

GOLF.

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

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.]

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1892.

DECEMBER.

- Dec. 24.—Dumfries and Galloway : Monthly Medal.
Lanark : Monthly Medal.
Islay : Monthly Medal.
Felixstowe : Christmas Meeting.
Sidcup : Monthly Medal.
Woodford : Quarterly Medal.
Buxton and High Peak : Final for the Micholls Cup and Monthly Medal.
Crookham : Monthly Medal.
Aldeburgh : Christmas Meeting.
- Dec. 24 & 26.—Guildford : Christmas Meeting.
Royal Isle of Wight : Christmas Meeting.
Littlestone : Christmas Meeting.
- Dec. 26.—Royal Dublin : Sweepstake by Strokes (2s. 6d.).
Southport : Christmas Meeting.
Manchester : Club Prizes.
Ashdown Forest : Christmas Meeting.
Braids, Edinburgh : Club Prizes.
Felixstowe : Monthly Challenge Cup.
Woodford : Club Handicap.
County Down : Open Competition.
Aldeburgh : Mr. N. Ganett's Cup.
Minchinhampton : "Col. Bogey" Competition.
Heaton Moor : Monthly Competition.
Ashdown Forest : Christmas Meeting.
Dewsbury : Monthly Medal.
- Dec. 27.—Burnham : Monthly Gold Medal.
- Dec. 28.—Oxford University v. Coventry (at Coventry), 10 a-side.
Minchinhampton v. Weston-Super-Mare.

- Dec. 30 & 31.—Eastbourne : Winter Meeting.
Dec. 31.—Woodford : Captain's Prize.
Ilkley : Monthly Medal and Christmas Cup.
Royal West Norfolk : Monthly Medal.
Warwickshire : Club Cup Competition.
Weston-Super-Mare : Monthly Medal.
Royal Wimbledon : Monthly Medal.
West Cornwall : Monthly Medal.
Ashdown Forest : Monthly Medal.

1893.

JANUARY.

- Jan. 2 & 3.—Royal County (Portrush) : New Year Meeting and Monthly Competition.
- Jan. 3.—Royal Cornwall Ladies : Monthly Medal.
Carnarvonshire : Monthly Medal.
- Jan. 4.—Blackheath Ladies : Monthly Medal.
- Jan. 5.—Tyneside : Handicap Competition.
- Jan. 6.—Royal Cornwall : Monthly Medal.
- Jan. 7.—Leicester : Monthly Medal.
Richmond : Monthly Medal.
County Down : Railway Cup.
Royal Liverpool : Winter Optional.
Birkdale : Monthly Medal.
Redhill and Reigate : Turner Medal.
Manchester : Monthly Medal.
Tooting Bec : Monthly Medal.
Lytham and St. Anne's : Captain's Cup.
London Scottish : Monthly Medal.
Cumbrae : Smart Medal.
- Jan. 10.—Whitley : Wyndham Cup.
West Cornwall Ladies' : Monthly Medal.
- Jan. 11.—Royal Epping Forest : Aggregate Competition.
Newhaven : Monthly Medal.
- Jan. 12.—County Down : Railway Cup.
- Jan. 14.—Weston-Super-Mare Ladies : Monthly Medal.
Crookham : "Bogey" Competition.
Willesden : Club Silver Medal.
Wilmslow : Boddington and Hanworth Cups.
West Herts : Monthly Medal.
Cumbrae : Monthly Competition.
Guildford : Monthly Handicap.
- Jan. 16.—Cumbrae : Ladies' Competition.
- Jan. 17.—Royal Wimbledon Ladies : Monthly Medal (First Class).
- Jan. 18.—Morecambe and Heysham Ladies : Club Prize.
- Jan. 19.—Royal Wimbledon Ladies : Monthly Medal (Second Class).
Tyneside : Handicap Competition.
- Jan. 21.—Seaford : Monthly Medal.
County Down : Captain's Prize and Club Monthly Prize.
Disley : Winter Silver Medal.
Ealing : Monthly Medal.
Ranelagh : Monthly Medal.
Dewsbury : Monthly Medal.
- Jan. 25.—Morecambe and Heysham : Club Prize.

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.

RANDALL'S, GUINEA GOLF BOOTS are now worn by all the leading players—And give the greatest satisfaction.—See advertisement page 244.

NOTICE.

THE Editorial Offices of GOLF have been removed to 80, CHANCERY LANE, W.C., to which address all communications intended for the Editor must be addressed.

All Business communications and advertisements to be addressed to the Publisher at the same address.

LIDDERDALE'S WRAITH.

I.

The Scotch fishing village of Kirkelzier has long been a favourite hunting-ground for the Southern painter, as well as the mere unprofessional lover of the picturesque, who, in the interests of beauty, does not grudge the temporary sacrifice of his nose. Slawkenbergius, say, who could smell round a corner, or Tenjo, the snouted demon of Japan, or even the Calmuck Erlik himself, who had a special nose of sublime length for smelling out the dying, might find much to try them in the environs of Kirkelzier; nay, the valiant Cid Campeador, whose singularly noteworthy nose did not change colour for three years after death, or the heroic Omeyyad Abd-er-Rahman, who, besides having only one eye, had the good fortune to be entirely void of the sense of smell—even they might be put upon their mettle. But for the sake of its glorious links the loyal golfer has long forgiven the floating odours of this famous shrine of the great Dagon, and elected to look upon them as merely pleasant aids to the memory of bygone feasts, Finnon haddies, say, or crappit heids, and the ever-palatable Glasgow magistrate.

Moreover, this windiest of the storm-swept villages of the wild North Countree has a good deal to interest others besides the golfer and the professionally noseless. The very race-origin of the folk has long been given up as an unfathomable mystery; but their beliefs are common to the fishers of North Europe generally. Like the latter, they hold it an ill omen to meet hare or cat, maid or parson, when bound for sea; while the same objection does not attach to an old woman, or a female of light character. They, too, object to swearing—when on board, at least—and whistling for wind, though not for fish; just for all the world as the natives on the Mata River whistle for minnows, and the Eskimos of Hudson's Strait for seals. Who does not remember the fisher song crooned by uncanny old Elspeth in "The Antiquary."

The herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredging sang,
For they come of a gentle kind.

These fisher-folk know so much of the mysteries of the sea, that it is impossible to get from the ordinary naturalist, or even the fishmonger, or the poet. It is impossible to quake over the old remora, for it was, after all, a comparatively wee beastie; and the pestilential venom of the sea-hare has no terror for one familiar with some kinds of modern whisky (we mention no names), and as for the leviathan, we have long held him to have been none other than our own familiar friend the sea serpent. But, on the other hand, think of the formidable Bhodry More! It is pleasant to learn that this excellent creature has a nice turn for elegant diversion; and there are recorded cases, where in spite of its extreme length and general dimensions, it has pursued a boat for miles, leaping over it from side to side with winsome agility. Or, worse—infinately so—think of the tall, withered, meagre female, clad in green (like most of our Scotch spectres by the way), who dwells at the junction of sea and river, and drags poor, sleeping mariners over the gunwale! Small wonder that to this day, no seafarer will drop his anchor after sun-set in the *fresh*, i.e., in the upper parts of a firth, where the water of the river predominates over that of the sea! It is these skeely scholars of the deep, who at first hand wot of the

death-presaging powers of the mackerel or the perch, who foretells approaching war. It was fisher-folk, too, who first had cause to tell the most gruesome yarn of all, about our Scotch Green Ladies, viz., of the spectre, who with goblin child in her arms, wanders from cottage to cottage, and sits by the ingle while folk are wrapt in kindly slumber, and washes her child in the blood of the youngest of the house, who is found dead next morning.

A fishing village, in short, is instinct with a mysterious life that is all its own, and strangely impresses the casual wayfarer; though it may, perhaps, be granted that the golfer, as he treads the turf of a thousand years, and breathes the breeze from a thousand miles of ocean, reckes but little of the spectral woman or phantom fish of which he has heard so much in the little village on the shore below.

II.

The "Pelican" at Kirkelzier had braved the rush of wild winds and dash of spray for generations ere even the ramshackle mail coach—bound from nowhere of importance to nowhere in particular—had commenced to rumble over the breakneck causeway. Even in its palmiest days the hostel can have been little more than an adjunct to the stable—the landlord little else than a groom with unlimited access to the bar. But now roomy stables and stuffy chamber are alike desert, and save for the occasional presence of wheelman or golfer—your real bog-trotter after all; for does not the flash of his cleek in the sun follow the tap of the drum round the world?—untenanted but by the ghosts of weary travellers long ago sped to their well or ill-earned rest.

We did, perhaps, dally over long with the interest that, to some of us attaches to the fishing folk of old Kirkelzier; but it is probable that few of the many golfers, who now come thicker and thicker summer after summer, fail now and then to wander through the queer mazes of black and white cottages, roofed with the reddest of old-time tiles, down to the little harbour with its Cyclopean breakwaters and quaint wee lighthouse. For here, if courteously deferential as becomes the mere freshwater fish, he may pick up much strange lore; nay, if sociably disposed, may even induce some weather-beaten hero of a hundred gales and a thousand yarns to join him over a jorum, and thrill him with tales of horror, awe, and mystery. Some of these yarns are wholly excellent in their way; that of Lindag, for instance, the spectre with only one leg that ended in a cloven foot, but vast arms, to enable him to deal with travellers by night in a rough and ready way, is, in its way, new; the Selchie Maid of Venn, who ran away with the bashful minister of Tormadie, too, may be unfamiliar to some; the Brownie of Drumdreuch, who bussed the maids and tickled the bairns into good-humour, if not wholly novel or original in his capers, is a droll of pleasant kind. Leerie Lockit, too, who dwells in a peat-bog, and wanders about at night with a lantern, to warn wayfarers of impending danger, is also kindly. Many such yarns as these are to be had in Kirkelzier by the curious and judicious; so that the subjects of the present rather melancholy tale will not, we trust, be over-hardly judged for lingering over their modest rummers in "The Pelican" rather longer than, perhaps, beseems the prudent golfer, who means business next morning.

III.

It is probably unnecessary at this time of day to dally over any description of the links themselves, as they are, no doubt, familiar to ninety-nine out of a hundred of our readers. Briefly, they stretch away to the west of the little village—mile on mile of velvety virgin turf, on which one fancies that to miss a 10 feet putt would be little less than a crime, if not an actual impossibility. This fancy is frequently severely brief; still, the man who is not seen at his best at Kirkelzier, should, as a matter of fact, never allow himself to be seen on any links at all, but play by himself in the dusk in some retired city nook, such as a washing-green in infrequent use. There seems no reason why the course should have been limited to eighteen holes, as in the case of a common, ordinary links, except that Tom Morris came up north and said it was to be so. As a matter of fact, you might Golf straight on, up-hill and down dale, but always on sweetest turf by the margin of the sea, for a week on end. Hazards of all the usual kinds are here galore;

priceless bunkers of Pactolian sand, wimpling burns to while the unwary to holes more fell than the Kelpie's, brakes of baleful whin and the bonny broom, which we always find it in our heart to forgive, go hole or game as they may, and acres of trebly accursed bent, that are too much for even a hairy caterpillar. Many of the holes have names; but the golfer's efforts in this direction have on few links been crowned with conspicuous success, and even when he wanders into the use of words of evil savour, to shock and startle the non-golfing Christian, monotony soon supervenes. At Kirkelzier, as elsewhere, they have a "Pandy"; but it is not so spelt, and the ordinary pronunciation is Ardvicheanachinachinacochrach. As yet they have no professional caddies at Kirkelzier, and if Kirkaldy or Douglas Rolland were to golf there for a day or two it is not improbable that they would break the record, unless, of course, the natives took their boat-hooks with them. In the latter case, which is far from unusual, the natives, as a rule, come in nine or ten up. But we neglect the heroes of our appalling tale.

IV.

Essledyke, the elder of the two, was a burly, ruddy man of middle age, with the brightest of eyes and sharpest of teeth—the sort of man, at first sight of whom the weest pig or a bullock with the fewest possible prizes, instinctively quakes—with the appetite of a pike and the digestion of a Yankee financier. He was a power throughout the breezy North. Everything he touched—from Swedes to stirks, sma' stills to smoked haddocks—turned to gold. He already factored the half of two counties, and was on the look-out for more. He could swear both in Gaelic and English, and didn't care twopence whether he took his Long John hot or cold, or without water at all—whether before breakfast or after, it was to him alike immaterial. He had acted for many years as a sort of guardian to young Lidderdale during minority, with considerable profit to one of them; and if the latter had not succeeded in picking up a wrinkle or two here and there, it was generally conceded that he must himself be held to blame.

