

GOLF.

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

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.]

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1892.

JANUARY.

- Jan. 23.—Birkdale : Captain's Cup.
Disley : Annual Meeting.
Sutton Coldfield : Cleek Prize (Captain Wilson's).
- Jan. 25.—Pau : Captain's Prize.
- Jan. 27.—Royal Epping Forest : Spurling-Kentish Medal.
- Jan. 30.—Royal Epping Forest : Gordon Cup.
Seaford : Monthly Medal.
Warwickshire : Cup Competition.
West Cornwall : Monthly Medal.

FEBRUARY.

- Feb. 2.—Whitley : Joicey Cup.
Birkdale : Club Ladies' Prize.
Carnarvonshire : Monthly Medal.
Cambridge University : Linskill Cup (Scratch), and Pirie Medal (Handicap); Extraordinary General Meeting, Lion Hotel, 8.30 p.m.
- Feb. 4.—Tyneside : Bi-Monthly Handicap.
- Feb. 5.—Royal Cornwall : Monthly Medal.
- Feb. 6.—Royal Liverpool : Winter Optional Subscription Prizes.
Lundin : Half-yearly Meeting.
Manchester : Monthly Medal.
Birkdale : Monthly Medal.
Lytham and St. Anne's : Captain's Cup.
Redhill and Reigate : Club Medal.
Brighton and Hove : Berens Medal.
County Down : Wallace Cup.
Sutton Coldfield : Muntz Prize.
Richmond : Monthly Medal.
Lanark : The Gold Ball, and other Prizes.

- Feb. 9.—Cambridge University : St. Andrew's Medal (Handicap).
- Feb. 13.—Formby : Pearson Prize.
Guildford : Monthly Handicap.
Littlestone : Monthly Medal.
Sutton Coldfield : Medal Competition.
Dalhousie : Handicap Match (Fourth Round).
West Heits : Monthly Medal.
Cambridge University : Royal Epping Forest v. The Club, at Cambridge (18 a side)²
- Feb. 14.—Tooting : Monthly Medal.
Didsbury : Captain's Prize.
- Feb. 15.—Pau : Town of Pau Golf Medal (Scratch); St. Andrews Cross (Open); Grand Open Tournament.
- Feb. 16.—Whitley : Joicey Cup.
- Feb. 17.—Royal Epping Forest : Spurling-Kentish Medal.
Pau : Town of Pau Gold Medal (Second Round); St. Andrews Cross (Second Round).
- Feb. 18.—Tyneside : Bi-Monthly Handicap (Final).
- Feb. 20.—Royal Epping Forest : Foursome Competition.
Lytham and St. Anne's : Bury Cup.
County Down : Railway Cup; Club Monthly Prize.
Disley : Winter Handicap Medal.
Sutton Coldfield : Lloyd Prize.
- Feb. 22.—Pau : May Jubilee Medal (Handicap, Holes).
- Feb. 26.—Cambridge University : Royal Blackheath v. The Club, at Cambridge (8 a side).
- Feb. 27.—Royal Epping Forest : Gordon Cup.
Seaford : Monthly Medal.
Cambridge University : Great Yarmouth v. The Club, at Cambridge (18 a side).
Warwickshire : Cup Competition.
West Cornwall : Monthly Medal.
- Feb. 29.—Pau : Duke of Hamilton's Medal and Pendant (Scratch, Members Only); Macdab Challenge Cup and Badge (Handicap limited to 18 strokes).

MARCH.

- Mar. 1.—Whitley : Joicey Cup.
Carnarvonshire : Monthly Medal.
- Mar. 2.—Cambridge University : St. Neots v. a Team of the Club, at Cambridge; Old Cantabs v. The Club.
- Mar. 4.—Royal Cornwall : Monthly Medal.
Cambridge University : Royal Blackheath v. The Club, at Blackheath.
- Mar. 5.—Brighton and Hove : Berens Medal.
Redhill and Reigate : Turner's Medal.
Royal Liverpool : Winter Optional Subscription Prizes.
Lundin : Handicap Medal.
Manchester : Monthly Medal.
Birkdale : Monthly Medal.
Lytham and St. Anne's : Captain's Cup.
County Down : Wallace Cup; Railway Cup; Club Monthly Prize.
Sutton Coldfield : Muntz Prize.
Edinburgh University : McEwan Medal and Club Prizes.
Richmond : Monthly Medal.
- Mar. 9.—Pau : Havemeyer Prize (Open Handicap); Havemeyer Prize, Ladies (Open Handicap).
- Mar. 11.—Pau : Annual Meeting to Elect Officers.

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.

THE LIMPSFIELD GOLF COURSE.

There is no county in England which is richer in commons than Surrey. Many of these, being on a chalky or sandy soil, are excellently-suited for the game of Golf, and no inland county contains so many courses. Wimbledon and Guildford are the most famous; but there is a large number of others, which well may rival any inland course in Britain. Among these, none are finer than that which was laid out by Paxton two or three years ago on the Limpsfield Common. Situated about a mile from the village of Oxted, it can be reached in an hour from Victoria or Charing Cross, and few links afford a better test of skill.

At present the course consists of nine holes, but it is probable that the number will soon be increased to eighteen. The distance of the round is nearly two miles, none of the holes being more than three hundred and fifty yards in length, and none less than one hundred and fifty. The chief hazards are gorse bushes, but, with the exception of a few holes, the direct line from the tee to the disc is clear from such dangers. Before one or two of the teeing-grounds, however, there yawns even a more formidable difficulty in the shape of large bunkers filled with whins and water; but a fair drive will clear the obstacle in every case. Roads, also, have to be crossed on several occasions, and the ruts left by the carts which cross the common in all directions form a serious danger. The lies are at times somewhat heavy, but few are really bad. The greens, with one exception, are of no great size; but the turf is good, and a number of slight undulations round many of the holes add interest to them.

The first teeing-ground is in front of a wilderness of gorse, over which a perfect drive will reach the hole. But the safer plan is to play to the right, as the hole is then opened up for a short approach over a road. The next drive easily clears a marshy hollow, filled with heather, and a long iron takes the ball to the green. In front of the third teeing-ground is the worst hazard of the course, a large bunker covered with whins, and ending in a steep face of red sand. This crossed in safety, if the ball is not caught in a cart-rut, a long brassy shot will carry it to the disc; but the approach is blind, and it is good if the second be on the green. The fourth hole is the longest. Two splendid drives will take the ball home; but as the lie for the second is not often good, the approach will be up a slight slope on to a difficult putting-green. A very long and straight tee-shot will send the ball to the fifth green: the approach is difficult, as in front is a lot of heavy ground and a road, to the right a number of gorse bushes, and beyond a clump of whin. The drive to the next hole is down a slight hill. A sliced approach carries the ball into a forest of gorse, and if the shot is at all too hard, it will roll over the green into a hazard filled with heather. The seventh tee-shot has to carry the marsh, which is the danger of the second hole. If the ball is not on the road, a straight cleek-shot will take it home; but whin bushes abound on right and left, and beyond the hole is a similar difficulty. The next drive is dangerous, as a road runs right across the line, with a ditch on either side, and between it and the tee is a clump of bushes. A good shot, however, carries everything, and a long second will reach the hole, the approach being over some rough ground on to a large putting-green. The drive to the Home hole runs the risk of being caught in a rut; but if it lies clear, a cleek-shot will carry it across the road, and leave it near the hole. The green, however, is not so good as the others, and several patches of heather make the putting uncertain.

No Golf course emphasises more strongly the value of keeping the line. It is, in fact, the great requisite, and every tee-shot must be straight. For a steady golfer, the course may be called easy, but for an uncertain player none more difficult could be found. Any score under 90 for the two rounds is fair Golf; and if nine holes are done in less than 40, the play is excellent. For there is not an easy three in the whole round, while there is not a really difficult five. It is in the capacity for converting fives into fours that the difference between the good and the average golfer will be seen. Douglas Rolland, the professional in charge of the green, has done the nine holes in 34, made up of 3 3 4 4 4 5 4 4; his best total for the eighteen is 74, which was done in a match with Paxton, the details of the rounds being 3 4 4 4 5 3 3 6 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 4.

ERIC.

GOLF AS A MEDICINE.

This is undoubtedly a very curious heading for an article. But the fact is, it is remarkably difficult to imagine, far less realise, a new heading for anything. A very worthy friend of mine, who is not by any means wanting in a "head," physical or mental, has told me that it takes him about seven years to discover a good "heading." And no wonder! Think of the thousands who are writing to the hundreds of magazines and periodicals. Each man and woman must have some title to the article—and that title must be fresh. The best paying company would be one which would invent "headings," and sell them at a high figure. Even ministers have told me that they have got over half their sermon when they fix upon a text. This queer heading then, can therefore be excused by readers who have ever had to face the ordeal of writing to time.

Yet there is a considerable amount of truth in this new title. It is very suggestive. It was not put in that way to me; but the other day a friend—an enthusiastic golfer—told me that it would do me a world of good to have a round of the links at Blairgowrie—which is the most easy green of access to my out-of-the-way abode—beautiful, commandingly so, in summer, but oh! godforsaken-like in winter. He said, with a marvellous power of seriousness for him, "My good fellow, you just have a game at Golf. I know you have played only once for fifteen years, and that was over the Edinburgh Braids, on the first day of the year—a good beginning of a new year—and all the readers of the splendid GOLF magazine were delighted to run over your racy account of the exploit. Then at it again. I was rather 'seedy' for some time lately. I had been out at a few dinner parties, when there was more than cold water and less than restraint, and I took all sorts of physic to be found in an ordinary mortal's pharmacopœia. But there was no good done. I imagined everything was wrong—liver, lungs, heart, kidneys, and all sorts of places—but I realised it was especially my stomach. But there was no cure from drugs, no cure from pills. 'Golf' says I, 'is my last card;' if that does not have the true effect, *actum est de me*. Like Cæsar of old, 'I came, I saw, I conquered.' I went to St. Andrews, I had my two rounds for three successive days, and I could then eat anything, I became a new man—physically certainly—and mentally my mind was clearer for work."

"Bless my soul!" I answered, after this fatiguing speech, for my friend got quite excited in its magnificent delivery, "my symptoms are not unlike yours; though I have not had the pleasure of being at any dinner party in this parish for a dozen years. I think I shall act on your advice, and take a day at Blairgowrie."

Accordingly, I arranged with the minister of Blair to have a preliminary canter, merely for the exercise and to know the green. My readers must be made aware that once I could play, but the glory has departed, my hand has lost its cunning. Fifteen years ago, I was playing a match at Musselburgh with Mr. Stewart, Civil Engineer, against Professor Tait and Mr. Pat. P. Alexander. I forget now how we got on, but I remember my eye and hand were mortally out. Dr. William Tulloch remarked to me, "Ah! Mac, Ichabod, *fruit Troja*." "Shut up with your classical teasings; you will never have a chance of saying this again, for I won't touch a club after to-day." My mind was the more made up when poor old Wille Park—the most perfect of players (next to Allan) if he had only kept square—said "Dear me, doctor, that's no your style ava." "For anysake, Park," I replied, giving him a shilling, "go over there to Mrs. Foreman's, and drink my health with it in soda-water till it is done." However, I broke my promise on the Braids three months ago; and when once you break a promise, it is easier to do it again, especially when by doing so you are to benefit your health.

I had not been well for some time; a bad cold was hanging with spectral thrall over me day and night; and I jumped at my friend's suggestion to get it off by the magic power of Golf. My liver was not the thing—stomach, everything out of joint; and with the patent cleek and iron kindly sent to me for inspection by Mr. Carruthers, Edinburgh, I drove along to Blair.

