

# GOLF.

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

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1893.

DECEMBER.

- Dec. 23.—Felixstowe : Christmas Meeting.  
Notts : Monthly Medal Competition.  
Buxton and High Peak : Monthly Medal.  
Formby : Optional Subscription Prize.  
Wilmslow : "Bogey" Competition.  
Aldeburgh : Christmas Meeting.  
Southend-on-Sea : Junior and Senior Extra Monthly Medals.
- Dec. 23, 25 & 26.—Ilkley : Christmas Meeting.
- Dec. 23 to 26.—Melbourne : "Bogey" Handicap ; Mr. J. Finlay's Prize.  
Littlestone : Christmas Meeting.
- Dec. 26.—Cheadle : Christmas Meeting.  
Manchester : Christmas Club Prizes.  
Felixstowe : Monthly Challenge Cup.  
Ranelagh : Monthly Medal.  
Warminster : Monthly Medal.  
Leasowe : Boxing Day Sweep.  
Woodford : Club Handicap.  
Royal Dublin : Sweepstake.  
Royal Isle of Wight : Christmas Meeting.  
Holmes Chapel v. Macclesfield.  
Aldeburgh : Mr. Newson Garrett's Cup.  
Burnham (Somerset) : Gold and Silver Medals.  
Birkdale : Mr. Hayes' Prize.  
Eltham Ladies : Prize and Sweepstake.  
Southend-on-Sea : Special Medal Competition.
- Dec. 26, 27, & 28.—Royal Jersey : Christmas Meeting.

- Dec. 27.—Burnham : Monthly Medal.
- Dec. 28.—Notts : Monthly Medal Competition.  
Royal Guernsey : Monthly Medal.  
Bentley Green : Monthly Handicap.  
Royal Cromer : Monthly Medal.  
Great Yarmouth : Monthly Medal.  
Clacton-on-Sea : Fourth Quarterly Medal and other Prizes.
- Dec. 28 & 30.—Alfreton : Bronze Medal.
- Dec. 30.—Cinque Ports : Monthly Medal.  
Knutsford : Winter "Bogey."  
Royal Eastbourne : Club Prizes and Monthly Medal.  
Royal Wimbledon : Monthly Medal.  
Taplow : Monthly Medal.  
Woodford : Captain's Prize (Final).  
Royal West Norfolk : Monthly Medal.  
Islay : Monthly Medal.  
Sidcup : Monthly Medal.  
Cheadle : Silver Medal.  
Crookham : Monthly Medal.  
Lytham and St. Anne's : Captain's Cup.  
Marple : Club Medal and Captain's Cup.  
Weston-Super-Mare : Gentlemen's Monthly Medal.  
Royal Epping Forest : Gordon Cup ; Captain's Prize ; and Monthly Medal.  
Huddersfield : Monthly Medal.  
Dumfries and Galloway : Monthly Handicap.  
West Cornwall : Monthly Medal.  
Eltham Ladies : Monthly Medal.  
Royal County, Portrush : Open Foursomes.

1894.

JANUARY.

- Jan. 1.—Hunstanton : Monthly Medal.  
Cheadle : New Year's Meeting.  
Melbourne : Aggregate Handicap ; Mr. J. Patterson's Prize.  
Royal County, Portrush : M'Calmont Cup.
- Jan. 2.—Royal Cornwall Ladies : Monthly Handicap.  
Royal County, Portrush : Open Score Competition.
- Jan. 3.—Lyme Regis : Monthly Meeting.
- Jan. 4.—Tyneside : Bi-Monthly Handicap.  
East Sheen Ladies : Monthly Medal.
- Jan. 4 & 5.—Royal West Norfolk : Christmas Meeting ; Extraordinary General Meeting (4th) at 4 p.m.
- Jan. 5.—Royal Cornwall : Gentlemen ; Monthly Medal.
- Jan. 6.—Birkdale : Gentlemen ; Medal Competition.  
Royal Liverpool : Winter Optional Prize.  
Manchester : Monthly Medal.  
Cumbrae : Smart Medal.
- Jan. 6.—Brighton and Hove : Berens Gold Medal.  
Tooting : Monthly Medal.  
London Scottish : Monthly Medal.  
Leicester : Monthly Medal.

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.

## THE "BOTTOMLESS PIT."

"BEDAD! and it's meself that's plazed to see yer honour's koin'd face on the old coorse again," said Pat, tucking my clubs under his arm and pattering away on his bare feet at my side on the way from the club-house to the first tee.

It was a perfect September day on the west coast of Ireland, a fair breeze from the north-west flecking the blue sky with little white cloudlets like tufts of swansdown drifting past in the soft air, and casting their fleeting shadows across the fine green turf. For irresistible appeal to a golfer's eye and ear, I do not think I ever saw the equal of Ballyhinion. The air was full of the monotonous music of the surf on the shore that bordered the links; the beautiful, undulating course, broken at intervals in all directions by bluffs of yellow sand fringed with waving bent, stretched away invitingly before you; a glimpse of brown fisher-sails away to sea on the left, and to your right the tall lighthouse with its whitewashed outbuildings contrasting with the emerald green on which it stood.

I had chanced upon this little-known golfer's paradise the year before, and had, during a fortnight's sojourn, fallen so deeply in love with its charms that this autumn I had laid violent hands on an old friend and, under strict guarantee of unrivalled golfing joys, had dragged him off to share the little-known delights of Ballyhinion. We had arrived the evening before, had found a hearty welcome at the one quaintly comfortable "public" of the little fishing village, and had set forth in the morning after a real Irish breakfast (which, let me tell the reader, is nearly as good as a Scotch one), thirsting for the amicable fray.

"Thank you, Pat," I responded. "I am glad enough to find myself here again, too. Anyhow, we've got a grand day to make a start with. But I missed this morning what used last year to be a never-failing sight in the club-house. I didn't see Mr. O'Grady on the look-out for a match. What has become of him?"

Pat, who was more or less of a devout Catholic, crossed himself.

"He's gone to join his own brother, the divil, in hell, yer honour; blessed be the Saints for that same," he said with an air of extreme thankfulness. "He left us this winter, and sorra a livin' crathur in these parts wud wish him back again."

The individual I had asked after, and whose absence from the scene had been rejoiced over in such unmistakable terms, had been a very prominent and, I must confess, a most unpleasant feature in Ballyhinion golfing society during my last visit. A bachelor of about fifty, burly, dark, clean-shaven, and of a most forbidding aspect, his absolutely ungovernable temper, virulence of language, and quarrelsome proclivities had rendered him the most universally detested personage I ever had the misfortune to meet. But for the fact that certain manorial rights he was possessed of—for he was a large land-owner in the district—were essential to the club's possession of the links, I do not think he would so long have been tolerated as a member. As it was, such was his almost maniacal temper and violence, that it was with ever-increasing difficulty he could find a caddie willing to carry for him, and he had at last to enlist the services of an old retainer—Tim Murphy by name, and, in his way, as great a curiosity as his master—to lug his numerous clubs round the course and subject himself to the avalanche of invective with which Mr. O'Grady relieved his feelings whenever the goddess of fortune declared herself against him; which, to do that often maligned lady justice,

was not infrequently the case. As for matches, it is needless to say he found considerably difficulty in obtaining them. It used to be his habit to lie *caché* in the club smoking-room of a morning, and offer his services to any unwary stranger and visitor who, by force of circumstances, found himself lacking an antagonist. It was thanks to this peculiarity that, on my previous visit, I had made his acquaintance, and his absence that morning from his usual lurking-place had occasioned my remark to Pat.

"What do you mean, Pat?" I asked.

"Faix, and it's a long story, yer honour, and, maybe, wud put ye off yer sthroke," was the reply. "Here we are at the tee, and yer honour's got to win yer match. I'm not the bhoy to help ye lose it; but av ye want to hear how the divil claimed his own at last, I'll tell ye all I know as ye walk back to-night. There ye are, yer honour; a nate tee and not too high. The hole's in the old spot, behoid the rushes."

Well, Jack Carew and I started our match, and played with closely varying success; we both played a fairly decent round, and were all even when we prepared to tee off to the seventeenth hole. I had the honour.

"Why, where the deuce have we got to, Pat?" I asked, as, looking round, I saw the course had here been altogether altered from what I remembered as the best and most sensational hole on the links the year before. "Why, the old 'Bottomless Pit' bunker is a hundred yards away to our left. What on earth can have induced the green committee to avoid the finest bunker on the course?"

And, indeed, my question seemed by no means uncalled for. The "Bottomless Pit," which heretofore had formed the chief feature of the Ballyhinion links, was a magnificent bunker, with a bent-fringed face, almost as high as the "Maiden" at Sandwich. It was open at both ends, and situated in a deep gully, through which the sea-wind would at times whistle furiously, heaping the light sand in mounds and ever-varying shapes. It had been the turning point of many a match; the grave of many a promising medal round.

"Whisht! yer honour," said Pat. "Faith, and it's part of the same story I promised ye. But we'll just forget it now, av ye plaze. It's all even and two to play; so keep yer eye on the ball, and don't ask about the 'Bottomless Pit' till ye've won the match. Kape a bit to the left, and the hole's forninst that clump of whins yonder."

I curbed my curiosity, won my match, and heard the grim tale attaching to the "Bottomless Pit" that evening as we walked back to our quarters.

"Yer honour will remember old Tim Murphy, who used to carry for Mr. O'Grady?" said Pat. "The Squire made him turn caddie when the bhoys all refused to stand the cursing, aye, and the blows too, that was more frequent than ha'pence with the old ruffian. Tim, he never dared to hit; for the story went that when Tim was first taken as a gossoon into the service of the Squire's father, his mother, who was an old witch over to Portmoloy, laid the curse on any O'Grady as should iver make him feel the weight of his fist. An' shure, none of us iver see the Squire do more than curse Tim when a shot was foozled, which looked right enough as if he feared old mother Murphy's promise."

"Well, yer honour, one Saturday last winter, Mr. O'Grady picked up a stranger for a match, and when he got back to the club-house he was just white-hot with rage, and the swearin' was bubbling out of him like the froth out of a bottle of ginger-beer. Tim had crossed behind him as he was holing out on the last green, and lost him the match. As they came up to the gate he turned to Tim, and I heard him say, 'It's no use ye asking for mercy, ye blasted, putty-



faced, cork-screw-bodied loon.' (Tim was bent all ways with the rheumatiz, yer honour will remember.) 'It's no use, I tell ye. Ye may go to yer father Satan and live with him; I'll have no more of ye. There's a year's rint of yer cabin owing, and I'll have it chained up against ye this very night.' Old Tim went on his knees to the black-hearted brute, and begged him not to turn him away from the hearth where his wife and childer had lived and died; it was all no use. And then, at last, the poor old man got up wid the salt tears dryin' on his face and his white hair blowin' about in the wind, and cursed him.

"It made me blood run cold, yer honour, for Tim put his whole sowl into that curse, and every word cut like a whip. He prayed to God that every morsel the old Squire eat, and every drop he drank, might poison his heart's-blood; that every fiend in hell might come and grin at his bedside; that his skin might fester from his flesh; his flesh rot from his bones, and that what was left of him might burn for ever in the everlasting fire.

"The Squire turned on him at last wid his niblick raised in his hand, and then stopped all at onst, and said: 'No, ye old devil, I won't hit ye, and give yer old witch of a mother the chance ye're longing to get for her.' And then he lit his pipe, and just walked into the club-house, while old Tim went off down the road with his hands still held up, shaking, over his head, and then he turned the corner and disappeared.

