

# GOLF.

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

"Far and Sure."

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.]

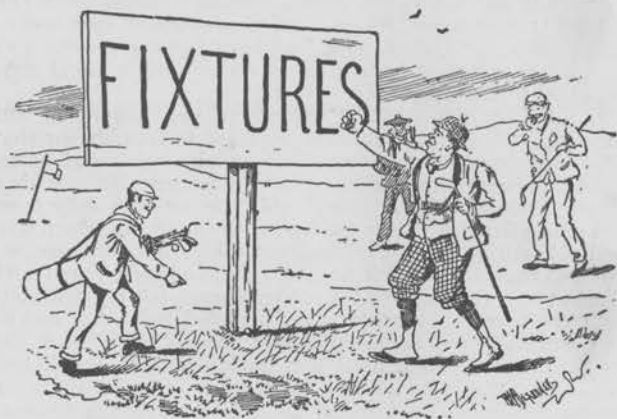
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1892.

JULY.

- July 23.—Gullane : Gold Medal and Club Prizes.  
Berkhamsted : Summer Meeting.  
Scarborough : Gold Medal.
- July 27.—Durham : Osborn Cup.  
Warwickshire : Club Prize.
- July 28, 29, 30.—Buxton and High Peak : Summer Meeting.
- July 30.—Buxton and High Peak : Monthly Medal.  
Rochester : All Comers' Medal.  
Luffness : County Cup.  
Ilkley : Monthly Medal.  
Seaford : Monthly Medal.  
Ashdown Forest : Summer Meeting.  
Royal Wimbledon : Monthly Medal.  
Royal West Norfolk : Monthly Medal.  
Felixstowe : Second Summer Meeting.  
Sidcup : Monthly Medal.  
Woodford : Captain's Prize.  
Lytham and St. Anne's : Summer Meeting.  
Crookham : Monthly Medal.  
West Cornwall : Monthly Medal.  
Cinque Ports, Deal : Monthly Medal.  
Warwickshire : Monthly Competition.

AUGUST.

- Aug. 1.—Royal Isle of Wight : Summer Meeting.  
Ashdown Forest : Forest Row Cup.  
Royal Liverpool : Summer Meeting.  
West Lancashire : August Meeting.  
Buxton and High Peak : Visitors' Cup.

- Aug. 1.—St. George's, Sandwich : August Meeting.  
Felixstowe : Second Summer Meeting.  
Rochester : Monthly Medal.  
Tyneside : Bi-Monthly Medal.  
Woodford : Club Handicap.  
Newbiggin : Treasurer's Prize.  
Aldeburgh : Summer Meeting.
- Aug. 2.—Felixstowe : Monthly Challenge Cup.  
Carnarvonshire : Monthly Medal.  
Ashdown Forest : Elms August Challenge Cup.
- Aug. 3.—Minehead : Monthly Medal.
- Aug. 4.—Tyneside : Bi-Monthly Medal.
- Aug. 4, 5 & 6.—Innerleven : Amateur Champion Gold Medal.
- Aug. 5.—Royal Cornwall : Club Competition.
- Aug. 6.—Cathkin Braes : Monthly Medal.  
Felixstowe : Captain's Prize.  
Lea Hurst : Committee Cup.  
Redhill and Reigate : Club Medal.  
London Scottish : Monthly Medal.  
Warrender : Monthly Medal.  
Richmond : Monthly Medal.  
Brighton and Hove : Berens Gold Medal.  
Royal Liverpool : Monthly Medal.  
Bowdon : Monthly Medal.  
Newbiggin : Club Prize.  
Aldeburgh : Monthly Medal.
- Aug. 9.—Royal Blackheath : Monthly Medal.
- Aug. 10.—Durham : Walter Cup.  
Newhaven : Monthly Medal.
- Aug. 11.—Newbiggin : Club Gold Medal.
- Aug. 13.—Thistle, Edinburgh : Half-Yearly Medal and Prizes.  
Littlestone : Monthly Medal.  
St. George's, Sandwich : Monthly Medal.  
Felixstowe : Captain's Prize.  
Southport : Monthly Medal.  
Cumbrae : Monthly Competition.  
Bradford St. Andrew's : Rhodes Medal.  
Luffness : Hope Challenge Medal.  
Buxton and High Peak : The Strang Cup.  
Guildford : Monthly Medal.  
Royal Isle of Wight : Monthly Medal.  
Sutton Coldfield : Monthly Medal.  
Leasowe : Monthly Meeting.  
Scarborough : Silver Medal.  
Staines :—Monthly Medal.
- Aug. 15.—Cumbrae : Ladies' Competition.
- Aug. 16.—Southdown and Brighton Ladies : Medal Competition.
- Aug. 18.—Tyneside : Bi-Monthly Medal.  
Rochester v. Barham Downs (at Hyham).
- Aug. 20.—Formby : Captain's Prize.  
Ealing : Monthly Medal.  
Disley : Summer Silver Medal.  
Cumbrae : Members v. Visitors Match.  
Felixstowe : Captain's Prize.

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

RANDALL'S, GUINEA GOLF BOOTS are now worn by all the leading players—And give the greatest satisfaction.—See advertisement page 318.

## MY FELLOW-GOLFERS.

X.—CORPORAL GRACE-BE-HERE HUMGUDGEON (*Continued*).

Then "the Corporal" causes great irritation by engaging the club porter in long religious conversations when he ought to be minding the front door. He waylays the other club servants, and keeps them from their duties in the same way, not perhaps altogether to their objection, for it is easier to say, "Quite so, sir," and "Yes, sir," and "Thank you, sir," and "I'll remember it, sir," and then to go off and have a good laugh in the pantry, than to answer the continuous demands for "B and S." and cigars and the ringing of that selfish beast of a Temple-Clement, who never will take the trouble to get up and look for some magazine which is lying within a yard of his hand. I happen to know that this part of the poor "Corporal's" conduct, at all events, will shortly be brought before the club committee.

Then "the Corporal" has a most absurd way of letter-writing, which perhaps causes more amusement than it does irritation. Young Jack Lovelace, who is a kind-hearted fellow, and, sorry for the loneliness of our big Puritan, wrote him a line the other day, offering to play a round with him on the following Tuesday. The answer he got was as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—I am obliged to you for your letter. I regret to be unable to play with you on Tuesday. Prov. cxii. 3, with 3 Cor. xviii. 92 (margin). Faithfully yours,

BENJ. FLEETWOOD GRAVES.

This letter caused great laughter in the club, especially when it was ascertained that "the Corporal's" quotations were directed against certain little weaknesses and peccadilloes of poor Jack, which the latter not only makes no secret of, but discusses in the club with entire frankness. Dear little Jack, who was considerably taken back at first, has not heard the last of his good natured attempt to make things pleasant for "the Corporal."

Another of our men, "Blunderbore" Thompson, a neighbour of good "Grace-be-here," received an epistle not less ridiculous:—

DEAR SIR,—4 Phil. iii. 7. I am sorry the howling of my dog has disturbed your household. The animal will be dealt with if possible. Meantime, Ps. ccxvii. 39, with John xlix. 28 (Old Version). Selah, Selah! Faithfully yours,

B. FLEETWOOD GRAVES.

P.S.—I cannot undertake to chastise the animal as you suggest. On this subject I must refer you to 4 Coloss. xix. 21, and the accompanying pamphlet, signed "Merciful." I should add that on the only occasion I have struck the animal I was very severely bitten in various parts of the body.

The good, slow-witted "Corporal" does not seem to have had the slightest idea of the humour of that P.S.

But, after all, what irritates men beyond all bearing are the determined and uncompromising personal attempts of good "Humgudgeon" to "convert" them. No one is safe provided he is alone, and there are even beginning to be a few of the more nervous sort, like "Winkle" and "Niminy-Piminy," who now never enter or stay in the club except in company. Nor does it in the least matter to honest "Grace-be-here" who is the victim; all are fish that come to his net; the gentle and saintly old Whitgift; the Sunday-school teacher, Billy Tait; the sceptical and deeply-read Jack Spencer; the kindly little boxing philanthropist, "Dutch Sam;" the jolly, cheery "Bantam;" "the Rather Reverend" (who has a very great dread of "the Corporal," and whose efforts to avoid the big enthusiast with his dreadful candour are unutterably comical); that ramping Irish rascal, "Paddy" Bagenal, Bob Cobden the politician; "Falstaff;" "Blueskin," and the wilder and more Bacchanalian spirits of the club; old Hustler and old Gripper, and old Tuber, and old Tonks—no matter who it is, young or old, rich or poor, one with another, each is laid hold of by "the Corporal" when he gets a chance, and buttonholed and questioned about his soul, and exhorted and warned. If I dared I would give "Falstaff's" account of his conversation with honest "Humgudgeon," but excruciatingly funny as it was (for the "round man" is a most merry, witty dog), I feel it better not to give it to the public.

The poor "Corporal" once tackled Jones, but here he met much more than his match. "Dangerous Jones" is a good Greek scholar, and very well read, and knows as much of theology as

most laymen. He made no attempt to escape from his tormentor, but listened to "Hum's" exposition with close attention and perfect civility. Then, when a pause came, he began a series of questions of the most perplexing kind, varied with requests for information as to the Greek for this or that word, and the context of this or that passage, and whether this or that commentator had not thrown new light on it, and in ten minutes he had "the Corporal" (who knows nothing, and has read nothing, and whose theology consists mainly in the emphatic iteration of isolated texts) in such a whirl and maze of confusions and absurdities and contradictions that the good man completely lost his head, and (I grieve to say) his temper also, and retired in high chafe, muttering something about "earthly wisdom that profiteth nothing," and "worldly learning that cometh to nought." "Broke down under cross-examination," says Jones to me, looking at the retreating figure of the defeated "Corporal," with a smile of ineffable amusement mantling over his keen, intellectual face.

A dreadful habit poor "Grace-be-here" has taken to lately is that of following couples round the links and improving the occasion between the strokes. Men are furious about it, and very pardonably so too. "How the devil can you win a hole with a fool like that at your heels, drawing bally analogies at every stroke about 'keeping to the narrow path' and 'the hardness of the way of transgressors,' and 'escape from the pit,' and 'taking a firm stance,' and 'tommy-rot of that sort?'" groans out poor "Collywobbles" who lost two half-crowns and a small bet yesterday through the company and spiritual conversation of "the Corporal."

On these occasions "the Corporal" is very severe on bad language, with results not always pleasant to himself, for that golfer must be of a mild temper indeed who will stand being pulled up before his caddie. Bobby Archer declared that "Hum" once "boldly rebuked" old "Brimstone" Billy from the top of a fiendishly steep bunker, in the depths of which the good old man was, as usual, making things hot for creation. Billy was mad at his luck and at being followed round and talked at by "the Corporal," and the rebukes put the finishing touch to his wrath. He utterly lost his head, uttered a sort of howl, and dashed up the steep bank at poor "Hum" with his niblick, and might have done him an injury if he hadn't lost his footing and slid back all the way down into the abyss on his face and hands in a great cloud of dust, like a modern Faust going down into Tophet. This story and the way Bobby tells it always causes roars of laughter in the club, but after all it may be only *ben trovato*, for Archer's narratives are as a rule more celebrated for picturesqueness than accuracy.

I came into the club one evening and found a group of our men sitting in the large bay window watching "the Corporal" as he stood out on the links, his great figure outlined darkly against a most splendid golden sky from which the sun had just sunk. He was wearing his old military cloak and leaning on his stick and gazing, gazing into the west, as his constant custom is at sunset all through the year.

Our fellows were jesting about him after their manner, and I came up just in time to hear kindhearted Tim Etherington, who has lots of moral courage and always takes the most charitable view of his neighbours' conduct, say, "Well, you know, it's all very well you chaps laughing at poor Graves; he has dared to do what most men funk, that is to suffer for his own convictions."

