

Ottawa Ski Club News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE OTTAWA SKI CLUB
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Ye Editor modestly rises to remark that he can prophesy about the weather better than any of you. While most of you went around wringing their hands and saying "The winter is over, there will be no more snow" he said "A snow storm is coming." Did it come! With a fall of 12 inches of fresh snow over the Gatineau Hills, and a comfortable temperature, hovering around zero, last week-end was one of the most enjoyable ever in the Annals of the Club, and the lodges were all filled with record shattering crowds.

Results of the Fourth Preliminary race held on Saturday, Feb. 5th.—1st, B. Grayson-Bell, 32.01; G. Wood, 32.20; B. Oliver, 32.34; G. Jost, 32.42; F. Stavely, F. Amyot, W. Reed, F. C. Ellis, R. Church, K. Saunders, C. Robertson, B. Martin, H. MacDougall, F. J. Diarmid, B. Gillis, H. Douglas, S. Webb, H. Adams.—**Ladies:** A. Heiggtveit, 35.29; M. Dillon, 38.12; E. O'Connor, 44.06; T. McCormack, 48.45.—Results of the race held at Camp Fortune on Sunday, Feb. 6th: J. Bourgault, 48.25; B. Grayson Bell 49; John Blair, 49.15; L. Audette, 49.50; Herman Ritter, 51.30; L. Grimes, 51.31; A. Gordon, 55.35.

Coming Events. This Saturday, (12th) **Ontario Championships** held by your Club. Many entries have been received from Clubs far and near. **Ski Jumping** at 3 p.m. on Saturday, in Rockcliffe Park (Admission 25c). Their Excellencies have been invited to attend. Banquet at Rockcliffe Tea-house for competitors and officials after the meet on Saturday.—Cross country race at Camp Fortune on Sunday (Feb. 13). Competitors will be taken by sleigh, at the Club's expense, from Chelsea Station to the foot of Dunlop's hill. (Train leaves Ottawa at 9.30 a.m.) Meals will be served at Camp Fortune to out-of-town competitors.—We hope and trust that every one of our members will be at the ski jump on Saturday. They can ski from there to the Dome Hill after the meet. It is just as short as from Wrightville.

Night Hike.—Thursday, Feb. 10. **Please note** that the start of the trail, from now on, will be from the **end of the Wrightville car line**, instead of Montcalm street. No longer, but better hills. Hostesses this week: Mrs. Frank Herman and Mrs. Cyril Currier. **The Dome Hill Juniors** are requested to watch this circular in the future for information regarding activities of their organization, as Mrs. Semple can no longer telephone to them personally as she used to, their number having gone up from 15 to 70.—They must be at the Hull Electric Station, foot of Chateau Laurier, ready to leave at 10.30 a.m. every Saturday morning. Walley Reid will be the instructor this Saturday.

Wonders and celebrations.—Ye Editor has seen many wonderful happenings and amazing changes on the Heights of Camp Fortune since the good people of Ottawa took to the wilds. He saw the first girl on the trail, when every other stay-at-home girl spoke of her with envy as a "limb of Satan". He saw successively the first girl in short skirts, the first with bobbed hair and finally the girl in breeks, when people thought the height of abomination had been reached. He saw Camp Fortune gradually expand from a shack 12 x 14 to a building of 120 x 30 in the short space of six years and the Dome Hill Lodge trying to keep up with it. He saw the crowd grow from thirty-two at the inauguration of the first shack across the creek in 1921 to 1000 on the 6th of February 1927, when the new wing was inaugurated. One thing, however, has remained the same at every inauguration and every celebration, one thing never changed: There was a boy sitting by a draughty door on a keg of mails because he could not get a seat in 1921; he was there again in 1923, in 1925 and in 1927. It appears that no matter how big we build our lodges, some one must go short of a seat!

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Lockers.—Have you paid your locker rental yet for this year? If not, please forward fee of \$1.00 at an early date to F. G. Semple 56 Lisgar St., stating number of locker. Anyone desiring a locker should also write to Mr. Semple, enclosing fee.