"We never saw him again in the village that evening, and I went up to his cabin and found, shure enough, that the Squire had been as good as his word, and that the door had been chained up and padlocked. I looked through the window, and saw that the hearth was bare and cold, and then I walked home again and went to bed.

"There was a terrible storm that night, yer honour, worse than any we've had here for many a day; a bitter cold wind it was, wid hail like bullets, and it went on most of Sunday, too. Well, on Monday morning we bhoys went down to the links, as usual, for a job, for there were some strangers staying at the "Shamrock," and the weather had cleared again. The old Squire had picked up another match, and I was carrying for the gentleman he was playing with.

"Ye mayn't believe what I'm going to tell ye now, yer honour, but it's as true as the Holy Saints. Whan we got to the first green, the strange gentleman holed in 4, and Mr. O'Grady he had a yard putt for a half. Just as he was going to strike his ball he gave a start, and missed the putt. 'What the — do ye mane by walking across behind me like that?' he yelled out, and turned round quick to see who it was, *but there was no one there!*

"The old Squire looked at us a bit scared-like, but said nowt, and we went to the next tee. Well, yer honour, when we got to the second green he was a bit shy about his putt, and looked behind him once or twice; but I saw him start again just as he made his stroke, and then he cursed us, and swore we were playin' on him, and said if he found out who it was moved it would be the worse for him.

"This kind of thing went on till we came to tee off for the seventeenth hole, and the match was all even, for the Squire wasn't playin' a bad game most of the way.

"'Look!' says he. 'There's that white-livered hound of a Tim Murphy watching us from the top of the Bottomless Pit.' And shure enough, there was the old man, as we could see plain enough, standing on the edge of the bunker. The mist was coming in from the sea, and hid him for a moment, and when it cleared off he had gone again.

"Well, the Squire drove off, yer honour, and pulled his ball slap into the middle of the "Bottomless Pit.' Holy

Moses! how he did curse, for it likely meant the loss of the match. 'It's all that infernal old son of a Portmoloy witch,' he said. 'I'll drive him out of the place if I live another day.'

"When we came up to the bunker, there was the Squire's ball lying on a big heap of sand that had been piled up by the wind the day before. The old man took his niblick, while you could have heard him swear from the club-house, almost. He swung full, and drove the club well into the sand behind the ball with all his force. But the niblick hit something beside sand—something soft it was, yer honour, which stopped the club from going through. There was a bit of something that looked like the sleeve of an old ragged coat that was bared by the stroke, and I was on my knees by it as quick as lightning, for I half-guessed what it was. Well, I cleared the sand off, yer honour, and there was old Tim Murphy, stark and dead. He must have got into the bunker for shelter when the storm came on, gone to sleep, and been stifled in the drifting sand.

"The old Squire stood there, shaking, and as white as a sheet. 'Good God! I hit him,' I heard him mutter to himself; and then, without another word, he turned and walked off home.

"The next morning, yer honour, he was found dead in his bed. The doctor said it was apoplexy he died of; but one of the old women who laid him out told me there were burn-marks on his throat like the marks of red-hot fingers, and the bhoys will have it that he died of old Mother Murphy's curse.

"Anyways, yer honour," Pat wound up, "they've had to change the course, for not one of the bhoys will go within a hundred yards now of the 'Bottomless Pit.'"

FRED. C. MILFORD.

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FINE PLAY OF MR. LAIDLAY.—Mr. Laidlay, playing the best of the balls of Mr. Oswald, of Dunnikier, and Captain Kinloch, accomplished a noteworthy feat over Leven Links on December 15th. It was a thirty-six hole match—two complete rounds of the green. In the forenoon Mr. Oswald and his partner came in 4 up, doing the round in 39 plus 39=78—excellent play—to Mr. Laidlay's 82. In the afternoon the latter exactly reversed matters, and in his turn came in 4 up; so that the match ended in a draw. Mr. Oswald and his partner's score was again excellent—41 plus 39=80; but Mr. Laidlay's was so remarkable that we give a detail of the individual holes:—5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4=37; 4 4 4 5 4 4 3 4 4=36; total, 73. It is understood that the green record is 77. The present winter course is not, perhaps, so long as the ordinary summer one, and Scoonie Burn, the ever-fateful, is not crossed at all; still the putting-greens are so inferior to the velvety summer ones—with a few exceptions—that it is believed that any difference in length is nearly, if not quite, counterbalanced. Be that as it may, the play must have been superb. (The "Golfing Annual" is in error about the record being 74 in 1892. Three of the holes were not putted out.)

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INDIGNANT PRO. writes: "In answer to 'Another Indignant Pro's' question, in to-day's GOLF, my reason for saying that Rolland is the best player in the world is founded on facts. When Rolland meets Champions and first-class players, either in single matches or in open competition, he shows superior Golf, with few exceptions. At the Brighton Tournament, where he lost, shortly afterwards he played the winner, and had a very easy win. On other two occasions, I think at Westward Ho! and St. Anne's-on-the-Sea, where Archie Simpson and Rolland tied for first place, he did the same thing. Other first-class players have done great things as well as William Park, William Fernie, and Ben Sayers. I consider Rolland is a better player than either of the three above-named players, although they are really first-class players."

## THE RED HAND OF INCH BRAAN.

"For God's sake, hold your tongue and let me love."—*Donne*.

## I.

Though the main incidents of the following tragedy were the matter of every-day gossip throughout the Western Highlands, from Assynt to the Mull of Kintyre, two summers ago, it has never been clearly established how Oona and her victim first made acquaintance. It is certain that among the comrades of his student life he is remembered as having been abnormally staid, if not actually bashful and retiring—which would, no doubt, render him the subject of wondering admiration to a class not offensively notorious for such qualities.

The only likeness of Dr. George Meredith which we have been able to secure—and that through the courtesy of a Highland journal—shows a comely, open-faced, hearty young fellow of seven or eight and twenty, square of shoulder and large of limb, and quite the last man in the world seemingly to have been enmeshed in the unutterable horrors among which he finally fell. He had been for a year or so house surgeon in a large infirmary in the Midlands, and, after a spell of unusually heavy and harassing work, yearned for a brief blow on the breezy Northern links. Tom Morris had either just been—it was in '91—or was on his way to Uist, and the Highland links were fairly a-boom.

As soon as Meredith reached Oban he made speed to the house of the well-known Johnson of Loch Braan. Local accounts have it that he brought with him a letter of introduction from an uncle, who had been a school-mate of Johnson's in old time; but that matters little here. After some general talk the conversation drew to the real reason for Meredith's call—the newly opened links at Loch Braan.

"The fact is," said Meredith, "that a fellow-traveller on the way North sang their praises with such enthusiasm that I propose to take them first on my brief tour. I was advised to apply to you for information, as I understand they are laid out on your property, and that you have taken great interest in the matter. Stay—pardon me—the picture immediately behind you is a likeness of my very informant."

This was a portrait of a lady with the fairest of flaxen hair—highly valued in the Highlands of old time—that contrasted oddly with the blackness of the beady eyes, the heavy brows, and ominous *laroupe*. Still, the rosy mouth was dimply sweet, and softened somewhat the suspicion of fierceness, if not cruelty, conveyed by the former.

His host gave a start of surprise, and, after a few minutes' silence, replied: "I am afraid that can scarcely be, Dr. Meredith. This is a mere copy—though a singularly excellent one, no doubt—of an old family portrait—some two hundred years old any way." And he proceeded with a gaiety that Meredith fancied a little forced: "I fear our ancestress was rather an uncanny creature. Oona or Honor McLan was of considerable notoriety in her time; among other scarcely praiseworthy accomplishments she was singularly nimble in her practice with the dirk. In fact, she went the length of dirking her own lover—a Campbell—for some reason best known to herself. Of course, this has occurred more than once in Scottish story; but Oona was so unfortunate as to shortly afterwards fall into the hands of the Campbells, who, as an instalment of vengeance, cut off her right hand. And this hand has, by some mischancy work, been preserved, so that you may see it to this day down in the Lady's Tower at Inch Braan, lily-white as in life, with its pearly nails and delicate blue-veined tracery, but always with the flecks and clots of real blood to stain it now as then. I may add that, if all tales be true, this relic has more than once been the agent in some rather devilish cantrips."

"The subject is not entirely new to me," said Meredith, with a flippancy that, in view of the dread sequel, seems wofully misplaced. "In fact, I can give you several recipes for the Hand of Glory alone. Simon de Montfort's dead hands, too, have always impressed me deeply; while, as to phantom hands proper, I have culled many pleasant details from Glanvil, Grimm, and others. Hugh Miller himself—a man admittedly incapable of an untruth—deposes to a choice personal experience with one; but, for pure, unadulterated horror, my own fancy lies with Mrs. Balfour's flawless yarn of "The Dead

Hand," in her stories of the Lincolnshire Cars. Still, I'll tell you a very queer fact: My fellow-traveller has also an artificial hand, as I discovered accidentally."

"Let me finish Oona's story before we discuss that. Campbell's mother, still hankering for vengeance, proceeds to bring against her a charge of witchcraft."

"Nothing unusual here either," sneered Meredith, in his former vein. "Nairne, heir to Drumkilbo, an extremely practical man of his day, removed the lady in possession by this simple process. It is refreshing to read that, as the accusation came from the young laird, the formality of a trial was dispensed with, and she was duly burned at Drumkilbo House in the year of grace 1704. Again—were I not afraid of seeming monotonous—I could give you an equally wholesome anecdote in connection with the famous Gallow Hill on Loch Awe. The McGregors had not then been dispossessed by the Campbells, and it was one of their chiefs that took this effectual method of showing his displeasure with a beautiful young maiden of his clan, who had disdained his caresses. But, I say, your ancestress was really a witch, of course?"

"Of course. There was a close blood connection with the Ruthvens, so deservedly famous in wizardry; and the illustrious Lord Soulis himself more than once paid long visits to Inch Braan."

"Was she burned?"

"No. She took the precaution of disappearing otherwise with the aid of the clan armourer, McIntyre. But where or when she died—if, for that matter, she ever died at all—no one has ever known, save this man and his descendants, who have, each in their turn, held leal watch and ward of the Witch Lady's Tower to this very day. It is certain she is not buried in the family vault; but local tales run that what were reputed to be her remains were interred at dead of night where no sunlight but only the moon might fall on them."

"Pooh!" said Meredith, with another sneer, "that is a mere detail in the common vampyre yarn."

"It is strange your speaking so," said Johnson, solemnly, and somewhat sternly, for Meredith's flippancy nettled him a little. "This picture has been identified by two of our own service as a likeness of the 'White Vampyre'—a fabulous creature, you may say, yet one who has left her ill-omened trace in more than one district of our Eastern Empire."

"The 'White Vampyre'!" exclaimed Meredith, in a tone of surprise not unmingled with horror. "Yes, I have heard of her in the Dutch Indies—ay, and further yet afield! But—tush!—'For God's sake, hold your tongue and let me love!'"

They never met again.