"Dare to be a Daniel, dare to stand alone," sang out "Asaph" Lloyd, in his sweet ringing tenor.

"Pooh, Daniel!" broke in that flippant little rascal, "Tiddlywinks." "No need of a miracle any way; there isn't a decently catholic-minded lion in the universe would take the bally trouble to put a tooth into him."

This remark was received with loud laughter by the rest, and from that time "Tiddlywinks," who has a face like a weasel and a voice like a flageolet, has been known in the club as "The Catholic-minded Lion."

But somehow as I looked at that lonely figure out there on the links, the joke seemed to me a very poor one, and the laughter jarred on me, and made me uneasy and dispirited. I happen to have heard, never mind how, what is the nature of the poor "Corporal's" thoughts on these occasions, and why he likes to gaze at the fading splendours of the west, and the solemn deepening of the gloaming. For this is what he calls

his "resting time" after the sadness and failures and unpleasants of the day, and the utter want of sympathy shown him, which he feels with a keenness which he scarcely dares to own even to himself; and now he can be quiet, and his heart has leisure to dwell on the golden-haired wife who loved him in the years gone by and believed in him and helped him in all things, and whose picture he wears next his heart; and on the little children, so silent now, who clung round his neck and called him father; and on the gallant life that was gasped out against his bosom long, long years ago at Inkerman; and at this sacred time, when the light is fading, and all things are settling to repose, his beloved dead seem to be very, very near to him, and the promise that he shall see them again full of certainty.

Long, long he stands there, and now somehow the group in the club window has grown very, very silent as the men watch him out there in the gathering darkness, and presently he is shut out from our sight as the curtains are drawn and the cheerful lamps are lit, and the fellows in the club assemble together in the warmth and comfort for pleasant chat and billiards and whist.

But "the Corporal" takes his way slowly with bent head to the little cemetery, and after that to his poorly-furnished rooms, like the mother of Amyas Leigh, to solitude and prayer.

Not a wise man, this, in his methods—nay, most foolish often; but surely, surely a man of honest and tender and brave and faithful heart.

Has he really been born 250 years too late? Has he really no place at all in our club economy? Has this man—however little we may agree with his theology, however little we can accept his narrow views of life and men—no claim upon something better even than our forbearance and pity, namely, our human sympathy and our human love?

IMP.

(To be continued.)

ON CADDIES.

The caddie is one of the necessities of Golf—as indispensable as the ball itself—too often he is the "necessary evil" which figures in all human enjoyments; but I wonder whether the influence of the caddie has ever been duly balanced by a thoughtful golfer.

This is not referring to the caddie's capabilities in the matter of advice or instruction, but I allude to his personal attributes and characteristics, what one might call his moral being.

A clean, cheerful caddie, who maintains an even demeanour, neither elating his master with undue praise, nor depressing him with an ill-concealed scorn, is a rarity, and one to be cultivated and encouraged; but it must be admitted that the generality of the tribe have tricks and failings calculated to rasp the susceptibilities of the highly-strung golfer; and most golfers are highly strung when keen on the game, and materially influence his play.

There is the officious caddie, who offers gratuitous advice and criticism, too often from a slender stock of knowledge. He produces the club *he* thinks most suitable for a stroke, and looks supercilious if you select another which you fancy for yourself. He is conversational, and while patting up a tee imparts voluntary and undesired information.

He once waited on Mr. Hutchinson, and is not long in telling you how that great player praised him for his acuteness, and even asked his advice.

This caddie may be endured on a day when your play seems all that you have longed for it to become, but on a bad day he is more aggravating than your play itself, and his conduct is conducive to manslaughter.

Then we have all met the languid and indifferent caddie, who fails to appreciate your most brilliant performances. He can never render a straight answer, being of an undecided temperament, and is a poor hand at "spotting" your balls. He is anything but stimulating, and you feel your good play is nothing to him; and, still worse, that he will never repeat to the next gentleman he serves how you achieved the most difficult hole on the links in three perfectly judged strokes. The indifferent caddie is only a shade more bearable than his *sympathetic*

brother. This individual condoles with one in a way that is maddening.

"Seen you drive *over* that bunker very often, sir," he will remark when you have sent your ball into the cruel thickset furze. Later on he will tell you that Mr. Smith, whom you consider the worst player in the club, is not so much ahead of you after all.

It is possible to ignore your butler, and even to despise your valet, but a caddie forces himself upon you, and you cannot overlook his presence.

To feel that you have an attendant who is smiling at your efforts is positive gall and wormwood; and, alas, for the majority, this misery is all too seldom counterbalanced by the knowledge that he is admiring you.

The ordinary boy-caddie who hangs about such links as Wimbleton Common is a creature with even less of the organ of veneration than belongs to the ordinary boy, and his remarks are singularly pithy and appropriate. Once in a remote village, where the schoolmaster sternly punished truants, I was obliged to secure the services of a village maiden. She was not remarkable for beauty or neatness, but her manners were quiet and retiring, and her intelligence active.

Before I had played ten holes she understood the names of the clubs, and was quick-fingered in detaching them. Her half-repressed gasps of astonishment at the most moderate drives, and her evident admiration of my whole performance, were highly gratifying, and I played with a light-hearted freedom from self-consciousness which I have seldom experienced.

Vanity of vanities, *all* is vanity; but a golfer is surely most vain of all. Diffidence is fatal in Golf, but some caddies have the power of making even a bumptious golfer self-conscious and nervous.

There is no "probable, possible shadow of doubt," however, that a caddie is for all purposes of Golf a necessary adjunct, whether the evil be entire or mitigated; but there are a few points on which golfers might combine to reduce some of the evil. Principally they should, on no consideration, give the caddies more than the payment set down in the rules of the club. If this be strictly observed, the evils consequent upon the system of "tips" will be done away, and greedy, avaricious caddies will cease to exist.

Most clubs have a staff of picked caddies, sufficiently numerous unless there is some special crowd on the links, and players should be careful not to encourage loafers who hang about seeking whom they may devour.

It is a good plan to allow the professional at the club to appoint a certain number of caddies, and to apply to him in a case where six or seven are candidates for your "job."

The "dumb caddies" furnished by most firms are only modifications of an evil; they can never fill the office of a human, and until Messrs. Lunn, or Slazenger, or any other, can turn out batches of live caddies to suit each one's taste and peculiarities, I fear the caddie question must remain a vexed one, and the caddie himself an evil which we must tolerate or endeavour to improve each one according to his own ideas of improvement.

B.

TROON LADIES' CLUB.—The final match of a three-days' competition for a silver card case, presented to the Ladies' Golf Club, Troon, by Mr. John Merry, took place on Saturday, the 9th. Owing to the boisterous state of the weather on the previous day the scores were above the average. The following is a list of competitors, with aggregate scores for six rounds of links:—Miss Bishop, 190; Miss J. Bishop, 213; Miss J. Clark, 224; Miss Clark, 228; Miss K. Bishop, 230; Miss MacMichael, 239; Miss Bayne, 240; Mrs. Fleming, 244; Miss M. Bishop, 245; Miss Walker, 247; Miss Herbertson, 247; Mrs. Mitchell, 256; Miss Gilmore, 259; Miss Dundas, 262; Miss Bell, 280; Miss Farquhar, 290; Miss E. Farquhar, 321; Miss Cook, 379.

PETERHEAD GOLF CLUB.—This club held its monthly competition for the club's silver medal on the links on Wednesday, the 13th. The medal was won by Mr. J. Gibb, with a score of 84, less 3=81. The next best scores were:—Mr. A. W. Robertson, 79, plus 3=82; Mr. J. A. Fairley, 92, less 10=82; and Mr. J. Mackintosh, 95, less 10=85.

## THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME.

## A BALLAD OF PRE-ADAMITE GOLF.

In ancient days, when Nature's plan  
Had not invented things like Man,  
Then we (in scientific terms),  
We Golfers first appeared as germs,  
Or grew with wise persistence.  
As oysters on primæval rocks,  
And wagged our beards amid the shocks  
And wild convulsions from beneath,  
When Nature cut her fossil teeth  
Of earliest existence.

In ages somewhat later we  
With tails embraced the fam'ly tree,  
Until, improving on the ape,  
We patented our present shape,  
And so grew less contented ;  
For time hung heavy on our hands,  
We wandered over barren lands ;  
But Golf was not invented.

Oh, luckless age ! the seasons came  
And went—yet no one played a game.  
Oh, ancestors demented !  
Primæval "bunkers" yawned in vain,  
"Hazards" were furrow'd by the rain,  
Yet early mortals failed to greet  
These blessings lying at their feet,  
For Golf was not invented !

So years rolled on ; until at last  
Shame fell upon the sleepy past ;  
When Caledonia, stern and wild,  
Was still a poor unkilted child,  
Two simple shepherds, clad in skins,  
With leathern thongs about their shins,  
Finding that dulness day by day  
Grew irksome, felt a wish to play.  
But where the game ? In those dark ages  
They couldn't toss—they had no wages.  
Till one, the brighter of the two,  
Hit on a something he could do.  
He hit a pebble with his crook,  
And sent the stone across a brook ;  
The other, tempted then to strike,  
With equal ardour "played the like."  
And thus they went with heart and soul  
Towards a distant quarry-hole,  
With new success contented.

'Twas thus the pre-historic Scot  
Did wonders by an idle shot,  
And Golf was first invented !

So Hist'ry tells. But Truth must claim  
For our more antiquated game  
A greater age ; for Time had rolled  
Its million æons yet untold,  
Since first . . . . No matter—you shall hear  
The evidence : our proofs are clear.

For those same shepherds in their play  
Met hazards (as we do to-day),  
And lost their pebbles, less or more,  
And pre historically swore.  
Now in their search they chanced to find  
An object of the strangest kind—  
A spheroid of dingy white !  
They pinched—they smelt—they tried to bite—  
'Twas neither fruit nor coprolite.  
For certain it had never grown ;  
It was not bronze, nor wood, nor stone—  
Nor fossil rain-drop. Not at all—  
'Twas but a pre-diluvian ball,  
By chance to them presented !  
Which proves th' assertion I have made  
That Golf (pre-Adamite) was played  
Ere shepherds were invented !

PENNYLINUS.

## GOLF AT SARATOGA : A TRAGEDY.

San Matteo de la Fère Dunker belonged to one of the most ancient of the leading families of New York. They had always, in fact, been so, even when the settlement itself was yet in all its rampant and robustious youth. San Matteo was, therefore, a past master in the somewhat Caecian mystery of who was to be reckoned a Knickerbocker and who a mere pantaloon, and his coat of arms did great credit, indeed, to his herald—a stork standing on one foot and holding a polliwog in two forefingers with the motto *Bollevents iele* (You're another).

His chief accomplice in grandeur was De Couci van Plunk *tertius*. The latter was fond of humming to himself the proud couplet of his haughty ancestors across the main long ere the lilies of France had wilted in the heavens of high empery :

"Je ne suis roy, ne conte aussi,  
Je suis le Sire de Couci."

His other branch, on the other hand, had led to the introduction of the following scarcely less valiant stave :

"'Tis not to king or peer or monk  
Shall knee be bent by bold Van Plunk."

Both were models of the manly beauty of which the ring-master is, perhaps, the perfected type ; and there was, in fact, a sort of arena smell about both that after a time palled upon the mere outsider.

"San Matteo," said his friend, as with careless and unstudied grace he exhaled a perfumed cloud now from one nostril, now from another, and again from both together—now from one side of his mouth, now from the other, and again from all six at once—"this Golf, is it a sport suited for a De la Fère or a De Couci? You take me?"

