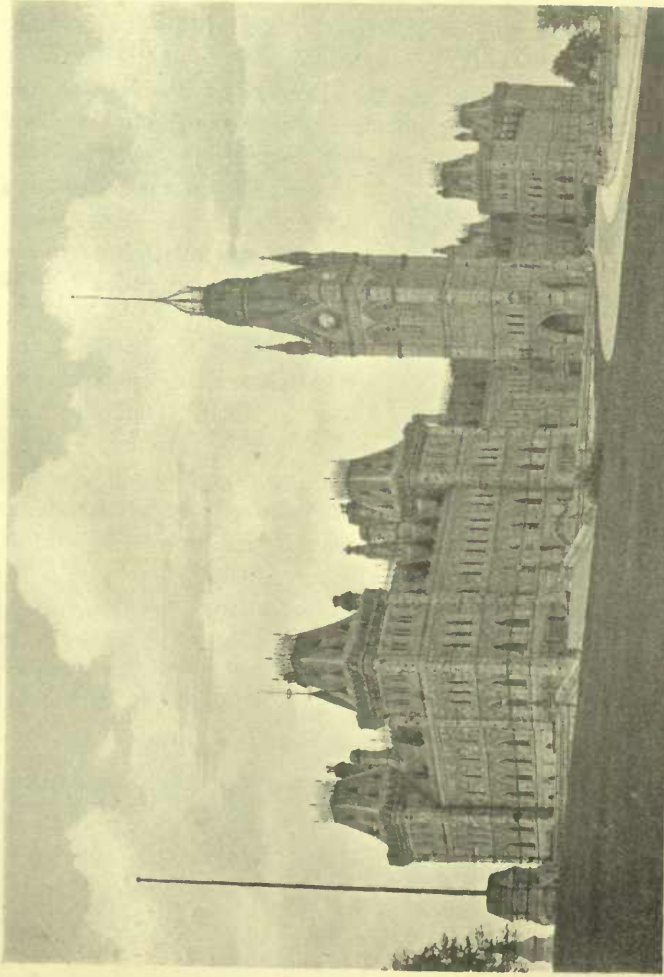


Photo by C. P. R. Co.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

Canada's Wooden-legged Curler

Before leaving Ottawa the Captain with Messrs. Ritchie and Major Scott Davidson paid a visit to one of the most interesting curlers in the Dominion, Mr. Hutchison, Canada's wooden-legged curler, who was confined to bed with illness, to his own great regret, and who had expressed a strong desire to have a visit from some of the team.



Photo by Sproulet O'Connor, Ottawa.

G. HUTCHISON.
Ottawa Club.

He was much delighted to see them, and, surrounded by his family circle, who were also overjoyed at the visit of the Scottish curlers, he chatted in a cheery way about his own wonderful experience. Before leaving, the Captain got Mr. Hutchison to promise that he would write down his reminiscences, that these might be included in a volume on the Scottish tour. These are as follows, and we have pleasure

in giving along with them a portrait of this distinguished curler:—

George Hutchison was born in the city of Montreal, Canada, in the spring of 1846. His father was William Hutchison, a well-known builder in Montreal, and his mother's maiden name was Helen Campbell Hall, both of them being natives of Ayrshire, Scotland.

At the early age of seven years he had the great misfortune to lose his left leg above the knee, from a gunshot wound inflicted at the Gavazzi riots in 1853. Notwithstanding this loss he was not prevented from taking part in any kind of outdoor sports, and holding his own in most of them. As a quoit player and a jumper (standing jump) he gained quite a reputation. At the latter he

frequently engaged in competition at public gatherings, but it is as a curler he is best known from one end of the Dominion to the other as the "Wooden-legged curler of Ottawa."

In the spring of 1860 he removed to Ottawa with his parents. The following winter his father and brothers were the prime movers in reorganising the Ottawa Curling Club, which had been defunct for several years, and the following year, when the club was admitted to the R.C.C.C., George became an active member, and was elected Secretary in 1865, which office he held for thirteen years.

It was not long until he became an expert player, and was soon elected a skip, which position he still holds. As a prize winner he has few equals, either for the club or individually.

The Ottawa Club have one of the largest arrays of trophies of any club in Canada, the list including a number of district medals, three Branch Tankards, four gold Branch Medals, and thirteen Governor-General Cups; they also hold the record for the Quebec Challenge Cup, at one time holding it eight times in succession, and at another for four years, defending it nineteen times successfully during that period. In these competitions, extending over a period of thirty-five years, George has taken part in all, excepting for two district medals, a record hardly equalled in the annals of Canadian curling.

George is the youngest of the well-known Hutchison brothers, who have been so prominent in curling matters for over forty years, the others being Alex. C. Hutchison, the well-known architect of Montreal, W. M. H., and J. H. H.

At present there are twelve of the family taking part in the game, seven in Montreal and five in Ottawa. A very interesting game was played on the ice of the Caledonia Club of Montreal in 1893, in which the four brothers above referred to played a rink composed of the eldest son of each. The game was to be eighteen ends, but at the finish of a very exciting match the score was a tie, and an extra end was played and was won by the fathers. At the same time that this game was going on, another rink of four Hutchisons were playing on the opposite sheet of ice,—a peculiar fact being that none of the twelve were smokers.

This sketch is rendered more pathetic from the sad announcement made as this volume was going to press, that Mr. Hutchison died in October.

CHAPTER VIII

ONTARIO PROVINCE: PETERBOROUGH AND LINDSAY

OUR LADY OF PLENTY

A Nation spoke to a poet,
Who had sung of her over the seas,
You have sung in the East to the east, "Rudyard,"
But never in times like these.

For this I tell you, "Rudyard," and that shall be told to you,
From the grim grey rocks of Halifax to western Caribou,
A daughter am I in my mother's house, but mistress in mine own ;
For that which is true stands steadfast, when that which is false has flown.
And what you have writ of the east shall stand in verse or prose,
Not so of the lines ye christened me false, "Our Lady of the Snows."

Our sun shall laugh you to scorn,
Our vineyards mock at your song,
Our clustering grapes and our golden corn
Shall send this word along

To the uttermost cap of the whirling earth wherever a star hath shined,
Over the seas to "Rudyard," on the wings of the warm west wind.
Hast seen our western prairies waving with golden grain ?
Hast felt the chinock breezes waft summer back again ?
Ye sing as one who is dreaming, and never as one who knows,
For our dear "Lady of Purity" is the "Lady of the Snows."

We send you grass-fed cattle
In droves from the teeming West,
Of our grains in rich abundanee
We freight your ships with the best.

We feed your starving poor at home with fish and fruit and meat,
Who lie in the grip of the east winds, while we bask in the noontide heat.
And this I tell you, "Rudyard," and that shall be told to you,
From the grim grey rocks of Halifax to western Caribou,
A daughter am I in my mother's house, but mistress in mine own ;
And that which is true stands steadfast, when that which is false has flown.
You have writ mayhap of the East in truth, and this soft west wind that
blows

Fans the cheek of our "Lady of Plenty," not our "Lady of the Snows."

LAMPMAN.

LEAVING Ottawa we came on to Peterborough, a new town
of 10,000 inhabitants, planned and laid out a hundred

years ago by far-seeing men, who recognised the importance of the situation. Among the amusing things at the smoker at Ottawa was the information that we were then leaving the last confines of civilisation, and had better provide ourselves with tomahawks and scalping-knives. But if a hundred years ago the site of Peterborough was primeval forest, and its denizens Red Indians and savages, the appearance of the place on our



THE POND, JACKSON PARK, PETERBOROUGH.

arrival was a witness to the fact that all that was now changed, and that here as elsewhere the fairy wand of Scotland had had much to do with the transformation. Notwithstanding the numerous ovations which had greeted the team on their eventful journey, the reception at Peterborough fairly "cowed a'." As the C.P.R. train pulled into the station, the Scotsmen were met by the civic officials, an inner circle of local enthusiasts, and an outer circle comprising everybody else. Headed by the 57th Regiment band, the curlers of the city had marched to the station accompanied by their brethren from the

surrounding districts, Orillia, Cobourg, Norwood, Keene, Port Hope, Uxbridge, and Lakefield, who were engaged in a curling tournament at Peterborough, but had abandoned the rink for the nonce to extend their "Cead mille failthe" to the sons of Scotia; and a right royal welcome they gave us. No doubt a few of the 10,000 inhabitants of Peterborough stayed at home that morning,



Photo by Roy, Peterborough.

DR. BOUCHER.

President Ontario Curling Assoc. 1890-91.



Photo by Whiten, Peterborough.

W. FERGUSON.

Peterborough Club.

but it did not look like it, for it seemed as if the whole population had turned out to meet the Scotsmen. Everywhere the feeling seemed to be that the visitors were welcome, and that the citizens of Peterborough were determined to let them know it. A procession was formed, headed by the band, followed by a long array of curlers with brooms up. Then came the conveyances in which the Scottish curlers, civic officials, and prominent citizens were seated, these being followed by several hundreds more of the knights of the broom and the public

in general. It was like a Lord Mayor's procession, the streets being lined on both sides with spectators, who every now and then burst into cheers, even the dogs barking their welcomes, and bounding about as if in the greatest delight. It was certainly a reception that for its heartiness surpassed anything on the tour, and can never be forgotten by the members of the team. At Snowden's, which was to be the location of the team



Photo by Whiten, Peterborough.

WINNERS OF PETERBOROUGH BONSPIEL, 1903.

T. F. Matthews.	S. D. Hall.
W. G. Ferguson.	D. Davidson, <i>skip</i> .

during their stay at Peterborough, luncheon was served under the presidency of Colonel E. B. Edwards, K.C., to whom the credit of the complete arrangements for the visit of the team to the Ontario province was due. The dining-hall was beautifully decorated with Scottish flags, bunting, mottoes, etc., this being the work of Messrs J. J. Turner and Sons, who were evidently adepts at artistic decoration. The various rinks on which the curlers played when at Peterborough were also beautifully decorated, and into the ice which was here pebbled,

fantastic figures in colour were worked, especially around the tee. In his remarks at the luncheon, Colonel Edwards said that recent history had made Canada a more prominent part of the Empire than ever it was before, and he was sure the visitors would return with a greater idea of the importance of this country, of the blessings, the jollity, and the benefits of its winter



Photo by Whiten, Peterborough.

PETERBOROUGH CLUB.

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. D. W. Dumble. | 2. G. Matthews. |
| 3. J. Jeffries. | 4. G. E. Whiten, <i>skip</i> . |

climate, than they could have obtained in any other way. The Captain in reply delivered a message of greeting from the auld Mither Club, the Royal Caledonian, and said the visit of the team was not made with the impression that they could give points to the Canadians in curling. There was too much winter in Canada, and too many opportunities for curling, for them in Scotland with their fickle seasons, and few chances to them of such a thing. They came not in the spirit of rivalry, but of good-fellowship, and the result of their visit so far had

been beyond their most sanguine anticipations. As an evidence of the advanced civilisation of Peterborough, the *menu* at the luncheon in Snowden's had for preface, and was a greeting to the Scotsmen, this stirring song of John Usher.

SCOTSMEN, GREETING!

Hurrah for Scotland's worth and fame,
 A health to a' that love the name ;
 Hurrah for Scotland's darling game,
 The pastime o' the free, boys.

While heid, an' heart, an' arm are strang,
 We'll a' join in a patriot sang,
 And sing its praises loud and lang—
 The roarin' rink for me, boys.

Hurrah, hurrah for Scotland's fame,
 A health to a' that love the name ;
 Hurrah for Scotland's darling game,
 The roarin' rink for me, boys.

In ancient days—fame tells the fact—
 That Scotland's heroes werena' slack
 The heids of stubborn faes to crack,
 An' mak' the feckless flee, boys.

Wi' brave hearts, beating true and warm,
 They aften tried the curlin' charm
 To cheer the heart and nerve the arm—
 The roarin' rink for me, boys.

Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

May love and friendship crown our cheer
 Wi' a' the joys to curlers dear ;
 We hae this nicht some heroes here,
 We aye are blythe to see, boys.

A' brithers brave are they, I ween ;
 May fickle fortune, slippery, clean,
 Aye keep their ice baith clear and clean—
 The roarin' rink for me, boys.

Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

CURLING TOUR

MENU.

Soup.

Ox-Tail.

Boiled Corned Beef.

Ham with Champagne Sauce.

Ox Tongue and Sliced Lemon.

Roasts.

Prime Roast Beef. Horse-radish.

Spring Turkey. Cranberry Sauce.

Haunch of Venison. Currant Jelly.

Entrées.

Escalloped Oysters au Spaghetti.

Salmon Salad. Olives.

Relishes.

Tomato Chutnee. Worcester Sauce.

Heinz's Sweet Pickles.

Vegetables.

Mashed Potatoes.

Sweet Corn. French Peas.

Pudding.

English Plum Pudding.

Hard Brandy Sauce.

Dessert.

Deep Apple Pie. Whipped Cream.

Lemon Pie. Strawberry Tart.

Charlotte Russe.

Mixed Cakes.

Layer Raisins. Walnuts and Almonds.

Green Tea. Coffee. Black Tea.

Dairy Cheese. Crackers.

 Happy we are a' thegither.

Happy we'll be yin and a' ;

Time shall see us a' the blither,

Ere we rise and gang awa'.

BURNS.

After the luncheon an adjournment was made to the rink where several matches were played. In the evening the usual supper and smoking-concert was held in the



Photo by R. M. Roy, Peterborough.

EXTERIOR PETERBOROUGH RINK.

Front View.



Photo by R. M. Roy, Peterborough.

Face p. 286.

INTERIOR PETERBOROUGH RINK.

Decorated to receive Scottish Curlers.



Photo by Bonnycastle, Campbellford, Ont.

RINK OF CAMPBELLFORD CLUB WHICH MET SCOTS AT PETERBOROUGH.

T. S. Tait. W. H. Haynes. E. J. Smith. Chas. Smith, *skip.*

R. M. English. B. B. M'Intyre. W. G. Read. J. J. Wallace.



Face p. 267.

TWO RINKS FROM KEENE CLUB WHICH MET SCOTS AT PETERBOROUGH.

R. J. M'Camns, *vice-skip.* M. Kennealy, *skip.* W. Campbell, *skip.* J. B. M'Intyre, *vice-skip.*

Oddfellows' Hall, where His Worship Mayor Rodger presided, and in the name of the city extended a hearty welcome to the visiting curlers, hoping they would enjoy themselves, and carry away pleasant memories of Peterborough and Canada.

On Wednesday morning, January 21, the curlers embarked in open sleighs drawn by black caparisoned horses and, accompanied by the Mayor, aldermen, and



SCOTTISH CURLERS AT THE HYDRAULIC LIFT LOCK.
Peterborough, Ontario.

prominent citizens, were driven about the town, the perfect weather, with hard frost and unclouded sunshine, giving them a favourable idea of the Canadian climate. They visited various "Lions," such as the Electric works, the Cereal works, and Hydraulic Lift Lock. In the afternoon they engaged no fewer than five of the best clubs in Ontario, two of which were represented by a special rink, and three by two rinks. The result was deemed a great feather in the Scots' cap, for they were victorious over four of these clubs, with a majority of 25 shots. The only club which escaped in this big

battle, and that by the skin of its teeth, was Norwood with one up. The defeated clubs were Campbellford, Keene, Uxbridge, and Lakefield.



DR. A. H. BEATON,
Orillia Club.

President Ontario Curling Assoc. 1892-93.

A Visit to Lindsay

When it was heard that the team from Scotland were to spend some time at Peterborough, Mr. Flavelle, in name of the curlers of Lindsay, sent the following letter of invitation to pay them a visit:—

DEAR SIR—You have, no doubt, heard from Mr. Edwards (Chairman of Committee arranging tour of Scottish curlers while in Ontario) that the Lindsay curlers are to be privileged in having a game with you in Lindsay on Wednesday evening. We have engaged a special train to bring you from Peterborough in your car (about thirty miles), leaving Peterborough about 4.30 or 5 P.M. on Wednesday. Dinner here upon your arrival, commence curling at 7 P.M., and return to Peterborough on special train, leaving Lindsay about 11 P.M., when you can go to bed in your car and awaken in Toronto Thursday morning, as we shall have the special to place your car in position, to be attached to C.P.R. express, passing through Peterborough early Thursday morning. Lindsay is a small town of about 7000 inhabitants, but it will be readily admitted that it is the most enthusiastic curling town in Canada. It numbers 130



Photo by Carbon Co.

A. D. Arnold



active playing members, being the second largest club in Ontario, the Toronto Granite Club alone exceeding it

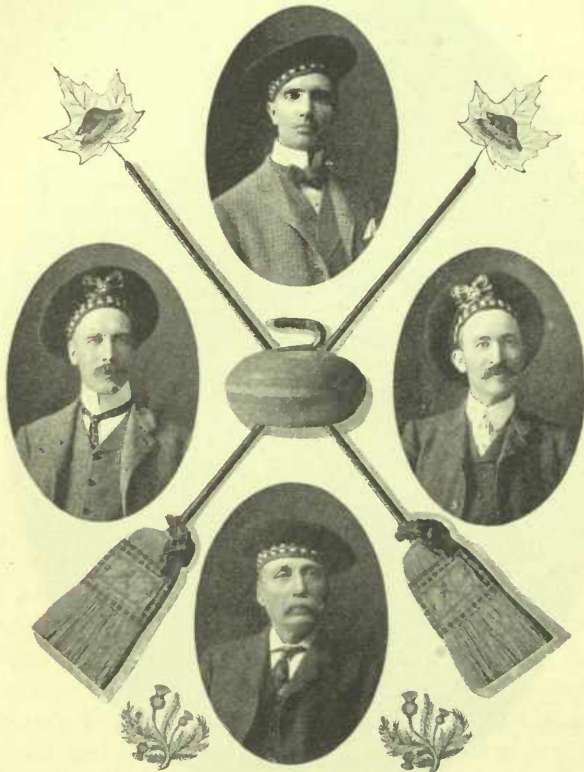


Photo by Stewart, Orillia

RINK REPRESENTING ORILLIA CURLING CLUB

versus

SCOTTISH CURLERS, 1903.

John Scott.

G. D. Grant.

Dr. W. C. Gilchrist.

T. A. Main, *skip*.

in numbers, and the citizens, exclusive of the curlers, are more than enthusiastic. We deem it a very high

honour to have you with us, and extend you a right royal welcome. Personally, I hope to accompany you to Winnipeg, as we purpose taking part in the Winnipeg Bonspiel, leaving on the same train for Winnipeg that we understand the Scottish curlers are going upon, namely, the Canadian Pacific, leaving Toronto February 2.—Yours very truly,

J. D. FLAVELLE.

It is well known that there is no more enthusiastic district than this, and no more distinguished curlers than the Lindsay men, who have at their head Mr. J. D. Flavelle, the most distinguished skip in the whole Dominion, as his great victories at Winnipeg and elsewhere have proved. It was deemed not only right on the part of the Scottish team, but a duty, that they should meet such excellent representatives of Canadian curling. After their games at Peterborough a large deputation of curlers and citizens accompanied the Scotsmen to the G.T.R. station, where they embarked on a special train, provided by Mr. Flavelle, for Lindsay. The Scotsmen in departing responded to the three enthusiastic cheers that greeted them, by three equally hearty cheers, and the singing of "They are jolly good fellows." They left town extremely delighted, as they expressed it, with the splendid hospitality of both curlers and citizens. What follows regarding this interesting visit is mainly taken from the *Lindsay Evening Post* of Friday, January 23. Hearty cheers of the stentorian and long-sustained variety burst from the throats of the great crowd gathered at Lindsay station, as the visitors descended to the platform, and the welcome was taken up by the hundreds of citizens who lined the walks as far as Kent Street. The cheer continued while the visitors were being conveyed in sleighs from the station to Taylor's restaurant, where luncheon awaited

their attention. At luncheon the Rev. J. W. Macmillan, second Vice-President of the club, in addressing a few words of welcome to the Scottish curlers, said that the club and citizens generally were exceedingly proud of their visit to the town. It would be the great curling event in the town's history—in the history of a town which was very much devoted to curling. He trusted that every minute of their stay would be pleasant. The Captain of the team, in reply, said that they were only too glad of the opportunity of visiting Lindsay. He knew that the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, which had sent them out, would not have been pleased if Lindsay had been omitted from their programme, as Lindsay was known in curling circles all over Scotland for the excellence of the curling there. On behalf of himself and the Scottish team he thanked the chairman for his warm words of welcome. The Scotsmen were immensely pleased with the cadet corps which met them, and escorted them from the station to the Benson House. At the hotel, Major Bertram (of the visitors) inspected the cadets, and in a short, pithy speech complimented them on their natty and soldierly appearance, and said that such a corps was a credit to the town and school, and that they were helping to upbuild the Empire. Three cheers were given for Major Bertram, and the Scotsmen gave cheers for the corps. After this the cadets were marched to the market and dismissed. Captain Burns was introduced to the visitors, and many questions were asked and complimentary remarks made about the corps. In describing the Scottish team the same paper says: "Most of them are big men, and they all are burly and broad shouldered, and competent occupiers of space. They look as though they might be efficient not only at the royal game of curling, but at anything else they undertook. In fact they form a very competent-

looking party. They would be able to found a very complete little colony, for they represent many departments of social activity. They have one preacher, one doctor, one lawyer, six business men (merchants and manufacturers), a building contractor, a nurseryman, an artist, three landed proprietors, several farmers, and two men of leisure. None of them are very young, and none of them are in the yellow leaf by a long way. Their average age is forty-three years, and their average height 5 feet 10 $\frac{1}{2}$, while their average weight is 182 lbs. Only two of them have been on this side the Atlantic before, Mr. Prain and Mr. Cousin, and the former is the only one of the team who has ever before been in Canada. None of them ever played on a covered rink before coming here. Not one of them has ever played after the sun went down. Seventeen of them never played from anything but a crampit. The conditions of the game in this country are radically different from the conditions in the land where the game originated. Play at the rink started about 7 o'clock. The doors were thrown open to ticket-holders at 6.30, and as the crowd had been gathering since 6 o'clock there was a lively scramble for points of advantage as soon as the portals were set ajar. At 7.30, when the general public were admitted, the crush was something to remember. Hundreds could not get in, but many of the disappointed ones returned later, after the early comers had gone home, and were thus enabled to get a sight of the Scotsmen on the ice, and witness the conclusion of the games. Certainly the Lindsay Club deserved to be congratulated in connection with the work of decorating the rink. This task was carried out by Mr. J. J. Turner of Peterborough, who was told to spare no expense, and the effect was very fine. Hundreds of flags, banners, and appropriate mottoes were used, and even the visitors felt it incumbent to refer

to the gay appearance of the building, and also to the large motto 'Welcome' in electric lights placed at the north end of the rink facing the main entrance. It was ladies' night. They were out in large numbers, and many of them met the Scotsmen and had some delightful chats with them. Dr. Kirk, who was not playing, became a



Photo by Morton, Lindsay, Ont.

THE FLAVELLE RINK.

Which met the Scottish Captain.

great favourite with the fair sex, and many of them thought him just as handsome and lovely as he was large. In fact, it was the opinion of many that he was just 238 lbs. of loveliness. Three rinks of the Scottish team were engaged against three of the renowned Lindsay Club, while the other two met Beaverton and Bobcaygeon, who each sent a representative rink. The Captain of the team had the honour of engaging the great Flavelle, and he

considers this the most important match he had ever played; he managed to have a lead at the tenth end and only surrendered at the finish when there was such a pressure from the crowd and so much excitement that play was very much in the dark." We quote the description of what the *Lindsay Post* calls "a royal battle from start to finish," as it may be interesting to see the

way in which matches are generally recorded in the Canadian papers.

RINK No. 4.

T. Macmillan,	J. Keith,
D. B. Murray,	J. M'Sweyn,
H. Prain,	Rev. J. W. Macmillan,
Rev. J. Kerr, <i>skip</i> .	J. D. Flavelle, <i>skip</i> .

The game on Ice No. 4 attracted a great throng of spectators, and proved to be one of the most exciting games of the evening. The ice was sticky at the opening of the game, and grew worse steadily, till at the end it was very soft. The play of the vice-skips—Rev. J. W. Macmillan and Mr. H. Prain—was exceedingly good and true. Time and again the skips were up against hard propositions, and only saved their bacon by good play.

First End.—Keith played a nice draw into the inner circle, and got on a good guard. T. Macmillan drew shot with his second stone, and Murray guarded with both his stones, M'Sweyn going through and hogging. J. W. Macmillan took off guard with his second, Prain going through and hogging. Flavelle's first stone was heavy and second narrow, and Scotland got first blow with a single.

Second End.—The end opened nicely for Lindsay, Keith carrying lead through and lying shot. M'Sweyn raised a Lindsay stone to draw circle, and then drew into button, chipping out a Scottish stone. The four vice-stones gave a couple of nice guards, and raised another Lindsay stone into the centre. The end closed with 3 to Lindsay.

Third End.—Keith's first was short, and second raised T. Macmillan's stone to button. Macmillan's second stone raised Keith to draw circle guarding Scottish shot. M'Sweyn took off guards with both his shots, but Murray put them on. J. W. Macmillan, with a fine running shot, got out the shot (wild applause). Prain with his second drew through a double port and drove out the shot, leaving Lindsay still shot. The end closed in this way, Flavelle getting in a guard, and Kerr failing to get to the button on an outwick.

Fourth End.—Two of the lead stones were shy this end, but Keith's first got the back of the draw circle, and T. Macmillan's came beside the button. The second stones did the same thing over again. J. W. Macmillan, with a hack shot, helped Scotland's

shots out of the ring and lay shot, while Prain, with a fine running shot, chipped out the winner. Macmillan's second put a long guard, only to be chipped off by Prain's second. Flavelle got a beautiful guard, and Kerr couldn't do anything, leaving Lindsay lying 1 shot.

Fifth End.—Keith got in on the side of the draw circle with his first, and T. Macmillan did likewise on the other side. Keith's second was slow, but Skip Kerr called out for Macmillan's second "Dinna touch him, he's ragin'"; M'Sweyn drew up near shot, but went through with his second, while Murray got just over hog with his first and hogged his second. J. W. Macmillan chipped out shot, and Prain replaced it beautifully. Macmillan's second chipped off guard. Prain tried to guard, but came right up, and Scotland lay 2. Flavelle sent a bullet which put out the shot, but Kerr got a wick, came to the button, and got 2 chalked up to his credit.

Sixth End.—This end was made interesting by a fine raise of J. W. Macmillan's from just in front of rings to button; also by the war-dance of the Scotsmen over a stone that hogged in spite of their most tempestuous sweeping. Lindsay scored 1 on this end.

Seventh End.—Both sides seemed to find the button a difficult place to get at. Stones went through or went wide, one after the other, but Scotland finally pulled out 1 shot ahead.

Eighth End.—Both leads played one stone near draw circle, and one stone slow. M'Sweyn's first was half, and Murray chipped out the Lindsay stone and lay guard on Scotland's shot. M'Sweyn took out the shot, but went out, leaving Scotland still in the ring, Murray guarded. Prain got on another guard, and J. W. Macmillan came running for the shot, grazing it gently as it went sweeping by. Skip did a miniature Highland fling, and placed his broom transversely across Skip Flavelle's neck (presumably to indicate the latter's fate) to the huge delight of the spectators. Flavelle missed his first, and so did Kerr, but Flavelle's second cleaned things out, leaving Lindsay 1 shot to the good.

Ninth End.—There was some very pretty curling in this end, the stones bunching round the tee, with plenty of guards in centre ice on first and second circles. Scotland came out 1 up.

Tenth End.—This end was pretty nearly Flavelle's Waterloo. At one time Scotland had seven stones in the ring, and Lindsay two, and these two had the back. Fortunately these two were ahead of some of the Scottish stones, but when Flavelle came to play his first Kerr tried to draw, but guarded, and Kerr raised

another. Flavelle's last stone did nothing, and Scotland pulled out a 4 end amid great cheering.

Eleventh End.—The lead stones did little in this end, but M'Sweyn played two beauties chipped out and lying. The vice-skip's went through the house. Flavelle played for guard and missed, but Kerr raised a Lindsay rock with each of his, and left Lindsay 3 to the good.

Twelfth End.—When the seconds were through playing, Scotland lay in front of the tee with Lindsay near by, and with a good assortment of guards well placed. J. W. Macmillan with a beautiful run came through a double port, and cleaned out the stones around the tee and lay shot. Prain followed through same port, took out Lindsay, and lay shot in a position where he could not be dislodged. Scotland got 1.

Thirteenth End.—The second players left Scotland lying 2. J. W. Macmillan chipped the winner and lay, and the Scots' lead—T. Macmillan—called out, "Well done, namesake." Kerr missed, and Lindsay scored 1.

Fourteenth End.—This was the last end played on the ice, all the other rinks being finished, and a great crowd gathered round to see the wind-up. Keith got his 2 on the button, and T. Macmillan went sailing. M'Sweyn's first was a hog, and Murray got Keith's front stone out and lay shot. M'Sweyn drew right in, passed, and lay nearer the button. Murray's was narrow and heavy. J. W. Macmillan drew in, drew circle back to button, while Prain chipped out their own stone. T. Macmillan drew in front of shot. Prain chipped the winner, but lay until second shot. Flavelle chipped out his shot, but lay shot himself by a hair's-breadth. Kerr missed, and the end and game were over. It was a royal battle, and the Scotsmen showed themselves fine curlers and thorough sportsmen and gentlemen.

On Ice No. 2, our crack skip, Mr. Bramwell, played against Mr. J. C. Harstone for Lindsay. In this match some very pretty curling was witnessed, Mr. Johnston especially playing in very fine form for Scotland, one of his shots being a very fine draw through the port, with scarcely a hair's-breadth to spare on either side. The score at the finish was, Bramwell, 10; Harstone, 15; but Mr. Bramwell had the satisfaction of winning 8 ends as

against 6 by his opponent, these eight including six singles and two doubles, while Mr. Harstone had two singles, a double, two threes, and a five, which latter made all the distinction between him and his Scottish opponent. On Ice No. 3, our "anxious skip," Deans Ritchie,



Photo by Morton, Lindsay.

LINDSAY.

L. M'Intosh.

J. M. Knowles.

J. C. Harstone.

J. H. Hopkins.

had a merry battle for honours against Mr. M'Lennan, and the Scot, in a very close and well-contested game, was victorious by two shots. One rink up against the redoubted Lindsay Club, and only six shots down over the match, or an average of two shots per rink, and that, on their own ground, was a more than satisfactory result. Taking everything into account this was perhaps the most creditable performance of the Scottish team throughout their whole tour. In the case of the other two

rinks, the Edinburgh skip, Cousin, was also able to score a victory against the Beaverton rink, which was skipped by Mr. A. Dobson, the scores being Cousin, 12; Dobson, 9. The game on Ice No. 6 was supposed to be between Scotland and Bobcaygeon, the respective skips being Provost Ballantyne and Mr. W. J. Read, but the Bobcaygeon players, especially Mr. C. S. Logie, were just as much

Scotch as any of their opponents, and the visitors could



Photo by Oliver, Lindsay.

THE M'LENNAN RINK.

Wm. M'Lennan, *skip*. Dr. J. M'Alpine, *lead*.
Wm. Dundas, *vice*. Wm. Needler, *second*.



Photo by A. H. Stanton, Fenelon Falls, Ont.

BOBCAYGEON CLUB.

W. J. Creightan. C. S. Logie. J. T. Robinson. W. J. Read.

not find it in their hearts to defeat them, so that victory was awarded by 16 to 7 to Bobcaygeon.

At the close of the games a banquet was given to the team in the Benson House, over which the Rev. Mr. Macmillan presided.

BENSON HOUSE, LINDSAY.

MENU.

New York Counts.	Cream of Tomato.
Baked White Fish, Maitre de Hotel.	
Celery.	Lettuces. Radishes. Queen Olives.
Boiled Ham.	Tongue. Grape Jelly.
Creamed Chicken in Moulds.	
Salmi of Duck.	Green Peas.
Cream Puffs.	Vanilla Sauce.
Roast Turkey, stuffed.	Cranberry Jelly.
Sirloin of Beef.	Yorkshire Pudding.
Roast Lamb. Green Mint.	
Chicken Salad.	Mayonnaise Dressing.
Lobster Salad.	French Dressing.
Mashed Potatoes.	
Sugar Corn.	Peas.
Apple Pie.	
Rhubarb Pie.	Mince Pie.
English Plum Pudding.	Brandy Sauce.
Vanilla Ice Cream.	Charlotte Russe.
Rum Jelly.	Lemon Jelly.
Fruit.	Cakes. Nuts. Raisins.
Canadian Cheese. Crackers.	
Tea.	Coffee.

TOAST LIST.

“The King.” Proposed by the President, Dr. M’Alpine.
 “Our Brother Curlers from Auld Scotia.” Proposed by
 Rev. J. W. Macmillan, Vice-President, and a representa-
 tive of Beaverton Curling Club and Bobcaygeon Curling
 Club.

After the usual expressions of loyalty the chairman went on to say, in proposing the Scottish team, that this visit of the Scottish curlers would go far to pro-

mote a better understanding between the two countries, and remove many misconceptions and false impressions. For instance, when the curlers returned to their native land they would be able to contradict the silly report that the reason Canadians were good marksmen at the butts was because they always carried a rifle with them when they went abroad as a protection against wolves. Referring to patriotism, the speaker



Photo by Morton, Lindsay.

REV. J. W. MACMILLAN.

Formerly of Lindsay, now of Winnipeg.



W. T. C. BOYD.

Bobcaygeon Club.

said that all Scotsmen were patriotic, and that with good reason. Some of the British Kings and Queens came from Scotland, many of the safeguards of the British Constitution came from Scotland, and no doubt Mr. Kerr would agree with him in saying that if the source of all good things were traced it would be found that the best of them came from Scotland also. Certainly it was the birthplace of the grand game of curling, and he might add of another splendid sport, namely, golf. The Rev.

Mr. Best of Beaverton followed with a witty and interesting speech. He referred to the pleasure felt by the Beaverton curlers in being pitted against a rink of Scotsmen. They would have been delighted to keep the visitors all the winter, but that could not be, for the Scotsmen wished to return alive. They were nearly all large men, and no doubt careful selection had been made in this line, so that there should be at least a few shadows to recognise when they returned home after enduring the generous hospitality of Canada. Lindsay people were enthusiastic curlers, and he noticed that the chairman, the Rev. Mr. Macmillan, had made up his mind to leave Lindsay and go to Winnipeg, where he could curl for nine months out of the twelve, and play golf the rest of the year over 1000 miles of prairie. It was evident to him that as the Scotsmen proceeded on their tour they were becoming more accustomed to the Canadian methods of play, and before they left for home he believed they would have scored many a notable victory. No mistake had been made in selecting a clergyman as Captain of the Scottish team, for the rev. gentleman, from all he heard, had unbounded faith in Canada and its enormous possibilities, and he had no doubt that the members of the team on their return home would counsel their countrymen to come to Canada and seek their fortunes in Britain's most promising Colony. Mr. C. S. Logie of Bobcaygeon extended the hearty greetings of his club to the visitors. His rink felt proud of having scored a victory against such good curlers, and he hoped that their visit to Canada would be made an annual affair. The toast, "Our Guests, the Scottish Curlers," was then drunk in enthusiastic fashion, all joining in singing "For they are jolly good fellows," and joining in rousing cheers. The Captain of the Scottish team, in rising to respond,

said this was about the hundredth time he had to answer for the same toast since his team had come in contact with Canadian hospitality. He and the gentlemen who were with him had the honour of representing the Royal Caledonian Club of Scotland, which had a distinguished nobleman, Lord Mansfield, at its head, but was perhaps the most democratic institution in Scotland, for its membership was open to all and sundry, no matter what their estate or calling might be. The Royal Club was a Federation of many clubs under one sway, and he, the speaker, hoped to see the day when all the colonies of Britain would adopt the principle of the Royal Club, and then we should have Imperial Federation in its truest and best sense. He believed that the trip of the Scottish curlers would, if possible, unite Canada and the old country in closer bonds. Referring to his game with Mr. Flavelle, Mr. Kerr said that gentleman was known all over Scotland in curling circles as the famous skip of Lindsay, and the best curler in Canada. He (the speaker) had enjoyed very much meeting him, and he might say that he had looked forward to this as one of the great pleasures of his tour. The result of the game that day reminded him of a story about an Edinburgh man—not a curler—who had been indulging too freely for some time, and who was found one morning with his throat badly gashed, and a razor in his hand. He was taken to an hospital, and when the wound had been attended to and he was on a fair way to recovery, he was asked why he had turned the deadly weapon upon himself. His reply was that he had no intention to kill himself, but he certainly wished to give himself a “blamed fright.” He (the speaker) believed that he had given Mr. Flavelle a “fright” of that kind, for while playing his last shot he thought he noticed Mr. Flavelle’s knees tremble. He had been

defeated by their great skip, but Mr. Flavelle had presented him with his broom as a memento of the event, and he would carry the same home to Scotland and show it with pride to his countrymen, and would hand it down as an heirloom in his family. Mr. Kerr then referred to the wonderful success of Skip Flavelle and the Lindsay curlers at the great Winnipeg Bonspiel and elsewhere, of which they had evidence before them at that table, in the grand display of silver trophies, the most remarkable he had ever seen in the possession of any single club. He would very much like to see a Lindsay rink come to Scotland, and to try conclusions with them once more, under the different conditions on which they had to play in the home country. The unique experience of having their healths toasted in water was quite refreshing to the Scottish curlers. It reminded him of the old Scot who remarked that while he preferred to live in the auld ordinar' style throughout the most of the year, he always resorted to water once or twice in the twelvemonth jist to "gie his stamach a fricht." They (the visitors) had enjoyed their Lindsay experience in the same way in which he believed a Lindsay rink, when it came to Scotland, would enjoy the experience of having their health drunk in Scotch mountain dew. The speaker closed with a reference to the phenomenal development of Canada in recent years, and the attention which had been attracted of late to her wonderful resources. He hoped the visit of the Scottish curlers would, in accordance with the intention of those who promoted it, bind still more closely the Old Country and the Dominion. Dr. Kirk said that the farther west they travelled the warmer seemed to be the welcome extended to them. They had been told to expect Indians, war-paint, and tomahawks when they came

on to these regions, but a close scrutiny of the features of those present disclosed only Scotch faces, darkened perhaps by the bracing winter and summer suns of this fine country. He should like in the near future to be able to visit Canada in the summer season. From what they had seen of this great colony, and from what they were told was still in store for them, he was prepared to say that hereafter, instead of having to maintain Emigration Agents in Scotland, they would have at least twenty-three enthusiastic advocates in the old land, ready and eager to praise Canada as a fitting resort for Scottish emigrants. They had been defeated that evening by the curlers of Lindsay, but they had not been disgraced, and he never regretted being whipped by fine fellows and true sportsmen. Dr. Kirk then proposed the health of the members of the Lindsay Curling Club, and the visitors rose to their feet and gave three cheers and a "tiger." Mr. J. D. Flavelle, in responding to the toast, said he had enjoyed very much his game that night with the Captain of the Scottish team, the Rev. Mr. Kerr, and there was no doubt that he had, as that gentleman so humorously explained, been given a very bad fright. Such a narrow escape on his own ice was an indication of what might be in store if a Lindsay team ventured to visit Scotland; but he hoped, notwithstanding his doubts as to the results, on some early occasion to bring a team over to the old country. It had not been his intention on this occasion to go up with his team to the great bonspiel at Winnipeg, where they had certainly scored wonderful success in former years, as his desire was to see the honours go round in that great tournament; but as the Scottish curlers would make this gathering ever memorable by their visit, he intended to accompany them on their trip

to Winnipeg along with his rink, and on behalf of the Lindsay Club he wished them great success in their games there. The banquet was then brought to a close by singing the National Anthem and "Auld Lang Syne."

Once more the cry "All aboard" was sounded by Secretary Husband, when the team were all expected on the special train on which they were to spend the night. Two or three members, however, on this occasion failed



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.
Peterborough, Ontario.

to respond, having been under the impression that the train was not to leave Lindsay until the morning, and there was much consternation when the train steamed out of the station minus several of our number. Every attempt was made to call a halt until they had arrived, but without success, and they were accordingly left at Lindsay to make their way as best they could by the ordinary train to Toronto. We were understood, after an exciting and trying day, to have a rest in the sleeping-car, which was to be shunted at Peterborough until the morning, but so incessant was the clanging of the bells,

by which it is the custom in Canada to announce the approach and departure of trains, that for the majority of us sleep was out of the question. And the railway bell in Canada resembles so much the sound of the ordinary church bell in Scotland that the Captain of the team, at least, had no sooner fallen half asleep than he awoke, terrified that church duties were awaiting his attention. These, however, proved no more formidable than the acceptance of a photograph of St. John's Church, which brought him in mind of "his ain kirk at hame."

A Sketch of the Lindsay Curling Club

With the opening of the present season (1903), the Lindsay Curling Club will have completed a quarter of a century; and it has been thought that a short sketch of the club's doings during the past twenty-five years would prove interesting reading to its present members. To bring the sketch within suitable compass for this book it will, necessarily, be of the briefest possible character, and much interesting material will have to be omitted.

The first meeting for organisation was held in Mr. (now Judge) D. J. M'Intyre's office on December 11, 1876. The following gentlemen were present, viz., Messrs. J. Watson, G. H. Bertram, D. J. M'Intyre, J. M. M'Lennan (Sheriff), J. Matthie, W. Needler, S. A. M'Murty, H. Gladman. Mr. Watson was elected President; Mr. S. A. M'Murty, Secretary-Treasurer; and Rev. J. Hastie, Chaplain.

Of the clubs within this district, Peterborough was organised the same year as Lindsay, Bowmanville Club was twenty-five years old at this time, having been organised in 1851; Port Hope Club was organised in 1861, Coburg Club in 1864, Orillia Club in 1873.

On December 29 Mr. J. D. Flavelle became a

member of the club. These ten men were for many years active members, and much of the success of the club is due to their enthusiasm and devotion to the interests of the game in Lindsay. The only ones to remain active members down to the present time are Messrs. Needler and Flavelle, and possibly no club in the



Photo by Early, Cammington.

W. NEEDLER.

Original member of Lindsay Club.



Photo by Stewart.

T. A. MAIN.

Orillia Club.

country can furnish two better exponents of the game, or truer sportsmen.

During the first season, the club played on a rink on the west side of Victoria Avenue between Kent and Peel Streets. This they rented from Mr. T. Fee. From the time of its organisation, the club, during each season, has steadily endeavoured to play as many foreign matches as possible, and thus have the enjoyment of meeting brother-curlers of other clubs on the ice. During the first season, foreign games were played against Orillia, Bowmanville, Port Hope, and Peterborough Clubs. The

game against the Peterborough Club was won by 18 points; all the others were lost. The first game played was with Orillia on Lindsay ice on January 16, 1877. The club had increased in numbers considerably before the close of the season, and the arrangements for ice not proving satisfactory, it was decided to purchase a lot and put up a rink before the opening of the season 1877-78. So much faith had these early players in curling-booming in Lindsay, that they promised stockholders ten per cent on their stock. During the first season the club joined the Ontario Curling Association, and has ever since given the Association the heartiest support. The club medal was purchased this season; it was decided to give it as a prize to the best individual player and to add three pairs of stones. Every season since, it has been competed for in the same manner. The contests for its possession have always been keen, and many of the most brilliant players in the club have had this medal in their possession. It is hoped that in the enlarged rink, with better opportunities for individual games than the club has ever had, the contest for this, the first bit of silver-ware the club has possessed, will be taken part in by every member.



Photo by B. Frank Stewart, Orillia.

J. M'cosh.
Orillia Club.

The season of 1877-78 found the club housed in its own rink, situated on Russell Street, south side, near the corner of William and Russell Streets. The club allowed

skating on Saturday afternoons and certain nights each week on their ice. The membership had increased, and it was found necessary to elect four skips on the opening of the season, and two additional skips before its close. This season the club played its first game for a Royal Caledonian Medal, against Port Hope, three rinks a side, Port Hope winning by sixteen shots. Messrs. J. Cooper and J. Keith were elected members on January 21, 1878, and at the same meeting Mr. F. C. Taylor was elected skip. Mr. G. H. Bertram presented the Bertram Tankard to the club during the season; it is given for individual play, to the player making the highest score at the game of points.

In the season 1879-80, the club won its first prize in foreign games, a Royal Caledonian Medal given by the Ontario Curling Association.

In the season 1880-81, the Hon. S. C. Wood, patron of the club, gave the S. C. Wood Medal. On Christmas Day of this season, the club played its first match, North Ward *v.* South Ward, the former winning by nine shots. During this season the membership took another upward turn, and as a consequence eight local skips were elected.

The season of 1883-84 was the first of several red-letter seasons in the club's history. At the Great Winter Carnival held in Montreal, our rinks carried off the first prize in competition with clubs from all parts of eastern Canada and the north-eastern states, and in this way the name of our curling club was brought prominently before the curlers of America. A second Royal Caledonian Medal was won this season from Toronto Granites by twenty-four shots.

In the season 1884-85, in the single rink competitions at Montreal Carnival, one of the Lindsay rinks

captured first prize. Also a Royal Caledonian Medal was won from Barrie by three shots.

In the season 1885-86 a Governor-General's Cup and medal were won. The final game was played in Ottawa against Halifax, N.S., and Lindsay rinks were fourteen shots to the good.

In 1887-88 the second Governor-General's Cup was captured from Peterborough. The Uxbridge cup was also won.

During this season our club had, for the first time, a rink playing in the great bonspiel at Winnipeg. For four successive seasons a rink from the club took part in the games at Winnipeg. During the first two visits no trophies came Lindsay way, but Mr. Flavelle and his players had made such a good impression that when he loomed up with a rink again in the season of 1891 the knowing ones picked the Lindsay rink for some of the big prizes, and this time they brought home the International Cup, the Royal Caledonian Cup, and, in addition, individual prizes. In 1892 a fourth visit was paid to Winnipeg, and the Lindsay rink captured the Grand Challenge Cup, "the blue ribbon" of the bonspiel.

These successes brought our club as prominently forward in the curling world of the far west as the earlier successes at Montreal had done in the east. So great a name had our club for skill at the game and enthusiasm for it, that when the question of sending rinks to the Old Country was being canvassed, an American paper said that rinks would never cross the ocean unless the Lindsay Club of Ontario took the matter up and sent rinks over.

In the season of 1889-90 the Peterborough Lindsay Cup was purchased; Lindsay won it the first season and has held it nine seasons, and Peterborough three seasons. Meantime the club had been increasing in membership

very fast. Ten local skips were elected in the season of 1890-91, and twelve for the season of 1892-93, and members felt that the time had come for another forward move in the matter of accommodation. Accordingly at the annual meeting 1893, a committee was appointed to secure a larger rink. It was decided to move and build on the present site, and the annual meeting of the club was held in the present building on October 10, 1894. At that meeting twenty-four club skips were elected.

At the Peterborough bonspiel in the season 1895-96 Lindsay won the Peterborough Cup. At the semi-annual meeting at the close of this season it was decided to hold a bonspiel in Lindsay in the season of 1896-97. This was carried out, and much interest was shown in the bonspiel by our citizens. Clubs from many parts of Ontario sent rinks to compete, and one rink skipped by Dr. Jamieson came from Winnipeg. Lindsay rinks captured the first prizes in both the single and the double rink competitions. In this season also our rinks captured the Ontario Tankard and the Governor-General's Cup.

The second cup, given by Hon. John Dryden for clubs in the Midland district, was put up for competition in the year 1895. The games were played at Oshawa, and rinks skipped by Mr. T. Brodie and the late Mr. J. A. McMillan captured the trophy for Lindsay. It was won again in the year 1896, and, by winning it a third time in succession in the year 1897, it became the property of the club.

In the season 1897-98 Messrs. Flavelle and W. McLennan, with their Tankard rinks, made a record for the province by winning the Ontario Tankard and the Governor-General's Cup. Lindsay Club is the only club in the O.C.A. that has won these trophies two years in succession.

During this season the only American rinks that have visited Lindsay paid our town a visit, and played against the two Tankard rinks. These rinks came from Detroit, and were skipped by Messrs. J. A. Bucknell and J. Stevenson. Their visit was much appreciated by the club and its friends, and the games were witnessed by large numbers of our citizens. Lindsay won this game by 7 shots.

In the season of 1898-99 Mr. S. J. Fox, M.P.P., was elected patron. He showed his interest in the game by presenting the Fox Cup to the club. For the possession of this cup the contest is always keen.

We cannot close this sketch without referring to the fact that during the seven seasons that the O.C.A. have given a medal for points play, Lindsay players have captured it three times, viz. Mr. J. D. Flavelle in 1894, Mr. J. A. M'Millan in 1895, and Mr. R. A. Millar in 1900. Mr. R. A. Millar holds the provincial record with a score of 50 points. The last cup won by the club was the Shepherd-Needler Cup, so generously donated by the gentlemen whose names the cup bears for competition between the Orillia and Lindsay clubs. This was won last season for the first time.

For some seasons past the club has been cramped for room. At the semi-annual meeting in May last it was decided to enlarge the rink if stock could be secured. This was done, the rink enlarged, and on the opening of the season the club will have the use of six sheets of ice, and it is confidently expected that in the enlarged rink the club will again take another upward tend. Though it cannot be expected that the increase in size will be as rapid during the next twenty-five years as it has been in the past, still with wise management the club, twenty-five years hence, should be much larger than it is now.

Up to the year 1887 Messrs. Flavelle and M'Murtry were the foreign skips of the club; since that date to the present time Messrs. Flavelle and W. M'Lennan have had the honour of skipping the Tankard rinks in their foreign games.

Another statement from a local authority is to this effect :—

The Ontario town of Lindsay, in the royal county of Victoria, through which flows a river with an Indian name, the Scugog, whose streets bear the names of Victoria and Albert and of many a British peer and statesman of the time when it was laid out, was not at first upon the billet of the touring Scots, but being a curling centre of some renown was at a late moment given the honour of a visit. The original curling shed was on Russell Street, the present and larger rink is on Peel Street. An early cricket club was fostered by a Grace. Thus in names and games the new land imitates the old. In the early 'seventies the business and professional men of Lindsay adopted handball as a pastime, and a racquet court was erected. Among those who practised this sport were Scots from Scotland, and Scotsmen of Canadian birth, and in the year 1876, when the same spirit was moving in neighbouring towns, the first curling club was organised.

From the beginning, curling took a foremost place in the affections of the town's best citizens, for the average Canadian has a great love for a personal enjoyment of outdoor sport. A feature of the game in Lindsay was, that it caught in its rings the men whose forebears came from Ireland and England, and they became just as enthusiastic and as skilful as those of Scottish birth or descent. No skip is more worthily known in Canada to-day than Mr. J. D. Flavelle, one of the early members of the Lindsay Club, and an Irishman.

A few winters after the Lindsay Club was organised, the city of Montreal for several seasons held elaborate winter carnivals, with ice palaces, toboggan slides, and bonspiels. Eastward to Canada's largest city, as long as these festivals lasted, journeyed rinks from the Lindsay Club, and there they achieved their first notable successes and won several trophies. Later they turned their eyes westward and visited in many seasons the great bonspiels in the prairie province, and from Winnipeg they brought home sometimes little

except the memory of a good time, but generally all the medals and cups that were offered.

For many years the Lindsay Club has played in the Ontario Tankard games, leading to the championship of the Province. Eight years ago they reached the finals for the first time, and lost the cup by a shot. Two years later they won it, and, after the Canadian fashion, the town welcomed them home with a torchlight procession, a brass band, a public reception, and other items of joy. In the succeeding year they brought it home again, a thing unheard of before, and the town went wilder still. In three years more they were again the victors; and in the following year, the notable winter of the Scots' visit, they again reached the finals, and were the runners-up in a closely-contested match, in which one of the Lindsay rinks was up and one down. The town, therefore, has good curlers, and was worth a visit from the visitors. For many years the town's Tankard skips have been Flavelle and McLennan, until these two names have become household words in Ontario curling circles, and far beyond. Both have their admirers,

but the latter, the younger man, is the more picturesque figure upon the ice. In his shop a quiet retiring business man, although of athletic build, curling changes him at the rink to the personification of energy and activity, of shouting, of skill and generalship, of all that goes to make a skip a joy to a curling spectator, and a wonder to the uninitiated.

The Lindsay Club started with a membership of less than a dozen; in the twenty-five years of its annals it has increased more than tenfold. To-day, excepting two or perhaps three clubs in large cities, Lindsay is the largest curling club in America, and in some respects it is the premier club. It may be pertinent to ask why is this, and the following features may afford an answer.

The town has an annual curling excursion; each February this



Photo by Morton, Lindsay.

J. C. HARSTONE.
Lindsay Club.

expedition invades some fresh curling centre within a radius of 120 miles, and each club member, no matter how little his skill may be, has a chance to play in a foreign game. Once a year the club in a body attends divine service and listens to its chaplain. The club has always been well patronised by the town clergymen, and generally most are club members and, better still, active players. There is an unwritten bye-law that this office shall go round. In rotation, therefore, the pews of the Kirk, the Methodist, Baptist, and Episcopalian churches are filled with the men who kneel on the ice. In Lindsay the levelling influence of curling is seen at its best. At the rink is a great comingling, not only men with gray hairs and those in the prime of life, but the young man and even the boy are there leading and sweeping and shouting. The Presbyterian minister plays first for a Roman Catholic skip. The rich manufacturer and his mill-hand watch with expectation the career of the same revolving granite. All lines of business and all professions and trades are mixed in the rinks. Politics, different religious beliefs, social grades, degrees in learning, and aught else that isolates man from his fellow are forgotten as nearly as may be. Skill elects the skip and the skip alone is king. Curling does for Lindsay a desirable thing—the best citizens lead the young men in straight channels. Then the wives and daughters, and even non-curlers, are interested, and throng the spectators' platforms to watch not only foreign but inter-club games. The Scots visitors saw in Lindsay, through the moist breath of the ladies, one of their victories. One of Lindsay's cleverest skips had upon his rink in honour of the day some of the club veterans. The crowded, steaming shed made the ice grow heavy. The old men, at home on keen ice, were at sea in the wet, and a visiting rink, accustomed to heavy throwing in Scotland, was up at the end. This club is one of the few that regularly engage in the points game, and make annual returns to the Ontario Association. The local newspapers enter into the fun and publish complete and interestingly written accounts of all that the curlers do at home and abroad. The victories which have been won are a potent factor, for success breeds success. The numerous club trophies at the end of each season are given out through the club, and go into the members' homes as far as they will extend, and are thus guarded for a year. Last, and in some eyes most important, in the progress and success of the club, is the systematic way in which the club's affairs are managed. Before the snow comes a scheme is put down on paper, a handbook is printed and placed in the pocket of each member,

and on the ice is worked out a round of games in which the President's side is opposed to the other half of the club made up of the Vice-President's rinks. Night after night, as the ice holds good, all winter through, the contest rages, now up, now down, and incidentally each individual rink, irrespective of sides, plays for the first place. Thus it is that good officers and a regular system go a long way in making a curling club flourish.

Lindsay has given one president to the Ontario Curling Association, and the club keeps up a friendly correspondence upon the ice with many of the adjoining towns and villages. It is usual each winter to have games with Peterborough, Orillia, Whitby, Oshawa, Bobcaygeon, Port Perry, Port Hope, Cobourg, and others, and with some of these clubs cups are played for annually. The roaring game prospers throughout the Lindsay district.

R. J. M.



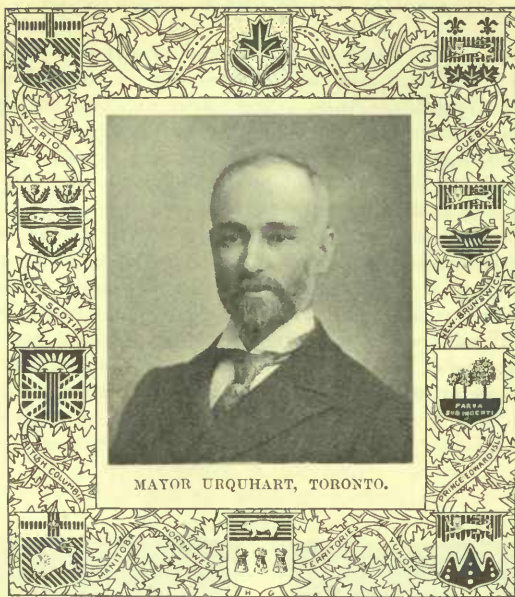
Photo by Bryce.

J. W. FLAVELLE.
Queen City Club, Toronto.



Photo by Barrett, Whitby.

JOHN TWEEDIE.
Whitby Club.



CHAPTER IX

ONTARIO PROVINCE: AT TORONTO

A Cordial Greeting

Thrice welcome to our curling friends,
 From ancient Scotia's shore,
 Where first the channel stanes were played
 On winter's icy floor.

They've left their worldly cares behind,
 And crossed the heaving sea,
 To sojourn with their curling sons,
 In Canada the free.

They curl on pond, 'mid upland muirs,
 Exposed to wind and weather,
 Where whaups and muirfowl shelter find,
 Among the gorse and heather.

Though wintry winds bring drifting snow,
 Or blasts of plashing rain,
 They still play on, and face the storm,
 With undisguised disdain.

Till night has blotted daylight out,
 They play the manly game,
 Their guerdon, bracing exercise,
 And glorious curling fame.

We play in large capacious rinks,
 Shielded from every blast,
 Nor fear the lowering, threatening sky,
 With snow or rain o'ercast.

Nor do we fear the day's decline,
 Nor dread the coming night,
 We've stored up electricity,
 And flood the rink with light.

Our seasons march in order due,
 Spring, summer, fall, and winter,
 None come too soon, none stay too long,
 That coming next to hinder.

Then welcome to our Scottish friends,
 We'll play the game together,
 We'll learn from them, they'll learn from us,
 We're birds of the same feather.

J. S. R.

FROM Peterborough we were off and away once more toward Toronto, the capital of the province, one of the most important centres in our great tour. The skirl of the bagpipes as the train drew near to the Union Station informed us that another Scottish welcome awaited us there, and so we felt at home once again. Mr. W. F. Davison and Colonel Edwards, past-Presidents of the Ontario Curling Association, had escorted us in

the train from Peterborough. Mr. W. B. M'Murrich, Chairman of the O.C.A. Committee, and the Secretary, Mr. J. A. M'Fadden, joined the party at the Don Station. Many prominent persons had assembled at the Union Depot to greet the Scottish visitors. Among those present were Inspector Stark, President of the Caledonian Society; William Cameron, Secretary of the Caledonian



Photo by Bruce, Toronto.

W. B. M'MURRICH, K.C.

Vice-President Ontario Association,
1903.



Photo by Bruce, Toronto.

W. D. M'INTOSH.

Toronto Caledonian Club.

Society; Dr. Kennedy, President of the St. Andrew's Society; William Simpson, President of the Burns Literary Society; J. D. Moore, President, Ontario Curling Association; A. F. McLaren, M.P., Stratford; Major Forbes, Michie; the veteran J. S. Russell, ex-Secretary O.C.A.; A. D. M'Arthur, Secretary Reception Committee; Rev. Dr. Armstrong Black, Rev. R. N. Burns, Brampton; Rev. W. J. Wallace, Dr. Fotheringham, Messrs. W. D. M'Intosh, John E. Hall, D. Carlyle,



Photo by Lyons, Toronto.

J. E. HALL.
Parkdale Club, Toronto.



Photo by Bruce, Toronto.

DAVID CARLYLE, EXEC.-COMMITTEE.
Prospect Park Club, Toronto.



Photo by Bruce, Toronto.

JOHN BAIN.
Toronto Club, Toronto.



Photo by Rowley, Toronto.

F. W. DAVISON.
Toronto Granite Club; President O.C.A.
1887-88.

A. D. Harris, G. Mackenzie, W. Matthews, J. H. Coyne, St. Thomas; P. Punshon, Oshawa; G. Duthie, J. W. Corcoran, Andrew Hood, George Anderson, George Keith, Allan Cassells, J. L. Morrison, James Carruthers, J. I. Davidson, John Douglas, G. Vair, J. J. Bell, J. M. St. Clair, A. Gunn, J. Laurence, J. F. Muir, R. J. McLennan, R. G. Patton, J. C. Macmillan, John Bain, William Gormley, James Hedley, W. F. Davidson, George N. Gooderham, C. P. Smith, W. C. Matthews, and many others. Formalities were dispensed with, and acquaintances speedily made. A procession was formed, headed by four pipers of the 48th Highlanders, and the visitors were escorted to the Queen's Hotel, which was to be their place of residence as the guests of the Ontario Association during their stay in Toronto, and there they found a sumptuous breakfast ready for them. As a sample of the ordinary experience of the team while on tour, and the excellent arrangements made by the province, the following programme for Toronto may be given:—

ITINERARY

SCOTTISH CURLERS, TORONTO,

January 22, 23, 24, 1903

C. P. Smith, *Chairman.*

A. D. M'Arthur, *Secretary.*

Thursday, January 22

The SCOTTISH CURLERS will arrive at Toronto at 9.35 A.M.

12 Noon.—Reception and Luncheon by the Ontario Curling Association at the Granite Club.

2.30 P.M.—Meet Oshawa,

Whitby, Barrie, Chūrchill, and Collingwood Curling Clubs on Granite Ice.

6 P.M.—Guests of the Granite Curling Club at Dinner at the National Club.

8.30 P.M.—Meet five rinks of the Granite Curling Club at the Granite Club.

Friday, January 23

10.30 A.M.—Guests of the City of Toronto for a drive through residential portion of City, followed by

12.30 P.M.—Luncheon at M'Conkey's.

2.30 P.M.—Meet five rinks of the Toronto Curling Club on Toronto ice.

6 P.M.—Guests of the Toronto Curling Club for Dinner.

8.30 P.M.—Meet four rinks at the Parkdale Curling Club and two rinks at the Lakeview Club.

Saturday, January 24

10 A.M.—Guests of the Caledonian and Prospect Park Curling Clubs for Inspection of Local Industries, followed by

12 Noon.—Luncheon with the Caledonian and Prospect Park Clubs at M'Conkey's.

3 P.M.—Meet three rinks on Prospect Park ice and two rinks on Caledonian ice.

6 P.M.—Guests of the Queen City Club for Dinner.

8.30 P.M.—Meet five rinks at the Queen City.

With the Granite Club

After a few hours' welcome rest a private car was boarded at 11.30, and the visitors were taken to the Granite rink, where luncheon was prepared for them as guests of the O.C.A. The dining-room was enlarged for the occasion by taking in the reading-room, and the decorations as usual were quite artistic. Mr. George Moore, President of the O.C.A., occupied the chair; on his right were the Rev. Mr. Kerr, and on his left the Hon. Richard Harcourt, Minister of Education. His Worship, Mayor Urquhart, who is a native of Dingwall, and who had been just

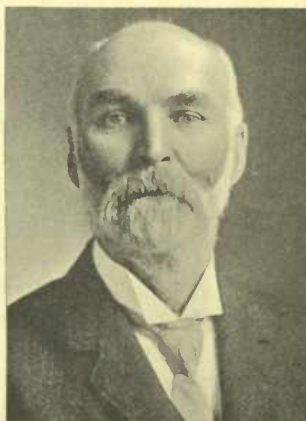


Photo by Meyer, Waterloo, Ont.

GEORGE MOORE.

Waterloo Club; President O.C.A.
1902-3.

recently elected Mayor of Toronto, was also present as a guest of the Association. The majority of those whose names have been mentioned were present at the luncheon. President Moore first proposed the toast of "The King" and then that of "The Scottish Curlers." The Captain in response said that for well-nigh fifty years he had been partaking of meals, and during that time had enjoyed many good ones, but he was sure that he spoke for himself and the other members of the team that they never had a luncheon that was more refreshing than that which they had just partaken of. The day before they had had a most trying and exciting day at Peterborough and Lindsay, and with the numerous noises on the railway journey they had scarcely had a wink of sleep. It seemed to him that the interest in curling increased the farther they went west; and in regard to that rink to which they had now come they had seen nothing so majestic or so palatial during their tour. The Royal Club had sent them out there to convey her greetings and expressions of sympathy, and to tell them that she was desirous of promoting their welfare in every way that she possibly could. The Mother-club represented something like 30,000 curlers in all parts of the world where the game was possible; and she not only represented the Old Country but represented themselves, for though they stood upon their own footing, and transacted their business in an independent manner, their branch was one of the loyal daughters of the Mother-club. He was glad of the rest they had given to the team that morning, and he was sure the visitors would have preferred not to curl at all in the afternoon, but to sit around the festive board and enjoy their good-fellowship, but they were prepared to sacrifice their feelings, and to do their duty. He (the Captain) wished

to say how much the curlers of Scotland and those in the province of Ontario were indebted to their President, Colonel Edwards, for the great pains and attention he had given to the carrying out of this visit from the old Mother-country. He would repeat what he had said before, that they had not simply to come out to indulge in their favoured pastime and meet their brethren in rivalry on the rink, but their visit had a far more important significance, namely, the cultivation of goodwill and fellowship between Canada and Scotland. He thanked them for the kindly hospitality extended to them. Provost Ballantyne also made a few remarks in reply to the kindly welcome of the Granite Club. Dr. Russell of Hamilton, Vice-President of the O.C.A., proposed the toast of "The Dominion Parliament and the Legislature of Ontario," and said that they had a constitution of their own in Canada founded on British models, that they were a free and independent people, and made their own laws, yet they all had the same King. In Canada they had something more than their brethren had in Scotland. They had a Governor-General, and in each province a Lieutenant-Governor. Scotland had none of these, so that in some respects Canada was better off than Scotland. He said it did not seem to matter which party was in power, because there was always a Scotsman at the helm, not only in the Canadian House of Commons but in the Legislature of Ontario as well. He coupled with the toast the names of the Hon. Mr. Harecourt and Mr. McLaren, M.P.

The Hon. Mr. Harecourt

thanked the Committee of the club not only for the opportunity that had been given him to enjoy its hospitality, but also for the privilege of meeting the visiting curlers.

Continuing, Mr. Harcourt said: "After thanking the club for the privilege of meeting our distinguished friends, I wish to say that my personal words of welcome to our Scottish brethren to-day would carry but little weight were it not that I am deputed by the Government of this province, and speaking for the Government of this province, to give the Scotsmen a provincial welcome. When I say that there has been extended to you a provincial welcome, what do these words mean? Sir, they mean that you are welcomed by the most important province in the most



VIEW OF PART OF THE LAWN OF THE VICTORIA CLUB, TORONTO.

important colony of the most important Empire in the world, and therefore my words of welcome are intended to mean, and must mean, something of real weight this morning. Dr. Russell has been kind enough to say that we are essentially from the parish or school section up to our largest corporation a self-governing people. If we govern ourselves wisely, all well and good; if we make mistakes, we profit by our own experience, and in good time we correct those mistakes. It is thought that the Scots more than hold their own in Canada, more than hold their own in this far province, and especially

in the city from which Dr. Russell comes. I am reminded, Mr. Chairman, if you will allow me to say it, that a Scotsman's prayer has always this meaning, that he does not ask a kind Providence to give him all the good things in the world, but that he is content to say in his invocation, 'Point me out where the good things are, and I will do the rest myself.'

"Now, Mr. Chairman, it is to our profit that the investigating, the careful and thrifty Scot shall, having learned the potentialities of this magnificent country of ours, avail himself of them up to the hilt. The more he does so the better for Canada, the better for the development of our great resources. You have been in Peterborough. You know we are on the threshold of development in the way of permanent manufacturing industries, because of your short visit to that thrifty young city; had your visit here been timed for more congenial weather, in the spring or autumn months, you would have realised more our great possibilities, our wealth of soil, our powers in the matter of growing rare fruits excelled by no other clime or country in the whole world. All that we ask from our brothers from across the sea is that they make full inquiry about us, and know as much as possible regarding us. Our only reasonable complaint against the people of the Motherland to this hour is that, although they have become acquainted with the potential wealth of every other country in the world—South Africa, North Africa, Central Africa, New Zealand, Australia, and other places, all good enough no doubt—they have never inquired into, or taken full advantage of the wonderful possibilities and potentialities of this province in the capital city of which we have met this morning. I wish our friends delightful times as they go hurriedly through the

province. I must apologise for not knowing more about the peerless game of curling in which you are all so interested. My father was born in Perth in Scotland, and I own it as a fault on my part that I do not know so much about the game as I ought. Dr. Russell had alluded to some land-slides and cataclysms of nature, in which my good friend McLaren, on my left, was a victim the other day. I will not give particulars except in a general and metaphorical way. These are the particulars. There was a great game of political curling held in this province a few days ago. Three rinks were played, and in each of these three rinks my team won and McLaren's lost. That is the whole story. My team holds the tankard for the time being, and Mr. McLaren's team has lost it. While we are both true sportsmen, and know that the whirligig of time brings about its changes, that the pendulum swings one way to-day and another way to-morrow, perhaps my team may some day lose the tankard; but I hope it will be a long time before such a calamity takes place. I have to thank you for giving me the opportunity of being present this morning, and I wish all success to our Scottish brethren."

Mr. A. F. McLaren, M.P., and Mr. W. B. M'Murich, K.C., expressed in terse terms the pleasure it gave them to be present, and extended a hearty welcome to the visitors. Mr. McLaren said that when the particulars were received of the contests referred to by Mr. Harcourt, that gentleman might not feel so well satisfied with the result. His Worship, Mayor Urquhart, in response to the toast of "The Mayor and Corporation of the City of Toronto," said that whilst a more official welcome would be extended later on, he desired to welcome the Scottish visitors at once to the city. Their visit would surely lead to good results,

as they would acquire greater knowledge of the country and its advantages, and would tell their countrymen on their return home of the great country we had on this side of the Atlantic. Colonel Edwards of Peterborough said that he rejoiced with others at this visit of the Scottish curlers, and felt assured that much good would follow. After luncheon the company were photographed in a group



Photo by Jackson, Barrie.

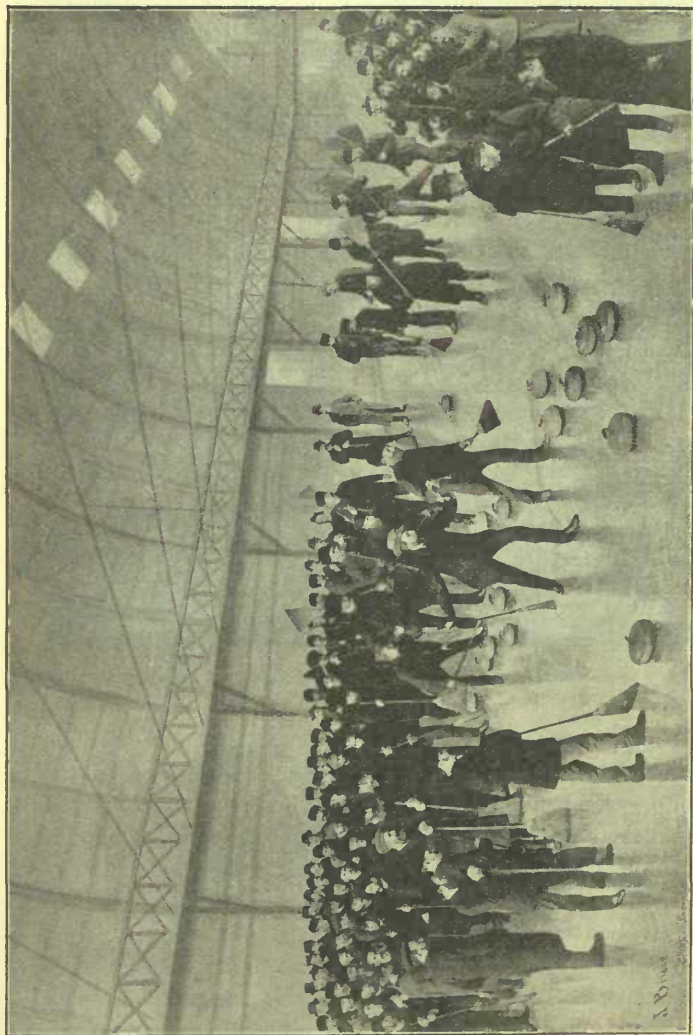
H. J. GRASETT.
Barrie Club.



Photo by Jackson, Barrie.

J. M'L. STEVENSON.
Barrie Club.

on the open ice between the covered rinks. Sir William Muloch made his appearance in time to form one of the group. The team thereafter played there, five rinks against five picked rinks, representing the following clubs: Barrie, Whitby, Oshawa, Churchill, and O.C.A. Officers. In three of these cases, against Whitby, Barrie, and Churchill respectively, the visitors were victorious. They lost against Oshawa, and in the other case there was a tie, a very auspicious start for them at this great centre. The rink was handsomely decorated—flags, club burgees, and varicoloured bunting having been utilised to good effect by



BONSPIEL ON GRANITE RINK, TORONTO, 1884.



Photo by Bryce, Toronto.

Face p. 311.

THE ASSOCIATION RINK.

J. S. Russell.
President 1878 ;
Secy. for 21 years.

A. F. McLaren, M.P.
President 1898.

George Moore.
President 1903.

Dr. J. Russell.
Vice-President 1903.
President 1904.

the decorators. A grand sheet of ice had been secured, and the game was carried on with the greatest enthusiasm before a crowded company of spectators; among those present being Sir William Muloch, Dr. J. Elliot, Dr. Kennedy, Captain O. H. Lyons, D. Dexter of Hamilton, J. J. Brown of Barrie. The match between the rink of the Ontario Curling Association with President G. Moore of Waterloo as lead, past-President A. F. McLaren of Stratford as second, Vice-President Dr. Russell as skip against the Captain of the Scottish team with Mr. M'Gregor as lead, Mr. Bentley Murray as second, and Mr. T. Macmillan as third player came in for most attention. At the eleventh end the officers were one down. At the last end Skip Russell, the venerable ex-Secretary of the Association, drew a fine shot to the tee, making the score a tie 8 all, and depriving the Scotsmen of a victory in points over the five rinks, as the totals were 43 all. The scores in the match Scots Captain *v.* Association were—



Photo by Stodham and O'Brien, Oshawa.

J. A. SYKES.
Oshawa Club.

Scots 100100121110 = 8,
O.C.A. 021031000001 = 8,

the Scots having thus scored 7 ends and the Officers 5.

At 6 P.M. the curlers were the guests of the Granite Curling Club at the National Club, and at 8.30 P.M. the Scotsmen met five rinks of the Granite Club on the

rink of the latter. Against Skip Prain, President C. P. Smith had a narrow escape, for he stood one down with one end to play. By scoring a two he placed himself one ahead, while the other rinks of the Granites were victorious with better majorities.

There was a crowded gallery to witness the evening's play, and the presence of a great many ladies gave evidence of the interest created by the visit of the "brithers" from Auld Scotia, the ladies waxing quite as enthusiastic over play as the spectators of the sterner sex. Refreshments were provided for them by the club, and they made quite a gala affair of it. Among the ladies present were Mrs. Charles Boeckh, Mrs. R. Williams, Mrs. Charles Reid, Mrs. Hal O'Hara, Mrs. G. Warick, Mrs. H. P. Wilson, Mrs. J. Irving, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. A. F. McLaren, Stratford, Mrs. Albert Brown, Mrs. Todhunter, Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Sylvester, Mrs. and Miss Heward, Mrs. Mossom Boyd, and Mrs. and Miss Ballantyne.

The usual supper and smoker followed the game.

Welcome by Mayor of Toronto and Premier of Ontario

Next morning (Friday, 23rd) the Scottish curlers were the guests of the city of Toronto. In every city of importance in Canada there seems to be a special committee of the Corporation appointed for the sole purpose of receiving and entertaining visitors. Guided by Alderman Ward, Chairman of the Corporation Reception Committee, the visitors were driven to the City Hall and received in the Council Chamber by Mayor Urquhart, Alderman Ward, and members of the Corporation. The Mayor, in a brief address, heartily welcomed them to Toronto, and ex-Mayor W. B. M'Murrich, K.C., also spoke. A good many of the members took occasion to occupy for a moment the Mayor's chair, from which

they had a good view of the splendid hall; Provost Gordon of Bathgate before leaving the chair made a few remarks. After the Captain of the team had thanked the Mayor and Corporation for their reception, and reciprocated their kindly sentiments, the visitors were taken on a drive round the city. They had a view of the Court House, where one of the leading judges was trying an important case. Thereafter they paid a visit to the Parliament Buildings, where they were received

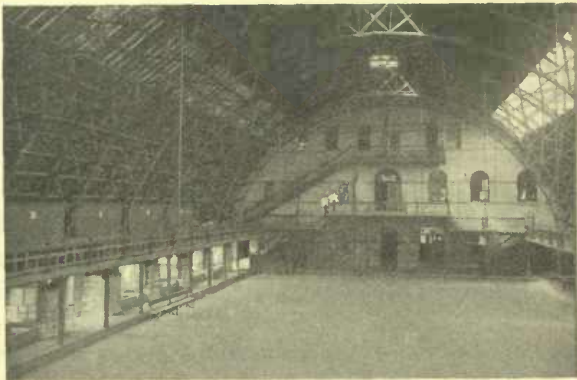


Photo by Bruce, Toronto.

INTERIOR OF LARGE RINK OF TORONTO CLUB, HURON STREET.

Looking west. Space for four rinks.

by Premier Ross in his office, to whom they were individually introduced by Mayor Urquhart and Mr. McLaren. The Premier, in addressing the visitors, said: "We are all very glad indeed that you have honoured us with this friendly call. I hope you are getting a splendid reception in Canada. There are a few Scotsmen in Canada—just a few. They try to control themselves as Scotsmen generally do for the good of the country with that pure unselfishness which characterises the Scotsman everywhere. (Hear, hear.) We are delighted

to see you. If you will come along we will show you where we make laws, including prohibition and other restrictions on immorality." (Laughter.) The Captain, on behalf of the Scotsmen, replied by saying that they were all proud to claim Premier Ross, who had received them so heartily, as a native of Scotland. They all remembered that interesting occasion when the Colonial Premiers, who were on a visit to the Mother Country in connection with the coronation of King Edward, paid them a visit in Scotland. Among the many eloquent speeches which these gentlemen delivered in Edinburgh there was none more eloquent than that of the Premier of Ontario. They were all obliged to him for his pleasant reception. On the call of Dr. Kirk a Highland cheer was given for the Premier before leaving his official room—an innovation which seemed rather to startle the attendants. Under the guidance of the Premier, the Parliament House was then inspected. This and the whole building of which it forms part are very handsome, like most of the other public buildings in Toronto, which all suggest confidence in the future on the part of those who are responsible for them. At the termination of the drive the Scottish curlers and a good many other guests were entertained at luncheon in M'Conkey's Restaurant—one of the most gorgeous institutions of its kind which the curlers visited on their tour. Besides the usual sumptuous spread and tasteful decorations, the visitors found a very neat miniature curling broom opposite each place at the table, a gift from the landlord of the restaurant and Mrs. M'Conkey, which was highly appreciated. One of the aldermen recognised in the gift a compliment to Mayor Urquhart, who had just come into office, and would no doubt be found acting on the old principle that a new broom sweeps clean. Alderman Ward as Chairman of

the Civic Legislation and Reception Committee, presided, with Mayor Urquhart at his left and the Scots Captain at his right. The President proposed in his most polished manner the health of "His Gracious Majesty King Edward." In response the National Anthem was sung with great fervour.

Mayor Urquhart then rose and said in brief: "I esteem it to be a very great honour to have the pleasure of welcoming the Scottish eurlers to Toronto and to Canada. I myself am of Scottish descent, and I may assure you all that it is a great satisfaction to me, as it must be to you, that a Scotsman occupies the Mayor's chair, and tenders to the sons of Scotland the freedom of this city. If you feel like shouting and cheering in our streets it is your privilege, and we will all be glad to know you are enjoying yourselves. We have in Canada—first settled by Scots—a land of unlimited resources and potential possibilities. In Toronto we have a progressive city of which we are all proud. From a population of 9000 in 1834 we have grown until we now are very close to the 250,000 mark. We are proud of our prosperity, and prouder still that the foundation of the city's success is built upon the untiring work of our Scottish pioneers and their hardy sons. I have pleasure, gentlemen, in proposing the health of 'Our Guests.'"

The classic banquet anthem "For they are jolly good fellows" was sung with a will.

Captain Kerr then rose, and after acknowledging the tribute paid him and his fellow-travellers said: "Nothing could be more pleasing than the hearty reception we have received at your hands—a reception which, I may say, has not been surpassed by anything we have yet experienced on our trip. I may note that you have honoured an ancient custom in the capital of

Scotland, where the Lord Provost used to come forth in state to 'open the curling.' When we were in Halifax we were delighted, but we were told to wait until we got to Montreal. In Montreal they said, 'Wait until you reach Toronto.' Here you doubtless will tell us to wait until we get to Winnipeg. But if anything surpasses your cordiality and good-fellowship, nothing will be left for me but to say with Dominie Sampson, 'Prodigious!' So far as curling is concerned you have made a few more shots than we, but we have succeeded better than we expected. Thaws are not so frequent here as in our country, where a story is told of a tipsy farmer who, when asked why he was sitting at the roadside, answered that he was 'waitin' till the thaw came.' There is one thing that has struck us particularly since our visit to Canada,—that is your wonderful loyalty to King and country. It has warmed the cockles of our hearts. I congratulate you, Mr. Mayor, on the high honour you have in presiding over Toronto's Government. Veritably you are citizens of no mean city. In her spacious streets, her attractive churches, and the varied architecture of her public buildings, her charms are more infinite than those of Cleopatra. I must again thank you on behalf of the curlers for your lavish hospitality." Among some good songs was Dr. Norman Macleod's famous curling song, excellently rendered by Mr. Keith.

With the Toronto Club

The party then adjourned. In the afternoon the Scotsmen engaged five rinks of the Toronto club, four rinks playing in the large "hoose" which is generally devoted to hockey, while Skip Russell met Provost Ballantyne on the small rink. Mr. Bramwell won his match against Mr. Leonard, and Mr. Prain tied with Mr. M'Arthur; the other three rinks losing, but as the totals

Rev. W. S. Wallace.

J. Paton.

Dr. Clark.

G. M'Murrich.

R. K. Sprule.

W. B. M'Murrich.

P. S. Maule.

J. S. Peory.

G. H. Muntz.

Outsider.

C. Swabey.

S. Bain.

C. S. Leonard.

H. M. Mowat, A. S. Taylor.

E. P. Beatty.

Dr. Ross.

Dr. Gilbert Gordon, President
(since deceased).

C. A. Ross.

E. Havelock Welsh, Hon. Sec.

Dr. Dome.

J. Miles.

A. D. M'Arthur.

Dr. S. W. Leslie.

W. A. Drummond.

J. S. Russeff.

J. H. Paterson.

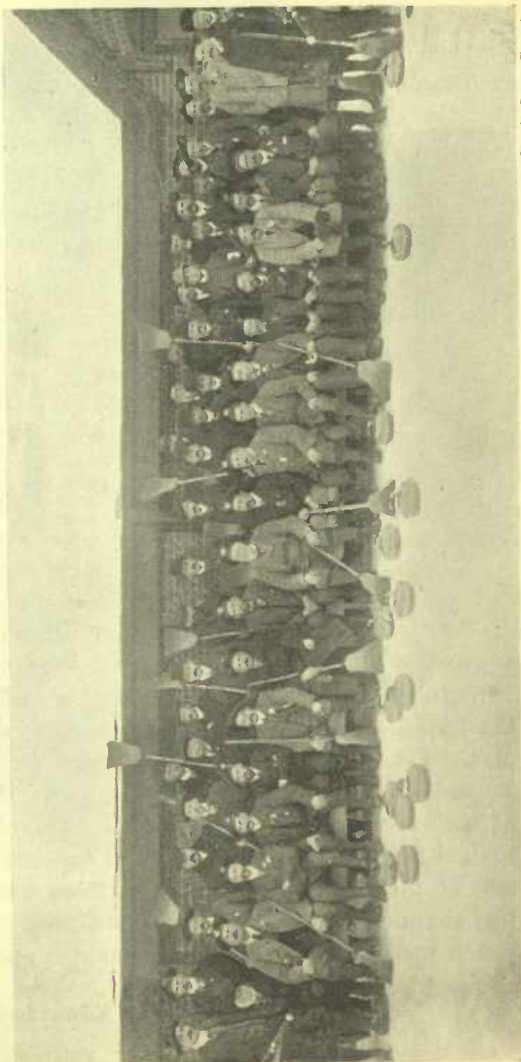


Photo by Bruce, Toronto.

TORONTO CLUB AND SCOTS TEAM AT VICTORIA CLUB.

were 60 against 52, a majority of 8 for the local players on their own ground was far from being discreditable to the visitors.



Photo by Bryce, Toronto.

D. S. KEITH.
Toronto Caledonian Club.

After this match came dinner at 6 P.M., at which Mayor Urquhart was a guest. He replied to the toast of "The City," and Provost Ballantyne and Provost Gordon spoke for the visitors. A toast specially welcome to the Scotsmen was that of the "Father of Curling in Canada," Mr. J. S. Russell, who was Secretary and Treasurer of the Ontario Curling Association for more than a score of years, and was one of the most urgent pleaders for a visit from representative Scottish curlers. He did

a great deal for their enjoyment while they were at Toronto, one of his services being the improvement of the curling-stones, which had a good effect on their after-play. The Scotsmen were therefore very enthusiastic in pledging the veteran's health. Great crowds assembled in the evening, when the Scotsmen played three rinks against three of the Parkdale Club, and two rinks against two of the Lakeview Club. In these events Parkdale was victorious and Lakeview was defeated. The evening match was followed by the usual supper and concert.

Letter from Colonel Edwards

It was at this stage of their journey, and at this point of their arduous work at Toronto, which was simply

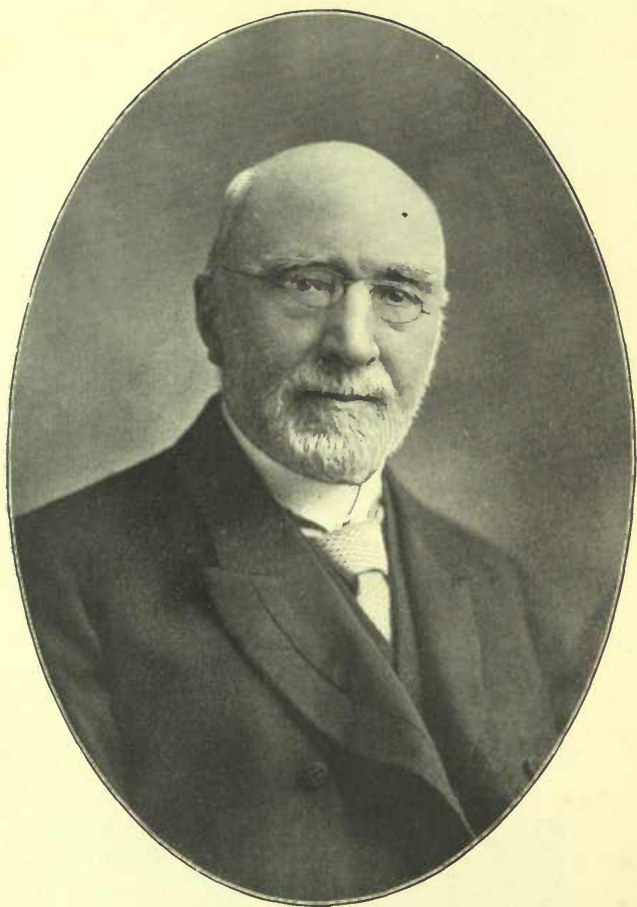


Photo by Bruce, Toronto.

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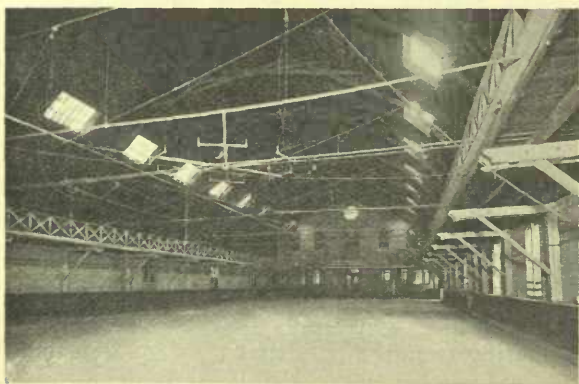
PRESIDENT O.C.A. 1878-79.

Yours truly

J.S. Russell



FRONT ELEVATION GRANITE CLUB.
Curling rink entrance on left.



INTERIOR GRANITE RINK TORONTO.—NO. 1.
Little rink. Space, four rinks.



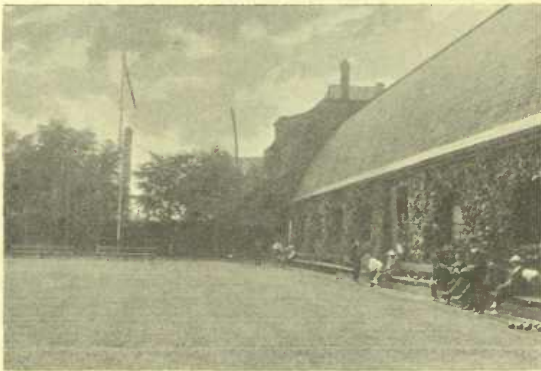
INTERIOR GRANITE RINK, TORONTO.—NO. 2.
Ice space, six rinks.

in keeping with what they had to face throughout the whole tour, that Colonel Edwards, the worthy President of the O.C.A., and Chairman of the special committee on the visit of the Scots, thought it his duty to address the following letter in name of his Association to the sporting editor of the *Mail and Empire*:—

“SIR—A couple of days spent in the company of the Scottish curlers have convinced me that they are the best of curlers, and worthy representatives of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club against the best men that Canada, or the world, for that matter, can produce. A couple of nights spent in their company, with the late hours that well-meant hospitality, but mistaken kindness, has forced upon them in my own town, and in the neighbouring town of Lindsay, have convinced me that with all the handicaps that they are subject to in playing on ice that is different from their own; and with all the dazzling reflections and shadows produced by electric light instead of the broad light of the open day that they are accustomed to; in play with stones that, while differing from the ones that they are accustomed to at home, are yet far from satisfactory from our point of view, or from their own; in playing on the home ice of their opponents, and against men who have as many months of practice each winter as they have weeks,—yet the greatest handicap of all is that night after night they are deprived of their fair share of sleep that is so necessary to rest the nerves as well as the muscles of the curler. After the evening game here and at Lindsay as well, there was a smoker in the one case, and a dinner in the other, and each of these was kept up until one o'clock or after.

“With only two nights of it I would not have wanted the next day to play a game on which anything depended.

The visitors might well sigh when they said, 'But we have had that sort of thing ever since we landed.' They have, like the gentlemen that they are, patiently submitted, and have accepted the mistaken kindness in the spirit in which they knew it was intended. To those who might maliciously suggest that late hours and 'a little Scotch' go very appropriately together, and that the latter rather than the former may be the cause of all the trouble, and to avoid the possibility of my being mis-



THE HOME OF THE TORONTO CURLING CLUB.

understood by those who have already had the privilege of meeting the Scottish curlers, I must say, and say emphatically, that it has nothing at all to do with it. No body of curlers could be sent out from any country who would more thoroughly demonstrate the fact that men may be temperate without being total abstainers.

"The Scottish curlers have come with the idea that they may help by their visit to draw closer the bonds that bind Canada and the Motherland together, and worthily are they carrying out their mission. But they have come here as curlers, as the representatives of the old Mother-

club of Scotland, to meet, in friendly rivalry, the representatives of all the daughter-clubs of Canada. The record of the games they played will be preserved for all time to come in the annals of the clubs on both sides of the Atlantic. We have no right to handicap them by anything that we do and that we can prevent.

“Realising this, the Special Committee of the Ontario Association met at Toronto yesterday, and passed a resolution that the secretary be directed to communicate with clubs which are to be visited next week, and impress upon them that their entertainments in honour of the team should be so timed in every case as to be over by eleven o'clock at night. As a formal notice of this character may not reach the general public of the cities and towns to be visited, I think the matter one of sufficient importance to warrant me in asking you to give it publicity in your columns, and to ask all, citizens and curlers alike, to assist in carrying out the wishes of the Committee.—Yours, etc., E. B. EDWARDS.”

“PETERBOROUGH, *January 23, 1903.*”

Notwithstanding this caution on the part of the good Colonel, the games and the feasts during the rest of our stay at Toronto went on quite as merrily as ever.

A Lively Programme

Next morning (Saturday) the programme was perhaps more lively than before, for it read thus: “Morning. Guests of Caledonians and Prospect Park for visits to leading industries. Luncheon with P.P. and Caledonians. Afternoon, three rinks at Prospect Park; two at Caledonian. Dinner as guests of Queen City Club. Evening, play five rinks of Queen City.”