## II.

Twice a day in summer, on their northern course and home, the steamers call at Ardvraig on Loch Braan. Fishing boats and coasters, too, know it well; but the tiny natural harbour two miles to the north, in a winding tributary lochlet is seldom visited by vessel of any kind. Inch Braan—as, for that matter, its name implies—may have been at one time an island, but it is now connected with the mainland by a rugged, rocky, boulder-shot roadway, flanked on either side by beaches of the whitest sand. Facing the sweep of the Loch itself, an old red tower still rises, grim, stout, and solid from amid a mass of ruins. A but-and-ben cottage nestles beneath its shadow, and beyond the smoke from its weather-worn chimneys there is no sign of life, human or other, to break the oppressive desolation. A little punt, with timbers staven, lies high and dry on the pebbly shore, a few yards of rotting net swing on the rotting ropes with shrivelled bladders, a mossy grindstone, rickety on its bench's three frail, surviving legs; ramshackle byres, roofed with nodding grass and noisome weeds, wherein no kindly Crummie has dreamed her peaceful, gracious life away within the memory of man, and ruined styes, with flapping doors and wrecked rafters, wherein no swine has farrowed for a century; never an honest bawty drowsing in the sun, or baudrons stealing silently by on furtive errand; never a perky chuckie pecking to and fro—not even a sparrow to give one touch of life to the deathly solitude.

Always there, stout and grim, looms the Witch Lady's Tower, watched and warded by the stout, grim, and grey descendant of the old armourers of the clan, aye waking—who dare say why?



These desolate ruins of the old McIan strength are well known to wandering brethren of the brush, but only by day. No one, save of the McIntyre blood, has harboured there after night-fall for centuries. The McIntyre of two summers ago—*he*, too, is dead now, else these details had not passed—Alastair, was in quaint keeping with his eerie hold. In his prime he must have verged on the gigantic, even now, grizzling, bowing, narrowing with the years, he would have taken the eye in a crowded street. Here—amid all the brooding horrors of his haunted home—he passed to and fro before his fellows, the object of wondering awe. Like more than one of his forbears, he had striven to break this tyrannous tie, and long years ago made for himself a home in the far, far North—up Assynt way—but the summons had come to him too. It is a far cry to Loch Braan, yet he had, then and there, left his farm and his sheep, the wife and bairns of his love, and made speed for the Tower that had thrown its unhallowed shadow over his race. It was Oona herself, the Witch Lady, who had come to foretell the impending loss of his brother and his boys in the roaring, ravaging Sound of Mull; and so it was that when the boat drifted bottom-upward upon the shores of sad Morven, Alastair was ready at his post beneath the Tower.

## III.

It was to this man's care that Johnson had remitted the young Englishman. None knew the breezy links as he did—the wide, billowy stretch of crisp, sweet turf like velvet; the bunkers of silver sand that lurked treacherously behind each sun-shot knove, and every peril of whin-brake, burn, and heather; for it was only when the gloaming merged in mirk that he slunk, reluctant, to his eerie den.

Who knew as he of the phantom pibroch that rang by his lonely gable on Friday nights, when winds were high; the echo of the old marauding days, when the stirring toast—

Swords and dirks and belted plaids,  
And the children of the Celts, shoulder to shoulder.

meant so much? And who, as he, heard of nights the magic strings of the quaint, little, old Scots harp, and lay even by day almost within touch of bloody Oona's dead hand?

## IV.

Ardvaig hamlet clusters sicklewise on the higher ground, above the quay. The hotel is of good repute throughout the West, snug, cosy, with frank, kindly suggestions of home; and there are representatives of all the elementary trades that go to round off the little village world. The Golf course lies immediately to the west of the hotel, and at its far end—some two miles away—down among the waters storied Inch Braan broods.

McIntyre was in waiting to receive the young Southron, to see his traps safely stowed, and pilot him to the hotel; and, after a hasty snack, they were, after the manner of the craft, off and away over the course without dally. Our Western greens have much in common. What need to linger over the dangers of "The Witch," with its fell whin-brake to the left, and lurking quarry beyond? "The Gallows Hill" hole, and "Red Cap," not all unworthy of its Satanic association with dread Soulis—what need to speak of them? The ninth green—the last on the outward round, as beseems all links in charge of the upright golfer, despite irreverent Cotswold—lies some 200 feet above the loch and lone Inch Braan. The view from it is marvellously beautiful—even for our Western land of beauty—but the green itself is parlous in the extreme; for once over cliff-top—! Neither went over cliff; but when they had made the green, after stiff ascent, Meredith found someone there; someone whom he had not forgotten; someone he was destined in this world never to forget. For there was the fair-haired lady of his dreams—in the sweet, calm sunlight of a restful afternoon—sketching the further reach of the loch away to the west, with all its wealth of woodland and heathery hill. Fate—Chance? Probably not the latter; for what she said was, "I was afraid the steamer might have been withdrawn; it often is for tourists of a Wednesday."

And McIntyre? With blanched cheek and trembling gait, the old man drew, haltingly, to the far border of the green, and as he gazed far and away over the waters murmured, "Oona! My God!"

## V.

So quickly the days speed in Fairyland! As Meredith, day after day, loitered and lingered on his homeward path from Inch Braan in the tender twilight, was there never a warning impulse spared to him? Once, surely, as he was bidding his love farewell, there came a strange shiver up from the sea that chilled his very blood. Once, again, as they nestled on a heathy bank among the pines away to the West, there fell on him a dim dread and causeless foreboding, and the lurid depths of those unfathomable eyes smote him with an awful fear. Tush! *For God's sake, hold your tongue and let me love!*

## VI.

The golden days of his short holiday were melting to their woeful end. To-morrow must see him speeding southward to the grimy city, with all its toil, care, and trouble. And Oona?

As the twain wander in the love-lit gloaming from the breezy upland to the shadowing shore, a great calm broods over the Highland loch. The words with which young medical people of either sex woo their loves will be fraught with mystery to the outsider in all time (it is to be hoped); but Meredith's troth seems to have been plighted in a way that was probably not unknown in Eden.

"Oona, my love—my life!"

Was it fancy, or did a fitful flaw steal over the lake, chilling, deathly? But—ah! the ripple of the low, sweet laugh. Gods!

"True, George, to death!"

"Oona, you are my life!"

"I accept." Accept? What, a brief hour showed.

And so they passed on (unwitting, perhaps, to one) to fateful Inch Braan—over the bouldered path and up the hollowed, worn old stairs into the Witch Lady's Tower. All so quaint it was, yet strangely familiar (he had heard of it so often from McIntyre)—the so'd, comfortless, grotesque old furniture; tapestries, with every here and there the bloody hand enwoven; the crystal globe and wee, wee waxen figures of old-time music; the little ancient Scottish harp, of the weird, wild mizid of which he had been so often told; and there, in the light of a Syrian lamp, the fateful hand itself flashed from its velvet bed.

## VII.

"A hasty wooing ours, George!" said the lovely lady, as she toyed with the lily hand on its velvet bed, and ever the low laugh he loved better than life rippled over and about him. "Pledge me!"

"Oona, my love, my life!"

And suddenly there clasped and clung about his shapely throat that dread, half-spectral hand, choking his young life out with a grasp of steel; with always those lurid eyes glaring into his with the light of a hell he had never dreamed of.

So the fire-light flickered, waned, and died to shroud in kindly darkness the mere mortal remains of the fond, true boy who had dared to plight troth with the "White Vampyre." And down in the wee cottage, hard by, a stricken old man cowered, shuddered, and prayed the lee-lang night, till the blessed dawn broke over the far Bens to light the Loch of Death.

## W. DALRYMPLE.

BEARSDEN.—The monthly handicap competition among the lady members of this club for the gold medal presented by Mr. J. H. Bowie, Torburn, was played on Saturday, when Mrs. Johnston was the winner with a scratch score of 63. Miss Bowie was next with a scratch score of 75. Through the recent rains the course was rather heavy.

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## HOW "BOGEY" LOST HIS MATCH.

One Christmas night, together, we  
 Were seated at the board,  
 To feast on every luxury  
 The season could afford.  
 A merry party, young and old,  
 Young men and maidens fair;  
 And Father Christmas, be it told,  
 Thrice-honoured guest, was there.

Full many a quip or quirk was passed,  
 The hall was gay and bright,  
 No thought of gloom a shadow cast  
 O'er anyone that night.  
 And when the mirth had reached the pitch  
 When laughter turns to tears,  
 A door was slowly opened, which  
 Had stood there, lock'd, for years.

Each face was turned in mute surprise,  
 And showed a faint alarm;  
 For ghosts, when right before our eyes,  
 Seem robbed of half their charm.  
 Within the door a stranger stood,  
 With somewhat troubled mien;  
 He gazed around, in angry mood,  
 Then vented, thus, his spleen:

"I see," he cried, "why all alone  
 I've waited day by day;  
 The reason why I might have known—  
 There's nobody to play.  
 While Father Christmas reigns supreme,  
 And first in all the land,  
 I—'Colonel Bogey'—it would seem  
 Neglected here must stand!"

Then Father Christmas hurriedly  
 Cried: "Let us live in peace,  
 My friend, and let all anger die,  
 And loud complainings cease.  
 For many months you wield your sway  
 O'er all the golfing race;  
 Then grudge me not my little day,  
 But wear a smiling face.

"Come, pray be seated with us all,  
 We make you quite at home;"  
 And loud the cry rang through the hall  
 "Come, 'Colonel Bogey,' come!"  
 To dizzy heights our wit had soared,  
 And fast had been the fun,  
 But when the "Colonel" joined the board  
 It seemed we'd just begun.

We drank the health of every man  
 Who played the Royal Game,  
 A health at first to all the clan  
 And then to each by name.  
 In merry mood and childish freak,  
 Each gave a toast with zest,  
 To putter, niblick, driver, cleek,  
 Which ever pleased him best.

We drank confusion to the host  
 Who drive with iron club,  
 And spoil the tee we love the most  
 In spite of hint or snub.  
 We drank a gruesome, dismal fate  
 To all who cut and hack,  
 Make divots fly, both small and great,  
 And never put them back.

A bumper to the ladies gay,  
 Who dearly love a round,  
 And might the girls who bar the way  
 At Jericho be found.  
 This was the last, the hour was late,  
 The sequel must be said,  
 The "Colonel" now, I grieve to say  
 Was carried up to bed!

Next day, as Christmas time was o'er,  
 Golfers returned to play,  
 And those who ne'er had won before  
 Beat "Bogey" all that day.  
 The veriest tyros in the land  
 Won easily—and why?  
 They never could quite understand,  
 But he did—so do I.

ROSE CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY.

## GOLF AT CANNES.

If such greens as those at St. Andrews, or Westward Ho! may be taken as illustrating what nature unassisted can do in the way of forming a Golf links, then assuredly the links at Cannes may serve as an instance of what may be done by the hand of man, with nature, as it were, flying straight in his face. Only this time last year the ground now played over was, if not exactly a howling wilderness, at any rate a wide expanse of old vineyard and ploughed field. It must indeed have been a brave man to whom the idea first occurred of utilising such an unlikely spot for the purposes of Golf. Nevertheless, the untiring energy of Colonel Woodward has triumphed over all obstacles, and out of these unpromising materials he has succeeded in evolving as neat a little round of nine holes as can be found on almost any inland links. Some idea of the endless trouble and expense which has been incurred in order to bring about this result may be gathered from the fact that not only the putting-greens, but the entire course from start to finish, has been sown with imported English grass-seed, and rolled perseveringly with a three-horse roller! Everything, of course, is new, very new, and it must require a little time before the green settles down into good condition; but, in view of what has already been done, everything seems possible. Perhaps one of the best features of the course as at present constituted is its extreme narrowness. Straight driving is a necessity, and any deviation from the true line will surely land you in a vineyard, a corn-field, or at the bottom of a deep drain. The only hazard provided by nature is a swift-flowing river, the banks of which are lined with brushwood, and tall bamboo. This river has to be crossed twice, and if the tee shot be fozzled (or "bamboozled") the result is fatal. It may indeed be prognosticated with the utmost confidence that long before the end of the season the trout in this river, if there be any, will have acquired that peculiar gutta flavour which several writers on Golf have asserted to be common to all fish whose *habitat* is invaded by the golfer. In the absence of natural hazards their place is supplied by the regulation ditch and bank, and there is one or more of these artificial bunkers to be carried at nearly every drive. The approach to several of the putting-greens is well protected by small plantations of a curious shrub which grows freely in the neighbourhood. Not being a botanist, I cannot give the scientific name of this useful plant, but, judging from the way in which it can lure a ball into its embrace, and the tenacity with which it can hold on to it, it must probably be some sort of vegetable octopus. It makes an excellent hazard, and might be still further utilised at several points round the green with advantage. So much has been done, however, and so well done, that time must be allowed for further improvements. Even to-day the golfer can get an excellent round over the Cannes Links, and he may well be grateful to those who have expended so much time and trouble in providing him with it.