It was a raw, cold, morning; and it required all the stimulus of an expected cure to urge me on over the seven miles of road laden with a searching, rotten rime. Yet what will not a man do for his health? He'd swallow a hundred bottles of Elixir

Vita to restore his spirits and mental power. Mrs. Seigel's Syrup, Cockle's Pills, or any mortal thing he'd take to effect a cure. Yet here was before me the "perfect cure," within reach. Doctors differ about many prescriptions, but Golf has a secret power which is more subtle in its action than any homœopathic or allopathic medicines. And as I approached the town, I read in imagination over the gate of entrance to the Golf course, "All ills abandon, ye who enter here." There was something else said over a certain place by Dante, and over a parallel and similarly named bunker in St. Andrews by Mr. P. P. Alexander; but that expression did not then occur to me; it is only in the beautiful contrast of my heaven of health now to my hell of dyspepsia or something else before, that the words of these two poets stand out in relief (not as a relief) in my mind.

The minister and I trained down to Rosemount (one mile). The day brightened up. Nature gave us her blessing. I got a driver from my friend, and with the three I set out—no caddies are here yet. Surely the critic of the *Spectator*, who was so mercilessly down on these fellows, did not know of the sanctity of the course of Blair. The minister has played little more than a year, but somehow he has slipped into a very easy and graceful style; and, when he *kept* it, he succeeded in making very successful drives. Against the wind especially he did well. As the green is very mossy, soft and "fashionless," it is necessary to have a club with a deep face, brass bottom, and not over-large head. With this he played with occasional power; when he pressed, he "cam' ower the tap o' her," as Lang Willie used to say about a topped ball.

My friend is an authority on the medicine of Golf. The other day he wrote a poem. He writes many excellent poems, as his volume testifies. But this was a particular poem, about the erratic movements of seven Golf balls, struck off from Blair teeing-grounds. Of six of them I say nothing, but of one I must point out the medicinal effects. He drew it from the nose of his club into Loch Bog, famous as Mr. Kerr of Dirleton well knows, for its grand bonspiels at Curling, good in their season, but not equal to the best of games. The plunge of the ball aroused the attention of a slumbering pike, that had taken some apparently incurable disease. Mistaking it for a "horse medicine ball" he swallowed the gutta, which so irritated the animal's stomach that he didn't slumber again for some time, thus effecting a perpetual cure.

Hole after hole we played, for two rounds. As to who won, nobody will care, but all our readers will be anxious to learn the effect of my expedition on my health. Before telling them, let me say that the patent cleek did admirably, serving for a mashie, spoon, ordinary cleek and putter; but that the iron, which unfortunately had in its raw state the bend of the shaft the wrong way, thus making the back-lying head look one rather too much in the face, did not do so well; though certainly I never heeled a ball with it. I shall, however, reserve my full opinion until I have more fully tested its powers. After our two rounds, we walked up to the Manse; and hungry as hawks, we there discussed with unwonted vigour and stomach-capacity an excellent dinner. With a cigar, &c., we discussed many things; and I left my friend, resolving to meet some day soon for the grand clerical foursome contest, which will be duly advertised. After a swift drive home, I felt another man, that is, physically—of course mentally I cannot get a shift, and I have just to hold on to the brains I have. Still Golf can "minister to a body diseased"; for next day I had a comfortable feeling of exhilaration, and seemed to have got a fresh lease of life. Long may that continue! If by chance this article happens to fall into the hands of one who has never yet taken to the magic art of Golf, let him read it carefully, and so inwardly digest it, that he will at once resolve to get a club and cleek and ball and start to work, ere it is too late. Let him know that Golf is no quack medicine, but the genuine article that will stretch out life more elastically than any game, with an inestimable power of dispelling carking care (more effectual than Macawber's), with an ease which puts football and tennis to shame, and with a healing influence which only requires continuous practice to be realised.

J. G. MCPHERSON.

All Communications to be Addressed to the EDITOR,
5, COPTHALL AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

Review.

THE BADMINTON LIBRARY OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES: SKATING, FIGURE-SKATING, CURLING, TOBOGGANING, ICE-SAILING, BANDY. London: Longmans, Green and Co., Paternoster Row. Price 10s. 6d.

The present volume is the most recent addition to this library of British sport; and any one who is familiar with the exceedingly thorough manner in which the "Badminton Golf" was carried out need scarcely be told that the same principle of completeness has been followed in this case. Each subject treated of in the volume has been allocated to an expert in each department of sport, and the nett result is that within moderate compass as much information in the shape of well-assorted facts is compressed as any reader in these days of high pressure can find time to digest and assimilate. Here, indeed, we have a very serviceable and instructive digest of the ice sports of the world, and advice is given as to the best manner in which each particular sport should be approached, so as to permit of proficiency being attained.

In the introductory chapter on Skating, Mr. J. M. Heathcote discourses with the fluent facility of a sportsman who has earned renown in many departments. He is known as one of our best lawn-tennis players, and he seems also to have had a very varied experience in skating, which he communicates to his readers unobtrusively. Skating, like Golf, would appear to have come from Holland, and, according to Professor Skeat's etymological researches, there is quite as much doubt as to the genuine parent word employed by the ancient Hollanders and others to designate the art as there is in exactly stating what is the root of Golf. In any case, whatever the word may be, the art seems to have grown in popularity in this country about the time of the Restoration. Mr. C. G. Tebbutt, a well-known Fen skater, contributes some interesting information on the Fen skaters, as compared with the Dutch and Norwegian, and he also analyses the various styles of speed skating. This portion of the book is illustrated with some very good instantaneous photographs of Mr. Donoghue, the American, Mr. Tebbutt himself, Smart, and views of Dutch ice race-courses and highways. Mr. T. Maxwell Witham deals with the subject of figure-skating in an exhaustive manner, from ice and the formation of rinks up to the best and highest form of figure exercises. The whole of this chapter is beautifully illustrated with drawings of the various figures, and the manner in which the learner should proceed to execute them is clearly indicated.

We turn with pleasure to the Rev. John Kerr's chapter on "Curling" as being a sport which has an affinity to Golf, and one which bids fair in a short time to become exceedingly popular in the south. As becomes an enthusiastic curler and golfer, Mr. Kerr has much to say from the historical point of view concerning his favourite sport. His research has manifestly been a laborious one in out-of-the-way places, and among many old documents; but, writing with great restraint and well balanced condensation, Mr. Kerr is never diffuse, though always interesting, and in some places he rises to a pitch of humorous narrative which is really entertaining. Listen for example to the rich Doric music of the skip's instructions, each sentence of which conveys a picture in itself.

"Ye ken what's wantin." "Oh! be cannie." "Cannily down the howe ice." "Jist smell the ring, an' I'll no blame ye." "A guid calm shot is aye the best." "Jist crack an egg on this." "Gie him heels, gie him heels!" "Sooop him up, sooop him up!" "Oh, be cannie." "Jist come creepin' up." "Come to the door o' the hoose." "O! for a guard!" "Owre the colly and ye're a great shot." "Lie back." "Guard the winner." "Dinna let him see that again." "Wait on him, men." "Watch that ane." "Keep him sweet." "Kittle him weel." "Block the ice." "Fill the port." "Come creepin' down to the back o' this ane." "Lift him an ell and lie yourself." "Lie in the bosom o' the winner." "An inwick aff this, and ye're shot yersel." "Curl in to your grannie's wing." "Dinna flee the guard." "Break up the guards." "Through the port, and ye'll find the winner." "Let him die." "Ne'er a kowe." "Besoms up!" "See him through." "He's a collie, tak' him by the neck." "He's a great hog." "Awa wi' him to Lipton."

As was to be expected from a player who understands the game so well, and who besides has written the only standard

history of the sport, Mr. Kerr gives a great deal of useful practical advice, which ought to bear good fruit in these winter days south of the Tweed, where curling is every year leaping into increased favour. Captain Alexander's sketches, so well known to the readers of GOLF, hit off with inimitable humour the more pronounced phases of curling eccentricity, and being himself a curler of experience, he knows exactly those points of incongruity which ought to be seized and recorded by the pencil without in the least overstepping the limits of reasonable fidelity. Who has not on many a rink met the original of the sketch bearing the legend, "D'ye see that stane? then crack an egg on't!" Mr. Kerr's literary skill in alliance with Captain Alexander's sketching power makes the combination a strong one, and to our thinking the Curling chapter is by far the most interesting and entertaining in the book.

Mr. H. A. Buck contributes a chapter on "Ice Sailing," Mr. Ormond Hake on "Tobogganing" and Mr. C. G. Tebbutt on "Bandy."

THE (MODERN) LOTOS-EATERS.

"Forwards"! he cried, and pointed to "the ground"—
This much-used path will bring us to the game!
Eftsoons the welcome spot, the "links" they found,
Where morn, eve, afternoon, are all the same,
All "Golf"—around the players play'd, some tame,
Some thrilling strokes, as made by men of note;
Full-fac'd, the rustic "caddie" watch'd the game;
And with a sturdy stroke the smiters smote,
As only "golfers" can, whose names we would not quote.

A band of "golfers"! some, whilst puffing smoke,
Quick dropping on their driven balls, did go;
And some, through mis-aim'd strokes, their "drivers" broke,
Rolling a yellow cloud of dust below!
They would, at times, a mutter'd threat bestow
From th' inner self; far off, on yonder mound,
Two "toffs," whose well-worn phrase is "don't you know"?
Stood champagne-flush'd; and, looking wildly round,
Sent the ball flying from the sand-tipped "teeing-ground."

The charmed "golfer" linger'd on the scene
In his red vest; in rabbit-hole his ball
Had roll'd far inward; ferrets might have been
Sent in with profit; what men fondly call
A "bunker," set with furze-bush, rose so tall,
To fence the game with hazards seem'd their aim;
And, round the hill, with faces ruddy-red,
Red faces render'd rosy with the game,
The brown-clad, knickerbocker'd "golfers" came!

"Clubs" they did bear, of that enchanting kind,
Headed with brass and iron, whereof all
Had many, borne by "caddies" from behind;
Whose hand of these was fit to take at all,
And wield, on him entrancement strange would fall;
All else upon his taste at once would pall
As alien; if aught else a fellow spake,
Unheard it pass'd—his thoughts were on the ball,
And deep asleep he seem'd, altho' awake,
And music in his heart the bounding ball did make!

Then sat he down on a pavilion chair,
Beside a glass of "Soda" and of "B.,"
And sweet it seem'd to be no more aware
Of wife, or child, or business—but to be
Weary of counting-house, weary of the "cit-ie,"
Weary of stocks and shares—yes, life seem'd "rough";
Then some one said, "That life we do not 'see';"
Then all the rest, they sang, "Enough, enough!
Golf is our business! take we 'quantum suff.'!"

A. J. R.

RICHIE MONIPLIES AT BLACKHEATH.

There are some misconceptions (says a writer in *Chamber's Journal* for January, 1863), that are no easily forgiven, even though they're no consciously entertained.

If a man says you're a writer, or, as they ca' it here, an attorney, he may mak' apologies, but one likes him nane the better for that. It's only gaun frae the deil tae the deep sea when he protests on his word and honour that he thoct you were only a bit writer body. It's that verra circumstance that gars you grue. In a seemilar mainer, when an Englishman says that "Golf is a kind o' hockey"—which he maistly aye does when he describes oor great national game—it's maks nae maiter though he tells you he really thoct sae. Supposing I, a Scotchman, should tak upon me to aver that cricket was a sort o' "trap, bat, and ball," he wadna be by ordiner flattered, I'm thinkin'; and yet my faut wad be licht, treevial compared wi' his. For what is cricket after all? Well, Scotchmen at least canna be said to cry up their ain accomplishments at the expence o' their neebors'; but the fact is, that the English dinna and canna understand games. I'm no meanin' cairds and billiards, and sic risky things as you lose money by, but neeborly oot-o'-door games. I think it maun be allooted that a native like mysel' kens mair about the thing than a foriner. I main-teen, then, that we are an even-forrit, playful people, not preceesly kitten-like, "pleas'd wi' a rattle, tickled wi' a straw," or given to those exuberant speerits that betray the empty mind, but for keen, canny, steady judgematical play, we may clearly be said to hae nae successful competitors.

