



You are all invited to attend the Renfrew Ski Club Dance to-night (Thursday). G. T. train leaves city at 5.15 p.m. Returning C.P.R. train leaves Renfrew about 3 a.m. (See time table.)

"BY JOVE, YOU HAVE GOT A WIDE-AWAKE Secretary in this Club," said a young member. "I joined on Wednesday, and on Thursday morning I got a circular asking me to pay for my fees."

You looked at your thermometer on Sunday morning, and seeing that it registered 30 below you decided to return to bed and nurse those frost bites you got on Saturday, but you missed a glorious day, the best so far this winter and the hundred or so who came to Camp Fortune enjoyed as they never did before, the swift descents citywards.

Last week events. Two hundred casualties, mostly frost bites, no races, no tests. This week events: (1) on Thursday, Jan. 31st, Moonlight Hikes, (1) by long trail to Homestead Inn. Take Wrightville car, Chateau Laurier at 7 p.m.; (2) by short trail to Homestead Inn. Take car at 7.45 p.m.; (3) by intermediate trail to Fairy Lake (Brown's café). Take car at 7.30; (4) by special trail, Rockcliffe to Fairy Lake, leave Rockcliffe no later than 8 p.m. There will be lanterns on all these trails with the exception of the Rockcliffe one, which does not need any. (2) On Saturday, Feb. 2nd, usual excursion to Ironsides, and race for Seniors and Juniors over new track, starting 3 p.m. sharp from Wrightville.

(3) On Sunday, Feb. 3rd, excursion to Camp Fortune from Kirk's Ferry and Cascades, to McCloskey's from Cascades, and to Crilley's hill and Black Lake from Camp Fortune.

Mrs. Dickson, the ever-vigilant "Night Fairy" of the Club announces a change in the latter half of the long and intermediate trails. Instead of turning down to the sand pit, the trail now turns to the left through the woods, crosses the Pink Lake trail, goes over a field to Brown's, passes Fairy Lake and joins the short trail to the Homestead Inn. In other words, the long trail now connects with the short one, past Fairy Lake. Those desirous of stopping at Brown's may do so, the rest can keep on to the Homestead Inn. This new trail follows a more protected route where lanterns will stay lighted in a windy night. Follow the magic lanterns.

Thick as the leaves in an old ski track, or as good intentions in the hearts of our members in arrears, were the omissions and mistakes in our last circular. Here they are: (1) Ken West won the Junior race on Saturday, Jan. 22; Fred. Taylor and Ls. Audette were tie for second. (2) the time made by E. Condon was 21' 15", not 23' 15" as reported. (3) Through the grievous fault of Miss Q. Robertson, who added insult to injury by saying, "I thought you were only interested in men" the names of the Ladies' workers of the Cafeteria were not given. (4) No one was at the Homestead Inn to take charge on Thursday night, and there was a wild crush at the counter. This will not happen again. (5) The announcement that Mrs. Brown's place was enlarged at Fairy Lake was premature, and those who followed Wilfrid Poitras found the place crowded. It is enlarged now, and can accommodate over 100. For private parties, afternoon or evening, phone S. 5599W.

"Remember that this country was founded on snowshoes before you or I were born, and do not laugh at snowshoes," says the Editor of the Montreal Ski Club Annual. We always suspected the blooming country was laid by snowshoers, otherwise it might not be quite so flat. Pity skiers were not called in consultation at the time.

A young man with an inquisitive and satirical turn of mind, indulged in through long years of gloomy bachelorhood, now happily ended, wants to know "what kind of wires the wire nail donators have been pulling to get their names mentioned twice in the last circular." That is a secret between us and the Printer's Devil, A.D., but if you really want to know, send us a dozen or so of gold nails.

They have got a sweet tooth. Two young ladies claim to be entitled to a box of candies, the first for breaking her seventh pair of skis in three years, the second for being the only one of her sex to reach Ironsides on that cruel afternoon of Saturday. Virtue and Perseverance bring their Own Reward, Ladies. Good girls like you are much better off without candies.

Spare the kindlings and Little Willie's feelings. An enthusiastic party visiting Camp Fortune during the week stuck to Nigger in the West end and burnt our whole winter supply of kindlings, besides making Little Willie very

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sore. Please stick to the kitchen in the future and leave Nigger alone, or you will get stove pipes raining down upon you. You will find Little Willie a good worker and the kitchen quite comfy. Just as a reminder that you had better comply with this request, you will find all the doors locked next time, with the exception of the kitchen door. If you are a big party—over fifteen—apply to F. G. Semple for the keys (Q. 6747).

**On Saturday next and every Saturday thereafter**, until Miss Ashfield has a clean sheet, the name of all members in arrear will be posted at Camp Fortune and Ironsides. Please read the list and help us to check it. We are not doing this to bring disgrace and humiliation on these wayward brothers, but simply to find out if they have not left this world or the city.