There is not much of what may be called "Scotch Golf" at Cannes—at least, not yet; and the game has been taken up almost entirely for the sake of pleasure and recreation. There is no separate green for the ladies, and they all play round the regulation course, many of them handling their weapons with far more skill than the men. The Cannes Club is indeed *par excellence* a ladies' and gentlemen's Golf club, and no undue privileges are accorded to the sterner sex. The serious-minded Scottish golfer, who has received his early education at St. Andrews or with the Honourable Company, and who looks forward to his round as to the most solemn function of the day, might perhaps shake his head, and suggest that "it was na' gowf"; but, if not Golf, it is something better, and the example set by the Cannes Golf Club will soon be followed elsewhere.

The club-house is almost as much of a *tour de force* as the green itself, what was a dilapidated habitant farm-house having been transformed into a most comfortable club. The reception-room is singularly pretty—a *boudoir*, in fact—the signs of a lady's hand being everywhere *en evidence*. A very charming spot is the Cannes Golf Club, as those who visit it will discover for themselves.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA GOLF CLUB.—Monthly medal competition, December 16th.—The senior medal was won by Mr. W. Walker. The junior medal was again won by Dr. Hake.



## THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.

As one of the leading statesmen whom men of all political creeds are proud to honour, Mr. Balfour is sufficiently and widely enough known. From being the most modest and retiring of the little band of politicians known in Parliament a few years ago as the "Fourth Party," he has risen by rapid strides to the position of leader of Her Majesty's Opposition in the House of Commons. In those already far-off days, when he trailed a humble pike in the ranks of that compact little band of political free lances which gave Mr. Gladstone's Administration so much trouble ten years ago, the right hon. gentleman's appearances in debate were neither particularly frequent, nor, sooth to say, were they conspicuously brilliant. If, however, he spoke seldom, he always spoke as one who took an independent view of his subject, and as one who knew the matter in hand, and had arrived at well-balanced conclusions upon it—a quality which is absent more frequently than one dare say in the diurnal political jeremiads of more pretentious orators. If his thoughts in those days limped along to anything but an easy, rhythmic measure, there was no gainsaying the cogency of their import nor the clearness of view sought to be conveyed. The form of expression was halting, imperfect, and occasionally crude, but the thought was there in strength, purity, and abundance; the intellectual lamp burned clear and bright behind the shadow cast by a rugged and defective literary expression. So, while men's minds were dazzled by the rocket ascent of the erratic leader of the Fourth Party into the political firmament, the subject of our portrait languished in the cold shade of comparative obscurity and neglect. His three colleagues of the Fourth Party were pretty well provided for in the next Administration; but Mr. Balfour's time was not yet. Meanwhile his appearances in debate became more and more frequent; he had acquired knowledge, experience, and tact; he improved rapidly as a speaker; he had thoroughly gauged the temper of his assembly (the least easily acquired attribute of any orator and, most of all, of a House of Commons orator); he was listened to with growing attention every time he spoke; the newspapers began to estimate his utterances as a politician to be worth a column instead of a quarter of a column; he flashed upon the House now and again some of those charming dialectic strokes which that assembly appreciates so heartily; he showed plenty of "grit" at every turn, and faced Mr. Gladstone in debate with a boldness at which older men stood aghast; he became a ready, fluent speaker—many times a really eloquent and impassioned speaker—and when the occasion warranted he could show the Scottish side of his intellectual training by talking across the table to Mr. Gladstone in the thinnest spun metaphysics. Plainly, therefore, this was a statesman to be reckoned with, and it surprised no one who had noted Mr. Balfour's career to find his translation rapid from the genteel duties of Secretary for Scotland to the stirring incidents of the Irish Chief Secretaryship at a moment of extreme peril, and then to the leadership of the House of Commons.

But it is principally as a golfer that we wish to speak of the

right hon. gentleman. It may surprise golfers to know that Mr. Balfour is, looking at the length of time that he has played the game, quite a young golfer. Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Balfour's father, Mr. James Balfour, of Whittinghame, was a well-known Scottish golfer in his day, the son appears to have busied himself more with his books, his music, and his philosophical studies than with Golf-clubs and balls. His conversion to Golf as one of the chief duties of man, dates quite appropriately enough from the time when he was appointed Minister in charge of Scottish affairs, in 1886. His first game was played at North Berwick, a green with which his name is more intimately associated than any other, being distant only a few miles from the ancestral roof-tree at Whittinghame. Tom Dunn, who has taught the game to a long generation of celebrated players, and has even shown Mr. Gladstone how to handle clubs, gave Mr. Balfour his first lesson. The way in which the right hon. gentleman set about acquiring a thorough knowledge

of the game is quite characteristic of what one would deduce from observation of his public character as a statesman. Its prime feature was thoroughness. He did not buy clubs and balls and then set out on a match in the middle of a crowded, pressing green of players. He practised several hours a day for a fortnight under the vigilant eye of Tom Dunn; and he attacked the game, as military strategists would say, not in the bulk, but in detail. First of all he set himself the task of being able to play with fair facility the teeshot, and it was only after assiduous practice at that stroke alone that he passed on to learn the use of the brassie, or the not less important second stroke through the green. Then came the turn of the cleek; next followed careful and oft-repeated iron shots; he must have passed many preliminary hours in a sand bunker learning how to hit the ball out; and the same effective grounding was followed with the lofting iron and the putter. It was only after a laborious fortnight passed in this detailed method of perfecting himself under Dunn's tuition that the right hon. gentleman would consent to take part in a private match; and no one who knows anything of beginners will fail to see how useful it would be were it possible to pass a legislative enactment compelling all golfers when they begin to play for the first time to

pass such a probationary period as Mr. Balfour rigorously imposed upon himself. The result of this method of practice was that Mr. Balfour began from the outset to play a game not only with satisfaction to himself, but with pleasure to all his partners, no matter how much he was overweighted. With Dunn as his partner Mr. Balfour played many interesting foursomes against the late Capt. Suttie and Lord Wemyss both at Luffness and North Berwick; sometimes Provost Brodie was one of the foursome; and in recent years Sayers and Grant, Mr. A. M. Ross, Mr. W. de Zoete, and many others have played in partnership with Mr. Balfour round North Berwick. The foursome is dearly loved by Mr. Balfour. At Tooting he is partnered by Tom Dunn frequently against Mr. John Penn, M.P., and Mr. Gerald Balfour, M.P., Sir Herbert Maxwell, M.P., or Mr. W. J. Mure.

Mr. Balfour's style of play is good, especially off the tee. He has a long, easy, powerful sweep, and probably gets his ball



away quite 180 yards. His second shot with the brassie is also particularly good. He invariably picks the ball off the grass with a clean shave of the club-head, and with an entire absence of digging out the turf behind the ball. It is the next shot with the iron that proves to be the stumbling-block in the merry career of the right hon. gentleman, from tee to hole. In this extremely difficult quarter, half, or three-quarter shot, Mr. Balfour not infrequently fozzles despairingly; that is the weak point of otherwise steady and consistent play. But the foundering of such important shots in a closely contested match, does not impair his temper, his coolness, nor his anxiety to retrieve lost ground. It is this essential element of keenness which is the outstanding characteristic of Mr. Balfour as a golfer. His desire to win is unflagging, and his geniality is never ruffled, no matter how dark the prospect may appear against him and his partner. The writer observed an instance of this in a recent parliamentary foursome match, in which Mr. Balfour and his brother Gerald played against two members of the Press Gallery. At the thirteenth hole the game was all square. Mr. Balfour drove a long ball going to the fourteenth, and left his brother a hazardous second to play across a bunker over a low belt of trees up to the green, guarded by an ugly ditch. "What shall I do here?" cautiously queried Mr. Gerald Balfour. "Oh, play as you think best; I am game for anything, Gerry!" gaily responded the leader of the Opposition; and so effectively did the brothers play the hole that they had no difficulty in pocketing it. An incident in the same match is recalled, which proves that, even at the hands of so distinguished a golfer, nothing should be taken for granted. Mr. Balfour laid his opponent a stymie on the green. The distance between the balls was measured. There was no doubt about Mr. Balfour's measurement; the six inches marked off on the shaft of his putter showed that the balls were just within the six inches. His opponent also had his putter handy; he, too, had the six inches properly marked, and, with characteristic Scottish prudence, he tested the distance. Then a nice difficulty arose. The two measurements did not tally. One was over the six inches; Mr. Balfour's was under it; so the point had to be referred to Tom Dunn. The two putters were tested, and Mr. Balfour's was found to be a quarter of an inch below the standard measurement. No one of the party was more amused than the right hon. gentleman. Thus, his opponent had done what has baffled Mr. Gladstone—he had detected the leader of the Opposition "leaning on a false putter!" That match was so stubbornly fought that it lasted for twenty-two holes; and as the last putt of the *Scotsman* representative trickled towards the hole, hung for a brief instant on the very lip, and then fell in, Mr. Balfour veritably made the welkin ring by a loud and hearty shout curiously compounded of disappointment and gaiety at the loss of such a good match. The above phrase reveals a good deal of the character of the statesman; and to those of the school of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton may be commended the estimate which Mr. Balfour has formed of Golf as a sport. "It has all the thrilling excitement of deer-stalking, without its inconveniences and dangers," he is reported to have said once to a gentleman who was sceptical about its merits. No doubt, as the right hon. gentleman sits in enforced captivity listening hour after hour to the dreary Parish Councils debates, his imagination occasionally strays to Fidra, the Bass, and Point Garry, bringing solace to the jaded spirit: and no doubt he would be grateful if less onerous Parliamentary duties left him more opportunity to revisit the shores of the Forth. May health and strength long be his to follow his favourite game.

The portrait is from a pencil sketch by Mr. W. G. Stevenson, a talented Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy. Part of this artist's work is in sculpture; his statues have gained for him a deservedly high reputation; so that Mr. Balfour has in this rapid study been treated by a pencil of approved skill. Mr. Stevenson is himself a golfer, a fact which might have been guessed from the genuine golfing spirit he has thrown into his drawing. The autograph signature of Mr. Balfour has been specially given for GOLF.

"AGREEABLES."



*Beautiful!*

Ah! it is beautiful, that whisky and soda with a bit of ice in it after a hot round; the more so when your opponent pays for it.



*TH*

*Four Up!*

"How do you stand," cries a friendly golfer as he passes, perhaps having also a small pecuniary interest in the state of your game.

"Four up," is the cheerful reply.

"Stick to them, my dear boy."

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*The Prize*

"Mr. President and gentlemen, I thank you very much for the very handsome cup which I have won to-day; more, I think, owing to the liberal handicap allowed me, than to my skill." *FPH*

(A voice from one of the handicappers.)—"Plus 2 next time, old man!"

