

GOLF

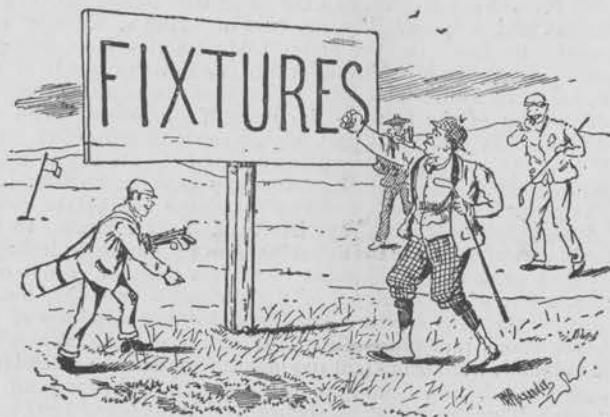
A Weekly Record of "The Royal and Auncient" Game.
"Far and Sure."

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25TH, 1891.

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1891.

DECEMBER.

- Dec. 23, 24 and 28.—Royal Isle of Wight: Single Tournament, for Prize value £10, given by the Club (entries close 22nd).
Dec. 25-26.—Littlestone: Christmas Meeting; Foursome Tournament (Match Play).
Dec. 26.—Royal Wimbledon: Monthly Medal.
Southport: Christmas Meeting.
Ashdown Forest and Tunbridge Wells: Monthly Medal.
Royal Isle of Wight: Christmas Meeting; Bembridge Gold Medal; "Eaton Memorial Gold Putter."
Royal Eastbourne: Monthly Medal.
Buxton and High Peak: Monthly Medal.
Warwickshire: Club Cup Competition.
Ilkley: Christmas Cup.
Manchester: Club Prizes; Special Prize Meeting.
Richmond: Christmas Meeting.
Birkdale: Captain's Cup.
Woodford: Christmas Handicap.
Royal Epping Forest: Gordon Cup; Captain's Prize; Monthly Medal and Optional Sweepstake.
Seaford: Monthly Medal.
Richmond: Walton Cup (Open); Pottinger Challenge Cup; Lawson Scratch Cup; Members' Handicap Prizes.
Dec. 26-28.—Guildford: Christmas Meeting.
Dec. 28.—Burnham: Monthly Medal.
Dec. 28-29.—Royal Eastbourne: Winter Meeting.
Dec. 29.—Burnham: Gold Medal Handicap.

1892.

JANUARY.

- Jan. 1.—Royal Cornwall: Monthly Medal.

- Jan. 2.—Lytham and St. Anne's: Captain's Cup.
Birkdale: Monthly Medal.
Lundin: Handicap Medal.
Manchester: Monthly Medal.
Royal Liverpool: Winter Optional Subscription Prizes.
Redhill and Reigate: Turner Medal.
Aldeburgh: Monthly Medal.
Brighton and Hove: Berens Medal.
County Down: Wallace Cup.
Jan. 5.—Whitley: Joicey Cup.
Birkdale: Club Ladies' Prize.
Carnarvonshire: Monthly Medal.
Jan. 9.—Warwickshire: Club Cup (Final).
Tooting: Monthly Medal.
Didsbury: Captain's Prize.
Dalhousie: Handicap Match (Third Round).
Brighton: Royal Eastbourne v. The Club (at Brighton).
Jan. 11.—Pau: Arthur Post Medal and Pendant (Scratch); Sir V. Brooke Challenge Cup and Badge.
Jan. 13.—Pau: Sir V. Brooke Challenge Cup and Badge (Second Round); Anstruther Shield and Badge (Open).
Jan. 16.—Warwickshire: Lefroy Prize (Final).
Royal Epping Forest: Quarterly Medal.
Formby: Pearson's Prize.
Lytham and St. Anne's: Bury Cup.
County Down: Railway Cup; Club Monthly Prize.
Jan. 19.—Whitley: Joicey Cup.
A. Kirkaldy v. Taylor for £27, at Burnham.
Jan. 20.—Royal Epping Forest: Spurling-Kentish Medal.
Jan. 23.—Birkdale: Captain's Cup.
Jan. 25.—Pau: Captain's Prize.
Jan. 30.—Royal Epping Forest: Gordon Cup.
Seaford: Monthly Medal.

FEBRUARY.

- Feb. 2.—Whitley: Joicey Cup.
Birkdale: Club Ladies' Prize.
Carnarvonshire: Monthly Medal.
Feb. 5.—Royal Cornwall: Monthly Medal.
Feb. 6.—Royal Liverpool: Winter Optional Subscription Prizes.
Lundin: Half-yearly Meeting.
Manchester: Monthly Medal.
Birkdale: Monthly Medal.
Lytham and St. Anne's: Captain's Cup.
Redhill and Reigate: Club Medal.
Brighton and Hove: Berens Medal.
County Down: Wallace Cup.
Feb. 13.—Formby: Pearson Prize.
Feb. 14.—Dalhousie: Handicap Match (Fourth Round).
Tooting: Monthly Medal.
Didsbury: Captain's Prize.
Feb. 15.—Pau: Town of Pau Golf Medal (Scratch); St. Andrews Cross (Open).
Feb. 16.—Whitley: Joicey Cup.
Feb. 17.—Royal Epping Forest: Spurling-Kentish Medal.
Pau: Town of Pau Gold Medal (Second Round); St. Andrews Cross (Second Round).

St. Andrews, N.B. RUSACK'S HOTEL, THE MARINE (on the Links). The Golf Metropolis—Parties boarded. Special terms to Golfers and families. W. RUSACK, Proprietor and Manager. Telegrams:—Rusack, St. Andrews, N.B. Telephone No. 1101.

A GOLFING ODE.

Our life was blest with sweet companionship,
When first fair Hymen joined our loving hands ;
The roses bloomed for us each morn afresh,
And we were willing slaves to Love's commands.

But now, alas ! what unseen sprite malign,
Has o'er our path his evil force extended ?
See here I sit alone, my grief I tell,
While he's away on whom my joy depended.

And when at eve, the absent one returning,
What converse fresh delights my wifely ear ?
'Tis not of politics or business that he prateth,
But "putts" and "drives" and "shots" is all I hear.

The gun, the rod, the bat, are all forsaken,
No neighb'ring hounds can make the wand'rer stay.
No ! "iron shots," and "cleeks," and "clubs," and "caddies"
Claim all the interest, and excite to play.

"But stay ! hast thou no word of praise?" the sprite replies,
"Lady who thus condemns this old, new game,
True, it is I who take him from thee,
But give him back to thee—thine own—the same.

"The same, indeed ? no not the same, fair lady ;
Seest thou the flush of health upon his cheek ?
The brawny arm an exercise demandeth,
The limbs are all alert," and thus I speak :—

"Yes, golfing spirit ! after all I hail thee ;
'Tis health, not wealth we seek—and such like 'jinks,'
But lest I weary of thee altogether,
Speak to me—just a *little* less—of links !"

M. L. R.

A NEW GOLF BOOT.

Messrs. Joseph Dawson and Sons, wholesale boot and shoe manufacturers, 23, London Wall, E.C., have designed a new boot for the use of golfers. The conspicuous feature about this boot is that the upper, instead of being cut short at the ankle, is prolonged up the calf of the leg, fitting the limb closely. When laced up in front, the boot is to all intents and purposes a gaiter as well ; so that golfers who have to play frequently over a wet course where the grass is relatively long, and the bushes more than ordinarily prickly, will find this boot a great protection both from damp and thorns, while rendering at the same time a pleasingly secure support to the ankles. For shooting and fishing purposes also, the boot ought to be found exceedingly useful. The material is of the finest quality, and the elongated upper, or gaiter, is as soft and pliable as that of a lady's kid boot. We have no hesitation in highly recommending the boots to golfers.

BURNTISLAND CLUB.—The members of this club held their second annual social meeting and assembly on Friday night, when a large company attended. Councillor D. W. Stevenson, captain of the club, presided, and gave an interesting account of the proceedings throughout the year. The acquisition of the new green had considerably improved the position and strength of the club, and as the erection of a club-house on the green had been found to be desirable, he had pleasure in stating that this convenience would shortly be completed. The club, he stated, only wanted a few years of attaining the centenary of its foundation, and this coming event ought to stimulate the members to greater effort to render the club still more successful. Provost Wilson and Councillor Erskine also addressed the meeting. The principal cups and trophies presented to the club during the year were all exhibited.

Review.

ANNUAL OF THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN CURLING CLUB FOR 1891-2.

For curlers everywhere this little book is indispensable. It contains not only a great deal of varied information connected with the game, but a list of all local clubs, with their members, rules of the game, diagrams explaining the technicalities of the "chap and lie," "wick and curl in," "chipping the winner," "inwicking," and "guarding," and the constitution of the Royal Caledonian Curling club. This body is really a federation of the curling clubs in the world, because one finds affiliated with the clubs of this country those in far-off colonies in Nova Scotia, Canada, New Zealand, Russia, the United States, and Norway. The volume is in charge of the Rev. John Kerr, one of the vice-presidents of the club, a frequent contributor to GOLF, and the author of an exceedingly interesting "History of Curling."

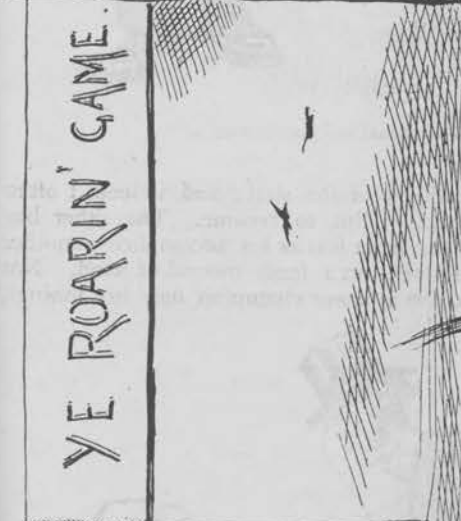
A QUESTION OF "ANCIENT LIGHTS" AT HOYLAKE.—In the Nisi Prius Court at Liverpool the other day, before Mr. Justice Collins and a special jury, the case of "Holt v. Sinclair" was heard. In this case the plaintiff, Mr. Charles Holt, brought an action against Mr. Alexander Sinclair (an ex-captain of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club) to recover damages, £500, for obstruction of the light to the plaintiff's premises. The defendant paid £20 into Court as sufficient compensation. Mr. McCall, Q.C., and Mr. Horridge appeared for the plaintiff, and Mr. Bigham, Q.C., and Mr. Lawrence appeared for the defendant. The plaintiff purchased in 1880 the cottage at Hoylake called "Rolighed," for £2,625, and has resided there since. In the early part of this year the defendant erected a dwelling-house on ground quite close to it, and in such a position as not only to interfere with the privacy of the plaintiff's premises, but to obstruct the light entering his house by east windows in the upper floors, and especially in the entrance hall. When the foundations were being laid the plaintiff warned the defendant's agents that he considered the erection would interfere with his rights. This the defendant denied, and in the belief that he was acting within his legal rights proceeded with the building. The plaintiff swore that the effect of the obstruction to light was that the furniture in the hall was scarcely visible on an ordinary day, whereas before the defendant's house was erected it was a well-lighted and cheerful hall. He would rather have paid £1,000 than have the defendant's house put up. Mr. H. W. Keef, architect, estimated the diminution of light to the plaintiff's house by reason of the erection of defendant's house at twenty-six degrees. The rental value of the house was reduced by £20 a-year, and the selling value by £400. Structural alterations to restore the light taken away would cost £237. Before the evidence for the defence was entered upon the jury (half of whom had seen the premises) intimated that they had heard enough, and they found a verdict for the defendant, with costs. Counsel for defendant said the plaintiff could have the £20 paid into Court.

