

# GOLF.

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

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29TH, 1893.

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1893. DECEMBER.

- 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.  
Ventnor : New Year's Meeting.

- Jan. 2.—Royal Cornwall Ladies : Monthly Handicap.  
Royal County, Portrush : Open Score Competition.  
Jan. 3.—Lyme Regis : Monthly Meeting.  
Blackheath Ladies : Monthly Medal.  
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.  
Dungannon : Ranfurly Challenge Cup.  
Brighton and Hove : Berens Gold Medal.  
Tooting : Monthly Medal.  
London Scottish : Monthly Medal.  
Leicester : Monthly Medal.  
Jan. 8.—Chesterford Park : Monthly Medal.  
Pau : Arthur Post Medal and Pendant, and Sir V. Brooke Challenge Cup and Badge.  
Jan. 10.—Pau : Sir V. Brook Challenge Cup and Badge ; Anstruther Shield and Badge.  
Jan. 11.—East Sheen Ladies : "Bogey" Competition.  
Jan. 12.—Whitley : Joicey Cup.  
Jan. 13.—West Herts : Monthly Medal.  
Wilmslow : The Haworth Cup.  
Hayling Island : Monthly Medal.  
Crookham : "Bogey" Competition.  
Cumbrae : Monthly Medal.  
Weston-Super-Mare Ladies : Monthly Meeting.  
Seaton Carew : Monthly Handicap Competition.  
Southport : Monthly Competition.  
Knutsford : Monthly Competition.  
Eltham Ladies : Mrs. Keen's Prize.  
Jan. 15.—Cumbrae : Ladies' Medal.  
Jan. 17.—Canterbury : Monthly Medal.  
Jan. 18.—Tyneside : Bi-Monthly Handicap.  
Jan. 19.—Whitley : Captain's Prize.  
Jan. 20.—Worlington and Newmarket : Monthly Medal.  
Birkdale : Gentlemen ; Mr. W. J. Drewett's Prize.  
Beckenham : Monthly Medal and General Meeting.  
Formby : Optional Subscription Prize.  
Willesden : Monthly Medals.  
Royal Epping Forest : Quarterly Medals.  
Seaford : Monthly Medal.  
Harrogate : Monthly Medal.  
Felixstowe : Monthly Challenge Cup.  
Rochester Ladies : Monthly Medal.  
Mid-Surrey : Monthly Medal.  
Wimbledon Ladies : Monthly Medal.  
Disley : Silver Medal.

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## MY FELLOW-GOLFERS.

## XX.—SUNDAY GOLFERS (No. 2); A QUARRLSOME SAURIAN; OR, KEZIAH AND THE DRAGON.

Jones has lately added to his collection of caricatures of our club members some most delightful ones of my friend Sam Higgins, commonly known among us as "the Ichthyosaurus," that pre-diluvian and now fortunately fossil boojum, whose enormous prominent eyes, prolonged jaws, huge teeth, and stout body are really quite too absurdly repeated in miniature in excellent Higgins. The man is simply one of the old "fish lizards" evolutionised; and it is a never-failing jest against Jonathan Edwards, of our club, in old days a severe and decidedly aggressive Dissenter, that it was only on seeing poor Higgins for the first time, shortly after studying the illustrations in a volume on extinct monsters, that Jonathan took up those shocking views about the origin of man, by which he has sent half the brethren of his connection slithering along "the down grade," and cost himself the anathemas of the rest, and a £20,000 legacy from his aunt Priscilla, that uncompromising vestal, who had, oh! the *greatest* hopes of dear Jonathan once, but eventually gave him up for lost; and left him, in righteous wrath, to Charles Darwin, and "philosophy falsely so called," and evolution and perdition.

But, if our "Ichthyosaurus" has been celebrated in all societies, from his Eton days upwards, for his "very ancient and fish-like" hideousness, what shall we say concerning the extreme sensitiveness and touchiness the poor fellow has always exhibited on the subject of his personal appearance. No one of the Etonians of his day has forgotten his desperate combat with Chaffers Minor behind the gas works after twelve, the said Chaffers having told him, amidst the roars of laughter of the fellows assembled for eleven o'clock school, that he was "nothing better than an old alligator"; nor his bitter and undisguised wrath at a later period over the deliciously funny Latin verses, in the style of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, which Jerrold, K.S. (afterwards Newcastle Scholar), wrote about him, and published in the *Eton College Chronicle*. The name "Croco" (short for crocodile), by which, all unwilling, he was known among his schoolfellows, has stuck to poor Higgins through life; and of all the stories still extant about him in Etonian circles, none is received with greater delight than the one Bobby Matthews, the admirable amateur comic actor and mimic, tells of the famous occasion when "old Gibbons" called up Sam to construe a classical passage descriptive of the terrific jaberwock which hovered, sibilant, expectant, over white-limbed Andromeda chained to the seagirt rock. Poor dear Croco. His voice at this period of his life alternated impartially, like that of Thackeray's hobbledehoy, between "an unearthly treble and a præternatural bass;" and as he now squeaked now thundered out the horrors of his brother-monster, there was a rising titter in the white-tied division which rapidly developed into a general roar; while old Gibbons himself, after a vain attempt to maintain a decorous gravity by portentous coughing and clearing his throat, broke out at last with a great "hup," fell back in his chair with his face turned up to the ceiling and chortled delightfully.