Lidderdale was his very antipodes; gentle, generous, even feminine in many of his traits. Never robust, he owed his escape from an early tomb to the lavish use of cod liver oil; and it has always been held as an eloquent tribute to his memory that despite of this he was never in after years given to a pronounced yearning for this most seductive of all beverages. It may seem odd that a fellow with such tastes should have ever acquired a liking for Golf; but, as a matter of fact, he had not only done so, but even beaten the brawny Essledyke—occasionally. The latter usually wore a red coat without tails; but Lidderdale, even in the warmest weather, always played in a thick tweed overcoat, and a muffler of the finest Shetland wool, because he was afraid of sore throat, cold feet, and coughing during service.

V.

It was a crisp, sunny morning in early October—surely the month of months in bonny Scotland—when the friends started. Such wind as there was blew in from the sea across the course, but it was of little moment. It was very lonely, for the hour was yet early, and they had the peerless course to themselves. With the exception of the little fisher laddies, who were carrying their clubs, no other human being was in sight. Once and again they heard a distant bark, and once a blast in the neighbouring quarry; and intermittently the griding of cart-wheels on the rocky road that wound unseen beneath them. Always, too, they might hear the desolate cry of the mischancy seamew, and note the flash of the swift rock-pigeon athwart the brown cliff; while the ill-omened peewit, who is, as all wise men know, the transmuted soul of a criminal that has escaped justice in this world, wailed in the melanbholly void down in the west.

Lidderdale had just concluded some ornithological remarks of this nature (which are always of such interest to one's partner in a keen game), when one of the boys suddenly cried, "Hech—oo! She'll see a pogle sitting on the haunted dyke down py!"

Half-way down a tiny combe, trending seaward from the course, a gable and part of the wall of a ruined cottage still show a brave front to the pitiless northers. Nettles have

massed with all their venomous profusion about the deserted dwelling, and in the sheltered coign between wall and gable a stunted elder, rooted and thriven in a rugged desolation not all unworthy of its ghastly old-time associations with the storied sinner of the world. Generations of carlines down in the village have grinned and gibbered by the flickering fire-light over the eerie yarn of "Black Mary's Cottage;" and the tiniest flaxen-haired toddler known of the mysterious dread lurking amid these haunted ruins since she was first brought to the ken of fear. Even at high noon not the buirdliest of the bold Northern men would have rested within shadow, or even hail, of these accursed walls for untold gold; yet the quick eye of the fisher lad had not played him false. Someone was, in good truth, leaning upon the wall, and gazing out and away into the immensity, peopled from all time with shadowy possibilities of awe that broods over the Northern sea. There was still but a low and gentle breeze, yet there came to them the dread "call of the sea" before a storm. Here and there a brown fisher sail stole, ghost-like and silent as a shadow, over the water, and in the offing trailed the smoke of a steamer western bound. By-and-by the watcher turned and stepped slowly up the combe towards them, and even Essledyke thrilled, for what he saw was Lidderdale, not another in the likeness of his friend, but Lidderdale. Pale, sallow, with the jaded, weary lines of a sickly youth upon his face, and the feeble step of one altering on the verge of another world—with the sad, troubled eyes of his melancholy boyhood, which none remembered so well as Essledyke at this moment—the wraith drew slowly upon them, and passed to him of whom he was in search, and laid his hand upon the doomed man's arm. Then the two, by some devilish cantrip till then unknown of men, seemed to merge by slow degrees into one, and Lidderdale fell prone at his partner's feet dead, without a cry.

* * * * *

And this took place only two short years ago, in the light of a glorious sun and the breath of the hearty breeze of the Northern seas; but, after all, it is only one of the many strange and inexplicable mysteries that hover around haunted old-world Kirkelzier.

W. DALRYMPLE.

A correspondent writes:—"Golf is in full swing at St. Briac, Dinard, just now. The greens, which suffered somewhat from the dry summer, are improving daily. Owing to the recent rains the course is in good order, and there has been no snow or frost, but plenty of wind. Competitions take place from time to time, and the last "Bogey" competition was tied for between Mr. Alfred Lubbock (plus 7) and Capt. Edie (11) which, on being played off, after an exciting match, was won by the former by one hole. Another splendid stretch of ground has been recently discovered a few miles beyond St. Briac at a place called St. Cast, where there is a comfortable hotel, and those who have inspected the ground say that a splendid Golf course could be obtained there, just the right turf, and ready-made greens. So I suppose we shall soon have a new club starting there. Fremantle, the professional, has been away at St. Andrews for a time picking up a few wrinkles from old Tom Morris, and in the meantime G. K. Wilson, from St. Andrews, has been officiating, and under his care and tuition some of the players have made very considerable improvement. There is now a Tournament going on under the American principle, and some close and exciting matches have taken place.

THE BEST GOLF TAILORS are Messrs. A. CAIGER & COMPANY, 88, Piccadilly, W., and Richmond, Surrey, who make a speciality of a really good coat (damp-proof) on hygienic principles, and which has a delightful feeling of ease in play. The firm have also a special Ladies' Department, and make a smart golfing costume upon the same principles (with waterproof skirt), which can be recommended for health and comfort. A *chic* costume made in the very best manner. Buttons engraved any crest or monogram. Messrs. CAIGER & Co. send patterns and sketches to any part of the world free, and give special quotations to club orders.



THE TWO CHAMPIONS.

MR. H. HILTON,
"Open Champion."

MR. JOHN BALL, JUN.,
"Amateur Champion."

From a photograph taken at Muirfield, September, 1891, by RETLAWS, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

FOSTER'S PATENT PUTTER.

Mr. Norman Foster, the hon. secretary of the Royal Wimbledon Golf Club, has joined the ranks of patentees. He has just obtained provisional protection for a patent putter which he himself uses with great dexterity and effect on the putting-green. The club may be described as an attempt to combine the advantages claimed by the adherents of two schools—those of wood, and those of iron. Believing that the use of the wooden putter confers advantages which the cleek or the iron putter cannot supply, Mr. Foster has devised a club with a thin wooden face, about an inch in diameter, with horn on the sole, and backed with a brass plate and sole-piece in order to give the requisite weight to the head. The narrowness of the head, as compared with the broad-headed form of wooden putter, has undoubtedly this great advantage, that it does not distract the eye from the line of the putt. A large number of golfers, who consistently use the wooden putter on the green, invariably discard it when the ball lies half a yard off the hole, on the ground that they cannot trust themselves with certainty to hole out in the next shot. Mr. Foster's club has the unquestionable merit of imparting confidence to a player in small critical shots of this kind; so that the club is really of great utility, both in approach play, and in boldly holing out. One other advantage which we see the club possesses, is that it admits of a left-handed shot being played, say in proximity to a paling, a bush, or a large stone; and such a shot can be struck without endangering the club, because the metal back is then placed against the ball. Lady golfers ought also to find the club of great utility.

743—K; OR, THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY.

THIS is a story I heard last November, in the club-house at Westward Ho! It had been a wild, heart-rending day for Golf, blowing a gale of wind off the sea, with occasional rain-squalls sweeping vindictively across the course; the sort of day which seems to turn an innocent Golf-ball into the very apotheosis of malignant, diabolical possession; the sort of day on which the recording angel (one must surely, in such boisterous weather, be specially told off for duty on every Golf course) must have found his arduous duties task his capabilities to their utmost. However, the day, with all its exasperations and vicissitudes, was over; clothes had been changed, dinner discussed, and five or six of us had drawn our chairs in a cosy semicircle round the smoking-room fire.

The gale which howled round the eaves and corners of the club-house, the rain-squalls which pattered against the windows, instead of evoking the deep and heart-felt anathemas of daylight, now seemed to exercise a peaceful and beneficent influence on our tobacco-soothed nerves.

Brown was relating, with a flourish of his pipe, how he had, with the wind behind him, got hole-high at the eleventh; Jones, whom a few hours ago it was actually dangerous to approach, was now remarking, with edifying resignation, how it had taken him five good honest drives to open up that toilsome thirteenth hole, with the gale in his teeth; and Robinson, whom I had last seen in the big bunker off the fifth tee, foaming with rage, and his eyes full of sand, dreamily murmured that if Job had ever had to take his stance in a clump of those confounded "assegaïs," he would probably have felt compelled to sing small.

How on earth we got on to the subject of ghosts I don't know. I think it was Smith who turned the conversation in that direction by remarking on the absolute impossibility of getting old McNab to stand still on the green. McNab had been Smith's antagonist that day, and was a hardened offender in that respect. Smith went on to say that on more than one occasion he had only been restrained from braining the old sinner with a niblick by the certainty that McNab, in his disembodied state, would take his revenge by haunting every green on the course, and put him off his putt by ghostly gyrations in the neighbourhood of every hole. He had once heard some tale of the kind, he asseverated, in connection with some evilly disposed caddie, whom his master, in justly aroused indignation, had slain and buried in a disused bunker.

"I think I should have chanced it," remarked Brown. "Ghosts are a bit out of date, arn't they?"

"Ancient synonym for indigestion," murmured Robinson.

"And consequently, as a rule, associated with Christmas and its usual gastronomic excesses," added Jones.

"I'm not so cock-sure of that," said Jemmy Trefry, ringing the bell. "Waiter! Whisky and soda. I had a rum experience last spring," he went on, when that functionary had disappeared in quest of the desired fluid. "You know Cis Barclay, of course?" (A general grunt of acquiescence). "Well, he cured me once for all of disbelief in what I can't understand."

"Barclay?" ejaculated Smith, "why that's the man who disappears periodically to the nethermost regions of the habitable globe, and then suddenly comes back and breaks records on every course on the kingdom." Trefry nodded. "He must have been 'pulling your leg,' Jemmy," he went on. "Why, a man with nerves like his would laugh at all the ghosts that ever walked since the days of the Witch of Endor."

"Nevertheless, I'll tell you the story, if you like, and you shall judge for yourselves," said Trefry. "Wire in," we chorused, for the night was yet young, and the wind and rain outside made the fire in front of us all the more enjoyable. "Take a drink to clear the pipes. Slow back, keep your eye on the ball, and don't press."

So Jemmy Trefry took a pull at the freshly arrived whisky and soda that clearly demonstrated his powers of suction to be of no mean order, and began.

"Well you must know, then, that the wife carted me up to town in May last, for a fortnight's shopping and theatres, and the day after we got up there who should I meet coming out of the Travellers but Cis Barclay, as brown as a gun-barrel and as thin as a whipping-post. He had just come back from Ladak where he'd been having some eight months of excellent shooting and general bedevilment. He dined with us that night at the Victoria, where we were putting up, and gave us a most interesting account of his adventures.

"It so happened that I was booked to take my youngster off his mother's hands next day, as she wanted to do a big morning's shopping, and Cis, hearing young Wilfred wanted to revel in wax, said he had'n't been to Madame Tussaud's since he was a boy, and offered to come with us and help me through the job. So the next morning saw the three of us at the Marylebone Road establishment.

"By Jove! Jemmy," said Barclay, as we entered the first room, 'it's absolutely appalling to realise how many years it is since Madame Tussaud first fascinated our own childhood; when Queen Berengaria, over there, embodied our ideal of female beauty; when to be as big as the Russian giant seemed to us the summit of earthly ambition; and when our little bosoms palpitated with awe-stricken excitement as we crossed the threshold of the Chamber of Horrors. I don't believe the treasures of all the art-galleries in Europe ever gave me such unalloyed enjoyment in later days, as did those blood-and-thunder prints of the Turkish tortures, long ago. Do you remember them?'

"My dear Cis," I said, 'this place is an epitome of life and a temple of disillusionment. We ought never to have come here again. The sleeping beauty as seen with mature eyes, is a very dumpy young person, and a protracted slumber in that costume must be fraught with discomfort; Berengaria is a most common-place looking female, and if Richard Cœur-de-Lion had been a man of taste and discrimination he could at least have insisted on her doing her hair in a more becoming fashion; at the present price of broadcloth the Russian giant's tailor's bill would make fearful inroads on a moderate income, while the guillotine itself is only a copy of the original. *Sic transit gloria juventutis*. Wilfred, here, thank heaven! doesn't agree with us. All the jollier for him. Happy puppy before its eyes are opened!'