A MOONLIGHT MATCH AT CARNOUSTIE.

On Monday night, December 14th, a match was played between Robert Munro and J. Sturrock, and G. Trickett and J. Fyffe, over the course at Carnoustie, which created considerable interest owing to its being played in moonlight. The moon shone with wonderful clearness, and the game was played under less disadvantage than might have been looked for. The match started at half-past seven o'clock, and the last hole was played out exactly at half-past ten o'clock, the game thus taking three hours to play. Except when very long shots were played, the flight of the balls was followed, and only three balls were lost. The game finished in favour of Munro and Sturrock by two holes, the scores being as follows :—Munro and Sturrock—Out, 52 ; in, 57—total, 109 ; and Trickett and Fyffe—Out, 52 ; in, 58—total, 110. Considering that a good deal of water lay on the course, the above figures show that the play was pretty air



A disappearing parish!



YE ROARIN' GAME.



A KEEN CURLER.



"Soop, ye deevils Soop!!"

TOOTLEKINS AT WIMBLEDON.



SUFFERING with brain fever, congestion of the lungs, liver, and kidneys, and general shock to the system; also a doctor's bill for a tenner! I'll tell ye how it happened.

Three weeks ago I was made acquainted with all the mysteries and (to me) horrors of the game of Golf. My dear friend, Putter, had, the day before, promised to give me a "real treat."

"Come over to my club at Wimbledon to-morrow, and I'll show you how Golf is played."

I had been a trifle low spirited about that time, so I was glad of an opportunity to have some enlivening entertainment. I got it. Wimbledon is a nice healthy part. I arrived. Putter welcomed me, and introduced me to some "famous golfers," braw, bonny Scots, mostly giants. We had lunch and drinks. It was all very soothing—especially the latter. Then we all went out; that is, Putter and his friend Spanker (who, by the way, Putter was anxious to impress on me was the amateur champion). I said I was charmed. We all walked around on the grass for a little, when I discovered that our party was (or were? I am never quite happy with these collective nouns—I always avoid collections of any sort) being followed by two disreputable-



"I arrived."

looking men, each armed with a bag of formidable-looking weapons!

Quite alarmed, I called Putter's attention to them.

"Surely," said I, "these horrid men are following us?"

"Of course," said Putter, "they are our caddies."

"But are you sure we are safe? They look rather dangerous."

I was quite astonished to see Putter and his amateur champion confederate actually laughing at me. Putter was rude, I think. He gave me a boisterous slap on the back, and spluttered, "They are part of the show, my bonny buck;" and then he went off into a fit of explosive hilarity. We halted then, and before I had time

to recover from the singular behaviour of my companions one of these awful showmen—these "caddies"—darted in front of us and performed a sort of conjuring trick with a little ball about as big as a reel of cotton, and looking like a petrified egg. He carefully balanced the little ball on a little mound of sand, then he produced a loaded stick from his terrible bag, and handed it to Putter, who took it, smiled at me, remarked, "Cheer up;" and, after swaying himself about for

a little, knocked the ball and little mound of sand away, scattering the poor caddie's balancing act with one blow.

"That's the tee shot," said he.



"These horrid men are following us!"

I feigned a knowledge of the shot; and, indeed, I often attend a tea-meeting. But to resume. The other bag holder performed the same feat as his accomplice—another balancing entertainment on a fresh mound of sand. Not to be trifled with, the amateur champion had his innings,



"The balancing trick."

and with a similar weapon to that which Putter had used, and with the same grotesque movement of the body, he unceremoniously swept the conjuring trick away. I thought this would annoy the men with the bag of sticks. But, no. In a submissive spirit, quite at variance with their ferocious appearance, they calmly went to look for their respective balls. We joined in the search. I thought Putter and his friend would apologise to the poor men. No apologies, however, were forthcoming. This was *part of the show!*

We found Putter's ball in a bush. He said it was bad luck, and was about to swallow the ball when I stopped him—so he threw it over his head. Then his wretched bag-man handed him another stick, and with it Putter again swiped the ball away. We walked around again and came upon Mr. Spanker's ball, which was in among some long grass. Putter said to me that, considering the gentleman was new to the ground, he made a (—) good shot! "Dear me," said I, "how very nice." I am afraid Putter had too much of that brown sherry for lunch. He dug me in the ribs, and said I was a "gay sparrow." The amateur champion went through Putter's performance of wriggling the body and knocking the ball away. Then we did another lap. I *hate walking*. And I was getting cold and damp. "Come along," said Putter. "But when does the game of Golf begin?" I innocently asked. "This *is* it; we are playing Golf now!" Ye gods! And this was the real treat which was promised me. "How long does it last?" said I, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "About two hours," was the reply. I never will forgive Putter for playing me such a trick.

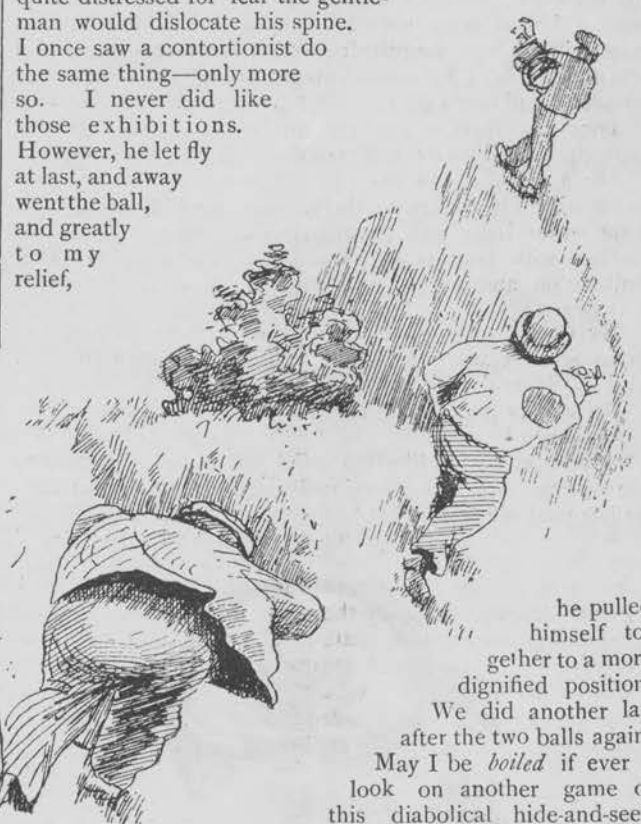
But let me get on to the catastrophe.



"I hate walking."

But let me get on to the catastrophe. Putter explained to me, with the view of working up some animation in me, that the idea of the game was to get the ball into a little hole (arranged for the purpose) with as few whacks of the stick as possible. The man who gets his ball into the several holes with the fewest number of "shots" wins the game. "How interesting," said I; "but are we to walk much more?" "Oh, yes," said Putter, "the beauty of the game would be lost if we took a four-wheeled cab from hole to hole!" I couldn't help saying, "But I wish you had told

me we were going to walk to the Crystal Palace." But he only laughed, and said, "gammon." When we found the balls again, Putter soon got his performance over. But Mr. Spanker's ball was in a little hollow, and he was some moments before he struck it. During those moments I was quite distressed for fear the gentleman would dislocate his spine. I once saw a contortionist do the same thing—only more so. I never did like those exhibitions. However, he let fly at last, and away went the ball, and greatly to my relief,



he pulled himself together to a more dignified position.

We did another lap after the two balls again.

May I be *boiled* if ever I look on another game of this diabolical hide-and-seek business. I could have sat down and wept. I was so cold and miserable. Well, we found the wretched little balls again, and Putter and his friend again knocked them away. This time the balls fell on a little plot of smooth turf. One of the men with the alms—(arms, I should say)—bags then pulled a little white flag out of a hole in the ground, and Putter knocked his ball towards *him*. The man got out of the way in time, though Putter, apparently disappointed at not hitting the man, anathematized his luck. I do wish Putter would not use such dreadful language. It sets such a bad example to those "caddies." I quite hoped that when Mr. Spanker had gently put—or "putted"—his ball into the little hole, and Putter had, somewhat viciously, followed his example—the game was finished, particularly as there was no difficulty in finding the balls. Consequently I became cheerful and chatty, and went so far as to remark that I thought it a nice healthy part to walk about in—for a constitutional. My companions evidently thought I had said something funny. They both exploded. But imagine my horror when they actually started again. Repeated the balancing act with the balls and sand, and commenced another walking tour.

I walked eight miles that cold and miserable day. I never had such a wicked time. It was towards the last lap that my cup of happiness ran o'er. Putter's ball had got into a sort of rut, and before he struck it he tried to eclipse Mr. Spanker's before-mentioned contortionist

act. Putter—who is somewhat adipose—was, I thought, going to burst when he had wriggled the interior of his capacious waistcoat round towards his shoulder-blade; so I tried to set him right. But before I could get near enough to put my arms round him, he let himself and his stick go; my hat went, too. For he had landed me such a fearful smite with his iron stick that the hat was concertinaed with singular accuracy over my eyes, and I was felled like a ninepin, and my poor head. Ye stars! stripes!! and crazy necks!!!

They managed to get me into a cab, dazed, amazed, pulverized, and fairly golferized!—and got me home.

For a week, I saw nothing but wet grass, bushes, ruts, holes with white flags in them, huge men fiddling over little white balls with putting-sticks. Villainous looking caddies with bags of sticks . . . and I was for ever walking on, and on . . . and on

* * *

My doctor tells me I am recovering from an attack of brain fever, caused by a chill, a blow on the cranium . . . and the general excitement of Golf.

He advises me to go in for a more peaceful pastime than Golf playing!

Of course, Putter, like the good fellow he is, comes to see me every day, and is continually begging my pardon . . . he has paid me for the hat!

A. J. MARK-MARKS.



WHY MAJOR WOODHOUSE DIED A BACHELOR.

"Wonderful old tool, that 'pitching-iron' you were using this afternoon, Jemmy," said Ralph Hardinge. "They never seem to make that class of weapon now-a-days. Where did you pick it up?"