Nor is excellent Samuel's morbid sensitiveness about his classic lineaments his only weakness. Every schoolboy knows (or surely ought to know) that Pope advised Dodsley, the eminent publisher, to give a round price for Mark Akenside's poem on "The Pleasures of the Imagination." Beloved reader, many, many are the plump and well-minted shakels which, I, for my part, fully intend that Messrs. Longman or Messrs. Murray shall, one of these fine days, weigh out to me in delicately adjusted scales for my coming great rival poem on the *Curses* of that faculty. For to take the poor Ichthyosaurus's case alone. *His* imagination is nothing less than a curse to him; a sort of disease; and I hae my doots whether there ever yet appeared in

society or on a Golf links a mortal man with so many, for the most part entirely unfounded, grievances against his unlucky neighbours; who according to Samuel are constantly combining for his discomfort and annoyance, or singly cutting, or insulting, or undervaluing, or over-reaching him.

Of Sam's many quarrels with his fellow-mortals let our laughter-loving muse celebrate a special instance, premising our narrative with the gratifying announcement that nature, so impartial in her compensations, has been kind to our thin-skinned saurian in one particular. At all events; for, as the years have hastened by, that excruciating vocal organ by which the good fellow was ever wont to set his division at Eton in a roar has undergone who knows what sea change, and developed from what we may safely call a variety entertainment into a not absolutely unacceptable nor despicable *basso profundo*.

There is a certain superb Mediæval church in a town in the Midlands, not thirty miles from where our Sam lives and moves and has his being, St. Gloria Wryneck's, to wit, whose storied windows, richly dight, and perfect rood-screen, and beautiful side chapels, and quaint, lovingly-executed oak carvings are the theme of endless antiquarian essays, and the chief of the show sights of the county in which it is situated. The stately, benign old High-Church vicar of it died in 1891, and mighty, portentous was the excitement in religious circles as to the probable appointee. Immense efforts were made by very great people to secure this desirable piece of preferment for the Rev. Clare Thurifer-Tinkler, the ardent, eloquent, blue-shaven senior curate of St. Keren Happuch's, where he has fairly out-Siegeled dear Father Siegel in altitude of soothing eloquence, and fully earned his promotion by all kinds of good works; but dreadful rumours began to circulate as to the action of the patron of the living, who had recently exhibited some indications of what that exclusive and haughty little devotee, my Lady Barbara Priestley, called "the most odious and dangerous Evangelical propensities;" and a great shout of jubilation went up from the Low Church organs, the *Good Samaritan* and *Balm*, and prolonged, but ineffectual, groans and hissing from *The Altar* and *Onward and Upward*, when it was known that the beneficiary selected was no one, more nor less, than the Rev. Silas Hobbs, late of Barn Elms Training College, the author of those striking and really often rather witty tracts, "What is a Ritualist?" "Martin Luther, or, A Bull Roasted Whole;" "Bambino;" "Candles Snuffed Out," and so forth, in which the High Church doctrines were pulverised and demolished with the savage glee of Johnson attacking "Ossian," or the Antiquary exploding Sir Arthur Wardour's list of the Pictish Kings, ending with Eachin Macfungus—"All of them of the tribe of Macfungus," quoth Mr. Oldbuck; "mushroom monarchs, every one of them; sprung from the fumes of conceit, folly, and falsehood fermenting in the brains of some mad Highland seannachie."

The awful, awful news of this atrocious appointment was conveyed, perhaps just a thought mischievously, by Lady Adora Beauclerc (very appropriately named, say the jesters) to Lady Uppingham and Reredos, by whose gifted daughter, the well-known authoress of "Ask Your Priest," the somewhat hesitating Tinkler was led a few years back to the Hymeneal altar. When Lady Adora called, Lady Uppingham and Reredos happened to be in the midst of writing a really exquisite hymn on "brotherly love" for the Sunday-school children of St. Keren Happuch's, beginning, "Sweet, ah! sweet is charity." On receipt of the shocking intelligence the saintly but disappointed aristocrat fell back in her chair with a dreadful groan "I know only too much about the man," she choked out. "The creature is nothing but a hateful, vulgar, low-born *tub-thumper*; and as for his *wife*!—" But our kindly and forbearing muse altogether declines to sing what her Ladyship thinks of the creature's wife.

But, beloved reader, you will not need to be reminded of certain words of Lord Beaconsfield in that brilliant, if often frightfully tawdry novel, "Lothair," "Man," says his lordship, "is proverbially shortsighted, and the doctrine of evolution affords no instances so striking as those of Sacerdotal development." Little did the injured Lady U. and R., or indeed anyone else, except perhaps the creature's wife, foresee that dear Silas would ere long utterly abjure his early principles and follow rapidly and completely in the footsteps of Lothair's



famous chaplain, the Rev. Dionysius Smylie. Are we not told of that scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, that in his pre-ordination days he had written a work which clearly settled the long-controverted point whether Rome in the great Apocalypse was signified by Babylon; but that when he was promoted into Lothair's household his real character "gradually but powerfully developed itself. Where he now ministered, he was attended by acolytes, and incensed by thurifers. The shoulders of a fellow-countryman were alone equal to the burden of the enormous cross which preceded him, while his ecclesiastical wardrobe furnished him with many-coloured garments suited to every season of the year and every festival of the Church."