"Reassure yourself on that head. Why, my brother-in-law himself, Prince Sarsaparilla, does his two rounds daily ; that is" (and he here drew himself up some ten or eleven inches, with a winsome hauteur worthy of Redgauntlet or our great ancestor after his tail had been cut off, because he looked better without it), "when their highnesses are not secluded in their Palazzo by the—ah!—isolated duties of their lofty position. By the way, I mailed Sally some *gomma masticabile* only yesterday."

"But what about the game? Do you know anything about it?"

"Not a rap ; but I have imported two Scotch professionals, and other implements, and expect them up here this afternoon."

"H'm—what about the McKinley Tariff?"

"O, that's all right. The Customs have accepted as fact that these immigrants are suffering patriots, who cut off the hind legs of a brindled bull in a recent struggle for freedom in Donegal, so that we shall have no trouble on that score. As to the rest, you are to ride Shadrach, if you have no objection, and I my-c-f Meshech. Both have had considerable polo experience, and I've no doubt we shall have a good time. But here comes one of our imports."

Pittenweem is universally revered in this country as far and away the best all-round player since the days of Old Philp's Uncle Jake ; yet San Matteo's aristocratic calm betrayed no flutter of however excusable emotion when the illustrious golfer entered. Mr. Pittenweem was modestly dressed in a shooting suit of shepherd's plaid, and carried, as usual, in his right hand, a lofter of his own invention. He always carried this, as a matter of fact, in order that he might avail himself of every casual opportunity. He has been known to loft a stray piece of orange-peel into the mouth of a hansom cab driver, but his best fun was when he dropped across little street-boys playing at marbles. Some of these would frequently follow him for miles and miles until they lost themselves in strange districts, so that the police, by-and-by, came to look upon Mr. Pittenweem as a sort of Pied Piper.

"Pittenweem, I presume?" said San Matteo, with serenity worthy of a stuffed Brahman.

"Ay," replied the other with a conciseness worthy of Milton's two-handed engine itself.

"You have, I presume, brought with you from Scotland the various instruments of your national industry—and the other man, is he capable?"

"Peebles!—Peebles? Man, Peebles is without doot 'e faurest driver since the days o' Lang Beardie McBain! Ye'll ha'e heard o' him, I'm thinkin'."

"Pittenweem, I regret to see you share the vice of one of your countrymen of whom I have somewhere read—John Knox—a tendency to verbosity. Now I will admit that some little of the history of your native section has not met with my entire disapproval; but if you and I propose to get on at all well together, you must curb this tendency of which I speak. You remind me somewhat of a dervish who persisted in obtruding himself on our privacy in the ruins of Memphis. We did not consider that duty called upon us to go to the expense of putting up anything in the way of a monument after we had put a permanent stop to his dancing. However, it will, no doubt, be an advantage to your friend if he knows how to drive—both for his own sake and that of the horse, Pillycock, who is skeery and sometimes a devil to shy."

"Whitna horse, may I ask your mair nor or'nar' Royal Highness?" asked Mr. Pittenweem, with some not unnatural trepidation.

"You and your friend will have a good deal to look after—what with luncheon-baskets and what not—so I have arranged that each of you shall have a wagon to help you in portage and save delay in recovery of balls. You can go, but remember, two fifteen sharp!"

Mr. Pittenweem made no remarks that were strictly audible at the time, but was understood to mutter as he crept feebly down the stair—"Govy dick! I wish Peter and me wis safe hame at St. Andrews!"

## II.

There is no prettier golf course in the world than that of Saratoga; and it may be broadly affirmed that a more striking group has seldom been seen on any links than that composed of our party. San Matteo was mounted on Shadrach, and his friend on Meshech; whilst Peebles and Pittenweem were each seated in the lightest of wagons, after having deftly prepared the best of old-world tees.

"Pittenweem, I can't get a fair crack at the ball on such a small hillock as that. I'm afraid you'll have to hold it out on the palm of your hand."

"Thank ye kindly—hey, Peebles!"

"But if that's against the rules, I must, of course, do my best otherwise," and San Matteo addressed himself to his ball from horseback, with a proud carriage, worthy of ill-fated Mr. Banks, or the great Widdicombe himself.

"For the love o' the bit beastie, my loard, come doon!" cried Mr. Peebles, who was (for a golfer) extremely tender-hearted. "Min' 'e beastie's lugs!"

"Pittenweem!" said his calm employer, with a freezing hauteur worthy of the inventor of ice-cream, "you had better, I think, stand at Shadrach's head."

"I'll see you —. Come on, Peter, I'm aff hame tae Fife!"

"Stay my worthy creature! Would it overcome your objections, such as they are, and silly as I take them to be, were I to reverse my seat, and face the tail?"

"Aiblins aye. Ye nicht, nae doot, buy the beastie a new tail—but, min', I dinna speak wi' the authority o' a barber. Still, ye ha'e the exemple o' Tam O'Shanter's Cutty-Sark."

There have been so many alterations in the game within recent years that it is only the most leaden-footed and woollen-headed golfer who will confess to surprise on hearing of the astounding results of San Matteo's bold novelty.

"Did ye see't, Pittenweem?" asked his colleague in a husky whisper.

"Wheesht, mon! I've ony number o' ba's here," replied the imperturbable veteran, in the tones befitting a golfer of upright conscience; but he added aloud: "Yon's a maist remarkable shot—mair nor twa hundred, I'd say—due wast, or maybe, sou-by-wast—imphm! Ay, and some o' the tail there yet!"

With men of such calibre, and with caddies of such peculiar experience, a remarkable struggle might have been foretold. Briefly, when the ninth hole had been won by Van Plunk, Mr. Pittenweem announced that the game stood square, and the

record for the first half of the round broken by no fewer than seven shots, and as Mr. Peebles made no remarks in gainsay, the scoring may be accepted as accurate.

A family party was waiting here to welcome the players, and they all sat down to have a little cold pie, and something with it.

## III.

Whenever Mr. Dunker's mamma had finished lunch, and the baskets been safely repacked in the wagons, it was decided that, instead of continuing the sport as previously, the two illustrious professionals should now divert the company (many of whom, Mr. Pittenweem was disgusted to observe, were still in perambulators) with an exhibition game.

As it was admitted on all sides that Pittenweem was considerably the superior player, it was ordained by San Matteo that Mr. Peebles, though much against his own wish (but this was erroneously attributed to a gallant inspiration of knight-errantry) should have the advantage of a mount on Shadrach.

It has not yet been the practice on this side of the Atlantic to Golf on horseback, and even General Low, of Clatto, the only mounted player of eminence mentioned in history, is understood to have invariably got off his pony when actually addressing his ball, so that in spite of the peculiar advantage allowed Mr. Peebles it must always be borne in mind that the novelty in position might, in some respects, be held as a trifling drawback. Be that as it may, the infantry man drew steadily ahead till he was no fewer than five up, and San Matteo, who had been backing the cavalry at 100,000 dollars the hole, owed his friend no less than half a million. This fact (rather singularly) made both San Matteo and De Couci feel inclined for another drink—the former calking with Monongahela and potash, whilst the latter stuck by honest Schiedam.

"Pittenweem," said San Matteo, "you are evidently a player of great skill, while in Peebles I have lost all confidence. Now, could you yourself show us some of the feats of the game? I have read of men, for instance, placing a ball in the mouth of a gargyle or down chimneys a hundred yards high, and so on. Can you do such?"

"Hoot aye!" answered the veteran with proud modesty. "But it depends a guid deal tae on the size of the lumb—nae doot!"

"That beast, Shadrach, for instance—could you make him jump?"

"Weel; I'll try."

And so he did—with disastrous results to Mr. Peebles, who was, as we know, still mounted on his charger. The precise nature and extent of the damage it was, of course, impossible at the time to ascertain, because Shadrach at once put about for home with no delay worth mentioning; and if Mr. Peebles had intended to, or, as a matter of fact, did make any remarks, Pittenweem did not succeed in catching them.

"My friend," said San Matteo, with a calm but cruel smile, worthy of Galligantus or Cormillan themselves, "I am afraid you have done for Mr. Peebles. The penalty in this State is death by electricity. It is supposed to be painless, but, of course, whether this be true or not you will know later on. I am sorry to mention this for your sake; but I should really advise you to look out—very much so, indeed."

Whether it were that the idea impressed Mr. Pittenweem unpleasantly, or that he acted in pure absence of mind is uncertain; but it is the case that he invited himself to a stiff half-mutchkin of fine old Monongahela—a wholly excellent spirit, be it admitted, yet capable of surprising results, good or evil, but, probably and principally, the latter. The one result with which we have alone to deal here was that the unholy thought now suggested itself to Mr. Pittenweem to make his principal employer his colleague in iniquity, and destroy the only other living witness of the diabolical crime against a brother-golfer.

"Hist!—yer maist royal—I fear Peter's awa' wi't—in mair ways nor yin—ay! But—hist!—you're aw'n' Mr. Plunk there a wren bawbees—weel—hist!—jest bid him pit his heid oot o' the cairtie a wee bit mair till the wast an'—hist!"

"I see, my friend. Hist! De Couci, old boy, just one moment!—Hist!—*Got him!*"

And then these two criminal golfers, after the destruction of the last living evidence of their iniquity, pledged each other to

secrecy over a good deal of Monongahela, and as little potash as Pittenween could help.

## IV.

The funeral was, probably, the most imposing since the time of Sennacherib—the casket the delicious dream of the most inspired of New York undertakers, and the flowers sufficient to have carpeted the vale of Enna itself.

But Pittenween returned to this country another man (on the seventeenth of last February). He has bought and laid out for his own exclusive use, in the neighbourhood of Cape Wrath, Golf links of no fewer than thirty-six holes, where he plays by himself for long, long hours, day after day, and every day except, of course, Sundays, and will not allow any stranger to come nearer than the next post-town.

W. D.

## JACK SIMPSON v. KIRKALDY.

In preparation for his match with Jack Simpson, of Earlsferry, Andrew Kirkaldy, of St. Andrews, visited Earlsferry on Saturday, and had a round of eleven holes with Mr. Lowe, of St. Andrews, and two rounds, partnered by Mr. Lowe, against Mr. Watt, of Glasgow, and John Juncan, a local professional. In the afternoon, Kirkaldy, partnered by Davie Ayton, of St. Andrews, played a foursome against David Duncan and Professor Keddie, both of Earlsferry, for a prize subscribed for by a number of gentlemen, which was won by the St. Andrews men by 2 up and 1 to play. A single for a prize presented by some friends was also played for by Jack Simpson and Jack Duncan, when Simpson played one of the most brilliant games ever seen on the links, doing the eleven holes in the very low score of 41, and beating Duncan, who did the round in 48, by seven holes. As a finish up to the day's proceedings, the two St. Andrews professionals played a round against Simpson and Jack Duncan, which resulted in favour of the local men by 1 hole. Great interest is being shown in the match (Simpson against Kirkaldy) which comes off on the 22nd and 27th inst.

The numerous admirers of Jack Simpson, whose portrait and career were given in GOLF lately, will be pleased to see that the champion of 1884 is in splendid form. His score of 41, on 16th inst., was the best exhibition ever seen at Earlsferry, and gives Simpson and his supporters every confidence in the forthcoming match with Andrew Kirkaldy. Simpson's figures were 4 3 4 3 3 4 3 4 4 4 5=41.

## NEWHAVEN GOLF CLUB.

The competition for the monthly medal took place on Wednesday, 13th, and was won by the former holder, Mr. J. Bannister, with a score of 105, less 8=97. Several other members competed, but were over 100 net, or did not hand in their cards.

The links have been re-arranged with the object of commencing and finishing play near the same point, at the same time shortening the distance from the town. The first four holes of the former course have been abandoned, and four new ones introduced. The alteration has given general satisfaction, the new course being of a very sporting character. The greens throughout have been enlarged, and by constant rolling and cutting, are getting into first-rate condition. This club is becoming very popular, and the number of members is steadily increasing.