It had been long since I had enjoyed such a day as the one that had just come to a close. A stretch of seven or eight years' service in India doesn't, as a rule, improve the industrial capacity of your liver, nor, consequently, the general appreciation of your surroundings, and it had been a bilious and somewhat misanthropic wreck that my old chum, Ralph Hardinge, had encountered at the Junior United, and had insisted on carting away with him to Felixstowe for a week's Golf. It would make a new man of me, he had said, and certainly, so far at least as the first day of our little trip was concerned, I did not feel inclined to attempt to refute his assertion. When I had tumbled out of my comfortable little bed at the club-house that morning, caught the glint of the early sunshine on the restless, glittering waves almost at my feet, and inhaled the invigorating, life-giving breeze that blew gently in from the sea, and tempered the heat of a lovely July day, I had already begun to feel a different being from the dilapidated old Indian soldier who had put himself the evening before under Hardinge's care; and when I had played my morning round and had twice holed "Bunker's Hill" in five, I had

once more decided that, after all, life was worth living. By the time I had had my lunch with a quiet pipe to follow, and had teed off with a "raker," as the commencement of my afternoon match, the years that had elapsed, thanks to my regiment's long foreign service, since I had been compelled to bid farewell to my favourite game, had all vanished into the limbo of forgotten disagreeables; and if I had had to succumb in the morning to Hardinge's more recently practised hand and eye, I avenged myself in the afternoon to the tune of 3 up and 1 to play, besides the bye into the bargain. In fact when, after a good and well-earned dinner had been discussed, and Ralph and I were aiding digestion by the consumption of a couple of excellent "Flor de Cubas" under the verandah in the soft summer evening air, I was fain to admit that my old friend had been a true prophet.

"Where did I get that iron?" I said, in reply to Ralph's question; "why, poor Dick Woodhouse gave it to me years ago. By Jove! what a fine game he used to play. You remember him, don't you Ralph?"

"Remember him, poor old chap? I should think I did. What a real good fellow he was, and how keen the women all were about him."

"Yes; it was always a wonder to me that none of them ever caught Dick. What with his money and his good looks, he was certainly a prize in the matrimonial market; but he was always a bit of a misogynist, though he could be pleasant enough to the fair sex when he didn't think he was being hunted."

A look of unwonted sadness stole over Ralph Hardinge's bronzed features. "Do you know, Jemmy," he said, "it is deucedly curious that poor Dick's name should have cropped up like this to-night, and it's a rum thing how small the world is, after all. It was only the other day that I chanced to come across a sister of his, and learned what it was that used to worry the poor old chap so, and put him on such a low spot whenever he was left to himself. If you remember, he used to have dreadful fits of depression sometimes when there was nobody handy to wake him up."

I nodded assent, and Ralph went on, half to himself: "By George! It seems only yesterday that I heard the news of that Isandula business, and realised that we should never see Dick again. I was in the Twelfth then, and months after, when the whole commotion was pretty much at an end, we sent out burying parties from Helpmakaar. It was the first time any of our people had visited the spot since that awful day. Bah! it wasn't a pretty sight, though the long grass hid most of it. Of course, there was no chance of identifying any of the dead, except now and again by some trinket that the Zulus had overlooked. I can't say I helped much in the search; the whole thing was too sickening, and only in one instance could I bring myself to do more than overlook the men's work. That was when I first rode on to the ground, and my attention was drawn to what was left of some poor fellow lying by himself in a clump of the tall coarse grass. My eye was caught by what looked like a slip of paper, and I dismounted to see what it was.

"It turned out to be a letter just peeping out of a half-opened little leather case which the dead man had evidently worn next his heart, and I knew enough of Zulu idiosyncracies by that time to guess that it had been judged to be a charm of some kind by the savage who had stripped the body, and had been left where originally found as being too dangerous to carry away. I took it and stowed it away in my tunic, partly as a memento of that terrible disaster, and partly in the hope that some day it might help to identify one more of the victims of about the biggest blunder that was ever made."

"What was it about?" I asked. "Did it give you any clue to the owner?"

Hardinge shook his head. "Judging by the handwriting and spelling," he said, "I took it to be from some half-taught country lass to the lad in the red coat that had won her fancy when she saw it on the village green. I couldn't help moralising a bit, Jemmy; it seemed so odd. The ill-formed hand and the 'dear,' spelt with two 'e's—written, we'll say, in some little thatched-covered bedroom over the village grocer's shop, opposite the village 'public,' by the light of a farthing dip, with the aid of a rusty old pen, and a little square half-penny bottle of ink—and here it was found on a dead man's breast in Zululand, surrounded with indescribable horrors. Poor Tommy Atkins, poor Chloe! Tommy Atkins loses his life, and lies rotting beneath the shadow of the fatal Isandula hill, and Chloe—well, Chloe cries a little, and then dries her eyes and marries the head ostler at the 'Bald-faced Stag.' Rum thing, war!"

"Go on, Ralph," I said, as he paused to light another cigar, "I am admiring you under quite a new aspect, and I'm very comfortable."

"Well, we were talking of Dick Woodhouse," Hardinge proceeded. "About three weeks ago I was staying down at Marden Hall, in Devonshire—belongs to some people called Bingham—and there I met Dick's only sister, a Mrs. Lisle; very nice woman she is, too, goes in for landscape painting—Suffolk Street, and all that sort of thing. I had never heard she was a Miss Woodhouse, but one broiling summer's afternoon, when it was too hot to do anything but bask, I was lying on the grass, smoking, while she was painting under a sort of cross between an umbrella and a tent, and somehow the conversation came round to the Zulu War. She told me that a brother of her's had been killed at Isandula, and it turned out to have been poor Dick. Of course we got to be great friends directly she found out how intimately I had known him, and then she told me Dick's story. I will try and tell it to you as nearly as she gave it to me.

"It appears that while Dick was still a lad at Sandhurst he went one Christmas to spend a couple of weeks with the Bingham's at Marden Hall, which, by the way, is only a few miles out of Exeter. I need hardly say that before many days were past he had become an established favourite with the entire household; but by one member of the family he was regarded with an admiring devotion, which would have been almost amusing had it not bordered on the pathetic. Dick's ardent admirer was the flower of the Bingham flock, a little girl of eight or nine, and, as Mrs. Lisle expressed it, about the most exquisite specimen of childish loveliness that ever gladdened the eye of an artist. Tall and singularly graceful for her age, with a perfect face framed in masses of silky golden hair, and lit by great violet-blue eyes with their long lashes of jet, little Dot Bingham must have been, from Mrs. Lisle's description, a strikingly beautiful child.

"It was curious, Mrs. Lisle said, to see the extraordinary influence Dick Woodhouse had over the little lass. Spoilt child, as it was only natural she should be, one word from him would stop the rebellious tears, and produce instant obedience to the constituted authorities, when nurse and parents were alike powerless. The child seemed only happy when with the object of her adoration; would follow him wherever he went, making him the confidant of all her youthful troubles and joys; would conquer her childish fear of firearms to stand by his side at the covert-corner. He called her his little sweetheart, and laughingly announced his intention of marrying her as soon as she was ten and he had become a full-blown soldier—a public declaration which the young lady received with delicious complacency.

"Nor was the devotion altogether one-sided. Dick seemed to enjoy the society of his diminutive lady-love very nearly to the same extent that she did that of her six-foot swain; would listen to her childish prattle with every appearance of the gravest interest, and would pay her all the little ceremonious and affectionate attentions usually considered due from a lover to his mistress.

"When the time came for Woodhouse to return to Sandhurst, little Miss Bingham was inconsolable, and Dick had to repeat over and over again his promises to renew his visit in the summer, when he had 'passed out' and could obtain leave. As the dog-cart drove up to the hall-door to take him into Exeter, she clung round his neck with tears in her pretty eyes. 'Mind, Dick, you have promised to come,' she whispered, as he kissed her good-bye. 'I'll be very good, and do all that Markham tells me, only you must never, never love anybody else—will you, Dick? even if they are ever so much bigger than me, and quite grown up.'

"Dick nodded—I think there was a lump in his throat that prevented him from saying anything—as he unclasped the soft, childish arms, and thoughtfully stroked the golden hair; then taking the reins he jumped into the dog-cart and drove off at a rapid rate.

"The months rolled on; Dick 'passed out' in due time, and was gazetted to the K. D. G.'s, and the end of July found him once more an inmate of Marden Hall, to the intense delight of little Miss Bingham. The child had seemed somewhat ailing during the spring, they told him—her mother thought she had been outgrowing her strength—but his arrival appeared to work an instantaneous change, and bring back the flush of health to the little pale cheek, the happy, rippling laugh to the drooping, listless lips; and on this occasion, to the great amusement of the whole household, the young lady took entire and authoritative possession of Lieutenant Woodhouse. Dick was a real soldier now, she informed them, and she was his sweetheart; they were to be married as soon as he got his troop, and in the meantime everyone was to please understand that he belonged to her and her only. Dick, for his part, accepted this wholesale appropriation with the utmost complacency, and treated his youthful *fiancée* with most lover-like devotion, not a little to the disgust of one or two of the more mature belles of the neighbourhood.

"The rest of Mrs. Lisle's story," said Ralph Hardinge, "always makes me feel a bit queerish when I think of it. About a week after Woodhouse's second arrival at Marden Hall, his host was suddenly summoned up to London on important business that necessitated his presence, and, as he was somewhat out of health, and feeling a little nervous about himself, Mrs. Bingham decided to accompany him to town, Dick being left behind to keep house, with the strictest injunctions to make himself thoroughly at home until their return.

"I know from personal experience that there are few more disagreeably startling sensations than that of being roused from your peaceful slumbers by an alarm of fire; you feel so disgustingly undecided at first as to the best thing to be done. This most unpleasant experience fell to the lot of the denizens of Marden Hall a little after midnight on the second evening of Mr. and Mrs. Bingham's absence from home. How the fire originated was never thoroughly ascertained, but it was certain that it had obtained a fearfully extensive hold on the old house before it was discovered, and it was all the terrified inmates could manage to escape with their lives down the main staircase, which was even then crackling under the intense heat, and fitfully bursting out here and there into incipient flames.

"However, escape they did, down the grand old staircase,

through the entrance-hall, and out on to the broad carriage sweep beyond, where the women stood in groups, many crying with the reaction from the fright they had undergone, while the men rushed about in wild confusion, shouting contradictory suggestions as to the best means of combating the flames that were rapidly spreading from one end of the house to the other, and lighting up the shrubberies and the wood behind with their lurid glow.

"But, as usual in country houses, any means of successfully struggling with such a conflagration were ridiculously inadequate. A few buckets of water cast on the nearest flames that soared up against the dark background of the night, as if in mockery at their puny efforts; a couple of grooms despatched galloping down the drive to Exeter to summon the engines—that was all that could be done.

