

GOLF.

A Weekly Record of "The Royal and Ancient Game."

"Far and Sure."

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.]

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Fixtures.

DECEMBER.

- Dec. 26.—Bembridge: Gold Medal, Eaton Memorial Putter and Fisher Prize.
Clapham: Challenge Handicap Cup.
Felixstowe: Club Prize, value 2 guineas.
Southport: Club Prize.
Seaford: Monthly Medal.
Dec 26 and 27.—Guildford: Christmas Meeting.
Dec. 27.—Buxton and High Peak: Monthly Competition, under Handicap, with Sweepstake.
Felixstowe: Monthly Challenge Cup.
Royal Ascot: Mr. Haig's Prize.
Royal Epping Forest: Gordon Challenge Cup and Captain's Prize.
Royal Liverpool: Winter Optional Subscription Prizes.
Haydock Park: Legh Challenge Cup.
Royal Wimbledon: Monthly Medal.
Dec. 27 and 29.—Ashdown Forest and Tunbridge Wells: Christmas Meeting.
Dec. 29 and 30.—Royal Eastbourne: Winter Meeting.

1891.

JANUARY.

- Jan. 1.—Prestwick St. Nicholas: Club (scratch) and Handicap Medals.
Jan. 1.—County Antrim: Handicap Hole Competition (Open).
Lanark: The Orchard Shield.
Jan. 2.—Country Antrim: Handicap Stroke Competition (Open).
Jan. 3.—Disley: Annual Meeting and Dinner; Competition for the Annual Cup.
Jan. 6.—Birkdale: Ladies' Prize (3rd round).
Jan. 10.—Whitley: Wyndham Cup.
Wiltshire and District: Gray Medal.
Disley: Third Winter Handicap.

- Jan. 13.—Whitley: The Joicey Cup.
Pau: Arthur Post Medal and Pendant, and the Brooke Challenge Cup and Badge.
Jan. 15.—Pau: Brooke Challenge Cup, and the Anstruther Shield and Badge.
Royal Musselburgh: Quarterly Competition.
Jan. 17.—Royal Liverpool: Winter Optional Subscription Prizes.
Lytham and St. Anne's: Captain's Cup Competition.
Birkdale: Club Medal (3rd round).
Whitley: Emmerson Prize.
Jan. 24.—Birkdale: The Captain's Cup.
Whitley: Crawley Prize.
Jan. 27.—Whitley: The Joicey Cup.
Pau: Macnab Cup.
Jan. 31.—Seaford: Monthly Medal.
Prestwick St. Nicholas: Bailie Wilson's Medal.
Royal Liverpool: Winter Optional Subscription Prizes.

FEBRUARY.

- Feb. 3.—Birkdale: Ladies' Prize.
Feb. 7.—Whitley: Wyndham Cup.
Birkdale: Mackenzie Cup.
Lanark: Quarterly Competition for Gold Ball and other Prizes.
Feb. 10.—Pau: Town of Pau Gold Medal and St. Andrew's Cross.
Whitley: Joicey Cup.
Royal Epping Forest: Kentish Cup.
Feb. 12.—Pau: Town of Pau Gold Medal and St. Andrew's Cross.
Feb. 14.—Whitley: Crawley Prize.
Lytham and St. Anne's: Captain's Cup Competitions.
Feb. 17.—Pau: May Jubilee Medal.
Feb. 18.—Royal Epping Forest: Kentish Gold Medal; Noakes Cup.
Feb. 21.—Whitley: Emmerson Prize.
Birkdale: Club Medal.
Prestwick St. Nicholas: Meikle and McLaren Prizes.
Feb. 24.—Whitley: Joicey Cup.
Feb. 28.—Birkdale: The Buckley Cup.
Seaford: Monthly Medal.
Royal Epping Forest: Gordon Challenge Cup; Captain's Prize.
Royal Liverpool: Winter Optional Subscription Prize.

We hope with the turn of the year to publish a series of articles from the pen of one of our esteemed contributors describing "The Golfing Greens of East Lothian." A finer series of links it would be impossible to find, than those all the way along the coast, from Musselburgh to North Berwick.

We shall also publish early in the New Year a series of portraits, accompanied with biographical and anecdotal sketches of "Eminent Golfers," professional as well as amateur. Golfers everywhere will no doubt find those portraits and sketches very interesting.

A Christmas Greeting !

"Gather ye Golf balls while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying."—(After HERRICK.)

THIS is the season of festive greeting, of good cheer, and merry junketings; and we do but follow the prevalent custom of the time in wishing our numerous readers A Very Merry Christmas. Now that winds do bite shrewdly, and frost has spread its picturesque mantle over links and rural landscape, hospitable doors are thrown wide, and amid the ruddy glow of comfortable interiors the darksome night is left behind, and families heretofore scattered are united for a brief season in the innocent joys of domestic conviviality. The cares and sorrows of the world are shut out and quenched in the tender peace which bids heart echo to heart in responsive sympathy and kindred associations. The children of the family are summoned from college, and from the busy, widespread haunts of commerce, to gather for a short interval under the paternal roof-tree, whose sheltering care mayhap they have not recently enjoyed; and while nature lies without shorn of her ever-changing beauty and wrapped in wintry picturesqueness, all is peace, love, and concord within. Just as the tender ivy creeps along, and covers up the gaunt, jarring ugliness of a bare wall, so this venerable festival of the year, around which poetry clings with tenderest fondness, and the Church commemorates with solemn and sacred feeling, comes among us to heal many a scarred and wounded heart, and soften many a family asperity.

A Merry Christmas! This is the cordial message we send to golfers the wide world over. It is the first time in the history of a game whose pursuit sweetens and lengthens life that such a message has been sent by an organ representing its interests and chronicling its achievements. Amid the wild hurrying din of holiday revelry we pipe our little tune. Musical it may not be, but sincere it certainly is; and it is just possible—we hope it may be so—that to those Sundered wide from present day associations of their native land our little message may come "like the sweet scent of violets in a pathway" recalling with a cherished fondness the happy early days they spent with Golf club and ball. To them we bring tidings of their native land, and recount the prowess of their early friends and rivals on the Golf links. Their thoughts are bent lingeringly and with a touch of sadness on home; the hearts of those at home are brimful of a voiceless tenderness to those far away; and we, the Mercury of the hour, fulfil the part of intermediary and say for both "A Merry Christmas!" Long may it be our function so to act.

To those Golfers at home we cannot wish anything better than that they should, in the course of their holiday revel, experience the elevated enjoyment which health, strength, and power afford in following from tee to hole that mystic little ball whose career is prone to be so full of error and waywardness. To our fair readers we wish that in the pursuit of Golf over breezy links they may thus find a

means of compelling the hand of ruthless Time to lay its imprint tenderly on those charms and graces which are our admiration, solace, and pride. To the humble carrier of clubs, whose winter of discontent we fear is now upon him, we wish that chill penury may yet be far off, that good cheer may even reach him, and that he may be induced to loyally second those efforts which are being made with praiseworthy earnestness to better his lot in life, sad as it undoubtedly is. To the sick we wish renewed strength and fruitful hope; and to the aged, on a day which symbolises the proclamation of a religion of peace and goodwill, we wish a mellowed and cheerful content. To one and all this little *l'Envoi* we send:—

Peal ye bells right merrily!
Joy to all and gladness bringing;
Christmas cheer and jollity
O'er the world now ringing.

Peal ye bells full solemnly!
Hearts long severed now are meeting;
"Peace on earth, goodwill to men"
Be your Christmas greeting!

THE HAUNTED BUNKER.

I.

Few southern golfers—the local distiller regrets to say—have yet made their way to the windy links of Kirklonie, swept and searched in every nook and cranny by the thousand storm fiends that fume and whistle and roar about Cape Wrath. No one dreams of golfing there in a tall hat or in a kilt, or, generally speaking, wearing any garment of airy, gossamer nature; for, even at high noon of a July day, the breeze blows cool enough to tip with rosy charm the most pallid of city noses. Men with wigs usually secure them by tying their caps beneath the chin; ladies, on the other hand, use hair-pins of greater length than usual and with curly legs. The eastern cliffs, above all, are full of danger to children of tender years, and specially to those who have charge of nurses; but fatal occurrences are year by year decreasing. Last season, for instance, brought reports of only two such cases: and in both Baby Bunting met his doom through a nursemaid fleeing after her *en-tout-cas*.

Hotel accommodation at Kirklonie is far from palatial, and might seem offensively primitive to such few golfers as may be unfamiliar with the domestic arrangements at Dartmoor or Perth Penitentiary. The diet, too, is simple in the extreme, whilst the quality of the alcoholic beverages seems designed to assist the cause of Pindar ap Tudor.

The host of the clachan inn is the village despot. He is a man of strong convictions, and quite the last man in the world to be worried by any shadow of doubt on any subject whatever. He is consequently much respected by his neighbours, but less so by his wife—a worthy woman of equally strong convictions on any subject whatsoever, and as little liable to doubt as her nominal lord. She is consequently much respected by him; and, consequently too, he spends the greater part of his days on these breeziest of free and easy links.

He will play with you though he does not profess to be much of a player; but he thinks highly of himself as an adviser. In fact, he will on occasion even caddie for a stranger—I mean, of course, a customer—but his advice usually smacks of command, and disregard of it has led, as the following weird tale will show, to results rife with tragedy and dark disaster.