The drive in the morning included a visit to the

extensive Massy - Harris Electric works, with the magnitude and completeness of which the visitors were much impressed. The chair at the noon luncheon was occupied by past-President George Anderson, of the Prospect Park Club, and the toast of the health of the visitors was proposed by Mr. Robert Jaffray, himself a veteran curler, and past-President of the Granite Club. In reply the Captain of the visiting team returned thanks for the open - hearted hospitality of which they had been the recipients. Referring to the letter which had been addressed through the public papers to their curling brethren, he did not think that the worthy Colonel's suggestion that they should adjourn every night at eleven o'clock was either feasible or possible, for such a tour



Photo by Bruce, Toronto.

CALEDONIANS, TORONTO.

S. Rennie.	G. Vair.
R. Ramsay, <i>vice.</i>	W. B. M'Intosh, <i>skip.</i>

as theirs was a test not only of curling skill, but of endurance all round. He admired the skill of the Canadians, and was proud to be able to snatch even a few games from them. He thought the Scotsmen could curl some, and they had even been told that with a little experience out here they would be a match

for any one. Some of them were out prospecting, and he understood that Mr. Gibson, owing to feminine and agricultural attractions, was going to remain there. He



Photo by Fraser, Toronto.

R. JAFFRAY.
Toronto Granite Club.

asked the privilege of performing the necessary ceremony, for that was part of his duty when he was at home. He complimented them on the wonderful progress they had made in Queen City.

Mr. J. S. Wilson replied to the toast of "The Press," and Provost Gordon to that of "The Ladies."

In the afternoon three rinks of the Scotsmen played against the Prospect Park Club, and two rinks against the Caledonians. At both places there was a large gathering of spectators. Against the Caledonians both Scottish rinks were up, Mr. Cousin by one shot against Mr. R. Rennie, and Provost Ballantyne by two shots against Mr. W. D. M'Intosh. In the three-rink contest with Prospect Park Mr. Bramwell won his match against Mr. J. G. Gibson, but the other two Scottish rinks were down. In justice, it ought to be stated that the visitors were two men short, and the vacant places were filled by the Rev. Dr. Abraham and Secretary William Forbes, this mixed rink being defeated by twelve shots. The club's souvenir of the visit was a pretty booklet, printed by the Colonial Press. The cover was purple, with coloured lettering, and the booklet contained lists of the Scottish and Prospect

Park players, with this ode of welcome from the pen of Mr. N. I. Paterson—

Here's welcome tae ye, buirdly Scots
 Wha've come sae faur to meet us.
 Your smeddum an' your airt we'll test,
 An' cheer ye gin ye beat us.
 We're prood tae hae ye on oor ice ;
 What gars ye want to lea' us ?
 Gin ye but say ye'll come aince mair,
 As frien's ye'll surely see us.

Dinner was provided for the visitors by the Queen City Club, the youngest, and not the least enterprising,



Photo by Bruce, Toronto.

W. RENNIE.
 Toronto Club.



Photo by Bruce, Toronto.

J. G. GIBSON.
 Prospect Park Club

of the curling clubs of Toronto, and which has perhaps the most palatial rink of the numerous clubs in the city. President W. A. Kemp occupied the chair, supported by Provost Ballantyne and President W. C. Ellis. The toast of the Scottish team was proposed by Mr. Ellis, and responded to by the two Provosts, Mr. Gordon of

Bathgate and Mr. Ballantyne of Peebles, in capital speeches. To the toast of "The Queen City Club" suitable replies were made by Messrs. J. W. Corcoran, A. E. Amos, and E. F. Malone. This was one of three cases in which the Canadian curlers treated the Scotsmen to non-intoxicating beverages. While in nearly every



Photo by Bryce, Toronto.

J. W. CORCORAN.
Queen City Club.

case neat badges were provided as mementoes of their visit for the Scotsmen, that of the Queen City Club was of more than average value, consisting of a silver match-box suitably engraved, and bearing in enamel the crest of the Queen City Club. After a most enjoyable dinner the electric lights in the rink were turned on, and displayed the prettiest and most neatly decorated ice the visitors had seen among all the special efforts made in their honour during the trip. The rings in

each rink were clearly picked out in red and blue, and in front of the "hack" the name of each Scottish skip shone brilliantly under the ice, making the Scotsmen wonder how their names ever got there. The hog line was treated in the same way; and in letters three feet long, stretching full across the whole ice, was the greeting, *Caed mille failthe* ("A hundred thousand welcomes"). Crossed brooms, thistles, and maple leaves completed a beautiful picture, which had been drawn under the artistic direction of Mr. Samuel Harris. Icemaker Blakely had, by careful top-dressing, prepared what the Scotsmen



Photo by Bruce, Toronto.

CALEDONIAN RINK, TORONTO.

Front Elevation.

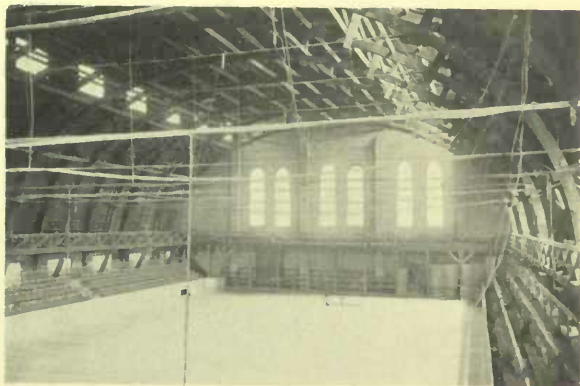


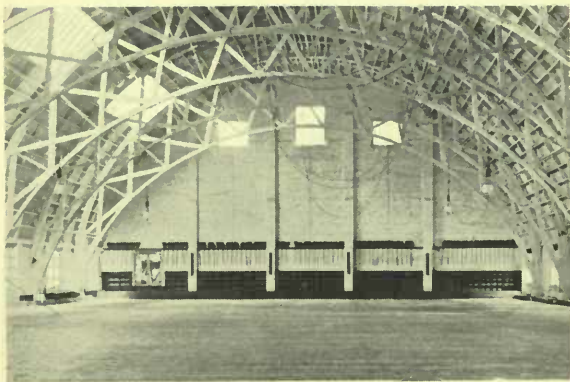
Photo by Bruce, Toronto.

Face p. 328.

INTERIOR CALEDONIAN RINK, TORONTO.



OUTSIDE VIEW OF QUEEN CITY RINK, TORONTO.
Showing front elevation.



INTERIOR OF RINK.
Showing space for five rinks.

Face p. 327.

declared to be the best and truest ice they had played on throughout their tour. There was a very large gathering of ladies to witness the game, and their sympathies seemed all to be on the side of the Scots, though this was not sufficient, as it proved, to save the visitors from defeat at the hands of the Queen City curlers, Mr. Bramwell being the only skip who was able to emerge brooms up with three shots to the good.



Photo by Torteng Co.

BEVERLEY JONES.
Toronto Club.



Photo by Barrett, Toronto.

G. G. EAKINS.
Board of Auditors.

A reception at the close of the play at the Queen City rink wound up late on Saturday evening in brilliant fashion the memorable visit of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club representatives to Queen City, as they were due at Niagara Falls next day, and at outlying centres such as Hamilton, Guelph, etc., the following week.

Queen City

Beautiful in situation on the north shore of Lake Ontario, the joy of the greatest province of the Dominion

is the Queen City, Toronto. Even in winter its lovely scenery, its picturesque parks, its handsome public buildings—none like another but all of noble architecture,—its attractive churches (they number 150), colleges, and residences, call forth the admiration of the visitor. Like many cities in this wonderful Dominion, the tale of its rise and progress is like a story from the *Arabian Nights*.

A massive granite boulder in the Queen's Park is suggestive of its early history with this inscription:—

THIS CAIRN MARKS THE EXACT SITE OF
FORT ROUILLE, COMMONLY KNOWN AS FORT TORONTO
AN INDIAN TRADING POST AND STOCKADE, ESTABLISHED
A.D. 1749 BY ORDER OF THE GOVERNMENT OF
LOUIS XV., IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE REPRESENTATIONS
OF THE COUNT DE LA GALISSONIERE, ADMINISTRATOR
OF NEW FRANCE 1747-49
ERECTED BY THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF TORONTO, 1878.

This is suggestive once more of *la belle France*. The object of this Fort, it is said, was "to check communication" between the Indian tribes of the north and the English traders from Oswego, and as the name signifies "place of meeting," this is not unlikely. When Governor Simcoe, in name of the United Empire loyalists, chose the place as a site for the capital of Upper Canada in 1793, he found the Fort abandoned, and the site occupied by a solitary Mississauga wigwam, and he changed the name to York, which it kept till 1834, when the old name was restored.

But while the boulder above referred to commemorates French occupation, we found Toronto more of a British city than others we had visited, with more of the Protestant and even Puritan element in it, as we experienced in a forcible manner before leaving it. Of its population of 220,000, the Protestants in fact claim

the great proportion. Its situation in the heart of the great province, which claims 44 per cent of the whole population of Canada, and of the great railway and steamboat system, makes it a busy commercial centre; and its accessibility to all parts of South and North America makes it a great rendezvous for travellers. For like reasons its natives go farther afield; but they do not forget their home, and just some months before we visited the city there had been a first reunion of "Old Boys" in a Home-Comers' Festival, which is to be an annual gathering. Among other events at this function was a poetical competition, the praise of their home being the theme of the poets. One of the greatest sights we saw in the city was Eaton's Stores, a formidable rival we should say of our London "Whiteley's"; and there, while under the guidance of "Friar" Littlejohn, the Town Clerk, we had the first prize poem presented as a souvenir, and at the same time as an advertisement, which seems to be a common custom. This poem was by Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, a name redolent of the old Home; and as a historic epitome of the province's experience, as well as for its intrinsic value, it bears quotation here. The title is "The Home-Comers."

From the smoke where cities welter,
 From the quiet glens of earth,
 To the land that gave us shelter,
 To the land that gave us birth;
 We, the wanderers, the dreamers,
 That for lore or fortune roam,
 In the gladness of the morning,
 In the light, come streaming home.

Men whose fathers, mocked and broken
 For the honour of a name,
 Would not wear the conqueror's token,
 Could not salt their bread with shame,

CURLING TOUR

Plunged them in the virgin forest,
 With their axes in their hands,
 Built a Province as a bulwark
 For the loyal of the lands.

Men whose fathers, sick of dead lands,
 Europe and her weary ways,
 Saw the fading emerald headlands,
 Saw the heather quenched in haze,
 Saw the coast of France or Flanders,
 Like a glimmer sink and cease,
 Won the ample land of maples,
 The domain of wealth and peace.

Won it by the axe and harrow,
 Held it by the axe and sword,
 Brod a race with brawn and marrow—
 From no alien over-lord.
 Gained the right to guide and govern ;
 Then, with labour strong and free,
 Forged the land a shield of Empire,
 Silver sea to silver sea.

Fighting makes the heart grow fonder,
 Labour makes the heart grow fain,
 Still wherever we may wander
 We are of the lion strain ;
 We may trample foreign markets,
 We may delve in outland loan,
 Yet when memory cries and calls us,
 All our hearts come leaping home.

Now from smoke where cities welter,
 From the quiet glens of earth,
 Come we to our land of shelter,
 To the land that gave us birth.
 Lo, we bring thee our achievement,
 Won by strength and patient pain.—
 Thine the strength, and thine the patience—
 Bring it to thy breast again.

And we bid Ontario quicken,
 Under snow and under sun,
 Where the spruces root and thicken,
 Where the waters flash and run ;
 Bid the towns of glad Ontario
 Gather to a diadem,
 Deep encrusted round Toronto,
 As with gems the peerless setting folds and holds
 the gem.

The good "Friar," a dear friend, by the way, of our junior partner, Mr. Bentley Murray, was very obliging



GEO. N. MATHESON.
 Sarnia Club.
 President O.C.A. 1893-94.



Photo by Bruce, Toronto.
 W. H. BIGGAR, M.P.P.
 President O.C.A. 1894-95.

to the Captain, who was much indebted to him for a complete survey of the attractive features of Queen City. As he (the Captain) was "down in the weather" with a mild form of influenza he did not accompany the team to some of the surrounding places which the local committee had arranged they should visit. His stay in Toronto was therefore longer than he expected, and it gave him many

opportunities of meeting friends at the Queen's Hotel, one of the most comfortable which we visited on our tour.

We should not omit to mention with gratitude the name of Mr. Stair Dick-Lauder, a scion of a distinguished old Scottish family, who as Secretary of the Albany Club showed great kindness to many members of the team, and specially to Major Bertram, who had here to go into hospital owing to blood-poisoning of one of his fingers. One of the best of good fellows we had the pleasure of making friends with was Mr. "Joe" Kilgour. With him we enjoyed a delightful drive and a pleasant afternoon at the Hunt Club, one of the fashionable resorts of the leaders of society in Toronto.

Under the guidance of Mr. Stuart-Gordon we paid a visit to the Toronto Golf Course, some distance from the city, and though clad in snow we were able to classify it as a sporting one in every respect. From the club-house, delightfully situated and sumptuously appointed, a fine view was obtained of the beautiful bay so snugly enclosed by "The Island," with scores of ice-boats scudding about at a speed that would terrify the most scorching of our chauffeurs.

Curling on Toronto Bay long ago

Many a time and oft, says an old hand, have we heard curlers speak of curling on Toronto Bay in years gone by, before the present half-dozen spacious curling-sheds in the city were thought of, before even the Adelaide Street rink was built. About Christmas time, when the ice was strong enough, a rink, maybe two, would be cleared of snow on the broad congealed surface of the bay; and out beyond the wharves could be seen upon the ice in all

temperatures burly enthusiasts flinging the stone and plying the broom, with lusty shouts of encouragement or defiance, and an occasional dance for pure joy. Those scenes have passed away, and the actors with them. We curlers of to-day in Toronto no longer need to endure the biting blasts, the pitiless snow-storms of the open bay, for we have cosy covered rinks and finished ice. But it is well to record what is past as a landmark in the game's progress.

One of the briskest curlers in Toronto, in spite of his seventy-six years, Dr. James H. Richardson, favours us with an extract from the *Toronto Examiner* newspaper of March 11, 1840, describing a curling game on the bay, married men against bachelors, sixteen players against sixteen. The rinks were then composed of eight men a side instead of four. Here are the names:—



Photo by Bruce, Toronto.

DR. RICHARDSON.
Toronto Granite Club.

RINK NO. I

Married.

1. A. Badenach.
2. J. Watson.
3. J. Walker.
4. — Jennings.
5. A. Kinneard.
6. R. M'Clure.
7. Wm. Struthers.
8. Alex. Rosland.

Single.

1. R. Creighton.
2. John Leys.
3. Wm. Ross.
4. R. G. Anderson.
5. Alfred Stone.
6. John Maitland.
7. Montagu Kelly.
8. George Denholm.

RINK No. II

<i>Married.</i>	<i>Single.</i>
1. John Thompson.	1. Samuel Spreull.
2. Wm. Reynolds.	2. Joseph Morrison.
3. James Bell.	3. James Dick.
4. Wm. Thompson.	4. Thomas Ewart.
5. Thos. Dick.	5. S. B. Campbell.
6. J. Murchison.	6. Angus Morrison.
7. J. W. Brent.	7. J. M'Murich.
8. James Beckett.	8. George P. Dickson.

The result of the game is thus stated:—

Rink No. 1, Bachelors	. 21	Married men	. . . 19
Rink No. 2, Bachelors	. 17	Married men	. . . 19
	<hr/>		<hr/>
Total	. . 38	Total	. . 38

So that, as the bachelors finished two ahead on one rink and the married men two ahead on the other, the net result was a tie. "Tis sixty years since" this happened. What these curlers did when they had finished their strenuous work in the open may be inferred from what curlers nowadays do after a hard day's play, under circumstances which differ from those described above,—they probably sat down in some hotel to have a bite and sup, and to fight the battle over again.

Some of these were distinguished people in Toronto's history. Among the then bachelors, Hon. John M'Murich was one of our early Ontario legislators; Joseph Morrison became a judge, and his brother Angus Mayor of the city. Samuel Spreull was a well-known business man; John Maitland, known about town as "The Duke," was a descendant of the noble house of Lauderdale. George Denholm in Montreal, and George Dickson in Toronto, were among the last of the group to die. Of the married men, Thomas Dick, then a lake

captain, was afterwards proprietor of the widely known Queen's Hotel, and James Dick was his brother. A. Badenach, tobacconist, and a man of pronounced individuality, was the father of the afterwards well-known William Badenach, of the Toronto Granite Club. The Jennings, whose Christian name does not appear, doubtless was the Rev. John Jennings, D.D., a divine whose family are still prominent in Toronto. J. W. Brent was



EARLY CURLERS ON TORONTO BAY.

an apothecary, Wm. Reynolds a baker, John Struthers an upholsterer, R. M'Clure an auctioneer, R. G. Anderson a clerk in the Bank of Upper Canada. Of the Thompsons mentioned, William was probably the ship-builder, and John we cannot recall. James Beckett was a chemist, the predecessor of Hooper. James Bell is shown by a directory of 1837 to have been a school teacher, by another of 1846 one of the name was an inn-keeper, while the men of leisure of the party styled "gentlemen" were Montagu Kelly, a lordly Irishman,

with two handsome sisters; John Murchison, who lived on Lot Street, now Queen Street, and Thomas Kinnear, of 220 King Street.

Curling in Toronto and Vicinity

The rise and progress of the game of curling in Toronto and vicinity have been described by Mr. Russell, the best authority, in the following paper specially prepared for this volume.

The game of curling was introduced into this district about 1825, and had advanced so much in 1830 that in that year a match was played between the curlers of Toronto and those of the adjoining township of Scarborough, not then formed into clubs. Scottish immigrants, mainly from the shires of Lanark and Dumfries, were the pioneers of the game, and many of them being stone-masons, they made their own curling-stones, from ice-borne boulders of whinstone or granite called hard-heads, which were found freely distributed over the fields as they were cleared for cultivation.

The curlers of Toronto formed themselves into a club in 1837, and the Scarborough curlers followed suit in 1839, and these two clubs kept up unceasing warfare on the ice with each other for many curling seasons, varied with an occasional game with the Ontario club of Hamilton which was formed in 1838.

In the early 'fifties the Great Western Railway was opened from Toronto westwards, and the Grand Trunk Railway reached Toronto from the east, and was extended northwards and westwards, bringing many additional clubs within the sphere of the Toronto and Scarborough clubs. And on February 8, 1859, the first big bonspiel on the continent of America was carried out on the bay at Toronto, with 21 rinks of four players on each

side; the division was East *versus* West, and for the former Scarborough supplied 5 rinks, Burlington 2, Bowmanville 4, Guelph 2, Toronto 5, Newcastle 2, and Montreal 1. For the west, the Ontario club of Hamilton furnished 4 rinks, Guelph 3, Fergus 5, Ancaster 3, West Flamborough 3, Dundas 2, and London 1. The only other clubs known to be in existence in the province at that time were Paris, Galt, and Bayfield. It was a great day for Toronto, and for curling in Ontario. On December 28 of same year the first covered rink erected in Ontario for curling was opened by the Toronto Club. On March 14, 1861, a Royal Caledonian medal was played for at Montreal, between the Toronto Club and the Stadacona Club of Quebec, the latter winning by five shots; we think this is by much the greatest distance ever travelled to play for one of those honourable medals, the Toronto club covering 670 miles and the Quebec club over 300 miles in the double trip.

In 1862 we find the following new clubs organised and in active operation within the range embraced by the Toronto district, viz.—Vaughan, Scarborough, Ancaster, Dundas, Bowmanville, and Newcastle; Marsham was added in 1863, and Port Hope in 1864. On January 26, 1864, the Buffalo Caledonian Curling Club visited Toronto, and played a three-rink match with the Toronto club; a return match was played at Buffalo on February 19 of same year, and the results were, first, the great International Bonspiel at Black Rock, Buffalo, in 1865, in which fifty rinks were engaged on the side of the United States. Curlers came from Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland (Ohio), New York City, Paterson (N.J.), and Pittston (Pa.); and on the side of Canada, in addition to those who took part in the bonspiel of 1859, there appeared curlers from Chatham, Kingston, Paris, Ayr,

Port Hope, and Cobourg. This grand event stirred the hearts of the people in both countries, and may be said to have given the game an established position as the "King of Games" throughout the whole of North America; and second, it led to frequent friendly matches between the curling clubs of the United States and of Western Canada.

The next important event in the history of curling in Canada was the establishment of a branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, for the province of Ontario, with its headquarters in Toronto, which was organised on December 22, 1874, and embraced thirty-one clubs in its membership at the start. The Earl of Dufferin, Governor-General of the Dominion, accepted the office of patron, became an enthusiastic curler, and greatly promoted the game; and all his successors in the high office of Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada have sought to rival him in his patronage and the encouragement he gave to the game.

In 1873 the introduction, by a Toronto curler, of an improved model of curling-stones, which were more graceful in appearance, more effective and reliable in the game than those previously in use, as well as less costly in price, contributed in no small measure to the extension of the game.

The establishment of the Ontario Branch Club was followed by a great development of the game throughout the province; and this was fostered by the allocation of district medals for competition between local clubs, in the same manner, but on a somewhat more liberal scale, than was carried out by the parent club.

On February 10, 1875, another big bonspiel was conducted on Burlington Bay at Hamilton; on the night preceding there was a heavy fall of snow, but by noon,

45 rinks were cleared and laid out for the game; the afternoon proved fine, and an excellent game was played, greatly enjoyed by the majority of the 90 rinks of curlers engaged. The result was a win for the West by 13 shots. On January 4, 1877, the last bonspiel on a large scale was played, and again on Burlington Bay at Hamilton; 96 rinks in all were present, and engaged in the contest, which ended in favour of the West by 85 shots.

Although these large gatherings are most imposing to the onlooker, they are often not satisfactory to those engaged in the games in many of the rinks; the ice is not good, and, not unfrequently, a weak team of players is drawn against a crack quartette, and there is no pleasure in such a game to either party; scores of 1 to 31, of 5 to 38, of 6 to 19, of 8 to each of 19, 28, and 30 are disheartening alike to the victors and the vanquished. A much more satisfactory method has been adopted by the O.C.A. in their famous annual "Tankard Competitions." All over the province the clubs are arranged in eight groups, attention being paid to relative strength of the clubs, and their convenience for meeting at points where good ice in covered rinks can be had. The drawing is made on the Bagnall Wyld system, and play is continued until only one club remains undefeated; a champion medal is given to the winning club of each group by the Association, and those eight winners meet in Toronto and play off in the same manner, until the winner is declared. It is a severe test of curling skill and steady endurance; in the final competition the players are all experts, who have gone through many hard contests and do not know how to flinch, the ice is of the best, perfectly true, and the spectators numerous and critical, always ready to applaud a good shot, by whomsoever made. To be thought worthy of a place in a Tankard team is the ardent desire of every

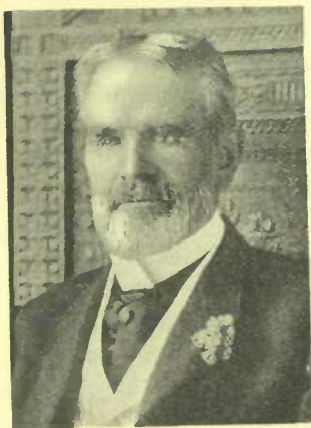


Photo by Lyonde, Toronto, Canada.

D. WALKER.
Toronto Granite Club.
President O.C.A. 1880-81.



Photo by Walker.

T. WOODYATT.
Brantford, Ontario.
President O.C.A. 1896-97.



Photo by Steedman & O'Brien.

P. H. PUNCHEON.
Oslawa Club.



Photo by Lyons, Toronto.

J. F. PAXTON.
Whitby Club.

young curler, and he eagerly embraces every opportunity of practising under a skilful and experienced skip, that he may obtain the goal of his ambition.

In 1877 the Toronto Club erected the first of the palatial covered rinks for curling, now so numerous in



G. R. HARGRAFT.
Toronto Granite Club.

the province. The Granite Club followed with one as good, and subsequently added a second and larger one, with a capacity of six sheets of curling ice. The Caledonian Club put up one of seven rinks' space. The Toronto Club, having sold their rink, erected a very elegant one on Huron St. for four rinks, and have added

another of three rinks. Prospect Park Club next erected



THE HOME OF THE TORONTO CURLING CLUB.

one of four rinks. Parkdale Club came next with one

of same dimensions. Lakeview Club put up a modest one of two rinks' space, but find it necessary to enlarge it so as to afford room for four rinks; and last, for the present, the Queen City Club in 1902 erected a very commodious rink, with five sheets of curling ice; these are all furnished with ample electric light, and are in constant use every afternoon and evening while the curling lasts.



Photo by Park Bros. Toronto.

R. B. RICE.
Queen City Club.

Toronto thus has eight covered rinks for curling, erected at a cost approaching

\$300,000, with space for thirty-nine sheets of curling

ice kept up in the finest condition, always placed freely at the service of the Association for its important matches, and of other clubs who desire to play off trophy games on best possible ice; and, in this way, as well as in many others, has Toronto amply justified her fitness



Photo by Bryce, Toronto.

W. ROSS.
Toronto Caledonian Club.



Photo by Bruce, Toronto.

F. O. CAYLEY.
Toronto Club.

for being the headquarters of the Ontario Curling Association.

The (old) Toronto Curling Club, formed in 1837, still survives under the same name, and is the curling club of the Victoria Skating and Curling Club, having its elegant and well-appointed home on Huron St. The Caledonian Club hived off from the Toronto in 1872, as also did the Granite Club in 1875. Prospect Park Club is an offshoot of the Caledonian, and Queen City of the Prospect Park Club; while Lakeview and Parkdale Clubs are mainly original formations called into existence in response to a felt want in their respective districts,

Other important and successful clubs in the vicinity are the (old) Scarborough Club, the contemporary of the

Toronto Club, the Scarborough Maple Leaf Club formed in 1874, Brampton Excelsior Club in 1892, Oshawa in 1884, and others of later date and, for the present, lesser note.



Photo by Bruce, Toronto.

RINK OF TORONTO CURLING CLUB.

Dr. A. A. Dame, *lead.* W. B. M'Murich, K.C., *second.*
Dr. Lesslie, *vice-skip.* J. S. Russell, *skip.*

The game is thus seen to be well established in this district, and gives promise of further development. It embraces among its patrons a large proportion of the banking, business, and professional men of the city, both lay and clerical, and occupies a high place in public

estimation as an invigorating, wholesome, and desirable recreation.

Preparation of Ice for Curling in Canada

We are indebted to the ex-Secretary of this great province for the following paper, which comes in appropriately at the Ontario part of our tour.

Throughout the Dominion, all curling is now done under cover, in large sheds called rinks, for want of a better and more distinctive name. Each team of four

players is called a rink. Each sheet of ice for curling is called a rink. The building in which curling games are played is called a rink. Many of them, in the smaller towns, are built of wood; but in the larger towns and cities they are mostly of brick, and have an ice space sufficient to lay out from four to six sheets of ice for curling, 142 feet in length, with a width of 15 or 16 feet.

In preparing the ice-bed for a curling rink the first thing demanding attention is the thorough drainage of the sub-soil, for if even a small quantity of water lodges in it, within the scope of frost, it will freeze in severe weather, and thaw out in mild weather, thereby affecting the ice sheet, making it uneven and unfit for curling.

In the best-constructed rinks, the soil is taken out to a depth of about 2 feet, and the bed thus formed is levelled accurately; then cedar sleepers, about 6 inches in thickness, are laid on it, and on them are placed 10-inch joists, the spaces between which are filled, up to the level, with ashes, well rammed, which makes a solid foundation for the flooring, and lessens the roaring sound of the curling-stones as they move along the ice. The flooring is from $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch in thickness, is tongued and grooved, and laid in white lead, to prevent leakage; and as a further precaution against this serious evil, a good coating of oil is given to the floor, in rinks, at the beginning of each curling season.

In most of the rinks there is a platform for spectators at either end, about 8 or 10 inches above level of the ice floor, and fitted with boxes or shelves for putting away the curling-stones when not in use; and in some, this platform extends all around the interior of the rink; while others have, in addition, a gallery at an elevation of 10 or 12 feet above the platform, and extending

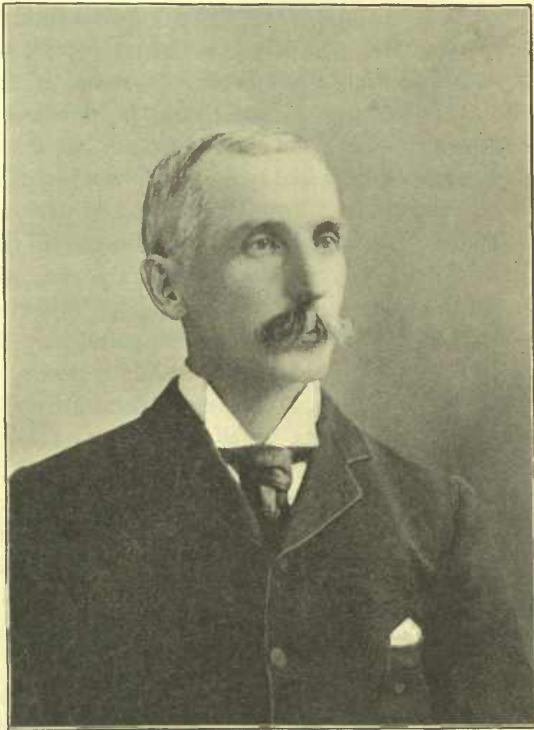
around the inner walls of the building, from which an excellent view of the game may be had. Provision should be made by ventilators to admit cold air, as near the surface of the ice floor as possible, and to allow the escape of the heated air at a higher altitude; and some means should also be provided to quickly run off surface water from melting of ice in mild weather.

Ice-making

As soon as a term of settled frost seems assured, a thin coating of water is sprayed over the wooden floor, and is followed by others, as soon as each successive coating becomes frozen, until the sheet of ice thus formed is thought to be water-tight, when sufficient water may be put on to cover freely the entire ice surface, so that the water may come to its natural level before freezing; it is safer to do this by *two* or even *three* successive floodings of moderate depth, than by *one* of greater depth, so as to avoid the danger of the water finding "a way of escape" through the thin sheet of ice already formed, before it is solidified by the frost.

Now, supposing that all this has been successfully completed, we will have a level sheet of ice, about 1 inch in thickness, covering the whole of the floor, but the surface of it will not be quite uniform in appearance, some parts of it being smooth as glass, and other parts (where currents of air played upon the surface of the water while freezing) more or less rough. And as ice in this condition is not good for curling on, another process has to be used to make the surface of the ice-sheet uniform all over, which is called "pebbling," and is the finishing touch for making ice for curling. Strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, in this final process hot

water is used; and when the mercury indicates a near approach to zero the water may be almost at boiling point, the objective being that the heated water may



C. C. DALTON.
Toronto Granite Club.
President O.C.A. 1900-1.

melt a seat for itself in the ice-sheet before freezing, and so not scale off under the action of a moving curling stone; and in all the best rinks it is now applied by means of a "sprinkler," which is a watering-pot with a

rose about 3 feet or so in length, pierced from end to end with a single row of very minute holes, about 1 inch apart; when in use the pot, being first supplied with water, is tilted over so that the *rose* comes very near the surface of the ice, and the ice-maker walks backwards, drawing the pot after, so as to deposit a thin line of water, from each hole in the *rose*, on the ice; which quickly becomes frozen—this is sometimes put on in straight lines from end to end of the rink, but more commonly either at right angles, forming squares, or diagonally, forming diamonds, as if the surface of the ice was covered with cobwebs in mathematical forms. The result is that the ice gives a grip to the curling-stone, and that grip uniform, over the whole rink. Some hair-splitting curlers debate, with many words on either side, whether the square or the diamond formation is the better for curling, but it is not a practical question. Some excellent rinks have their ice-beds of ordinary soil well drained, and covered with a layer of sand about 6 inches in depth; this is easily levelled on the approach of winter, and under frequent rolling becomes well compacted. Ice is formed on it in the same manner as on wooden floors, and although it is not built up quite so quickly as on the wooden floor, it is not so speedily affected by mild weather, and often affords good dry ice when ice on wooden floors is covered with water. On ice built up on such floors no sound arises from the movement of curling-stones, no curring of the running stone is heard, and no groaning or moaning of the ice.

To lessen the evil effects of the expansion of the ice under considerable changes of temperature, the banks of the ice-sheet are now generally made shelving slightly outwards.

When the ice is not thick enough to admit of a hack being cut, a small board about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick is nailed through the ice to the wooden floor beneath, and is used as a hack, or holdfast, for the foot of the player, and answers the purpose well.

The diagram of each playing rink is sometimes painted on the wooden floor, and shows the lines distinctly throughout the entire season; but, more frequently, it is drawn on the ice, and the lines filled with coloured fluid, generally blue, which remains conspicuous during the season of three months.

The ice thus formed is refreshed almost daily with a slight spraying and fresh pebbling, and occasionally with a flooding of water sufficient to cover the entire surface freely, and admit of the water finding its natural level before freezing; after which, pebbling is done as formerly described, to make the surface uniform; and on such ice the expert curler gets the full benefit of his skill in handling the "stones."

Ontario Association "Annual"

Each member of the visiting team was presented in name of the Association with a nicely bound copy of the Association *Annual*, each copy being signed by the Rev. R. N. Burns of Orillia, Chaplain of the Association. The *Annual*, of which this was No. 27, does great credit to the Association,



Photo by Stewart, Orillia, Ont.

REV. R. N. BURNS.
Brampton Excelsior Club.

and Mr. James Hedley, Mr. R. J. Maclellan, and the new Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Macfadden, who form the Committee, are to be congratulated on the style of the volume. Particularly touching to us were the farewell words of Mr. Russell, who for over twenty years had acted as Secretary of the club. No one has done more for the Association, and Mr. Russell must be proud to see it flourishing so well. One of his pet ideas was a



Photo by Park, Toronto.

JAMES HEDLEY.
Granite Club, Toronto.



Photo by Bryce, Toronto.

R. J. MACLENNAN.
Toronto Club.

visit from a Scottish team, and we are sure no one was so pleased to see us as the G.O.M. of Ontarian curling.

The Rev. Mr. Burns, like most of our Scottish clergy, writes well on the old game, and the *Annual* had several papers from his pen, one on "Imaginary Skips" being so good that we hope to see it some time in our Scottish *Annual*. Mr. Maclellan is also a spirited contributor to the *Annual*, which is with him a hobby; and in an essay on "Some Curling Parallels" he takes Mr. Arnold Havelain

severely to task for describing a Canadian winter without ever mentioning "the curling rink and the jolly brethren." It was certainly a case of Hamlet without the Prince.

Mr. Hedley has sent us the following verses, which were meant for the *Annual* but came in too late:—

A SONG OF WELCOME

Losh keep us a'! Wha'd e'er hae thocht it?
 Sic buirdly chieils frae Mither Scotia!
 We tak your haun'; for lang we've socht it—
 Sae bide a wee—pree oor ambrosia.

As Scots, we aye lo'e ane anither;
 Then tak oor welcome,—a' an' single:
 We're prood to see ye,—ilka brither,
 A' het frae Caledonia's ingle.

Though faur frae ben, an' burn, an' clachan,
 We ne'er forget auld hame, sae hamely.
 Oor hairts, the noo, are lowpin'—lauchin',
 To hae a game, an' play it gamely.

"The Roarin' Game!" weel Burns has ca'd ye;
 Nae fun for fules, or shauchlin' weans.
 Until the Great Skip says, "Noo, haud ye,"
 We mauna pairt—my guid whin stanes.

DAVID BOYLE.

As the men of light and leading for the last quarter of a century have, no doubt, been selected for this high honour we give the following

LIST OF THE PRESIDENTS OF THE ONTARIO CURLING ASSOCIATION.

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Club.</i>
1875-76 . . .	*Hon. Peter Gow . . .	Guelph.
1876-77 . . .	*Dr. James Hamilton . . .	Dundas.
1877-78 . . .	*George H. Gillespie . . .	Hamilton Thistle.
1878-79 . . .	J. S. Russell . . .	Toronto.
1879-80 . . .	*George C. Ward . . .	Port Hope.
1880-81 . . .	David Walker . . .	Toronto.
1881-82 . . .	*Lieut.-Colonel Moffat . . .	London.
1882-83 . . .	*Judge Macpherson . . .	Owen Sound.
1883-84 . . .	*Dr. James Ross . . .	Toronto Caledonia.
1884-85 . . .	*John O. Heward . . .	Toronto.
1885-86 . . .	*Henry Michie . . .	Fergus.
1886-87 . . .	J. D. Flavelle . . .	Lindsay.
1887-88 . . .	W. F. Davison . . .	Toronto Granite.
1888-89 . . .	*R. Fergusson, M.P.P. . . .	Thamesville.
1889-90 . . .	John Harvey . . .	Hamilton Thistle.
1890-91 . . .	Dr. R. P. Boucher . . .	Peterborough.
1891-92 . . .	*W. Badenach . . .	Toronto Granite.
1892-93 . . .	A. H. Beaton, M.D. . . .	Orillia.
1893-94 . . .	Geo. N. Matheson . . .	Sarnia.
1894-95 . . .	W. H. Biggar, M.P.P. . . .	Belleville.
1895-96 . . .	Thomas M'Gaw . . .	Toronto.
1896-97 . . .	Thomas Woodyatt . . .	Brantford.
1897-98 . . .	*Judge Dartnell . . .	Whitby.
1898-99 . . .	A. F. M'Laren, M.P. . . .	Stratford.
1899-1900 . . .	David Dexter . . .	Hamilton Victoria.
1900-01 . . .	C. C. Dalton . . .	Toronto Granite.
1901-02 . . .	E. B. Edwards, K.C. . . .	Peterborough Granite.

* Indicates those deceased.

The survivors are *ex-officio* members of the Executive Committee, and nearly all their portraits are produced in our volume.

CHAPTER X

AN ONTARIAN CIRCUIT

THE CANADIAN BOAT SONG¹

From the Gaelic

Listen to me, as when ye heard our father
Sing long ago the song of other shores ;
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices, as ye pull your oars.

Chorus

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand ;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas ;
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

Chorus—Fair these broad meads, etc.

We never shall tread the fancy-haunted valley
Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear stream,
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.

Chorus—Fair these broad meads, etc.

¹ Over the authorship of the above there has been considerable dispute, since Mr. Chamberlain introduced it with telling effect into his famous Inverness Crofter speech in 1886. Mr. Stronach of the Advocates' Library strenuously advocates the name of the 12th Earl of Eglinton, the "Sodger Hugh" of Burns. Some are positive that Tom Moore was the author. Others claim the lines for "Christopher North." The majority ascribe the verses to John Galt, the novelist, and they are here quoted because Galt's chequered career is much identified with this district of Canada, the city of Galt having been named after him, and the city of Guelph having been founded by him in a dramatic fashion and named after the British Royal Family on St. George's Day, 1827.

When the bold kindred in the time long vanished,
 Conquered the soil and fortified the keep,
 No seer foretold the children would be banished,
 That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep.

Chorus—Fair these broad meads, etc.

Come foreign raid ! let discord burst in slaughter !
 Oh ! then for clansman true, and stern claymore.
 The hearts that would have given their blood like water,
 Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar.

Chorus—Fair these broad meads, etc.

(1) **Niagara**

IN the programme for Sunday, January 25, a day ever memorable as the birthday of Scotland's peerless bard, whose name has quite as much honour in Canada as at home, and whose memory was toasted all round the previous night, it was set down that a "sermon to curlers" was to be preached by the Captain of the Scottish team. Where this was to come off the programme did not state, and no arrangement had been made with that gentleman. Throughout the trip the team had been very regular in their attendance at church services, and their Captain had been called upon to preach so often that he was finding this work, in addition to the superintendence of other arrangements, rather arduous. As an opportunity might not occur on the homeward journey to visit that striking wonder of the world, the Niagara Falls, from the American side, it naturally occurred to the members of the team that they might quite consistently turn aside to behold the Niagara Falls on the Sunday of their stay in Toronto, from which the Falls are within easy reach, and in so doing they would be *en route* for the other curling centres around Toronto, which the Association had arranged they should visit on their tour. The suggestion was unanimously taken up,

and accordingly on the morning of Sunday the Scotsmen were all aboard early on their special Pullman, the "Calgary," each one being more eager than his neighbour to get a view of the Falls and their surroundings in their winter garb. They had one regret in leaving the Queen City, that they had to part for a time with another member of the team, Major Bertram of Kerswell, who had to be left in the hospital at Toronto under the care of Dr. O'Reilly, suffering from a blood-poisoned scratch in his right hand. The genial Major had been looking forward all through the tour to the great gathering at Winnipeg which lay before them, and his own disappointment was of course intense, while the members of the team, one and all, regretted his misfortune. After a smart run on the Grand Trunk Railway express through the great fruit-growing district, which is well entitled to the distinction of being called the Garden of Canada, the visitors were met at the Falls Station by a committee of the civic authorities in the persons of Mayor Hanan and ex-Mayor Slater, and by the office-bearers of the Niagara Fall Curling Club, Mr. Shirriff, a native of East Lothian, and several others. Luncheon was served in the Windsor House, the menu of which was as follows:—



Photo by Bryce, Toronto.

W. C. MATTHEWS.

Toronto Granite Club.

CURLING TOUR

THE WINDSOR HOUSE, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

January 25, 1903

MENU

Soup.

Tomato.

Fish.

Baked Salmon. Shoestring Potatoes.

Relishes.

Pickled Beets. Celery.

Boiled Ham with Cabbage.

Roasts.

Short Ribs of Beef. Browned Potatoes.

Sirloin of Beef. Browned Gravy.

Lamb with Mint Sauce. Pork with Apple Sauce.

Dressed Chicken. Veal with Dressing.

Cold Meats.

Corned Beef. Beef Tongue. Roast Beef.

Entrées.

Macaroni and Cheese. Giblets on Toast.

Salads.

Potato.

Vegetables.

Mashed Potatoes. Plain Boiled Potatoes.

Creamed Corn. Green Peas.

Pastry and Desserts.

Apple Pie. Mince Pie. Pumpkin Pie.

Cherry Pudding with Wine Sauce. Blanc-mange with Cream.

Strawberry Jelly. Orange Jelly.

Black Tea. Green Tea. Coffee.

Cheese. Crackers.

Thereafter the visitors were taken in sleighs to see the great Falls of which they had read and heard so much, and the sound of which had reached them long before they came near the glorious spectacle itself. Alight-



NIAGARA FALLS—GENERAL VIEW.

Face p. 356.



HORSE-SHOE FALL.

Face p. 357.

ing from their sleighs they had views of the Falls from various points; but as the spray was dashed over the frozen ground around in all directions walking was found, even with snow-shoes, to be very difficult. Dr. Kirk and others, however, secured some good snapshots of the wonderful scene, which are here reproduced. The trees all round were covered with a coating of ice, and under the bright sunlight the scene was a perfect fairyland. The humorist of the party did not forget the Irishman's joke when first he saw Niagara, that he would have been much more surprised had the waters fallen upwards, as he saw nothing extraordinary in their going the other way; but instead of being disappointed with the sight the other members of the team could not find words to express their admiration. Coleridge's lines addressed to Mont Blanc occurred to our mind as the nearest approach to an expression of our feelings, and the way in which Nature can lead up to the worship of her great Creator.

I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to my bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought : entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.
Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy :
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven.

The poet, it is said, manifests his power by giving voice in beautiful and perfect language to what is the universal feeling, but which on the part of the multitude cannot be so exquisitely stated. It is, however, to a prose writer, Charles Dickens, that we owe the finest of all descriptions of Niagara, which proves that at times

the most sublime poetry is found clad in plain prose. The time of the year was different when Dickens wrote his description, but his words represent much of what we saw and felt, and as long as Niagara exists they shall not be surpassed for their power and elegance.



AMERICAN FALLS.

“The more the Falls are known, and the longer one tarries within their sound,” says Dr. Dawson, “the less one is inclined to attempt to describe them.” This is why it is a relief to quote the following description of Charles Dickens:—

For the first time I heard the mighty rush of water, and felt the ground tremble underneath my feet. The bank is very steep, and was slippery with rain and half-melted ice, but I was soon at the bottom. Deafened by the noise, half-blinded by the spray, and wet to

the skin, we were at the foot of the American Fall. I could see an immense torrent of water tearing headlong down from some great height, but had no idea of shape, or situation, or anything but vague immensity. When we were seated in the little ferry-boat, and were crossing the swollen river immediately before the cataracts, I began to feel what it was ; but I was in a manner stunned, and unable to comprehend the vastness of the scene. It was not till I came on

Table Rock and looked—great heaven, on what a fall of bright green water ! —that it came upon me in its full might and majesty. Then when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect, and the enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle, was Peace. Peace of mind, tranquillity, calm recollections of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness, nothing of gloom and terror. NIAGARA was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty ; to remain there changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat for ever. Oh ! how the strife and trouble of daily life receded from my view and lessened in the distance

during the ten memorable days we passed on that enchanted ground ! What voices spoke from out the thundering water ; what faces, faded from the earth, looked out upon me from its gleaming depths ; what heavenly promise glistened in those angels' tears, the drops of many hues, that showered around, and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made. . . . To wander to and fro all day, and see the cataracts from all points of view, to stand upon the edge of the great Horseshoe Fall, marking the hurried water gathering strength as it approached the verge, yet seeming, too, to pause before it shot into the gulf

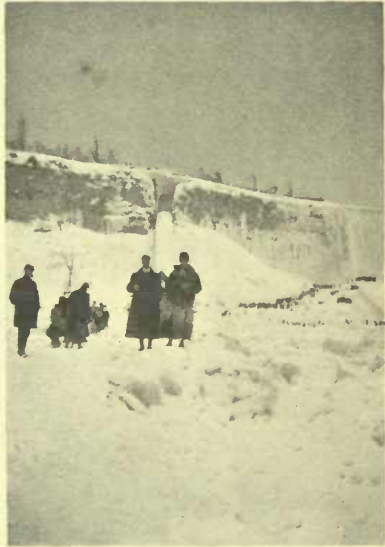


Photo by Dr. Kirk.

ON THE ICE BRIDGE, NIAGARA.

below ; to gaze from the river's level up at the torrent as it came streaming down ; to climb the neighbouring heights and watch it through the trees, and see the wreathing water in the rapids hurrying on to take its fearful plunge ; to linger in the shadow of the solemn rocks three miles below, watching the river, as, stirred by no visible cause, it heaved and eddied and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet, far down beneath the surface, by its giant leap ;



Photo by Dr. Kirk.

THE ICE MOUNTAIN AND AMERICAN FALLS.

to have Niagara before me, lighted by the sun and by the moon, red in the day's decline, and grey as evening slowly fell upon it ; to look upon it every day, wake up in the night and hear its ceaseless voice ; this was enough. I think, in every quiet season now, still do these waters roll and leap, and roar and tumble, all day long ; still are the rainbows spanning them, a hundred feet below. Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold. Still, when the day is gloomy do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream

appear to die as it comes down, and always from its unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid ; which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the deluge—light—came rushing on creation at the word of God.

For some time before the team visited the Falls that extraordinary phenomenon, the formation of the ice bridge, had taken place, which does not occur in every

winter season, and the Scottish curlers were therefore



AT THE RAPIDS BELOW NIAGARA FALLS.

fortunate in seeing the thousands that came and went

over this extraordinary natural arch. A photograph of a party taken on the bridge is here reproduced. For several hours they lingered about the Falls and took in the impressions of reverence and awe, which magnificence could not fail to inspire; and to make their view of Niagara complete they crossed over the great suspension bridge to the American side. As some of them were surveying the rapids from above the Falls one of those little incidents which bring one from the sublime to the



GROUP ON ICE-BRIDGE BELOW NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA.

ridiculous occurred. A large collection of ducks were floating about in the rapids, which is a favoured haunt of theirs, when one of the Scottish team remarked, "I see nothing wonderful in them things. They are only jukes, and we have plenty of them at hame." "Oh, man, gie's yer hand," said a stranger to the speaker; "I am frae Auld Scotland mysel'." It turned out that this was a young Scot on his honeymoon tour, and he was delighted to meet the curlers, and to introduce his bride to the party.

On the afternoon of our visit to Niagara, the Captain,

the Secretary, Major Scott Davidson, and Mr. A. T. Simson were taken for a drive by Mr. F. A. Shirriff of Messrs. T. G. Bright & Co., the Niagara Falls Wine Company, which owns a very flourishing "Winery" with vaults capable of holding 250,000 gallons. Under his charge they had a splendid view of the rapids above the Falls, which in some respects are even more impressive, and of the Electric Power Works, which generate force for so many cities, and which are destined to be made of more extensive use in the near future. They also visited the historic battlefield of Lundy's Lane, where on July 25, 1813, after a desperate and prolonged struggle in the dark, the British and Canadian forces defeated a formidable array of American troops, and terminated the war which America had waged against Britain since June 1812, and the cry "On to Canada," which had for years been the watchword of the war-party,—though, like the battle between the Jacobites and Hanoverians at Sheriffmuir, the other side also claimed the victory.

The loyalty of the Canadian militia during this great war has ever since been an inspiration to their countrymen. An illustration of the monument erected on the historic spot is here given, and also of the monument, seen in the distance, erected to General Brock, who was slain while leading his men against the enemy who



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT ERECTED ON
BATTLEFIELD OF LUNDY'S LANE.

held possession of Queenston heights, on October 13, 1812.

This quartette had the further pleasure of dining with Mr. Shirriff's family circle in the evening, and of preeing Niagara wine. That it was excellent was proved by the fact that the Secretary, who had been strictly totally abstinent till now, partook of a supply on the ground that



ERECTED ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF
LUNDY'S LANE.



BROCK'S MONUMENT.

he had an attack of neuralgia, which was thereby dispelled; and that before leaving he took a further supply, "in case the neuralgia should return." It was here that one of the young ladies of the house gave us the Canadian maxim, which would have delighted the heart of old Sir Hugh Evans, "Apple-pie without cheese is like a kiss without a squeeze."

As a proof that the team were anxious to conform to ecclesiastical usage, even on this day, when their minds had been uplifted by this wonderful sight of Niagara,

the Captain, through the telephone at the Windsor, had some communication with the Presbyterian minister as to the hour of evening service in his church; but it was found that the train arrangements would not permit of such attendance, as the Scotsmen had to move on to Hamilton that night with the view to meeting the curlers there, who, as in most other places, were "maistly Scotch," the following morning.



T. CLAPPISON.
Victoria Club, Hamilton.



W. G. REID.
Victoria Club, Hamilton.

(2) **At Hamilton** (January 26)

The curlers arrived on Sunday evening at Hamilton, where a naturally subdued welcome awaited them in view of the day of their arrival, and the fact that they had come rather sooner than was expected by the local curlers. They were billeted at "The Hotel Royal," one of the most comfortable visited by them on their tour. On the Monday morning they were early astir, and even before breakfast the majority had a look round the

beautiful and flourishing city, which is finely situated on the south shore of Hamilton Bay, the western extremity of Lake Ontario. At 11 A.M. the team went to the Thistle Rink, where they met picked rinks from Dundas, Glanford, Paris, the Asylum, and one Victoria rink. The forenoon contest resulted in a victory for the visitors by 14 shots; the scores being 57 for Scotland and 43 for the

opposing five rinks, only one of the five, namely Paris, being ahead of its opposing rink.

Luncheon took place in the Thistle Rink, when President R. R. Bruce, of the Thistle Club, was in the chair, and Mr. A. D. Braithwaite was Vice-Chairman. Among the guests were Mayor Morden and Dr. Russell, Superintendent of the Hamilton Asylum, the latter a typical Scotsman, who all along took the greatest interest in the visiting curlers.

After the Thistle luncheon



Photo by Cochran, Hamilton

DAVID DEXTER.

Victoria Club, Hamilton.

President O.C.A. 1899-1900.

the team had a delightful drive up "the Mountain" and round the city in company with the Mayor, Dr. Russell, and other leading citizens. From the "Jolly" Drive, so named after Mr. Jolly who gifted the same to the city, a splendid view was obtained of the town and its surroundings. Doubtless, owing to the presence of such a number of enterprising Scotsmen within its gates, Hamilton has come to be called "The Ambitious City"; and before the drive was finished, the visitors, who had the pleasure of seeing the pretty triangular park called *The Gore*, and the

handsome public buildings grouped around it, were not surprised at the title. They had a view of the market-place where in the summer and autumn there are said to be offered the finest choice of peaches, grapes, snow-apples, tomatoes, and all kinds of fruit at the cheapest rate in the world, this being the centre of "the Garden of Canada."

In the matter of the generation of electric energy



Photo by Cunningham, Hamilton.

TWO RINKS, HAMILTON VICTORIA CLUB.

R. A. Campbell.	W. G. Reid.	A. M. Cunningham.	W. Anderson.
R. A. Milne.	Donald M'Phie,	T. Clappison,	Dr. Dickson.
	<i>skip.</i>	<i>skip.</i>	

which is so marked a feature of Canadian enterprise, Hamilton, it seems, fairly takes the lead; the Cataract Power Company, with the use of the De Cew Falls, furnishing an almost inexhaustible supply of electric power for all purposes at a cheap rate, including the lighting of the curling rinks. So in its ambition it calls itself "The electric hub of the Universe."

Not content with these varied appellations, it must needs claim to be "the Birmingham of Canada," so

numerous are its manufacturing establishments. The city has certainly a great future in store.

In the afternoon of their one day here, the Scotsmen played against the Hamilton Club, the majority of whose representatives were natives of the old country, and in this case it was not surprising that the fortunes of war went against the visitors. They also met the Dundas and Thistle Clubs in a three-rink match, and though in this case they had also the worst of it, they were on the whole satisfied with their day's performance at Hamilton. In the evening the visitors were given a banquet at the Hamilton Club, where about seventy were present. Dr. Russell was in the chair, and the Vice-Chairmen were Mr. R. R. Bruce and Mr. Thos. Clappison. Pipers M'Gregor and Campbell played "The Chieftain o' the Puddin' Race," twice round the table. The menu card was quite a work of art, containing as it did a drawing of a curling rink, with a piper in full Highland garb, in one corner being the city arms.

The loyal toasts having been honoured, the Chairman in happy terms gave "Our Guests," to which the Captain made reply, complimenting the curlers of Hamilton on their city and its surroundings, and thanking them for the very kind reception they had given the visitors. Mr. Henry Prain proposed the "Ontario Curling Association," which he said was one of the most perfect organisations of its kind, complimenting the office-bearers on their admirable arrangements, which had worked so smoothly. The toast was responded to by Mr. John Harvey, one of the most noted and respected curlers of the district, and by ex-Secretary Russell. The toast of "The Dominion Parliament" was responded to by Senator Gibson, Mr. F. C. Bruce, M.P., and Major Hendrie, N.L.A. In the course of a delightful evening songs were sung by

Messrs. W. A. Spratt, E. G. Payne, and others, and Pipers M'Gregor and Campbell played selections.

The toast of "The Scots in Canada" was proposed by the Postmaster-General, Mr. Adam Brown, formerly M.P. for the city. Mr. Brown made a very eloquent speech, which we are glad to give in full, as it was one of the best we heard on our tour.



Photo by Cochran, Hamilton.

JOHN HARVEY.

Hamilton Thistle Club.
President O.C.A. 1889-90.



Photo by Cunningham, Hamilton.

ADAM BROWN.

Postmaster-General. Hamilton Club.

Mr. Chairman (said Mr. Brown), my friend, Mr. William Hendrie—a splendid specimen of the Scot in Canada—was to have spoken to this toast, but in his unavoidable absence the duty, it appears, has fallen upon me. I esteem it a high honour to be asked to respond to "The Scot in Canada," a very fitting toast at such a gathering as this. First, however, let me join in the warm welcome to our beautiful and prosperous city. A Hamilton welcome means a lot, as you will discover before we get through with you. We take you, stalwart sons of the heather, to our hearts and trust you will carry away with you the kindest memories of your visit. You have captured us all. Let me say that your Captain is not unknown to us; his writings on the rules of Curling, and the capital stories he has told connected with the roaring game are

well known to Canadian curlers. Our Public Library can furnish any one who wants to know a good deal that Mr. Kerr has written on the subject. Though not now a curler, in my young days I was a keen one. This I will say, that in all my experience, I cannot recollect of having had to do with an out-of-temper chiel on the rink. Curling is a grand game every way, and especially is it so in cultivating good-fellowship. Long may it flourish.

In speaking to you in response to the toast "The Scot in Canada," let me say that we are proud of the land of our birth, and proud of Canada, the land of our adoption. Love of country springs from the noblest affections. Wherever such love prevails there is true liberty to be found; well may we glory in Scotland. From her rugged bosom have sprung heroes, scholars, statesmen, divines, martyrs, whose lives have ennobled and illumined the pages of history; well indeed may Scotland be proud of the glory which her sons have won in the Senate, in the Church, at the Bar, in Science and Literature, in the field and on the deep.

The plodding energy of our race, wherever they have gone, has helped progress and civilisation; their virtues, combined with that energy, have made them what they are. He who is the truest to the land of his birth makes the best kind of citizen in the land of his adoption.

The sons and daughters of Scotland in Canada or their forebears crossed the ocean, transplanting here the virtues and the vigour of the race from which they sprang, treasuring the true secret of Scotland's greatness, reverence for the Bible, the religious home training, living the picture in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," trusting in the God of their fathers that He would be the God of their succeeding race. As I speak, I know memory is busy with many around these tables; they are carried back—I know I am—to the homes of their childhood, where their footsteps in infancy wandered, and where they ran "aboot the braes and pu'd the gowans fine." They see the auld kirk, and the hallowed spot where the sacred dust of their forefathers reposes until that day! But I am being carried away, and must get back to the "Scot in Canada." As Scotch Canadians, we have good reason to feel proud of the part our countrymen have taken in Canada's progress. Splendid as has been the material employed in building up this great Dominion—English, Irish, German, French, Scotch—the Scottish fibre has not been the least enduring one in weaving together that which has made it the great country it is to-day. Worth, not birth, is an article in the Scottish creed. I do not

slight noble birth, far from it, but no title is an honour to a man if he himself does not adorn it. We have titled Scots in Canada who do honour to their decoration by enterprise and nobility of life.

The Scot in Canada holds no mean place among all those who have been builders of the country, no matter what his calling. He can stand erect in self-respect. Had it not been for a few intrepid Scotsmen at the beginning of the last century, there would not have been such a history of Canada to write as has been written. Men such as Selkirk, M'Kenzie, Simpson, M'Tavish, these bold explorers, pushed their way through what was No-man's-land to the blue waters of the Pacific. Now to-day the ribbons of steel of the Canadian Pacific Railway gleam across the continent. The greatness of Canada to-day is a monument to the bold enterprises of these men I have named, besides many others who were connected with the Hudson Bay Company, most, if not all, hailing from the land of mountain and glen.

In every calling and profession, our countrymen in Canada are to be found "like rare fruit on every tree in the garden." They stand as examples to others in all their doings for the good of the people. Many have reached the highest positions in the land—very many have acquired fortunes, and their boundless munificence in helping every institution for the uplifting and educating the people shines out. The kirk of Scotland has set her stamp upon her people, and her influence upon their lives and descendants is felt to-day the world over.

We can point to the names of Dalhousie, Elgin, Lorne, Aberdeen, Minto, all Scots, who have been Governors-General, to say nothing of eminent Scotsmen who have been Lieutenant-Governors of Provinces and Premiers. When I had the honour to sit in the House of Commons there were some sixty members either Scots or descendants of Scots. Two men of the realm sit in the House of Lords to-day, Strathcona and Mount-Stephen, the two men to whom the main credit of building the Canadian Pacific Railway is due,—we have heard of our grand old men, but I tell you the grandest old man in the Empire to-day is Lord Strathcona, a Scoto-Canadian, who, in addition to his princely gifts to McGill College, Victoria Hospital, and scores of other grand institutions, equipped a full regiment, the Strathcona Horse, to fight the battles of the Empire in Africa, and nobly they did their duty. He is an ornament to the land of the heather, and an honour to Canada. Away back, the Scot had no little to do with Canada's history; it was the Fraser Highlanders who scrambled up the rocks at Quebec

and cleared the way for Wolfe's army, which added an Empire to British rule.

Tell them in Scotland when you go back that you have met men and women everywhere whose hearts warm to the tartan. Scotland, your land—our land, is a land hallowed by martyrs, who dyed the heather with their blood to bequeath the priceless legacy of true liberty; tell them in Scotland that we cherish that legacy, and that it will be our glory to hand it down unimpaired to future generations. We will never forget "The days o' auld lang syne," or "The sangs our mithers sang"; but we are all of us, while loving the land of our birth, true Canadians, ready to do and die for King and country. The Scots in Canada take no second place in devotion to the British Crown.

You will soon be in Winnipeg, the gateway of our great North-West, vast enough to provide homes for many millions of people, and so fertile that ere long grain enough will be raised to feed a hungry world. Our illimitable prairies, which but a few years ago were the haunt of the buffalo and the hunting-ground of the Indian, are being rapidly settled, and there are to be seen smiling wheat fields, and the homes of happy and successful people—it is a great land. Young life is carving out a future, which will be full of wonders—it is a land which to blossom has but to be touched. The Canadian Pacific Railway, over which you will travel, is the link which connects the Empire. You may leave the Clyde and journey to India, Australia, and Hong-Kong with no other flag above you all the way but the glorious old Union Jack. Canada to-day unites the Empire, and as I have said, the Scot in Canada has had no little to do in making that link.

A word and I have done. The Scots in Canada are filled with the spirit of their forefathers; our hearts throb with pride at the very mention of Scotland's name. Our undying love for our native land but the more inspires us to do for Canada what our forefathers did for the land they loved so well. The sons of Scotland, all of us Canadians, will be ever in the van to make this Greater Britain the home of many millions more of happy, prosperous, God-fearing people, true to their country, an example to the world in everything that is good, and the strongest arm of the British Empire.

Brother Scots from over the sea, your visit has rekindled in our breasts the feelings and the memories of home. We all wish you God speed; may you be carried back in safety to your homes in dear old Scotland, where loving hearts await you.

Curling in the Hamilton District

Ever since the game of curling was started in the province of Ontario there have been famous curling clubs in this district. The West Flamborough Club was formed in 1835, and held its own in many contests with the crack clubs of Galt and Paris, and the Ontario Club of Hamilton, which was organised in 1838. At first these clubs used wooden blocks in playing the game, the Ontario Club procuring sixteen pairs from Fergus Club to start with; but they very soon imported a supply of Ailsa Craigs and Burnocks from Scotland, and with some home-made pairs from field granite, just as good as the imported, they became well equipped for the game. The Ancaster Club was formed in 1851, the Ancaster Thistle in 1852, Dundas Club in 1853, the Mechanics Club of Hamilton in 1867, and the Hamilton Asylum Club in 1893. The Mechanics Club became known as the Caledonian Club about 1883, and in 1891, after building a new and large rink, affording space for six sheets of ice for curling, they adopted the name of the Victoria Club. About 1869 the Ontario and the Burlington Clubs, both of Hamilton, formed a kind of co-partnership, which, two or three years later, became a Union, under the name of the Hamilton Thistle Club, and from that time it has been one of the strongest clubs in the province. In the first bonspiel in 1859, the Ontario Club had four rinks engaged, Ancaster three, Flamborough three, Dundas two, and Burlington two; in that at Blackrock Buffalo in 1865, Burlington Club had three rinks, the Ontario and Flamborough two each, and Ancaster and Dundas one each. At

the bonspiel conducted on the Bay at Hamilton in 1875, the Thistle Club had nine rinks, Dundas and Ancaster Thistle three each, the Mechanics two, and Ancaster two. The Calder Rink of Ancaster, composed of four brothers of that name, was for several years, between 1855 and 1865, the crack rink of Ontario; one

of them, William Calder, met the Scots visitors at Hamilton, but was defeated at their hands.



DUNDAS CURLING CLUB.

H. F. Powell, 1st. J. J. Steele, 3rd.
Wm. Clark, 2nd. J. Ross, M.D., skip

The Hamilton Thistle Club won the Ontario Tankard in the first year of this famous annual contest, and had won it four times since, and been the last competing club once. The Thistle had one of the first covered rinks in the province, with two sheets of ice for the game, but about ten years ago they

acquired a large property, and erected two semi-detached rinks, one affording four rinks for curling, and the other mainly for skating, but capable of affording space for six curling rinks when required; and in addition they have a fine bowling-green about 130 feet square, on which the curlers practise with the biassed bowls in summer, just to keep their hands in for the more important game of curling when winter comes and the ice holds.

The game is thus seen to be well established in the Hamilton district, and well provided with rinks for the practice of the sport; in some of the rural sections it is not so enthusiastically practised as it was thirty or forty years ago, owing in part to the death or departure from the district of many of the older players, and the expense



Photo by Cunningham, Hamilton.

D. M'PHIE.

Hamilton Victoria Club.



F. W. GATES.

Hamilton Thistle Club.

of the erection and maintenance of covered rinks, which demand a larger membership than can be had in townships where there are no towns or considerable villages.

The Hamilton Thistle Club

We have been furnished with the following particulars regarding the Thistle Club, and quote them as illustrating the admirable equipment of most of the Canadian clubs:—

There are not many among the hundreds of Hamiltonians who daily pass the low brick structure bounded by Robinson, Park, and Hannah Streets, who stop to realise that it is the home of one of the oldest and most influential social and sporting clubs in Western Canada. Yet indeed is such the case; for the Hamilton Thistle Club, Limited, now the proud possessor of the handsome structure referred to, claims it for its home.

The club dates its origin back long before many of us were born or even thought of.



HAMILTON THISTLE CURLING CLUB.

C. S. Wilcox. C. S. Scott.
J. Y. Osborne. Dr. A. E. Malloch.

It was somewhere about 1850 that the Ontario Curling Club of Hamilton was first conceived. Its prosperity soon led to the formation of the Burlington Curling Club, shortly after which an amalgamation became known as the Ontario and Burlington Curling Club. A branch off from this club took unto itself the name of Hamilton Curling Club, but early in the 'seventies all were reunited, and the Thistle Curling Club of Hamilton came into existence. All these were under the parentage of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club of Scotland, which had established its Canadian headquarters in Montreal.

In the course of events the name was altered until it became known as the Hamilton Thistle Club, Limited—its present title. Subsidiary clubs in connection are the Hamilton Thistle Curling Club and the Hamilton Thistle Bowling Club, both of which enjoy many of the privileges afforded by the parent organisation.

Among the shareholders of the club are several of the city's most prominent citizens, included being William Hendrie, Alexander Gartshore, John A. Bruce, C. E. Doolittle, Adam Zimmerman,

Alexander Turner, J. T. Glassco, William Vallance, and George Vallance.

Glancing back over the names of the gentlemen who have watched over the destinies of the Thistle Curling Club and its predecessors, we find those of many who are familiar to the old and young residents of the city, and those of many who have long



THISTLE CURLING CLUB.

Dr. J. W. Edgar. W. J. Thomson. S. F. Washington,
Thos. C. Haslett.



THISTLE CURLING CLUB v. SCOTCH CURLERS.

R. R. Bruce. C. B. Linton. John Leggat.
A. D. Braithwaite.

since departed to the other world. The list of these past presidents, dating as far back as it has been possible to compile it, reads as follows:—

1854. W. P. McLaren.
1855. George H. Gillespie.
1856. John Young.
1857. George Denholm.
1858. R. N. Law.

1859. S. G. Patton.
1860. F. W. Gates.
1861. Dr. Craigie.
1862. Rev. Robert Burnett.
1863. Andrew Stuart.

1864. Dr. Craigie.	1884. William Southam.
1865. Adam Burns.	1885. John Crerar.
1866. Hon. I. Buchanan.	1886. John Kerner.
1867. R. N. Law.	1887. S. Balfour.
1868. Thomas D. Walker.	1888. William Vallance.
1869. David Edgar.	1889. Alexander Gartshore.
1870. P. T. Buchanan.	1890. R. L. Gunn.
1871. R. N. Law.	1891. Alexander Gillespie.
1872. R. N. Law.	1892. F. S. Malloch.
1873. James Simpson.	1893. F. S. Malloch.
1874. John A. Bruce.	1894. R. Hills.
1875. George H. Gillespie.	1895. W. Marshall.
1876. John Harvey.	1896. Dr. Woolverton.
1877. F. R. Despard.	1897. T. C. Haslett.
1878. Alexander Harvey.	1898. T. C. Haslett.
1879. A. E. Malloch.	1899. T. C. Haslett.
1880. James Simpson.	1900. J. C. M'Keand.
1881. Alexander Turner.	1901. John Leggat.
1882. James Watson.	1902. W. R. Davis.
1883. Hugh Fairgrieve.	1903. R. R. Bruce.

The Thistle Club, starting years ago in a modest way, has grown until it now occupies nearly the entire block bounded as described above. Its lands, buildings, and improvements are valued at about \$30,000, to which is annually added about \$1500 in improvements. Its equipment consists of a curling rink of four beds, a large and well-appointed skating rink, which admits, when necessary, of six additional curling beds; a beautiful lawn bowling-green, 130 feet square, sufficient for ten full rinks, all specially prepared and made; a large and well-appointed room for curlers, where arrangements are frequently made for dinners and other receptions; billiard and lounging rooms adorned with innumerable club trophies and other things dear to the hearts of the followers of Canada's exhilarating winter pastime; retiring-rooms for ladies and gentlemen; private lockers, and in fact every convenience one would expect to find in an up-to-date institution of this nature.

During the winter months probably the greatest public interest is centred in the skating-rink, where hundreds of our good people, young and old, find freedom from their cares. The club is most liberal in its encouragement of this popular pastime, and its success has been but little short of remarkable. A capable band lends additional charm to the situation on stated evenings during the

week, and on frequent occasions the club provides its patrons with divertisement in the nature of fancy and acrobatic skating, some of the best artists on the continent having been engaged for this purpose during the past several seasons. Hockey has also been provided in liberal quantities, the teams of the Bankers and Wholesale Leagues having played all their matches here, while the Thistle Ladies' Hockey Club has not been slow to prove that the sterner



Photo by Cochran, Hamilton.

M. LEGGAT.

Hamilton Thistle.



Photo by Crawford, Hamilton.

W. M. CALDER.

Glanford Club.

sex has not been permitted to monopolise all knowledge of the fascinating game.

Quite naturally, among the older of the parent club's 160 members, the greatest interest is centred in the curling department, and while many of them occasionally take a whirl around the rink on skates, it is with the "stones" that their greatest enjoyment lies. In the curling department are to be found 120 pairs of stones, most of which are of modern style and construction. The average curler is an enthusiast on the subject, and it is rarely that a score or more broom handlers cannot be found exercising their lungs and trying to sweep holes through the hard-worked frozen water. In addition to contests for the Ontario Tankard, and about twenty other district and important matches each year, there are numerous friendly and club competitions, which serve

to keep up a healthy interest in the roaring game. The most important of all matches, however, is the Ontario Tankard Competition, the winners of which are justly entitled to class as the champions of Western Canada. This important fixture was inaugurated in 1875, and on that occasion was captured by the Hamilton Thistles. Four times since then have the Thistle been successful in the chase for the blue riband of Ontario, while on two other occasions they finished as runners-up. But one other club,



THISTLE CURLING CLUB.

James Thomson. James Allan. Dr. G. S. Glassco.
St. Clair Balfour.



Photo by Bruce, Toronto.

"CALEDONIANS," TORONTO.

R. Rennie, skip. J. Cameron.
W. Ross, vice. D. S. Keith.

the Toronto Granites, has been successful in making as good a showing.

As a result of the club's success in this important competition, two very handsome banners adorn the walls of the club's lounging room. The name of the club has been engraved on the tankard, while the individual members of the several successful rinks have been rewarded with handsome mementoes of their prowess by the Ontario Curling Association.

In the summer time, when the "stones" are locked away and the brooms piled up to rest, the members of the club hie themselves to the lawn bowling-green, where many a pleasant hour is spent at this very delightful pastime. Many interesting matches are played during the course of the summer, and many have been the pleasant entertainments arranged for the benefit of visiting bowlers.

And thus it is that the average reader may well bring himself to believe that the Hamilton Thistle Club, Limited, is one of the most important institutions of its nature in all Canada.

The Asylum Club: Curling a Cure for Insanity

Ex-Secretary Russell, in reply to his inquiries as to the experience of the Asylum Club at Hamilton, received the following letter from Dr. Russell, which we quote *in extenso*, as it is an important contribution in favour of curling in connection with the *mens sana in corpore sano* :—

October 13, 1903.

MY DEAR RUSSELL—I have neglected writing you about the Asylum Curling Club. There is little of a historical nature to write about. The club was organised in 1893 as an experiment at an Asylum. We erected the curling shed by Asylum labour, and the Government was good enough to supply the stones for the patients. Officers and employers brought their own stones. The experiment proved an immense success. Our patients worked to the game with the greatest enthusiasm, and many of them developed into most skilful players. Of



Photo by Cunningham, Hamilton.

DR. JAMES RUSSELL.
Hamilton Asylum Club.
President O.C.A. 1904.

all the curative means employed for the restoration of mental health nothing has equalled the game on the ice. We played matches with all the surrounding clubs, and even went as far as Toronto. In every rink there were at least two patients, and it was not easy to distinguish who was who on the ice. Our club won the Walker Trophy one year, which was open to all clubs in the Hamilton district. Another year our club came out ahead in the competition for the Ontario Tankard in our district. John Dickinson, M.P., presented a Tankard for competition in the county of Wentworth in 1896, and the Asylum Club has won it three times.

Many amusing incidents have happened on the ice, which would take too much space to relate. The longest percentage of recoveries is from the curling club, and we have to deplore each year the loss of our best players who return home clothed and in their right mind. The Government has promised to erect a new shed next year. Our club had the honour of playing with one of the Scotch Curling Rinks—skipped by Bramwell, and were lawfully defeated.—Yours, etc.,

J. RUSSELL.

(3) **At Guelph** (January 27)

The next place on the Itinerary was the city of Guelph situated on the Speed, a tributary of the Grand River, and associated, as we have remarked (p. 353), with the chequered career of John Galt, the Scottish novelist, who for some time resided here, and whose name is immortalised by the neighbouring city of Galt itself, which is named after him. The leading curlers of the city welcomed the Scotsmen at the station, and along with them were representatives from Brampton, Harriston, and Fergus Clubs. The surging crowd included

also a large number of ladies. When the train steamed in and the Scotsmen alighted on the platform they were greeted with hearty cheers, Piper Willie Thain of St. Andrew's Society adding to the general salute, by playing some stirring Scottish airs on the bagpipes. Mayor Hamilton after the greetings were over, extended



BRAMPTON EXCELSIOR CURLING CLUB.

Rev. R. N. Burns, skip. W. E. Milner.
W. J. Fenton. T. Thanburn.



Photo by Copland, Harriston, Ont

HARRISTON RINK.

J. Prain. J. Copland.
J. Meiklejohn. G. Moore.

to the visitors a thousand welcomes and the freedom of the city, which was suitably acknowledged by Dr. Kirk. Then a short run was made to the famous Agricultural College, "The Cirencester of Canada," where the Scotsmen were welcomed by President Mills and members of his staff, and conducted through the various departments of the Institution. Situated as Guelph is, in the centre of a very rich farming country, this college, with over a

hundred students, effective teaching staff, and experimental farm attached, has a most effective influence on the development of the Dominion, whose interests are so much bound up with agriculture. When the inspection was over, the company, numbering about eighty, were entertained to luncheon at the residence of Dr. Mills. When this function was over, Dr. Mills, on behalf of



Photo by Burgess, Guelph.

ADAM ROBERTSON.
Guelph.

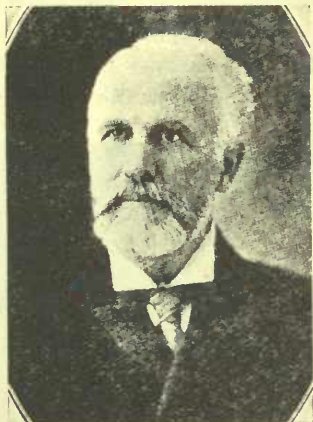


Photo by Burgess, Guelph.

W. W. MACALISTER.
Royal City Club.
Convener Reception Committee.

the Hon. Mr. Ross, Premier of Ontario, and the Hon. Mr. Dryden, Minister of Agriculture, extended to the team a hearty welcome, and expressed the hope that they would enjoy themselves and take back with them a favourable impression of Canada. Provost Ballantyne returned thanks on behalf of the team, and expressed the great pleasure it had afforded them all to visit the Agricultural College. According to the local *Mercury*, "The great public interest manifested in the Scots was shown by the large gatherings at the rink in

the afternoon and evening to see the play, the platforms



DR. JAMES MILLS.
President Ontario Agricultural College.



Photo by Hurndall, Guelph.
R. H. BRYDON.
Guelph Royal City Curling Club.



Photo by Hurndall, Guelph.
R. MACKENZIE.
Secretary Royal City Club, Guelph.



Photo by Copland, Harriston.
J. PRAIN.
Harriston Club.

and galleries being filled on both occasions. The scenes,

with the gaily-decorated rink and the enthusiastic curlers, the bright colours and stalwart forms, were very attractive. But most entrancing of all to the real Scotsmen and Scotswomen and their immediate descendants was the sound of the braid Scots tongue in the orders of the visiting



GUELPH UNION.

- (1) Geo. M'Pherson. (3) R. M'Pherson.
 (2) J. Congalton, *skip*. (4) J. H. Cardy.



GUELPH UNION.

- (1) T. Spalding. (3) W. Spalding.
 (2) J. A. Lillie. (4) Hugh Turner, *skip*.
 Geo. J. Newton, *President*.

skips, and in the shouting and talk of their rinks, and many pressed round to find out the representatives of their native shire and inquire about things over there. Husband, of Dunfermline, was waylaid at the station this morning by Robert Maconachie, Davy Sharp had Bramwell of Dumfriesshire up by the station door telling him of his grandfather's exploit at Waterloo—Mr. Sharp's nephew is head skipper for Mr. Bramwell; and thus it

went on. The Provosts were urbane and genial, and the whole team seemed to enjoy the inquiries and the Scotch atmosphere which surrounded them as much as their expatriated compatriots. All wore the thistle and Stuart tartan in their bonnets, with the exception of Mr. Bentley-Murray, and the story of the feuds of the Murray and Campbell clans is history."

The rink itself was like most of the others which



Photo by Copland, Harriston.

J. MEIKLEJOHN.
Harriston Club.



M. ANDERSON.
Fergus Club.

had been visited, in gala attire. Besides the flags, mottoes, bunting, etc., which brightened up the building, each member of the team found the name of his club displayed in front of the galleries. A design in cross brooms with curling stones and thistle, and the wreath encircling "We're brithers a'," was a pretty feature. Unfortunately, owing to the rather mild weather, the ice was somewhat sticky, and on this account fewer ends than usual were played. The games, which, with few

exceptions, went in favour of Guelph, were over by nine o'clock, when the visitors were escorted to the Wellington Hotel and entertained to an oyster supper, one of the features of which, according to a member of the team, was "oyster soup without oysters." Ex-Mayor Kennedy presided. After the toast of "The King," Dr. Savage in a neat speech proposed "The Scottish Curlers." Provost Ballantyne responded and thanked the Guelph curlers for their great hospitality, expressing the hope that they might meet them again under better conditions of ice. Major Scott Davidson also responded in humorous vein. Mr. J. A. M'Fadden, Secretary of the Ontario Curling Association, spoke of the pleasure it had given the curlers in that district in having the Scottish visitors among them, and their desire to spread them over as much territory as possible. The Chairman referred to the unremitting labours of Mr. M'Fadden, who had done so much to make the arrangements for the visit complete. This was heartily applauded by the Scottish curlers, for Mr. M'Fadden by his geniality and good services was a great favourite, his assistance to Mr. Husband during this week being invaluable. After the usual songs and sentiments, the proceedings came to a close about eleven o'clock, and the Scotsmen were thus able to secure a good night's rest before proceeding next morning to Stratford.

Curling in the Guelph District

includes the two Guelph Clubs, the two Galt Clubs, with Fergus, Elord, Ayr, Puston, and Paris Clubs, and several others partly within the vicinity of Hamilton and London.

Of these the Fergus Club, established in 1834, was the first curling club organised in the province of

Ontario, the Galt Club was formed in 1838, the Guelph Club in the same year, Paris Club in 1843, and Elord in 1847. In Fergus and Galt the first curling-stones were simply segments of the boughs of curly maple or Norwood trees, fitted with a bent iron handle, and sometimes cinctured with an iron band,



GUELPH ROYAL CITY.

- (1) Dr. Savage. (3) R. Dillon, *skip*.
 (2) R. Mahoney. (4) Thos. Irving.



GUELPH ROYAL CITY.

- (1) D. E. M'Donald. (3) W. W. Macalister.
 (2) W. H. Jones. (4) W. A. Knowles, *skip*.

and plugged with lead to prevent splitting and increase weight.

The Ontario Club of Hamilton, at its formation in 1838, was supplied with sixteen pairs of these stones from Fergus, but in a very few years throughout this whole district they were superseded by granite stones made by the curlers themselves. In 1844 the first match was played between Paris and Galt with three

rinks a side, and was won by Paris with 48 shots ahead,



Photo by Cockburn, Paris.

DAVID BROWN.
Paris Club.



Photo by Smith, Galt.

C. TURNBULL.
Galt Granite Club.



Photo by Taylor, Galt.

J. E. M'LELLAN.
Galt Granite Club.



Photo by Cockburn, Paris.

JOHN BROCKBANK.
Paris Club.

and was followed by fierce contests annually between

these clubs. The first game by Fergus with another club was *versus* Galt at Galt in 1848, when Galt won by 8 shots; in the return match in 1849 Fergus won by 9; in 1851 Fergus and Paris met, five rinks a side, and Paris won by 18 shots; in the same year Guelph Club played Fergus Club at Fergus, three rinks a side, and was defeated by 28 shots. In 1856 Ayr Club met Fergus at Guelph, four rinks a side, and Ayr won. In December



Photo by Farmer Bros., Toronto.

CHARLES M'GEORGE,
Ayr Club.



Photo by Burgess, Guelph.

ALEX. CONGALTON,
Guelph Club.

1850 Paris Club, elated with success, published in the local and also in the Toronto newspapers a challenge to any club in Western Canada (Ontario), and Galt and Toronto promptly accepted. The match with Galt was played on January 25, 1851, and Galt was the victor by 9 shots; the game with Toronto was played in February, and Paris won by 23 shots. Paris had won from Toronto by 11 shots in a one-rink match in 1847, and this second win over Toronto served but little to mollify the mortification felt over the defeat by Galt; one of

the Paris players on whom it was urged as ground for consolation, refused to be comforted, explaining, "What's the odds of winnin' from thae Toronto chieils, when thae Galt callants gied us such a stab in the wame last month?"

The clubs of Fergus, Guelph, Paris, Galt, Elord, and Ayr have frequently appeared as group champions in the final competition for the Ontario Tankard at Toronto; and Paris has won the trophy twice, Galt once, while



Photo by Smith, Galt.

W. REID.
Ayr Club.



Photo by Perkins, Toronto.

A. COLLINS.
Walkerton Club.

Paris has been the "last competing club" once, Galt twice, and Guelph once.

A tournament has been conducted at Guelph annually for about ten years, a club match for the Slieman trophy, and a single-rink match for the Guelph trophy, and have been well attended. The Preston Club, formed in the same district in 1879, has had three or four very successful open bonspiels since 1898, and the prospects of the game in this strong curling district are of

the brightest; every club has a good curling rink, and as many enthusiastic "Brithers of the broom," as they can well accommodate. This whole district was settled by immigrants from Scotland brought out from 1826 to 1830 by John Galt, the Scottish novelist and Commissioner for the Canada Company, who took up his abode for some time in Guelph, and another contingent brought across by the Hon. Adam Ferguson in 1833, the names



RINK OF AYR CURLING CLUB.

A. J. Reid, *skip*.

John Goldie.

J. K. Folsetter.

C. M'George.

of both being perpetuated in the names of the towns of Galt and Fergus.

For promptitude in seizing the fine opportunity afforded in Canada for the grand old game, Fergus bears the bell. The Scottish immigrants came out in 1833, and the curling club was formed in 1834. Adam Robertson and Alex. Congalton, who were members of the Guelph Club when it was re-organised in 1857, still survive; both have been strong enthusiasts in the game. Mr. Congalton has been one of the most successful skips

of the club for many years, and is well known throughout the province. In 1901 he made the top score at the Points game in the competition open to all the province, and has been for about ten years a valuable member of the Committee of the Association on Complaints and Appeals.

(4) **At Stratford** (January 28)

The curlers arrived at Stratford, in County Perth, one of the most important railway centres, about noon from the east, and were accorded a very hearty reception. They were met at the station by Mayor Hepburn, Alex. McLaren, M.P., John Brown, M.P., the Rev. David Williams, M.A., Rector of St. James's Episcopal Church, Rev. Mr. Leitch of Knox Presbyterian Church, the City Council, and a large number of the citizens. The Mayor as usual extended to the visitors the freedom of the city. In the afternoon, when the attendance of spectators was very large, the five Scottish rinks played against five rinks representing respectively St. Mary's, Walkerton, Waterloo, Seaforth, and Bright. The Scotsmen won four out of the five matches, the scores being 45 to 20. The Scotsmen then met four Stratford rinks and one from Clinton, a victory of the same kind being scored. The ice was in both cases a bit "baugh." The total for the Scots over the day's play was 84 shots against 42 for the men of Stratford and district. In the evening a splendid banquet was tendered to the visitors in the City Hall. According to the local *Beacon*, "It is no exaggeration to say it was the finest function of the kind ever held in the city, and was enjoyed to the utmost by the visitors and hosts alike. The presence of a large number of ladies in the gallery was a compliment for which the visitors were not backward in expressing their appreciation, and the fact that

the ladies stayed to the close shows that they enjoyed the excellent speeches and songs. The hall was handsomely decorated with flags, tartans, and foliage plants, while the floral decorations of the tables were in exquisite taste. The company numbered about 150, and was representative



Photo by Henderson.

SEAFORTH RINK, STRATFORD.

- (3) F. Holmsted. (4) G. Patterson.
 (1) J. S. Roberts. (2) A. Wilson, *skip*.



Photo by A. C. Moyer, Waterloo, Ont.

WATERLOO RINK

v. SCOTS, JAN. 1903, AT STRATFORD.

- E. F. Seagram, *second*. Geo. A. Bruce, *third*.
 Geo. Moore, *lead*. Wm. Hogg, *skip*.

of the business and social life of the city. The catering was by the Webb Company of Toronto. The menu card was in the design of a curling-stone tied with tartan ribbon, and contained five courses, which were served in a manner that reflects the highest credit on the Webb management. Mr. A. F. McLaren, M.P., occupied the

chair, with Provost Ballantyne, who represented the Captain of the team, on his right, and Mr. Husband, Secretary, on his left. Two hours were spent in speech and song in a most delightful manner. The Chairman excelled himself in his happy introductory speeches. Songs were contributed during the evening by Mr. Provan of Edinburgh, who proved a whole entertainment in himself; Mr. Spalding of Clinton, Mr. H. M. Myers, and Mr.



Photo by Henry Clinton, Ont.

CLINTON CURLING CLUB.

W. P. Spalding,
skip.

W. Jackson,
third.

N. M'L. Fair,
second.

W. A. Forrester,
lead.

A. J. M'Pherson, Stratford, and Provost Gordon. After the King was honoured, the Chairman proposed the toast of 'Our Guests,' to which Mr. Provost Ballantyne responded. He said that the genuine hospitality which had been extended to them had made twenty-three of the most enthusiastic emigration agents they could have in Scotland. Stratford had not only done its full share, but had, in addition, paid them the compliment of giving them a taste of genuine Scotch weather. He regretted the absence of good ice, but felt that the Stratford people

had fully made up for it by their kindness. They had



Photo by Lancefield-Abel Co.

A. F. McLAREN, M.P.
Stratford Club; President O.C.A. 1898-99.



Photo by Moyer, Waterloo.

JACOB HESPELER.
Waterloo Club.



Photo by Cooper, London.

J. B. HUGHES.
Waterloo Club, Ontario.



Photo by Gray, St. Mary's.

G. GRANT.
St. Mary's Club

not, he said, come to Canada to win games but to win

hearts and bring closer the bonds of the Empire. He hoped, whatever their fate might be on the ice, the main object would be attained. (Applause.) Mr. Husband expressed his pleasure at seeing the ladies present, and said the visitors would remember this feature of the Stratford visit with especial pleasure. They had met ladies on the ice at Montreal and Quebec, and had the



Photo by Maitland, Stratford.

C. E. NASMYTH.
Stratford Club.



Photo by Maitland, Stratford.

JAMES STEELE.
Stratford Club.

grace to fall down before their superior play—(laughter)—but this was the first occasion that they were complimented by their presence in a banqueting hall. They had never met kinder people than the Canadians, and they would never cease to speak well of them and Canada. Dr. Kirk, better known throughout the tour as 'The Cathedral,' on account of his size, made a happy speech in a humorous vein, in which he attributed the supreme skill of the Canadians at curling to there being ten months' curling here as against ten days' in Scotland.

Provost Gordon's fine presence and patriotic eloquence so enthused the ladies in the gallery that on sitting down he was greeted by their uprising and singing a couple of bars of the old Jacobite song—

Better lo'ed ye canna be ;
Will ye no' come back again ?

The song was rapturously cheered, and the Provost responded by asking the team to stand up, when to his lead all sang

Yes, we will come back again ;
Better lo'ed we canna be ;
Yes, we will come back again.

A summary would not do justice to Provost Gordon's speech, which was really the gem of the evening. Mr. Prain proposed 'The Ontario Legislature,' and Mr. John Brown, M.P., in responding, spoke of the immense field there was in Canada for the surplus population of the Old Country, and said he was sure no better emigrants could be secured than those the

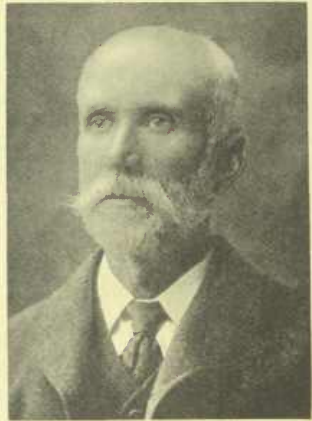


Photo by Webster & Co., St. Mary's, Ont.

T. O. ROBSON.
St. Mary's Club.

Scottish curlers could send them. Major Scott Davidson having given a humorous recitation, Mr. R. Paterson was called upon for a song, but preferred to sing a song of progress, and thereupon launched out into an eloquent appeal for the sending to Canada of more of the men of brain and sinew as represented by the visitors. There was a wide field in Canada for all the capable men, mechanics and farmers, that could be sent out. There was now only one railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific through

Canadian territory, but by the time the visitors came back, which he expected would be before long, they would, he hoped, find another, namely, the Grand Trunk Pacific, and instead of there being 700 men employed in the Grand Trunk shops in Stratford they would



Photo by Becker.

STRATFORD CURLING CLUB.

A. F. McLaren. J. Steele.
C. E. Nasmyth. John Welsh.

find 1700. This railway would mean great things for Canada and for Stratford, and he felt that the Government which was going to put it through was entitled to their support. Thousands of men would be required to develop the territory through which this railway would run, and he hoped the visitors would help to contribute to the supply. The healths of 'The Visiting District Rinks' were replied to briefly by Messrs. Roberts, Jackson, and Richardson, while 'The

City of Stratford and County of Perth' was responded to by Warden Kemp, Mayor Hepburn, and Alderman Ferguson. The enjoyment of the evening was much heightened by excellent songs sung by Provost Gordon, Mr. Trovan, Mr. A. J. Macpherson, Mr. W. P. Spalding, Mr. H. M. Myers, and others. Mr. T. Macmillan, of the Scottish team, proposed the health of the Chairman, which was enthusiastically received. The company then clasped

hands, and with feelings of true brotherhood and kinship sang 'For Auld Lang Syne.' Then to the last strains of 'God Save the King' the party dispersed shortly after midnight, the Scotsmen one and all remarking that no reception yet accorded to them had surpassed that which they had received at Stratford."

As a typical instance of the canny Scot who paid his devoirs to his kinsmen on their visit to Stratford, we



Photo by Becker & Co., Stratford, Ont.

CORPORAL JAMES WILSON.

may mention the name of James Wilson, "Shooting Jimmie," who did not see the Captain, much to his disappointment, but sent salutations to him by the Secretary, with an account of his wonderful shooting performances and photo of himself and trophies, which we have pleasure in reproducing.