"DISAGREEABLES."



*Just my luck!*

*FPH*

"Can't make a mistake, but I'm punished in this way. Sickening!"



*Parting*

"Confound your luck! If it had not been for that infernal stimie I should have halved the match. Here's your five bob."



*Fore*

*FPH*

"Hang it! where the deuce are you driving to? I'll report you to the committee; won't stand this kind of thing!"



Prof. Tait has now quite recovered from his illness. On resuming his lectures he was received with great enthusiasm by his students, who burst the bands of University decorum and sang with thorough student fervour the chorus, "For he's a jolly good fellow."

An extraordinary general meeting of the committee of the Royal and Ancient Club is to be held on the 23rd inst., to consider the following resolutions, which have been framed so as to conciliate the town at the club's action in purchasing the links, which, notwithstanding the explanations offered, has caused a good deal of irritation:—

1. The club binds itself to keep up the old or public course as at present.
2. The club undertakes in no way to interfere with the present rights and privileges of the inhabitants and visitors as regards walking, &c., as now exercised over the whole area acquired by the club, except in so far as the playing Golf over the proposed new course by the members of the club and those authorised by them must unavoidably do so.
3. The club to permit members of the present existing and recognised St. Andrews Golf Club, who are resident in St. Andrews, to play over the new course when made, subject always to such rules and by-laws as may be approved of by the club for their own use of that course.

The progress of Golf is not perhaps so remarkable as the advance in the pay of the caddie. What would his modern representative say to the following rule regarding this necessary personage, viz.: "No member of this Society shall pay the caddies more than *one penny* per round"? This is from the rules of the Old Burgess Society, as framed in 1773.

The preceding rule to this is also very noteworthy, viz.: "No golfer shall, under any pretence whatever, give any old balls to the caddies, if they do they shall, for every ball given away, forfeit sixpence to the treasurer."

The alterations on the Gullane course, to which we lately referred, have led to some difference of opinion in the committee, some of whom, it appears, object to the substitution of a billiard-table for the side of a house, as a putting-green for the twelfth hole, and instead of the sleepers used for protecting the bank of the bunkers at the fourteenth hole, some think a better plan might be seen on Southern greens. Meantime, the alterations are passing into permanent form.

Messrs. W. and J. Milne, Princes Street, Edinburgh, have issued a "Jubilee Christmas Catalogue of Novelties," among which we notice some very amusing bronzes of golfers, one being of the period when, according to Lord Monboddo, the golfer, like his neighbours, had a tail (afterwards worn off by being too much "sat upon"). Others represent golfers of a *feline* kind in various postures, which is not uncomplimentary, as the golfer's heart is not generally supposed to be of a *feelin'* kind. The usual "Fore!" in this case is a "cat-call."

In response to a general desire for the establishment of a good Golf club by the residents of Wimbledon and Raynes Park, arrangements have been made for the formation of a course on the Raynes Park estate, where upwards of 110 acres of fine open undulating land has been secured on lease for seven years. Tom Dunn, of the Tooting Bec Golf Club, has inspected the ground, and states that it is in every way suitable. Dunn, after carefully studying the ground, has laid out eighteen holes, covering a distance of over three miles. A very comfortable and well furnished club-house has also been secured, adjoining the green, which is within five minutes' walk of Raynes Park railway station. The subscription is £3 3s.

The increasing popularity of Golf is further shown in the fact that a Golf club has recently been formed at Fleetwood, a rising port and watering place, on the Lancashire coast. Fleetwood is already well known to the many golfers who annually visit the favourite links at Portrush, as being their point of embarkation for Belfast; and, no doubt, several will now be tempted to break the journey and visit the new links. The course is a nine-hole one, but, as suitable land adjoins, it is probable that it will be ultimately extended to eighteen holes, and is of a good "sporting" character. It has been laid out by Thos. Johnson, the professional attached to the Preston Golf Club, and is conveniently situated within five minutes' walk of the railway station, and within an "iron" shot of the sea. The turf, covering as it does a series of sand dunes, is good, and hardly a green will require to be laid. A splendid view is obtained over Morecambe Bay, the Cumberland hills forming a charming background which the eye is loth to leave. The success of the club appears well assured, for although its formation was undertaken only about three weeks ago, the membership already reaches sixty. A temporary club-house is being constructed, and will be ready for the reception of members at the end of the month. The entrance fee, chargeable after the 31st inst., is one guinea; the annual subscription, one guinea.

Whilst playing on the Arden Golf Links at Solihull, on Thursday, the 14th, James Cunninghame, the club professional, compiled the following fine score:—First nine holes, 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 2 4=33; second nine, 4 4 3 5 4 4 5 3 5=37; total, 70. This beats his previous record of 72.

At a concert in North Berwick last week a feature of the evening was a violin solo by Miss Blanche Sayers, a girl of eleven, daughter of Ben Sayers, the North Berwick professional. Miss Sayers responded to an enthusiastic encore.

On the occasion of his leaving for South Africa, Jack Johnstone, a young North Berwick professional, was entertained to supper by his friends. There was a representative attendance of local professionals and caddies, including the brothers Sayers and Davie Grant. Bob Miller made a jolly chairman.

On December 9th Mr. A. B. Cook, a well-known Hoylake player, and member of the Crookham Golf Club, broke the record of the Crookham course, doing 78, made up as follows:—4 5 5 5 4 4 5 4 5=41; 4 4 3 4 7 3 4 4 4=37; total, 78. He was playing in a three-ball match with E. P. and R. P. Spurway against "Bogey," and was 6 up. "Bogey" is 83. Mr. Cook is a scratch player.

**GOLF IN ULSTER.**—Inexpensive and enjoyable. Exceedingly mild Winter climate. Unsurpassed Eighteen-hole Seaside Courses. Portrush, Co. Antrim; Portsalon and Rosapenna, Co. Donegal. Superior Hotel accommodation. Special arrangements for Golfers all the year round. Full particulars from Thos. Cook and Son, and H. Gaze and Sons, Tourist Agents; and in Belfast from G. L. Baillie, 21, Arthur Street, and E. J. Cotton, General Manager, Northern Counties Railway.





## SUNDAY GOLF.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I read with much regret, in your number of 1st current, an advertisement from the Neasden Golf Club, giving a list of its "Honourables," its "Lords," and its "Barons," as office-bearers; and, after a glowing list of its attractions, closing with the sentence "Play seven days a week." I protest against such a degradation of our noble game, making Sunday play a leading attraction to a club.

Is this "Hon. Alfred Lyttelton" the president, the same gentleman who has taken so much pains to tell us that Golf is not a first-class game," but who finds Sunday Golf a first-class draw to his new club?

Sunday Golf has been a good deal debated in your columns, but I did not expect to see it used as a club attraction. If it is a fair game for Sunday, then all out-door games have equal right to compete, and Sundays will cease to be days of rest—only days of pleasure—and Sunday in its best sense a day of the past.

I am not writing as a Sabbatarian. I have seen more years than three score and ten. I am an old golfer; I have worked longer hours, and likely harder, than perhaps any member of the Neasden Club, but I never felt the want of Sunday games, though I enjoy a Sunday walk. I feel as if "our first-class game" is being disgraced by such advertisements and practices, and should hope that the better sense of Englishmen will be set against them.

I am, Sir, &c.,  
THOMAS CHAPMAN.

Edinburgh, December 4th, 1893.

## MUD ON THE BALL.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—The subject of recent discussion in GOLF must be a painful one to all true golfers.

"Mud on Ball!" Shades of St. Andrews! Can it be a Golf ball to which this refers, or has some too enthusiastic football player mistaken his periodical, and in consequence of the late heavy rains suggested a new rule for the football field?

Alas! it is a "Golf ball" and "mud" that are so inharmoniously linked together, and that too by great exponents of the Royal game. It is thus that "the native hue of Golf balls is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and, with the somewhat "less pale cast of mud."

The subject has been painfully brought under my notice by the fact that the committee of an inland Golf club to which I belong are said to be contemplating the introduction of a rule for (tell it not in Sandwich; let it not be known at Westward Ho!) "lifting the ball on the putting-green, and removing any mud which may be on it." What visions does this suggestion conjure up! Approach shots indefinitely postponed while the party in front, not without the help of sponge and, it may be, monkey soap, are renovating the ball which, after many vicissitudes, has all but reached the haven. Then, too, the delays caused by inglorious disputes as to whether or not the ball was stymied by the "anyeth" part of a hair's breadth! For who is to define the amount of mud which shall justify a lift, or who

so gifted with imperturbable equanimity as to view unmoved his opponent conscientiously replacing the ball some inches from its previous position?

Surely, brother golfers, the cure is worse than the disease! Granted that your links are not all sand; nay, more, are, after heavy rains, suggestive to the less prejudiced eye rather of mud.

Is it generous to the links that bore you (it may be in both senses of the word), and have reared you to your present skilful or unskilful (as the case may be) knowledge of the game, to herald to the world by inserting mud in the rules, what it would be wiser to keep hidden in some artificial bunker?

To be serious: is it not probable that such a rule will too often deter fresh members from joining a club in those cases where, as it often happens, the pros and cons. are evenly balanced?

Is it not still more probable that such a rule will inevitably cause considerable delay on links, and in some cases, at least, lead to heart-burnings, which are even more unpleasant than putting a ball somewhat less free from encumbrances than could be wished?

Surely, it is better to treat the circumstance, when it does occur, as a rub of the green, which may indeed favour one's opponent to-day, but is just as likely to favour oneself to-morrow.

I am Sir, &c.,  
HENRY LEECH PORTER,  
Royal Isle of Wight Golf Club.

Bembridge, Isle of Wight,  
December 12th, 1893.

## SHOWING A BLIND HOLE.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—Surely after receiving the decided opinions of such excellent authorities in golfing matters as Mr. Hall Blyth and Mr. Mure Fergusson, my friend, who mixes up polemics with golfing controversy, will acknowledge that he is wrong, and "move off."

With all due respect to Mr. Hall Blyth and Mr. Mure Fergusson, I hope they will not be too hard upon Mr. Everard, as it would appear that the question submitted to him was not put to him in its proper form; for, if Mr. Everard had been asked the question, Is there a printed rule dealing with the subject? he is too experienced a golfer not to have answered, "No." But, instead of this question as to an existing rule having been asked, it seems that Mr. Everard's opinion only had been asked as to general custom.

Mr. Everard mentions that it is an established custom for a player to ask his caddie to get out of the way after showing the line; but, even although this be an established custom, no golfer could be so far left to himself as to imagine that a hole could be claimed for breach of established custom without an established law, or that a hole could be claimed for breach of etiquette.

If holes may be claimed for breach of etiquette, it is to be hoped that "Move Off" will now, instead of claiming the hole, give it up to his opponent, "Golfer's Ridge."

I am, Sir, &c.  
R. J. B. TAIT.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN AGGRIEVED PARTY.—You have put the point with admirable clearness; but the etiquette works very well as a general rule. If one is consistently driven into, notwithstanding repeated remonstrances, there is no help for it but to drive the offending player's ball into the sea, and then report the circumstance to the committee. This method of retaliation has often been put into force. It is equally part of the etiquette of the game for two indifferent players to allow stronger players to pass and not to keep the green waiting; but if they refuse there is no rule which gives priority to any one. "The second shot" is understood to be the shot of a fair average player—say 150 yards—"or out of range" is meant for the same player if the following couple happen to be strong drivers, and are likely to carry on to the top of the couple playing 150 yards from the tee. But etiquette does not sanction the wilful attempt to pass a slow couple without permission being asked; and if slow players refuse to yield place, no one is justified in endangering the life of the preceding couple. It is merely a question of mutual accommodation to be settled as amicably as possible.