"I am bound to confess that—whether inherited from the paternal or maternal side I leave as an open question—my youthful son and heir's tastes seemed decidedly to incline to the criminal and blood-thirsty as opposed to the mere historically interesting and instructive portion of the exhibition. Berengaria and Cœur-de-Lion he dismissed as entirely unworthy of a boy's notice; the Napoleon collection was somewhat more interesting, but the Chamber of Horrors fairly roused his enthusiasm. From the gruesome representation of the expiring Marat it seemed impossible to tear him away, and it was while this hopeful juvenile was feasting his eager gaze on that somewhat blood-curdling work of art that I was startled by a sudden exclamation of astonishment that broke from Cecil, who was standing a few yards away.

"I turned and looked at him. He was gazing intently at the effigy of a well-dressed individual whose waxen features were graced with about the most repulsively sinister expression ever, I should think, borne by a human face. Without being absolutely ill-formed, the countenance was endowed with a look so superlatively evil, so diabolically cruel and depraved, that the effect was infinitely more hideous than any mere physical deformity could have produced—a face that once seen could never be forgotten, and which made a profound impression on my mind. I have since seen it more than once in my dreams.

"My old friend stood there, lost to all the world around him, with an expression of awe-struck horror on his bronzed handsome features, which formed such a contrast to that evil waxen face opposite his.

"'Good God!' I heard him mutter to himself. 'It must be true then, and no mere fanciful delusion. I wonder if—'

"My touch on his shoulder seemed to break the spell and bring him back to himself.

"'What is the matter, Cis,'" I asked. 'What an awful-looking brute. Who is he supposed to be?'

"'Number 375,' he said. 'No; don't look it up in the catalogue yet,' he added hurriedly as I turned to the book in my hand. 'Wait! I want to make sure I am not mistaken. I have always laughed at such things before. Let me think.'

"I looked at him in astonishment. Here was the mighty *shikari*—the cool, undaunted traveller—utterly unnerved, and actually trembling with excitement. What on earth was it all about? My curiosity rose to boiling-point.

"A few moments were sufficient to bring those well-trained nerves back under control. A short pause, and Cecil Barclay spoke calmly and connectedly enough.

"'I'm afraid I've made an ass of myself, Jemmy,' he said; 'but, to tell the truth, I've been a bit upset. I think, if you don't mind, I'll leave you and Wilfred to finish the place up by yourselves. Remember you dine with me to-night at the Travellers'. Eight o'clock sharp. I may have a curious story to tell you over our cigars after dinner. By-the-way, mark number 375 in your catalogue, and bring it with you this evening. Good-bye, old fellow! *A ce soir*.'

"I gazed after the retreating figure in undisguised amazement. What could it all mean? It was certainly too bad of Cis to march off in this abrupt way, and leave me a victim to the pangs of unappeased curiosity. I am afraid the remainder of Master Wilfred's visit to the establishment in the Marylebone Road was cut shorter than that young gentleman altogether appreciated, owing to the parental yearning for nicotian solace which the circumstances of the case rendered distinctly necessary.

"The hours passed away slowly enough, until I found myself at the Travellers', discussing a mouthful of caviare as a preliminary to the more serious task of getting through the *recherche* little dinner which Barclay's orders had provided for our joint delectation. Eager as I was, however, to hear the explanation I had been promised of that morning's occurrences, I am a great believer in the old North-country adage, that it is an unwise thing to hurry any man's cattle, and I waited patiently until my old friend and myself were comfortably ensconced, cigar in mouth, in a couple of deep, luxurious arm-chairs in a cosy corner of the smooking room. At last Cis broached the subject on which I was longing for information.

"'I expect, Jemmy, you've been wondering what it was I made all that coil about this morning,' he said. 'I would have told you then and there only that I wanted to

assure myself on certain points—wanted to be convinced there was no mistake about the matter; that it was no extraordinary delusion under which I was labouring. Do you remember that your wife last night remarked that, from my way of talking, she could almost fancy that I was a believer in what she jestingly termed ‘the common or garden ghost’?’

“Yes,” I replied, ‘I do remember it. I fancied, too, that you seized an early opportunity of turning the conversation. Why, Cis, old man, you are surely not going to tell me that you’ve seen a ghost? You can’t really be a believer in that sort of rubbish?’

“That’s just it,” was the unexpected reply; “I have seen one; but I didn’t believe it until to-day. I’ve always looked on such things in the same light as you do—as delusions explainable by reference to the nervous system, and to the digestive organs. One experience of the kind that some people set down to the supernatural, I *did* have a few years ago, and, to tell you the truth, although I have always resolutely forced myself to regard it as a simple delusion and trick of my senses, it produced so strong an impression on me that I have always as much as possible tried to avoid such topics as recalled it to my mind. It was my extreme disinclination to be forced into a belief at which I have always scoffed, which impelled me to rush off as I did, and make the inquiries I have alluded to. And now, Jemmy, I will tell you, if you like, exactly what happened to me, and leave you to draw your own conclusions.

“About three years ago, on the 30th of July (I am not likely to forget that date, I can assure you), I had to run down to Milford. The regatta there was to take place on the following day, and I had promised little Edgar Belton, who had just managed to break his leg in a trap accident, to steer the “Ino” for him in a match that was to come off between his cutter and the “Coryphée,” amateur helmsmen only. I was unexpectedly detained over some important business at my lawyer’s, and, instead of catching the evening express, had to go by the mail, starting a couple of hours or so later.

“Well, I dined as comfortably as circumstances would allow at the Great Western Hotel, managed with a judicious half-crown to secure a compartment to myself, lit a Larrañaga, and settled down to the perusal of the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*, as the mail steamed out of Paddington station, and rattled away westward. The night was gloomy and close, and soon after we had left Swindon behind, I unfastened my leg-rests, and laid myself out for a good nap.

“Thanks to some rather prolonged festivities on the previous evening, I was feeling very tired, and in a few minutes was sound asleep.

“My slumbers must have lasted about a couple of hours, when I awoke with a start, and pervaded by a feeling of chilly discomfort, which seemed strange enough when I remembered the oppressive closeness and heaviness of the of the end of that July day. So chilly did I feel, that I rose to undo the bundle of wraps which reposed in the netting opposite to me. It was certainly very curious; the carriage I thought, seemed almost like a tomb, so dank and cold was the atmosphere within it. As I undid the straps that confined my rugs, I glanced out of the window. The train was rattling along through the darkness that enveloped the open country in a misty veil, and against which the reflection of the interior of my compartment shone out so clearly on the windows that it almost seemed like another carriage outside, travelling through the night along with us.

“The reflection of *my* compartment! Great God! What

was this? Was I mad, or dreaming? No, I was never more broad awake in my life, never in clearer possession of all my faculties. But Jemmy, believe me or not as you will, what I saw on the other side of the window was *not* the reflection of the compartment in which I stood.

“For some moments I remained spellbound, gazing at that scene of horror, my heart beating with almost suffocating violence, and the flesh creeping on my bones in that dread of the supernatural inseparable from mortal human nature, and which will conquer even the thickest armour of scepticism in such matters when fairly put to sudden test.

“For a few instants, as I say, my blood ran cold, and my knees trembled in deadly fear, and then a feeling of pride, a sense of scorn for my own weakness, came to my rescue, and I sat down, withdrew my eyes with a powerful effort from the window, and endeavoured to regain my mental balance. I had often, I told myself, scoffed at the ordinary “ghost-seer’s” explanation of what I had always professed to consider mere optical delusions. Was I such a coward as to be rendered incapable of cool investigation when chance placed in my way such an opportunity as the present? I was determined to collect myself sufficiently to be able to treat the matter as one would any other scientific phenomenon worthy of minute observation. When I thought I had schooled myself down into calmness I once more looked out through the window. I will tell you what I saw.

“I saw the reflection of the interior of a first-class carriage, similar to the one in which I was travelling, but in a state of disorder which seemed to indicate that it had but lately been the scene of some desperate struggle. The cushions were displaced, the carpet awry, and the seats and floor strewn with what had probably been the contents of the nettings over head, books, newspapers, a parcel or two, a broken stick, an opened hand-bag. A figure was seated at the further end of the compartment, apparently examining the contents of a despatch box, while—ghastly sight!—there, across the centre of the compartment, the inert limbs jolting with the vibration of the carriage, the back supported against the seat, and rolling to and fro with the sway of the train, lay stretched the semblance of a murdered man.

“And there was that across his throat,
Which you had scarcely cared to see.”

“I have been in some pretty tight corners in the course of my travels—corners from which nothing but a cool head and a steady hand have helped me out; but I give you my word, Jemmy, my nerves never had to stand such trial as they had that night. After the determination I had come to, however, a minute or two before, I felt that for very shame’s sake I must not give way to them again. So I sat there and mastered all the details of that horrible scene.”

“My dear Cis,” I said, ‘you must have just been suffering from some sort of superlative nightmare. Who can put a limit to the tricks a man’s imagination may play him?’

“Barclay smiled grimly. ‘So I said to myself then,’ he replied; ‘and so I have said to myself always, whenever the events of that night were recalled to my mind—always until this morning. But let me go on.

“Presently the figure at the other end of the carriage rose and came towards me. Closer and closer, stepping over the hideous thing stretched across the floor, until he seemed just the other side of the glass that separated us, and his eyes looked into mine. No mere imagination, I know now, could have pictured that face, Jemmy, with its vile expression of concentrated devilish cruelty, greed and lust; but what need to attempt its description? *You saw it this morning.*

“For quite half a minute those evil eyes looked into

mine; then there came a sharp whistle from the engine as we clashed and rattled into a tunnel, and the whole scene vanished from my gaze. When we once more emerged into the open, it was my own face and the interior of my own compartment that I saw reflected in the carriage window, nor did anything occur subsequently to disturb the remainder of my journey; and when I arrived at Milford, although I took a note of the number of the compartment in which I had travelled, out of curiosity, I had made up my mind, as I told you, that I had been simply the victim of some optical delusion of the imagination, or the result of a badly digested dinner.'

"I wish heartily now that I had never gone with you to Madame Tussaud's. I should have preferred to have kept my old beliefs or unbeliefs intact. It is impossible for me to do so now. You saw, Jemmy, how upset I was in the Chamber of Horrors; I need hardly say that I recognised in that waxen effigy the face that looked into mine through the window of 743-K—for that was the number of the compartment in which I travelled on that terrible night. The old horror, the old dread of the supernatural that I had then successfully combated, came back on me at once. I tried not to give in to it; I determined I would try another proof before I did so. When I left you so hurriedly, I went off to the offices of the Great Western Railway and made inquiries. Well, I found that the first-class compartment numbered 743-K had some years back been the scene of what my informant termed 'an unfortunate occurrence'; further details he declined to give me. There is only one more stone to turn. I tell you frankly I know absolutely nothing with respect to the criminal whose face I recognised this morning—No. 375 was't it? Turn up that number in Madame Tussaud's catalogue and tell me what it says.'

"I drew the little book out of my pocket and turned to number 375. This was what I read out:—

"375 *William Gardiner*, executed at Bristol on October 18th, 1884, for the atrocious murder of Mr. Wyllie in a railway carriage on the Great Western line on July 30th, 1884.'

"Cecil Barclay sat silently smoking for many minutes.

"Well, Jemmy, what do you think of it now?' he said at last.

"I didn't know *what* to think of it," concluded Trefry, finishing his whisky and soda, "What do you chaps say?"

And, as a matter of fact, we didn't know what to think of it either.

FRED C. MILLFORD.

CLEANING GOLF CLUBS.—It is not absolutely necessary that iron clubs should be scoured and polished after play with the orthodox piece of emery paper. In many cases this incessant grinding of the faces of cleeks and irons by vigorous caddies grooves the metal and destroys in a very short time the complete balance of a head. To obviate this result other cleaning expedients had been tried; and one of the most efficacious has been found to be the application of Sunlight soap and a nail-brush. Sunlight soap, therefore, has a more widely extended function than the washing of clothes; it polishes pots, pans, and harness, and cleans Golf clubs and balls to perfection, without in any way endangering the weight or face of a favourite iron club.

