

GOLF.

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

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.]

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1892.

DECEMBER.

- 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.
Crookham : Monthly Medal.
St. Neots : Monthly Medal.

1893.

JANUARY.

- Jan. 2 & 3.—Royal County (Portrush) : New Year Meeting.
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.

- Jan. 7.—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.
St. Neots : Ladies' Monthly Competition.
Clacton-on-Sea : Monthly 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.
Royal Musselburgh : Quarterly 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.
Jan. 28.—Royal Wimbledon : Monthly Medal.
Warwickshire : Club Cup.
Weston-Super-Mare : Monthly Medal.
Royal West Norfolk : Monthly Medal.
Royal Epping Forest : Quarterly Medal ; Special Prizes ;
Gordon Cup ; Captain's Prize ; Monthly Medal.
Dumfries and Galloway : Monthly Handicap.
Islay : Monthly Medal.
Sidcup : Monthly Medal.
Woodford : Captain's Prize.
Jan. 31.—Whitley : Joicey Cup.

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 260.

THE DYING YEAR.

ANOTHER year has sped, and the world stands expectant on the threshold of the incoming year. Fortunately for human happiness in the bulk, it is the character of Hope to paint the future in brighter colours than the past in its experience has vouchsafed to yield to our desires; and we are all busy with schemes to draw bills at long or short dates on the New Year which is just dawning. It will be the indefinable joy of a few to have their bills honoured; to the majority cruel and bitter disappointment will be the allotted portion. But "the future hides in it gladness and sorrow," and we are all in hopes that some few of our longings, at least, may be realised.

Let us hope that the year which is softly dying may recall pleasing memories to many, of irreparable sorrows to only a few. May the sick and aged be able to recall, as a temporary alleviation of their suffering, days well and healthfully spent on the links, of matches well fought, of new friendships created, and of old ones more firmly cemented. May perfervid and impetuous youth be ever tolerant of slow and inelastic old age, of partners and opponents less skilled than themselves. May the stout arm of the strong be ever ready to buttress with its support the waning strength of the feeble; may the lonely have courage, and the despairing hope; may youth be ever bright and fair and chivalrous, and woman add to her charms by pursuit of the Golf ball over the breezy links. Let it not be forgotten that "a word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver," and that while the swiftly-receding footfall of the past year is still faintly echoing along the gloomy corridors of Time, the watchword to be invoked for guidance in the year which is on the eve of being born is that of the dying Roman Emperor—"Æquanimitas."

"THE WHEEL OF GOLF."

This is the name of a new game which is being brought out by Messrs. Slazenger and Son, 56, Cannon Street, E.C. It really consists of the application of the roulette-table to the game of Golf; and, instead of the familiar *pair, passe, noir, impair, manque, rouge* of the former game, we have hole, stroke, water, bunker, lost hole. The roulette-wheel is marked off in divisions to represent the obstacles between the tee and the hole, and each side plays, as in Golf, a single or a foursome. Each side spins the wheel alternately, and drops the ball on any part of the board whilst the wheel is spinning at such a speed as shall prevent the ball from immediately dropping into any of the divisions. If the ball should roll into the division marked "H," it counts a stroke and the hole; if in the compartment marked "S," one stroke; "W." (for water), two strokes; "B." (bunker), three strokes; "L. H.," lost hole. If each side loses the hole on its first spin, the hole is halved. The game consists of eighteen holes, and the side wins which is more holes to the good than there remain holes to be played. The score is, of course, reckoned by the aggregate result of strokes taken to each hole, as in Golf.

From this brief description of the game it will be seen that it is purely one of chance. All the same, it ought to be a welcome variant in club-rooms to "Nap." or whist. One may have a ball on the match of eighteen holes, and take as much interest in the vicissitudes of the rolling marble round the wheel as in the Golf ball on the putting-green. It is not absolutely necessary, however, to the enjoyment of the game that there should be any stake upon the result. The attempt to beat your opponent is of itself sufficient stimulus, and in the home circle the game will be found very amusing. The idea is due to the ingenuity of a well-known golfer. Messrs. Slazenger are sending out the wheels in two sizes, 8-inch diameter, price 10s. 6d., and 11-inch diameter, 17s. 6d.

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.

GOLF AT REDCAR.

THE Golf-course at Redcar is a good sporting second-class course. Any one who has played on the mightier courses such as Machrihanish, or Troon with their breadth and sense of freedom, realises what a first-class course is, and that their natural advantages are such as to leave all second-rate courses hopelessly in the rear. And Redcar is a second-class course which has improved year by year, and has capacities of considerable improvement still; indeed all it wants is greater oblong width to raise it to first-class rank. No course we know of provides more genuine Golf; and men who have had experience of the mightier courses find that Redcar provides them with as interesting a game. There is no brook, but ponds, bunkers and other hazards, there are in such abundance and variety that an artificial bunker or hazard would be a ludicrous idea.

Starting from the beautiful club-house—a master-piece of R. Moore—a start is made over a pleasant piece of turf interspersed with small hazards, to the Bunker Hole—well named from the dangerous sand pit on the futher side. The next hole—offering to the more cautious a way through the Pass of Balmaha, and to the mightier men a drive over the Grampians—deepens the golfer's interest. To see your ball soaring over the hill forth into the unknown is a source of new delight. The interest already roused by the Grampians, is not diminished after reaching the plateau, and the drive from the Coast-guard tee to the Braemar green among the sand-piled Cairngorms in one of the finest points in the Redcar game. To drive to Braemar in one and hole in two, is a memory not easily obliterated from the mind. After Braemar, the three following holes are sportive all over, and what with railway irons, cart-ruts, and Sahara hillocks and bunkers, the interest rises to a painful pitch; and the excitement reaches the superlative degree when, from the Pisgah tee, the player catches sight of the Warrenby expanse with the dreaded chasm of Donald's Bunker yawning between.

The name commemorates the sorrow of the worthy Donald Mackay, who took one stroke to get into the bunker, and fifteen to get out. In ordinary circumstances, he might have found relief by breaking his niblick or "skelping" his caddie, or reciting Gaelic; but unhappily his partner was the Presbyterian minister, and a strong sense of propriety restrained Donald from all the ordinary outlets for the surplus emotion of the exasperated golfer. Once safely over the dangers of this dreaded spot, the player is rewarded by treading the daisies and butter-cups of the Warrenby expanse, where the course opens out into such width as to give you, for at least one-third of the round, the same sense of roomy freedom which is the peculiar charm of courses of the first rank such as Prestwick and St. Andrews. The Warrenby expanse also enjoys to perfection what the course as a whole enjoys, viz., the shelter of the intervening sand-hills against the keen north-easterly blasts. These, as they sweep over the cold North Sea, lose their rawness and hardness among the sand-hills and come with a mellowed "snellness" to the golfer's nostrils. There are few shore-ground courses that better protect the player, and it must be weather indeed when you can't see the green jacket of Donald Mackay, or hear the clarion shout of Colin Mackenzie.

The Redcar course being confined as to width, the course back is much like the course out, but sufficiently varied to continue the interest to the close. Again you have to land your ball as best you may on Braemar, and again you have the opportunity of soaring over the Grampians. One charm of this interesting course to the members of the club is worth repeating, viz., the fact that without any great expenditure, it could at certain points be considerably improved. And in this improvement, we think the ground landlord would only show good sense, were he to give yeoman's help. Golf-play invariably improves ground fitted for it, and any landlord troubled with a stretch of stubby, sour land, that even a goat would starve upon, has only to give it up to golfers, and it will soon be able to give sweet mouthfuls to shorthorn cows. The ground landlord then, of this and every other Golf-course, may well, for his own sake, behave generously to the golfer, since, like all innocent and beautiful things, Golf blesses him who gives, and him who takes.

I. WALLACE.

A GAME OF GOLF IN THE MORNING.

(AIR—"Johnnie Cope.")

I asked her hand at bonnie Dundee,
 "With all my heart, if you beat me,"
 She said, "at Golf beside the sea,
 At Carnoustie in the morning."
 Oh, ho! bonnie lass, are you waking yet,
 Is sleep your eyes forsaking yet;
 Do you regret the terms you set
 For that round at Golf in the morning?

Oh, Golf, it is a glorious game,
 In summer—winter—all the same;
 But nerves were strung and heart aflame
 With the prize at stake that morning.
 Oh, ho! bonnie lass, are you waking yet? etc.

She tripped along so smart and neat,
 With rippling laugh to rhythmic feet,
 I lost my head and heart complete,
 And "foozled" my game that morning.
 Oh, ho! bonnie lass, are you waking yet? etc.

"Alas! I'm handicapped to-day,"
 I cried, as I in bunker lay,
 While she the *one off two* did play,
 So I lost the match that morning.
 Oh, ho! bonnie lass, are you waking yet? etc.

"Oh, cruel love, to treat me so,
 And with your spell to beat me so;
 Say, must I now all hope forego
 Of your hand another morning?"
 Oh, ho! bonnie lass, are you waking yet? etc.

"Nay," cried the maid, "ne'er count the cost,
 'Tis better to have 'loved and lost'
 Than won, for then you *might* just boast
 You had *forced my hand* this morning."
 Oh, ho! bonnie lass, are you waking yet? etc.

"And now, to show I like your play,
 I give it free, as free I may;
 My jesting's done—I'll name the day
 That brings our bridal morning."
 Oh, ho! bonnie lass, are you waking yet? etc.

So kisses closed our courtship's strife;
 I lost a match, but gained a wife,
 Whom, I'll think, matchless all my life,
 At Carnoustie in the morning.
 Oh, ho! bonnie lass, are you waking yet,
 Is sleep your eyes forsaking yet?
 I'll ne'er forget the terms you set
 For that round at Golf in the morning.

J. BELL.

Edinburgh, November, 1892.

GOLF AT NAIRN.

It is generally admitted by those who are best qualified to judge that Nairn is possessed of one of the most picturesque, and, from the golfer's point of view, one of the most attractive Golf courses in Scotland. Delightfully situated on the shores of the Moray Firth, its scenic surroundings are a never-ending source of pleasure even to the most superficial admirer of the beautiful in land and seascapes. The course is one of eighteen holes, many of them equal to anything that can be seen on the "Championship" greens of either Scotland or England. Perhaps the chief drawback to the Nairn course being entitled to rank with, say, St. Andrews or Prestwick, lies in several of the holes being too short, and lacking in those colossal difficulties of yawning bunkers and treacherous sandhills, so dear to the heart of the mighty swiper and pot-hunting crack. On the other hand, to the player of moderate power and skill, the Nairn green is a perfect realisation of his ideal Golf course. There are plenty of hazards, some of them

being of a thoroughly "sporting" character, but they can in every case be negotiated successfully by careful play and keeping a good line. Nairn golfers are justly proud of their putting-greens. At least ten or twelve of these are absolutely perfect. They are as level as billiard-tables, while on the surface they are so delicately smooth and even, that "velvety" is the only description that can do them justice. The care and labour bestowed upon these greens must be great indeed, and the result certainly reflects much credit on the greenkeeper, J. Dalgleish, who hails from Edinburgh.