Corporal Wilson was born at Edinburgh in 1829, and since he landed at Montreal in 1852 has been connected with the Volunteer forces of Canada, and done noble service in several regiments. He holds medals for service in the Fenian raids of 1866 and 1870. In all

he has won 125 prizes with the Snider-Enfield rifle. His six sons he trained up in the way they ought to go—as volunteers,—and one was buried with military honours at Stratford in 1888. Jimmie and the Captain are now fast friends, and keep up correspondence. His last letter says things were never so prosperous at Stratford as they are now. May the good old shooter, as hitherto, have his share of the spoil!

(5) **At St. Thomas** (January 29)

From Stratford the curlers proceeded to the thriving agricultural city of St. Thomas, where on their arrival at the L.E. & D.R.R. Station they were met by a large number of curlers and a crowd of spectators who greeted them with hearty cheers. Mr. W. Murray had penned the following verses to greet their coming:—

A welcome warm, wi' three times three,
 To Scotland's curlers, blithe and free,
 Wi' stanes and brooms, frae ower the sea,
 To play a game,
 Enjoy a crack, and taste the bree
 We needna name.

Ye've come frae bonnie Scotland dear,
 Oor hearts and hames to charm and cheer
 And fecht for fame upon our clear
 Canadian ice:
 A haun' frae every curler here,
 And welcome thrice!

As there are many Gaelic-speaking people hereabouts the *Evening Journal* saluted the Scotsmen thus: *Tha sin a toirt Cuiradh do air Brathrean a nall thar a Chuan*, which, briefly translated, means, we are told, *We welcome our brethren from over the sea.* The *Daily Times*,

in reporting the arrival of the Scotsmen, had in large letters :—

“ONTARIO CURLING ASSOCIATION: SAWNY M'FARLANE'S ADDRESS; HIS WELCOME TAE THE CURLERS FRAE THE LAN' O' CAKES AN' BARE LEGS, GREETIN'. THE LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF GREET'S THE LAND OF THE THISTLE :—

“Losh, but we're a' gled at the sicht o' ye! It's a gey lang time sin' we keekit at sic a wheen braw chieles frae the bonnie lan' o' heather, a' in ae bunch. An' we tak' muckle plesure in makin' yer guidwives welcome tae Canada an' the braw ceety o' Saunt Thomas. The but an' ben o' the toon is yer ain, an' mair forbye. An' what for no'? We're a' yer ain British bluid, and mak' na deestinction with oor brithers frae ower the big pond. Sae sit ye doon by the ingleside an' glour as lang's ye like at the reek gaun up the lum. Ye'll aye find the sneck o' the liggit respond tae the lichtest preeure o' a Scottish thoom. An' forbye naething gaes wrang wi' oor canny curlers we'll hae ye a' on yer haffits when the last stane has hurtled ower the ice, but ye maunna min' a bit defeat. Ye ken what oor Burns speired lang syne—‘A man's a man for a' that.’ Robert was a douce, wise chiel', an' never blethered without makin' a point. Hooever, be the result ane way or the ither, we wish ye muckle success an' prosperity, an' oor pairtin' sweep at ye is ‘Mair poo'er tae yer channel-stanes.’—
SAWNY M'FARLANE.

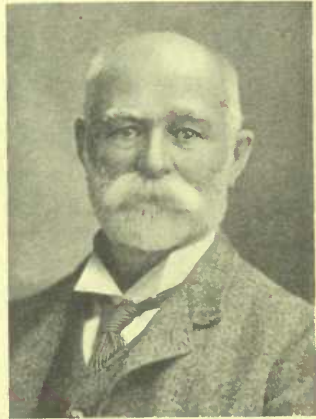
“‘Sawny's’ sentiments as above given are echoed by all the people of St. Thomas, whether of English, Irish, German, New England, or Bluenose origin. We welcome them because they represent one of the most important portions of the grand old empire of which we are all so proud. We welcome them because they represent the country whose sons have been among the bravest in war and battle for freedom of conscience, in literature and statesmanship and oratory, the sturdiest of advocates of all that is good and true and noble in human character. We honour them because they come from the

land of Knox and the Covenanters, the land of Dr. Chalmers and Thomas Carlyle, and Sir Walter Scott and 'Bobbie' Burns, and Wallace and Bruce, and many others who might be named. We welcome them in the name of the great men of Canada, who by birth or ancestry belong to the Land of the Heather—John A. Macdonald, John Sandfield Macdonald, Geo. Brown, Alex.



Photo by Rorabeck, Woodstock.

F. MILLMAN.
Woodstock Club.



JAMES CANFIELD.
Woodstock Club.

Mackenzie, Geo. W. Ross, and others who have made themselves prominent in the political life of this Dominion. Indeed, so numerous are the sons of old Scotia in this land of the Maple Leaf that we could go on indefinitely with a list of names. We greet the curlers with the right hand of fellowship because of the noble game they play, the one sport that has never been made a gambling device, the game which brings together the prince and peasant in friendly competition, the sport which warms the social side of men's natures, and for the nonce breaks down class distinctions. The weather clerk has not

been handing out good icy temperature, yet it is hoped there will be a possibility of carrying out the curling programme as well as the social one. Let the words of Dr. Macleod be made to apply here :—

“ It’s an unco-like story that baith Whig and Tory
 Maun aye collyshangie like dogs owre a bane ;
 And that a’ denominations are wantin’ in patience,
 For nae kirk will thole to let ithers alane.
 But in fine frosty weather let a’ meet thegither,
 Wi’ a broom in the haun’ an’ a stane by the tee ;
 And then, by my certes, ye’ll see hoo a’ parties
 Like brithers will love, and like brithers agree.
 Then hurrah for the curlin’, frae Girvan to Stirlin’,
 Hurrah for the lads o’ the besom and stane !
 ‘ Ready, noo ! ’ ‘ Soop it up ! ’ ‘ Clap a guard ! ’ ‘ Steady, noo ! ’
 Oh ! curlin’ aboon every game stan’s alane.

“ The *Times* wants the visitors to feel that they are amongst their brothers, and wants the local curlers ‘ to beat them at the roaring game if they can, and give them a stiff, manly contest, no matter who wins.’ ”

The local *Journal*, in describing the arrival of the curlers at Lake Erie Station about two o’clock, says :—
 “ There was a large crowd of bonneted citizens there to greet them and to size them up, much as they would our late lamented Jumbo, or any other curiosity. There has been so much said about the visitors that their entrance into our city was an event which attracted the sightseers to the railway station. The reports that have come before them are not at all overdrawn. They are splendid specimens of Scottish architecture, somewhat angular, and in spots a little bulgy, but broad brawny fellows, looking as if they had been fed on Tillson’s panned oats, or something equally nourishing. Their ample proportions filled the waiting vehicles, while several drays conveyed a splendid assortment of stones

to the rink. All manner of devices were adopted for conveying the stones. Some were in boxes stout enough to carry the bullion from the Mint to the Bank of England; some were in what looked like game bags; others were in willow baskets, which from their shape might have contained plum puddings, while there were others in shawl straps. They were all weights from 30 lbs. to 40 lbs., and on the ice it was seen that the largest stone was often used by the smallest man and *vice versa*. The players were unloaded at the Grand Central, and the stones taken to the rink. After a general introduction to the curling celebrities, the visitors repaired to the rink in playing costume, which in nearly every case was knickers and Norfolk jackets."

As it turned out, the curlers of St. Thomas and district were considerably worsted by the Scots over the day's play, the total for Scotland being 69 in 8 games played, as against 45 for Ontario.

The banquet given to the visitors was very successful, about 150 being present at the function. Mr. John Fairley, K.C., presided, and among others present were Judge Ermatinger, Mayor Maxwell, M. A. Gilbert, A. P. Campbell, J. M. Glenn, Joseph Muckleborough, R. M. Anderson, Dr. Wilson, Angus M'Crimmon, Joseph Griffin, Hugh Macpherson, Inspector Silcox, J. H. Coyne, Dr. Guest, Mr. Kirby, David M'Laws, Albert Macpherson, Angus Murray, George T. Haig, S. H. Eby, John D. Locke, O. F. Maxwell, F. Sutherland, W. E. Ross, Walter Ross, W. H. Oke, John C. Ponsford, John Leach, W. W. Bonghner, E. G. Kitchen, F. T. Wegg, J. M. Douglas, C. A. M'Corkell, Joseph Rivard, J. W. Bonghner, and many others. Among the London visitors were Messrs. A. Talbot, Robert Reid, T. Lund, H. U. Gillies, M. H. Holden, Walter Bartlett, J. W. M'Intosh, J. Purdown,

John Barnett, C. E. Sterling, C. M. R. Graham, W. Fulton, A. Evans, James Burnet, W. Backus, James Mathuson, Dr. M'Donald, W. T. Strong, R. Shillington, William Smith, B. W. Glover.

The following is a copy of the *menu* and toast list:—

ONTARIO CURLING ASSOCIATION

DINNER IN GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL, ST. THOMAS

Thursday, January 29, 1903

The chief pleasure in eating does not consist in costly seasoning or exquisite flavour, but in yourself.—HORACE.

MENU.

Some hae meat that canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit.—BURNS.

	New York Counts, Raw.	
Celery.	Lettuce with Eggs.	Queen Olives.
	Cream of Tomato Soup.	
	Boiled Lake Erie Whitefish.	Saratoga Chips.
Boiled Leg of Southdown Mutton.		French Caper Sauce.
	Boiled Carrots in Cream.	
	Braised Hare, Hunter Style.	French Peas.
Prime Roast Ribs of Beef, Natural.		Browned Potatoes.
Roast Young Turkey, Stuffed with Oysters.		Mashed Potatoes.
Lobster Salad.	Cold Boiled Ham.	Cabbage Salad.
	Frozen Egg Nog.	
	English Plum Pudding.	Brandy Sauce.
	Apple Pie.	Xmas Mince Pie.
Lemon Jelly.	Cherry Jelly.	Assorted Cake.
	Cheese.	
Canadian.	M'Laren's Roquefort.	Millar's Paragon.
	Water Biscuits.	
Bananas.	Oranges.	Malaga Grapes.
	French Drip Coffee.	Milk.

Now good digestion wait on appetite and health on both.—
SHAKESPEARE.

CURLING TOUR

TOAST LIST

The King.

Thy dazzling sceptre, like a fairy wand,
 Strikes off the shackles from the struggling slave
 And gathers 'neath thy rule
 The great, the wise, the brave.—HOWE.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Canada.

Canadians, love your country; believe in her,
 Work for her; live for her; die for her.—DUFFERIN.

The Union Jack, the flag we love,
 Shall guard our Maple Tree.—MUIR.

Song, "The Maple Leaf."

Our Guests and the Royal Caledonian Curling Club.

"Caed Mille Failthe."

Fair fa' the curlin', O.
 Fair fa' the curlin', O.
 Your glasses toom to stane and broom,
 And the royal game o' curlin', O.—BOYD.

It is only the man in the curler that counts,
 And skill without that is nought.—M'LENNAN.

FOR AULD LANG SYNE.

The Ladies.

Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
 And then she made the lasses, O.—BURNS.

The best work of the Great Author. There is an unlimited edition, and every man should provide himself with a copy.—SWAIN.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

'Tis grievous parting with good company.

To all, to each, a fair good-night,
 And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light.—SCOTT.

“Owing to the lateness of the hour,” said the *Journal*, “the toast list was necessarily short. ‘The King’ was honoured with the National Anthem and rousing cheers. ‘Canada’ brought ‘The Maple Leaf’ solo by Mr. G. R. M’Coll, the company joining in the chorus. Mr. David M’Laws responded in a well-timed thoroughly Canadian speech, telling of the great richness and beauty of climate



Photo by J. H. Hopkins.

D. M'LAWS.
St. Thomas Club.



Photo by Cooper, London.

R. REID.
Forest City Club, London, Ontario.

of his country, Mr. M. H. Holden of London, a ‘thoroughbred Canadian,’ supplementing the remarks of the Scotch Canadian in well-chosen words. Mr. J. W. Mackintosh of London sang with a fine baritone voice ‘The Hielan-man’s Toast,’ and His Honour Judge Ermatinger as a native Canadian spoke eloquently, combining patriotism, imperialism, and humour in a most agreeable deliverance, which was loudly applauded. Mr. Lee of Aylmer, a white-haired veteran, sang ‘The Bonnie Scotch Thistle’ with much gusto, and was warmly cheered. Mr. Robert Reid of London was called on to propose the toast of

the evening, 'Our Guests and the Royal Caledonian Curling Club,' which he did in a felicitous way, being supported neatly by Mr. Walter Bartlett of London. 'For they are Jolly Good Fellows' was lustily sung, followed by rousing cheers. Mayor Maxwell at this point extended the city's welcome in a sincere and humorous manner. His Worship suggested that the rise in temperature during the past few days which spoiled the ice was the culmination of the warm enthusiasm that had been growing for two weeks in anticipation of the visit of the Scotsmen. This sally caused great laughter. Provost Ballantyne replied in a dignified and happy speech. He said they had had a wonderful tour, and he believed that whether they had won matches or not they had won friends. (Loud cheers.) Cheering was renewed when Mr. Ballantyne said he hoped to come to Canada in the summer with a golf team. Mr. Cousin, of the Scottish team, made a few witty remarks, and concluded that it were better to have played and lost, than not to have played at all. Mr. Provan, of the Scottish team, sang 'The Charms of Law,' a caustic satire upon the legal fraternity, which was so well given that an encore was insisted on. Mr. Provan is an excellent tenor, possessing all the arts of the trained vocalist. 'Curl, ye curlers, curl,' was aptly given in response to the encore. Mr. M. A. Gilbert proposed 'The Press' in a speech full of humour. He mixed up the English and Scotch in his geographical references in a way that caused roars of merriment. When he placed Devonshire and Lancashire among the 'other counties of Scotland,' the laughter was uproarious. Mr. Hocken, of the *Journal*, responded in a brief and admirable speech, and the Chairman called on Mr. R. M. Anderson to move the toast to 'The Ladies.' Mr. Provan sang another humorous song, and

being encored started 'God Save the King,' which closed the festivities. A street car in waiting took the London delegation to the L.E. & D.R.R. station, where they boarded a special train for home just before 1 A.M. The Londoners in leaving the Grand Central gave rousing cheers for the Scotch curlers and the Scotch ladies.

"At St. Thomas, as in most other places, the ladies accompanying the party, Mrs. Ballantyne and Miss Ballantyne, wife and daughter of Provost Ballantyne, were met at the depot by a committee of ladies, and after being presented with bouquets were escorted to the rink, where they witnessed the matches from the windows of the club rooms upstairs. In the evening this was again done, followed by an 'At Home' at Spencer's. The St. Thomas entertainers left nothing undone to make Mrs. and Miss Ballantyne enjoy their visit to St. Thomas.

"The ladies who had charge of the affair were: Mesdames M. A. Gilbert, W. A. Wilson, A. Murray, C. O. Ermatinger, J. H. Coyne, Fred Doggett, D. R. Drummond, and C. H. Wegg."

Curling in St. Thomas District

The first curling club in the city of St. Thomas was organised in 1878, and was known as the St. Thomas Curling Club. Mr. Joseph M'Adam was its first President, and Mr. Angus Murray its Vice-President. Considerable interest was taken in curling for some years, the members of the club not only playing important matches at home with outside clubs, but also in other places in Western Ontario, with a great deal of success. After some years, interest in the game ceased, and ultimately the club disbanded.

In 1893 the present club known as the St. Thomas Granite Club was organised, and since its organisation great interest has been taken in curling. During the existence of the St. Thomas Curling Club a large rink was built for the purpose of skating and curling, two sheets of ice, one on either side of the rink, being used for curling; but after the organisation of the present



Photo by Hopkins.

W. K. CAMERON.
St. Thomas Club.

club its membership increased to such an extent that it became necessary to build an addition to the rink. This addition contains two sheets of ice and is used exclusively for curling, and four sheets of ice in the original building are reserved for the use of the curlers on two days of each week. The success of the present club, the membership of which for some years past has averaged seventy-five, has been due in a large measure to its

energetic Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. W. K. Cameron. The London Club, and the Forest City Club, both of the city of London, also Simcoe, Aylmer, and Ridgehouse Clubs in this district, have for many years been prominent in the promotion of the game; the first mentioned took an active part in the organising of the Ontario Curling Association, and, in the late Lieut.-Col. Moffat, a native of Lanark, Scotland, gave a capable and useful President to the Association in 1881-82; and in that same year won the medal put up for the club winning the greatest

number of matches against other clubs, their record being eighteen wins within the year. The loss of many enthusiastic members by death, or removal from the district has seriously affected the club of late years, but there is every prospect that its former fame will shortly be eclipsed by the rising generation of curlers, and in this prospect the Forest City Club also shares.

(6) **At Windsor** (January 30)

The Scots, after their visit to St. Thomas, went on



Photo by M. Michael, Detroit.

DUNCAN STEWART.
Windsor Club.



D. L. CARLEY.
Windsor Club.

to Windsor, which they reached at two o'clock. A deputation from the Windsor Curling Club met them at Belle River, and accompanied them to the city, where they were met by a committee of the curlers. They were then escorted to the Crawford House for luncheon, where upwards of seventy-five sat down. President Greenhill, on behalf of the curling club, then called upon

Mayor Drake to extend a welcome from the city, which he did in eloquent terms. A response was made by Provost Gordon, who thanked the hosts for the royal entertainment. After the luncheon play began at four o'clock, three rinks of the Scots playing against



WINDSOR RINK.

James Anderson. Archibald M'Nee.
Dr. Stewart, *skip*. George Mair.

*Photo by Robson, Petrolia.*

PETROLIA RINK.

J. W. M'Cutcheon, *lead*. S. D. Noble, *second*.
Robert Jackson, *skip*. Jas. G. Waddell, *vice-skip*.

Windsor, Detroit, and Sarnia, while a rink of Detroit engaged a rink of Sarnia. In the evening three Scots rinks engaged three rinks of Windsor, Petrolia, and Detroit, while one rink of Petrolia engaged Windsor. The competition was therefore rather a mixed affair, and in summing up the totals the results were about level—41 against 40.

Windsor is interesting as a connecting link between Canada and the States, for it contains the suburban homes of many of the citizens of Detroit who have their business in that city on the opposite bank of the St. Clair, which is here about half a mile wide. It is the Western Terminus of the G.T.R. and the C.P.R. The district of which it is a centre is, like that round Hamilton, largely productive of peaches, grapes, pears, and other fruit.

Curling in the Windsor District

This district covers the south peninsula of Ontario,



SCOTTISH CURLERS WITH J. A. MACFADDEN AT WINDSOR.

and includes the curling clubs of Chatham, Thamesville, Sarnia, Tilbury, Glencoe, Ridgetown, Windsor, and may also be said to embrace Detroit on the southern branch of the river—along with several other clubs in the State of Michigan, U.S.A.

The game, in this vicinity, was first played by the curlers of Orchard and Pine Lakes in the county of

Oakland, Michigan, about 1840, a band of jovial and



HUGH MANN.
Sarnia Club.



Photo by Shoemaker, Petrolia.
JAMES G. WADDELL.
Petrolia Curling Club.



Photo by M'Arthur & Cairns, Sarnia.

ROBERT M'KENZIE.
Sarnia Club.



Photo by Baikie, Chatham.

JAMES FERGUSON.
Thamesville Club.

well-to-do farmers of Scottish birth. In 1845 they

challenged Detroit curlers for a match with two rinks of seven men each a side, and it was played on February 13 of that year, on Pine Lake; the farmers winning by 44 to 33. The game commenced at nine o'clock A.M., was continued until dusk, and it was not until "the wee short hour ayont the twal'" arrived that they separated "unco happy." Detroit Club continued for about twenty-five years, in which time other two clubs were formed in that city, but they all united in the Detroit Granite Curling Club about 1868. The clubs on the Canadian side of the river are of more recent date, but several of them have acquired a high standing in the game, Thamesville Club having won the Ontario Tankard in 1888, and the clubs of Sarnia and Thamesville each given a president to the Association; and it may be safely predicted that under the friendly rivalry between these clubs, which in many instances partakes of an international character, the game of curling is sure to prosper in the district.

The much-coveted Tam o' Shanter

The members of the team, as we have said, very soon had to part with the supply of old broom-kowes which they had with them. This, perhaps, was not a matter for much regret, as these were found quite unsuited for the ice on the Canadian covered rinks. They could quite as easily have denuded themselves of their Kilmarnock bonnets or Tam o' Shanters. These had been specially hand-knitted for them by the only remaining maker, an old woman in Kilmarnock. They were not of the ordinary type, which was quite common with Canadian curlers—in fact, everywhere in evidence on the rinks out there. They were, like Tantallon, "broad, massive, high," and imposing in appearance,

especially with the thistle and tartan decoration in front. They were therefore much coveted by our Canadian friends. One of the team lost his at a hotel in the earlier stages of the journey—not an unmitigated misfortune, for it taught the others to be careful of theirs. The ladies more especially made a set at the bonnets. At Montreal one of the fair persuasion “right away” asked Major Scott Davidson for the gift of his bonnet, but the Major, equal as usual to the emergency, replied, “Miss —— I’m a married man!” The Captain had occasional hints that the best memento of his visit would be his Tam o’ Shanter; but as it had not only the ordinary thistle of the team but the sacred cross-crosslet thereon, he was as jealous of its possession as Samson ought to have been of his locks. The desire to gain possession of this bonnet reached its climax in this quarter, for, some days after the team’s departure, the Captain received the following amusing request:—

Oir Geill Cha d’Thug Camaranach Rianch.

SARNIA, ONT., February 16, 1903.

Rev. Dr. Kerr,

DEAR SIR—I have read with great interest how, before you came to this country, the difficulty you had in securing the Kilmarnock bonnet, and was glad that you succeeded. I am an officer in the Society of the Sons of Scotland here, and I take the liberty of asking you to donate to me your bonnet before you leave this country. I would consider it a great personal favour. I am what you would call an enthusiastic Scotsman, and am now about to organise a company of Kilted Volunteers to assist in keeping alive the good old Scotch sentiments. I hope that you will look upon my request favourably, and I would highly prize the gift and wear it on all Scotch occasions, and refer to your kindness to me.

I am pleased to learn that you and company have enjoyed your visit, and hope that you all may reach home safe, greatly benefited by the trip.

I would be delighted to receive the bonnet.—Yours very truly,

COLIN STUART CAMERON,
Sarnia, Ont.

The modest but covetous signature is essentially that of one who would answer well to the definition of the Scot as "one who keeps the Sawbath and everything else he can lay hands on." More luck to his next venture!

(7) At Detroit

After their brief experience at the royal city of Windsor the Scottish curlers were ferried across the broad river to Detroit, "the cleanest, brightest, neatest city in all the States." They had been anxious about their entry into America, for they had, they were told before landing, to answer the following questions:—

Can you read and write?

Has your ticket been paid for by yourself or by a corporation, society, municipality, or government?

Have you any money?

Have you any more than 30 dols.?

Have you ever been in prison or in a poorhouse?

Are you a polygamist?

Are you a contract labourer?

Are you deformed or crippled?

Some of the team were not quite sure if they could give satisfactory answers to these Yankee queries. To their relief, no questions were asked ere they alighted on States territory. Their luggage was not searched. It was a case of "snakes in Iceland,"—they had no luggage to be searched. On leaving Toronto they had been instructed to take as little as possible, and beyond their pyjamas and the suit they curled in, they had little additional to cumber their week's circular tour. Besides, they did not sleep at Detroit but at Windsor.

The idea of paying a visit to Detroit was mainly due to the following letter:—

John M'Leish, Esq.,
74-76 Great Clyde Street,
Glasgow, Scotland.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN, *July 28, 1902.*

FRIEND MACK—I have just heard that three or four rinks of curlers from Scotland are coming over this winter to make a tour of Canada; if there is any way that you can find out whether this is certain or not, and also find out who is going to be secretary or have charge of the trip, I wish you would let me know,—and if you can, please extend them an invitation to visit Detroit on their trip. As you well know, we are quite close by a good many of the principal towns in Canada: we have Windsor right across the river from us, Sarnia two hours' ride from us, and London about three hours from here, all good curling clubs, and a tour of Canada ought to include all of them. We will be very much pleased to receive them here, and will do our best to entertain them.

I am President this year of the Detroit Curling Club, and would like very much if I could induce the Scotsmen to visit us, and I will send them a formal invitation on receipt of the address asked for.

My kind regards to the Brodie family.—Yours truly,

JOHN STEVENSON.

Mr. M'Leish communicated this to Mr. W. Logan, Lochwinnoch, who in turn got into touch with the Secretary of the Royal Club.

Later on, the Secretary received the following:—

DETROIT, MICH., *October 23, 1902.*

Mr. A. Davidson Smith.

DEAR SIR—The Detroit Curling Club of Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A., is very anxious to meet the Scottish curlers for at least one game on the ice. To that end we have begged the privilege of those who have the Ontario Itinerary in charge, and now desire to extend direct our most hearty invitation to the Old Country curlers to spend at least a day in our city some time during their trip here.

Curling is fast becoming the great winter sport in this locality, and there are many clubs that would be inspired to greater enthusiasm by a game with you. Between Windsor, Ontario, which is just across the river from Detroit, and Detroit itself, we can furnish ten sheets of ice, and a game here would probably be participated in by the following clubs: Windsor, Ontario; Grand Rapids, Michigan; Sarnia, Ontario; Toledo, Ohio; and Detroit. We enclose a section of a map showing the location of these different places.

We trust that you can find it convenient to stop over here, and feel confident in offering you a good game and an interesting time.
—Yours truly,

E. M. HOLLAND, *Secretary.*

Acceptance of such kindly invitation was inevitable. Needless to say, when the curlers crossed the Detroit river they found a kindly Scottish welcome awaiting them. But the American section of the community was as cordial as the Scottish, and their first impressions of their cousins in the States were distinctly favourable. The battle of Detroit went all in favour of the invaders, who thus crowned the week's circuit with an American triumph.

Back to Toronto. Sabbath Observance Squalls, and other Excitements

After visiting Niagara and Hamilton, the Captain of the team saw fit to retrace his steps to the Queen City. He had been feeling the strain of the tour, and with a touch of influenza was rather "under weather," as they say out there. The making of arrangements ahead of each move had very much devolved upon him, and he had found that this work did not allow him to enter into the matches as he desired and intended. But the fact that the rinks were broken up by the accident to Mr. Smith, and again by the mishap to Major Bertram, made it

apparent to him that he would only be consulting the convenience of the other members of the team if he did not insist on taking part in the various matches, thus leaving a place for others. The week which demanded a visit to a new centre each day was trying to one who was not in form. Besides, Major Bertram's case was a matter of anxiety to him, for Dr. O'Reilly, the head of the hospital, had taken a rather serious view of it at the first. Some further details remained to be settled about the onward journey to Winnipeg and the States. The Captain, therefore, returned to Toronto on the Tuesday, making his headquarters there for the rest of the week, while the team went on the circular tour. The result of the matches was daily wired to him by Mr. Husband. These telegrams, which were transmitted in brief to the Home Country, were characteristic of our good Secretary, who did not spare an extra twenty-five cents when a win was recorded, as was often the case during this week. On the other hand, a defeat was telegraphed with the utmost brevity.

Speaking for himself, the Captain is conscious that he never spent a more profitable Sunday than at Niagara; deep feelings of awe and reverence had been inspired by the majestic vision, the sense of the eternal presence had been impressed on him and, he believes, on every member of the team as it had never been before; that visit to the great world-wonder had influenced their being indelibly for good. They had vividly realised that it was possible to reach through Nature up to Nature's God. How the great vision had influenced Charles Dickens, how a vision of the same magnificent order had influenced Coleridge, has already been told. Judge, then, the Captain's surprise on his return to Queen City, to read in the Toronto papers that from the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church, Jarvis

Street, the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Milligan, had denounced the Scots team for desecrating the Sabbath.

The Captain thought it his duty to defend the team, who had been most regular in their attendance at church during the tour, and never supposed that in turning



ICE MOUND AND ICE BRIDGE.

aside to behold this great wonder of the world they would give offence to any one. He also had to defend himself, as the denouncing doctor had singled him out for special condemnation. His first thought was to observe Solomon's maxim, "Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou be like unto him"; but he remembered that in the same breath the wise king had said, "Answer a fool in his own folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit."

He was informed that the Rev. Doctor was a sort of free-lance, whose volcanic pulpit eruptions sometimes startled the city; that he had attacked the Governor-General, Lord Minto, in something of the same way for something of the same kind; so the Captain of the Scottish Sabbath-breaking team sent this letter to the *Globe*, for the benefit of the Doctor and all whom it might concern:—

To the Editor of the *Globe*.

SIR—I see in your issue of to-day that the Rev. Dr. Milligan, of St. Andrew's Church, Jarvis Street, has been making some severe strictures from his pulpit on the visiting of Niagara Falls by the Scottish team of curlers on Sunday. He says the members of the team ought to be ashamed of themselves, and if there was a minister among them the matter was still worse. In the absence of members of the team from the city, I write on their behalf to say that I am sure no one had any idea that they would offend Dr. Milligan or anybody else, by taking the opportunity that was offered them of visiting one of the most wonderful and awe-inspiring works of the great Creator, whose majesty and glory are revealed in Nature as well as in revelation, sometimes more attractively than in some of our churches, where "new presbyter is but old priest writ large."

Since we came to Canada our team has regularly attended church, and surely a day off to worship the Almighty at such a magnificent shrine might be permitted us without our being held up, with the minister at the head, for the reprobation of the Toronto people, by Dr. Milligan, whose censure becomes the only fly in the pot of ointment in the grand reception given us by our brother Scots and our Canadian cousins. I have no doubt that the Doctor means well, but I venture as a minister to say that such narrow Judaistic conceptions as he seems to hold, in my opinion, do more harm to true religion than any visits of ours to Niagara on a Sunday can ever do. I pity the prospect of the churches in this great and promising country if they cannot go beyond the Rev. Doctor's conception of good conduct and good taste. Since I render him the honour of "all the sages," the Rev. Doctor will pardon me for slightly transposing a stanza from Nature's great poet, Wordsworth, who was also a good Christian:—

One impulse from Niagara
Will teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than Dr. Milligan.

JOHN KERR,
Captain of the Curling Team.

It may occur to some that an apology was due to Nature's bard for thus exalting the minister of St. Andrew's Church, Jarvis Street, but in extenuation we can only refer to the poet's sonnets on the river Duddon, the "Afterthought" to which is so suggestive of the sermon preached to us at Niagara:—

Backward, Duddon, as I cast my eyes,
I see what was, and is, and will abide ;
Still glides the stream, and shall for ever glide ;
The Form remains, the Function never dies ;
While we, the brave, the mighty and the wise,
We men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish ;—be it so !
Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live and act, and serve the future hour ;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.

The Captain's reply to this ebullient doctor of divinity had one marked effect. No Toronto clergyman came near him all the week while he resided at the Queen's, and none asked him to occupy a Toronto pulpit on the following Sunday.

From this it was inferred that the clergy of the city were of one mind with the Jarvis Street representative, which was proved by the fact that, at a meeting of Presbytery later on, this censure was homologated. The Captain received no communication from the Presbytery on the matter, a breach of courtesy which is surely reprehensible ; he only heard of their action in the public

prints, and after some delay he was able to secure the following certified extract, which he is preserving as a relic of antiquity in a casket, on the lid of which is inscribed a verse from the poet-laureate and chaplain of the Airthrey



AMERICAN FALL AND STATE OBSERVATION TOWER.
Looking down Ravine from Canadian side.

Castle Club, who in a running rhyming description of the tour said:—

They gaed ae Sabbath jauntin',
To see a waterfa',
When they'd been better chantin'
A Psalm, or maybe twa.

Presbytery of Toronto

At Toronto and within Knox Church there, Tuesday, the third day of February, one thousand nine hundred and three, the Presbytery of Toronto met and was duly constituted.

Sederunt, Mr. A. Macgillivray, Moderator, Drs. Carmichael, MacLaren, etc.

Inter alia:—Mr. J. A. Brown introduced a resolution respecting the action of certain parties in travelling upon the Lord's Day, but, as the hour for the public induction service had arrived before

the consideration of this matter was concluded, it was agreed to defer action meantime, and a Committee composed of Dr. Mackay, Messrs. Neil, Grant, and Brown was appointed to prepare a resolution thereon, and submit the same after the public induction services.

. . . Resuming the consideration of the matter of travelling on the Lord's Day, which was before the court at the time of adjourning for the public induction services, the following resolution was submitted, and on motion of Mr. D. C. Hossack, seconded by Dr. Mackay, was adopted by the Presbytery. "The Presbytery reasserts its sense of the importance of a proper observance of the Lord's Day, and its sympathy with every effort to maintain it in its integrity. The Presbytery further expresses its regret that Mr. Kerr and his party of Scottish curlers saw fit to give their sanction to the views and practices of those who seek to impair the sanctity and hallowed influences of that Divine institution."

Extracted from the records of the Presbytery of Toronto this fourteenth day of September 1903, by order of the Presbytery.

R. C. TIBB,
Presbytery Clerk.

If that were the opinion of Dr. Milligan and his brother clergy the Captain had ample proof that they did not interpret the opinion of the people of Toronto. He was inundated with letters on the subject, thanking him for speaking out as he had done, many of these proving that there is a great deal of narrow bigotry and ecclesiastical tyranny in Canada, and especially in Toronto, that would not be tolerated in the old country. No heed was given to the offer of several writers to describe Dr. Milligan's holiday Sundays in Paris, Scotland, and other places, which implied travelling on the Sabbath. That was an unprofitable line to pursue. One, writing from Oshawa, said:—

I read your reply to Dr. Milligan's tirade against the Scottish curlers visiting Niagara Falls on a Sunday with much pleasure. Perhaps, sir, you are not aware that the Doctor was a school teacher in his early days, and was built on the narrow-gauge principle;

and I should say he has been travelling on that line ever since. Besides, the Doctor has a penchant for notoriety, and likes to see his name in the papers, in season or out of season.

This was slightly better, for it pointed to what was human in the divine of Jarvis Street. But it was not good enough.

A more effective form of commentary on the Milligan position was the following letter written to the *Toronto World* by a well-known writer of Toronto, above the appropriate *nom de plume* of "Jeremiah Joyless."

Will you let me say a word or two regarding the controversy which has arisen over the visit of our Scottish curlers to Niagara Falls on a recent Sunday? I have read the defence of Rev. Mr. Kerr, and the rejoinder of Mr. W. Anderson McNeill, and everything else I have been able to run across bearing upon the matter, and I am heartily with Dr. Milligan. Toronto the good is to be congratulated that she has "in her midst" one who is ready to "cry aloud and spare not." Though I have to confess that I have never been able to find in my Bible a passage or text that enjoins the keeping of the first day of the week in the way the Jews were commanded to observe the seventh, I feel that I must not doubt that Dr. Milligan knows of some such portion of Scripture. I know, of course, that Martin Luther did not know of the passage, but then he was not a member of a Lord's Day Alliance. As for the Rev. Mr. Kerr, I do not hesitate to aver my belief that a man who will view the Falls of Niagara on Sunday is a man of such dull religious perception that he would be unable to perceive the sinfulness of walking in the woods on the Sabbath, of enjoying the beauty and fragrance of the flowers, the singing of the birds, the music of the streams and rills, and the hymning of the wind among the leaves and branches. Had such a man been privileged to live even under the godly influences of the days of the blue laws he would have been unable to discern the soul-perilling wickedness of whistling, looking cheerful, or even kissing his wife on the Sabbath Day. When we have satisfied ourselves that viewing the Falls on Sunday is sinful, the question arises: What shall we do about it? Were the statistics at hand I am sure they would show that the evil is on the increase. Every year an increasing number of men, women, and children view the Falls on Sunday. The thought is

an appalling one. The Lord's Day Alliance and the Ministerial Association ought to take the matter up and do something to prevent the Falls falling on Sunday.

Perhaps the most straightforward reply to the Rev.



Photo by White & Co., Port Huron, Mich.

J. T. NICHOLS.
Walkerton.



Photo by Diertamm.

WM. RICHARDSON.
Walkerton.

Doctor of Jarvis Street was that issued from the head officer of the Walkerton club to the following effect:—

The Walkerton Curling Club asserts its sense of the importance and proper observation of the laws of courtesy while entertaining guests from a foreign country, and hereby records its protest against the impertinence of the Toronto Presbytery. Such a lack of decency as was shown by that body cannot fail to do us much harm abroad, and make most of us at home feel very mean. The Club is of the opinion that it was no business of the reverend gentlemen what the Scottish curlers, who are not members of their congregations, did on Sunday or any other day, so long as they did not contravene the law of the land. The Scottish curlers came from a country where the Sabbath is observed with more sanctity than in any other country in the world, and we do not doubt that the gentlemen themselves belong to the best citizens of that country.

This, it is believed, was the voice of the curling fraternity generally, throughout Ontario and Canada.

It is a pity that the clergy, who have been so much identified with curling, should thus have to be described, in curling phraseology, as "owre nairry." Woe betide Christianity and religion if it is to be laid down as a principle or want of principle that it is a sin to go and survey such a glorious vision as Niagara on the Sabbath day. This kind of contention does more harm to Christianity than its holders ever dream of, and good people are repelled from the Church thereby. It is a mistake for the clergy to try and create sins where they do not exist. Surely there is sufficient for them to combat without doing so. We fear they of Toronto, who have no temptation to visit Niagara on a Sabbath, because they can see it any day, were, in Hudibrastic phraseology, "compounding for sins they felt inclined to, by damning those they had no mind to." For the sake of themselves, for the sake of their country, we hope they will widen out a bit and open up before the good folks of the Dominion a brighter view of Sunday and the other days of the week. In this connection the Captain recalls an interesting clerical experience. He had preached in St. Giles's Cathedral on the last Fast Day that was observed therein, now many years ago, and after service was walking round Arthur's Seat with the Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees, when they met the Rev. Mr. Pulsford, a Congregational minister in the city, whom Dr. Lees humorously twitted about being out there on such a day. "Ah!" said Mr. Pulsford, "there is more of heaven out here than in many of our churches."

Believing that an occasional Sunday visit to Niagara might benefit the pulpit-teaching of Toronto, the impatient Captain of the Scottish curlers has one kindly request to make of the clergy of Queen City, viz. that

on the Sunday nearest to the anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, who hated "canting zealots," and of the visit of the Scots team to Niagara, they should all go to the Falls, take their hats and shoes off, and for a brief space, *if possible*, HAUD THEIR WHEESHT. It would do them and their congregations good.

During the week, by the kind invitation of Mr.



THE LATE CHARLES W. TAYLOR.
Business Manager of the *Globe*.



D. K. WILKIE.
Toronto Club.

Taylor, the General Manager of the *Globe*, which paper devoted much attention to the tour of the Scottish curlers, the Captain attended a luncheon party at which the editor of the *Globe*, the Rev. Mr. Macdonald, and all the leading citizens were present, and where the Scottish team were duly toasted.¹ Another function which he found very interesting, and to which he was asked as Captain of the team, was a dinner given by the members of the

¹ The sad news of Mr. Taylor's sudden death came to us as this was passing through the press. To know him was to love him.

Toronto Club

to Mr. H. C. Hammond, their chairman. This club, of which we give a photo,¹ was close by the Queen's Hotel where the team resided, and it was interesting to find that the Secretary thereof, Mr. Eustace Smith, was a brother of the esteemed Secretary of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, Mr. Davidson Smith.



Photo by Bryce.

H. C. HAMMOND.
Chairman Toronto Club.

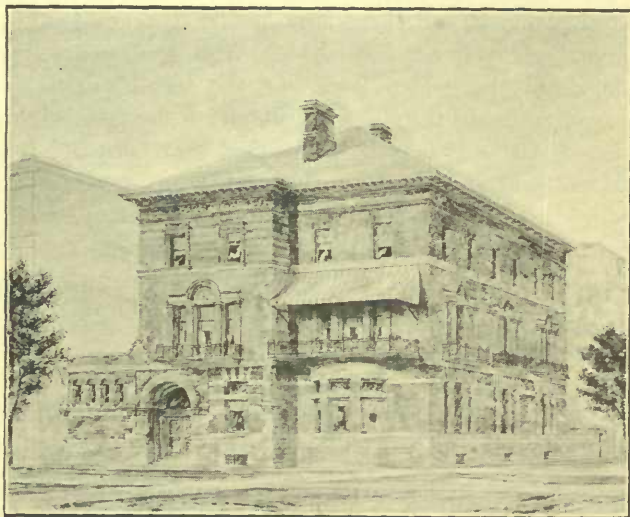


EUSTACE SMITH.
Secretary Toronto Club.

Like most others in the cities where the team visited, the Toronto Club offered the full use of its privileges to the Scottish curlers during their stay in the city, and these were very much enjoyed by the majority of the members. The Toronto Social Club has the distinction of being perhaps the oldest organisation of the kind in the Dominion of Canada, for its existence goes back to the earlier half of last century. Though the club was only incorporated under the Act of the Legislative

¹ This and the photos of Mr. Hammond and Mr. Smith are by kind favour of the *Toronto Saturday Night*, one of the best Canadian weeklies.

Council and Assembly of Canada in the year 1863, it appears that it was really in existence in the 'forties, when a number of Old Country men, who had come to this then very wooden part of the world and missed the social institutions of Old England and Scotland, were wont to meet together in a convivial way. After moving about



TORONTO CLUB.

from place to place a fine club-house was at last secured at the corner of Wellington and York Streets, and the club amalgamated with the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. The present building is one of the best of its kind in the Dominion. The members of the club are specially proud of the sunny and spacious palm-room adjoining the second story. This room is something unique in the club-houses of Toronto, and is valued not alone for the wealth of rare exotics it contains, but chiefly perhaps for

its exquisite charm as a retreat for club-men who wish to seek the solace of after-dinner cigar amidst ideal surroundings. A great many fine and rare pictures, articles of vertu, and valuable bric-a-brac adorn the interior of the club-house, and in the broad halls and stately rooms there is an air of elegance surpassed in few buildings devoted to social enjoyment. The club has a reputation of exclusiveness, and there is no doubt that admission to its membership is not furnished, as in a great many other cases, simply by golden keys, but the social qualities of the applicants are the chief consideration for membership. In proof of this it may be mentioned that both Sir John A. Macdonald and the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie were members of this club, and to-day prominent citizens of both political parties, and representing every religious denomination, are found in the membership of the club, the oldest member being Mr. Christopher Robinson, K.C., who joined in 1880.

The gathering in honour of Mr. Hammond, the present chairman, was one of the most representative that have ever been witnessed in Toronto.

The company included Messrs. D. M. Robertson, Geo. W. Bonnare, Hon. Sec.; Frederic Nicholls, H. Montsambert, F. S. Barnard, Sutherland Schakliu, An. Boswell, F. M. Marson, W. R. Wadsworth, J. W. Leslie, C. W. Clinch, A. H. Bright, Alfred Johnston, J. F. Michie, Frank Darling, J. C. Kemp, Hugh Lumsden, W. Macdonald, Angus Kirkland, T. O. Law, H. D. Warren, C. Baines, John Massey, D. R. Wilkie, W. H. B. Aikins, Geo. Cockburn, Albert M'Donald, W. Falconbush, Oliver Adams, James F. W. Ross, N. Turner, W. D. Ross, D. R. Bougard, W. Smith, George N. Mosang, C. S. MacInnes, Stewart Houston ("salad days"), J. Martin, Leigh M. M'Carthy, R. B. Henderson, J. Gordon M'Donald, A. H. Campbell, jr., Fred Stewart, Edward Cronyld, A. O. Bearchune, W. Malcolm, A. P. Burritt, H. S. Osler, J. Gordon, jr., A. Ewan, John G. Ridont, J. D. Armstrong, M. Paterson, J. Fraser M'Donald, F. Bethune, W. Johnstone, Stewart

Gordon, A. M'Kellor, C. Walter, W. S. Andrews, W. E. P. Cassels, A. H. Wright, W. H. Cawthra, Allan Baines, Victor Cawthra, G. Stirling Ryerson, C. Cockshott, Nicol Kinggranler, J. M. Alexander, C. D. Fry, H. J. Bethune, G. W. Bonner, A. M. Stewart, O. Cleadlin, C. C. Baines.

During the evening the "Scottish Team" was proposed by the chairman, and very heartily received by this large assemblage of representative citizens of Toronto. A good many humorous allusions were made in the course of the proceedings to Dr. Milligan's attack upon the team for the Sunday visit to Niagara, which the members of the Toronto Club did not seem to view through the same spectacles as the Rev. Doctor, though a good many of them were members of his congregation.

It seems only fair, before bidding good-bye to the curlers of this great province, to put on record our admiration of the perfect way in which the programme for the tour was drawn up, and the smoothness with which everything, including the transference of our curling-stones from rink to rink, worked. In regard to their ice and the beauty of their buildings for the enjoyment of curling, it may also be said that at Toronto they fairly take the cake. In the case of the Queen City Curling Club, the rink there at the corner of Church and Hayden Streets, which had been completed a short time previously, is certainly one of the finest in Canada. It was thus described in a local journal after its construction: "The building is of brick, with a dome roof supported by trusses on solid piers, and the five sheets of ice are therefore free from posts or other obstacles to interfere with curling. The interior of the rink has been widened, and there is an abundance of light. The club-rooms on the lower floor have been provided with a splendid sitting-room, coat-room, lockers, and telephone office, and the outlook over

the ice is such that a spectator can get a good view of the five different sheets. On the next flat may be seen one of the neatest parlours that any club can boast of, being furnished in golden oak, with carpets and draperies of crimson, and the decorations harmonise with the surroundings. Off this parlour is a small room furnished in similar style, which may be used as a private or committee room. From the main parlour a grand view may be had of the ice, the same as from the lower floor. A very complete residence has also been provided for the steward under the same roof, and there does not seem to be anything wanting throughout the entire building."

A word of commendation is also necessary to do justice to the very comfortable manner in which the Scottish team were entertained at the Queen's Hotel during their stay in the city. A former landlord of this hotel, Mr. M'Gaw, was himself one of the most noted curlers of Canada in his day. In the private room of the hotel the Captain of the team was very interested to notice some curious views of curling in its early stages in Canada, which included as alarmed-looking spectators a good many Red Indians in their war-paint.

The Queen's Hotel as a building is not so massive as many of the others visited during the tour, but in regard to cuisine it was certainly not surpassed in all our experience in Canada, everything being fresh and up to the mark, and served with an alacrity which is quite uncommon in our experience of Canadian hotels. As a sample of the treatment of the inner man at the Queen's, the *menu* of Saturday evening, January 24, may here be given:—

Gumbo à la Creole.
Consommé Paysanne.
Celery. Dressed Lettuce.

Baked Haddock.	Sauce Fleurette.	
Tumbale of Turkey Wings.	Vefour.	
French Pancakes à la confiture.		
Roast Ribs of Beef.	Horse Radish.	
Young Goose, with Potato Dressings.	Apple Sauce.	
Lamb.	Mint Sauce.	
Boiled Potatoes.	Mashed Potatoes.	Stewed Tomatoes.
Mashed Parsnips.	Green Peas.	
Stewed Celery in Cream.		
Game.	Haunch of Venison with Jelly.	
Steamed Queen Pudding.	Custard Sauce.	
Sliced Green Apple Pie.	Cocoonut Pie.	
Philadelphia Ice Cream.	Brandy Jelly.	
Scotch Cake.	Citron Cake.	
Oranges.	Bananas.	Spy Apples.
Sliced Fresh Pineapple.		
Almonds.	Walnuts.	
Dehesa Raisins.		
Cheese.	M'Laren's Imperial.	
Roquefort.		

The hotel, one is not surprised to hear, is a great favourite with distinguished visitors to Toronto, and during the week in which we had the pleasure of being there, among several other famous artistes staying at the hotel were Madame Albani and Madame Sarah Bernhardt. In this district, of which Madame Albani is a native, they are all very proud of her, and the religious devotion and works of charity of the French-Canadian *prima donna* are much appreciated by the people of Canada. This, however, does not ward off the sly hits at great people which seem popular in the Canadian newspapers, of which this may be quoted as a sample: "Madame Albani is again on her farewell tour through Canada. Can the oldest inhabitant remember when Madame Albani began her farewell tours?"

The members of the team who had been on this interesting circuit returned to Toronto on Sunday night

that they might be ready to leave for the great Mecca of the curling brotherhood—Winnipeg, to which they were all looking forward with the greatest interest. They were all delighted to hear good accounts of the condition of Major Bertram in the hospital—whose accident had at first caused them considerable anxiety—though it was matter of regret that the Major would not be able to proceed with them to Winnipeg.

The Captain of the team in his stay at Toronto had now made complete arrangements in regard to what awaited them for the rest of the tour, more especially in the United States. Among other things he had decided, in

reply to an urgent invitation, that they should halt at Utica before proceeding to New York.

The team, after doing a great many of the sights in the forenoon and an early luncheon at the Queen's, assembled at the station to leave for Winnipeg by the 1.45 P.M. train. As usual, a great gathering of the curlers was present to give them a hearty send-off. Just before the start the Captain of the team presented Mr. J. M'Fadden, the Secretary of the Ontario Association, with



Photo by Noble, Toronto, Ont.

J. A. M'FADDEN.

Secretary and Treasurer O.C.A.

a handsome breast-pin in the form of a silver curling-broom and cairngorm curling-stone, the gift of Mr. Henry Kirkwood, jeweller, Edinburgh, who had handed it to the Captain before leaving to bestow it on whom he might think most worthy. So pleased were all the

members of the team with the arrangements in the Ontario province, which had been very much the work of Mr. McFadden, and with his devoted attention to them during their tour around the other cities in the Toronto district, that it was thought fitting to bestow upon him this mark of their appreciation. The worthy Secretary of the branch was so taken aback that he was unable to say anything at the time, but after the team had left he addressed a letter to the Captain expressing his exceeding gratitude for the gift, and saying it would be ever cherished by him as a memento of the memorable visit of the Scotsmen. The good folks of Toronto, bearing in mind that the Scotsmen had now a two days' and two nights' journey before them, acted on Dugald Dalgetty's campaigning principle and placed on board a variety of useful refreshments to lighten the tediousness of the long journey. Amid ringing cheers the train moved off with the team on their way to the wild and woolly West.

Curling in Peterborough and Vicinity

(Omitted inadvertently under Peterborough)

A curling club existed in this city in 1858. It was composed mainly of immigrants from Scotland; the membership was small, and there was no other club in the neighbourhood with which they could try conclusions on the ice, and excite emulation, until the Keene Club was formed in 1861. Nor did they have a covered rink until 1878, when they erected a very fine one on the western bank of the Otonabee river, which was opened with a tournament, attended by a large number of clubs, adding greatly to the prestige of the Peterborough Club, and the popularity of the game in the town. The Toronto Club carried off the trophy after a number of keenly contested matches, in one of which one additional end had to be played to decide the winning team, giving the numerous onlookers an exhibition of the intense excitement that characterises the game of curling in such critical circumstances.

In 1892 the club was the "runner-up" for the Ontario Tankard, which is the blue ribbon competition of the Ontario Curling Association, to win which is the highest honour in curling in Ontario; and the honour of being the last competing club does not fall much short of that of the winner. In 1896 they divided the club into two, viz. the Granite and the Thistle Clubs, with a view to create rivalry between the two, and arouse more interest in the game. They play frequent matches with the Lindsay Club, and hold their own well against that large and famous club; they also maintain friendly curling intercourse with the Keene Club, and with those in Lakefield, Bobcaygeon, Norwood, and Campbellford, and are holding aloft the Curling Banner in the district. For some years they played an annual match with the Toronto Club, with honours equally divided. The rink they now have was erected in 1884, has room for six sheets of ice for curling, and is maintained in excellent condition throughout each curling season.

They have given two Presidents to the O.C.A., viz. Dr. R. P. Boucher in 1890-91, and Colonel Edwards in 1901-2, both of whom acquitted themselves well in their high position.

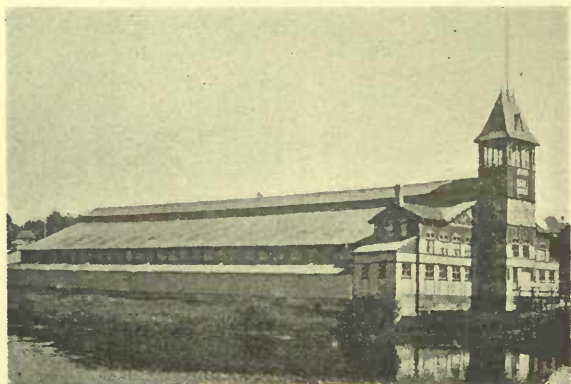
Curling in Stratford and Vicinity

(Omitted inadvertently under Stratford)

Curling in this vicinity is entirely done within enclosed buildings, every club having accommodation for from four to six rinks. When, however, the St. Mary's devotees of the game organised in 1866, conditions were different. The stone town was the proud possessor of a dam and mill pond, and it was on this pond, in the open bracing air tempered by the breezes which swept up the flats of the river Thames, that curling was first introduced as an organised sport in this part of Western Ontario; and the names of such men as Sam Sparling, W. Somerville, George Grant, J. D. Moore, W. Andrews, T. O. Robson, and J. M. Weir will always be honoured as the pioneers of curling in this district. In fact, they did much for the game in the province. Scotsmen all, none more thoroughly enjoyed a keen contest, and none were more ready to shake a successful opponent by the hand when the contest was over. The honour roll of the Ontario Tankard competition shows that St. Mary's won it in 1884, and were runners-up in 1887, 1896, and 1899. Though many of the veterans are gone, the club is still vigorous, with a membership of about thirty-five. Within ten years of the organisation of the St. Mary's Club many of the

towns and villages in the vicinity organised clubs of their own, including the Scotch village of Bright, where many had learnt the game in "Auld Scotia," the town of Walkerton on the shore of Lake Huron, and the town of Seaforth. Walkerton was successful in winning the Ontario Tankard in 1890, and Seaforth has been prominent in the contest several times, and is one of the strongest clubs in the West.

From 1875 onward, clubs began to spring into existence, until at the present day scarcely a town or village but has its curling club; and all are in a strong, vigorous condition, and many of them



STRATFORD RINK.

are prominent in the contests which take place every year in the Curling World.

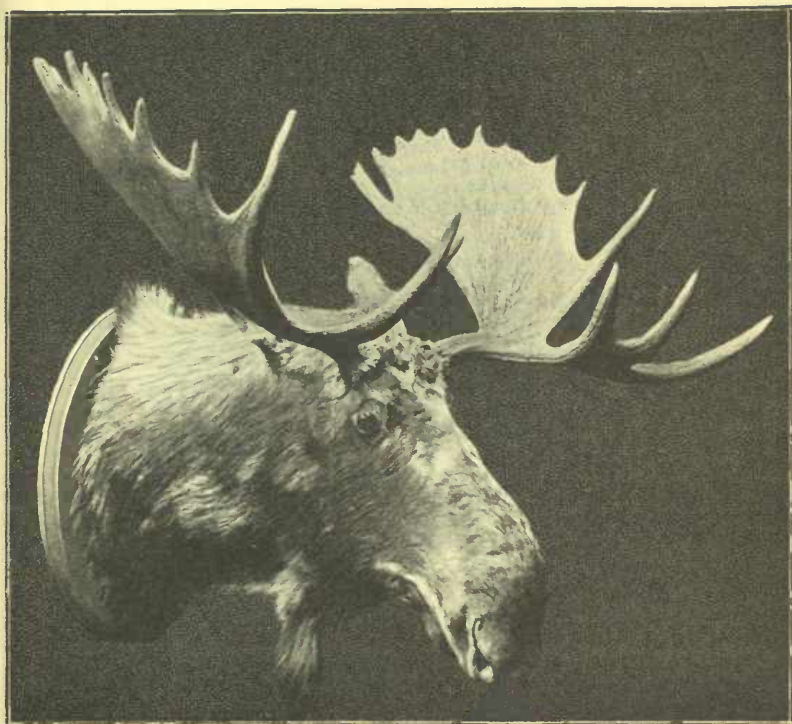
It was not until February 3, 1887, that Stratford Curling Club was organised, with a membership of twenty. The game at once became popular, and the membership increased to about fifty in a couple of years' time. Much of the success of the club is due to Mr. A. F. McLaren, M.P., who was President for several years until 1894. Stratford has one of the finest rinks in Canada, and also has a curling rink which is devoted to curling alone, and they are able to lay out eight rinks of ice at one time. The club has made steady progress, and is now one of the liveliest sporting clubs of the city, with a membership of about seventy. The visit of the Scottish curlers in January 1903 was much appreciated by the curlers in this vicinity. Although the weather was not favourable to curling, yet their visit will be long remembered

by the brethren here, and will do much to stimulate the true spirit of curling amongst the members. In Mr. A. F. McLaren the Stratford Club has given to the Ontario Curling Association one of its most active and useful Presidents.

THE ONTARIO TANKARD

As this Tankard is the principal trophy of this great Province, the honour roll is here given.

Winning Club.	Year.	Last Competing Club.
Hamilton Thistle	1875	Hamilton Mechanics
Toronto	1876	Orillia
Toronto	1877	No other competitor
Hamilton Thistle	1878	Port Hope
Bowmanville	1879	Galt
Port Hope	1880	Bowmanville
Hamilton Thistle	1881	Port Hope
Toronto Caledonian	1882	Bowmanville
Brampton	1883	Barrie
St. Mary's	1884	Orillia
Orillia	1885	Hamilton Thistle
Toronto Granite	1886	Guelph
Paris	1887	St. Mary's
Thamesville	1888	Galt
Galt	1889	Toronto Granite
Walkerton	1890	Toronto Granite
Hamilton Thistle	1891	Toronto Prospect Park
Toronto Granite	1892	Peterborough
Bobcaygeon	1893	Oshawa
Toronto Granite	1894	Dundas
Hamilton Thistle	1895	Lindsay
Toronto Granite	1896	St. Mary's
Lindsay	1897	Hamilton Victoria
Lindsay	1898	Dundas
Fergus	1899	St. Mary's
Toronto Granite	1900	Forest City
Paris	1901	Hamilton Thistle
Lindsay	1902	Caledonian
Dundas	1903	Lindsay



MOOSE HEAD.

Gifted to R.C.C.C. by Mr. Calder, Taxidermist, Winnipeg, 1902.

CHAPTER XI

FAR WEST TO WINNIPEG

Haul up the Union Jack, my boys,
We will united be ;
And Britons will be Britons still
At home and o'er the sea.

Our sons in distant Colonies,
They love to see it wave ;
It has a charm their hearts to warm,
And makes them firm and brave.

CURLING TOUR

Still closer draw the Colonies
 With kindness like a band ;
 The days will come when we at home
 Will need their helping hand.

But trust not to Alliances
 With Nations envy-swayed ;
 On kindred birth and native worth
 Let all our hopes be stayed.

And help to build up Canada,
 She's loyal to the core ;
 When strong she grows she'll tell our foes,
 " Hands off from Britain's shore."

The grand old flag must be supreme
 Upon the ocean wave ;
 Our trade at sea requires that we
 No rival there can have.

For him within our border
 Would side with Britain's foe ;
 The traitor knave in traitor's grave,
 Dishonoured, lay him low.

D. M'LEISH.¹

Oak Lake, Manitoba.

ANY one who has been through this tract of Canada in the winter season must know that the country through which the curlers passed from Toronto to Winnipeg is, more especially under a covering of snow, devoid of any picturesque features. Indeed, the signs of life everywhere were like angels' visits—few and far between. "A shaggy, unpeopled wilderness" aptly describes the most of it. Now and then, as the train drew up at some station on the line, the monotony of the journey was relieved by a visit from curlers of the district, for, however unpretentious might appear the places of call,

¹ The author of these verses, which have such a fine patriotic "Scots Wha Hae" ring about them, is a Perthshire man, and now resident in that county. He was formerly in Manitoba, where several of his sons are now farming, and it was while resident there that he wrote the verses in the year 1892. They were sent to us by a member of the team, Mr. W. Henderson, Lawton, Coupar-Angus, with the suggestion that they should be inserted in this volume, where they are certainly welcome. In handing them to Mr. Henderson the old man said, "You will see that Chamberlain is now where I was ten or twelve years ago."

each seemed to be so far civilised as to have a flourishing curling club, and at several, so devoted were they to the game, that with their "rocks" and besoms they boarded the train and journeyed with the Scots to partake in the great Bonspiel at Winnipeg. Skip Flavelle and his merry men from Lindsay got a very warm reception from the Scotsmen when they joined the company, and during the journey Mr. Flavelle's conversation



BARRIE RINK.

J. H. Nielands. D. A. McNiven. A. Brownlie. H. J. Grasett, skip.

regarding curlers and curling matters in his district, in which he is such a renowned authority, was both interesting and useful. One of our team, Mr. Gibson, had gone on a few days before to Barrie, where he joined us *en route*, being escorted to the train by some of the local curlers. Mr. Jarvis, one of the finest tenor singers, was also found to be on the train on his way to sing at the great concert which had been arranged by the Manitoba branch in honour of the Scotsmen. By singing at various times in excellent form Mr. Jarvis helped to wile away the tediousness of the long journey,

and the members of the team who were gifted in that direction did not spare themselves in their efforts to make the time lively.

At one stage an important meeting of the whole team was convened, when, in view of the matches for which entries had been made at the great Bouspiel, it was agreed to reorganise the rinks, by choosing the eight strongest players to form two rinks which should represent Scotland when two rinks only were required, while three other members of the team were chosen to act as skips and organise into rinks the remaining players. This experiment was rather like swopping horses when crossing the stream, and, as most curlers may suppose, it did not turn out to be a very successful move. Not having played together before leaving Scotland, and not knowing each other's powers, the team was quite sufficiently handicapped at the start. Since they had landed they had come to know each other, and had learned to play together in the rinks as they had been arranged, with wonderful results, so that they might have gone forward hopefully toward the great Bouspiel at Winnipeg; but by this complete overturning rearrangement they were still further handicapped; for, as usual, the eight names that came out highest in the voting were those of skips, while two good leads and two good seconds were really more important for the formation of two strong rinks.

Every preparation possible seemed to have been made at Winnipeg for the reception of the Scottish team, and at Rat Portage a special train with a committee of welcome met the team and welcomed them to Manitoba. This committee consisted of Mr. William White, manager of the C.P.R., who hailed from Charlestown, Fifeshire, and knew our worthy Secretary, Mr. Macgechan, Mr. Alex. Black, Mr. G. W. Murray (a brother of Mr. D. Murray,



PAST PATRONS OF BRANCH.

Wm. Whyte.

Hon. J. C. Patterson, ex-Lt.-Gov. Manitoba.

Thos. Taylor.

W. R. Baker.

Lord Stratheona.

one of the members of the team), Alderman Barclay, the convener, and others.

The city of Winnipeg, which was reached on Wednesday, February 4, at twelve noon, after forty-six hours of a continuous railway journey, was all on the *qui vive* awaiting the arrival of the Scots. Not only from the business point of view, to which the committee of the province did full justice, but song and sentiment on every hand gave expression to the welcome of the Far West. Mr. D. M'Vicar, as the team did not stay to play at Rat Portage, greeted them in the name of his brother curlers with the following welcome:—

We welcome ye, sonsie callants,
Tae the land o' the great Maniton,
For oor hairts beat true tae the tartan,
And the bonnie bonnets o' blue.

Come wi' your stanes and besoms,
Frae Teviot and frae Tweed,
Frae the braes aboon Gleniffer,
And the buchts o' Dunnet Head.

But leave at hame yer sporrans,
Yer philabegs sae braw,
For here Jock Frost is trumpeting
That it's twenty-four below.

And dinna fetch yer claymores,
Yer dirks and skean dhu,
Tae frichten a' our cailliachs,
Oor dusky Crees and Sioux ;

For oor scores we dinna settle
By the cute auld Scottish plan
O' drawing dirk and claymore
And rippin' up our man.

The Winnipeg bard, calling himself the native of the land of porridge and poetry, called on his neighbours in the following strains:—

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory.

BURNS.

Harken ! ye curlers, hark ! I say ;
 With one accord let's shout hurray !
 To welcome to oor city here
 The curling Scots ; come, cheer, boys, cheer.

Play up, ye bandsmen, play, I say !
 That fav'rite tune of " Scots Wha Hae " ;
 For gathered here in one great throng
 Are men who surely love that song.

Forward, ye councillors ; forward go ;
 And let these merry Scotsmen know
 By cheery chant and shake of hand,
 That they are welcome to our land.

Again, ye curlers, once again
 A hearty welcome give these men.
 Let every man among you cheer,
 The Scottish curling team's now here.

Mr. Thomas Tod, an old East Lothian curler, who had gone out to seek his fortune in Canada, and who is both an artist and a poet, made a special commemoration of the coming of the Scots by the etchings which are reproduced at pages 24 and 25, representing " Canuck " extending a hearty welcome to " Scottie." Mr. Tod also indited the following excellent

ODE OF WELCOME TO THE ROYAL CURLERS FROM SCOTLAND

Here's welcome tae ye, Scotia's sons,
 True brethren o' the broom, we greet ye,
 The hand o' freendship we extend,
 Ilk' curler here is gled tae meet ye.

CURLING TOUR

An' comin' frae the land ye dae,
 The birthplace o' oor noble game,
 There's mony here are doubly gled
 Tae shak' a hand frae their auld hame.

An' mony a cheerie crack we'll hae,
 Renew auld freendships, mak' some ithers,
 For Scots, it's kened the warld ower,
 Especially curlers, are a' brithers.



Photo by Bennetto & Co., Winnipeg.

THOMAS TOD.

Brithers around the social board,
 Upon the ice it's jist the same,
 Naething will please us better than
 Mak' ye forget ye're no' at hame.

We ken ye come na' here for pelf,
 For jugs or mugs or sic' na' sort,
 Adventure, freendship, brocht ye here,
 The inborn, manly love o' sport.

Or may be as in days o' yore,
 The days o' that famed Grecian younker,
 Ye've travelled a' thae wearie miles,
 Tae look for ither warlds tae conquer.

It's but a slippery game at best,
An' mony a well-focht "end" we'll hae,
Nae sayin' hoo the stanes may rin,
It nicht prove your Thermopylæ.

But let the luck gang as it will,
We'll tak' oor licks and ne'er be snarlin',
We've seen baith sides o' Fortune's face,
In this Metropolis o' curlin'.

But while ye're here, oor aim will be
Tae mak' your stay a time o' pleasure,
Ye're welcome tae the best we hae,
An' that wi' neither stint nor measure.

An' when ye gang, as gang ye must,
Tae keep ye aye we canna' beg,
A kindly memory's a' we ask,
O' your wee while in Winnipeg.

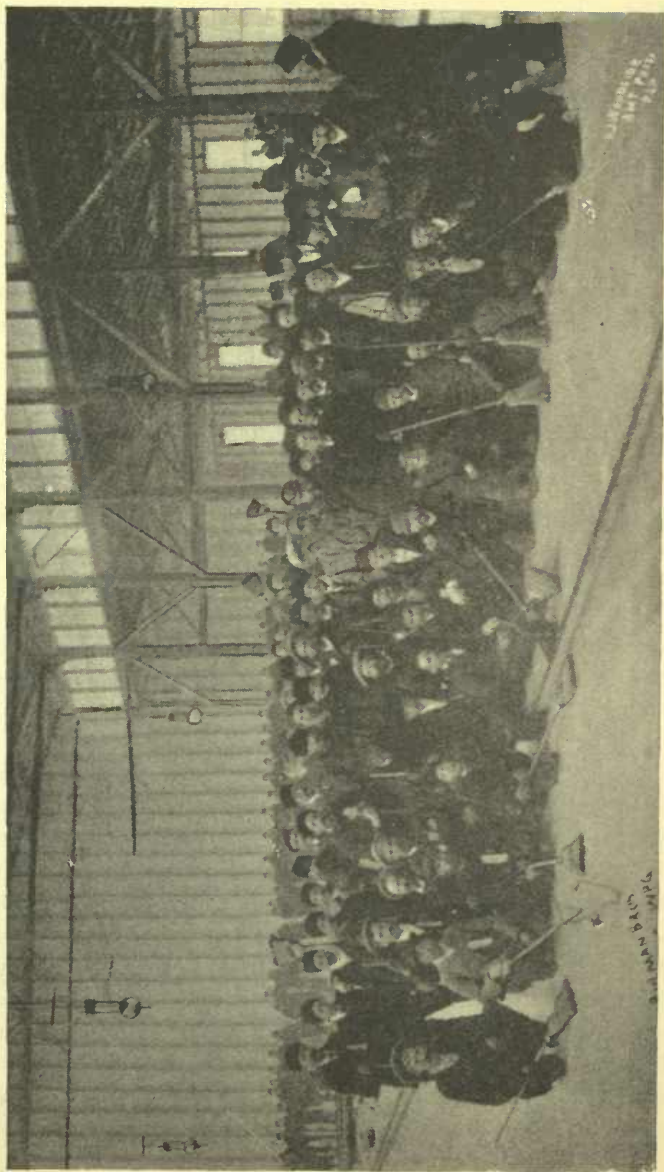
THOS. TOD.

Both of these were published in the pamphlet which was drawn up by the Executive of the Manitoba Association in view of the Scottish visit.

During the time of this annual gathering at Winnipeg the city presents the spectacle of being wholly given over to curling for a fortnight. In the life of those who, out in the Far West, are seeking to make gold out of grain, the rather monotonous work of the farm is varied twice in the year—first, by the exhibition which takes place annually at Winnipeg in summer, and second by the great winter curling carnival. From what they now delight to speak of as the granary of the world they have then stowed away in the great and ugly "elevators," which abound everywhere, their stores of "No. 1 hard"—last year the amount was 85,000,000 bushels—and now they seek a little diversion and an outlet for their superfluous cash, so they turn their attention to the Winnipeg Bonspiel. It is not only the farmer who thus

seeks holiday, but everybody else seems to catch the infection. We were told of one amusing instance in the case of a heathen Chinee, who was running a laundry some 500 miles away from the city—these establishments, as it seems, being commonly in the hands of Chinamen. This man had gone off with his farmer neighbours to the Bonspiel, and over the entry to the laundry was stuck this intimation—“This establishment is closed during the Bonspiel at Winnipeg.”

The farmers and others came from all quarters, including the United States and the farthest west of the Dominion. Several rinks hailed from a distance of 1500 miles, the curlers thus travelling 3000 miles, and spending four days in the train, that they might attend the Bonspiel. Edmonston, in the Far West, Drayton, Duluth, and St. Paul across the southern border all sent representatives. There was even a rink or two present from the Yukon. If Canada be the chosen home of Scotland's ain game, where it can be enjoyed with a fulness that is out of the question in the Old Country, then undoubtedly Winnipeg is the very fireplace or hearth of the game in the Dominion. In the annals of curling there has been no place like Winnipeg, and no one can foretell the future that awaits the game at that great centre, which has fitly been called “the future Chicago of Canada.” We have, at home, our Grand Match, North *versus* South in Scotland, where more than 2000 curlers annually assemble in battle array, but that is simply a one-day gathering. At Winnipeg 800 or so, accompanied by their wives and daughters and sweet-hearts, take up residence for a fortnight. For the time, as Athens was given over to idolatry, Winnipeg is wholly given over to curling. What St. Andrews is to golf, so is Winnipeg to that other royal and ancient



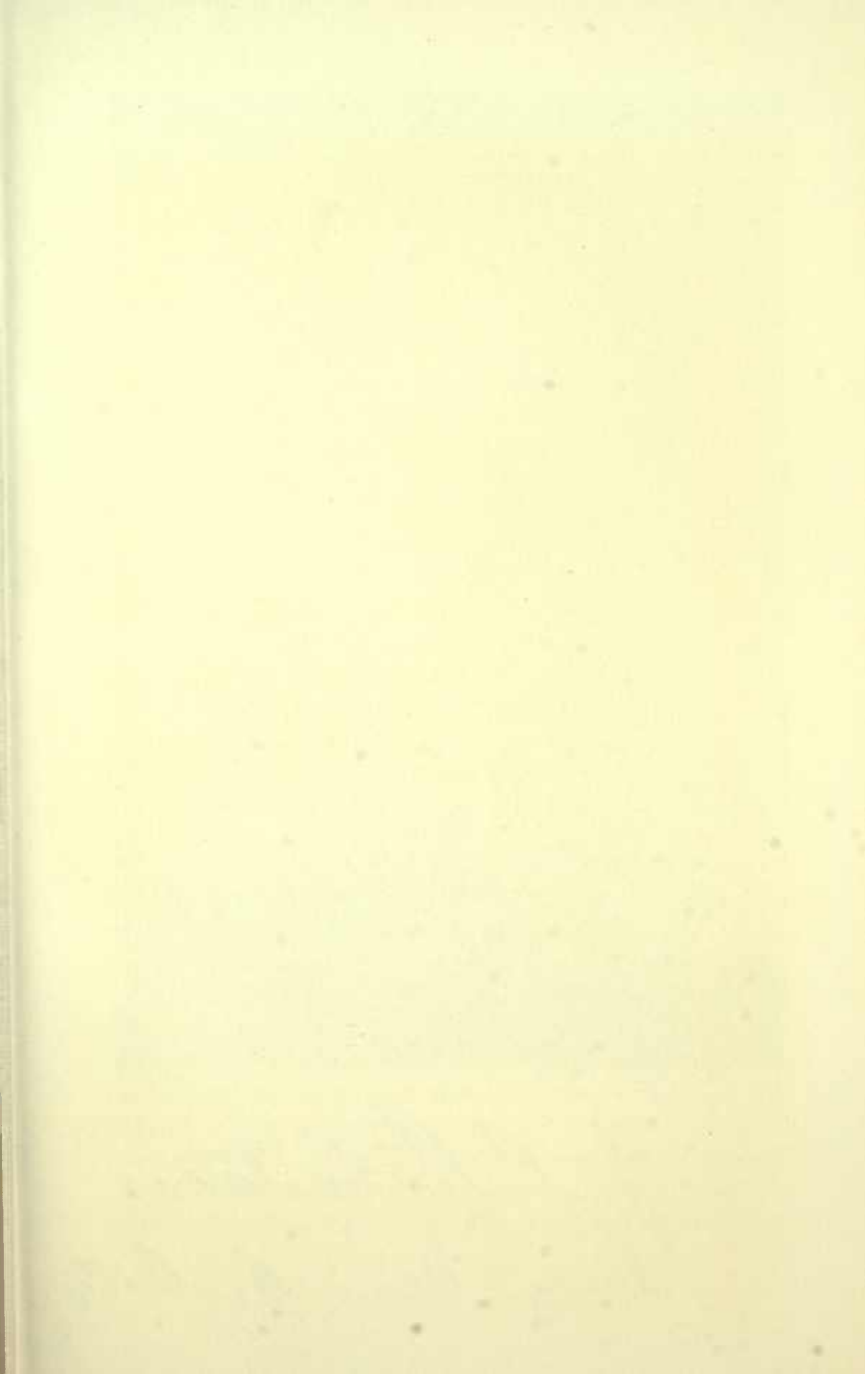
GRANITE CLUB GROUP, WINNIPEG.

game. To vary the words of Murray, of the *Scarlet Gown*, one might say—

Curl, curl, curl's all the story ;
In despair my overburdened spirit shrinks,
Till I wish that every curler was in glory,
And the lakes might overflow the rinks.

The newspapers are all issued with glaring headings about the various competitions, the entries and the draws for the same. The cups and prizes are valuable, and of every shape and form. It may perhaps not be a promising feature, but it is certainly a prominent one, that companies of various kinds and enterprising firms, by way of advertisement, provide the most of these trophies, which are really so numerous that each rink visiting Winnipeg may well be excused for hoping that it will not return home without annexing one or other. Prizes flow in from every quarter, and the difficulty of the Executive appears to be to limit the rate at which the generous donors are prepared to advertise themselves and at the same time encourage the curlers.

When Manitoba burst into fame as the great wheat-growing province of Canada, there was, some twenty years ago, a considerable emigration thereto from the great province of Ontario, in which we had spent such an enjoyable time. Those who moved westward took their love of the "roaring game" with them, and in 1888 they formed a branch of the Royal Caledonian Club for Manitoba and the adjoining territories. In the following year a great *Bonspiel* was arranged, which was regarded as one of the most successful events that had ever been brought off in America, about 1200 dollars having been subscribed as a *Bonspiel* Fund, from which a grand challenge medal, an international trophy, and several



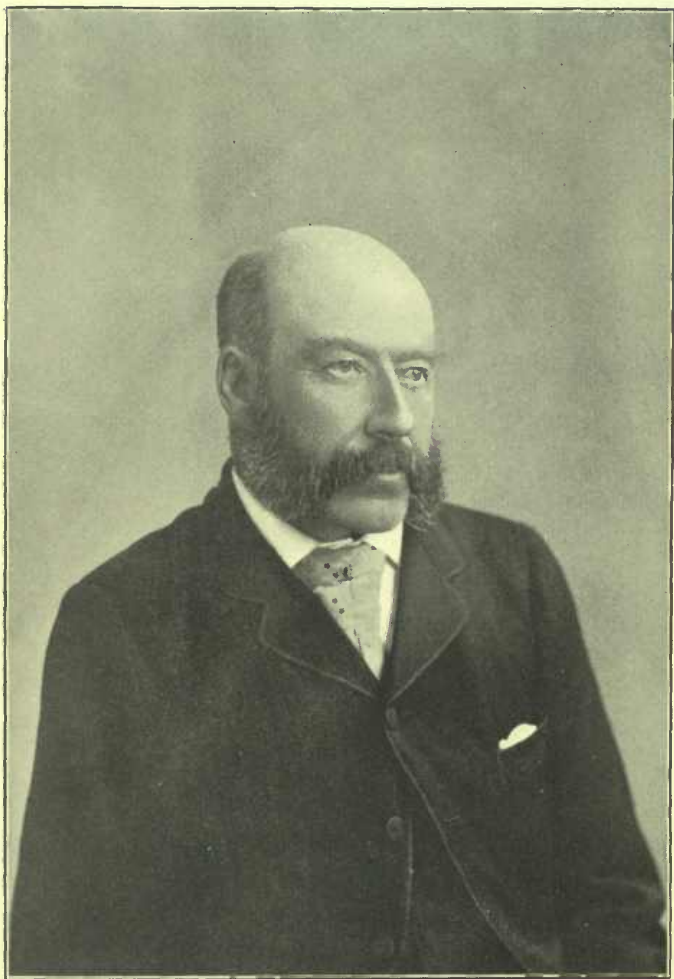


Photo by Parlin, Winnipeg.

Face p. 455.

*J. P. Robertson
Secy. Man. Br. N. C. C.*

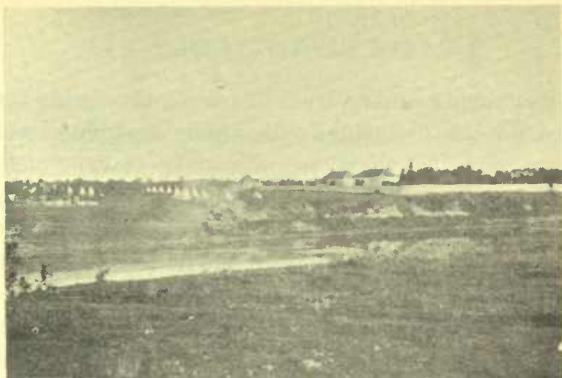
gold medals were provided as prizes. The Association thus attracted curlers to Winnipeg from other Associations in Canada and the States. The branch thus formed has been very prosperous, its prosperity doubtless being in great measure due to the energetic and faithful manner in which Mr. J. P. Robertson, the Secretary-Treasurer, from the outset, has carried on the business of the province. We have pleasure in giving a portrait of this excellent official, than whom no one deserves more honour, not only from his Canadian brethren, but from the Scottish team.

Year after year the attendance at the great Bonspiel at Winnipeg has gone on increasing, and how to manage the great General Assembly of curlers at Winnipeg becomes more and more perplexing; but Mr. Robertson with his staff of attendants seems always able to meet the occasion. It is the city itself that seems to be unable to face the emergency. With the advent of such a number of strangers the hotels are quite overtaxed, and it is difficult even for some to find lodgings for the occasion, and when they are found the rents are quite exorbitant. A great central hotel is, we understand, in contemplation by the C.P.R. Company, and the sooner it is erected the better for the future of Winnipeg, to whose prosperity such an hotel is a *sine qua non*. We understand that a year or two before our team visited this city there had been a very large hotel, which was unfortunately burned down; and in connection with the burning we were told, by one who was present, an incident that illustrates the severity of the climate. The temperature that night was 47 degrees below zero, and this gentleman was appealed to by one of the firemen—"For God's sake get me a chew of tobacco!" indicating at the same time in which pocket

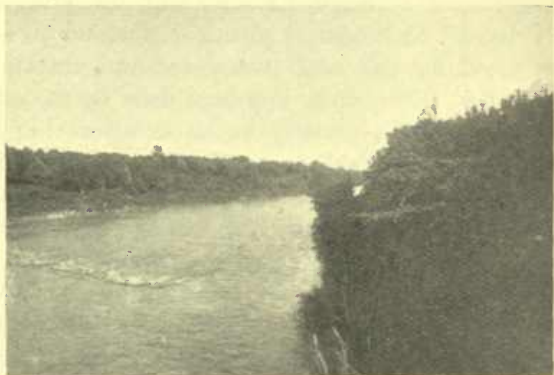
of his coat the "quid" was to be found. The gentleman readily complied with the fireman's urgent appeal, but he was only able to reach the supplicant's pocket after using a hammer to disperse the icicles that encased it!

The deficiency of hotel accommodation in Winnipeg caused the greatest inconvenience to the Scottish curling team which they experienced in their tour through Canada. Hitherto at the various great centres which they visited they had all been housed under one roof, and they had at each hotel been able to have a suitable public room set apart for their special benefit, where intimations as to the competitions and festivities arranged for them were displayed by the Secretary, Mr. Husband, so that each evening they knew what awaited them on the following day, and there was no excuse for any unpunctuality on the part of any members of the team. This arrangement was also very convenient in this respect, that letters and papers from the home country all went to one place, and were easily distributed among those to whom they were addressed. But in the case of Winnipeg all was confusion. The members of the team were billeted in four different hotels. This made it impossible for the Secretary to communicate to each fraction the arrangements for the various days of the Bonspiel, and it was difficult for him to collect the men together for the various excursions and entertainments that had been arranged.

This year saw the fifteenth Bonspiel of the Manitoba branch brought off with a record entry of about 180 rinks, or over 700 players. The extraordinary increase in the attendance at the Bonspiel of 1903 was, no doubt, due to the announcement that the long-talked-of visit of a team of curlers from Scotland was about to take place, and that more than a score of real Scots, fresh



DRAGOONS IN CAMP AT LOWER FORT GARRY.



THE ASSINIBOINE RIVER, WINNIPEG. *Photo by C.P.R. Co.*



MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.

from the home country, would come to try conclusions on the ice for the first time with their Canadian brethren. There were rinks there, as in former years, which had travelled some 1500 miles to attend the meeting; but here was a new record when a team of "husky" Scots, as the Canadians would say, were travelling some 10,000 miles to enjoy friendly games with their brethren over the water. This was worthy of their recognition, and there was a further reason for such a large attendance upon the occasion, namely, that the farmers of the West had just reaped a record harvest, and the proceeds of "No. 1 hard" had been so plentiful that they were all in the mood for enjoying themselves and entertaining their friends. Everything had been done by the officials of the branch, and especially by its excellent Secretary, Mr. J. P. Robertson, who has been its very life and soul since the branch was instituted, to make the visit of the Scottish team enjoyable and memorable. Lord Strathcona, ever ready to do all in his power to bring Scotland and Canada together for their mutual benefit, had sent a donation of 500 dollars to help to defray the expenses of the Bonspiel, and the city merchants had given more than their usual share of tangible sympathy. No sooner did the officials of the branch hear of the Scottish curlers than they made haste to set everything in order for their coming. They put forward the Bonspiel a week to suit their friends across the pond, who were timed to arrive in the first week of February. They arranged to enter the Scottish team for as many of the competitions as possible; and in the case of the competition for Lord Strathcona's cup, the Royal Caledonian Tankard, it was arranged, with the donor's consent, that on this occasion the competition should be between the five rinks of the Royal Club and five rinks selected by the Council from

among clubs in affiliation with the Manitoba branch—one from Winnipeg, one from the Province of Manitoba, one from North-West Territories and British Columbia, one from North - West Ontario, and one from the United States; and as, with such a selection, it was Lombard Street to a China orange in favour of America, it was further decided that a handsome silver cup and four gold badges should go to the losing team.

As we journeyed from place to place and expressed our appreciation of the hospitality of the Canadians, we were always told to wait till we got to Winnipeg, as if this farthest western centre would excel all our other daughters who had done so virtuously; and certainly, notwithstanding the drawback of defective hotel accommodation, it must be acknowledged that Winnipeg was not behind—perhaps it was in front—in the generous treatment accorded to the Scotsmen. A very representative crowd was on the platform at the station, and raised a hearty cheer of welcome as the curlers came to the C.P.R. depot at noon. No sooner had the Scotsmen set foot on the platform than some one was over claiming acquaintanceship. It looked like a very intimate family greeting in many cases. "I would have known you had it not been for the whiskers," said a sturdy and fair-haired Scotsman, addressing a very prominent local Scottish banker; and he continued, "And how's Jimmy?" emphasising the latter familiar Scotch name as only a full-blooded Scotsman can. Mayor Arbutnot, Premier Roblin, Aldermen Harvey, Sharpe, Ward, Ritchie, Campbell, J. P. Robertson, representing respectively the City Province and the Manitoba branch R.C.C.C., were present, all decorated with badges to indicate their official capacities in the general welcome. All the curling clubs of the city were well represented, and also

the various Scottish societies. Mr. H. Sanderson, in the absence of Mr. J. R. Grant, represented the St. Andrew's Society, and Mr. A. Simmers, grand-steward. After the formal greeting and hand-shaking, the party were taken to the Commercial Club for lunch in sleighs as follows:—



MAYOR ARBUTHNOT.

1. Mayor Arbuthnot, Rev. J. Kerr, Premier Roblin, and William Georgeson.
2. Alderman Barclay, Provost Ballantyne, Rev. Dr. Kilpatrick, and G. F. Bryan.
3. Alderman Russell, William Whyte, Provost Gordon, Dr. Kirk.
4. Alderman White, C. J. Thomson, R. Bramwell, and R. Cousin.
5. Alderman Gibson, R. Husband, A. E. Campbell, and Secretary Robertson.
6. Alderman Campbell, H. Prain, E. Gibson, and G. D. Hnnt.
7. Alderman Sharp, W. Henderson, R. Johnston, and W. R. Boyd.
8. Alderman Harvey, D. Murray, T. Macmillan, and G. W. Murray.
9. Alderman Ritchie, D. Bentley Murray, J. Macgregor, and another.
10. Colonel Ruttan, Mark Sanderson, Major Davidson, F. C. Simson (Halifax).
11. Alderman Cockburn, G. D. Ritchie, A. T. Simson, and W. H. Rourke.
12. Alderman Lattimer, D. Provan, S. F. Clark, and W. L. Parrish.

13. Alderman Macarthy, J. Simpson, A. F. D. MacGachen, Dr. Jamieson.

The *menu* at the luncheon in the Commercial Club on our arrival is here given, as illustrating the civilisation of the farthest west point reached by the curlers.

LUNCHEON TO THE SCOTTISH CURLERS BY THE CITY OF WINNIPEG

Oysters.

Blue Points on Half Shell.

Soup.

Consommé à la Rochelle.

Fish.

Boiled Salmon. Shrimp Sauce.

Entrée.

Veal Sweetbreads à la Jardinière.

Joint.

Roast Turkey. Cranberry Sauce.
Scotch Grouse à la Manitoba.

Vegetables.

Potatoes English Style. Asparagus on Toast.

Dessert.

Strawberry Ice Cream.

Mixed Cakes.

Coffee. Tea.

Fruits. Cheese.

Mayor Arbuthnot tendered the Scottish visitors the city's greetings. He was not unmindful of the fact that Scottish blood had played its part in the making of the city, and he could not but refer with pride to such an incomparable development in so short a time. About thirty years ago a population of approximately 300 was all they could boast of, and now they could claim to be within counting distance of 60,000, and from present indications it would be quite reasonable to assume that within a year or two from date, if the Scotsmen

favoured them with a visit at that time, fully 15,000 more people would be there to welcome them as citizens of Winnipeg. What the Mayor said of the city was confirmed by Premier Roblin, who, in tendering the hospitality of the Province, or what the visitors often termed "A Western Welcome," took occasion to point out the vastness of the western portion of the Dominion of Canada, from both its geographical standpoint and productive possibilities. "Rev. J. Kerr, on behalf of the visiting Caledonians," said the *Free Press*, "acknowledged the hospitality of the city and province. Since leaving their homes the team had always had Winnipeg in their mind, as the rest of Canada had. The growth that had taken place in so short a time had something like the effect of a magnificent fairy story. What they saw was really marvellous. One unexpected and unlooked-for pleasure had been the heartiness of their reception at the hands of the public bodies in Canada. He was delighted to find that the grand old Scottish game of curling had found here such a home, and that in Winnipeg it was conducted on a scale unequalled anywhere else in the world, thanks to such men as Mr. J. P. Robertson. In Canada they travelled long distances to play the game, but no team ever before started out to travel 10,000 miles to do so. Their visit (he said) would have the effect of stimulating devotion to the game in Scotland. They were, in Winnipeg, by associating with the game their provincial and civic dignitaries, reviving one of the ancient glories of the Scottish capital. In days long past the Lord Provost and Magistrates used to open the season by making a procession, with a band playing 'The Curlers' March,' down to the Canonmills pond to open the season's curling. They were therefore building better than they themselves knew. Referring to the

remarks of the Mayor and Premier Roblin, Mr. Kerr used the quotation—‘Don’t press; don’t fill up your vast country with a doubtful population, with people you cannot feel at home with. Wait till we get back, and we will take good care to send the right sort. The people I see in Canada are a fine race of men and women, and I feel assured they love Scotland as Scotland loves them. We are coming to take part in the most remarkable week of curling that has ever been, and whatever may be our fortunes in the games, our desire is not to secure “pots” but “hearts.”’ The Scotsmen then heartily cheered their entertainers, and Aldermen Russell and Barclay made happy responses.”

The officials of the Manitoba branch had arranged to hold their semi-annual meeting on the night of the arrival of the Scotsmen at Winnipeg, and accordingly the team, on the invitation of the officials, attended the Clarendon Hotel on the evening of February 4. On entering they were greeted by a hearty burst of applause from the meeting, and the President, Mr. G. F. Bryan, invited them to take seats along with the officers. No doubt, owing to the expected presence of the Scotsmen, the attendance of delegates was unusually large. The following were present:—

C. C. Stewart, Anthracite; A. Fowler, Baldur; W. J. Hyde, A. L. Hastings, Balgonie; W. D. Wood, J. T. Spiers, Banff; Chas. Cannon, R. Macdonald, Belmont; J. F. Hunter, J. M. Chisholm, Boissevain; Sheriff Henderson, D. H. Cooper, Brandon; J. P. Robertson, Calgary; J. D. Hunt, Geo. Hope, Carberry; Geo. Harper, R. G. Hamilton, Carman; H. Cameron, R. Stewart, Clearwater; J. M’Namee, J. H. Beavis, Crystal City; Wm. Connon, R. Thomas, Cypress River; G. L. Irwin, A. Douglass, Dauphin; C. A. Young, G. Patterson, Deloraine; A. Waddell, E. Mortlock, Dominion City; J. Morrison, T. Hibben, Dayton; I. Pitblado, J. M’Diarmid, Duluth; J. M’Kechnie, Edmonton; C. D. Gibson,

Elgin ; C. Aimie, J. W. Macdonald, Emerson ; W. H. Macdonald, C. Featherstonhaugh, Fort Qu'Appelle ; F. L. Paton, E. J. Rochon, Fort-William ; D. M'Arthur, J. M'Cormick, Gilbert Plains ; J. A. Smith, Glenboro ; W. Georgeson, Thomas Kelly, Golden, B. C. ; M. Fortune, J. Scroggie, Grand View ; J. Love, R. J. Howden, Grenfell ; Dr. Hicks, Griswold ; W. A. Thomson, W. Fergusson, Hamiota ; J. W. Hunter, Hartney ; V. E. Slater, J. Mawhinney, Holland ; W. R. Boyd, E. Williamson, Indian Head ; R. A. Mather, W. G. Murray, Keewatin ; Senator Young, A. B. Alexander, Killarney ; Thos. Johnston, Lethbridge ; J. Struthers, — Bruce, Macleod ; J. H. Turnbull, R. D. Waugh, Miami ; Con. Drummond, H. J. Erb, Minnedosa ; L. Taylor, Miniota ; J. F. Spooner, Moosomin ; Wm. M'Millan, Morden ; J. Hackney, G. Love, Morris ; A. E. Slater, I. G. Grandin, Napinka ; G. N. Gibbs, Neepawa ; W. J. Helliwell, Oak Lake ; — M'Intyre, O. Sawyer, Oak River ; — Maclean, W. Fraser, Pilot Mound ; E. J. Pinker, J. G. Rattray, Pipestone ; S. R. Marlatt, B. M'Killop, Portage la Prairie ; Dr. Henderson, Qu'Appelle ; W. Robertson, G. Drewry, Rat Portage ; J. W. Smith, Regina ; A. S. Argue, Roland ; R. Benson, J. E. Hull, Rosthern ; H. W. Nelson, Selkirk ; L. Defie, St. Paul ; Jos. Maw, W. F. Payne, Virden ; F. O. Fowler, Wawanesa ; W. L. Parrish, Assiniboines ; G. F. Bryan, W. H. Rourke, Granites ; W. P. Lipsett, Dr. Jamieson, Thistles ; Dr. Elliott, Wolseley, and many others.