Yes, so it was. Such was the terrible fact. From being a plain unvarnished "minister" not only content with, but glorying in, the barest imaginable service in the whitewashed and most barn-like chapel, dear Silas, transplanted into a new ecclesiastical soil and a new ecclesiastical atmosphere, grew with astonishing celerity out of his old ways of life and thought, and, like Dionysius, developed "an exuberant priestliness" which was the terror and dismay of his former friends and admirers; many of whom sent him hair-raising pamphlets and tracts. Of the coloured photographs of Silas in some of his new costumes; of the indignation of the patron of the living; of the laughter of the jesters; of the savage paragraphs in *The Good Samaritan* and *Balm*, by both of which kindly and charitable organs of the Low Church Militant he was called a Judas, a hypocrite, a renegade, a traitor,—what not, who shall speak? Was the change a really genuine one? *Quien sabe?* Men's motives are very mixed. "It's all the doing of that worldly little wretch of a wife of his," said that snuffy, jealous, razor-tongued virgin, Priscilla Walton, who had angled harmlessly for Silas in years gone by; and really there may have been something in which she said. Certain it is that, when the living was offered to Silas, his spouse (daughter of Hopkins, the eminent fruiterer and florist) said to him in a tone of immense decision, "We must take our proper position in society now, Silas; you owe it to your children to give them every advantage, and how can you expect to do it if you drive all the really nice people away from your church."

Now, it so happened, after a while, that Silas, or rather Mrs. Silas, very much alive to the spiritual interests of the really nice people, determined that selections from certain oratorios should be given in the church, and some of the bass parts were entrusted to a famous singer, from the choir at Windsor, known among the Eton boys as "Thunderguts" (I beseech my readers to pardon the name; it is a classic). As Lucifer would have it, of course, "Thunderguts" took ill a day or two before the function; and in despair Mrs. Hobbs wrote to Croco, who had known Hobbs in years gone by. He would do to fill up the gap, she thought; and in due course that eminent minstrel made his appearance, delighted at this his first real opportunity of showing off his voice, and looking more like an Ichthyosaurus than ever.

Poor woman! Little she knew what she had done, or what a terrible opening she was about to give to the faithful dealing and tender mercies of the opposition newspapers. It so happened that the very first piece on the programme was the famous bass duet from "Israel in Egypt," "The Lord is a Man of War," the downward gyrations in which ending with a tremendous E have been the fierce joy of every good basso from the time Handel wrote the celebrated oratorio in those inspired twenty-nine days in the year of grace 1738; and poor Croco, who rather flattered himself he could show this aristocratic assembly how the thing ought to be done, cleared his throat, looked condescendingly round over the great audience, and in due course began his part.

Now it is a matter of common knowledge that the average choir boy, in spite of his clean white face and his clean white stole, has "as much divilment in him as many that might be his father," as Micky Free says, and like the holy cherubim who had Eugene Aram for a pedagogue, is mighty apt at turning to mirth all things on earth. But in the present case I really think there was some excuse for the boys. At our jabberwock's first appearance in his cassock and white surplice there had been a good deal of tittering and giggling among these "little devils," as Croco afterwards described them; but

when they saw this ridiculous-looking monster, with his head a little on one side, his eyes turned up to the clerestory windows, his immense jaws wide open, showing all his great teeth in a sort of indescribable smile, as he thundered out in gyrating descent—

. . . . A man of  
Waw, aw aw aw aw aw  
aw aw aw aw aw aw  
aw aw aw aw aw aw  
aw aw aw aw aw aw  
a-w-w-w-w . . .

they one and all went off into a wild shriek of laughter, accompanied by the somewhat more subdued chortling of the choir men and the tittering of the whole congregation.

Who shall describe the ferocious glee of the paragraphs in *The Good Samaritan*, and *Balm*, over the "scandalous scene at St. Gloria Wryneck's." Who shall tell the utter inability of Bravurer, the famous tenor, to so much as attempt his own solo through sheer merriment; and the final and hopeless collapse of the selections. Who shall narrate the misery and despair of Mrs. Silas, and the bitter, bitter wrath of poor Croco, who flung violently out of "the place," as he called it, and dashed home in a frightful huff, and the eight o'clock train. Arrived there he sat down, and forthwith penned a really terrific epistle to the unlucky Silas, in which, among many other things, he said that it was a most shameful thing that one of the most splendid and glorious works ever written by a composer of sacred music should be publicly ridiculed in the very House of God itself; and an old friend *deliberately* exposed to the insults of a riotous and undisciplined choir, and the misbehaviour of a congregation too flippant and too aristocratic, he supposed, to be able to appreciate anything more exalted than Tarara-boom-de-ay; and, finally, roundly accused Silas of joining in the laughter. "I saw you with my own eyes," wrote Sam. And Silas, on reading out this monstrously unjust allegation, exploded something, no matter what, and his wife, trying hard to restrain her tears, rapped out, "Silas, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. What does it matter *what* the brute says?"

And must we not make some reference to poor Sam's disagreements with our club members. He quarrelled with Colonel Guttler for cutting off nearly the whole head of the last cauliflower at the club lunch; with Bob Puttick for laying him "a most deliberate" stymie; with Old Nobbler for sitting reading at one of the club writing-tables; with short-sighted old "Goggles" for "staring at him"; with Dick Driver for leaving him out of a second team match; with Colonel Tuber for blowing his confounded nose, "whoo-hoo" (said Sam), when our Saurian had made his record break of 19 at billiards (with five flukes), and had an easy cannon on to make 21; with Billy Gregson for turning up five minutes late; with "Piesse and Lubin" for hanging his overcoat on the same peg; with "Puff" Marsden for intercepting, for a moment, the club waiter, who was on his way to Sam with a "B. and S."; with "the Camel" for wetting Sam's favourite hair-brushes in the lavatory; with Jack Chance for his "cursed luck" with his strokes; with poor old Heavytop for playing too slow; with Tom Shanklin, his partner in a foursome, for walking too fast; with Bob Irons, in another foursome, for fooling an approach stroke which Sam, who had played shamefully all the way round, declared lost him the match; with Lounger for standing so as to catch what Sam termed "the tail" of his eye when he was teeing off; with Billy Farshaw, who beat Sam, giving him a stroke, by 10 up and 8 to play, and was called "a sort of scratch player" for his pains; with Schlemel Peters for not removing his "(blanked) footling, flickering shadow" from between Sam and the hole; and so on, and so forth. Who knows what were the thousand and one causes of our poor Ichthyosaurus's wrath, and is it a wonder if in our good-humoured club society he is looked on as something of a lunatic, and that men have become rather shy in these days of having a round with him.