Unfortunately for the prosperity and progress of Golf in Nairn, the course is not altogether a public one. It passes through the estates of, I believe, three proprietors. Rent of a more or less nominal kind is paid for the use of the ground, and the committee of the Nairn club have no doubt certain restrictions and regulations laid upon them which, so to speak, prevent them from exercising a free hand. The inevitable result of this is that Golf in Nairn is only enjoyed by a select few. While no actual restrictions are placed on the membership, the committee adopt the simple but perfectly effectual plan of making the subscription practically prohibitive so far as the Nairn artisan or even shopkeeper is concerned. Thus it comes about that with a Golf course, in many respects second to none, at their doors, the Royal and Ancient game remains, and seems likely to remain, a sealed book to the bulk of the Nairn inhabitants.

Although no native or resident of this charming little town may dare to swing a club on the Golf course unless he be a full-fledged member, a cordial welcome is extended to visitors. The terms for weekly or monthly membership are similar to those of other greens where visitors are invited to contribute something towards replacing the scattered and mangled scenery dug up by the ruthless "skites" of the latest atrocity in patent irons. Yielding, however, to the suggestions made by well-intentioned friends, there is some prospect of a more catholic spirit being introduced into Golf at Nairn. Rumour has it, that while the present club will continue to retain all its aristocratic exclusiveness, a movement will be set on foot to form a less pretentious Golfing society, the entrance fee and annual subscription for which will be easily within the reach of those more humble individuals who have not the good fortune to be retired bagmen or bank directors. In a short time, therefore, we may hope to see the Nairn "Thistle" Golf Club in existence, just as it is in full vigour in Edinburgh, St. Andrews, Leven and Elie, and including, as they do, the best golfers in the district.

Any reader of GOLF, who may be on the outlook for pastures new in the way of a holiday resort, cannot do better than turn his attention to Nairn. Apart altogether from its Golf course, whose praises I have tried to sing in such wheezy and tuneless tones, the place itself is possessed of attractions that equal if they do not surpass those of any seaside town in Scotland. The climate, too, is infinitely better than that experienced on the east coast, and there is an entire absence of those keen, cutting east winds which are all too prevalent in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. The town of Nairn is pretty and beautifully clean. The authorities here are alive to the fact that purity and cleanliness are very important factors in the reputation of a health and holiday resort, and nothing is left undone to keep everything in immaculate condition. The members of the Corporation are ever on the alert. The stranger coming to Nairn for the first time is almost certain to be introduced to a town councillor before he loses sight of the railway station. A hundred yards further on, and the chances are that he will shake hands with a baillie, and immediately on the back of that he will as likely as not be cordially greeted by a provost, or it may be an ex-provost. The number of municipal dignitaries that one may run against in Nairn within half an hour is positively bewildering to the gentle stranger from the South. If a gun were fired down the High Street of Nairn any time between 10 a.m. and 6 p.m., the gunner would probably bag several councillors, one or two baillies, possibly a provost, and at least one harbour commissioner. But when this is said the fact remains that these gentlemen are one and all most courteous to visitors, and work untiringly and unceasingly to promote and advance the welfare and best interests of Nairn, which some local busy-bodies insult by weakly and foolishly styling the "Brighton of the North." Nairn has no need to strut in borrowed plumes.

THE CHIEL.

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 MYSTERY OF MERTON SQUARE.

It was the very quaintest and quietest of squares, that, with a road running diagonally across it, making of it two right-angled triangles. It was indeed a square absolute; none of your so-called squares that in reality are oblongs, or ovals, or hybrid configurations fashioned to accommodate the exigencies of the houses they contain, but a perfectly uncompromising square, the houses of which were made to fit into its mathematical regularity. The architect of that square must have possessed no small amount of ingenuity in order to fit in the houses; and the corner ones looked as if squeezed in so tightly that it must have been almost an impossibility to breathe in them; at least, looking at them from the outside, one became uncomfortably impressed with that idea.

Each house, too, by the most amazing exercise of patience and contrivance, had its own narrow path, edged by miniature hedges, and opening by the tiniest of gates on the diagonal road, that, traversing the square, formed the hypotenuse of both triangles. The tortuousness of some of these little paths was a perfect study, and the perfect crowd of Lilliputian iron gates that one encountered where the paths of the corner houses abutted on the road, was most bewildering. To find the right way to one's own door, even in broad daylight, could only become easy after long training. Such was the conclusion to which I came after having been received into one of the houses in the left-hand triangle, and after having been installed as lodger in the little parlour to the left of the street door, having chosen as bedroom the room above my sitting-room, and larger than it by the width of the passage.

After much suffering from bronchitis, the doctor had ordered me down for the rest of the winter to this quiet town in the far west of Cornwall, where the air, mellowed by the vicinity of two seas, and the near track of the Gulf Stream, was credited with all the virtues of the climate of the Riviera. So here I was, away from my home on Brixton Hill, away from my high stool and wearisome office-desk in the murky City, where frost and fog had been holding high revel, and slaying their thousands weekly.

After the stifling, and yet bitterly cold air of a London frost and fog, the change to the blue sky and balmy air of the shores of Mount's Bay was like passing into another world.

Awaking on the morning after my arrival, I found the square bathed in sunshine. Every little garden held some flowers, that of the house in which I lived being particularly rich in this respect. In addition to the usual winter flowers, there was a scattering of those that belong to early summer. A few stocks were in bloom, and so were one or two clusters of narcissus and jonquil; a geranium of giant growth climbed up the front of the house, and, actually, a bunch of brilliant red blossoms peeped in my bedroom window, just as if it were midsummer instead of midwinter. The very sight of those flowers awoke hope in my heart, and already feeling a new man, I hurried down to breakfast upon fish caught that morning, and Cornish cream.

Ten o'clock found me roaming about the picturesque harbour, full of craft of various tonnage, from the light and graceful Newlyn lugger, to the solid and stately "Lyonesse," built for standing heavy seas on an open coast, and engaged in the Scilly trade. At the end of the quay, a fishing boat had just come in with a light haul, which the men were trying to dispose of to several sturdy fishwives, who stood waiting with empty baskets. Men and women were haggling over the transaction, and, to all appearance, the women were likely to get the best of it. Twopence stood between them and the bargain, and the elder man, who was evidently the master, was at last compelled to knuckle down by the disdainful adjuration of the more voluble of the women, "Would you not give a poor body a penny, you greedy old owl?" Rather than be called a "greedy old owl" twice, he gave in, and the bargain was completed; the women carrying the fish off to dispose of in the town, and the men starting in their boat again to find a fresh cargo.

As health improved, I spent more and more of my time in the neighbourhood of the quaint and busy harbour, and made not a few acquaintances among the seafaring men I met there. One of these was the captain of a schooner trading between

Cardiff and one or two Cornish ports. Harry Nanson was a man of about my own age, and, as I found, lived two doors from the house in which I lodged. He had been a widower about a year, and his only child, a boy of two years old, had been taken by his married sister into her own family. This sister lived across the square, and she and her servant kept Nanson's house in order. Harry always slept in his own house while ashore, but went across to his sister's for all his meals. Nanson had seen a good deal of the world, and was much superior to most men of his class. Having made a little money at the diamond fields of South Africa, he had returned home, married, settled in the little house in Merton Square; and, having bought the schooner "Mountain Maid," installed himself captain, and began trading on his own account. Not unfrequently Nanson's craft would get into harbour in the small hours of the morning, and I had once or twice heard him walk up his gravel path, and let himself in, hours after the other inhabitants of the Square were in bed. In this part of the world it was evident no one gave a thought to the existence of burglars; bolts and bars were unused; a latch-key being all that was needed.

Among the other friends that I made in the quiet Cornish town were a young solicitor of the place, a capital fellow, and an enthusiastic golfer. With him, as my health returned, I spent many a happy day on the Golf links near the town. Here my old love of the game returned, and something of my old skill, and ere long I became the crack player of the club, beating the record at almost every hole.

One Saturday evening the game was protracted, and twilight was upon us before we knew it was near. It was my opponent's last drive, and I stood watching him make it. Somehow (I shall never know how exactly), as he raised his club, I stooped forward to pick up something that had fallen. No doubt the dim light had deceived me as to the distance that was between us. As I bent, the club struck me a terrible blow on the temple, fire flashed before my eyes, and I remember nothing more, until some hours after, when I opened my eyes and found myself lying on an improvised couch in the club-house.

Harrison and the greenkeeper were standing beside me, watching eagerly for my eyes to open.

"Thank Heaven, you're not dead," said Harrison, holding a glass of water to my lips.

"Not quite," I managed to get out, "but you have given me a splitting headache."

"I have sent your caddie into the town for a cab to take you home. He'll be here before long, I expect."

So I lay quiet, slowly recovering, till the cab came, and, helped by the greenkeeper and Harrison, who accompanied me, I managed to get into it.

"I am sorry for this, Lockhart," said my friend, as we drove slowly back.

"Never mind, old fellow. You couldn't help it," I replied, sorry to see his unaffected and evidently deep regret.

It had struck eleven before we reached the town, and the lamps, which, by order of the economical municipal authorities were extinguished at that hour, were all out. At the entrance to Merton Square, where the turning was very awkward, the cab stopped, and we descended. With a kindly "Good night," cabby left us.

"Shall I come in with you?" said Harrison.

"No thank you," I replied. "I shall go to bed at once. Rest will do me more good than anything else," I said, somewhat hurriedly too, for I felt a sort of faintness stealing over me.

"I shall look in in good time in the morning. Good night, old man. I would give ten pounds rather than this should have happened. You're sure you feel all right now?"

"Oh, yes; all right, thank you. Good night."

He left me, and opening the gate in front of which we had stopped, I stumbled down the little garden. Somehow, between the darkness and my feeling of faintness, the door was hard to open, but I managed it at last, and, entering, found the light burning as usual on a bracket half-way up the stairs, which faced me. Evidently, the little household had retired as usual; the arrangement being that no one should sit up for me after ten. Very quietly, and as steadily as I could, I managed to get up to my own room. Shutting the door, I at once lay down on the bed, hoping that after a few minutes' rest the faintness would pass off, and I should be able to un-

dress. But I was mistaken. Gradually I could feel a sensation of perfect helplessness stealing over me. My limbs became incapable of movement; my heart seemed to stop beating. I could not call; the room went round and round; cannon boomed in my ears; my eyes closed, and consciousness left me.

CHAPTER II.

Early on the morning following the accident, Charlie Harrison knocked at the door of No. 21, Merton Square.

"Good morning, Mrs. George," was his salutation, as the pawky old landlady opened the door to him.

"Good morning, sir," she replied, with the affected sweetness for which her manner was remarkable.

"Is Mr. Lockhart better this morning?"

"Better, sir, better? What do you mean, sir? He is not ill, so far as I know."

"Well, the truth is that yesterday when we were playing Golf, I had the misfortune to hit him somewhat heavily with my Golf club, and he fainted in consequence, and was unconscious for a considerable time. He seemed all right when I came back with him about a quarter past eleven last night. But perhaps you had gone to bed and did not see him?"