## STAINES GOLF CLUB.

The "Bogey" tournament, which remained open for a month, has been won by Mr. G. J. Hunter, by 2 up, the prize being a Gladstone bag, presented by Mr. F. B. Maddison, the captain of the club.

The monthly medal played for on Saturday, 9th July, was won by Mr. George Struthers.

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



## SEASIDE LINKS WANTED.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—In answer to "Paterfamilias" who asks about Golf links, I think he could not do better than try the New Forest. From Lyndhurst he can get the Lyndhurst links, eighteen holes; Bramshaw four miles off, nine holes; Brockenhurst (the Bournemouth club), four miles off, nine holes. He can get to Hayling Island and have two rounds and get back to dinner. I think he will find them all pretty enough and very fair Golf.

I am, Sir, &amp;c.,

M. D.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—Let "Paterfamilias" try the links at Brancaster, in Norfolk. The course is a splendid one of eighteen holes, on the sea-shore, very quiet and very bracing. There are links a few miles off at Hunstanton, while Cromer and Sheringham are not too far away for a day's outing.

I am, Sir, &amp;c.,

G.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I think that Paterfamilias will find Bognor, on the Sussex coast, a likely place to suit his requirements.

The sands are first-rate for children, and a mildly bracing air. A golf club has been started here, and the course is getting into fair condition. Visitors are admitted on easy terms on being introduced by a member, two days free, after that 1s. a day or 5s. for a month. The other links in the neighbourhood, all of which are accessible by train, are Littlehampton, Worthing, Brighton and Hayling Island.

This letter will also answer "Colonial's" inquiry.

I shall be pleased to give any further information if wanted.

I am Sir, &amp;c.,

Bognor Golf Club,  
July 18th, 1892.

WALTER C. BLAKEY,  
Hon. Sec.

## CLOTHING FOR GOLFERS.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—As an enthusiastic recruit to the numerous lovers of Golf, I wish to inquire of your many readers whether they can afford me some information regarding a little matter which has somewhat marred the pleasure of a beginner at the game. I wear as a rule during the day a high stand-up collar and a white shirt, but finding these rather unsuitable to play Golf in, I invested in a flannel tennis shirt with a low turn-down collar. Having occasion last week to visit Newcastle I took my clubs with me, also the flannel shirt, and for three evenings, after

business, played on the Newcastle Town Moor, always a somewhat bleak spot, with the result that I contracted a severe sore throat, caused by the exposure of my neck to the cold wind. Can you or any of your readers inform me what is the best kind of thing to wear round the throat when playing Golf?—if so you will greatly oblige.

I am Sir, etc.,  
S. AMBROSE.

Harrogate, July 13th, 1892.

WARWICKSHIRE GOLF CLUB.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—My attention has been called to a slight error in the last issue of your valuable journal. Our tariff for visitors was formerly one week free, and two shillings and sixpence for each subsequent week. Since the 1st of January, this has been altered to three days free, and five shillings for each subsequent week. As your note might mislead intending visitors to our links, I hope you will find space for this insertion in your next number. The tariff is correctly stated in the new edition of the "Golfing Annual."

I am, &c.,  
THE HON. SECRETARY.

Warwick, 16th July, 1892.

The new course of the Hilltarvit Golf Club was formally opened at Hilltarvit, Cupar Fife, on Thursday afternoon, 14th inst., by Captain Osborne. There was a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen. After striking off the first ball the Captain, in a few appropriate words, declared the course open. A number of the members then played over the course. Tea was dispensed by Mrs. Osborne, of Belmore, who was assisted by several other ladies. Mr. A. Smith, tenant of Hilltarvit, has kindly granted the use of the course free till the end of this season. The membership of the club is about seventy. Mr. William Thomson, of the Royal Bank, Cupar, is secretary.

George Pearson, of Earlsferry, has been engaged as professional at Littlestone, and takes up duty this week. David Duncan, of Earlsferry, leaves this week for Harrogate, on a professional engagement.

A correspondent writes:—"The meeting at Hoylake last week was a great success, but the fearful wet on the Saturday marred every one's comfort. Possibly this match will be the beginning of a yearly contest between the Royal Liverpool and Tantallon clubs, and may lead to an international competition, "England v. Scotland," on some green, some day not very far distant.

LUNDIN LADIES' CLUB.—The second competition of the season was played in the end of last week. Seven couples started, and the following was the result:—Miss Mylne won the first prize with 95, less 5=90; Miss Hamilton and Miss J. Steven tied for the second with the net score of 95. The tie was won by Miss Hamilton. The other best scores were—Miss E. A. Steven, 116, less 17=99; Miss J. T. Fortune, 95, plus 5=100; Miss Ronaldson, 99, plus 5=104; Miss Fortune, 107, less 3=104; Miss Crum, 109, less 5=104; Miss A. Blackadder, 124, less 18=106; Miss M. S. Dule, 121, less 13=108. A children's competition took place on Saturday. Five girls entered. Miss Elsie Rule gained first prize with 126, less 20=106; Miss Nettie Ronaldson second (scratch), 111. Seven couples of boys started, G. Hutchinson with 76, plus 4=80, winning the first prize. Alexander Crum and B. Atkinson tied for the second with the net score of 88.

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



The following conversation took place in a train near Morpeth between a golfer and his friend, who had not played Golf:—

FRIEND.—How many strokes does it take you to go round the green?  
GOLFER.—Oh, about 45.  
FRIEND.—How many do you think I would take?  
GOLFER.—I should say about 70.  
FRIEND.—Surely not so many as that?  
GOLFER.—Well, if you play cricket or lawn-tennis, and have a good eye, you may do it in less.  
FRIEND.—Well, I don't play cricket or lawn-tennis, but I play whist and chess!

\* \* \*

While playing over the nine-hole course of the Tyneside Golf Club at Ryton, on the 13th inst., Mr. W. Farr made the following score:—1st round, 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5=44; 2nd round, 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5=44. This may perhaps be considered remarkable, inasmuch as the number of strokes for each hole is identical in the two rounds.

\* \* \*

ELEGY ON MAGGY JOHNSTON,  
*Who died A.D. 1711.*

Auld Reeky, mourn in sable hue,  
Let fouth o' tears dreep like May dew,  
To braw tippenny bid adieu,  
Which we, wi' greed,  
Bended as fast as she could brew;  
But now she's deed.

When in our pouch we fand some clinks,  
An' took a turn o'er Bruntsfield Links,  
Aften in Maggy's, at Hay-jinks,  
We guzzled scuds  
Till we could scarce, wi' hale-out drinks,  
Cast off our duds.

When we were wearied at the Gouff,  
Then Maggy Johnston's was our houff,  
Now a' our gamesters may sit douff  
Wi' hearts like lead;  
Death wi' his rung reached her a youff,  
An' sae she's dead.

\* \* \*

The Kenley Golf Club, as will be seen from an advertisement in another column, is anxious to increase its membership. The links are on Kenley Common, beautifully situated on the Surrey hills. The turf is good old common turf, fine and close in texture, admitting of good lies through the green. The course is quite close to Kenley and Warlingham railway stations, and is therefore of easy access to London players.

\* \* \*

The committee of the Greenock Golf Club have arranged for a monthly competition for a medal, and for a competition in September for prizes presented by Mr. Baxter.

## A GOLFING IDYL.

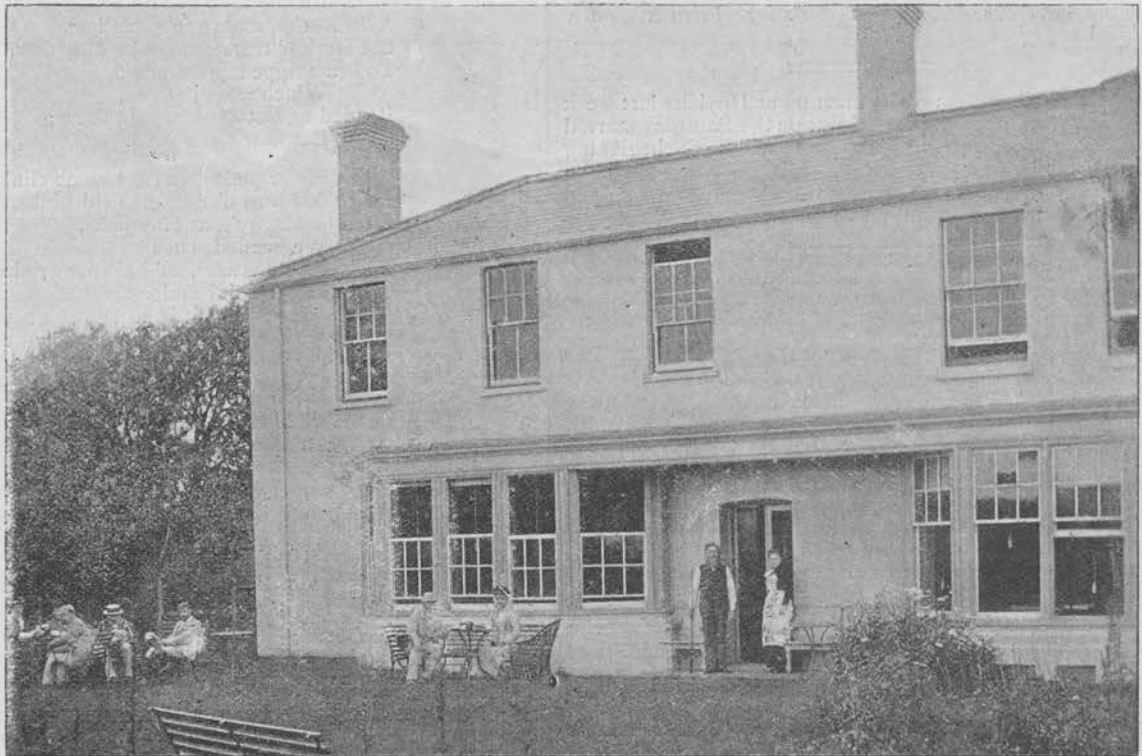
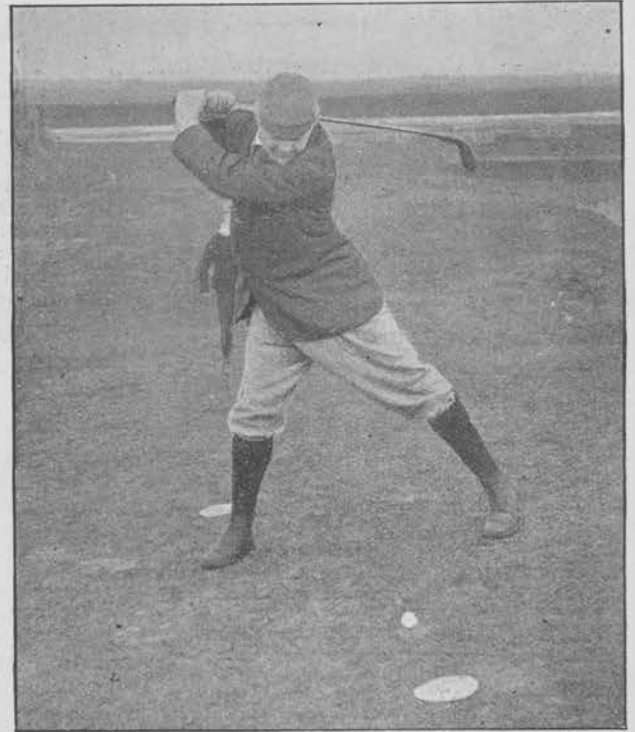
*Dedicated (without permission) to the members of the Felixstowe Golf Club.*

## I.—FELIXSTOWE.

Arms and the man I sing, who tired of town,  
Refreshment seeks on Felix' breezy down ;  
Felix, of old, E ist Anglia's saintly guide,  
Content to dwell obscure by Orwell's tide,  
And now the patron of the Tower and Hut,  
The clean-hit drive, and the successful putt,  
Where bare-legged princes paddle on the rocks,  
Whilst titled nursemaids guard the Imperial socks,  
And Deben's barges woo the favouring gales,  
With "Beecham's Pills" emblazoned on their sails.