His last quarrel has been with the clergyman of his own parish, one of the very best of men, as I happen to know. Sam simply went for him for wearing a black gown in the pulpit—"a most absurd dress in these days of enlightenment," quoth Samuel. The answer was not unnaturally a trifle calid; and the little misunderstanding grew at such a rate that Sam,

determined to show he would not be put upon by "a bullying Calvinist," flung up his pew in church, and had great light on the subject of Sunday being a day for true rest and recreation. In pursuance of this principle he took desperately to Sunday Golf, varied by happy hours spent, with an aggressive war-pipe between his teeth, putting on his own lawn, which adjoins the churchyard. One would think that the dear, Catholic-minded fellow would at least have wished to spare the feelings of the congregation, and have putted only out of church hours. Not at all! He was determined to make things as hot as he could for the unlucky Calvinist, and to assert the freedom of private judgment and the entire independence of the laity; and the more he worried the church-goers with his knickerbockers and blazing red coat (he always wore this raiment on the Sundays) the better he was pleased. Needless to dwell upon the wrath and dismay of the outraged church-folk who had to endure this sight on their way to and from service, and whose prayers and hymns and whose dear Rector's eloquence were continually interrupted on hot mornings, when the windows were open, by the "haw haws" and "brayvos" and delightfully elevating conversation of the non-church-going yokels and workmen who lined the churchyard wall regularly on the Sabbath day to see Sam putt. One pronouncement in especial of a member of this indignant Christian assembly has become historical. "My dear," said good little Keziah Zwinger to her sister over their frugal Sunday lunch, "I do hope it wasn't wicked, but when I saw that frightful monster this morning in that awful, awful scarlet garment, with the smoke pouring out of his abominable mouth, I declare positively and actually I could think of nothing else all the service but his likeness to the great red dragon."

This story found its way somehow into our Golf Club, where the ludicrous appropriateness of the description was immediately recognised, and the terror-stricken little spinster's *dictum* received with shouts of laughter; and one of the very funniest of all Jones' caricatures of Sam, of which we spoke at the beginning of this article, (his masterpiece in this style of drawing, as I and others think), is entitled "Keziah and the Dragon."

(To be continued.)

IMP.

### THE HAUNTED LINKS.

Far in the North, by the sad sea shore,  
Where the gulls' distant echoes awaken,  
And the waves answer back with a sullen roar,  
Lies a links overgrown and forsaken.

Washed by the fleck of the ocean spray,  
The greens by the salt sea skirted,  
Telling a tale of a bye-gone day,  
Though silent are they, and deserted.

Slowly I wandered from end to end,  
Watching the birds in their flitting,  
Till I found, where the grass and the seaweed blend,  
An old man dejectedly sitting.

"Where are the golfers that played of yore?"  
I asked, on his rough face gazing.  
"How does it come that they play no more?"  
And his answer to me was amazing.

His beard was long as the weeds that grow  
Where King Neptune still reigns in his glory,  
And shaking his wither'd locks to and fro,  
He told me his dismal story:

"Full many a year has pass'd away  
Since that cheerless and dreary morning,  
Since the voice of the golfer at his play  
Last rang in a timely warning.

"A good thirty years old Jock and I  
Had played round together daily;  
My ire was raised by an irksome lie,  
He took my misfortunes gaily,

"We had halved each hole on that fatal day  
(I wish you could only have seen us),  
But one remained, and a bunker lay,  
With a sandhill or two, between us.

"I don't know why—it was like my luck,  
On disaster I never had reckon'd—  
I drove in the bunker, and there I stuck,  
And he on the green with his second!"

"Not a word we spake, but in silence grim  
I stalked to where Fortune had placed me.  
I fancied a chuckle I heard from him  
At the mountain of sand which faced me.

"I hit with the niblick, and missed the ball,  
Then at it again, but topped it;  
It might have got clear away once for all,  
But the edge of the sandbank stopped it.

"One, two, and three, you're playing four,  
He cheerfully said beside me;  
In unspeakable rage I hit once more,  
While he waited hard by to deride me.

"That's four!" he cried, and I turned to frown,  
He could hardly for merriment stammer;  
I lifted my niblick, and brought it down  
On the top of his head, like a hammer.

"He dropped like a log, and I buried him there  
In a very bad lie—like a gutter;  
I buried him deep with a bit to spare,  
And I pounded him down with the putter.

"No niblick that ever was made," I said,  
'Will oust you from there, my youngster!  
You ought to be pleased to be lying dead  
While I am still in the bunker.'"

He stopped, and he hid his face and groaned,  
His spirit with terror was daunted.

"The golfers are frighten'd elsewhere," he moaned,  
"The place ever since has been haunted.

"If anyone stands by the eighteenth tee  
They will hear, with a ghastly insistence.  
(Or, indeed, if they happen to be near me),  
A faint cry of 'Fore!' in the distance.

"That 'Fore!' comes from lips that are closed in death."  
To his feet he sprang—"Hark!"—and appalling  
My soul, I could hear on the salt sea breath,  
A faint "Fore!" like a spirit calling!