The delegates proceeded to pass the following resolution:—"That the Manitoba branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club at its semi-annual meeting assembled, begs to acknowledge receipt of the favour of Lord Strathcona, enclosing the additional sum of 400 dollars, making in all the sum of 500 dollars as his gift to the branch for Bonspiel purposes this year. This meeting further desires to place on record its high appreciation of the many kindnesses received at the hands of His Lordship, who, although for a number of years he has been absent from the progressive and growing West, has given abundant evidence of his deep interest in all that pertains to our progress and welfare, and to assure him that on the occasion of the visit of the representatives



THE SCOTTISH CURLERS

To Rev John Knox M.A. F.R.S.E., Captain and member of Royal Curling Team
Brother Curler

We the officers and members of the Manitoba Branch R.C.C.C., with due filial affection, extend to you a cordial welcome to the Metropolitan of our young and growing Dominion and haunts in the Mecca of curling in America. We need scarcely remind you of the fact, that our Association is the youngest shoot of the Royal stem, and a somewhat vigorous twig, seeing that in less than fifteen years, it has grown from an organization with few clubs and one hundred members to one of a hundred clubs with three thousand members.

We have been looking forward for some years with eager anticipation to a visit of a representative team of curlers from the Royal Club, and now that such a delegation has arrived, our hearts go out to you, filled with gratitude to the Mother Club. It is especially pleasing to have our young Associates thus honored, and our best wish is, that you may greatly enjoy your brief stay among us.

Apart from the purpose of sport, we believe that this visit will serve even a higher and nobler ideal, that of promoting the growth and consolidating the union of the British Empire. We look upon it as a singular coincidence, that the Coronation of the King, the chief Patron of our fraternity, and your visit to Canada, should be on the same year. Let us hope that it augurs well for the future of the Empire, in whose welfare we are all so deeply interested.

Once more, we greet you most cordially. We trust that you will be happy while you are with us, and that when you leave, you will carry away many kindly memories of your sojourn in the Bull's Eye or Geographical Centre of Canada. We wish you every success in your journey and a safe return to dear Old Scotia the home of our beloved pastimes.

Signed on behalf of the members of the Association by:-

J. Robertson, Secretary *Geo F. Angus*, President.

WINNIPEG 4th Feb 1903

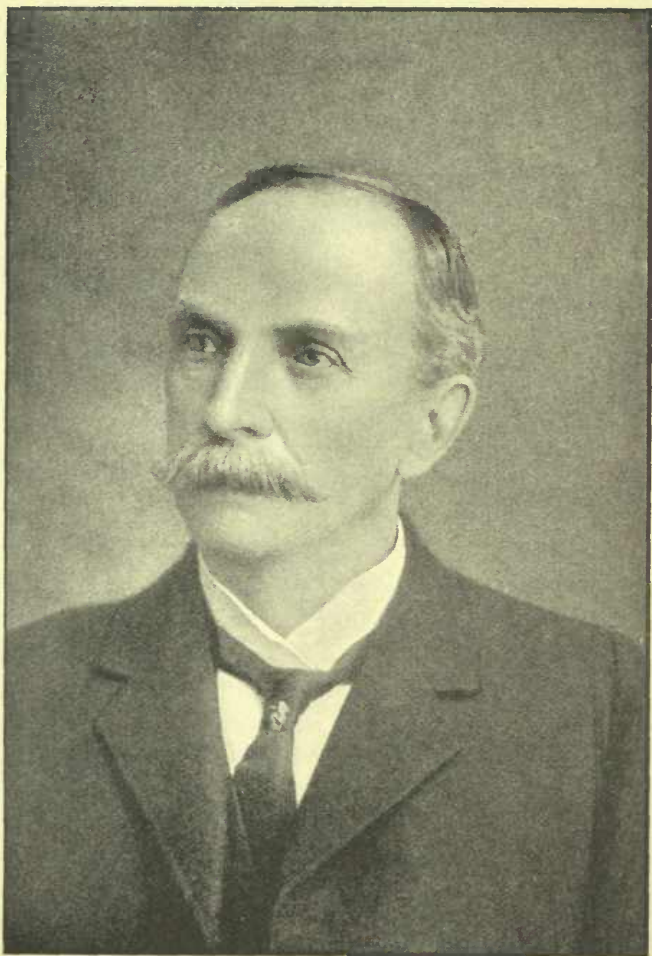
from the Mother-club, his most opportune and voluntary gift is doubly appreciated." A motion was passed making the members of the Scottish team honorary members of the Association, and that they have the freedom of the ice. The Captain of the team, in returning thanks, said that in the course of their tour they had been receiving the freedom of the various cities, but this was the first occasion on which they had been formally offered the freedom of the ice. Mr. G. F. Bryan, President of the branch, extended a welcome to all the curlers. They had often wished to have a Scottish rink with them, but now, with several, their cup of curling joy was full. Curling was a gentleman's game, whether under the Maple Leaf or the Stars and Stripes, and it would require very strenuous efforts to maintain the honour of the Thistle. To do so it would be necessary very often to draw right up to the button. He hoped the tests between themselves and the Stars and Stripes would be settled in the same spirit as the contests in curling. He then called upon the Secretary to read the following address of welcome:—

Address to Scottish Curlers

To Rev. JOHN KERR, M.A., F.R.S.E., Captain, and Members of
Royal Curling Team.

BROTHER CURLERS—We, the officers and members of the Manitoba Branch R.C.C.C., with due filial affection, extend to you a cordial welcome to the Metropolis of our young and growing Province, now known as the Mecca of curling in America. We need scarcely remind you of the fact that our Association is the youngest shoot of the parent stem, and a somewhat vigorous twig, seeing that in less than fifteen years it has grown from an organisation with five clubs and one hundred members, to one of a hundred clubs with three thousand members.

We have been looking forward for some years with eager



PRESIDENT MANITOBA BRANCH R.C.C.C.

Yours Fraternaly
Geo. F. Bryan

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Once more, we greet you most cordially. We trust that you will be happy while you are with us, and that when you leave you will carry away many kindly memories of your sojourn in the Bull's Eye or Geographical Centre of Canada. We wish you every success in your journey and a safe return to dear Auld Scotia, the home of our beloved pastime.

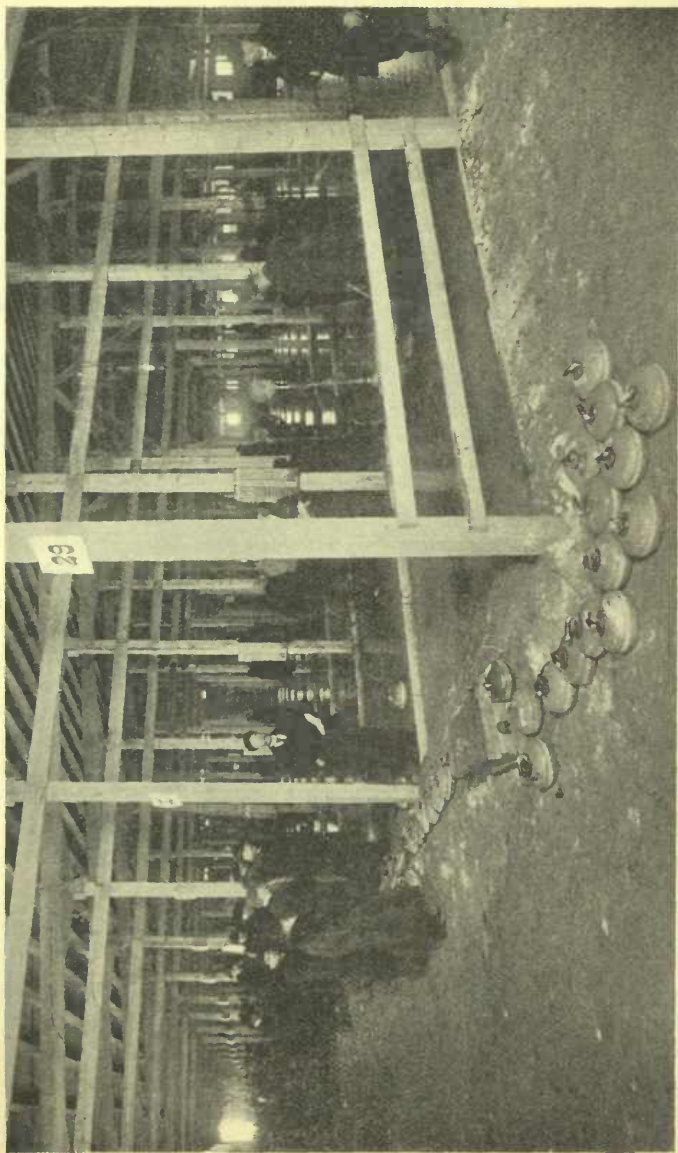
Signed on behalf of the members of the
Association by

G. F. BRYAN,
President.

J. P. ROBERTSON,
Secretary.

WINNIPEG, *Feb. 4, 1903.*

In responding to the address the Captain referred to the gathering as one of the most historic in curling annals. The visit to Canada had been a dream, occurring over and over again. It was now a reality. They could not adequately express their feelings that night. Their hopes and dreams had at last been realised. Winnipeg was indeed the Mecca of curlers all over the world. The eyes of curlers were set on that city as the centre in the future of this noble game. He might add that nowhere had the laws of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club been received more loyally than in Winnipeg. He conveyed to them the greetings of their "auld mither," and said that no phrase expressed their sentiments better than the one Winnipeg had adopted, "We're brithers a'."



AMERICAN - A BELL RINK, WINNIPEG.

On resuming his seat Mr. Kerr was loudly cheered, and other three cheers with a "tiger" were vociferously given.

The Great Bonspiel

February 5 saw the opening of the great Bonspiel, when 185 matches in all were played, quite a record in the curling world, even at Winnipeg. Mr. J. P. Robertson and his assistants had everything in good working order, each skip on entering the rink being presented with a large envelope enclosed within which were the following:—

1. Two programmes.
2. Four badges.
3. Sixteen labels for stones.
4. Score card for N.Y. Life Challenge.
5. Colours for stones.
6. Scraper for stones.
7. Lead-pencil for scorer.
8. Four tickets for Smoker.

The Scottish curlers, Bob Dunbar's St. Paul Quartette, the Flavelle rink, and former winners in the Bonspiel attracted the most attention on the part of the spectators, though doubtless, on neighbouring rinks, the play that was being put up was quite as good. One great feature of this carnival at Winnipeg was the American-Abell rink, of which we give an illustration. This had been lent for the occasion by the firm of that name, who had the great tent constructed for the show of their agricultural machinery. Under one roof there were fourteen excellent sheets of ice, and these, when crowded with players and spectators, made a wonderful sight. The fortune of the draw brought our leading skip, Bramwell, against the well-known "Jimmy" Baxter for

the Brunswick Trophy, while the Captain's rink was drawn against the renowned R. G. Macdonald of the Granites. It was rather amusing to watch the antics of "Jimmy," and when his rink began to lose a little his language to the players was not complimentary. They



LORD STRATHCONA'S CUP.

began to fight among themselves, with the usual result that their opponents were victorious, Mr. Bramwell coming out with 10 shots against "Jimmy's" 5. Dr. Kirk, having taken the place of the Captain against Mr. Macdonald, had a very close match, only losing by 1 shot, while each scored 6 ends. The sympathies of the spectators, it was evident, were all on the side of the

visiting curlers, as they made the building echo with loud applause when any of the Scottish players made a good shot. Mr. A. T. Simson and Provost Gordon in this first day's play lost to two rinks hailing respectively from Regina and Carman. So far as the Scottish team were concerned, the great event of the Bonspiel was the competition for the Royal Caledonian Tankard. To meet the special conditions created by the visit, Lord Strathcona had agreed that on this occasion, in addition to the usual cup, a second cup should be provided, so that both sides might be able to have a tangible commemoration of the event. The five Scottish rinks were pitted against five selected rinks to represent Canada and the United States, and, as the Scotsmen themselves expected, the result went against them. The selected rinks which met the Scotsmen were—Whalen (Fort-William), Stelle (Boissevain), Mackenzie (Duluth), Rourke (Winnipeg Granites), and Mackenzie (Indian Head). According to the leading paper, the *Manitoba Free Press*, it was doubtful if ever before five rinks of equal strength were pitted against opponents in any competition, and to fall before such an aggregation was therefore no discredit. There was also this consolation for the visitors, that they had, if not the Tankard, Lord Strathcona's silver cup and four gold lockets to take home with them to Scotland. Provost Gordon in this competition had the satisfaction of drawing with the strong rink from Duluth, skipped by J. Mackenzie, the scores being 14 each. As the Provost had to go on with the team while still standing in as a winner in the New York Challenge Cup competition, his record at Winnipeg was on the whole an excellent one.

Mr. Wm. Lothian from Pipestone is responsible for the following verses on the great Bonspiel:—

It's in full swing, the grand old game
 That puts a' others clean tae shame ;
 You'll easy ken it by its name
 As stanes are birlin',
 An' weel deserving o' its fame,
 The roarin' Curlin' !

Baith fast and furious, day and night,
 They soop her up wi' main an' might,
 Till Winnipeg's gaen fairly gyte
 Wi' curlin' glee,
 Tae run a port or get a bite
 Or make a tee.

The motto stands " We're brithers a',"
 In winning, losing, or a draw
 It's a' the same ; we'll stand by law
 O' curlin' creed ;
 An' cōunt it ill tae croose or crawl
 About a lead.

Frae North an' South, frae East an' West,
 Come flocking waled men o' the best,
 Tae daur it oot wi' a' the rest,
 An' a' braced up
 Wi' hairts on fire, in hope and jest,
 Tae win a cup.

Auld Scotland wi' undaunted zeal
 Sends ower her birkies tae the 'spiel,
 An' mak's things lively as a reel
 O' Tullochgorum ;
 There's naething like the guid oatmeal
 Tae make it warm.

Thrice welcome to our prairies wide,
 Where dawns the flow of human tide ;
 Gae hame an' bind it up wi' pride—
 You've seen it a'—
 An' say, " Fine, man, there I could bide—
 It's unco braw !"

CURLING TOUR

'Sakes! hoo the stanes are hurlin' noo!
 While some are hogs and some gae through,
 An' some rin doon the ice sae true
 At Skip's command,
 As high his besom waves in view—
 Man, Jock, it's grand!

Wi' even up, last end's tae play,
 The veteran skips haud to the fray;
 Stanes viewed wi' pride or wi' dismay,
 While keen an' hot,
 The crood their interest display
 In every shot.

Now fever heat is in the sport;
 A pot-lid lies in kittle sort,
 For only through yon fickle port
 Can danger run,
 An', Skip, gin ye make surely for't
 You'll make some fun.

Wi' steady nerve an' faultless eye
 She's laid away tae do or die,
 For bravest men can only try
 To do their best;
 An' Providence, their duty by,
 Must do the rest.

Mark well that breathless silence reign,
 What eager looks are on the stane.
 In inturn sweep she's grandly gane
 To dae the ill,
 While wild cheers ring a loud refrain
 Tae see much skill.

Auld Scotia, be thy name entwined
 Wi' a' that's dearest to the mind;
 In sins an' worth long you've combined
 Baith work an' glee,
 An' joys o' curlin' aye will find
 Oor hairts wi' thee.

A special prize having been offered at this Bonspiel for the best-dressed quartette, the judges, after minute inspection, awarded this to Mr. Bramwell's rink, which consisted of Messrs. Cousin, Johnstone, Gibson, and the Skip, who each received a handsome silver cup, and, it may be added, a considerable amount of chaff from the other members of the team during the remainder of the tour, for their neighbours considered themselves equally well got up for the occasion.

There is no doubt that at this great curling Durbar one meets the finest curlers and sees the finest curling in the world. Most of the players who go to Winnipeg have attained distinction in their own districts before they are ever allowed to enter, and they are sent there to uphold the honour of their respective clubs. Greek meets Greek everywhere. Some of the struggles were truly Homeric. The play all round was simply superb, the scientific accuracy of many of the shots, owing to the evenness and hardness of the ice, being such as one can never expect to see in the home country. Many of the players were young men in their teens; in fact, very few veterans were to be seen, the lissomeness of youth being almost a necessity for the system of sweeping which is followed on the Canadian rinks. The "signalling system" was very effective. In this department all through the Canadians had great advantage over the Scots, who do not require these much at home.

As Mr. Campbell has noted in his remarks, the number of prizes and the value of the spoil at the Winnipeg Bonspiel seemed to bring out a far more desperate and striking kind of play than we had ever witnessed in our former matches with the clubs in the Dominion. Another proof this that too many "pots" may spoil the game. Nowhere was the old saying found

to be more true than in this great gathering, that curling is a slippery game. One and another hero was found to be falling as the conflict went forward, and unlikely men were ousting them from the place of hope. "Bobby" Dunbar, who has won for himself so much distinction that he is accounted the best player in Canada, and who had just recently made the extraordinary record of 62 points out of a possible 72, though he was expected to carry everything before him, was beaten right and left. Mr. J. D. Flavelle, the renowned Canadian skip, was one of Bobby's conquerors, and he himself was forced to surrender to other heroes in the great curling Ashby-de-la-Zouche.

At Winnipeg it is quite easy to win a victory or two over one's opponents, but there are so many entrants and so many prizes that the play resolves itself very much into a matter of endurance. Sometimes four matches a day must be played. With work like this going on for more than a week, it is evident that only a "husky" man, as the Canadians call him, can stand up to it. As a matter of fact, some of the rinks go into a severe system of training for a considerable period before the bonspiel comes off—a thing quite unheard of in the Old Country, where one never knows whether frost is to give an opportunity of having a game. Here, as elsewhere, it seemed a great object of ambition on the part of all the curlers of the West to be drawn against the Scots. While in one sense the contest lay between Canada and Scotland, it was often apparent, once the game was started, that it was really a game of Scot *versus* Scot, as in the case of Mr. Bramwell, who met "Jimmy" Baxter, now a noted character on Canadian ice, and formerly quite as noted on the ice at Camperdown, Dundee. What most surprised our Scottish team at Winnipeg was the delightfulness of the climate.

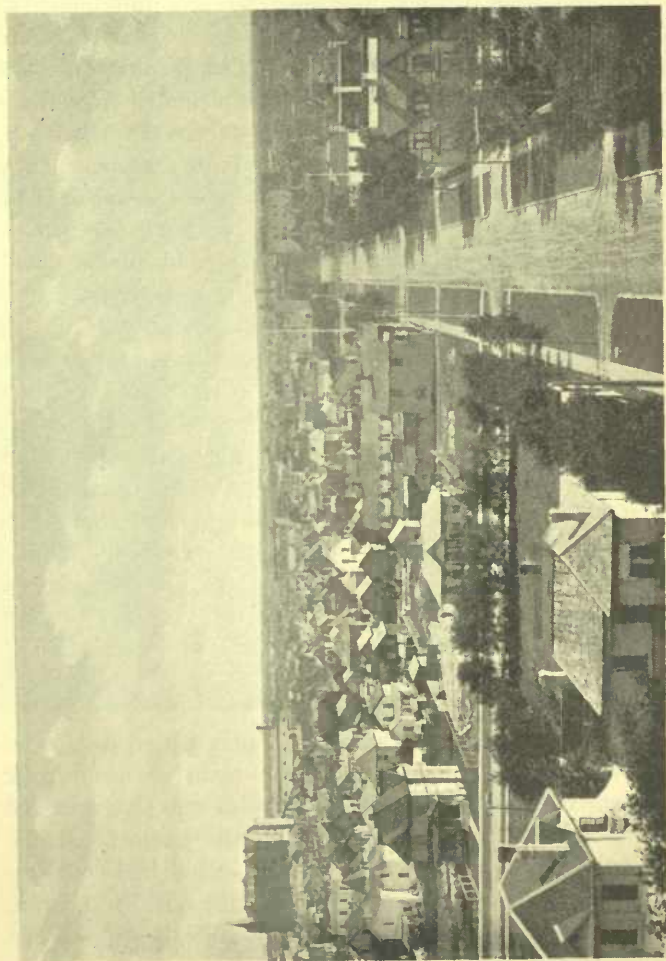


Photo by C. F. B. Co.

WINNIPEG FROM COURT-HOUSE.

They had been told of the intensity of the frost out there, and that if they happened by any mischance to shuffle off the mortal coil, the privilege of burial would not be afforded them until the spring came and the thaw; and they had been warned about danger from frost-bite to their noses and their ears at the Prairie City, but both at Quebec and Montreal the weather they encountered seemed to them far more severe. The temperature at Winnipeg might be very low, as it undoubtedly was, but the air was dry and bracing, and the pleasant sunshine made everything most enjoyable.

With so many attractions, the Scotsmen would gladly have prolonged their stay at Winnipeg, and direct proposals to that effect were made to the Captain of the team, as each and all felt that they ought to see as much as possible of the perfect exposition of curling that was being given on the various rinks during this great bonspiel. But when it was pointed out that even the extension of one day would disarrange the whole Itinerary which had been drawn up for the United States, it was felt that, as a matter of duty, these arrangements should be strictly adhered to, no matter at what sacrifice.

Sight-Seeing

Notwithstanding the amount of play which had to be gone through, the members of the team as usual took occasion to visit some of the sights of the city and the neighbourhood. Two soldiers from the barracks at one of the gatherings which the team attended had come up to the Captain and specially requested a visit from him, as they and many other Scotsmen would like to see the leader of the Scottish team and shake hands with him. The Captain had great pleasure in complying with their request. He, accompanied by Alderman Barclay, spent a

delightful afternoon with Colonel Evans and the officers and the men, and heard much of their doings and their great losses in the South African war. The majority of the team went to see the live buffaloes which are preserved by Lord Strathcona in an enclosure near the city, lest this grand representative of the denizens of primeval



Photo by Dr. Kirk.

BUFFALO BULL.



Photo by Dr. Kirk.

HERD OF BUFFALO.

Canada might be entirely extirpated before modern civilisation. Two snapshots of these by Dr. Kirk are here given.

On the invitation of Mr. Black, manager of the Ogilvie Mills Company, the team were driven over to Point Douglas to inspect "the greatest flour mills in the world." The party were shown over the premises by Mr. Black and his assistant, Mr. Williamson. The big wheel and belt in the power-room were first visited by the party,

who were favourably impressed by the mighty sweep of the large piston, and the revolutions of the monster 22-foot driving-wheel. The chute, where cars of "No. 1 hard" were being unloaded at the mill, was next visited, and thenceforward every movement of the cereal, until its final appearance in sacks labelled "Hungarian" or "Glenora," was noted. Mr. Black conducted the party throughout the mills from bottom to top, explaining every machine used in the manufacture of the flour.

In the sample room the manager described the process of washing starch from the gluten. Taking a sample of the washed flour he exhibited a cohesive elastic mass of dough, at which one of the Scots asked, "Are ye makin' rubber wi' that?" The test, Mr. Black explained, showed the starch removed.

Passing from the labyrinth of belts and pulleys the party were conducted into the department where the flour is sacked. Having passed through the hands of the weighers and sack-sewers, the bags were dropped through the floor. The rapidity with which sack followed sack down the chute was a wonder to the Scotsmen. "Where does it a' gang?" and similar ejaculations passed.

An attendant remarked that it went direct to South Africa. Wondering how the shipments were made so "direct" as was stated, the party emerged on the ground floor of the warehouse, where the sacks were seen dropping from the chute into a large dray. The perfect "system" of the enterprise evoked the heartiest admiration of the Scots. "No carrying sacks here," as an attendant said, expressed the system of the warehouse.

Before leaving the premises the health of the party was proposed by Mr. Black, who welcomed the Scotsmen in the name of the Company, and asked them to return and inspect the oatmeal mill if they found the opportunity.

Rev. Mr. Kerr, in acknowledgment of the courtesy shown to the visiting curlers, said it had given the party great pleasure to visit such a gigantic, and, he would say, beautiful enterprise, as this was. The fact that direct shipments of the flour were being made to South Africa spoke volumes in favour of the Manitoba "No. 1 hard," of which they had heard so much in the old land. He proposed the health of Mr. Black and thanked him in name of the team for his great kindness.

"Jolliest Event of the Bonspiel"

Such was the heading of the following account of the curlers' smoker given in *Winnipeg Free Press Bulletin* of Monday, February 9:—

"Saturday night was an 'off night' with the curlers. The knights of the besom an' stane put their "rocks" in their boxes, laid aside their brooms, and devoted the evening to the fraternal and social, as distinguished from the competitive aspect of the grand old game.

"The Winnipeg theatre was the scene of the celebration, which will long live in the memory of all attending it as by all odds the most notable in the history of the branch. The affair was in a sense an innovation. Heretofore the Winnipeg Bonspiel has had a 'Curlers' Concert' in connection with each annual programme. The entertainment committee engaged vocalists of repute, and these contributed music that had nothing in it to distinguish it from a score of other concerts given in Winnipeg during the winter, except that there was always a predominance of Scottish minstrelsy. But Saturday night's entertainment had character and individuality. There was about it an element of good-fellowship, of camaraderie, of spontaneous good humour, that marked it out from all the curlers' concerts that have preceded it. Nobody was bored.

Nobody was tired; and when, just after 11 o'clock, the packed theatre emptied, it was a jovial and a satisfied throng that filed into the waiting cars. The universal verdict was that the entertainment, in its departure from stereotyped precedents, in the variety of its programme, and in the appreciation of its audience, set a new record and marked a new standard by which future entertainments will be judged.

“With the verdict contained in the preceding paragraph everybody present at Saturday's entertainment will agree. The personal thanks of hosts of curlers have been tendered to the entertainment committee, for the bright and pleasant evening given the visitors. The Presidents of the Bonspiel and of the three city clubs—Messrs. George F. Bryan, S. P. Clark, W. H. Rourke, and Dr. Jamieson—are the members of this committee. It is an open secret, however, that these gentlemen delegated their duties, in so far as the concert was concerned, to the fifth member of the committee, Mr. W. F. Payne, chairman of the ice and rink committee. Mr. Payne took unto himself a co-worker, in Mr. C. W. Handscomb, to whom was left the actual work of securing the artistes, and the general make-up and direction of the programme. Mr. Handscomb personally supervised the whole of Saturday's entertainment, and much of the smoothness of the performance was due to that fact.

The Programme Opened

“Promptly at 8.30 the theatre orchestra struck up the National Anthem. The packed house—the S.R.O. sign might have been displayed at 8.15, but nobody would have regarded it—arose, and joined in ‘God Save the King’ with an enthusiasm of vocalism testifying alike to their loyalty and their desire to be pleased.

Then Miss Mary Burnett, soprano of the Scottish Concert Company, appeared. She bore a British ensign, and as the musicians played the opening chorus of 'Rule Britannia,' waved it and broke into the inspiring air of Britain's national song. And a thousand throats roared out the refrain. With what energy they sang! As a musical performance it might not have ranked high, but as an expression of British kinship and loyalty, the walls of the Winnipeg theatre never witnessed a scene more striking. It was patriotism made vocal, and brotherhood made audible. It struck the dominant note of the evening—nothing could go wrong after that outburst of patriotic energy.

"Miss Burnett contributed two other songs, 'Angus M'Donald' and 'The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond.' Both were charmingly illustrated by stereopticon views, and were received with most hearty applause.

"The stereopticon was utilised to throw on the screen many portraits of the better-known knights of the besom and throwers of the 'guid channel stane.' The familiar faces of President Bryan, Alderman Wood, John M'Kechnie, 'J. P.,' W. H. Rourke, and many others, flashed for a space upon the screen. The well-known features of poor Sam Harstone—who threw his last stone at the Bonspiel of 1902—were greeted with the silence due to the memory of the beloved dead. A group of the Scottish visitors provoked unbounded applause, the whole house rising to its feet and singing 'For they are Jolly Good Fellows,' and giving three ringing cheers and a 'tiger.'

"Mr. Robert A. Fletcher gave three songs during the evening. All were of local application, and abounded in good-natured reference to curlers generally, and those coming from Scotland in particular. 'When Curlers

come to Toun,' 'They are Lucky,' and 'Didn't he Ramble?' were Mr. Fletcher's contributions. The company responded with a vim to the programme's invitation to 'lend a hand with the chorus.' So popular were these songs that many of the typical verses were heard—'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true'—being hummed or whistled by the curlers on the way hotelwards after the curlers' sermon last night.

A Visitor's Song

"Mr. Provan of Craiglockhart, one of the Scottish curling team, got an ovation. He sang 'The Three Old Maids of Lee'—sang it with enough of characterisation to bring out the latent humour of the song, and in a fashion that showed him to be a fine balladist. In response to an imperative call, Mr. Provan gave a little-known humorous Scotch song, 'Jean Jeemison's Bannet,' of which every verse was applauded.

"Miss Jessie Thomson, violinist of the Scottish Concert Company, played a number of Scottish airs, concluding with some of the reels, strathspeys, and other dance music. The Hielanders cracked their thumbs and beat the time with their feet, and occasionally vented their delight in an irrepressible yell. There was no doubt that this was a popular number. Then that graceful little Winnipegger, Miss Maudie Sloan, gave a Scotch dance and was recalled. Mr. A. C. W. Soper sang 'Am I in the Way?' and as an encore one of his well-known and popular whistling selections.

The President's "Extra"

"Then Master M'Kenzie—who had placed on the easel on either side of the stage the placards announcing the next item—put up cards bearing the legend 'extra,' and

President Bryan came to the front of the stage. In the name of the Bonspiel committee and the city clubs he welcomed to the Bonspiel the visiting curlers, whether from provincial or Canadian clubs, from the adjoining republic, or from the 'land of brown heath and shaggy wood,' the home of the grand old game. He spoke of the debt they each owed to the nameless inventor of curling, and thought that if he were looking down on that gathering—for no one could imagine a Scotsman looking up to anybody—that in the pleasure and good-fellowship that had resulted from the game he would feel interest and reward. Mr. Bryan expressed his trepidation on meeting their friends the Scottish curlers, lest any of them should ask from what part of Scotland he had come. But though they might not know it, the Bryans were good Scotsmen—as good as the Kellys, and the Rourkes, and the Murphys, and the rest of the best of them. (Cheers.) Mr. Bryan then asked the Scottish team to come to the stage.

Souvenirs for the Scotsmen

“After some delay, owing to the time it took to get from the boxes through the crowded house, the visitors lined up at the rear of the theatre, and amidst tremendous cheering marched down the aisle to the stage. When they had been seated, President Bryan made a few appreciative remarks on the coming of the team, of its Captain, Rev. J. Kerr, and then presented him with a gold button and a sterling silver goblet. The button had a buffalo in oxidised silver in relief, with the legend, 'Winnipeg Bonspiel, 1903.' The cup was beautifully engraved, in high relief, with illustrations of the City Hall, the Parliament Buildings, the Court-house, and the Soldiers' Monument. It was the gift of the D. R. Ding-

wall Co., Ltd., to the Association. Similar buttons and goblets were presented to each member of the visiting Scottish team, President Bryan being assisted in the distribution by Secretary Robertson.

The Team Captain

“Rev. J. Kerr, on coming to the front to acknowledge the gift, was cheered to the echo. He said he must altogether fail in the attempt adequately to acknowledge the kindness and exuberance of generosity which had attended every stage of their trip through the Dominion. At each city they had visited they had received, if possible, greater kindness, but Winnipeg was the summit and acme and climax of all. The best thing about the game they all loved was that it knew no class or caste, but brought men together on the common ground of manly sport. Like the famous coronation-stone in Westminster—the stone that was taken from Scone—the curling-stone was the emblem and type of Scottish superiority in all pertaining to individual and national greatness. For years, Mr. Kerr said, he had followed the Winnipeg Bonspiel. He had to write an account of it each season for the parent club’s *Annual*, from a bundle of papers sent by Secretary Robertson; and he knew by reputation J. D. Flavelle and ‘Bob’ Dunbar—whose hand he meant to shake before he left—long before he came to Canada. And though he never saw him, he revered the memory of ‘Sam’ Harstone, as every man in that vast audience did.

“The handsome gifts bestowed on him and his team that evening would, he assured the donors, be treasured by them and their families as precious heirlooms. Mr. Kerr wanted to tell the multitude he was addressing—a far larger and more inspiring congregation than

what he was accustomed to address, though that might be for the reason that there was to be no collection—that on behalf of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, he bore to their Canadian fellow-curlers the most hearty and affectionate greetings. It was a case of 'Hands across the Sea!' as never before. When great events were stirring the hearts of men, when the Empire was in danger, the sons of the Empire gathered to the battle-front, and Canada was the first to be there. It was because of their interest in matters Imperial, and in proof of her appreciation thereof that the Mother-club had sent them out. They were a party of representative Scotsmen. (Cheers.) They didn't want to bring a few crack rinks that would win all the Canadian prizes. (Laughter.) They didn't want to beat their Canadian friends when they were sent to greet them. (Laughter.) All they wanted was to extend to them the good wishes of the parent club, and of the parent country, and to give them the glad grip of good-fellowship. For himself and his friends, they had clean forgotten, ever since they arrived in Halifax, that they were not at home. Hospitality in Canada was a wonderful thing—the team never knew what unexpected kindness they would experience next. Mr. Kerr was delighted, he said, to be present at the record Bonspiel of Canada and the world. He thought there was no brighter augury for the future of the Dominion than its healthy interest in the grand old game. The Scots Captain then referred to the splendid executive arrangements made by Secretary Robertson's staff, and said they should go back with sunny, if snowy, memories of their visit. Some of his party were so delighted with Canada that they intended to return thither, and all of them would say when they got home, 'There is the country for all who desire, by industry, to

achieve a competency, where land is plentiful and laws are liberal, where the standards of education and morality are high, and where the larger conditions of life are creating a Greater Scotland over the seas.'

"Tremendous applause marked the conclusion of Mr. Kerr's address and the return of the visitors to their boxes.

Clever Specialties

"The programme was then resumed. Mr. C. N. Kennedy contributed a cornet solo, and Mr. W. C. Allen—togged out in tartan trews and plaid—danced a strathspey and a sword dance. Messrs. Cuddy and Norquest gave a clever exhibition on the horizontal bars.

"Mr. Harold Jarvis received an enthusiastic welcome from his old-time Winnipeg friends. He was in magnificent voice, and sang 'The Highlandman's Toast' in a way that made the Celtic blood tingle to the fingertips. For an encore he sang 'The Death of Nelson.'

"The concluding item was a boxing bout 'by two experts in the manly art of self-defence.' This feature was directed by Mr. Jos. Fahey. Five rounds were fought. Both the contestants hit heavily. Had less heavy hitting marked the bout it could easily, by arrangement between the principals, have been more spectacular. But each of the boxers was out to lick the other fellow, and they 'mixed it up' in lively fashion. When the sporting exhibition was over the company sang 'Auld Lang Syne,' and the National Anthem, and one of the most enjoyable features in the most successful Bonspiel ever held in Canada was but a pleasant memory."

The Curlers at Church

During the Sunday (Feb. 8) of their stay at Winnipeg the members of the team took the opportunity, during

the day, to visit friends and to engage in drives in and around the city, the majority of them crossing over to the Assiniboine side, which is principally residential, and having a view on their return of the old arch of Fort Garry, which is carefully preserved as a historic relic (*vide* p. 504). In the evening the curlers assembled at their headquarters in the City Hall, and a procession was arranged which marched to Knox's Church, where, as usual, a sermon to curlers attending the Bonspiel was to be preached. The church was found to be packed to the doors, many being unable to obtain admission. A section of the auditorium had, however, been reserved specially for the curlers, who would number fully 800. The Captain of the team read the lessons—part of Job xxii. and Luke xii.—and offered one of the prayers. The music of the service was finely rendered by the choir and congregation, and Mrs. Verner and Mr. J. J. Moncrieff were the soloists. The Rev. Dr. Kilpatrick, the Chaplain of the Province, preached the sermon, and before doing so said a few words to the curlers. He thought it significant that in their national spirit Scotsmen and curlers should acknowledge the claims of religion—and that they should vindicate sport in the eyes of religion and God. The doctor spoke briefly of the place of religion in recreation; of the necessity for the latter, and of the necessity for cleanliness and manliness in the realm of sport. Dr. Kilpatrick selected as his texts three passages containing three views of life—"The life which is life indeed" (1 Timothy vi. 19); "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth" (Luke xii. 15); and "This is life eternal, to know thee, the only God, and Him whom thou didst send, even Jesus Christ" (John xvii. 3).

The "life that is life indeed," Dr. Kilpatrick said,

was the life that is worth living now, and was certain of completeness hereafter. It could be better understood



KNOX CHURCH, WINNIPEG.

from a knowledge of what it was not, and so the preacher took up some of the false views of life.

The common view, that morality was the greatest good, was not so much wrong as inadequate. According to this view, virtue was enough, without religion. Honesty, truth, kindness—these were life, and everything else was

superfluous. Dr. Kilpatrick admitted that many non-religious men manifested Christian virtues, but said that life was defective without religion. Morality could not do justice to the whole of human nature. Man has other relations than those to others; and until he enters these higher relations, he does not truly live. The preacher pointed out that without religion there could be no perfect morality, for certain virtues are the gift of religion, and could not persist without it. "What is needed by the world," he said, "is not morality, but power—redemptive, regenerative energy. Whence comes this? from self? No, from above."

On Monday, Feb. 9, the majority of the team watched the play in the various rinks, while those still standing in, went on with their matches. Provost Gordon's rink won another game in the New York Challenge Cup competition, but had to scratch, which no one regretted more than the Captain, who, however, had to obey the Itinerary.



GROUP BRANCH PAST OFFICERS.

Rev. H. Pedley.
C. C. Chipman.

E. L. Drewry.

Dr. Kilpatrick.
A. Macdonald

With the Assiniboines at the Manitoba Club

In the evening a representative meeting of the Winnipeg curlers and their friends took place at the Manitoba Club, where the Assiniboine Club entertained the visiting Scottish players. Nearly a hundred guests and members sat down at the tastefully arranged tables. President S. P. Clark, of the Assiniboines, presided. At his right sat the Rev. John Kerr, Captain of the Scottish team, and at his left, Chief Justice Killam. The other guests were:—

Provost Gordon, President G. F. Bryan, Mayor Arbutnot, President G. F. M'Kenzie of Duluth, Provost Ballantyne, Col. Evans, Dr. Kilpatrick, Major Davidson, Wm. Rourke, J. D. Flavelle, D. C. Cameron, A. MacGachen, R. Bramwell, C. A. Young, R. Cousin, J. Featherstonhaugh, A. E. Campbell, Dr. Blanchard, Dr. Kirk, J. P. Robertson, D. B. Murray, J. B. Persse, T. Macmillan, J. S. Hough, D. Provan, J. W. Anderson, W. Sandford Evans, F. C. Wade, W. F. Payne, M. Sanderson, M. Aldous, A. F. Smith, G. Richard, G. W. Allan, A. M. Hay, F. Phillips, F. W. Stobart, J. F. Turnbull, E. R. Whitehead, W. Russell, A. T. Havley, G. Mackenzie, T. L. Peters, W. Jones, T. A. Anderson, E. M. Robertson, T. Beattie, C. S. Richardson, J. B. Monk, G. M. Black, F. Fowler, A. R. Hargraft, B. M'Bean, F. Williamson, H. B. Shaw, H. B. Stoddart, J. J. Moneriff, T. Robinson, H. Hurdon, W. Georgeson, H. Prain, F. Peters, J. Simpson, F. L. Patton, A. T. Simson, W. R. Taylor, T. W. Griggs, C. P. Wilson, J. M'Gregor, C. Bartlett, G. D. Ritchie, A. Reid, D. Murray, P. A. Macdonald, R. Johnstone, J. A. Mitchell, W. Henderson, M. Newton, R. Husband, J. S. Aikens, C. Gibson, and Dr. Jamieson.

MENU OF SUPPER GIVEN BY THE ASSINIBOINE CURLING CLUB
TO THE SCOTTISH CURLERS

Monday, February 9, 1903

Bouillon.

Oyster Patties.

Boned Turkey. Ham.

Spiced Beef. Tongue.

Roast Partridge.
Potato Salad. Boiled Potatoes.
Celery Salad. Lettuce Salad.
Charlotte Russe. Trifle.
Jellies. Lager Cakes.
Fruit and Coffee.
Oat Cakes. Olives. Almonds.

When ample justice had been done to the "spread," and His Majesty's health had been drunk, Mr. S. P. Clark spoke briefly, welcoming the guests of the evening. He said that everybody in Canada admired the Scotch pluck and endurance that had come, with such high honours, through six continuous weeks of curling and hospitality. He was afraid that nothing but Scotch stamina could have stood such a strain. Had Canadians been called on to go through a similar ordeal, the "thin red line" would have broken in half the time. Mr. Clark then called on Chief Justice Killam to propose the "Health of the Guests."

Chief Justice Killam

The Chief Justice thanked the Association and the Assiniboine Club for the honour done him in selecting him to propose this toast, though he was at a loss to know the reason, being neither a Scotsman nor the son of a Scot. The most of kinship he could claim with the guests of the evening was that he was a native of that New Scotland that served to protect the rest of Canada from the stormy waves of the Atlantic. He had to admit, too, that he had never thrown a curling-stone in his life. But perhaps these facts, instead of being a disadvantage, were a qualification for the position he occupied, for he was thus in a position to say things that a Scotsman's or a curler's inherent modesty would prevent his uttering. Boastful-

ness, it had been sometimes said in Canada, was a characteristic of their neighbours to the south. In England, the French were esteemed a boastful nation, and all over Europe the supercilious assumption of superiority was believed to be a quality frequently displayed by Englishmen. But the Scots were well known to be modest. They never expatiated on the many admirable traits of Scotsmen, nor on the success Scotsmen generally attained. They never mentioned the doughty deeds of their forefathers, nor of their great writers, scientists, and statesmen. They left that to others, and never even referred to it among themselves. They never, for instance, mentioned that both the present Premier and the Leader of the Opposition in Great Britain—as in the days of Macdonald and Mackenzie in Canada—were both Scots. (Laughter.)

It would seem to be almost a sure passport to success in every department of human activity to be born a Scotsman, for the Scots could point to a larger proportion of successful men than any other race. Nowhere in America were their thrift, their pluck, and their energy more admired than in the Canadian North-West, and nowhere else were these qualities more signally exemplified. The proper name of the Hudson's Bay Company was "The Company of English Gentlemen Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay." The title was a misnomer—it should have been "Scottish." In the two centuries during which the Canadian West was in truth the Great Lone Land, the great Company's officers were all Scotsmen—as indeed they were yet in the remote trading posts.

The Chief Justice contrasted the conditions under which the guests of the evening had come to Canada—in luxuriously appointed steamers and Pullman cars,

with the hardships which the pioneer settlers who sought to colonise the West had to endure—the perils of a passage to the ice-strewn waters of Hudson's Bay, the toilsome journey to their homes by way of the Neilson, and the difficulties they encountered after their arrival in the country they were to redeem to agriculture. They sowed crops which they never reaped, and had to winter in Pembina and Norway House because famine drove them out of the New Land. Yet, despite all obstacles, they conquered, and their descendants are now respected as important and valuable portions of the population of the West. In the troublous times of '69 and '70 these people remained loyal, and it was largely owing to the steadfastness of their allegiance that Canada so easily gained possession of the North-West.

The Chief Justice reminded the Scottish guests that they were in a more tropical country than the homes they had left, Edinburgh being in the latitude of the south of Hudson's Bay, and the city of Winnipeg in about the same latitude as the South of England, while to the north Canada extended farther than did the Shetlands. It was natural to expect in such a country as Canada that a race would be raised as hardy and vigorous as that of the rugged hills of Scotia. It was a country devoted to manly sports. On two occasions, at least, the oarsmen of Winnipeg had won the amateur championship of America. Cricket clubs flourished in summer, and when the mercury was far down in the negative column the footballers still pursued the leather sphere. Tennis, lacrosse, and that other grand Scottish game, golf, each had its devotees in summer. Their visitors must be aware, long ere this, that Canadians were very fond of winter sports. They must have seen and heard much about hockey since their

arrival in the Dominion, and they must have seen abundant evidence in the toddling youngsters with crooked sticks and rubbers, that there would be plenty of competition for the positions in future Stanley Cup teams.

Coming to the sport in which all present were especially interested, curling in the West was a small thing fourteen years ago. Now, leaving out the Scottish rinks, there were more than 150 rinks gathered at this Bonspiel, from a country of less than half a million population. Some rinks had come from Edmonton and Oxbow, 1000 miles west, and others had come from an equal distance to the east. Then, too, there had journeyed hither, to the Mecca of curling, many players from the south—all good neighbours and good fellows, to whom every Canadian, whether a curler or not, was glad to give the heartiest of welcomes.

In conclusion, the Chief Justice and all present welcomed the guests of the evening who came from the northern part of the British Empire in Europe to visit their friends in the northern part of the British Empire in America. All were sorry they were going home without any trophies. (Cries of "We're not.") The Chief Justice was glad to hear the correction. He was going to say that he was rather glad of it, for he was sure that the Scots spirit of never knowing when it was beaten would but whet their appetites and only make them more anxious to return for another chance. The Chief Justice hoped that this would only be the first of such visits of the curlers from Old Scotland.

Prolonged applause followed Chief Justice Killam's address. The health of the Scottish team was drunk with three rousing cheers and a "tiger," and with enthusiastic Highland honours.

The Scottish Captain

“ In rising to respond to the toast,” said the *Free Press*, “ Rev. John Kerr was given an ovation. He said he arose to return thanks with a deep sense of responsibility, for they had come to the last of their meetings in the dear old Dominion. It was to them a matter of sorrow that the end of the journey had come. It reminded him of the ‘ greetin’ supper ’ given by the Lord Provost to the Council in some parts of Scotland just before the expiration of his term of office. Referring to the Chief Justice’s remark that they were going home without any trophies, Mr. Kerr said that this was not so, for he believed that certain members of the team had already cabled home that ornate and elaborate show-cases be made to receive and exhibit their emblems of victory. They did not come out to win cups and medals, but to win Canadian hearts, and they were going home with trophies of this kind dangling round each girdle. Since he had come to the Dominion he had found the respect paid to Scotland so great, that the whole population of Canada could be roughly classified in two divisions—those who were born in Scotland, and those who regretted that they were born elsewhere, because they ‘ couldna help it,’ like the woman ‘ frae Paisley.’

“ Scotsmen, Mr. Kerr thought, usually had pretty good opinions of themselves. They did not need to learn the prayer of the Kilbarchan weaver, that God ‘ wad gie him a gude conceit o’ himsel.’ But since he had been in Canada and saw how intimately Scotsmen had been connected with the growth of the Dominion—when he saw the colleges they had founded, the infirmaries and hospitals they had established and endowed—he had an added sense of the important part they had played in the

development and growth of the Empire. Scotsmen had made money in Canada, but they had devoted their money to the best of purposes. The liberal disposition of their wealth was one of the noblest tributes paid by Scoto-Canadians to their race.

“Speaking of the team of which he was the Captain, Mr. Kerr said they did not profess to be the best curlers of Scotland; but they were thoroughly representative Scotsmen. They had crossed the Atlantic to shake hands with their friends on this side of the water. They were all sorry that to-night they must shake hands and part. Every one of them had been anxious to come. Every one of them would be sorry to go. They all wanted to come again—not for three months but for six—some of them for much longer. Speaking for himself, Mr. Kerr said he would like to come back to stay in Canada, whereat a voice cried, ‘Come along. You bet you’ll get a call.’

“Mr. Kerr then alluded to the growth of curling in the North-West. He had, in the spare time of three years, written a history of the grand old game. He recalled that when he had written that history, some twelve or thirteen years ago, the game in the West had required but half a page, for it was but the beginning of things. He recalled that one of the founders of the game in this province was ‘J. P.’—J. P. the inevitable, J. P. the lovable. He did not think that Mr. Robertson or Mr. Russell anticipated at that time that the game would have such a future. Did either of them contemplate such a Bonspiel as this, or such a gathering as that on Saturday night? These showed that the game was deep-rooted and deep-founded in the West, and that its future was as bright as its past was glorious.

“Mr. Kerr said that his team, he was informed, had met on their Canadian tour with even a heartier welcome

than the distinguished visitors of eighteen months ago, the Duke and Duchess of York. He hoped, in conclusion, that the Scottish lion and the Canadian beaver, the Scottish thistle and Canadian maple leaf would long continue to be, as now, the emblems of two peoples working together for the highest good of men. In passing, as they would to-morrow, beyond the confines of Canada, with nothing but pleasant memories of their stay therein, to the great American Republic, Mr. Kerr hoped that all jealousies between Scotland, Canada, and the United States would be merged in mutual national friendliness, as real and lasting as that which distinguished the lovers of the dear old game of curling.

“ Loud cheering greeted Mr. Kerr as he resumed his seat.

“ Mr. J. J. Monérieff sang ‘ Scots Wha Hae,’ and in response to a demand for an encore, ‘ Rule Britannia.’

“ Then there arose loud call for ‘ M’Kenzie,’ and the President of the Duluth Club made a few remarks. He said he had got out of bed to come to Winnipeg, but he was bound to see the Scottish curlers, and to show his good-fellowship with the curlers of the parent club and of the Dominion. He only regretted that the Scottish team could not come to Duluth. They had sent an invitation some time before they had landed at Halifax, but found it should have been sent some three months or more before. Mr. M’Kenzie traced the growth of the Duluth Club, which eight years ago had but five members, and now had 200. He then concluded with an old song, ‘ There’s Cauld Kail,’ and as an encore, ‘ The Cruiskeen Lawn.’ The gathering broke up with cheers for the curlers and the Assiniboine Club, and the singing of ‘ Auld Lang Syne.’ ”

According to our Itinerary we had to leave Winnipeg

on Tuesday at 1.45, and bid farewell to our Canadian brethren. The forenoon was very busily occupied, one of our engagements being to visit the studio of Mrs. Bryant, who, by arrangement with Secretary Robertson, was to take a photograph of the team at the instance of the executive of the Manitoba branch. This photograph is here reproduced, and it must be evident that photography in the Far West has reached a high pitch of perfection, the clear atmosphere out there giving an advantage to the artist that is scarcely obtainable in the home country. Some of the educational institutions of the city and other places of interest were also visited by individual members of the team.

With the St. Andrew's Society

Winnipeg, like the other Canadian cities, has its St. Andrew's Society, instituted in 1871, for benevolent purposes, and for keeping up the spirit of patriotism. The Society sent us the following invitation:—

WINNIPEG, MAN., *Jan. 31, 1903.*

Rev. J. Kerr, M.A., etc.

Captain, Scottish Curlers,
en route to Winnipeg.

MY DEAR SIR—On behalf of the Officers and Members of this Society I beg to extend fraternal greetings, and to assure you and your party of a hearty welcome to Winnipeg by the Scots population.

We invite you to visit our rooms as you have opportunity, and to feel quite at home in them, for social chat, taking part in games such as chess, checkers, whist, or billiards, or for correspondence. We shall be pleased to know that you accept the freedom of our rooms during your stay here. By arrangement with the Manitoba Branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, Friday evening, the 6th of February, has been given us to entertain you. The arrangements for this entertainment are in the hands of a Committee, and you are asked to keep that evening free. The Scotch people want



Photo by Bryant.

THE SCOTS TEAM AT WINNIPEG.

to meet you, and promise you an enjoyable evening. Wishing you a pleasant visit to Winnipeg, much sport at the great Bonspiel, and a fair share of its honours.—I have the honour to be yours respectfully,
JAMES D. CONKLIN, *Secretary*.

The Captain accepted, and a good representation attended, and had a very hearty reception from a full house. The Chairman was the G.O.M. of Manitoba, the Rev. Professor G. F. Bryce, D.D., LL.D., of Manitoba College, who knows most of what is worth knowing, not only about Manitoba but about Canada. Dr. Bryce gave us a bright, hearty welcome. In the course of the evening some unpleasantness was caused by a few of the team shaking the dust off their feet and leaving the meeting, owing to the remarks of a reverend divine. Some papers reported that this was owing to the speaker making personal reflections on the members of the team, and we are sorry the statement has been repeated in the last Ontario Association *Annual*. The Captain, though he took exception to the speaker's remarks, begs to acquit him of any such rude accusation. Had he made such reflections they would not have been treated by the Scots in such a gentle manner. The offence lay in contrasting Germany, where he (the speaker) had once studied, with what he saw at Leith and Edinburgh; and then contrasting Scotland generally with Canada, and showing how much superior the latter was, from the temperance point of view. The intention of the divine might be good, but it was the malapropos nature of his remarks that gave offence not only to the Scots curlers who had come to give, but to the brethren in Winnipeg who had met to receive, a message of goodwill from the Mother Country: they were indignant that such a meeting should have its harmony disturbed by statements that were ill-timed and uncalled for.

Interesting Countrymen

Even more than at any other place we visited were we saluted on all hands by brither Scots who had left the old country to make their fortunes in the great North-West Territory. If any had failed, they did not come to meet the Scottish team. Our interviewers had



Photo by Porter, Perth.

HENRY MORTON.



"RALPH CONNOR."

generally succeeded far beyond their expectations. As a typical instance the Captain mentions Mr. Henry Morton, of Elphinstone, to whom he had an introduction from his friend Dr. Macmillan, of Edinburgh, but who introduced himself soon after our arrival. What a manly personality this bluff King Hal was in his buffalo robes! It was refreshing to meet him and shake hands with him. He is one of the right sort—a Scot who is an honour to his country, and one of whom Canada would like an unlimited supply. To give himself something to do, he farms some 600 acres of land,

but he owns 5000 acres or five square miles on his own account, the result of thrifty living and careful investing. The Indians all love Mr. Morton; they tumble over each other in their anxiety to serve him. It is blood that tells. "Hal" comes of a long line of Perthshire farmers who have for generations occupied the Muirton Farms, north and south, not far from the "Fair City." His father, John, was not only a good farmer, but his services as arbitrator in important cases were in great demand in the county of Perth, his name being synonymous with all that was upright and honourable. In character his son is his successor. It is therefore not surprising that after being trained in a bank in London, and going out to Canada in 1876, he should now be one of our best representatives among those who have been successful there, and the trusted Secretary-Treasurer of the municipality of Strathclair, where he resides. For himself he maintains that much of his success is due to his helpmeet in life, who, when she was married to him, had the reputation of being the bonniest lassie on Eskside, her maiden name being Miss Esther Clover. Another inter-



Photo by Dr. Kirk.

ICE-CUTTING ON THE ASSINIBOINE RIVER,
WINNIPEG.

esting "success" whom the Captain met was Mr. Simpson, of Yorkton, who came over 500 miles to see us and shake hands. He owns 600 acres of land. His brother is a farm-steward in Dirleton parish, who, no doubt, would have been in a similar position had he gone out to Canada.



Photo by Dr. Kirk.

FORT GARRY GATE, WINNIPEG.

Mr. Paterson, son of a banker in Dalkeith, showed the Captain and others much attention. In his sleigh we went round by the banks of the Assiniboine river, where a great many of the successful Winnipegians have built their residences; witnessed for a short time the ice-cutting operations on the river; had a look at the French suburb of St. Boniface, and of the stone gateway, which is all that represents Fort Garry, a name which recalls

Lord Selkirk and the Hudson's Bay Company, also the visit of Lord Wolseley in 1870, before whom the rebels fled, and from whose coming may be dated the rise and progress of Winnipeg—which then had only some 300 inhabitants—and the prosperity of Manitoba.

Numerous callers from the old country waited on us at the Queen's Hotel, one of these being a son of the Rev. Mr. Smith, formerly minister of Unst, Shetland, with whom we resided one summer, while engaged in mission

work as a divinity student. The strapping Sheltie said he knew the Captain at once by his shoulders, though he must have been a mere child when he last saw him, some thirty years ago. One day we had a call from a lady, who, on the plea that her cousin was a teacher in Dirleton, requested the Captain as a great favour to christen her baby. This we at once agreed to do; and on Sunday, when the rest of the team (tell it not to Dr. Milligan and the Presbytery of Toronto) were away visiting the buffaloes which are preserved near the city by Lord Strathcona, we were engaged in the interesting function of receiving into the Church, Master Gordon Gerard Dickson Robertson, who, we hope, will grow up to be a credit to Scotland and Canada. It was interesting to find that this child was a relative of "Ralph Connor" (the Rev. C. W. Gordon), the popular Canadian writer, whose venerable father the Captain had met at Montreal. We had an introduction to "Ralph" from Mr. C. M. Brown, M.P., and were looking forward with pleasure to an interview with him; but on our arrival we found that he had been called to Toronto to see his brother, Dr. D. Gilbert Gordon, who was seriously ill.¹ One old man was peculiarly interesting. His name was George Sanderson. He had formerly resided in Dirleton parish, at Ferrygate Farm, and had come out here many years ago. His family had gone farther west, and were faring well. He himself was evidently in the employment of the city, for he handed us a Corporation card with his name and number thereon. The good old soul insisted on attending upon us while we were at Winnipeg, and we were much touched by his devotion.

¹ It was with great sorrow we afterwards heard of Dr. Gordon's death. As President of the Toronto Club he presided at the dinner given at the Victoria Club to the team on January 23. His genial, manly presence will long be missed.

We had a great many tempting offers to proceed farther west than Winnipeg, and gladly would we have accepted them and seen part of what is said to be the most picturesque part of Canada. But necessity made it imperative that all such invitations should be declined. From Brandon the following was sent to us, endorsed by Mr. K. Campbell, Secretary of the Board of Trade, and by Mr. Sifton, Minister of the Interior, per Mr. A. P. Collier, his private secretary:—

BRANDON, MAN., CANADA,
Dec. 17, 1902.

Rev. Mr. Kerr,

Captain o' oor Mither Curlers frae Hame.

REV. SIR—Oor Curler freens up here i' "The Wheat City" are anxious tae hae an end or twa wi' ye an' yer Cronies, an' tae that end we extend ye a herty welcome tae Brandon. We're plantit doon here i' the hert o' the Manitoba Wheat Belt, whaur we hae No. 1 Hard Wheat in Autumn an' No. 1 Hard Ice in Winter.

When ye get tae Toronto jist tell them ye've made up yer mind tae come oot Wast, and that ye'll hae tae cut yer veesit short on that accoont. Ye're welcome tae stay as long as ye like; we would like ye for twa days onyway.

Maister Tamson 'ill gie's a certeefficate o' character. Dinna forget we'll be awfu' gled tae see ye.

Yours Fraternally,

WM. HENDERSON, *President*,
W. H. SHILLINGLAW, *Secretary*,
JAS. KIRKCALDY, *Treasurer*,
Brandon Curling Club.

Great was our regret that such a truly Scottish invite had to be declined. An East Linton man, Mr. T. S. Burns, sent us a pressing invitation to visit Calgary,

Alberta, where he assured us of "a grand reception." As a native of our home county, East Lothian, we would have done much to accept this offer, but again the exigencies of our Itinerary compelled us to decline.

For several reasons we should have been much pleased to have gone on to Russell, and spent a day or two there. We should then have met in his Canadian home another East Lothian man, Mr. Thomas Tod, the poet-laureate



MEMBERS OF DR. WRIGHT'S CURLING RINK.

of curling in Manitoba, who wrote the Ode of Welcome which has already been quoted, and sketched the meeting of Scot and Canadian (pp. 24, 25). We should then have also met the President of the Russell Club, Dr. T. A. Wright, who trains up the boys of Russell in the way they ought to go, by teaching them to curl in the old-time style with wooden blocks. Of these juveniles we give an interesting group, which includes Dr. Wright's three sons—taken in the open. The youngsters play a wonderful game with their "wooden" stones, and we understand they mean to go to the Winnipeg Bonspiel

in 1904. Youth must be served, and we wish every power to their elbow. It used to be the rule at Sanquhar and other places, long ago, to have juvenile rinks under training. It is to Manitoba we look to uphold the old and salutary custom. It is excellent.

That they were eager to "curl" us even in Yukon territory, was evident from the following wire sent from Dawson City *via* Ashcroft:—

Rev. J. Kerr, Captain, Scottish Curlers, Winnipeg.

The Dawson Curling Club hereby challenge the Scottish Curlers to play here. Good ice guaranteed until May.

I. J. HARTMAN, *President*.

What a tempting offer! Who knows but some might have gone off and landed among the goldfields of Klondike! As it was, the temptation did not come in time, for the Scots had gone when the wire arrived, and the Captain only received the Yukon challenge after his return to Scotland.

The following hearty invitation was sent per Mr. J. P. Robertson, and received in good time:—

TOURIST ASSOCIATION OF VICTORIA, B.C.

February 2, 1903.

The Conductor of the Team of

The Scottish Curlers, Winnipeg.

DEAR SIR—Please pardon me for addressing you in this informal way, but I really did not know to whom I should address this communication.

I am instructed by the Executive of this Association to extend to you and your friends a hearty invitation to visit our city before you return to Scotland. We feel sure that, after your trip through Eastern Canada and the great West, a change from the invigorating, if somewhat cold climate so far experienced, to our mild and temperate, and very English weather, would not be altogether unpleasant, and would serve to give you a practical illustration of the immensity

of this country, and the variety of its climate and resources. While you are enjoying your grand and royal game in Central Canada we are wearing to business roses and violets grown in our own gardens in the open air.

The trip to the coast by rail through the mountains is one which no visitor to this Dominion should miss. It is the grandest scenic trip in the world.

You will find many Scotsmen in Victoria only too anxious to meet and welcome you, and this Association will do everything possible to make your stay pleasant and profitable.

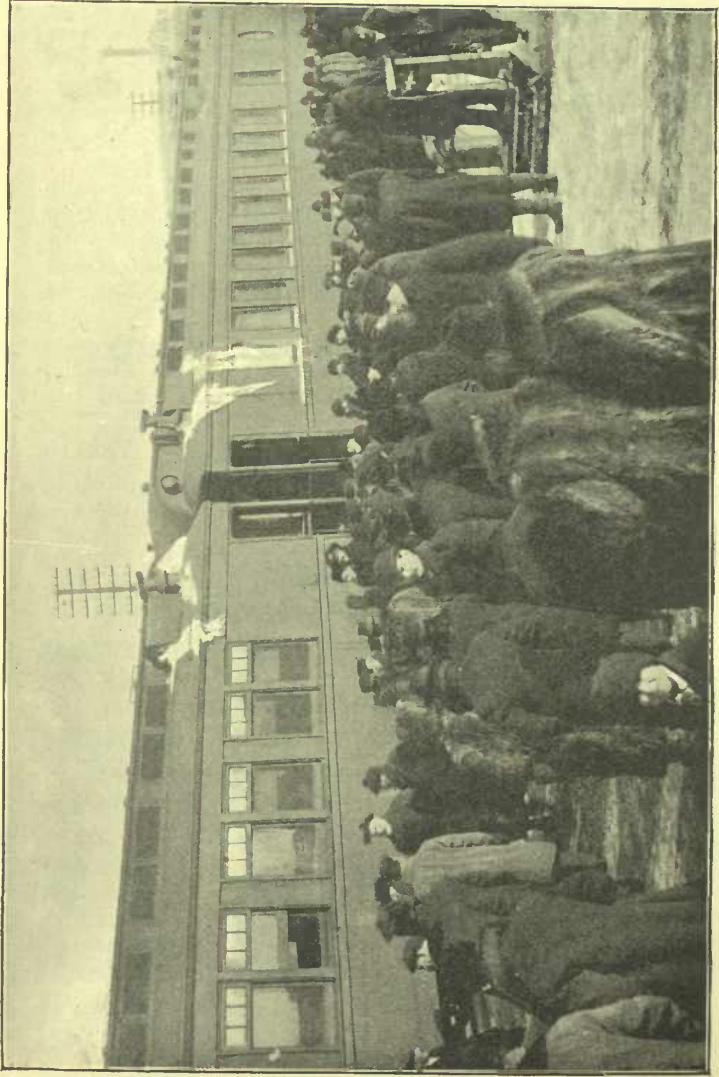
I forward you a few copies of our *Picturesque Victoria*, and will forward more to-morrow, and ask Mr. J. P. Robertson to distribute them for us.

Trusting you will accept this invitation, and that we shall soon have the pleasure of meeting you.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) HERBERT CUTHBERT, *Secretary*.

That invitation made one's teeth water. What a glorious journey it would have been to the capital of British Columbia, through the grandest mountain scenery of the world to the land of flower and fruit! Gladly would we have followed the glittering pathway of steel by which Lord Strathcona joined the Atlantic with the Pacific, one of the greatest world achievements, and his enduring monument. Gladly would we have passed through the Cordillera range, followed the Fraser and the Mackenzie rivers, surveyed for ourselves the Alaskan boundary about which the world has lately heard so much, or penetrated through southern lines to the untrodden vastnesses

Where rolls the Oregon,
And hears no sound
Save his own dashings.

But it could not be. A Presbytery's short leave of absence, a wife and weans, a farm, a business—one or other called for us to retrace our steps from the Far West and set our faces homewards.



THE TEAM LEAVING WINNIPEG.

CHAPTER XII

IMPRESSIONS OF THE TEAM

We are sons o' the true hearts that bled wi' the Wallace
And conquered at brave Bannockburn wi' the Bruce ;
Thae wild days are gane, but their memories call us,
So we'll stand by langsyne and the guid ancient use.

And we'll hie to the spiel, as our faithers afore us,
Ye sons o' the men whom foe never could tame ;
And at nicht round the ingle we'll raise the blithe chorus
To the land we lo'e weel and our auld Scottish game.—SHAIRP.

“There was not a cold-hearted man in the group.”—*Ontario Association Annual, 1903-4.*

A COMPANY of twenty-four intelligent curlers going through Canada with their eyes open, could not fail to take in a great many impressions of the country itself, and of the conditions under which the game of curling is played. With this idea in his mind the Captain thought it advisable, instead of confining this volume to his own impressions, to ask the gentlemen who composed the team to set down their views as to what came under their observation. This, it can at once be seen, must give greater variety to the account of our tour. With such object in view, he accordingly drew up the following circular, and in April 1903 addressed a copy to each member of the team :—

“Scottish Canadian-American Curling Tour

In connection with the preparation of an illustrative volume with a complete account of our great Curling

Trek which I have on hand, I have decided to devote a chapter or part of the volume to the impressions and reminiscences of the individual members of the team, so that nothing of importance may be omitted from what is designed to be a permanent record of the tour. I shall therefore be much obliged if you would, as a member of the team, favour me with the following particulars—

- (1) General impressions of the country and the people—Canada and the States.
- (2) Your ideas as to the curling and the curlers you met, and specially as to the distinction between our game and theirs.
- (3) The probable effect of our tour on the game in the home country, and on the other side of the Atlantic.
- (4) Reminiscences of folks you met from the old country, specially from your own district, and of what they had to say about themselves and their experiences, and giving names as far as possible and advisable.
- (5) A few names of those you met at each centre whose portraits, in your opinion, should be included in the volume.
- (6) Any incidents—humorous or otherwise—that came under your particular notice throughout the tour.”

A good many members of the team complied with this request. They confined themselves almost entirely to Canadian impressions, which was perhaps the best way, as it was of Canada the home curlers wanted chiefly to hear. Taking the members in order as given on p. 63, we begin with

Provost Ballantyne (2)¹

of Peebles, who was selected to represent his district on the team, and justified his reputation of being one of the best skips and one of the most enthusiastic players, sets down his views in the following manner:—

1. I was very much impressed with Canada and the States. The vastness of Canada, its great capacity as a wheat-growing country, and its natural advantages from a manufacturer's point of view, owing to its enormous water-power, cannot fail to give one a very favourable impression.

As regards the people of Canada, they were so kind and hospitable to us that we could not fail to be favourably impressed by them. I was very much struck by their energy and pluck, municipally, in providing such handsome and costly town halls and other buildings, as well as by their excellent and convenient systems of electric tramways. In these and many other respects I think they are much ahead of us, but in sanitation and water supplies I think they have yet much to learn.

The principal thing that Canada appears to require in order to make it a great country is a much larger population, and that defect is evidently being rapidly remedied.

Of course we did not see so much of the people of the United States as we did of the Canadians, and I am, therefore, not in a position to express my opinions about the States so confidently. But I think the same remarks apply in so far as their kindness and energy are concerned.

2. The curlers, almost without exception, were as fine a set of men as you could wish to meet. I do not think there was any



Photo by Colledge.

PROVOST BALLANTYNE.

¹ The figure at each name refers to the table regarding team given at p. 63.

very striking difference between their game and ours, except that, from their greater practice and from the fact that their ice does not vary to anything like the extent



PROVOST BALLANTYNE.
(At Paterson, New Jersey.)

that ours does, they were able to calculate the borrow and strength to a nicety which we could not attain. In my opinion, where they beat us hollow was in the sweeping—not only in the activity of their sweepers, which was often something wonderful, but in the judgment they exercised in sweeping or not sweeping a stone at the right moment. Many, many a shot we lost through not sweeping a stone in time, either through its being short or dying on to a guard; whereas the Canadians, by timely and vigorous sweeping, would have had it up or past the guard in time.

3. I don't imagine that our tour can have very much effect upon the game, either at home or on the other side, except perhaps to give it an impetus, through causing more enthusiasm.

4. The only thing I can say is, that I never came across any one who had not done well.

Throughout the whole of the tour the Provost was one of our most successful skips, and at the close he stood level in games with his opponents, while he led them over the matches played by 9 shots. In the Ontarian Circuit he proved an efficient Deputy-Captain of the team. His wife and daughter accompanied him on the tour, and were entertained at the various centres by the lady friends of the curlers.

Major Bertram (3)

of Kersewell, Carnwath, who did his duty to King and country in South Africa, as might be expected of a soldier, was one of the first to volunteer to go out and fight the battle of the Royal Club in Canada and the States. He proved himself one of the most energetic of our players, always bright and cheerful, and entering into every game with the greatest zest. Unfortunately Major Bertram had to go into hospital at Toronto, under Dr. O'Reilly, owing to blood-poisoning of the right hand. To their great regret he was therefore unable to accompany the team to Winnipeg.



Photo by Ayton, Edinburgh

MAJOR BERTRAM.

They were all delighted when he joined them again at Buffalo, and accompanied them during the remainder of the tour. The Major's impressions are as follows:—

1. Like every one else, I was much struck with the intense loyalty of the Canadians, and their hospitality, which apparently extends to every one; but, as most of them were Scotsmen by birth or descent, no doubt we came under the "favoured nation" clause.

As they say, they are making money and intend to spend it, and very few of them wish to save it for themselves or their families. The thing one misses out there is the leisured class; every one is "hustling" to make money and position; life in America is mainly a question of the "almighty dollar."

As regards the personality of the Canadians, I consider them a very fine race physically, both men and women, the former very powerful,

and the latter, though not tall, stocky and well built, their only fault being their want of complexion, which, however, cannot be wondered at, considering the intense heat (70° to 80°) at which they keep their houses. This we felt very much. This want of complexion is specially noticeable amongst the children, who are very pale contrasted with ours.



MAJOR BERTRAM.

(A Scottish Curler made comfortable.)

We were put up at the best hotels, and yet I think we did not like them. The attendance was very inferior, and the general arrangements bad, and I do not think for comfort they can compare with hotels at home.

2. I saw some fine curling though I was not at Winnipeg, but nothing better than I have seen at home. In fact, the curling and curlers are much what we have here, except that the labouring class, amongst whom are some of the best curlers in Scotland, could not curl in Canada owing to the expense, not only of

the rink itself, but also of the club-house attached: this I consider a great pity, though unavoidable.

There are two great distinctions between their game and ours, the chief being, perhaps, the splendid way in which they sweep their stones, though I doubt if they could maintain the rapid motion of their brooms on our rough ice; and I certainly doubt their argument that not only can they clean the ice better, but also create a vacuum and draw their stones on.

The second great distinction is the amount of handle they use. This is effective, partly owing to the beading they put on their ice, and also to the fact that they are all "hack" players, and therefore can set their stones much wider than our "crampit" players can;

and I am quite sure, though personally I have played off one as much as the other, that there is not the slightest doubt that the "hack" is infinitely superior to the "crampit." We played constantly on very thin ice, sometimes not more than $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thick, yet as their "hack" was built into the floor, whether of wood, earth, or concrete, it does away, once and for all, with the superstition that "hacks" cannot be used on account of their ice being frozen solid to the bottom. I specially asked several of the leading Canadian curlers their opinion on the subject, and they said that if they thought the "crampit" as good or better they would certainly use it, but, though they had tried it, they found that they had to play across their legs when playing wide shots, and that also they could not play these with the same accuracy owing to their not standing straight to them. Of course their stones, being much wider in the sole than ours, take more handle, though quite as easy to play up, as the edge is not so sharp as ours. I timed one of their best players, and he put up a stone from "hack" to "hack" in $4\frac{1}{5}$ seconds.

3. I do not suppose the tour will affect the game in this country, though no doubt the logical conclusion is that we should abandon the "crampit"; I fear, however, that this, which is essentially the one lesson we have learnt, will be thrown away, as even last year, although the "hack" players in the South have shown their superiority year after year, an attempt was made to abolish it. The only good, therefore, that I can see will be that this will never be attempted again.

I do not think either that there will be any effect on the game on the other side, though perhaps some clubs will abandon "irons." There may, however, be some diminution in the weight of stones they play at present, as I hope they will adopt the R.C.C.C. Rules *en bloc*; and what a farce it would have been if the club had forbidden "hacks," and yet wanted Canadians to play under their rules.

4. I met several people from my district, and two, Sandy Young and Tom Watson, from my own estate. I found them all flourishing and making money, with no desire to return to the old country, except in the way of visits; but they all said the life out there was so much more free that they could never live at home again. It is rather an interesting fact that Sandy Young, who was the son of a blacksmith at Newbigging, shortly after he went out became quoit champion of Canada, defeating in the final the son of the *ci-devant* Newbigging carrier, who had hitherto carried all before him, and Sandy himself has now been champion for several

years. He is foreman in the Gas Company's Works at Toronto, one of the largest in the world, and the manager told me he was very sorry to promote him, as he was the best blacksmith they had ever seen.

Major Bertram has not simply answered queries as to his impressions, but has kindly furnished us with two



MAJOR BERTRAM DRIVING A RACING SLEIGH.¹

papers, one on Tobogganing and the other on Ice-boating, which give a good idea of these winter sports, all the more valuable because they are written from practical experience. Always daring and dauntless, the Major was our Young Lochinvar out of the West, and these sketches speak eloquently of the spirit of *abandon* with which he entered into Canadian winter sports, until he had unfortunately to go into hospital.

¹ The horse's record is 2.7.

"MY FIRST SLIDE"

We had begun our Curling Tour of Canada in Halifax, when we had to sweep the water off the ice before playing, and the second place, St. John, New Brunswick, was little better, so it was not till we arrived at the picturesque old city, of Quebec that we really had any idea of what a Canadian winter was like. It was certainly cold enough there, the thermometer registering 15 or 16 below zero, and the difficulty with which the boat (built specially for that purpose) ploughed its way through the ice of the St. Lawrence was a warning that it would soon be closed to navigation. The wind, too, was high, which made it all the colder, and we were very glad, after climbing the steep and tortuous old streets, to find ourselves inside that most comfortable of hotels, the Château Frontenac, which commands perhaps the finest view in the world. We spent the first day curling hard, also the next morning, and in the afternoon went down to the rink to see our bachelors get a good beating from the Quebec ladies, after which we all got on board three or four electric cars which had been reserved for us, and away we went, a very merry party. After about half-an-hour's pleasant run we arrived at the bottom of the Funicular Railway leading up to the Montmorency Falls Hotel. We were soon taken up, and on emerging at the top found ourselves within a few hundred yards of the hotel, in front of which were the celebrated toboggan slides; and about half-a-mile away the Falls of Montmorency, 250 feet high, glistened in the moonlight,



MAJOR BERTRAM, SKIPPING.
(At Paterson.)

being frozen solid from top to bottom and forming a most beautiful picture. We were shown into the hotel, celebrated as having been the residence of the Duke of Kent, and shortly afterwards sat down to the inevitable banquet—a very good one it was, too. After the King's health had been duly honoured and the usual toast list begun, I made my escape, and getting my bonnet and greatcoat, for it was intensely cold, I sallied out to watch the (to me) new sport of tobogganing. The slides consisted of wooden platforms about 50 feet high, with a boarded slope like a water-chute without the rails, about 30 feet wide, covered with a thick skin of ice, the sides planked up about three feet to prevent accidents. At the foot of this, which was very steep, the ground sloped gently away for about three-quarters of a mile, this being also covered with a thick coat of ice, and the snow swept to the sides

and so forming embankments. At the end of this were the steps which led up to the return slide, which was higher and steeper, and the run a bit longer. There were wooden steps with hand-rails on both sides leading up to the platforms, up which the toboggans were drawn, as they were quite light, being simply composed of thin planks of wood about five feet long and two feet broad, the front being curled up about six inches, and a light cord fixed to either side at the front to enable those using them to pull them up the steps, and also to act as a support to the front passenger when the toboggan held two. I was standing amidst the crowd waiting for their turn (for only one toboggan was allowed to start at a time) and admiring the manner in which men and ladies went off like rockets without any exertion, when a lady standing by asked if I would like a slide. Having answered in the affirmative, she told me to go down and bring up one of the numerous toboggans which were lying at the bottom of the steps. She then proceeded to sit down in front, holding the cord, and directed me to lie down behind on my right side and steer with my left leg. It was all Dutch to me; however, I did as I was told, and she then put her right arm round my neck and I was shown how to grasp the sides of the toboggan in front of her, my arms being around her. I was then asked if I was ready, and some of the bystanders (of whom there were crowds, mostly having come to see the curling team) pushed us off. I remember nothing more till I found myself in a snow bank half suffocated with the snow and the arm which was still tight round my neck. I managed to struggle up into a sitting position and found my partner alongside. We then, amidst roars of laughter from the spectators, proceeded to brush the snow off one another, and after a hunt we discovered my bonnet and the toboggan, which had disappeared in the snow. I asked my partner if she was hurt, and finding her all right, proposed another trial, to which she consented. Having dragged the toboggan up to the starting platform, we got ready to start again, notwithstanding the efforts of the onlookers to put my partner off by pointing out that we had only missed the boards by about two feet. Nothing daunted she took her seat again, and having got into the regulation position behind her, away we went again. This time we managed a little better, but again disappeared into the snow about a hundred yards farther on. After we had gathered ourselves and our belongings together, my partner gently but firmly led me away behind some sheds where we were screened from the laughing crowd, and gave me some lessons in steering, with the result that our next attempt was crowned with success. But when I proposed that we should return on the big slide she said she thought I had better try it alone. This I did without taking a toss, and by the time the boys had finished their speeches and arrived on the scene, I was taking my turn with the rest and enjoying myself immensely. Afterwards in the hotel I asked my partner if she had not been frightened to trust herself to a novice, but she only replied, "Oh, I knew we should be all right," and we were.

"A WHIRL ON AN ICE-BOAT"

Although I was a member of the Scottish Curling Team, yet from the time that I landed in Canada I must admit that I looked forward to having a sail on an ice-boat as much as anything; therefore, when I got to Montreal and was introduced to "J. P.," that prince of good fellows and sportsmen, it was with no little pleasure that I accepted his invitation to have a "whirl," as he called it, on his ice-yacht. I luckily managed to get a day off, as we had

three odd men in the team ; and it was arranged that he should call for me the next morning. Sure enough, as I entered the palatial hall of the Windsor Hotel at 9 A.M. I soon made out the stalwart figure and cheery face of my host, loaded with furs, etc. ; so, without losing any time, we made our way to the station, and there found two or three more bound on the same errand as ourselves. We got on board, and after a run of about an hour or so, arrived at our destination—the well-known summer resort of St. A. I helped my host out with the pile of furs, caps, and thick jerseys which he had brought ; and getting into a sleigh, away we went to the river side, where we found several ice-boats drawn up near the Club, and more sailing about. In the meantime, J. explained to me that he had arranged a match with his well-known yacht, the *Cyclone*, which had recently won the first prize at the Montreal Ice Regatta, against a new boat from Kingston belonging



A RACING ICE-YACHT.

to his nephew, called the *Blizzard*. The race was to be run in two parts. The first to an island we could just see on the horizon, where two friends of J.'s lived, and to whom he wished to introduce me ; and then to a village a mile or two below Point Clear, where we could lunch. Our arrangements, which consisted of putting on all the thickest clothes we could get, were soon made ; and everything being ready, we were started off by some of our friends. And here I must explain that the deck of an ice-boat is only a small triangular space aft, with just enough room for two to lie comfortably, one steering and the other with the main sheet in his hand, as it is too dangerous ever to make the latter fast except in the lightest of airs. Of course the big yachts have more space, and large canvas bags are fitted on the framework forward of the wooden deck which hold passengers, but these are not to be seen on racing craft. The construction of an ice-boat is too well known to need description ; so I will only say that they run on three long skates, one on either side amidships, and another one at the stern, which acts as a rudder, being

connected with a tiller. These ice-boats are hard to start ; so our friends ran alongside to get way on, and then we were off. There was a fairly strong breeze, and very little snow on the ice, though it had drifted a bit in places. However, there was nothing to stop us, and we simply flew. The wind being dead ahead, we had to tack down the river, and the first time we went about I very nearly fell overboard, in spite of strict injunctions to hold fast. It was wonderful the pace we attained, the weather skate sometimes lifting four or five feet in the air as a stronger gust than usual caught us. We were doing well and holding our own with the *Blizzard*, when J. asked me if I should care to take the "stick," as they call the tiller. I was only too delighted, but am afraid I made a sad mess of it, as we were gradually left behind, it being quite a different thing to put an ice-boat about from what it is a yacht ; also it puzzled me that we made no leeway. However, J. consoled me by



READY TO START. ICE-YACHT RACE, ST. ANNE'S, MONTREAL.

saying that I was doing very well for a first attempt, and that we should have the wind free for Point Clear as we opened the Lake, and that our boat being heavier than the *Blizzard*, should do better then. We came to off the Island all right, and after a little chaff from the two occupants of the other boat, went up to the house, where we received a warm welcome, and were shown all over the homestead and different buildings ; the owner appeared to be a sort of universal genius, and had made no end of improvements with his own hands, and was very strong on the merits of acetylene against electric light on the score of economy, better and more reliable light, etc. However, the day was getting on, so we had to bid our kind friends adieu, not, however, without the customary "deoch an dorus." The wind had now got up a bit, and we tore along. J. was quite right about the yachts, for we soon left the *Blizzard* and reached Cape Clear in less than no time, having, however, had one narrow shave on the way, as we got into some rotten ice, and only our pace saved us. By this time I was pretty comfortable, but soon found I had a lot to learn about ice-yachting, as on rounding the point the wind came much freer, and I immediately slacked the sheet. I saw J. smiling, but he said nothing.

I soon discovered that we were going much slower, and asked him why. He then explained that as ice-boats went much faster than the wind, it was impossible to run with them, and that they had always to be sailed close hauled; and sure enough, when I checked the sheet I found out the truth of this, as we at once began improving our pace. We soon reached the village which was our goal, and seeing nothing of the *Blizzard*, proceeded to the hotel and ordered lunch. We then returned to the pier, carrying with us a plank, as J. was afraid that they had got stuck in the rotten ice we had escaped with such difficulty. We had, however, hardly reached the shore when we saw the *Blizzard* flying past at a hundred miles an hour, with the weather-skate lifting high in the air; and though we shouted at them, they evidently did not hear us, and urged on their wild career. We returned, therefore, to the hotel; but shortly afterwards they appeared, having gone on to another village by mistake, and not finding us there they had retraced their steps. The landlord of the hotel came and told us lunch was ready, at the same time apologising for the poor fare, as his man with cart and horse had lost their way the previous evening in a snow-storm when bringing provisions from Montreal, and had driven to the edge of the open water above the Lachine Rapids, with the result that they had all gone through the thin ice and were drowned. The landlord himself, with his friends, had been searching all night for them, and eventually found a rein frozen to the ice, which led to the horse and cart, and eventually to the discovery of the body of the unfortunate driver a few yards away under thick ice. After lunch we again started off, and J. showed me a lot of tricks about ice-sailing. We finally arrived at our destination, where we found men waiting to take the boats, and a sleigh for ourselves. We got in and crossed the river to Lachine, passing near the spot where the cart had gone through. But our adventures were not yet over, for as we raced along the Lachine Road to catch the electric car just ahead of us, one of our runners caught in the tram-rail, and over we all went, my host, who weighed about 240 lbs., falling on the top of me. We escaped, however, with nothing worse than a shaking; and the car having stopped for us, we got on board, and arrived in Montreal in time for dinner, having had a most enjoyable day, and determined to have another "whirl" as soon as possible; but, alas! it snowed all night, so we did not get a chance.

Mr. Robert Bramwell (4)

our most successful skip, is a member of the renowned Upper Nithsdale Club, which has on more than one occasion won the trophy of the Royal Club in the Grand Match at Carsebreck. Although playing with gentlemen whom he had never seen before, and handicapped much all round, Mr. Bramwell was very successful against the various rinks which he met on the tour; and although the *personnel* of his rink was changed more than once during the tour, he was able to return home with a majority of four matches out of thirty-seven played,

having won twenty, lost sixteen, and drawn one.¹ Mr. Bramwell had perhaps the best command of the "twist,"



Photo by Alexander, Dumfries.

ROBERT BRAMWELL.
Upper Nithsdale.

a knowledge of which is a *sine qua non* in Canada, and his keenness and absorption in the game, accounted very much for his wonderful success. On his return home he was entertained by his friends at Sanguhar at a dinner, over which Mr. Campbell, one of the Vice-Presidents of the R.C.C.C., presided. In responding to the toast of his health, Mr. Bramwell spoke as follows:—

I have to thank you for the welcome you gave me, and for the honour done me in coupling my name with this toast. I

cannot tell you how delighted I was to receive the cable telling me that you had won the Grand Match Trophy for the third time, and that the rink I was most interested in had again won the badges. I took an early opportunity of informing our rev. Captain of the facts, when he slyly remarked, "Man, they have never missed you." "No," I replied, "there were plenty of good men left." (Laughter.) Well, gentlemen, I was proud to be your representative in the team, and if anything could possibly add to the pleasure of a most enjoyable experience, it is the fact that my efforts have met with your approval. (Hear, hear.) The committee in Edinburgh appointed me a skip. I confess I felt a bit nervous over it, having had little experience in that capacity, and also being unacquainted with the players allotted to me. I soon got over my nervousness, and I can look back with particular pleasure to our association as a rink from the fact that I never had a dissatisfied word from one of them. My thanks are due to them for the loyal way they supported me throughout. Our chairman stated that he had watched our

¹ *Vide* Appendix III.

progress with great interest, but that he had never seen my name among the list of speakers at any of the functions. That is so, and I am afraid that you will think that you have been very poorly represented in the talking line. (Laughter.) You have all, no doubt, seen detailed accounts of our doings in the public press since we came home. I needn't take up your time with that, but will confine myself to a few remarks on my impressions of the game out there. This will be more interesting, I think, to a gathering such as this. There is no doubt that the Canadian game is a much fairer one than ours; there is much more variety in it, and you need almost never be at a loss for direction; you have both sides to work on, and straight-up as well. Here curling is a rural game; out there it is essentially a town one, and takes up very much the same position as bowling does here as a summer game. The strongest clubs are found in the large cities. The playing is all done in the evenings. Where there are ladies' clubs attached they do all their playing through the day, and if the ice isn't in good condition, owing to the weather, a match is simply postponed. Of course we had a fixed time-table and had to adhere to it. They can count on about four months' curling every winter. The club-rooms attached to the rinks are as a rule splendidly got up, comfortably heated, and all glass facing the rinks. This is where the plate-glass skips take up their position; they correspond to our arm-chair generals at home. (Laughter.) Under these conditions, and with the ice next to perfect, is it to be wondered at that they have a much higher general average grade of curling than we have? All play from the "hack"; no such thing as a "crampit." The hack has a wooden back frozen in flush with the ice, which makes a very secure footing. Seventeen of our team were "crampit" players, and, curiously enough, in a ballot we had on the way up to Winnipeg for two strong rinks, all the original "hack" players were included in the eight. Their style of delivery is different. They don't lift the stone so high as we do, but slide away forward with it. It isn't so graceful as our best style, but I must confess they keep a better line than we do. Their style is all right for keen ice, and they don't as a rule play on anything else, but we had a decided advantage over them on the dull. They play more of a drawing game than we do. Stones are of little account short of the rings. Long guards are no use whatever, simply stones wasted, and for striking "hack length" is the favourite weight, which is far more effective than strong play. It is a very rare

occurrence that a stone is broken. The amount of "handle" the stones took varied very much according to the amount of frost. With the thermometer about 30 degrees the ice was keenest and pulled most, sometimes about 7 feet. When it went down near zero it was not so keen, and did not pull more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet. In delivering your stone you had to be careful to give a decided "turn," for I have repeatedly seen a stone catch a bit of straw or something on the ice—take the opposite "turn," and land into the side. There is another thing that I found we were behind them in; that is the sweeping. They sweep crossways, and make the brushes go so fast that they create a vacuum in front of the stone. So they say; and there must be some truth in it, for it was marvellous how far the stones would travel when you thought they were just stopping. Our stones didn't respond to the brush in the same manner. They were very much duller, travelled faster, and stopped quicker. As you know, most of the team were supplied with stones totally unsuited for the game out there. I had three pairs of them in my rink,¹ and I can tell you it baffled me to know when to sweep. We got something done to them in Toronto, but even then they were far from being perfect. No two pair of them seemed to run alike. In the game here, supposing you wanted your player to draw a shot against you on the tee, if you didn't set your brush he wouldn't do it. Now, out there it is different: if the stone were narrow they would sweep right away, and if wide they would delay as long as possible till they got it coming right, then they would bring it away. You can, therefore, see what an important part the sweeping takes in the game, and how much easier for the skip with a rink of stones all running alike. I would strongly advise any of you who are investing in new stones to get them with the genuine Canadian bottom on the dull side. If there is any "handle" to be got they will take it, and I found no difficulty in getting them up on the dullest ice. Now, gentlemen, as your time is limited, I will conclude by again thanking you, and express the hope that when the next team goes out more of you will be found amongst the number. (Cheers.)

Mr. Bramwell had the distinction of winning, along with the members of his rink, the cups awarded at Winnipeg for the best-comparisened team.

¹ No doubt Mr. Bramwell's success was partly due to the fact that his own pair of Ailsas, made by A. Kay and Co., Haugh, Mauchline, had the correct Canadian cut.



The Captain fits the tee.



"Ne'er a kowe, I tell ye."



"Now, Captain, be canny."



"No' richt."



"Pappa."



"Tak yer wull o't."



"Curl, ye curlers, curl."



"You for a curler, Simson."



"Soop, Murray, soop!"

Mr. R. Cousin (5)

was one of Mr. Bramwell's rink as readjusted on the journey. He had, before that, acted as a skip, but his labours were most marked in the Curling Courts held at sea and at Halifax. His portrait is given at p. 67. It was his lot to meet the eccentric Captain Robertson of Sarnia, mentioned by Mr. A. E. Campbell in the next contribution, but with his usual imperturbable temperament he quietly remarked, "I'll sune tak' the yelpin' oot o' ye." Before going out, Mr. Cousin, who is a large contractor in Edinburgh, was entertained by his people and presented with a handsome memento in token of their good wishes. The Merchiston Club, of which he is President, also gave him a rousing send-off. On his return he was one of several guests at a reception dinner of the Duddingston Club. In replying to his health he assured the company that although all was not sunshine with them in Canada, none of them would ever regret or forget their visit to the land of the maple leaf. They had had a good deal of hard work, but also a lot of enjoyment, and they could not only take a licking but give one as well. He emphasised the fact that the Canadians took a defeat far more to heart than the Scots did, and concluded with the remark that Provost Gordon usually did the speechifying for the Lothians Rink, for which he was skip during greater part of the tour.

Mr. Alexander E. Campbell (6)

was the representative of the Greenock district. Mr. Campbell, who is a nursery-gardener, gives some excellent impressions in the line of his own profession. He says:—

1. Impressions of a country and people are, for me, difficult to put in black and white. Canada being snowbound at the period of our visit, one cannot go into details of its merits or otherwise,

but as an agricultural country it was easy to see that immense districts were devoted to crops of various kinds; especially in Ontario the fruit-growing industry had great prominence. It was here that the vines were in evidence, and apple trees occupied a goodly acreage, letting us have a passing glimpse of the source of the immense supplies of apples with which we are familiar at home every autumn. I was greatly impressed with the immensity of the wheat land of America, in passing through the country, say from Winnipeg to Minneapolis, and we were then only in a small portion of the grain-growing districts.