Look at curling, for example. But no, if ance I set oot on that subject I may write till Dooms-day; let me stick to Golf. To begin, then. There is a picturesqueness aboot maist golfing-grounds forin to the sleekit, clippit lawns on which the cricketer dirls and heaves the senseless ba'. I watched twa-and-twenty puir English callants, eleven on a side, working at cricket for aicht mortal hours last simmer in a park, little bigger or better than a yaird, in the heart o' London, and hadna I paid my saxpence to get in, and didna want to waste siller, I wad hae left the throwless game after the first ten minutes. Wearily waitin' for the "overs," and tethered to ae tiresome spot, the mislipped young men maun hae suffered sairly. Lookin' at their langsome play, my heart turned lichtly back, far frae the dowless, feckless loons in their yairdie, to the breezy links o' Gullane, stretchin' lan'art in by frae the sea, and speckled wi' keen golfers and bits o' wee club-carryin' laddies. The verra place was health, and beauty, and freedom a' in ane, no to speak o' the swampy hollow where you were aye playing "Two more" by reason o' the prime natural diffeeculties, or the splendid rise at the top, back from which your ba' wad come for half a mile, and then you went at it again wi' a gleger e'e and a firmer hand. As I think o' Gullane, I feel the lift o' the sea-breeze in my hair; the sweep o' the view is before me, miles o' breezy knowes, behind them the strip of plantin', and the ridge o' distant hill, and before them the great skinkle o' the sea, no forgettin' the sma' public, where the timeous "drappie" could be got at ony emergency, and when, the game ower, of necessity a refreshment was aye forthcomin'. Shall I ever turn oot again on the links of Gullane? Am I forgotten by thankless caddies? (Many a penny I hae gi'en them, and, for that matter, fourpenny-bits when I had nae change.) Is my name mentioned when, gaun doon wi' the clubs, the Bailie and the rest step into Neil's to taste in a neeborly way? An it werena that the folk here are laithe to pairt we us, kennin' they hae neabody to do their wark sae weel as we do it, I might ance mair drive a ba' ower the whinny links o' St. Andrews or Musselburgh, or the sandy knowes o' North Berwick, or even the hazardless sward o' Bruntfield. No a single spot that I ken' o' south o' the Tweed will compare in ony mainer wi' the least o' these, and there's only ane that seems to be conscious o' its ain merits. They tell me Blackheath has been a golfing-ground for a hundred years, and the folk there dinna mistak you for a postman if you turn oot in red wi' your clubs and your caddies, though they dinna seem to see yet that, when you cry "Fore," it's their ain faut if they get a bit skelp wi' a weel-driven ba'.

The ither day I gaed doon there wi' a guid-natured English loon, ane Jones, and had as guid a game as the callant's

ignorance o't wad alloo me; and yet I had bade him read up the subject too. "Now, get you some handbook o' Golf," said I, meanin' such a work as "Rambling Remarks on Golf," recently published, and containin', let me say, some very pretty pieces o' advice; "and mak' yoursel' thoroughly acquainted wi' the *theory* o' the game, and then come doon to Blackheath wi' me, and put it into practice."

"Why, there's not much to learn," said he, "is there? Golf is only a kind of hock—"

"Be quiet, Jones," interrupted I wi' indignation, "and never set your tongue in motion about maiters that ye dinna understand. Just do what I tell you, and meet me at London Bridge on this day week, for the eleven o'clock train."

He was there, punctual enough, and the very first thing I said to him was:—

"And hoo about the handbook o' Golf?"

"Well," says he, "I ordered it at the bookseller's by that very name, but it don't seem to me very amusing now I *have* got it."

And what do you think the creature had gane and purchased but "The Hand of Providence, Exemplified in the Life of John B. Gough," a work without ae word about Golf in it from beginning to end, and written against whisky and clubs of every description! However, there was naething for it but to go on, for neither Jones nor I could afford to waste a holiday.

Noo since we *were* bound for Blackheath (where neither of us had ever been before) it seemed only fitting that we should tak' a ticket for that place. In Scotland that wad certainly hae been the properest course, but in England there is no end o' the devices for getting money oot o' your pocket wrangously; we ocht to hae booked oorsels for Greenwich. As it was, we fand oorsels no upon ony links at a', but in a sma' toon where naebody could put us in the way o' what we wanted. The folk kened the heath weel enough, they said, but they had never taken account o' ony golfers (if you can picture to yoursel' anything so extraordinar'!), and but for a gleg postman we micht hae supposed we had come on a tule's errand. "Golf," said he—'ay, ay, there is Golf in all the tents you'll find on the heath yonder." Golf in the tents! Think upon *that* my friends on the richt side o' the Border! I hae heard o' an honest gentleman drilling holes in his drawing-room carpet that he micht hae a "putting-green" in wet weather; but, "Come along, laddie," cried I, "for gudeness, and let us see what that pur weel-intentioned creature means." I had my suspicions at the time, however, and they werna lang o' bein' realeezed. The heath—which was a bonny place enough, wi' fine houses all round it, and parks and plantins in the distance, besides ane or twa capital pits in it, and big bunkers o' sand, and a little water here and there—was covered wi' tents, as if an army was camped there; and oot o' the tents cam troops o' boys, each wi' a club in his hand, to play at that abominable bastard game o' theirs they ca' hockey. However, they directed us to the "Green Man," as being in the neighbourhood o' the Golf-house; "and there," said Jones, "in any case, we must lunch," for, for eating and drinking, and expenses o' a' kinds, Jones was an Englisher all over, and as for putting a bit o' biscuit in oor pouches, and breaking it as we gaed along in an economical mainer, he wadna listen to such a proposal. So, while he was ordering the most expensive refreshments, before his appetite had gi'en him warnin'—the spend-thrift—I looked oot o' the coffee-room to see if I could get a glist of the Golf-house; and though I didna see that, yet I saw a sicht that made my heart baith crouse and canty—a wheen lean, ragged, hungry laddies, wi' a cuteness in their countenances that ane rarely sees in this soothern people, and wi' a certain dishonest sagaciousness about them that made me recognisee them at ance. "You are caddies!" cried I; "a sicht guid for sair een." I am richt sure nae ither profession save that o' carrying the Golf-clubs could hae produced these genairic characteristics. "Chances!" shouted they as we cam oot; exactly the same—only no wi' that fine roll o' the *a* that maks oor native Doric seem sae like to that o' ancient Greece—exactly the same as the lads cry at Bruntisfield when they see the red coats daunderin' oot frae the club-house. "But na, na," said I, "let me see Maister Dunn first, if you'll show me where he lives;" for I wanted to ken the preceese tariff before coming to ony terms that micht be by ordiner generous. And pleasant it was to mak' acquaintance wi' that douce club-maker,

and strange to see hoo instantly he kened me for a compatriot o' his ain. There must surely be some secret affeenity wi' ane anither among the folk o' oor nation, so immediately does mutual recognition tak' place, even when—as in my ain case—there is, as far as I can see, no *the verra slightest accent* that can betray a body to be otherwise than a mealy-mouthed southerner born within the sound o' Bow Bells.

Then he lent us a set o' clubs apiece, and set us gaun', and I maun say that for an English links the place was no sae bad as you micht maybe expect. The caddies were not a grain ahint the lads o' oor country in keeping the wrang scores, and aye makin' oot that you had made less strokes than you really had, and that your adversary had made more—which was quite unnecessary in Jones's case, pur chap, for he was aye playin' "five mair" at the verra least. Only, instead o' saying, "like as you lie," as we do in Scotland, they cried, wi' a disregaird o' grammar that is national, "like as you *lay*;" while they ca' the fore-caddie, "forcad;" and, ah! hoo I missed the "be canny, be canny," when everything depended upon a single stroke, and it was o' the greatest importance to give a *steimy*, only quite by accident, of course. But amaisa a' the technical phrases—although, indeed, without the proper pronunciation—had these English caddies picked up, to the great bewilderment o' Jones.

"You'll get into it directly, sir," observed ane o' them in an encouraging manner, as my freend was striking off at the gravel-pit.

"But I don't *want* to get into it," exclaimed Jones, "I want to get *over* it; and I take it to be a piece of gross impertinence that you should prophesy any such misfortune." The reckless disregaird o' human life, which is the chief characteristic o' the caddie, alarmed Jones in nae sma' degree.

"Now, in what direction am I to play, my lad? for I don't see the fore-caddie."

"Right on to that stout old gentleman in the road yonder."

"But if I were to hit him!" cried Jones, in horror.

"Well, he should have heard me cry 'Fore,'" replied the boy; "and besides, if you don't hit him on the head, it'll never hurt *him*, bless ye."

When we got into the roads among the fine carriages that are so plenteous in these parts, Jones got particularly nervish, because the coachmen would sometimes pull up, that the leddies might see hoo the game was played; and a very curious notion o' it they must hae driven awa' wi', for Jones covered all passers by within a radius of twenty yards wi' mud, and broke 'three club-heads by neglecting to use the "iron." But for my part, I wad never hae played better on ony o' our ain links than I did on that same Blackheath, but for twa obstacles: the ane was the obtrusive and painfu' brightness o' the English sun, which has nane o' the chastened and mellow licht which distinguishes it wi' us, but pours doon upon your face wi' the most prodigal excess o' licht; the ither was the enormous quantity o' ladies' schools. I am a sensitive man mysel', and the processions o' bonnie lasses that were continually passing and repassing on that heath were really ower muckle for me. I never saw onything like it. The hooses in the neighbourhood maun all be saimaries for young ladies. Custom may do much, of course, towards strengthening the nerves, and it is possible that the members o' the Blackheath Club may be able to follow the advice o' their caddies, and "Play right in among 'em," just as ane wad into a boys' school. But for my part, I couldna do it, I'd rather be bunkered first; and I *was* bunkered mair than ance, through a chivalrous delicacy which many may call Quixotic.

Upon the whole, however, I enjoyed mysel' to the mast-heed; and I envy those gentlemen o' my ain country whase means and leisure permit them to come doon to this favoured spot and indulge twice or thrice a week in oor national pastime. To *them*, their exile is at least considerably mitigated, and England maun be made less contemptible.

I maunna forget to say that Maister Dunn declined to receive onything for accommodatin' us wi' clubs, saying that it was payment enough to see us doon there, patronising the noble game wi' sic enthusiasm. But for my part, I wadna hear o' ony sic pecuniary sacrifice—or at least o' one to that extent. "Na," said I, "thankin' you all the same, Maister Dunn, we couldna think o' *that*; but since I am a Scotsman like yoursel', perhaps it will be pleasanter if *you and I* didna consider this as a maiter o' business, for 'Hawks shouldna pike out hawks

een'; but as for the lad Jones, he has mair siller than wit; and what ane gets for naething ane holds at naething, so it is far better that he should purchase his experience." And thus, without ony detriment to mysel', I did a good turn baith for my fellow-countryman, and the puir callant Jones, wha will be, a Golf-player yet afore I've dune wi' him.

A EULOGY OF THE ROYAL WEST NORFOLK GOLF LINKS.

There is a new Golf links.

There is nothing new, however, in this statement. The only originality claimed for it in this instance is that it is true. And let this be said without reflection on previous pioneers and advertisers of a similar new thing. For in all cases it has been true that they have found a place wherein it was possible to swing a Golf-club and hit a ball with it—even with the driver, if the ball were carefully teed—possible, too, to drive it without danger to human life, and sometimes to find it again. But these places have not always been Golf links. On the way home from the Cambridge links one has seen little boys playing a make-believe Golf with crooked sticks for clubs, with a ball that once had been a Golf-ball, with the gridiron over the water-gutters for holes, and the passers-by and vehicles for hazards. They, too, have found a new Golf links.