The course, broadly speaking, seldom draws far inward from the cliff. Now and again it is traversed by tiny ravines of no great depth, studded with scrubby whin-brake and dwarf thickets of thorn, rescued from the bitter blast by their own lowliness (just for all the world like some of us humbler golfers). Here and there are marshy patches fatal to the deffest, and

many a bunker fringed with fern and heather. Altogether it is a "sporting" course not unworthy of notice. But between the second and third holes on the homeward course, though rather to the southward of the true line, lies a bunker of fame throughout the north. Of a circumference of, say, some twenty yards, it presents little peculiar in formation. The eaves at the northern side, it is true, overhang heavily, but on the south the turf is barely a couple of inches above sand level. A simple enough bunker, you might think? Well, *no one has ever yet got a ball out of that bunker.*

The reason merits a new paragraph, but may be briefly stated. No one has ever again even seen a ball that has come to grief in this most fell and fateful bunker.

II.

It was on the 11th of July two years ago that the writer first chanced upon Kirklonie. The only other guest at the little clachan inn was a breezy stranger, who, judged from the nature of his potations, seemed to be an umbrella-man by trade. Besides being an umbrella-man, he professed himself an ardent and enthusiastic golfer. In fact, he had performed so many surprising feats all over the golfing world that the writer did not fail to regard him with feelings of the most profound veneration, shot with awe. Nay, even our host was visibly impressed: so much so, indeed, that he volunteered to superintend a match which we had patched up together for the following day. It was agreed that he should caddie for the writer, and the eldest son of the house, Hamish, for the umbrella-man. (It ought, perhaps, to have been mentioned before that our host's name was Mr. Macturk—at least that is what the villagers and I called him. His wife, on the other hand, called him simply Eckie. So did the umbrella-man.)

As one of the humblest of golfers of low degree it has ever been the writer's practice to pay the most profound deference to the magisterial deliverances of the least august caddie. Scorn and flout, snigger and sneer, he has in his time borne without retort of the meekest kind, or with, at the most, a silent tear; but submission may become a crime. To cut a long story short, the writer found it necessary to request Mister Macturk to seek a realm where, from all accounts, Golf would, indeed, be valued as a welcome distraction.

"What! She'll no tak' a cleek?" roared this abominable Golf-adviser (whose real nose, by the way, was invisible by reason of freckles), "if her'll no do as she's tell't, she'll can carry her club her nain sel'." He thereupon cast away the clubs, gnashed a few black teeth, and span down what the writer had previously believed to be a pathless precipice. But before leaving, he had taken time to mutter some mysterious words that afterwards caused the writer considerable anxiety—suggestive as they were of menace and dim danger. "By the ghost of Old Philp, she'll get mair cleek nor her likes by and bye!"

The writer was now, at all events, left to the exercise of his own discretion, but his satisfaction was severely brief. A topped ball ended a fatuous and feeble course in the notorious bunker of which we had spoken.

There was no possible question of the fact. Three pair of eyes had witnessed the catastrophe; yet when we reached the unhallowed hole there was never a ball to be seen. No rabbit-hole was there to engulf it; golden sand of the firmest formed the bunker bed, but ball there was none.

Hamish—odious Eckie's yet more loathsome son—to our surprise betrayed not the slightest symptom of astonishment. It was abundantly evident that his feelings were those of mirth and glee, free, unalloyed, hearty in the extreme. At first we, of course, attributed this display of emotions so contrary to all righteous feeling to an impish and malignant mind prone to rejoice in the mischances of another. But when his mirth had become less unrestrained and sobered into a malign chuckle (worthy of a gargoye superintending an *Auto-da-fé*) he made the following singular remark: "Ay, it's na the first gutty has been lost in yon bunker;" and, he added with a snarl, "aye, and it'll no be the last either, I'm thinking! He, he! It's maist teefshil funny!"

III.

The day passed without our being cursed with another glimpse of Mister Macturk, and in the cool dusk the writer strolled out over the links for a last strong sniff of the sea. Haphazard led him over the morning's course, and when he neared the mysterious bunker he was not a little surprised to see a stranger sitting on

its bank, with a broken club shaft in his hand. He seemed to have only one eye; at least only one that he considered worthy of tender care. Strangers of any kind are rare at Kirklonie; one-eyed ones specially so. But on any links it would surely be rare to find a fellow sitting in a bunker in the gathering gloom of the twilight—alone, I mean.

The writer passed the greetings of the evening, and the conversation (as with all golfers worth a cent) at once turned on the state of the greens, and so on.

"What's become of the head of the club, you ask," he said; "alas! Eckie Macturk alone knows that,"—he added with a deep sigh.

"You attached value to it, then?" the writer asked with sympathy. "I myself hate breaking an old club—especially my own" (for the writer prides himself above all things on his veracity).

"Attach value to it? I never even saw the head—never! You see he struck me one lick from behind, and I know no more till when three months later (I judge from the state of the heather it must have been almost three months), I found myself buried in this dreadful bunker and at my feet this broken shaft."

"Am I to understand, sir, that you are a ghost?"

"I regret to say you are. A golfing ghost is not so uncommon as you might suppose, but one who has been murdered with a cleek is a complete rarity. I am," he added with a dash of pride, "much more famous now than I ever was when alive: for, to tell the truth, I was always a beast of a putter."

He unfolded his tragic tale colloquially, but with admirable terseness. "You know Eckie Macturk, who lives down in the clachan, for I saw you out with him this morning. Sir, he is a villain whom I would long since have unmasked, but no one ever comes out this way—at least" (here he wiped away a tear) "during the hours which I have to spare from my other duties. Besides being a villain, Mister Macturk is also a caddy—for I would not for one moment hint that the terms are synonymous. I never liked the fellow. The sneer in the malignant eye, the foul tongue, the unnecessary profusion of freckles—all revolted me. Yet, in this lonely spot I was at his mercy, and could not but avail myself of his services. An insolent over-weening fellow! Sir, would you believe that on the trivial ground of my refusal to act on his advice in the matter of a paltry cleek he had done this foul and bloody deed on me? The following evening as I was standing here alone, dreaming, smoking the last evening pipe of peace so justly dear to pious golfers, murderous Eckie stole noiselessly upon me and—I hope I make myself clear, sir,—cracked my nut with a driving-cleek! He then—probably a mere afterthought!—buried me in this drear and dreadful bunker."

"It must at least have been dry," the writer hinted soothingly.

"Dry?" snorted the other with indignation. "Dry! A devilish sight too dry!"

But the appalling fact now became apparent to the writer that he was involved in a similar difficulty with Mister Macturk and might fall into the like evil case. A bloody villain, truly—one not to be trusted with anything more lethal than an ancient baffing spoon! The stranger, when made aware of the facts, showed an unaffected and refreshingly unselfish interest.

"Oh, unhappy man!" he cried in a tone that made the writer jump, "Fly! 'Tis but this moment I heard upon the wind the strain of 'The Cochrach's Lament'! That is Eckie and his pipes. He means blood! It is with this wild strain he always blows himself up to the proper heat!"

The Cochrach's Lament! Bloody Macturk's blood-curdling strain! The writer heard it wailing, rising, swelling on the twilight breeze!

Instant flight was decided upon (as a matter of course); but before leaving, the writer begged for a brief explanation of what the stranger did with all the balls that fell into his bunker-tomb.

"Hush!" he said, with a cunning twinkle—"I have been sitting on them a good time now—the hatching will be a terrible one. It will probably take place next Monday at half-past two."

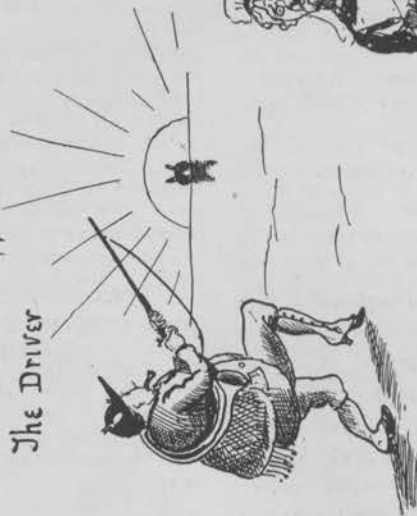
The writer reached Loch Eibol about daybreak, and has never been at Kirklonie since.

W. DALRYMPLE.

THE LANGUAGE OF GOLF.



The Driver

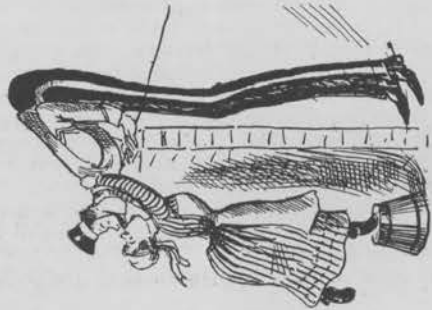


The approach.

A Single



A Bye.



The Long & short spoon.



The putter.



The cleeck.



A niblick



A Gobble



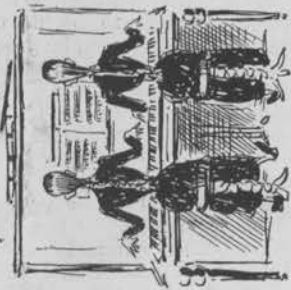
Like as we lie.



Dead!



Rob on the green.



Two to play



A wrist shot.



W. S. Alexander



ANYTHING FOR AN EXCUSE.