The people of Canada we were having daily intercourse with, were very much like Scottish folks at home. If I had not felt certain that I was on the American Continent I could have imagined I was not far away from Gourock. The outstanding feature in their meetings with us was their desire to do us honour on account of the land we came from; and those who curled against us expressed themselves over and over again as being delighted to do so because we came from Scotland; this was very quaintly put by the old skip from St. Mary, whose rink we

played against at Stratford. When shaking hands at the finish of the game, he said, "I cared na' whether I lost or won, but I was proud that I was chosen to play with the Scotsmen." He told us he had come from Hamilton when a boy of nine years, and I think he would now be nearly seventy.

2. Curling, with few exceptions, was engaged in from first to last on perfectly level ice: this gave the opportunity for a more scientific game than we generally have at home; and with the corrugated ice the stones ran very true, when the proper turn of the handle was given. The game differed entirely at Winnipeg from what I experienced elsewhere, for until Winnipeg, play was conducted on the "drawing" system, not much "striking" being engaged in. But at Winnipeg my experience was one rarely met with at home, namely, the persistent "striking" and "carrying through" of the



Photo by Brown.

A. E. CAMPBELL.

first and second players' stones if they came anywhere within ten or twelve feet of the tee and fairly well in front, a system it would have been very dangerous for us to adopt. It must be remembered that we met there a different class of players, men who had come for the express purpose of winning prizes, and not so much to meet and play with the Scotsmen. In most of the rinks there we



Photo by W. A. Couse, Sarnia, Ont.

SARNIA RINK.

Capt. E. Robertson, *second*. J. Hamilton, *first*.
F. M'Gibbon, *skip*. A. W. MacLean, *third*.

found the first and second players to be young supple chaps, and besides being excellent curlers rarely missing the "carrying through process," they were very demons with the broom. This, I may say in passing, is an art our best sweepers have yet to learn; and I am convinced that with their keen frost and corrugated ice, sweeping such as we saw at Winnipeg, and indeed throughout, is a great factor in winning.

The main distinction between our home game and theirs, lies in their giving every stone a turn of the handle, whereas we are accustomed at home to use the turn for the most part to counteract a bias on the ice. One disadvantage their invariable turn put them to was their inability to take out a stone or draw to it lying perfectly open through a straight port, having become used to the perpetual turn. Of course many were masters of the whole game, but I noticed repeatedly their failure to take straight shots. I have not the least hesitation in advocating the use of the "hack" in preference to the "crampit," provided the ice is thick enough to get a proper "hack" made, and the universal use of it in America is proof that it is preferable.

The American curlers, being accustomed to play on keen ice, took very ill with the soft ice which we met with in our tour

through Ontario, and as many of them gave the stone a sort of push instead of a throw, as our custom is, they were fairly out of it when their push was not sufficient to carry the stones far over the hog. We met a rare specimen of a boisterous roaring curler at Windsor. In all my experience I never met his match—Captain Robertson of Sarnia. He had the “hack” along with me when we played the second tie; his skip’s name was M’Gibbon against Cousin. He followed every stone, shouting at the pitch of his voice; if it ended well he danced round the big ring shouting, then sometimes the broom, at other times his cap, and if an extra good shot, himself went flat on the ice, but when our side scored, silence reigned. Withal he was a good curler. I rather enjoyed the fun, although he ruffled Cousin at times. I would put Mr. Suckling and Mr. Brown his third player, of the Montreal Club, as playing the best game which I witnessed on our tour.

3. A greatly increased interest in curling at home, and a more scientific game attempted.

4 or 6. In illustration of the clannishness of the Scot, on arriving at Montreal at midnight a brake with a couple of pipers ready to play up was just starting with us for the Windsor Hotel when a cry arose, “Where’s the Gourock man?” and out of the darkness a hand was held up to me, and a voice was heard through the gloom, “Gie’s yer haun’; I’m frae Port-Glesca.” That was all, just a hearty handshake, and we parted. The first old friends I met with were Captain Hunter, his wife, and daughter. He is Port-Warden of Halifax, and an old Cunarder. I spent the afternoon of our first Sunday with them. He was one of the original curlers of Halifax, almost the only one left now. The curling in those days was all in the open. He recounted to me all about the formation of the club, and the different ponds they used. He is not able to move about much now, being somewhat stiff with rheumatism. I can assure you I felt quite at home that first day in the New World. A funny coincidence occurred in connection with this family. When about to leave New York for home, I happened to step into a draper’s shop in Brooklyn to make a purchase, and on hearing my Scotch accent the draper let me know that he came from Halifax, and the outcome of our conversation revealed the fact that he was a nephew of Mrs. Captain Hunter of Halifax, so that my first visit on arrival and the last before stepping on board the *Etruria* for home was practically to the same family. (6) Showing the interest taken in us even by those not curlers, while in Quebec I, along with

our good friend Mr. Thomson, went into a tailor's establishment to get some repairs made on a top-coat, and whilst waiting on the job being finished the proprietor came in, and spotting me at once as one of the Scottish team, he presented us each with a gaudy-coloured sash and a little brooch, besides refusing to take payment for repairs. When engaged at play in Toronto, a gentleman introduced himself as the son of an octogenarian who lived about twenty miles out, and wanted me to go and see him, the old man being unable to come in to see me, for the purpose of finding out if I was a relative of his mother, or if I knew any of her relatives, her name being Campbell, and coming from Gourock. Her migration happened before his father of eighty years was born. I told him that as I could not throw a ray of light on the subject, I could not grant his request to accompany him the twenty miles journey to see his old father. An incident of great interest to me, in which another member of the team (Mr. Gibson) played an equal part, occurred when at Montreal. We had stepped in one evening to the Caledonia rink to have a throw of the "irons," and were invited up to their Committee-room, where a regular business-meeting was being held, and on coming to the presentation of the prizes to the winning rink of last year, the President intimated that as two of the Scottish curlers were present he would call upon them to present the prizes to two of the members of the rink. Although somewhat taken by surprise, we both accomplished our task without a hitch. I was accosted next morning, when playing in the same rink, by Mr. Currie, the gentleman to whom I handed over the silver cup the previous night, with the intimation that his wife was coming to see me in the rink at night, as she used to live in Gourock long ago. This did not end the incident, for both Mr. Currie and his wife came to the station to see us off, and presented me with a beautiful volume of views of Montreal, which I prize as highly as any of the mementoes of our trip.

In every city and town we visited, the tables were loaded with good things, testifying to the unbounded hospitality of our hosts. As showing their appreciation of the beautiful, a usual accompaniment, and to me, most interesting feature, was the floral decorations of those tables. For the most part roses and carnations were used, and being cut with long stems and set up in tall vases, the effect was marvellous. This was especially so at Stratford, where the two or three tables that ran lengthwise of the hall had each five vases of carnations, while the top table had its three vases of roses, besides a tastefully decorated platform behind. At the

close of this meeting the roses were presented to the ladies of our company. In the dead of winter to produce these wonderful specimens of horticulture requires such a clear sunny atmosphere as we experienced in most of our tour. In this connection I may say that, having come in to Toronto a day before the team for the purpose of grinding off the sharp edges from my new curling stones, which had prevented me from using them hitherto, and having successfully accomplished this task, I betook me to Dunlop's nurseries, and was well rewarded for my visit by beholding upwards of 15,000 rose plants in full bloom, besides immense numbers of carnations blooming to perfection, thus viewing beforehand one of the sources of supply of the artistically arranged vases that adorned the tables in the various cities we were entertained in during the ensuing week. My conductor on this occasion was my brother-in-law, Mr. Peter Whytock, who has been a citizen of Toronto for upwards of thirty years. I was also much impressed with the form of decoration used at Rideau Hall, while being entertained to luncheon by Lord and Lady Minto; this, although not floral, was quite unique, being composed of little fir-trees representing a forest in winter time, with river and lake introduced right down the centre of the table, a very appropriate device, surely, being in Canada in winter.

Major Scott Davidson (7)

Major Scott Davidson, of Cairnie, Fife, known to all Scotsmen as one of their finest shots, who had more than once represented Scotland in the International and other contests at Wimbledon and Bisley, and familiar on the hunting field, as in every arena of healthy sport, was selected as the leading representative of the Kingdom of Fife. From first to last he proved himself to be a most successful choice, his urbanity



Photo by Rodger.

MAJOR SCOTT DAVIDSON.

and humour keeping the team lively. As a "lead" he proved most successful, and responded well at all times to "the anxious skip." With the lady curlers met by the team at Quebec and Montreal, he proved himself very popular, his courtly manner and kindly attention to their comfort winning all their hearts.

When the Secretary of the Hercules Club wired him from Kingussie to see if he was prepared to go, the Major sent at once this characteristic reply:—

"Put me down for Canada—

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To win or lose it all."

Major Scott Davidson says:—

That there were many amusing incidents connected with our memorable trip goes without saying, but one that struck me as being peculiarly so was when leaving Minneapolis, where we left our Captain and another member of the team behind. They slept in while we slipped out. The bogus telegram handed in on the way by an official—in name of our lost friends—to hold up train as they were coming by a special, although perhaps not quite believed in by our alert Secretary, caused quite a panic in the minds of some of our financial experts. But perhaps the funniest incident was in Chicago. I had been out making a call with one of our team, and on our way home, passed through some dark and dismal places by way of an advised short cut, when my companion (in course of conversation on the character of the place and all its free-and-easy life and strangely mixed population) remarked, "I am told that it is nothing uncommon for several people to be shot here in a day." The information was startling, but being given in perfect earnestness was humorous. That same night my friend and I slept in rooms adjacent to each other, and about midnight I was awakened by his calling out, "Did you hear that shot?" I said, "No"; to which he replied, "I could swear I heard a shot. Have you got your door locked?" "No," I said. He locked it, and after a while left. In a very few minutes there was another report, very much like a pistol. I jumped up, got a light, and got hold of an old poker, the only thing of the kind available in the room, and sat

down on the edge of the bed. My friend came in. "Did you hear that?" he said. "Certainly; nobody could fail to hear it, and what are you going to do? Have you a revolver? I have no revolver. This humble but useful piece of metal is all I have; and as I fear they have started shooting the inmates at the first floor, and are gradually working their way up to us, I mean to sit here and wait my end with a dignified resistance." As the murderers were long in coming, I summoned up courage to venture out and see who was detaining them, when I encountered a night watchman who informed me that the reports we had heard were caused by a portion of the lift having got loose, and which had been striking against the side. I went back and told my friend that the slaughter had ceased, and the lives of the Scottish curlers had been spared. It was all very funny.

The barbers' shops amused me greatly. To get shaved was quite an ordeal, and occupied sometimes the greater part of an hour. To look at a row of men being shaved was curious in the extreme. A hot cloth on your chin, another on your forehead, and one round the back of your neck. So wrapped up as only to allow the point of your nose to be seen, evidently to prevent suffocation. A sight it was very much resembling the casual ward of one of our infirmaries. After being shaved, the shampooing of the head and face revealed quite an art, and when a touch of oil had been applied you were unbound, and emerged from the ordeal with a sigh of relief, and a face resembling a boiled lobster.

The gallant Major had an enthusiastic welcome home on the evening of Wednesday, March 4, in the Marine Hotel, Elie, when, headed by a piper, Sir Archibald Campbell, Bart., of Gibliston, Sir Ralph Anstruther, and other fifty knights of the broom marched into the dining-hall to do him honour in name of the Hercules Club, of which the Major is premier-skip. After the loyal toasts had been proposed and honoured, Mr. Sully, Assessor of the County, in eloquent terms proposed "The health of Major Scott Davidson," and said they were all proud of him and the prominent part he had taken in the Canadian tour which had been such a great success. In his reply the Major said:—

No words that he could possibly use could convey to them how highly he felt the honour they had done him in giving him on his return to Scotland and Fife such a welcome home. Since he left those peaceful and quiet shores he, with the other members of the Scottish curling team, had had to face the turbulent elements of the Atlantic, but had been more than amply rewarded by the honours heaped upon them in Canada. From the moment they landed at Halifax until the time they started from New York for home, the whole of the trip had been a great triumphal march. (Applause.) It was impossible to describe the kindness and large-hearted sympathy they received from all classes of people, showing how great was the union of hearts they met wherever they went among Scottish people, and it would be to every member of the team a lasting memorial of the greatness of their own country when they reflected how pleased everybody was to see them. (Applause.)

After describing the chief incidents of the tour, he continued by saying that—

People came from all parts to greet them, and among these he met a Mr. Thaw who belonged to Lathallan Mill, another—a Mr. Bonnar—who belonged to Elie, and others from Colinsburgh, who were delighted to talk about old friends, and whose hearty greetings were worthy a whole page in life's history. They had some humorous experiences, too. The ladies—(laughter)—were particularly attentive. Indeed he might have been married three or four times. (Laughter.) They followed the team with their wires everywhere, and he would just read a few as samples. There was one from Halifax—"Absence makes the heart grow fonder.—Maudie." (Laughter.) Another from Montreal—"Will ye no' come back again? All hearts bowed down.—From Lady Curlers." Another from Winnipeg—"None but the brave deserve the fair.—Ethel." (Laughter.) And another from St. Paul, United States—"You forgot to leave me your Tam o' Shanter.—Martha." (Laughter.) But (continued Mr. Scott Davidson) Mary chose the better part and wired from New York—"I am still trusting.—Mary." (Great laughter.) He concluded by saying nothing would ever efface the memory of his great reception in Canada, and of the cordial welcome home such representative men and fellow-curlers as he saw that night had given him on his return to the old country. (Loud applause.)

In Elie Parish Church Hall, on Tuesday evening,

March 24, 1903, the Kilconquhar Hercules Ladies' Curling Club gave a presentation to the Major as a memento of the curling tour. There was a large and brilliant attendance, the hall being prettily set off with flowers and pot-plants. Mrs. G. M. Morris, President, presided, and was supported by Mr. and Mrs. Scott Davidson, Sir Archibald and Misses Campbell of Gibleston, Mrs. Outhwaite of Craigforth, Secretary, and others. After the loyal and patriotic toasts had been duly honoured—

Miss Gentle said the toast she had to propose was a very important one—"The Royal Caledonian Curling Club." She would not say, as weak men often do—(laughter)—that this toast might have fallen into better hands. She had got her orders, and she would obey her skip for the evening. We were all very proud of the parent club—more so, as this season it sent a team of curlers to Canada.

The Rev. Mr. Legge counted it an honour to have been asked by the ladies to respond for the Royal Caledonian Curling Club. It had done many wonderful things, and perhaps the greatest was sending out the recent team to Canada and America, which had done so much to create good feeling and lasting friendship between the old country and her colonies. As curlers they felt highly honoured that the parent club had chosen one of the members of the Hercules to go out to Canada with the team. (Applause.)

Mrs. Outhwaite, who was cordially received, said: "Friends and curlers—It is with great pleasure that I undertake the very pleasant task allotted to me in this evening's programme. I mean the presentation, on behalf of our club, of a silver-mounted broom to Major Scott Davidson, as a token of appreciation of his public-spiritedness in joining the representatives of our great Scottish national game, in their tour in Canada and America—(applause)—as a mark of admiration for the sportsmanlike way he, together with his brother curlers, played the game 'up the Howe Ice.' Our club has every reason to be grateful to Major Scott Davidson for his many kindnesses to us, and it goes without saying that every member of it followed with the keenest interest his progress through Canada, and no club was more delighted than ours at the news of the success of our curlers. (Applause.) We hope that some day we may see the Canadians on our ice, and if they will only bring their sisters and their wives, the Hercules Ladies may reasonably hope to meet them and to beat them. (Applause.) Major Scott Davidson, I have much pleasure in presenting you, on behalf of the Hercules Ladies, with this broom, and I hope with its assistance you may sweep all before you." (Laughter and applause.)

The broom bore the following inscription: "Presented to Major Scott Davidson from the Hercules Ladies' Curling Club, on his return from the Canadian curling tour. 24th March 1903."

Mr. Scott Davidson, in rising to respond, was loudly cheered, and the company sang "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow." He said: "President, Vice-President, and fellow-curlers—Let me assure you all that I cannot possibly find language sufficient to express to you my sincere appreciation of the distinctive honour you lady curlers have done me in having me here to-night

as your guest, and in addition presenting me with this very handsome broom, surely the most appropriate gift that a curler could get. I take it as a proof of your goodwill towards me as a curler, and I shall look upon it as a talisman that, as Mrs. Outhwaite has said, will sweep away every difficulty. (Applause.) Mrs. Outhwaite has been good enough to say a great many kind things about me. I don't claim to do much at any time, but this I may be pardoned for saying, that I am a keen, keen curler, whether on the ice or off it, and in any form of sport or other work, either connected with our own immediate neighbourhood or farther afield, I have always endeavoured to act to the best of my ability. (Applause.) The other members of the Canadian team have, in one form or another, been welcomed home and entertained, but no other member of that little band has had the distinction conferred on him that I have had to-night, and of which I feel so justly proud—being entertained by a ladies' club, and that club, too, the pioneer of all ladies' clubs, as the first to be affiliated with the Royal Caledonian Curling Club; a club that bears an honoured name, Hercules. (Applause.) As I have already said, none but those who went through the never-to-be-forgotten campaign can form any complete idea of what a time we had, or what hard work it really was to stand the pressure of curling and travelling, and social entertainments night and day. Of course, one of the great sustaining features of our trip was the tremendous reception that awaited us everywhere. It may be accounted for by the fact that we were not only Scottish curlers, who had come a long way to see them, but probably more from the fact that the long-talked-of team from the old land had at last become a reality, and the dream of almost a lifetime to some at last had been realised. (Applause.) Be this as it may, no prince of the Royal House could have had a more heartfelt and touching welcome. As to the curling itself, there was nothing in it beyond what any good curler knows. We were under some disadvantages. The stones we had were not quite the thing, but what was most against us was having to play in covered rinks, and especially in the evenings where frequently the light and shade on the stones and the ice were very bad. You can imagine what it is to play, as a rule, three times a day, forenoons, afternoons, and evenings, and always against fresh clubs. We might have said, no, we cannot do it, but the desire on the part of every club to play against us was so great, and in some places the utmost rivalry existed as to who should be chosen to represent the various clubs, that when the appeal was made to us we gave in and did our best. (Applause.) It has been said to our discredit that even the ladies defeated us. (Laughter.) Well, perhaps they did, but can you wonder at it? It was almost impossible to play for the crowds that gathered round the rinks at the time of these eventful matches, and it was difficult to concentrate the attention necessary to play well, under such trying but pleasant circumstances; but if we did lose, our consolation is, 'How can men die better than facing fearful odds?'—(laughter and applause),—and as you all know,

Honour and fame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

'It is not in mortals to command success'—but we did more than that, we deserved it. (Applause.) The memory of the trip will never be effaced from any member of the team. Love of country is one of the noblest feelings of the human heart, but to come across some of these old people, carried away by their feelings at the sight of men from Auld Scotland, can better be imagined than described, and it was a lasting and never-to-be-forgotten tribute to the love they bore to the old land; while among the older people out there,

there still clings around them like a halo the memory of happy, youthful days, and like us all,

Time but the impression keener makes,
As streams their channel deeper wear.

Nothing I have said, or could possibly say, can convey to you how much I am pleased to be here, and to receive from you all that hearty and unexampled token of your goodwill towards me, and I can assure you that the memory of this meeting will never fade from me while life lasts." (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

Provost Gordon (8)

has put his impressions in the form of a booklet, *With the Curlers in Canada*, which we must not infringe upon, as it has been published for the U.F. Church funds in Bathgate, and can be had for 6d. per copy. He proved himself a great acquisition to the team by his excellent rendering of Scottish songs, and his impressions may be summed up in the toast "The Ladies," which he always drank in cold water but with a warm heart. The worthy Provost's portrait is given at page 69.

Mr. E. T. Gibson (9)

If the able representative of the famous Biggar curlers who have so often won the Grand Match Trophy was "no' richt" at sea, he was "a' richt" on the ice, and at times his play was of a very brilliant order. He made a good second to Provost Gordon in his admiration for the Canadian ladies, and it was rumoured that this was to take practical shape by his settling down in Canada with a fair Scoto-Canadian as help-meet, but the Captain has not as yet been called upon to tie the nuptial knot.



Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh.

E. T. GIBSON.

Mr. R. Husband (10)

who acted so efficiently as Honorary Secretary and Treasurer for the team, and led ably in Provost Ballantyne's successful rink, wrote :—

You ask me to give you shortly my impressions of our Curling Tour. Looking back on the tour from beginning to end I consider it was a great success. Many people will not realise the enormous difficulties that must have faced the Committee in making arrangements for twenty-four curlers touring in Canada and the United States for eight weeks. We are specially indebted to Mr. Davidson Smith, the esteemed secretary of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, and to his assistant Mr. M'Gillivray, for the excellent work they did for many months before we started. It is no exaggeration to say that they had meetings and correspondence regarding the tour daily for a period of six months before we sailed.

I understand you have asked the different members of the team to write you, and many of them will be writing on the same subjects. As the Secretary and Treasurer of the team, perhaps it falls to me to give an account of the excellent arrangements which were made for us on the other side. Never shall I forget the meeting with the Halifax curlers on the Sunday morning in December when we arrived. How pleased they were to see us! What hand-shaking! What kindness was shown to every member of the team, and how anxious they were to know if the arrangements which they had made were satisfactory to us! Here, as in each place we visited, every provision was made for our comfort and enjoyment. Different committees had been formed—Reception Committee, Entertainment Committee, Rink Committee, in every town. Not only that, but, as you know, one of these committees generally welcomed us hundreds of miles from their own town, in order to make our acquaintance and be able to introduce us to their friends on our arrival, and to ascertain if the arrangements made were suitable. There seemed to be a general rivalry in the different towns as to which would "do" us best. Where every one was so kind, it would be invidious to mention names. No doubt you will be dealing with the officials in the different towns, but I wish specially to mention Colonel Stevenson of Montreal, whom the team called the Grand Old Man of Canada. He came all the way from Montreal to meet us at Halifax, stayed with us for some days, and left to complete arrangements in his own city

for our reception. It gave me great pleasure at the annual meeting to second your proposal that he should be elected a Vice-President of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club. One other name I wish to give prominence—Mr. J. P. Robertson, Secretary of the Manitoba branch of the R.C.C.C. Every curler in Manitoba spoke well of him. I was introduced to Mr. Robertson on stepping from the train at Winnipeg, and had many pleasant chats with him. I was much impressed by the thoroughness of the organisation of the Bonspiel at Winnipeg, under his charge. When it is considered that 800 players took part in the Bonspiel, that a fresh draw was made two or three times a day, and that the stones of the players were conveyed to the different rinks a considerable distance apart and found at the place where they were wanted, one must be impressed with the tremendous amount of labour involved, and the thorough efficiency of Mr. Robertson and his committees.

In the United States towns which we visited there was not the enthusiasm which we found in Canada. We did not expect it. The curlers there, however, showed us very great kindness, and we had a most enjoyable time in the places we visited, namely, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Utica, and New York.

What about the curling as compared with our own? is a question I have often been asked since my return. My answer is that with practice under the changed conditions we would have held our own. The ice is keener than we have it, and there is more science in their play. I noticed a great many of the players in setting down their stones pushed them instead of throwing them, as we do in this country. During the thaw which we experienced in Toronto when the ice was dull, we almost invariably won the games. The Canadians would never have thought of playing on such ice, and had had no practice. You will no doubt be fully explaining in your account of the play that all in Canada play with the "turn"; even the leaders do not play up the centre of ice. Many of our team adopted this play even when it was not required to pass a guard, and I am certain you can thus play with much more precision.

What do you think of this country? is a question that was asked us daily in every town. In the very favourable circumstances in which we were placed, we were able to give a pleasant answer. We were all impressed with the love the Canadian has for Canada. One thing struck me in travelling through the country, and that was the comfortable circumstances of those we met. How proud the Canadian is to be connected with dear old

Scotland! I remember on one occasion hearing a speaker at one of our banquets saying that he was sorry he was not born in Scotland, but that he believed his great-grandfather was a native of Caithness. This was received with great applause.

I formed a very favourable impression of the great comfort for long-distance railway travelling in Canada and the States. The different railway companies over whose systems we travelled placed at our disposal a Pullman car with excellent sleeping and dining accommodation.

We got so accustomed to all that was done for us that I am afraid we did not realise until we returned home the great kindness that had been shown to us everywhere.

I met many West of Fife people in nearly every town we visited, and they all seemed to be delighted with the land of their adoption.

Mr. William Henderson, Lawton (11)

Coupar-Angus, was in the distinctive position of being the nominee of his province of Strathmore to accompany the team on their tour. This nomination implied that he



Photo by D. Milne & Son, Blairgowrie, N.B.

WM. HENDERSON.

had a first-class reputation in his district as a curler. Mr. Henderson throughout the tour was a good deal in evidence not only on the rink in curling matches but at various meetings where the removal of the present restrictions on the importation of cattle from Canada was discussed, his views against such restrictions naturally meeting with support in Canadian circles. A good

observer and fluent writer, Mr. Henderson, as might have been expected, has given a full and interesting reply as follows:—

John Tamson sat at the table head,
 And sipped the barley-bree ;
 And drank success to the honest and gude,
 And heaven when they would dee.
 But the tyrant loon, the ne'er-do-weel,
 The lee'ar, the rake, and the knave,
 The-sooner they a' were hame wi' the de'il,
 La ! the better for a' the lave.
 We're a' John Tamson's bairns,
 There ne'er will be peace till the world again
 Has learned to sing wi' might and main,
 O ! we're a' John Tamson's bairns.

The part of the Dominion of Canada we passed through—from Halifax to Winnipeg, the latter being just about half-way across the continent—was for the most part flat. Large tracts are rocky; for long distances you find the country cut up into rocky islands and lakes, and of little apparent value. Of the fertile districts it was difficult—on such a visit as ours, and at such a season of the year—to form any opinion; the land being all covered with snow, except in the vicinity of Windsor, and there I did form a very high opinion of it.

No timber of any size was to be seen. Considerable extents seemed to have been burned down, and only bare trunks left standing—from the size of a telegraph pole to a stack prop.

All the cities and towns have trees growing along the street edges—in some cases a double row covering the side-walks. Toronto has perhaps the best ornamental trees. Maple is the favourite kind throughout, but you find a lot of elm, oak, birch, lime, etc., and the bark is remarkable for its clean, bright appearance, being free from moss or that greasy green coating so common here.

The extraordinary extent of ground occupied by even the small towns very forcibly impresses one from this country, where the congestion of our towns is so serious a problem.

Houses are very widely spread out, the main street of Toronto, a town with about 200,000 inhabitants, being about ten miles long; and, except in some of the older cities, such as Quebec and Montreal, streets are laid out very wide—in Winnipeg reaching to 50 yards. Electricity provides lighting and motive power throughout, and is, almost without exception, developed by water-power, distant sometimes from 30 to 50 miles. The Montmorency Falls are harnessed by Quebec; the Lachine Rapids by Montreal; Niagara Falls by Toronto, Buffalo, U.S.A., etc., while other great works are in course of construction to develop many hundreds of

thousands electric horse-power, with a view to distribution over enormously greater distances than any up to this thought practicable.

In thus developing her natural powers, Canada is securing advantages far ahead of us for her people, in their industries and in the conditions of their social life. So good a service is provided on the street railways—as the tramways are called—that people residing 7 or 8 miles from their places of business can count on reaching them in 15 to 20 minutes. Another feature of the service is that a private party can charter a car for their own use at any hour, and travel to any place on the line.

2. As for the curlers of Canada and the United States, their brotherliness and kindness cannot be exaggerated.

On leaving for Canada I had a letter from a friend in Natal who said: "You are lucky having a chance like that. I hear from all that the Canadians are the most hospitable people in the world." From India I had a letter to the same effect.

"Everything we have," said Colonel Stevenson, "you are heartily welcome to; and anything you may want which we have not, you have only to let us know and we'll get it." Such was the statement made by the gallant Colonel who welcomed us on behalf of the Canadian curlers on our arrival in Halifax, and sure we know now it was no conventional one.

Canadian hospitality must be experienced to be understood. Canucs are very proud of their country; proud to show visitors—especially from Old Scotland—round, and tell them of it.

"Right here," they say, "in this Canada of ours we have the greatest country on God's earth, and we want to tell you, right now, that we can produce all the wheat and all the meat required by the old country if you only give us a little encouragement."

In after-dinner speaking, no matter what subject a speaker had in hand, this eulogy was nearly always worked in; even in proposing or replying for the ladies, there was often very little about the ladies—sometimes a great deal about the "Lady of the Snows."

3. Curling on the ice in Canadian covered rinks is a much more precisely played game than that on our open pond ice here. Play is always from a "hack" in the ice, and no stone is delivered without the turn—"handle in" or "handle out." Sweeping—always across the ice—is a great part of the game, and Canucs display much skill in its management. Knowing that the speed of run affects a stone's "borrow," it is important to decide immediately the stone is delivered whether it is too wide or too narrow; then if too



"Come quietly to my feet."



"Cautious!"



"Look out, there!"



"Put it right here."



"Mark me!"



"It's all open."



"Stick to 'im, stick to 'im."



"He's harmless."



"Wait on it."

OUR CANADIAN COUSINS AT PLAY.

wide, sweeping is left alone till the stone is dying ; but, if narrow, sweeping is begun at once.

“Drawing” is the feature of Canadian play ; while “firing” shots are avoided. No one ever thinks of playing on wet or “drug” ice. Some of our wins were due to the fact that they decided to play on such ice rather than miss their only chance of having a game with us.

Scotch curling, as commonly played under our very variable conditions of ice, etc., is a much rougher, haphazard, matter-of-luck game, and our chances of improvement are limited by the shortness—this year some six days—and uncertainty of our ice season.

Then many of our young men who would be curlers cannot—as play is all during the day ; while in Canada it is mostly at night in electric light. In my opinion, however, a rink could be appointed by various provinces here to win game about in Canada, the players being expert at the “handle” game, active sweepers, able to see in electric light, and chosen each for his own place, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, or 4th player, as in football, cricket, or any other game. It is quite as absurd to expect successful curling from a rink composed of four leaders, or four skips—the latter especially—as first-rate play in football or cricket from a team of eleven goalkeepers or eleven bowlers.

The visit of the Scottish curling team very evidently created an immense amount of genuine interest throughout the whole tour, and I frequently heard it said by curlers that it would give the game a great lift by increasing the number of curlers in Canada and the States, but I do not see how any widespread effect on the play or membership at home here will be produced.

4. From Halifax right through to New York—in every town except Quebec—I found some one I knew or knew of. Montreal and Chicago have each quite a crowd of people belonging to this immediate district. “Some hae risen high.” All were alike kind to me, and showed a gladness and sincerity of welcome never to be forgotten ; but your space would prevent my giving a full list of names and details, therefore I think it better to give none.

6. The most amusing incident I can recall was at the Stratford banquet, when Mr. McLaren, M.P., the Chairman, in proposing Mr. M’Fadden’s (Secretary of the Ontario Branch of the R.C.C.C.) health, said :—“No doubt M’Fadden will be telling you that he inherits some Scotch blood—from his great-great-great-grandmother or some ancestor, but don’t believe him ; he’s just a bally ould Irishman feeling pretty good just now, going round with these Scotsmen.”

Mr. M'Fadden, in replying to the toast, said that instead of taking any notice of the Chairman's "insulting remarks" about his descent, he would ask leave to tell a story. "Last spring, in a Toronto street car, three ladies were discussing changes of their summer resorts—so many Irish had been crowding in where they had been accustomed to go. The ladies being all agreed in their desire—to avoid having Irish neighbours—first one place was mentioned, then another, without any decision being come to, when the car stopped, and an old woman with Irish blood in her, who had been overhearing the conversation, turned round as she was leaving the car and suggested—'Ye's had jist better a' gang to H—; there'll be no Irish there.'"

In Quebec one morning I employed a sleigh-driver—who had served the Marquises of Lorne and Dufferin. He was a very intelligent man, and told me the whole history of the city and province of Quebec as we drove round the places of interest. On arriving at the Citadel I was taken in charge by a very well-dressed, well-to-do-looking official, to be shown round. After my inspection I felt doubtful as to whether it would do to offer this gentleman a tip, and I consulted my sleigh-driver. "Your honour," he said, "you can make no mistake about that; we are all open for a tip here, from your humble servant to His Grace the Archbishop."

Mr. Robert Johnstone (12)

of Hunterheck, Moffat, Dumfriesshire, was one of Mr. Bramwell's rink. He did excellent work all through as third player to Mr. Bramwell, and was one of the members of that rink which at Winnipeg secured the silver cups for the best-dressed quartette. His cousin, Mr. Michael Johnstone, the well-known Moffat crack player, wrote of him to the Committee of Selection as follows:—



Photo by Hood, Moffat & Lockerbie.

ROBT. JOHNSTONE.

"I can speak in the highest praise of his curling. He has played with me since 1887. He played for many years as second player in my rink, and in the last seven years he has been back hand, and you know perfectly well what my rink has done during that time. I will be very sorry to miss my cousin for the curling season on this side, but seeing he wishes to go I can do nothing better than wish him all success."

The self-sacrificing spirit of the Moffat skip was much appreciated, and thoroughly justified by Mr. Robert Johnstone's work in Canada and the States.

Dr. Kirk (13)

When the proposal was made to send out a team, it was suggested that it would be wise to have a medical



Photo by Crow & Co., Glasgow.

DR. KIRK.

adviser among the members, as some case of emergency might arise, especially when such long distances had to be travelled at one time. The Committee having heard that Dr. Kirk, Bathgate, was prepared to go out in that capacity, were glad to accept him, even though a member of the Bathgate Club, Provost Gordon, had already been chosen to represent that district. Fortunately, Dr. Kirk's services were not on

many occasions, and not on any serious occasion, required by members of the team, but apart from his medical position, his commanding height and formidable appearance were a great acquisition. He was an assiduous

snapshooter, as his photos throughout the volume testify. As Colonel Stevenson remarked, the doctor was more of a Cathedral than a Kirk, and when the team moved from place to place his colossal figure was a never-failing attraction. Dr. Kirk writes as follows:—

1. In my opinion Canada has a great future before it, the enormous water-power being a source of unbounded wealth, while its agricultural resources are such that, with increased facilities for transit, it will in the near future be the granary of the British Empire. The almost total absence of drunkenness, and the consequent small proportion of utterly poor, is certainly a feature of Canadian life. The communities seem to have high ideals, and the pluck and energy to carry them out. They have great faith both in their country and themselves, and what is true of the community is also true of the individual. Of the hospitality received by the team, collectively and individually, for its adequate description a new word would require to be coined.

2. The minor points of difference between curling in Canada and in Scotland are, the absolutely level ice, the covered-in rink, the electric lighting, and playing from the "hack," which obtain in the daughter provinces. The major differences are the ice surface played on and the soles of the stones—of the iron game I say nothing—these in combination allowing of so much "borrow" being required that the game resembles bowling more than our game. The surface of the ice is either sprinkled or corrugated. In the former case a watering-can with a very fine rose is used, and hot water is sprinkled sparingly over the whole surface. This, of course, makes no pattern on the ice. In the latter, small streams of water issue from a pipe about 5 feet long, with pin-head apertures an inch apart, the pipe being fed from a tank attached to it containing hot water. This is rapidly run diagonally across the ice first from one side and then across so as to make a diamond pattern. This gives a certain texture to the ice surface, so that the stone answers more readily to the turn of the hand than it possibly can do on perfectly smooth ice.

The stones are made with a very large smooth running ring about 7 inches in diameter, which gives them a much greater grip of the surface, and it is quite possible to borrow from 3 to 4 feet for a draw. This, of course, makes a long guard useless; indeed, to have a stone guarded by long guards at least three would be

needed. Of the curlers in Canada, perhaps Mr. Silver of Halifax and Mr. Flavelle of Lindsay impressed me most by their magnificent play. I cannot see how Scotland can ever hope to send out a team to beat picked Canadian players—a much stronger team could very easily have been chosen—but I do not think the Canadians could beat us over here.

4. At Montreal Mr. R. B. Angus, the C.P.R. magnate, a native of Bathgate, entertained his townsmen most handsomely, and also had some of the team at dinner at his residence.

Mr. D. Bentley Murray (14)

Our "baby," for he was the youngest member of the family, was no infant at the game, for he played excellently well throughout our tour. Indeed the Captain begs here to testify that, in his position on the rink, no member of the team played a more consistently good game than our beloved "Bentley." He was always lively and good-natured, and won the friendship of all hearts in all places where we met social souls. Specially friendly was he with "Friar" Littlejohn of Toronto, and took the chair on one memorable occasion, when he refused



Photo by Ramsay, Bridge of Allan, N.B.

D. BENTLEY MURRAY.

to accept the resignation of that kindest of kindly Canadians.

Overlooking ordinary 6-foot mortals by no less than $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, it may well be supposed that the majority of the curlers we met looked up to Mr. Murray with admiration, and specially the fair persuasion. He had a well-developed bump of locality, and took in the

geography of the tour, both by sea and land, better than any member of the team. He was acting agent for the "sweep" on the ship's run each day, and saw to the proper liquidation of the prize. The humorous aspects of the tour most impressed our youngest member. One sample of the incidents which clung to Mr. Murray's memory is—"Sitting in smoking-car of West-bound express in one's pyjamas at temperature 85° Fahr., and trying to imagine that one is crossing a frozen continent."

Mr. Thomas Macmillan (15)

who represented the Moniaive district of Dumfriesshire, was one of the team who said little, but was always reliable when the time of action came, and who throughout played a steady game. He is an old Merchistonian, and his presence with the team revealed the fact in many hotel halls that Merchiston boys are common in Canada. "Hullo, Tom," was often shouted in the old schoolboy style of salutation; and the curling grip was all the warmer when the boys remembered old Merchiston days under Dr. Rogerson, himself a Dumfriesshire man, and his faithful housekeeper Miss Prince, who was so devoted to the welfare of the youths and so much beloved by one and all.



Photo by Stewart, Dumfries.

THOMAS MACMILLAN.

Mr. Macmillan has no general impressions to set

down except to say that "everywhere our Canadian cousins seemed to do all in their power to make us enjoy our trip." As a specimen of their generosity even in battle, he says: "Against one of the Toronto clubs we were all square and one end to play. At the finish Toronto really lay two shots, but the vice-skip only claimed and counted one."

Mr. Daniel Murray (16)

of Kelvindock, who represented Glasgow, was elected because he had for years headed a Clan Murray rink in the West with the greatest success. He was one of our most kindly and considerate members, and a general favourite with the team.



Photo by Warneuke, Glasgow.

DANIEL MURRAY.

The ever-present interviewer took him in hand at Montreal, and according to said interviewer had explained to him the "crampit" as used in Glasgow, as distinguished from the "hack" with which they played in Canada.

"Well, do you prefer the crampit?" queried the interviewer. "No," said

Mr. Murray, "I rather enjoy playing from a hack." "Then, why do you not use hacks in Scotland?" "Because the water would come through if they chopped the necessary 3-inch hole in the ice to make accommodation for the player's foot. I have seen the ice so thin that a stone went through it to the bottom before it had well passed the hog line. And stones are not the only things that have felt cold water and gone to the bottom. I have seen curlers walking ashore and breaking the ice with their 'breasts' as they came. That is the test of a teetotaler. If a curler resists the temptation of a drop of whisky after an experience of that kind he may be regarded as sound. I do not remember ever having seen a man who stood the test."

Mr. Murray says this is all the interviewer's imagining, and we believe him. He has not forgotten the friends he met; for in a Montreal paper recently sent to us we read as follows:—

Mr. David Guthrie, ex-president of the Canadian branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, has received twelve real Scotch brooms for distribution among the Montreal, the Caledonian, the Thistle, the Heather, the St. Lawrence, and the Lachine Curling Clubs as mementoes of the visit of the Scottish curling team.

The brooms come from Mr. D. Murray, of Glasgow, and are accompanied by a letter, in which he says:—

“I take the opportunity to thank you and all the other keen curlers of Montreal for their extreme kindness to us while we were with you, and I may also say that I look back upon my visit to Canada as being one of the trips I shall never forget, owing to the warm hospitality met with everywhere from Halifax to Winnipeg, but nowhere more than in your city. Kindly remember me to all.”

This, says Mr. Guthrie, is only one of the many similar letters we are constantly receiving.

The above is not the imagining of the interviewer, but real fact, and it is just like the man. He could have sent no more acceptable memento.

Mr. James M'Gregor (17)

In looking around for a representative for Dundee the Committee were advised to select Mr. James M'Gregor, of the Camperdown Club. The chaplain of his club wrote—“Mr. M'Gregor is not only a thoroughly good man, but an excellent curler. He has been skip at Carsebreck again and again, and invariably with success. He is one of our best players.” His impressions are as follows:—

2. Curling in Canada is quite a science compared with our game. We never get ice long enough at one time to acquire as

much proficiency as they are able to acquire in Canada. There can be no doubt that the Canadians are really the best curlers in the world, but that is simply owing to the enormous amount of practice they have. Our curlers understand the game quite as well as they do, but they do not have the same amount of practice.



Photo by Watt & Son, Dundee.

JAMES M'GREGOR.

3. The effect of our tour on curling at home will not amount to much, but in Canada it will have a beneficial effect. Players out there are far more enthusiastic than we are at home, and there is a great future for the game in the Dominion.

7. In my opinion Canada is destined to become the greatest country in the world, and that in the near future. The people

there are the most hospitable I have ever met.

Mr. Henry Prain (18)

To this gentleman the Captain of the team owes a special vote of thanks, for when he found that the duties of the office did not admit of his playing so much as he expected, Mr. Prain took charge of his rink and proved himself an excellent skip and a first-class curler all round.¹ Throughout our tour Mr. Prain contributed his impressions to the *Dundee Advertiser*, where they were



Photo by Valentine & Co., Dundee.

HENRY PRAIN.

¹ Mr. Prain's matches are detailed at Appendix IV.

read with the greatest interest. From these we take several extracts. Of Halifax and St. John Mr. Prain writes:—

Mr. M'Coy, Recorder of the city of Halifax, who has a Dundee connection through his wife, showed me a great deal of personal attention in Halifax, and amongst many kind acts took me to a levee in Government House on New Year's Day, where I had the pleasure of shaking hands with Governor Jones and many other magnates in imperial and civic circles.

The farewell banquet in St. John was something to remember. There was a gathering of about 150, and many apologies for enforced absence were read, including one from Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and one from the Governor of the Province, Snowball by name. He appears, from the expressions used, to be very popular, and much regret was felt that he was unable to be with us. However, the Solicitor-General, several other members of the Government, and the Leader of the Opposition (an orator of note, be it said), and most of the civic magnates were present. Eloquence seems to be a universal possession on this continent, and it is a pleasure to the team and a credit to the whole country that our Captain had so much readiness and tact that Scotland does not suffer by comparison.

Speaking of the matches in Quebec he said that—

While the team had reason to congratulate themselves on their appearance against the male curlers there, a very different tale had to be told against the ladies. A match of two rinks of our bachelors played two rinks of the Quebec Ladies' Club, and whether from gallantry or inferiority of skill the majority for the ladies totalled 9 shots. I had the pleasure, if not the honour, of skipping the losing rink (the other under Mr. Bramwell tied), and was clean out-classed by my fair foe. Miss Brodie, the skip, could draw to an inch almost, and often when the end seemed secure drew the shot with so much "turn" that no chance to drive it was left me. It is to be said in extenuation that we played with very light irons, and they present a very small mark at the distance of a full-size rink. The record is to us humiliating, but their gratification to some extent compensates, and their success was borne without the added sting of ostentatious exultation. In Montreal we must be prepared to meet stronger granite players, and it remains to be seen whether we have profited by practice, and more especially by observation.

Writing from Montreal on January 13, Mr. Prain says :—

The Canadians believe that one reason for the want of emigration is that the country is looked upon as a land of ice and snow for six months of the year, and on this account is shunned by the suitable emigrant. It is hoped that our experience will do something to remove this impression, and for my part, so far as I have gone, I have suffered nothing from cold, and have worn only the same amount of clothing as is necessary at home. We move about just as freely and with as little or even less inconvenience than in our country, and houses, cars, and trains are heated with scientific accuracy. The people are proud of their Dominion, and may well be so, as it possesses everything that the heart of man can desire.

Regarding the play at Montreal, Mr. Prain writes :—

Sweeping is a science here, and that we had to learn. On the very keen ice it is easy to walk along with the stone, and it is wonderful how its course can be affected by the judicious use of the broom. It can be swept on so as to keep it straight, or allowed to gather snow, and to curve more at the direction of the skip. One point to be remarked on is that the sweepers obey the word of command with military precision. On our side of the water this is not always the case. Then the players here, by playing constantly on the same kind of ice, acquire a mechanical push, and are rarely wrong with their length. All deliver their stones with the action characteristic of the "iron" player. The stone is brought forward close down to the ice, and then pushed from the shoulder. It is not a graceful movement, but the results indicate that strength is easier to judge by this method than by the swing. Of course it is only suitable for keen ice, and the ice we have met in this city is better and keener than our anticipation conjectured. The play corresponds, and "touches," unattainable in our rougher conditions, are possible here. The rings are packed full of stones. At the finish of a "head" it is no uncommon thing to see nearly all within the 7-foot circle and a majority within the 4.

To me the visit to Montreal (Mr. Prain continues) has had a special interest, as I have met so many friends from our own locality. One of the biggest building contractors comes from the Carse, and at one time worked for Mr. Goodall of Errol. One of his jobs at this time was at Castle Huntly, building the south lodge. He has been most kind, and to-morrow is to bring a team

to take Henderson, M'Gregor, and me to the Lachine Rapids, where the electric power comes from. There we are to be the guests of a Mr. Ogilvie at his farm. I hear he is of Thrums extraction. More interesting still to Dundee people will it be to read that I have seen and had a long talk with Mr. Arnold, at one time English master in the High School. Of course I had known him well by appearance in former years, and the only change in him in my eye is that he looks younger now than then. It is to be remembered, however, that the standpoint from which I look has changed. Mr. Arnold is President of the Young Ladies' College, and, though he loves the old country, has had no reason to regret coming out. He has asked me to his house, and I hope to go, but our time is so fully occupied that private social engagements are almost impossible. However, I have found time to have tea with Mr. David Guthrie, ex-president of the Canadian branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club. He comes from Brechin, and his wife from Glencarse, and we had a fine crack before going to Dr. Barclay's church for evening service. M'Gregor, who leads for me, has now got into his swing, and is playing a good stone. Henderson is delighted with the reception his views are meeting, and the cattle question was treated at great length in yesterday's papers.

Writing on January 16, Mr. Prain says, in speaking of the visit to Lachine, where the team played the local club with "irons":—

The delivery is different. The iron is not raised much off the ice, and is pushed off rather than swung. Great nicety of traction and strength are possible, and no doubt constant practice with "irons" accounts for the precision with which the "granites" are used. This morning I have had a long talk with that right man and thorough sportsman, Dr. Barclay of Montreal. It was a surprise to learn that for some years about 1870 Dr. Barclay lived at Megginch Castle, and knew all the Carse folks and Carse places. He asked me about Sir William Ogilvy Dalgleish, Mr. Clark of Leybank, Mr. George Bell of Inchmichael, and many more. We spoke of Dr. Graham of Errol, Dr. Honey of Inchtute, Dr. Ritchie of Longforgan, and others, all of whom he had known. At the time Dr. Barclay was a renowned athlete, and his name had lingered as a cricketer down to my own time of attempting that game, though it was of his feats I heard, and not his name. He was equally good

as a bowler with right and left hand, and also curls with either. He wished to be remembered to all friends.

On January 19 Mr. Prain, referring to the mammoth banquet in the magnificent dining-hall of the Windsor before the team departed from Montreal, said :—

It was under the presidency of the genial Colonel Stevenson, his presence of itself ensuring the success of any social entertainment. Mayor Cochrane, a man of the right stamp, and much respected by the citizens, sat near him. The Mayor's interest in the team did not cease when he had given the official welcome, but has lasted throughout our visit, and his appearance at most of our matches proved that his Scottish instincts and tastes still survive. It would be too great a task to enumerate the list of distinguished men present. Suffice it to say that the army, the civic board, and the professions were all well represented.

Writing from Queen's Hotel, Toronto, on January 23, in reference to the meeting which took place at Lindsay, Mr. Prain refers to that place as

the strongest centre in the province of Ontario, and to Mr. Flavelle as perhaps the best skip in Canada, whose trophies, won at the Winnipeg Bonspiel and on other fields, bear evidence of the truth of the contention. Our Captain (says Mr. Prain), who is nothing if not plucky, anxious to have a trial of strength with this renowned warrior, chose three supporters and engaged him in a 14-end match. It was one of the closest and most exciting games I have ever taken part in, and though we lost by three shots, the defeat is more creditable than many a victory. After the 12th end we were tied at 10 each. Next end Flavelle scored 2 ; but at the last end, with the exception of their open winner, we lay three shots, and had strong hopes of winning. It was not to be, however, as Mr. Kerr's shot was a trifle wide, and so Flavelle's chaplet retained its roses. All we can say is that we brought our shields away with us. The crowd around the Captain's rink, on which I played third or "skip's mate," as the term is here, was immense, and sympathy was with us, every good shot on our part being heartily cheered. It was a most sportsmanlike and encouraging action. Our somewhat jaded teams lost to Lindsay, but enjoyed the visit.

Writing of the Ontario part of the tour, Mr. Prain says:—

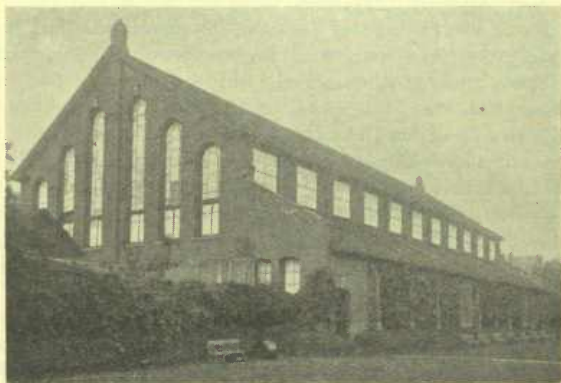
Taking into account late hours, which are almost unavoidable without being discourteous, and the strain of constant play, the results indicate to my mind that there is not so much difference between the average player on our side and on theirs. It is to be remembered that in most cases we are meeting picked rinks, and that often some of us turn out to make up a full complement when hardly in a frame of mind or body to do ourselves full justice. Time given to secure adaptation to surroundings and methods of play suitable to the kind of ice, and the results would, I believe, be very close, with a margin in favour of our Canadian friends. This is not surprising when we take into account the long season they have and take full advantage of. The people are more Scottish than the Scots themselves. On every hand we are asked to send out more men from the old land, and especially from Scotland. From observation they could not do better. Scotsmen are at the top everywhere.

Writing on January 29 from Toronto, Mr. Prain remarks:—

In the opinion of almost all, if not all, of the team, our stones have been a serious handicap, and are not to be compared to Canadian stones on either dull or keen ice. This is strange, as nearly all their stones come from Scotland, but they are prepared, as I understand, to a specification suitable for the conditions met here. They are more manageable on hard ice than on a wet surface. They travel easier than do our more sharply cut stones. It is a pity that we have this drawback to contend against, as, trying to look back on our game with an impartial eye, we needed to receive a slight handicap rather than to give it away. In another way they have a slight advantage over us there. Their rules allow them to use stones up to 50 lbs. in weight, and their leaders mostly use stones nearly up to the limit. On the average the weight of their stones exceeds ours by five or six pounds, I would say, and when both weights are equally manageable the odds are on the side of the heavy stones, as ours are much more easily pushed out; and a stone moving at a rate sufficient to put one of ours out would not go through the circle, while, to take theirs through, our stones must move so fast that a miss means a

lost stone. This gives our opponents the chance of bigger ends, and to illustrate the point it may be mentioned that in the afternoon of Monday I won an equal number of ends, but was three down; while in the evening, though winning four ends more, I was only six shots up. All our skips have had similar experiences to record; but we are learning to build up "heads" so as to avoid a heavy deficit at any particular "end."

We are also learning to sweep. Here sweeping has become a science. In talking over this point one player said to me to-day, "We lay down the stone and the sweepers do the rest." It is



GRANITE RINK, TORONTO.
Side view, with part of Bowling-Green.

wonderful how, by judicious nursing, the course of a stone can be influenced, swept round a "guard," and then allowed to die with the "turn," and find an apparently perfectly protected spot. The players sweep with military precision to the word of command, and while our skips and men are improving in the art, a longer course of study than we are likely to get would be necessary to reach the level of excellence attained here. But we have grasped the idea, and on suitable occasions may be able to illustrate it at home. Could we restart the tour with the experience we now have, I believe our results would make far pleasanter reading, but that cannot be, and, as was to be expected, this team, like every other team, has had to buy its education.

Some rearrangement in the rinks as originally grouped was found advisable, and while the changes were taking place the best

possible could not be got out of the men, but in this direction a state of finality seems now to have been reached, and the men are acquiring knowledge of, and confidence in, each other. This is a great thing. As the chief Canadian curling general, Flavelle, said, "It is team play that wins, not individual brilliance." No one is better qualified to speak on the point than he, and most people will recognise the truth of his words and allow for it in our case.

Regarding the visit to Detroit, Mr. Prain says that Dr. Kirk and he

found time to visit the drug factory of P. M. Davis and Co., seeing the various departments of this vast concern under the kind guidance of the manager, Mr. Holden, who, I believe, is related by marriage to Mr. Mackay, solicitor in our town. The firm employs 1800 hands, and in their biological branch keep a stock of 200 horses and 5000 guinea-pigs, besides cattle, dogs, rabbits, roosters, etc. The animals are of use in the preparation of the many "antis" now in use, and for the testing of preparations. For the rest of the day our Detroit friends took us into their care, and began by driving us round their fine city in a special tramway car.

Detroit and Windsor are the happy homes for the indolent and unpunctual. They have three times—Eastern Standard, Central Standard, and Solar. An hour divides the first two; the third comes in half-way between; and it is indeed hard if an appointment cannot be kept according to one of the modes of reckoning.

Mr. David Provan (19)

Mr. Provan, a member of Craiglockhart Club, was highly recommended as a "lead," and such he proved to be, his leading as a player being steady and reliable right through. He was also our "leading" performer at all festive gatherings, and wherever he went he had a most enthusiastic reception, chiefly for the sake of "Jean Jeemison." Mr. Provan says:—

1. The first thing that struck me, as it did all the other members of the team, was the wonderful hospitality of the people of Canada and the United States. It was like the Spanish "My house is yours," but in America it is *meant*, while in Spain it is only a form of politeness. It struck me, too, that in America

everything was in a hurry—the rivers were in a hurry (we were taken to see innumerable “rapids”), and everything else was in a hurry, except the trains. But then it was winter, and many feet of snow all along the track.

Every one seemed to be well-to-do, both in Canada and the States, and to have plenty of leisure, not only to curl, but also to look on at the game.

2. We did not curl so well on the Canadian ice as we do at home, and I must say that I have seen quite as good play in Scotland as I saw in Canada.



Photo by Moffat.

DAVID PROVAN.

The curlers were, without exception, the best of fellows, and were all capital sweepers—they give us in Scotland “points” in that respect. They play the same game in Canada and the States, as *good* curlers employ in this country, viz. the drawing game, using the “twist” or “handle” from “lead” to “skip.”

3. One undoubted effect on the game in this country will be the revival of playing from the “hack.” The whole team were converts to the “hack” almost before we left Halifax. Another result, I think, will be that the members of the team, having had so much experience last winter, will be better players than most Scotsmen for a year or two to come.

4. Colonel A. A. Stevenson of Montreal, an Ayrshire boy, will always occupy a warm corner in my heart. It is impossible to say too much of his kindness to the team, and I cannot exaggerate his kindness to myself personally. I was one of those who were up early enough in the morning after our arrival at Montreal to see the good old Colonel helping half-a-dozen porters to wheel our baggage to our respective rooms. I tried to get the barrow from him and to do the work myself, but the Colonel would have his way, and kept on wheeling till the last trunk was deposited with its owner. Then the Colonel came down to breakfast with us, in the beautiful dining-room of the Windsor Hotel, and got into a theological discussion with Mr. Bentley Murray, whom he greatly

enraged by referring to the Episcopalians as *Escallopians*. Bentley Murray was sufficiently learned to know that "Escallopian" meant some sort of shell-fish, and he was extremely fond of oysters.

On one occasion as I came into the club-house after a forenoon's game I met Colonel Stevenson. When I shook hands with him he observed that my hands were very cold, and he took my hands between his and rubbed them till the circulation was restored.

I met many other delightful people, but Colonel Stevenson, from his age, his being the first to meet us, and his great kindness to the whole team, deserves special mention.

6. There was no lack of humour throughout the tour. Almost every member of the team was either author or subject of one or more jokes. Mr. Scott Davidson was responsible for a good deal of the mirth—he was really our "unspeakable Scot." Mr. Bentley Murray, too, had a good share in the story-telling, and a capital collection he had. I remember on a wet and foggy morning on the *Bavarian*, when some of the passengers were speculating gloomily about the possibility of the ship being off her course, and when everybody's spirits were at zero, Murray suddenly remembered two stories, and took me down to the smoke-room to hear them. Capital stories they were, too. When we were staying at the beautiful Château Frontenac in Quebec I was having my boots blacked by a French Canadian (who spoke English, however). "Rather curious shoes you've got, sir," he remarked.

"These are Scotch golfing shoes," I said, with as much dignity as I could command.

"Are you Scotch?" he asked.

"Yes."

"There's a party of Scotsmen staying in the Château just now," he went on.

"I'm one of them."

"Oh!"

Then he said slowly, evidently thinking it over, "Scotland, Scotland, it's in Massachusetts, isn't it?"

I said it was not.

Another little incident which somehow amused the team right to the finish was at the expense of our excellent friend and excellent curler, Gibson of Biggar. The railway car we travelled by had a little state-room or drawing-room at one end. This, as the place of honour, we assigned to the Captain and Secretary. Late one evening friend Gibson, dressed in his pyjamas, opened the door of this little room, looked in and inquired in delightful Scotch, "Is this the

wey oot?" There was nothing in the incident, but there is nothing in an air-cushion, and an air-cushion is a good thing.

Once as the train steamed off from somewhere, the crowd at the depot gave three cheers for "the Scotsmen." Gibson, who had found the "wey oot" this time, and was standing on the platform at the end of the car, shouted, "Three cheers for—— What's the name of this place?" But we gave the three cheers, and Gibson called for a "teegre" as a *finale*.

On the way up to Winnipeg we had plenty of time to bethink ourselves of many things, and I turned my attention to composing certain doggerel (or pupperel) verses, which somehow met with a good deal of favour.

Here they are :—

CURL, YE CURLERS, CURL

Oh ! every morn at break of day
The Scottish Curlers begin to play ;
They play with their eyes half closed with sleep,
In the running chorus of sweep, sweep, sweep.

So curl, ye curlers, curl ;
Curl, ye curlers, curl ;
For ye curl all day,
And drive home in a sleigh,
And you're off next day
On the big railway.
So curl, ye curlers, curl.

Provost Gordon never played a shot all day,
And he raged at Provan because he couldn't play,
He put on a face as soor as a ploom,
An' swore the last stane had stuck to his thoom.
So curl, ye curlers, curl, etc.

Mark Sanderson played his keen Crawfordjohns,
An' he stotted a' day aff the blue Ailsa boues.
He whiles drew a shot when we asked him to guard,
An' he never missed onything mair nor a yard.
So curl, ye curlers, curl, etc.

Our skip was as lively as lively could be,
And the crowd a' yelled as he pranced round the tee,
He elbowed it oot and he elbowed it in
Wi' the Merchiston "twist" that was never known to win.
So curl, ye curlers, curl, etc.

Bentley Murray lo'ed the smack o' a "Scotch high-ball"
But he aye was in the "hack" at oor Secretary's call,
An' he danced about the ice like a billy-goat in stays,
Till his shouthers seemed gey near sticking through his claes.
So curl, ye curlers, curl, etc.



"Did ye ever hear tell?"



"That'll find her."



"Whit wey?"



"Whaur are we gaun
the day?"



"A' richt."



"Up wi't, Major."



"Lovanenty, mighty me!"



"The hoose is clear."



"Jist say the word."

CURLING TOUR

Scott Davidson led for the Ex-Fife rink,
 An' played that wide that Canucs began to think
 That Fife was a place where they never curled ava',
 But bragged about the game as soon as it came a thaw.
 So curl, ye curlers, curl, etc.

Dr. Kirk's big hat blew awa wi' the win',
 An' folks a' thought the doctor had been blin',
 To wear such a hat throughout the tour,
 For it gar't his sweet face look whyles rather sour.
 So curl, ye curlers, curl, etc.

But Provan was the best of the whole twenty-three,
 For his stanes aye stopped just right on the tee.
 An' he played a' day and sang a' night,
 Till the crowd a' yelled, "Why, he's all right!"

So curl, ye curlers, curl ;
 Curl, ye curlers, curl ;
 For ye curl all day,
 And drive home in a sleigh,
 And you're off next day
 On the big railway.
 So curl, ye curlers, curl,
 And soop, and curl, and win.

With characteristic modesty I usually omitted the last verse.

Another song which was something of a favourite was, "Jean Jeemison's Bannet," which I sang *ad nauseam*, to the team at least. This outrageous song is without merit as regards words, but can be made amusing or grotesque by sufficient courage on the part of the singer.

Here is "Jean Jeemison" *in puris*.

Did you ever hear tell o' Jean Jeemison's bannet?
 Did you ever hear tell o' Jean Jeemison's bannet?
 'Twas no' for itsel' but the ornaments on it,
 Gar't a'body talk o' Jean Jeemison's bannet.

The bannet was theekit frae summit to base
 Wi' ribbands and feathers, surmounted wi' lace ;
 An' roon in the front, that her clan ye might know,
 The Jeemison tartan was tied in a bow.
 Did you ever hear tell, etc.

Noo whaur it was made was a winnerfu' plicht,
 Some deemed it was magic and cam' in the night,
 But o' a' the conjectures ae thing it was plain,
 It wasna' the wark o' ae genius alane.
 Did you ever hear tell, etc.

The pearls o' the ocean were strung on a string,
 An' they dangled aroon this extraordinary thing,
 And that they might a' be secure frae a poo,
 There were buckles o' goold that had come frae Peru,
 Did you ever hear tell, etc.

To croon the erection a Paradise bird
 Quite a superior beauty conferred,
 Wi' its wings spreading oot, that a'body nicht see't,
 An' it waggit about as she nodded her heid.
 Did you ever hear tell, etc.

At nicht no' a body wid be seen in the street,
 The very policeman relinquished his beat,
 For he swore that a' nicht it perambled the toon
 An' stoppit the clocks and put oot the moon.
 Did you ever hear tell, etc.

At the curling the curlers had on their big match,
 An' hunners cam' oot frae Paisley to watch,
 An' Renfrew was winnin' on every rink
 When the horrible bannet appeared on the brink.
 Did you ever hear tell, etc.

A' then indeed was a waefu' collection,
 Na need for the skips to gie ony direction
 To guard or to draw or brack an egg on it,
 For they a' drew a bore on Jean Jeemison's bannet.
 Did you ever hear tell, etc.

The President in wrath through the crowd quickly cleared,
 An' made for Jean wi' his besom upreared,
 An' bringing it doon, when lo! in a trice
 The bannet was playing a dance on the ice.
 Did you ever hear tell, etc.

Auld Bailie M'Nab, wha was comin' alang,
 Happened to step whaur the bannet was gaun,
 An' he houtet and coupet an' landed richt on it,
 An' bang thro' the ice went the bailie and the bannet.
 Did you ever hear tell, etc.

Well, they rescued the bailie and put him to bed,
 Wi' a pain in his chest and a bad daud on his head,
 But the bannet—altho' they attempted the water to drain—
 It never appeared in the parish again.
 Did you ever hear tell, etc.

An' noo 'mang the auld wives aboot Paisley the tale is
 When they see the Rainbow or the 'Rora Boralis,
 Or a cloud in the west wi' the sun setting on it,
 They tell to the bairns "Yon's Jean Jeemison's bannet,"
 Did you ever hear tell, etc.

In conclusion I have only to say that a funny little incident happened in the way of songs at Montreal. We were playing at a teetotal rink—the “Heather,” I think—and after the game we had a “sing-song” and a glass of ginger-beer. I sang (as best I could) and so did some others. By and by Mr. C. J. Thomson, “our guide, philosopher, and friend,” was asked to sing. To my surprise he walked to the piano and struck some chords quite like a musician, and began a song to the tune of “We’re a’ met thegither owre a wee drappie o’t,” though he sang it to the effect that we were met *without* “a drappie o’t” :—

Here are some of the verses which he improvised—

Now Captain Kerr and his merry men have crossed the stormy sea
To play the game of curling frae the crampit to the tee,
An’ we’ll see that they enjoy themselves, for why should they not?
Tho’ we’re a’ met thegither withoot a drappie o’t.

Withoot a drappie o’t, withoot a drappie o’t,
We are a’ met thegither withoot a drappie o’t.

Noo Provan has been singing, and he’ll sing again by and by,
Tho’ he never sings so sweet when his thrapple is owre dry,
For he canna round the corners richt or strike his upper note
When we’re a’ met thegither withoot a drappie o’t.

Provost Ballantyne’s moustache is stickin’ to his upper lip,
An’ he whispers aye to Provan, “Man, I wish I had a nip,
For roarin’ doon that muckle rink has blistered a’ my throat,
An’ we’re a’ met thegither withoot a drappie o’t.”

The team enjoyed pretty good health throughout the tour, and Dr. Kirk’s professional services were not much in request. The doctor himself had a bad turn in the West—Minneapolis, I believe it was—and he spent most of a day on a sofa in our hotel. I was exceedingly grieved to see so much humanity suffering, and I ventured some verbal sympathy to the good doctor. He told me that he had “lost his appetite.” I assured him that it would be returned to him very shortly, as any one finding it, unless he was a very rich man, would be ruined if he kept it.

When he recovered, Dr. Kirk repeatedly told me I was the most impertinent man in the team. I believe I was, though I sometimes thought differently. Dr. Kirk and I got on very well, nevertheless, and he gave me some of his snapshots.

Mr. Deans Ritchie (20)

Mr. Deans Ritchie was known to the Committee as one of the best curlers in the Border district. His play on our tour proved that his reputation was well founded. His most remarkable performance was at Lindsay, where he defeated the veteran skip M'Lennan, who is the chief pillar of Lindsay in the Ontario Tankard contests, by 2 shots.

1. I was much surprised (says Mr. Ritchie) at the vast extent of country, swampy and useless, covered with stunted spruce and birch trees, in all stages of growth and decay, fit for nothing but firewood or pulping, and incapable of supporting a population. Of course, in contrast to the marshy parts of the country, the reclaimed land at the head of the Bay of Fundy—the country from Toronto to Niagara—and about Winnipeg seems extraordinarily rich and fertile. I was much struck with the enthusiasm and kindness of Canadians generally, and even more so with their loyalty to Scotland and Scotland's King.



Photo by Moffat.

G. DEANS RITCHIE.

2. The Canadian curlers, having practically level and keen ice for five months in the year, naturally play a more cautious, drawing game than we do in Scotland, their stones being specially adapted for this style of game. As to the curlers themselves nothing could improve the style of their game, and as far as I observed, no case of rudeness or discourtesy occurred during the whole tour in Canada and the States also.

3. Many new curling clubs will be formed in Canada and the States, and this will do much to bind together the English-speaking races for their mutual benefit.

4. An old farmer came in from 300 miles west of Winnipeg to see me. Thirty-five years since he had seen my late father's carts passing the farm where he resided, and all those he inquired for

were gone, with one exception. His three sons were doing well, farming their own land.

5. Colonel Stevenson, Montreal, overshadows every one else we came across—nothing could exceed his kindness, courtesy, and attention. As an instance, he was assisting the hall porters to distribute our baggage at our various rooms at 6.30 on the



G. DEANS RITCHIE.
(At Paterson.)

morning after our arrival at Montreal; Alderman Sadler and Mr. Paton were also very attentive. At Ottawa, Professor Rutherford, son of a Peeblesshire minister, drove us out to the Government Experimental Farm, where Dr. Saunders received our party with great kindness. Dr. Saunders is head of the five Government Experimental Farms, in various districts of Canada, where they breed young stock, and dispose of it at a moderate price to neighbouring farmers, and no better system of improving the stock of Canada could be devised.

At Winnipeg, Alderman

Barclay specially deserves notice for his kindness. At Paterson, New Jersey, Provost Ballantyne, Major Bertram, and I spent a most delightful day, and we will never forget the kindness of Colonel Hewat and the members of the Hamilton Club generally.

Mark Sanderson (21)

As a representative of the Edinburgh district, there was no dubiety in the minds of the members of Committee as to the appropriateness of asking Mr. Mark Sanderson, ex-president of the Duddingston Club, to accompany the team. Mr. Sanderson had been known to the majority as a keen sportsman all his life, having as a Royal High

School boy taken a prominent position at football and cricket, and only last year he had captained an eleven, Ancients *v.* Moderns, when his team, the Ancients, came



Photo by Inglis.

MARK SANDERSON.
"Father of the Team."

off victorious by a substantial number of runs. Needless to say, the credit of the good old Port of Leith was upheld by Mr. Sanderson,¹ who generally played as second stone to the other Edinburgh representative, Mr. Cousin. His

¹ For Mr. Sanderson's portrait and the "stoup" at p. 68 we are indebted to the *Leith Observer*.

geniality and kindness endeared him to every member of the team, and to our Canadian brethren. Mr. Sanderson's impressions are briefly recorded as follows:—

1. A country of untold resources, and with a great immediate future before it, when transporting facilities are introduced.

Canadians excessively hospitable and kind, having an intense love for the "old country," which is only surpassed by that they have for their own, and they are thoroughly loyal to both.

2. Met a lot of undoubtedly fine curlers; all the same, I saw no rink that, given they had two or three days' practice *under Canadian conditions*, many rinks in this district would be not glad to have a tussle with, and with a fair chance of success too. I admire their "drawing" game very much, but nearly all good curlers here adopt the same tactics. Their sweeping, although very pretty to look at, is not to my mind nearly so effective as our style.

3. I fancy it will have the effect of causing an interchange of matches, with *individual* rinks.

Mr. A. T. Simson (22)

who is a Bailie of "fair Melrose," and one of the best curlers in the Border district, proved himself worthy of his reputation, both as a curler and a social good fellow. He writes as follows:—



Photo by Watkin.

A. T. SIMSON.

I had heard so much about the curling powers of our Transatlantic friends, that I accepted with much pleasure the invitation to join the team. A namesake of mine, Mr. F. C. Simson of Halifax, whom I met when he was on a visit to Scotland, had strongly urged the sending of a team, and promised a most hearty reception, and I am sure, so far as he and all were concerned, the arrangements for our reception

were simply admirable. Nothing could exceed the generosity of our curling brethren both in Canada and the States. They seemed

just to have one idea, and that was to do everything that lay in their power to make our visit enjoyable. At Halifax we thought their hospitality could not be surpassed, and yet, as we went from place to place, the curlers seemed to outdo their neighbours in kindness and enthusiasm.

Now, as regards the curling of our friends across the pond, it must be admitted that in its own way it was perfection. Their ice is generally so keen that their play is mainly with the wrist, and from the "hack" this is most scientific. Very little force is required, and with ample space on rinks that are as smooth as glass, they can, and do, put on the maximum amount of "curl." Indeed, a straight shot, such as is often effectual at home, is seldom played, and what we call a "thunnerin' cast" is seldom if ever required. Their long experience at this particular game gave them a great advantage over us, but I feel convinced that were they to meet us in our own country on the ice we are accustomed to, they would find themselves more handicapped than we were when we met them, and that their defeat would be far greater than ours. I really think the most remarkable feature of our tour was the success that attended us on so many occasions, though some, who evidently spoke in ignorance, seemed to think that we had done badly. This certainly was not the opinion of the Canadian curlers. They never expected us to win so many matches as we did.

I found the covered rinks with their mutations of light and shade very trying. Besides, the rinks varied a good deal, some being wonderfully clear, others terribly dark, which made it difficult both for players and directors to gauge the strength required, and to regulate the "sweeping."

This branch of the game is a fine art in Canada; clean as the ice may be, they go in for "soopin'" furiously, and they thus create suction to work forward the stone to its destination.

They are also adepts in the way of directing the play by signs, and in this respect we were rather at sea, for we had no proper code of signals to guide us and save the necessity of shouting. In covered rinks shouting is often confusing. This reminds me of an incident which occurred at Chicago when I was directing "the anxious skip" Mr. Deans Ritchie. I got hold of a megaphone, not unlike the instruments I had seen used as our good ship *Bavarian* threaded its way out of the docks at Liverpool, and as the coast was clear, and the enemy in possession, I called upon Mr. Ritchie to "come up like a very judgment and clear the hoose," when to my consternation he was—a hog! So much for the megaphone.

Whatever the result of our matches might be, I am sure the tour will have a good effect in uniting curlers in Canada with their brothers in the Mother Country, and giving an impetus to the grand old game at home and abroad. I met many interesting people who had either left Scotland to seek their fortunes out there, or who were descended from natives of the country, and one and all spoke in most feeling terms of their affection for their fatherland. At the same time they have great pride in the land of their adoption, and there is no doubt that a glorious future is in store for the Dominion, which has in itself inexhaustible treasures of grain, wood, fish, gold, coal, and other material necessary for mankind.

Mr. James Simpson (23)

Another who had done service in South Africa was

Captain James Simpson, of the Fife and Forfar Imperial Yeomanry, laird of Mawcarse, Kinross-shire, who was recommended to the committee by several well-known curlers in his district as a good lead or second player, and who justified this recommendation in every respect, while at the same time he enlivened the social gatherings by his excellent selection of songs. Appended are Captain Simpson's impressions:—



Photo by Crooke, Edinburgh.

JAMES SIMPSON.

1. To draw conclusions about any country after having visited it at only one particular season of the year is a rather risky proceeding, and such a vast dominion as Canada would require to be seen in its summer as well as in its winter garb before a really reliable opinion could be formed.

Whatever it may be at the other periods of the year—and if one is to judge from conversations with its inhabitants there is

no place like it in summer—Canada in winter has many and varied attractions.

To most people's way of thinking it could very well dispense with a couple of months of its winter; still the fact remains, that once a man has left the "old country" and gone to Canada, it is the exception to hear him say, he wishes to return to the land of his birth. What must certainly strike the visitor to Canada and the States is the vastness of the countries.

It seems almost incredible that one can get into a train at Halifax, and travel for about seven consecutive days, until one reaches Vancouver, a distance of three thousand miles, and all the time travelling through Canadian soil.

Regarding railway travelling in Canada and America, we at home can quite hold our own. The cars are certainly most beautifully fitted up, having every convenience, and an excellent dinner can be had on board the principal trains; still, our railway companies at home can cater for their passengers in quite as luxurious a manner.

One thing not very easily understood is why the conductor should insist on having the cars heated to nearly 70 degrees. Thirty people in a car at this temperature, and especially if composed of Scotch curlers, is at times, to put it mildly, a "bit warm." Canada has been termed the "Granary of the World," and from the millions of bushels of grain it grows and exports annually the name is anything but a misnomer. At the present time, some of the best land for growing grain is being offered by the Canadian Government, and doubtless many young men will take advantage of it and make homes for themselves in the "Far West." What Canada wants is population. Scotch men and women in particular are especially welcomed, and there is not the slightest doubt, if they apply themselves and are steady, energetic, and don't mind roughing it for a time, they are bound eventually to succeed.

It is difficult to express in words how one feels regarding the friendliness and hospitality of the Canadians. Wherever one went it was always the same, the pleasant smile and the warm grip of the hand giving expression to the heartiness of their welcome.

Loyalty to their king and country is one of the chief characteristics of the Canadians. To hear them sing "God Save the King" and the "Maple Leaf" does one a world of good. They undoubtedly sing them from the heart. In Canada, as already stated, they get their full share of winter, but the Canadians certainly know how to take the most enjoyment out of it. What

with their curling, skating, and hockey rinks and toboggan slides, their sports are endless, and it would be difficult to find more healthy and invigorating pastimes.

Canada, with its millions of acres and boundless resources, must have a very great future before it, and it is certainly one of the greatest colonies under the British Crown.

2. Curling, as played in Canada, is a much more scientific game than it is in Scotland, and in no other country in the world are so many adepts at the game to be found. Nor is this very surprising when one considers the great length of the Canadian winters—in many districts four months in the year—and also that there is every facility in the way of covered rinks for playing in a scientific manner. To be a successful curler in Canada one must be a complete master of the “out” and “in” turn, and the shots that can be taken by one who can “work the handle” require to be seen to be believed. The curlers both in Canada and America are thorough sportsmen and the best of good fellows. They enter into the game heart and soul, and can either give or take a beating with the very best grace. One of the great differences of the game as played in Canada and America, compared to the Scottish game, is that they very seldom play hard shots, or the knocking-out game, and every stone is played with the “twist.” Of course there are exceptions to this rule, and skips are to be found who are never content until they get their opponents’ stones out of the ring.

Another difference is, the ice is very much keener than what we are accustomed to in Scotland, being kept in beautiful condition by being “sprayed” after every match.

The Canadians and Americans are far ahead of Scotsmen in the art of sweeping or, as they term it, “polishing” the ice. In many cases, looking at the keen, clear ice, one would imagine there was no necessity for sweeping, but that is not their belief, and undoubtedly many an end is gained by those who know how to manipulate the broom.

3. The game of curling in the old country can never be brought to such a state of perfection as is found in Canada until rinks under cover become more general.

The shortness and uncertainty of our winters must necessarily be against the erecting of such buildings to any great extent; still, one probable effect of our tour to Canada might be to induce some of the more enthusiastic curlers in and near Edinburgh to erect a covered-in curling rink.

There is not the slightest doubt that the visit of the Scottish

team to the other side of the Atlantic has made curling an even more popular recreation than it was formerly.

After playing a match it was quite a common occurrence to hear a number of the spectators say they must join a curling club, and that they had never realised before that curling was such an excellent sport and pastime.

4. As I have already said, the Canadians are more than delighted with their country, but those who have gone out from home are also loud in its praises. In Canada I did not meet any one from the immediate neighbourhood who had been long enough out to make "fame and fortune," but in the cities of Minneapolis and Chicago, in America, I had the pleasure of seeing two gentlemen, who are not only a credit to themselves, but to their native village, Milnathort. The one is now the merchant prince of Minneapolis, and owns at the present time one of the largest stores on the other side of the Atlantic. The other began business in a small way in Chicago, but by perseverance and industry he is now the owner of a number of hotels in that city, and a man of considerable wealth.

Mr. Simpson was very useful at the "roupin' o' the stoup," when "My Lord" held the Curlers' Court, he being a past-master at the art of extracting fines. During the tour he not only sang well-known songs of the old country, but he mastered several that are popular in Canada. "The Maple Leaf" is, of course, an easy first, and the team, under Mr. Simpson's leadership, gave it many a hearty rendering on the way home. Another song that went with great gusto, especially when Mr. Jarvis sang it, has been sent in by Mr. Simpson for quotation in our volume. It is entitled

A STEIN SONG

Give a rouse then in the May time
 For a life that knows no fear!
 Turn night-time into day-time
 With the sunlight of good cheer!
 For it's always fair weather
 When good fellows get together,
 With a stein¹ on the table,
 And a good song ringing clear.

¹ "A flagon of good cheer,"—in other words, "a glass of beer."

Oh, we're all frank and twenty
 When the spring is in the air ;
 And we've faith and hope a plenty,
 And we've life and love to spare.
 And it's birds of a feather
 When good fellows get together,
 With a stein on the table,
 And a heart without a care.

For we know the world is glorious,
 And the goal a golden thing ;
 And that God is not censorious
 When His children have their fling ;
 And life slips its tether
 When good fellows get together ;
 With a stein on the table
 In the fellowship of spring.

When the wind comes up from Cuba,
 And the birds are on the wing ;
 And our hearts are patting juba
 To the banjo of the spring.
 Then life slips its tether
 When good fellows get together,
 With a stein on the table
 In the fellowship of spring.

Mr. A. J. Smith (24)

representative of the Stenhouse and Carron Curling Club, who was so unfortunate as to get hurt on the journey out, and thus lose most of the tour, writes :—

With reference to my Scoto-Canadian Curling Tour, I may say that I left here on December 16, and proceeded direct to Liverpool. There I joined twenty-three brother curlers and brother Scots, who were to be my companions ; and I may here remark that a finer body of gentlemen it has never been my privilege to meet. We were delighted to have as our guide Mr. Davidson Smith, the genial and able secretary of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, a gentleman who deserves the best thanks of the team for the highly successful manner in which he carried

through the arrangements for the tour. On our arrival at Liverpool we were kindly entertained by the Liverpool curlers, whose great hospitality was highly appreciated. On December 18 we bade good-bye to our Liverpool friends, and embarked on board the steamship *Bavarian*. With my brother curlers on board, I enjoyed the trip exceedingly up till December 24. On that date I had the misfortune to sustain a severe accident. I was playing a game of curling on board, and while running along the deck the ship gave a lurch, and I fell, smashing my knee-cap. I received every attention from the members of the team, and the ship's doctor (Dr. Carnegie), who did much to help to relieve the great pain from which I suffered. I would like, through your book, to thank the team for the kind attention they bestowed upon me. Dr. Carnegie, of whose death I am grieved to hear, called upon me while in the hospital, and desired to see me taken back safely to Scotland with himself. The hospital doctors, however, would not allow me to return, as I had not yet sufficiently recovered. I arrived at Halifax on December 29, and was taken to the General Victoria Hospital under the guidance of Dr. Boden. I thought that if I was going to be so nicely and so skilfully handled all through, I would



Photo by Crooke.

A. J. SMITH.

have a speedy recovery, and in this I was not disappointed. Under the able treatment of Dr. Campbell, his assistant (Dr. Corson), and Dr. G. Campbell, a son of the former, I came round with surprising rapidity, considering the nature of my injury. Dr. Campbell was a good curler, but a better surgeon, as he proved himself to be in my case. I could not have received better treatment anywhere than from him, and from the nurses, Miss Macdonald and Mrs. Taylor. Of these two ladies I cannot speak too highly; and if anything should happen to me again I would wish to be taken to the General Victoria Hospital, Halifax. My grateful thanks are also due to the governor, Mr. Kenny. He worthily fills his position, and made every

arrangement possible for securing my recovery. Mr. J. D. Chipman, passenger agent, Halifax, attended me regularly while in the hospital, besides looking after my welfare throughout my travelling tour. I would also like to tender my most sincere thanks to him for the great kindness which he showed me, as no brother could have done more for me than he. As you know, Mr. Kerr, my experience of the Canadians is somewhat extensive. I have been in Canada before, and know a great deal about them. While there, I came into personal contact with gentlemen whom I thought to be among the finest in the world. The attention and reception I received from one and all was most cordial, and made me feel quite at home, though far from it. I visited a great many curling rinks in Canada, but the finest that I witnessed was at Moncton. When leaving Moncton Station and going to my hotel I had an interesting experience. I met a gentleman bearing the distinctly Scottish and historic name of Robert Bruce, who is, by the way, a native of Banff. He gave me a most cheering reception. In an hour afterwards he had the whole town at the hotel to welcome the Scottish curler, which was my humble self, and a most enthusiastic welcome it was. They could not have given me a greater reception if I had been the President of the R.C.C.C. himself. The finest curler I have ever met was Mr. Andrew Malcolm, junr., who belonged to the Thistle Club, St. John, New Brunswick. He claimed the right to be a good curler through belonging to Stirlingshire, his ancestral home being The Sheen Farm, Balfon. In all my experience of travel, I never met a finer lot of people than those I encountered from Halifax to St. John, and that is saying a great deal.

CHAPTER XIII

MASONIC AND MISCELLANEOUS

I. MASONIC

When the Almighty Architect Divine
Would added beauty to men's lives impart,
He chose to execute his grand design
Those whom we own as Masters of our art.

'Twas Masonry that with a skill most rare
Then shaped the Column, laid with cunning hand
The chequered Pavement, raised the Arch so fair,
And reared in majesty the Temple grand.

When light and love from earth had seemed to cease
And men their glory found in murderous strife,
'Twas Masonry that built the house of peace,
And kept the flame of brotherhood in life.

And in the stern recessional of war,
When conquered foeman could but hope to die,
Stronger than victor's hate has proved by far
The brother's love, born of the mystic tie.

So be it ours, as Masons good and true,
To work according to th' eternal plan ;
A temple of rare beauty raise anew,
And prove in life the brotherhood of man.

Stones are we all, each fashioned with much care,
Rough-hewn by trial, and polished by much love ;
Marked by the Master's hand at last as square,
Fit to be set each in his place Above.

Be ours that brother's love which brother's needs
Will ever help ; in danger strong and bold ;
In trial, true ; and swift, when duty leads,
To raise the fallen, and the weak uphold.

All hail! thou Mystic Art which works like these
 Hast wrought, and still shalt work till need shall fail.
 Long live our noble craft! Perish its foes!
 All hail! great Masonry: All hail! All hail!

J. M'MEKEN,
Grand Bard, Grand Lodge of Scotland.

It will be remembered that on taking stock of our team on board the *Bavarian* on our journey out, we took the trouble to ascertain how many members were Masons. Our object in so doing was to get into touch with Fellow-craftsmen on the other side, to visit as many Lodges as we possibly could during our tour, and note any differences in their methods of working the various degrees. With so little time at our disposal this object was only partially attained. Even of the number who had been set down as Masonic, few could be prevailed on to attend any meetings, more especially as it was supposed that the examinations at the various Lodges of those who came as visitors to take part in the proceedings were severely strict, and the majority of our Masonic members, to tell the truth, were rather "rusty." As it happened that the Captain of the team, at the time of this visit to Canada and the States, held the office of Junior Grand Chaplain to Grand Lodge of Scotland, he was in a position to convey brotherly greetings from Grand Lodge in the old country to Grand Lodges in Canada and the States. By the kind permission of the Executive of Grand Lodge of Scotland he was privileged to take with him the paraphernalia belonging to his office, which he wore at his various visitations, much to the interest of brethren on the other side. He had also the honour of carrying the following letter of introduction from the Right Worshipful Master and Secretary of Lodge Edinburgh (Mary's Chapel), No. 1, his Mother-lodge, which has the distinction of being the oldest Lodge in the world.

THE LODGE OF EDINBURGH (MARY'S CHAPEL), No. 1

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, 47 FREDERICK STREET,

December 15, 1902.

We, the R.W.M. and Secretary of the Lodge of Edinburgh (Mary's Chapel) holding of the Grand Lodge of Scotland as No. 1, by command of the Lodge most heartily beg to recommend our Brother, the Reverend John Kerr, M.A., of Dirleton, Past Chaplain of the Lodge, to the favourable consideration of any Masonic Lodges which he may visit while in Canada or the United States during his visit as Captain of the Scottish team of curlers.

W. W. ROBERTSON,
Right Worshipful Master.

R. WOOD HAWKS,
Secretary.

He was also furnished with the following certificate from Royal Arch Chapter, No. 1 :—

THE EDINBURGH ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, No. 1

FREEMASONS' HALL, EDINBURGH,

December 8, 1902.

The Office-Bearers of the above Chapter do hereby certify that Companion the Reverend John Kerr of Dirleton (whose Signature is annexed hereto) was duly exalted in the Chapter, and is a full Member thereof, and that he is cordially recommended to the fraternal reception of any regular Chapter which he may visit in Canada and elsewhere during his forthcoming tour in America.—
As Witness our hands.

JOHN KERR
(Companion Signature).

PETER L. HENDERSON, M.E.Z.
WILLIAM A. DAVIS, Scribe E.

The Captain had also introductions from the Royal Arch Chapter through Mr. R. S. Brown, G.S.E. Mr. Lindsay, who had arranged our tour, being an enthusiastic Mason, supplied a list of the various lodges in Canada and the States, and several letters of introduction, including one to the Right Worshipful Grand Secretary of the Eastern Star, Mrs. Pitkin, Chicago, of which Order the Captain was also a member.

While due respect was paid to the name of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, the Captain was not surprised to find that the brethren of the Craft were remarkably awe-stricken whenever they heard him mention the fact that Lodge Edinburgh No. 1 had, some time ago, celebrated the tercentenary of its first minute, while the Lodge itself had been in existence a considerable time before.

This was only what was felt everywhere as we travelled, namely, that the citizens of what may be called a new country had always the greatest reverence for old things in the old country, and that in this respect, more perhaps than in any other, there might be noticed a tendency on their part to break the tenth commandment.

It facilitated very much our communications with Masonic Lodges to find that our genial friend Colonel Stevenson held high office in the Grand Lodge at Canada, being Past Grand Master. At several places we had to undergo a trying ordeal before being permitted to enter the secret precincts of the Lodge, but on any occasion when the Colonel was our leader, his password was an *open sesame*.

Past Grand Master Colonel Stevenson

Far and away the most remarkable man we met in Canada—and this was saying much—was Colonel A. A. Stevenson. He combines, in a typical manner, the two kindred forces which make great men out there—sincere love for Canada and sincere love for Scotland. Hailing from Kilmarnock, he early emigrated to the Dominion, and his life's work has been offered ungrudgingly in its service. So faithful has he been that it may safely be said no name is more widely known or more generally respected than that of Colonel "Sandy" Stevenson. From Governor-General to hotel-porter he receives

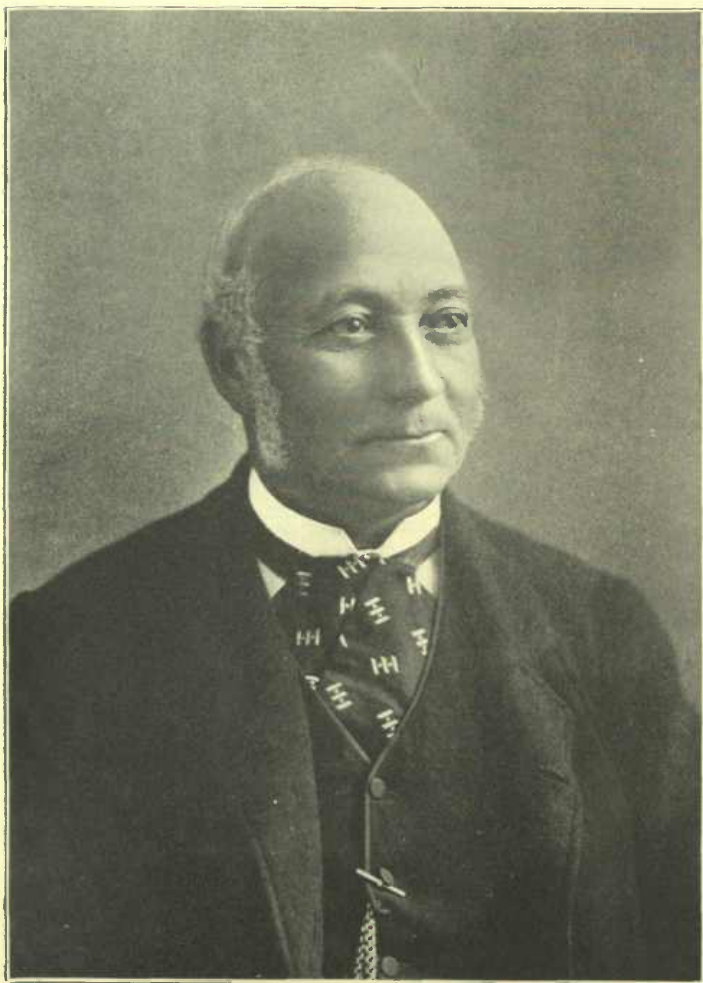


Photo by Notman & Son.

Face p. 584.

*Ever yours fraternally
A. A. Stevenson.*

attention, and his appearance is all that is required to gain admission everywhere in the Dominion. He has, besides great organising and mental ability, the saving grace of humour, and is never fluttered by seeing obstacles or put out of temper with difficulties, though at times we heard him use some salutary expletives about humbugs that came in his way. "What can I possibly do for you?" seemed from first to last to be his desire regarding the Scottish team and every member of it. From the "Impressions" of the members it is evident that their Captain is voicing their solid opinion when he says that, while many in Canada were more than kind, the genial old Colonel was by far the kindest of all. In a small way, by giving him a loving-cup on his birthday, when in Montreal, on which day, as Oliver Wendell Holmes would have said, he was seventy-four years *young*, and again in making him a Vice-President of the Royal Club on their return, they have shown their desire to thank him.