JOHANNIS. The King of Natural Table Waters, charged entirely with its own natural gas. JOHANNIS neutralises acidity, and prevents gout, rheumatism, indigestion, and biliousness, the fore-runners of defective vitality, the foundation of mischief. The "LANCET" says: "Johannis Water is of exceptional purity and excellence." The Springs and Bottling Depôts are at Zollhaus, in Germany. The London Offices, 25, REGENT STREET, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.



SUNDAY GOLF.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to thank "Spectator" for disclaiming any intention to reflect on the clergy of France.

My main object in troubling you with a letter was to protest against, what appeared to me, an unjust imputation.

I am, Sir, &c.,

CHARLES C. WELMAN.

QUESTIONS ON THE RULES.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I should be obliged if you would give me some information, through the columns of GOLF, as to the meaning of Rule 9 of the "Special rules for medal play," as laid down at St. Andrews in October 1891. The rule is as follows:—"All balls shall be holed out, and when play is on the putting-green the flag must be removed, and the competitor whose ball is nearest the hole shall have the option of holing out first, or of lifting his ball, if it be in such a position that it might, if left, give an advantage to the other competitor." &c.

First.—I should be glad to know whether, if a player in a medal round, knock his partner's ball into the hole with his own ball, the ball so knocked in is considered to have been holed out in the previous stroke?

Secondly.—Is it allowable at all, when play is on the putting-green, for one competitor to leave his ball in such a position as to give an advantage to the other competitor, and for one player to avail himself of such an advantage if given to him by the other player?

I am, Sir, &c.,

GEORGE C. MAY.

Royal Dublin Golf Club.

[(1.) If our correspondent will refer to previous volumes of the paper under this heading, he will find several cases to the same effect (see, for example, page 51, Vol. III.). In medal play all balls must be holed out by the players to whom the balls belong. If you knock your partner's ball into the hole in a scoring competition, he must take it out, place it on the spot whence it was knocked, and hole out the putt himself, otherwise he is apt to be disqualified. It is different, however, in match play; then the knocking in of the ball by the opponent counts in favour of the owner of the ball, who has in this case practically holed in the previous stroke. (2.) Most certainly not. This amounts to a conspiracy on the part of two players to assist one another to the detriment of the entire field. In the first case, as well as in this, no player ought to play at the hole with his partner's ball anywhere near the line of the putt; and where this occurs it is the invariable rule among all golfers of experience to ask the player whose ball lies nearest the hole to putt out before they make the attempt. If evidence is forthcoming that players have been guilty of the illegitimate practices indicated by our correspondent in his questions, the committee ought to be informed, in justice to the other competitors, and steps taken to impose disqualification.—ED.]

"A WORD TO BEGINNERS."

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—The article, signed "R. J. B. Tait," seems to me likely to prove rather misleading to some beginners.

First. The expression in describing the drive, that "the right hand does all the work" seems to need more qualification than is given to it in the context.

Second. The instruction "to rise up on the left toe along with the upward motion of the club" is too suggestive of the somewhat prevalent lifting up of the body and subsequent jump down as the stroke is made, instead of the natural rising of the left heel as the weight goes off the left leg on the upward swing and as the body turns to allow the club to complete the end of the upward swing.

One word more, and that is that, as the article reads, the term "scientific blackguard" seems to be confined to what is to be hoped is the very unusual operation of scraping away sand from behind a ball in a bunker, and that no term of disapproval is implied to grounding the club in a bunker, or even to allowing the iron "to sink down behind the ball."

I hope Mr. Tait will not think I wish to cast any reflection on his Golf as he plays it or understands it, but only on his explanation of it.

I am, Sir, &c.,

J. C. P.

A UNIFORM HANDICAP MATCH TABLE.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—Reading your article on the "Handicap Match Table" in this week's GOLF, it occurred to me to draw out the table in diagrammatical form.

On the face of it, it would appear that the holes at which strokes should be taken might be altered with advantage in three cases, viz., three strokes, a half, and fifteen strokes (as indicated). In three strokes, the third stroke to be taken at fifteenth hole; in nine strokes, the strokes to be taken at alternate holes; and in fifteen strokes, the fifteenth hole to be played without a stroke instead of the sixteenth.

To make my meaning a little more clear, suppose the match to be for thirty-six holes. The alterations suggested would give the strokes as evenly distributed throughout the thirty-six holes as possible.

I can see that, in a match in which one man gives a half, if the game is all even at the sixteenth hole, and the stroke is given at the seventeenth, this may enable the receiver of odds to take the seventeenth hole, and, by making him dorny, give him a good chance of the last; and that, therefore (and also for the converse reason), the stroke at the seventeenth, instead of eighteenth, is an advantage to the receiver of odds. Still, I think the stroke at the first, instead of the second (which goes with it in my proposal), is against the receiver of odds; for a plunger receiving as much as a half is probably very uncertain about his first tee shot, and likely to lose the first hole, stroke or no stroke.

There is no doubt a good reason for the arrangement in the table, so do not trouble to take any notice of the matter, unless you think it has any general interest.

I am Sir, &c.,

J. C. P.

SEAFORD GOLF LINKS.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—Some of your readers, past middle age, may be interested to hear of a course, easily accessible, where they can play the noble game of Golf with every prospect of success. Sandwich and Westward Ho! and such-like courses demand the vigour and energy of youth, and high training; but at Seaford no such terrors await the golfer. Here the hazards are easily surmounted, even "Hell" can generally be got out of without much difficulty, and the distances are short beyond

compare. A third of the holes, indeed, require two strokes from a good player in order to reach the greens, but all the rest have been driven in one. There is, therefore, none of that wearisome flogging through the green which daunts many a golfer, and the player to whom a low score is the first object in life can here return a card showing ten strokes less than is possible for him anywhere else.

No wonder then that the members stick jealously to their short holes, and refuse to destroy the chief characteristic of their course.

Seaford is truly a most pleasant green to play over, with fine air, pretty surroundings, good turf, and other advantages. It is essentially the old man's course, and if there are any such in search of a club to join, I can strongly advise them to send in their names.

I am, Sir, &c.,

SENEX.

A FOURSOME which created a good deal of interest in the neighbourhood, and was witnessed by quite an array of spectators, came off on the private green at Archerfield, East Lothian, on Thursday last. The match was Ben Sayers with Mr. James Morrison as partner, against Jack White with Mr. A. Barnard as partner, and consisted of two rounds of the green. Sayers and his partner were successful in both rounds, winning the one by 2 holes and the other by 4, their scores being 76 for the first and 77 for the second round—very fine play. White and his partner took 79 and 80. Sayers was in splendid form. He holds the record of the green, 71, and promises to reduce it whenever he hears of its being reached.

"IRISHMEN are warm-hearted; Irish golfers more so." A hundred Irish golfers are about to present the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., with a set of Golf clubs. The idea is good. No one deserves more of Irishmen or of Irish golfers. The set includes every club which "the most fastidious golfer" could desire. Does it? "I know," says "Argus," "a most fastidious golfer, who is collecting all the patents of the last ten years, and, as he cannot find space to contain them, he is about giving it up." Of what size, then, is "the handsome case, constructed in cabinet form," to hold the Irish gift? I hope to see a drawing of it in GOLF. It is, it seems, to have three sides of glass! This is something new in Golf-club cases. But Irishmen are humorous. I guess the beautiful clubs are not to be played with, but to be looked at and admired; and I contemplate the ex-First Lord of the Treasury often soliloquising, as he gazes on the visible signs of Ireland's gratitude:—

"Frae a hundred gowfers, an' a', an' a'
See my beautiful clubs in a ra', a ra'.
Oh, Aitken, yev'e made them look braw, look braw,
Frae a hundred gowfers, an' a', an' a'."

TYNESIDE GOLF CLUB.—The third round of the tournament, played by holes, was completed on Saturday. Result:—Dr. R. Howden (6), beat Mr. G. F. Charlton by 1 and 1 to play; Mr. J. B. Radcliffe (scratch), beat Dr. C. L. Lightfoot by 3 and 2 to play; Dr. W. G. Ridley (plus 1), beat Mr. J. B. Hutton by 4 and 3 to play; Mr. J. Hiddlestone (5), beat Mr. S. F. Bates (7), by 1 hole; Mr. J. W. Carr (8), beat Mr. C. M. Bell (5), by 7 and 6 to play; Mr. T. W. Sharpe (6), beat Mr. C. A. Ridley (plus 1), by 1 hole; Mr. James Tennant (2), and Mr. J. E. Davidson (6), received byes from Mr. J. S. Brown (6), and Mr. T. L. Temperley (10), absent.

WARWICKSHIRE GOLF CLUB.—Although the weather held fine, the wind blew strongly from the south-west when the military golf challenge medal was competed for on Saturday. There was only a small muster of players. The Hon. and Rev. R. C. Moncreiffe, 96, less 3=93; and Mr. M. T. Brown, 110, less 17=93, tied for first place. Major Caulfeild Stoker, 117, less 22=95; and Mr. M. S. Hall, 121, less 15=96, had the next best scores.

WATSON'S COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.—The third competition for the monthly charm of Watson's College Golf Club was played over Musselburgh. The prize-winners were—1. Mr. F. Marshall, 95, less 1=94; 2. Mr. G. Law, 103, less 9=94.

CITY OF NEWCASTLE.—The third contest for the Wilson cup took place on Saturday in good weather. Mr. J. B. Radcliffe (scratch), and Mr. A. Gregory (30), tied at 92; Mr. J. R. Bolton (12), and Mr. W. G. Richardson (20), tied for the third at 94 net.

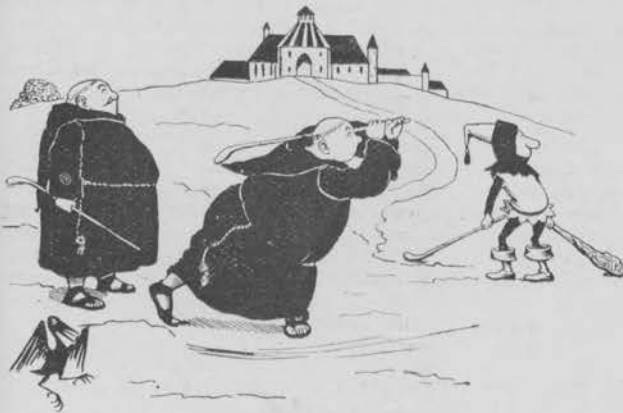
GOLF AS PLAYED BY YE BLACK FRIARS, A.D. 1327.

From a RARE MISSAL.

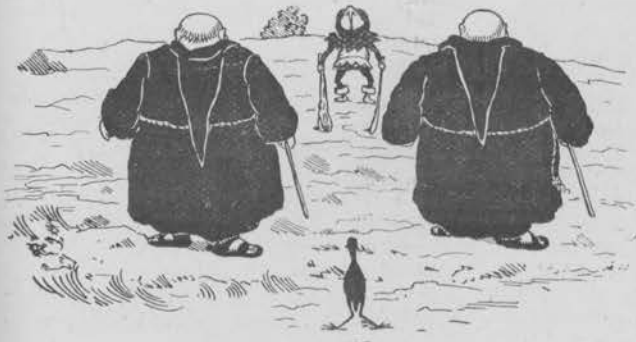
I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.





The Burghs of Scotland are nearly all contributing two guineas each towards a testimonial to be given to Provost Brodie for his great work in connection with the new Burgh Police Bill. It was mainly owing to the energetic action of the worthy Provost that this Bill got through the last Parliament, the opposition of Dr. Clark and some other Scottish members being very strong. Provost Brodie has for long been known as a keen golfer, and he has used his experience of North Berwick in having clauses inserted in the Bill which give power to Councils to regulate the Golf greens and players and caddies in their vicinity. These powers are important, and every burgh fortunate enough to have Golf links among its responsibilities, ought to study and take advantage of the Act.