The East Side Lodge is still suffering from that bad reputation it got last year on account of the bush cutting that was going on on the banks of the Gatineau. This stage is past; the East side trails are now in a splendid condition; those who went over these last week-end raved about them. The best trail to the East side lodge now is by way of Old Chelsea, but we hope to have a trail by way of Chelsea Station this week-end, so that our members can go by train. Watch the papers.

For the edification of our members in arrears. Extract from Police Court Records, Feb. 1.—**THE MAGISTRATE:** What is the charge against this man?—Ski vagrancy and non support of ski-clubs, your honour.—Who is laying the charge?—The Ottawa Ski Club.—To the Prisoner: Do you plead guilty or not guilty?—Not guilty, Your Honour, I have not joined yet this year.—**THE MAGISTRATE:** (Sarcastic) Not joined yet this year, did you say? What kind of a club is this? Do you have to join and rejoin every year? Is this a joining Club or a Ski Club?—I mean to say, I have not paid my fees yet this year—I know that very well; that's just why you are here. (Vehement) And why the Sam Hill did not you pay your fees? Did you resign? Were you prevented from using the Club lodges? Did you not receive the Club publications regularly?—**THE PRISONER,** (visibly moved)—Your Honour, I will pay my fees now, if you will let me!—Not before you have spent two years in snowless Kingston. Next case!

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One weekly hint about ski-ing by our expert. Most skiers going up hill keep their head down and hit the snow hard with their skis, in an endeavor to get a better grip and thus keep from sliding back. Did you ever try keeping your head up, and looking at the very top of the hill that you are climbing instead of looking at your feet, and instead of setting your skis hard down, just laying them gently on the snow? Try it and see what a wonderful change it makes. When you are climbing head down, most of your weight is on the front part of your skis, the heel is raised, and there is a tendency to slide back; this is why you have to do so much pounding with your feet and tugging with your arms. If you keep your head up, more of the weight of your body is on the heels of the skis which sink naturally and get a grip in the snow, and the labour of going up hill is reduced by about 50 per cent.

A Ski hoax.—Doubtless every one of our members heard, at some time or other, the story of the poor girl who became paralyzed for life after a series of falls on George's trail. It was so very pitiful The old father standing at the bedside of his dying daughter, calling curses upon the heads of the officers of ski clubs, and then gathering all the skis in the house (there were eleven children in the family, and they all ski-ed) and making a bonfire of them in the garden! Everybody knew her, though no one seemed to know just who she was. After keeping quiet for a while the poor girl, like the notorious snow-flake, has again come out, and this time she got her brain frozen, lost her sense of hearing, her eye-sight and finally died! The story was so persistent, so many names were given that Ye Editor made an investigation, with the help of newspaper reporters, and he found, of course, that the whole thing was a hoax—a fabrication from start to finish. The result of this investigation may not satisfy the credulous ones. A good many are not unlike this lady who, upon being told by Ye Ed. that he had been out bare headed that very same Sunday retorted, "Yes, but this girl had brains!" The



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inference if obvious. And she added impressively: "I—am—just—telling—you—she—is—dead." Which all goes to show that, as the French poet said:

"L'homme est de glace aux vérités,
 Il est de feu pour le mensonge."

Distinguished guests.—A little wire conveyed the news to Toronto that "Ski-ing prospects were excellent, with snow falling and colder weather in sight." And President Sam Cliff, of the Toronto Ski Club, boarded the night train with a party of Torontonians, including our old friend Merrit Putman, and landed in Ottawa on Saturday morning. They came in the nick of time. We were short of help for blazing the course of the Club race around Camp Fortune. We think they rather liked Camp Fortune and Joe Morin's pancakes. They took a box of snow with them to show it at the Toronto Winter Fair.