Years have gone by, but memory shrinks  
From the thoughts of that stranger hoary,  
From the cry that I heard on that lonely links,  
From that horrid old man and his story.

As he and I listened in silent awe,  
His wretched old pulses shrivelling,  
Could it have been that I heard that "Fore!"  
Or was it a mad man's drivelling?

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## DE HÆRETICO.

What has happened to Mr. Andrew Lang? Is he also among the heretics? He, the laureate, the historiographer royal, whom we all supposed to love Golf as much as St. Andrews, where it is played! Scarcely a book, scarcely an article of his into which he introduces it not. We live in daily expectation of a proof that the game is more ancient than the Dorian invasion and the return of the Heraclidæ; that Callimachus wrote epigrams on it, and Apollonius Rhodius an epic; while we are now made aware that to King Prigio and Prince Ricardo it was not unknown. Yet it seems we were all wrong, for here are his words in last week's issue of the *Illustrated London News*:—"For all these reasons I would place cricket and football far above Golf." What, then, is to be done to Mr. Lang? The statute *De hæretico comburendo* no longer, we believe, graces the Statute-book, and such treatment as Servetus received is, we fear, antiquated, and no longer up to date; how, then, to retaliate? Clearly we must drive at Mr. Lang before he plays his second, and in the scanty time at our disposal offer a few remarks, though on reading his article one feels disposed, like Hezekiah, to turn one's face to the wall and collapse. Cricket we might have passed, but football! However, each one to his taste; men were deceivers ever, and of all deceivers Mr. Lang is the chief. He now lays down a condition not hitherto mentioned in this controversy, at least so far as we are aware, for we have not read the whole of it. This new requisite, without which a game is not first-class, is this: the ball must be in motion, and not sit passively still to be struck at, but must come at you "with intent to deceive." When batting one is confronted with manifold difficulties in respect of the pace of a ball, its spin, and so on, and doubtless it is extremely satisfactory to play a succession of "break-backs," to stop an occasional shooter, and generally to play a good innings. The bowler also is satisfied when his devices come off, and the field, "silly point" or elsewhere, rejoices when he brings off a hot catch.

To all that Mr. Lang advances in respect of these delights, we assent with cheerful alacrity. We are further with him when he descants of tennis and its charms; none recognise them more clearly than the present writer, who at one time used to spend certainly six days of the week in a tennis court; that is to say, such proportions of the days as the nature of the exercise would permit—but, devoted as he was to it, he would be unable to place it as a game before Golf. The truth seems to be, that throughout this controversy we appear to be arguing in a circle; it is an attempt to compare the incomparable. Why cannot we be content with saying that these games are *all* first-class, rather than attempt to prove Golf better or worse than another? Judged by Mr. Lang's standard, for instance, billiards at once goes to the wall, in favour of cricket and the rest; but how can you compare them any more than you can compare an onion and a bicycle. Both the onion and the bicycle may be first-class of their kind, and "there's an end on't." Their natures are essentially different. But we are far from being at one with Mr. Lang, in other things he instructs, us in. Reverting to cricket, he says, and very rightly, "that the wicket-keeper has, of all playful tasks the most arduous. On his nerve, hands and eyes, incessant demands are made," but he goes on to add that "Mr. Lyttelton as a wicket-keeper, knows how different, and how immeasurably higher is the mental and bodily strain at that post than anywhere at Golf." To this we propose with as much courtesy as possible, to move a direct negative. While in no degree venturing to place himself in any competition with Mr. Lyttelton in that branch of cricket (the idea were too preposterous) yet the present writer may be permitted to say he is not unacquainted with the duties and responsibilities of a wicket-keeper; it so happens that was the precise spot in the field for which he had most natural aptitude, therefore he may perhaps claim an advantage over Mr. Lang in this respect, that he discourses as of personal knowledge and experience. Let this one point, however, be conceded; that the *bodily* strain is higher than at Golf. Certainly the first day's wicket-keeping of the season taught one the lesson that the small of the back is an integral portion of the human anatomy, and the stiffness next day amounted to absolute pain. Golf certainly does not treat its votaries thus

cavalierly, even after the longest interval of rest. But to maintain that the *mental* strain is higher, *immeasurably* higher, too; no, Mr. Lang; a thousand times no! It is simply not to be compared to the mental strain at Golf. Behind the sticks, you have your chance of catching or stumping, and the whole thing is over in a *clin d'œil*. If you have caught your man, or stumped him, it is satisfactory (especially if on the leg side); if you have missed him it cannot be helped. The subsequent feelings of regret may be experienced; just as over the putt you missed, which would have given you the match; but the antecedent feelings (the mental strain) simply do not exist for the man behind the sticks; whereas at Golf that is the very mental strain—the long-drawn antecedent suspense, with an important match trembling in the balance; the hushed quietude of spectators (if no ladies are present). *That* is a strain, indeed, "immeasurably higher" than any ever experienced by the present writer in capacity of wicket-keeper.