**BEDFORD GOLF CLUB.**

Monthly medal, December 9th.—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. S. Fuller ...	91	15 76	Mr. G. Clark ...	113	30 83
Col. C. L. Heathcote ...	99	20 79	Mr. N. P. Symonds ...	98	14 84
Col. C. E. Harenc ...	98	18 80	Mr. W. C. Fletcher ...	102	18 84
Rev. G. F. Apthorp ...	98	18 80	Gen. E. Layard ...	110	22 88
Col. D. Broughton ...	95	14 81	Mr. T. B. Forsyth ...	99	10 89
Mr. T. Boyd-Thomson ...	102	20 82	Mr. A. Tyson ...	100	10 90
Mr. C. Gurney-Hervey ...	112	30 82	Mr. W. R. Barker ...	120	30 90
Mr. S. Fielder ...	101	18 83	Col. F. W. Grant ...	116	22 94
			Mr. N. R. Slator ...	120	24 96
			Mr. W. N. Morton ...	149	30 119

No return from others.

Ladies' medal, December 2nd.—Miss Slator, 61, less 12=49; Miss Jackson, 64, less 8=56; Miss Sharpin, 68, less 10=58; Mrs. Mundy, 70, less 12=58; Miss E. Hadley, 74, less 16=58; Miss Mundy, 79, less 20=59; Miss Briggs, 72, less 10=62; Miss Dasent, 90, less 20=70.

**BRIGHTON AND HOVE GOLF CLUB.**

Saturday, December 16th.—The fourth competition for the De Worms cup and for the club prize for winners of the Berens monthly medal took place in favourable weather. The greens were somewhat heavy. The following are the principal scores, showing Mr. H. F. de Paravicini as the winner of both prizes, with Mr. S. S. Schultz as a good second. Mr. Schultz has played well, but has certainly not been favoured by fortune lately:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. H. F. de Paravicini ...	89	8 81	Mr. T. S. D. Selby ...	105	10 95
Mr. S. S. Schultz ...	86	4 82	Mr. G. R. Burnett ...	113	18 95
Mr. C. E. Cottrell ...	89	6 83	Mr. H. R. Knipe ...	115	20 96
Mr. F. L. Rawson ...	93	6 87	Mr. R. E. Campbell ...	112	16 96
Mr. C. O. Walker ...	94	6 88	Mr. A. C. Sandeman ...	114	18 96
Mr. A. J. Stanley ...	92	3 89	Mr. R. S. Greenhill ...	117	20 97
Mr. H. T. Ross ...	102	10 92	Mr. D. E. Cardinal ...	118	20 98
Mr. C. G. Heathcote ...	104	10 94	Major Richards ...	115	16 99
Mr. J. F. Chance ...	103	8 95	Mr. A. C. Woolley ...	120	20 100

Forty-four players competed.

**CITY OF NEWCASTLE GOLF CLUB.**

December 16th.—Fifth day of Winter competition:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. R. T. Thomson ...	90	+2 92	Mr. J. W. Robson ...	109	8 101
Mr. A. M. Carswell ...	99	7 92	Mr. A. H. Marsh ...	114	9 105
Mr. H. P. Bailey ...	110	18 92	Mr. A. W. White ...	115	10 105
Mr. I. Milton ...	98	3 95	Mr. R. Dunlop ...	130	25 105
Mr. R. Howden ...	101	6 95	Mr. W. G. Richardson ...	113	7 106
Mr. J. B. Radcliffe ...	95	+1 96	Mr. C. A. H. Todd ...	131	25 106
Mr. A. Marmion ...	103	6 97	Mr. T. S. Williamson ...	115	8 107
Mr. G. W. Williams ...	101	3 98	Mr. J. W. Miller ...	119	12 107
Mr. R. S. Ferguson ...	100	1 99	Mr. N. S. Greene ...	126	18 108
Mr. W. J. Nimmo ...	125	25 100			
Mr. J. R. Bolton ...	106	5 101			

Messrs. A. Gregory, H. H. Brown, W. Cross, and H. Simms retired.

**EASTBOURNE LADIES' GOLF CLUB.**—The monthly medal was played for on December 12th. Owing to the boisterous weather few cards were returned. Mrs. Thornhill, 87, less 4=83; Miss Starkie Bence, 85, less 2=83; Miss O. Hoare, 95, less 9=86; Mrs. Scott, 99, less 12=87. On playing off the tie, Mrs. Thornhill was victorious.

**CHESTERFORD PARK GOLF CLUB.**

Friday, December 8th, first competition for the Stanley prize for ladies. Medal round:—Mrs. Wentworth Stanley, 81, less 19=52; Mrs. Bellingham, 90, less 23=57; Mrs. Pickersgill Cunliffe, 78, less 10=68; Miss Feilberg, 102, less 30=72; Mrs. Bartlett, 97, less 21=76; Mrs. Williams, 98, less 21=77; Miss Steel, 144, less 30=114; Miss H. Wright, 147, less 23=124. Owing to the bad weather there was a very small muster of competitors.

Saturday, December 9th, first competition for the "Bogey" cup presented by Mr. T. C. T. Smith:—Mr. Wentworth Stanley (26), 7 down; Mr. Pickersgill Cunliffe (26), 7 down; Mr. W. Waterhouse (5), 8 down; Mr. T. C. T. Smith (11), 8 down; Mr. W. N. Cobbold (23), 8 down; Rev. T. F. Williams (26), 9 down. Mr. Barthropp no return.

Monday, December 11th, result of medal competition. Ladies:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mrs. Shafto Barthropp ...	70	15 55	Miss Nockolds ...	97	25 72
*Mrs. Bellingham ...	80	23 57	Mrs. Waterhouse ...	88	15 73
Miss Taylor ...	82	23 59	Miss M. Bliss ...	97	23 74
Miss Burrell ...	74	11 63	Mrs. Bartlett ...	98	21 77
Mrs. Wentworth Stanley ...	83	19 64	Mrs. Smith ...	94	15 79
Miss Wentworth Stanley ...	81	13 68	Miss Burgess ...	112	30 82
			Mrs. Williams ...	104	21 83

\* Winner of the medal.

Miss Feilberg no return.

Monday, December 11th, result of medal competition. Gentlemen:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. W. Waterhouse ...	103	7 96	Mr. Pickersgill Cunliffe ...	142	34 108
*Rev. T. F. Williams ...	134	34 100	Mr. C. Taylor ...	145	37 109
Mr. T. C. T. Smith ...	122	14 108			
Mr. A. Wentworth Stanley ...	142	34 108			

\* Winner of the medal.

Mr. Shafto Barthropp no return.

**COUNTY LOUTH GOLF CLUB.**

Monthly medal, December 14th.—Mr. T. Gilroy, scratch, 83; Mr. G. H. Pentland, 93, less 10=83; Mr. R. R. Gilroy, 83, less 2=86; Mr. A. P. Hannah, 116, less 30=86; Mr. J. V. Byrne, 100, less 14=86; Mr. J. B. Kelly, 127, less 40=87; Mr. H. S. Scaranche, 118, less 30=88; Mr. J. W. Browne, 100, less 10=90. The tie was not played off, Messrs. Pentland and Gilroy being both previous winners. A fine day, but hard, frozen greens made putting very uncertain, and several players made no returns.

**CROOKHAM GOLF CLUB.**

The monthly competition against "Colonel Bogey" (83) resulted in some good scoring on Saturday, December 9th. Mr. A. B. Cook made a record of the green as below:—Out, 4 5 5 5 4 4 5 4 1; in, 4 4 3 4 7 3 4 4 4=37; total, 78. The result of the competition was as follows:—Mr. A. B. Cook (scratch), 6 up; Mr. B. H. Rendall (8), 1 up; Mr. C. A. Teape (scratch), all square; Rev. E. P. Spurway (6), 3 down; Mr. T. H. Belcher (6), 4 down; Mr. P. A. Underhill (6), 4 down; Mr. J. H. Haviland (9), 5 down; Mr. R. Knight (13), 5 down; Mr. E. J. Maguire (7), 7 down; Mr. W. H. Belcher (8), 12 down.

A match was played on Saturday, December 16th, between the Crookham Golf Club and the Royal Ascot Golf Club, on the links of the former. In spite of the violent gale, which had done much damage, the greens were in capital order. The following was the result of the play:—

CROOKHAM.		Holes.	ASCOT.		Holes.
Mr. A. H. Evans ...	...	6	Mr. H. Eden ...	...	0
Mr. A. B. Cook ...	...	0	Mr. H. Sawyer ...	...	3
Mr. C. A. Teape ...	...	0	Mr. H. Blackett ...	...	1
Mr. R. S. Wilson ...	...	5	Mr. C. Bayley ...	...	0
Rev. J. Stewart ...	...	0	Sir G. Pigot ...	...	3
		11			7

**EDINBURGH THISTLE CLUB.**—This club met on Saturday at the Braid Hills to play for their monthly gold trophy. Owing to the early darkness few turned out. Only twelve started, and after a close contest the competition resulted in a tie between Messrs. J. Bell and D. Grant with a net score of 42. Only nine holes were played.



DISLEY GOLF CLUB.

The second winter handicap was contested on Saturday, in fair weather, but a strong wind in the afternoon made play more difficult, and a large number of members made no returns. Mr. H. D. Tonge put in a win for the medal with a net score of 82. This competition also decided the winner of the Hogdkinson gold medal, which is held by the member returning the four lowest gross scores during the year. Mr. A. B. Scholfield proved to be the winner, with the following scores, 81, 84, 85, and 87. The following were the best returns of the day :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. H. D. Tonge ...	89	7 82	Mr. T. C. Norris ...	100	10 90
Mr. R. W. Hutton...	86	1 85	Mr. E. Hutton ...	102	12 90
Mr. A. Murray ...	112	25 87	Mr. A. H. Dixon ...	105	13 92
Mr. G. C. Greenwell	92	3 89	Mr. E. G. Hutton...	98	3 95
Mr. J. E. Mills ...	103	14 89	Mr. P. Campbell ...	103	8 95
Mr. A. B. Scholfield	91	1 90	Mr. T. C. Midwood	107	12 95
Mr. R. C. Hutton...	94	4 90			

EALING GOLF CLUB.

The last medal competition on the links at Twyford took place on Saturday, December 16th. The new links between Hanwell and Southall will be opened for play on January 1st :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. A. G. Low ...	100	24 76	Mr. Cyril Plummer	89	scr. 89
Major Maule ...	94	16 78	Mr. Connell Prance	103	14 89
Mr. A. Hart ...	96	18 78	Mr. A. W. Young...	105	15 90
Mr. G. B. Balfour...	95	16 79	Mr. J. Ryan ...	98	6 92
Mr. J. Rogers ...	91	6 85	Mr. C. B. Ellington	110	18 92
Mr. F. B. Becken	98	13 85	Mr. Paget Looke ...	113	20 93
Mr. C. Martin ...	88	2 86	Mr. J. Pritchard ...	114	18 95
Mr. W. S. Har-			Mr. J. Hardie ...	114	18 95
greaves ...	95	8 87	Mr. H. Hall ...	118	20 98
Mr. E. Bird ...	100	13 87	Mr. W. F. Currey...	115	15 100
Mr. G. Rumsey ...	105	18 87	Mr. R. W. Regge...	118	18 100
Mr. R. H. Wood-			Mr. P. Barlow ...	97	not
house ...	92	4 88	Mr. John Turner ...	117	hcp'd
Mr. G. E. C. Fryer	103	15 88			

Several members made no returns. At the conclusion of the competition a silver inkstand was presented to Mr. Cyril Plummer, the captain of the club on his marriage, and in token of the appreciation of the members for his courteous and able performance of the duties of that office in the last three years.