"Little Miss Bingham, sobbing with all a child's wild terror of fire, was standing by the side of the two frightened nurses, and looking about in the fitful glare for her faithful Dick—where could he be? 'Where can Mr. Woodhouse be? Has any one seen him?' she heard one terrified woman ask of the other, and the whispered reply pierced like a stab into her loving little heart: '*He was sleeping in the turret-room; if nobody thought of waking him he is lost.*'

"Her Dick lost for lack of someone to warn him of his danger? Ah! that should never be. There was time yet. It was only a minute or two ago they came down the staircase; she was sure she could run up it again and reach the turret-door to rouse him. Another moment and she had gained the hall steps, only missed from their side when too late by the preoccupied women who saw to their horror the little white figure standing out for an instant against the dusky red smoke inside and then—disappear.

"At this moment came the sound of wheels and the gallop of a horse at utmost speed up the drive. A dog-cart was suddenly pulled up alongside them, and Dick Woodhouse sprang hurriedly to the ground. An invitation, accidentally delayed until about seven o'clock that evening, had taken him off to dine at the R.H.A. mess, and his absence had, of course, been unknown to his little sweetheart, or to the woman whose fatal remark had sent the poor child to his rescue.

"An astonished exclamation at his unexpected appearance, half a-dozen excited words hurriedly exchanged, and Dick had sprung up the hall steps and into the burning house, the flicker of the flames lighting up, as he went, the gold lace on his overalls and scarlet mess-jacket—a gallant figure."

* * * * *

"The rosy dawn of a cloudless summer's day stole gently upon a sleeping world. Higher and higher rose the glorious, life-giving sun, rousing all nature to its morning hymn of praise. Outside the keeper's cottage the trees rustled in the soft western wind, the leaves danced and glimmered gaily in the sunlight, the birds cheeped and twittered as they hopped from twig to twig, the woods and meadows teemed with life in all its myriad forms, and within little Miss Bingham lay—dying.

"Yes; alas! there was no doubt about it, no straw of hope to clutch at. Dick had read the terrible truth in the doctor's face as he finished his examination of the poor child's dreadful injuries, and turned away from the little homely couch on which she had been laid. The shock to the system was too great for her to rally from, he had said. She was sinking fast; it was very doubtful even whether she would live until the 'flying Dutchman' could bring her parents to her bedside; the very absence of pain, which

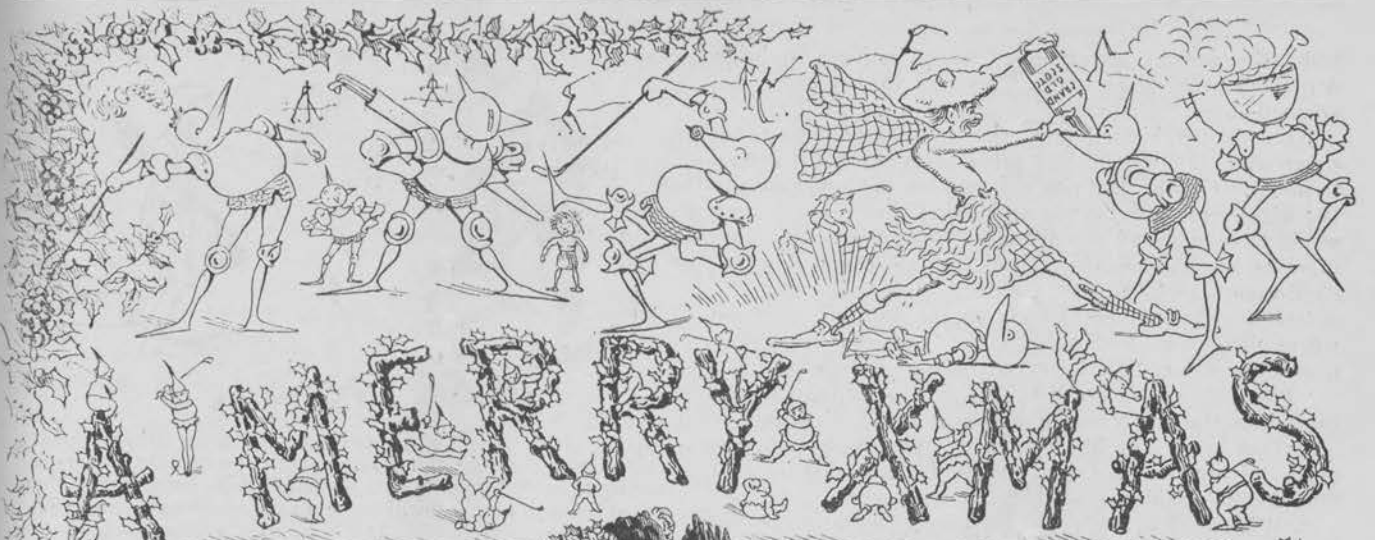
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A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

A MERRY Christmas to every golfer! May they find themselves in possession of health, the means of enjoyment, and a goodly share of the world's gear; but at the same time not averse from having a kindly thought and a sympathetic word for those whose star of fortune has been suddenly quenched in the night of chilliest penury and misery. May the strong grow in strength and activity, and yet not forget that the loveliest allies of their strength are gentleness and chivalry—that their strong arms are for the weak to lean upon. May the sick in body and the distressed in mind of whatever degree keep alive the embers of hope, and let sunny memories of well-fought matches in the past, when the sun shone brightly, when the sea plashed softly, and the birds sung merrily, come like a beam of warm sunlight to cheer the aching tedium of a sick-bed. May the fair in pursuit of Golf deepen dimples and enhance the charm of face and figure, and may wives and sisters be tolerant of husbands and brothers who seem to woo too persistently the goddess of Golf! To the expatriated golfer, far from his native shores, and doomed to pass a term amid the strange surroundings of a foreign land, we send a message of good cheer. Those at home are thinking of him at this time, and are looking forward to that meeting when, his exile and wanderings o'er, the cherished hand shall be again pressed in the affectionate grasp of cordial friendship. To one and all, then, we wish a Christmas of the merriest, and a New Year of the happiest!

An interesting home-and-home match has just been arranged between the well-known victor of a hundred fights, Andrew Kirkaldy, now engaged as professional at Winchester, and John Taylor, of Burnham, in Somersetshire. Of Andrew Kirkaldy and his many achievements, are they not written in the Chronicles of Golf, and in the memories of every golfer? Of his opponent not so much is known. He is a young and rising player, who has held his own in sundry contests with Mr. Horace Hutchinson and other famous players, both at Westward Ho! and Burnham. He learnt his Golf on the grand links of the Royal North Devon Club, and for the last year has been busy in the formation of the new and sporting links of Burnham. Kirkaldy plays even with Taylor, but is backed to win at the odds of 15 to 12 in sovereigns. Great interest has been excited at the prospect of this match, and a large attendance of spectators is expected. Colonel Kennard has been asked to stand as referee. The first portion of the match was played on Tuesday at Winchester. The ground was frozen hard, and the first day's play ended by Taylor being 1 up. The concluding match will be played at Burnham on Tuesday, January 19th.

CUMBRAE.—LADIES' COMPETITION.—The monthly competition for the gold medal presented by the vice-president, Dr. H. Sinclair, took place on December 15th. The morning was fine and clear, a welcome change from the weather that has been experienced during the last two or three weeks. The ground was a little soft, but otherwise the course was in good condition. After a pleasant game, the winner was found to be Miss Ross, with a score of 140, less 7=133, the next best being Miss Barclay, Miss Henry, Miss M'Millan, and Miss Harley.



AMERICAN GOLF



The Winning stroke
for a Bottle of Scotch



A startling adventure told at



King Golfers Round Table

TOM HUNT 22

(Continued from page 236.)

had at first seemed such a mercy, was in reality a fatal sign. And Dick Woodhouse buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud.

"He blamed himself none the less bitterly because undeservedly. If only he had never accepted that invitation to mess, if only he had not delayed his departure for that last cigar, that last brandy and soda—five minutes only would have made all the difference. And now that little precious life had been sacrificed for his sake. His little child-sweetheart! God! it was hard—too hard to bear.

"He had found her half-way up the burning staircase, where the smoke had overpowered her, and the pitiless flames had wrought fearful havoc on her childish beauty.

"Presently a little weak voice—ah! so pitifully weak—came from the couch beside which he sat in silent misery.

"'Dick,' said little Miss Bingham, 'you needn't mind so much. It doesn't hurt now, and so I shall soon be well. Only I'm so afraid of one thing.'

"'What is that, my pet?' he asked, bending over the poor, helpless face, all swathed in bandages. 'What is my little girl afraid of?'

"'The fire has made me so ugly, Dick. You won't want to marry me now, dear, will you? I will try not to mind so very, very much.'

"He bent over the child and kissed the soft baby mouth very tenderly, very solemnly. Twice he tried to speak, but there seemed a catch in his breath, and no sound came; the third time he was more successful.

"'You need have no such fear, my darling,' he said. 'I will marry no one but my little sweetheart—no one—I swear it.' His voice was very low, and died away as he came to the end of the sentence, until the last three words were spoken to himself alone.

"Little Miss Bingham smiled contentedly. 'I don't mind a bit now,' she said. 'Lift me up, Dick; I should like to rest against your shoulder.'

"He placed his strong arm round the dying child, and raised her from the couch. The poor pale, scarred, and bandaged face nestled lovingly on his broad breast. 'I am tired—oh! so tired, Dick,' she murmured.

"And when the others entered the room Lieutenant Woodhouse eagerly motioned them to silence. 'Don't wake her,' he whispered, 'she is sleeping so peacefully.'

"Yes, his little true-love was at rest—at rest in the sleep that knows no waking."

"And when Mrs. Lisle had finished her story," continued Ralph Hardinge, "a new idea struck me, and I took an old scrap of paper from my pocket-book, and handed it to her in silence. It did not need her tears to tell me what it was, or to assure me that I had taken it from its resting-place beside all that remained of the finest fellow that ever wore Her Majesty's scarlet. It was no message from village lass to boy recruit, as I had imagined when I found it on the field of Isandula, but the only letter ever received by Dick Woodhouse from little Miss Bingham. Of course, Mrs. Lisle has it now among her treasures, but I can remember it word for word. It was this:—

"'Deer Dick,—

"'I hope you are quit well. I am. Father says you are a solger now, so I will marry you wenever you please. You know I promessed to.

"'Your loving sweetheart,

"'DOT.'"

FRED. C. MILFORD.



From June 1st to September 30th, 1892, an International Exhibition embracing every manufacture, production, or article connected with fishing, Golf, horsemanship, or sport in the widest sense of the term will be held at Scheveningen, a suburb of the Hague, in Holland. The Exhibition will be divided into twelve sections or groups, as follows:—Horsemanship—the requisites thereto; hunting,—including every description of firearms connected therewith; cycling; boating; athletics; popular games; fishing; outdoor winter amusements; travelling and picnic commodities; miscellaneous— from shooting-box furniture to cigarette-cases; fine arts; occasional exhibits of horses, dogs, &c.; athletics and competitive sports. Above groups to be sub-divided into classes. This Exhibition has been planned by private individuals, whose purpose is to encourage healthy outdoor pastimes, to give an incentive to the improvement of the appurtenances to the same, and to bring all lovers of any kind of sport into a closer acquaintance with every invention both old and new, and to their efforts the cordial support of the Netherlands, Belgian, and German Governments, as also of all the Sports Clubs in the Netherlands, has been promised. The offices of the Commission are 113, Charing Cross Road, W.C., and Mr. Edward Bella is the Commissioner.