But this of which we speak is a Golf links in the right royal meaning of the term. It is neither mud-larking nor stone-breaking nor bush-whacking, but Golf—Golf as it is to be played at St. Andrews, at Westward Ho! at Sandwich; and the new links are situated close by the village of Brancaster, in Norfolk, some five miles from Hunstanton. Without going into invidious comparisons with this or that links, let us say at once that here there is real good Golf to be played, and plenty of it—plenty of hazards, of the right sand-bunkery quality, plenty of fine lies on natural short turf, every stretch of which is a possible putting-green, and there are eighteen holes of a length which might satisfy the fury of a Jehu—and plenty of room for more. The course leads the player over lofty sand-hills. Many of the tees are reared up on eminences which command a most charming view. The German Ocean lies upon the east, and on the west are marshes, which in summer are a carpet of purple flowers, stretching to the wooded rising ground in which the fishing village of Brancaster is situated. From all points of view it is, in fact, perfect natural golfing ground. Moreover, it has that seemingly essential quality of good Golf links, extreme difficulty of access; and let those who have played at Wimbledon on a Saturday, or have shivered while six couples drove off before them into the chalk-pit at Eastbourne, testify to the merit of that quality—though still, be it said, we are far from drawing any comparison (for there is none) in making mention of Wimbledon and Eastbourne in a sentence which has reference to the West Norfolk links. The train does not take one any nearer to Brancaster than Hunstanton, and it does not take one there very quickly. It does well enough as far as Cambridge, but then it seems gradually to slow down till it gets very badly bunkered in King's Lynn, whence it emerges very tired, and does the fifteen miles or so in small instalments—taking three hours and a-half in all. But one does not have to change, which is always a blessing, and the Great Eastern's charges are very moderate—15s. for a first class, Friday to Tuesday return, and 9s. 6d. third class. At Hunstanton there is an excellent hotel and good lodgings, but this entails a drive to the links. At Brancaster there are clean little places where a rude plenty may perhaps suit the golfing appetite better than French cookery. An iron club-house which will be found amply sufficient for the present needs is, at the moment of writing, on its way down from London; but by the time this eulogy appears in print the club-house will very likely have appeared at the first tee. However, as there is a very powerful committee of residents in the county, with the Prince of Wales at their head as patron, and more especially since the links themselves are of a quality which

"needs no bush," it is unlikely that this iron club-house will suffice long. The club is now but in its earliest infancy, with a most moderate subscription and no entrance-fee; but even now there are rumours of an hotel to be built especially for the accommodation of golfers. On the extremely remote chance of any golfer being disposed, in his lighter moments, to such pursuits as archæology or natural history, it may be said that there is a fine specimen of a Roman camp in the neighbourhood; and that the country is notable as a happy hunting ground for the botanist, entomologist and ornithologist, many rare species of flowers, insects and birds being found in the marshes and along the shores of the Wash.

H. G. HUTCHINSON.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

The sportsman has his gun, the fisherman his rod, the cricketer his bat, but which of these can compete with the golfer and his set of clubs, each head and shaft of which can recall to his memory more or less stirring, sometimes melancholy, events of it may be nearly a lifetime? I look upon my clubs as a sort of shorthand history of many years, one that can only be read by me. It may not be interesting to the golfing world at large to read an account of what these clubs say to me, but they have often been a consolation, like that of a silent, tried companion, the thought of whose presence fills the heart with gladness; and in writing their biography I am only repaying a debt which I owe to them for being so often the means of giving healthful pleasure to their owner. How I sympathized with Dr. McPherson's words on this subject in a recent GOLF! He well knows, and every old golfer knows, how pleasant it is to conjure up memories of Golf by looking at the "weapons of war," the old, familiar faces.

There they are, mostly old, all familiar. Look at that beautiful stained hickory driver! It bends in the right part of the shaft to drive a long ball, doesn't it? It belonged to a Morris prize set. I didn't win it. No, it was won by a better man, who made me a present of it. Ah! You say Beveridge is the name on the head. It was made to pattern, but never came up to the original model for driving power. Let me mention one little incident of the old head's doings. I was playing for the Wemyss challenge bowl, and it was my drive at the eighth tee. Perhaps you don't know the Luffness course? Then let me tell you that Luffness Links is one of the finest golfing grounds in Christendom, with numerous hazards of all varieties and putting-greens like velvet. In driving to the eighth hole, there is every chance of making a "rasper," as you are standing on a considerable elevation and going towards a plain. Many good drives are caught in the long wide ditch fully one hundred and fifty yards from the tee: mine was not caught that day; it sang gaily over the obstruction, and rolled a good many yards past the hole, a distance of about two hundred and thirty yards. My friend, the late Mr. Frank Burnet, who was one of the opposing team, said he had never seen a longer drive at Luffness. That drive had the assistance of a strong tail wind, Alas for the sequel! It turned out the unluckiest stroke I ever made, for I made no other useful tee-shot that day, and if my partner, one of the best players in East Lothian, had not also been one of the best-tempered of men, I might have been spoken to in language not quite parliamentary.

There's an odd mid-spoon, one of McEwan's, the best maker of spoons yet. That one has seen service. I tied on the head myself years ago, and I don't know how often it has had a new horn put on. The present one was fitted by Gibson, now of Westward Ho! Did you ever see such a wide one? It's twice the ordinary width, and has four pins in it. He did his best to save the head for me, and succeeded. Ay, ay, many's the scrape from which that spoon has saved me!

Now, then, what think you of that cleek? It's a useful weapon, but the shaft hardly comes up to the old stained hickory prize shaft. Shall I tell you how it was broken? There is no romance about it. I was enjoying my afternoon walk through the fields with my cleek for a stick, and slashing now and then at twigs on a thorn hedge; one of the twigs was

rather tough, my swing was rather savage, and — I had to return ruefully with the shaft irretrievably wasted.

You are smiling at that yellow head tied to a fine springy shaft? It is an odd-shaped one, odder than a bulger. The lead, too, is sunk in an original fashion. I never made any great work with it, but I frequently look at it for the sake of the young fellow who made it, a powerful young man, famous in athletics, at home in the water like a fish. I've seen him turn up at 6.30 a.m., four miles from his office, to play a Golf match at Brunsfield, of all places. What enthusiasm! Alas! alas! Go play to me "Lochaber no more." He went to Assam young, strong, brimful of life and spirits. "Those whom the gods love die young."

There's another amateur head, that black one; it's very like the real thing, but rather long in the face; it would require a strong shaft and a powerful man to wield it properly. It was made by Mr. Frank Burnet, when he lived at Beanston, where he used to make, in his spare moments, all manner of things that are within the spheres of turning and carpentry.

That driver with the leather face and springy shaft is a useful club, but both head and shaft are different from the original ones. They have been married again, or, at any rate, "spliced"!

This yellow McEwan play-club is a powerful weapon; it was given me by a clerical friend, and, occasionally, makes shots "far and sure," but it resembles a skittish horse, or a patent machine, which will sometimes go wrong at the very time when it is of most importance to the rider or owner to have complete command.

Let me now describe that curious-looking Forrester driver, with the shaft whipped in four different places; it is almost as supple as a rapier, and exceedingly difficult to handle, but, when your hand is in, it drives like Jehu. If I am not mistaken, I gave a somewhat fancy price for the shaft more than a score of years ago, when I purchased it at Elie from the father of Douglas Rolland.

There's a nicely weighted iron for you! Who could not play with that? None of your ponderous weapons which take a Hercules to wield, but just that weight which it is a very pleasure to poise, and makes one feel that the result will be good.

If you believe in weight, swing that niblick! That's the thing for a deep bunker filled with heavy sand, when your ball is lying in a heel-print! Grasp it as though you loved it (as old Izaak Walton said of the frog), clench your teeth, let drive with all your strength, and it will not deceive you.

That Butchart brassie is useful; I got it in exchange for a fancy Forester brassie. Its peculiarity is that it is of small use for a nice-lying ball, but out of a cup it does wonders.

How different is that ponderous bulger brassie which I purchased at Cambridge! I trust it will become old and familiar in my hands. Anyway it is about the best club I have tried yet for driving a long ball over the course after playing the tee shot.

As a Golf-match ends with the putting-green, a few words about my putter will be a suitable close to this paper. It was originally a prize putter with an PAnson head, but, though I liked the shaft, and have it still, I could not become used to the head, and exchanged it for a Strath. The Strath was a model of beauty, but too light for me. Thirdly, I got a very heavy head from Forrester, which staid me in good stead for years, but was broken when being used as a driving putter. The present head is a McEwan of medium weight, and I like it well; it has so often proved itself a true friend in need that I have confidence whenever I receive it from the hand of my caddie.

I tried an iron putter a dozen years ago, but after some months I gave it up altogether, and harked back to the wooden weapon, off which the ball runs sweeter and, in my case, more true. *Chacun à son goût.*

H. M. B.

On account of the weather, the monthly medal handicap of the West Herts Golf Club is postponed from 16th inst. to 23rd inst., on which day the annual general meeting will be held at The Hall, Bushey, at 5 p.m.



January 14th of this year will pass into our domestic history as being one of the saddest and most memorable that a nation can recall. On the morning of that day, within an hour of each other, there passed into the shades of Eternal Death the youthful Duke of Clarence and the venerable Cardinal Manning. The one was fired with high hope and full of dreams of human happiness. He had barely crossed the fateful threshold of life, and the wide path of noble human endeavour for the great in station such as he lay before him as yet untrodden. The great ecclesiastic, whose life had far outstripped the limits marked by the Psalmist of old, had performed his life's work, and doubtless sighed for repose; and to-day both Prince and ecclesiastic are mourned by all classes of the community, irrespective of political or religious creed. The inexpressibly sad conjunction of circumstances which surround the death of the Duke have appealed, from their very element of tragic pathos, to the imaginations of the people; and, if there is anything which can soften the bitter blow to the father, mother, and affianced bride, it is the knowledge, abundantly transmitted from all parts of the world, that the sympathies of the English-speaking race are with them now in their time of trial and distress. A mysterious sickness, which sets at defiance the nostrums of medical science, is abroad in the land; and that Angel of Death, so finely apostrophised by John Bright at the time of the Crimean War, is knocking indiscriminately at the doors of high and low, rich and poor. Here we have realised for us, with graphic force, the truth of that fine sentiment of Horace:—

*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede
Pauperum tabernas, regumque turres.*

* * *

Readers will notice in another column a letter from Mr. Hall Blyth, which sets at rest the doubt as to grounding the club in front of the ball when holing out on the putting-green. Players may do this without penalty; such was the intention of the framers of the rule, though we still contend that it was by no means so expressed. We promise Mr. Hall Blyth to return to the wording of the rules later on, and to see whether they are so satisfactory, clear and precise as he would wish us to believe.

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The Spurling-Kentish competition of the Royal Epping Forest Golf Club, advertised for Wednesday last, 20th inst., is postponed till next Wednesday, January 27th, on account of the funeral of the Duke of Clarence.

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The Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, the well-known cricketer, tennis player and wicket keeper, has joined the increasing ranks of golfers. It is stated that he has become a very enthusiastic follower of the gutty.

Eminent Golfers.

XXII.—MR. ALEXANDER STUART.

Mr. Alexander Stuart is a golfer whose "merits," if hitherto "not unrecked," have at all events been "still unsung." It is true that a notice of him has elsewhere been published, but, owing to considerations of space, not in the more extended form suitable to a player whose achievements rank so highly; it is, therefore, fitting that these should be rather more carefully focussed in public view.

Mr. Stuart's family is of Perthshire origin, an offshoot of the Stewarts of Ardvorlich; one of his ancestors, however, having lived much amongst the French, assumed the spelling "Stuart" as being better adapted to the exigencies of the French alphabet. Many, probably most, readers, will have an acquaintance with the works of Washington Irving; such, then, will recollect that "Astoria" contains a most interesting account of the foundation of the fur-trading station of that name at the mouth of the River Columbia. The daring idea, as it then was, was conceived by John Jacob Astor, who, to effect its accomplishment, despatched two expeditions, one by sea, the other by land. The incredible hardships, adventures with Indians, and similar experiences undergone by the land party in their terrible Trans-continental journey over the Rocky Mountains and down the Snake River does not here concern us; it is with the sea-party we have rather to do, for in that ill-fated ship, the "Tonquin," sailed two ancestors of Mr. Stuart, one David Stuart, his great-grand-uncle, and Robert Stuart, nephew to David, both of whom survived the subsequent disasters. An amusing sketch is given of the old sea-dog who commanded the vessel, a sailor to the backbone, with characteristic ideas of discipline, and the sacredness of his quarter-deck. The following extract is given as perhaps accounting on principles of atavism, for the genial good temper of Mr. Stuart, our Mr. Stuart, as well exemplified at Golf, that touchstone of human nature:—

"As they proceeded on their voyage, other annoyances occurred to vex the spirit of the captain; he had been crossed by the irritable mood of one of the partners; he was now excessively annoyed by the good humour of another. This was the elder Stuart, who was an easy soul, and of a social disposition." The younger Stuart, a lad not much over twenty, subsequently distinguished himself in no small degree; he was put in command of the party who returned from Astoria by land, over the Rocky Mountains, down the Missouri to St. Louis, on the Mississippi; the incidents of the expedition, involving as they did terrible hardships, called for qualities of determination and judgment such as few possess; in fact, the author elsewhere observes:—"The return parties both by sea and land experienced on the way as many adventures, vicissitudes, and mishaps as the far-famed heroes of the Odyssey." Of the war between England and America, brought to a conclusion by the Treaty of Ghent, of its bearing upon the history of Astoria, it is unnecessary to speak; perhaps enough has been said to justify the remark that Mr. Alexander Stuart has

reason to be proud of his ancestry, who in most trying circumstances, acquitted themselves like Britons born and bred.