EAST SHEEN LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

The December medal competition was played on the 7th inst. The day was fine, and the greens in good condition, so that the scoring was on the whole lower than usual. Score :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Miss Maud Leycester			Miss Leycester Pen-		
Penrhyn ...	115	36 79	rbyn ...	138	40 98
Miss Elsie Rawstone	120	40 80	Mrs. Dean ...	139	40 99
Miss Constance Ley-			Miss Sinclair ...	119	20 99
cester Penrhyn ...	119	30 89	Miss Alyne Raw-		
Miss Cecil Leycester			stone ...	142	40 102
Penrhyn ...	111	20 91	Miss Ramsay ...	171	40 131
Mrs. Routh...	113	18 95			

No returns from Miss Rawstone, Miss Vidal, Miss M. Sinclair, and Miss A. Cholmeley.

A competition against "Bogey" for a badge presented by Mrs. Dean was played December 14th. Miss A. Cholmeley (19), halved; Miss E. Sinclair (15), 1 down; Miss E. Rawstone (26), 3 down; Mrs. Marson (25), 6 down; Mrs. Dean (30), 7 down; Miss Vidal (30), 7 down; Miss Rawstone (30), 8 down; Mrs. Routh (14), 10 down. No returns from Miss Ramsay and Miss Alyne Rawstone.

KING JAMES VI. CLUB (PERTH).—A two-round competition for a series of prizes has just been completed by the members of this club. The first prize—a picture presented by Mr. Henry Shields, manufacturer, and Mr. Hugh Campbell, solicitor—was won by Mr. P. Campbell, dyer. Mr. A. K. Bell gained the second prize, which consisted of three clubs presented by the captain, while Mr. A. Robertson, teacher, was third, and won six Golf balls. Over forty competitors entered.

PRESTWICK ST. NICHOLAS.—The Wilson handicap medal was played for on Saturday, when, with good golfing weather, there was a fair turn-out of players. The following are the best scores recorded :—Mr. James Andrew (scratch), 78; Mr. J. Howat, 95, less 6=89; Mr. R. Andrew (scratch), 92; Mr. W. E. Giles, 98, less 6=92; Mr. D. N. Waddell, 107, less 14=93; Mr. H. Boyd, 103, less 6=97.

ELTHAM GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal competition of this club was held on Saturday, December 16th, and resulted in a win for Mr. A. Poynder, whose score was 97, less 15=82. The greens were in very good condition, considering the heavy rains that have fallen recently.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. A. Poynder ...	97	15 82	Mr. A. Fraser ...	101	12 89
Mr. A. S. Johnston.	84	1 83	Mr. E. M. Protheroe	102	10 92
Mr. R. H. Hedder-			Mr. H. T. Lindley .	103	11 92
wick ...	94	9 85	Mr. R. M. Richard-		
Mr. R. E. Peake ...	104	18 86	son ...	108	15 93
Mr. E. H. Absolom.	99	13 86	Mr. F. Tate ...	115	18 97
Mr. W. McArthur .	97	11 86	Mr. A. J. Brown ...	112	14 98
Mr. M. H. Richard-			Mr. G. Spurling ...	111	12 99
son ...	98	11 87	Mr. A. Marshall ...	109	10 99
Mr. R. A. Patterson	104	16 88	Mr. A. B. Hutchings	112	13 99
Mr. H. T. Selby ...	104	16 88	Mr. W. Hicks ...	122	23 99
Mr. J. Eagleton ...	106	18 88	Mr. C. F. Tattersall	119	16 103

GLAMORGANSHIRE GOLF CLUB.

The club cup of the Glamorganshire Golf Club was played for over the links at Penarth, December 16th, and was won by Mr. J. Hunter for the third time, and thereby it becomes his property. Mr. Hunter established a record for the links. The following are the particulars :—First Round, 8 4 5 5 5 4 4 3=43; Second Round, 3 5 5 4 6 5 5 5 4=42; total, 85.

The professional record of the links was established by Thompson, the new professional, on the 30th November last, when playing a match against Mr. Hunter. The following are his figures :—First Round, 4 4 4 3 5 4 5 5 4=38; Second Round, 4 4 5 4 5 4 4 4 3=37; total, 75. The following are detailed particulars of the Club cup competition :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. J. Hunter ...	85	8 77	Mr. J. F. Grimes ...	118	29 89
Mr. C. B. Stoddart..	88	10 78	Mr. W. H. M. Tucker	106	16 90
Mr. F. Milburn ...	93	12 81	Mr. P. Hagarty ...	112	21 91
Mr. F. Mason ...	99	16 83	Mr. G. A. Woods ...	126	35 91
Mr. H. J. Simpson..	97	14 83	Mr. H. Wain ...	118	26 92
M. E. Nicholls ...	114	29 85	Mr. J. Pitchford ...	129	35 94
Mr. R. H. T. A.			Mr. Herbert W. Flint	119	18 101
Rickards... ..	105	18 87	Mr. G. J. Fenwick..	123	18 105

\* Won cup outright.

Messrs. Henry W. Flint, J. F. Common, and T. M. Barlow retired.

LEICESTER GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal handicap was played on Saturday, December 9th, with the following result :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. J. A. Corah ...	106	21 85	Mr. W. Whetstone..	116	21 95
Mr. C. E. Hare ...	109	23 86	Mr. C. J. Billson..	118	23 95
Mr. E. A. Thompson.	111	20 91	Mr. W. G. Turner...	130	35 95
Mr. H. L. Goddard.	115	23 92	Mr. F. A. C. Richard-		
Mr. T. Hollis ...	117	25 92	son ...	129	33 96
Mr. A. Lorrimer ...	104	12 92	Mr. A. T. Draper ...	129	30 99
Mr. E. W. Beale ...	112	18 94			

Several members made no returns.

LYME REGIS GOLF CLUB.

MONTHLY MEETING.

The above was held in fine weather on Wednesday, December 6th. The gentlemen's medal was tied for by Messrs. G. Wauchope and W. Hooper, the latter ultimately getting it. The other competitors were the Revs. P. Ellis, G. Otton, A. Parke, S. Kettlewell, Col. Marriott Smith, and Messrs. J. Worthington, T. Blathway, and H. Shaw. Owing to many being away, and others ill, only two ladies competed for the medal, Mrs. Sweet-Escott and Miss Smith-Gordon, of whom the former was victorious.

Under the superintendence of the hon. secretary, Sir Lionel Smith-Gordon, Bart., the club continues to improve rapidly, and the membership to increase. As a guarantee of the pureness of the air, it may be mentioned that the links is situated about 490 feet above the level of the sea.

HARTLEY WINTNEY GOLF CLUB.—Medal day, December 4th.—Mr. E. P. Branfoot, 96, less 17=79; Mr. H. Bourdillon, 96, less 17=79; Mr. A. F. Gribbell, 110, less 25=85; Mr. C. R. Seymour, 103, less 17=86; Miss H. Hollings, 103, less 16=87; Mr. W. Claxton, 107, less 20=87; Mr. P. F. Morton, 100, less 12=88; Mr. E. D. Richie, 106, less 17=89. Mr. E. P. Branfoot won the tie.

## MELBOURNE GOLF CLUB.

The three days' handicap competition against "Colonel Bogey," held during the second week of November, for Mr. Hubert Cole's prize, resulted in a win for Dr. Orme Masson:—Dr. Masson, 6 up; Mr. M. Anderson, 3 up; Mr. W. M'Intyre, 2 up; Mr. R. A. Balfour, 0; Mr. W. Nimmo, 7 down; Mr. Stanley Brentnall, 9 down; Mr. C. M'Lean, 13 down; Mr. N. Wight, 13 down; Mr. D. Brown, 14 down; Mr. T. J. Finlay, 14 down; Mr. J. Graham, 17 down; Mr. T. Brentnall, 19 down.

Messrs. Bruce, Conley, Calder, Callaway, Parkinson, MacFarland, Maxwell, and Captain Reynolds also competed. For the Championship the best actual scores made in this competition were as follows:—Mr. M. Anderson, 3 up; Mr. R. A. Balfour, 3 down; Dr. Orme Masson, 5 down; Mr. W. M'Intyre, 8 down.

A friendly match took place between members of the Adelaide Golf Club, who are at present over on a visit, which resulted in the Adelaide men winning by one hole.

ADELAIDE.		MELBOURNE.	
	Holes.		Holes
Mr. Max Anderson ...	0	Mr. D. Brown ...	7
Mr. T. Barr Smith ...	6	Mr. T. Brentnall ...	0
Mr. F. Ayers ...	2	Mr. N. Wight ...	0
	8		7

Among other visitors during the week have been Their Excellencies Rear-Admiral Bowdon-Smith and the Earl of Glasgow, Governor of New Zealand, Captain Arbutnot, of H.M.S. Orlando, and Captain Johnson, H.M.S. Royalist.

## MID-SURREY GOLF CLUB.

Monthly medal, December 16th:—

Senior medal—

Gross Hcp. Net.			Gross Hcp. Net.				
*Mr. J. S. Worthington ...	97	18	79	Mr. A. Ritchie ...	96	8	88
Mr. W. A'Deane ...	93	11	82	Mr. A. Puzey ...	102	14	88
Mr. W. W. Dymond ...	96	14	82	Mr. F. J. L. Ogilvy ...	102	14	88
Mr. J. Clapp ...	98	16	82	Mr. L. W. Evans ...	99	10	89
Mr. S. F. Higgins ...	93	9	84	Mr. P. N. Perrin ...	106	17	89
†Mr. A. J. Eames ...	91	6	85	Mr. H. Figgis ...	107	18	89
Mr. C. A. Gosnell ...	93	8	85	Mr. A. Roberts ...	107	15	92
Mr. F. E. Gripper ...	103	18	85	Mr. T. C. Fox ...	107	14	93
Mr. J. Hodgkin ...	99	13	86	Mr. F. R. Leftwich ...	113	18	95

\* Winner of senior medal and first sweepstakes.

† Prize for best gross score.

Junior medal—

Gross Hcp. Net.			Gross Hcp. Net.				
*Mr. A. Jenner ...	105	23	82	Mr. T. B. Hazeon ...	112	24	88
†Mr. H. Tomlinson ...	110	27	83	Mr. L. F. Cotton ...	111	20	91
Mr. W. Wallington ...	110	27	83	Mr. J. T. Bithell ...	120	24	96

\* Winner of junior medal.

† Winner of second sweepstakes.

And others over 100.