Now that the frost is very severe it is probable that many golfers will be disposed to try their luck with the "channel stanes." In this case we should like to hear from them. Curling is the twin brother of Golf, and in many cases is more exciting—at least it produces more noise and a good many more quips and cranks "on the stroke." Last winter at the Crystal Palace a voice on the ice was heard to this effect behind a high mound: "Ach, man, haud yer tongue; what 're ye bletherin' at; soop her up." That scrap of dialogue tells its own little story to the curler. At Blackheath the other day we noticed a goodly set of Crawfordjohns among the golfers' boots and red coats in one of the dressing-rooms. These will soon become the permanent stock-in-trade of many Golf clubs in the south, because golfers find that curling is even more interesting than skating when the links are frozen and they are deprived of their own form of sport.

The additions which have been in course of progress at the Pau Golf Club have now been completed, and the "Tea House" was opened a short time ago by a luncheon, at which Messrs. Foster-Barham, captain of the Golf Club; Morris Post, Ross, chairman of the Ladies' Club; F. C. Lawrance and D. M. MacNab, past-captains; Gen. Hodgson, Lord Kilmaine, Major Pontifex, Messrs. F. Maude, F. W. Jones, W. H. Kane, R. Reid, R. de Longueuil, F. E. Carr-Gomm, W. Forbes Morgan, H. Hutton, F. Dalziel, H. Maud, R. Boreel, Capt. Walker, and others were present. A telephone connects the house with the English club on the Place Royale. The municipality of Pau are alive to the importance of fostering the game of Golf. With a good deal of public spirit, they have voted 2,000 francs of the public funds for the purpose of Golf prizes; and, as will be seen by the letter of the captain of the Pau Golf Club in another column, a grand tournament will be held at Pau in February, for which entries are invited.

One would not naturally look to the records of a wholly rural and upland Banffshire parish like Boharm to supply a link in the history of the ancient game of Golf in Scotland. In 1642 "gowff," we know, was played in Aberdeen; a few years previously the burgh records state that a lad "of ane evill lyiff" was hanged at Banff for stealing Golf balls. As a parish supplement to the Church magazine "Life and Work," the Rev. Stephen Ree, minister of Boharm, is at present publishing in instalments the Church records of Boharm. Under date 23rd May, 1658, there is the following entry:—"James Winchester delaitted to have clume nests upon the Lord's Day, and James Waldie to have plaid att the Golfe with the herds of Mulben, being present, they are called in to the Session, and being both found guiltie, they were rebuked for making so little conscience of the Lord's Day, and ordained to mak their publick repentance three Lord's Days."

* * *

Thos. Fernie, the professional engaged by the recently formed City of Newcastle Club, is now located in Newcastle, and, having gone over the new course, has expressed the opinion that it is one of the best eighteen-hole courses he has seen. It is now expected that, thanks to his care, it will soon be in excellent condition. The new club-rooms, situated not far from the moor, are rapidly approaching completion, and will be worthy of this flourishing club. The membership now exceeds 200, and no less than thirty new members have been proposed for election at the next meeting, and commencing on the 1st of next month the entrance-fee is to be increased from one to two guineas.

* * *

We understand that suitable premises for "The Golfers Club" have been obtained in a house at the corner of Jermyn Street, Piccadilly (24A, Regent Street), lately vacated by the Junior St. James's Club. This house is a capital one, with charming smoking-room, coffee-room, billiard-room and card-room, and reading-room. The possession of the premises is to begin on 25th December, and they will be furnished and in order shortly afterwards.

* * *

The annual dinner of the Redhill and Reigate Golf Club will be held on Friday, January 22nd, 1892, at the Hôtel Métropole, London, Sir Trevor Lawrence, Bart., M.P., President of the club, in the chair. A foursome tournament will begin in February. The Conservators having given permission to the club to extend the links on the eastern side of the Brighton Railway, five new holes are in course of preparation, which, when completed, will make up the required number of holes, viz, eighteen. The new holes are long with many hazards, and the turf good and fine, they will be ready for Medal Day in March, or possibly before with favourable weather.

* * *

Mr. Warren de la Rue has just had laid out at the Cottage Chippenham, Soham, a Golf course consisting of nine holes. The distances between the holes vary from 220 to 400 yards apart, and the course is well supplied with hazards in the shape of small plantations dotted here and there over the ground, which afford very good iron practice. There are, in addition, hedges and other obstacles to cross. The soil is of a sandy nature, and the turf excellent. Tom Dunn, Tooting Bec, planned out the ground.

* * *

"How is 'B.' getting on?" was asked of a wary old golfer the other day. "Have you taught him the rules yet?"

"Well! you see, I mention them as opportunity arises; but he has a power of argument that is rather difficult to turn aside. Now the other day he wanted to pick a leaf off his ball, which was lying in water. He contended that he was entitled to see his ball."

"And what was your contention?"

"Well! I was not contending—I was his partner, you see."

PARASIDE GOLF CLUB (EDINBURGH) held their monthly medal competition on the Braids on Saturday, Mr. A. Duthie being the winner.



BARHAM DOWNS v. ROCHESTER.

On Friday, December 11th, was played, over the Oakleigh Links, a return match between the Barham Downs and Rochester Clubs. Owing to the recent wet weather the course was heavy, and the putting-greens quite sodden. Four ladies and six gentlemen started on each side, the match to be decided by the aggregate of holes won on either side. As will be seen by the score appended, the Rochester gentlemen beat the Barham Downs players with an aggregate of 13 holes up, the Rev. C. H. Cotes being the only gentleman who scored on his side, beating Colonel L. Langdon by 4 up out of 12 holes. The Barham ladies, however, saved the honour of their club, beating the Rochester ladies with an aggregate of 27 holes up. The round was one of 18 holes. Scores:—

BARHAM DOWNS.		ROCHESTER.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Miss E. Ranner	6	Miss E. Clayton	0
Mrs. Nentledge	5	Mrs. C. Lake	0
Miss B. Boneur	7	Mrs. A. Budden	0
Miss M. Ramsey	9	Mr. G. Knox Anderson	0
	27		0
GENTLEMEN.		GENTLEMEN.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Capt. J. C. Tattersall	0	Mr. C. Lake	3
Rev. C. H. Cotes	4	Col. L. Langdon	0
Capt. G. L. Austin	0	Mr. A. Seak	0
Mr. W. Tattersall	0	Mr. P. Winch	6
Capt. C. P. Dawson	0	Mr. G. Knox Anderson	3
Mr. H. G. Alexander	0	Capt. G. Kappay	5
	4		17

BRIGHTON AND HOVE GOLF CLUB.

The fourth and last competition of the year for the De Worms challenge cup took place on Saturday, December 19th, and resulted in a win for Mr. H. T. Ross, with a net return of 84. Mr. Ross also won the club prize, value £5, for the winners of the Berens gold medal. A large number of players started, but the ground was very difficult for play owing to the recent frost, which accounts for the large number of no returns. Score:—

	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.		Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Mr. H. T. Ross	100	16	84	Mr. W. Carr	96	6	90
Surgeon-Maj. Pratt	93	8	85	Dr. Bruce E. Goff	94	scr.	94
Mr. F. H. Campion	99	13	86	Mr. F. L. Rawson	103	9	94
Mr. R. B. Reid	104	18	86	Mr. C. W. Johnson	117	22	95
Major Dudgeon	113	27	86	Mr. A. N. Scott	111	15	96
Mr. F. B. Maddison	97	10	87	Major Marriott	112	16	96
Mr. H. W. Street	101	14	87	Colonel Hough	126	30	96
Mr. W. O. Baily	95	6	89	Mr. G. R. Burnett	119	22	97
Mr. T. S. D. Selby	105	16	89	Mr. A. A. Berens	120	20	100

Twenty-five players made no return.

The annual general meeting of the club was held on Friday, December 18th, at the Clarence Rooms, Hôtel Métropole. Mr. S. S. Schultz was elected captain for 1892, in place of Mr. W. Carr, who retires according to custom. The remainder of the officers of the club and the committee were re-elected. The annual dinner was held on the same evening at the Clarence Rooms. About fifty members sat down to a capital dinner, and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

CALCUTTA GOLF CLUB.

On Friday and Saturday, 27th and 28th November last, a two-round handicap match for a handsome silver cup, presented by the club, was played off on the Golf course on the Maidan.

The conditions of the competition were one round each of the old and new courses, players being allowed to suit their own convenience as to the time and order of playing the rounds.

The course was, considering the season, in wonderful order, the putting-greens being almost perfect.

When all the scores had been recorded, Mr. Oldham was found to have won the first prize, with the excellent total of 85, Mr. Dring taking the second prize with 86, and Mr. Dunbar the third with 87.

The following are the leading scores:—

	Old Course.	New Course.	Hcp.	Net.
Mr. A. J. Oldham ...	51	52	18	85
Mr. H. C. Dring ...	54	50	18	86
Mr. L. G. Dunbar ...	45	42	scr.	87
Mr. J. C. R. Johnston ...	43	50	4	89
Dr. W. J. Simpson ...	45	51	6	90
Mr. R. L. Morgan ...	43	50	2	91
Mr. J. R. Stewart ...	45	48	2	91
Mr. D. Young ...	48	53	10	91
Mr. F. H. E. Lamb ...	47	45	scr.	92
Mr. G. W. Caine ...	53	50	11	92
Mr. E. Pearce ...	50	58	14	94
Dr. R. McLeod ...	57	55	18	94

COUNTY DOWN CLUB.

Saturday last was a beautiful golfing day at Newcastle, more, indeed, like late autumn than the middle of December, with the combined sea and mountain scenery looking at its very best, and it is to be regretted that more of the members did not take advantage of the improvement in the weather and put in an appearance in the third competition for the railway cup, which was tied for, as well as the club monthly prize, by Dr. R. Magill and Mr. S. Wilson, jun., at 82 net. The following are particulars of scores returned out of about twenty entries:—

Gross.	Hcp.	Net.	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.		
Mr. R. Magill, M.D.	106	24	82	Mr. John Bell	125	18	107
Mr. S. Wilson, jun.	102	20	82	Mr. J. S. Reade	128	20	108
Mr. B. Magill	99	12	87	Mr. N. D. Ferguson	142	25	117
Mr. T. S. Ferguson	111	15	96	Mr. H. Bottomley	154	30	124
Mr. S. Wilson, sen.	125	20	105				

The third competition for the Wallace cup, played for on Saturday, 5th inst., was won by Mr. T. S. Ferguson, with a score of 103, less 15=88, the only other returns being from Dr. R. Magill and Mr. B. Magill with a tie of 97 net. The weather was very unpropitious for Golf after the heavy rain, and, indeed, some of the putting-greens were under water in the forenoon.