The municipal authorities at Musselburgh seem to be waking up—and high time—to their responsibilities regarding the famous old Golf course there. Under the new Police Act, which we have referred to, they have acquired such powers as will enable them to regulate the links and the caddies, and they are wisely appealing to the various clubs for suggestions. Time was when the golfers had to combine, and resist the encroachments of the Council on their liberties and golfing domains, and golfers will welcome the new development, and do all in their power to assist the Council. A good many think that a small charge should be made from players. Even a penny for each round would amount to a sum sufficient to keep up the green, so popular still is the old course. The great success of the Burgess Bazaar will enable that club to partly make up for the loss of the Honourable Company. Anyway, the time has come to put Musselburgh in better order, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the efforts now being made will be successful. The course is a grand one still, and under Galloway is in good order, but it requires regulation in many ways, if its ancient prestige is to be kept up.

Mr. H. W. Hope, of Luffness, is pursuing his dog-in-the-manger policy against the proposed railway to Aberlady, Gullane, and Dirleton. It might be supposed, as Mr. Hope claims to be proprietor of part of Luffness Links, and is busy preparing a new course, that he would welcome such a railway, and it is generally supposed that if he had been the originator he would have been satisfied, for more than once he has spoken of opening up the district by such a plan. He has, however, vowed to do all in his power against the railway at present proposed, and no doubt his opposition will injure the progress of the Bill. An uproarious meeting, over which Mr. Hope presided, was held at Aberlady on Thursday evening last. The meeting was called to curse the railway, but seemed more disposed to bless it; so the Chairman would not allow any amendment to be moved against his motion of condemnation. Mr. Hall-Blyth was present, and controverted many of the statements made by Mr. Hope.

Anyone who wishes to catalogue the evils of Golf may find something in Mr. Hope's speech at Aberlady worth noting. "These gentlemen," he said, speaking more directly of Muirfield golfers, "cannot enjoy their pleasure without each of them having a special attendant, whom they neither lodge nor house,

and even only employ for the day, or part of the day, that it pleases these well-to-do gentlemen to devote to amusement, weather permitting. The attendants, who, as I say, are only engaged for the few hours that they are required, and cast adrift to shift for themselves at other times, are sometimes paid an exorbitant rate, far above what any labourer or most artisans can get for an honest, fair day's work. This state of things must naturally encourage lads, and even men to lead an idle, useless, loafing life in the district, if they are inclined that way. A tenant of mine, who has till lately grown carrots very successfully, told me the other day he would be obliged to give up growing carrots, as the golfers employed the labour that he used formerly to get." Verily, with the corruption of caddies, and the extermination of the carrot crop, Golf has much to answer for. And all this from the Laird of Luffness, who reaps £20 a year of rent from a course he (partly) owns, and is making a new course on which every player is to pay!

Mr. Hope's reference to the Earl of Wemyss, like most of his speech at Aberlady, was in very bad form. Part of the Luffness club-house, of which Mr. Hope claims to be proprietor, was built at the expense of the Earl of Wemyss, and handed over as a gift; but Mr. Hope sarcastically speaks of Lord Wemyss as "so fond of playing on my Luffness ground." One of the best things at the meeting was to hear John Congleton, the secretary of the Luffness Club, approving the railway.

Mr. Hall Blyth not only bearded the lion in his den, and brought Mr. Hope to book for misstatements, and even blasphemy (so far did matters go), but he was severe (and not a whit too much so) on Mr. J. A. Robertson and Mr. Molleson, two Edinburgh gentlemen, who have secured snug villas in Gullane as feuars, and who, as Mr. Blyth put it, "wanted to enjoy privacy and have the whole green to themselves." Such opposition does not set in a very enviable light the feuars of Gullane, and for the sake of the unselfish reputation of golfers generally, it would be well to hear it repudiated on the part of the others. "The greatest happiness of the greatest number," might be commended to those who are interested in the present discussion.

The card of fixtures of the Edinburgh University Golf Club for 1893 has been issued. Entries for the challenge cleek—which is played off in pairs in hole competition, are to be sent to the secretary, Mr. R. J. Bryce, 31, Charlotte Square, not later than February 24th. In regard to the Gullane meeting, June 3rd, we may point out that there are now two hotels there. Which of these does the secretary mean when he asks the members to meet in "the hotel!"

"I have often thought," says "Mercator," "of an American couplet which I heard some years ago:—

"He that by his bizz would rise,
Must either bust or advertise."

I am not so sure of the "busting," but as to the advertising, there is no doubt. In the present tide which bears Golf on to universal popularity, let our patentees, club and ball-makers, &c., take free advantage of their opportunity by advertising. I was told but the other day of one who advertised a small six-penny patent—a little tin box, with sponge, for cleaning balls. He was virtually inundated with orders. His medium was the journal called GOLF.

Mr. Hall Blyth, C.E., who has done as much for the cause of Golf as any two put together, and who is familiar with most greens, has recently gone to Pau for a month's holiday. The Golf course there he has not before visited, and golfers there will be glad to have a visit from such a well-known and popular exponent of the game.

By kind permission of the Royal Wimbledon and London Scottish Golf Clubs, the Inter-University match will take place over Wimbledon links on Tuesday, March 7th, 1893, eight players on each side; play to commence at noon.

Both teams promise to be exceptionally strong, and a close contest may be expected. The old choices available on either side, are, for *Oxford*.—Messrs. R. B. Pearson, captain (Brasenose); F. H. Stewart, honorary secretary (Magdalen); H. T. Knight (Exeter); R. H. Dun (Brasenose); P. Balfour (Balliol); C. F. Balfour (Corpus); and F. H. Campion (New Coll.). For *Cambridge*—Messrs. J. L. Low, captain (Clare); E. C. P. Boyd (Trinity); D. D. Robertson (Christ's); A. M. Chance (Trinity); and C. E. Hambro (Trinity).

* * *

In view of the rapid increase of members of the Royal West Norfolk Golf Club, now numbering over 250, the committee are of opinion that the present club-house will no longer meet the growing needs of the club. They have given very careful consideration to the matter, and they have come to the conclusion that, should the members be willing to supply the necessary funds, it is advisable to erect a permanent building of a substantial kind, rather than keep on making small additions to the present building. Plans have been submitted by a well-known architect. Provision has been made for the addition of billiard-room, bedrooms, kitchen, &c., should they hereafter be required. At present the committee are inclined, for various reasons, to encourage the inhabitants of Brancaster to provide the ordinary accommodation, assisted, as they will be, by the house for golfers now in course of erection in close proximity to the links.

* * *

Mr. Simms Reeve, the president of the club, has kindly consented to grant a site of an acre of land (or thereabouts), on a long lease at a reasonable rent, and it is proposed to issue to members and their friends applying for them £20 debenture bonds (£10 payable on 1st May, and £10 on 1st November, 1893), on security of the land and building, bearing interest at £5 per cent. Out of the income of the club, estimated henceforward at a minimum of £500, a sufficient sum will be first set aside for payment of interest. It is calculated that £2,500 at least will be from first to last required, and to secure the interests of the debenture-holders Mr. Hamon le Strange and Mr. Holcombe Ingleby have been appointed by the committee to act as trustees on their behalf. The capital will be gradually repaid by annual drawings in such sums as the committee may determine.

* * *

A sum of £800 has already been promised by members living in the neighbourhood, and their friends, and as the security offered is practically free from risk, the committee have no hesitation in offering it to the members as a really good investment. The club is in all respects flourishing beyond expectation, and the committee confidently look to the members to give them the means of supplying, without delay, a want which is sure to be increasingly felt as the club grows larger. The Brancaster course is one of the finest golfing grounds in the country, fitted to stand comparison with St. Andrews, Sandwich, Carnoustie, or Prestwick; and we shall be much surprised if it has not a stirring future before it.

* * *

It ought to have been stated that the "Golf Song" which appeared in our issue of December 9th, over the signature "Rix," was contributed originally to the *Glasgow Evening Times* of 16th September.

* * *

The ladies links at St. Lunaire are in very good order, and many ladies are daily out playing. The "New Forest Skirt" seems to have already found its way out here; and a red body and blue "New Forest Skirt" certainly look a very pretty, and, I should say, comfortable and suitable golfing dress.

* * *

A Golf club has recently been formed at Seascale, Cumberland, and a good sporting course of nine holes, extending over two miles, has been planned, and is now being laid out. The links are beautifully situated, and command an exceptionally fine view of the Scafell range of mountains. The honorary secretary *pro tem.* is Mr. Herbert L. Fox, Sellabank, Seascale.



BARTON-UNDER-NEEDWOOD GOLF CLUB.

Monthly cup, played for on 14th December.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. A. R. White ...	125	25 100	Mr. A. Palmer ...	114	3 111
Mr. F. J. Jennings ...	109	scr. 109	Mr. C. Palmer ...	124	7 117
Mr. J. P. James ...	121	12 109			

BIARRITZ GOLF CLUB.

The new eighteen-hole course at Biarritz was opened on Wednesday, December 7th, on which days the Sherlock monthly medal was played for (eighteen holes, under handicap), together with a prize presented by the captain of the club, Mr. E. A. Hambro, in commemoration of the opening of the new links. The new course is now rather more than two miles and three-quarters in extent, and many of the new holes are very sporting. The lies through the green in four of the new holes are at present rather rough, but they will improve in time. The putting-greens are very fair throughout; and the whole course, considering that half of it is new this year, is very satisfactory. The following was the result of the handicap:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. E. A. Hambro..	96	12 84	Mr. F. Wallace ...	112	18 94
Mr. W. Barron ...	100	16 84	Gen. Gilda ...	123	20 103
Rev. H. Gillmore ...	109	18 91	Mr. C. Harter ...	123	20 103
Capt. Sutherland ...	108	16 92	Mr. P. E. Leman ...	128	22 106
Mr. T. Quirn ...	110	18 92	Gen. Dumaresq ...	137	26 111
Mr. H. Hutchinson.	87	+6 93	Mr. C. Waterton ...	129	18 111

In playing off the tie Mr. E. A. Hambro won by one stroke, thus taking the medal, while Mr. Hambro's prize was presented to Mr. Barron. Six players made no returns.

BLACKHEATH LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

On Wednesday, December 14th, a prize given by Miss Knapping was played for. The competition was chiefly remarkable for the sudden and glorious emergence of two "limit" players from obscurity, the winner especially having been hitherto as diligent as unsuccessful. A winner of this class is not uncommon in new clubs (and all ladies' Golf is comparatively new), and there are few old golfers, however handsomely they may be beaten, who will not rejoice with such a winner. The closeness of the remaining scores speaks well for the keenness of the competition. Full score:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Miss Fossett ...	95	24 71	Mrs. Laird ...	99	11 88
Miss H. Bidwell ...	97	24 73	Mrs. Johnson ...	103	15 88
Mrs. Beaumont ...	101	20 81	Miss Knapping ...	104	16 88
Mrs. Mackern ...	76	+6 82	Miss M. Riddle ...	102	13 89
Mrs. Penrose ...	88	4 84	Miss E. Smith ...	105	16 89
Miss A. Richardson	90	6 84	Mrs. Tate ...	117	24 93
Mrs. Gibson ...	101	15 86	Miss B. Smith ...	120	24 96
Miss M. Richardson	91	4 87	Mrs. Ireland ...	118	20 98
Miss M. Smyth ...	94	7 87			

BOWDON GOLF CLUB.

The "Bogey" competition amongst the members, which has just been concluded, resulted in a division of the prizes between Messrs. H. Holden (2) and W. G. Clegg (2), who each halved with "Bogey."

On Saturday, the 17th inst., Mr. Harold H. Hilton (winner of the open championship) was playing for the first time on the club links at Dunham. Mr. Hilton, who appeared surprised to find the course so good a one as it is, first played a private match with one of the members, and afterwards took part in a foursome. Mr. Hilton's score was 81 (41 and 40), which is the amateur record for the green; the professional record 78 is held by Thos. Gourlay, the club professional.

BRIGHTON AND HOVE GOLF CLUB.