FIRST GOLFER (who has missed his "put").—"I wish to goodness you would not speak on the stroke.
 SECOND DITTO.—"Confound you, I never opened my mouth!"
 FIRST DITTO.—"But you were just going to."

HOW JEMMY THIRLWALL WON HIS WIFE.

"AND so you've had a real good time of it out in the land of all the mysteries, you old globe-trotter," said Jemmy Thirlwall, luxuriously abandoning himself to the embraces of the most comfortable chair in the —Club smoking-room, as, after carefully selecting a prime *Larañaga*, he pushed his cigar-case over to his friend across the little round coffee-laden table between them.

"Excellent," responded the individual addressed—a tall, spare, wiry-looking man, whose strongly-marked, swarthy features, were tanned by exposure to a hue of almost Asiatic darkness. "Capital sport, and as nice hospitable a lot of uncivilized Esaus to deal with as a solitary traveller need want. But I was only in Ladak, you know. I was never able to penetrate into the real land of mystery, Thibet proper. I got across the Karakorums twice, but was each time stopped at the first Thibetan village I got to. Most polite and apologetic the headman always was; but, as he explained, it was more than their lives were worth to let a stranger pass through. The government at Lhasa have one immutable regulation on that point. Still, talking of mysteries, I saw some tolerably curious things and learnt a trifle or two in a few of the Ladak Monasteries; the Buddhist Lamas are certainly wonderful fellows. But what about yourself, Jemmy? You don't seem to be quite up to the mark. Look rather as if you had

dropped a sovereign and picked up a threepenny piece. What's the matter, old chap?" and Cecil Drayton proceeded to "lace" his cup of post-prandial coffee with a small glass of *fine champagne*.

Jemmy Thirlwall remained silent for a minute or more, moving restlessly in his chair, and vigorously puffing away at his cigar the while. He seemed decidedly disinclined to unburden his griefs even to so old and intimate a friend as the one who sat beside him. It was evidently only with a strong effort that he overcame his repugnance to answer the other's interrogatory.

"The fact is, Cis," he blurted out at last, "I've gone the way of all flesh. I've jeered at love and matrimony for many a long day, and now I find myself a jolly sight too keen about a girl for my own comfort and peace of mind. I'd rather not be chaffed about it, old fellow," he added, as Drayton looked at him with a faint shade of amusement gathering on his bronzed face.

"Don't fret yourself, Jemmy," was the reply; "I'm not going to chaff. Tell us all about it and ease your soul; it'll do you good. What's the mischief? Won't the young woman appreciate your personal advantages and say 'yes'?"

"Well, she will and she won't," said the lovelorn Jemmy, "It's a curious and rather absurd business altogether; but I suppose I'd better tell you all about it," he went on, having apparently taken his friend's advice to "make a

clean breast of it." "The long and short of it all is, that last July I met this girl, Lucy Aldworth—she's one of the Somersetshire Aldworths, an orphan, and has a very pretty place near Bliswich. I won't worry you with a description of the lady; it will be enough to say that she is about five and twenty, very handsome, of good family, and fairly well off—altogether exceedingly desirable, as the house-agents say. I made her acquaintance at Bliswich where I was staying with the Hetheringtons, and a fortnight found me a 'gone coon.' Things went pretty right at first, and although I'm not the sort of conceited puppy who imagines every girl he sees to be prostrate at his feet, and simply waiting for his Sultanship to throw his handkerchief, still I felt tolerably sure that Lucy—Miss Aldworth that is—did not look on me with an altogether unfavourable eye.

"Well, about six months ago, some ghastly fool—may his forefathers' graves be defiled!—took it into his infernal head to start a ladies' Golf club at Bliswich, and from that moment my fate was sealed. Miss Aldworth played a few rounds, and then went stark, staring, raving mad about the blessed game. Nobody who wasn't a golfer was a fit person to speak to, and I had to float with the stream. I gave up cricket—and you know, Cis, I played for Middlesex three times last season—gave it up, I repeat, dear boy, and took up Golf."

Cecil Drayton pointed to the rapidly cooling extremity of his friend's cigar and pushed the matches towards him, but the other, now fully carried away by his subject, made a gesture of impatience, and resumed the recital of his sorrows.

"D—the game," he went on. "I know it's your pet vanity, Cis, and that you were in the first flight before you went globe-trotting; but, upon my soul, I can't help swearing when I play it, or even when I think about it, and what it has done for me. Like most old cricketers I got on fairly well up to a certain point—they took my handicap down from thirty to fifteen in the first six weeks—but there I stick. The last development is that Miss Aldworth now declares that the man she marries must bring her at least one 'scratch medal,' before his claims can be considered. And there's the rub, my dear Cis."

"Well, the matter is not so entirely hopeless, then," said his friend, throwing the butt-end of his cigar into the fireplace and lighting a fresh one. "I suppose Mr. James Thirlwall *plus* a scratch medal, might succeed in conquering the much exacting fair?"

"I thought you promised not to chaff. To tell you the truth, though, I feel pretty confident that, if I could manage to score such a win, matters would run straight enough. But what an 'if' it is. What chance have I got of such a thing? It isn't for want of trying. I tell you I've joined half the new clubs started lately and have been trying my luck at every scratch competition they have held. But what's the use? I've never got beyond nine holes yet without tearing up my card in despair. I'm going to have another shy at Bunkerstown the day after to-morrow, though I know it's no good."

Drayton thought for a minute; then—

"I tell you what I'll do, Jemmy," he said. "I've nothing particular to occupy me. If you like, I'll go down to Bunkerstown with you to-morrow morning and have a round with you and coach you a bit. There's a set of clubs in my rooms, I know, and I feel as if I should enjoy a game once more. Is it a bargain?"

Jemmy Thirlwall nodded a grateful assent, and the pair adjourned to the card-room on the look out for a rubber.

By noon the next day Drayton was putting his friend through his paces over the Bunkerstown links, and found his performance to be very much what he expected it would be. The aspirant to scratch honours had a very fair idea of the game for a beginner, and that was all. His driving, like that of most old cricketers, was good *when* it came off, but then he topped or toed or sliced his tee-shot as often as not. On the green, correctness of eye came to his assistance, and his putting was decidedly above the average. His weakest point of all, as usual in a novice, was iron play, and his approach shots were fozzled with a persistency that enlarged his score to a disastrous extent. Poor Jemmy Thirlwall groaned in spirit as sevens and eights appeared on his card with fatal frequency.

In the meantime, despite the distraction of his attention from his own game caused by the diligent course of instruction he was imparting, Cecil Drayton was playing with a strength and precision that astonished even himself, and simply astounded his partner. "I fancy that's pretty nearly a record down here," said the latter, as he added up his friend's total at the end of eighteen holes. "How the deuce you manage it is more than I can make out. There aren't many Golf links in Thibet, I suppose?"

"A man often plays his best game for a day or two after a long rest," answered his friend sententiously. "You frequently see the same thing at billiards. However, Jemmy, old boy, if your matrimonial prospects are dependant on your playing up to scratch form, I'm afraid there'll be some postponement of the wedding day."

All through dinner that evening at the hotel Cecil Drayton seemed unusually preoccupied, and the two friends settled down to a quiet smoke afterwards in austere silence. Suddenly the traveller started to his feet with a shout of *Eureka*. "By George!" he went on, half to himself, "I'll try it." Then to his companion: "Jemmy, you are real keen about this business, aren't you?" Thirlwall nodded in some surprise. "And you don't mind trying a somewhat startling experiment to gain the end you have in view?" he went on.

"Devil a bit," responded the other. "I'm game for anything from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter; but what's your idea? Are you going to invent a patent club that can't miss, or a ball that will find its own way to the hole?"

"Wait and see," said Drayton oracularly. "Go to bed early and have a good night's rest. In the meantime you will understand that I am going to carry for you to-morrow. Whom do you play your medal round with, and at what time?"

"With Ashworth at ten thirty," was the reply.

"Well, I'll just warn you about one thing. When you see me got up as the orthodox caddie, don't express your surprise or amusement at the transformation. I want my identity to-morrow kept a secret between us. You will understand why later on."

"Your friend had his breakfast early, Sir, and went out an hour ago," said the coffee-room waiter the next morning to Mr. Thirlwall, when that gentleman strolled downstairs about nine o'clock. "He left word that he'd meet you on the links outside the club-house." So Jemmy sat down to his solitary sole and devilled kidney and did full justice to a lonely breakfast, after which, lighting his morning pipe, he strolled quietly down to the scene of the day's contest.

"Caddie, Sir?" said a well-known voice in his ear, as he neared the spot, and, as he turned round to the speaker, it needed all his self-possession, in spite of Drayton's warning of the previous evening, to repress the exclamation of astonishment that rose to his lips. Could this disreputable looking, dishevelled, collarless personage before him really be the usually correctly attired Cecil Drayton?

At this moment he felt a hand on his shoulder; it was Ashworth, the man with whom his medal round was to be played. "Morning! Thirlwall," said the latter, as he passed on towards the club-house. "I'm ready when you are, and the sooner we start the better, I think."

"Go in and settle all preliminaries," said Drayton's voice in a whisper at his elbow; "and then come out and meet me here five minutes before you go to the tee."