It has been arranged to extend the present course by bringing in some excellent golfing ground along the sea, from the present fourth green, which will provide three new sporting holes, and enable some of the zigzags on the railway side to be done away with. A new green is being laid down for the "Alps" hole, and the "Matterhorn" and "Corner" greens enlarged. Some new teeing grounds are also to be made, and there is no doubt that in the course of a short time, when all these improvements are effected, the Newcastle links will be quite able to hold their own in every way with any in the three kingdoms.

DISLEY GOLF CLUB.

The second winter handicap was contested on Saturday, December 19th, in lovely weather. There was a large number of members playing, but a sharp frost made the greens very keen and difficult, and most of the competitors made no returns, Mr. R. W. Hutton's score of 94 being the best gross return. Mr. J. E. Mills took the first sweepstakes prize, and also secured a win for the medal. The following were the best returns:—

Gross.	Hcp.	Net.	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.		
Mr. J. E. Mills	106	20	86	Mr. R. W. Hutton	94	1	93
Mr. S. Thackeray	104	15	89	Mr. H. Liebert	113	18	95
Mr. T. D. Cummins	97	6	91	Mr. G. Liebert	116	18	98
Mr. J. A. Hutton	103	12	91				

EALING GOLF CLUB.

Monthly medal, December 19th.—Good luck was the thing most needed on the frozen ground. Scoring was very high, as the frost followed so soon on the wet weather that sufficient rolling could not be done. Bad lies through the frozen green punished good and bad players alike, and thus gave limit men a chance which they fully availed themselves of. Dr. Farr, added by good lies, brought in a greatly improved score, as he had not previously been round under 100. The medal round is twelve holes.

	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.		Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Dr. Farr ...	87	24	63	Mr. C. Plummer ...	82	+1	83
Mr. C. H. Martin ...	87	18	69	Mr. F. Carver ...	92	7	85
Mr. T. A. Common ...	97	19	78	Mr. A. H. Common	95	7	88
Mr. W. Carver ...	105	24	81	Mr. J. B. Chamberlain	113	24	89
Mr. B. A. Patten ...	99	18	81	Mr. G. B. Balfour ...	109	18	91
Mr. E. Bird ...	100	18	82	Mr. W. Woodstock	133	24	109

Messrs. H. G. Gordon, H. Sykes, P. M. Bigge, and R. S. Yeo, no returns.

Ladies' monthly medal, December 19th.—In addition to the medal this month, the ladies were competing for a brooch presented by the captain, C. Plummer, Esq. The winner was Miss Watts, who, though a beginner, brought in a very good score—coming home in 46.

	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.		Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Miss Watts ...	114	17	97	Miss F. A. Carver	149	30	119
Miss McCrea ...	135	30	105	Mrs. Boosey ...	165	30	135
Miss A. L. Carver ...	131	24	107	Miss Cox ...	183	30	153
Miss Patten ...	135	24	111				

FORFARSHIRE.

The members of the Broughty Club played on Monifieth Links on Saturday afternoon for the silver thistle medal (scratch) and a number of other prizes and sweepstakes. There were not many playing, although the weather was good. The putting-greens were in bad order, and good scoring was almost impossible. Mr. Frank A. Begg, who gained the medal last year, again proved the winner with the creditable total of 92 strokes. The prizes and sweepstakes were won as follows:—First Class: Scratch and first sweepstakes, Mr. James Bowman, 97—1 below; first average, Mr. David Smyton, 98; second sweepstakes tie, Messrs. F. A. Begg and D. Smyton, both 4 above. Second Class: Scratch and first sweepstakes, Mr. James Belford, 104—3 below; first average and second sweepstakes, Mr. D. G. Glennie, 114—1 below; second average, Mr. Hugh M'Culloch, 115—1 above.

On Saturday afternoon a friendly "foursome" was played on Monifieth Links—a return match between Messrs. William Young and George Wright against Messrs. Robert Monro, Carnoustie, and Mr. Alexander Simpson, Monifieth. A few weeks ago when the couples met, Messrs. Young and Wright proved victorious by several holes. Play on Saturday was remarkably fine considering the state of the putting-greens. Messrs. Monro and Simpson started by taking the first three holes at 4 each, and obtained the lead at the "Gates." The next two holes were halved at 5, and Messrs. Monro and Simpson came away again with other three 4's, and were 2 up at the paling. Grand play was shown on the difficult Ardestie Links, the "Buddon Ness" and "Rashies" being halved at 4, and continuing with another 4 at the "Pyramids." Messrs. Young and Wright won their first hole and reduced their opponents' lead to 1. The play on both sides was very good—Messrs. Monro and Simpson, 39; Messrs. Young and Wright, 40. Both couples came to grief at the "Plantation"—getting jammed at the paling, and Messrs. Young and Wright with a 7 squared the match. Winning the "Wilderness" hole with a well-played 4, this couple now assumed the lead. Going to the East Camp hole Messrs. Monro and Simpson, however, again made the match square, and winning the West Camp hole at 4 they were once more leading. "Tom Morris" was finely played by Messrs. Young and Wright, who, getting down at 3, made matters level. The North Gates hole being halved, the match was still open and only the Home hole to play. A putt on the green decided the match, a well-played and exceedingly interesting one, in favour of Messrs. Young and Wright. The

scores were :—Messrs. Young and Wright, 83 ; Messrs. Monro and Simpson, 85.

ST. ANDREWS V. VICTORIA, MONTROSE.—On Saturday afternoon a match between teams of fifteen men a side, representing the above clubs, was played over the Montrose Links, and ended in a win for St. Andrews by 3 holes. The weather was fine, although cold, and the greens were in good condition. Annexed are the scores :—

ST. ANDREWS.		MONTROSE.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. T. Carmichael ...	0	Mr. W. Reid ...	5
Mr. J. T. Patterson ...	0	Mr. W. Cobb ...	1
Mr. P. C. Anderson ...	0	Mr. L. S. Smith ...	0
Mr. D. W. M. Hodge ...	0	Mr. H. W. Thomson ...	3
Mr. R. Barclay ...	0	Mr. R. R. Balfour ...	2
Mr. A. M'Kenzie ...	0	Mr. C. R. Murray ...	2
Mr. W. Anderson ...	4	Mr. J. Thow ...	0
Mr. Allan Cant ...	6	Mr. F. Robertson ...	0
Mr. F. G. Proudfoot ...	0	Mr. D. M'Kenzie ...	1
Mr. A. G. Abbie ...	3	Mr. A. Wilkie ...	0
Mr. W. W. Wilson ...	0	Mr. A. B. Kydd ...	3
Mr. J. B. Ballingall ...	6	Mr. J. Sim ...	0
Mr. G. Oswald ...	5	Mr. J. Cameron ...	0
Mr. J. Rose ...	4	Mr. W. Edward ...	0
Mr. W. Darling ...	0	Mr. W. F. Melvin ...	8

The best scorers in the St. Andrews team were—W. Anderson, 83 ; A. G. Abbie, 84 ; P. C. Anderson, 85 ; J. T. Patterson, 86 ; T. Carmichael, 87. For the Montrose—W. Reid, 81 ; H. W. Thomson, 85 ; W. Cobb, 86 ; L. S. Smith, 87 ; J. Thow, 88 ; C. R. Murray, 89. At the finish of the match the strangers were entertained to dinner in the Victoria Club-house. Mr. R. R. Balfour, captain of the club, occupied the chair, and Dean of Guild Sim was croupier. The Chairman, in giving the health of the University Club, referred to the closeness of the match, and the exceedingly pleasant meetings which the two clubs had invariably had. The toast, which was enthusiastically received, was responded to in a humorous speech by Mr. Barclay, captain of the University team. Some excellent songs were given, and a pleasant hour was spent.

KENILWORTH GOLF CLUB.

The challenge cup presented by Mr. W. T. Pears was played for on December 5th, and was won by Mr. T. Day. The challenge cup, presented by Mr. H. Smith-Turberville to the ladies of the club, was played for on December 17th, and was won by Mrs. Smith-Turberville. A match was played on Saturday, December 12th, between this club and Leicester, which resulted in an easy win for Kenilworth. Score :—

KENILWORTH.		LEICESTER.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. N. W. Brown ...	0	Rev. R. Faithful ...	9
Mr. C. Middleton ...	12	Dr. P. Paget ...	0
Mr. Carey Franklin ...	8	Rev. H. Richards ...	0
Mr. V. Jepson ...	9	Mr. W. Lorrimer ...	0
Mr. E. Kemp Bourne ...	8	Mr. A. Lorrimer ...	0
Mr. T. Day ...	5	Mr. H. L. Goddard ...	0
	42		9

A prize presented to the ladies of the club by Mr. T. G. Hawley was played for on November 24th, with the following result :—

KENILWORTH.			LEICESTER.		
Gross.	Hcp.	Net.	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Mrs. Smith-Turberville ...	143	20 123	Miss N. Verrall ...	168	32 146
Mrs. W. H. Mitchell ...	166	30 136	Miss Jepson ...	193	39 154
Miss H. Middleton ...	168	26 142	Miss D. Turner ...	209	52 157
Miss E. Middleton ...	154	8 146	Mrs. W. F. Hart ...	261	57 204
			Miss Clark ...	261	56 205

LYTHAM AND ST. ANNE'S GOLF CLUB.

The third of the six competitions for the Bury cup, presented by S. F. Butcher, Esq., of Bury, to the Lytham and St. Anne's Golf Club, took place on the links at St. Anne's-on-the-Sea on Saturday last. The weather was very fine, with a cold easterly wind, and was really a grand day for Golf, but owing to the recent incessant rains—the ground usually so dry, though much improved within the previous few fair days—was still very damp and spongy, and not at all good to play over, the result being that low scores were quite the exception, and out

of fifty-two players there were thirty-five who did not send in any returns. The best gross scores of the day were :—Mr. G. F. Smith, Eastwood, Bolton, 90 ; Mr. A. H. Doleman, South Shore, 91. The best net scores were :—Mr. A. H. Doleman, 91, less 2=89 ; Mr. G. F. Smith (scratch) 90 ; Mr. A. F. M. Wilson, Rossall, 115, less 20=95 ; Mr. T. C. Midwood, Salford, Manchester, 114, less 18=96 ; Mr. J. F. Pearson, St. Anne's, 118, less 20=98 ; Mr. F. Topp, Bolton, 115, less 16=99 ; Mr. R. B. Hardman, St. Anne's, 117, less 18=99. Other net scores were all 100, or upwards. The cup is for the three best net scores in six competitions, and it is somewhat remarkable that, so far, out of the three hundred and eighty members of the club, residing in all parts of the kingdom, from London northwards, the winners of the first three competitions should all be from one town—Blackpool—being, first on October 24th, Rev. G. E. Badeley, Blackpool, 94, less 9=85 ; second on November 21st, Mr. R. Hampson, Blackpool, 97, less 16=81 ; and third on December 19th, Mr. A. H. Doleman, South Shore, Blackpool, 91, less 2=89. On Saturday last the first optional sweepstakes was won by Mr. A. H. Doleman, the second by Mr. G. F. Smith, and the third by Mr. T. C. Midwood. The full score was as follows :—