"No; I had gone to bed, sir, when Mr. Lockhart came in, and did not see him. We left his supper on the table, and went to bed at ten, our regular time."

"Ah, that accounts for it. And Mr. Lockhart has not come down this morning yet?"

"No, sir, he has not. It is a little late for him, but being Sunday morning we did not think much of it. But, perhaps, sir, it would be well to go up and inquire at the door how he is? Be good enough to step in while I go and see, and tell him you are here."

Charlie Harrison stepped in, and Mrs. George went up-stairs with rather more than her usual alacrity. Listening somewhat anxiously, Harrison could hear her knock and wait for a reply. Not receiving any, she knocked again, and again; but still no answer. What could be the matter? Unable to control his anxiety, Harrison went to the bottom of the stairs, just as Mrs. George came to the top and asked him to come up.

"I cannot think what can be the matter," she said, "perhaps, sir, you would not mind going in?" After a knock and a call, both of which remained unanswered, Harrison pushed open the door, and hurriedly walked in. What words could picture his, and the old lady's surprise to find the room untenanted; the bed unused; and everything in the perfect order of a room that had not been entered? The sight almost took breath and speech away from both.

"Where can Mr. Lockhart be?" at last each said in a breath.

Mrs. George turned pale, and gave every symptom of fainting. "Are you sure, sir, you brought him home last night?" she gasped, sitting down on the nearest chair.

"Quite; I left him at the gate," was Harrison's reply. "I wish now I had come in with him, and seen him safely into bed."

"I wish you had, sir, indeed. Something dreadful may have happened. Perhaps, being a bit dazed, he may have gone down to the harbour, and fallen in. Oh dear! Oh, dear!"

Mrs. George was now fairly upset, and Harrison, not knowing what to do or say, hurried down stairs, saying he would go at once, and put the matter in the hands of the police."

His reflections as he went were anything but pleasant. Lockhart's disappearance put him in a position that was at least awkward; and it was mysterious, and extraordinary. Things like it might happen in London, where the very air was full of the wonderful and unusual; but in this little town on the shores of Mount's Bay, nothing out of the way ever did, or ever had happened. The oldest inhabitant could remember nothing more remarkable than a big haul of pilchards, or a monster temperance fête.

Full of a thousand perplexing suggestions, Harrison reached the police-station, and much startled the officer in charge by his appearance thus early on a Sunday morning.

"Mr. Lockhart not to be found, sir?" said the sergeant, scratching his head, and evidently turning over in his mind what it was right to do under the circumstances. The sergeant's experience had been very limited, therefore any extraordinary occurrence was more than he was prepared to meet.

"No. If he can't be found about the town or neighbourhood, the harbour must be dragged. He was fond of wandering about there, and may have gone down after I left him last night."

"Yes, sir, he might. But I think, sir, you had better come with me and see the mayor. He must be informed at once; and I must telegraph to headquarters for instructions. It looks very queer, sir."

So the mayor was informed; extra police help was sent for; and within an hour, every man, woman, and child knew what had happened. Merton Square became all at once an object of extreme interest to a large number of the inhabitants. The harbour was besieged with people anxious to hear the latest item of intelligence. Search parties were sent out in every direction. The cabman who had left Mr. Lockhart at the entrance to the square, was pestered with questions, relevant and irrelevant. In short, the minds of the entire population of this usually quiet Cornish town were completely disturbed in endeavouring to discover the reasons for and against the unaccountable disappearance of the gentleman, who during the few months of his stay had become well known to most of them.

Very few people could go to church or chapel on that Sunday, and the excuses put forward for their abstinence were many and varied, and in some cases, even extraordinary. Never had the Methodist minister preached to a congregation so small, in a town where Methodism was strong and active. The clergyman of the parish had few besides the officials of his church to listen to him. The streets were full; the people were stirred with an unwonted excitement, and four walls could not contain them.

But the long day passed, and nothing had been heard of Mr. Lockhart. Search party after search party had gone out, and come back disappointed. Extra police had been drafted into the town; and preparations were made to drag the harbour. Charlie Harrison went to bed the most miserable of men. Everyone looked at him strangely, he thought. Poor Mrs. George spent the day weeping and wailing. Nothing but the most tragic apprehensions entered her mind; and she had quite given up the hope of ever again seeing her lodger alive. Her daughter, who was young, pretty, very conceited, and had been credited by the gossips of the place, with designs upon the young and handsome visitor from London, passed the greater part of the day in hysterics.

Night came, and people were obliged to go indoors; but it is not saying too much to assert that but a small percentage of the population had anything like their usual night's rest.

Monday morning found everybody astir early. The harbour was going to be dragged, and no one could be absent from that. A general air of bustle and mystery pervaded everything. People addressed each other in a low tone, receiving mere whispers in reply. The local police suddenly became impressed with an overweening idea of their own importance, an idea which was materially strengthened by the unusual respect that everyone showed them. Never before had they seemed so necessary to the dignity of the borough. Never before had the burgesses seen how impossible it would have been to get on without the police.

Merton Square was again filled with a changing crowd of inquisitive and anxious folks. People who knew Mrs. George suddenly remembered that it was their duty to call upon her. From breakfast time she had a constant succession of visitors, and the good lady and her daughter were kept fully employed in repeating all they knew about Mr. Lockhart to the stream of inquirers. Having decided that the lodger was dead, Mrs. George had arrayed herself in mourning, and pulled down every blind in her house. "Only to think of that poor, dear gentleman," she would cry every few minutes, in the midst of each recital. And this cry was found to be so touching that there were few of her lady-friends who were not obliged to have recourse to their pocket-handkerchiefs in response to it. Therefore, thus encouraged, Mrs. George did not fail to reiterate it to all and sundry. So the harbour was dragged; but the body of Mr. Lockhart was not recovered, and the consternation of the town and the perplexity of the police hourly increased.

For a man thus to disappear from their midst, leaving not a trace, gave to every member of the population a sense of insecurity. The police felt that their reputation, not only as a body, but as individuals, was at stake. From the dragging on

the harbour much had been expected, but nothing had resulted. What should be done next?

By the evening train Lockhart's brother and sister, who had been telegraphed for, arrived from London, and Charlie Harrison had the unenviable task of relating to them what had occurred. Like everybody else, they were cast into an abyss of wonder and dismay, and were no readier than anyone else with a theory that might account for the mystery.

Things now began to look black for Harrison, and the inspector of police politely intimated to him that he must consider himself as under arrest.

So Monday ended; and night came down on a town that heaved with perplexity.

Shortly after midnight, with a favourable wind and tide, the full-orbed moon hanging clear in a cloudless sky, the schooner "Mountain Maid" slowly sailed into harbour; and her cheery skipper having seen her safely moored, jumped ashore, and wended his way home, singing as he went. At the first corner he turned he came upon the superintendent of police, who, with one of his men, was deep in conversation at the end of the quiet road that led to Merton Square. Recognising Nanson, the superintendent approached, and informed him of the startling occurrence that had taken place in the town. It fell like a thunderbolt upon Nanson's warm and kindly heart, and with harrowed and dejected feelings he bade the officer "Good-night," and turned in at his own door.

Full of superstition, like most sailors, his heart leaped into his mouth when he found that the light was not burning as usual above the angle of his staircase. It was his sister's practice to place a light there whenever he was not at home, and he had never before known it to be omitted. Striking a match, he looked about for a lamp, which, having found, he was about to light, when a low groan from the room above broke the silence.

"Lord preserve us!" was his pious ejaculation, his hands trembling and his heart beating so fast, it almost took his breath away. Out went his match; and in vain he endeavoured to strike another. The darkness was unendurable, and to make it even less so, another and another groan made themselves heard.

Terrified, and almost beside himself, Nanson made for the street-door, let himself out, and soon overtook the superintendent, whom he had so lately left.

What had happened was soon told; and, reinforced by a couple of constables, the party returned to Merton Square. As they entered the house, all could hear a groan proceeding from above; and, having lit the lamp, and left a man below, they proceeded upstairs. Carrying a light in one hand, and his baton in the other, the officer pushed open the door of the room whence the sounds appeared to come, and entered, followed by Nanson and the constable.

An unexpected sight met their eyes. On the bed lay a man fully dressed, one arm hanging over the side of the bed, and his head turned away from the door.

Holding the light high, the police-officer stepped up to the bed. The man opened his eyes, and fixed them upon Nanson, with a look of recognition.

"Why," exclaimed the worthy skipper, "it's Mr. Lockhart. How on earth did he get here. He looks very ill."

"Ah! I see it all now," said the superintendent. "The gentleman got into the wrong house. No doubt his latch-key fits your door, and you don't keep it fastened in any other way. When he got in on Saturday night, he was evidently only just able to lie down on the bed, and fainted again; and, possibly, he has been unconscious ever since. But now he seems to be coming round. Can you give me a tea-spoonful of brandy, Mr. Nanson?"

CHAPTER III.

The superintendent had divined it. Dazed and faint, in the darkness I had gone in at the wrong gate; and before I had discovered my mistake, the unconsciousness that lasted two whole days had seized me. It was some weeks before I recovered. The doctors pronounced me to be suffering from concussion of the brain; and my sister and Mrs. George had much ado to get me round again. However, good nursing works wonders; and I recovered. Now, ten years after, with Charlie Harrison for a brother-in-law, I can afford to laugh at an inci-

dent that had convulsed a town with horror, and made of me a nine days' wonder.

I went this summer through Merton Square, and found its little paths as tortuous, and its little gates as puzzling as ever. No wonder I made a mistake. To make sure that there should *always* be a light in his house when, in the small hours of the morning, the "Mountain Maid" cast anchor in the snug harbour under the hill, Harry Nanson has long since taken to himself a second wife.

M. V.

HOW I BECAME A GOLFER.

It was my wife's fault.

We generally go to Switzerland for our summer holidays, leaving the children with their grandmama. But this year my wife was afraid of landslips and railways accidents, and insisted on taking us all to a stupid little seaside village. I made sand-castles for the boys, but the occupation was not lively. I felt donkey-rides would be degrading, and the switch-back railway did not agree with me. When I sat under a green and white umbrella on the beach, old women worried me to buy shell-boxes and linen buttons.

I wasted my money in buying funny papers which never made me laugh; and I grew morbid and bilious. One morning as I was trying to enjoy the strains of a brass-band on the rickety pier, I met Smith. He looked so lively and sun-burnt, and smiling that it was refreshing to look at him. I never knew Smith well in town, but meeting him in this dreary place I greeted him warmly.

"How well you look!" I cried, "I only wish this place agreed with *me*."

"You certainly don't look up to much" he answered, with that kind instinct which prompts one's acquaintances to tell one unpleasant truths. "You look so bored," he added.

"Well, so I am; bored to the verge of suicide! How do you pass the time?"

"Not by sticking here," he answered laughing. "No, I am only here because there happens to be excellent Golf Club in the neighbourhood, and though I'm not one of your insane, out-and-out golfers, I play five days out of the seven. Come round the links with me to-morrow; I've got a match on. Train leaves at 10.30; I'll meet you at the station. Good-bye—I'm off now for a practice."