"And now, Jemmy," exclaimed that well-disguised individual a quarter of an hour later when his friend joined him in accordance with his instructions, "give me your clubs. Good. There's nobody near to observe us, is there? Also good. Now look me straight in the eyes for a minute, and try and not let your will oppose mine in any way. Do you understand? Just repeat over to yourself the words, "I won't resist," and *mean* them, too. So! Steady now."

Mr. James Thirlwall did as he was ordered. At first, as he found himself standing there, staring into his friend's face, he felt very much inclined to burst into a fit of laughing. Then a curious, uneasy sensation came over him; he felt as if Drayton's fixed, gleaming, black eyes were penetrating deeper, deeper, into his very brain. Then his own eyes grew misty; his friend's face seemed to be swallowed up in the mist, but he was still conscious of that penetrating, thought-absorbing gaze. He could not see it now, but he could still feel it. Then the whole world seemed gradually fading away from him and only a vague sense of space—vast, immeasurable, fathomless space—remained to him. And then—nothing!

Mr. Ashworth sauntered up to the first tee, where Jemmy Thirlwall and his tall, dark caddie stood waiting for him, and, as he came close, could hardly help a slight start of

astonishment. Could this preoccupied, dour-looking young fellow be the usually merry, happy-go-lucky novice at the "Royal and Ancient" game, whom he had played with on more than one previous occasion? "Will you tee off, Thirlwall," he said courteously.

The caddie (Ashworth did not remember ever having seen him on the links before) teed his master's ball and handed him the driver. "Across the road and well to the left of those whins," Ashworth fancied he heard him mutter. "Now—swing!"

Ashworth could scarcely believe his eyes. Instead of the hesitating, half-cricketing stroke he expected to see, came a deliberate, correct, full swing that would have graced a St. Andrews professional; the ball was picked neatly and unerringly off the tee, and soared away exactly in the direction indicated—a magnificent, straight, two hundred yards drive. Nor was Mr. Ashworth's astonishment destined to end here. Thirlwall's second stroke was a simple masterpiece with his iron, and landed him well on the green, while, with a long careful put, the despised novice holed out in three.

And still, in silence, and with that determined, dour look on his handsome face, Jemmy Thirlwall plodded on, hole after hole taken nearly at a best possible.

"Never saw anything like it," said Ashworth, as he came in, to a friend just starting. "That young Thirlwall has won the scratch medal to a certainty—at least, I don't think seventy-five is likely to be beaten to-day or for many a day to come either. The most marvellous play, too, you ever saw. Style simply perfect; reminded me of that man Drayton who, you remember, swept the board at Hoylake three years ago. Thirlwall must have come on in the most extraordinary way. I couldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen every stroke."

* * * * *

"And you mean to tell me that I played my round this morning with my eyes and limbs guided by your volition?" asked the medal winner of his friend that evening after dinner.

"Certainly," was the reply. "You just played *my* game; and a deuced good one it was, though perhaps I ought not to say so. I learnt more than one curious mesmeric trick from the Lamas, Jemmy, I can tell you. Just keep your own counsel, that's all."

"But I don't like taking the medal, Cis, it's such a horrid swindle."

"All is fair in love and war, Jemmy. And I am quite sure none of the men competing to-day would grudge it to you if they knew what you had at stake. Go down to-morrow to Bliswich and strike while the iron is hot."

Mr. and Mrs. James Thirlwall are a very happy couple. The only thing that worries the fair Lucy at present is that her husband should have fallen off again in his Golf so unaccountably; for Jemmy's handicap is once more fifteen.

FRED. C. MILFORD.

THE SPIRIT OF GOLF.

GOLF, Ariel-like, has put a girdle round the Earth. It is the inhabitant of many strange lands, is looked at by many strange people speaking diverse and curious tongues. Upreared amid the cool ocean-girt plains of the northern half of these islands, it has accompanied our colonising pioneers to the remote corners of the world; and now the cry of "'fore" reverberates with cheery echo from John o'Groat's to Land's End, from Cairo to the Cape of Good Hope, from the Golden Gates of San Francisco to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and from the islands of the Indian Archipelago to Hong Kong. The Spirit of Golf is abroad, and as her dominion is thus co-equal with the world itself, and her place in our hearts unassailable, we golfers shall voyage with her uncomplainingly wherever she listeth. Nay, astronomers tell us that the inhabitants of other spheres have analogous physical environments to our own, and why may not imagination essay to represent pictorially the result of the all-pervading contagion among the hitherto easy-going, lotus-eating stellar inhabitants?

It is this captivating "Spirit of Golf" which our artist has endeavoured to depict on the opposite page. Let the reader seat himself or herself in the editorial chair, and place his or her eye to the end of the telescope we have so kindly provided. *Sic itur ad astra*. The observer will thus be enabled to see a slightly adipose old gentleman included in the census say of Jupiter, and attired in the most approved habiliments, sending his ball off the tee with the most orthodox St. Andrews' swing. Old Father Time has also caught the golfing contagion, and has relinquished his scythe and hour glass in order to constitute himself a humble carrier of cleeks, irons, and niblicks. The face of the sun is overlooking the sport, and smiles with an expression of bland, good-humoured amusement. Towering aloft over all, and winging her flight through space, is the "Spirit of Golf," carrying a ball in her right hand and a putter in her left hand, and appropriately represented as a lovely woman, whose graces and attractiveness Shelley might have tried to indicate, but which we dare not. In the top right-hand corner is an expatriated golfer bunkered in a jungle, with his little black caddie, stolidly indifferent whether or not his master makes an "impression" behind the ball with his club, although, unlike him, the opponent watches his opportunity to claim the hole. In the left-hand corner we are at home, with the sun sinking wearily to rest. Below is the well-known St. Andrews' Club-house, and below that again we have a crowd of newspapers whose columns have been enlivened with picture, poetry, and humour of Golf in its myriad phases, and with that apt chronicler of the time, our noble selves, in the foreground taking notes and meditating whether we shall print them or not. Slightly in the rear, *Mr. Punch* has somehow or another got perched upon an extinct volcano, and after

dining both wisely and well, has missed his way home, and carried away by the predominant Spirit of Golf—the She that must be obeyed—he surveys with interested astonishment Mr. Herbert Ward holing for a half against Stanley. At the bottom right-hand corner the sun goes to rest behind the Rocky Mountains, leaving the Scoto-American golfer on the teeing ground, secure from the perils and embarrassments of the Sioux tomahawk and scalping knife.

As a journeyer through space our "Spirit of Golf" must have looked down on many a curious scene. Leaving the venerable town of St. Rule, she has crossed the Forth and visited the grey metropolis of the North, perched high on its basaltic ridge, and buttressed below by its ancient palace of Holyrood. She has scudded merrily over the Links o'Forth, and has found herself peering wearily through the thick pall of smoke that overhung the mightiest city of the world. She has seen energetic golfers at Wimbledon and Blackheath—where Richie Moniplies presented that "wee bit sifflication o' his ain" to King James—and has journeyed with relief southward, and crossed the English Channel. She has sped lightly over Bordeaux on the Garonne, and has witnessed its busy exporters of wine; and then on to the Adour at Pau, and Biarritz in the Gulf of Gascony. She has crossed the Mediterranean to Egypt, and has seen her votaries plying iron and niblick around the Pyramids of Ghizeh, from which, as Napoleon said, forty centuries looked down upon them. The Red Sea has been traversed and the Tropic of Cancer has been crossed, and Aden, lapped by the waters of the Arabian Sea, has been left far behind. The African continent, with its forests and pigmies, its unwholesome swamps and its cannibals, has been crossed, and the Tropic of Capricorn has had no deterring terrors for her. The countries of the Makololo, the Zulu, and the Boer have been passed in turn, the Orange River has been seen, and the golfers of Kimberley, Pietermaritzburg, Johannesburg, and Cape Town have received her blessing. The stormy waters of the South Pacific have chanted their melancholy music beneath her feet; she has skipped the Pampas, and looked down upon the fertile territory of Peru and Chili. The West Indian Islands and the Gulf of Mexico were hastily passed over, but voyaging up the St. Lawrence the cheery golfer's cry was heard at Quebec and Montreal, and, further afield, at the Golden Gates of San Francisco. The North Pacific proved no barrier to the progress of our fair missionary, neither did the islands of the Chinese archipelago. The strange civilisations of Japan, China, and Tibet were noted with curiosity, and, winging her flight beyond the Himalayas, with their succession of peaks towering far above the line of perpetual snow, the Straits Settlements were entered upon, with their marvellously luxuriant green vegetation, and a gathering of genial golfers were espied enjoying their favourite pastime at Penang. She swept over the Bay of Bengal, saw busy golfers at Colombo, away through Southern India, past Mysore, Madras, Bombay, Nagpore, Calcutta, and Secun-



derabad, at all of which places she smiled benignantly upon her disciples. She sped across Persia, and marvelled at its fire worshippers; she hovered over Bagdad, the capital of the Mahommedan Caliphs, and became interested in its picturesque caravan trade; she lingered by the waters of the Euphrates and the Tigris, and marvelled much at the extinction of Ecbatana, Persepolis, and Babylon, once "the glory of kingdoms." No welcome sound of golfers' friendly rivalry greeted her here, and hastily glancing at Mount Ararat, Constantinople, and the artistic glories of Greece and Italy, home was marked out as the goal of her flight; and here, resting satisfied with her mission, we shall try to cherish with a loving and painstaking care all that pertains to the essential charms of our fair envoy, "The Spirit of Golf."