The fourth and last competition of the year for the De Worms challenge cup took place on Saturday, in miserable weather, a thick fog and mist driving over the Downs, which accounts for the small number of returns. The cup was won by Mr. Percy de Worms, the youngest son of the president, Baron de Worms, who kindly presented the cup to the club four years ago. The Baron has always taken great interest in the club, and everyone was pleased at the success of his son, especially as it was his first win; and although, perhaps, his handicap was too liberal, he was warmly congratulated on all sides. Mr. Graham Sandeman was second, and, had he secured the cup, would have played off for final possession with Mr. Walter Carr, who has already won it twice. His good score of 89 secured for him two boxes of cigars, presented by Mr. H. W. S. Street, for the best scratch score. The club prize, value £5, for winners of the Berens gold medal, was won by Mr. T. S. Donaldson Selby (99, less 14=85), and the tie for Mr. W. O. Baily's prize for the six best net returns made for the Berens medal resulted in a win for Mr. C. O. Walker, with 100, less 8=92. Score:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. Percy de Worms	110	30	80	Capt. W. Sandeman	107	16	91
Mr. G. Sandeman	89	5	84	Mr. C. O. Walker	100	8	92
Mr. T. S. D. Selby	99	14	85	Mr. C. W. Campion	109	16	93
Mr. A. J. Stanley	91	4	87	Mr. S. S. Schultz	100	6	94
Mr. J. Brock	98	7	91	Mr. H. T. Ross	107	12	95

Twenty-four players made no return.

The annual meeting of the club for the election of officers for the ensuing year was held at the Clarence Rooms on the previous day. Mr. S. S. Schultz, according to custom, retired from the captaincy, and Mr. H. R. Knipe was elected captain for 1893. The President, Baron de Worms, and the remaining officers of the club were re-elected. The annual dinner took place on the same occasion at the same place, and was well attended, sixty gentlemen sitting down to an excellent repast, which reflected great credit on the hotel management. Thanks to the efforts of Mr. Eustace Ponsonby, whose powers of song are well-known, and other gentlemen, a most enjoyable evening was spent.

CATHKIN BRAES GOLF CLUB.

The monthly competition for the club's gold medal, which had been postponed owing to the inclemency of the weather, was played at Cathkin on Saturday, the 17th inst. The weather was beautiful and mild, and there was a fair turn-out of members. The winner was Mr. A. K. Rodgers, with a score of 104, less 12=92. The following are the best of the other scores returned:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. H. Findlay	114	18	96	Mr. G. McCulloch	120	22	98
Mr. R. Scott	105	8	97	Mr. D. Guthrie	108	6	102
Mr. J. Robb	114	16	98	Mr. J. M. Davies	127	24	103

The first round in the quarterly competition for the Westwood cup was also played with the following result:—Mr. R. Scott (4) beat Mr. A. K. Rodgers (6) by 1 hole; Mr. J. Robb (8) beat Mr. H. Findlay (9) by 1 hole; Mr. D. Guthrie (3) beat Mr. J. M. Davies (9) by 1 hole; Mr. G. McCulloch (9) beat Mr. J. D. Jack (9) by 1 hole.

CHESTERFORD PARK GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal was played for on Monday, December 12th, with the following result:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. J. Smith	120	scr.	120	Rev. F. Williams	155	18	137
Mr. R. Burrell	143	18	125	Mr. C. Taylor	172	30	142
Mr. Pickersgill-Cunliffe	149	18	131	Mr. H. W. Stanley	179	30	149
Mr. R. Benson	132	scr.	132	Mr. A. W. Stanley	186	30	156
				Mr. H. Green	228	36	192

Mr. W. Waterhouse made no return.

On the same day, the ladies played for the medal and a prize given by Mrs. A. Wentworth-Stanley. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mrs. Bellingham	98	23	75	Miss Taylor	122	18	104
Miss Burrell	91	8	83	Mrs. Turner Collin	122	17	105
Mrs. Williams	104	14	90	Miss Feilberg	135	23	112
Mrs. Waterhouse	114	18	96	Mrs. Pelly	142	23	119
Miss G. Garforth	108	10	98	Mrs. de Freville	165	23	142
Mrs. Pickersgill-Cunliffe	107	5	102				

BASS ROCK GOLF CLUB.—The tie over the year's competitions for the second handicap trophy of the Bass Rock club was played off on Saturday afternoon, over the North Berwick course, when Mr. David Horsburgh beat his opponents—Mr. J. Mitchell and Mr. A. Hogg. The winner's score was 83, less 6=77.

CLAPHAM COMMON GOLF CLUB.

The Monthly medal was played for on December 15th. The day was fine and the greens in good order, though casual water was abundant.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. E. J. Hunt	105	14	91	Mr. J. W. Pace	111	14	97
Mr. T. C. Last	109	14	95	Mr. E. L. Arnold	115	16	99
Mr. J. Ravenhill	113	18	95	Mr. T. R. Pace	118	14	104
Mr. D. F. Russell	111	16	95	Mr. J. J. Hayes	141	25	116
Dr. G. S. Woodhead	115	18	97	Mr. J. Lidiard	142	25	117

Two others made no return.

COTSWOLD GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal and ladies' brooch were played for on Thursday, the 8th inst. The links in most places was covered in snow about three inches deep; the greens were in capital order, although the frozen state of the ground made putting very difficult. Lord Eldon's winning score, considering the play through the links, was a very good one.

Medal (twenty-one holes)—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
The Earl of Eldon	128	12	116	Mr. R. H. Stubbs	198	50	148
Mr. G. H. Goodeve	159	16	143				

Mr. G. W. Goodeve, jun., disqualified. Several players made no returns.

Ladies' brooch (fourteen holes)—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Miss Wiggins	124	20	104	Mrs. Keen	164	15	149
Mrs. Stubbs	146	25	121	Miss E. Francis	217	55	162
Mrs. Rose	179	45	134				

Several players made no returns.

COUNTY DOWN GOLF CLUB.

On Saturday last a large number of members turned out to compete for the captain's prize and monthly medal. The weather was very fine, the genial rays of the sun suggesting May rather than December. The fine green at Newcastle never was in better order, most of the puttings being of glassy keenness.

Captain Hood won the monthly medal with a net of 83, and he and Mr. Bottomley qualified to compete in the final next May for the captain's very handsome trophy. The following are the net scores under the century, viz:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Capt. Hood, R.B.	95	12	83	Mr. H. Gregg (capt.)	92	scr.	92
Mr. H. H. Bottomley	115	30	85	Mr. H. M. Charley	108	15	93
Mr. J. S. Reid	105	18	87	Mr. S. Kelly	107	12	95
Capt. Wallace	100	12	88	Mr. G. M. Shaw	101	6	95
Mr. Geo. Combe	95	6	89	Mr. F. W. Finlay	119	24	95
Mr. J. N. Turnbull	115	26	89	Mr. Hy. Herdman	113	14	99
Mr. H. V. Coates	120	30	90	Mr. W. J. Martin	117	18	99
Mr. T. Sinclair	111	20	91	Mr. W. L. Stronge	129	30	99

A foursome competition, confined to members, by holes (9), under handicap, for prizes value £4 and £2, to winners and runners-up respectively, will take place at Newcastle, on Monday, 26th instant. A special express train will leave Belfast for Newcastle at 8.50 a.m. on that day, and partners will be drawn for immediately on arrival; the first match starting as soon as possible thereafter.

DIDSBURY GOLF CLUB.

The third round for the hon. treasurer's prize, postponed from Saturday, the 10th, was brought off last Saturday, when the ground was in fairly good condition, considering the season, and there was a good turn-out of members. The following cards were returned, showing under 100 net:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. J. D. Gallie	104	24	80	Mr. E. Russell	124	30	94
Mr. W. C. Adamson	96	12	84	Mr. R. G. Adamson	110	15	95
Mr. T. H. Cone	112	27	85	Mr. H. R. Coubrough	103	6	97
Mr. W. H. Young	113	21	92	Mr. E. Lyall	122	24	98

Mr. Gallie scored the win-in for the prize, and took first optional sweepstake, Mr. Adamson being second.

EAST OF FIFE CLUB.—The weekly competition for the stag's head presented to the club, which, owing to the stormy state of the weather, it has been impossible to carry on regularly, was resumed on the Grangemuir course on Saturday afternoon. The weather was fine, but the turn-out small. The contest resulted in a tie between Messrs. George Williamson and David Laurie, each with a scratch score of 82.

FORFARSHIRE.

The seventh round of the series of winter competitions of the Arbroath Club was finished on the Elliot course on Saturday. The weather was favourable, but the ground was not in good condition, several of the holes being covered with ice, and much difficulty was experienced in getting near them. The result was:—1, Mr. James Smith, 4 points; 2, 3, and 4, Mr. James Doig. Mr. J. P. Gibb and Mr. David Brown, 2 points each; and the others 1 point each.

The members of the Monifieth Club played for the gold medal on Saturday afternoon. There was a fair turn-out, and the putting-greens were in good order. Some capital scores were handed in, two of them 79, by Messrs. Thomas Brimer and William Hutchison, who tied for the trophy. Other good records were:—Mr. George Fox, 80; Mr. David Dempster, 83; Mr. Alexander Hutcheson, 84; Mr. Alexander Simpson, 84; Mr. William Young, 85; Mr. J. C. Burns, 85; Mr. John Hendry, 86; Mr. James Walker, 87; Mr. Harry Christie, 87; Mr. Thomas Christie, 87; Mr. Edward Shield, 87; and Mr. James Young, 88.

Messrs. Yeaman and M'Intosh of the Dundee Courier Club played in the final round for the Thomson medal at Monifieth on Saturday. Considering the weather the greens were in fair condition. Mr. M'Intosh led from the start, and was dorny three. Mr. Yeaman, however, then came away with a strong game, and winning the last three holes, tied. The final will be replayed possibly on Saturday next.

GOLF AT UMBALLA, INDIA.

Golf is now in full swing for the winter season, both Highland regiments having returned from the hills. A private of the Gordon Highlanders—a Musselburgh man, and fine player—has been appointed ground-man and professional. The green is now in fine order. The season has been inaugurated by a handicap tournament, as follows:—First Round.—Mr. Highet, C.E. (6), beat Major Craigie-Halkett, Thirty-second Pioneers (scr.) Lieut. Meiklejohn, Gordon Highlanders (scr.) beat Lieutenant Macnab, Gordon Highlanders (2). Surgeon-Major Wardrop (4) beat Sir John Jervis, R.I.A. (4) Mr. Leslie Smith, C.S. (scr.), beat Lieut. Gordon, Gordon Highlanders (4). Lieut. Wingate, Gordon Highlanders (4), beat Major Gordon, Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders (8). Captain Stewart, Tenth Bengal Lancers (scr.), beat Surgeon-Captain White (12) (W.O.) Second Round.—Lieut. Wingate beat Surgeon-Major Wardrop; Lieut. Meiklejohn beat Mr. Highet; Mr. Leslie Smith beat Mr. Stewart. Third Round.—Mr. Meiklejohn beat Lieut. Wingate; Mr. Leslie Smith, a bye. Final.—Mr. Leslie Smith beat Lieut. Meiklejohn (after a tie).

HYÈRES GOLF CLUB (FRANCE).

The first handicap of the season on the Hyères links took place on December 3rd, and was won by Mr. H. H. Child from Mr. J. E. Moore by five points; Mr. S. Hoare, M.P., was third; and close behind him came Dr. Buckley, Mr. Peel, Mr. J. T. Brunner, M.P., and Rev. A. H. Palmer. The links are situate in some salt marshes, which have been leased and laid out by the proprietors of the Hotel d'Albion, Costebelle, Hyères, who have also engaged a young professional from St. Andrews. The club-house adjoins the station of Les Salines d'Hyères, which is fifteen minutes by train from the town. The soil is of a sandy nature, rather rather bare of turf in places, and for hazards there are some broadish dykes and banks. The putting greens vary, some being rather short of turf and very fast, others mossy and slow.

LITTLEHAMPTON v. BOGNOR.

The return match was played on Tuesday, on the links of the latter club, with the following result:—

BOGNOR.		LITTLEHAMPTON.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. Gibson	Mr. E. C. R. Goff ...	14
Mr. Edgell	Mr. R. Holmes ...	0
Dr. Blaker	Mr. A. J. Constable ...	9
Mr. Campbell	Mr. A. Holmes ...	12
Mr. Gatehouse	Mr. C. Bartlett ...	8
Mr. Fisher	Mr. J. C. Constable ...	12
	0		55

NEWHAVEN GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal of this club was played for on Thursday, December 15th. There was a strong wind, and the course played very heavy, but considering the late continuous rains, the putting-greens were in very good order.