Anything for a change, so I told my family I should be away all day on the morrow. My wife looked so pleased at this intelligence that I felt a little hurt—but now I have my revenge.

I met Smith at the station, armed with a curious looking instrument which he told me was a "new iron" he had just bought. He introduced me to his friend Brown, who was shortly to be his opponent. For a sane golfer, Smith talked a good deal of nonsense, I thought at the time, though with my present experience of Golf and golfers, I now look upon him as wonderfully moderate.

Once on the Downs, my spirits rose. The breeze blew fresh but not strong. The sea lay sparkling in the distance, a glorious blue dotted with white-crested waves. Men were scattered over the links and gathered round the club-house, in their scarlet coats, and all seemed cheery and brisk. Smith and Brown donned their red coats, hailed their caddies, and conducted me to the first "teeing ground."

Smith won the toss, and placed his ball on a heap of sand. After a good deal of contortion to his limbs, he flourished a long club, and the ball sailed away. He seemed to be much pleased with himself, until Brown, after going into the same uncouth attitudes, did even better things with his ball.

I will not describe in detail my tramp round those links. The golfers went through a series of adventures and used the most extraordinary expletives. Though I could not understand one word of their jargon, or grasp an idea of the game, I found myself absorbed in the fate of those two balls. The exercise made me a different man, and I returned to the club-house with the appetite of the proverbial hawk. The morning, usually so slow, had sped away. After lunch, we talked like the walrus and the carpenter, of "many things," and I drank in some of the elements of Golf.

At last Smith, after winding up an eloquent discourse on the joy of using a wooden driver, said to me in his usual polished way, "Why don't you have a smack?" I said I should like it above all things. Smith grinned, and lent me a "driver," which I now know that he borrowed from an elderly gentleman who was fast asleep at the time.

He then poised my ball on a sand-pie, and elaborately explained what was required of me. I tried to follow his instructions, twisted myself up uncomfortably with the "driver" flapping round my head, and as I swung round, I felt as if I had hit a cannon-ball. As the cloud of dust cleared away, I saw my ball on its "tee" quite unmoved. Smith said that I had hit the ground. After many such dismal efforts, I at length, by pure luck, caught the ball and sent it flying—and then my fate was sealed.

Smith and Brown put up my name for admission to the club, and that very night the professional arrived to take orders from me for clubs, of which I bought about ten. I am now in that stage of progress which is known as "getting on." My spirits have improved, my appetite is enormous, and my golf-talk unbearable. My wife wonders at me, but is glad I am amused. I have joined six clubs, more or less remote, and shall spend my Saturdays and holidays at one or other of them. I must soon get a partner in my business that I may have more liberty.

The boys must be taught economy in boots and school books now there is this new drain on my income—at least until such time as I shall bring home sweepstakes and mementos. Perhaps this last clause is a little premature, for I am a golfer of a month's standing. Nevertheless, I am engrossed in the glorious game, all else is absurdly uninteresting and trivial.

Is Mr. Gladstone in power? I forget, but I hope it is the tall thin gentleman who wears a pince-nez, and has something to do with Ireland, but is a patron of Scotland's "Royal and Ancient Game."

I shall certainly record my vote for *his* side next time I am called upon to influence politics, meanwhile I do wish I could play my approach shot with more accuracy. I think I must choose a new iron.

B.

GOLF AT CANNES.

Lovers of Golf, especially those who purpose visiting the Riviera, will be pleased to learn that Cannes bids fair to become a great Golf centre. Play has already begun on the new links, near La Napoule, where a new railway station is being completed for the convenience of players. The Cannes Golf Club is under the presidency of his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, who is among the most enthusiastic votaries of the game, and an excellent player. There is a strong committee, comprising M. le Baron de St. Genest, le Comte de Suzannet, the Rev. L. J. Fish, Captain Vyner, and Mr. Fred. Walker, while Lieut.-Colonel Clarke is captain, and Colonel Woodward, of Villa Merville, Cannes, is hon. secretary. The club has secured the services of Robert Alty, professional. Visitors may join at any time on arrival at Cannes. Arrangements have been made with Mr. H. M. Lambert, 47, Rue d'Antibes, to supply the colours and buttons, a great convenience to intending members, as they are *de rigueur*. The subscription to the club is fixed at, for the season, 75 fr., gentlemen; 30 fr. ladies. For the month, 25 fr. Non-playing members, 40 fr. La Plaine, at La Napoule, Cannes, is a magnificent playing ground. Mr. A. J. Balfour is expected there next month.

The members of the Golf Club mustered in great force at the inauguration of the restaurant at the club-house at the links, on Thursday, the 22nd, though the prospect of unsettled weather deterred many from attending. His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Michael of Russia presided at the *déjeuner*. So many members avail themselves of the brake, which leaves the Hotel Mont Fleuri daily at one o'clock, that it has been deemed advisable to use a larger vehicle. The journey is accomplished within the hour, which is a very satisfactory performance, seeing the number of stoppages *en route*, and the slow pace taken while passing through the town.

The captain's prizes will be competed for on January 17th.

The fortnightly handicaps will take place on the second and fourth Tuesdays of the month, commencing on January 10th.



"East-Lothian Illustrated" is the title of a handsome volume just published by D. and J. Croal, Haddington. The volume contains thirty-four sketches of interesting mansions, landscapes &c., in this golfing county. One of the best is "North Berwick, from Point Garry," where the town is seen resting by the beautiful beach below the Garry Point, on which two golfers and caddies, all well drawn, appear, one being in the act of holding out. To the sketches of Wittinghame and Gullane Links we shall refer in a future number, but in the following tee-shot we give a description of North Berwick and the Garry Point, which we are sure will be of interest to many. This and the other letterpress of the volume is from the pen of Mr. James Purves, S.S.C., with whose graceful literary style many of our readers will be familiar.

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Graceful, handsome, beautiful North Berwick, with its tidy harbour and handful of fishing people, gives one the impression that whatever it might have been in the past, the harbour is now mainly a thing of beauty and a picturesque adjunct to amuse the summer visitors, and that the fishermen stand in the same position, and are stowed away into an old granary, whither they are driven by the inundations of visitors from the city. It is odd to see broad fishermen with blue jerseys and red cravats, with braces where no braces should be seen, carrying golf-clubs on the links, their only plea being that, thanks to the trawlers, the fishing is "done." They live in hopes of better times, and by amusing the summer visitors. Here the colours and beauty of nature fascinate—the splendid sanded levels and grassy links, with their winding undulations, the majesty of the Law, the blue sea broken by the eye-filling Bass and the smaller islands, grim and grey Tantallon Castle towering on the high cliff, and the bright northern air making warm the red sandstone houses, and you ruddy with healthy glow. Where is a fairer golfing green than at North Berwick? It may not be an ideal green to the pure golfer who loves the game as he loves his life; but to the golfer who likes to live as he golfs, and to spend a minute now and then with his eyes on other things than his ball or his clubs, and to enjoy the beauty around him, North Berwick has a fascination. What finer view can you desire than that from Point Garry? On the height you have on both sides, right and left, the twisting bends, the undulations and uprisings of shore, the blue sea murmuring on the yellow sands, the bright, almost red, sandstone rocks that sparkle in the sunlight, the rocky islets breaking the sea, the Lamb, Fidra, Craigleith, and then the great and grand Bass Rock, with its myriad seabirds. To the golfer this, the first hole, affords a most sporting second shot. The green here is a high table, rockbound, and sloping at dangerous angles to sea, to rocks, and the course. Well may you pray for a good lie off the tee, but all the prayers in the world will not assist, unless you have accuracy of distance and a clean-hit ball in your second stroke. High and hazardous Point Garry the golfer again visits on returning, it being the second last hole; it has been described as too steep for men with nerves in their bodies and money on the match.

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A public meeting was held on the 20th inst., in the Free Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, to celebrate the jubilee of the ministry of the Rev. Professor Blaikie, Moderator of the Free

Church. Dr. Blaikie, who in his day has done a great amount of good by his literary and philanthropic work, was presented with many illuminated addresses, in which reference was made to the many excellent services he had rendered to his Church and country. The worthy and venerable Doctor has a house at North Berwick, with Principal Rainy as a neighbour, and both may occasionally be seen on the links relieving their arduous tasks by a quiet game at Golf, though neither is an adept at the game. Dr. Blaikie's sons, who are all men of ability, can, however, give a good account of themselves on the green, and at Golf they fairly "reive their faither's bannet." Of these Dr. R. H. Blaikie, who is one of the crack North Berwick players, and has done much in the University Club, came very near winning the winter scratch medal of the Honourable Company last October, his score being 82, and that of Mr. L. M. Balfour, the winner, 81. Another, Mr. C. L. Blaikie, also a first-rate player, is this year captain of the University Club.

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Mr. John Penn, M.P., last week entertained a large shooting party at Archerfield, East Lothian. Among the house guests were the Duke of Athole, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Mr. Gerald Balfour, M.P., and Mr. D. B. Wauchope. A servants' supper and ball took place on Thursday night, and in the course of the evening Mr. Penn and guests visited the ball-room, and for a while entered heartily into the dance.

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Mr. L. Stuart Anderson has left North Berwick for Aberdeen, to enter business as a brewer. There is a good course at the Granite City, where we hope to hear of some deeds of derring-do by this player. He is a golfer of splendid promise, and in Scotland he cannot be spared, for his game may develop into something surprising if he keeps up practice.

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"I hear," says "Argus," "that the expenses of the recent Burgess Society Bazaar have been so large that only about £800 will be available for the purposes in view. One of the latest entrants of this new society is the successor of the famous Dr. Begg—the Rev. W. Whyte-Smith, of Newington, who every summer has a holiday at Gullane, where he is indefatigable in his pursuit of the gutty. Mr. Smith is the son of a former Moderator of the Free Church, and another proof of the respectable connection of Golf. He is a very genial man, and a great promoter of athletic sports among young men."

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The Musselburgh club-house of the Honourable Company, which is now for sale, is receiving the attention of several clubs. The licensed victuallers especially are supposed to be casting sheep's eyes in its direction.

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"With the great and growing popularity of Golf," says "Borax," "those who are looking out for millionaires had better keep their eyes on the Golf club and ball makers. Some of them must be making a large fortune. What about this industry, Mr. Editor? Can you tell me how many are engaged in it, and who are the leaders in the army? I rather think that in Scotland, Forgan, of St. Andrews, is doing the biggest trade. I believe he employs more than fifty men. He says he is Golf-club maker to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, but I don't suppose he sends many sets of clubs to Sandringham. Morris might have made a fortune had he stuck to the manufacturing business alone; but then he would not have been the renowned man he is if he had done that. I never think it good for club-making and green-keeping to be combined, and have seen many who tried to combine both come to grief. Willie Park, I should say, comes next to Forgan. He has a splendid business, and all his patents seem to succeed and sell in thousands. I believe he has also about fifty men under his charge. All his iron clubs are made on the premises. He is a strict teetotaler, and well liked by his *employés*. His patent putter, with the twisted neck, is a great success. The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour has not only purchased one, but got several of his friends to do so. I should like if your correspondents would, through your columns, write of the club and ball industry in their various districts."