TO GOLF.—CHRISTMAS, 1890.

My blessins on your bonnie face,
Brave journal o' the gowffin' race;
In a' oor hearts ye've ta'en a place,
An' "far and sure."
(T wad puzzle Tait to tell your pace),
Ye drive like stoor.

To a' the airts the wind can blaw,
Where lissome kimmers click the ba',
In scarlet coat sae trim an' braw,
Your sunny blinks
Bring joy to every Gowff's ha',
An' every links.

Ayont the water, and at hame,
Gentle an' simple, knight an' dame,
Baith young an' eldritch, wild an' tame,
Black folk an' white
Hae tint their wits and ow're the game
They've a' gane gyte.

This merry morn, when Yule-bells ring,
Goodwill to GOLF a' Gowffers sing,
A hunner hunner clubs they swing,
An' shout "Bethankit,
This gowffin' journal's jist the thing
A' gowffers wantit."

Wast Paradise where Gowff began,
When Eve, sweet lassie, smilin' cam,
An' rousin' Adam frae a dwaum
By Eden's ingle
Said, "Here's your match my ain guidman
We'll hae a single!"

Was Greece the mither o' the airt,
Or auncient Rome, as some assert,
Whose sojer's in some foreign pairt
Wad clyte their howff,
Then rax their arms an' warm their heart
At playin' Gowff?

Or aiblins Scotia—gleg an' keen,
To grab a guid game when it's seen?
Did Irish boys first "wear the green,"
An' swear in pandy?
Or Johnny Bull—can he maintain
He gowff'd at Bandy.

What is't? What's intil't? Hoo cam't there?
What's said on't, sung on't, less or mair,
In buiks o' auld or modern lair,
Prosey or rhymey?
Whase ocht the bulger? maun we spare
Or slay the stimy?

There's A. J. R. in chair o' state,
Wi' a' his cronies, sma' an' great;
Your kittlest quaere, they'll assay't,
Gin ye be ceevil:
Ma certy, but they are na' blate,
They'd face the deevil.

There's Guthrie Tait wi' physics rare,
Ruthven Macpherson, curling Kerr,
"Dear Andrew, with the brindled hair,"*
And peerless Horace†
Chief scribe o' Gowff—a demon player,
Like young Tam Morris.

A Merry Christmas to them a',
Lang may the lot lay down the law;
Still loud and louder let them blaw
The gutty's praises.
An' aye their Journal an' their jaw,
Gang on like blazes.

Is there on hame or foreign links,
Wha' spends his tippences on drinks,
O' buyin' GOLF wha' never thinks
Or tries to keep it;
Ne'er fashes tho' it swims or sinks,
He sud be skelpit.

Ye powers that gaird the games o' men,
The game o' Gowff frae ill forfen',
An' blessins on its journal sen',
Upon our hunkers
We crave, an' oh! you're niblicks len',
When we're in bunkers.

Noo, far and near, may gowffers hae
A merry Yule and mony mae;
Here gie them to their hindmost day
Gudewill an' Peace.
An' better links an' better play
When Time shall cease.

X.

One of the very first, if not the actual leader, in the van of lady golfers was Mrs. Wolfe Murray of Cringletie, an aunt, if we mistake not, of Mr. Leslie Balfour. This was five and thirty years ago, and her appearance on St. Andrews links with play club and putter was regarded with holy horror by the old ladies of both sexes. How changed are the times, and how much better.

The other day Mr. Herbert Spencer sauntered into the billiard-room at the Senior, and invited a nice young Major, who was the only person there, to take a cue. The Major did so. Beginning to play with deliberation, the great philosopher gave a miss in baulk. His opponent cannoned off the red, and left off at 37, with all the balls out of play. Mr. Spencer made another miss. Then the Major ran out. "Sir," the philosopher said, as he gravely put his cue into its case, "a certain dexterity in games of skill indicates a well-balanced mind; but expertness such as you have displayed is strong presumptive evidence of an ill-spent youth. I wish you good afternoon!"—*Rod and Gun.*

* Andrew Lang, à la Robert Louis Stevenson

† Horace G. Hutchinson.

Correspondence.

WHAT IS A GOLF CLUB?

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I see no definition of a "club" in the rules of Golf. Will you kindly inform me whether it is considered in any way unfair to putt with a T-headed club, a croquet mallet, or light sledge hammer! Further, that I may understand where the line is to be drawn, (*reductio ad absurdum* though it be,) I ask, Is it lawful to strike the ball with a common hammer or mallet, or with a billiard cue?

I shall be obliged by your insertion of this letter, as it may elicit some comments from your readers.

I am, Sir, &c.,

IGNORAMUS.

December 16th.

GOLF ON SUNDAY.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I am glad to see the opinion of the Bishop of Chester in favour of Golf as a Sunday recreation. Your correspondent who first referred to the matter of Sunday Golf, dated his letter from Richmond. He might have mentioned that in that locality, and other places on the Thames, where there is so much Sunday boating, about half the men one meets on summer Sundays are dressed in white flannels, and there could be little objection to so harmless and quiet an amusement as Golf. In these places the old puritanical prejudice against Sunday recreation is, I am glad to say, being fast broken down.

I am, Sir, &c.,

A CHURCHMAN.

December 16th.

ECHOES FROM OUR NURSERIES.

NORTH.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a hole and away he ran;
But luck is fleet, and Tom got beat,
And Tom ran cursing down the street.

SOUTH.

Goosie, Goosie, Gander,
Where do you wander,
Upstairs, downstairs,
In the Maiden bunker.
There I saw a wicked man,
Who never, never swears!
I hit him with my niblick,
And knocked him down stairs.

EAST.

There was a little man,
And he had a little club,
And the head o' it was loaded with lead, lead, lead;
He hit a mighty crack,
Which nigh broke his little back,
And laid his little ball stony dead, dead, dead.

WEST.

Oh, where are you going to my pretty maid,
Oh, where are you going to my pretty maid,
I'm going a-golfing sir, she said, sir, she said, sir, she said,
I'm going a-golfing, sir, she said.
Oh, may I go with you my pretty maid,
Oh, may I go with you my pretty maid,
Why yes, certainly, sir, she said, sir, she said, sir, she said,
I guess most certainly, sir, she said.

BABY.

THE GOLFERS' BOGIE MAN.

*Respectfully dedicated to the two Blackheath Bogies,
December 11th, 1890.*

I.

Now gather round, ye golfers all, and listen to my song,
It may be rather gruesome, but it isn't very long.
I'll tell you all the reason Golf's so difficult to play,
And why so many easy shots are fozzled every day.

Chorus.—Arrah na whisht! whisht! whisht!
It's all the Bogie man;
He lies in wait for golfers,
To baulk them if he can.
Arrah na whisht! whisht! whisht!
It's all the Bogie man;
Oh! Golf would be quite easy if
There weren't a Bogie man.

II.

His home is in the bunkers, where he buries in the sand,
And reaches forth for Golf-balls, with a lank and grasping hand.
And if he once can touch them—you may find them if you can!
They form the favourite diet of that terrible Bogie man.

Chorus.—Arrah na whisht! &c.

III.

He lurks behind the driver with a fearful, fiendish glee,
And makes his ball roll over when he's striking from the tee.
He creeps into your locker in the middle of the night,
And cracks your favourite club-shaft with a gentle dexterous bite.

Chorus.—Arrah na whisht!

IV.

His most engrossing pastime is to sprawl a ghostly foot,
To stop the ball you're holing from a very easy putt.
And when, alas! you've missed it, keep quiet (if you can),
And you'll hear the mirthful chuckle of that wicked Bogie man.

Chorus.—Arrah na whisht! &c.

V.

He hides among the whins, and whistles softly to the ball,
And misguided heel'd and toe'd uns fly responsive to his call.
The sure way to annoy him is by driving far and true;
And we'll drink confusion to him in a good strong golfer's brew!

Chorus.—Arrah na whisht! &c.

H. H. T.

J. L. and W. C. have many a match together. One day when they were all even and one to play, J. L.'s caddie cautiously said to his master, "Noo, sir, ye maun dae your very best, for, there's *money* on the match." J. L. nervously did his best and won, and it turned out that the boy was a *penny* the richer, each caddie having backed his employer for that large amount.

Pianos have a rather rough time of it in Australia. Mr. Algernon Rose, who accompanied Sir Charles and Lady Hallé on their professional tour on behalf of a firm of English manufacturers, was shown a large number of instruments in Queensland that had been wrecked by the floods. As a rule, Australian pianos are described as very pretentious in appearance, very cheap in price to the trade, and uncommonly shoddy in quality. Hundreds are carted about in the bush from station to station, and sold by persuasive canvassers on time payment. In Queensland the pianos sometimes get, it is said, so infested with silverfish, cockroaches, white ants, and other vermin, as to become useless. At Toowoomba Mr. Rose saw an upright piano which had had a bucket of boiling water poured down it in order to kill the cockroaches. In another place a local tuner had ingeniously brightened the tone of a piano by anointing the hammer-felts with a mixture of whiting and glue.

A Hole in ONE!



(1) Biggs-Foozle plays the short hole which is a blind one



(2) Tom and Dick lay in wait for his ball



(3) They drop it into the hole



(4) and make tracks!



(5) Delight of Biggs-Foozle at finding he has done the hole in ONE!