## II.—THE CLUB HOUSE.

Fly to the Bath Hotel, sad son of care,  
Clean sheets, soft quilts, nay Quilters, wait you there  
Or far from madding crowds a haven seek,  
Where Stoneham wields the all-prevailing cleek ;  
Where the pleased eye surveys the boundless sea,  
Whilst Beauty ministers refreshing tea.

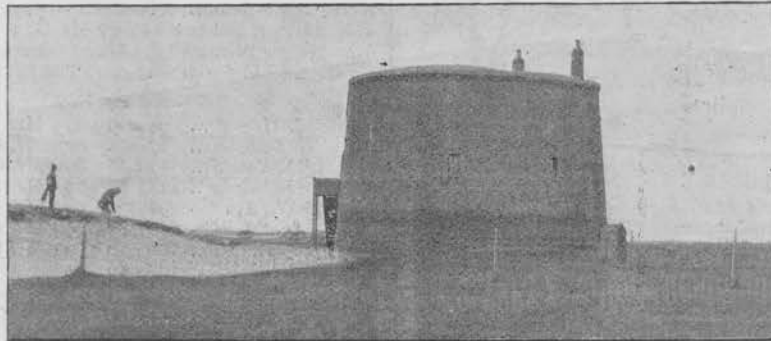




III.—THE MARTELLO TOWER.

But Golf is Golf. Hence vain, deluding charms !  
 Pay your half-crown, lay bare your manly arms !  
 The pliant driver poise with steady hand,  
 Urge the stern niblick through the yielding sand.

'Tis done ! Aloft the ball exultant flies,  
 The A1 twenty-seven cleaves the skies,  
 Looks down on Orwell, Deben, Ore and Stour  
 Then wearied sinks on the Martello Tower.



IV.—EASTWARD HO !

What matter ? Eastward Ho ! the globe shall soar,  
 And trembling caddies hear the resounding "Fore!"  
 Vain hope ! It rests beside fair Deben's wave,  
 Or seeks a brief repose in Morley's grave.



V.—THE POINT.

But now, his toil well ended, bunkers past,  
 All save the most attractive and the last,  
 He stands triumphant, two good strokes to spare,  
 The long-drawn Point surveys with eager care ;  
 One brassy shot upon the green to drop,  
 Then sweet repose and savory mutton-chop ;  
 Whilst envious friends admiringly regard  
 The "eighty net" which decks his winning card.  
 Alas, a pull ! Far, far across the tee  
 The errant gutty sinks beneath the sea,  
 And grinning caddies with delighted eyes  
 Evade the well-aimed brassy as it flies.



VI.—THE RETURN.

Ah, me ! What means that form so sere and sad ;  
 Those scowling eyes half-hid 'neath Tartan plaid ;  
 Those broken Golf clubs littered on the floor ;  
 That voice upraised in malediction score ?  
 "Here, driver, take it, 'tis my last half-crown ;  
 But catch, oh catch, the earliest train to town."

W. D. B.

BLACKFORD CLUB, EDINBURGH.—The monthly competition for the scratch and handicap charms of this club was played at Musselburgh on Saturday, with the following result :—Scratch charm : Mr. R. T. Mitchell, 89. Handicap charm : Mr. R. T. Mitchell (scratch), 89, and Mr. G. G. Crease, 92, less 3=89, tie. The sweepstakes was won by :—1 and 2, Mr. R. T. Mitchell (scratch), 89, and Mr. G. G. Crease, 92, less 3=89, tie ; and 3 and 4, Mr. J. Sanderson (scratch), 90, and Mr. T. C. Kay, 94, less 4=90, tie.

EDINBURGH ST. ANDREW GOLF CLUB.—Twenty-five members turned out to play for the "Lord Shand," medal and seven club prizes, on the Braids on Saturday, with the following results :—Medal and 1st prize, Mr. W. Paterson, 77, less 1=76 ; 2nd, Mr. E. Reid, 99, less 20=79 ; 3rd, Mr. A. King, 89, less 6=83 ; 4th (tie), Mr. James Knowles, 85, less 1=84, and Mr. J. Pearson, 86, less 2=84 ; 6th, Mr. D. A. Paterson, 96, less 11=85 ; 7th, Mr. A. Wilson, 97, less 11=86, and Mr. J. Gibb, 103, less 17=86.



ABERDEEN.

The members of the Victoria Club here engaged in a members' match last week over the usual links course. The teams were captained respectively by the captain and secretary, and nineteen players started on each side. The result of the game showed that the captain's side gained 40 holes, as against 22 scored by the secretary's team, the former side thus winning by 18 holes. Score:—

CAPTAIN'S SIDE.		SECRETARY'S SIDE.	
	Holes		Holes
Mr. Alex. Cooper	0	Mr. A. M. M. Dunn	1
Mr. L. Anderson	0	Mr. G. Flett	0
Mr. J. Russell	4	Mr. R. Balmal	0
Mr. J. Stewart	0	Mr. W. H. Reid	0
Mr. J. Law	0	Mr. W. Bowman	4
Mr. A. Murray Scott	0	Dr. G. G. Cameron	0
Mr. R. Semple	5	Mr. C. Robertson	0
Mr. A. Gemmell	4	Mr. Jas. R. Smith	0
Mr. G. Anderson (2)	4	Mr. G. Hendry	0
Mr. D. Milne	0	Mr. W. Argo	1
Mr. R. MacLennan	0	Mr. J. Jack	6
Mr. J. J. Mackenzie	0	Mr. W. Merrylees	5
Mr. J. H. Jamieson	7	Mr. W. Ruxton	0
Mr. A. Cumming	4	Mr. A. Hunter	0
Mr. J. Milne (2)	0	Mr. A. Milne (2)	4
Mr. J. Coventry	0	Mr. T. P. Gill	0
Mr. J. Gray (2)	0	Mr. J. Johnson	1
Mr. W. H. Leask	8	Mr. J. Gall	0
Mr. D. J. Innes (captain)	4	Mr. W. Addie (secretary)	0
Total	40	Total	22

Majority for captain's side, 18 holes.

ASCOT LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

The final competition for prizes presented by Mrs. Bowring and Mrs. Porter was played on Monday, July 18th, in showery weather. Mrs. H. Blackett won the scratch prize, half-a-dozen silver teaspoons, with an excellent score of 86, and Miss Macintyre took the handicap prize, a silver cloak-clasp, with a net score of 82. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Miss Macintyre	100 18 82	Miss Bowring	94 8 86
Mrs. F. F. Mackenzie	104 20 84	Mrs. H. C. Clarke	94 5 89
Mrs. H. Blackett	86 scr. 86	Miss Barron	92 scr. 92

BLACKFORD v. VIEWFORTH.

A match between the above clubs was played over the braids on Friday, with the following result. Mr. Stewart, of the Viewforth, completed the round in the fine score of 74.

BLACKFORD.		VIEWFORTH.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. G. A. Ross	0	Mr. T. G. Buchan	1
Mr. R. T. Mitchell	0	Mr. J. A. Stewart	13
Mr. Jas. Sanderson	0	Mr. J. M'Nab	5
Mr. J. Morison	0	Mr. O. Thomson	7
Mr. D. Macfarlane	0	Mr. H. Harrison	0
Mr. C. C. Scott	0	Mr. H. M. Knight	11
Mr. J. G. Crease	1	Mr. D. M. Gavine	0
Mr. C. W. Macfarlane	0	Mr. J. Hay	0
Mr. D. Wilson	1	Mr. J. Macdonald	0
Mr. T. C. Kay	0	Mr. J. Richardson	0
Mr. M. Prain	2	Mr. J. Beattie	0
Mr. D. Currie	1	Mr. R. M'Nab	0
Mr. A. Henderson	5	Mr. F. Ross	0
Mr. W. Scott	0	Mr. H. Wight	1
Mr. O. M. Kelt	5	Mr. R. Tainsh	0
Total	15	Total	38

COUNTY DOWN GOLF CLUB.

Club monthly handicap:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. R. Magill	105 18 87	Mr. J. Pinion	117 24 93
Mr. J. MacCormack	109 20 89	Mr. W. H. Smiles	105 10 95
Mr. E. Young	101 11 90	Mr. H. Shaw	96 +2 98
Mr. J. Bell	109 16 93		

DISLEY GOLF CLUB.

The third Summer Handicap was contested on July 16th, in miserable weather, and was won by Mr. G. J. Hutton with a net score of 85. Mr. Bell returned the lowest gross score, 87, which is the lowest yet returned in a competition. The following were the best returns:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. G. J. Hutton	94 9 85	Mr. J. N. Hutton	101 8 93
Mr. W. Bell	87 scr. 87	Mr. H. C. Garrett	106 11 95
Mr. H. D. Tonge	97 8 89	Mr. C. D. Milne	106 10 96
Mr. G. H. Norris	114 25 89	Mr. Eustace Hutton	111 12 99
Mr. R. W. Hutton	91 1 90	Mr. E. G. Hutton	111 12 99
Mr. G. N. M. Cameron	100 10 90	Mr. P. Campbell	115 16 99
Mr. T. C. Norris	107 16 91	Mr. J. D. Milne	106 6 100

DURHAM GOLF CLUB.

The sixth competition for the Walter cup was played on Wednesday, the 13th inst., Mr. Milvain, the president of the club, winning easily with the excellent score of 82. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. T. Milvain	112 30 82	Mr. E. Meynell	138 30 108
Mr. F. W. Cluff	121 16 105	Rev. A. Robertson	129 20 109
Mr. O. F. N. Treadwell	102 +5 107	Mr. O. B. Cluff	129 15 114

FELIXSTOWE GOLF CLUB.

Saturday, July 16th. The following scores were returned for the third competition for the captain's prize:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. W. Austen Leigh	100 15 85	Mr. P. G. Splice	104 11 93
Mr. C. G. Tunks	96 8 88	Mr. J. A. Chalmers	109 16 93
Mr. S. Mure-Fergusson	83 +8 91	Dr. J. Harper	107 13 94
Mr. C. L. Bushell	112 20 92	Mr. G. H. Frean	113 18 95
		Mr. C. L. Anstruther	108 10 98

FORFARSHIRE.

The fourth competition for the badges of the Montrose Mercantile Club took place on Wednesday evening in fine but somewhat windy weather. The following were the prize-winners:—First class—Mr. G. Smith, special prize for the lowest score, 82, 2 above his average number; Mr. Edward M'Donald, 87, 1 above; Mr. William Clark, 91, 2 above; Mr. Alexander Keillor, 84; Mr. D. C. Clark, 93; and Mr. James Scott, 94—each 4 above—ties. Second-class—Mr. George Reid, winner of badge, 89, 7 below; Mr. Harry M'Kenzie, 92, 7 below; Mr. William Vallentine, 89, 6 below; Mr. William Jack, 92; and Mr. A. B. Ritchie 95—each 3 below—ties; Mr. John Douglas, 96, 2 below; and Mr. Alexander Graham, 99, 1 below. Third-class Mr. D. Scott, 98, 6 below; Mr. George Cairncross, 102, at number; Mr. D. Burgess, 97, 2 above.