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. C. Bannister ...	113 20 93	Mr. E. Bedford ...	109 8 101
Mr. S. Stone ...	121 22 99	Mr. J. Webber ...	128 22 106
Mr. W. Stone ...	120 20 100		

Several other gentlemen made no return.

NAIRN.

The Pullar monthly medal was competed for on Saturday over the Nairn course. At the close it was found that Mr. James Annand and Mr. F. R. S. Walker had tied for possession of the medal. The following are a few of the lowest scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. J. Annand ...	83 3 80	Mr. K. Macrae ...	93 6 87
Mr. F. R. S. Walker ...	98 18 80	Mr. E. E. Simpson ...	96 8 88
Dr. Cruickshank ...	96 12 84	Mr. R. Ritchie ...	95 6 89
Mr. D. Mackenzie ...	96 10 86	Mr. G. Bain ...	102 12 90
Mr. J. Finlayson ...	96 10 86	Mr. M. Murray ...	95 3 92
Mr. D. Young ...	87 scr. 87	Mr. Allan ...	104 8 96

OXFORD UNIVERSITY GOLF CLUB.

Weekly handicap, Friday, December 9th.—This handicap brought a very successful term's Golf to a close. The bitterly cold wind and the frozen state of the putting-greens probably accounted for the small number of returns. Result:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Rev. A. C. Headlam ...	107 30 77	Mr. D. G. Hogarth ...	103 15 88
Mr. L. D'Oyly Carte ...	99 20 79	Mr. R. W. Macan ...	105 12 93
Mr. F. H. Stewart ...	80 scr. 80	Mr. A. C. Livingstone ...	127 30 97

No returns from Messrs. F. G. H. Anderson, H. W. Bate, F. H. Campion, H. Nicholls, C. W. W. Surridge, T. M. Winch, C. E. Brownrigg, N. R. Stone, and J. B. Wood.

During the term the club have met and defeated the Royal Ascot, Guildford, Worcestershire, and Coventry Golf Clubs, and also a team got up by the Earl of Eldon; while their only loss has been against Warwickshire. For next term, besides the match against Cambridge at Wimbledon, fixtures have been arranged with a team of Old Cantabs captained by Mr. H. S. Colt, a team of Old Oxonians arranged by Messrs. A. F. Pelham and R. Lodge, and the Royal Ascot, Warwickshire, Coventry, Guildford, and Royal Blackheath Golf Clubs.

It is also satisfactory to note that the club now numbers over seventy more members than it did at the corresponding period of last year.

PALACE LADIES' GOLF CLUB (SOUTHPORT).

December medal—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
*Mrs. Haslam ...	75 10 65	Miss F. Coney ...	96 24 72
*Miss Burton ...	79 14 65	Mrs. Ainsworth ...	82 6 76
Miss L. Cheetham ...	68 scr. 68	Miss E. A. Southam ...	102 20 82

* Tie.

On playing off the tie Mrs. Haslam won with the good net score of 60: Mrs. Haslam, 70, less 10=60; Miss Burton, 88, less 14=74.

On Saturday, December 17th, the final competition for Miss Burton's prize took place. Result:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mrs. Ainsworth ...	68 6 62	Miss M. Coney ...	92 20 72
Miss M. Cheetham ...	73 4 69		

PORHCRAWL GOLF CLUB.

Quite a festive Christmas will be spent by the members of the Porthcawl Golf Club. On Monday, the 26th inst., a gold pencil case, value £3 3s., also a prize of a driver, for the longest and straightest drive, will be played for. On Tuesday, the 27th inst., there will be a ladies' competition, to conclude with a dance at the Porthcawl Hotel (Head-quarters of the club).

RICHMOND GOLF CLUB.

RICHMOND v. ASHLEY PARK GOLF CLUB.

A match between these clubs was played at Sudbrook Park on Thursday, the home team winning by twenty-two holes. The Ashley Park team were unfortunately disappointed by two of their men failing to put in an appearance, the match having been arranged for ten a side, but Richmond provided a substitute, making the match nine a side. The following is the result:—

RICHMOND.		ASHLEY PARK.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Dr. Williamson ...	1	Mr. W. Carr ...	0
Captain Gillon ...	0	Mr. J. Bush ...	3
Mr. A. Allan ...	2	Mr. A. Read ...	0
Mr. A. L. Jockel ...	3	Mr. H. T. Cattle ...	0
Major Welman ...	0	Mr. N. Rushworth ...	5
Mr. Cyril Routh ...	6	Mr. H. Davenport ...	0
Hon. Ivo Bligh ...	7	Mr. J. Sassoon ...	0
Mr. P. R. Don ...	10	Mr. G. Low ...	4
Mr. J. G. Wylie ...	1	* Mr. S. F. Higgins ...	0
	30		12

* Substitute.

ROYAL COUNTY GOLF CLUB, PORTRUSH.

At the monthly competition on the Portrush links on the 10th inst., Mr. T. Hughes, Belfast, a comparatively new player, who promises, with further practice, to give a good account of himself in future competitions, won the bronze medal with a net score of 80. Notwithstanding the wet and stormy weather there was a very fair turn-out of players. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. T. Hughes ...	103	23	80	Mr. T. Gilroy ...	84 +4	88	
Mr. J. S. G. Ussher ...	95	14	81	Captain Ross ...	104	13	91
Mr. R. R. Gilroy ...	88	2	85	Dr. J. H. Carson ...	112	18	94
Mr. T. M'Keown ...	114	28	86				

Among the other competitors were Colonel G. Beresford Knox, Messrs. W. H. Mann, N. Gilroy, J. S. Alexander, John Patrick, and W. H. Webb.

The ladies' monthly competition took place on the previous day, when the players included Miss Cox, Miss M. Creighton, and Mrs. Russell. Miss M. Creighton, who plays an excellent game, was the winner, her score being 115, less 25=90.

ROYAL EPPING FOREST GOLF CLUB.

The December competition for the Gordon cup, monthly medal, and captain's prize was played for on the 17th inst., at Chingford. Score:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Capt. Cowper-Coles ...	91	3	88	Mr. J. Badkin ...	111	16	95
Mr. S. R. Bastard ...	95	3	92	Mr. J. W. Greig ...	105	8	97
Mr. H. Parker ...	105	13	92	Capt. L. Peskett ...	111	14	97
Mr. S. Kemp ...	103	10	93	Mr. W. W. Howard ...	115	18	97
Mr. E. Walbourne ...	105	11	94	Mr. E. Swain ...	114	16	98
Mr. W. E. Hall ...	107	12	95	Mr. J. E. Shaw ...	108	9	99

The other competitors exceeded 100 net.

SEAFORD GOLF CLUB.

Monthly medal competition.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Dr. C. A. S. Leggatt ...	94	5	89	Capt. O'Reilly ...	108	18	90
Mr. Duncan Turner ...	100	11	89	Mr. A. E. Ashpitt ...	106	15	91
Mr. J. F. Farncombe ...	101	12	89	Mr. John Pitcairn ...	112	18	94

Several gentlemen made no returns or were over 100 net. Strong south-west wind blowing, ground wet.

STAINES GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal was played for on Saturday, 10th inst., the winner being Mr. George Struthers.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. George Struthers ...	95	16	79	Mr. M. W. Mossop ...	100	12	88
Mr. G. J. Hunter ...	93	12	81	Capt. Harrison ...	99	10	89
Mr. W. Clibborn ...	98	12	86	Mr. H. Tyler ...	103	10	93
Mr. J. E. L. Pickering ...	111	24	87	Mr. A. Somervail ...	112	18	94

SUTTON GOLF CLUB.

The quarterly competition was played over the links at Banstead, on Saturday, December 10th, and resulted as follows:—

Gross Hcp. Net.			Gross Hcp. Net.				
Mr. F. Charrington ...	116	25	91	Mr. F. Richardson ...	130	20	110
Dr. Tate ...	108	15	93	Mr. F. Harrison ...	146	26	120
Mr. W. A. Scott ...	117	19	98				

Several players made no returns.

THE ARDEN GOLF CLUB.

The December competition for the club cup was played off on Saturday, December 3rd, with the following result:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. A. E. Wilson-Browne ...	94	12	82	Mr. W. P. Wilson-Browne ...	124	30	94
Mr. M. C. Lord ...	104	16	88	Hon. and Rev. R. C. Moncreiffe ...	97	scr.	97
Mr. J. F. Wright ...	105	15	90	Mr. A. H. Griffiths ...	112	15	97
Dr. J. D. Ballance ...	106	16	90	Mr. J. A. Marigold ...	121	23	98
Mr. O. Airy ...	97	6	91	Mr. H. H. Wright ...	123	24	99
Mr. E. P. Wright ...	106	15	91				
Mr. J. L. Wright ...	116	24	92				

Five other players were over 100 net, or made no return.

The second "Bogey" competition was played on Saturday, December 17th:—Mr. J. F. Wright (11 strokes), 5 holes down; Mr. A. G. Tonk (9), 6 holes down; Mr. A. H. Griffiths (11), 6 holes down; Mr. O. Airy (5), 9 holes down; Mr. E. P. Wright (11), 9 holes down. Four other players made no returns.

TAVISTOCK v. EXMOUTH.

The return match between these clubs was played at Exmouth on the 12th, the home team winning easily.

EXMOUTH.		TAVISTOCK.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. C. E. Pine-Coffin ...	8	Rev. S. W. Featherston ...	0
Mr. H. A. S. Upton ...	9	Mr. J. H. Neat ...	0
Mr. J. M. Cripps ...	4	Mr. E. A. Cumming ...	0
Comdr. F. J. M. Grieve, R.N. ...	6	Mr. W. L. Palmer ...	0
Mr. A. H. James ...	7	Mr. J. R. Divett ...	0
	34		0

TORQUAY LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal competition took place on Friday, 16th inst. Names and scores as follows:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Miss Oldfield ...	95	12	83	Miss E. Colhoun ...	98	4	94
Miss Pemberton ...	100	15	85	Miss McDonald ...	120	23	97
Miss Wollen ...	95	5	90	Miss K. Oldfield ...	110	11	99
Miss Hunt ...	113	22	91	Miss Knox-Gore ...	113	13	100
Miss Livingston ...	115	24	91	Miss Wise ...	115	9	106
The Hon. B. Yardebuller ...	99	6	93	Miss Boyd ...	133	25	108
				Miss B. Flemyng ...	144	25	119

Miss A. Flemyng sent in no card.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE GOLF CLUB.

On Saturday, December 10th, the ladies played for the monthly challenge shield. The weather was wet and rainy, with a rather boisterous wind, but the greens were in good condition. Miss Allen, from scratch, won easily. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Miss Allen ...	54	scr.	54	Miss Heap ...	80	15	65
Miss Bartlett ...	81	23	58	Miss Cox ...	93	10	83
Miss Lovell ...	68	10	58				

Miss Paterson no return.

WILLESDEN GOLF CLUB.

The monthly silver medal was played for on Saturday, December 17th. The ground being wet and heavy, high scores were the order of the day, and many players came to grief at the dreaded Malakoff. Dr. Rushworth came in first, but not being eligible, the medal went to Mr. A. T. Lyon. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Dr. F. Rushworth ...	93	+1	94	Mr. A. F. Mievill ...	134	16	118
Mr. A. T. Lyon ...	101	3	98	Mr. J. R. Townsend ...	128	9	119
Mr. H. Rushworth ...	108	8	100	Mr. J. G. Anderson ...	129	10	119
Mr. E. F. Jackson ...	109	8	101	Mr. M. Hardie ...	133	7	126
Mr. P. B. H. Adam ...	104	2	102	Mr. J. Moody Stuart ...	157	16	141
Mr. J. Horn ...	109	2	107	Mr. H. Francis ...	163	not h'cpd	

WILPSHIRE AND DISTRICT GOLF CLUB.

The return match between Wilpsire and District Golf Club and the Bury Golf Club was played at Bury on Saturday last, with the following result:—

WILPSHIRE.		BURY.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Rev. J. G. Dennison ...	0	Mr. A. B. Scholfield ...	0
Mr. J. Hargreaves ...	2	Mr. G. R. Baker ...	0
Mr. James Fish ...	0	Captain Stavert ...	2
Mr. J. W. Sharples ...	0	Mr. H. Handley ...	1
Dr. Irvin ...	5	Mr. P. G. Gow ...	0
Mr. G. Hindle ...	3	Mr. H. Kay ...	0
Mr. R. A. Pippett ...	0	Mr. F. Perham ...	4
Mr. C. E. Kenyon ...	2	Rev. Mr. Beresford-Knox ...	0
	12		7

WIMBLEDON LADIES GOLF CLUB.