A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome

is not an unworthy description of the versatile Colonel. We give his portrait here, though at first we meant to do so at an earlier stage, because we felt most decidedly that it was as a Mason he was seen at his very best, his speeches at the various functions which we attended, with his administration of the Masonic rites, being, for a man of his years, remarkably able.

Visitations

Our first visitation was to the Royal Sussex Lodge, No. 6, A. F. and A. M., Halifax. We also visited, on invitation, Virgin Lodge, No. 3, A. F. and A. Masons under the registry of the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia. This is one of the most ancient Transatlantic Lodges.

Virgin Lodge was established at Halifax February 18, 1782, became Artillery Lodge, No. 2, in October 1784, and continued working under that title until September 22, 1800, when the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia granted permission to resume its old name of Virgin. In 1828 the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia became subject to the Grand Lodge of England, and a new warrant was granted by that Grand Body under the title of Virgin, No. 829, in 1833 changed to No. 553, and again in 1863 to No. 396, R. E. At the union of the Lodges working in Nova Scotia under the Grand Lodges of England, Scotland, and Nova Scotia on June 24, 1869, the number of Virgin Lodge was changed to No. 3 on the Registry of the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia. Here we noted what we found to be the general rule throughout Canada, namely, that the various Lodges all combined to have one grand Masonic Temple, which they used in turn for their meetings, and which is constructed in splendid style. At this Lodge a pleasant evening was spent, and we had the opportunity of meeting several distinguished office-bearers of the M.W. Grand Lodge.

On Tuesday evening, January 6, by invitation of W.M. Edward Preston and the Secretary, A. Bairer, we attended the 1210th regular communication of St. John's Lodge, No. 2, A. F. and A. M., at the Masonic Hall, St. John, New Brunswick, when the Grand Master, M. W. Harding, K.C., paid an official visit to the Lodge.

FROM W. H. WHYTE, GRAND SECRETARY, GRAND LODGE OF
QUEBEC, TO A. A. STEVENSON, MONTREAL

January 5, 1903.

MY DEAR COLONEL—I understand that Brother Dr. Tatley is sending a cordial invitation to Brother Rev. John Kerr, the Captain of the Scottish curlers, for him and all the Masons in the team to be

guests of Royal Albert Lodge on the evening of the 12th inst. Will you kindly add to that invitation the fraternal wishes of the Grand Lodge officers in this city, and say how much we would like to meet our Scottish brethren at Royal Albert Lodge that evening? The Deputy Grand Master, R.W. Brother J. B. Trisidder; the District Deputy G.M., R.W. Brother W. J. M'Laurin; the Grand Treasurer, Most Worshipful Brother A. A. Stevenson; R. Grand Master, and myself heartily endorse Dr. Tatley's invitation, and desire to welcome our good brethren from "Auld Scotia."—With kind regards, I am fraternally and sincerely yours,

W. H. WHYTE,
Grand Secretary.

We were delighted to accept the invitation referred to, and in company with Colonel Stevenson we paid a visit to his Mother-lodge, the Royal Albert, A. F. and A. M., No. 25, Q. R., in the Masonic Temple, where a special feature was an eloquent address to the new craftsmen by the Colonel.¹ A very pleasant social hour followed.

At Montreal we also found the following invitation addressed to us, and accepted the same:—

WESTMOUNT LODGE, A. F. AND A. M., No. 76

MONTREAL, *January 7, 1903.*

Rev. Mr. Kerr, Quebec, P.Q.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—I have been informed that it is your intention to reach Montreal on Monday next, and I hasten to extend a cordial invitation to yourself and associates to visit our Lodge on that evening. If you will kindly let me know by return mail what hour you expect to arrive, I will appoint a member to meet you at the station.—Believe me, yours fraternally,

J. M. HENDERSON.

Address: c/o H. R. IVES AND CO.,
QUEEN STREET.

Generally speaking, the ritual was more elaborate

¹ As these pages are passing through the press, the Captain of the Scottish curlers has a gratifying notice from Mr. Burnet, Secretary, that he has been elected an honorary member of the Lodge.

than in Scotland; and one feature which might with advantage be adopted in the old country was the use of the special costumes on the part of candidates for the various degrees. At times it appeared as if the ceremonial was too severely carried out, more especially in the third degree, where part of the ordeal was too trying for some, and on one occasion the visitors saw a candidate carried out in a faint. In one particular Lodge we were surprised to find that the Master, throughout the whole proceedings, wore his tall hat; but in Masonry as in everything else it appears there is nothing new under the sun, as we have since been informed that this was an old custom in Scotland. In Masonry, as also in everything else in the new country, the adage seems to be true that "youth must be served," for, in contrast to the usual experience at home, the Masters and nearly all the office-bearers were quite young men, and one could not fail to be struck with the comparative juvenility of the members of the various Lodges we visited. According to our custom in the old country, the serious business of the meeting being over, the members of the Craft adjourned for refreshment, when with toast, song, and sentiment the usual Masonic evening was spent.

There is, no doubt, to judge from what we saw, that Masonry is a great force, both in Canada and the States, and that it unites together, in a most remarkable degree, all classes and conditions of men, irrespective of politics, religion, and other distinctions.

At Toronto, on the evening of Friday, January 30, we paid a visit to the Zetland Lodge, A. F. and A. M. No. 326, G. R. C., where we had a very hearty reception. At this Lodge we had the pleasure of meeting the following, among other representative Masons:—E. F. Malone, Past Grand Master, Grand Lodge of Canada; O. F. Rice,

W.M., Zetland; J. H. Macabe, 32nd° P.M., Zetland; W.M. Angus, V. W. Henry, A. Taylor, G.J.D., John Bastedo, P.M., Zetland; and George H. Smith. On behalf of the Zeta Lodge the Worshipful Master A. B. Mitchell, deputed Brother Robert Ross, Past Master of the Alpha Lodge, to accompany us to the meeting, and during the evening we were presented with one of the button-badges of the Lodge. Masonry seems to be particularly strong in this Ontario district, where it has a well-conducted weekly publication of its own, *The Freemason*, which contains accounts of the doings of Masonry in the city and surrounding districts.

Our Masonic experiences in Canada culminated at Winnipeg with a reception in the Masonic Temple on the evening of Thursday, February 5, at 8 o'clock. The following invitation was addressed to the Captain:—

WINNIPEG,
Monday, February 2, 1903.

Rev. J. Kerr, M.A., F.R.S.E., F.S.A.,
Captain of Scottish Curlers, *en route* to Winnipeg.

DEAR SIR—Your approaching visit to Winnipeg has been a subject of much interest and pleasure, not only to your curling friends, but very specially to your brethren in Masonic art, who view your visit here as an opportunity, not often afforded, to extend a Masonic welcome to a representative of the Grand Lodge of Scotland.

The Committee having the matter in charge have made suitable arrangements with the authorities of the Winnipeg Bonspiel, which will enable you to favourably consider an invitation without interfering with curling arrangements; and they have much pleasure therefore in extending such to you, as well as to the Masonic brethren who accompany you, and through you to the gentlemen who compose your entire party, whether members of the Craft or otherwise, to meet us at the Masonic Temple, Winnipeg, on Thursday evening, February 5, at 8 o'clock.

The reception will be entirely informal, but none the less hearty,

and we hope to have the opportunity of demonstrating that Masons as well as curlers can truly say, "We're brithers a'."—On behalf of the Committee,

H. L. DEAKIN,
Convener.

The *Free Press News Bulletin* gives the following account of the banquet:—

Masons entertain Scottish Brothers. Informal "At Home" in the Temple—a Jolly Time

"There were close to three hundred local and visiting members of the Masonic Craft at the Temple last evening in attendance at the 'At Home' which was tendered to the Scottish curlers by the Freemasons of the city. It was one of the most representative and thoroughly enjoyable gatherings in the history of the craft in Winnipeg.



REV. DR. PITBLADO.

"Rev. John Kerr, Junior Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and the visiting Scotsmen were introduced by M.W. Brother W. G. Bell, P.G.M., representative of the Grand Lodge

of Scotland, assisted by M.W. Brother Thomas Robinson, representing the Grand Lodge of England, to the M.W. Grand Master, His Honour Judge Myers, and the assembled brethren.

"The Grand Master welcomed the visitors in a warm and nicely-expressed address, stating the great pleasure it

gave all Manitobans to greet and welcome the Scottish curlers to the prairie province.

“Rev. Dr. Pitblado, the Grand Chaplain, also made an eloquent speech, and finished it with an Ode of Welcome, which was in the following terms:—

Welcome to Winnipeg, Scottish knights of the besom,
 From the land of the bluebells, the thistle and heather ;
 We welcome you here, to our hearts and our temple,
 To our rinks, and our ice, and our bright sunny weather.
 To our bright sunny weather you're welcome.
 We heard, when you left the old land of your fathers,
 Stirred up by Scotch pride and true curlers' devotion,
 How you sailed away laughing, and singing and romping,
 And made things quite lively when crossing the ocean.
 From crossing the ocean you're welcome.
 From Halifax onward you've worked out your journey,
 You've eaten and talked, you've drunk and you've curled,
 And you've come through it all, to Winnipeg city—
 The door of the west and the granary of the world,
 To the granary of the world you're welcome.
 We heard of your giants, and we heard of your Captain,
 Of your fine Monday curling, and your sad Sunday sinnin' ;
 When you left the fine churches, and all the grand preachers,
 To hear Niagara roar—and to see its floods riinni'—
 To see its floods rinnin' you're welcome.
 Most magnificent distances now you have traversed,
 In making your journey across the Dominion,
 But the land of untold possibilities still is before you,
 Offering wealth to the workers and homes to the million.
 To homes for the million you're welcome.
 For hundreds of miles away northward and westward—
 Are rivers and lakes and rich land without measure.
 And beyond that expanse are the great mountain ranges,
 Inviting explorers to dig out their treasure.
 To dig out their treasures you're welcome.
 We know to be big is not to be great, still it's well to remember,
 It would take thirty Britains our country to cover,
 And bonnie wee Scotland, whose folk make its greatness,
 May be placed on its surface one hundred times over.
 One hundred times over you're welcome.
 We're Scotch and we're Irish, we're French and we're English ;
 We've the Thistles and Shamrocks, the Roses and Fleur-de-lis,
 And with hearts true to Britain, we still work as Canadians,
 To twine all these emblems round the green maple tree.
 'Neath the green maple tree you are welcome.
 From all countries and kindreds, all tongues and all people,
 There flows in upon us the earth's immigration ;
 We absorb and digest all the good that they bring us,
 That will make this Dominion the world's federation.
 To the world's federation you're welcome.

For religions and races, we maintain toleration ;
 Whilst our flags and our emblems we here twine together,
 And on mountains and prairies, o'er lakes and great cities
 We loyally sing " The maple leaf for ever."
 To sing with us " The maple leaf for ever " you're welcome.
 Nae doot you will miss the Scotch misty mornings,
 The fresh-frozen lakes, and the snow-covered heather ;
 But you'll get in return Manitoba's dry climate,
 Hard ice on our rinks and superb curling weather.
 To superb curling weather you're welcome.
 You will miss the old castles, and reek of the cities,
 Memories of feuds, and the haunts of the fairies,
 But you'll see our great lakes, and our mountains of treasure,
 Our deep-flowing rivers and boundless rich prairies.
 To our boundless rich prairies you're welcome.
 We're not always curling, but mostly we're working
 To lay in this country a deep solid foundation
 For the new social structure we're loyally building,
 Which will make this West land a great British nation.
 To a great British nation you're welcome.
 Over mountains and lakes, over prairies and cities,
 The old flag of our fathers has long been unfurled,
 As a sign to all kindreds to rally around us,
 And make this great land, freedom's home for the world.
 To freedom's home for the world you are welcome.
 We wish for you here, as men and as curlers,
 All the best blessings that come from true praying—
 Good health, and good living, true hearts, and true friendship,
 And all the fine trophies you'll capture in playing.
 To the trophies you'll capture in playing you're welcome.
 And whilst we will pray for the land left behind us—
 The land of thick mists, and of sweet blooming heather,
 We will not forget the great land you now curl in,
 The land of hard wheat, and of clear winter weather.
 To its clear winter weather you're welcome.
 We are prond of this visit to play us in winter,
 But we hope you'll come back and gie us anither,
 When the prairie flowers bloom, and the maple leaves flourish,
 To see our vast wheat-fields and remain a'thegither.
 To remain a'thegither you're welcome.
 We Canadians can handle the stanes pretty deftly,
 And soop past the hog line, gey hard and gey frisky,
 But when at the banquet perhaps you'll excel us
 In eating Scotch haggis and preeing Scotch whisky.
 To pree the Scotch whisky you're welcome.
 Just now, with fresh ozone to tone up your muscles,
 In the rinks you'll play bonspiel, and at blizzards may wonder,
 But if you come back, when we're reaping our wheat-fields,
 You'll get rides on our " binders," and grand welcomes by thunder.
 To grand welcomes by thunder you're welcome.
 Then welcome and welcome, Scottish knights of the besom,
 After all you have travelled, and all you have curled
 You've come to the heart of Canada's life power

To play with her sons the grandest bonspiel of the world.
 To the grandest bonspiel of the world you are welcome.
 As men and as Masons, as Scotchmen and curlers,
 We welcome you here, to our temple and our ice,
 And we hope you will find, in our Winnipeg winter—
 That you curlers have reached a true paradise.
 To this curlers' paradise you are WELCOME.

WINNIPEG, *Feb. 6, 1903.*

“Rev. John Kerr was called upon by the Grand Master, and stated that he and the visiting brethren were quite overcome by the warmth of their welcome.

“He had never addressed an assemblage which was, in a certain respect, more impressive than the one in that hall. It was impressive on account of its youth and intelligence: he noticed very few bald heads in the company. (Laughter.) The speaker then congratulated the Grand Master on his elegant and appropriate address, which he said was, without exception, the best they had received in Canada; and went on to add that the visiting curlers never expected that their trip would assume such importance. They simply thought that they would go ‘snooving along the howe,’ having a kindly cup together, and enjoying the evening. (Laughter.) He congratulated the Grand Lodge on having such a worthy chaplain. He believed that his name was Rev. Dr. Pitblado, but thought it should be Rev. Dr. Bit-of-a-blado. He would be happy to give him a curler’s grip.

“In their trip through the country they had been overburdened with feelings of admiration and delight toward Canada, and their views had certainly been very much enlarged.

“The team had enjoyed Canadian hospitalities and convivialities; if they had not done so, they would not have been Curlers and Masons. So far as curling there was concerned, they knew before they left home that Canadians were infinitely superior to them, but if Canadians came

over to Scotland, he believed they would be beaten there all round. His team had come, not merely to curl, but on a mission of brotherhood and good-fellowship.

“The rev. gentleman finished with an eloquent and feeling peroration on the ties of blood and kinship which existed between the old land and Canada. It was on account of the manifestations of Canadian loyalty to the Empire that the old Mother-club felt she could no longer resist the appeal to send a team of curlers over there. In doing so she was only paying a debt of gratitude. He hoped they would all meet again together as fellow-craftsmen and brothers of the broom.

“Bro. Cousin, of Canongate Kilwinning Lodge, Edinburgh, and Bro. Murray, of Glasgow Lodge, also spoke briefly.

“The evening closed with the serving of refreshments and a musical programme, at which M.W. Bro. Robinson took the chair, and which was participated in by Prof. Baird, Messrs. Mitchell, Magnus, Minchin, Day, Melville, and Prof. Connery.

“The brethren were joined by R.W. Bro. Dr. Kirk, thirty degrees, I.P.M., Torphichen Kilwinning, Bathgate, Scotland, and Provincial Substitute Grand Master of Linlithgowshire, who expressed great pleasure at being present, and stated that he was specially charged by a prominent Mason in Scotland, the nephew of the late Lord Selkirk, to extend his most fraternal greetings to the brethren in this district. He would take great pleasure in reporting to his friend the evidences of prosperity he saw.”

II. MISCELLANEOUS

In days of old, in the protracted period of a communion season, when various ministers from other parishes had assisted him by conducting services preparatory to, and following the solemn celebration, it was the custom of the parish minister himself to "perlicue" all that had been said, *i.e.* to draw attention to the points in the addresses of the various preachers, and at times he would take exception to some of these points. The Captain in these miscellaneous remarks does not wish to "perlicue" the "Impressions of the Team" as given in the preceding chapter. With most of them he agrees, with some he does not agree. The chapter must stand by itself, with the editorial caution that he "must not be held responsible for the opinions expressed by his correspondents." He would let each one of these good men stand upon his own legs, while, on the other hand, he does not hold any of them committed to his own views. But before he leaves the Great Canadian Dominion the Captain desires to supplement, in various ways and by various points, the impressions of the team which he had the honour to command. His *obiter dicta* he would now give under a variety of headings.

The Canadian Chrysostom

One of the first and one of the best men we met in Nova Scotia had the sweetly-sounding name of Silver, but like many of his neighbours there was a great deal of gold visible when he spoke. He was a type of many in this respect. The Canadians (and Americans) have a wonderful display of gold among the ivory of their teeth. If they carry all this with them to their graves, they will make each cemetery a Klondike by and by.

On remarking this fact to a Canadian doctor in this country, he said, "Yes, they go in for gold fillings far more than you do in Scotland, but don't you be too much taken in, for it is common, when a false tooth or a false set of teeth is supplied, to have fillings of gold inserted, so as to distract attention from the artificial character of the tooth or set of teeth." We suppose he only made this statement because he was out of the reach of danger. He would not have made it at home.

When we use the "Chrysostom" designation we do not, however, refer to the glittering teeth of our Canadian cousin. We refer to his eloquence of speech. More surprising, perhaps, than the greatness of Canada was the magnificent oratory of the speakers who addressed us on our tour. We could mention names, but it would be invidious to do so. Suffice it to say that from Halifax to Winnipeg we were treated to speeches from senators, mayors, aldermen, councillors, and others that were simply masterpieces of eloquence, and impressed us with the conviction that the education and training received in Canadian schools and colleges, which is the groundwork of such power of polished utterance, must be of a very high order.

The Humour of the Canadian

When Sydney Smith, that clerical humorist, said that it required a surgical operation to admit a joke into a Scotsman's head, some one aptly replied, "Ay, if it be an English joke, he is quite right." A nation that has its Dean Ramsay, if it had no other, can never be accused of want of humour. Nothing, we should say, so much proved the Scottish sympathy of the Canadians as their ready appreciation of Scottish stories. Of these, as a collector, the Captain had a goodly stock, and the highest compliment he received on the tour from any of his team

was that which came from Mr. Bentley Murray, who, near the close, said one night, "Captain, that is the first time I have heard you repeat a story." The fun began at the beginning—if that be not a redundancy—in the big smoker at Halifax. The usual tribute to the brotherly feeling of curlers and the abolition of distinction on the ice had been referred to, when the Captain told of a gravedigger in the Tynron district of Dumfriesshire, who had been playing for Mr. Kennedy, Laird of Dalmakerran, and, having won, was "gey happy." The Laird, who, like others, went by the name of his place, was giving the sexton a lift home on the back-seat of his "dogcart." At a lull in the journey the sexton burst out, "Man, Dalma, gin ye ever come to dee, I'll bury ye for half-a-croon." And turning to his neighbour, he said, in a lower tone, "I aye get a sovereign for the likes o' him, ye ken."

Some defects of the game were noticed, one of these being that it sometimes led to the use of wrong language. The Captain said that in olden times there used to be fines exacted for proscribed words. An old curler one night had let one of these escape his lips, and the "boots" of the company came round for the threepenny fine. "There's half-a-croon," said the offender; "I wadna wunner but I'll sweir 't oot."

The Rev. Mr. Learmonth of West Calder had done something amiss with his shot one day, when, seeing his skip in great dismay, he exclaimed: "John, what's the matter; have I done harm?" "Hairm, sir! ye've jist sent us a' to the deevil thegither." So unlike what the minister desired to do! There was great laughter when the Captain remarked that at curling, as at golf, such slips of the tongue had a peccadillo aspect which was quite distinct from their ordinary interpretation.

And so from meeting to meeting the humour was

continued. The Canadians themselves gave their contributions. One of the best men at Halifax told us a capital story of the Rev. Dr. Macmillan, the genial chaplain of the club, which proves that there is a touch of curling nature in the clergy of Canada which makes them kin to those of the old country. In one of the club rink competitions the Doctor's rink was meeting with great success. They were posted to play the semi-finals on a Wednesday night, which happened to be the night of the weekly prayer-meeting. The Doctor and his "mate," an elder, were walking home, and the Doctor was grieving over the loss of his chance to play. The elder suggested a



Photo by Gauvin & Gentzel.

REV. DR. MACMILLAN.
Chaplain Halifax Club.

crack skip as a substitute for that match, but still the Doctor was despondent. Suddenly he brightened up and said, "It's all right; I'll get my brother to be my substitute." The elder was not so enthusiastic, and asked, "Do you think he can play well enough?" "Oh, *no, no!*" replied the Doctor; "he'll take the prayer-meeting."

Some of the stories we heard "wore whiskers," as they say of "chestnuts" out there, but the majority were

fresh. The Episcopal minister at Lachine, Rev. Mr. Hewton, told one about two Highland curlers who were discussing as they journeyed home the horrors of being supposed to be dead, and then taken and buried while really alive. In the end they agreed that the one that sur-

vived the other should draw his flask well filled with Glenlivet once or twice across his neighbour's nose, and if he made no sign whatever then "he wad be deid for evermore."

These are but samples of the humour that enlightened our hundred meetings. We certainly give the Canadian credit for the "saving sense."

The National Song—"The Maple Leaf"

At the social meetings which we attended, we could not fail to be struck with the wealth of song which abounded. The Coon songs were to us particularly interesting, and we enjoyed Dr. Drummond's *habitant* patois, though we might not be quite in a position to take it all in. But *the* song which was invariably sung, and that with the greatest gusto, was "The Maple Leaf." This leaf of the tree which is as useful as it is beautiful has been adopted as the national emblem, for one speaks of Canada as a nation since the privilege of self-government was granted to the Dominion. Lord Selden, or Fletcher of Saltoun, or some other great man, once said that if he were only permitted to make the songs of a nation, he would allow any other to make its laws. The honour of making *the* Canadian song belongs to Mr. A. Muir. The verses may not be, from a strictly poetical point of view, of the first water—patriotic verses seldom are—but there is a fine ring in them, and a rattling good chorus, and to hear the Canadians sing that song with full-throated fervour was most inspiring. Seldom, we may add, did they forget to follow it with "God Save the King" and "Auld Lang Syne." At this last song their general custom was to clasp hands crossways whenever they began to sing it, but our team declined to do this until the action came in at the proper time with the line—

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER

The National Song of Canada.

1

In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
 Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came,
 And planted firm Britannia's flag
 On Canada's fair domain ;
 Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
 And, joined in love together,
 The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine
 The Maple Leaf for ever.

Chorus—

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
 The Maple Leaf for ever ;
 God save our King, and Heaven bless
 The Maple Leaf for ever.

2

At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane
 Our brave fathers, side by side,
 For freedom, home, and loved ones dear,
 Firmly stood and nobly died ;
 And those dear rights which they maintained,
 We swear to yield them never—
 Our watchword evermore shall be,
 The Maple Leaf for ever.

Chorus.

3

Our fair Dominion now extends
 From Cape Race to Nootka Sound ;
 May peace for ever be our lot,
 And plenteous store abound ;
 And may those ties of love be ours,
 Which discord cannot sever,
 And flourish green o'er freedom's home,
 The Maple Leaf for ever.

Chorus.

4

On Merry England's far-famed land
 May kind Heaven sweetly smile,
 God bless Old Scotland evermore,
 And Ireland's Emerald Isle ;
 Then swell the song, both loud and long,
 Till rocks and forest quiver,
 God save our King, and Heaven bless
 The Maple Leaf for ever.

Chorus.

Fiscal Policy and Rudyard Kipling

There are no politics in curling. There were no politics on our curling tour. Liberals and Conservatives met together to entertain us. Their differences were forgotten ; but their differences could not be understood by us—just as outsiders cannot see clearly the distinction between parties at home. One thing is certain—they are not divided on the policy of the Empire. They have some cranks among them, like Mr. Goldwin Smith at Toronto, who is ready to throw a slipper after the union of Canada and the States, but generally they go “right away” for the Chamberlain proposals. Not that they are afraid of themselves ; they are a nation, but they wish to be part of an Empire as well, and to be under the British flag. If Britain does not care to see to this, they will “gang their ain gait.” They will “work out their own salvation.”

“Call us to your councils” is the famous saying of the present Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It is the watchword of those who look forward to Imperial Federation. It is what Sir Egerton Young and others (including Lord Rosebery once on a time) have preached. It has not yet come, but it will come—the day when the Dominion will be left to shape its own destiny on its own lines,

but on matters of Imperial concern called to the council
of the Empire,—forecast of a greater time

when the battle flag is furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

But we must ca' canny. We found that good, dear
Rudyard Kipling had got into bad odour in the
Dominion over this subject, or rather over something
that had nothing to do with it. The head and front of
his offending was the following poem written in refer-
ence to the Preferential Tariff of 33 per cent granted by
Canada to Great Britain in 1897 :—

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

A Nation spoke to a Nation,
A Queen sent word to a Throne :
“ Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close,
And I set my house in order,”
Said our Lady of the Snows.

“ Neither with laughter nor weeping
Fear or the child's amaze—
Soberly under the White Man's law
My white men go their ways.
Not for the Gentiles' clamour—
Insult or threat of blows—
Bow we the knee to Baal,”
Said our Lady of the Snows.

“ My speech is clean and single,
I talk of common things—
Words of the wharf and the market-place
And the ware the merchant brings.
Favour to those I favour,
But a stumbling-block to my foes.
Many there be that hate us,”
Said our Lady of the Snows.

"I called my chiefs to council
 In the din of a troubled year ;
 For the sake of a sign ye would not see,
 And a word ye would not hear.
 This is our message and answer ;
 This is the path we chose ;
 For we be also a people,"
 Said our Lady of the Snows.

"Carry the word to my sisters—
 To the Queens of the East and the South.
 I have proven faith in the Heritage
 By more than the word of the mouth.
 They that are wise may follow
 Ere the world's war-trumpet blows ;
 But I—I am first in the battle,"
 Said our Lady of the Snows.

A Nation spoke to a Nation,
 A Throne sent word to a Throne :
 "Daughter am I in my mother's house,
 But mistress in my own.
 The gates are mine to open,
 As the gates are mine to close,
 And I abide by my mother's house,"
 Said our Lady of the Snows.

Poor dear Rudyard! He illustrates Hood's remark that "evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart." He did not think that he was offending by christening daughter Canada "the Lady of the Snows." But offence was taken. Our opinion is that Canada is just a little "touchy" in this matter. There used to be an annual grand ice carnival in Montreal, but it was discontinued because it gave strangers too cold an impression of the country. Mr. Lampman's reply to Kipling has been given elsewhere (p. 260). Kipling did good just to elicit Lampman's reply. While the Canadians were railing at the poet for his imprudent appellation, Nature came in to help the Dominion to have

her revenge. It so happened that in the year 1897, when Rudyard's words were penned, a great storm took place in the month of October in many parts of Great Britain. Trains were snowed up, and railway traffic interrupted, whilst in Canada they had most lovely weather, the thermometer registering from 80 to 85 degrees. A lady in Clinton, Ontario, then wrote some verses, which were widely published. They were entitled—

CANADA TO ENGLAND

The 13th of October
 Shall long remembered be,
 When thou wert near to zero,
 And I was eighty-three.

Bethinks thee, Mother England,
 What joy it gave to me,
 To find thee cold and frost-bound,
 While I was eighty-three.

Go tell thy precious Kipling,
 What little sense he shows,
 To dub thy fairest daughter
 "The Lady of the Snows."

Let us speak a word for Kipling. Why should Canada be ashamed of her twofold glory? We have no more earnest desire than, before life closes, to see the fair Lady in her summer and autumn robes. One of our team, Mr. Mark Sanderson, went back last summer, and had autumn as well. What descriptions he sent us of the beauty, of the richness, of the fascination of the Dominion that we had seen only in white! It is indeed a country for the tourist to visit, especially in the "Indian" summer. But what would Canada be without the frost and the snow? The one depends on the other.

The great prairie grain country owes it to frost and

snow that the land is prepared for the crop without manure—the lumber-merchant becomes millionaire by using these to get his supplies from the forest, and down the river to the saw-mill or the pulp factory; they give the delightful enjoyments of sleigh-driving, hockey, tobogganing, snow-shoeing, etc., which in themselves make the country worth visiting in winter; and what shall we say more of these winters than to add that they make Canada the Eldorado of the curler. Therefore we plead for Rudyard, and all the more because we know that, like ourselves, he is a lover of Canada. Listen to the following:—

Canada is a great country. A country with a future. There is a fierce, hard, bracing climate, the climate that puts iron and grit into men's bones, and there are all good things to be got out of the ground, if people will work for them. What it wants is more men and more money. . . . Send your folks to Canada; and if they can't go themselves let them send their money—plenty of it.

Surely these words make ample amends for that little *faux pas* of "The Lady of the Snows."

Happy Canadian Curlers

It is not simply in the quantity of frost they have that our Canadian children are so happy. Their advantage as compared with ours is that they can attend to business all day, and adjourn to the rink in the evening. The palatial nature of the majority of these rinks has been made apparent by our illustrations, which give only a faint idea of what they really are. In the majority of cases they can have every kind of comfort in their retiring-rooms, and can either play or do the plate-glass-skip business, *i.e.* criticise those who are playing. Then in these they have more space on which to display the trophies won by their representatives in great bonspiels,

the names being immortalised, so as to give incitement to others to emulate them. It was quite remarkable to find what valuable collections of cups and trophies of all kinds were in the keeping of nearly every club we had the pleasure of visiting. As these go on increasing they will make the curling clubs the wealthiest institutions in the Dominion. With their palatial covered courts and retiring-rooms, our friends out there are also happy in not confining their use to curlers: in some cases they give facilities for skaters. In a great many cases a bowling-green is attached, and most of the curlers are members of the bowling club; in a few, lawn-tennis clubs play, either within or without.

The Canadian curlers receive many privileges from the various railways, whose officials recognise the importance of the great winter sport. The telegraph companies also give them special facilities. At the big Winnipeg Durbar all who attended the Bonspiel were allowed to send messages home free; indeed, the wires were open gratis all round for all that concerned the Tournament. Rather different this from our treatment in the home country.

A Contrast

Another striking contrast we would here note. As we journeyed from place to place in the great Dominion, and played in the palatial rinks, we could not but mark the contrast between her children over the sea and the "auld respectit Mither," whose kindly message we conveyed to them, and which by them all was received so kindly.

It was humiliating to us to reflect that "the Mother of us All" has no home which she can call her own, but is dependent, for the time being, on such accommodation

as an obliging Secretary can vouchsafe. Though the curling world looks to her for guidance, and for the protection of all that throws historic light on the old Scottish game, such relics as she has gathered, or rather as have been sent to her without asking, are found crowded on the walls or huddled together in the corners of a Secretary's rooms. What a wealth of relics there must be in the old country, the last International Exhibition in Glasgow proved. How much would they value these in the new country! How little do we value them in the old! When shall this crying defect be remedied? When shall we have a great Curlers' Valhalla in the Scottish capital for the portraits of all the heroes of the sport, and pictures such as Sir James Craig and others have gifted? When shall we have a suite of offices, which shall belong to the Mother-club, and perhaps a big Rink alongside on which—even though the ice be artificial—we might meet our Canadian and other friends, and have a game?

“Oor ain Game”

This being the thirteenth chapter of our volume it will perhaps be the unlucky one, and we are quite prepared to find that we shall be called to book for some of our impressions. But we must speak out what we believe, and our cousins will at least give us credit for honesty. Well, now, we grant “right away” that Canadian curlers can give us many points on the game as they play it there. As a mere matter of scientific precision and accuracy, Canadian curling, either with irons or granites, is simply perfection; but “This is no' oor ain game,” was often our involuntary expression. Somehow it lacked the poetry, the romance, the exhilaration, the excitement of our parish bonspiels at home. They are all well in their way, these covered rinks, these palatial premises, these retiring-rooms

with "a' the comforts o' the Sautmarket," but one crowded hour of glorious play on a hillside loch, with a few *vivers* on the bank, is worth an age of curling in a covered court. Nay, more, if we look on the game as a game of giants, we maintain that on the ordinary and changeable ice we have at home, there is room for more energy and daring than



Published by Allan, Partick.

OOR AIN GAME.

From "Curling," a painting by J. M'Ghie.

there is on these smooth rinks, where the wrist is everything. Further, that the boom of the ice, the roar which gives its name to the game, is something that can never be made up for under cover. We remember winning a rink medal on one occasion by playing the last stone in such conditions, that just as we delivered it the ice gave way, and all that we could do was to cheer it to victory, with the water up to our neck, like

the old skip who won his match in a similar way, and, never expecting to get out again, called to his comrades, "Pit that on ma heid-stane." There is no room for such excitement in Canada, though the triumph so much resembles young Wolfe's victory on the Plains of Abraham.

Then, while it may be true that Winnipeg is a world's



SECRETARY R.C.C.C. WIRES FROM CARSEBRECK TO CANADA.

wonder for the number that congregate there for a fortnight's fighting, let us never abate our pride in the great national gathering at Carsebreck, when North meets South, and over 2000 players contend for victory. That, indeed, is a glorious sight, never to be forgotten.

It was when we were busy with the curlers at Montreal on January 16, that a telegram was handed us from the worthy Secretary of the Royal Club to this effect:—

Kerr, Captain Scottish Canadian Curling Team.

About 2500 curlers assembled at Grand Match send greetings to team and brother curlers beyond the sea.

DAVIDSON SMITH, *Secretary*.

To this the Captain replied :—

In name of team and Canadian curlers, hearty greetings offered in return. *We're brithers a'*. Good luck to Grand Match!

KERR, *Captain*.

We were delighted to receive the Secretary's wire, and when we read it out to our Canadian friends, they were amazed at the very idea of such a gathering.

The Canadian curlers have certainly a great pull over us in the quantity of ice they get; but we comfort ourselves by saying that curling for a short time in our conditions is more delightful than for a protracted season under theirs. Slightly to paraphrase Shakespeare—

If all our days were curling holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work,
So nothing pleaseth but rare curling.

The Dominion Government

There is a very efficient system of graduated government in the Dominion.¹ No better proof could be given of the watchfulness of those in authority to do all in their power to advance its interests, than the sending of a representative—Mr. Thomson—to take the Scottish curlers from Halifax to Winnipeg. It was most thoughtful and kind. Our King is their King, and as he is Patron of the Royal Club we recognised the attention of the Canadian Government to the Scottish

¹ *Vide* Appendix V.

curlers as a proof of their well-known loyalty. He is represented by the Governor-General, who is at present Lord Minto, a former President of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, who took the greatest interest in our visit. Wherever we went, some representatives from either House attended our meetings; and they are all eloquent, to judge from those who spoke. They seemed to regard it as a duty to welcome us in name of the Government. Apart from this Federal Parliament, each province is an *imperium in imperio*, and, for limited but still important business, manages its own affairs. At the head of each province is a Lieutenant-Governor, appointed by the Governor-in-Council, and paid, like him, out of the Federal Treasury. These Governors all showed a practical interest in our visit.

City Government

One prominent feature of our historic tour was the presentation of the freedom of the city on each occasion when a city was our centre. This was much appreciated. Like the action of the Government, it shows the alertness of the civic rulers to the welfare of their people, for curling in Canada has much to do therewith. In Montreal, where our civic reception was most hearty and pronounced, and which may be taken as a type of the others, the City Council consists of a Mayor and thirty-four aldermen. Unlike our home system, where a Mayor or Provost depends for election on the Municipal Council, the Mayor is elected every two years by the voters throughout the city, and his allowance is \$4000, or £800, a year. The aldermen are elected by the various wards in the city, each returning two. They hold office for two years, and are paid an annual salary

of \$600, while each Chairman of Committee gets \$200 a year extra.

This all-round payment is said to lead to a good deal of corruption, but of that we had no evidence. In one city we were told that when a citizen had served as an alderman, he had to spend a sort of quarantine period of a few years as an ordinary citizen, before he was re-admitted into respectable society. That we took as a good specimen of Canadian humour and the frolicsome banter which goes on between officials and citizens.

Churches

The Presbyterian churches in Canada are all united, save one or two remnants in charge of such good representatives of the Auld Kirk of Scotland as the Rev. Dr. Edgar Hill at Montreal, who paid his devoirs to our team in a most kindly way when we were in that city. It is usual to speak of this fusion as a great thing, and an example to Scotland. No doubt we speak with a "bias," to use a curling phrase, but we saw nothing in Canada to prove that an Established Church is an evil—rather the reverse. Some good old Scots we met said they missed "the Auld Kirk," and would like to see more of its ministers come out there. No doubt there is a freedom and independence of speech and action in a State Church which is difficult to obtain in another. Our leading broad-churchman, Principal Story, whose name is still held in respect in Canada, would not have been so comfortable had he remained out there. A State Church in the Dominion would not only give greater freedom of speech to the clergy, but might, by a more uniform and ecclesiastical order of worship, keep Presbyterians from going over to the Episcopal Church, though that may not be a "falling away."

Some who like the Presbyterian order of government, but dislike the want of order in worship which sometimes prevails, are forced to do this against their will.

If there be some "owre nairry" specimens among them, as we have noted, we would speak with respect and admiration of the Presbyterian ministers in general. They work hard, and are devoted to the welfare of their people. It is most creditable that they overtake such wide districts as some in the country do. In the cities they have many organisations. The Y.M.C.A. seems to be a healthy and flourishing institution, with fine buildings at each important centre. In their unremitting labours they certainly give us points. The number of Doctors among them is oppressive. Nearly every one seems to have a Doctor's degree. One of the best we met apologised for having "Dr." before his name. He said he got it by accident, because he headed a church deputation at some university function. An English divine, Dr. Cox, of *Expositor* fame, once suggested that all who sported D.D. on earth should be examined as to their qualifications before being allowed to enter heaven. The suggestion was horrifying at home. What would it be in Canada?

The Confusion of Place-Names

Surely it is a pity that what in technical phraseology is called the *enchorial* system has not been more adhered to in the nomenclature of the Dominion: by that is meant the attachment of a name by the aborigines, or for some local peculiarity. These Indian and other names are mostly pretty, and mostly suggestive. Canada itself is, we believe, the Indian word Kannatha, a village or collection of villages. Montreal, for Mount Royal, is not objectionable, but the Indian Hochelaga would not have been so tame. Quebec is not better than

Stadacona, "the narrowing of the river." Ottawa, "grand river," is excellent, so is Ontario, "the great lake."

Toronto, "the place of meeting," is most suggestive as recalling the "pow-wows" of native tribes to discuss the situation in the primitive period. Niagara is also first-rate, for it is the "thunder of waters." Winnipeg, the Indian Ovinipigon, "muddy water," is still appropriate for the Assiniboine and Red River, though the city is so clear and go-ahead. Manitoba is singularly suggestive of the "great spirit" worshipped by the tribes.

But confusion begins at Halifax, named after the statesman who in 1749 sent out Lord Cornwallis to fortify the city. Chebucto, the Indian title for "the greatest of harbours," would have been better. St. John is confusing, and what shall we say of Peterborough, Hamilton, Windsor, Stratford, Paris, London, Perth, Inverness? Without even the prefix of *New* before them they are certainly confusing, though no doubt meant to be complimentary.

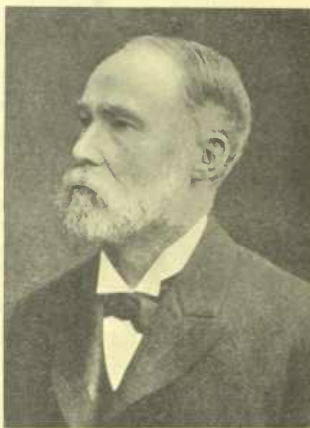
The Confusion of the Coinage

is what we most complained of as Scottish visitors to Canada. There is little or no distinction between that and the coinage of the United States. The "almighty dollar" is the unit of the decimal system, divided according to the decimal system into 100 cents. The dollar and its multiples in paper up to four are Government concerns; above that they are issued by the Banks. Scotch notes have been called "filthy lucre," but the Canadian paper disputes the title. In silver the dollar is divided into the half dollar (50 c.); the quarter, which perhaps is most in evidence, for it is the nearest to our shilling; the twenty-cent piece, which is a bit of a nuisance, and is falling into disuse; the ten-cent piece, and the five-

cent piece. In bronze there are the two-cent piece (1d.) and the cent ($\frac{1}{2}$ d.). The Dominion has no gold coins of its own, but the United States gold is accepted, and a British sovereign is good enough for five dollars.

Now, in the name of all that is reasonable, when one hears so much of the Federation of the Empire and the distinction between the United States and Canada, why should this similarity of coinage unite them, while its dissimilarity separates our greatest colony from Great Britain? There is something far wrong here. Might we not say, something dangerous? For in these matters great issues are often involved.

In an important speech which he delivered at a Federation of the Empire meeting which Sir Frederick Young held at Toronto on October 25, 1901, the Hon. George W. Ross, Premier of Ontario, than whom there is no more level-headed statesman in the Dominion, said :—



HON. G. W. ROSS, LL.D.

There is much to be done in the way of unifying the Empire. If you go to the old country, you feel yourself a stranger in many ways. The coinage is different. You are puzzled sorely to transmute—you can easily transfer—the dollars and cents into pounds, shillings, and pence. You are puzzled with the weights and measures. These are matters of trade. I would like all the Colonies to feel that there was a unification of every matter affecting trade and commerce, so that when we carried on exchange with London we could do so as easily as with Montreal. These are small matters, and yet they give you a feeling of identity and association which, I think, is proper in people of the same nationality and belonging to the same political structure.

These are wise words, and worth attention by all who are endeavouring to draw more closely together the Colonies and the Empire.

This subject brings me to pay my most heartfelt tribute of thanks to our Honorary Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Robert Husband, Solicitor, Dunfermline. We might have our own difficulties with coinage: as Premier Ross said, we had no difficulty in transferring it; but our comfort was greatly helped by the quiet, effective way in which Mr. Husband financed the team throughout the tour. He was most considerate and forbearing, and, though tried and tempted often, there was only once that he suggested to a member to transfer himself to Herr Diabolus—when—tell it not in Gath—that member went to the Captain!

The Land of Vastness

It is very difficult to comprehend the magnitude of the Dominion. We heard much of the largeness of the country. But it was all warranted by facts. Just note a few from those laid before the "Congress of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire," held at Montreal, August 17-20, 1903.

The area of the Dominion is 3,745,574 square miles, of which 3,619,819 are land. This area is twenty-eight times that of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Canada is twice the size of British India, and nearly ten times that of all British Africa, not including the two colonies recently annexed. Of the $11\frac{1}{2}$ millions of square miles that make up the British Empire, Canada constitutes about one-third.

The whole population at last census was 5,371,315, of which 3,063,189 are British, 1,649,371 French, and the remainder of other nationalities.

The Province of Quebec, the second in extent in the Dominion, is three times as large in area as the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

In Ontario, the third largest province (British Columbia comes first), the land area is 140,000,000 acres, or 200,000 square miles. It is nearly four times as large as England, six times as large as Ireland, and seven times as large as Scotland.

Manitoba, the central province, where our curling tour terminated, has an area of 73,732 square miles, or some 47,188,480 acres, and is therefore about as large as the combined area of England and Scotland. What a future curling has before it in this land of vastness and frost!

The Crying Want of Canada

When it is remembered that in this land of vastness the total population does not equal that of our own London, it might naturally be supposed that we would say that the crying want of the Dominion is population. That is a great want, but *Festina lente*, or the golfer's motto, "Don't press," is here, as it is in many other cases, the best advice. It is the right sort of emigrants that are wanted in Canada—British, and specially Scots.

The real crying want is a fast service of steamers between Great Britain and a British port in Canada. Why should "via New York" be on so many letters? Why should the Government give large subsidies to the Cunard Company to carry our mails to America, while no such subsidy is given to carry our mails to our own Dominion, Canada? It is humiliating to think that America comes between us and our own. Further, we experienced, as a team, that our doings were not fairly

represented, just because they were passed through American agencies.

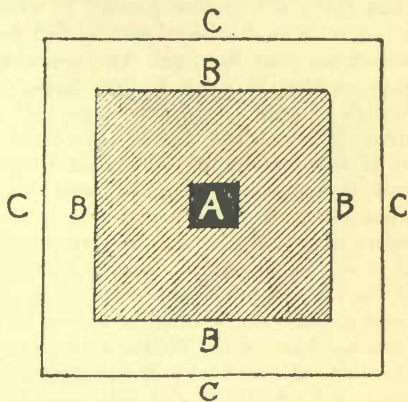
Halifax, with its finest harbour in the world, has an outstanding claim to be the British port of Canada to connect with Liverpool, or other British port, by a greyhound service of steamers. Several days could thus be taken off the present passage, the length of which is such a hindrance to emigration and to business. We should also be saved the expense of having to go by New York and the States to the Dominion. Once this is arranged, and surely those in authority should see the necessity for urgency in the matter, the crying want of the Dominion would be satisfied, emigration and inter-communication would be enormously increased, and that closer union between the Mother Country and her greatest colony, for which we are all working, would be effected.

The World's Granary

It is not our intention here to explain fully the enormous possibilities of Canada as a grain-producing area. But we would not take farewell of Winnipeg without forecasting the great future that is before that city as the channel through which the illimitable supplies of the West must flow. Great is Winnipeg as a centre of curling on A1 hard ice, but greater still is the city for the supply of A1 hard grain that is bound to flow through it in years to come. One of the Commissioners on Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Reform Committee is Mr. Pearson, who has charge of that interesting weekly called *Answers*. It will save us pages of statistics if we transfer from that paper the following diagram and explanation:—

This illustration tells more convincingly than would many columns of letterpress why the eyes of the land-hungry all over the world are turned to the Canadian west.

The square C C represents the total area of the province of Manitoba, and the territories of Assiniboia, Alberta, and Saskatchewan—270,000,000 acres in all. The shaded square, B B, shows the area of land good for farming—135,000,000 acres; while the black square, A, is the land at present under cultivation—4,000,000 acres. The



black centre of cultivated land is but a dot on the great expanse of land suitable for tillage. From that little black dot over a hundred million bushels of various sorts of grain were reaped last year. What will the harvest be when the whole area comes under the plough?

There is no mistake about it. There is no exaggeration. A veritable Goshen is that Manitoba, which Scotsmen should go in and possess.

The venerable Lord Strathcona, the worthy representative of Canada in this country, than whom no one knows better or is more reliable, said to the Merchant Company of Edinburgh on December 4 last, in contrasting the condition of things sixty years ago with what prevails now :

Sixty years ago the revenues of Canada were hardly worth speaking of, they were so very small; to-day they are upwards of sixty million pounds sterling. And look to the results in that country, which at that time was under the government of the Hudson's Bay Company—the great Rupert's Land, that country stretching from Lake Huron westward and northward, which now comprehends Manitoba, the North-West Territories, British Columbia, and away on, if you will, throughout the Arctic Circle.

Thirty years ago from the North-West Provinces there was not a possibility of sending out one single bushel of wheat. Nay, more than that; the greater portion of what was wanted for the few inhabitants in that vast country had to be brought in for their sustenance year by year. Two years ago there was produced in that country by some 40,000 farmers upwards of 120,000,000 bushels of grain—(applause)—one-half of which was wheat, and wheat of even better quality than could be grown in Old Scotland or in any portion of the United Kingdom. If such is the case now, if it is so within these thirty years, and by so few people, what will it be in the next ten or twenty years? Looking to the influx of settlers into the country within the last couple of years, there can be no question that in another ten years the population of the Dominion will be doubled—(applause)—and that from that great country alone—what is known as the fertile belt, stretching from the Lake of the Woods, a little to the east of Winnipeg, to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, upwards of 1100 miles, and north and south from the international boundary for some 300 or 400 miles—all of which may be said to be one great grain-field or grazing land—what may we not expect—since we have only touched the fringe of it just now—when it is in the hands of some hundreds of thousands of farmers? Then they will be able to produce and send, if required, to England, every pound of bread stuff that may be wanted. So conscious are our friends in the United States of all this that within the last three years upwards of 100,000 of them have gone into the north-west of Canada. They find they have even a better climate there than in their own States, that they have more productive soil, and that altogether they can do better under the British Crown than under the Republic. And we have no misgivings with regard to their loyalty. They will be equally good, loyal, and devoted British subjects and Canadian citizens as any of those who have been born within the land. (Applause.)

These are weighty words, which wise Scots might note.

“A thing of beauty,” said John Keats, “is a joy for ever.” One would never call these numerous “elevators” throughout Canada, such as are here represented, things of beauty; but they are things of utility, which is perhaps more important, and the fact that they are so much in evidence—marring the landscape though they do—is

proof that the world's granary is "right there." They are the great storehouses which visibly demonstrate the overflowing cornucopia of the Dominion.

What with corn and curling, the lot of the Scots emigrant in Canada is indeed a happy one. The curling season is almost longer than the corn one. The winter breaks up in May: by August the harvest is gathered, and by September it is housed in the "elevators." The



Photo by C.P.R. Co.

CANADIAN PACIFIC ELEVATORS, FORT-WILLIAM, ONTARIO.

work is simple, but it is hard work. No loafers need go to Canada. Over and over again we were told that for men (and women) prepared to work in this world's granary, success was certain. But one class we were told to warn off, and we do so now, viz. the "allowance-men"—those who are failures at home, but are sent out by their fathers to Canada, with an allowance to keep them there of so much per week. No, this is not the place for them. Far better house them in hydropathics or reformatories, or, what is even worse, place them out as "mud-students" on farms at home. The "allowance-men" are not the men who will make their way in the world's granary or

make Canada the agricultural hub of the universe. It will become that without them.

Greater Scotland

We hear much in these days of Greater Britain beyond the Seas. We should like to hear Canada always referred to as "Greater Scotland." Throughout the whole history of the country, Scotsmen have had the lion's share in its development and in the reaping of its spoils. It is said that when the Ruthven family were engaged in the plot against King James VI., which ended so fatally for themselves, they offered Dirleton as a bribe to Logan of Restalrig for his services, and Logan in one of his letters says: "I care not for all the other land I have in the kingdom, if I may grip of Dirleton, for I esteem it the pleasantest dwelling in Scotland." Despite its frosts and snows, the Scots have regarded Canada as the pleasantest dwelling-place across the seas, and the grip they took of it at the outset, when it was a land of fragments and sections, was made firm when the country was bound together as a Dominion in 1867. It is to be hoped that this grip will never be relaxed. It is for the good of the Dominion and for the good of Scotland that it should be strengthened as the years go by. The most outstanding Scotsman in the Dominion to-day is Lord Strathcona, whose monument is not simply such a triumph of engineering (in more ways than one) as the Canadian Pacific Railway, but such a noble institution as the Victoria Hospital, which, with another Scotsman who plays a good second, Lord Mount-Stephen, he built and endowed, in M'Gill University, and other public institutions. When the honour he so well deserved—the freedom of the city of Edinburgh—was conferred upon him in December last, his lordship bore eloquent testimony to Scotland's relation to Canada. He said:—

I am modest enough to believe that your kindness and consideration to me arise not so much from any merits of my own, as from the circumstance that I represent in the United Kingdom the Dominion of Canada, with the development of which Scotsmen have had so much to do. I do not think it would be possible to overrate the benefits that have been conferred upon the Empire by Scotsmen. Of course we know that our own land of hills and glens is not large enough to provide legitimate fields for the ambition of her sons. They have had the opportunity of acquiring an education not afforded in most countries, and to the admirable parish schools of the past, and to the higher education afforded by her Universities, is owing in no small measure the success of Scotsmen throughout the world. (Applause.) The conditions in this respect are now greatly changed, and it behoves us to advance with the progress of the times if we are to maintain the advantages enjoyed in the past. Many young Scotsmen have gone out in days gone by to India, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Cape, the West Indies, and elsewhere, and their sterling characteristics, their capacity for hard work, and their determination to succeed have had much to do with the development of the different parts of the Empire. They have taken an important part in developing Canada, in the east as well as in the west. What may be termed the roll of honour of Canada contains many familiar Scottish names. We have a Nova Scotia, and British Columbia was formerly known as Caledonia. What is now known as Western Canada, the country of Lake Huron, which now includes Western Ontario, Manitoba, the North-West Territories, and British Columbia, was at one time under the control of the Hudson's Bay Company. You, my Lord Provost, have referred to my association with that Company. The men who have been connected with the administration of the Company for the last two centuries have been mostly drawn from Scotland. They cut themselves away from the world for long periods; they looked after the interests of the country, and became friendly with the aborigines. But for their watchfulness and their determination to look after British interests, it is quite certain that Western Canada to-day would not be a part of the Empire. (Hear, hear, and applause.) And it is equally certain that the transfer of the Hudson's Bay territory to Canada could not have been carried out so readily, and with so little friction, but for the civilising influence which the Company had exercised for so many years.

It is our inheritance in Scotland that creates our

patriotism. The memory of those who fought for freedom, independence, and justice, fires our enthusiasm. Canada shares this inheritance with us. Now she has her own inheritance to add to ours. The names of such men as Simon Fraser, David Thompson, Lord Selkirk, Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir William Macdonald, Sir Alexander Galt, John Galt, Hon. G. M. Brown, Sir John Thompson, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, are worthy of any that Scotland holds in reverence, not to speak of such Governors as Lord Elgin, Lord Dufferin, and others, such as the Duke of Argyll and Lord Aberdeen, who are still alive. For the future, let us go together hand in hand as we have done, our watchword "Canada for the Scot and the Scot for Canada." There are thousands in our land to-day who would be far better over in the Dominion. The wide, unbounded prospect is before them. The faces out there are bright with hope. There is no *blasé*, played-out, feeling such as we find sometimes at home; no what's-the-use, despairing tone, such as our young men sometimes affect. The "strenuous" life is the Canadian. Faith in themselves, faith in their country, faith in God, impels them forward with elastic step toward the goal of their glorious destiny as the greatest colony of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen.

No one need ever be afraid out there of forgetting the old country. He will not be allowed—the parrichpat, the haggis, and the pibroch, the Gaelic speech, and the auld Scots sangs, will keep him all right.

May we not add that the grand old game which we went out to play, and the playing of which brought us into friendship with such a true body of men, is the most potent of all preventives in Canada against forgetting Scotland or Scottish characteristics. It is so much in evidence in these palatial rinks that it cannot be overlooked as a factor in the life of the great cities, and

ere long in every town of importance there will be a curling club. It has indeed a wonderful future before it. What the Winnipeg Bonspiel of fifty years after this will be, who can imagine?

No one can read the account of our curling tour without feeling that this attachment to Scotland was the most remarkable demonstration of all that we witnessed. We were not such fools as to suppose that the welcome we received was personal: it was for the old country's sake. That they never forget: if they were not Scotch, the curlers we met, they were descended from Scots forebears or had a Scots connection, and one crowned all claims by telling the Captain that he was "a nickel-plated Scotsman."

Often had we heard the words of the Great Wizard of the North before, but never did we so truly sound the depth of their meaning as when we heard them spoken out there by Scoto-Canadians—

Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!



Photo by C.P.R. Co.

VIEW OF THE PRAIRIE AFTER LEAVING WINNIPEG.

CHAPTER XIV

IN THE UNITED STATES

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
O say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

SHOULD the Royal Club ever arrange for another Transatlantic curling tour we would strongly recommend that Canada and the United States be not included in the same round. Our reluctance to leave Winnipeg, where there was such a good opportunity to witness and study first-class play, convinced us that we had undertaken too much. Any team could spend the whole time we had at

our disposal and a good deal more in curling in Canada alone; and so keen are they in Illinois, and several other States, that we believe two months could be filled up with friendly matches there without ever entering Canada. Such arrangement would be more satisfactory to both divisions of the continent. We proceeded to the States with a half-jaded feeling; we could not get away from the conviction that we had devoted our best to our Canadian cousins, and that we could not keep up our interest in the matches with Brother Jonathan. But we had our Itinerary to follow, we had the behest of the Royal Caledonian Club to obey, and so we buckled on our armour when we left Winnipeg, determined to do our best for Club and Country.

No doubt the unswerving loyalty of the Grand National Club of America determined the Royal Club to the course that was taken, combined with the fact that at New York there were two clubs—the St. Andrew's and the Yonkers—which had never broken their direct connection with the Mother-club. The urgent pleading of the late Mr. Foulis, so long Secretary of the Grand National, has been referred to. We had pressing invitations to visit Buffalo, Milwaukee, Boston, etc., but had reluctantly to decline them simply because the team had not the gift of Sir Boyle Roche's bird. The places on our list were Minneapolis, St. Paul, Chicago, Utica, and New York, Utica being included at the request of the New York curlers themselves, some of whom wanted to meet us there.

We give the following interesting letter received by the R.C.C.C. Secretary before we left for the tour:—

FROM D. FOULIS TO A. DAVIDSON SMITH, ESQ.

LAKESWOOD, *December 5, 1902.*

DEAR SIR—My business engagements having detained me longer down here than I expected, I retired from the secretaryship of the National Club after a term of twenty-five years, which I shall

always look back to with pleasant reminiscences of the bonspiels played, and the very wale o' men my secretarial duties brought me in contact with in the United States and Canada, personally, and by correspondence with the keen curlers of my native land. God bless her and them, more especially the present Secretary of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club! I forwarded the last circular letter received from you to New York, and no doubt our officials there would attend to the requests in it. Mr. W. H. Smith is now Secretary of the Grand National Curling Club. Mr. W. D. Edwards, a lawyer in excellent standing in Jersey City, N.J., one of our keenest and best curlers, whom I have known from his early youth, ex-Senator of the State of New Jersey, a fluent orator, and just the man for his position, is our President and Chairman of the Committee to take charge of the Royal Caledonians when they reach New York in February, if they are not all killed with kindness before they reach there. I see your curlers leave your side of the water on December 18, and you may rest assured that we will watch with keen interest their progress across this big continent, from their landing at Halifax till they reach our "muckle toon" of New York, getting here as they will, just about the time for having good ice in the fluctuating weather of this latitude and sea-board location. Might I suggest the propriety of the Royal Caledonians calling at Washington on their journey from Chicago? I am sure President Roosevelt would make them heartily welcome, and would only regret that in his many mental and physical exercises he had never played the game of curling. When they visit Milwaukee, they will meet Mr. John Johnstone, Banker there, an authority on finance, in this financial country, a graduate of Aberdeen University under the late Professor Blackie, ex-President of the National Curling Club, also ex-President of the North-Western Curling Association, a keen curler. I rate him and Colonel Stevenson of Montreal two of the most representative Scotsmen on this continent, and esteem it an honour to count them both as personal friends of long standing. One thing more for the Royal Caledonians to think about,—but I don't offer this] as an advice, only as an illustration,—when Mr. M'Diarmid left Winnipeg with his rink some three years ago to play in the bonspiels at St. Paul, and other of our Western cities, he had his players bound by ironclad rules *to take a cold bath every morning and not to taste intoxicating drinks during the trip*; and his rink was one of the most successful that ever left Manitoba. Now it requires some moral courage to jump into a cold bath when

the thermometer outside stands 25° or 35° below zero; but, as the laddie said when he had a brug in his fit and wadna' tak' it oot, "It's naething when ye're used tae it." And the same may apply to cold baths in winter, only the trouble is to get used to them. Let your players have their curling-stones well sharpened before leaving, and beware of playing matches until the stones are well cooled. *After travelling in the hot cars, even set the stones on ice, it will take about twelve hours to get the heat out of them.*

Lakewood is called the Northern Florida, but there is a mixed snowstorm raging here to-day that reminds me of the Scottish ones when the Pentlands used to be covered "wi' snaw" even in December. With best wishes for the Royal Caledonians during their trans-continental trip, and I am glad to see that a representative Scottish minister, Rev. John Kerr, Chaplain of the R.C.C.C., is to be their "guide, philosopher, and friend."—I remain, dear sir, sincerely yours,

DAVID FOULIS.

P.S.—"And lastly," as your old acquaintance, Rev. Andrew Purves, used to say to us in Aberdour Free Kirk,—and oh, how we used to weary for him to say it, good preacher and big-hearted man though he was,—I would esteem it a great favour could you send me a copy of the *Royal Annual* now about due, a most entertaining book to all curlers in any part of the globe. There are fine golf links here; and Finlay Douglas of St. Andrews won the cup last week, playing off with M'Donald, ex-amateur champion. Auchterlonie, also of St. Andrews, won the open championship in November over nearly a hundred players of the best American talent. Pretty good for Scotland and no' bad for Fife.—D. F.

Curling in the United States

The following historic account was prepared by Mr. Foulis for an American magazine in 1899:—

The oldest curling club on this continent is that of Montreal, organised in 1807, and the oldest in the United States was formed at Pontiac, Michigan, over sixty years ago. There some enthusiastic Scotsmen had settled, and played the game with wooden blocks, until better material could be had.

The game used to be played some eighty years ago in New York City, where the busy thoroughfare of Canal Street is now. It was

there the members of the St. Andrew's Society would go for an afternoon's pastime, when they could get so far up town.

The rapid spread throughout this country of the love and practice of the game led to a desire amongst a number of its votaries, some thirty-two years ago, to have a federation of clubs similar in character to "oor auld respectit Mither," as the curlers fondly term the Royal Caledonian Curling Club. This finally led to a meeting being held in New York, June 2, 1867, when the Grand National Curling Club of America was formed under very favourable auspices. David Bell, of Buffalo, was elected President; George Macnoe, also of Buffalo, was chosen Secretary. A constitution and by-laws were adopted, and these, with very few alterations, remain in force to the present day, and will bear favourable comparison, for practical efficiency, with those of any similar organisations. These are the Royal Caledonian, the Canadian branch of the Royal, the Ontario Association, the Manitoba branch of the Royal, the North-Western Association, and the Grand National—the latter two in the United States, but entirely independent in action.

The present headquarters of these federated clubs are situated at Edinburgh, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, St. Paul, and New York. "We're brithers a'" is the national club motto, and though it is in a different language from that of *E pluribus unum*, it virtually means the same, for there can be no thorough unity without true brotherhood.

A number of very valuable medals have been presented to the National Club, and are contested for every winter, weather permitting, each under special rules as to competition, each donor of a medal indicating how he wished his gift to be played for.

These, in the order of presentation, are: Champion rink match for the Gordon Medal; North *v.* South of Scotland match for the Dalrymple Medal; Inter-State match, New York *v.* New Jersey, for the Hamilton Medal; Scots *v.* Other Nationalities, for the M'Lintock Medal; and the champion club match for the Mitchell Medal. The Scots *v.* American match for the Patterson Medal is played under the rules, but not under the auspices, of the National Association, and has led to ten bonspiels betwixt the Scottish lion rampant and the American eagle, five victories to each.

There are nine clubs in New York City, namely: Caledonian, Thistle, St. Andrew's, New York, Empire City, American, Manhattan, John o' Groat's, and Van Cortlandt, with near neighbours at Long Island City, Brooklyn, Yonkers, Jersey City, Newark, Paterson,

Morristown, and Tuxedo Park, with whom many interesting spiels are held.

New York's Commissioners of Public Parks have always acted very generously with the curlers, encouraging their game in every way, granting them the exclusive use of Conservatory Lake during the winter months, with a house on the bank to hold their outfit, and reserving a cosy corner on Van Cortlandt Lake, near the old historic mill of Revolutionary days, for the curlers to play their matches.

Eighteen rinks played at one time on Conservatory Lake, in a Dalrymple Medal match some years ago, 144 players in all; but atmospheric conditions have changed as buildings loomed up on both sides of Central Park, and now it is seldom that all the ice on that lake is available, as it was years ago.

After some raids across the border to Montreal, Toronto, and Hamilton, and seeing the fine covered rinks there, the curlers in this vicinity thought it was time they had something of that sort near New York; so an organisation was formed about ten years ago and a large covered rink erected at Hoboken, where six rinks can play at one time—morning, noon, and night—with comfort, in all sorts of weather.

The most valuable of all the national trophies—and they are all handsome—is the Mitchell Medal, given by the late Alexander Mitchell, of Milwaukee, when that gentleman was patron of the National Club. It is of solid gold, tastefully emblazoned with curling scenes, and adorned with diamonds, pearls, and turquoises, and said to be the most valuable sporting medal in the world. It was won last winter on the Hoboken rink by four curlers from the Van Cortlandt Club, Isaiah Frazier, skip: a proof, if any were needed, that if the Scots are good teachers the Americans are apt scholars, as the champion rink was entirely composed of American players.

The Gordon Medal was won in 1896 by a New York Club rink, skipped by Charles S. Ogden, another rink of Americans, which only goes to show that though the Scots have lost nothing of their skill, the Americans are rapidly coming to the front, and thus materially helping to nationalise the game in this country. A rink known as the "Four Georges," which has a local reputation far better than the originals of that name ever deserved, are also Gordon Medal winners, representing the John o' Groat's Club, N.Y., and are all natives of the far north, as the name of their club implies.

Much travelling is now done by the curlers to play off their matches; the longest trip on record so far was when a rink of

curlers from Alberta, in the Canadian North-West, travelled 500 miles by dog-sleighs over the frozen waste to Calgary on the Canadian Pacific, thence 1000 miles by rail to Winnipeg, to play in the big bonspiel there,—taking some prizes too. Well might a New York curler's wife exclaim, when she was told the story, "Where were they when they started from home?"

Curlers have played in the North *v.* South of Scotland match for the Dalrymple Medal in the afternoon on Central Park, and the



CURLERS TRAVELLING BY DOG-TRAIN FROM ALBERTA TO CALGARY,
EN ROUTE FOR WINNIPEG.

next day taken part in the international match for the Gordon Medal at Montreal; and all this rendered possible by the modern system of travelling in this big country, dog-sleighs included.

The annual conventions of the Grand National Club are very interesting and instructive, changing location every year, diverging as widely as from Boston to Milwaukee. The one for 1899 was the first held in Boston, the home of a strong and progressive curling club, which also includes amongst its pastimes that of bowling on the green, another importation from the "Land o' Cakes," which is bound to become popular in America.

At Minneapolis

Minneapolis, the Flour City, in which there is a large contingent of Scots, gave us a hearty welcome when we arrived, though it was very early in the morning. It had at first been arranged that the team should stay at St. Paul, the Twin City, but it was thought more convenient by those who had charge of the arrangements to make Minneapolis our headquarters for our short stay, and from there to visit St. Paul. Our friends took us in the forenoon for a drive round the city to visit the various sights, which naturally included the flour mills, "the greatest in the world," where the famous Pillsbury and Washburn flours are made. We were very kindly received by the new Mayor of the city, the Hon. J. C.



MINNEHAHA AS SEEN BY SCOTS TEAM.

Haynes. We had also a drive to Minnehaha ("Laughing Water") Falls, immortalised in Longfellow's *Hiawatha*. We did not see the water "laugh and leap into the valley," but, as in the case of Niagara, the winter aspect was perhaps more interesting. Our match against the curlers of Flour City was played in the evening. Before this, a special meeting of the team was convened in West Hotel where we were staying, when it was unanimously

agreed to return home by the *Lucania*, one of the Cunard "greyhounds" which sailed from New York on February 21, and the Secretary was instructed to make the necessary arrangements. The West Hotel was handsome and comfortable, but the charges were high—in fact, exorbitant. Since we left it has changed hands, and is, we believe, more reasonable. Before proceeding to the



Photo by Bishop, Minneapolis.

"SAM" HASTINGS.
Minneapolis Club.

rink, a deputation of ladies waited upon the team, and decorated each member with a nice buttonhole. The fair decorators, who seemed proud of the honour, were Mrs. G. Macmillan and Mrs. Dunlop of Minneapolis, and Mrs. G. Macmillan of Arlington. This was found to be both useful and ornamental, for as the local curlers had been decorated with other colours, it enabled the ladies and their friends to distinguish them from each other during

the evening's play. As usual, a large crowd looked on while the game proceeded. Over the rinks three of the Scots were victorious, with a margin of thirteen shots, but, notwithstanding this, Scotland was seven shots down on the match. This was accounted for by the fact that our strong skip, Bramwell, met the strongest skip in Illinois, Mr. Samuel Hastings, whose father was on his rink,—the latter as a curler once quite as renowned as his son now is. The elder Mr. Hastings, whose son has "reived his faither's bannet," before he left the mother

country had acquired distinction even there, and having faithfully kept up his game in America, it was not surprising to find that he and his son proved such formidable antagonists, though it was certainly not expected that the family combination would down our crack rink by twenty-two shots to two. The Hastings family, it may be noted, hail from Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, so that Mr. Bramwell was virtually playing curlers "frae his ain kintra side" at the great Flour City of America.

The curlers of Flour City entertained us to an excellent luncheon in the Commercial Club, which is, like others in the great cities we visited, composed of business and professional men, its object being the social and intellectual culture of its members, and the promotion of the welfare of the city. The home of the club is plain outside, being the ninth floor of a great square block called the Andrus Building, but internally it is handsomely furnished and very comfortable. From Mr. W. G. Nye, the Secretary, our team received much kind attention. Under the guidance of Mr. Riheldaffer, Mr. James M'Cutcheon, Mr. Hastings, and others, we paid a visit to the Chamber of Commerce Buildings, and were very much interested in the grain market, which was quite a revelation to us, the fluctuation of prices as marked up on the indicators and the shouting that followed over buying and selling being very exciting. As a new incident of the "small" world in which we live, Mr. Pearson, who attended us, found an old friend and schoolfellow from Kinross in the Rotunda of the Chamber, with whom he had a lively "crack" about the days "lang syne."

Flour City claims to grind more flour and hold more wheat than any other in the world; its "elevators" store 35,000,000 bushels, and it sends out over 15,000,000

barrels of flour per annum ; its founders chose the present site in order to use the St. Anthony Falls for developing electric force and driving mills, factories, and tram cars. It is at the head of the navigation of the great Mississippi River—the “Father of Waters,” and in its favoured situation “holds the handle of the bread-basket of the world.” Fifty years ago there was no mark of it on the map. To-day it covers fifty-four square miles, and has a population well over 200,000. In addition it has a great trade in lumber, linseed, and many other products and manufactures.

Mr. Thomas Hastings kindly furnishes us with the following account of

Curling at Minneapolis, Minn.

The “Queen City” of the West, Minneapolis, has a strong curling club of nearly a hundred members. The club owns a handsome covered rink in the centre of the city, and during the curling season four rinks of ice are in constant use both afternoon and evening. Curling in Minneapolis dates back to 1884, when Thomas Hastings, a Scottish stone-cutter, who had learned curling in his native town (Thornhill, Dumfriesshire), made eight pairs of curling-stones from a large boulder, and got some others to join him in the game. This was the first curling in Minnesota, and in the winter of 1885-86 the city of St. Paul, which is only nine miles away, built an ice-palace and held a winter carnival of sports. On the programme was a Bonspiel of Curling. The St. Paul people



Photo by Brown, St. Paul.

T. HASTINGS,
Minneapolis Club.

formed a club, invitations were sent out to Chicago, Milwaukee, and other places in Wisconsin, and also to Winnipeg, and these

places all sent their best representatives. Minneapolis Club had grown somewhat by this time, and while they sent three rinks to the Bonspiel, they put what was considered their four best players together for one rink. These were all Scotsmen, as follows :—

James Smith, of Moffat, Dumfriesshire.

John Paton, Blackford, Perthshire.

Robert Brooks, Motherwell, Lanarkshire.

Thos. Hastings, *skip*, Thornhill, Dumfriesshire.

After four days' curling the above rink won the trophy, which was a handsome silver punch-bowl with ladle and salver. This became the property of the Minneapolis Club, and each of the players got a handsome gold medal.

The club has had rather uphill work, and sometimes it looked as though the grand old game would go out of existence in the city, but about 1896 the infusion of a lot of new blood in the ranks—mainly drawn from the Chambers of Commerce—gave the game a fresh impetus, which it would seem likely to keep. There were no more prizes of any note won by the club up to 1899. That year the Bonspiel was held in St. Paul. Thomas Hastings, who had always skipped his rink up to that time, gave place to his son Samuel, the rink that year being composed of—

John M'Leod.

David Colquhoun.

Thomas Hastings.

Samuel Hastings, *skip*.

This rink lifted the St. Paul Curling Club Trophy, and also the Phifster Trophy, at the same meeting; and in 1900 at Milwaukee again won the St. Paul Club Trophy, and took second prize in the Phifster Trophy; while in 1901 at St. Paul the same rink, with Charles Soule instead of J. M'Leod, again won the St. Paul Trophy, which then became the property of the Minneapolis Club. Minneapolis will entertain the N.W. Curling Association in the coming winter, as the Bonspiel will be held there. It is expected that this meeting will make the general public take more interest in the game than they have hitherto done. Our club is thoroughly up to date in its methods. They play the game with all the zest that can be put into it, and they are a lot of whole-souled good fellows. They have curling-stones of the very latest design and finish. Mr. Thomas Hastings, who imports fifty or sixty pairs every year from Thos. Kay's factory at Mauchline, is always

on the outlook for any improvements. In this way the curlers of the West get their curling-stones at a mere trifle over the net cost. The prominent curlers of the club in its early days were—Thomas Hastings—its Mentor, Robert Brooks, John Paton, Andrew Paton, G. C. Bagley, L. S. Seaver, W. Fraser, James Robertson, D. Colquhoun, John Colquhoun, James M'Cutcheon, James Smith.

At present the curlers possessing most merit as players might be put down as under—

Thomas Hastings, James M'Cutcheon, David Colquhoun, Samuel Hastings, John Riheldaffer, John McLeod, George Barwise, George C. Labat, F. S. Greenlea.

Officers of club are F. S. Greenlea, President ; D. Mackerchar, Vice-President ; J. H. Riheldaffer, Secretary ; James M'Cutcheon, Treasurer.

At St. Paul

When arrangements were being made at headquarters, Mr. Henry E. Smith, on November 20, 1902, sent a very cordial invitation from the Nushka Curling and Skating Club, wishing us much enjoyment on our tour, and promising to arrange games for us. This we heartily accepted, and on the morning of February 12, our team proceeded to the Twin City, St. Paul, to engage the curlers there. By the electric car, though the distance is nine miles, the journey was very comfortable, and confirmed the claim of the Twin Cities that their car system is unbeaten. When we were set down at the rink of the Nushka Club we found that the ice was keen and smooth, and both visitors and their hosts had a fine day's sport. The sympathy of the onlookers, as usual, appeared to be with the visitors, and the rink, decorated with Union Jacks and Stars and Stripes, was in its gayest attire. According to the *St. Paul Dispatch*, "the most interesting contest was that in which 'Jimmy' Myron met defeat from the Scots skip Cousin. Cousin's third man is Provost Gordon, Mayor of Bathgate, and he is supplied with a rich curling vocabulary, which he used to excellent effect

in coaching his skip. Cousin started badly like the rest of his compatriots, but in the sixth end a splendidly placed guard by the Provost, and two magnificent draws by the skip enabled the visitors to secure a 4-end, and after that the Scotsmen lost the lead only once—the 11th end. In the last end excitement was intense, and when the Provost and his skip engineered a 2 - end the visitors were heartily applauded.”

In the other matches fate went against the Scotsmen, Mr. Bramwell, curiously enough, again meeting a crack rink whose members were brither Scots, skipped by Mr. J. M'Culloch. This result, however, was not surprising in view of the standing which the St. Paul club has obtained, even in the annual bonspiel at Winnipeg, where they have

won many trophies, and where that very day a wire was sent to them that their four representatives had reached the final in one of the chief competitions. The club has also the privilege of having among its members that wonderful player, “Bob” Dunbar, the holder of the world's record at point play. In watching the games, the Captain of the team more than once noticed that the Scotsmen suffered most at the start, when all the surroundings were new to them. No better proof of this could be given than the case of St. Paul, where at the second end they had lost 17 shots, and over all the play thereafter



J. M'CUCCLOCH.

St. Paul.

they only lost 1 shot more, being 18 down on the whole match. Mr. Prain here found that the expansion of the ice by the heat of the sun lost him some shots, as the stone thereby fell considerably against the turn of the handle. With their defeats at Twin Cities it was satisfactory to the Scots that their period of reverse in the United States had begun and ended at the same time, their experience after that being a triumphal march. The *Dispatch*, after describing the match, gives the following account of what it designates—

A Merry Night at the Club

“The Minnesota Club witnessed one of the merriest nights of the winter in the banquet given last evening by the Nushka Curling Club of St. Paul to the Royal Caledonian Curling Team from Scotland. Scotsmen, of all men, seem to know just how much to get out of a gathering of that kind, especially when there are plenty of good things to eat and drink. A Scotsman would hurt himself with laughing if he heard of a banquet of cake and coffee. To his mind, in the nature of things, there must be something substantial to eat, and something more substantial to drink.

“The Nushka Club, mindful of these facts, provided royally in a many-course dinner and a liberal supply of champagne and Scotch whisky.

“It may be well to explain that the Royal Club, twenty-four members of which have been travelling over Canada and the United States in the last six weeks, did not come over to this side of the Atlantic to challenge any of the curling clubs in Canada or this country. They are men of leisure or on a holiday, who love the ‘roaring game’ and wish to see how it is played in the newer lands.

“They have been winners over some of the clubs against which they played, and losers with some. They are all stalwart, strong men, more like their meat than their



ORDWAY PRESENTATION CUP FROM NUSHKA CLUB,
ST. PAUL, U.S.A.

work. Several of them are over six feet, but the tallest of the team has no tendency to wobble.

“The man who is the most striking figure among them is the Captain of the team. He is the Rev. John Kerr, minister of Dirleton Parish, East Lothian. He is a man of splendid physique, fifty years of age, six feet tall,

with the shoulders of a Hercules, and weighs 224 pounds. He said in his broad Scotch accent, when asked how many pounds he weighed, 'I am sixteen stones; I don't know how much that is in pounds.' The Scottish 'stone' is fourteen pounds.

"'How did you get off from your work?' he was asked.

"'Well, the Presbytery thought it a rather frivolous trip, I daresay,' he said, 'but I told them that I was going out as a foreign missionary, to cement the good feeling already existing between Scotland and our cousins on the other side of the water, and so they gave me three months' leave of absence.'

"There were thirty members of the St. Paul Club present, and if appearances meant anything, there was the cementing of a bond in that banquet which it will be hard to break.

W. C. Read, Toast-master

"W. C. Read did the part of master of ceremonies with credit to the St. Paul Club.

"Dr. John Sinclair, who was a college friend of Captain Kerr in Edinburgh University thirty years ago, made the speech of welcome. He did not know, in a gathering like that, whether he should say he was an American or a Scot, but he thought he felt the blood in his veins run a little more rapidly when he looked into the characteristic Scottish faces. He welcomed them in the name of the city, reminded them that St. Paul was the healthiest city in the world, and invited them to consult with their wives and sweethearts when they went home, gather their 'duds' together, and return to St. Paul, when they would find a heartier welcome than ever.¹ He regretted

¹ The good Doctor has, since our visit, rather spoilt his advice by leaving St. Paul for a church in Brookline (Mass.), a suburb of Boston.

that St. Paul could not give them a warmer reception at this time of the year, for some of them had been complaining of the cold. He was reminded of the Scotsman in kilts on a frosty day, who was asked the question, 'Are you not cold with the kilt?' He replied, 'No, but I'm kill't with the cold.'

"A Loving-Cup was presented by Mr. L. P. Ordway, in the name of the Nushka Club, to the Royal Caledonian Club as a remembrance of the visit of the Scotsmen to St. Paul. The cup was filled with a liquid which looked like champagne, but which is said to have tasted of something containing more subtle properties.

"The Officer of the Minnesota Club who was in charge of the banquet seemed thoroughly to understand Scottish human nature, and ministered to it.



REV. DR. J. SINCLAIR.
St. Paul.

Captain Kerr's Reply

"Captain Kerr replied to the address of welcome and the presentation. The rev. gentleman is a witty and fluent speaker, and if there is a streak of humour around, you can see him catch it in a second. He needs no surgical operation. He was struck, he said, as they travelled from place to place, with the great likeness between men of all nations. The Scots were characterised by their abundance of heart, but, judging from

all the kindness they had met with in their wanderings, there was plenty of heart on the American continent, and certainly a large measure of it in St. Paul. The St. Paul-Scoto-Americans who were present, were so like the genuine brand which he had brought over, that it was impossible to tell from their appearance the one from the other. With regard to the Loving-Cup from the St. Paul Club, he might say that it would be cherished as a precious possession by the Mother-club,—the Royal Caledonian Club of Scotland. He understood that, as sometimes was the case with twins, the twin-cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis were rather jealous of each other, and he had to apologise for going to stay at Minneapolis instead of St. Paul as at first arranged, but this was because he was told the two clubs had agreed to this alteration of the programme. He had an illustration of this jealousy in the story of a supporter of the other city who got a present of a Bible, and on being asked by the donor some time afterward how he liked the book, he said that it had a lot of capital stories in it, but his great objection to the volume was that there was so much about St. Paul in it, and no mention whatever of Minneapolis.

“At this point the sound of the pipes was heard on the stairs. There was a pricking of ears and a beaming of faces on the part of the strangers, which was most enjoyable to the hosts. John Dow, piper, appeared in full Scottish uniform, and marched around the hall, playing all the while, ‘Will ye no’ come back again.’ The applause was so deafening that it looked for a little as if something might break somewhere. Nothing, apparently, did break, but it looked as if there was a softening of a few hearts.

Scottish Songs

were sung by Provost Gordon, Mr. D. Provan, and other members of the Scottish team, and by James Myron, of the St. Paul Club. Toasts were proposed by C. Milton Griggs, W. C. Read, and Captain Kerr. The Captain of the team proposed 'The President of the Republic,' and Mr. Read 'The King of Great Britain.' The audience rose to drink the toasts. While standing, Dr. Sinclair suggested the singing of 'My Country'¹ and 'God Save the King,' both of which were rendered with great gusto. Then, hand-in-hand, 'Auld Lang Syne' and the finishing 'Hurrah!'

"To the uninitiated it may be mentioned that Nushka, which is an Indian name, means 'Look, Look.' As the hearty Scotsmen retired, their entertainers looked on them with unfeigned regards of good feeling, and as they got from them the parting Scottish handshake, there was spoken many a sincere 'Come again.'"

A New Association—the North-Western

It was on our visit to the Twin Cities that we made the discovery of a new and flourishing Association which

¹ We had not heard this anthem before. Though not adopted as the anthem of the Republic, it is very popular. We were told that Professor Johnson, who wrote it, was ignorant of the history of the air which he accepted for the words. These are as follows:—

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love.
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills.
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song.
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break—
The song prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light.
Protect us by Thy might
Great God, our King.

does not appear to owe allegiance to the Royal Club, but which will, no doubt, at some future time, come into line with its neighbours, and become one of the family circle. We refer to the North-Western Curling Association of America, which has its headquarters at Duluth, its office-bearers for 1903 being: President, Charles A. Duncan, Duluth; 1st Vice-President, J. Ripley, Sault Ste. Marie; 2nd Vice-President, M. Richmond, Chicago; and Secretary-Treasurer, A. H. Smith, Duluth. Besides Duluth, which appears to be a second Winnipeg in the way of bringing brethren together for a great annual Bonspiel, there are in the Association clubs representing St. Paul (including the Nushka), W. Superior (Wisconsin), Minneapolis (Minnesota), Drayton (N.D.), Sault Ste. Marie (Michigan), with the odd title of the "Soo," Wanpacca (Wisc.), Milwaukee, and Chicago. The dues paid by each club to the Association are uniform, viz. \$15. The ninth annual Bonspiel under the auspices of the Association took place at the Zenith City, as Duluth is called, in 1902, and was a great success: as we passed, the doughty broomsmen were preparing for the fight of 1903 at Sault Ste. Marie. For 1904 the venue is Minneapolis. Some of the chief trophies in the Bonspiel are open, and rinks come from the Canadian side from such places as Winnipeg, Oak Lake, Hartney (Manitoba), and from Portage la Prairie and Fort-William (Ontario). Thus under the auspices of this new and flourishing Association, as in the case of the Manitoba branch and its great winter gathering, the boundaries between Canada and the States are broken down for the nonce, and the grand old game as usual brings men together in brotherly rivalry without regard to tariffs, fiscal policies, or race distinctions.

The Association issues a neat little Annual of its own

with full information as to the clubs which are affiliated therewith, reports of meetings, annual Bonspiel, etc.

From this we give portraits of Dr. Arnold, St. Paul, President in 1902, and Mr. C. A. Duncan, Duluth, President in 1903, the year of our visit to the district.

The Association has a promising future before it, and we wish it every success, at the same time hoping that it



DR. S. O. ARNOLD,
St. Paul Club.

Ex-Pres. North-West. Curling Association.



C. A. DUNCAN,
Duluth Club.

Pres. North-Western Curling Association.

may shortly see its way to enrol itself as an affiliated, though self-governing Branch of the Royal Caledonian—the Mother-club.

Chicago

On the morning of Friday, February 13, the team made an early start for what has been called “the busiest city in the world”—Chicago. The Captain and one of the members were left behind, having misunderstood the hour for starting. They, however, spent an

interesting day in visiting some of the sights of the Flour City that they would have been very sorry to have missed, more especially the picture-gallery of Mr. T. B. Walker, one of the most valuable collections in the United States, which proves its owner to be a man of great wealth and cultured artistic taste. The gallery is very generously thrown open by Mr. Walker for the inspection of visitors. The belated pair travelled on by the night train, which gave them an opportunity of noticing the American travelling system already referred to. The team had occupied the whole day in the journey, and had put in a good night's rest, so that the missing members were really ahead of them at the breakfast table at Chicago. Their absence permitted the wag of the party, whose name we do not require to mention, to perpetrate one of the best jokes of the tour upon his fellow-members. Having heard that the Captain was amissing, he concocted a telegram which he handed to the various members of the team when they were waiting at a half-way station. The telegram was something like the following: "Please hold up train for a few hours; coming on by Special.—Kerr, Captain." The station-master was consulted on the subject, and said that he dared not for his life hold up the train, and the consternation of the members was still further increased, especially when their finances were now at a considerably low ebb, by the information that the Special that was bringing their Captain must be costing something like \$1000. It was with a sigh of relief, as might be imagined, that the members found next morning that the telegram was a hoax, for the missing Captain and his mate were busy enjoying their breakfast when the others came to the tables. At this hotel we found that all the waiters were "darkies," and it must be confessed

that the feeling was rather "eerie" in having one's food



Photo by Sweet, Minneapolis.

T. B. WALKER.
Minneapolis.



Photo by Stevens, Chicago.

M. RICHMOND.
Chicago, U.S.A.



Photo by Brand, Chicago.

C. G. L. KELSO.
Chicago.



Photo by Waters, Chicago.

C. MURRAY.
Chicago.

served all round from Ethiopian hands. The "black

men," however, are very efficient at their work, and if any one among them makes a blunder at any time, his neighbours seem most unmerciful in their condemnation of him as a "stupid old nigger."

The invitation to visit Chicago, which was a very cordial one, was sent at an early stage from the Wanderers' Cricket and Athletic Club, under whose auspices various sports are conducted on ground of their own at Parkside, within easy reach of the city by train. Adjoining their cricket ground they have a good rink, which is used by the St. Nicholas Skating Club when not required by the curlers. This arrangement suits remarkably well, as there is a comfortable club-house close by, which is used by the members and their friends when engaged in any of their sports, either in summer or in winter.

Matches had been arranged by the Winter and Wanderers' Clubs in conjunction, and at eleven o'clock two rinks played against two rinks of the Winter Club, whose headquarters are at Lincoln Park, Boulevard, while three rinks played the Wanderers' Club at Parkside. In the afternoon, after an excellent luncheon had been served at both places, other matches were arranged. On each match the Scotsmen scored a victory, Chicago being completely swamped; so that, taking this with our previous big win at Detroit, our matches were squared so far as the States were concerned. After such a full day's exercise we Scots were all ready to do justice to a great banquet prepared for us by our hosts in the Stratford Hotel in the evening, which, according to the statement of one of our members in writing home, was "a feast worthy of the most fastidious sybarite; while music, both vocal and instrumental, to accompany deglutition and aid digestion, was abundant."

At the banquet the chair was occupied by Mr. J. W. de Coursey O'Grady, Manager of the Bank of Montreal.

On the front page of the menu were displayed two coloured flags—the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack entwined in gold.

The menu itself was simple but substantial:—

Medaillon of Caviar.		
Cape Cods.		
Cream of Green Turtle.		
Timbale of Chicken à la Talleyrand.		
Broiled Kippered Herring.		
Roulade of Spring Lamb.		
New Potatoes.	French Peas.	
St. Andrew's Punch.		
Breast of Mallard Duck.	Spring Salad.	
Hominy.	Glaces.	Cake.
Cheese.	Coffee.	

In proposing the toast of the Scottish team at the banquet the Rev. Dr Notman made the following excellent and well-timed remarks:—

MR. CHAIRMAN—It is a peculiar pleasure for me as a Scotsman born and bred to say a few words of welcome to my countrymen of the Royal Caledonian Club. I am sure it is very gratifying to all of us who take an interest in the “roarin' game” to be honoured by a visit from your distinguished club, and your coming among us cannot fail to stimulate a greater interest in the sport.

But, personally, I feel that your visit and all similar visits from the old country have a wider bearing than community of interest in sports. One thing is especially desirable at the present time, viz. that any tie binding Great Britain and the United States should be strengthened, and that new ties should be formed. Your coming here has formed a new bond of interest, and has contributed something to increased friendship between the two great English-speaking nations.

Those of us who have had the privilege of living in both countries, and who have observed habits and methods and ideals, know how much we have in common, and how speedily a Scotsman coming here feels himself at home; and we know, too, that at heart each has a most affectionate regard for the other. But you must

remember that many nations contribute to the making of this great Republic, and many influences at work among us are antagonistic to increased friendly relations between America and Great Britain. These influences are, of course, strongly reflected in the public press, and they play a prominent part in our politics. Now I have been led to understand that the utterances of the politicians and the press in this country have been taken too seriously across the sea, and allowance has not been made for underlying local causes. One thing we British-Americans can do, and that is to correct any wrong impressions that may be created in this way by keeping you at home informed of the real conditions here, and keeping the Americans informed of real conditions at home. There is no doubt, I take it, in the minds of those who are here to-night that the greatest calamity that could possibly befall the world to-day would be a rupture between Great Britain and America, and the greatest blessing to civilisation would be increasing friendliness between the two nations, so that they may go forward to conquests that belong to peace and not to war. Friendly rivalry between them there must be, but war, we hope, never.

Your visit here, we trust, has been so agreeable to you that you will come again and come soon. We wish for you a pleasant voyage home. We met a day or two ago as strangers, but we part friends. Your visit leaves most pleasant memories with us, and we hope it will leave pleasant and kindly memories with you.

In going round the city during our short stay it was surprising to find that St. Valentine was here being worshipped with all the devotion that used to prevail in the old country a long long time ago, "when we were laddies at the schule," but which has now almost disappeared. Every shop window seemed to be filled with valentines of all sorts and descriptions, and crowds of all sorts and sizes were around the counters making their selections. Everything in this great city¹ seems to be conducted in a fast and furious style, which gives one the idea of life being conducted at high pressure.

In the hotel where we stayed—the Stratford—we

¹ The inhabitants, who now number one and three-quarter millions, celebrated the city's "centennial" just before we arrived.

were excellently entertained. Though our visit was short there were one or two very humorous incidents. Perhaps the most amusing was the following. Two of our representatives from the kingdom of Fife and from Kinross respectively, having their dreams disturbed by furious noises in some neighbouring apartment, were determined to find out the cause. After various attempts by means of their own keys they forced open a door, which seemed to be hermetically sealed, when to their astonishment a whole galaxy of fairy forms came into view, reminding them of the scene in "Tam o' Shanter." It turned out that the hotel was in close proximity to a theatre, and that the two buildings had once been connected, while their disconnection had not proved so efficient as had been supposed. The situation proved rather a serious one. The two curlers were assailed by the matron of the Theatre Company for their rude invasion, while on the other hand they firmly protested against the disturbance that had been going on, and which had prevented them from enjoying repose. The result was, however, satisfactory, for after mutual explanations our two representatives were furnished with free tickets for the performance of that evening, it being now early morning; and it is understood that steps were taken by the master of the hotel that the ineffective doorway should be properly secured for all time coming.

We have given specimens of the way in which we were catered for at various hotels on our route, but it will be acknowledged that the climax was reached at the Stratford under the ægis of "mine host," Mr. G. B. Weaver. It was not only the extent of the feast that was remarkable; but here we found a custom which we believe prevails considerably at feasting time throughout the States, namely, that, as the various "courses" came and

went, musical quartettes were rendered by parties seated at one or other of the tables, an improvement in many respects on the pandemonium of chatter which one generally has to bear during the progress of meals in such large establishments. "The Swanee River" seemed to be one of the most popular airs, and cheers and encores generally followed the performances, all combining, no doubt, to aid digestion. A most lovely apartment in the Stratford was that called the "Dutch Room." In illustration of what we have called the climax of our feasting may be given the menu of the Dutch Room on Sunday, February 15, one of the days of our visit.