Come we now to the more immediate present, to a sketch of the golfing career of Mr. Stuart himself. He was born in 1858, and was educated at Edinburgh Academy. Whilst still a boy he made his mark in school athletics, and when under fourteen won a hurdle race in the excellent time of 18 seconds. From Edinburgh he went to Queen's College, Oxford, and subsequently passing the examination for the Scottish Bar, was admitted to the Faculty of Advocates. The most important case he has been engaged in was Lord Dalhousie's Will case. Mr. Stuart was moreover one of the Poor's counsel for two years. He received his first lesson in Golf from his father, at Leith, the Honourable Company's green before they migrated to Musselburgh. Mr. Stuart subsequently had the advantage of being instructed by Bob Ferguson and Willie Park, sen., at Musselburgh; hence we may infer that his high position in the golfing world is due in great measure to the successful deglutition of their valuable nostrums.

The study of the general improvement in Golf is a not uninteresting one; decade by decade the change for the better is well defined, as the average scores in which medals are won will show. We may regard Mr. Stuart as the earliest and most eminent pioneer of the brilliant play which has been characteristic of the last ten years. He joined the Royal and Ancient in 1876, and his record there has been a singularly successful one, as thus:—

1876. Gold medal ...	92
1880. K. Wm. IV. medal ...	89
1882. Silver cross ...	88
K. William IV. . .	88
Geo. Glennie medal ...	176
1883. Silver cross ...	83
1888. Bombay medal ..	87
1890. Bombay medal ..	84
1891. K. William IV. . .	85

The average of these medals is exactly 87, and the golfer who has had practical experience of playing at St. Andrews on a medal-day will admit that that figure is not easily beaten—in fact, there are only two players in the club whose average is slightly better, Mr. Horace Hutchinson coming out

with rather more than 86½ for seven medals, and Mr. J. E. Laidlay with a fraction less than 86½ for five medals. It will be seen that the years 1882-83 were good ones for Mr. Stuart, as he won three first medals consecutively, or rather four, including the Glennie medal. His score of 83 is especially noteworthy; previous to that the best score ever made for a medal had been Mr. W. J. Mure's 86 in 1879. Before Mr. Stuart had struck his first shot Mr. Leslie Balfour had returned with 85, the latter's victory was, therefore, considered a foregone conclusion; but with the remarkable score above-mentioned, Mr. Stuart carried off the honours, the very high honours of that day. This medal score has never yet been beaten, although both Mr. Laidlay and Mr. Leslie Balfour have since equalled it; with 83 duplicated Hugh Kirkaldy won the open championship of 1891, hence it will be seen that Mr. Stuart is in good company. Any player who wins medals at golfing head-quarters can usually render a good account of himself elsewhere; thus, at Prestwick, North Berwick, Musselburgh and Hoylake, we find Mr. Stuart alike distinguishing himself. On the Ayrshire green he has won the Eglinton medal five times, his best score being 85, and his



average about 88½. At Hoylake, in 1883, the year which found him in such good fettle, he had the satisfaction of tying with Mr. John Ball *tertius*, ex-champion, for one medal, and though he was defeated in playing off, he won the Duke of Connaught's Challenge Star on the second day of the spring meeting. In 1887 he proved too able for the rest of the legal fraternity, and carried off the Scottish Bar Challenge Golf Ball.

The events of 1891 have proved that his star is again in the ascendant, for he has carried off three first medals consecutively—St. Andrews autumn, Tantallon autumn medal at North Berwick, and the Honourable Company's winter medal at Musselburgh. The last of these was a particularly good performance, for the glories of Musselburgh have, like riches, taken to themselves wings, and that ancient green is no longer what it used to be. Owing to the irruption of ever-increasing hordes of players, or would-be players, the course and putting-greens have steadily deteriorated; on the occasion in question these were about as bad as they well could be. The Honourable Company have been driven from the field, and Mr. Stuart has won their last medal that will be played for on that green. This he did with a score of 80, 40 to each round (among the defeated being Mr. Laidlay, who was second with 84), the value of the performance being considerably enhanced by the difficulties encountered in putting, as noticed above. Mr. Stuart had previously won this medal in 1881, with a score of 83. This list of his honours is not an exhaustive one, as he has met with sundry other successes at North Berwick and elsewhere (a fine performance being a 77, which in 1889 won him the Moncrieff Cross and New Club Handicap Medal); but his most important victories have been selected, as evidence of the fact that, with the very best amateurs in the field against him, he has constantly succeeded in defeating them one and all. He is a very long driver, not with the swift dashing style of the St. Andrews school, but with a swing characterised rather by repose and ease, a swing which reminds one of young Willie Park; perhaps it is a characteristic of the Musselburgh school. It is probable that Mr. Stuart's even temper stands him in good stead in all his play; certainly none could wish a more pleasant friend or foe on the links.

Over and above his practical aptitude for the game, he furthermore is endowed with an inventive faculty which does him credit. He has gained a medal at an industrial exhibition for a contrivance which he designates "Miniature Golf." It is conceivable that this invention may offer quite as engaging opportunity for the pursuit of the elusive half-crown of commerce, as its fascinating and familiar archetype. The miniature links takes the form of a board covered with green baize, perhaps about the size of a bagatelle board; thereupon are grafted imitation whins, counterfeit bunkers are likewise provided, and other hazards galore, whereby the descent to Avernus is rendered facile, and the bliss of Elysian putting-greens correspondingly difficult of attainment. You are introduced to a nice little Noah's Ark sort of man, into whose digestive regions is fixed the club, a springy piece of thin wire, to which a miniature club-head is attached. Mannikin and club are moved about by either player as occasion demands; to play a shot the man is held fast on the table with the left hand, the ball addressed, and the club-head retracted to sufficient distance and released. Now this is where the fun comes in, where the difficulties begin, for the driving power of that club is prodigious, and such as certainly to ensure divagations into the surrounding country, if not into the surrounding realms of space; this, too, although one is but endeavouring to hole out a putt of an inch or two in distance. This will be probably the opening experience of the tyro, but with practice very considerable skill is most likely attainable. Cunning shots may be played off the cushions, and there are sundry dodges to be learnt before one would be justified in challenging the inventor to a trial of skill on his drawing-room green.

Mr. Stuart is a gentleman of commanding physique; in height he is 6 feet 2 inches; in weight, 15 stone. That he is gifted with muscular strength far above the average is proved by his being one of the very few who are able to raise the silver club and balls (those post-prandial regalia deferentially saluted by the recruit), and hold them out with one hand; the effort, however, he admits is a very severe one. Mr. Stuart may

justly be called an adept at everything whereto he puts his hand, more especially so where accuracy of hand and eye is demanded; he is, in fact, as his friends can well testify, a veritable Handy Andy (if he will forgive the personality), though not after the fashion of Lover's amusing hero.

He has now the intention of entering, if possible, on a political life, of relinquishing, as he says, the duties of Parliament House for those of the House of Parliament, in furtherance of which object he has cast his eyes on a Glasgow constituency. His fame as a golfer has preceded him there; on being introduced to one of the electors, the latter inquired as to the antecedents of Mr. Stuart, and was informed that that gentleman had just recently won the St. Andrews medal. "Oo aye, I hae ye noo," observed the former, remarking that though he himself no longer played much, yet that he had some sons who did; hence he could well appreciate Mr. Stuart's performance. But Mr. Stuart is indeed very well known in the west of Scotland. For several years he lived at Glenmorag, near Dunoon, on the Clyde, and the first Golf club which he joined was the Prestwick Golf Club. Should this gentleman be returned to the House of Commons, it may well be supposed that his services will prove commensurate with his abilities. It is unquestionable that at any rate he would be a valuable acquisition to the golfing ranks of our legislators.

H. S. C. EVERARD.

In consequence of the death of the Duke of Clarence, the committee of the Redhill and Reigate Golf Club have decided to postpone the annual dinner fixed for January 22nd, at the Hôtel Métropole, till February 19th. Any members who have already taken tickets, and find that owing to the postponement they are unable to be present, will be refunded the value of such tickets as they cannot use.

This paragraph has reached us:—"An agitation is being started against Golf on the London commons. It has originated at Wimbledon, but it will soon spread to other districts, and it is possible that golfers may have some trouble in holding their own against this outcry." We have not heard a word about the threatened agitation. There is always a section of malcontents everywhere who oppose any movement for the sake of opposition, and Golf in and around London has had more than its fair share of blind hostility in this respect to fight against.

A couple of curling rinks were in full activity all Saturday at Wimbledon. The ice was splendid and the sport good. The ground was too hard for Golf, and a large number of golfers took to skating or curling. Among the curlers were Mr. Usher, Mr. Laidlaw Purves, Mr. Kerr, Mr. J. O. Fairlie, Mr. Cumming, and others. There was a curling dinner at the Golf clubhouse in the evening. The game attracted a good many sight-seers, who found a vast deal of amusement in the quaint Scotticisms of the skip. Sometimes an obliging northerner translated these for the benefit of the southern. The "d'ye see that stane?" of the skip was an invariable rib-tickler. Curling, like Golf, marches southwards.

HERIOT GOLF CLUB, EDINBURGH.—The first quarterly competition, when the Tawse gold medal monthly charm and prizes were played for, took place at Musselburgh on Saturday. The following were the winners:—1 and 2 (tie), Mr. T. A. Clark and Mr. James Stenhouse, 88; 3, Mr. D. Sime, 93; 4, Mr. R. Bowie, 94.

BASS ROCK GOLF CLUB.—The monthly competition of this club took place over the North Berwick links on Saturday. Play was a little difficult, the balls being frequently lost, owing to a thin coating of snow over the course. Mr. Adam Hogg gained the trophy with a net score of 84, less 6=90. Other scores were:—Mr. R. Whitecross, 96, less 9=87; Mr. G. Nelson, 96, less 6=90; Mr. J. Mitchell, 93, less 2=91; Mr. W. Merrilees, 101, less 9=92; and Mr. J. D. Rattray, 98, less 4=94.

THE "BOGEY" HANDICAP.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I am very pleased to see that the "Bogey" play is coming more into fashion, and to see in your interesting paper some competitions carried on under that system. It savours more of the legitimate match play, and makes a little change from the long and tedious medal rounds. I also strongly recommend it to those players who are so fond of toiling round by themselves, keeping their correct scores, thereby blocking up the greens and proving themselves a nuisance to many. I do not mean that I advocate single play, but that I think that any one who prefers that way of practice can get along much faster on the "Bogey" plan, and so help less to block up a green. For those who have not tried the system, I may as well explain it simply. "A" plays against an imaginary score. Scratch, as well as handicapped, players can of course play, as the latter know how many strokes they have and where the strokes come in. I think the score below will fully explain matters to those who have not already tried it. Take the Wimbledon course, for example. I fancy 83 is scratch, and the score might be made up something as follows:—

"Bogey" Score.	"A's" Score.
4	4, halved.
6	5, 1 up.
5	6, square.
5	4, 1 up.
4	5, plays 5 and gives up, leaving "A" square.
5	4, 1 up.
6	6, halved.
4	3, 2 up.
4	5, 1 up.
4	5, square.
5	6, "B" 1 up.
4	5, "B" 2 up.
6	6, halved.
5	4, "B" 1 up.
4	4, halved.
5	4, square.
3	4, plays 4 and gives up, leaving "B" 1 up.
4	3, square.