The Whispering Gallery.—"Why don't you say something about that girl who froze her brains on that cold Sunday and now lies at the point of death, if she is not dead already," said kind-hearted Mabel, adding, "It would serve as a warning to others who might be tempted to go out without a hat (Shucks! Has the story leaked out, Mabel? We were hoping it would not. Alas, it is but too true: the poor girl, whose hair was bobbed too short, got her brains frozen; she lost her eye-sight and her wind-pipe, and her tongue dropped off too. The doctor says she may not ski for a couple of weeks, and then she may not be able to yell "Track!" for a while. Darn that girl, she is always getting into trouble! She is the same one who became paralyzed for life after hitting a bump on George's two years ago, and being a paralytic, her blood circulation was below normal, and that is how she got her brains frozen. Some day she will get real hurt you know.)—"I have been trying that checking stunt of yours with the poles," says Mabel, "and it does not work; although I was pressing hard on my right ski with the points of my poles, near my heel, as you say, I seemed to go just as fast as ever!" (Oh no, Mabel! You must not press on the ski, that is no good. Stick you poles into the snow, beside the ski, near your heel!)"—"Your method of checking, as explained in your article "Put on the Brakes" in the last issue of the *Ski News*, appears to me a bit complicated and unnecessarily strenuous," says P. R. G. "I know a much



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easier one: I fill my pockets with sand—good, gritty sand—and as soon as my speed becomes alarming and I feel I am losing control, out goes a handful of sand, flung by a twist of the wrist some little distance ahead. That stops me, and every body else as well.” (And the joke of it is, Ye Editor had to pay two cents for insufficient postage to get that old recipe out of the Post Office. Save the sand and use more stamps next time P.R.)—A ski Editor in a contemporary says that *the* load of lumber for Camp Fortune went astray and *the* carpenter broke his rib . . . (Did you think we were building a little shack of 2x4, Eddie?)—The Toronto Ski Club has come to life again, and the first number of its circular has just reached us. They have not started knocking Ottawa yet, but that will come! We are watching them closely.—There having been no accidents on the Canyon trail yesterday, Captain T. J. Morin was presented with a pair of white kid gloves. If any one gets hurt next time, please report, even if it be only a scratch. These gloves are expensive.—Signs for the “Canyon Trail” had been ordered from the printer. What do you suppose they made it? “The Canyon Trial.” The Printer’s devil had been over it and he promptly grabbed his chance to get even.—An event of outstanding interest in Ski Circles occurred on Sunday last—Sigurd McLachlan made the Canyon Trail on high, 100% perfect—not a fall—not even having “Jollified” down the worst slope. Sigurd, needless to say, is more than pleased with the performance as there now remains only Georges Trail, Fortune Lane and Pine Hill on his list to conquer in the same splendid manner.

Nan wants us to sing. Who is leading?—“Dear Editor: Sylvia said t’me the other day—Nan don’t you think it would be a chawming ideah to inaugurate singing on ski hikes? ? ? Wonderful! Immense! ! I sead, Dear Sylvia, What a truly brilliant ideah! Just think of going over George’s . . . There’s a long, long trail awinding—Zipp we’re up! Into the land of my dree-eams—Zimm we’re down—And the nightingales were singing and a pale moon beams—Bang! Bingo! Pale moon did you say, why I can see sun, moon, stars and oo-oh mother they aren’t pale! ! ! Reeahly deah Sylvia I don’t think I shall try singing going over George’s or when I’m going up McAllister’s for reeahly don’t y’know I don’t think I’ll have the wind.

Oh, she said I wasn't thinking of those places but I mean on the moonlights, which aren't so strenuous—Aren't they dear girl? Strenuous enough—you sing the hymn and I'll sing the amen—And in the lodges. In the lodges—well, perhaps—I'll pass on your reahly chawming ideah to Ye Editor, I'm sure he'll be most enthusiastic. Here it is, Mr. Editor.—Sincerely, Nan.

“SKEEZICKS” TAKES A SKID.

Instead of the usual bright ray of sunshine I had every reason to expect when I arrived home for dinner, a very forlorn and dejected looking wifey met my gaze. In sudden alarm I burst out with: “What in the world has happened? You look as if you had taken George's and the Canyon both at once. Have those few flakes of snow been too great a shock, or have you discovered a warp in your other ski?”

“It's worse than that,” she mournfully replied. “I'm afraid it's my brain that's warped; I can't make any sense of the Ski Club News.”

“It must certainly be warped if you expect to find any sense in the News. But what in particular has brought you to this belated realization of your condition?”

“What, haven't you read that article on braking.”

“Breaking what?” sez I, “ribs or ankles? If it's ribs, I suppose it is an editorial, and therefore quite authoritative.” (The ankles were put in for her special benefit).