One of the most flourishing Edinburgh Golf Clubs is that identified with Education—the staple industry of the city. The Teachers' Club has on its list some very good players, and a membership of about eighty. They play most of their important matches at Musselburgh, but they have a snug little place of meeting in one of the club-makers' houses adjoining the starting-ground at the Braids, and play a good deal there. This year the two chief prizes—that given by Mr. John King, president (who holds the club record), and that given by Mr. Charles Taylor, the winner of last year's captain's prize—are both being played for in handicap foursomes. This is not very satisfactory, and many members are heard expressing regret that one at least of these is not open to the best scratch score.

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Even on private greens golfers may have their troubles. The secretary of the Archerfield Golf Club has recently got a claim sent in for "Sheep, value 35s., commuted to 30s, killed by a Golf ball." When the deed was done, or by whom, he cannot find out, and of the *post mortem* and the mutton no particulars are forthcoming; but the secretary believes of the sheep case that there is something in it, and intends to pay the damages.

* * *

Some discoveries—we need not detail them—fraught with incalculable benefit to mankind, have been made by accident. The last, which is of importance to the golfing world (which now includes mankind and part of womankind) was made at Dunbar. The course there is not smooth, and is of the earth, earthy, though the Rev. Professor Story has played over it for some seasons. Above a year ago a large part of it was flooded by the sea, and all the worms which troubled the keeper were killed by the salt water. The remedy for worms on a Golf course is therefore to "put salt on their tails." But in these days there are no witches to make storms to order, and if made they might act the Frankenstein with their makers. But Dunbar is sensible to the last, and we are told that "steps are being taken, not to raise another storm, but to convey a good supply of salt water to the parts of the course where the worms seem to be most plentiful." Greenkeepers, take note!

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Referring to the account of the medal competition of the Willesden Golf Club, on the 17th inst., it was owing to a rule of the club that a member cannot take two medals in succession that Dr. F. Rushworth was debarred from taking the prize.

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NECESSITY THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.—A thirsty traveller arrived at a cottage, and wished to buy some spirits. "Sorry to say, sir," said the good man of the house, "that I cannot favour you, as I have no licence to sell liquor." "Where's the nearest inn, then?" "Over the hill—perhaps four miles." "Well, then, give me a glass of whisky, and I'll give you sixpence for the water." "Done," said the man, delighted. His conscience was satisfied, and the other's thirst quenched.

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An extraordinary fine round was played on Hayling Island links on Friday, 16th December, by J. H. Taylor, now professional to the Winchester Golf Club. Taylor, who had never seen the course before, established a record with 75, the previous best having been done in 81 by George Spraggs, the professional at Hayling. Score:—Out, 3 4 5 4 5 3 4 5 4 =37; in, 4 4 5 5 4 4 4 4 =38; total, 75.

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Douglas Rolland, in a match with Mr. J. S. Scott, on December 21st, holed the Limpsfield Chart course (double round) in 72, made up as follows:—First round, 5 5 4 3 5 4 4 3 3 =36; second round, 4 4 5 2 5 4 4 4 =36; total, 72.

* * *

"Dang it!" This on a ladies' links, from the lips of the most amiable of angels that ever strayed from the portals of Heaven to take up the the game of Golf on earth. Prithee tell me, some of you ladies who read the paper, is this the gentle feminine of the rude masculine expression of discontent.

THE PLEASURE OF GOLF.

ENGLISHMEN have been said to "take their pleasures sadly." An old French chronicler could not realise the delight which the inhabitants of Great Britain derive from athletics. Foreigners are even now only beginning to understand the rationale of the feeling. To run a paper-chase, or ride a bicycle, to kick a football, or pull an oar, for mere pleasure, is still regarded generally on the Continent as the sign of a "mad Englishman." There are a few people in Britain also who cannot see wherein the pleasure of pure physical exercise lies; but the vast majority can understand it. Though they might not be able to give an account of the feeling, they have often experienced it themselves, and so can appreciate its influence upon others. Golf, however, is a game which does not appeal to their sympathies. They cannot understand the pleasure of "putting little balls into little holes with instruments ill-adapted for the purpose."

What is the pleasure of Golf? The golfer may perhaps be at a loss to define it. The reply will depend upon the age, skill, and temperament of the player. Some may declare that it lies in the prospect of success. For if the player succeed in doing a hole in four, which he has never before accomplished in less than five, that may seem to him to be the pleasure of the game; and it is one of the peculiarities of Golf that for all but mere beginners a perfect stroke is at any time possible. Others may be inclined to place it in the mere exertion of strength. A long drive from the tee, or a clever escape from a bunker, will be then the delight of Golf. Many will doubtless give a more general answer, and say that the pleasure consists in the activity of all the functions of the body. All these are certainly elements in the pleasure of Golf; but they are common to all forms of athletics, and do not explain the special fascination of each.

For the charms of Golf are as varied as the nature of the game. There is the possibility of success, the necessity of strength, and the exercise of the whole body. It is a sociable game; for silence is only required while the stroke is being made. It is often played in the midst of lovely scenery. Many courses can rival even St. Andrews in the beauty of their surroundings. It also offers a delightful opportunity for the study of human nature: the characters both of caddie and player are seen in many an aspect on the links. In fact, Golf has a hundred charms. Yet the above are mere accessories; they form a description of the incidental pleasures of the game, but do not constitute its permanent and peculiar characteristic.

The pleasure of Golf is to watch the ball. For the pleasure of a game must be found in the result of its essential act. The essence of Golf is the hitting of a ball; and as the only necessary accompaniment of every stroke is a motion of the body, followed by a motion of the ball, it follows that in one of these two results must lie the pleasure of the game. It cannot be the former; for the movement of the body in putting is too slight to produce a great result. Hence, the pleasure of Golf must be to watch the ball. The true delight of every stroke from the tee to the hole consists in tracing the motions of the ball.

Let each golfer analyse his own experience, and he will see that this is the case. He has made a perfect shot from the tee. Every ounce of muscle has been put into the stroke, and as the ball flies away he perhaps feels that a clean hit is the pleasure of Golf; for there is no jar upon the fingers, such as is experienced when the ball is sliced or drawn. But the next shot will show him his mistake. It is a short approach across a bunker, which requires a perfect

calculation of the distance. The ball springs up, and the player gazes anxiously at its flight, to see if it will clear the hazard. It drops just beyond, and a sharp screw prevents it from running past the hole. The putt is difficult; for the ball has to roll along the side of a slope, and it is hard to tell how much of the hill has to be borrowed. A gentle tap, and the ball starts across the slope. As the player watches, he seems to have borrowed too much; but the strength is perfect, and the ball just catches on the rim and falls to the bottom of the hole. The pleasure of each shot has been to follow the ball. Watch the golfer after he has made his stroke. It may require an effort to do so, as the onlooker is more anxious to watch the ball. But this merely goes to prove the argument; and if the player is himself studied, it will be clear that his pleasure is really derived from gazing at the ball. He rests for a moment after the drive, with the club over his shoulder, and as he steps back his eye is still fixed on the white speck in the distance. At the approach he will not move, or even breathe, till he sees the ball pitch beyond the bunker on the green. His putt has started it on the way to the hole; it comes nearer and nearer, till a movement of hand or foot to assist it involuntarily escapes him, as his eyes devour it creeping to the iron edge.

Yes; in this respect, Golf is like smoking. A man cannot smoke a pipe in the dark; so that the pleasure of smoking seems to consist in, or at least imply, watching the clouds of fragrance pouring from the lips. Similarly, it is to the sight that the essential pleasure of Golf is due. A tee shot at midnight would give no satisfaction, and an approach or a putt at such a time would only be enjoyed in so far as the performance could be seen. There can be no doubt about it; the pleasure of Golf is to watch the ball.

ERIC.

GOLF does not seem somehow to take such a grip in America as does the other Scotch game, curling. For this the climate may partly account, as in Canada, especially, curling can be enjoyed at least three or four months in the year. Still there is no reason why under the stripes and stars the precious gum, gutta-percha should not flourish. Now and again we get from some American papers (Philadelphian generally) very queer accounts of the game of Golf, so queer, that we do not wonder the Yankee does not guess it to be worth his while. The newspapers are to blame. In fact they are the weakest features in American life. On the other hand nothing can be better than the following account of Golf from the great Century Dictionary now being published at New York, under the superintendence of Dr. Whitney, Professor of Comparative Philology and Sanskrit in Yale University:—"GOLF (*golf*), *n.* [Also dial, *goff* Sc., also *gouff*; prob. L.D. *kolf*=M.L.G. *kolve*=O.H.G. *cholbo*, *cholpo*. a club; M.H.G. *kolbe*, G. *kolbe*, *kolben*, a club, knob, butt-end of a gun, a retort = Icel. *kolfir*, the clapper of a bell, a bulb, a bolt; *kylfa*, a club = S.W. *kolf*, a butt-end, bolt, retort = Dan. *kolv*, a bolt, shaft, arrow (*kolbe*, the butt-end of a weapon, L.G.). There may be a remote connection with *club* and *clump*, *q.v.*]. A game played over an extensive stretch of ground in which holes, about 4 inches in diameter, are placed at distances from 100 to 500 yards apart. It is played by one or two on a side, with special implements called clubs, and with balls of gutta-percha weighing 1½ oz., or a little less. The object is to drive the ball from each hole to and into the next; and the hole or the round (usually nine or eighteen holes) is won by the player or side that accomplishes this in the fewest strokes. A considerable variety of clubs is used (the driver, spoon, cleek, niblick, putter, &c.) according to the exigencies of the game. Golf had its birth on the grass-covered sandy downs or "links" of the seaboard of Scotland, but is now extensively played in England and in many of the British Colonies." It will please our Scottish friends who are so jealous of the patrimony of Golf to find that this able American professor, notwithstanding his elaborate etymologies, has no idea of the Dutch extraction of Golf. It was born in Scotland, evidently in many places at one time, and that ancient.



SEAFORD GOLF LINKS.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I think the remarks of "Senex" may possibly lead to misconception. That the course would be better if it were longer, I think we all admit; that it is an old man's course, I am quite sure we deny. As to the hazards, I never heard "Hell" spoken of as easy before; in fact, none are, except the bunker before the seventh green, which rarely costs more than one stroke. I repeat, Seaford is not an old man's course. I will go farther, and say that on no course is long driving more fully rewarded. The first, second, third, fourth, fifth, eighth, eleventh, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth greens can all be driven in one, but the driving must be exceptionally good. The sixth, seventh, ninth, tenth, twelfth, and sixteenth can all be driven in two; but again the driving must be first-class (I must mention that the tee for No. 16 is taken back). I think I have now shown that Seaford is a long driver's, and not an old man's course; and now may I say what my idea of an old man's course is? Well, I think there should be a few holes that a long driver can negotiate with the iron, and the remainder should be reachable in one drive and an iron; thus would the long driver gain little or no advantage, for in the first case both should reach the green in one, and in the second in two strokes. Though I do not in the least agree with "Senex," let me thank him for his letter, and when he next comes to Seaford may he just once be bunkered in "Hell." He will in future experience a fuller delight when he sees his own clean driven ball fly over the guidepost, and hears the welcome cry "Right on the green, Sir."