Again, Mr. Lang observes that a "gallery" is odious to most players, giving this as an additional reason why cricket and football, where "galleries" are harmless, and, indeed, encouraging, should be preferred before Golf. We suppose it is not unfair to assume, for purposes of argument, that a golfer would not have a "gallery" if he were not a good player. The general public have no wish to see the fooler at work. This admitted, we then assert that golfers by no means object to a gallery; indeed, and this may be news to Mr. Lang, one of the very foremost, objected (in the writer's hearing) to play for the Amateur Championship at Sandwich, "because there would not be a good gallery." No; most players like to have an appreciative audience—to be surrounded by a few hundred people who take an obvious interest in their proceedings: Willie Campbell, for instance, was never more in his glory than when he had several thousands behind him in one of his big matches. Where crowds are like these, no distracting influences are felt, and besides, they are sure to be almost all golfers, who know how to behave. A far more fertile source of exasperation is the solitary wanderer, who, having been in a state of rest away from the line of your stroke, puts himself in motion, and comes into your aggrieved ken at the precise moment when you draw back your club to strike. Dogs, of course, are unwelcome, and out of place, but so too would they be on the cricket-field; but the kodak fiend as yet has not swooped down on us in numbers sufficiently large to constitute a serious nuisance. We demur also to the statement that "except in a foursome where a man is much inferior to his partner, there is no corporate sentiment, no need of discipline, no playing under orders." Has Mr. Lang never watched, stroke by stroke, a really first-class foursome? It is a pleasure to be partner to such as, say, Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville, or Mr. Macfie, and take note of the "corporate sentiment" inspired, and prevailing in such a match. Has he never noticed the strange success engendered of mutual confidence between two good and equal players, who often manage to win against opponents individually stronger than either of them, in virtue of this very sentiment, of playing into one another's hands? Time, however, fails for more extended criticism. With much of Mr. Lang's article we are in cordial agreement; the English beginners counting every stroke in little books; their pot-hunting Jones turned loose with an allowance of thirty-five; all this is excellent—and true. But, as to the general sentiments expressed, we would fain hope that Mr. Lang has written in defiance of his real judgment; that he has perpetrated a jape, and is laughing in his sleeve at the flutter among the doves which his latest article is likely to produce.

H. S. C. EVERARD.

COUNTY DOWN GOLF CLUB.—Although a good entry turned out for the club prize, played for at Newcastle on the 16th inst., very few returned their cards, as the south-westerly gale played sad havoc with the scores. The prize was won by the worthy captain of the club, Major Wallace, who played a very steady round, despite the storm, he being the only one not disqualified who returned a net score of under 100, his score being 111, less 12=99.

CANTERBURY GOLF CLUB.—The monthly medal competition of this club was held on the 20th inst., in very unfavourable weather. The result was a tie between Mr. E. S. London and Mr. T. H. Oylor, with a net score of 96. About a dozen members played.

## THE ROMANCE OF A BUNKER.

There could be no doubt that she had a very pretty swing, and still less doubt that she was a very pretty girl. At least so thought Sir Willoughby Terence as he strolled across the links on his way home from the station. Sir Willoughby did not know many people in the place, as he was living in rooms. Indeed, he was rather inclined to look down on the inhabitants, and only played Golf with a select few among the members of the club. But he had noticed this girl before, and, perhaps, if he had been longer in the place, he would have known more about her, as she was one of the despised inhabitants. She looked so fresh and charming this evening, however, that Sir Willoughby slackened his pace to see how she would get over the bunker she was approaching, when she looked up and saw him near. With pardonable vanity she tried to make an extra good stroke, the result being that she topped her ball, and it rolled into the bunker. Now, Sir Willoughby, seeing how matters stood, should, no doubt, have hurried away; but he did not. On the contrary, he even went slower than before, in order to see how she would get out of the difficulty. With glowing cheeks she approached the ball, niblick in hand, and, after two or three frantic strokes, succeeded in landing it on the farther side. In haste she scrambled up after it, but, catching her foot in an obstruction at the top, she fell back into the bunker with a cry of pain. Sir Willoughby, who, by this time had gone on, turned back on hearing the cry, and, seeing a damsel in distress, he hurried up like a true knight errant, and, lifting his hat, politely offered his assistance.

"I think I am all right, thank you," answered the girl, but, as she tried to rise, a spasm of pain passed over her face, and she sunk down again on the side of the bunker. Sir Willoughby assisted her to a bank near, where she would be free from approaching golfers, and then collected her clubs and ball.

"I am afraid you are badly hurt," he said, as he saw how pale she was.

"I shall be better directly, thank you," she answered, "but I am afraid I have sprained my ankle; it was rather weak."

"You must allow me to help you home," said Sir Willoughby, not altogether sorry for the accident; "but I don't think you had better move just yet," and he seated himself by her side on the bank. In a short space of time the young lady said that she was sufficiently recovered to be conducted home, and though the effort to walk was very painful to her, the task of assisting the limping footsteps of the lady was highly interesting to Sir Willoughby.

When Sir Willoughby had safely escorted his fair charge to her home, and had given her into the hands of a domestic, he felt there was nothing more to do except to go home and think about her, and of the charming manner in which she had thanked him. He had intended to play Golf, but he somehow felt that it would be a failure if he tried, so he went into the club to see what was going on.

A member of the Golf Club had been appointed mayor of the large town which gave the club its name. It is not every club that can boast of a mayor among its members, and certainly not of one who, as in this case, is generous enough to present a handsome cup to be played for by hole tournament, under handicap, during the first six months of his mayoralty. The semi-finals had been played, and Sir Willoughby had held his own all through. His friends told him that he was sure to win. This evening an exciting match was being played between Mr. Dicksen, a friend of Sir Willoughby's, and a Mr. Brown, and Sir Willoughby would have to play the winner for the cup. Before Sir Willoughby had been very long in the club these gentlemen came in, and he was disappointed to learn that his friend had been beaten. Sir Willoughby did not stop to speak to the winner, but went off with his friend to condole with him, and hear what sort of man Mr. Brown was.

"He's not much, I should think," said Dicksen enigmatically; "but he plays a very fair game."

"I thought he was a shocking 'bounder,' the only time I ever spoke to him," said Sir Willoughby, "but I suppose I must meet him. I've set my heart on winning this cup. Do you think I can beat him?"