Wonderful stroke at Golf
To the Editor of "Golf"

Dear Sir

It may interest
some of your readers to know
that when playing the short
hole at Ralsah yesterday
which is a blind one, I did
it in one stroke. This is
quite unprecedented.
I happened to be playing a
very strong game at the time
No. obed't

J. W. Biggs-Foozle

(6)

W. Alexander

Tee Shots.

The question of the employment of caddies at St. Andrews and the establishment of a benefit fund, has now taken practical shape, and a statement on the subject has just been issued to the members of the "Royal and Ancient." The scale of remuneration is fixed at what seems a reasonable rate viz., 1s. 6d. for the first round, and 1s. for each subsequent round. In cases of misconduct, the club have the power to suspend a caddie or in grave cases to remove his name from the roll. The objects of the benefit fund are stated to be the relief of caddies or professional golfers, who, from illness, accident, or old age, are incapable of regular work; and to give temporary assistance to widows and children of caddies and professional golfers who have been left destitute. It is expected by the operation of the two schemes to secure good conduct and orderliness, and to provide help for those who need it. And it is hoped that the efforts which are now being made will have an appreciable effect in raising the status of a class who if not indispensable are, at least, almost a necessity to a large number of golfers. There may be a difficulty in carrying out the rules in all their entirety. The caddies have not hitherto been amenable to discipline, and particularly in the summer time, when the demand is at least equal to the supply. They may not take kindly to regulations which limit their power of earning, but in course of time they cannot fail to realise that a real attempt is being made for their material advantage. As is properly pointed out, the success of the benefit fund must to a large extent depend upon the generosity of the members of the club, and subscriptions will be received by Mr. C. S. Grace. The scheme is essentially philanthropic. For a considerable portion of the year, sometimes for months on end in the winter, there is little or nothing to do for the majority of the caddies, and many cases of real destitution are by no means infrequent. To a large extent the one scheme depends upon the other, and it is to be trusted that a liberal response will be made to the appeal.

* * *

THE PULPIT AND GOLF: OLD TOM'S CRITICISM OF THE PREACHER.—In St. Andrews, the phraseology of Golf sometimes does eloquent service off the links. A pilgrim to the ancient city asks how far he may be from the town church, and a worthy citizen replies, "jist about a ful' cleek shot." If the pilgrim be a golfer the answer is beautifully luminous; if he be ignorant of the great game, he feels he is dangerously near a lunatic. On a recent occasion a minister who chanced to be a keen golfer, officiated in the said town church, where old Tom is a highly respected elder. After the service, the venerable golfer entered the Session-house, his face lit up with the kindness that has greeted so many all over the world. He shook hands very heartily with the preacher, and lest the form of his criticism might offend any severely sedate brother standing by, and with a genial allusion to his own little failing on the green, the hero of a hundred fights whispered these words of warm commendation: "You've missed nae short puts the day."

* * *

Two caddies, natives of the same place, enlisted, unknown to each other, in different regiments; and both were ordered abroad to fight in the Egyptian campaign. The day before the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, Sandy was strolling through the encampment, when he suddenly came upon the familiar visage of his friend. "Hullo, Jock," was his exclamation; "what are ye da'en here? Hae ye cam tae lay oot a green?"

* * *

RAGGED URCHIN to his mate (both watching the game of Golf apparently for the first time; on seeing a professional miss a short put of about two feet).—"What's 'e tryin' to do, Charley?"

HIS MATE—"Wy, 'e's tryin' to put the ball in the 'ole, and 'e can't."

* * *

We hear that the entrance-fee to the Littlestone Golf Club is to be raised after the 1st January next.

In a long criticism of Dr. McPherson's "New Scotch Anecdotes" (Glasgow: T. D. Morison), a writer in the *Forfar Herald*, who is evidently a keen golfer, makes this remark: "There are also a number of anecdotes about Golf—a subject on which few people are better qualified or more entitled to speak than our author. About the middle of the sixties, Mr. McPherson was as a golfer equalled by few and surpassed by none. Old Tom Morris, young Tommy, Bobby Kirk, had all fallen before him." He then quotes the following anecdote:—"The Rev. Mr. Barclay, now minister of Montreal, and once the distinguished colleague of the celebrated Rev. Dr. MacGregor, St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, is a very athletic man as well as an excellent clergyman. He is a first-rate type of a muscular Christian. In a short time he became a very long driver at Golf. One day, when down playing at Musselburgh with some friends, he played off at the first hole with a tremendous swipec, which rather astonished a host of caddies who were lounging round the hole. "Wha's that?" asked one of these worthies. "Weel," answered an auld hand, "folk say he's a meenister; he says he's jist a beginner; but I say he's a leear."

* * *

As an interesting discussion is being carried on in our columns about the length of a drive from the "tee," we quote the "critic's" opinion about a particular drive from the ordinary lie after the tee stroke:—"To show what a powerful player Mr. McPherson was, we shall in our turn relate a fact about him. It was a beautiful summer night in the month of June, and not a breath of wind was stirring. Mr. McPherson had played one very long shot, and had given the warning cry of 'Fore' preparatory to playing his second swipec. In front of him at a distance of about 150 yards were three youths of the 'masher' type, who at first paid no heed. When at last they saw the distance at which our golfer was, they laughed him to scorn, never dreaming for a moment that his ball would ever reach them. What was their amazement when they saw the bit of gutta whizz over their heads and fall gracefully on a grassy bank at least thirty yards behind them. They scoffed no more but regarded our hero with undisguised admiration.

* * *

Golfers on the Carnoustie Golf course had a rather exciting experience on Saturday forenoon. The members of the Dalhousie Club had arranged to hold their monthly handicap match, and some of the earlier arrivals on the ground were very much surprised to find that an inspection of the Naval Reserve was taking place, and that the men were engaged in practice at a target which had been placed against a bunker in the valley hole within 500 yards of the battery. Representations were immediately made to the officer in command on behalf of the Dalhousie Golf Club, and the officer very courteously stopped the practice immediately. It may be remembered that when the tutors of the Earl of Dalhousie sold the Golf course, one of the conditions was, that it should be used only for Golf; and it is contended that the commissioners of Carnoustie, as conservators of the ground, have no right to allow it to be used for other purposes, and golfers think they should take immediate steps to put down such a dangerous practice as this. Some years ago an arrangement was come to between the Admiralty and the Dalhousie Golf Club that big-gun practice would be confined to Tuesdays, but recently such drill has taken place on other days of the week.

* * *

SORROWS OF A CONSCIENTIOUS GREEN KEEPER.—"Man, they strangers is a fair heart-break till me!—it wad make a dumb-caddie sweer!"

* * *

Use gentle words, for who can tell
The blessings they impart?
How oft they fall (as manna fell)
Upon some fainting heart!

In lonely wilds, by light-winged birds,
Rare seeds have oft been sown;
And hope has sprung from gentle words
Where only grief had grown.

We notice that golfers in Scotland have been for the time obliterated. The clubs and balls are placed high on the shelf during this frosty weather, and the curling stones have been furbished up, and competitions for cups, rink medals, and other prizes are being held all over the country. The draw for the big bonspiel in Midlothian has taken place, and should the frost hold, there will undoubtedly be a great deal of exhilarating enjoyment.

* * *

A Brussels correspondent writes:—"Two or three ardent golfers approached the military and civil authorities for permission to play Golf on the Place des Manœuvres, and leave has been given. So on Monday last we had a meeting at the English Club, and started the 'Brussels Golf Club,' which I hope will grow and flourish. When all is completed and the links formed we will let you have a full account."

* * *

An East Lothian correspondent writes:—"Your brief notice of the late Frank Burnet in last week's GOLF is very touching, and was much appreciated here. He was worthy of his christian name, *frank* and manly, and all who knew him liked him. Our games with him at Luffness, and the tidy little luncheons from Welsh's that came between, we shall never forget. As a cleeck-player we have never seen his equal, but he would take up a match of any kind, and play with any club all round the green for the fun of it. He made his own clubs and his own golf-balls, in fact, there was nothing he would not put his hand to. As an instance of his humour one day as we were about to strike off and the usual *ball* was all that was on the round, but seeing a prim person standing near, Frank gave us a sly wink and said, 'The old match then, I suppose, a sovereign a hole and a fiver on the round.' 'All right,' said I, and the prim party looked shocked. No doubt we were afterwards held up as a sample of the evils of the game!"

* * *

A young clergyman was one day playing in a foursome. He had a short put for a half, and not knowing all the outs and ins of golfing life he was taking for granted that the deed was done. The adversary however made the usual demur, and the young clergyman failed to get down. "No gentleman," he remarked, "would have asked me to hole out in a case like that." "Maybe not," said the adversary undisturbed, "but we're not *gentlemen*, we're *golfers*."

* * *

"Mistress Macturk, your Tammie's gettin' quite a man noo."

"Oo ay! Rising nine, ye ken! He's caddivin' enoo for ane o' their Judge bodies, and he tells me he's, whiles, maist devairtit wi' their haivers!"

* * *

"Mistress Macphairson, tit you sent your wee poy Tammie oot py wiz the coo?"

"Yiss, Mistress Macturk, I tit intee—and what for no?"

"Weel, Mistress Macphairson, they're baith oot at ta cowf—him and ta coo?"

"Imphm?—Ay?—Imphm!"

"Ye'll no be ower sair on ta wee lat, Mistress Macphairson! He's oot wi' twa wee mannies frae toon—him and the coo! baith in wee breebies tae!"