I am, Sir, &c.,

J. FLETCHER FARNCOMBE,

Christmas Day.

Hon. Sec.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—It occurs to me, on reading again my letter about these links, that I am liable to be misunderstood, as if, while recommending them so strongly as I do to golfers of mature years, I implied that they were not equally appreciated by more athletic players. This is by no means the case, many of those who frequent the course being fine golfers, in the prime of their powers. But the links are of such a nature that they are also peculiarly suited, as I have shown, to others who, like myself, have left their youth behind them, though not their love for this grand game, and to such the Seaford course is a real boon.

I am, Sir, &c.,

SENEX.

December 27th, 1892.

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 Betting Depôts are at Zollhaus, in Germany. The London Offices, 25, REGENT STREET, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

POT-HUNTING AND PLAYING BY SCORE.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I was glad to see the letter of "Captain Costigan" in your issue of the 16th December on this subject, as it requires to be dealt with firmly, unless Golf is to be spoilt by this awful scoring and pot-hunting craze.

In a club of which, as a member of the committee, I see some of the working, we have tried, and I think successfully, to reduce these evils, and it may be of service to others to name the steps taken to this end.

1. First of all, *the professional is forbidden to supply scoring cards except to competitors on prize days.*—I have heard strangers arriving at the club ask for a card to keep their score on, and have had to inform them that we had no open competition on. Some come armed with scoring books printed to take not only their own but a so their opponent's score. I wonder what their feelings are like when they make a match—no, I beg their pardons, when they make arrangements to play round—with a man who does not hole out except when the game demands it!

2. *We limit the handicap to 18.*—This is a fearful damper to the 140 stroker who fondly hoped that with a handicap allowance of 60 or 80 (they don't mind how much it is so long as it lands them into a list of prizes) he would win something after disfiguring the links for a month or two.

3. *We limit the value of prizes to £3. 3s.*—This is a sore grievance to some, but on what grounds I do not know. Do they look upon Golf as an investment of the amount of their subscription, which is unprofitable unless they get their money back in prizes? I believe some do.

4. *We have only three prize meetings in the year.*—One of these is entirely taken up by a match tournament for which there is but one prize, and that a challenge one. In the other two meetings of two days each, there are three scratch challenge medals, one challenge cup under handicap, and three handicap prizes, one of which is an aggregate prize. Here there is not much to be won unless you are satisfied with honour and glory, coupled with a small memento.

I am afraid "Captain Costigan's" suggestion to arrange a number of matches in one week is not practicable in the majority of clubs. "Colonel Bogey" is not altogether his friend, but still he mitigates the scoring nuisance to a certain extent, as he does not encourage his opponents to hole out after they are beaten, and he provokes them to try for the hole for a chance of a half, and therefore fosters match play to that extent.

Beginners can be checked on the downward course of scoring by being shown that they would sooner acquire a knowledge of the correct mode of hitting the ball, enjoy themselves much more, and do infinitely less damage to the links by lifting out of difficulties. They can practise getting out of bad lies after they have mastered the art of hitting a ball clean from a good lie, and they will probably have heaps of opportunities of doing this, without going out specially for the purpose. I always insist on this when taking a beginner out, however stoutly he demurs; and with this lift, whenever required, the beginner can make a match, of a sort, with his instructor at less odds than two strokes.

If players who have succeeded in extracting a handicap from the handicappers must score, they can, at all events, make themselves less of a nuisance to the rest of the players by scoring in their heads, and leaving their cards or score-books, or patent scoring arrangements at home. Let them get into a foursome with better players; they will then learn something of the spirit of the game, and will not be tempted to score, as no one cares to keep his joint score, even if his partner holed out to make such an iniquity possible.

I am, Sir, &c.,

J. K.

December 26th, 1892.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF GOLF.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—It may be useful in these short days, when curling and skating are taking the place of Golf, and when the golfer is

"at home" and seeking rest, to have pointed out to him the literature of Golf, from which he may select something to read and while away his listless hours, and prepare himself for the "coming fray."

Should any of your readers be able to supplement this list, I shall be much pleased.

I am, Sir, &c.,

THOMAS CHAPMAN.

Edinburgh, December, 1892.

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BUTE CLUB.—The final competition for the Lord-Justice-General's trophy took place over the Quoich links on Saturday, the 17th. The ground was somewhat heavy owing to recent rains, but the scoring was up to the average. The best scores handed in were:—Mr. A. Baxter, Rothesay, 95, less 3=92; Mr. D. Munro, Rothesay, 96, less 4=92; Mr. A. McGaw, Rothesay, 102, less 9=93; Mr. G. Pirie, Rothesay, 112, less 18=94; Rev. Mr. Saunders, Kingarth, 110, less 13=97. The result of the season's competition is that Mr. A. Primrose becomes the holder of the trophy for the year with an average of 93.6, Mr. A. Baxter running him very close with an average of 94.6. The best score of the season was that made by Mr. Primrose in the April competition, which is as follows:—1st round, 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 4=41; 2nd round, 4 4 4 5 4 3 6 8=44; total, 85.



ABERDEEN.

The members of the Bon-Accord Club here competed for their usual Christmas prizes on Saturday over the nine-hole course on Aberdeen links, which was gone round twice. The weather was on the whole favourable, but owing to the hard frost the putting was rather uncertain. The members on this occasion were divided into two classes. In the first class the prize-winners were:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. W. Smart ...	77 +3 80	Mr. J. Ogilvie ...	86 4 82
Mr. J. Fraser ...	91 11 80	Mr. G. Dunn ...	87 5 82
Mr. J. W. Murray...	84 2 82	Mr. J. Florence ...	89 6 83

Messrs. J. Greig, jun., A. Smart, A. Jaffray, H. Glass, and J. Twigg, 95 each.

Second class:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. J. Rattray ...	96 2 94	Mr. J. Douglas ...	111 8 103
Mr. W. Moir ...	107 5 102	Mr. T. Cumming ...	116 8 108

BUXTON AND HIGH PEAK GOLF CLUB.

On Saturday, the 24th inst., the monthly medal was played for, and the final competition for the Micholls cup took place. The ground was like iron, the result of 12 degrees of frost overnight, so that accurate play was well-nigh impossible. Mr. Coventry won the monthly medal, and as Mr. Micholls had the lowest average in the six competitions, the minimum number entitling members to count for his cup, he won it himself. Appended are the scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. C. Coventry ...	113 15 98	Mr. B. Goode ...	110 9 101
Mr. T. G. Dickson	117 18 99	Mr. E. Micholls ...	111 10 101
Mr. G. C. Greenwell	106 6 100		

CONINGTON CASTLE v. HUNTINGDON.

In the private course round Conington Castle, on Saturday, the 24th inst., the home club played a team brought by Capt. Kinloch, of the Huntingdon Golf Club. The ground was hard and bumpy, and the greens, which had been carefully rolled, did not show to their usual advantage.

CONINGTON CASTLE.		HUNTINGDON.	
Holes.		Holes.	
Mr. J. M. Heathcote...	... 10	Mr. Ross Tillard 0
Mr. C. G. Heathcote...	... 2	Mr. Sweeting 0
Mr. J. N. Heathcote 2	Mr. H. Mann 0
Mr. H. M. Bell 0	Capt. Kinloch 9
	14		9

Conington Castle won by five holes.

Two foursomes of ten holes were played after luncheon, the Castle team being again five holes up.

CLACTON-ON-THE-SEA GOLF CLUB.

A Golf club has been formed in Clacton, and an influential organising committee, with a popular and energetic secretary in Capt. Frayling, has been formed. A good nine-hole course has been secured, which has been favourably reported on by the professional of the Felixstowe Club. It is to be made a first-class ground, and there are several fairly long holes. It is close to the town and railway station, being near to Oceanville. The ground lies well. It is not wet, even in winter, and there are just enough hazards to make the links sporting. The subscription is to be one guinea per annum; no entrance fee for first fifty members. The links are near the most select part of the town, and all that is now wanted is a first-class hotel somewhere in the vicinity.

FELIXSTOWE GOLF CLUB.

The Christmas meeting of this club commenced on Saturday, the 24th inst., in fine, though windy weather, which together with the slippery state of the greens, owing to the frost, rendered good scoring very difficult. On the opening day the members competed under handicap, for a valuable prize given by the club, the result being as follows:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. C. G. Havell ...	97 9 88	Mr. C. T. Fox ...	113 16 97
Mr. J. G. Wylie ..	103 10 93	Mr. P. W. Everett	108 9 99
Mr. A. F. Waters ...	103 8 95	Mr. H. J. Cobbold	119 20 99
Mr. H. A. Lawrence	112 17 95		

Several scores were not returned. Monday, December 26th being the second and concluding day of the meeting, was favoured with bright sunny weather, which brought a fair number of competitor s into the field, although very few scores were returned. The day's play was for the monthly challenge cup, the following being the result:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. H. A. Lawrence	101 17 84	Mr. A. Pearce ...	117 22 95
Mr. J. A. Chalmers	107 16 91	Mr. A. M. Lee ...	122 24 98
Mr. A. Crerar ...	101 8 93		

The greens showed that every care and attention had been paid them by the greenkeeper, to whom a word of praise is due. On Saturday next the 31st inst., the members of the club compete, under handicap, for a handsome cigar cabinet, presented by Rev. F. C. Birch.

FORFARSHIRE.

The eighth round of the winter competition of the Arbroath Club was finished on Saturday. Eighteen players handed in their scores, with the following result:—1, Mr. J. T. Gibb, 4 points; 2, Mr. A. N. Strachan, 3 points; 3, Mr. D. Greig, 2 points. The other players each received 1 point.

The result of the play in the second round of the Scotsraig Club, Tayport, for ex-captain Thomson's silver cup is as follows:—Mr. J. Inch scratched to Mr. J. Smith; Mr. J. Morton, sen., scratched to Mr. W. Hogg; Mr. W. E. Methven beat Mr. A. Melville by 4 holes and 2 to play; Rev. C. Halliday beat Mr. W. Sim by 2 holes; Mr. J. Millar beat Mr. J. Morton, jun., by 1 hole.

The second of the winter handicap competitions of the Dalhousie Club, Carnoustie, took place on Saturday. The game was played according to the "Bogey" system, and great interest was taken in the result. The day was fine, but frosty, and the ground consequently was somewhat hard and bumpy. Sixteen couples entered for the game. The winners were:—1, Mr. James Prain, who, with an allowance of 8 strokes, succeeded in coming in square with the "Colonel," his score being 88—a very creditable score under the circumstances; 2, Mr. J. B. Grimond, who, with an allowance of 14 strokes, finished 2 down, his score being 102; and 3, Mr. David Scott, jun., who, with an allowance of 4 strokes, was 4 down, his score being 90. In the option match, which was played simultaneously with the handicap match, Mr. H. M. Robinson and Mr. David Scott, jun., came in a tie.