On Wednesday evening a meeting of the Carnoustie Ladies' Club was held in Carnoustie, and, after the transaction of some ordinary business, the competition was opened, fifteen couples taking part in the same. Miss Morton took the lead for the third time this season, and, after playing off a tie with her younger sister, won the cup and first prize—a silver-mounted putter, presented by Mrs. Gibson, Established Church Manse, Carnoustie. Her score was the lowest made this year—viz., 109 strokes for two rounds of the course of eighteen holes. Miss M. Ramsay carried off the consolation prize with 114 strokes. The best scores included—Miss Morton, 109 strokes; Miss M. A. Morton, 109; Miss Burnett, 112; Miss M. Ramsay, 114; Miss Anderson, 116; Miss Edith Fullerton, 116; Miss Colquhoun, 118; and Miss B. K. Hunter, 120.

The members of Monifieth Club played on Saturday for the handsome gold medal presented by Mr. James Fenton, jeweller, Edinburgh. There was a good turn-out, and some crack scores were made. Last year the medal was won by Mr. David L. Low, with the scratch score of 80 strokes. Mr. Low was 78 with the last hole to play, but he managed by a splendid drive and a putt of nine or ten yards to get down in 2, and his score again stood at 80. Mr. George Wright, who followed, however, gave in a card as follows:—Out, 5 4 4 4 6 4 6 5=42; in, 3 5 5 4 4 4 4 3=36; total, 78. This proved the winning score. Mr. Low's 80 being next best. Other good scores were:—

Messrs. George Pearson, 81; Alexander Simpson, 81; David Anderson, 83; William Lorimer, 84; James Young, 86; David Dempster, 87; John Hendry, 88.

The tenth of the series of competitions for the members' average badge of the Arbroath Club was finished on Saturday, when Mr. D. Arbutnot was found to be the winner, being 1 above his number. The next in order were Mr. James Laing, 4 above, and Mr. A. Garvie, 7 above.

FORMBY GOLF CLUB.

The third of the monthly competitions of the Formby Golf Club, for two prizes presented by the captain, took place on Saturday. Score:—

FIRST CLASS.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. J. S. Beauford	91	6 85	Mr. F. C. Morgan...	96	3 93
Mr. W. R. H. Spratt	91	6 87	Mr. J. Shepherd ...	97	3 94
Mr. J. W. Fowler...	91	scr. 91	Mr. C. Howarth ...	100	5 95
Mr. R. H. Prestwich	98	7 91	Mr. J. Corbet Lowe	111	12 99
Mr. G. F. Smith ...	93	1 92	Mr. W. E. Bland ...	114	14 100
Mr. F. E. M. Dixon	93	scr. 93			

Seven other players were either over 100 or made no return.

SECOND CLASS.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. T. S. Turnbull	104	24 80	Mr. W. M. Wylde...	107	16 91
Mr. G. C. Liebert...	97	15 82	Mr. R. Haig Brown	113	20 93
Mr. H. Liebert ...	102	18 84	Mr. F. C. Calthrop	115	18 97

Twelve players either made no return or were over 100.

GLAMORGANSHIRE GOLF CLUB.

On Wednesday the handsome new pavilion of the Glamorganshire Golf Club, whose links are at Lower Penarth, was formally opened by Mr. R. Forrest, J.P. Lord Windsor has not only given the club the free use of the breezy downs overlooking the Channel, but he has caused the ground to be drained in order to permit of its better adaptability to Golf. By a liberal arrangement he has enabled the club to become possessed of a pavilion which will do much to make Golf popular.

The Glamorganshire Golf Club has only been in existence about fifteen months, and has already a membership of 110. Picturesquely situated, the links contain a sufficiency of hazards—natural and artificial—to invest the play with that degree of uncertainty and difficulty which constitutes the main attraction to the golfer, be he novice or expert. It is a nine-hole round, and, thanks to judicious management, the greens are now in fine condition. In Mr. T. M. Barlow the club has an experienced and an enthusiastic captain. He is energetically supported by a number of vice-presidents, and by Mr. C. A. Heitzman, who discharges the duties of hon. secretary with much efficiency and enthusiasm.

A generous supporter of the club is Mr. J. Pyman, who has given the club cup, a handsome silver trophy. The cup will be played for twice a year, the winner of the competition three times—not necessarily in succession—to become the owner. A second prize, of the value of £2 2s. is offered in each competition.

The ceremony of opening the pavilion was brief and to the point. Being handed the key by Captain Barlow, Mr. Forrest, amid applause, wished the club every success. Thereafter, the members were entertained to luncheon by Mr. J. Pyman in the club-house. Mr. R. Forrest presided, and in the vice-chair was Mr. T. M. Barlow. The company also included Mr. J. Pyman, Mr. Walter Insole, Mr. F. Mason, Mr. L. Turnbull, Mr. Fred Ensor, Mr. Arthur Ingledew, Mr. C. A. Heitzman, (hon. secretary), Mr. Albert Foa, Mr. H. Snell, Mr. C. Ward, Mr. T. Rodway, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Philip Evens, Mr. F. C. Shakell, Dr. Rees, Dr. Prichard, Mr. Hunter, Mr. J. J. Common.

The Vice-Chairman proposed the health of Lord Windsor, the president of the club, expressing the gratitude that all the members felt at the generous assistance accorded to the club by the president.

The Chairman, in acknowledgment of the toast, said he could fairly claim that in all that made for the welfare of Penarth and the enjoyment of its inhabitants, Lord Windsor was never behindhand. Lord Windsor was taking an active interest in Golf, and there was quite an array of Golf sticks at St. Fagan's. (Laughter.)

Mr. Walter Insole threw out a suggestion that they should ask Lord Windsor to approach Her Majesty the Queen with a view to get permission to style the club "The Royal Glamorganshire Golf Club."

An adjournment was made to the links, where Mr. R. Forrest drove off a ball to start off a friendly competition. He used a silver-mounted cleek, presented to him in commemoration of the occasion.

CALEDONIAN INSURANCE CLUB, EDINBURGH.—The monthly competition for the president's medal and Mr. Murray's charm was played over the Braids on Monday evening, the 11th, when the following made the lowest scores:—Messrs. Rodger, Prain, and Leggett—tie.

GUILDFORD GOLF CLUB.

Monthly medal, July 9th.—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. F. W. Hollams.	97	14 83	Mr. E. W. Sargeant	105	16 89
Mr. H. L. Forbes...	93	8 85	Mr. A. H. Mathison.	101	10 91
Mr. W. M. Corrie...	94	9 85	Mr. E. Field ...	99	7 92
Mr. R. Browne ...	101	16 85	Mr. W. P. Trench...	105	13 93
Mr. C. H. Sapte ...	102	15 87	Mr. R. Case ..	109	16 93
Capt. A. R. Hewitt.	95	7 88	Mr. F. Broome ...	111	18 93
Mr. J. H. Bovill ...	97	9 88	Mr. H. T. Cattle...	108	12 96
Mr. H. H. Playford.	93	4 89	Mr. A. F. Sapte ...	119	20 99

HUDDERSFIELD v. ILKLEY.

On Wednesday, 13th inst, teams representing the above clubs met at Fixby, Huddersfield, and a series of very enjoyable games resulted in a win for the home team by seven holes. Score:—

HUDDERSFIELD.		Holes.	ILKLEY.		Holes.
Mr. F. Lumsden ...	...	6	Mr. H. Wild ...	...	0
Mr. A. E. Learoyd ...	...	0	Mr. P. N. Lee...	...	1
Mr. A. L. Woodhead...	...	4	Mr. R. Mortimer ...	...	0
Mr. H. Huth ...	...	0	Mr. J. Cooper Shaw ...	...	4
Mr. C. B. Knight ...	...	0	Mr. C. J. Rayner ...	...	0
Mr. R. Holliday ...	...	2	Mr. D. F. Douglas ...	...	0
		12			5

Afterwards, Herd, the home professional, played Turnbull, the visiting professional, and won the match by 4 up and 3 to play. Herd took seven of the first nine holes, and halved the other two, doing the half-round in the magnificent score of 36. In the second half he fell away somewhat, with the result above shown.

LITTLEHAMPTON GOLF CLUB.

Mr. E. C. R. Goff's medal, July 11th:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Lord E. Hamilton	104	17 87	Mr. A. J. Constable	109	11 98
Mr. C. Farmer ...	96	5 91	Mr. D. Munro ...	113	15 98
Mr. J. C. Constable	111	20 91			

MINCHINHAMPTON GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal competition took place on Saturday, the 9th. The best score was Mr. W. W. Chamberlain's 66 net, the junior medal fell to Mr. F. A. Chambers' with a net score of 81. In the ladies' competition Mrs. W. Davies secured the medal, and Mrs. Leslie the junior medal. The following are the scores:—

Gentlemen—			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
*Mr. W. W. Chamberlain	...	86 20 66	Mr. E. N. Witchell	111	20 91
†Mr. F. A. Chambers	104	23 81	Mr. W. Davies ...	109	17 92
Mr. F. H. Playne	97	18 79	Mr. A. R. Grieve ...	119	25 94
Mr. E. A. Chamberlain	...	97 20 77	Rev. Summerhayes	119	25 94
Mr. W. P. Niblett...	105	23 83	Mr. H. V. Woolright	112	18 94
Mr. T. Holmes ...	104	20 84	Mr. R. Lewis Grist	106	12 94
Mr. A. E. Smith ...	113	23 90	Mr. Lawrence Grist	106	12 94
Mr. A. W. Waller...	108	18 90	Mr. J. Margetson, jr.	117	22 95
			Mr. J. Bryan ...	121	25 96
			Mr. C. Ritchie ...	115	18 97

\* Medal. † Junior Medal.

The following members also competed:—Messrs. J. Johnstone, F. J. Leslie, and J. T. Woolright.

Ladies—			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
* Mrs. W. Davies ...	91	6 85	Mrs. Pierce Taylor	92	5 87
† Mrs. Leslie ...	104	30 74	Miss Golightly ...	95	8 87
† Miss H. Ridging	90	4 86	Miss J. Golightly ...	94	5 89
Miss Woolright ...	105	18 87	Miss G. Blenhin ...	137	30 107

\* Medal. † Junior Medal. ‡ Gross Prize.

NORTH BEDFORDSHIRE v. BEDFORD.

Saturday July 16th, on Biggleswade Common.

NORTH BEDFORDSHIRE.		Holes.	BEDFORD.		Holes.
Mr. H. Mann...	...	6	Mr. J. Crawford ...	...	0
Mr. J. G. Duberly ...	...	7	Mr. C. B. Watkins ...	...	0
Mr. D. B. Cromartie...	...	0	Mr. C. Limouzin ...	...	5
Colonel Broughton ...	...	1	Mr. H. E. Tredcroft...	...	0
Colonel Harene ...	...	0	Mr. S. Lethbridge ...	...	13
Captain Hutton ...	...	0	Rev. G. F. Apthorpe...	...	2
		14			20

Bedford won by 6 holes.

NORTH BERWICK.

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour arrived at North Berwick on Monday morning the 11th inst. and had a round of the links. In a foursome Mr. Balfour and Mr. A. M. Ross, getting half one, halved a rather exciting match with Mr. L. Stuart Anderson and Mr. John M'ulloch. A second round took place in the afternoon between Mr. Balfour with Mr. A. M. Ross and Mr. L. Stuart Anderson with Mr. John M'ulloch. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Ross, who were again in receipt of half one, beat their opponents by 5 up and 4 to play, and won by 2.

On Tuesday the 12th inst. Mr. A. J. Balfour enjoyed another round of the North Berwick course. In the forenoon the right hon. gentleman partnering Mr. Stuart Anderson, engaged Mr. A. M. Ross and Rev. F. L. M. Anderson, a rather exciting match resulting in favour of Mr. Ross and his partner, at Pointgarry in, by 3 up and 1 to play. In the afternoon the same couples were opposed, and Mr. Balfour and Mr. Stuart Anderson again lost a close game by 3 up and 1 to play.