83

"A" thus halves his match with an imaginary scratch player, and at the same time saves himself the bother of keeping his score at the holes he came to grief over.

I am, Sir, &c.,
BOGEY.

THE GROOVED LOFTING-IRON. — THE DUMB CADDIE.—NICKING GOLF BALLS.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—That there is nothing new under the sun seems to be fully exemplified in matters relating to Golf, for I observe in your issue of the 8th inst. a patent has been taken out for a new lofting-iron. I can assure you, however, that there is nothing new about it, as it is now more than twenty years ago since I grooved the face of Mr. Whitcross's iron, and others in addition to it. The only difference is this—that while the new one is cut in rectilinear lines, mine were cut diagonally and inversely, the lines being a little rougher in the pitch than a bastard-cut file. Still, the idea is the same, and therefore not new. I found it of little use, and as the dirt adhered to the grooves and discoloured the balls quickly, the irons never were popular. The ball being deeply grooved, there is no need for lines on the iron also.

I was also amused some time ago when I saw that a person had patented a dumb caddie. That also is a thing of the past, for nearly thirty years ago I extemporised my old walking-stick into one, though perhaps in a cruder form, by merely putting an iron shod or spike at the end, and inserting the ends of a



RULE No. XXXIV.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—As a member of the committee who framed the new Rules of Golf, will you allow me a few words with regard to Rule 34, and to your decision about it, which appeared in your issue of the 8th inst.

The intention of the committee certainly was to allow the club to be soled in front of the ball when addressing it, without any penalty. And, so far as I am able to judge, the rule, as printed, gives effect to this intention.

In your leading article in this morning's GOLF you say that by using the inclusive conjunction, "or," the committee mean the sentence to read thus, "The putting-line must not be touched by club, hand, or foot . . . or immediately in front of the ball."

The conjunction, "or," was used to join together the two exceptions to the general rule, that the putting-line must not be touched by club, hand, or foot, except "as above-mentioned," and except "immediately in front of the ball."

The phraseology seems to me too plain to bear any other construction.

Besides, as your correspondent, Mr. Ernest Lehmann, points out, if the decision you gave were correct, the words, "or immediately in front of the ball in the act of addressing it," would be superfluous.

I am, &c.,
B. HALL BLYTH.

Edinburgh, January 15th, 1892.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—With reference to the statement in your article in last week's issue that if the intention of the framers of the rule was to permit the practice of placing the club on the green in front of the ball in addressing it, they have not so expressed it, I would venture to ask for what object were the words, "or immediately in front of the ball in the act of addressing it," inserted at all, unless to express such intention. The omission of those words would clearly have rendered the practice illegal, having regard also to the fact that the old rule expressly allowed it.

If it had been considered necessary specifically to prohibit the practice, surely the rule would have been framed thus, "except as above authorised, the putting-line must not be touched by club, &c., or immediately in front of the ball in the act of addressing it, under the penalty of the loss of the hole." The phrase "or immediately . . . addressing it" being inserted after "except as above authorised," the preposition clearly governs it according to grammatical construction. It follows that the framers must be taken to have intended what they have expressed, and that the practice, therefore, continues permissible.

I am, Sir, &c.,
J. R. D. H.

Temple, January 16th, 1892.

3-16 wire annular ring in the body about a-third of the length of the stick from the top. My caddie was thus complete, and where two-legged caddies, or rather when money is scarce, I have found it to be a very serviceable article.

There is one tool, however, which a friend and I brought out, which was really worthy of a patent, and that is the machine for grooving the balls. As you know, they were formerly cut by the hand, and the *modus operandi* was a very tedious and painful one. I am sure that the machine we brought out in 1874 has completely revolutionised the grooving of balls, and a man, or even a boy, can now cut a gross of balls more regular and more easily than a man could do with a hammer. We gave it to Davie Strath, and I believe it is now in the possession of Sayers, but we never thought of patenting it. Seeing that balls can be so quickly grooved by the present machines, one would imagine that they would be correspondingly reduced in price. I am told, but cannot vouch for the fact, that there is a profit of fourpence on every ball that is made. But I am about sick of patents, and wish that the shades of Allan Robertson and Dunn, of Morris and Strath, would come up from their Elysian fields and kick the most of them out of existence. With all our boasted modern improvements in clubs, is Golf any better played now than in the days of those exponents of the game? I trow not. I will soon expect to hear that tee-shots will be fired from a cannon, a spade will be used in a bunker and we will putt with a garden rake. Why all this ado about golfing articles? Does one ever hear about patents with cricketers, footballers, or players of lawn tennis? Verily not. We do not wish Golf played easy; its very charm lies in its difficulty of being played properly with the tools handed down to us by men who could play it with the old-fashioned tools of their day, and which, so far as I have experienced, have been very little improved upon. With your permission, I have a suggestion to make on the upkeep of greens, but I will reserve it for another letter.

I am, Sir, &c.,

J. G. S.

North Berwick, January 15th.

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH GOLF.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I thank you for inserting my letter of the 14th ulto., and for your courteous references thereto, in your issues of 1st and 8th instants. Will you kindly grant me a little more space to state one or two points suggested by your articles, and by some letters in which notice has been taken of my previous communication.

Cricket is an English game; therefore, I say Scotland must play it according to rules used in England. What would English cricketers say to a suggestion to start a cricket association with its head-quarters in Edinburgh. Probably laugh at it, and give it no more attention. Well! that is what I hope all Scotch golfers will do, if a Golf association is started with its head-quarters in London. Golf is a Scotch game, and if Englishmen want to play it, then let them do so under the rules used in Scotland. St. Andrews is the head-quarters of Golf (long may it remain so), and the Royal and Ancient being the leading club is, of necessity, the source from which all changes in the rules should emanate. Whilst this is my very decided opinion (and one I would hope shared by the majority at least of my fellow-countrymen, who, from necessity, are compelled to pursue their favourite game on English links), I think it might be of mutual advantage if an arrangement could be come to by which delegates from a few of the principal English clubs could meet once a year with the Committee of the Royal and Ancient, to exchange opinions and offer suggestions. I do not think this would be a very difficult matter to arrange, as I fancy nearly every prominent club in England will be represented on the membership of the Royal and Ancient, and the majority of these will likely attend the spring and autumn meetings at St. Andrews.

Further, in my previous communication I do not think I stated the rules were perfect. The rules are not perfect, and probably, like everything else, never will be. I think, however,

the alterations made from time to time have been an improvement, and may be taken as an earnest of the desire of the Royal and Ancient to meet the exigencies of the times. But I do say this, that the game was played pleasantly and agreeably for years upon years in Scotland, under the rules about which there is now such a tremendous ado amongst English players. The fact is—if you will excuse me saying it, Mr. Editor—the game has been very much demoralised since it was taken up in England. The good old-fashioned match, with all its pleasant associations, has been almost driven out of existence by the terrible army of prize-hunters. The desire to get a prize is the great central object of the majority of English players. Rules making the game easy is one of the means by which many hope to attain their end. Heavy handicapping is another, and really if it goes on as it is we shall hear next of handicap committees being bribed; but, to be serious, I think you would do Golf a great benefit by devoting some of your articles to this question, and stimulating match play as against pot-hunting, instead of to lengthy and erudite articles on the science of handicapping, which after all is neither more nor less than an elaborate arrangement for punishing (generally very severely) every golfer who has aimed at, and by due perseverance reached, a high standard of proficiency.

A word as to your remarks in article of 8th inst. regarding shielding or exposing ball to the wind. I pass over your strictures of Scotch morality, simply saying I have seen the objectionable practice done both in England and Scotland, and that I fear human nature is about the same in both countries. I differ from you that it would have been better to leave it out as belonging to the domain of etiquette. I think the practice is a distinct infringement of the spirit of the game, and is therefore better dealt with clearly and emphatically by a rule, regarding which there can be no doubt.

I am, Sir, &c.,

H. R. C.

Manchester, January 11th, 1892.

LEFT-HANDEDNESS.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—In your issue of December 11th, 1891, I observe with considerable interest an article signed "John Kerr, F.S.A. Scot.," on the subject of Left-handedness, in which he quoted from a publication on "The Right-hand and Left-handedness," by Sir Daniel Wilson, in the "Nature Series," published by Macmillan and Co. They both assume that in golfing the left-handed man is at a disadvantage. I beg leave, however, to contend, as I have already contended in a letter to your paper of January 2nd, 1891, with a slight correction in that of January 9th, 1891, that the man left-handed by nature, holding his Golf-club as the right-hand man does, ought to have a great natural advantage in learning and playing the game of Golf. With his left hand at the head of his club he has it where the strongest hand is required, and the most vigorous grip of the club needed. In my opinion it is the very reason, having the weak hand at the head of the club, which is the cause of most of the difficulties which beset the right-hand player. It is a constant struggle against nature to render the right hand subservient to the left.

I quote some passages from Mr. Horace Hutchinson's book on "Golf" to prove this; there are probably many others in that work.

"Golf," by Horace G. Hutchinson. Badminton Library. Page 80. "The grip of the left hand must be firm, since it is the main connecting link between the human swinging machinery and the hickory machinery it wields."

Page 81. "The left hand gripping firmly, the right hand holding lightly."

Page 82. "It is the left hand mainly that communicates the power of the swing; the chief function of the right hand is as a guide in direction."

Page 89. "That the left hand is gripping tightly, while the right hand allows for some play of the club."

Page 90. "With all the joints, except the grip of the left hand, loose."

Page 101. "It is even permissible, in this case (in jerking a ball), to grip firmly with the right hand."

I advise the left-handed man to keep his left hand where most power is required, and where nature has so abundantly endowed him, at the head of his club, and I feel sure he will never regret it, for at Golf no man will claim superiority over him.

Let him not suppose, because he places his left-hand below his right at cricket, and because in curling, tennis, &c., where one strong hand is needed, he uses his left hand instead of his right, that he must do the same at Golf, but let him give precedence where it is required, for his left hand, wrist, and arm, at the head of his club.

I am, Sir, &c.,
SENEX.

Westward Ho!

BROKEN GOLF CLUBS.

To the Editor of GOLF.

Sir,—I would be glad to have your opinion on the breaking of Golf clubs, as there appears to be a great difference of opinion on the merits of clubs, and the wood of which some are made.

Do you consider that the wood is "good" or "bad" when a club breaks short off at the neck, apparently from a ball being toed or heeled, or that the player was at fault? I have also had clubs crack from toe to shaft, and in other instances the wood seems tough and stringy; but upon presenting the same for repairs to the makers they assert that the wood is good, and that the breakage is due entirely to the fact that the ball has been struck with the toe or heel of club, and refuse to take any responsibility. I would, therefore, be glad if you could throw any light on the subject.

I am, Sir, &c.,
A GOLFER.

[We would call our correspondent's attention to a pungent saying of that celebrated old club-maker, Hugh Philp, when an irate golfer entered his workshop and presented the fragments of a broken head with the air of, "Now, sir, what do you mean by this?" Old Hugh used to look from the broken head to the player and caustically ask, "Ye'll hae lost yer match?" If the club breaks at the neck from toeing or heeling our correspondent may rest assured that nine times out of ten the fault is due to bad play, and not to a defect in the wood. The strain on the neck of a club when toed is more severe than from any other shot. It is marvellous how a head sometimes stands when one thinks of the force that is put into the stroke by a powerful young beginner, who is anxious to excel in long driving. It often happens that the first stroke he makes is on the horn, the next cleaves the turf, then, perhaps, the toe or heel, the result being that before many strokes are made the head is seen chasing the ball. It was amusing to witness an incident lately when the head and the ball (which was perfectly clean hit by a very long driver) made a race of it like a pair of partridges for the first fifty yards. Of course, the head must have been cracked at the neck in a previous stroke, as it had seen some service before. The player, however, did not complain. It is only in justice to club-makers to point out that it is to their interest to provide the very best material. Their means of existence depend upon this. A common expression for some players is, "I broke the head with a clean shot," which, perhaps, they did; but one never hears much about the bad shots that caused the damage. Many a bad shot unknown to the player cracks his club at the neck, and the next shot, whether good or bad, often finishes it. Writing with intimate knowledge, we believe that it is the earnest desire of club-makers to get the best wood they possibly can. Many southern club-makers go as far as Forfarshire for their material, because it is a county well known for the quality of its beech. Their reputation, by turning out bad wood, would soon suffer. It would be unreasonable to expect a club-maker to replace a head, owing to the player's bad play. With good treatment a club will last for years. It is the rule with all first-class makers that after the selection is made the club-maker is not responsible as to what happens to the club. The customer must take it for better or worse. Of course, if there was a knot in the neck or shaft of the club where it broke soon after using it, there would be good reason for making an allowance. The chances of these defects, however, are remote, owing to the rigour of selection in material. The experienced club-maker, on account of the prices of ordinary clubs being so low, cannot afford to run the risk—it is unreasonable to expect that he should—of replacing broken heads free of charge.—Ed.]