"Baith in wee breebies? Govy dick! I hope ma coo Bawsie'll no tak' offence at that and gie them a lift."

"Coot day to you, Mistress Macphairson!"

* * *

"Mistress Macphairson, tit I hear the truce tat the chuke yiss cowfin' ta morn?"

"Yiss, intee: ant my man Angiss, an' twa ither pipers gaun afore'm."

"Och, och, ! Tat will pe fery peautifull intee. Ant the chunes—what will her man Angiss play for—"

"Oigh, och—anything! When the chuke's putting, a Strathspey, maybe—or gin he's punkered, to pe sure, a coronach: put if the Sassenach's in, of course—"

"Yiss, yiss, of course! Coot tay, my tear!"

"Mistress Macturk, your man's no ta'en till cowf?"

"Deed aye, and mair shame till him wi' a sma' wife and a risin' family! Big John frae Ardvicheanacochrach's across 'enoo an' they've loopen twa-three sticks 'egither—ooch aye!"

"Ay, ay—I wis heerin' pig John was no weel—an' the guid-man?"

"Toch—fient a haet 'e waur!—A wee bit toothache—'e back o' 'e heed 'e ken!"

"Cleke?"

"Na, na—a loftin' iron."

"Weel, weel! Aw'm sayin', Janet, they men's is a queer—"

"Deed aye, deed aye—Mistress Macphairson, weell ye no ha'e jist wan ither?"

* * *

An extraordinary incident occurred on the Golf course at Carnoustie the other day. Mr. Robert Scott, the well-known local amateur, after playing a round of the links, was walking away from the last hole, and chatting to his partner. When about forty yards from the hole a reckless player teed a ball, and played it without giving the warning cry of "fore." The ball, which was struck with great force, was a "skimmer." Seeing that it might strike one of the two men in front, the player at last cried "Fore," and Bob, who was enjoying the solace of a briar-root pipe, turned his head round. Just as he did so, the ball struck the bowl of the pipe, causing it to fly nearly thirty yards, and leaving the mouthpiece between Bob's teeth, the ball itself travelling full fifty yards further on. Had the ball struck Bob on the face or head the result must have been serious. This incident is unique, and will rank in golfing annals alongside the story of the lark which was killed by a golf ball while mounting up in the sky and carolling its song.

* * *

A *ball* on the match is a good thing. It is a tangible result of victory, a punishment to the loser, a reward to the winner. It is such a small affair that the keenest nosed moralist can scarcely detect in it the smell of gambling, but small as it is it secures careful play and teaches the player to overcome nervousness, for in a good match its loss or its gain generally depends on the last putt. Sir Walter Simpson strongly advocates *half-a-crown* as the ordinary stake, and a good many, out of respect for him, and for the coin, have adopted his recommendation. This has added a new word to the golfing vocabulary. Two North Berwick players of Simpsonian views who have always been averse (and rightly so), from letting their caddies into the pecuniary secrets of the match, have for some time gone on playing for a *Simpson*, but through the frequent use of the word, and the passage of the article to and fro at the close of the matches their secret seems to have got out, for we now hear of more than one couple who play for a *Simpson*, and thus contribute toward the immortality of Sir Walter!

* * *

A Bostonian was at an Edinburgh hotel for a month, and when the bill was presented he noticed that he had been charged with a bottle of wine of a brand he had never used. Moreover, he had no recollection of having ordered any article of the kind on the date specified. He complained of the overcharge to the proprietor, who blandly remarked:—"Very well; I'll take it off. You see the girl who got that bottle of wine from the cellar forgot to whom it had been served, so I charged it against every guest in the house. All who didn't have it will object, and the one who did will pay."

"Well, but aren't you afraid that some who didn't have it will pay, too?" asked the Bostonian.

"No," was the reply, "I'm afraid they won't."

Thirteen of the guests each settled for that bottle of wine.

* * *

The man does not deserve three and a half minutes' consideration who would refuse to accept the condition of the Emperor Francis Joseph's dowry to his daughter, the Archduchess Valerie. As all the world knows, she is about to be married, and the Emperor is to give her £200,000 and a palace in Vienna, but only on condition that the son-in-law will make the said palace his home. There are not a few who would gladly take this beautiful archduchess to wife, *plus* £200,000, on any mortal conditions.

HUSH! "THE GOLFING MAN."

(With Apologies to Messrs. G. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt.)

AIR: Hush! The Bogie.

I.

Come, all my darling little ones, and listen now to me,
Come well away from putting greens and don't stand near the tee;
Come, pretty Kate and naughty Bob, and saucy Mary Ann,
And I will sing a little song—Hush, hush! the golfing man.

Chorus—

Hush, hush, hush! here comes the golfing man,
So keep quite still, my pretty dears, he'll blame you if he can;
Hush, hush, hush!—and all the children ran—
So hush-a-bye, my babies dear, here comes the golfing man!

II.

He scowled at laughing Harry, who thought it was a joke,
And swore that little Jane, who cried, had put him off his stroke;
And nurse, who always trots ahead, he put her under ban,
And begged that she would always keep behind a golfing man.

Chorus—Hush, hush, hush! &c.

III.

He goes for naughty little girls, who chatter when he drives,
And prays that they may all become, just selfish golfers' wives;
And when that clever little Jack, to play in front began,
He said he was "a little beast," that brutal golfing man!

Chorus—Hush, hush, hush! &c.

IV.

He'll steal into the nursery, when you are all in bed,
He'll creep around so stealthily, and kiss each curly head;
But keep quite still, my little dears, it is the wisest plan,
So hush-a-bye, my babies dear, here comes the golfing man!

Chorus—Hush, hush, hush! &c.

London, 14th November, 1890.

ELSIE.

Competitions.

HAWICK CLUB.

The Bombay medal was played for on Tuesday, the 16th inst., when there was a fair turnout of competitors. Mr. William Forsyth was first with 113, less 22=91, and Mr. James Scott second with 112, less 20=92.

HAYLING GOLF CLUB.—THE HOULDSWORTH PLATE.

A challenge plate presented by Sir William Houldsworth Bart., M.P., to be competed for at the winter meeting, open to members of any recognised Golf club. A memento will be given by the club, to be retained by the winner. Entrance for 5s., handicap limited to 24. Further particulars will shortly be issued.

ST. GEORGE'S GOLF CLUB, SANDWICH.

The following are the scores in the monthly medal competitions for December, played on Saturday the 13th inst.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. T. R. Mills ...	93	5 88	Mr. G. P. Leach ...	112	16 96
Mr. J. W. Harrison	111	22 89	Mr. G. Foord-Kelcey	116	18 98
Mr. F. H. A. Booth	104	14 90	Mr. J. Abernethy ...	121	22 99
Mr. J. C. Wadham	107	16 91	Sir T. Troubridge...	112	10 102
Hon. W. H. James	116	24 92	Mr. E. L. Balcombe	119	15 104
Mr. O. R. Luxford	111	17 94	Mr. F. A. Fison ...	119	15 104
Mr. F. T. Welman	99	4 95			

No returns from H. B. Fox, H. Brook, J. D. Wadham, J. W. Saunders, A. J. Matthews, and others.

LYTHAM AND ST. ANNE'S GOLF CLUB.

The third monthly competition for the cup presented by the captain of the club took place on Saturday, the 13th inst., on the links at St. Anne's-on-the-Sea. Notwithstanding the inclement weather, forty players faced the tee, but, the ground being excessively hard, and being covered with hoar frost, the scoring was, of course, not equal to the play on previous occasions. The silver memento for the best net score of the day was won by Mr. G. Harper, 106, less 18=88. The best gross score of the day was 103, by Mr. A. H. Dolman.

The following was the full score:—

	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.		Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Mr. G. Harper	106	18	88	Mr. F. T. Wright	114	10	104
Mr. F. E. Rowe	111	20	91	Mr. R. H. Prestwich	113	8	105
Mr. S. Gask	110	18	92	Mr. J. Talbot Fair	120	14	106
Mr. S. F. Butcher	114	18	96	Mr. H. Fisher	120	14	106
Mr. A. B. Scholfield	104	7	97	Mr. S. Fisher	120	14	106
Mr. J. Eccles	111	14	97	Mr. C. A. Birley	123	17	106
Mr. S. A. Hermon	106	6	100	Mr. F. W. Catterall	125	18	107
Mr. E. Harrison	120	20	100	Rev. C. Billington	123	15	108
Mr. J. A. F. Eltoft	115	14	101	Mr. P. Musgrave	128	20	101
Mr. A. H. Doleman	103	1	102	Mr. C. H. Atkinson	135	20	115

No returns from Messrs. T. C. Midwood, A. F. M. Wilson, J. A. Brown, C. W. Fisher, H. M. Ormsby, M. Pole, W. Cross, G. F. Smith, R. Dewhurst, H. Bowman, W. P. Fullagar, H. Jellicorse, E. M. Whipp, W. H. Harrison, F. Topp, J. E. King, A. Tod, A. W. Carrington, and Rev. G. E. Badeley.

The first optional sweepstakes was won by Mr. F. E. Rowe, the second by Mr. S. F. Butcher, and the third by Mr. A. B. Scholfield.

In the evening a smoking concert took place in the club-room at St. Anne's hotel, and a numerous party of members and their friends passed a few hours pleasantly, there being no inconsiderable amount of musical talent—both vocal and instrumental—to be found amongst the members of the club. Some small prizes have been arranged for competition on Boxing Day.