## ROYAL EPPING FOREST GOLF CLUB.

A foursome "Bogey" competition was played over the links, on Saturday, 16th inst., with following result:—Messrs. Geo. H. Swinstead and F. H. Swinstead, 2 up; Messrs. J. Gould-Smith and S. R. Bastard, 2 down; Messrs. J. W. Greig and C. E. Greig, 2 down; Messrs. J. G. Fowler and H. A. Gardom, 4 down; Messrs. A. A. Hannay and J. James, 4 down; Messrs. A. Kemp and F. Hands, 5 down; Mr. A. W. Good and Capt. Peskett, 5 down; Messrs. J. G. Gibson and G. F. Sanders, 5 down; Messrs. F. F. McKenzie and J. Hax, 5 down; Messrs. A. Boney and A. H. Cooke, 5 down; Messrs. R. O. J. Dallmeyer and F. M. Bryant, 6 down; Messrs. E. Swain and R. T. Glover, 6 down; Messrs. W. E. Hall and J. Godwin, 7 down; Lieut.-Col. Lockyer and S. Clark, 7 down; Messrs. J. Cleghorn and J. B. Shaw, 7 down; Messrs. E. C. Walburn and J. D. Milledge, 7 down; Messrs. J. W. M. Guy and S. Kemp, 9 down; Messrs. J. E. Brown and N. W. Wykes, 9 down; Messrs. E. Reid and C. J. Fox, 11 down.

ROYAL GUERNSEY GOLF CLUB.—The ladies of this club played, for the first time, on December 14th, for their new monthly medal. The course is over the men's links, three and a quarter miles long, eighteen holes. The ladies' scratch is 115. Principal scores:—Miss Kirkpatrick, 127, less 4=123; Miss Richardson, 140, less 14=126; Mrs. Ozanne, 144, less 8=136; Miss M. Field, 147, less 10=137; Miss Bigge, 183, less 40=143. Miss A. Kirkpatrick won the medal and sweepstake.

## ROYAL ENGINEERS' MATCH.

A match was played on the 15th inst. at Higham, near Rochester, between five general officers of the corps of Royal Engineers and their younger brother-officers quartered at Chatham, the latter proving victorious by 5 holes. Scores:—

Holes.		Holes.	
Lieut.-Gen. Grant, C.B. ...	2	Major Blackburn ...	0
Lieut.-Gen. Sir Bevan Edwards ...	0	Lieut. Barstow ...	1
Lieut.-Gen. Sir Thos. Gallway ...	0	Lieut. Watherston ...	2
Major-Gen. Dawson Scott ...	0	Lieut. Mann ...	2
Major-Gen. Maitland, C.B. ...	0	Lieut. Hamilton ...	2
Total ...	2	Total ...	7

## ROYAL WINCHESTER GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal was played for on Wednesday, December 6th, with the following result:—

Gross Hcp. Net.		Gross Hcp. Net.					
Capt. Hon. A. Hewitt ...	84	7	77	Sir H. Freeling ...	109	20	89
Capt. Stevenson ...	94	16	78	Rev. G. Richardson ...	111	22	89
Rev. H. L. Porter ...	96	14	82	Capt. F. Stephens ...	115	25	90
Mr. J. G. Wood ...	97	15	82	Mr. L. Garbutt ...	114	20	94
Capt. Russell ...	91	7	84	Col. Hunt ...	113	19	94
Mr. H. C. Steel ...	95	10	85	Mr. W. D. Gibb ...	119	24	95
Rev. J. H. Hodgson ...	100	14	86	Mr. C. F. Wood ...	115	20	95
Mr. W. S. Brockley ...	102	15	87	Col. Twemlow ...	118	20	98
Mr. H. Brooking ...	89	1	88				

The tie for the Fairbairn cup between Messrs. Porter, and J. G. Wood, and Brockley was played off, and after a second tie between the two first resulted in a win for Rev. H. L. Porter.

## SOUTH LYNN v. ROYAL ASHDOWN FOREST.

At Forest Row, on the 11th inst., South Lynn Past and Present, the Rev. H. von E. Scott's team, administered a thorough and somewhat unexpected beating to the Royal Ashdown. The home club, though not playing up to their full strength, had a very fair team in the field, and some of their reverses were certainly surprising. For the victors Mr. R. Graham-Murray played fine Golf, though he was eventually beaten; he went out in 35. Mr. Alfred Lubbock distinguished himself most for the vanquished. Scores:—

SOUTH LYNN.		ROYAL ASHDOWN.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. H. M. Braybrooke ...	1	Mr. T. Hyde ...	0
Mr. R. Graham-Murray ...	0	Mr. H. A. Curteis ...	2
Mr. E. O. Powell ...	0	Mr. A. Lubbock ...	9
Rev. H. von E. Scott ...	0	Mr. C. L. Reade ...	1
Mr. H. F. Matheson ...	2	Mr. H. Jeddere-Fisher ...	0
Mr. B. A. Harvey ...	4	Rev. C. C. Woodland ...	0
Mr. G. Cuming ...	1	Mr. Lawford Andrews ...	0
Mr. T. Simpson ...	6	Mr. F. E. Swainson ...	0
Mr. E. Matheson ...	4	Mr. A. C. Stevenson ...	0
Total ...	18	Total ...	12

Majority for South Lynn, 6.

## SUTTON COLDFIELD v. BARTON-UNDER-NEEDWOOD.

The return match between these clubs was played on Saturday last on the links of the former. The day was beautifully fine. The teams were small, owing chiefly to many members of each club being laid up with influenza. Mr. Lamb, who had only just recovered from a severe attack, played remarkably well, going round in 84 (41 and 43), which is within one point of the amateur record of the links. On this occasion the home team won by a majority of 22 holes.

SUTTON COLDFIELD.		BARTON-UNDER-NEEDWOOD.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. E. E. Lamb ...	10	Mr. F. Jennings ...	0
Mr. P. A. Bourke ...	0	Dr. C. Palmer ...	3
Mr. H. M. Eddowes ...	3	Mr. A. H. Palmer ...	0
Mr. T. G. Griffiths ...	1	Mr. P. S. White ...	0
Mr. F. Rathbone ...	1	Mr. A. M. Tod ...	0
Mr. A. H. Griffiths ...	10	Mr. S. H. Evershed ...	0
	25		3

ROCHESTER LADIES' GOLF CLUB.—The monthly medal was played for on the 16th inst. with the following result:—Miss Lizzie Winch, 100, less 9=91; Miss Pound, 108, less 14=94; Miss Pochin, 105, less 10=95; Miss F. E. Cobb, 116, less 20=96; Mrs. Cumming, 105, less 8=97; Miss Evelyn Cunliffe, 116, less 18=98. Several others played but did not make any return, or were over 100 net.



TORQUAY LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

On Friday, 15th inst., the monthly medal competition took place. Owing to the bad weather the entries were small. Miss Wollen, 84, less 10=74; Miss Oldfield, 90, less 8=82; Miss E. Colhoun, 90, less 8=82; Miss Pemberton, 90, less 7=83; Miss Wise, 99, less 15=84; Miss L. Brown, 115, less 19=96. Miss Sealey sent in no card. Miss Oldfield and Miss G. Colhoun halved the sweepstakes. On the medal day last month the weather was so stormy that there were only two entries, Miss Hawkes, 107, less 11=96, and Miss Boyd, 142, less 16=126.

WIMBLEDON LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

December 16th.—Monthly medals :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
*Miss A. L. Tyrwhitt-Drake ...	84	8	76	Miss Edith Scott ...	100	12	88
Miss A. A. Tyrwhitt-Drake ...	87	11	76	Mrs. N. R. Foster... 103	14	89	
Miss Issette Pearson	78	scr.	78	Miss Bertha Thomson	103	14	89
Miss Nellie Muir ...	87	7	80	Miss M. Schwann ..	109	20	89
Miss Gertrude Tee...	95	15	80	Mrs. Fisher ...	114	24	90
Mrs. Meates ...	98	15	83	Mrs. Willock ...	99	8	91
Mrs. Spencer White-head ...	100	17	83	Miss L. Field ...	116	24	92
Miss E. Horne ...	101	17	84	Hon. Mrs. Jolliffe...	115	20	95
†Miss A. B. Harrison	111	25	86	Miss M. Delcomyn..	125	30	95
Miss M. E. Phillips.	97	9	88	Miss H. MacFarlan	111	15	96
Miss H. M. Frere...	100	12	88	Miss Glennie ...	122	25	97
				Miss Aston... ..	123	25	98
				Miss E. Bardswell...	123	25	98

\* Winner of medal and brooch, after a tie with Miss A. Tyrwhitt-Drake.

† Winner of medal for handicaps over 18.

There were several members who made no returns.

WITHINGTON GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal competition took place on Saturday afternoon. A large company turned out. On examining cards it was found that Mr. C. J. Fleming, 97, less 10=87, and Mr. B. Heywood, 99, less 12=87, tied for first prize, and will play off next Wednesday. Mr. E. Lings, 110, less 20=90; Mr. A. Clegg, 90, plus 2=92; and Mr. G. King, 104, less 12=92, were the next best cards returned. A "Bogey" competition will be held on December 26th for a prize given by Mr. Clegg.

WORCESTERSHIRE GOLF CLUB.

The monthly meeting, postponed for a week in consequence of the sudden death of our captain, Mr. H. N. B. Erskine, was held on Wednesday, the 13th. The morning was showery and stormy; in the afternoon there was no rain, but the wind rose to perhaps hurricane force; it was impossible to stand steadily, and very often a ball, after lying on a putting-green at rest for a minute or so, was suddenly blown away some yards. The result was that only five returns were sent in. Rev. H. Foster wins the senior medal and "Bogey" prize, Mr. Archdale the monthly cup and the sweepstake, and Mr. Moilliet the junior medal:—Rev. H. Foster, 89, plus 1=90; Mr. A. S. Archdale, 102, less 7=95; Mr. C. E. Moilliet, 114, less 18=96; Mr. W. Paterson (scratch), 99.

NEWMARKET AND WORLINGTON GOLF CLUB.—The competition for the monthly medal was played on Saturday, the 16th inst., in perfect weather. The greens were in very good condition. The following were the three best scores:—Mr. J. Ryan, 101, less 19=82; Mr. A. S. Manning, 115, less 22=93; Mr. W. Gardner, 108, less 12=96.

COPTHORNE GOLF CLUB.—The following were the best scores in the December competition, played on the 14th and 16th. Mr. C. Hallett, 114, less 20=94; Mr. C. L. Reade, 96, plus 2=98; Mr. J. P. Elliott (scratch), 98; Mr. C. W. Nix, 110, less 5=105; Mr. H. A. Hallett, 115, less 10=105. Ladies.—Miss M. C. Nix (scratch), 58; Mrs. S. Russell, 65, less 4=61; Miss E. S. Reade, 75, less 14=61; Miss Reade (scratch), 63. The gold clubs were played for on December 4th. Result:—Miss M. C. Nix (scratch), 59; Miss F. M. Banks, 75, less 14=61; Miss K. Laprimandaye, 68, less 6=62; Miss E. S. Reade, 78, less 14=64; Miss Reade (scratch), 67.

NEASDEN GOLF CLUB.—Monthly competition, December 16th.—Lowest gross score, Mr. H. Tankard, 105. Medal round, under handicaps. Under 12—Mr. J. Wood, 107, less 12=95. Over 12—Mr. W. J. Ketley, 108, less 18=90. Best score for first nine holes, under handicap—Mr. J. S. Crawford, 53, less 5=48. Best score for last nine holes—Mr. A. Oliphant, 47, less 5=42.

ROCHESTER GOLF CLUB.—Monthly medal competition, on Saturday, 16th inst. Mr. Schacht won with a fine round of 86—the record of the new course. Mr. A. Schacht, scratch, 86; Rev. H. B. Boyd, 96, less 7=89; Mr. G. K. Anderson, 103, less 14=89; Mr. A. W. Woodburn, 111, less 18=93; Rev. G. M. Livett, 120, less 27=93; Mr. R. Winch, 114, less 16=98. Twenty others competed, with over 100 net, or no return.

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