QUESTIONS ON THE RULES.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—Your valuable paper is now taking a leading place among all golfers, be they Scotch or English. It is, therefore, all the more necessary that any decision given by you on "Questions on Rules" should be above any doubt. Will you pardon me when I say that I think in two cases lately you have certainly given judgment hastily.

The first case is your reading of Rule 34 of the new St. Andrews Rules in your last issue. That rule clearly says:—"The putting-line must not be touched by club, hand, or foot, *except* as above authorised, *or* immediately in front of the ball," &c., &c. Surely there can be no two ways of reading this rule, which clearly provides for the custom so generally acted on of putting one's club down in front of ball while addressing the ball to putt. You say this is illegal, and the player doing so loses the hole. Surely, Sir, you will see your way to change this decision.

The other decision given by you was in the following case. A and B play C and D; A in striking off misses the globe entirely, leaving ball on tee. When B addresses himself to ball, he inadvertently knocks it off the tee. The question asked was, "Was B right to replace ball on tee, and then play it?" Your decision was, "Yes, certainly." With all due respect, I think in this you are again wrong. There can be but one tee-shot in each hole, and B in my opinion did not play from the tee as you think, but played his partner's ball where it lay, consequently, in my judgment, was penalized a stroke for making the ball leave the position it was in. I should be interested in hearing your opinion again on these two questions. I only write in the interests of the noble game.

I am, Sir, &c.,
J. K.

Wallasey, January 12th.

[(1.)—This point was pretty fully threshed out in last week's issue, and a letter appears from Mr. Hall Blyth, one of the authors to whom that rule owes its parentage, setting the point at rest for the present. We differ from our correspondents in the reading of the rule, and so do many other experienced golfers. A point of this kind ought to be expressed beyond doubt, whereas, as is abundantly proved, some golfers believe that the practice is prohibited, and others say it is excepted. And all this after two years' tinkering at the rules, many of which are scarcely expressed in intelligible English. (2.) We contend that in addressing the ball *at the tee*, even if a penalty stroke has been played, a player has a right to replace his ball on the tee should he accidentally knock it off. It is a different matter with a ball which has been knocked off by the first player. In that case the ball is actually in play and has passed the tee; in the other case it has never been disturbed; there has, in reality, never been a tee-shot at all.—Ed.]

THE BURNHAM LINKS.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—It may interest your readers to learn of the existence of some really excellent links at the hitherto little known watering-place, Burnham, on the coast of Somerset. I have been staying in the neighbourhood for the past three weeks, and have thoroughly enjoyed myself there, and my hope is that many golfers may go and do likewise.

The course consists of nine holes among the sand-hills, which form the sea boundary. The lies between the holes are very fair, and are being rapidly improved; but if you get off the course the bunkers and hazards, which consist of sand and sedge, are plentiful, and are all natural. The putting-greens, which lie in grassy hollows, are really A 1, and will take a lot of beating, the turf being of the proper close, fine character. They are good-sized greens, and it is a treat to putt on them.

The holes are fairly long, the first five and the ninth being the longest; the other three are shorter. The approach to one is over "Majuba," a large sand-hill, similar to "the Maiden" at Sandwich, and equally as formidable, if not carried with a good drive.

What makes these links so interesting and sporting is that no holes cross. All are blind to each other, and after each tee-shot your ball disappears, or ought to, over the sand-hills, and you follow up with anxiety as to what the lie may be. If you are straight, however, you are all right, and a good drive, followed by a full cleek or brassy shot, should land you near the greens of the longer holes. The short holes can be carried by a long straight drive on to the greens.

The facilities for extending these links are boundless—simply a matter of outlay. The sand-hills run along the sea-shore for miles, and eighteen long holes could easily be obtained; but the committee are very wisely devoting their energies, for the present, to getting the lies between the nine holes into thoroughly good condition, and they hope to increase the length of some of them during the present year.

The club, which has only been established a year, has already about 100 members, and possesses a most comfortable and commodious pavilion, with dressing-room, lavatories, &c., and a bar, where luncheon, all sorts of drinks, and an excellent cup of tea can be obtained.

The club professional is that rising young player, Jno. H. Taylor, who, having beaten Andrew Kirkaldy in the first half of their match at Winchester last month, plays the second half on these links on the 19th inst.

I feel the place only wants knowing to be appreciated, as it is very easy of access. The town of Burnham is clean and pleasant, with an excellent supply of water, good drainage, and is one of the healthiest places in the kingdom. The sands are excellent, and the Queen's is a most comfortable hotel.

I enclose my card, and with an apology for the length of my letter,

I am, Sir, &c.,

OLD CARTHUSIAN.

January 11th, 1892.

NORTH BERWICK.

During the past week a keen frost conduced to whiten the appearance of the North Berwick Links, many members of the golfing fraternity in this district finding it more congenial meanwhile to lay aside club and ball for broom and curling-stone. Occasionally, too, the green wore a thin coating of snow, although it seldom approached an unplayable, or even very unpleasant condition. The Bass Rock Club, the officials of which had found it desirable on the previous week to postpone the first handicap contest of the year owing to the snow-clad state of the course, had its competition on Saturday. There was a good muster of members, and this, by the way, was not surprising, in view of the fact that the club began the year with a considerable addition to its membership. Mr. Adam Hogg, the veteran captain of the club, seemed to have benefited by his recent frequent tussles with the captain of the Tantallon Club, Bailie Whitecross, for the former headed the list of returns on Saturday. His actual of 90 for the round would seem to indicate no especial excellence of play, but was really the result of a very fair, steady game, considering the patches of snow over the course and the very hard state of the ground, which played havoc with lofting approach play. Among the absentees for the day was Mr. John Forrest, the well-known player, who last week gave evidence that he is no mean exponent of the roaring as well as the Royal game, by winning the silver points medal of the North Berwick Club. Among other golfers in this district devoting themselves with success to curling is the Rev. J. Kerr, of Dirleton. Visitors to the links included Mr. H. S. C. Everard, of St. Andrews, who has been residing here a short time. Sayers and Grant have been round in friendly matches, and several ladies have also engaged in a game over the long course. With anything approaching weather favourable for the Royal game, the winter season here bids fair to be a comparatively brisk one from a golfing point of view.

CUMBRAE CLUB.—The monthly competition for the vice-captain's (Mr. Alexander Russell's) gold medal, and for Mr. James Allan's gold medal, was held on Saturday over the course of the Cumbrae Golf Club. The turn-out of members was not very good. When the cards were handed in, Mr. James C. Sharpe proved to be the winner of the vice-captain's medal with a score of 118, less 4=114; Mr. William Barclay being the winner of the Allan medal with a score of 145, less 12=133.



BARNES LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

The first monthly meeting of this recently formed club was held on Barnes Common on Wednesday, the 6th inst. Unfortunately the weather was cold and boisterous, and only five members braved the elements.

The course consists of six holes of a very sporting nature, and the prevalence of whin and small broom bushes renders it difficult to negotiate. The scores returned are therefore under the circumstances very creditable.

The following cards were returned:—

	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.		Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
*Miss Barclay	118	25	93	Miss Gow ...	118	22	96
Miss Connell ...	115	20	95	Mrs. Warner ...	132	36	96

* Winner of medal.

BIARRITZ GOLF CLUB.

Two more handicaps have been played here recently on the "Colonel Bogey" system. In the first, which was for a prize presented by Sir William Style, Bart., the gallant "Colonel's" score was fixed at 6 5 4 6 6 7 4 4 6=48 for each nine holes. Those players who were handicapped on form presumably better than this gave three-fourths of the difference, while the weaker players received three-fourths of their club handicap.

The match was twice round—18 holes. Result:—Mr. F. Stewart (scratch) tied with Mr. A. S. Jones (10), halving the match also with "The Colonel." On playing off the tie they tied again, and eventually Mr. Stewart won by 3 up and 1 to play. Of the rest of the competitors, Capt. Livingstone, plus 2, was 1 hole down; Mr. H. C. Bradshaw, 2 down; Messrs. de Lacy Lacy, Pitt-Taylor, and M. Boyd, 3 down; Messrs. S. Williams and H. T. Barclay, 4 down, and there were others who suffered more severe defeats. This result was close enough to satisfy the handicapper, but as some failed to perceive that it was more blessed to give than to receive points, on the next occasion the gallant "Colonel's" score was fixed so that the total amounted to the adopted scratch score on these links, viz., 5 5 4 6 5 6 4 4 6=45. Result:—Messrs. N. Bellairs, H. Sewell, S. Williams, and H. Sherlock all tied, being 3 holes down to the "Colonel." On playing off the ties, Mr. N. Bellairs was 3 down; Mr. H. Sewell, 7 down; Mr. S. Williams, 9 down. The rest of the players in this handicap, which was for a prize presented by F. Sherlock, Esq., all suffered rather severe defeats.

COTSWOLD GOLF CLUB.

The first competition for the monthly medal took place at Stow-on-the-Wold on December 3rd, 1891, with the following result:—

	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.		Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Mr. T. W. Stubbs...	115	scr.	115	Mr. Robin Stubbs...	186	45	141
Mr. H. E. Rose ...	124	scr.	124	Mr. A. Gott ...	215	50	165
Mr. G. W. Minchin							
Goodeve ...	132	scr.	132				

No returns from Messrs. C. Samuda, Markham and Witts.

The competition for the ladies' medal took place at the same time on the ladies' links, with the result that Miss Wiggin won with a score of 129, scratch. The others handed in no cards.

The second competition took place at Stow-on-the-Wold on the 7th January in a blinding snow-storm, with the following result:—

	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.		Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Mr. T. W. Stubbs..	112	scr.	112	Mr. G. W. Minchin			
Mr. H. E. Rose ...	129	4	125	Goodeve ...	158	8	150
Mr. A. Gott ...	206	60	146				

The following made no return:—Messrs. Tommy and Robin Stubbs.

The competition for the ladies' medal took place at the same time on the ladies' links, with the following result:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mrs. Keen ...	122 20 102	Miss Wiggin ...	127 scr. 127
Mrs. Gott ...	161 55 106	Mrs. Stubbs ...	167 35 132
Miss Dawkins ...	112 scr. 112		

DORNOCH GOLF CLUB.

On Thursday evening, the 7th inst., the resident members of this club met Mr. J. Sutherland, the hon. sec., in Mr. Leslie's, captain of the club, private residence, and formally presented him with an elegant ebony drawing-room cabinet and overmantel to match, as their gift on the occasion of his marriage. Mr. Leslie, as captain, made the presentation, and referred in very complimentary terms to Mr. Sutherland, the courteous and energetic secretary of the club. Mr. Sutherland's health was then drank with true Highland honours. The articles of furniture, which are exceedingly handsome, were made to order by a Glasgow firm, and, consequently, although intimated at the time of his marriage, were not presented till their arrival here. A very neat silver plate on the cabinet bears the following inscription:—"Presented (along with an overmantel) to Mr. John Sutherland, secretary of the Dornoch Golf Club, on the occasion of his marriage, by members of the club. Dornoch, 7th August, 1891."