“NO b-r-a-k-i-n-g; putting on the brakes, you know. So you haven't read it. Who's the “Ski Expert”, anyhow?”

“Search me! Must be one of the Dome Hill Juniors; they're the only experts I know of in our club. What's he got to say?”

Turing to page topped off with the stuff that made Ferguson famous, she read: ‘For braking, hold the sticks together’—“What does he mean by sticks?”

“Poles, I reckon,” sed I. “They call them sticks because they are always sticking into things they shouldn't.”

“Such as electric lights on street cars,” said the frau. I chose to ignore this thrust, and simply said: “Go on.”

—‘and keep as far forward and as upright as possible so as not to disturb one's balance.’

“A very worthy ambition,” remarked I. “One's balance does have a tendency to become disturbed.”

—‘Rest the sticks against the shins’—

“Does one wear goalkeeper's pads?” I inquired.

“Don't keep interrupting.”—‘the points near the heel of the boot.’

“That's so you can jab the spike down between your toes and pin your foot to the trail should you find yourself going too fast,” I suggested.

She read on to the end of the paragraph which explained how the sticks were prevented from ‘dragging behind.’

“A much simpler way to prevent it,” said I, “would be to leave the sticks at home and stay with them to prepare your husband's dinner, instead of puzzling over things you can't understand.”

“Oh! I suppose you understand it all. Will you be good enough to show me how it is done? And how do you turn a corner?”

“I don't,” I replied. “If it is a nice windy day, I just stand still and watch other people turn them.”

“I'm not talking about street corners. But if you don't know how to turn them on skis, perhaps you know what stemming is. It comes next.”

“Sizzling sausages!” I blustered. “Is there a next? Well have you never heard of stemming the tide? I suppose it refers to the young rivers that replaced the trails last Sunday. What about it?”

“Listen to this.” I listened while she read right on down to the promise that with a little practice it would all ‘come easy.’

“Is that clear to you?” she asked.

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“About as clear as Dome Hill coffee. Want me to explain it to you? Well, all you have to do is push the hips over to the opposite side—”

“Opposite side of what?”

“A tree or something, I suppose. You’ll never learn if you keep interrupting. Now, try and get this: Then move the heel so that the weighted leg lies on the knee which must be bent slightly and kept perfectly straight, so that the weight of the body will be perpendicular to the stemming action, and let it slight forward—”

“Oh! stop, stop,” wailed wifey. “The only part I understand is where he says ‘This is enough for this time.’ ‘It’s more than enough, I’m either crazy or that expert is.’”

“I guess likely you both are”, I ventured. Otherwise you wouldn’t ski. The next thing you’ll be trying some of those Salome races they tell about in the new Annual. Ski-ing has sure put the skids under my domestic life.” (The last was said to myself, as I beat it for the office).

Many thanks.—The collection for Joe Laverdure’s son at Camp Fortune brought some seventy dollars, which should go a long way towards providing the necessary medical assistance. Jos. Laverdure desires us to express his warmest thanks to all those who contributed, and Ye Editor wishes to add his own thanks for this generous response to his appeal. This is showing the proper Club spirit.

No such a bad trail.—Alex Haultain took Jack Bourgault’s trail from Kingsmere to Pink Lake last week-end. His verdict is favorable. Look up last issue of the Ski News to know where to pick up this trail.

The Dominion Championships.—Just a line to remind you that the Dominion Championships are held in Montreal, this year, by the Montreal Ski Club. The Ski-jumping tournament will take place on Saturday, Feb. 26, and the Cross-Country race for the Championship of Canada on Sunday, Feb. 27. The latter event will be held at Shawbridge. Who is coming?

Ski-ing Classes.—Under the expert tuition of our friend Breslaw Pliske, the Domé Hill ski-ing classes held every Saturday afternoon, have had wonderful success. Pliske is not only a brilliant skier, but also a splendid instructor, and those who have attended his classes regularly already show amazing progress. However, as the number of pupils is getting a bit larger than can be handled comfortably, we have asked Mr. Alf. Barnes, another expert skier, to come to our help, and he will do so next Saturday. When you arrive at the Dome Hill, go to the red flag; that is where the instructors are.