To begin with, there was a breakfast on which the changes were rung in a most extraordinary manner as follows:—

THE STRATFORD.

DUTCH ROOM.

Special Single Breakfasts, 7 to 11 A.M.

Fruits in Season.

Cereal Foods and Cream with Breakfast 15 c. extra.

Oatmeal.	Cracked Wheat.
Pearl Grits.	Hominy.
Wheaten Grits.	Grape Nuts.
Pettijohn's Food.	
No. 1. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Coffee, Tea, or Milk. 20 c.	No. 7. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Omelette, Plain. 45 c.
No. 2. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Griddle Cakes and Maple Syrup. Coffee, Tea, or Milk. 30 c.	No. 8. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Ham Omelette. Coffee, Tea, or Milk. 50 c.
No. 3. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Two Boiled Eggs. Coffee, Tea, or Milk. 35 c.	No. 9. Rolls or Toast with Butter. One Mutton Chop. Baked or Fried Potatoes. Coffee, Tea, or Milk. 50 c.
No. 4. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Scrambled Eggs. Coffee, Tea, or Milk. 40 c.	No. 10. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Frizzled Beef in Cream. Coffee, Tea, or Milk. 50 c.
No. 5. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Breakfast Sausage or Sausage Cakes. Baked Potatoes. Coffee, Tea, or Milk. 45 c.	No. 11. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Poached Eggs on Toast. Coffee, Tea, or Milk. 50 c.
No. 6. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Ham and Eggs. Baked or Fried Potatoes. Coffee, Tea, or Milk. 50 c.	No. 12. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Poached Eggs and Bacon. Coffee, Tea, or Milk. 60 c.

No. 13. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Broiled Whitefish. Baked or Fried Potatoes. Coffee, Tea, or Milk.	60 c.	No. 23. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Chicken of Lamb Hash with one Poached Egg. Baked or Fried Potatoes. Coffee, Tea, or Milk.	65 c.
No. 14. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Boiled Salt Mackerel. Boiled Potatoes. Coffee, Tea, or Milk.	55 c.	No. 24. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Liver and Bacon. Fried Potatoes. Coffee, Tea, or Milk.	65 c.
No. 15. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Steamed Finnan Haddie. Coffee, Tea, or Milk.	55 c.	No. 25. Rolls or Toast with Butter. One English Mutton Chop. Fried Potatoes. Coffee, Tea, or Milk.	70 c.
No. 16. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Corned Beef Hash. Coffee, Tea, or Milk.	50 c.	No. 26. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Beefsteak and Fried Potatoes. Coffee, Tea, or Milk.	70 c.
No. 17. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Corned Beef Hash. One Egg. Coffee, Tea, or Milk.	60 c.	No. 27. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Beefsteak, Bacon, and Fried Potatoes. Coffee, Tea, or Milk.	75 c.
No. 18. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Scrambled Eggs and Bacon. Coffee, Tea, or Milk.	60 c.	No. 28. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Codfish Cakes. Coffee, Tea, or Milk.	50 c.
No. 19. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Sausage. Buckwheat Cakes. Potatoes, any style. Coffee, Tea, or Milk.	55 c.	No. 29. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Salt Codfish in Cream. Coffee, Tea, or Milk.	40 c.
No. 20. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Tenderloin Steak. Baked or Fried Potatoes. Coffee, Tea, or Milk.	60 c.	No. 30. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Broiled Bluefish. Fried Potatoes. Coffee, Tea, or Milk.	55 c.
No. 21. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Broiled Tripe. Fried Potatoes. Coffee, Tea, or Milk.	50 c.	No. 31. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Sea Bass, Meuniere. Fried Potatoes. Coffee, Tea, or Milk.	60 c.
No. 22. Rolls or Toast with Butter. Two Lamb Chops. Baked or Fried Potatoes. Coffee, Tea, or Milk.	60 c.		

Then for the remainder of the day there was the following:—

CARTE DU JOUR

From 11 A.M. to 7.30 P.M.

OYSTERS AND CLAMS	Little neck clams 25	50	Blue points 25	50	Cotuits 30	60
Oyster cocktail 30	Stew 35	Cream stew 50	Fried 35	Shell roast 35		
En Brochette, doz. 75	A la Newburg 75	A la Poulette 75	Steamed, in shell 35			
	Steamed soft clams 40 75					
SOUPS	Clear green turtle 40	60	Potage Chatelaine 25	40		
Puree Mongole 25	40	Consomme pattie 25	40			
Broth in cup:	Hot or cold bouillon 15		Chicken 20	Clam 15		
	Strained chicken gumbo 25	Tomato bouillon 15				
Consomme Waldorf 20	Clam broth, Chantilly 20	Whals bouillon 25				
RELISHES	Russian Caviar 50	Celery 25	Olives 15	Sweet Pickles 15	Radishes 10	
Sprats on toast 35	Bon appetit 50	Stuffed olives 25	Mangoes 20			
Anchovies 40	Sardines 25	Salami 40	Westphalian ham 50			
Stuffed green peppers 40	Chow chow 10	Mixed pickles 15	California olives 15			
	Premium Dutch Herring 35					
SPECIAL FISH ENTREES			Broiled live lobster 40	80		
Fresh crab meat, au gratin 60	1 20	Baked whitefish, Mornay 40	80			
	Broiled bluefish, aux fines herbes 40	80				
Shad with roe and bacon 45	90	Brook trout, Baronne 50	1 00			

COLD FISH	Whitefish, sauce Ravigotte 40	60	Cold salmon, sauce Mayonnaise 40	0			
GAME (to order)	Philadelphia squab 50		Broiled plover 60	Teal duck 1 00			
	Canvasback duck 2 50	Redhead duck 1 50	Mallard duck 1 25				
ENTREES			Fillet mignon, Bordelaise 50	1 00			
	Chicken saute a la Darfin 60	1 20	Sweetbread pattie, Toulouse 40	80			
	Breast of Mallard duck, saute, with fresh mushrooms 65	1 30	Mousseline of chicken liver, Perigord 40				
			Poached eggs, Marie Antoinette (cold) 60				
	Broiled rack of spring lamb, with asparagus tips 1 20	70	Terrapin Maryland and Baltimore 1 25	2 00			
JOINTS			Haunch of beef a la Anglaise 45	90			
	Roast turkey, cranberry sauce 60	1 20	Broiled Philadelphia squab 50				
VEGETABLES	Asparagus, American 40		Asparagus, German 1 00				
	Peas, American 30		Brussels sprouts 40				
	Peas, French 35	String beans, American 30	French beans 35				
Flageolets 30	Cauliflower 40	Sweet pepper farci 50	Cepes, a la Provençale 80				
	Artichoke hearts 60	Artichoke hearts, sauce Hollandaise 60					
Tomatoes, baked 40	Tomatoes, stuffed 50	Tomatoes, broiled 50	Corn, stewed 20				
	Tomatoes, stewed 30; Spanish style 40	Corn, au gratin 25; with green peppers 30					
Corn fritters 30	New Lima beans 30	Succotash 20	Stuffed cucumbers 40				
Onions, fried 30	Onions, boiled 30	Onions, Spanish, broiled 55	Egg plant 30				
Spinach 30	Boiled rice 15	Macaroni, plain 25	Macaroni, baked 30				
	Macaroni, au gratin 30	Rejane 40					
Spaghetti, plain 25	Spaghetti, baked 30	Spaghetti, a l'Italienne 35; a la Milanaise 40					
	Spaghetti, a la Rigo 40	Spaghetti, Venitienne 35	Cardon, with marrow, 60				
POTATOES	Croquettes 20	Hashed and browned 15	Mashed 10				
Hashed in cream 15	Fried, French style 15	Fried, German style, 15	Lyonnaise 15				
In cream 20	Potatoes a la Stratford 25	Georgette 25					
Sweet potatoes, fried 20	Baked 20	Saute 20	Broiled 25				
Parisian, fried or boiled 20	Saratoga 15	A l'Anna 30	Sara 25	A la lily 25			
	Hashed in cream, au gratin 20	Julienne 15	Baked 15	Boiled 10			
Broiled or stewed fresh mushrooms 90	Fresh mushrooms under glass (30 minutes) 1 00	New potatoes in cream 25					
COLD	Pate de foie gras 90	Chicken 60	1 10	Spring lamb 45	70	Tongue 40	Ham 40
	Corned beef 40	Boneless pig's feet 50		Roast beef 50	90		
	Galantine of capon, Richelieu 50	90	Saddle of lamb, Portugaise 50	90			
	Westphalian ham 50	Assorted meats 60	Game pattie, a la DeBy 60	1 00			
		Boneless chicken, Stratford 60	1 20				
	Galantine of game, St. Hubert 70	Aspic of game, pattie Bellevue 50					
SALADS	Chicken 50	Fresh crab meat 60	Lobster 50	Shrimp 50	Macedoine 40		
	Lettuce 25	Chicoree 30	Tomato 40	Potato 20	Water-cress 20		
	Cold slaw 15	Combination 50	Cucumber 35				
PASTRY	Cranberry roll, lemon cream sauce 15	Vanilla cream puff 10					
	Cocoanut meringue tartlet 10	Banana shortcake 20	Assorted cakes 20				
PIES	Apple 10	Mince 10	Custard 10	Rhubarb meringue 10			
ICES AND CREAMS	Nesselrode pudding 25	Cafe parfait 25	Vanilla Special 20				
	Chocolate 20	Strawberry 20	Charlotte glace 25	Meringue glace 25			
	Lemon 20	Raspberry 20					
SHERBETS	Lalla Rookh 30	Kirsch 30	Maraschino 30	Curaçoa 30	Roman 30		
CHEESE	Brie 25	Edam 25	Stilton 25	Emmenthaler 25	American 15		
	Canadian Club 25	Royal luncheon 25	Roquefort 25	Capra 25	De la trappe 25		
		Camembert cheese 25					
FRUITS AND PRESERVES	Bartlett pears 25	Oranges 15	Fresh pineapple 25				
	Apples 15	Enchred figs 20	Preserved strawberries 25				
	Bar le due jelly—red 40; white 50	Orange marmalade 25	Raspberry jam 25				
	Grape fruit 30	Grapes 25	Preserved figs 20	Strawberries and cream 30			
COFFEE AND TEA		Cup coffee with cream 10	Pot coffee 20				
	Coffee made on table by the French steam coffee-pot, per cup 25						
	Small pot of tea 20	Cup chocolate with whipped cream 15	Demi tasse 10				

Half portions served only of dishes so marked, and to one person only.

THE STRATFORD.

SUNDAY, February 15, 1903.

TO ORDER

CHICKEN Broiled Spring 1 10 60	A la Maryland 1 25 70	Saute, a la Marengo 1 25 70
Fricassee, with fresh mushrooms 1 25	Croquettes 45 70	Croquettes, with peas 90 50
Liver, Saute, with mushrooms 75	Liver, en brochette 75	Hash 60 Hash, with egg 70
STEAKS Filet Chateaubriand, with Bordelaise, mushrooms or Bernaise 2 50		
Filet Chateaubriand, plain 2 00	Sirloin, double plain 2 00	
Sirloin, double, with bacon or onions 2 25	Porterhouse, double, plain 2 50	
Porterhouse, double, with bacon or onions 2 75	Porterhouse 1 50	Sirloin 1 00
Porterhouse, with marrow or bacon 1 75	Tenderloin, extra 1 25	Extra sirloin 1 50
Sirloin, with mushrooms or Bernaise 1 25	Tenderloin 75	
Tenderloin, extra, a la Creole or Bordelaise 1 50	Rump 50	
Tenderloin, with marrow, onions or Bernaise 90	Hamburger 70; with egg 80	
CHOPS Lamb 50 90	Lamb, with peas 1 00	Mutton 50 90
Mutton, English 75	Veal 40 75	Veal, breaded 45 80
Veal, braised, Italienne 75	Pork 40 70	Pork, breaded 45 75
Special pig's feet, broiled 50	Special pig's feet, broiled in crumbs, tomato sauce 60	
Special tripe, broiled 50	Special tripe, au gratin 60	Special tripe, a la Creole 60
Mutton kidneys, plain 50	Mutton kidneys, deviled 75	Veal kidneys, broiled 60
Veal kidneys, saute, with mushrooms 75	Veal kidneys, en brochette 75	
Calf's liver and bacon 40	Calf's sweetbreads, broiled 50 90	
Calf's sweetbreads, broiled with peas, mushrooms or asparagus tips 1 00	Calf's sweetbreads, en coquille, en brochette or financiere 1 00	
Calf's head, a la poulette 75	Calf's head, a la vinaigrette 75	Calf's head, en tortue 75
Calf's brains, fried, tomato sauce 60	Calf's brains, au beurre noir 65	
Calf's brains, scrambled with egg 70	Broiled ham 40	Deviled ham 50
Ham and eggs 50	Broiled bacon 40	Broiled bacon and eggs 50
Frizzled beef and cream on toast 40	Welsh rarebit 50	Golden buck 60
Corned beef hash 50	Corned beef hash, with egg 60	
Corned beef hash, with tartar sauce 60	Mutton hash 50	Roast beef hash 60
Roast beef hash, a la Narragansett 75	Turkey hash, with peppers 75	
Minc'd chicken on toast 75	Spring lamb chops 1 00	
FISH Black bass, broiled 40 70	Black bass, steamed, a la Stratford 45 75	
Filet or whole black bass, Meuniere 40 70	Filet of black bass, Marguerie 45 80	
Broiled bluefish 40 60	Baked bluefish, a la Italienne 40 70	
Baked bluefish, Bordelaise 40 60	Whitefish, broiled 40 60	
Whitefish, baked, Portugaise 45 70	Whitefish with Anchovie butter 45 70	
Whitefish, fried in pan 40 60	Whitefish, planked 1 25	
Redsnapper, Trautmansdorf 40 60	Redsnapper, saute Mexican 40 60	
Filet of sole, Rhine wine sauce 40 60	Filet of sole, fried, tartar sauce 40 60	
Broiled pompano, aux fines herbes 40 60	Filet of pompano, Creole 40 75	
Brook trout, Meuniere 50 90	Brook trout, a la Baronne 50 90	
Broiled fresh mackerel 40 60	Fresh mackerel, mustard sauce 40 60	
Halibut steak, broiled 40 60	Halibut steak, Hollandaise 45 75	
Fresh cod, aux fines herbes 40 60	Smelts, fried or broiled 40 60	
Finnan haddie, broiled or steamed 40 60	Finnan haddie, Delmonico 50 90	
Broiled live lobster 50 1 00	Lobster, a la Newburg 60 1 00	
Fried lobster, a la Vilbois 45 80	Lobster cutlets 40 75	
Stuffed lobster, au gratin 50 90	Frog legs, poulette 40 75	
Frog legs, fried, tartar sauce 40 75	Fresh crab meat, Maryland 60 1 00	
Fresh crab meat, cutlet 40 75	Special stuffed crab 40 75	
Crab meat, au gratin, Massena 50 90	Canape, Lorenzo 50	
Scallops, fried or poulette 40 60	Terrapin, Maryland or Baltimore 2 00	
Fresh oyster crabs, saute 75		

This plethora of dishes is quite characteristic of the American hotel, and under that title the Canadian may in many respects be included. Instead of a few plain, substantial, well-cooked dishes served at a *table d'hôte* hour, there is this bewildering variety, for which you

have to atone by waiting much longer than you have to do at home before you are served.

Though not entirely applicable to the season of the year when we visited Chicago, we may quote the following verses from an American paper as to the city's claims :

We've got the finest summer weather In Chicago ;	No other town is fit to mention To hold a national convention, And thieves retire on a pension In Chicago.
The best Lake breezes, altogether, In Chicago ;	
The greatest parks and boulevards, The tallest men for crossing guards, The loudest-smelling cattle-yards, In Chicago.	We've got the most Evangelists In Chicago ; Our specialty is philanthropists In Chicago ;
The sky is that of Italy In Chicago ;	We send more soldiers to the war Than any city near or far, And crowd more people in a car In Chicago.
The girls can all ride prettily In Chicago ;	
The women have the smallest feet, We beat the world in packing meat, And we can show the dirtiest street. In Chicago.	The air is full of hair—and dust— In Chicago ; 'Tis not controlled by any trust In Chicago ;
The Office buildings are the tallest In Chicago ;	We've got the cleanest chimneys yet, The biggest surplus, smallest debt, And purest water—all to get— In Chicago.
The death percentage is the smallest In Chicago ;	

In the Stratford at Chicago we had a good many callers, among others, Mrs. Pitkin, R.W.G.S., of the General Grand Chapter "the Order of the Eastern Star," but we had only time to speak to her for a few minutes, and to express our good wishes for the progress of the Order which flourishes in America, with its headquarters at Chicago, where the Dowie-Zionists and other malign agencies have tried to bring discredit on the noble Order of Masonry, though lately these charges, in boomerang fashion, have come back upon themselves at New York and elsewhere.

Golf seems to flourish around Chicago. We were waited on by members of a St. Andrews family, James and David Foulis, who are doing well out there, as club and ball-makers for the Chicago club at Wheaton, Illinois,

and by a cousin—Mr. T. A. Bell, whose father, after leaving his home in Dumfriesshire, became Mayor of Burlington. "T. A.," after trying various "turns," seems to be making a good living at golf. Like others, he is styled "Instructor," and is attached to the River Forest Club, Oakpark. From them all, the Captain received presents of clubs and balls, though he had no chance of using them till he got home. The brothers Foulis have a special reputation for re-covering Haskell balls.

There was no Niagara to tempt us from the city, though there was much to see on the Sunday of our stay in Chicago. In the morning some of the team went to hear the eloquent Dr. Gonsaulez, and according to our use and wont we arranged to attend in the evening a special service, conducted by Dr. Notman. A great storm of snow came on, and the good doctor 'phoned the Captain that he feared it was impossible for the team to reach the church; so this service had reluctantly to be abandoned. The Stratford where we stayed was very comfortable, but the great sight in Chicago in the hotel line is the Auditorium, which most of the team visited.

Curling at Chicago

In regard to the game of curling at Chicago, Mr. Davies writes us, under date April 20, 1903, as follows:

There seems to be some uncertainty as to when curling was first introduced to this city, but it is an assured fact that the



DAVID HOGG.

game was played shortly after the end of the Civil War. Dr. M'Allister, John Alston, and Wm. Forrest were active in promoting the sport at the time indicated.

The advent of David Hogg, in 1870, into the charmed circle of the "brithers of the broom," was a happy incident for the future of the game, as he was mainly instrumental in organising the Chicago Curling Club, which flourished for thirty years. In the year 1900, the Wanderers' Club absorbed the above-mentioned organisation, and is to-day responsible for the advancement of the sport in the Western Metropolis.

Undoubtedly the visit of the R.C. Curlers last February has given curling a needed impetus in Chicago. This has been demonstrated in several ways, as for instance the filing of applications for membership in the clubs, and the manifested interest in the games played, subsequent to the Scottish visit.

The Chicago Stockyards

Our team, having all heard so much of the great Stockyards at Chicago, naturally desired to pay these a visit before leaving the city. This visit on their part rather upset our arrangements, and shortened our visit to Utica in a regrettable way, as every one afterwards acknowledged, for it entailed a delay in starting of more than half a day. Accompanied by some of the local curlers, the majority of the team on Monday forenoon went round the Stockyards and saw with gruesome interest the extraordinary and rapid methods in which pigs and cattle were killed and prepared for the market. The Captain did not feel inclined to accompany his men on this part of their expedition, but it might perhaps have been better for him if he had gone through the ordeal on his own account, for so anxious were all the members on their return to give an account of the scenes, and he had to listen to so many versions, that he was more than sick of the stockyard business, and was glad to get away from Chicago.

At Utica

Utica, as we have said, was not in our original Itinerary, but the Captain of the team had been in touch with Mr. Forrest Macnee, President of the Grand National Association, Mr. W. D. Edwards, Chairman of the Reception Committee, Mr. Smith, Secretary G.N.A., and from their representations he decided that the journey should be broken at Utica, more especially as we would virtually meet New York curlers at that place, it being only some 250 miles from the great city; and then the Gordon Medal was being played for there, so we might again see some of our Montreal friends, which we would all be happy to do. A few of the team demurred at the alteration, but all were eventually delighted that we visited Utica, for the curlers there gave us a particularly happy reception, and better ice we did not play upon in the course of the whole tour.



Photo by himself.

FORREST MACNEE.
President Grand National Club.

As we have noted, our visit to Utica and the arrangements therefor were a little upset by the majority of the members visiting the Chicago Stockyards on the Monday forenoon. To add to this, when we did get away from Chicago we were held up by a snowstorm for something like eight hours near Buffalo, the line being completely blocked.

As a compensation for our disappointment we were all delighted to welcome on the journey Major Bertram, looking quite himself again after his serious illness.

This detention was really our first experience of the kind, and it was, we may safely say, the most disagreeable part of our whole tour. We had on various occasions passed through large wooden sheds over the railway that were meant for shelters from snowstorms, but here we were helpless, and as our resources were not sufficient for the occasion, we suffered a good deal of discomfort.



SCENE, UTICA, N.Y.
Adjoining Curling Rink.

Such disarrangement required from us an apology to the curlers of Utica, for it was found that besides arranging a game for us on the day of our arrival, they had also prepared a banquet for the evening. The best, however, had to be made of the situation, and we had a good match with the Utica men on their rink, which was one of the best that we visited, the ice, as we have noted, being in splendid condition. The Scots-

men were victorious all round, but the men of Utica took their defeat in true curling style. After the game was over they treated us to a banquet. On the whole, the hospitality there and all through the States, was not a whit behind that which we had experienced from our brethren in Canada. We had, during our visit, the freedom of their two club-houses, which were both eminently well

appointed in every way. In company of some of their representatives we also visited various interesting sights of the city. We were particularly pleased with the Savings Bank, where we were introduced to the Manager, a venerable and noble-looking Nestor, whom we found to be a Scotsman to the core, and with whom we had an interesting conversation about the old country and his friends there. This veteran was a special favourite of the late Professor Blackie, about whom he related some interesting stories to the visitors.

At the Butterfield hotel, at which we stayed when in Utica, owing to the circumstance that a military ball was going on that evening, we found things very congested, and had to be content with less space for our bodies than had been allotted to us at any other place during our tour—"as thrang as three in a bed" being the order for the night in some cases. We were delighted to meet once more at Utica Mr. "Jim" Paton and his rink from Montreal. They had come all this way to play the annual match for the Gordon Medal between Canada and America, and as they had once more succeeded in the contest, they were in the best of spirits. With them we spent an enjoyable hour, going over all the exciting incidents that had happened to us since we left them at Montreal. The Utica curlers gave us a hearty send-off on the 17th, when we departed for our last match with the Americans in New York City, from which we were booked to sail on the 21st. A large contingent, chiefly Scots, met us at the depot

at New York,

including, among others, David Foulis, who for many years had acted as Secretary to the Grand National Club of the United States; J. F. Conley; T. Nicholson; John

M'Graw; Jas. Thaw; Wm. Fraser; John Rennie; W. H. Smith, Secretary of the Association; Forrest Macnee, President of the Association; W. Mitchell; T. Archibald; H. Archibald; J. Stalker; the brothers Edwards, of whom Mr. E. B. Edwards was acting President of the New York Club, and others.

Our dwelling-place while in this fashionable city, which at once reminded us forcibly of Britain's own



THOS. NICHOLSON.
Past President Grand National Club.

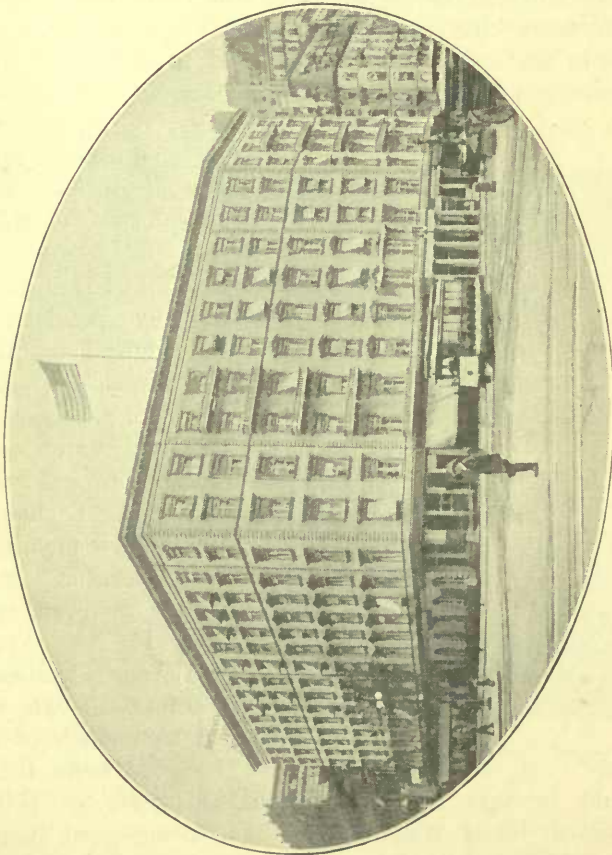


MAYOR SETH LOW.

great Metropolis, was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, which if not the best—the famous Waldorf-Astoria comes before it—is one of the best in the city. We were certainly very comfortable here.

In close proximity to the hotel is the “gridiron” building (*vide* p. 666), that accentuated specimen of the sky-scraper which is so much in evidence in New York. The inconvenience to passers-by from the “swirl” created by it was noticeable from the hotel. Mr. Nicholson and those who had charge of arrangements had ordered con-

veyances to take us a sight-seeing drive round the city, but so great was the storm and so slippery the streets that no conveyance could be turned out, and on Shanks'



FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK.

nag, who had not an easy time of it, we had to see what we saw. We were received by the city Mayor, the Hon. Seth Low, who gave us a hearty welcome, and the usual

"freedom of the city." We found him a very pleasant gentleman and interesting, as having overturned the "Tammany" power of which we had heard so much, though we are sorry to hear, as we write, that at the last election "Tammany" has turned the tables on him. Mr. Seth Low is not a Scot, but is descended from Scottish ancestors, and it is therefore not surprising to hear that he is a great student and lover of Robert Burns, and has delivered some very able lectures on the poetry of the Scottish bard.



Photo by Dr. Kirk.

THE GRIDIRON BUILDING, NEW YORK.

Wall Street, where so many speculations are indulged in, and so many fortunes lost and won, was visited by the team, and special interest was taken in the Exchange and its new premises. The "elevator" was perhaps more in evidence in New York than ever we had seen it before, though we had seen much of it. The good folks there would be very helpless without this form of going skyward; for if Washington, which to our great regret we could not visit, is the "city of distances," New York is the "city of heights," many of the buildings ranging from 20 to 30 stories.

After our slippery peregrinations through Broadway

and other parts of the city we had an excellent luncheon with our hosts at one of the city's magnificent restaurants.

It had been hoped that a match might be brought off at New York in the open, on Van Cortlandt Lake, where the New York curlers are accustomed in an ordinary frost to enjoy their game, but owing to the very severe frost which prevailed during the time of our stay in the



ST. ANDREW'S CURLING CLUB, NEW YORK.

W. H. Smith, J. M'Millan. J. Rennie. F. Macnee.

Sec. Grand Nat. C.C. America.

city, this hope was entirely blasted, as play on the lake was out of the question; so from first to last we were fated to have no single test experience of a match in which the conditions resembled those in the home country to which we were accustomed.

The visitors went by train and boat to Hoboken to play the club there and one or two others. The combination consisted of New York, Boston, and Jersey City. Five rinks in all were played, the total scores being Royal Caledonian, 70; Americans, 62. The Scotsmen

were successful in three of the five rinks, but the Boston club was able to score a victory on its own account.

The final bonspiel took place on the 20th in New York against representative rinks from St. Andrew's Club, Boston Thistle, Van Cortlandt, Empire City, Caledonian, Manhattan, and Jersey City, the Scotsmen playing four rinks in the forenoon and four in the



GROUP OF CURLERS FROM VARIOUS NEW YORK CLUBS.

afternoon. On five rinks the Scotsmen were victorious, their total amounting to 71 shots, as against 54 for America. The three rinks of Americans who were able to hold their brooms up were the Boston, St. Andrew's, and Caledonian.

It is worth mentioning that the last stone of the tour was played by Provost Gordon against the Empire City rink. Mr. Cousin went off to see some friends, and Gordon skipped the Edinburgh rink, with Mr. Bentley Murray as third man. A close game followed, and at the second last end the Provost was two up. The New Yorkers were

lying two shots when the skips went down to play. The New York skip tried to guard and was a "hog." Now was Gordon's chance; his stone came roaring up the ice, true as an arrow, and away went one of the New Yorkers' shots. Again the opposing skip tried to guard, but slipped harmlessly through the "hoose."

"Noo I'll hae a whup at the ither side," said the Provost in dead earnest.

"Be sure you're up," roared Bentley Murray.

"You needna tell him that," whispered Provan, who had seen Gordon play before.

Up came the Provost's stone, more like a Lyddite shell than anything else, and it behaved as though it contained a bursting charge when it reached the "tee-head." Away went the opposing stones in all directions, sparks flew right and left, but the Provost found his mark as usual, and lay two shots.

"Well played, Provost, well played!" yelled Bentley Murray, frantic with delight.

"*Hardly firm enough, though,*" said the apologetic Provost in all seriousness.

This was the last stone played by the team on American ice, and it *was* played too, in a style worthy of the famous Gordons of Bathgate.

One rink played a private match at Paterson, New Jersey, and, we understand, had a very delightful day's curling, although this left the team considerably weakened in meeting the New York curlers, and entailed the absence of those members from the banquet arranged in the evening, which was a matter for regret and apology.

The Manhattan Banquet

This great banquet was held in the Hotel Manhattan, on the 20th. It was a most fitting finish to the round

of feasting we had gone through. The assemblage might not comprise the *elite* of New York, but it was one of the most representative ever gathered together in the city. At New York as at most other centres there is a Society of Scots formed for social and benevolent purposes. This is called the Caledonian Club, and when the Scots curlers were on their way to the city, the Chairman of the Curlers' Committee received the following letter:—

THE NEW YORK CALEDONIAN CLUB (ORG. 1856; INCOR. 1861)
846 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK,
February 14, 1903.

FORREST MACNEE, ESQ., CHAIRMAN RECEPTION COMMITTEE.



Photo by Eldon's Bros., N.Y.

W. G. REID.

Chief, New York Caledonian Club,
1903.

DEAR SIR—The New York Caledonian Club has passed resolutions to entertain the visiting Scottish curlers and give them the freedom of our house, when in this city. Our secretary wrote to Scotland, months ago, but his letter probably was too late for them to get it before leaving Bonnie Scotland.

We learn with regret that their stay in New York will be very short, but are glad to know that, in the hands of your committee and of the Grand National Curling Club, our brothers from over the water will be taken care of and entertained every minute of their stay in New York.

Will you kindly inform your guests that our Club-house is at their disposal while they are in this city, and if your plan can be made to include a visit to our house, the home of the oldest Scottish club in New York, I shall see that a delegation of our officers and members are there to receive them.

Convey to the curlers the assurances of our highest esteem, and our appreciation of the good they have done the good old Scottish game of curling

by their visit here ; it has awakened a renewed interest in the game, which we hope will have good and lasting results.

We hope for fine keen curling weather next week, and that your plans will include a fine "roarin'" game at Van Cortlandt, and that the clansmen will have an opportunity to cheer them on during play as many of them intend to give them good-speed, at the banquet on Friday night.—Yours very truly,

B. M. G. REID,
Chief.

WILLIAM MACDUFF,
Fourth Chieftain.

The Caledonian Club sent its representatives to the banquet, and in the course of the evening the Captain had the gold badge of the Society presented to him. Mr. W. D. Edwards presided over the gathering with much acceptance. He read out various interesting telegrams, which showed that the Scots pilgrims were not being forgotten. From St. John, N.B., the following came :

Here's to John Tamson's bairns from Tamson himself and the other St. John Thistles. Come again.—J. A. SINCLAIR, President.

FROM UTICA :

Important business engagements prevent our being with you to-night. Express to Scotch curlers and all curling friends our regrets and kindest regards. We trust you will have a jolly time. We also wish the Scotch curlers *bon voyage*, and safe return home.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne ;
We'll tak' a cup of kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

J. E. M'LAUGHLIN.
A. H. MUNSON.

At the reception and dinner to the visiting Scottish

curlers by the Grand National Curling Club of America the following was the

MENU.

Cape Cod Oysters.
 Consommé Solferino.
 Celery. Olives. Radishes.
 Planked Bluefish, Manhattan.
 Cucumbers.
 Underloin of Beef. Fresh Mushrooms.
 Macedoine Punch.
 Broiled Chicken on Toast.
 Turkish Salad.
 Sicilian Ice Cream. Assorted Cakes.
 Cheese. Fruit. Coffee.

The curlers not only welcomed the members of the Caledonian Society to join in the reception banquet at



Photo by Notman, Montreal.

DR. A. T. STEWART.

the Manhattan, but several other Scottish societies also sent representatives. One of the most interesting of those who supported the Chair was the douce, kindly Scot, Dr. Stewart, the editor and proprietor of the *Scottish American*, a paper which for many years has been a household favourite in the many Scottish homes in Canada and America. It is always so thoroughly Scottish that it keeps alive the flame of patriotism in those who are

exiled from the old country. Indeed, it is perhaps more thoroughly redolent of the "brown heath and shaggy wood" than any paper we have at home. Dr. Stewart

made a stirring speech during the evening, of which we have no notes, but we mention his name prominently here because of his kindness during our tour. He not only recorded our proceedings, but sent a supply of his "weekly" for the members of our team at each centre, which was always welcomed.¹

The good old chaplain of the Association, Dr. Rossiter, was so far away—at St. Louis, that "with a tear in his eye" he had to decline the Secretary's invitation. In true curling style he wrote:—

I greet the brither curlers from over the sea: I greet their chaplain, Rev. John Kerr. How well would I like to swap stories with him and perhaps a sermon! I greet our honoured President. I drink to the general joy of the whole table. From your absent and sorrowful chaplain.

The American national song was sung during the evening; but while this was the case, we had no more hearty rendering anywhere than in New York City of our own national anthem "God Save the King,"—both of which were printed in full on the fourth page of the menu—the brotherly feeling everywhere throughout the States being what one would expect from curlers. Dr. Donald Sage Mackay, who is



REV. DR. DONALD SAGE MACKAY.

¹ The Rev. D. Macdougall, editor of the *Caledonian*, an excellent monthly of Scottish character, was, like Dr. Stewart, very kind in sending copies of his periodical for use by our team, which were much appreciated. This gentleman has also very kindly permitted us to use several *Caledonian* illustrations, including the portrait of Dr. Sage Mackay on this page.

very popular, and had a hearty reception, told some good stories and spoke of the old country and its characteristics, specially referring to the bravery of our Scottish regiments in South Africa. He also, in the course of his speech, mentioned the interesting fact that he had started his ministerial career in the same parish in the West of Scotland as the Captain of the team, viz. Skelmorlie, where he (Dr. Mackay) had acted as *locum tenens* for the Rev. Mr. Boyd of the U.P. Church, while Mr. Kerr was minister of the Parish Church; and he told the story, not uncomplimentary to the Captain and sounding funny so far from home, which appeared at the time in the Glasgow *Bailie* about the Auld Kirk beadle, "Dauvit" Neil, when his U.P. neighbour had shown him the fine decorations of the church which had just been completed: "Ay, ay," said Dauvit, "I see ye put *your* stars i' the roof, but we keep *oor* star i' the poopit."

Farewell!

In reply to the toast of "The Scottish Team" the Captain said it had been no easy task to respond so often to this toast; and now that the last occasion had come he felt embarrassed, for he ought to sum up in a few words the expression of gratitude for all the generosity they had experienced from Halifax to New York. He found no words adequate to the occasion. He repeated there the message of good-will to the United States curlers from the old Mother-club to whom they remained so loyal, no doubt because they recognised in her rule the spirit of their own President, "Abe" Lincoln, whose memory they had once more been recently celebrating—for the R.C.C.C. was undoubtedly a government of the curlers and curling, by the curlers, for the curlers there and everywhere else where the grand old game was played.

If they did not appear to be making much advance in the New York district, he felt sure that under the North-Western Association a great advance was undoubtedly being made in other parts of the States, and his report to their "auld respectit Mither" would be one of health, prosperity, and progress, and of undiminished attachment to her rule. He congratulated the Association on their *Annual*, which was a substantial and worthy volume, and expressed the hope that representatives from the Grand National Club would try and come each year to the annual meeting of the Royal Club, where they would get a hearty welcome. He thanked the curlers for all that they had done for the team since they came to the city, and assured them that their visit had been most enjoyable. He thanked the Caledonian Society, and he specially thanked His Worship Mayor Seth Low for the honour done to them, and for his kindly words of welcome. The time had now come to say "Farewell!" The final word must be spoken. For all that they had experienced as a team at the hands of the curlers of Canada and the United States from first to last, gratitude would fill their hearts till they ceased to beat; and if love and friendship, as he believed, were eternal, such gratitude would live on in their further personal life and in the lives of those who came after them. Their dearest wish—he spoke for every member of the team which had been so faithful to him throughout their journey—was that from this historic and eventful tour which was now ending, the grand result would be not only closer unity between the Old Country and Canada, but between Great Britain and America, which have so many traditions, so many interests, and so many responsibilities in common. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

The Late Mr. D. Foulis

The Scottish visitors were all very much grieved at the absence from the banquet, owing to illness, of the venerable ex-Secretary of the United States Association, Mr. David Foulis. It may truly be said that to him more than to any other, curling in the United States owed its advancement during the last half-century. A native of Inverkeithing, he carried with him a love for the old game, and did all in his power to bring curlers together and to organise clubs wherever it was possible. He was one of the first to support the proposal for a visit from the Scottish curlers, and we have already given, in our account of the progress of this idea, the letter sent by Mr. Foulis to the Secretary of the Royal Club, in which he gives such a graphic description of what lay before the visitors should they see fit to cross the Atlantic, and of the welcome they would receive in Canada and the States, every word of which had been more than realised by this time. During the matches at Hoboken and New York the venerable ex-Secretary was an interested spectator, though he was suffering from a cold which did not permit him to take part in any of the games. This, it turned out, was not only a severe cold but the beginning of a severe attack of influenza. On our arrival at home it was with the greatest sorrow that we received information that Mr. Foulis had died, his death being all the more pathetic from the fact that Mrs. Foulis, who had been an invalid for some time, was so affected by the shock of his death that she died the same day, and both were buried at the same time. It gave the Captain of the team special grief that Mr. Foulis was thus taken away, for in conversation at New York the ex-Secretary had remarked that, having followed their tour from

Halifax right through, his chief impression was that the Scotsmen, considering the changed conditions under which they had been called upon to play the game, had done wonderfully well—far better than he had ever expected. He was so indignant at what he considered the unfair accounts which had been given of many of the matches in the home papers which had reached him, that it was his intention, in some articles in the Scottish newspapers, to review the play of the visitors, and to point out how successful he considered they had been.

The following letter, received by the Captain of the team from his son, will show that even in Mr. Foulis's last hours he was thinking of this subject, and regretted that he was not able to do justice to the team in the way in which he desired.

FROM MR. R. FOULIS, NEW YORK

April 5, 1903.

DEAR SIR—I am sorry to inform you that my father, David Foulis, formerly Secretary of the Grand National Curling Club of America, died on the morning of Monday, March 16. When your team of curlers was in this city, he was suffering from what we thought was a heavy cold, but it turned out to be a case of grippe. He was confined to the house till the 3rd of March, when he felt so much better that he insisted on attending the funeral services of an old friend. A relapse followed, pleurisy set in, and death came of exhaustion and heart failure. My mother had been an invalid for some time, and was so much distressed by his sufferings with pleurisy that she received a second stroke of paralysis, which proved fatal within twenty-four hours of my father's death. The special reason I am writing you is this. It appears that your team's playing had been unjustly criticised by some Scottish newspapers, which made no allowance for difference in conditions, and father, learning of it, had promised to write to several of the papers in reference to same. This illness made that impossible for ever. He spoke to me one night, when he was lying on what proved to be his deathbed, of his intention and promise, and seemed to feel deeply

that slighting remarks should have been made on such a team of curlers. I need hardly assure you that had he been spared, his first care would have been to fulfil his promise. Fearing that you might not hear of his death, at least for some time, and perhaps might wonder why the papers did not get the promised letters, I write so that you will understand it was never in his power to do so.

This intimation was received with the very deepest regret by the Captain and members of the team, and a letter of condolence and sympathy was sent to the bereaved family. In the *Annual* of the R.C.C.C. a notice was inserted regarding the work that Mr. Foulis had done for curling in the States. Mr. Thaw, in writing the Captain regarding notes on the history of the game mainly around New York, goes on to pay a loving tribute to the deceased Secretary. He says (July 20, 1903):—

As you know, the historian of the American curlers was Mr. David Foulis, who was Secretary of the Grand National Curling Club for over a quarter of a century. He, I regret to say, has passed away. He contracted a severe cold about the time you were in New York, and he never recovered, his wife dying on the same day as himself. It was a double funeral; sad as it was, yet I often thought, from a sentimental point of view, they having gone through this life together for nearly half a century, how fitting it was they should enter their Father's House hand together. It was always to Mr. Foulis that the New York curlers looked for history, and indeed for its management, and to him we owe the fact of our existence in so far as the outside world is concerned. An admirable and prompt correspondent, a genial and kindly man, he gave much of his time to the end that curling might prosper in the United States—I fear, at the cause of much material sacrifice to himself. He will be greatly missed, and I am sorry to say that there is no one in sight to take up the task he performed so well.

Curling in New York and the States

Mr. James Thaw, writing chiefly from memory, contributes the following:—

As to the history of curling in our district: away back in the 'fifties a little colony of Scotsmen, mostly stone-masons, or men connected with the building business, conceived the idea of starting the game, little hoping for success, but believing it would be a good idea to while away the time during the long winter months of enforced idleness, because, owing to the nature of their employment, work was impossible during severe cold. This was the start of the St. Andrew's Curling Club, which, by the way, is also a member of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club. Then came the New York Curling Club; and in the procession followed the Thistles, the Caledonian, the Yonkers, etc. The men who were active in this organisation were the Scottish stone-masons; and when we mention names, the one worthy to stand at the head was William Kellock, a Lochmaben man, and one of the best men the States could ever boast of. It was he, with Gibson, Eaddy, Brander, M'Kenzie, and others, who, being good craftsmen, fashioned the first curling-stones out of the boulders lying in the then meadows of Manhattan. I once heard Mr. Kellock say at a banquet that the first two rinks of stones were made by their different owners, and that their wives were so enthusiastic that they all turned in and helped to polish them in the wash-tubs.

The stones ready—primitive they might seem now, compared with such beautiful creations as Thorburn sends out here—they got to work on a natural pond, situated where is now the middle of our beautiful Central Park of New York City. But those men were not to be left alone very long, as it came to the notice of other Scotsmen through the press that a band of maniacs were infesting a certain neighbourhood, hurling stones on the ice, and shouting and laughing in a language no one but themselves could understand. It was this, or something like it, that attracted Mr. Alex. Dalrymple, then a prosperous dry-goods merchant, a worthy and representative man, and a keen curler; and when the G.N.C.C. was organised he served as its President for a term. Then there were Mr. M'Lintock and Mr. Ritchie, Mr. John Patterson, Mr. John L. Hamilton, and Mr. Jas. Stevens, of Jersey City, whose nephew is Mr. W. D. Edwards, our present President, who presided on the evening of our banquet in New York.

You will observe that I am sticking to the past very closely. As we, the present generation, are only engaged in the making of history, and I am strongly convinced that we are not acting up to the standard set up for us by the pioneers, I will refrain for the present from touching on passing events.

New York City was not the only city that had to do pioneer work ; let us look in upon our brothers of the broom at Albany. Here we find the stone-mason at work and struggling to get enough enthusiasm to make a rink. Andrew M'Murray was the father of the game in the Capital City on the Hudson, and we find him aided and abetted by Mr. Thomas M'Creddie, an Ayrshire man, very busy rolling up wealth, but he always had time to curl. To-day I regret that the reverse is the case : Scotsmen generally are too busy chasing Dame Fortune to give even a passing thought to curling. Not so with Mr. M'Creddie. If there was the least possible chance of a game between Albany and Utica, their nearest neighbour, a little matter of 175 miles was of no account to him, and when he was not able to be with them on account of increasing years, he could turn out three stalwart sons, who are to-day worthy representatives of their worthy father. Farther up the State of New York, situated in the beautiful Genesee Valley, is Utica. Here in the Scotch mill-workers we find the pioneer curlers, the Allens, the M'Loughlins, the Browns, and the Mitchells. Here we find that our countrymen were not so fortunate as to have the stone-mason so handy, but eventually he was found in the person of Mr. Benjamin F. Allen, a full-fledged Yankee. The weavers described to Mr. Allen what kind of a projectile a curling-stone was, and at last their cup of happiness was full to the brim. It was he who took to the game, "as a duck takes to the water," and in time was able to out-Scotch the Scotchiest of them all. To Mr. Allen's kindness and lively interest is due the great success of the present Utica Curling Club, which has perhaps better facilities for enjoying the game than any other club in the United States. Unfortunately your time in Utica was short, and the arrangements of the Utica Club were all made for the day previous to your arrival, otherwise you would have seen more of the Utica curlers, composed as they are almost wholly of representative men in their different callings, and possessing in a large degree that kindly genial disposition that is so essential in the make-up of a curler.¹

Leaving Utica, going west, we come to that enterprising city of Buffalo, and here at one time was one of the largest and strongest playing clubs in the State, but for some reason known only to themselves they are never heard of. Here, too, we have such pioneers as David Bell and George M'Noe, who, by the way,

¹ We most heartily endorse Mr. Thaw's opinion of the Utica curlers.

was the first Secretary of the G.N.C.C. Mr. M'Noe was a very able man, and, I think, was editor of a Buffalo daily paper. He was well known under the *nom de plume* of "Tam of the Glen," and was a poet of considerable merit.

There is also a Boston club, fathered by Mr. John M'Gaw, a Galloway man. Now, Mr. Kerr, I feel that I have run the whole gamut of my knowledge of the organisation of curling in the eastern section, and I certainly have indulged my memory in a rambling trip through the most pleasant recollections of my sojourn in this the land of my adoption.

The Grand National Curling Club at the present time, I regret to say, is not in as flourishing a condition as I would wish it to be. Our grand old men are a' wearin' awa', and the younger generation don't seem to have the same sentiment, nor are they imbued with the same love for the traditions of the game, or the grand old land that has given to the whole world the best, the cleanest, and manliest of sports that is played outdoors. There are a few of us left yet who are ready to make any reasonable sacrifice to the end that curling in the States is to go on and progress.

It is to be hoped that our good brither Scot, "Jimmy" Thaw—one of the best men we had the pleasure of meeting on our tour—and those who are so anxious to advance the Grand National Club, will have their wishes gratified and their sacrifices rewarded. Much might be done to encourage them by the Mother-club and by curlers at home. May the visit of the Scottish team be fraught with good results, and may the greatest game the world e'er saw flourish as gaily under the Star-spangled Banner as it has done under the Thistle and the Maple Leaf!

CHAPTER XV

RETURN—RECEPTION—REUNION

Tune: "The British Grenadiers."

We talk with awe and wonder of warriors bold and brave,
Who, armed with guns of thunder, have crossed the stormy wave ;
But a band with peaceful purpose is of this song the theme,
With a tow, row, row, row, row ! It's the Scottish Curling Team.

Those soldiers, though they captured great towns by cannon ball,
Knew not the force of curling to capture hearts withal.
"We're brithers a' when curlin' !" on curlers' banners gleam,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, to the Scottish Curling Team.

Canadian curlers welcomed our men in royal style,
And did with princely banquets the evening hours beguile ;
Of parting at eleven they really couldn't dream !
With a tow, row, row, row, row, to the Scottish Curling Team.

Though plate-glass skips are pleased their play to criticise,
When we reflect how quickly the frost in Scotland flies,
Compared to its duration in Canada, we deem
Most wonderful the triumphs of the Scottish Curling Team.

Now let us give with feeling a hearty toast to those
Whose mission's friendship's sealing, and thus our song will close,
May the sunshine of good fortune aye brightly on them beam,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, to our Scottish Curling Team.

Haddingtonshire Courier, March 6, 1903.

On Board the Cunard S.S. "Lucania"

OUR party, which had twice been broken by accidents, had again to be diminished before we went on board the *Lucania* to journey home on February 21. Mr. Campbell was "under weather," and had to remain with friends

and take a later boat, while Provost Ballantyne and his wife and daughter had decided to prolong their tour and visit Boston and some other places, before returning home. We were sorry to part from them, and we believe they reciprocated the feeling, for while they came to see us safely off they seemed to be sorry that they were not going with us.

As soon as we got our luggage passed and safely on



AU REVOIR.

board we were all gratified to receive quite a sackful of correspondence—with home news, so far as we know, all cheerful, so that we started on our return journey in good heart and spirit. The New York curlers turned out in strong force to bid us “Adieu,” and a great many Scots who knew that the team was leaving by the *Lucania* came down to shake hands with us. It was surprising to find how many Scots were located and thriving in the great American city. “Shemus Donalich,” the piper at the banquet, played the plaintive strains of

“Lochaber no more,” etc., and Messrs. Thaw, Nicholson, Smith (Secretary), and others who had stood by us were there to wave their blessings after us with the great assemblage that gathered at the stage as the big steamer slowly moved away. The flutter of white handkerchiefs and the cheering were quite touching.

Many of those we had met could not be present at the pier to bid us good-bye, but that their hearts were with us, such telegrams as these proved :—

Hamilton, Ont., Feb. 20.

Rev. J. KERR, Captain, Scots Curlers, passenger on
Lucania.

I wish you all safe and pleasant voyage, and a happy meeting with loved ones at home. ADAM BROWN.

Chicago, Illin., Feb. 20.

Rev. J. KERR, Captain, Royal Caledonian Curling Team,
c/o Str. *Lucania*.

Wanderers of Chicago wish your team *bon voyage*, and take this opportunity to heartily congratulate the Parent Curling Organisation on the selection of her representatives for the tour now closed.

Wanderers' Club, JOHN G. CAMPBELL, *President*.

D. C. DAVIES, *Secretary, Curling Committee*.

Montreal, Que., Feb. 21.

Rev. Dr. KERR, S.S. *Lucania*, N.Y.

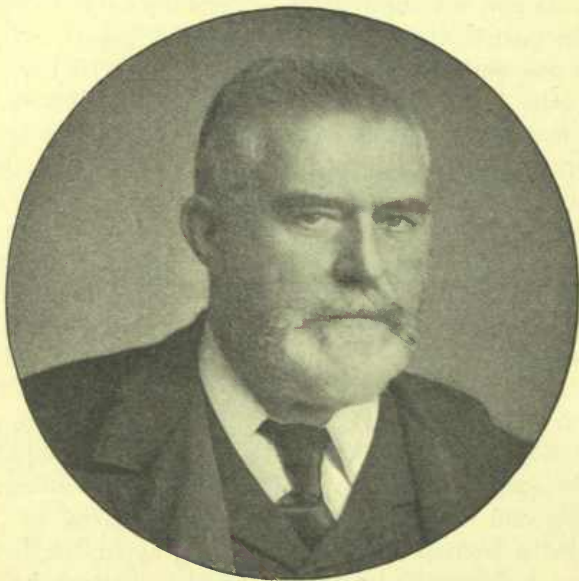
Safe voyage to you and team, and haste ye quickly back. A. MILNE.

The Cunard Company

It was a strange feeling for the Captain of the Scottish curlers to find himself at last on board one of the

steamships of the great Cunard Company, of which he had heard so much. The Company took its name from a Halifax gentleman, who first thought of connecting America and Great Britain in this way. But it will ever remain associated with the Burns family, now represented by Lord Inverclyde. Sir George Burns who, with Cunard, set the venture successfully agoing, resided in the parish of Skelmorlie, where the Captain of the team was parish minister for two years, 1876-78. He and Mrs. Burns took an interest in all good work, for both were of a religious turn of mind, though this ran in a narrow groove. Their residence was Wemyss House, Wemyss Bay. The great mansion of Castle Wemyss was occupied by their son, then plain "John Burns, Esquire," who was a most active and powerful man. The Burns family, though of Presbyterian descent, had an Episcopal Chapel at Wemyss Bay, which they opened in summer and supplied with English preachers. They attended the parish church in winter, so long at least as Mr. Burns approved of the minister's preaching, for he liked to deal in theology as well as in steamships, but he took objection to his teaching on Eschatology, which was not sufficiently ardent, and went over to the U.P. There he was allotted a front pew near the heating apparatus, but as he was not salamander enough for the situation he and his family had to take a back seat. We remained good friends, notwithstanding, and when the *Life of Sir George Burns* was published, Sir John presented us with a handsome copy. John Burns was a great believer in Empire. If he was imperious, he was also an Imperialist when that was not so common. The Captain of the Scottish curlers distinctly ascribes some of his own Imperialist enthusiasm to what he heard from Mr. Burns and the visitors he conversed with at his noble mansion on the

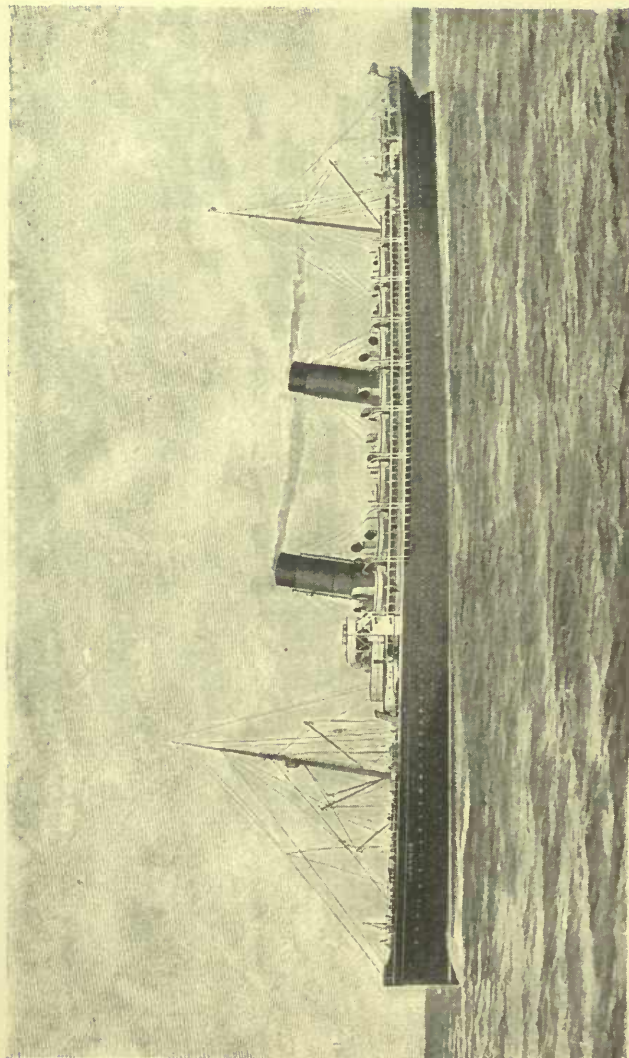
Clyde. Many were the great men we met at Castle Wemyss,—among others the silvery-haired Sir Bartle Frere, and as if it were yesterday, we remember how he upbraided the Government for its treatment of his South African views, and prophesied what came to pass in the great Boer War. One of Mr. Burns's good features was his



FIRST LORD INVERCLYDE.

(Sir John Burns.)

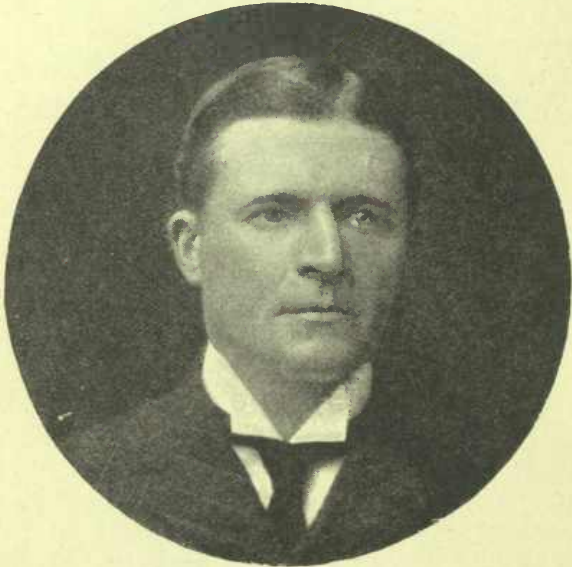
consideration for the officers of his big ships, many of whom we had the pleasure of meeting. Their great pride was the immunity from danger which had characterised their Company—though this was eventually broken a little by some accidents. The second Lord Inverclyde the Captain remembers as quite a youth, for it was twenty-six years ago. To judge from his portrait, he is the image of



ROYAL MAIL TWIN-SCREW STEAMER *LUCCINIA*.

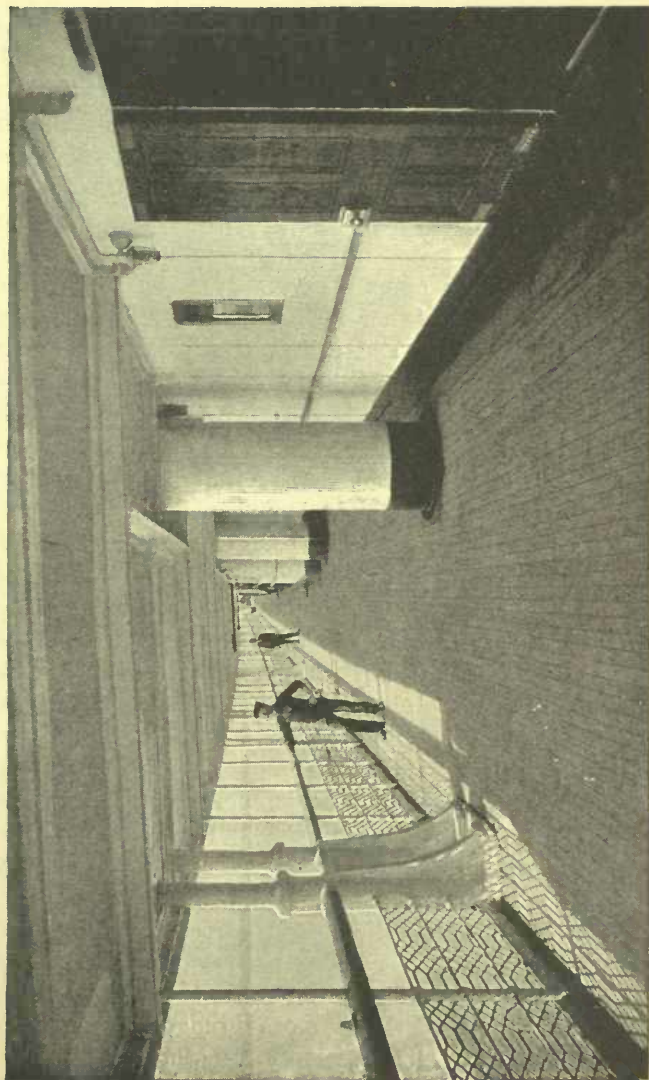
his amiable and accomplished mother, who was a member of the Arbuthnot family of Mavisbank, Midlothian.

The present Lord Inverclyde has proved a worthy son of a worthy father; and under his directorship the Company has remained firm to the British Empire in spite of much temptation to join the great American combine. Might not such a powerful Company turn



LORD INVERCLYDE
(the second).

attention to Canada and cement the bonds of Empire by a "greyhound" service from Liverpool or Glasgow to Halifax? This would be a graceful tribute to the memory of the man whose name the Company bears—Cunard. It never once entered our mind at the time we have referred to that we would ever board one of these ships,—but here we were, after our Imperial



DECK PROMENADE, LUCANIA.

mission, and on one of the finest of that noble fleet. The *Lucania*, twin-sister to the *Campania*, was built in 1893, and for a time the two were the fastest passenger steamers yet constructed in Great Britain. Her length over all is 620 ft.; breadth extreme, 65 ft. 3 in.; depth from upper deck, 43 ft.; gross tonnage, 12,952 tons. The illustrations, kindly lent by the Company, show the luxurious furnishings of the vessel, which for speed, comfort, and safety is a paragon of excellence. Her record of speed for the first year of her sailing was 20.90 knots per hour. At this rate she covers the passage between Great Britain and America in something like six days—a striking testimony to the advance made, when it is noted that the first Cunarder *Britannia* had a tonnage of only 1154, an average speed of 8½ knots an hour, and took fourteen days, eight hours, from the Mersey to Boston. The twins have well been called “greyhounds.” The tremendous speed caused so much strain and pressure on her nerves and sinews as she ploughed the Atlantic, that one was reminded vividly of Kipling’s description of “The Ship that Found Herself,” in *The Day’s Work*, though the *Lucania* had, no doubt, found herself ten years ago. It was delightful to think, after all one’s trying experiences, that home was coming nearer at such a rapid rate; but for promenading and general comfort the construction and pace of the good old *Bavarian*, with which we made the outward journey, had some compensations.

To secure a passage home on this racer each member of the team had to pay an extra charge on the return ticket which had been purchased by the Allan Line. But it may be said that no one grudged this. From first to last the determination of all who had charge of the company on board was evidently to minister to their



DINING SALOON, *LUCANIA*.

creature comforts in the most perfect manner, and make them all feel that a voyage at sea, instead of being a trial, was the most delightful experience of life. The menu of our first meals on board may be quoted as a sample of all that followed.

R.M.S. *LUCANIA*

Saturday, Feb. 21, 1903

LUNCHEON

Mutton Broth. Chicken Broth.

Pickled Oysters. Sardines.

Lobster.

Hot

Roast Leg of Mutton. Onion Sauce.

Vegetable Stew. Veal and Ham Pie.

Beefsteak (to order) from Grill.

Boiled, Baked, Mashed, Fried, and Sweet Potatoes.

Cold

Galantine of Turkey. Ox Tongue. Liver Sausage.

Pickled Tongues

Baked Cumberland Ham. Boar's Head.

Roast Beef. Boiled Chicken.

Roast Mutton. Braised Beef. Head Cheese. Corned Beef.

Salad-Potato. Beetroot.

Lettuce and Tomatoes. French Dressing.

Peaches and Custard. French Pastry. Rice Pudding.

Prunes and Rice.

Cheese—Cheshire, Wiltshire, Gorgonzola, Cream.

Apples. Pine Apple. Oranges.

Tea. Coffee. Chocolate.

R.M.S. *LUCANIA*

Saturday, Feb. 21, 1903

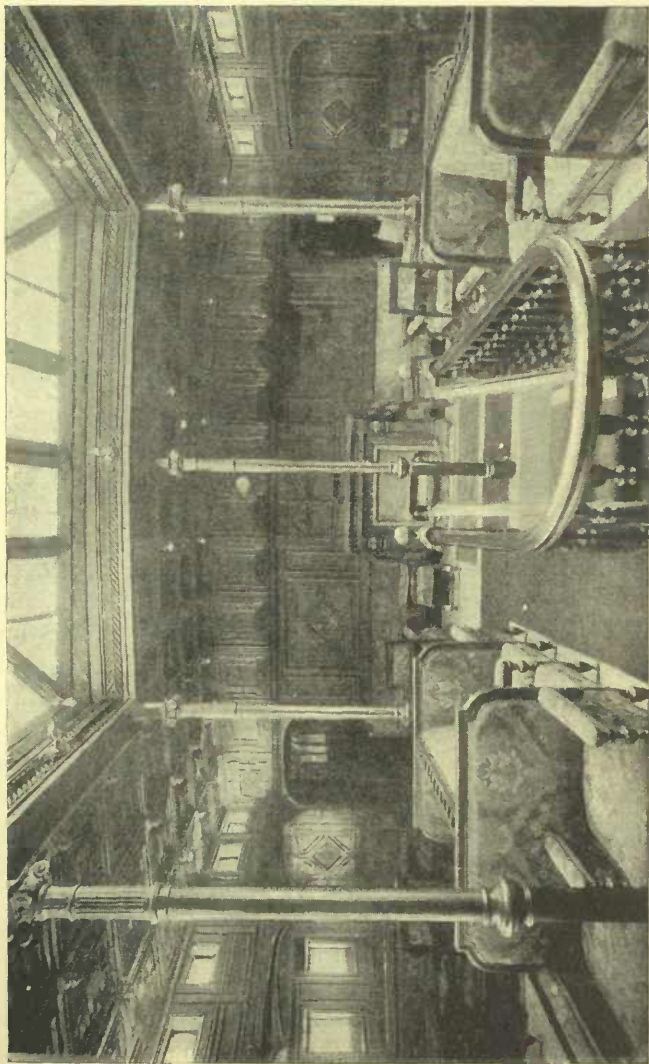
DINNER

Olives. Oysters.

Consommé Andalouse. Mulligatawny.

Whitebait.

Halibut. Hollandaise Sauce.

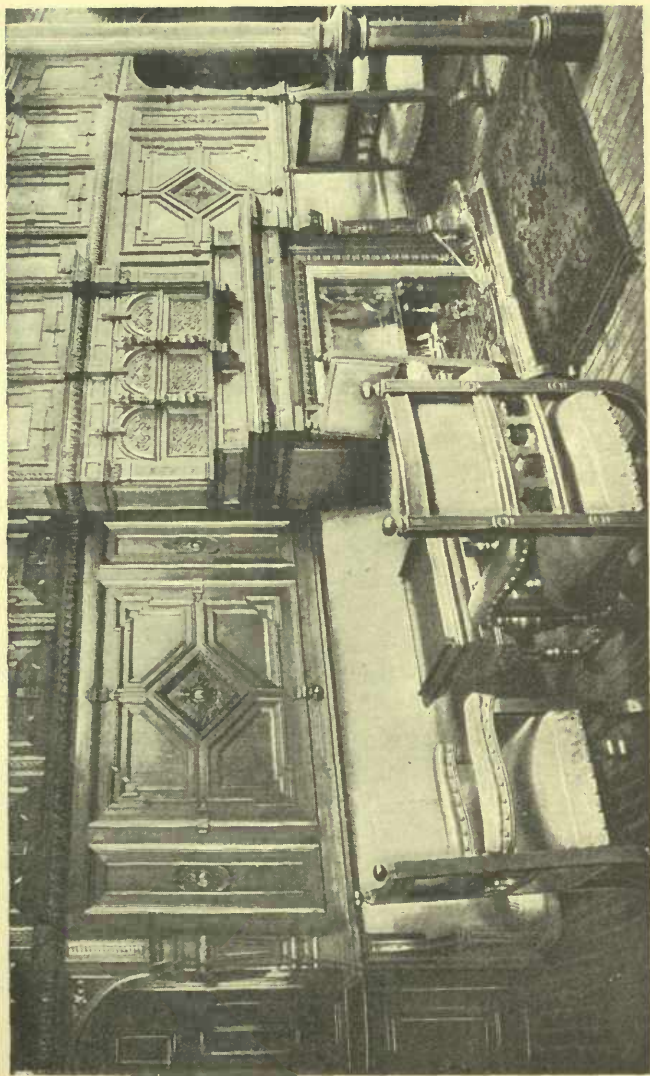


SMOKE-ROOM, LUCANIA.

CURLING TOUR

	Fillets of Beef.	Jardiniere.
		(Chateaubriand Potatoes.)
		Tête de Veau en Tortue.
		Boudins de Volaille.
	Haunch of Mutton.	Jelly.
Roast Beef.	Boiled Chicken.	Corned Ox Tongue.
	Roast Turkey.	Cranberry Sauce.
		Celery.
Cauliflowers.	Rice.	Fried Egg Plant.
	Potatoes—Boiled and Roast.	
	Roast Squabs.	Cresses.
		Baked Bradenham Ham.
Rhubarb Tart.	Wine Jelly.	Swiss Pastry.
		Cream Meringues.
	Diplomate Pudding.	Tapioca Pudding.
		Neapolitan Ice Cream.
		Beignet au Parmesan.
	Cheese—Cheshire, Stilton, Gorgonzola.	
		Dessert.
	Tea.	Coffee.

There was no suggestion to improvise curling on board the *Iucania*—the deck did not permit of it, and besides, by this time we were all sick of the word. Our “bridge” men, however, soon settled down into a corner of their own, and from morn till evening, with intervals for meals, pursued their game. In another bigger department the game of poker went merrily on, and the “hooknoses,” as they were called (we know not why), were successful in drawing a good many flies into their chamber. Some days there was little pleasure in doing anything, for the boat rolled so much that it was sufficiently difficult to keep one’s seat; and the journeying from one side to another of the brass spittoons in the smoke-room was very amusing. It was a roughish trip on the whole, though it might have been much worse. The majority of the passengers spent the time in their cabins, and even there they found it difficult to keep



THE "BRIDGE" PLAYERS' CORNER, LUCANIA.

within their bunks; but for tariff walls made up of pillows and various other furnishings there would have been free trade between them and the floor.

The Captain of the team was favoured with a special cabin to himself, which was very comfortable, though the rolling of the vessel generally made it impossible to preserve one's equilibrium. The first morning of the journey (Sunday 22) his cabin steward came in with two oranges, nicely peeled, stuck on two silver forks, and a most luscious appetiser they proved. Then after bath and breakfast and promenade came church service at 10.30 A.M., conducted by an Episcopalian, the Rev. H. B. Wolryche Whitmore, who, we believe, is a relative of President Roosevelt. There was no sermon, and the prayers were read, the volume being a mixture of the English Prayer Book and that issued by the Church of Scotland for use at sea. The praise was led on the harmonium, and was very hearty. There were fully 160 saloon passengers on board, not a large company, so there was plenty of room and to spare. Among them the Captain and members soon found friends from the home country, such as Sir Mitchell Thomson, Bart., formerly Lord Provost of Edinburgh; Mr. J. R. Findlay of Aberlour, and Mrs. Findlay; Mr. A. H. Blyth, son of the famous golfer, Mr. E. L. I. Blyth; Mr. W. O. Murray, and others. We also found some of our Canadian friends, such as the millionaire Mr. Watson Ogilvie, whose model farm we had visited near Montreal, and who was going out to England for the hunting season, as he usually does. We made the acquaintance of Mr. Bernard Quaritch, the famous bookseller, and had some interesting talks with him on books and literature. Several young couples were on board, among others Mr. H. Spencer, the noted American jockey, and his bride. We were also glad to have with



THE TEAM CAPTAIN'S CABIN, LUCANIA.

us our good old friend Mr. Pearson, who had stuck to us faithfully throughout our tour, and felt himself all the better in health for the journey.

The Marconi System

The Cunard Company has the honour of being the first steamship company to systematically introduce the latest development of electrical science—ærial telegraphy. It was on the *Lucania* that Mr. Marconi's system was first set up, and so satisfied were the directors with the original experiments there, in establishing communication between ship and shore, that they at once decided to adopt the system on other vessels. The system is now in regular operation on the *Campania*, the *Etruria*, the *Umbria*, the *Ivernia*, and the *Saxonia*. In a recent case it was so useful that a passenger on board one of these ships was able, after having run short of cash, to signal to another which was a considerable distance off with a friend on board, and thus to obtain supplies. We had a talk with the *Campania*, which we met on her outward journey, over 100 miles away, and heard that she was having a rough time of it; for while we were bad enough with the wind in our favour, she was much worse with the wind against her. Such inter-communication between vessels at sea is not the least important feature of this wonderful invention; as, in case of accident, it constitutes a most satisfactory element of safety. The Marconi Company have a signalling station at Nantucket, which enables steamers going westward to be reported in New York thirteen hours earlier than was possible before; while messages are similarly exchanged with the Irish coast five or six hours before the departure from or arrival at Queenstown. By the establishment of a signalling station on Sable Island, off the shores of Newfoundland,

No. 4. —100.—25.6.02.

THE MARCONI INTERNATIONAL MARINE COMMUNICATION COMPANY LTD.,
18, FINCH LANE, LONDON, E.C.

No. 4 STATION 27. Feb 1903

	STATION	CHARGES TO PAY
Handed <u>Pat</u>	<u>NA</u>	<u>CK 73^{rs} 65^{ps}</u>
<p>This Message has been transmitted <u>scandinavian</u> by the back hereof, which have been agreed to by the Sender If the accuracy of this message be doubted, the Receiver must necessary charges may have it repeated from Station to Station over the Company system whenever possible, and should any error be shown to exist, all charges for such repetition will be refunded.</p> <p><u>NA</u> This <u>PM</u> must accompany any enquiry respecting this <u>telegram</u>.</p>		Total

To Kerr Scott's Cruisers
Passenger Lucia
Welcome home meet upon arrival
Davidson Smith exchanged Hotel Liverpool

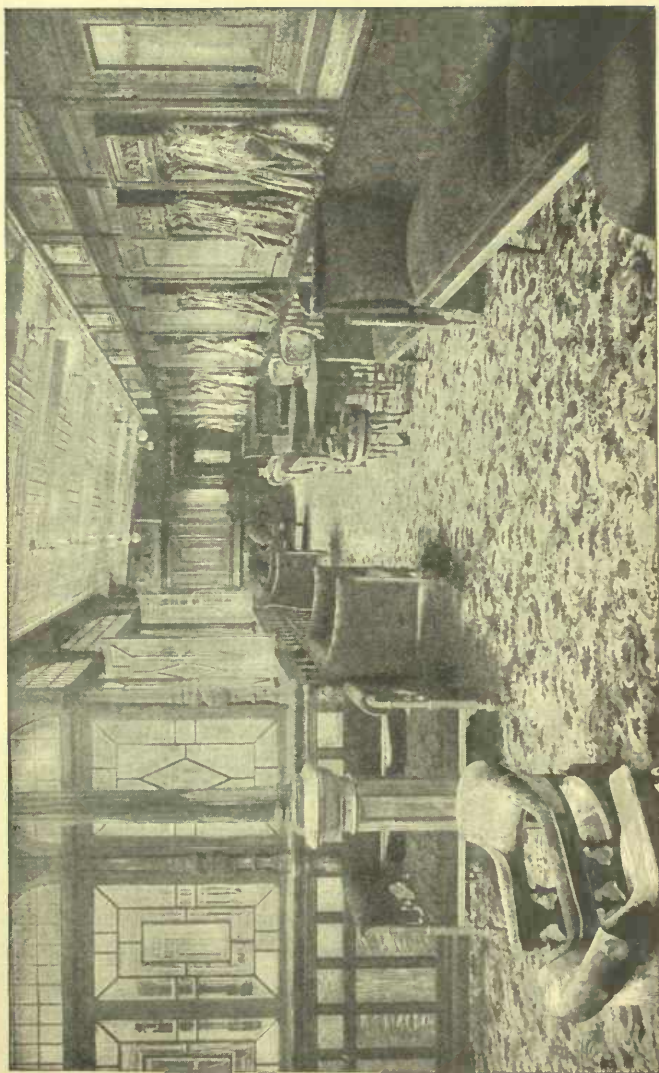
the Cunarders and any other vessels fitted with the simple plant of wireless telegraphy, will, when crossing the Atlantic, never be more than two days out of touch with Great Britain or America, and doubtless even these two days will eventually be eliminated. It was our privilege to see the system at work, and to admire its simplicity. In our own case we had a welcome salutation when we were nearing home from our good Secretary, who had so anxiously followed us on our journey. We have given on the preceding page a facsimile of this historic message.

Captain M'Kay

It was a great delight on several occasions to be welcomed in the snug special cabin where Captain M'Kay, when not on actual duty, entertains his friends among the passengers, and recites some of his interesting experiences of sea-life. He is one of the "real Mackay" sort, a genuine Highlander, fond of fun, and a capital *raconteur*. His description of the varieties of passengers that he has seen on board shows that while he steers his big boat he has his weather-eye open to the foibles and peculiarities of those who are under his charge. His record as a Cunard officer is one of the best; and as he is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, he must have won distinction in a wider field than simply steering the *Lucania*.

Our "Lucania" Concert

As with the Allan Line so with the Cunard and, we believe, with the most of the Companies, those noble Institutions of Liverpool and New York which have for their object "to feed, clothe, and educate the destitute or necessitous children of all classes of seamen, or seafaring men," are not forgotten. In keeping the claims



CORNER OF DRAWING-ROOM, LUCANIA.

of these benevolent Societies before passengers the Companies act on the avowed principle that "no more fitting tribute of gratitude can be shown to the Almighty hand, who brings the ship in safety to her desired haven, than by helping to support the children who are



CAPTAIN MACKAY, *LUCANIA*.

left fatherless by the necessities of the seaman's life." From the return of the Board of Trade it appears that since this Orphanage work began, thirty years ago, 123,942 seamen died in British ships abroad, of whom 83,231 were drowned, and this does not take into account those who died in the United Kingdom. The appeal is one

that can never fail to reach the heart of the passenger. Some one must, however, take action on each journey, and as on the *Bavarian* so on the *Lucania* the musical members of our team took the arrangement for a concert in hand. This came off on the evening of Thursday, February 26, by which time we had made the acquaintance of most of the musical passengers; for those who



THE SKIPPER'S DECK, *LUCANIA*.

were not suffering from sickness were glad to have, now and then, some vocal or instrumental music in the drawing-room.

In the interval of the Concert the Chairman commended the Orphanage to the sympathy of the passengers, and referred to the kindness and attention which on all hands the officers and men of the *Lucania* had shown to them, and to the great reputation of the Cunard Company for the perfection of their general arrangements.

The programme was as follows:—

ENTERTAINMENT IN AID OF THE
SEAMEN'S CHARITIES OF LIVERPOOL AND NEW YORK

held on board the

CUNARD R.M.S. *LUCANIA*, A. M'KAY, F.R.G.S., COMMANDER,

Thursday, Feb. 26, 1903, at 8.30 P.M.

CHAIRMAN—REV. J. KERR.

PART I.

Piano Solo	Mrs. Spencer
Song	.	.	.	Anchored	.	Mr. W. Edwin Gregg	
Piano Solo	Dr. Weber
Song	.	.	The Maid of the Mill	.	Mr. D. Provan		
Song	.	Sunshine and Rain—Blumenthal			Mrs. W. E. Gregg		
Song	.	A Man's a Man for a' that	.	Provost Gordon			
Song	.	.	Selected	.	Mr. H. C. Farrar		
Chairman's Remarks.							

PART II.

Piano Solo	.	Imptomptu by Schubert	.	Mr. Segalla
Song	.	The Lost Chord—Sullivan	.	Mrs. W. E. Gregg
Song	.	A Bird in the Hand	.	Mr. D. Provan
Sketch	.	The Soldier's Tear	Major Scott Davidson	
Song	.	The Lads in Navy Blue—Dacre	Capt. Simpson	
Song	.	Green grow the Rashes, O	Provost Gordon	
Accompanist—Mrs. Spencer.				

AMERICA. GOD SAVE THE KING.

The total proceeds of this interesting concert amounted to a sum little short of £40, so that the team, from the time they left home, had been instrumental in raising more than £50 for the Seamen's Orphanage Institutions.

We must, in the case of the *Lucania* concert, acknowledge our indebtedness to Mrs. J. R. Findlay, who was indefatigable in selling programmes; without her support such a handsome sum would not have been realised. For these alone something like a sum

of £10 was paid, while the balance was made up by the collection, no tickets being issued.

The official **Abstract of Log** for our voyage home is here given :—

Date, 1903.	Distance.	Latitude.	Longitude.	Winds.
Feb. Saturday, 21		Left N. York 0.05	P.M.	S.W.
" " "	Sandy	Hook L'ship abeam	2.35 P.M.	S.W.
Sunday, 22	425	40.23 N.	64.34 W.	S.W. to N.W.
Monday, 23	453	40.44 "	54.38 "	W.N.W.
Tuesday, 24	489	42.33 "	44.36 "	
Wednesday, 25	470	46.13 "	34.54 "	N.N.W.
Thursday, 26	462	49.03 "	24.16 "	N.W. to V'ble.
Friday, 27	467	51.07 "	12.35 "	N.W'ly.
" " "	169	To Daunts Rk.		9.27 P.M. Daunts R'k. L'ship. abeam
From Sandy H'k. L'ship. to Daunts Rock .	— 2935			PASSAGE— Sandy H'k. L'ship. to Daunts Rock, 6 days, 2 hours, 17 minutes. Average speed per hour 20.07.
From Sandy H'k. L'ship. to L'pool Bar .	232 — 3167	To L'pool Bar		

The Triumphal Arch of Broom

On slowly moving up to the pier we were both surprised and delighted to see a deputation of curlers waving their broom-kowes in joyous salutation, their gesticulations evidently causing consternation to the bystanders as they did to those on board who were not acquainted with curling enthusiasm and curling customs. The deputation was headed by Mr. Davidson Smith, C.A., Secretary of the Royal Club; Mr. Lindsay, shipping agent, who had seen us off; and besides a large contingent from the Liverpool Club, there were Mr. Learmonth (Merchiston), Mr. Brown (Duddingston), Mr. Gemmill (Gladsmuir), Mr. M'Kellar (Glasgow), etc. These gentlemen had come up the night before, and had invited the Liverpool curlers to meet them and spend the evening, as we had done together before our departure. With toast and song they had a capital curlers' night,

with a specially brilliant speech from Mr. M'Gillivray, C.A., assistant to the Secretary of the R.C.C.C. Now they combined their forces to give the team a fitting reception on landing, for they upraised their brooms so as to form a triumphal arch, under which the members of the team passed in single file, shaking hands as they passed along, while the deputation cheered them vociferously. It was certainly very gratifying, after our arduous tour, to be received by such a genial company in such true curling style.

A considerable time elapsed before we got all our baggage out of the great ship, after watching the various boxes come trundling up the tramway, but friend Cromarty of Leasowe Golf Club had interviewed the Chief of Customs, Mr. Aitken, and we had as little trouble as possible in getting our boxes through, so that we had time for a hurried lunch before leaving the station for home at 2 P.M. on February 28. Our friends, when once we started, kept the journey lively with the news of the Grand Match, and all the other important events of the winter at home, which, from the curler's point of view, had been a very good one. On the other hand, our men gave them Canadian songs and sentiments, and in this way the railway journey was made wonderfully brief. Several members dropped off by the way for their home destinations. Owing to the storm, the telegraph system had broken down, and it was not known exactly when we would reach the Caledonian Station, but a good number of friends awaited our arrival, and after hearty handshakings, each took off his several way, the cabmen having considerable difficulty in stowing away the trunks, stones, and other paraphernalia which we had with us.

On Saturday evening we were all in the midst of our families, and realising the truth of the good old adage, "There's no place like home."

Reception of the Team on their Return to Scotland

On the return of the team a proposal was made and heartily taken up that the success of their tour should be recognised by their fellow-curlers at a complimentary luncheon in the Royal Hotel, Edinburgh, on Wednesday, March 18, 1903. The function took place under the auspices of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, and evoked great interest amongst the knights of the broom. This was evident from the fact that the gathering was attended by nearly two hundred and fifty gentlemen from most parts of Scotland. The chair was occupied by the Earl of Mansfield, President of the Royal Club; and twenty-three members of the team were present, the only absentee being Provost Ballantyne, whose absence was due to indisposition. The Captain of the team, the Rev. John Kerr, Dirleton, and Major Scott Davidson supported the Chairman right and left respectively, and all the other members of the team, except Provost Ballantyne, were at the same table. Sir John Gilmour of Montrave, Bart., and Mr. J. A. Robertson-Durham of Boghead, Vice-Presidents of the Royal Club, were the croupiers.

Among the other curlers were—

Rev. R. Menzies Fergusson, Airthrey Castle; W. G. Harvey, Ardgowan; John Gardiner, Ayr; J. Brown, Bathgate; W. Allan, do.; J. MacNab, Jr., do.; G. Jeffreys, do.; Dean of Guild Roberts, do.; A. Dougal, do.; A. Sloan, do.; W. Gardner, do.; W. Roberts, do.; D. Johnston, Broomhall; J. Moodie, do.; T. F. Gibb, Buchan; Alex. Tainsh, do.; Allan Old, do.; George Paterson, do.; Major Cleghorne, do.; T. B. Murray, Biggar; W. A. Peterkin, Caberfeidh; W. Wright, Camperdown; John Bruce, do.; Alfred Neave, do.; R. B. Smith, do.; Col. J. W. King, Cardross; J. L. Anderson, Ceres; J. G. Dudgeon, Corstorphine; W. Allan, do.; R. Henderson, do.; Rob. Watson, Coulter; J. Hamilton, do.; R. Forrest, do.; J. Watson, do.; Jas. Tennant, do.; John Hamilton, do.; Rev. W. Brodie, Craigielands; Colonel Younger,

do.; Gregor MacGregor, Craiglockhart; Peter Maenaughton, do.; R. Anderson, do.; Dr. Carruthers, do.; J. Stenhouse, Cramond; Philip Sulley, Cupar; John Whyte, do.; D. B. Fairbairn, Currie; J. A. Fernie, Dalkeith; Eben. Dawson, do.; R. Aytoun, do.; A. G. Reid, Dunfermline; Jas. Stewart, do.; John Brown, do.; John Boswell, do.; D. Brown, Duddingston; T. M. Skirving, do.; Geo. Mackay, do.; Wm. Christie, do.; John Christie, do.; Wm. Hamilton, Douglas; Jas. Gray, Dunblane; W. Peattie, do.; W. Riddell, Dunglass, etc.; J. B. Handyside, Dirleton; M. S. Berrie, Earlston; R. H. Herbertson, do.; J. Ewart, Edin. Northern; T. Gibb, do.; Wm. Manuel, Forrestfield; David Thomson, J.P., do.; Jas. Ritelie, Gourrock; W. Gemmill, Glads-muir; M. Ormiston, Haddington; T. W. Kemp, do.; Jas. Dods, do.; A. R. Oliver, Hawick; W. M. Price, do.; J. M'Kellar, Hillhead; C. Johnston, Holyrood; T. Wilson, do.; John A. Murie, do.; T. Walker, do.; A. Gilchrist, do.; J. M. Thomson, do.; W. Roxburgh, do.; P. Forrest, Haremyres; J. Thomson, Braid; W. H. Torrance, do.; M. Kerr, do.; Peter Turner, Kirknewton; J. Monteath, Kippen; W. Stuart Palm, Largo; Geo. Malcolm, Lasswade; W. L. Stewart, do.; J. M. Gibbon, Leven; T. M'Gibbon, Lundin and Montrave; W. Reid, Larbert; Mark Turnbull, Melrose; General Boswell, do.; J. W. Learmonth, Merchiston; A. Hunter, do.; D. P. Laird, do.; C. C. Moffat, do.; J. Wyllie, Mid-Calder; J. Martin, do.; C. L. Arnton, Montreal; Major Alexander, Morton-hall; Peter Shaw, Moscow; John Richardson, Musselburgh; W. Howden, do.; A. A. Thomson, do.; John Reid, Manitoba, Winni-peg; P. Wilson, North Berwick; Rev. W. L. M'Dougall, Orwell; Dr. Graham, Paisley Iceland; R. S. Anderson, Peebles; F. W. Dyson, do.; A. Yellowlees, do.; T. A. F. Bryden, do.; C. Cook, Pencaitland; R. C. Cowan, Penicuik; C. Buchanan, do.; G. L. Aitken, Raith and Abbotshall; D. Gardner, Rosslyn; Thos. Hutchison, do.; Carl Soltenborn, do.; Wm. Watson, do.; Wm. Smith, do.; Wm. Hutchison, do.; John Watson, do.; Dr. Cameron, do.; Jas. Pretsell, do.; Jas. Wright, Reston; Wm. Hood, St. Boswells; Hon. A. D. Murray, Scone and Perth; Rev. A. Benvie, B.D., do.; Adam Steel, do.; Sheriff P. Smith, Selkirk; D. C. Alexander, do.; T. Dunn, do.; A. Clarkson, Stirling; A. E. Cox, Snaigow; G. W. Constable, Traquair; J. R. Macgibbon, Upper Annandale; John Young, do.; M. Johnstone, do.; W. Charles Johnston, do.; A. Fingland, do.; Jas. Craig, Upper Nithsdale; J. Moffat, do.; J. Campbell, do.; John Craig, do.; Thos. William-son, do.; Rob. Dalgleish, do.; Alex. Taylor, do.; Rev. A. Paton,

Penpont; Professor Wallace, Waverley; Hugh Gilmour, do.; John Bertram, do.; R. R. Prentice, do.; John Watson, do.; J. Herdman, do.; T. Jack, Waverley Kierhill; A. Davidson Smith, Whittingehame; and others. Charles Nelson, Jas. Lyle, A. Brownlee, J. A. Fernie, W. Croke, Edinr., Charles Maitland Smith, J. S. Smith, reporter.

After luncheon, which was excellently served, the Chairman proposed the toasts of "The King, the Patron of the Club," and of "The Queen and all the other members of the Royal Family," which were right loyally received.

The Secretary (Mr. A. Davidson Smith, C.A.) then intimated letters of apology for absence from the following:—

The Right Honourable Lord Provost of Edinburgh; the Earl of Eglinton, President-Elect; Lord Balfour of Burleigh; Sir Jas. H. Gibson-Craig, Bart., of Riccarton; Sir Kenneth J. Mackenzie, Bart., of Gairloch; Hon. Jas. Smart, Minister of Emigration, Canada; Colonel Robertson Aikman, of the Ross, Hamilton; A. F. Roberts, Selkirk; W. B. Dow, Dunfermline; M. W. Henderson, Linlithgow; J. D. Ferguson, Crystal Palace; John Jackson, Glasgow; R. Cathcart of Pitcairnie; Rob. Maxwell, North Berwick; W. Crawford, Duns; Dr. Browning, Waverley; Adam Brown, Kirkhope; Sheriff Smith, Selkirk; Alex. Mackay, Waverley; J. Smith of Craigielands, Patron of Liverpool Club, and Members of do.; Breadalbane, Strathfillan and Glenfalloch Club; Coupangus and Kettins Club; J. S. Meggatt, Manchester; Mr. Thomson, Callander; Mr. M'Laren, Polmaise; Mr. Knox, Alloa.

He next read the following telegram from the Liverpool Curling Club:—

"Liverpool Club send greetings, heartiest wishes for happy meeting. Consider team did well. May all who differ from us fall over Niagara on Sabbath.—GEDDES."

To which the following reply was sent—

"Wire received. Crowded meeting. Message read. No difference here. Good old Liverpool.—MANSFIELD."

Amongst the letters was one from Provost Ballantyne regretting his inability to be present, on account of ill-

ness. "I regret exceedingly, as all of us do," said the Secretary, "the absence of Provost Ballantyne, but we are glad to see that Mr. Smith (Stenhouse and Carron) is with us. We all sympathise with him, and are pleased that he is able to be here to-day. I wish to say before sitting down, that I have letters from several curlers in Canada and America, each one more than another praising up the team in a way that if I were to go over all would make them blush. But I must read the following

Letter from Colonel Edwards,

a most important man, and Chairman of the Committee of the Ontario Province for receiving the team. He says:—

PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO, CANADA,

January 29, 1903.

MY DEAR MR. SMITH—We have had the long-expected visit from the Scottish Curlers, and it has awakened a great deal of interest and enthusiasm. We have all been delighted with the manly representatives of the manly game that the Royal Caledonian Curling Club have sent to us. Every one who has met them has fallen in love with them as curlers and gentlemen. Their visit will long be remembered by the curlers of this country, and we hope that in return they will take home many pleasant memories of Canada.

We were very glad to have a visit from them at Peterborough, the first town that they entered under the jurisdiction of the Ontario Curling Association, and they seem to have been pleased with the reception given them here, as at other places they have visited.

I need not go over the whole list of games, as no doubt you will receive full particulars from the team. Suffice it to say that they have proved themselves worthy representatives of the parent club, and wherever the representatives of young Canada have succeeded in defeating them, it has only been after a gallant fight, in which they have taken the odds against them as cheerily as if they had been all in their favour; and wherever they have won they have taken their victory as modestly as if it were a case of the mother playing with her daughter.

But the great feature of their visit is, that, winning or losing, they have brought the love of the Motherland and of the Mother-



Yours sincerely
R. A. Edwards

club to the people of this country, who accept it with the eagerness of children who have been long away from home.

I congratulate you and the Royal Caledonian Curling Club that this long-expected visit has been so happily carried out, and I trust that in the years to come it may continue to bear fruit on both sides of the Atlantic, both in the grand old game of curling, and in the grander interests that bind in one all parts of the British Empire.—Yours sincerely,

E. B. EDWARDS.

A. Davidson Smith, Esq.”

This letter of the gallant Colonel was received by the assemblage with great applause.