On Saturday, at Monifieth, the *Dundee Advertiser* Club competed for a number of books, kindly supplied by Mr. W. C. Leng. There was a good entry, especially in the first class. In consequence of the frost the greens were not quite up to their usual standard. Prizes (average) were won as follows:—First class—Mr. Thomas Knox, 2, 3, 4 (tie), Mr. Alexander Buchan, Mr. Jacob Clark, and Mr. John Brown; 5, Mr. John Inglis; 6, 7, and 8 (tie), Mr. William Duguid, Mr. James Clark, and Mr. James U. Wallace; 9, Mr. William Still and Mr. John Macrae (tie). Second class—1, Mr. John I. Smith; 2, Mr. W. M. Cromb; 3, Mr. James Buik; 4, Mr. Allan Bell; 5 and 6 (tie), Mr. James Farquhar and Mr. George Marshall; 7, Mr. Wm. Scott; 8, Mr. John Wynd; 9, Mr. John Livingstone. Third class—1, Mr. John Clark; 2, Mr. Charles C. Thompson; 3, Mr. John Strachan; 4, Mr. W. Westwood. Among the best scores were:—Mr. William Still, 85; Mr. Thomas Knox, 92; Mr. John Inglis, 92; Mr. John Macrae, 94; Mr. William Duguid, 94; Mr. Alexander Buchan, 94; Mr. Jacob Clark, 96; Mr. John Brown, 97; Mr. Alexander Bowman, 97; Mr. James Clark, 98; Mr. W. M. Cromb, 91; and Mr. Arthur Forsyth, 99.

The members of the Monifieth Club held their annual supper on Friday evening, in the Royal Hotel, Monifieth. There was a good representation, and Mr. David Anderson, The Grange, presided, while Messrs. Irvine Drimmie and P. D. Mitchell acted as croupiers. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been given, the Chairman said he was glad to see so many present, and referred to the success which had attended the club during the past year. Their membership was in a healthy condition, and during the year a great deal of interest had been taken in the various competitions connected with the club. Monifieth was now patronised by a number of other clubs, and he was glad to think that they acted together quite harmoniously. After referring to the popularity of the game, not only in this district, but all over the kingdom, he remarked that, although Scotland was the home of Golf, their English brethren had lately given evidence of being the

stronger players, as this year both the amateur and open championships had gone across the Border. The Chairman afterwards gave "The Army, Navy, and Volunteers," and Captain M'Donald replied. "The Monifeth Club" was proposed by Mr. J. Fairweather in an appropriate speech, and Mr. S. M. Low responded. Mr. Bissett (Broughty Ferry) and Mr. Drimmie (Panmure) responded to the toast of "The Neighbouring Clubs," which was given by the Chairman. Songs were given during the evening by various members of the company, and altogether an enjoyable time was spent. During the night Mr. Walker, the secretary, intimated the result of the competition for the captain's prizes for the best aggregate score of the five medal competitions for the season in each class, the following being the result:— First class—Mr. A. Simpson, 85, 83, 81, 76, 84=409; average, 81 4-5. Second class—Mr. W. Fox, 92, 93, 92, 98, 89=464; average, 92 4-5. Third class, Mr. D. K. Drimmie, 95, 108, 97, 98, 104=502; average, 100 2-5. Mr. G. Wright had a lead of thirteen strokes on the first four competitions, but was unable through illness to play in the last one, and had therefore to scratch. His four scores were 77, 79, 78, 78. The tie for the Mudie medal, between Mr. W. Hutcheson and Mr. T. Brimer, was played off on Saturday, when the latter won by two strokes.

HYÈRES GOLF CLUB.

The second competition of the season took place on Saturday, December 17th, in splendid weather. So warm was the sun and balmy the breeze that coats were superfluous, and most of the players went round in their shirt sleeves. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Hon. R. Jarvis ...	101 scr. 101	Mr. W. Peel ...	139 25 114
Mr. H. H. Child ...	124 18 106	Mr. J. R. Corbett ...	151 23 128
Mr. S. Hoare, M.P. ...	120 12 108	Mr. F. G. Lyon ...	155 24 131

LITTLESTONE GOLF CLUB.

The tournament for the silver challenge cleek began on Saturday at Littlestone, when the Christmas meeting began. The tournament was concluded on Monday. Results:—

First Round.—Mr. H. T. Wright beat Mr. F. Jefferson, 3 up and 2 to play; Mr. H. L. Hopkinson beat Mr. G. GrahamThoms, 4 up and 2 to play; Mr. R. Lawson beat Mr. C. Wintle, 5 up and 4 to play.

Second Round.—Mr. W. Croll beat Mr. T. H. Oyler, 7 up and 5 to play; Mr. A. J. Stanley beat Mr. T. Dutton, 6 up and 4 to play; Mr. R. S. Jones beat Mr. J. R. T. Robertson, 7 up and 6 to play; Mr. H. T. Wright beat Mr. J. St. C. Campbell, 4 up and 3 to play; Mr. R. Lawson beat Mr. H. L. Hopkinson, 4 up and 3 to play; Mr. L. E. G. Abney walked over (Mr. J. Bannon absent); Mr. Calvin Hart beat Mr. T. W. R. Davids, 6 up and 4 to play; Mr. J. Fleming beat Mr. T. C. Hindmarsh, 6 up and 5 to play.

Third Round.—Mr. Croll beat Mr. Stanley, 1 up; Mr. Wright beat Mr. Jones, 2 up and 1 to play; Mr. Lawson beat Mr. Abney, 2 up and 1 to play; Mr. Hart beat Mr. Fleming, 1 up.

Fourth Round.—Mr. Wright beat Mr. Croll, 6 up and 4 to play; Mr. Hart beat Mr. Lawson, two up.

Final Round.—Mr. Hart beat Mr. Wright, 2 up.

MINCHINHAMPTON v. CHELTENHAM.

A match between these clubs was played on 21st with the following result:—

	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. A. S. Winterbotham ...	6	Mr. C. Tillard ...	0
Dr. Chamberlain ...	7	Mr. S. P. Ryland ...	0
Mr. R. Lewis Grist ...	5	Mr. H. B. Cardew ...	0
Mr. W. Davies ...	1	Mr. F. H. Crawley ...	0
Mr. H. V. Woollright ...	1	Mr. Massie Taylor ...	0
Mr. G. J. Holloway ...	6	Mr. F. Ker ...	0
Mr. E. P. Little ...	4	Mr. A. A. Bourne ...	0
Mr. G. S. Estcourt ...	10	Mr. G. C. Jobelin ...	0
Mr. W. J. Ruegg ...	4	Mr. F. D. Longe ...	0
	44		0

Thus the fortune of war again decided in favour of Minchinhampton, every member of the team beating his opponent.

MANCHESTER GOLF CLUB.

The side game which was to have taken place on Saturday, the 10th inst., but which had to be postponed on account of the unfavourable weather, was played out on Saturday, the 24th inst. The ground was in poor playing condition, owing to the keen frost that had set in a couple of nights before, and the wind was cold and penetrating, making play somewhat trying.

The following are the sides selected by the captain and secretary

respectively. The result was a net gain of 5 holes to the secretary's side—25 holes to 20 holes. Scores:—

CAPTAIN'S SIDE.		SECRETARY'S SIDE.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. F. Jones ...	8	Mr. R. Maclure ...	0
Mr. A. C. Knight ...	3	Mr. J. Macalister ...	0
Mr. L. D. Stewart ...	0	Mr. A. Darbyshire ...	2
Mr. Geo. Macdonald ...	0	Mr. G. Haig ...	2
Capt. Farrant ...	0	Mr. H. Bowman ...	3
Mr. S. B. Graves ...	0	Mr. H. Macdonald ...	0
Mr. P. Morton ...	0	Mr. R. L. Taylor ...	5
Mr. G. Cox ...	4	Mr. C. D. Madan ...	0
Mr. Jas. Macdonald ...	5	Mr. W. D. Crighton ...	0
Mr. F. T. Pattison ...	0	Mr. Haig Brown ...	0
Mr. G. Altstaetter ...	0	Mr. J. Hothersall ...	8
Capt. Hobbs ...	0	Mr. T. C. Midwood ...	5
	20		25

NORTH WARWICKSHIRE LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

A "Bogey" competition took place on Thursday, December 22nd, for an old-fashioned silver smelling-bottle, kindly presented by Mr. Everard, the result being as follows:—Miss Middleton (6), halved; Mrs. Hans Blackwood (8), 1 down; Miss W. Gibsone (14), 2 down; Miss Radcliffe (14), 3 down; Miss A. Dawkins (scr.), 4 down; Miss Whieldon (16), 4 down; Miss Gibsone (20), 7 down; Miss Stanger-leathes (16), 9 down; Miss Flory (26), 13 down; Miss Gray (11), no return; Miss M. Gray (20), no return.

NOTTINGHAM GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal competition for December was played on the 17th and 22nd inst., and resulted in a win for the captain. The following are the returns:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. J. C. Warren ...	84 3 81	Mr. A. T. Ashwell ...	104 6 98
Mr. P. W. Allen ...	101 16 85	Mr. T. G. Mellors ...	126 27 99
Mr. J. McMeeking ...	93 6 87	Mr. Holroyde ...	123 18 105
Mr. J. Hall ...	96 8 88	Mr. Langley ...	128 22 106
Mr. J. Johnstone ...	99 10 89	Mr. W. H. Hutton ...	123 16 107
Mr. S. Davidson ...	101 12 89	Mr. W. Rickman ...	141 27 114
Mr. C. B. Edwards ...	104 14 90	Mr. E. Cooper ...	141 27 114
Mr. W. Lymbery ...	117 27 90	Mr. Pine ...	143 13 130
Mr. E. A. Coutts ...	108 16 92	Mr. J. B. Wells ...	165 27 138
Mr. J. Dolman ...	100 5 95	Mr. Wootton ...	201 27 174
Mr. R. D. Oswald ...	101 6 95	Mr. J. W. Greig ...	101 } not
Mr. C. S. Wardle ...	108 12 96	Mr. Snape ...	132 } h'cpd.
Mr. A. Barrow ...	113 16 97		

On Boxing Day the winners for the six months from July to December, Mr. Harris (July), Mr. Warren (August and December), Mr. Bowes (September), and Mr. Ashwell (October and November), played off to decide which of them was to play the winner of the January to June competition for the honour of being medallist for the year. The day was very foggy, and the ground white with hoar-frost, and as hard as iron. It was thus not at all favourable for good play, but Mr. Harris had two remarkably good rounds (thirty-six holes), and came in an easy winner. Mr. Bowes also was very steady, but Mr. Ashwell was rather off his game, and Mr. Warren did not seem able to hit a ball. The scores were:—

	1st Rnd.	2nd Rnd.	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Mr. J. Harris ...	89	86	175	6	169
Mr. J. Bowes ...	113	98	211	28	183
Mr. A. T. Ashwell ...	101	102	203	16	187
Mr. J. C. Warren ...	118	109	227	6	221

Mr. Harris will thus play Mr. Warren (who was the winner of the January to June competition), for the medal.