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Teaching people to ski is almost entirely a matter of demonstration, and the people who can teach themselves out of text-books are few and far between. However the following review of Colonel Bilgeri's coaching methods for beginners, published in the Canadian Ski Annual, may help our readers to improve their style.

The class assembles in a circle, on a flat space. The snow is carefully trodden down, and the preliminary exercises are gone through, with the instructor standing in the middle.

1. **NORMAL POSITION.** Ski parallel and pressed tightly together. Knees also tightly locked and inclined forward. Upper portion of the body leaning forward so as to be parallel to the shin bones. Soles and heels both firm on the skis, arms hanging loose and straight, with the sticks trailing behind.

Like all great teachers Bilgeri insists most strongly on the necessity of keeping the skis together and the knees locked.

2. **JUMPING ROUND.** Bilgeri rubs it into his pupils that his ski must never cling to the snow. He must at all times be ready to jump clear of it, whether to avoid obstacles or to change direction or to stop. To start the jump the pupil sinks on his heels without raising them till his hands are in the snow; then straightens up smartly, turning the upper portion of the body in the required direction and letting the feet follow. As he lands he sinks down again till his hands are in the snow—thus avoiding all shock—before he resumes his normal position. While jumping, he must hold a handkerchief between his knees.

3. **On the heels and rise.** Without altering the poise of the upper part of the body, the knees are pressed as far forward as possible and kept tightly together without raising the heels till the hands are in the snow. Then straighten the knees and rise.

This squatting position is of temporary use in very quick descents when losses of balance are frequent owing to changes in the slope or in the snow conditions. If the slope suddenly gets less steep, or the snow slower, the pace is checked and the law of inertia throws the upper part of the body forward. To avoid a fall one takes the weight off the ski and shortens the lever by sinking on to the heels. Similarly if the pace increases suddenly the skis tend to run away till one comes down sitting. So the upper part of the body must be brought forward and low not by leaning forward with the knees straight, but by bending the knees and forcing them forward till the plane of the upper body is parallel to the shin bones.

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SKI-ING IN OTHER LANDS

It appears that a careless skier once essayed the Canyon with a broken fitting.

When he met St. Peter, that good man looked up his record and found him eligible to enter the Golden Gates. The skier however first enquired as to ski-ing conditions in Heaven.

"I'm very sorry," said St. Peter, "we have no ski-ing in Heaven, but I'll tell you what I can do. They have a wonderful ski-ing country down below and I'll give you an introduction to His Satanic Majesty so that you can see for yourself what it is like."

So the skier went down and met Satan, who showed him over the country.

The trails were wonderful with beautiful slopes, no barbed wire or rocks, the brush all well cut, escalators wherever there was a big climb, and four magnificent lodges with free beans, coffee and preserved cherries. There were stacks of skis of every variety and size and a frying pan for each member. The moon shone every night and the temperature was just right. The skier was overjoyed.

"With a fresh fall of snow this would be wonderful" said he.

"Yes" said the devil, "but that's the Hell of it. There never is any snow."

The Rockliffe Tea House.—After ski-ing on the hills or watching the ski-jumping, the Rockliffe Tea House, with its cozy fire place, good eats, and charming hostesses—The Misses Hazel Reid and Addie Smith—awaits you. Parties ski-ing, sleigh riding or otherwise can be looked after any time.—Phone Q. 8551.

Lost: Saturday at Ironsides, a pair of fawn woolen gloves, phone Carling 2807. **Found,** at Pink Lake, a pair of woolen mits. Apply to checker. **Found** at Pink Lake a tobacco pouch, apply to checker.—**Found** at Camp Fortune, leather mitt, Phone Q. 6747 after 7 p.m.—Left near store at end of Wrightville car line last Saturday afternoon, one ski pole. Finder please phone S. 5280-W.—Haversack marked S.O.S. containing gloves, tuque and cigarettes was exchanged for haversack marked "Norman". Please phone C. 4439.

All communications regarding this circular to be addressed to The Editor O.S.C. News, P.O. Box 65.

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Edition No. 8

Ottawa Ski Club News

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