On Saturday the course was very basily occupied throughout the day, the weather being fine. An interesting foursome took place in the afternoon, the Dean of Faculty and Bernard Sayers opposing Lord Stormonth Darling and Davie Grant. At the turn the latter couple stood 1 up, and soon increased their lead to 2. Winning the next two holes, Mr. J. B. Balfour and Sayers made the game level, and ultimately won a very close match at Pointgarry in, by 2 up and 1 to play.

The record score of Sayers for the course having been disputed by a paragraph in the *Glasgow Herald* to the effect that a lower score was made on one occasion by Bob Ferguson, the following letter has been written by Sayers in answer thereto:—"Kindly permit me to point out that my record of 66, in 1890, has never until now been challenged. What is more, never had I heard of such a thing, or noticed it in print, and how it could so elude all records recently published is remarkable. However that may be, this can have no possible bearing on my record for the present course. Since 1881, in which year the 65 is claimed, the course has been considerably changed, and some of the tees have been brought back at least thirty yards. The fact, however, remains that for the course as at present my record of 66 is as yet unequalled."

NOTTINGHAM GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal competition for June resulted as follows:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
*Mr. J. C. Warren	91	4 87	Mr. F. T. Green	112	16 96
*Mr. J. Doleman	92	5 87	Mr. J. McMeeking	103	6 97
†Mr. C. B. Edwards	103	14 89	Mr. J. McCulloch	117	18 99
†Mr. J. Boves	107	18 89	Mr. A. Oliver	129	24 105
Mr. J. Hall	100	8 92	Mr. W. Richman	135	27 108
Mr. J. Johnstone	103	10 93	Mr. W. Ross	129	18 111
Mr. E. A. Coutts	115	20 95			

\* Tied. † Tied.

Mr. Henry Broadhurst, playing on the same day, brought in the capital score of 88, less 10=78, and would thus have been the winner, but, unfortunately, he did not know it was the competition, and was disqualified through non-observance of the club regulations.

ROYAL DUBLIN GOLF CLUB.

The usual monthly competition for the club medal took place on Saturday, when, owing to many counter-attractions, competitors were very few. A strong wind seriously interfered with low scoring during the early part of the afternoon, but towards evening it died away very considerably, and made play much pleasanter. Mr. J. R. Bristow was the winner, with a gross score of 110, less 30=80. An objection to the winner was lodged, inasmuch as Mr. Bristow did not start till just five o'clock. The objection will be investigated by the committee on Wednesday.

The following were the returns handed in:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. J. R. Bristow	110	30 80	Mr. J. J. R. Law	120	30 90
Mr. D. Christie	91	9 82	Mr. J. Brown	109	16 93
Mr. J. H. Barrington	97	15 82	Mr. A. F. G. Henderson	114	19 95
Mr. G. C. May	99	12 87			

ROYAL JERSEY GOLF CLUB.

Major Little's prize, Saturday, July 16th:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. O. Belk	93	7 86	Mr. A. L. Scott	111	20 91
*Col. Mackenzie	92	3 89	Dr. Comerford	99	7 92
*Mr. W. H. Monckton	106	17 89	Major Scott, R. A.	92	+1 93
Mr. G. Papon	103	13 90	Mr. A. E. Walker	95	2 93
			Capt. Robin	98	2 96

\* Divided sweepstakes.

Several players made no return.

ROCHESTER GOLF CLUB.

Rochester Golf Club played the Royal Engineers Golf Club at Higham on Saturday, July 16th. Scores:—

ROCHESTER.			ROYAL ENGINEERS.		
	Holes.			Holes.	
Lieut.-Col. Langdon	0	...	Capt. Onslow	1	...
Mr. A. C. Sealy	2	...	Mr. F. Barstow	0	...
Mr. T. Winch	6	...	Mr. R. S. Walker	0	...
Capt. Rice, R.N.	6	...	Capt. Mantell	0	...
Surg.-Capt. Bond	9	...	Mr. R. G. King	0	...
Mr. T. M. Winch	0	...	Mr. G. R. Hearn	2	...
	23			3	

Rochester Ladies' monthly medal. Eighteen holes; on July 16th:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Miss Murton	124	28 96	Mrs. Knight	153	25 128
Mrs. Upton	148	34 114	Mrs. Sealy	158	30 128
Mrs. Winch	149	34 115	Miss F. E. Cobb	159	26 133

ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

On Monday, July 11th, a hole competition under handicap was played for a prize presented by Mrs. Culshaw.

Miss L. Sidebottom and Miss G. Stanger-Leathes tied in the final, and on playing off Miss L. Sidebottom proved the winner.

First Round.—Miss Mitchell, a bye; Miss N. Saunders, a bye; Miss Vinning, a bye; Miss L. Sidebottom beat Miss Sidebottom; Miss Horsfall beat Miss Clarke; Miss L. Hassall, a bye; Miss Kinmond, a bye; Miss G. Stanger-Leathes, a bye.

Second Round.—Miss Mitchell beat Miss N. Saunders; Miss L. Sidebottom beat Miss Vinning; Miss Horsfall beat Miss L. Hassall; Miss G. Stanger-Leathes beat Miss Kinmond.

Third Round.—Miss L. Sidebottom beat Miss Mitchell; Miss G. Stanger-Leathes beat Miss Horsfall.

Final Round.—Miss L. Sidebottom beat Miss G. Stanger-Leathes.

Sweepstakes were then played for, and won by Miss N. Saunders.

The monthly competition for the In Memoriam prize took place on Wednesday, 13th inst. Scores:—Miss L. Sidebottom, 92, less 14=78; Mrs. Gaitskell, 97, less 12=85; Miss Horsfall, 113, less 20=93. Miss Nicholson made no return.

The last competition for Miss Robinson's prize was played on Saturday. Scores:—Miss Horsfall, 102, less 20=82; Miss G. Stanger-Leathes, 93, less 8=85. Miss M. Saunders and Miss N. Saunders made no returns.

The prize was played for for six weeks, under handicap, and won by the best aggregate of three scores. The following were the six best:—Miss G. Stanger-Leathes, 231; Miss Horsfall, 237; Miss Saunders, 242; Miss M. Saunders, 242; Mrs. Gaitskell, 245; Miss N. Saunders, 254.

ROYAL LIVERPOOL v. TANTALLON.

This important inter-club Golf match, which has been looked forward to with considerable interest by golfers in both England and Scotland, took place on Saturday over the links of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club at Hoylake. Eleven years have elapsed since the last match between the two clubs, this having taken place at North Berwick on the 5th August, 1881, when the players numbered eighteen a-side. On that occasion victory rested with the North Berwick Club, so far as the singles were concerned, their representatives having scored 43 holes to the Hoylake 23, thus winning by 20 holes. In a second match, on the same occasion, however, consisting of nine foursomes, the Hoylake men were the winners by 10 holes, the score being—Hoylake, 22; North Berwick, 12. Several of the gentlemen who took part in the match were also included in the teams of Saturday, among them being Messrs. W. G. Bloxam and A. S. Douglas, of the Tantallon Club, and Messrs. John Ball, sen., John Ball, jun., and H. A. Farrar, of the Royal Liverpool. The only absentees on Saturday were Mr. Joseph Hornby, of the Royal Liverpool Club, and Mr. John Forrest of the Tantallon; but, in order to complete the match of twelve a-side, Messrs. George Cook and A. S. Douglas were included in the respective teams. Play commenced at ten o'clock, in miserable weather, a steady downpour of rain interfering with the comfort of both players and spectators, of whom there was a considerable crowd. The greens, which on the previous day had been in perfect condition, were sodden with the wet, but otherwise were favourable to good Golf. The first couple to start were Messrs. John Ball, jun., and A. M. Ross, and this was considered the most important match of the day. The first two holes went to Mr. Ball, while the third was halved. The fourth was won by the Hoylake man, but at the fifth the play was somewhat indifferent, and the hole was halved. The sixth fell to Mr. Ross in 5, against his opponent's 6. The seventh hole was magnifi-

cently played by both, and fell to Mr. Ball in 2, he now leading, 3 up. Mr. Ball also won the tenth hole, while the eleventh was halved, and Mr. Ball got badly bunkered at the twelfth hole, and gave it up, thus reducing his lead to 3. Mr. Ross lost the next two holes through being caught in the rushes, but gained the sixteenth by a finely-played 3, and the last two holes were halved in 4. Mr. Ball thus finishing 4 up, the scores for the round being—Mr. Ball, 78; Mr. Ross, 82; the best of the day. In the second round between the same two gentlemen, play was of a much more even character, and resulted in a halved match, the scores being—Mr. Ball, 83; Mr. Ross, 84. The game between Messrs. Hilton and Stuart also attracted much attention, and on the first round the former finished 4 up, but on the second, his opponent won by 3, the Hoylake representative being thus 1 to the good on the match. The following were the scores:—

First Round:—

ROYAL LIVERPOOL.		TANTALLON.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. J. Ball, jun. ...	4	Mr. A. M. Ross ...	0
Mr. H. H. Hilton ...	4	Mr. Alexander Stuart...	0
Mr. H. A. Farrar ...	0	Mr. Garden G. Smith ...	6
Mr. F. P. Crowther ...	0	Mr. L. Stuart Anderson ...	0
Mr. J. Ball, sen. ...	0	Mr. Marcus Brown ...	3
Mr. F. W. Crowther ...	0	Mr. Gregor MacGregor ...	1
Mr. A. Turpin... ..	0	Mr. D. M. Jackson ...	2
Mr. C. E. Dick ... ..	5	Mr. J. M'ulloch ... ..	0
Mr. G. R. Cox ... ..	5	Mr. F. V. Hagart ... ..	0
Mr. L. S. M. Munro ...	0	Mr. G. Gordon Robertson ...	0
Mr. James Fairclough...	0	Mr. W. Gibson Bloxson ..	2
Mr. Geo. Cook ... ..	0	Mr. A. S. Douglas ... ..	1
	18		15

Second Round:—

LIVERPOOL.		TANTALLON.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. Ball, jun. ... ..	0	Mr. Ross ... ..	0
Mr. Hilton ... ..	0	Mr. Stuart ... ..	0
Mr. Farrar ... ..	0	Mr. Smith ... ..	1
Mr. E. P. Crowther ...	4	Mr. Anderson ... ..	0
Mr. Ball, sen. ... ..	0	Mr. Brown ... ..	3
Mr. F. W. Crowther ...	2	Mr. MacGregor ... ..	0
Mr. Turpin ... ..	1	Mr. Jackson ... ..	0
Mr. Dick ... ..	7	Mr. M'ulloch ... ..	0
Mr. Cox ... ..	5	Mr. Hagart ... ..	0
Mr. Munro ... ..	0	Mr. Robertson... ..	4
Mr. Fairclough ... ..	0	Mr. Bloxson ... ..	5
Mr. Cook ... ..	0	Mr. Douglas ... ..	1
	19		17

On the thirty-six holes the totals thus were Liverpool 37. Tantallon 32, Liverpool winning the match by 5 holes. In the afternoon an interesting foursome was played between Messrs. John Ball, jun., and H. H. Hilton, representing Hoylake, and Messrs. A. M. Ross and L. Stuart Anderson, of the North Berwick Club. The home representatives had all the best of the game, and won 6 up and 5 to play. The bye fell to the North Berwick men by one. The members of the Royal Liverpool Club entertained the visitors to dinner in the evening.

On Monday, 18th inst. Mr. W. G. Bloxson, halved a round with Mr. George Cook, and Mr. T. O. Potter receiving 6 holes up was defeated by Mr. G. Garden Smith, 2 up and 1 to play. Mr. Harold Janion in receipt of 9 holes up, came in a winner against the same gentleman by 3 up and 1 to play.