	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Mr. A. H. Doleman, South Shore ...	91	2	89
Mr. G. F. Smith, Eastwood, Bolton ...	90	scr.	90
Mr. A. F. M. Wilson, Rossall ...	115	20	95
Mr. T. C. Midwood, Salford, Manchester ...	114	18	96
Mr. J. F. Pearson, St. Anne's ...	118	20	98
Mr. F. Topp, Bolton ...	115	16	99
Mr. R. B. Hardman, St. Anne's ...	117	18	99
Mr. R. Lythgoe, St. Anne's ...	114	14	100
Mr. A. B. Scholfield, St. Anne's ...	108	6	102
Mr. E. Redfern, St. Anne's ...	123	20	103
Mr. R. Hampson, Blackpool ...	116	12	104
Mr. James E. King, St. Anne's ...	117	13	104
Mr. W. H. Hampson, South Shore ...	123	18	105
Mr. J. Bradbury, South Shore ...	126	18	108
Mr. T. Baxter, St. Anne's ...	128	20	108
Mr. J. A. F. Eltoft, St. Anne's ...	122	13	109
Mr. W. H. Harrison, Lytham ...	124	13	111

The following players did not send in any returns :—Mr. M. Pole, Sowerby Bridge ; Mr. J. Muirhead, Blackpool ; Mr. J. Mellor, Failsworth ; Mr. H. N. Brown, St. Anne's ; Mr. A. Entwistle, Great Lever, Bolton ; Dr. C. de M. Palmer, Buxton ; Mr. W. H. Crossland, Manchester ; Mr. F. E. Rowe, Rossall ; Mr. J. A. S. Fair, Lytham ; Mr. J. E. Pearson, Liverpool ; Mr. C. W. Fisher, Blackpool ; Rev. C. Billington, Lytham ; Mr. J. Eccles, Ashton, Preston ; Mr. W. Eckersley, Tyldesley ; Mr. A. E. Fair, Lytham ; Mr. J. Leigh, Lea, Preston ; Mr. S. Gask, Lytham ; Mr. H. M. Ormsby, Rossall ; Mr. J. Talbot Fair, Lytham ; Mr. W. Newbigging, St. Anne's ; Mr. G. H. Uttley, St. Anne's ; Mr. W. H. Ramsden, Tyldesley ; Mr. W. Cross, St. Anne's ; Dr. Forbes Dick, Lancaster ; Mr. J. A. Brown, St. Anne's ; Mr. S. Fisher, South Shore ; Mr. E. Harrison, St. Anne's ; Mr. F. Bradshaw, South Shore ; Mr. O. H. Wade, Lytham ; Mr. H. Fisher, Fox Lane Ends ; Mr. A. C. Dickson, St. Anne's ; Mr. T. Fair, Lytham ; Dr. Eason, Lytham.

RANELAGH GOLF CLUB.

Result of medal competition for week ending 19th December, 1891 :—

RANELAGH GOLF CLUB.			RANELAGH GOLF CLUB.		
Gross.	Hcp.	Net.	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Mr. E. Leese ...	105	15 90	Mr. A. H. Molesworth ...	91	+ 6 97
Mr. C. A. S. Leggatt ...	96	3 93	Mr. W. Jackson ...	117	18 99
Mr. L. E. G. Abney ...	107	12 95			
Mr. V. Leese ...	105	9 96			

BASS ROCK GOLF CLUB.—The tie between Mr. J. D. Rattray and Mr. W. Merriles for the first and second trophies of this club, postponed from the final monthly competition, was played off on Saturday afternoon. A good deal of interest was manifested in the tie, and the competitors were accompanied by a very fair following of spectators. Neither of the players proved in his usual form, and an unpromising start was made. Mr. Merriles, who had an allowance of six strokes from his opponent, lost a close match by 4, the figures being :—Mr. Rattray, 91, less 5=86 ; Mr. Merriles, 101, less 11=90. The first trophy falls to the winner and the second to the loser.

ROYAL BLACKHEATH GOLF CLUB.

The third heat in the foursome tournament for Messrs. Baker and Tylecote's cups was finished on Tuesday, the 15th inst., with the following results:—

Messrs. F. S. Ireland and G. O. Jacob, giving 3 strokes, beat Mr. C. M. Baker and the Rev. J. H. Ellis by 3 up and 1 to play. Captain Gillon and Mr. W. O. S. Pell, giving 12 strokes, beat Messrs. W. R. M. Glasier, and E. A. Walker by 9 up and 7 to play. Messrs. A. T. Drysdale and R. M. Richardson, receiving 3 strokes, beat Messrs. G. H. Frea and J. W. G. Andras by 3 up and 2 to play. Messrs. Robert Whyte and John Osmond giving 3 strokes, beat Messrs. G. C. Snelling and E. F. S. Tylecote by 5 up and 2 to play. Two matches in this heat were very closely contested, Messrs. Ireland and Jacob tied with Messrs. Baker and Ellis on the first round of 21 holes, and had to play 40 holes before asserting their superiority; while Messrs. Drysdale and Richardson tied twice with Messrs. Frea and Andras on the 21-hole course; 60 holes had to be played by these two couples before their differences were settled. The semi-final heat in the tournament was finished on Monday, the 21st inst., with the result that Messrs. F. S. Ireland and G. O. Jacob, receiving 8 strokes, beat Captain H. Gillon and Mr. W. O. S. Pell by 2 and 1 to play, and Messrs. Robert Whyte and John Osmond, giving 6 strokes, beat Messrs. A. T. Drysdale and R. M. Richardson by 4 and 3 to play. Monday last, on which date the match between Messrs. Ireland and Jacob and Captain Gillon, and Mr. W. O. S. Pell was played, was not a day conducive to good Golf, the ground being frozen hard, and covered with hoar frost.

ROYAL JERSEY COLF CLUB.

Saturday, December 12th, Colonel Mackenzie's prize:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
*Major-Gen. Renton	95	14 81	Mr. O. Belk	104	10 94
Mr. T. C. Robin	93	4 89	Major Little	108	14 94
Mr. A. W. Gordon	94	5 89	Col. Mackenzie	98	3 95
*Captain Fairlie	95	6 89	Dr. Comerford	106	11 95
*Mr. G. Robertson	103	14 89	Mr. H. Spencer	100	4 96
Mr. G. Hornby	91	scr. 91	Capt. Prendergast	114	18 96
Lieut.-Col. Mayne	100	9 91	Lieut.-Col. Robin	114	18 96
Mr. A. C. Salmonson	105	12 93	Mr. A. L. Scott	118	18 100
Mr. F. P. Taylor	106	13 93	Mr. T. Jermyn	121	18 103
Mr. E. S. Edwards	111	18 93	Mr. G. P. Pipon	127	18 109

* Divided sweepstakes.

Six players made no return.

SEATON CAREW GOLF CLUB.

The third competition for the new club cup took place on Saturday over the links at Seaton Carew, when only thirteen members turned out to compete. The frosty weather had hardened the greens considerably, and made high scoring the order of the day. On examining the cards it was found that Mr. R. E. Leach was the winner, with a gross score of 101, which, less 15 handicap, left a net score of 86, he being very closely followed by Messrs. H. Simpson (87) and C. J. Bunting (88). Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. R. E. Leach	101	15 86	Mr. O. K. Trechmann	103	12 91
Mr. H. Simpson	103	16 87	Mr. C. O. Trechmann	116	25 91
Mr. C. J. Bunting	101	13 88	Mr. A. R. Paton	119	25 94
Mr. A. B. Crosby	101	12 89	Mr. W. S. Woodiwis	121	25 96
Mr. W. Purves	97	7 90	Mr. E. Walker	121	18 103
Mr. S. Walker	99	8 91	Capt. Gundry	136	25 111

Captain Friend and Messrs. P. A. Raps and G. Newby retired.

TYNESIDE CLUB.

Fine weather favoured the fifth bi-monthly contest for the club cup, at Ryton, on Thursday afternoon the 17th inst. Recent hard weather had made the greens keen, and the result of the competition was an easy victory for Mr. Brown, who had a substantial handicap allowance of 28. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. J. S. Brown	109	28 81	Mr. G. F. Charlton	94	2 92
Mr. N. Temperley	96	7 89	Mr. J. Hiddlestone	115	20 95
Mr. J. Milton	104	15 89	Mr. W. A. Temperley	125	28 97
Mr. J. G. Sharp	105	15 90	Mr. T. W. Sharp	115	16 99

One player retired.

TENBY GOLF CLUB.

The fortnightly ladies' handicap took place on Tuesday, December 8th, with the following result:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Miss Edith Vachell	85	14 71	Miss Eva Vachell	101	27 74
Miss Durrant	88	14 74	Miss Clifton	78	scr. 78

The gentlemen's fortnightly handicap took place on Wednesday, December 9th, with the following result:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. H. Span	133	25 108	Mr. W. H. Richards	137	17 120
Captain Westby	124	15 109	Col. Fitzgerald	169	36 133
Dr. Barrington	150	36 114	Mr. L. R. Wood	167	27 140
Mr. T. A. Rees	125	7 118			

Several players retired.

TOOTING BEC GOLF CLUB.

A competition for two prizes, kindly presented to the club by Mrs. Burrell, of Streatham, were played for on Saturday. The handicap was limited to 18. There was a large turn-out of members. Unfortunately, the frost had been very keen, and the tees and putting-greens were very hard. The result was that scoring ruled high, it being found a matter of no easy accomplishment to get a ball off the tee with anything approaching certainty. In approaching the green, too, it was a case of pure luck, while, as for holing out, the course of the ball was ordinarily more tortuous than straight. It is no cause for marvel, therefore, that many of the bushes were picturesquely hung with torn scoring-cards, and that some of the ditches were found to contain broken club-heads and shafts.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. A. F. Waters	98	12 86	Mr. F. Taylor	104	7 97
*Mr. F. E. Villiers	99	12 87	Mr. W. Morris	106	9 97
*Mr. G. H. Gill	103	16 87	Mr. J. Verran	107	9 98
Mr. J. S. Robb	98	8 90	Mr. E. de Zoete	116	18 98
Mr. W. Williams	102	12 90	Mr. F. W. Fison	116	18 98
Dr. Ackroyd	100	10 90	Mr. C. A. Compton	101	2 99
Mr. G. P. Leach	103	12 91	Mr. J. B. Wood	109	6 103
Mr. E. J. Hunt	110	18 92	Mr. W. H. Warner	117	14 103
Mr. E. A. Walker	95	2 93	Mr. T. R. Pace	117	14 103
Mr. W. Jeans	111	16 95	Mr. A. J. Robertson	107	4 103
Mr. E. H. Stevenson	108	13 95	Mr. D. F. Russell	119	14 105
Mr. Norman Dawson	114	18 96	Mr. R. Fogg	125	18 107
Mr. J. Harper	114	18 96	Mr. C. D. Cumming	125	18 107
Major Lindsay	102	6 96			

* Tied.