The Rev. R. MENZIES FERGUSSON proposed “the Imperial Forces,” and, in doing so, said—It is not necessary



Photo by Ramsay, Bridge of Allan.

REV. R. MENZIES FERGUSSON.

in a company like this to say many words to commend to your attention a toast like that of “The Imperial Forces,” for I am sure all of us have noticed in the last few years a great change coming over the condition of the Army and of the Reserve or Volunteer Forces as they used to be called. We have not only adopted the word but the sentiment which is understood by the word “Imperial”; and in order to cement that feeling, and intensify it, our

Royal Club was successful in obtaining funds and men and sending them to Canada to bind that colony a little closer to the Motherland. I do not intend to make remarks on the different branches of these Forces, seeing that so much is being said in the Houses of Parliament

—a little sense and a great deal of nonsense. But I am glad to see so much interest taken in the matter, and I am sure all Scotsmen are pleased to learn that at last His Majesty's Government have seen proper to establish a Naval Base at our doors and on our coast; I would also direct the attention of the authorities to the leading article in to-day's *Scotsman* pointing out that the Government and those connected with it, might do something for increasing the number of Scotsmen in the engineering department and in the Navy. Scotsmen, it will be remembered, are those who, if they did not annex England, gave it a Sovereign. We have some of the best engineers in the world, but unfortunately their services are taken up by foreign governments, and they go beyond the seas. That is a pity for our Government. As to the Volunteers, I do not wish to say anything about those who went to assist the Regular Army in that campaign, which was so protracted and which ended at last so successfully; but I am sure we all owe a deep debt of gratitude to those sons of ours in Colonial lands who responded so readily and fought so bravely our battles in South Africa. (Applause.) We are glad to see that we have with us some of these Canadian sons to-day—(applause)—who may take home the feeling that we appreciate the work many of their sons did in Africa, and what they did at Paardeberg especially. (Applause.) I have much pleasure in giving you the toast of "The Imperial Forces," coupled with the name of General Boswell. (Applause.)

GENERAL BOSWELL said—I thank you for the honour you have done me in coupling my name with this toast. It is one which touches the pride, I think, of every British subject. The toast of "Our Defensive Forces" is always enthusiastically received. Britain being almost entirely

dependent on foreign countries for her food supplies, it is a matter of paramount importance, or in the words of Mr. Forster yesterday in the House, "a matter of life or death" to have a strong Navy, not as a menace, but to protect our Empire in case of war; and, judging by the naval programme and estimates of this year, the Government is fully alive to that fundamental doctrine. I am at a great disadvantage, being in a corner here so far from my friend Mr. Fergusson, for I could not hear



Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh.

GENERAL BOSWELL.

exactly all that he said; but the Government is fully alive to the fact that we require expansion; and the Naval Base taken up at St. Margaret's Hope no doubt will prove to be a real safeguard to this part of the British Isles. (Applause.) Our handy men are as handy as ever they were, both ashore and afloat, as witness their gallant deeds all over the world, and recently at Lady-smith; and just now see their work in Somaliland, where

they are entirely employed in landing the troops and material for an expedition in that part of Africa. As regards our Army we can never compete with the Continental nations, who can count their soldiers by millions in time of war, but as the service papers and as all thinking men will agree, the principle of having an efficient force within and without the realm, ready at all times to take the field, is a sound proposition, and should not come within the domain of party politics. (Applause.)

Nor do I think that cases of military discipline should be thrashed out in Parliament. The manhood of our Army is as full of health as of yore, and when properly equipped and led, will perform their gallant deeds as well as their ancestors did. Our volunteers acted like true patriots during the late Boer War, and performed yeoman service, and it is to be hoped that more stringent regulations will not prevent many men from joining that force. Our Colonial forces rose to the occasion when they saw their Mother-Country in a tight corner, and manfully responded to her call to arms—men from the North and East, the South and West, all flocked to the British Standard in a manner that showed that the true British spirit is not only in the old country but in all the Colonies. (Applause.) However, you did not come here to listen to a lot of platitudes about the Army and Navy. (Laughter.) You want to hear about the curling team and Canada; and I shall therefore only thank you very heartily for the way in which you have responded to this toast. (Applause.)

On a call for a song from one of the team, Mr. Provan sang "Jean Jeemison's Bannet," which gave much amusement.

The Rev. ANDREW PATON, Penpont, said—The word of your Secretary is law, and I rise to propose the toast of "The Royal Caledonian Curling Club." I suppose I have been asked to propose this toast because I have been more or less identified from the beginning with sending out this team to Canada. The toast requires few words. The club began in a small way, and, as most infants have to do, it got a name. I think the name is a most fortunate one. It is a name implying common sympathies, feelings, and aims. It is a curling club implying in the members great strength of character,

of action, and of kindly feeling in a game that adds to the vigour of mind and body and heart. It is called the Caledonian Curling Club, because its foundation and its real strength lie in that country which every Scotsman regards as the centre of the world. It is a Royal club, not only because we have His Imperial Majesty as Patron, but because it has charge of what is regarded by all true



Photo by Reid, Dumfries.

REV. A. PATON.

curlers as the king of games—a true royal sport. It has not only a good name but it has a good aim. This Royal Caledonian Curling Club has the aim of cementing and strengthening all clubs throughout the country, and by trophies and medals stimulating the curling feeling. It has in its provinces and districts those clubs which encourage the national and international spirit, and do a deal to foster much that is best and greatest in

humanity. It has this year struck out in a new path—and I am not to do more than merely mention that path—it has taken on itself to send out that team which has done itself so much credit, and which we are all glad to see here again. This shows that the club is acting according to the spirit of its aims and of the new era. It has also a history. It had a small beginning. It began with 28 clubs, and

now numbers from 600 to 800. Scotland is annexing England and the colonies throughout by this royal game, and I have no doubt some club will be wishing you to change the name from the Royal Caledonian to the Imperial Caledonian Curling Club. But we are to stick to our nationality, and we are not yet to say that the first skirmishers that have gone to Canada will not be succeeded—(applause)—by others who may bring home even greater laurels. It has in its constitution, perhaps, a greater number than any other club in the world. Its membership is perhaps about 25,000 altogether. It has at least a combination of membership, from the highest aristocracy to the humble peasant, living in a unity in their games such as is nowhere else found, stimulating that kindly feeling that should animate all humanity. (Applause.) It has also a literary side, and I am not sure but that our Secretary will turn not only a literary man but a literary professor if he goes on with his *Annual* at the rate he is doing. Many of the articles are interesting, and the verses have their own characteristics, in which I think the sentiment is often a good deal better than the rhymes. (Laughter.) It has also, I will venture to say, a spirit of gallantry about it. I am sure the members will forgive me for alluding to this one little thing—the gallantry displayed by the team. No doubt there are some wicked people who would have thought that they were drubbed by the ladies, but I am sure their gallantry would not allow them, as representing the Royal Caledonian Club, to do anything that would seem defamatory of that gracious sex. (Laughter.) I think not a little of the success of this club arises from the great and noble names that we have had as presidents and vice-presidents of the club all through its history. I would venture to take the names of the present

President and Vice-Presidents as illustrating the type and character of men we wish to have at the head of the club. They are not parochial, but imperial in sentiment, yet Scottish enough to desire that our nationality should not be obliterated, interesting themselves in their tenantry, their neighbourhood, and their games. We need more such in Scotland, and when such men are to be found, Scotland will be as great in the future as it has been in the past. If Lord Mansfield, and Sir John Gilmour, and Mr. Robertson-Durham could be induced to select a team to take to Canada, I am sure that, officially as in their private capacity, in this noble club they would receive a hearty welcome, not only amongst curling society, but also from Government and high authorities. (Applause.) Coming to the Secretary of the club, Mr. Davidson Smith, we have a man who is indefatigable, unwearied in his efforts, whose courtesy is unfailling, and whose very laugh gives a tonic and a stimulus to us. He is the heart's life of the club. I am quite sure the club is never able to remunerate Mr. Davidson Smith. They can only acknowledge his services. I speak calmly and honestly—I have been associated with him this year in very much work, and I can assure you that work has been colossal and of the most anxious nature; and if his time, his expenditure, and his labour had been paid in legal fees he would have had a little fortune. I do not know that it would be right and well for the club and his friends to accept all this, and much besides, without some tangible recognition. I only wish to bring out this point for your after consideration. I know very well that in doing so it will make him my mortal enemy, but still I will have a worthy foe. (Laughter.) I associate with this toast the name of Mr. Robertson-Durham, whose family history in connection with curling stands in a

most honourable position. His individual efforts and sacrifices, even from a pecuniary point of view, to the Royal Club, are known all over the curling world, and are worthy to receive all praise. I give you the toast of "The Royal Caledonian Curling Club." (Applause.)

Mr. J. A. ROBERTSON-DURHAM of Boghead in responding said—I rise with very great pleasure indeed to reply to this toast. I feel very deeply the honour you have conferred on me in appointing me one of the Vice-Presidents of your club. I appreciate the compliment very much indeed on behalf of the club to which I have the honour to belong, and I feel it very deeply too, because, exactly sixty years ago, when the then Lord Mansfield, the predecessor and ancestor of the Lord Mansfield who is in your Chair to-day, was your President, my predecessor and grand-uncle, Mr. Durham - Weir of Boghead, was, in 1843, appointed to be one of the Vice-Presidents. (Applause.) Your meeting in March 1843 acted as you



Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh.

J. A. ROBERTSON-DURHAM OF BOGHEAD.

do to-day. I am a great believer in upholding what your ancestors have done before you, and there is nothing I have entered into, or shall enter into, more heartily than the support of curling in our neighbourhood and in Scotland. In 1843, when Lord Mansfield was President, there were only forty-six associated clubs, with 3000 of a membership, but now, as the proposer of the toast has told you, there are 706 associated clubs,

with I do not know how many members connected with these clubs, but I think you will agree with me that the numbers are very large. Let me say that there may be thousands and thousands and hundreds of thousands—(applause)—who are associated with you in the wish to do everything that can be done for the furtherance of curling. I know of nothing that can better promote rivalry and good-fellowship. I believe I can assert that, before curling was discovered, dukes, marquises, and earls, and the upper ten held themselves aloof from ordinary mortals. The sons of toil were looked upon as people whom they could not come into contact with, and their retainers were looked upon as barbarians. But after curling was discovered, and more especially after this Royal Curling Club was created, all that was done away with. The duke and the marquis and the upper ten are as we are, on the ice, and they are as keen to support the game. I know we cannot in this toast refer to the Canadian team, but we know how well they have done and the good times they have had. I came across four lines the other day, which I think will perhaps lead you to consider with me the reason why they did not win every match they played. I believe the poet's name was Pennycook, and the lines are—

To curl on the ice does greatly please
Being a manly Scottish exercise,
It clears the brain, stirs up the native heat,
And gives a gallant appetite for meat.

(Laughter.) We hear of the games of cricket and football, but there is none, I am sure, that has done more to promote good-fellowship, keenness, and rivalry than the grand and noble game of curling. We all know how keenly every true curler enters into his game, and with what enthusiasm the curlers meet upon the ice. It

is too early in the day just now to raise that spirit of enthusiasm which we are able to stir up later in the evening. (Laughter.) Daylight is somewhat a deterrent on the fumes of whisky and soda or the other liquors that are consumed, but I have no doubt that by the time the next toast is proposed the enthusiasm will rise to a proper pitch. The proposer of the toast referred to the services of our Secretary. I cannot understand how he does his work at all. It is splendidly done. I am sure no one could do it better, and that to him the Royal Caledonian Club owes a very great debt of gratitude. (Applause.) He is not down on the toast-list to reply for anything, and I think it is our duty to recognise the great services he renders to us and the carefulness with which he discharges all the duties imposed on him. (Applause.) I would finish up by quoting to you other four lines that I discovered in an old volume of cuttings connected with the Royal Club :

In days of frost wi' Lawyer Chiels
Ane letter does for twa,
And Doctors let their patients live
Until there comes a thaw.

(Laughter.) As long as the frost is strong and the ice good, every keen curler will put his heart and soul into the noble game. I thank you exceedingly for the honour you have done me in coupling my name with this toast.

The CHAIRMAN—Brother curlers, I now approach what we may call the principal toast of this afternoon. I have to propose to you in the words in which it is printed—whether you approve of them altogether or whether you do not, “The Scoto-American Curling Team.” (Applause.) I take the words in their highest continental sense, and I include Canada as part of

America, although at the same time it is only a sister to the United States. Now we are met together to give a hearty welcome to our returned compatriots who have been doing a great work as representing Scotland in Canada, and also, in a smaller measure, in the United States. We are very thankful to see them back in such good fettle, and I am particularly pleased that nothing, even the doctor's advice, although it is a thaw, has hindered my friend Mr. Kerr, at however great inconvenience to himself, and as I hope at no damage to his health, to come amongst us this afternoon, because I feel sure that every one of you curlers will agree with me that the heart of the team would have been taken out of it had Mr. Kerr not been able to be present to-day. (Applause.) Now, gentlemen, this team began its first match on December 31. They were over seven weeks in Canada. They played 99 set games, of which they won 47, and were unsuccessful in 49, and there were three ties. (Applause.) Shortly after they had begun their operations we at home, who took a great interest in their labours, were somewhat confounded at the reports we read concerning their proceedings. After you have received the figures that I have just read to you I think it will come to your minds, as it has done to mine, that some of these reports were, to say the least of it, somewhat highly coloured, and though we then thought that defeat—I am really not putting it too strongly—that defeat was going to stare us in the face during the whole of their visit, we all, now that we know the real facts of the case, congratulate ourselves on the circumstance that they were more or less equal to their opponents. (Applause.) We who know something about the game of curling can realise well the difficulties that such a team had to contend with in their arduous struggle. They



Photo by Eddie, Airdrie.

LORD MANSFIELD,
PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN CURLING CLUB.

At p. 21 the President's attitude is the "Send off"; here it is the "Welcome home!"

had had next to no time for practice ; they had not had in this country an opportunity of playing together. They went out and played against teams that knew one another, not in one place but in ever so many places ; and I think we can congratulate them, sincerely congratulate them, and in doing so congratulate ourselves on the very satisfactory result which this first visit to Canada has brought forth. (Applause.) I will not refer—because it has been mentioned already—to the chivalry that was displayed by certain of them who were presumably bachelors. (Laughter.) It created some sort of sensation in this country at the time, but the second feeling soon came on people's minds that, after all, courtesy was the first duty of a visitor. (Laughter.) The other thought was that even though they were not successful there was no great shame in being defeated. Brother curlers, I do not want to detain you for long, but I do think that on this occasion we should set forward the most cordial thanks to the Canadian Government for their kind treatment of our representatives. (Applause.) Our thanks are due not only to the Canadian Government, but also to the Canadian Pacific Railway and to the Allan and Cunard Lines ; and I cannot express more fully your indebtedness to these various companies for the assistance they have given our friends who went from us to them. (Applause.) Now, gentlemen, I have to couple this toast with, as I say, the heart and kernel of the whole affair, namely, the Rev. Mr. Kerr. (Applause.) I have touched upon the difficulties that the team must have met with in competing against their opponents. I leave it to you to imagine that there must have been considerable difficulties in keeping even such a good team as he had in perfect order all through a long trip. (Laughter.) I was not there myself—I wish I had

been—but I can well understand that to manage a lot of curlers, being extremely well looked after in a foreign land, demands not only very great skill and tact but also even greater qualities to ensure the success that has come about. Do not forget, gentlemen, that in drinking Mr. Kerr's health we are drinking the health of all the team, and thanking the team themselves for having been so well disciplined and for having done so well in a distant country—wishing them every success in their future life, and hoping for them success if called to Canada or any other part of the globe to accomplish the business of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club should they desire to do so. (Applause.)

The toast was drunk amid prolonged enthusiastic applause, followed by the singing of "They are Jolly Good Fellows," and with three cheers and Highland honours for the Captain and the Secretary.

The Rev. JOHN KERR, in reply, said—My Lord Mansfield, croupiers, and brother curlers, this is not exactly the time when a formal report is to be presented to the Royal Caledonian Curling Club of the doings of this team out in Canada and the United States; but it would be lacking in courtesy on my part, and on the part of the team, if we did not make some remarks about our experiences to this great gathering here to-day, because, however formal the meeting may be—the annual meeting at which we give in the report of our doings—I do not think we shall face such an important gathering as we do on this occasion. I would say, first of all, that every one of the team was highly impressed with the great honour conferred on him in being chosen to go out to Canada. At the same time we feel that every curler in this room had as much right to go out there as we had, and desired as much; and so we regard ourselves as having been sent out to

represent not only this meeting of curlers, but the different parts of Scotland. We look back with gratitude to all the kindnesses we experienced from our brethren in Scotland from the time we left the Caledonian Station with so kindly a send-off until this joyous reception. We cannot forget the generosity of the curlers of Liverpool, who sent a telegram to you to-day, and who met us with a piper at the station and entertained us to dinner before starting. Nor can we forget the kindness of Mr. Smith, our Secretary, and Mr. Lindsay, who arranged matters for us so well that they themselves were stranded at Preston: they could conduct us but could not conduct themselves. How we departed, or did not depart, on our journey, and the quiet night we spent in the dock at Liverpool, has already been told to the public, and especially the feelings of Dr. Kirk and Provost Gordon of Bathgate when they thought they had such a quiet night at sea, but found that they had not left the harbour. (Laughter.)

Before leaving the Caledonian Station, those who were present will remember that, as Captain, I stated that no team ever left Scotland with a greater or a more difficult task before it. All who are intelligent curlers know that curling in Canada is, in a sense, quite a different game from what it is here; and we found out that the difference was even greater than we at first supposed. We went out, not as "crack rinks," because every curler knows that such is a term we apply to men who have played together all their lives; but the great majority of us were skips, and it is a maxim among curlers that four skips never won a match. That is a perfectly true saying. But while that difficulty was before us, I feel bound to say that, whether the majority of us were skips or not, the one feeling which seemed to

animate each member of the team was this: "Let me play wherever I can do my duty by the team and by Scotland"—(applause); and actually, men who had been distinguished skips in their own clubs in years gone by, and had won victories right and left, were content to play the "lead" or the "second," and did so nobly and well. That is why we have stood so firmly together. Another difficulty, no doubt, was the fact that they were covered rinks we were playing on all the time, which difficulty was intensified by this other, that those covered rinks, which were often three times as large as this room, were so decorated with bunting that sometimes we could not make out where the stone was going. The flags were flying in every direction, the lights were puzzling, and sometimes the names of the players were marked in coloured letters on the ice. How would you like it, skips, if you yourselves had to face such strange surroundings? (Laughter.) I am sure that some of you would have great difficulty under such conditions in finding your bearings. Further, there was this important fact: the curlers we met were on their "native heath," and had been playing for weeks together, while we landed jaded off the train, and met fresh and picked teams everywhere. In regard to the curling-stones that we took out, I make no complaint against the party who made them for us, but we found that when tested they had not the proper Canadian cut. You are all curlers, and you will know what I mean—the hollow was all right, but the edge of it was all wrong; instead of one-sixteenth of an inch of run it should have been three-sixteenths, and it was some time before we got them toned down to that extent. When we went out to Canada we expected that the curling-stones used by our brethren there would be of the same weight as those

we used at home; but my team will bear me out when I say that they were four or five pounds heavier all round than the stones we use here. I make this statement simply to show the difference of the game there; but we never once took exception to anything. I do not think the umpire was ever called in to decide a single dispute, and throughout all our tour we were met with the greatest courtesy and the greatest consideration on every rink. I may also add, in regard to our difficulties, that in these covered rinks they had galleries, which were sometimes crowded with thousands of spectators. On several occasions there were two or three thousand onlookers present. Now, as you can imagine, many men, especially those who are bachelors, are susceptible to the charms of ladies—my friend the Provost of Bathgate pleads guilty to the soft impeachment—(laughter)—and I put it to you curlers here that, supposing you had a large “gallery” made up of lovely-looking ladies, and had to play a very important shot, would you not be disconcerted at the time? (Laughter.) These are only some slight indications of the difficulties we had to face, and the difference between their game and ours. But we were a team of great strength and were not afraid. We were $140\frac{1}{2}$ feet high as a team, 312 stones in weight, and 1040 years old. (Laughter.) I may tell you that that is what the Canadians call a “husky team”—not in the sense in which I am husky at present, but a buirdly, fine-looking set of men. I think nothing can better prove the prowess of the team and the capable way in which they did their work than this fact, that they have all returned safe and sound, including Provost Ballantyne, who is not here, and our “lame duck,” Mr. Smith. I am sure we are all sorry that he missed so much of the tour, but

are pleased to see him here to-day. (Applause.) In regard to the team itself, I should add that while they prized the honour, every one from the first was impressed with a deep sense of responsibility. I think it right to say that as their Captain. Every man felt that he had a duty to discharge to his Mother-country when he went to Canada. Every member was most loyal, especially to



WINNIPEG GOBLET (IN CENTRE), AND VARIOUS SOUVENIRS.

myself. It was not easy for them always to put in an appearance at the rink or even at the festive board, but whenever they were asked by me to do so they touched their Kilmarnocks to a man and said, "I am under command: I go." (Applause.) Whatever sacrifice it entailed, they did their duty. Your noble Chairman has given statistics so far as they can be roughly estimated. I may put them in another form. In Canada we lost 52 per cent of our games and gained 44 per cent; but in the United

States the result was more in our favour, for we lost only 36 per cent and gained 59 per cent—(applause)—that is, we were 8 per cent behind in Canada, which is the first curling country in the world, and 13 per cent ahead in the States. (Applause.) Remember that the finest and most scientific curling—curling that cannot be beaten on the face of the earth—is found in our grand old colony, Canada; and I say further if you want to see good curling you do not need to go farther than the United States, where we met some of the finest curlers and played them on the best of ice. Well, with 8 per cent behind in Canada and 13 per cent to the good in the United States, I say, brother curlers, I have no apology to make for my Canadian team—(applause)—no apology whatever. (Applause.) I hope the teams that go out in future may do better; but I am very doubtful if they will. (Laughter and applause.) One speaker said that they would receive a greater reception and greater hospitality. I deny that; I say that no team that ever leaves Scotland can receive greater hospitality and kindness than this team of ours received in Canada. The thing is simply impossible. (Applause.) Among the many amusing stories that we have heard since we came home was that about an old gentleman who said: “I suppose that team is going out to Canada not so much as curlers, but as Socialists.” (Laughter.) There is a certain amount of truth in that old man’s remark, even though it be unintelligent truth. I believe, gentlemen, that part of the success of our tour, a great part of it, was due to our sociality. We did not pretend to be Socialists, but certainly we went out on a social mission. Mr. Robertson-Durham has quoted the old poet Pennycook about curling on the ice as very pleasing and giving a “gallant appetite for meat.” He might have mentioned the supplement to



BADGES AND SOUVENIRS.
 Captain's badge (shield) in centre.

the meat. (Laughter.) If you had sent out two teams to Canada, as some people proposed—one team to play the matches and the other to discuss the hospitalities,—they would both have been failures. They would both deservedly have been utter failures; I hope you will never be so foolish, for curling and sociability—curling and meat and drinking—are ever associated together, and I hope ever will be. (Applause.) I am not only proud of my team as curlers, but I am also proud of them for their social qualities: I believe you will hear from Canada that whether on the rink or at the social board they acted like men. As to our reception, time would fail me to tell. This visit long was a dream, but it was realised like many other dreams, in a measure far beyond what we had ever imagined. From first to last we had a right royal welcome. We were received by the Mayor in nearly every city we entered and given the freedom of the city—which meant that we were free to do as we liked during the time that we were there. (Laughter.) (A voice—“We exercised it.”) Yes, we exercised it, as Major Davidson suggests. (Applause.) Nearly every club gave us a badge or souvenir, so that each member of the team has quite a collection of mementoes of our great tour. We were received by Members of Parliament; we were received by Judges; the Premier of Ontario received us; and last, but not least, our good friend His Excellency Lord Minto, a former President of the Royal Club, received us, and a delightful day we spent at Government House. (Applause.) The only regret we had there was that we had looked forward to having a test game in the open air on the Rideau Hall rink before leaving, but found when the opportunity came that the temperature was 30 degrees below zero, and we could not play in the open air—so we were told. The Masonic lodges welcomed

those who were Masons, and at Winnipeg the Masonic lodges had an open meeting to welcome all the members who chose to attend. Those associations which exist in the cities of Canada and in the United States, the St. Andrew's Association, which is just like the corporation you have in London for doing good among the Scottish people, the Caledonian Association, the North British Society, and others all received us. And the churches received us. Dr. Barclay, who was formerly in Edinburgh, gave us a nice address from his pulpit. Dr. Herridge of Ottawa did the same. The Presbytery of Toronto did not give us an address, but they gave us a dressing. (Laughter.) Evidently the reason why they did so need not be stated, but I may tell you that I have sent to the Presbytery Clerk for an excerpt from the Presbytery records, to be preserved as a relic in the Royal Caledonian Club. (Laughter.)

Now, brother curlers, you naturally ask, what did you find the most prominent feature out there? I know many of you have to leave by early trains, but at the same time I know you wish me to tell you something about our cousins. The first thing we found was that the Canadians love their own country. There was not one of whom it could be said that he was

A patriot of the world alone,
A friend of every country but his own—

(applause)—we did not meet a specimen of that sort. They love their country, and they tell you so. But at the same time, with a love for Canada and a desire to see her prosper, they love Old Scotland, and a deep, intense, undying love for the old country was manifest everywhere.

In fact, they are far more Scotch than we are at home. They have more Scottish ways about them than we ourselves

have. They have their porridge in the morning regularly; they have the piper at their meetings; they have the haggis taken round the table at their banquets to the accompanying music of the pibroch; they put more "Scotch" into them—some of them—than some of us do. (Laughter.) As for the number of "Scotch blends" that we found in different parts of Canada, their names are simply legion—I never saw such a collection at home. I found that the arrangement of the team as representing districts of Scotland drew Scotsmen from all parts around us. Some came hundreds of miles to see us. I can remember one old farmer who told me he had come four hundred and fifty miles to shake my hand. That was the case all round. They came from all quarters, from hundreds of miles away, to meet us. If you ask the team, they would require to speak for a month to tell you all about the different parties they met. I may mention one instance. At Ottawa we were introduced to Mrs. Gilmour, a friend of one of your Vice-Presidents, and we went to see one of the most exciting hockey matches that were ever played. Two or three young men of the name of Gilmour were in the hottest of the fray, where Gilmours are always sure to be found. The people, as I have said, love Canada and they love Old Scotland, and for love of Old Scotland they want many Scots to go over and settle amongst them. In that desire we join with them, and I am sure there are many in Scotland who would do well for themselves and their families to go over there. It is indeed a pleasant and fruitful land. I am glad to hear from Mr. Bramwell to-day that since we went to Canada, especially in the country districts of Scotland, apart from emigration grants and the speeches of delegates, there has been a great deal of interest aroused by our tour. It is our earnest



RICHARD HAMILTON.

Born 1827, at Ancrum, Roxburghshire.



JOHN CRAIG.

Born 1836.



ROBERT ANDERSON.

Born 1838, at Dunlop, Ayrshire.



WILLIAM GREIG.

Born 1840.

Photos by Gilmore, Huntingdon.

A QUARTETTE OF "OLD TIMERS"
FROM COUNTY CHÂTEAUGUAY, QUEBEC. *Vide* p. 212.

hope that one great result of our visit will be that many of our Scotch people will go out and settle in Canada. The extent of the country is simply appalling, but the population is extremely small for its area—something like six millions. The people of Canada have a love for their country and for Scotland, and they ask Scotsmen to settle there because they know what they are and what they can do and what they have done. Above all, we found among Canadians great love for the Empire. They would sing “The Maple Leaf,” and we would join with them in singing it with the greatest enthusiasm; after that came “Auld Lang Syne,” and after “Auld Lang Syne” they always joined in “God Save the King.” (Applause.)

My Lord, I am conscious as I stand here to-day that this Royal Caledonian Curling Club has done the right thing in sending this team out, and that it has done it at the right time. My firm conviction is that, if you had delayed much longer, the work that we have done could never have been done so effectively. The most interesting curlers that we met out there—and we met them with mingled tears of joy and sorrow in their eyes—were those who called themselves the “old timers.” Forty or fifty or sixty years ago they went to Canada, and they have done well—they have “got there,” as they say; but some of them never hope to see their dear old Homeland again, and they told us that it was like visiting Auld Scotland before they died, to grasp us by the hand. (Applause.) These men are passing away; but we met their sons. One fine feature of curling in Canada is the interest that the young men take in it; by going out as we did, the spirit of the “old timers” has been revived in the young men. You caught “the psychological moment,” and I think you have by your action bound together in closer bonds than ever, Canada and Old Caledonia—

the land we all love so well—and strengthened the friendship which exists between Scotland and the United States. (Applause.)

I should like, before I sit down, to say how pleased I am that your Lordship is in the chair here to-day—(applause)—as President of the Royal Club. Had the fathers of this club been able to see this day it would have rejoiced their hearts. One of the most revered of these was your grandfather, the Earl of Mansfield. It cannot be forgotten that in the year 1842, on the visit to Scone Palace of the late lamented Prince Consort and our beloved Queen Victoria, when the royal game was brought under their notice, we then secured the patronage of royalty to this Club, of which we have since been so proud. And it was under your father that the Royal Club met at Perth in 1843, when a great county match was played, with him as representative of the North against Lord Strathallan and the South of Perthshire. This was the precursor of the Grand Match, North *v.* South of Scotland. We feel proud to think that you are the President of that Commission which was started by another keen curler, Lord Balfour, to inquire into the physical training of the youth of the country. You have been working hard at that inquiry, and I believe your report, soon to be presented, will have an important influence on the physical development of the youth of our land in years to come. I do not know if in that report you have spoken of the merits of curling. I hope you have. But I am sure of this, that you have done what is better, you have set an example to the youth of this country to follow the grand old game. It is a delight to us and a high honour to have your Lordship in the Chair. Our tour has been one of great pleasure, but it has also been one of great difficulty, involving much

labour, endurance, sacrifice, and expense. But these are all forgotten in the splendid ovation which our brother curlers have given us to-day. I thank you from my heart and from the heart of the team for your enthusiastic reception. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

Sir JOHN GILMOUR proposed the toast of "The Curling Associations of Canada and the United States," and in



Photo by Elliot & Fry.

SIR JOHN GILMOUR, BART.
OF MONTRAVE.

doing so, said—I am tolerably certain that most of those whom I now have the honour of speaking to, must have attended many a function when every successive man who was going to deliver a speech was very proud to say that he considered his speech the toast of the evening. Now, my Lord and gentlemen, I do not take up that position this afternoon, for we who are here, one and all very well know, and realise very fully, that

the toast of this day has been most admirably proposed and as admirably responded to. (Applause.) But I do say that if it had not been for those whose healths I ask you to drink with all enthusiasm—had they not existed as the Curling Associations of Canada and the United States, then we would not have been here to-day, because there would have been nobody to play against, and therefore, you see, this toast runs a very close neck-and-neck race with the principal toast of this afternoon's meeting. To all of us who have taken an interest in curling, and in the Royal Caledonian Curling Club for

many years past, there is nothing that has given greater satisfaction than to feel that a deep and ever-increasing interest is being taken in Canada and the United States in the national game of which we are all so proud. We know at home what it is to have a curling club within easy reach; I ask you to remember what it must mean to the "canny Scot" when he finds himself on the other side of the Atlantic. It means a great deal. It has been referred to again and again by those who have followed the track of the Canadian tour—what feelings have been evinced there by those who are connected with this club; and I think any one here looking over the lists of those Transatlantic Clubs will see as many good Scotch names as in our own country—the Macs and Murrays and Frasers, and many others. There is a great colonisation movement being made by Lord Strathcona, the Chief Commissioner for Canada. I have all sympathy with him, as I have with everything in Canada, though at present I am very much interested with my ideal of colonisation in South Africa; therefore I am not inclined to have all the good fellows here go off to Canada. Far from it. But I think it would be well becoming our Association to say that if Lord Strathcona wishes every possible success, the sooner the better he puts it down that a curling club, with all subscriptions paid, will be provided within reach of all settlers. Then I do believe he may have a good chance of success against my South African movement. (Applause.) Now you know it is impossible for us, much as we would like to do it, to send an invitation to those who welcomed us in Canada to come here next year. We wish we could do it, but Jack Frost is one of those individuals that no government can command. Therefore it is hopeless to do that. But I throw it out

as a suggestion to the committee of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, that they should endeavour to ask all those clubs in Canada to intimate to their members that those gentlemen who come over here, as they so often do—as I know in my own circle of friends—to spend two or three months in winter, when in some parts of Canada there is not much business going on—it is then they take their holidays, and you know that many are keen curlers—and I would say let them register their arrival in this country during the winter months, and if through our secretary we could manage to get in touch with members of the Canadian and American curling clubs, I am sure every curler in the country would be glad to extend curling hospitality to all. (Applause.) I do trust and hope that this suggestion will be turned to practical use, for I know that it would give to all our clubs, and especially to the Royal Caledonian Club, the greatest satisfaction to do all in its power to return in some measure, at any rate, the magnificent reception accorded to our representatives both in Canada and the United States. I would only like to say how pleased and interested I am, as one whose people have been connected with Canada for many, many years, to find, from what the Captain of the team has said, that those who possess my name, or relatives, are endeavouring to do their duty in manly sports. (Applause.) I thank Mr. Kerr for the kind remarks he made in regard to the reception the team met with in Canada, and I am glad to think that some of my kith and kin have had something to do with it. It is with very special pleasure that I propose now, and I know it will meet with an enthusiastic reception, the toast of "The Curling Associations of Canada and the United States," with three times three; and I couple with it the name of

Mr. J. C. Walker Reid of Winnipeg. (The toast was enthusiastically received.)

Mr. J. C. WALKER REID, Winnipeg, who was received with applause and "See him smiling; he's a curler," said—I am sorry some one is not here who is better up in the curling of Canada and the United States than I am, but when I met your Captain the other night he asked me to come, and I was so pleased to come that I came. (Laughter.) It was a lucky thing for me that this meeting did not happen later, for I am leaving to-morrow in the same ship as the team of curlers crossed in—the *Bavarian*. Curling, of course, is very strong in Canada, and it is only natural that it should be. For one thing they can play there for four months out the twelve, and another thing is that there are a very great many Scotsmen and people of Scottish descent in Canada. There are two things I am sorry for in connection with this visit. One is that I was not there to see some of the fights, and another is that a lot of men went from this country to a young and innocent colony and showed them a very bad example by looking at a waterfall on Sunday. (Laughter.) You must be pleased to hear how well satisfied the team is with the way in which they were treated: I would have been very sorry indeed and very disappointed if they had not been satisfied. As regards the Canadian contingents that were mentioned, I may say that there were a great many more who wished to go to South Africa, but the contingents were all limited to certain numbers, and under that embargo naturally there was a great deal of disappointment. Canada could have sent out thousands more than what went—they were so anxious and willing to go. It is very unfortunate that Canada cannot return the curlers' compliment by sending a team over here; but it is not their

fault. (Applause.) It is a disappointment to them as it is to you in this country. I wish very much that this club would send over another team before long; they will receive at least as good a reception as has been given to the team here present. (Applause.) In finishing I would just thank you very much for the kind way in which you have drunk the toast.

Mr. SIDNEY ARNTON, Montreal, said—I am very much pleased to be invited here to-night to meet all my brother curlers, and I assure you that Canada will be very glad to send a team across here should it be proposed to them in the winter time; for there is very little done then, as Sir John Gilmour has said. I have to thank you for the kind speeches that have been made as regards our country.

Mr. GEMMILL—You are all aware, and have all seen, how excellently Lord Mansfield has conducted the business of the meeting, and not only this meeting but any other meeting at which he takes the chair. Lord Mansfield's gracious presence is always an attraction. (Applause.) To-day he has certainly done the Royal Caledonian Curling Club a great honour, not only to us members of the club, but to our team, whom we sent to Canada, and whom we most heartily welcome back. Allow me just to say one word to welcome them home. I am glad to see them all back, and after a good deal of trouble in selecting the team, I am proud to think they did so well. I ask you to drink to the health of the Chairman. (The toast was drunk amid hearty applause, and "He's a jolly good fellow.")

LORD MANSFIELD, in replying, said—Allow me to thank you, brother curlers, extremely for the kind response to this toast, and to tell you how pleased I am to be here this afternoon on this historic occasion—for it is no less—to see so many here who have done

themselves the honour to welcome back their friends from Canada. It shows that there is a great interest in the members of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club to induce them, at some considerable inconvenience I know to many of them, to come here this afternoon. I trust that they will all go home with the feeling that they have not only done their duty, but that all, even though they were not in Canada, have had a very good time. I am very sorry that in this year of office in the Royal Caledonian Curling Club John Frost has not been kinder to us than he has been. However, the time for that is over, and the great virtue of every curler must be called into play, namely, that of hope—hope for the following year, and that we may have a little more curling than we have had this year. I thank you for your attendance here to-day, and for the way in which you have proposed and received this toast. I thank our host for the meal he has provided us with, and I hope we will always remember this afternoon, and look back on it as one of the most enjoyable times we have had, and hope to have again, in connection with the noble game of curling. I thank you very much indeed, and I wish you all success in life, and a good curling season next year.

On the suggestion of the Secretary, the company then sang "Auld Lang Syne," and wound up the proceedings with "God Save the King."

ANNUAL MEETING OF ROYAL CALEDONIAN CURLING CLUB
AT EDINBURGH, JULY 30, 1903 — REPORT AND
VOTES OF THANKS.

At the Annual Meeting of the Royal Club the Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. A. Davidson Smith, C.A.,

gave in his official report regarding the tour, in which, after detailing the steps taken as noted at pp. 42-45, he went on to say :—

“ The sub-committee having made all the necessary arrangements, the team, consisting of twenty-four members (reduced by the unfortunate accident to Mr. Smith, Stenhouse and Carron Club, on the voyage out to twenty-three), left Liverpool on December 18, 1902, by the Allan liner *Bavarian*, arriving at Halifax, N.S., on December 28, after a good voyage. The team remained in Canada and the States until February 21, 1903, returning *via* New York by Cunard liner *Lucania*. During their stay on the other side (nearly eight weeks), the team travelled about 5000 miles (exclusive of the ocean journeys, about 5300 miles), and played 99 set games in all—of which they won 47, lost 49, and there were 3 ties. Forty-four per cent were won in Canada, and fifty-nine per cent in the States. During their stay the team experienced unbounded kindness and hospitality from their arrival at Halifax until their departure at New York.

The Cost of the Tour

The financial aspect of the question may be stated as follows :—

RECEIPTS

Grant by the Royal Club as authorised	£200	0	0
Preliminary expenses met by Royal Club, as authorised, including outlays up to date of sailing of team	72	0	7
Balance at debit of Canadian tour account met by Royal Club	30	13	9
	<hr/>		
	£302	14	4

RETURN—RECEPTION—REUNION 745

	Carried forward .	£302	14	4
<i>Subscriptions received—</i>				
From local clubs		£205	15	8
From individuals		116	3	0
From members of team		932	4	0
		—————	1264	2 8
Interest received			3	9 11
	Total receipts .	£1570	6	11

PAYMENTS

Preliminary expenses as per contra .	£72	0	7
Expenditure per secretary, including ocean passage money, etc.	742	4	1
Expenditure per secretary of the team, including railway fares, hotel ex- penses, etc., in America	756	2	3
		—————	£1570 6 11

As per receipts.

The Special Committee are glad, in view of the great difficulties experienced in the selection of the team, and also in connection with the financial aspect of the question, that they are able to report of the tour as an accomplished fact, and are confident that it will bring forth good fruit in the future, both as respects the friendly feelings engendered between the Mother-country and her most important colony Canada, and also as between the Mother-club and her daughter curling associations across the Atlantic. As respects the game itself, there is no doubt that the eight weeks' experience of the team, selected as it was from all parts of Scotland, among the most scientific curlers of the world, should tend to improve curling as played in this country. Lastly, the Committee felt that in arranging this tour, they have accomplished a project that could no longer be postponed in view of the repeated and pressing invitations that

were received from our Canadian brethren during the last twenty-five years.

Votes of Thanks

In conclusion, the Committee would mention the following as deserving of the very hearty thanks of the club:—

1. His Excellency the Governor-General, Lord Minto, and the Canadian Government, for their kind recognition and attention, and to Mr. Thomson who acted on their behalf and accompanied the team, and the civic corporations which gave them official welcome ;

2. The Canadian Pacific, the Intercolonial Railways, and others for the very liberal terms accorded to the team ;

3. The associations and clubs in Canada and the States, for their great hospitality ;

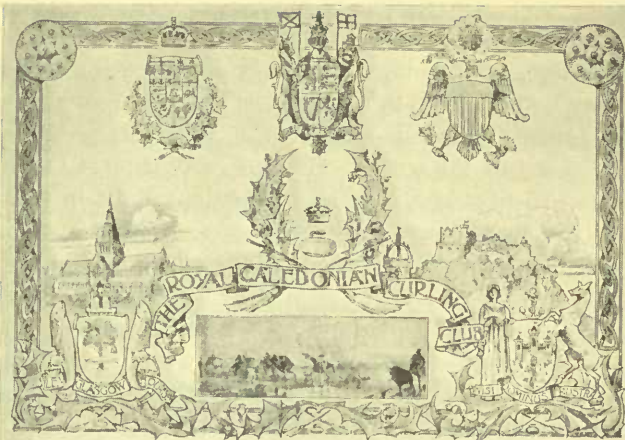
4. The Allan and Cunard Companies, for kindness shown on ocean voyages ; and to

5. Mr. W. Lindsay of Messrs. J. and H. Lindsay, Ltd., for services in the conduct of the tour.

The Committee request the permission of the Royal Club to send formal thanks to these and to such other individuals or societies as shall be recommended by the Captain and Treasurer for being helpful to the team. They also recommend a suggestion made by Mr. Deans Ritchie that a copy of the *History of Curling*, the Jubilee volume of the Royal Club (large edition), be presented to the different curling clubs which entertained the members of the Scottish team on their recent tour.

On behalf of the Special Committee,

J. A. ROBERTSON-DURHAM."



In terms of Resolution at the Annual Meeting of

THE
ROYAL CALEDONIAN CURLING CLUB

Convened at Edinburgh on 30th July 1903

We are authorised to convey to

the grateful acknowledgment and hearty thanks of the Royal Club
for kind attention and hospitality to

THE SCOTTISH CURLING TEAM

on their Tour through

Canada and the United States in the Winter of 1902-1903

Henry Gille Chairman of Trustees of R.C.C.C.

John Selous Vice-President

A. Dawson Smith Secy. of Trustees R.C.C.C.

W. Robertson Durham

John Kerr Captain R.C.C.C. and Captain of Scottish Curling Team

Red Husband Secy. of Trustees Scottish Curling Team

From design by Rainl.

BLANK PARCHMENT FORM; VOTE OF THANKS.

“ Before sitting down,” the Secretary went on to say, “ I may be permitted to read a short excerpt from a letter from Colonel Edwards, president of the Ontario branch, in reference to the team. He says: ‘ Whenever Canada defeated them it was only after a gallant fight in which they (the team) have taken the odds against them as cheerily as if they had been all in their favour; and when they have won they have taken their victory as if it were the case of a mother playing against her daughter. But the great feature of their visit is that, winning or losing, they have brought the love of the Motherland and of the Mother-club to the people of this country, who accept it with the eagerness of children who have been long away from home.’ ” (Applause.)

The CHAIRMAN—You have heard that report read. I beg shortly to move the adoption of it, and I hope that will have your concurrence. (Applause.) I further beg to move that the thanks of the Royal Club be accorded to the members of the team, the Captain, the Rev. John Kerr, and the Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Robert Husband, solicitor, Dunfermline, for the excellent manner in which the work entrusted to them has been carried out. As this is a business meeting I do not wish to say much, but I desire to emphasise still more if I can the results of the visit, for I am sorry to say I find in going about the country that there is still a great deal of ignorance on that subject. It is the opinion of a great many people yet—and I can only din the contrary into their heads by reiterating it on every possible occasion—that those who went out from Scotland to Canada and the United States had a very bad time of it. Now, when you examine the figures you know perfectly well that that is not the case, and I think when you consider that, going as they did from this country to the other

side of the Atlantic, they came out with nearly half and half of the games played, there is not much to grumble at, but the very reverse. I beg to move the motion I have read to you. Do you agree to adopt the report of the Committee, and do you agree to my motion?

Dr. GRAHAM—I second the motion. (Applause.)

The Rev. JOHN KERR—As I know your time is very precious, and you have heard a great deal about the Canadian team, I do not wish to make any further remarks on that subject this morning, but only to say that the most gratifying part of this report, apart from your kind vote of thanks to us—and I am sure I am speaking for every member of the team—is that you agree to send the thanks of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club to the Associations and to the Government who were all so kind to us. You speak of unbounded hospitality. We shall never be able to thank sufficiently the people there, and our curling brethren in Canada for all they have done for us. When we came home some of us wanted, and the Secretary, who is always anxious to do what is polite and courteous, wanted to write off at once and thank them all, but I said, as Captain of the team, “I believe it will be far more appreciated if you wait till the annual meeting and a formal vote of thanks be then sent from the Royal Club itself.” (Hear, hear.) I can assure you this resolution will be most highly appreciated. I wish to say to-day, for I intended to do it and forgot at the former meeting when we came home, that one of our skips, Mr. Bramwell, played thirty-seven matches, and, of these, won twenty, lost sixteen, and drew one, so that he came home with his broom up.¹ (Applause.) I have the same to say of Provost Ballantyne, whose rink won eighteen matches and lost twenty, but they made

¹ *Vide* Appendix III.

406 shots as against 397 made by their opponents, so that they won by nine shots. When the Provost skipped himself his rink won eighteen matches and lost eighteen, but they were fifteen shots to the good. Therefore you see two out of five skips came home with brooms up. (Applause.) A third, Mr. H. Prain,¹ was almost level. That, I think, is most gratifying. We can assure you we prize very much the vote of thanks which you have accorded to us, and I hope that in future it will be seen that this visit to Canada has done great good. (Applause.)

Our First Reunion

It was generally agreed that it would be a pity if, on our return home, we should, after our historic tour, be completely disbanded, and so it was decided to have an annual reunion, where golf might be the ostensible object, but the continuation of our friendship the real aim of the gathering. In this, as in other matters, Major Scott Davidson took the lead, and through our Secretary, Mr. Husband, invitations were issued by him, and largely accepted for a first reunion at Elie on July 11, 1903. We cannot do better than quote the account given of this meeting in the *Fife Herald*.

REUNION OF CANADIAN TEAM OF SCOTTISH CURLERS

Responding to an invitation by Mr. Scott Davidson of Cairnie, a large number of the team of Scottish curlers, whose experiences in Canada last winter awakened such widespread interest, journeyed to Elie on Saturday, and engaged among themselves in a friendly game of golf—driving afterwards to Cairnie, where Mr. and Mrs. Scott Davidson hospitably entertained them and other friends. The courtesy of the course having been given the visitors by the Golf Club, they had an enjoyable round free from undue hurry or pressing, although it was difficult to prevent interested onlookers from encroaching close enough here and there. The weather was delightful, and at the end of the play the company

¹ *Vide* Appendix IV.

were photographed and thereafter taken to Cairnie House, where a sumptuous repast awaited them. Mr. Scott Davidson presided, and had the Rev. John Kerr, Dirleton, the Captain of the team, on his right. The others present were:—Provost Ballantyne, Peebles; Mr. G. Deans Ritchie, Broughton; Mr. A. Davidson Smith, Secretary of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club; Dr. Kirk, Bathgate; Mr. A. T. Simson, Melrose; Mr. Bentley Murray, Stirling; Provost Gordon, Bathgate; Mr. Robt. Husband, Dunfermline;



THE CURLERS AT ELIE.

Mr. Murray, Glasgow; Dr. Palm, Largo; Mr. Outhwaite; Mr. H. M. Ketchen, Elie; and Mr. George Innes, Cupar. The Rev. A. Legge, Kilconquhar Manse, was croupier. After dinner, the Chairman intimated the result of the day's play, and handed over the prizes (sweepstake) to the winners, viz.:—1st, Mr. Bentley Murray, 81; 2nd, Provost Gordon, 82; and 3rd, Mr. A. T. Simson, 85. Carrying out a short toast-list, the Chairman gave the loyal toasts, Dr. Palm replying for "The Imperial Forces." Mr. Husband gave "The Royal Caledonian Curling Club," and Mr. Davidson Smith, in an eloquent reply, spoke of the marvel-

lous enthusiasm awakened in Canada by the Scottish curlers, and of the splendid impression made by their visit. In this connec-



THE CAPTAIN TEEING-UP AT ELIE.

tion he read the following extract from a letter he had received from Colonel Edwards, President of the Ontario Branch of the Royal Curling Club:—"Whenever the Scottish team were de-



WAITING TO TEE-UP AT ELIE.

feated, it was only after a gallant fight, in which they took the odds against them as cheerily as if they had all been in their favour, and whenever they won, they took their victory as

modestly as if it were the case of a mother playing with her daughter; but the great feature of the visit was that, winning or losing, they brought the love of the Motherland and of the Motherclub to the people of this country, who accepted it with the eagerness of children who have been long away from home." (Applause.) The Rev. Mr. Legge gave "The Scottish Team," and made special reference to the honour done the East of Fife in the selection of Mr. Scott Davidson as a member. The Rev. Mr. Kerr replied. It had been a great pleasure to him to be honoured with the command of such a team, whose successes were really greater than they could have looked for, and for whose defeats he never felt the least occasion to apologise. (Hear, hear.) In afterwards giving "The health of our Host and Hostess," the rev. gentleman described Mr. Scott Davidson as the "pivot," upon which the good feeling of the team constantly turned. His wit and humour were unflagging, and his happy quotations often carried them to the mountain-tops of enjoyment; but one thing that raised him more in his estimation than anything else was his unbroken regard for the old country, and his loyalty to his own home-circle. Mr. Scott Davidson acknowledged the compliment, and expressed the pleasure it had given him and Mrs. Scott Davidson to have such a gathering of the "historic team" at Cairnie. A stroll was then enjoyed through the beautifully kept grounds and garden, and after a few rounds of short golf on the lawn, an interesting and happy day was brought to a close by the visitors leaving for their trains.

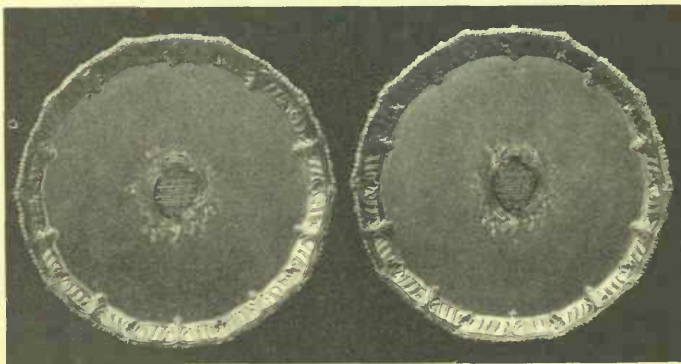
Presentation to the Captain and the Secretary of the Team

A second reunion of the team may be said to have taken place in the Royal Hotel, Edinburgh, on Wednesday, December 2, 1903, when a good many were present at an interesting function which was very complimentary and gratifying to the Captain and the Secretary. The following brief account of the proceedings is taken from the *Scotsman* :—

"Major Scott Davidson yesterday presided over a meeting of the members of the curling team which last winter made a tour through Canada and the United States as representing the Royal Caledonian Curling

Club. Besides the members of the team there were present Mr. A. Davidson Smith, C.A., Secretary of the Royal Club; the Rev. Mr. Scott, Camelon; Mr. E. Hedley Smith, Whittingehame; and Mr. D. Campbell, from Canada.

“Major Scott Davidson, in the name of the team, presented the Captain, the Rev. John Kerr, Dirleton, and the Secretary-Treasurer, Bailie R. Husband, Dunfermline, with silver salvers bearing suitable inscriptions, which



SALVERS PRESENTED TO CAPTAIN AND SECRETARY BY THE TEAM.

testified to the excellent way in which they had discharged their duties, and the gratitude of the members of the team for the services they had rendered.

“The Rev. Mr. Kerr, in reply, said he considered it the greatest honour of his life to have been chosen as Captain of such a team, and he believed that their visit had done more good than the most sanguine could ever have supposed. Since their return he had received many messages from the other side in proof of this. He would only quote one, and that was from the official report of the greatest of the Canadian Provinces—Ontario—signed

by Colonel Edwards, J. D. Flavelle, and J. A. McFadden. After analysing the various matches in the Province and giving the result, this report says:—‘It would be considered close as between teams of picked players who met in every respect on equal terms. With the advantage of the home teams playing on their own ice and with fresh men in each game, the result attests the skill as curlers and the staying powers of the stalwart sons of Scotland. The games are over, and the bare record of them remains. But the memories connected with the visit of the Scottish team will remain fresh and pleasant for long years to come. And we trust that they will have carried home with them equally pleasant memories of their stay in Canada. May the enthusiasm that has been kindled bear fruit on both sides of the Atlantic by drawing not only the curlers, but the people generally of the Motherland and young Canada closer together.’

“Bailie Husband also replied, thanking the members of the team for their handsome gift. By the Captain and himself these salvers would be handed down as the most precious of heirlooms.

“Provost Ballantyne, Peebles, bore testimony to the very efficient way in which the Captain and the Treasurer had discharged their duties, and to the extraordinary enthusiasm of the Canadians over their tour and the eloquence which characterised their representatives.

“Mr. Davidson Smith, on behalf of the Royal Club, spoke of the importance of their visit, and said that every day he was receiving proof from Canada and the States that the tour had been productive of much good.

“Mr. Campbell, in name of Canada, complimented the Captain and the Secretary on the presentation, and assured the team that they had won golden opinions

everywhere, and nothing would give greater satisfaction in Canada than to see them out annually.

“ Mr. Mark Sanderson, who has recently made a second tour throughout the Dominion, said that he had met most of the curlers, and from one and all the request came, ‘ Will ye no’ come back again ? ’

“ A cordial vote of thanks was awarded Major Scott Davidson for presiding.”



Photo by Dr. Kirk.

REMOVING A "HOUSE ON SLEIGHS.



PRIMEVAL PLAYERS.

APPENDIX

I

CURLING COURT

THE Curling Court, the original object of which was to punish petty offences committed on the ice, and to initiate brethren into the mysteries of curling, appears to have been co-existent with Curling Clubs and Curling Brotherhoods, and to have been kept up with little variation by several clubs for upwards of two hundred years.

The first requisite is to elect a President, termed "MY LORD"; he is usually the Preses of the club for the time, but any other brother may be chosen. "MY LORD," on taking the chair, immediately appoints one of the brethren present to be his OFFICER, whom he directs to fence the Court; this is done as follows:—

A pewter stoup, varying from a mutchkin to a pint (Scottish measure), is procured, which the Officer presents to "MY LORD"; and he, in order to make a noise, drops therein some silver, or a few pence, according to his pleasure. The Officer, after rattling the money in the stoup three times, and repeating alternately with each shake, "Oyez," "oyez," "oyez," fences the Court thus:—

"I defend and I forbid, in Her (or His) Majesty's name and authority of My Lord presently in the chair, that there

shall be no legs o'er'em; no hands a-bosy, or across; no supports on your neighbour's chair, or on the table; no private committees; no rising up, or sitting down, or going to the door, without leave asked and granted by My Lord; no touching the cup or glass but with the curler's right hand, which is understood to be every ordinary man's left. Every man his name and surname. Every breach of these articles a halfpenny, and every oath a penny."

The Officer then points out, and gives in an audible voice the name and surname of every *brother* present, commencing on My Lord's *left* hand, and going regularly round the whole company, thus:—"A. B. is A. B.; C. D. is C. D.; E. F. is E. F.; G. H. is G. H.; (and on coming to My Lord) My Lord's My Lord, and I am his Officer—*both absolute*. God save the Queen (or King)." The Officer usually stands opposite to the person named, at the other side of the table, when this can be conveniently done.

If any individuals are present not yet brethren, as is the case with those to be initiated that evening, the Officer passes them over, and those are not subject to the fines and regulations of the Court till after initiation. The proceedings of the Court then go on; and it is the special duty of the Officer, who remains on his feet rattling the stoup occasionally, to observe and detect all breaches of the regulations, and to collect the fines in the stoup, rattling it at the ear of the offender till the fine is paid. The decision of "My Lord," and, through him, of his Officer, in fining, is perfectly *absolute*, and must be obeyed. Any one member has a right to report the breaches of another to "My Lord," or his Officer; but if the person complained against conceives himself aggrieved by the report, he may *protest* and *appeal*, which is done by depositing a penny on the table, to be forfeited to the stoup in case of being decided against, *which generally happens* when an appeal is made. "My Lord" very shortly hears the Protester, and gives an absolute decision.

When Candidates for the Brotherhood are present, "My Lord" (after the Court has sat a reasonable time) directs the business of initiation to proceed. The candidate thereupon respectfully approaches "My Lord," with a curler's besom in

his hand, holding it over his right shoulder, and craves to be admitted a member of the Honourable Court and Club. "My Lord" now appoints *one* of the brethren to give him the "Word" and "Grip," and *two* others (one or both of whom must be masters of the whole secrets) to be reporters as to whether these have been given correctly. The three then conduct the candidate to an adjoining room, which has been previously prepared for the purpose, and, after a careful examination that no intruders are present, and shutting the door, the initiation commences by the person appointed by "My Lord" first giving the "Word" and then the "Grip." If the reporters find that he is unable to give these correctly, they return with him to the Court, and report him to "My Lord" as deficient, who immediately appoints some other to the office. The same proceeding is repeated, and appointments made, till a brother is found sufficiently qualified.

"My Lord" often fixes *at first* on some one to give the secrets whom he suspects to be deficient; and all who fail in this duty are fined, before the close of the Court, at the option of the company—a penny, or twopence, or threepence. When a brother is so appointed, he may decline, and come under the merey of the Court, by saying, "I submit"; but he is generally fined in a larger sum than those who make the attempt but fail.

The reporters, after the candidate receives the secrets, introduce him to "My Lord" in Court, as "brother of the broom, and a keen, keen, keen curler." He then goes forward to "My Lord," and holding his hand under the table, out of view, *gives* "My Lord" the "Grip"; after which he goes to the brother on "My Lord's" *left*, and, holding his hand, also below the table, requests that member to *give him* the "Grip"; the newly admitted member must on no account give the Grip to any one except "My Lord," but himself receive it; and if the brother, through inattention or otherwise, does not give it to him correctly, he notes the circumstance, and when he has gone round the company in this way (or until "My Lord" says he may stop), he reports to "My Lord" all those who were deficient, and they are fined at the discretion of "My Lord."

When there are more candidates than one, the same proceedings take place with each separately. The Court is then fenced anew by the Officer, the names of the new brothers being of course included.

During the sitting of the Court "My Lord" says—"I give a toast not to be repeated"; and he immediately proposes one, of which he and the Officer keep note, and generally write down for accuracy. Any member who repeats the toast before being specially requested to do so, is immediately fined a halfpenny to the stoup. Some time afterwards, and when the toast may be supposed to be forgotten by many, "My Lord" directs the Officer to go round the company and ask each individually what it was; each must whisper it to the Officer, so that the person next him cannot hear. If he fail to mention the toast *to the very letter*, the Officer rattles the stoup at his ear, as an intimation that he has failed, and proceeds to the next person, and so on. When he has gone round the whole, he reports to "My Lord" those who failed, and his Lordship directs a fine to be levied from each—generally one penny. Any person conceiving himself aggrieved may protest and appeal in the manner already mentioned.

When "My Lord" thinks that the Court has continued a sufficient length of time (usually from half an hour to an hour), he directs the Officer to "Roup the Stoup," which is done by him in the character of an auctioneer, descanting all the time on the great weight and value of the stoup. Offers are made for the contents in the way of an ordinary auction or roup; and after it is knocked down to the highest bidder, trifling bets are sometimes taken as to whether the purchaser has gained or lost, two reporters being appointed to count the proceeds in another room. While the reporters are absent for this purpose, the Court goes on, another stoup being used; and any fines collected during that time, and also during the roup of the stoup, are added to the original amount, and belong to the purchaser. "My Lord" then declares the Court closed.

The purchase-money is either applied towards defraying the expense of the social glass, or added to the Club funds, according to the general regulations of the Club.

It is obvious that, as one brother is required for "My Lord," another for the Officer, and three to perform the ceremony of initiation, the Court cannot well proceed unless seven be present, and this only provides for two sitting in Court during the absence of the initiators; but there is little amusement if there be not from fifteen to twenty in company.

II

DIARY OF CURLING TOUR IN CANADA AND UNITED STATES, 1902-3

Wednesday, December 17.—Left Caledonian Station, Edinburgh. Arrived at Liverpool. Dined with Liverpool Curling Club.

Thursday, December 18.—Forenoon, sight-seeing in Liverpool. Went on board Allan liner *Bavarian*, afternoon. Start delayed owing to storm.

Friday, December 19.—*Bavarian* sailed.

Saturday, December 20.—On board *Bavarian*. Majority on deck; minority in their berths.

Sunday, December 21.—Captain conducted service on board.

Monday, December 22.—On board. Conference of team.

Tuesday, December 23.—On board. Miniature curling on deck.

Wednesday, December 24.—On board. Curlers' Court. Captain Wallace and officers "initiated." Accident to Mr. Smith.

Thursday, December 25.—Service on board. Concert in evening in aid of Seamen's Hospital Fund, £5.

Friday, December 26.—On board. White Rock incident.

Saturday, December 27.—On board. Off Halifax.

Sunday, December 28.—Arrived in Halifax. Service in St. Andrew's Church in evening. Celebrated Provost Ballantyne's silver wedding at Queen's Hotel, Halifax. Address from Mr. C. J. Thomson, Government Agent.

Monday, December 29.—Ice soft; some trial ends played. Entertained to banquet at Curling Rink.

Tuesday, December 30.—Ice soft; no matches, but practice games. Entertained at Bedford by Halifax Curlers at dinner in evening.

Wednesday, December 31.—Matches with Halifax and Truro. Result—Truro, 23; Scots, 18. Entertained at banquet by North British Society in evening.

Thursday, January 1.—Played against Halifax Clubs (six rinks). Result—Halifax, 78; Scots, 84. Attended Governor's Levee and others. Nova Scotia v. Scots—Nova Scotia, 53; Scots, 45.

Friday, January 2.—Played games with Provincial Clubs (six rinks engaged). Results—Scots, 25 v. Sydney, 17. Scots, 8; N. Sydney, 16. Scots, 6 v. Amherst, 16. Scots, 6 v. New Glasgow, 14. Scots, 22 v. Pictou, 2.

Total—Scots, 67 ; Provincials, 65. Majority for Scots, 2 points. Entertained at supper and concert at Curling Rink in evening.

Saturday, January 3.—Left for St. John. Headquarters at Royal Hotel. While on the way to St. John received presentation address at Amherst. Ice not good. Entertained by joint local clubs in St. Andrew's Club Rooms.

Sunday, January 4.—Captain conducted service in St. Stephen's Church, forenoon, and St. Andrew's Church, evening. Visited Reversible Falls in afternoon.

Monday, January 5.—Played Thistle Club, St. John. Total score—Scots, 28 ; Thistles, 15. Banquet in evening by local clubs, seventy present. Visited Messrs. Cushing's saw-mills.

Tuesday, January 6.—Played various clubs at St. John. Result—Scots, 15 ; Carlton, 13. St. Andrew's Club, 15 ; Scots, 11. Campbellton, 14 ; Scots, 7. St. Stephen, 30 ; Scots, 2. In afternoon—Chatham, 9 ; Scots, 10. Fredericton, 17 ; Scots, 9. Hampton, 17 ; Scots, 5. Moncton, 18 ; Scots, 4. Total—New Brunswick, 153 ; Scots, 91.

Wednesday, January 7.—Reached Quebec in afternoon. Played matches with Quebec (Quebec, 42 ; Scots, 14) and Victoria Clubs (Victoria, 22 ; Scots, 27). Put up at Château Frontenac.

Thursday, January 8.—Played two rinks of Quebec Ladies' Club. Totals—Ladies, 27 ; Scots, 18. Afternoon—played Quebec and Victoria Clubs. Quebec, 24 ; Scots, 30. Victoria, 13 ; Scots, 41. Banquet in evening at Kent House, Montmorency Falls. Luncheon at Château Frontenac. First tobogganing experience.

Friday, January 9.—Arrived in Montreal. Escorted to Windsor Hotel by pipers and procession.

Saturday, January 10.—Driven round town and to Mount Royal in forenoon. Received freedom of Montreal from Mayor Cochrane. Tobogganing at the Mountain Slide. Played Montreal Club. Total—6 rinks. Scots, 62 ; Montreal, 99. Smoking concert in evening.

Sunday, January 11.—Captain conducted service in Stanley Street Church. Team attended St. Paul's (Dr. Barclay) in evening. Address by Dr. Barclay.

Monday, January 12.—Played at Westmount against Heather Club two matches of two rinks each. Won two, lost two. Scores—Heather, 49 ; Scots, 44.

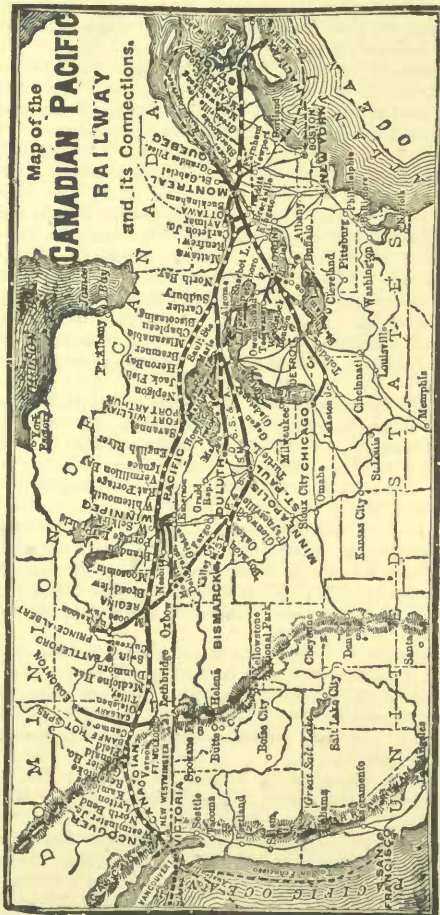
Tuesday, January 13.—Played St. Lawrence Club three matches. Totals—Scots, 83 ; St. Lawrence, 66. Played Ladies' Club, Montreal—Ladies', 46 ; Scots, 32. Entertained to tea by Ladies' Club.

Wednesday, January 14.—Played Caledonia Club two rinks—Caledonia, 27 ; Scots, 16. Driven over River St. Lawrence to see ice-cutting. Procession of over forty sleighs. Visited Messrs. Ogilvy's model farm.

Thursday, January 15.—Six rinks played Thistle Club. Total—Scots, 60 ; Thistle, 78. Two rinks played Lachine Club (mixed sides), and were entertained at Lachine to supper at Lake View Hotel. Presented Colonel Stevenson with birthday-cup. Two rinks played St. Lawrence Ladies ; entertained to tea by them.

Friday, January 16.—Scottish-born curlers *v.* Canadian—Scots, 211 ; Canadians, 320. Mammoth banquet in evening at Windsor Hotel.

Saturday, January 17.—Started for Ottawa. Arrived at noon. Escorted by Russell House. Entertained by local clubs to lunch. In afternoon played Rideau Club—Rideau, 63 ; Scots, 53. Witnessed hockey match, Ottawa *v.* Montreal.



SHOWING ROUTE TAKEN BY THE SCOTTISH CURLING TEAM.

This Map kindly furnished from the Office of the C.P.R. Co., 67 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

Sunday, January 18.—Attended St. Andrew's Church, with Mayor Cook at head. Address to curlers by Dr. Herridge.

Monday, January 19.—Played Ottawa Club. Result—Ottawa, 68 ; Scots, 49, forenoon. Lunched at Government House with Governor-General and party. Engaged in open-air friendly games afternoon. Entertained in evening by St. Andrew's Society.

Tuesday, January 20.—Left for Peterborough. Procession to Snowden House, where luncheon was served. Played against Peterborough Granites, Peterborough Thistles, Kingston, Coburg, and Orillia (five clubs). Details—Coburg, 8 ; Scots, 12. Peterborough Thistles, 11 ; Scots, 6. Peterborough Granites, 13 ; Scots, 5. Orillia, 14 ; Scots, 4. Kingston, 18 ; Scots, 7. Totals—Canadians, 64 ; Scots, 34. Dinner and smoking concert at Snowden's in evening.

Wednesday, January 21.—Driven through town. Played rinks of Campbellford, Keene, Uxbridge, Norwood, Lakefield. Details—Campbellford, 8 ; Scots, 12. Keene, 6 ; Scots, 11. Uxbridge, 4 ; Scots, 9. Norwood, 12 ; Scots, 11. Lakefield, 3 ; Scots, 15. Totals—Canadians, 33 ; Scots, 58. Went to Lindsay in afternoon. Played Lindsay Club (three rinks). Result—Lindsay, 38 ; Scots, 32. Beaverton, 9 ; Scots, 12. Bobcaygeon Club, 16 ; Scots, 7. Totals—Canadians, 63 ; Scots, 51. Entertained to dinner at Benson House, Lindsay, in evening. Returned by special train to Peterborough.

Thursday, January 22.—Arrived in Toronto. Entertained to luncheon at Granite Rink. Match in afternoon. Barrie Rink, 5 ; Scots, 12. Whitby, 8 ; Scots, 6. Churchill, 7 ; Scots, 13. Oshawa Rink, 15 ; Scots, 4 ; and O.C.A. officers, 8 ; Scots, 8. Toronto totals—Canadians, 43 ; Scots, 43. In evening played Granite Club (five rinks). Result—Granite, 64 ; Scots, 39. Entertained at banquet.

Friday, January 23.—Driven round Toronto in sleighs. Entertained by City to luncheon, Mayor Urquhart presiding. Presented with freedom of city. Played Victoria Club (5 rinks) in afternoon. Result—Victoria, 60 ; Scots, 52. Dined with Club. Played Parkdale Club (three rinks). Result—Parkdale, 40 ; Scots, 24 ; and Lakeview Club (two rinks) in evening. Result—Lakeview, 16 ; Scots, 31.

Saturday, January 24.—Driven to Massy-Harris Works. Luncheon with Caledonian and Prospect Park Clubs. Played Caledonians (two rinks). Result—Caledonians, 13 ; Scots, 16 ; and Prospect Park (three rinks) in afternoon. Result—Prospect Park, 39 ; Scots, 21. Dinner at Queen City Club in evening, and play with five rinks of that Club afterwards. Results—Queen's City, 70 ; Scots, 44.

Sunday, January 25.—Visited Niagara Falls and crossed river by Ice Bridge. Arrived in Hamilton in evening after dining at Windsor Hotel, Niagara.

Monday, January 26.—Luncheon at Thistle Club. Driven round City of Hamilton. Played three games against five local clubs. Asylum Club, 8 ; Scots, 12. Glanford Club, 5 ; Scots, 14. Paris, 11 ; Scots, 7. Victoria Club (two rinks). Result—Victoria, 19 ; Scots, 24. Total—Canadians, 43 ; Scots, 57. In afternoon and evening played Dundas and Thistle Clubs (five rinks). Result—Canadians, 59 ; Scots, 37. Banquet in evening.

Tuesday, January 27.—Went to Guelph. Played against five local teams. Result—Harriston, 7 ; Scots, 13. Ayr, 5 ; Scots, 7. Royal City, 14 ; Scots, 6. Guelph Union, 8 ; Scots, 3. Brompton 14 ; Scots 3. Total—

Canadians, 48 ; Scots, 32. In the afternoon played Guelph Royal City (two rinks). Guelph, 37 ; Scots, 21. Union, 12 ; Scots, 11. Fergus, 4 ; Scots, 5. Visited Agricultural College. Entertained to lunch by Dr. Mills. Supper at Wellington Hotel.

Wednesday, January 28.—Went to Stratford. Played against seven clubs. Result—Stratford (four rinks), 21 ; Scots, 33. Clinton, 1 ; Scots, 6. St. Mary's, 1 ; Scots, 13. Bright Club, 4 ; Scots, 12. Walkerton, 2 ; Scots, 9. Waterloo, 8 ; Scots, 6. Seaforth, 5 ; Scots, 5. Total—Canadians, 42 ; Scots, 84. Majority for Scots, 42. Received freedom of city. In evening entertained at banquet in City Hall by Stratford Curling Club.

Thursday, January 29.—Went to London. Drove round city ; were entertained to lunch at London Club. Left on special train for St. Thomas. Played four rinks at Granite Club in afternoon. St. Thomas, 2 ; Scots, 14. London Forest City, 8 ; Scots, 5. Woodstock, 4 ; Scots, 12. London, 8 ; Scots, 5. Total—Scots, 36 ; Canadians, 22. Entertained to supper and a banquet. Played in evening. Result—London Forest City, 7 ; Scots, 10 ; London, 12 ; Scots, 1. St. Thomas (two rinks), 4 ; Scots, 22. Majority for Scots, 10 shots.

Friday, January 30.—Arrived in Windsor. Luncheon at Crawford House. Played against Windsor Club. Result—Windsor, 13 ; Scots, 8. Sarnia, 13 ; Scots, 12. Detroit, 14 ; Scots, 12. In evening played rinks from three clubs. Result—Windsor, 12 ; Scots, 9. Petrolia, 13 ; Scots, 9. Detroit Club, 7 ; Scots, 12. Entertained at smoking concert in evening.

Saturday, January 31.—Driven round Windsor. Luncheon at Crawford House. Crossed to Detroit. Played Detroit Club (three rinks). Result—Detroit, 6 ; Scots, 24. Toronto Club banquet in honour of Mr. Hammond.

Sunday, February 1.—Returned to Toronto.

Monday, February 2.—Left for Winnipeg. Major Bertram ill. Presentation by the team to Mr. M'Fadden, Secretary O.C.A.

Tuesday, February 3.—*En route* for Winnipeg. Re-adjustment of rinks.

Wednesday, February 4.—Arrived in Winnipeg after two days' journey. Luncheon at Commercial Club. Driven round city in afternoon. Attended meeting of Manitoba Association. Address presented by Mr. G. F. Bryan, President.

Thursday, February 5.—Played two rinks for Winnipeg Challenge Cup. Three more rinks played Winnipeg Challenge Cup.

Friday, February 6.—Various Bonspiel Competitions.

Saturday, February 7.—Played for Royal Caledonian Tankard. Smoking concert in evening at St. Andrew's Rooms.

Sunday, February 8.—Service for curlers in Knox Church. Visited buffaloes.

Monday, February 9.—Abell Trophy. Farewell banquet at Manitoba Club by Assiniboine Curlers.

Tuesday, February 10.—Left for United States.

Wednesday, February 11.—At Minneapolis. Taken to Minnehaha Falls by Mr. T. Lowrie. Received by Mayor Haynes and lunched at Commercial Club. Played Flour City Club (four rinks). Result—Minneapolis, 48 ; Scots, 41. Smoker at Minneapolis Club in evening.

Thursday, February 12.—Went to St. Paul's. Played Nushka Club in afternoon. Result—Nushka, 50 ; Scots, 32. Banquet in evening at Minnesota Club. Presented with cup by Nushka Club.

Friday, February 13.—Went on to Chicago.

Saturday, February 14.—Played at Chicago against Wanderers' Club and Winter Club. Banquet from clubs in Stratford Hotel in evening. Total results—Wanderers, 67; Scots, 74. Winter, 29; Scots, 64.

Sunday, February 15.—At Chicago. Great storm.

Monday, February 16.—Majority visited stockyards. Left Chicago.

Tuesday, February 17.—Passed Duluth.

Wednesday, February 18.—Stopped at Utica. Played three rinks with Utica Curling Club—Scots, 47; Utica, 35. Went to New York at night, to Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Thursday, February 19.—Morning spent in sight-seeing. Played five teams from New York City at Hoboken. Total—Scots, 70; Americans, 62.

Friday, February 20.—Played at New York morning and afternoon, eight rinks—St. Andrew's, 10; Scots, 9. Boston, 11; Scots, 10. Thistle, 4; Scots, 9. Van Cortlandt, 2; Scots, 9. Empire, 6; Scots, 10. Caledonian, 9; Scots, 7. Manhattan, 8; Scots, 12. Jersey, 4; Scots, 5. Farewell banquet in Manhattan Hotel, New York, by Grand National Curling Club.

Saturday, February 21.—Sailed for Liverpool on *Lucania*.

Thursday, February 26.—Concert on board *Lucania*.

Saturday, February 28.—Arrived, morning, Liverpool; and home, evening.

III

MR. BRAMWELL'S RINK MATCHES

I. Against Canadian Clubs

Where played.	Against.	Shots for.	Shots against.
Halifax	Truro Club	9	13 -
Do.	Halifax do.	16	8 +
Do.	Pictou do.	22	2 +
St. John	St. Andrew's do.	11	14 -
Do.	Fredericton do.	9	17 -
Quebec	Victoria do.	20	7 +
Do.	Quebec do.	14	10 +
Montreal	Montreal do.	14	11 +
Do.	Heather do. For. Agst.	8	23 -
Do. 1st Game	St. Lawrence do. 21 8 }	35	22 +
Do. 2nd do.	do. 14 14 }		
Do. 1st do.	Thistle do. 18 5 }	26	17 +
Do. 2nd do.	do. 8 12 }		
Ottawa	Ottawa do.	9	12 -
Do.	Rideau	5	21 -
	Carry forward	198	177

I. Against Canadian Clubs—continued

Where played.	Against.	Shots for.	Shots against.
	Brought forward	198	177
Peterborough	Coburg Club	6	11 --
Do.	Lakefield do.	15	3 +
Lindsay	Lindsay do.	10	15 -
Toronto	Barrie do.	12	5 +
Do.	Granite do.	4	11 -
Do.	Toronto do.	18	14 +
Do.	Parkdale do.	8	14 --
Do.	Prospect do.	11	10 +
Do.	Queen's City do.	7	10 -
Hamilton	Asylum do.	12	8 +
Do.	Thistle do.	8	10 -
Guelph	Harrison do.	13	7 +
Stratford	Seaforth do.	5	5 draw
Do.	Stratford do.	9	4 +
St. Thomas	London do.	5	8 -
Do.	Forest City do.	10	7 +
Windsor	Petrolia do.	9	13 -
		360	332

Won 15 Matches. Lost 14. Drawn 1. Shots up, 28.

II. Against American Clubs

Where played.	Against.	Shots for.	Shots against.
Detroit	Detroit Club	6	3 +
Minneapolis	Flour City do.	2	22 -
St. Paul	St. Paul do. For. Agst.	7	13 -
Chicago, 1st Game	Wanderers' do. 9 13 }	24	19 +
Do. 2nd do.	do. 15 6 }		
Utica	Utica do.	17	15 +
New York, 1st Game	St. Andrew's do. 19 13 }	28	23 +
Do. 2nd do.	do. 9 10 }		
Do.	Van Cortlandt do.	9	2 +
		93	97

Won 5 Matches. Lost 2. Shots down, 4.

Grand Total—Won 20 Matches. Lost 16. Drawn 1. Shots up, 28.
Shots down, 4.

IV

SKIP PRAIN'S MATCHES

Mr. Henry Prain, who took on hand the Captain's rink, gives the following very creditable table of the rink's performances:—

Date.	Club.	For.	Against.	Won Matches.		Lost Matches.
Dec. 31	Nova Scotia	13	11	W
Jan. 1	Halifax	14	11	W
" 2	New Glasgow	6	14	L
" 5	Thistle (St. John)	16	8	W
" 6	Campbelton	7	17	L
" 7	Victoria (Quebec)	7	15	L
" 10	Montreal	14	16	L
" 12	Heather	12	10	W
" 13	St. Lawrence	11	17	L
" 14	Caledonian	6	11	L
" 15	Thistle	13	14	L
" 20	(Kingston?) at Peterborough	4	13	L
" 21	Uxbridge	9	5	W
" 23	Toronto	11	11	...	Tied	...
" 23	Parkdale	7	8	L
" 24	Queen City	7	14	L
" 26	Glanford	14	5	W
" 26	Thistle	5	16	L
" 27	Ayr at Guelph	7	5	W
" 28	Walkerton	9	2	W
" 28	Clinton	6	1	W
" 29	Forest City	5	8	L
" 29	St. Thomas	9	6	W
" 30	Windsor	9	11	L
" 31	Detroit	10	1	W
Feb. 11	Minneapolis	16	6	W
" 12	St. Paul	7	12	L
" 14	{ Wanderers } { forenoon	6	17	L
" 14	{ (Chicago) } { afternoon	18	10	W
" 19	Manhattan	13	9	W
		291	304	14	1	15

V

THE DOMINION OF CANADA

The Dominion of Canada consists of the Confederation of the Provinces of Quebec, Ontario, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, British Columbia, and the North-West Territories.

Governor-Generals since Confederation.	Date of Office.
Right Hon. Viscount Monck	1867-1868
Right Hon. Lord Lisgar	1868-1872
Right Hon. The Earl of Dufferin	1872-1878
Right Hon. The Marquis of Lorne	1878-1883
Most Hon. The Marquis of Lansdowne	1883-1888
Right Hon. Lord Stanley of Preston, later Earl of Derby	1888-1892
Earl of Aberdeen	1893-1898
Earl of Minto	1898-

Premiers.	Party.	Date of Office.
Sir John Macdonald	Con.	1867-1873
Sir Alexander Mackenzie	Lib.	1873-1878
Sir John Macdonald	Con.	1878-1891
Sir John Abbott	Con.	1891-1892
Sir John Thompson	Con.	1892-1894
Sir Mackenzie Bowell	Con.	1894-1896
Sir Charles Tupper	Con.	1896-1896
Sir Wilfrid Laurier	Lib.	1896-

The Dominion of Canada is governed as follows :—

1. By a Governor-General appointed for five years by the King in Council.

2. By a Senate of 81 members appointed for life by the Governor-General in Council. Of these 24 are appointed from the Province of Quebec; 24 from the Province of Ontario; 24 from the maritime provinces, *i.e.* New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island; 4 from Manitoba; 3 from British Columbia, and 2 from the North-West Territories.

3. The House of Commons, consisting of 213 members, at present elected as follows :—

From the Province of Quebec, 65; Ontario, 92; New Brunswick, 14; Nova Scotia, 20; Prince Edward Island, 5; Manitoba, 7; British Columbia, 6; North-West Territories, 4.

Quebec has a fixed number of 65 members. After each decennial census the representations for the other provinces shall be of such a number as will bear the same proportion to its population as the number 65 bears to the population of Quebec.

There are at present two principal political parties, Conservatives and Liberals. According to an unwritten law, the Premier is chosen by the Governor-General from the political party which secures a majority in the House of Commons, and the Premier selects his ministers subject to the approval of the Governor-General. All ministers must be re-elected after their appointment.

The main issue which divided the political parties previous to 1896 was Protection *versus* Free Trade, but after the return of the Liberal party in 1896 the latter substantially adopted the Conservative policy of Protection.

A. MILNE.

VI

LIST OF CANADIAN CITIES OR TOWNS HAVING POPULATION OF 6000 OR OVER

Town.	Prov.	Pop.	Town.	Prov.	Pop.
Montreal	Que.	300,000	St. Catherine's	Ont.	9,170
Toronto	Ont.	188,333	Chatham	Ont.	9,052
Quebec	Que.	80,500	Brockville	Ont.	9,013
Ottawa	Ont.	57,002	Berlin	Ont.	9,000
Halifax	N.S.	49,344	Three Rivers	Que.	9,000
Hamilton	Ont.	48,980	Valleyfield	Que.	8,484
St. John	N.B.	46,200	St. Hyacinthe	Que.	8,068
London	Ont.	38,900	Moncton	N.B.	8,000
Winnipeg	Man.	38,500	Sydney	N.S.	8,000
Vancouver	B.C.	30,000	Owen Sound	Ont.	8,000
St. John's	N.F.	29,007	Sarnia	Ont.	7,734
Kingston	Ont.	20,000	Gault	Ont.	7,535
Brantford	Ont.	18,250	Levis	Que.	7,301
Hull	Que.	13,451	Rossland	B.C.	7,000
Windsor	Ont.	12,500	Fredericton	N.B.	7,000
Peterborough	Ont.	12,000	Lindsay	Ont.	6,500
St. Thomas	Ont.	12,000	Sorel	Que.	6,500
Charlottetown	P.E.I.	12,000	Dartmouth	N.S.	6,429
Guelph	Ont.	10,539	Yarmouth	N.S.	6,089
Sherbrooke	Que.	10,110	Nelson	B.C.	6,000
Belleville	Ont.	9,914	New Westminster	B.C.	6,000
Stratford	Ont.	9,501	Rat Portage	Ont.	6,000
Woodstock	Ont.	9,500			

VII

MR. JAMES MUNRO

We fully intended to have this counterfeit presentment of the famous Bluenose skip in its proper place, at p. 105 or 106, but the portrait has been so late in reaching us that this was impossible. Our volume would not be complete without it, so it is entered here, and we are sure it will be prized by the members of the Scottish team and by all who have the pleasure of knowing this keen curler, who has done so much to advance the old game in New Glasgow and Nova Scotia generally. "The kettle," of which an illustration is given at p. 106, was competed for by individual play in the Bluenose Club for fifteen years, and finally became Mr. Munro's property. Our friend is not only the most efficient skip in his club, which is proved by the fact that last season he won eight out of nine foreign matches played; but for many years he has acted as Secretary, with the result that the old Bluenose has renewed its youth and revived its close connection with the Mother-club. "Curling," says Mr. Munro in his last letter to the Scots Captain, "is booming all over Canada this year, and I am quite sure that the visit of your team from the Mother-club has done much for us." To a request for some words about his adopted country, the Bluenose replies in the following Ossianic strain, which proves that he is a lover of the Muse as well as of the channel-stane:—



Photo by Waldren.

JAMES MUNRO.

Bluenose Club, New Glasgow.

Canada, the eldest daughter of the greatest
 Family Earth has seen. The brightest gem
 In an imperial crown, shine on for ever.
 Canada, the land where freemen dwell,
 Where Saxon, Scot, and Frank commingle
 To rear a race equal to the best of all.
 Canada, thrice kissed by mighty Ocean's roll,
 From Pole to Pole thy greatness it is known.
 Thy glorious St. Lawrence, father of waters
 Coupled to Inland seas, bears upon its
 Bosom the commerce of the World.
 Thy boundless prairies where Bison roamed
 In countless herds, the sport of Red men,
 Now yield to ploughshare, and miles of
 Garden grain attest thy fertility.
 Thy mighty mountain peaks, white capped
 And beautiful, stand as guardians
 O'er the granary of the World.
 Within thy bosom thou hast abundance
 And to spare of Gold and Iron and Coal,
 The basis of material wealth.
 Thy rushing water-falls, harnessed to electricity,
 Have power enough to turn ten thousand wheels.
 Canada, girt with a belt of steel, from
 Sea to sea, thus art thou girded to
 Uphold dear liberty.
 The Lion's cub is strong. Thy native sons
 Will never sell their birthright : as well try
 To stop Niagara's mighty flood, 'tis blood
 That joins us to the Motherland, by
 It we'll stand.

VIII

A ROYAL VISIT TO MONTREAL

As this volume had a "Royal" beginning, it seems appropriate to give it a "Royal" ending, by the following account from the *Montreal Gazette* of a meeting held on December 30, at which the worthy Colonel Stevenson as usual played the leading part. We have also pleasure in giving a reproduction of the picture from the Christmas number of the *Toronto Globe*, one of the most beautiful productions, we may add, that we have ever seen, and for which we were indebted to our good friend Mr. Adam Brown of Hamilton :—



Photo by English.

H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OPENING CALEDONIA CURLING RINK, DEC. 15, 1869.

The Prince, with broom in left hand, anxiously watches the "iron" which Colonel Stevenson, then President of the club, has played and follows up the rink. On H.R.H.'s left are Messrs. A. M'Gibbon, A. C. Hutchison, and W. M'Gibbon, *skip*; on his right, Messrs. R. Gardner, M. Hutchison, and D. Brown, *skip*.

There was a most interesting ceremony at the Caledonia Curling Rink last night, a ceremony of great interest to the Caledonia members, and of general interest to all curlers. It consisted of the presentation to the Caledonia Club, by a number of the members, of a large photograph, one of the first combination photographs ever made in this city, showing the interior of the old Caledonia Rink on Mountain Street, at the time that Prince Arthur visited there. This was in 1869, and the picture was the work of Inglis, a well-known photographer at the time. A number of small copies were made of this picture, but the large original got lost, and it was not till about a year ago, that Colonel A. A. Stevenson, the President of the Branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, got on its track, when he immediately started the movement which resulted in its presentation to the Caledonia Club last evening.

Quite a number of members were present at the ceremony, including some of the veterans who were present upon the occasion when the picture was taken, and played with and against the rink with which Prince Arthur first essayed the game. Colonel Stevenson, who had at his side Mr. Wm. M'Gibbon, also one of the Old Guard, made the presentation speech. He dwelt upon the history of the picture first. It commemorated the only occasion when Royalty had entered a Montreal Curling Rink. It reminded curlers of the first up-town rink owned by the Caledonians, after their start in the sheds on the waterfront. It brought back an occasion when Montrealers had enjoyed the actual honour of playing with Royalty, for the two rinks that played upon that occasion were composed as follows :

A. A. Stevenson	A. C. Hutchison
Prince Arthur	Alex. M'Gibbon
Matthew Hutchison	Robt. Gardner
Wm. M'Gibbon (<i>skip</i>)	D. Brown (<i>skip</i>).

It was upon this occasion also, that the Prince was presented with a beautiful pair of curling-stones, and a broom which was bound and interwoven with real silver wire, and which, the Colonel says, looked more like a jewel than a broom. Upon that occasion, like the one last night, Colonel Stevenson also made the presentation, and the newspapers of that date devote considerable space to the visit and the game of the Prince.

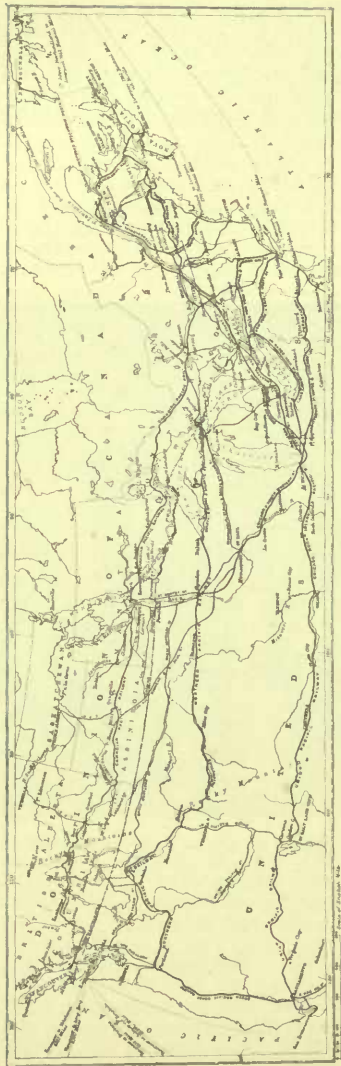
Colonel Stevenson last night called attention to certain features. For instance, he pointed out how at the time the picture was taken only very few men wore hats, while hardly any wore fur coats. At the present time nearly all the curlers wear hats and fur coats and very few caps. When the Colonel had finished, President Wm. Lyall accepted the picture on behalf of the club in a few well-chosen words, and then Mr. Wm. M'Gibbon was called upon, but with his well-known modesty declined, the duty of a speech devolving upon Mr. W. J. Hughes, who devoted some moments to reminiscences, and expressions of appreciation of Colonel Stevenson's work in bringing the big picture back to the club.

Messrs. Harry Hutchison and Peter Lyall followed with a few appropriate remarks, in which they impressed upon the younger members the importance of bringing the older members into the club as often as possible, and also expressed their great pleasure at seeing the picture under the Caledonian roof. They were followed by Mr. M'Lean, another of the ex-Presidents present, who said that Prince Arthur was a Royal good fellow. He had crossed the ocean with him, and found him so, and he would never forget how, when the

Prince met him in Hyde Park, he stopped and spoke to him. After that the meeting dissolved itself into a sort of informal party, in the course of which many stories were told, like one by Mr. M'Gibbon, about how they played from midnight till near three in the morning in Winnipeg, and in the course of which also many toasts were drunk, and short speeches were made by Messrs. Dan Macintyre, W. S. Marson, President Lyall, and others.



THE "BOYS" OF PETERBOROUGH.



MR. EDWARD STANFORD'S MAP OF CANADA AND NORTHERN AMERICA (MINIATURE) SHOWING ROUTE TAKEN BY SCOTS CURLING TEAM.

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THE END



AT RIDEAU HALL.