**Pertinent queries by a sweet young thing.** (1) "Last Thursday, when crossing the river during the night hike, I thought I heard a splash, and as some of my friends were way behind, I felt a bit uneasy. I asked a man "What was that noise." He said: "Oh, it is nothing; it is only a woman drowning." Now I don't think that was at all nice. I can give you his name if you like." (2) "Could you not send us a load of wood from Camp Fortune? That's where all the wood is, is it not?" (3) "Is it true that a married man joined himself and wife, and passed his badge on to a friend, thereby saving that friend \$3." (4) "I thought you said George had improved his trail. What did he do to it?"

**Answers.** (1) Perfectly horrid, my dear, but I really don't think he meant it. No, we won't publish his name. Leave him with his conscience. (2) That is just where the wood is the hardest to get. The average wood driver does not mind at all coming to Hull, but he hates going to Camp Fortune. The sight of all these empty tea pots makes him sick. (3) We were told so, but can hardly believe that any one could be so mean and dishonest. To parade under a woman's name for the sake of saving two or three dollars, when others are freely giving their time and money to help the Club is about as despicable a thing as could be conceived. That kind of men marry to get someone to work for them and support them. (4) He added two bumps to it.

**When the Old Guard broke.** About 3 p.m. on Saturday, when one of the fiercest gales that ever brought tidings from the Pole blew over the Gatineau hills, the news spread throughout the City that practically all of the 200 skiers who had attempted the Ironside trail had become casualties, that no news had been received from the Cafeteria workers who had left for the lodge in the wee hours of the morning, and that grave fears were entertained for the safety of fifty pies and fifty dozen doughnuts that had left on the morning train. The Old Guard of the Ottawa Ski Club was called out—all veteran skiers who always took keen delight in braving the elements. The cry went around "The Old Guard is coming," and at once the alarm and anxiety subsided. Smiling and cheerful, face, nose, and ears bravely uncovered, the Old Guard, led by Captain Jos. Morin, slid forward briskly towards Pine ravine, and soon disappeared from view. Alas, hardly had five minutes elapsed when a courier was seen coming back at full speed—the Guard had broken! the Guard had turned back, and was running away! One by one they came back, Billy Stevenson with his nose frozen, Scotty Davidson with his ears white, and last of all, crying bitterly and his tears hardening as they passed over his frozen cheeks, Jos. Morin! For the first time in the history of the Club the Guard had been vanquished by the elements.

**Who will give us a reminiscence of his first ski trip?** President Mortureux has the floor:

"It was, I think, in 1905, or possibly 1906. I had just got my skates sharpened and was going up Sparks Street, looking forward without any special thrill of delight to the prospect of spending a couple hours turning around in a rink like a wild animal in a cage, when I met Fred Burpee who invited me in a most pressing manner to join their gang—the whole Burpee family—next morning for a trip over to the East Templeton hills. We were just opposite Ketchum's store. I entered and came out fifteen minutes later the proud possessor of a pair of skis, 8 feet long, nearly 5 inches broad, and as heavy as good Canadian maple could be. One was a couple inches higher sprung than the other, and they were both a bit wobbly, but that did not matter. The fittings were a bit loose, but they would adjust themselves in time. Nothing mattered in those days. George Esdale ever was a good salesman. And—oh, I was forgetting the pole—such a splendid pole, 9 feet long, and thick and heavy in proportion. I joined the gang at Rockcliffe at 10 in the morning. We started over four miles of perfectly flat country towards the "East Templeton" hills, which stood about opposite the Rifle range. There were, if I remember right, 63 fences, but they did not bother me very much because my feet came off the fittings every time I lifted my skis. I was told to cut a wide swath—feet wide apart, sailor's fashion,—the fashion of those days. On the way over we talked about the poor girls who could never take hikes like those on account of their skirts. No one ever thought that the girls would discard their skirts and beat the men at their own game. When we got to the hills, I was instructed in the use of my pole. The pole was a most essential part of the skier's outfit in these early days. It was used as a third leg to stand on, and if a man came down a steep hill without a spill, he was congratulated on the strength of his pole.

We spent a very happy day over these hills which were really very good and do not deserve the neglect into which they have fallen of late. Some day I hope the Club will have a lodge there. There were the P. B. hill (which was interpreted as Perfect Beauty or something else according to the luck one had), Seven Dolla. hill and many others. Suddenly the North wind started to blow, it dropped to 20 below and the return trip, across that unprotected plain, was painful. Louis Burpee who was leading lost the way and we had to climb over 273 fences on the way back.

I managed to get back, because there was a Burpee in front of me, calling me, and a Burpee behind me who kept urging me on and refused to be shaken off, or else I would have stopped in a hay barn to spend the night. I will never forget the crossing of the Ottawa river that night! On boarding the Rockcliffe car, the conductor advised me to stay out in the snow until one of my ears would be thawed out. I dared him to put me out.

Any one could have got a pair of skis very cheap that night. But I was out again the next Sunday, and almost every bright, winter, God-given Sunday thereafter, counting as lost every week end that I was not out on the hills.

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