"SCOTSMAN" CLUB.

The monthly medal was played for on Wednesday, the 17th, over the Braid course, and resulted in a tie between Mr. J. J. Webster, 90, less 13=77, and Mr. J. Frater, 107, less 30=77; Mr. R. Melrose being next with a scratch score of 80.

Curling.

A large number of our readers are not only golfers, but curlers as well. Owing to the frost and the snow on the links at this time it is manifestly difficult for them to enjoy their favourite sport, and no doubt they will be interested in watching the progress of "bonspiels" in the north. With this object we subjoin a few competitions which have recently been decided, and possibly readers who have never seen the game played, or who have some difficulty in readily comprehending its terminology, may be thus induced to extend their patronage to a form of healthy sport which, as our esteemed contributor, the Rev. John Kerr, showed in a recent article in our columns, has a literature of its own and thousands of enthusiastic followers.

—ABINGTON.

The annual competition by points for the cup presented by Mr. Loudon M'Queen and the medal by Mr. Pollock took place on Saturday the 13th inst. on splendid ice, and very keen. After a most enjoyable game it was found that Mr. John Thomson had won the cup with 18 points, and Mr. Allan Colthart the medal with 17 points. This is now the third time that Mr. Thomson has won the cup, and the fourth time that Mr. Colthart has won the medal. Nineteen members entered for the game.

—MELROSE.

The first game of the season was played on the 15th inst. Deans, 15; Davidson, 0.

MID-LOTHIAN PROVINCE R.C.C. CLUB.

The following is the draw for the bonspiel of 1890-91:—

1 Lasswade, G. H. Handasyde...	1 West Calder, J. T. Mungle
2 Do., T. Pringle ...	2 Do., R. Wight
3 Do., R. Ketchen ...	3 Do., A. Mitchell
4 Do., James Slater ...	4 Coates, H. Cheyne
5 Edin. Northern, J. Ewart	5 Holyrood, J. Byres
6 Do., P. W. Smeaton ...	6 Stow, D. Thorburn
7 Do., D. M'Donald...	7 Craiglockhart, D. Morris
8 Mid-Calder, John Tod	8 Ratho, J. Glendinning
9 Do., G. Hennes ...	9 Stow, Thomas Gibson
10 Do., P. Turner ...	10 Penicuik, C. W. Cowan
11 Currie, James Rowat ...	11 West Calder, Capt. Steward
12 Do., James I. Davidson	12 Dalkeith, E. Dawson, jun.
13 Do., L. Cunningham	13 Corstorphine, Gavin Jack
14 Rosslyn, R. Purves ...	14 West Calder, W. Gowans
15 Do., A. Mochrie ...	15 Dalkeith, Dr. Gray
16 Do., J. Blackwood...	16 Do., G. Pirrie
17 Glencorse, Major Sandford	17 Kirknewton, Capt. Wilkie
18 Do., John Craik ...	18 Holyrood, C. Johnston
19 Temple, J. Tait Burton	19 West Calder, W. Millar
20 Do., John Kerr ...	20 Craiglockhart, John Kerr
21 Do., T. Morton ...	21 Do., W. Morris
22 Waverley, H. Gilmour	22 Holyrood, James Gibb
23 Do., J. Herdman ...	23 Ratho, W. Baillie
24 Do., A. Hamilton ...	24 Corstorphine, J. Stenhouse
25 Do., T. S. Atchison	25 Penicuik, Jas. Williamson
26 Do., George Ritchie	26 Do., T. Tudhope
27 Do., C. M'Gregor ...	27 Corstorphine, J. Martin
28 Merchiston, R. Marshall	28 Oxenford, M. Henderson
29 Do., J. Sinclair ...	29 Stow, Jas. White
30 Do., D. P. Laird ...	30 Dalkeith, R. Craig, jun.
31 Do., C. Hay ...	31 Holyrood, J. Sutherland
32 Coates, G. Cunningham	32 Oxenford, R. Ansie
33 Do., John Duncan ...	33 Kirknewton, W. Dick

OPENING OF NEW POND AT HAWICK.

The Hawick Curling club inaugurated play for the season on their new pond at Crowbyres, about a mile from Hawick, on the 15th inst., when there was good ice. In the absence of Sir William Elliott of Wells, president of the club, ex-provost Milligan performed the opening ceremony by throwing the first stone. Mr. Milligan, in a characteristic speech, proposed "Success to the Hawick Curling Club," complimenting the members on having secured such a suitable pond. He coupled the toast with the name of Mr. John Murray, of the Hawick Heritable Bank, one of the keenest curlers in the district, and Mr. Murray briefly returned thanks. A game then took place between teams skipped by ex-provost Milligan and Mr. Murray, the former coming off victors in a closely contested match.

LANGHOLM.

The members of the Eskdale Club began play for the rink medal given by the Duke of Buccleuch. The ice was extraordinarily keen in the morning, but rain subsequently fell and interfered with the pleasure of the play. Score:—

FIRST ROUND.			
J. Burnet ...	19	H. Graham ...	8
William Scott ...	21	Walter Scott ...	3
D. M'Knight ...	15	J. Kerss ...	12
J. Malcolm ...	17	J. Hyslop ...	10

The members of the Eskdale Club concluded play for the Duke of Buccleuch's rink medal. The ice was in splendid condition. Except in the final tie, the game was 15 ends; in the final, 21 ends were played. Score:—

SECOND ROUND.			
D. M'Knight...	14	William Scott ...	12
J. Burnet ...	19	J. Malcolm ...	3
FINAL.			
D. M'Knight ...	31	J. Burnet ...	13

"SPITAL" CUP.

The first tie took place on Wednesday for a handsome silver cup presented by Mr. R. G. Murray, of Spital. Result:—

Mr. A. Weir's rink ...	15	Mr. R. G. Murray's rink ...	11
Mr. John Boyd's rink ...	13	Mr. George Kerr's rink ...	13
Mr. J. Stephen's rink ...	18	Mr. R. Russell's rink ...	12
Mr. D. Hope's rink ...	17	Mr. W. Lindsay's rink ...	12

KILLIN.

At the annual meeting of the Breadalbane Associated Curling clubs in Killin, Mr. Fraser Kenmon presided in absence of the Marquis of Breadalbane. After the usual business had been transacted, it was intimated that Mr. Thorburn Beith had signified his intention of presenting a pair of curling stones to the Breadalbane Associated clubs to be played for in the several clubs by points, condition of play to be the same as that adopted in playing for the Marquis' annual pair.

MELROSE.

The points medal was played for on Wednesday, and won by Mr. James M'Lean, Dingleton Mains, with a score of 19. There was a good turn-out, and ice in fair condition.

BIGGAR.

The club's medal was played for on Wednesday on excellent ice. Thirty members took part in the competition. The medal was gained by Mr. W. M. Linton with 21 points.

ST. MUNGO (DUMFRIESSHIRE).

Play was continued on Wednesday for the rink medal of this club on Castlemilk Pond. The results were as follow:—

FIRST TIES.			
D. Bell-Irving ...	21	Sir R. Jardine ...	8
R. W. B. Jardine ...	21	W. M'Dougall ...	7
J. Byres ...	21	J. Gowenlock ...	12
Thomas Carlyle ...	21	D. B. Richardson ...	20
SECOND TIES.			
J. Byres ...	21	R. W. B. Jardine ...	16
D. Bell-Irving ...	21	Thomas Carlyle ...	10

LOCHMABEN PARISH CLUB.

The members of this club on Wednesday began play on the Brummel Loch for their rink medal, with the following results:—

Wm. Gibson ...	21	J. T. Laidlaw ...	2
Robert Johnstone ...	21	David M'Call ...	5
Robert M'Millan ...	21	T. W. Graham ...	11
Andrew Stewart ...	21	A. J. S. Johnstone, absent.	
James Wright ...	21	Andrew Tweedle, absent.	
J. Richardson ...	21	David Dobie, absent.	

Andrew Beattie, a bye.

LOCKERBIE.

On Wednesday play took place at Lochside for the rink medal of the Lockerbie Curling Club. The ice was in fair condition. The results of the day's play were as follow:—

J. M'Knight ...	21	George Gardiner ...	8
T. Gladstone ...	21	D. Matheson ...	3
J. Callander ...	21	G. Gardiner ...	2
J. Laidlaw ...	21	L. Borthwick ...	19
A. J. Douglas ...	21	J. Hunter ...	17
R. Robison ...	21	Thomas Wright ...	9
R. Dodds ...	21	W. Henderson ...	15

ANNANDALE.

Although a thaw set in during the early part of Monday, curling was generally engaged in by Annandale clubs. The ice was on the whole in good order, and as frost again supervened in the afternoon, the "boards" proved fairly keen. Four rinks of the Lockerbie Club had a friendly encounter at Lochside. The members of Applegarth and Sibbaldie Club played on Lammonbie pond, and in some cases play for the rink medals was commenced. The thaw that set in on Monday afternoon gave place during the night to frost, which continued very keen throughout Tuesday. The Castle Loch being now completely frozen over, half a dozen rinks of the Lockmaben Club began play for the season upon it on Monday. The ice was smooth and keen. Several links of the Lockerbie Curling Club played at Lochside on an excellent sheet of ice. The Applegarth and the Upper Annandale and other clubs also played on Tuesday.