Second class monthly medal 15th December, 1892.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Miss Ethel Carver ...	114	35	79	Miss L. Field ...	120	33	87
Miss L. Eveleigh ...	110	27	83	Mrs. Joliffe ...	121	34	87
Miss Buxton ...	121	36	85	Mrs. Janner ...	122	30	92
Mrs. R. Browne ...	121	36	85	Miss F. Kenyon-Stow ...	109	not hcp.	
Miss Schwann ...	110	25	85				

Eighteen members made no return, or were over 100 net.

WEST CORNWALL GOLF CLUB.

The general meeting of the club was held in the club-room, on Wednesday, December 14th. The committee in their report state that—The club is in a flourishing condition. Twenty-eight names have been added to the list since the last annual meeting, and six new members were added that day. The last year has closed with 117 members on the roll. The funds are in a satisfactory condition. During the year the committee has built dressing-rooms and lavatories, with tanks to catch the water from the roof of the pavilion; has increased the number of lockers from thirty-two to forty-nine; and a building in which a stove will be placed is about to be erected. The committee has paid special attention to the course; and, finding that the crossing had become dangerous, owing to the increased number of players, employed Charles Gibson, the Westward Ho! professional, to remedy the evil. This he has done by placing two new holes below the hazard known as "Bunker's Hill" (the Ferry and Lighthouse holes); and Gibson's report of the green is that when in good order we shall have "one of the best nine-hole courses in the country;" but the expense connected with the completion of the new ground will be very considerable. The committee now employs a labourer at 15s. per week, in addition to the man for rolling on Mondays and Match-days; but when the heavy work connected with the new ground is completed, it is hoped that the labourer and green-keeper will suffice. Much discomfort and considerable expense have been caused by the divided tenure of the Towans, and the committee would advise that the club should become sole tenant, with power to underlet the grazing and rabbits. The committee has communicated with the steward of the estate, and finds that it would probably be September, 1894, before the club could enter into full possession; but the knowledge that the cottage would be available at that time, would enable the committee to save expense in the way of further building. The committee has sanctioned various alterations in the local rules for play, suggests that these should be adopted, and a small committee appointed to revise the club rules. It further seems advisable that the club and local rules should be reprinted with the revised St. Andrews rules of play, and a copy given to each member of the club. The club competitions now are for—(1) The club challenge cup; (2) Bolitho's challenge cup; (3) club cup for best gross score; (4) Seton challenge trophy for ladies; (5) Bayfield beaker for players in first summer handicap competition; (6) Fox medal for lowest gross score of six competitions, at which no prize has been given during the year ending November 30th, 1893. During the year handicap competitions have taken place monthly; the prizes are provided by the entrance fees. A silver cup was presented by Mr. J. Vivian, and played for by winners in the monthly handicap competitions. The ladies have also had competitions under handicap, for which prizes were provided by the entrance fees; and the captain gave two prizes for competition by them. A very excellent course has been laid out for the ladies by C. Gibson. The committee suggests that the ladies should elect a secretary. Mrs. H. N. Harvey has kindly undertaken this office during the past year. The thanks of the club are due to Mr. T. B. Bolitho, M.P., Mr. J. Vivian, Mr. C. M. Bayfield, and the captain, for the cups and prizes which they have given to the club during the last year.

At the meeting held on December 14th, Mr. Robert Fox, of Falmouth, presiding, the chairman referred to the loss of Mr. H. N. Harvey, whose death had taken place that morning. Universal sympathy was expressed with Mrs. Harvey, and the secretary was desired to convey to her by telegram the condolence of the club. The treasurer presented his accounts, which had been approved by the committee, and an abstract of which had been sent to each member. The accounts were passed, and an unanimous vote of thanks given to the treasurer. The officers and committee were re-elected, and Mr. Dickson, of Godrevy, St. Ives, was added to the committee. A correspondence between the hon. secretary and the steward of the Treveho Estate relating to the tenure of the Towans was read, and it was unanimously resolved that the committee be authorised to treat with Mr. Glanville for the sole tenancy of the Towans, and to complete any arrangement which should seem likely to benefit the club. It was also decided that the local club rules should be revised, and the "Revised St. Andrews Rules of Golf" were adopted. Thanks were unanimously voted to Mr. T. B. Bolitho, M.P., Mr. J. Vivian, Mr. J. M. Bayfield, and Mr. T. Mudge for prizes given to the club. The ladies' competition for the Seton Trophy will be played on the nearest Tuesday to April 3rd, and the medal play will be in October. In consequence of the death of Mr. H. N. Harvey, the ladies postponed the election of a ladies' secretary. A medal was offered by Mr. Robert Fox, and was with thanks unanimously selected by the committee. The officers and committee for the ensuing year are as follows:—President, Lord St. Leven; vice-presidents, Mr. T. B. Bolitho, M.P., Mr. C. T. Praed, Mr. R. W. G. Tyingham; captain, Mr. T. Mudge; treasurer, Mr. P. Marrack; hon. sec., Mr. R. F. Tyacke; committee, Messrs. J. Vivian, J. W. Wilkinson,

Captain Chads, R.N., W. M. D. La Touche, Robert Fox, Frank Harvey, W. J. Taylor, and W. Dickson.

The winners in the autumn series of the handicap competitions played with the following result:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. H. H. Trevithick	122	40	82	Mr. Thos. Mudge...	125 19 106
Mr. W. F. Harvey	119	20	99	Mr. J. Vivian	... 134 18 116
Mr. R. F. Tyacke...	125	25	100		

Messrs. F. Harvey, Howard Fox, and H. B. Fox, did not compete. The weather varied from a drizzle to pouring rain with heavy squalls.

Ladies handicap, third of winter series.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Miss Bodilly	... 119	45	74	Miss Banfield	... 135 49 86
Miss Wilkinson	... 104	22	82	Mrs. Tyacke	... 147 31 116

WESTLANDS SCHOOL GOLF CLUB.

Annual Golf Meeting.—Senior prize (a Golf club).—Played on the links of the Palace Ladies' Golf Club. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Miss Molly Cathcart	88	8	80	Miss Lucy Hill	... 127 36 91
Miss Agnes Hewitt...	110	30	80		

Other players either over 100 net, or made no return.

The result of the tie was as follows:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Miss Molly Cathcart	86	8	78	Miss Agnes Hewitt...	112 30 82

Junior prize (a Golf club).—Played on the school grounds, being three times round a course of five holes. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Miss Muriel Martin.	82	24	58	Miss Annie Hill	... 105 28 77
*Miss Isabel Gregson	71	4	67	Miss Maisie Edison.	103 26 77
†Miss May Gratton...	75	5	70	Miss Margaret	
Miss Minna Gratton	73	scr.	73	Tuohet	... 90 12 78
Miss Marjorie Hodgshon	... 88	12	76		

* Lowest gross score. } Prizes of new balls.
 † Lowest single round of 19.

Other players either over 100 net, or made no return.

BEARSDEN CLUB.—The usual monthly handicap competition among the members of this club for Captain Lowrie's gold medal took place on this course on Saturday. The day was fine, and a considerable number of the members turned out. The course was rather soft, and the greens heavy. When the cards were examined it was found that Mr. David Blair was the winner of the medal, with a score of (12) 91. The next best scores were as follows:—Mr. W. Wilson (scratch), 94; Mr. Alex. Wilson (20), 95. The competition for the Howie medal, confined to lady members of this club, also took place on Saturday, the winner being Mrs. Hutton (scratch), 78. Mrs. Johnston, a previous winner, had a scratch score of 76.

ELECTRIC CLUB.—The monthly medal of this club was played for over the Braids on the 16th inst., and won by Mr. W. Wood, with a net score of 94.

GRAMPIAN GOLF CLUB.—The final tie for the Thornton medal between Messrs. J. Gibson and C. E. Muie resulted in a win for the latter.

GIRVAN.—An interesting mixed foursome competition for prizes took place on Saturday. The following is the result:—First round.—Miss M'Connell and Mr. H. Dickie beat Miss Smart and Mr. R. M'Connell; Miss Marshall and Mr. J. Bryce beat Miss Murray and Mr. A. Baird; Mrs. Dunlop (Royal Bank) and Mr. D. Montgomery beat Miss M'Vicar and Mr. A. Dunlop; Mrs. Marshall and Mr. A. Brown a bye. Second round.—Mrs. Marshall and Mr. A. Brown beat Miss M'Connell and Mr. H. Dickie; Mrs. Dunlop and Mr. D. Montgomery beat Miss Marshall and Mr. J. Bryce. Final round.—Mrs. Dunlop and Mr. D. Montgomery beat Mrs. Marshall and Mr. A. Brown. In the final the players were level, when a fine putt won the last hole and the match.

GALASHIELS.—The monthly medal was played for on Saturday, and was won by Mr. Robson with a net score of 85. The following are some of the best scores:—Mr. A. D. Robson, 82, less 3=85; Mr. Robert Watson, 94, less 8=86; Mr. W. H. Gray, 84, plus 4=88; Mr. A. T. Dalgleish, 98, less 8=90.

WHARFDALE GOLF CLUB.—The members met on Saturday, and competed for the monthly trophy over Leith Links, which resulted in tie between Mr. Morrison and Mr. Tullis.

HERIOT GOLF CLUB.—The monthly competition for the gold charm took place at Musselburgh on Saturday, Mr. James Millar proving the winner with a net score of 91.

CUMBRÆ CLUB.—Ladies' competition.—The monthly competition for the gold medal presented by Bailie Allen took place on Monday the 12th in fine golfing weather, the result being a tie for first and second places:—Miss Ross, 105, less 2=103; Miss Henry, 106, less 3=103; Miss Harley, 114, less 10=104; Miss Barclay, 124, 20=104.

LARGS.—The record of this club was broken, on Saturday, by Mr. J. Baldie, banker, with the score of 42, made up as follows:—7 4 4 4 5 3 5 5 5=42. Previously the record stood at 44, first made by Mr. Baldie, and afterwards reached by Messrs. H. J. M'Call and Macdonald.

HAWICK CLUB.—The Bumbay medal was played for on the Hawick course on Saturday afternoon, in disagreeable weather, when there was a fair muster of competitors. Details:—Mr. Tom Purdom, 101, less 19=82; Mr. James Scott, 100, less 15=85; Mr. J. R. Purdom, 108 less 22=86; Mr. J. Macdonald, 99, less 9=90; Mr. W. R. Ross, 108, less 17=91; Mr. James Barrie, 90, plus 2=92; Mr. T. Buckham, 96, less 4=92; Mr. J. S. Turner, 97, less 5=92; Mr. W. Robson, 110, less 16=94; Mr. J. W. Glenn, 100, less 2=98.

PRESTWICK ST. NICHOLAS.—On Saturday the members, engaged in competition for the Wilson handicap medal. The weather was favourable, and there was a fair turn-out of players, the cards showing the following result for the game of eighteen holes:—Mr. W. Macfarlane, 89, less 10=79; Mr. James Houat, 90, less 6=84; Mr. D. Walker, 102, less 16=86; Mr. James Andrew, 88; Mr. W. J. Templeton, 96, less 8=88; Mr. D. Moore, 115, less 24=91; Mr. C. T. Hight, 99, less 6=93.

EDINBURGH THISTLE CLUB.—The members of this club met at the Braid Hills on Saturday, to play for their monthly gold trophy. Owing to the early darkness only nine holes were played. After a keen contest the trophy was won by Mr. J. R. Duncan, with a score of 48, less 9=39, this being the second time in succession that Mr. Duncan has won the trophy.

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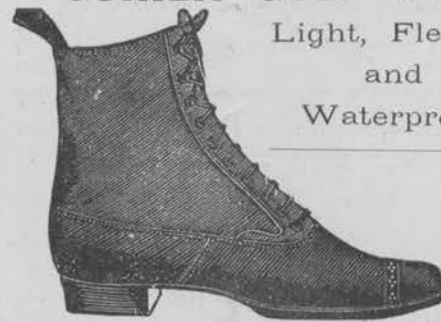
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