"Of course you can," answered Dicksen; "you can always beat me, and he only just pulled off the match owing to my

exceeding bad luck;" and thereupon he entered into an elaborate description of every hole he had lost, while Sir Willoughby listened sympathetically and thought of the fair incognita.

Sir Willoughby did not see much of the lady during the next day or two, but he called daily to hear how she was. On inquiry, he heard that her name was Brown. He did not, however, attach much importance to that circumstance, as there were several players of the name of Brown in the club, and the lady in whom he was interested could not, he imagined, be related to the "bounder" with whom he was going to play in the final for the cup. His feelings, however, received a considerable shock when, upon her recovery, he saw her leaning on the arm of the stout, red-faced man to whom he had that morning written fixing a day for their match. Report credited Mr. Brown with being fabulously rich, and the family certainly lived in a beautiful house, and Sir Willoughby, though as proud as Lucifer, was not over-burdened with this world's goods. Could anything have been more unfortunate? But Miss Brown looked so bewitching that he felt himself constrained to hurry up to her and express his congratulations on her speedy recovery.

"I did not know it was you, Sir Willoughby, that helped my Kitty home that night, as she did not know your name; but I am sure we are deeply obliged to you, and I hope you will do us the honour of coming to see us."

Sir Willoughby was surprised. He had not expected Mr. Brown to speak like that, and he promised eagerly to go and see them.

"Well," said Mr. Brown to his daughter as they went home, "I wish I could do something to show my gratitude to that young man, but it is almost impossible. Ah!" as an idea struck him, "I will let him win that cup; I know he wants it."

That evening Sir Willoughby called on his friend Dicksen and told him of his difficulties.

"It's awfully awkward, you know. I've always refused to know that fellow Brown, and now I've fallen in love with his daughter. What on earth am I to do? He's as rich as Croesus; so I can't propose to the girl."

"Well," said Dicksen, "how would it be if you let old Brown win this cup? He'd be awfully pleased, as he has never won anything before."

"Good idea!" cried Sir Willoughby. "I'd sooner win the girl than the cup, and I can let him win by missing a few putts, you know."

Accordingly, on the appointed day the opponents met, each having made up his mind to let the other win. A small crowd had assembled to see them play, as the tournament for the cup had been a matter of great interest at the club. The onlookers were very much astonished when first Mr. Brown, and then Sir Willoughby, missed short putts, or fozzled their shots and sent the ball into a bunker from a good lie.

"By Jove!" whispered Sir Willoughby to Dicksen, who was walking round with them, "I do believe the old boy is up to the same game as I am. What's to be done?"

"Halve the match if you can't lose," advised Dicksen, "and then scratch—that is, if it's worth it; but I think you are making an ass of yourself. Win the cup and then go in for the girl!"

But Sir Willoughby was not of the same opinion, and at the fourteenth hole he had contrived to get two holes down. Mr. Brown, however, was not to be outdone; he was an obstinate man, and having once made up his mind to lose he did not intend to win, so at the sixteenth hole they were all even.

Sir Willoughby made a good drive at the seventeenth, and won the hole by an accidentally good putt, but managed to lose the eighteenth by fozzling three iron shots and missing a short putt. So the match was halved—nothing gained or lost!

Sir Willoughby wrote to Mr. Brown that night, saying that he found he must scratch for the cup, as he had so many pressing engagements, and he congratulated Mr. Brown on the possession of it. Imagine his disgust next morning at receiving a note from his opponent to the same effect!

"Oh! dash it all!" cried Sir Willoughby. "I must go and have it out with him!"

He called upon Mr. Brown that evening, and either the old gentleman was a diplomat, or Sir Willoughby was very much



in love; but before an hour was over the last-named had declared his reason for wishing to give up the cup. He had been flattered by Mr. Brown's evident appreciation of his merits, and had agreed to meet him on equal terms the next week, in spite of his pressing engagements.

The result of the second match was that Sir Willoughby, playing a splendid game, won the cup; and after he had become better acquainted with the Brown family, had the satisfaction of winning Miss Kitty as well.

H. M. F.

A PROFESSIONAL match between Tom Dunn and Douglas Rolland will be held over the Furzedown course of the Tooting Bec Golf Club on Saturday, January 13th. The play will consist of thirty-six holes, beginning at ten o'clock.

THE Corporation of Bournemouth are taking an important step in the interests of Golf. Recognising the advantage of the game as an aid to the attractions of the town as a health resort, especially in the winter months, they are laying out a fine eighteen-hole course in the Bournemouth Park. Tom Dunn's opinion has been asked as to the suitability of the ground, and he has planned out a course between two and three miles in length, as well as a ladies' course of nine holes. There is no crossing. A great deal of work will be necessary to prepare the ground before play can take place; but we understand that the Corporation are prepared to spend a good deal of money in order to attain their end. The Corporation are to be congratulated on their foresight, and corporations elsewhere in England and in Scotland might do worse things with the ratepayers' money than in providing such a useful public recreation ground.