RANELAGH GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal was played for on Saturday, December 17th. The following are the scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. R. Dawson ...	85 15 70	Mr. J. Lynes ...	104 20 84
Mr. H. R. Payne ...	96 22 74	Mr. R. Leigh ...	105 20 85
Sir W. Russell ...	88 8 80	Mr. F. C. Milford ...	91 5 86
Mr. W. H. Miller ...	96 15 81	Mr. J. R. T. Robert-son ...	110 24 86
Capt. W. E. Beak ...	94 12 82	Mr. C. O'Malley ...	114 16 98
Mr. E. BrittenHolmes ...	102 18 84		

The Ranelagh Club will give a silver cup to the winner of the "Kit-Kat" cup, presented by the captain (Mr. H. P. Munday).

ROYAL DUBLIN GOLF CLUB.

The last monthly competition for 1892 took place on Saturday, the 17th, when the entries were numerous, and the weather was wonder-

fully fine for the time of year, and everything pointed to some good scoring. However, no one anticipated such very low net scores as 71 and 72, respectively made by Capt. Williams and Mr. D. M. Wilson. It was exceedingly hard lines on the latter that he did not win, as he had a particularly fine gross score of 83, which, it will be noted, was the best performance on Saturday. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Capt. Williams ...	94	23	71	Mr. J. H. Barrington	96 14 82
Mr. D. M. Wilson...	83	11	72	Mr. "R.H. Martin"	91 7 84
Mr. J. M. Dickson	88	10	78	Mr. D. Christie ...	93 9 84
Mr. F. H. Orr ...	91	13	78	Mr. J. R. Bristow ..	109 25 84
Mr. A. F. G. Hender- son ...	97	19	78	Capt. Crawford ...	94 9 85
Mr. Percy Watson...	103	25	78	Lord Louth ...	95 10 85
Mr. A. S. Hussey...	106	28	78	Mr. J. P. Barrington	117 30 87
Mr. Wm. Hone ...	88	6	82	Mr. J. O. Wylie ...	105 17 88
				Mr. G. C. Green ...	103 12 91

Scratch medal.—The tie for second and third in this competition was played off with the following result:—Mr. Wm. Hone, 88 (silver medal); Mr. D. Christie, 93 (bronze medal); Capt. P. E. P. Crawford, 94.

SOUTHPORT GOLF CLUB.

The third and final for the Scarisbrick cup was played by members of the Southport Golf Club, on their links on Saturday, December 17th, in first-class golfing weather. After a close finish, the hon. secretary of the club (Mr. W. E. Bland) was hailed victor, his gross and net scores being alike the best, while, thanks to excellent handicapping, a single point only divided first and second. In the absence of Mr. Scarisbrick, Mr. John Betham (captain) presented the prizes. Scarisbrick cup, Mr. W. E. Bland, 104, less 11=93, and 91, less 11=80, total 173; second prize, Mr. H. Sidebottom, 95, less 7=88, and 93, less 7=86, total 174; third prize, Mr. S. Ashington, 109, less 13=96, and 106, less 13=93, total 189; Mr. T. Aitken, 116, less 16=100, and 106, less 16=90, total 190; Mr. W. T. Rowley, 108, less 8=100, and 107, less 8=99, total 199. The sweeps went to the three chief scorers. Seven other competitors made but one return out of the three.

ST. NEOT'S GOLF CLUB.

Foursome competition, 24th December, 1892:—
Mr. Brackenbury and Miss Towgood beat Mr. J. A. Ennals and Mrs. J. W. Addington, 3 up and 1 to play; Mr. J. W. Addington and Mrs. P. C. Tomson beat Mr. H. Ennals and Mrs. Jordan, 5 up and 4 to play; Dr. Good and Mrs. Holman beat Mr. T. Copping and Miss Bower, all square.

SUTTON GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal of the club was played for on Saturday, the 17th inst., with the following result:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Miss Richardson ...	101	12	89	Mrs. F. Charrington	108 7 101
Miss Morton ...	115	15	100	Miss W. Fisher ...	126 25 101

Several players made no returns.

THE OBAN GOLF CLUB.

The General Committee of this Club have appointed Andrew Honeyman permanent green-keeper, a step which will meet with the hearty approval of all the members of the Club. Honeyman is well known as an old St. Andrews man.

A Green Committee has also been appointed, consisting of Messrs. Archibald Campbell, Wm. Rankin, and W. Gardiner, secretary to the Club. A number of improvements on the course have already been decided on. One of the most important is the levelling of the whole of the greens, and judging from the start made by Honeyman with the one nearest the first teeing-ground, which has been levelled like a bowling green, when this work is completed, along with the erection of several additional stiles, it will add very considerably to the enjoyment of the game. There are many natural advantages connected with the course, combining as it does hill and valley, such as the high and dry nature of the ground and the frequent occurrence of hazards and bunkers. Its proximity to the town is also a great advantage to members engaged in business who can in the time which might otherwise be devoted to a listless walk, have a pleasant and vigorous outing amid scenery which of its kind may be truly described as strikingly romantic. The views which present themselves at several points of the course, of the long range of undulating hills, extensive tracts of dense woodland and of the huge precipitous cliffs suddenly and unexpectedly starting to view at different points in Glen-cruitten, beautifully crowned with soft grass of a vivid green, compel the admiration of all to whom they have not by long acquaintance become too familiar. The existence of clubs at Dalmaily and Taynult open up the prospect of friendly competitions becoming more frequent.

HAWICK CLUB.—The monthly medal was played for over the Hawick course on Saturday afternoon, when there was a small muster of competitors.—Details:—Mr. James Parry, 85, plus 2=87; Mr. James Scott, 105, less 15=90; Mr. Robert Hume, 119, less 27=92; Mr. Thomas Purdom, 109, less 16=93.

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THE COMMITTEE OF THE ST. ANDREWS CLUB desire to give notice of a General Meeting of the Members of the above Club, to be held at Cannon Street Hotel, on Wednesday, 4th January, 1893, at 4.30, to discuss several important matters.

CLACTON-ON-SEA GOLF CLUB.—This Club is now started, with good average nine-hole course. Gentlemen desirous of becoming Members, will please address the Hon. Sec., CAPT. FRAYLING, and state their Club, if any (Golfing or otherwise).

TENBY GOLF CLUB.

The usual fortnightly handicap took place on Wednesday, December 21st, with the following result:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. A. C. F. Evans	102	24	78	Mr. T. A. Rees ...	101 8 93
Mr. G. M. T. Smyth	83	scr.	83	Mr. H. J. Allen ...	111 17 94
Col. Voyle...	108	25	83	Mr. G. H. Logan ...	106 7 99
Lieut. Henderson ...	126	36	90		

Messrs. W. Booker and C. V. Isacke retired.

The ladies' handicap again fell through for want of competitors. Mr. G. M. T. Smyth has again broken the record for these links, playing two capital rounds as follows:—6 5 4 5 5 6 4 3=43; 4 5 4 4 5 5 5 4=40; total, 83, thus beating his previous record by five strokes.

WILMSLOW GOLF CLUB.

The third winter competition took place on Saturday, December 17th, with the following result:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. J. D. Hobkirk .	94	14	80	Mr. T. S. Beaumont	123 29 94
Mr. H. M. Langley	110	27	83	Mr. A. L. K. Gilchrist	102 6 96
Mr. A. H. Dixon ...	102	18	84	Mr. K. C. Bellhouse	114 18 96
Mr. A. W. Henry..	98	10	88	Mr. J. Kent Ford...	118 22 96
Mr. W. H. Welsh .	106	18	88	Mr. G. T. Redmayne	114 17 97
Mr. J. A. Tweedale.	90	scr.	90	Mr. W. R. R. Gemmell	124 26 98
Mr. H. G. Langley.	102	11	91	Mr. T. A. Bradley .	107 8 99
Mr. P. Swanwick ...	102	10	92		

Eighteen members either returned no cards, or were over 99 net.

Mr. J. D. Hobkirk won the Boddington cup, the accompanying memento, and the first sweepstakes; Mr. H. M. Langley won the Haworth cup and the accompanying memento. The second sweepstakes was won by Mr. A. H. Dixon, and the third was divided between Messrs. A. W. Henry and W. H. Welsh.

WIMBLEDON LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

First class medal day, December 22nd, 1892:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Miss Colt ...	98	23	75	Miss A. L. Tyrwhitt-	
Miss A. A. Tyrwhitt-				Drake ...	91 9 82
Drake ...	91	15	76	Miss Hassard-Short	100 18 82
Miss G. Tee ...	99	21	78	Miss N. Muir ...	92 9 83
Miss Want...	101	21	80	Miss Issette Pearson	86 scr. 86
Mrs. Archer ...	100	19	81	Miss N. Martyn ...	113 23 90
Miss A. M. Kenyon-				Mrs. Arthur Pollock	106 15 91
Stow ...	88	7	81	Mrs. Willcock ...	115 23 92

No returns from Miss Clarke, Miss Jacob, Mrs. Meates, Mrs. Dowson, Miss Carson, Miss Nicol, Miss L. Thomson, Miss Frere, Miss Scott, Miss Stevenson, and Mrs. King.

PRESTWICK ST. NICHOLAS.—On Saturday the new club-house was formally opened by Captain A. J. Larke. It has been designed to accommodate a membership of 500, which is the fixed minimum strength of the club, but meantime boxes are only provided for 350 members, and these will be added to as the membership increases. The building is handsome and commodious, and finely situated near the beach, commanding extensive and beautiful views of the Firth, Arran, and Carrick hills. The cost of construction and furnishing exceeds £2,000, and the work has been well executed. A competition took place for special prizes given by the captain. The players were classified according to handicap, the first class comprising players at scratch and up to 8, the second from 9 to 16, and the third from 17 to 24. The cards showed the following results in the several classes:—First class: Mr. W. E. Eeles, 89, less 8=81; Mr. Andrew Crawford, 89, less 6=83; Mr. James Andrew (scratch), 85; Mr. C. L. Randall (scratch), 85. Second class: Mr. H. W. Eeles, 92, less 10=82; Mr. J. Kellie, 98, less 16=82; Mr. R. Pyper, 101, less 12=89. Third class: Mr. James Miller, 92, less 20=72; Mr. W. Allan, 99, less 20=79; Mr. A. M. Boyd, 108, less 20=88. At the close of the competition the members inaugurated the opening of the house by a dinner, which was largely attended. Captain Larke occupied the chair, and in proposing "Prosperity to the St. Nicholas Club," gave an interesting history of the club since its formation in 1851, when the entry-money was sixpence, till the present time, when the entry-money is five guineas.

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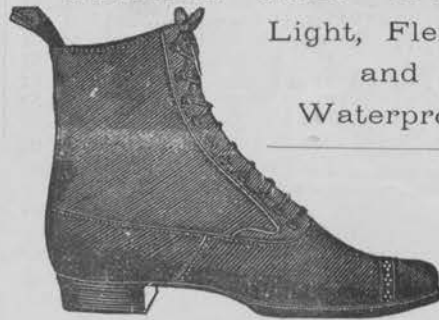
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