EALING GOLF CLUB.

Monthly Medal.—Played on Saturday, January 16th. Scoring was very level, though the frozen green made accurate play difficult. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. W. Carver ...	89 20 69	Mr. C. M. Bayfield ...	100 24 76
Mr. J. Rogers ...	88 18 70	Mr. C. Plummer ...	77 +1 78
Mr. C. H. Martin ...	85 14 71	Mr. T. A. Common ...	97 17 80
Dr. Farr ...	90 16 74	Mr. R. F. Yeo ...	96 16 80
Mr. P. M. Bigge ...	91 16 75	Mr. A. A. Common ...	93 7 86
Mr. F. Carver ...	83 7 76	Mr. G. Pritchard ...	114 24 90
Mr. J. R. Shortrede	96 20 76		

Several others no returns.

Ladies' Medal:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mrs. Hamilton ...	107 scr. 107	Miss Cox ...	168 36 132

MELBOURNE GOLF CLUB.

The competition for the prizes presented by Mr. F. J. Hobson took place over the Caulfield Links on Saturday, 5th December, 1891, and resulted as follows:—First prize, value three guineas, for the lowest handicap score, was won by Mr. H. S. Playfair from scratch. The same gentleman also won the prize, value one guinea, for the lowest score—43—for the nine Home holes, and Major Reynolds that for the lowest score—50—for the nine out holes. The weather was extremely boisterous, and it speaks volumes for the enthusiasm of golfers that nearly the whole game, lasting over two hours, was played in a steady down-pour of rain. The day was all against low scoring, and the winner was highly complimented for his fine round of 94, made up of 51 out and 43 in. The game is becoming decidedly popular, and the membership of the club is rapidly increasing. The following were the scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. H. S. Playfair ...	94 scr. 94	Mr. A. Alister Clark ...	114 4 110
Mr. T. J. Finlay ...	108 9 99	Dr. Payne ...	128 18 110
Mr. F. A. Campbell ...	113 12 101	Mr. J. A. M'Harg ...	129 18 111
Mr. J. M. Bruce ...	105 3 102	Mr. H. G. Callaway ...	121 9 112
Mr. C. Worthington ...	112 9 103	Mr. F. R. Reynolds ...	120 3 117
Mr. J. Graham ...	117 12 105	Mr. J. Turnbull ...	117 scr. 117
Mr. G. W. Bruce ...	120 15 105	Mr. J. R. Maxwell ...	136 9 127
Mr. T. Brentnall ...	119 12 107	Mr. Orme Masson ...	128 scr. 128
Mr. L. K. S. Mackin-		Mr. J. M. Mason ...	149 18 131
non ...	117 10 107	Mr. H. K. Calder ...	174 20 154

Several returns were not handed in by competitors.

NOTTINGHAM GOLF CLUB.

The annual meeting of this club took place on Friday. A dinner was to have been held the same evening, but it was postponed on account of the death of the Duke of Clarence. At the meeting the chair was taken by Mr. R. F. Smith, the retiring president, and among those present were—Messrs. J. Doleman (captain), W. R. Hamilton (secretary), J. McMeeking (treasurer), T. A. Booth, J. C. Warren, J. Harris, A. T. Ashwell, S. Davidson, R. D. Oswald, A. Oliver, J. A. Simpson and A. Barrow. On the proposition of the chairman, a vote of sympathy with the Royal Family in the great loss they had sustained was directed to be put on record. Lord Newark was unanimously elected president, and Messrs. J. A. Booth and J. Johnston vice-presidents, for

the ensuing year. Mr. Warren was chosen captain, Mr. Davidson treasurer, and Mr. Hamilton secretary. In addition to the above, Messrs. P. W. Allen, Ashwell, Doleman, Hall, Harris, McMeeking, and Oswald were elected on the committee. The Green Committee for the ensuing year are the captain and Messrs. Doleman, Harris, McMeeking, and Oswald, and the Handicapping Committee the captain and Messrs. Doleman and Oswald. The retiring treasurer presented the statement of accounts, which showed that the year had begun with a balance against the club of £2 17s. 4d. The income had been £83 and the expenditure £132 18s. 4d., leaving a debit balance of £51 7s. 10d., which was practically the cost of the extension of the links, and was in the nature of capital expenditure, which it had been arranged to deal with independently. The secretary reported that the number of members was eighty-eight, of whom twenty-two had joined during the year. It was then resolved that the subscription be raised to one guinea, the entrance-fee to remain as at present. The committee were directed to arrange for the engagement of a professional and the erection of a pavilion. The adjourned dinner is to take place in the course of the ensuing month. The secretary announced that Mr. A. T. Ashwell was the winner of the six months' competition from July to December, the scores for which were as follows:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. A. T. Ashwell ...	102 8 94	Mr. C. S. Wardle ...	106 8 98
Mr. J. Doleman ...	96 scr. 96	Mr. J. Johnstone ...	111 6 105
Mr. J. C. Warren ...	95 +2 97	Mr. A. Barrow ...	122 14 108

Fifteen other members had played, but not the requisite number of times to entitle them to compete.

PAU GOLF CLUB.

The Arthur Post gold medal and pendant (scratch) was played for on Monday, the 11th of January, 1892, with the following results:—Mr. C. Hutchings, 91 (winner of Post medal); Mr. J. Mellor, 92; Mr. R. Hutchison, 93; Mr. K. McFarlane, 98; Mr. W. Ritchie, 100; Mr. H. G. Tylecote, 100; Captain Walker, 101; Mr. L. Hornor, 103; Mr. V. Brooke, 106; Colonel Buscarlet, 110; Mr. H. Maud, 116; Mr. C. Carr-Gomm, 119.

On Monday, 11th, and Wednesday, 13th of January, the Brooke challenge cup and badge (thirty-six holes, handicap limited to eighteen strokes), the Anstruther shield (open handicap, eighteen holes, 13th January) were played for, Mr. Tylecote, a young and promising golfer, winning both prizes with good scores. Full details:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
*Mr. A. G. Tylecote ...	205 40 165	Col. Buscarlet ...	210 28 182
Mr. K. McFarlane ...	199 26 173	Captain Walker ...	214 30 184
Mr. C. Hutchings ...	177 scr. 177	Mr. R. Hutchison ...	185 scr. 185
Mr. J. Mellor ...	187 10 177	Mr. V. Brooke ...	206 18 188
Mr. C. Carr-Gomm ...	241 60 181	Mr. C. Anstruther ...	208 18 190
Mr. W. Ritchie ...	210 20 181	Mr. H. Maud ...	215 12 203
Mr. L. Hornor ...	210 28 182		

* Winner.

Ladies' Golf Club.—On Monday, the 11th of January, Mrs. Ross presented a handsome silver mirror, which was won by Miss Maggie Bethune.

RANELAGH GOLF CLUB.

Medal competition for week ending January 16th, 1892:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. C. E. S. Foyer ...	102 22 80	Mr. R. Dawson ...	116 20 96
Mr. R. B. Davis ...	99 14 85	Mr. W. B. Westhead ...	105 8 97
Mr. A. J. Davies ...	111 18 93	Mr. P. Stansfield Smith ...	123 25 98
Captain W. E. Beak ...	108 12 96	Mr. W. Russell ...	110 11 99

A prize, value £1, has been offered by Dr. Gumbleton for the best drive to the eighth hole. The competition to take place on the 13th of February, at 2 p.m.

THE FERNIE-KIRKALDY MATCH AT MACHRIHANISH.—On Saturday the professional match between Willie Fernie, Troon, and Hugh Kirkaldy, St. Andrews, the champion, took place at Machrihanish links, Campbeltown. The competition was for £50 a-side, over two rounds of thirty-six holes. The state of the weather, owing to the keen frost which prevailed did not make playing the easiest, and the putting was not brilliant. A strong wind also added to the difficulties. The two rounds were, however, entered on, and resulted in Kirkaldy winning by 5 up and 4 to play.

DUNBAR.—The monthly competition of Dunbar Junior Golf Club was held on the links on the 12th inst. There was a very good turnout of the club, owing to the splendid weather which prevailed during the competition. The medal was won by Mr. W. Melville with 100, less 3=97. The next best scores were—Mr. W. Scott, 98, and Mr. Reuben M. Rogers, 99.

WARKWORTH GOLF CLUB.

The Golf course at Warkworth has been laid out by Tom Morris, of St. Andrews, and, in accordance with his recommendation, it will be a course of twelve holes. Nearly all the teeing-grounds and putting-greens are now made, and the course is expected to be in playing order within a month. A contract has been entered into for the erection of a club-house, to be completed by February 29th. It has been decided that a subscription of £5 will constitute a life membership, and an entrance-fee of one guinea, and an annual subscription of half a guinea, an ordinary member of the club. The course is on Warkworth Links, which are admirably suited for the game, fine golfing turf, plenty of good sporting hazards, which, combined with a charming situation, and fine bracing sea air, will, it is hoped, soon prove a very attractive and favourite golfing resort. The first teeing ground is within ten minutes' walk of Warkworth Bridge. The length of the course is 3,410 yards. It is proposed to have a grand opening meeting on Easter Monday and Tuesday, full particulars of which will be sent by circular to all local golfers. Meanwhile the committee will be glad to receive applications from any who may wish to become members of the club. At a general meeting of the members the following executive were elected:—Lord Warkworth, Alnwick Castle, president; Mr. Thomas Clutterbuck, J.P., Warkworth, vice-president; Rev. W. Rogerson, honorary secretary; Mr. George Charlton, Fairfield, Warkworth, honorary treasurer. Members of committee—Mr. George F. Charlton, Causey House, Gosforth; Dr. J. S. Forrest, Warkworth; Mr. John Grey, Warkworth; Mr. Edward Thew, Birling Manor, Warkworth; Mr. J. J. Taylor, Pingarth, Warkworth; and Mr. Malcolm Whiteford, Warkworth. For the information of those not well acquainted with Warkworth it may be added that first-class hotel accommodation may be had in the village.

WIMBLEDON LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

The January medals were played for on Saturday, the 16th inst., on hard ground, but with frost a little breaking up. The scoring for such a state of the links was remarkably good, especially the scratch 87. The result was as follows:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
*Miss Jacomb ...	94	32	62	Miss B. Thomson ...	99	16	83
†Miss Stevenson ...	96	26	70	Mrs. R. Browne ...	121	36	85
†Mrs. Dowson ...	102	32	70	Miss M. Buxton ...	117	32	85
Miss M. Schwann ...	104	33	71	Miss Issette Pearson	86	1	85
Miss D. Scott ...	107	35	72	Miss Nicholson ...	118	30	88
Miss A. T. Drake ...	89	17	72	Miss Malcolm ...	125	30	95
Miss. A. L. T. Drake	87	13	74	Mrs. Pollock ...	119	20	99
Mrs. Cameron ...	98	24	74	Mrs. Cundell ...	132	32	100
Mrs. Archer ...	101	23	78	Miss Blake ...	138	36	102
Mrs. Meates ...	111	32	79	Miss M. C. Harrison	106		} Not } hcdpd.
Miss N. Martyn ...	111	30	81	Miss A. Harrison ...	111		
Mrs. Henderson ...	118	36	82	Mrs. Trollope ...	112		
Miss Davidson ...	113	30	83				

* First medal and brooch. † Tie for second medal.

Miss K. Tee and Miss L. Thomson made no return.

EAST OF FIFE CLUB.—The quarterly competition for the M'Dougall silver trophy of this club took place over the Grangemuir course on Saturday afternoon. Only a few of the principal players turned up; and the surface of the course, although hard from the recent frost, was otherwise suitable for play. At the close, George Williamson, Pittenweem, became the winner with a scratch score of 74.

DUMBARTON CLUB.—The monthly silver medal competition took place on Saturday, in beautiful weather; but greens being frozen, scores were high. Mr. A. D. Wedgewood won with a score of 103, less 12. The following are the next best scores:—Mr. R. Hardwick (8), 92; Mr. M. Lawson (6), 95; Mr. J. K. Hunter (12), 95; Mr. R. B. Pope (14), 96; Mr. James Denny (2), 98.

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