Many players made no return.

Mr. J. P. Crael wins the aggregate prize for the four best monthly medal scores with an average of 84, Mr. A. J. Robertson being the runner-up with 85.

W. FERNIE v. A. SIMPSON.

A match of thirty-six holes was played over the Prestwick Links on Thursday last by the well-known professionals, Willie Fernie, Troon, and Archie Simpson, Prestwick. The weather on the whole was favourable, and despite a little hardness on the putting-greens in the first half of the match, the play was, if not brilliant, at least up to average. Simpson in the first round had much the better of his opponent, and at the fourteenth hole stood 3 up and 4 to play, and adding the Lunch House and Alps holes to his record in 3 and 4 respectively, finished 5 holes up. The following are the scores for the first round:—

Simpson:—												
Out	4	3	6	4	3	5	3	4	5=37	} 78
In	6	3	6	6	4	4	4	4	4=41	
Ferne:—												
Out	4	4	5	5	3	5	5	5	5=41	} 84
In	5	4	5	6	5	5	4	5	4=43	

Play in the second round was entered upon at two o'clock, when there was a considerable following of interested spectators. Both started with good shots from the tee, reaching the green in 2, and Fernie with a long putt secured the hole. The second hole was halved in a well-played 3. Proceeding to the Cardinal both got well over with their second stroke, but the excellence of their approach was not seconded by good putting, the hole being halved in 6. Driving to the Bridge hole, Fernie heeled his ball, which landed in the burn; while Simpson had a long drive, and reached the green in 2 to

Fernie's 3, and after some indifferent putting the hole fell to Simpson in 5. Both drove well over the Himalayas, but Fernie, getting the best of it on the green, won the hole in 3 to Simpson's 4. The next two holes were halved in 5 and 4 respectively, the Monkton hole falling to Fernie with a well-played 4, and the ninth hole being halved in 5. Simpson now stood 3 up. The following are the scores for the first half of the round:—

Simpson	...	5	3	6	5	4	5	4	5	5=42
Fernie	...	4	3	6	6	3	5	4	4	5=40

The tenth hole was halved in 5. Fernie topped his drive at the next hole, his ball getting into the burn; while Simpson had a beautiful drive, and secured the hole in 4 to Fernie's 6. The next two holes were halved in 5 each, and the fourteenth falling to Fernie in 4 to his opponent's 5, the match now stood—Simpson, 3 up and 4 to play; and as these were halved, the game ended in favour of Simpson by 3 holes. The following are the scores:—

Simpson	...	5	4	5	5	5	4	4	6	4=42
Fernie	...	5	6	5	5	4	4	4	6	4=43

The match will likely be played again.

WARWICKSHIRE GOLF CLUB.

The members have during the past month been engaged in playing off the ties for the Savile challenge cup, which is competed for annually as a tournament by holes, and was won, after a series of excellent matches, by the Hon. and Rev. R. C. Moncrieff. The following are the details of the tournament:—

First Round.—Mr. C. G. Lefroy, giving 16 strokes, beat Mr. B. Meade by 2 up and 1 to play; Mr. J. N. Heathcote, playing even, beat Mr. J. W. Liddell by 2 up and 1 to play; Mr. C. G. Graham, Mr. F. C. Hunter Blair, the Hon. and Rev. R. C. Moncrieff, Capt. Shaw, Mr. S. J. Wheble, and Col. Boothby had byes.

Second Round.—Mr. C. G. Graham, receiving 4 strokes, beat Mr. F. C. Hunter Blair by 4 up and 3 to play; Mr. Moncrieff, giving 9 strokes, beat Capt. Shaw by 5 up and 3 to play; Col. Boothby, giving 16 strokes, beat Mr. Wheble by 8 up and 7 to play; Mr. Lefroy scratched.

Third Round.—Mr. Moncrieff, giving 6 strokes, beat Mr. Graham by 3 up and 1 to play; Col. Boothby, giving 5 strokes, beat Mr. Heathcote by 8 up and 7 to play.

Final Round.—The Hon. and Rev. C. Moncrieff, giving 1 stroke, beat Col. Boothby by 6 up and 4 to play.

Mr. Moncrieff was, therefore, declared the winner of the cup, with the bronze memento medal and sweepstake attached.

WIMBLEDON LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

December monthly medals.—Sixty members started for the medals on Saturday, 19th inst., in splendid, bright, frosty weather. Within the twenty-nine numbers from 68 to 96 there were thirty-two returns, a testimony to the care of the handicap committee. No returns from Miss Lena Thomson, Miss E. Faithful, Miss Davidson, Miss B. Thomson, Miss M. Scott, Miss A. E. Faithful, Mrs. Cundell, Mrs. R. Browne, Miss A. Tyrwhitt Drake, Miss M. Schwann, and Miss H. A. MacFarlan. The following were the returns:—

	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.		Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
*Miss Dora Scott	103	36	67	Miss K. H. MacFarlan	123	36	87
†Miss E. L. Carver	104	36	68	Miss Stevenson	113	26	87
Miss Tee	101	32	69	Miss H. M. Frere	121	34	87
Miss M. Nicol	95	26	69	Miss Reeves	120	32	88
Mrs. Cameron	97	27	70	Miss K. Tuely	122	34	88
Miss M. E. Phillips	88	16	72	Miss A. L. T. Drake	102	13	89
Miss Frith	109	36	73	Miss Clarke	114	24	90
Mrs. Dowson	107	34	73	Miss A. MacFarlan	122	32	90
Miss S. Henderson	110	33	77	Miss Horne	125	34	91
Miss E. King	103	24	79	Miss Ethel Carver	126	34	92
Miss B. Jacob	111	30	81	Mrs. Fisher	126	34	92
Miss N. Muir	99	17	82	Miss A. Turner	125	32	93
Miss Issette Pearson	84	2	82	Mrs. Willock	124	31	93
Miss E. Scott	115	32	83	Mrs. Horne	130	35	95
Miss Hassard Short	109	25	84	Miss E. Martyn	130	34	96
Miss B. Martyn	121	36	85	Miss L. Clapham	132	36	96
Mrs. Meates	118	32	86				

* Winner of first medal and brooch. † Winner of second medal.

The following were over 100:—Miss Ada Harrison, Mrs. Bryce, Miss M. F. Farran, Mrs. Harris, Miss R. E. Burton,

Miss Nicholson, Mrs. Dixey, Miss Ina Hall, Mrs. G. Banbury The Lady Clayton, Mrs. A. Davies, Miss M. Orde, Miss L. Turner, Miss M. C. Harrison, Mrs. A. Pollock, Miss M. Clapham, Miss Delcomun, and Mrs. Trollope.

EDINBURGH LICENSED VICTUALLERS' GOLF CLUB DINNER.—The annual dinner of the Licensed Victuallers' Golf Club was held on Thursday night in the Royal British Hotel, Edinburgh, Mr. D. Fisher, president, occupying the chair, and Mr. R. Veitch, vice-president, acting as croupier. There was an attendance of about fifty gentlemen, the following being among the more important firms represented:—Messrs. M'Ewan and Co., Younger and Co., Bass and Co., Bernard and Co., Melvin and Co., Usher and Co., brewers, M'Lachlan, brewers, Dalkeith; and Usher, distiller. Mr. O. H. Kennedy proposed the toast of the "Licensed Victuallers' Golf Club," and in doing so referred to the prosperity of the club, which, notwithstanding the fact that it had only been two years in existence, had already close on ninety members. The president replied. Mr. J. L. Robertson, W.S., proposed "The Commercial Interests," which was responded to by Mr. John Robertson. Other toasts were:—"Prize Donors," by Mr. John Kay, replied to by Mr. George J. Morrison; "The Press," by Mr. Magnus Taylor; "The Friends," by the vice-president, and responded to by Mr. A. M. D. B. Somerville; "The Ladies," by Mr. T. L. Usher, and responded to by Mr. John Campbell; "The President," by Mr. John Mickel; "The Vice-President," by Mr. George E. Robertson; "The Committee," by Mr. James P. Omond, and responded to by Mr. W. R. M'Niven. During the evening an excellent musical programme was carried through by Messrs. Hogg, Gibson, Dale, Paterson, Usher, Breck, A. Macdonald, and others.

LITTLESTONE GOLF CLUB.—The winner of the monthly medal, on Saturday last, December 12th, was Mr. A. J. Stanley, with 93, less 10=83.

EDINBURGH THISTLE CLUB.—This club met at the Braids on Saturday to play for their monthly trophy. Owing to the early darkness only nine holes were played, Mr. James Grant being declared the winner of the trophy with a score of 47, less 5=42. Only twelve players started.

HAWICK CLUB.—The monthly medal competition took place on the Hawick course on Saturday afternoon, when, owing to the dull weather, there was only a moderate turn-out of players. Mr. J. W. Glenny was the winner with 113, less 27=86; and the other best scores were:—Mr. James Barrie, 89, plus 1=90; Mr. W. Hume, 95, less 4=91; and Mr. G. H. Douglas, 93.

GALASHIELS.—The monthly medal was played for on Saturday. The frost of the previous days having given way, the greens were in very indifferent order. Mr. A. Noble was the winner with a net score of 81. The following is the order of a few of the scores:—Mr. A. Noble, 91, less 10=81; Mr. Jas. Watson, 97, less 12=85; Mr. W. H. Gray, 81, plus 6=87; Mr. Wm. Dunlop, 97, less 8=89; Mr. A. D. Robson, 94, less 3=91; Mr. Jas. Brown, jun., 106, less 10=96; Mr. J. M. Barclay, 109, less 12=97.

GLASGOW CLUB.—The tie between Mr. J. Herriot and Mr. H. G. Cooper to decide who should be winner of the Scott medal for 1891, was played off on Thursday last, and resulted in favour of Mr. H. G. Cooper, whose score was 95, less 7=88; Mr. J. Herriot's being 103, less 11=92.

KILMARNOCK OSSINGTON CLUB.—The final tie for Mr. Peter Brown's prize was played off on Saturday last, Mr. John Lauder being returned the winner with a net aggregate score of 174 for thirty-six holes, Mr. R. M. Kellie taking the second prize with a score of 176. The Walker gold medal was won with a score of 95, less 8=87; and the competition for Mr. Andrew Yates's prize resulted as follows:—Mr. Wm. Brown (8), 87; Mr. R. M. Kellie (12), 94; Mr. John Lauder (20), 95; Mr. H. Lauder, jun. (16), 95; Mr. J. H. Willimett (10), 95.

THE "SCOTSMAN" CLUB.—This club held its usual competition for the monthly challenge medal over the Braids on Thursday last. Owing to the soft state of the green, scoring all over was indifferent, the winning score being 95, less 3=92; Mr. J. Mercer being second with a stroke more. The Caxton medal was played for over the Braids on Saturday, and was won by Mr. D. Pringle.

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