SUTTON COLDFIELD GOLF CLUB.

Monthly medal, 9th July:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.
Mr. J. H. Chavasse. 95 15 80		Dr. C. Palmer .. 108 20 88
Mr. T. G. Griffiths... 107 22 85		

No returns from seven players.

This club played the Arden Golf Club, at Streety, on the 13th:—

SUTTON.		ARDEN.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. G. S. Albright ...	0	Mr. F. A. Bainbridge ...	0
Mr. W. E. Chance ...	0	Rev. G. W. Barnard... ..	1
Mr. H. M. Eddowes... ..	0	Mr. O. Airy ... ..	8
Major Lockyer ... ..	1	Mr. Wilson-Brownne ...	0
Mr. C. D. Rutherford ...	14	Mr. W. L. Bicknell ... ..	0
Mr. P. A. Bourke ... ..	3	Mr. A. G. Tonks ... ..	0
Mr. E. E. Lamb ... ..	11	Mr. E. P. Wright ... ..	0
Mr. T. G. Griffiths ...	0	Mr. J. F. Wright ... ..	10
	29		19

Sutton won by ten holes.

TROON.

A special prize competition took place over Troon links on Saturday, when between fifty and sixty players entered for two prizes. The competition was a nine-hole one, and the following were the results from the third round:—

Third round.—Mr. T. B. A. M'Michael beat Rev. J. Anderson; Mr. C. H. Herbertson beat Mr. D. Findlay; Mr. E. D. Prothero beat Mr. J. Herbertson; Mr. J. H. Wilson beat Mr. C. H. Aird; Mr. J. Shaw beat Mr. A. H. Holm; Mr. F. Y. Henderson, a bye.

Fourth Round.—Mr. C. H. Herbertson beat Mr. T. B. A. M'Michael; Mr. J. H. Wilson beat Mr. E. D. Prothero.

Semi-final.—Mr. Shaw beat Mr. Henderson; Mr. Herbertson beat Mr. Wilson.

Final.—Mr. Herbertson, getting two holes in the nine, beat Mr. Shaw by one hole, and those two players got the first and second prizes respectively.

The following are the results of the first round for the captain's prize, completed on Saturday:—Mr. T. C. Highet (8) beat (Mr. W. Mackie (8); Mr. W. C. Mitchell (4) beat Mr. W. Cameron (6); Mr. A. Johnston (3) beat Mr. J. Guthrie (4); Mr. E. D. Prothero (scratch) beat Mr. J. Johnston (2); Mr. J. W. Hartley (6) beat Mr. J. Wallace (4); Mr. F. Y. Henderson (2) beat Mr. Jas. Wilson, jun. (4); Mr. W. Mackay (6) beat Mr. H. E. Clifford (6); Mr. John Merry (2) beat Mr. R. White (1); Mr. James Robertson (1) beat Mr. A. Fraser (6); Mr. J. T. Hunter (3) beat Mr. W. Findlay (2); Mr. A. Kennedy Erskine (2) beat Mr. T. B. A. M'Michael (2); Mr. George Drummond (3) beat Mr. Thomas Morton (5); Mr. James Herbertson, jun. (6), beat Mr. J. A. Fudzean (6); Mr. C. Aird (4) beat Mr. D. Fullarton, sen. (5); Mr. W. R. Farquhar (4) beat Mr. A. I. Craig (5); Mr. N. D. M'Michael (3) beat Mr. R. Hutcheson (3); Mr. James Irvine (4) beat Dr. Highet (3); Mr. C. H. T. Brown (8) beat Mr. W. Gardiner (8); Mr. J. Hunter (8) beat Mr. J. T. King (4); Mr. J. A. Morrice (7) beat Mr. James Higginbotham (8); Mr. D. D. Robertson (scratch) beat Mr. Fraser (5); Mr. A. H. Holm (4) beat Mr. W. D. Strachan (5); Mr. Murray (1) beat Mr. A. Walker Irvine (4); Mr. D. Finlay (3) beat Rev. J. Anderson (3); Mr. C. H. Herbertson (6) beat Mr. J. W. Walker (4); Mr. J. B. Wilson (4) beat Mr. George Parker (5).

WARWICKSHIRE LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

On Wednesday, July 13th, a match of holes was played for a pair of silver saltcellars, presented by Mrs. Bullock, but owing to the wet weather few of the competitors answered to their names.

First Round.—Hon. Mrs. R. H. Lyttelton (8) beat Miss O. S. Baly (plus 6); Mrs. Wilson (20) beat Miss E. Baly (2); Miss Bonner (16) a bye; Miss N. Saunders (8), a bye.

Second Round.—Hon. Mrs. R. H. Lyttelton beat Mrs. Wilson; Miss Bonner beat Miss Saunders.

Third Round.—Hon. Mrs. R. H. Lyttelton beat Miss Bonner.

WIMBLEDON LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medals were played for on Saturday, the 16th inst. when the first class medal was won by Miss Kenyon Stow, and the second class by Miss Tuelly. First class:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Miss Kenyon Stow 83 16 67		Miss A. Tyrwhitt ...	98 14 84
Mrs. Cameron ... 90 18 72		Drake ... ..	101 17 84
Mrs. Meates ... 94 20 74		Miss Bertha Thomson ...	106 20 86
Miss Stevenson ... 92 16 76		Miss Jacobomb ... ..	110 24 86
Miss A. L. T. Drake 90 13 77		Miss Tee ... ..	95 7 88
Miss Clarke ... 101 24 77		Mrs. Fraser ... ..	104 15 89
Miss Hassard Short 99 18 81		Mrs. Pollock ... ..	109 17 92
Mrs. Dowson ... 105 24 81		Miss Nellie Muir ... ..	113 16 97
Mrs. King ... .. 107 24 83		Miss Mabel Nicol ... ..	

Second class:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Miss Tuelly ... 108 35 73		Mrs. Horne... ..	113 31 82
Miss Horne ... 108 30 78		Miss H. MacFarlan 114 29 85	
Mrs. Willock ... 109 28 81		Hon. Mrs. Jolliffe ...	123 32 91
Miss Economo ... 115 33 82		Mrs. Stevenson ... ..	131 36 95

Mrs. Cundell, Mrs. Beecher, Mrs. Tanner, Miss M. Few, Miss Meates, Mrs. Dixey, Miss L'Estrange, and Miss Plunket, over 100 net, or not handicapped. Mrs. Archer, Mrs. Browne, Mrs. Fisher, Miss Aston, and Miss Field made no returns.

DUNBLANE CLUB.—The first competition for prizes which has ever taken place over this newly-formed course took place during several nights of last week. The competition was started for the purpose of ascertaining the merits of the playing members, who are likely to take part in the monthly medal competition, and handicapping them according to their abilities. Mr. Younger and Mr. Whyte divided first place with 93, while Mr. Robertson stood next with 94.

GRANTOWN.—The second competition for Mr. Mackintosh's prize took place on Saturday. Miss E. Roles, 92, less 12=80; Miss Nellie Thomson, 87, less 4=83; Miss S. Burgess (scratch), 85.

EARLSFERRY AND ERIE.—The Balcaskie medal and the Browning quail were played for on Saturday afternoon, when Mr. D. R. J. Cownie won the medal with a capital score of 86 strokes, and Mr. Lawrence Fish the quail with 90, less odds. The sweepstakes fell—the first and second to Messrs. A. Stuart and G. Stuart, who tied at 85, and the third to Mr. J. Stuart, who made 88.

NEWCASTLE UNITED CLUB.—Beautiful weather favoured play in the weekly handicap of the above-named club. Scores:—Mr. J. Parkins, 120, less 29=91; Mr. A. Strath, 103, less 10=93; Mr. J. McLean, 97, less 2=95; Mr. P. Finlay, 112, less 12=100; Mr. A. Wright, 115, less 15=100; Mr. J. S. Thomson, 93, plus 8=101; Mr. J. Baynes, 107, less 5=102; Mr. D. Burns, 129, less 25=104; Mr. W. A. Hoed, 139, less 25=114.

CITY OF NEWCASTLE GOLF CLUB.—The sweepstakes in connection with this club was continued on Saturday, with the following results:—Mr. S. Fred Bates, 104, less 20=84; Mr. J. Milton, 103, less 15=88; Mr. N. Percy, 114, less 24=90; Mr. A. Hardwicke, 102, less 10=92; Mr. A. Marmion, 102, less 9=93; Mr. Wm. Lockie, 115, less 18=97; Major Dick, 126, less 26=100; Messrs. G. W. Williams and Wm. Teesdale, retired.

KINGHORN.—On Saturday afternoon a large number of golfers played on Kinghorn links, and the Kinghorn Thistle Club held a competition for the Dunsin Cup. It was won by Mr. Thomas Taylor, with a score of 81, less 7=74; Mr. Thomas Dunsin was second with 87, less 11=76; and Mr. Andrew Kellock third with 83, less 4=79. The Kinghorn Club had as their opponents on Saturday afternoon a scratch team of players from Musselburgh. Eleven couples took part in the match, and the excellent state of the course and greens gave general satisfaction. At the finish of the two rounds the match resulted in a win for the local club by 18 holes.

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**EDINBURGH MORAYSHIRE CLUB.**—The first handicap competition for the handsome gold medal presented to the club by Mr. Adam, City Chamberlain, was played on the Braids on Friday night. There was a large turn-out of members. The following are the prize-winners and their net scores:—1, Bailie Macpherson, 75; 2, Mr. John Shaw, 84; 3, Mr. C. A. Macpherson, 86, (scratch); 4, Mr. C. W. Calder, 87.

**EDINBURGH THISTLE CLUB.**—This club met on Saturday at the Braids to play for their monthly trophy. Twenty-nine players started. After a pleasant game the trophy was tied for by Mr. R. Harvey, sen., with 86, less 9=77, and Mr. A. Struthers, with 85, less 8=77.

**DUNBAR.**—The Dunbar Golf Club held their usual monthly competition on Thursday. Owing to the County Association bowling tournament and the day being a holiday, there was a poor turn-out. The play was very good, however, the medal being won by Mr. W. Duncan, with a score of 88, plus 2=90.

**WEST LINTON.**—Martin medal and prizes presented by Mr. John H. Forbes, of Medwyn:—Mr. William Laidlaw, 93, less 10=83; Mr. J. Wilson, 96, less 8=88; Messrs. J. Steele and D. Laidlaw, 89 each.

**LEVEN.**—The final tie between Mr. James Wilkie and Mr. George Bruce for the Baird cup took place on Wednesday evening, the 13th, and resulted in Mr. Wilkie's favour by 6 up and 4 to play.

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All Communications to be addressed to "The Editor, GOLF, Cophthall Avenue, London Wall, F.C." Cheques and Postal Orders to be crossed "GOLF & Co."

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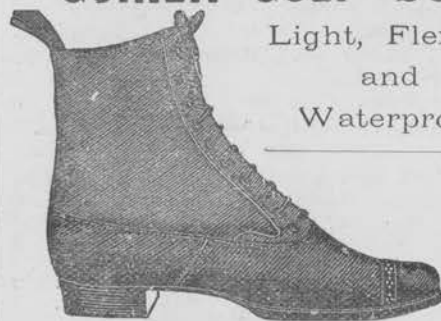
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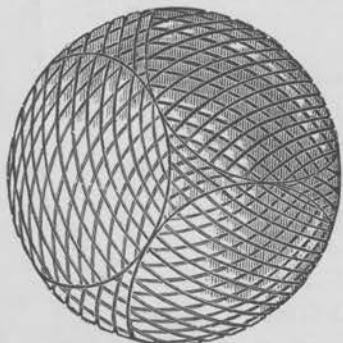
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