#### WEST CORNWALL CLUB.

The annual meeting of West Cornwall Golf Club was held at the club-room, on Lelant Towans, on Wednesday, last week. Notwithstanding the very unfavourable weather there was a fair attendance. Mr. T. Mudge, captain of the club, presided. Mr. P. Marrack, hon. treasurer, was prevented from being present by family bereavement, but presented his accounts through the hon. secretary. They showed that over £162 had been received, and £101 expended during the year, leaving a credit balance of £51 2s. 6d. About £60 had been expended on the greens during the year. Rev. R. F. Tyacke, hon. secretary, reported that the club was in a very healthy condition, there being an increase of twenty-three members during the year, the total number of members now being 140. It is intended to lease the Towans for fourteen years from Michaelmas next. The cottage has been found very useful, and several members have taken advantage of the sleeping accommodation provided. The workman employed has made great improvements throughout the links. The club rules have been revised by the committee, and have been approved by a general meeting of the club. They are bound up with the revised St. Andrews Rules of Play. There are now eight club competitions, viz., Club and Bolitho Challenge Cups, Club Prize, Fox Medal, Spring and Autumn Handicap Prizes, Seton Challenge Trophy (Ladies), Easter Prize (Ladies). The thanks of the club are due to Mr. Robert Fox for the gift of the "Fox medal," to the captain for a prize for ladies' competitions, and to Mr. C. W. Smith for the present of a barometer to be placed in the pavilion. Lord St. Leven was re-elected president, and Messrs. T. B. Bolitho, M.P., C. T. Praed, and R. W. G. Tyringham, vice-presidents. Mr. T. Mudge was unanimously re-elected captain. Mr. P. Marrack, treasurer, and the Rev. R. F. Tyacke and Mr. W. J. Taylor, hon. secretary and assistant hon. secretary respectively. It was decided to hold the annual competitions between the middle of September and the middle of October. The ladies' competitions were fixed for Easter Tuesday and the first week in April. A pleasing incident of the meeting was the presentation of a cheque to the hon. secretary, as a mark of appreciation of his services during the four years the club has existed. Reference was made to his zeal and attention, and more than one alluded to the enhanced interest the game afforded, in being able to meet him on the links. The Rev. R. F. Tyacke responded, and thanked his fellow members for their kindly remarks and testimonial.

Another pleasing event was the presentation to Mr. T. Mudge, captain, of the Fox medal for the best six scores, 108 holes, during the past twelve months.

## Reviews.

### MR. LANG'S "ST. ANDREWS."

There are few subjects on which at one time or other, Mr. Lang has not discoursed with that light touch, that easy grace, which are his distinguishing characteristics. On every topic the wide range of his reading invests his work, one may say, with 'all the authority of the specialist; who, then, so fit, to write historically on his beloved St. Andrews? which, as the scribe says, "is called after him." Decidedly there was room for such a book as that under notice. Fifty years have elapsed since a history of St. Andrews was written by the Rev. C. J. Lyon; but while the accuracy of some of his facts is not beyond dispute, there are others, of which either he was not aware, or being aware, has failed to record. More, the style of the episcopalian minister (who wrote before the disruption) is not such as to attract the general reader; the average golfer, for instance, desirous of learning something of the history of the Mecca of his summer pilgrimage, will scarcely plod through these somewhat ponderous pages. What cares he for Kelach I. and II., for Malisius, for Tothaldus or Twadal, and the rest of them, for the diffuse quotations from Wyntoun, or if he does wade through them, it shall surely be counted to him for righteousness, proving him to be above and beyond the average reader in his historico-archaeological proclivities. Meeting with such a sentence as, "At the period now under our review," one instinctively prepares for the worst, and happy he who has brought the art of skipping to a science. But while with Mr. Lyon tardigrade Clio lumbers heavily, at Mr. Lang's invitation to the dance she trips it right merrily—*pede libero*.

The task has been one of no small difficulty, but in spite of this, it seems to us that Mr. Lang in this field has done what Proctor, Sir Robert Ball, and Tyndall have done for us in others. In pre-historic St. Andrews we seem to see a parallel to the nebular hypothesis. Nothing could well be more nebulous than the bits of legends, fables, myths, floating about without coherence, the problem was to construct from them a cosmos, some system of interdependence; in short, to lay before the reader some reasonably probable account of how St. Andrews came to exist at all. In this, Mr. Lang (following Mr. Skene) has been manifestly successful. But decidedly its existence and rise were due to no natural advantages, but rather "to causes spiritual and intellectual, to religion and learning." Still, looking to its history as a whole the author finds it in a way "undeniably disappointing"; we all know that the events occurred, that Wallace, Bruce, Edward I., and the Black Douglas were there, but not till after the Reformation do we find any "vivifying details." "The history of St. Andrews for more than half its period is destitute of colour and personal fact."

In his introductory chapter the author discusses the various forms of the fable accounting for the origin of St. Andrews. But there was a Christian establishment before the relics of the Apostle arrived. Therefore the priests of St. Andrews invented one myth, wherein Regulus, who carried off the relics in Constantine's time, was a monk and an abbot, thus accounting for a monastic foundation; and they invented a second myth, wherein that worthy was a bishop, hence a later form of Church and secular clergy. As to the shadowy Regulus of Constantine, he probably has been mixed up with a namesake, an Irish monk and real historical character, who lived, however, some two-hundred-and-fifty years later; a contemporary of St. Columba, in fact, and a member of that proselytising Church which did so much good work in the Western Islands, and also in the East of Scotland, traces of which remain in such words as "Inchcolme," "Icolmkil," and so on, to this day. Thus it appears there *was* a Regulus, but he had nothing to do with the relics of St. Andrew; there *was* a victorious Pictish king, Ungus, but he had nothing to do with Regulus, and did not give him grants of land at Muckcross, Kilmont, or elsewhere. "The two legends are blended into one story, as Charles Martel is blended with Karl in the heroic French poetry of the Middle Ages."

Follows an account of the Culdees, "a body of men who have greatly puzzled the learned." Originally living hermit lives,

they subsequently formed a community. "Solitude, they found, was delightful, when once you could say to someone, 'How delightful is solitude.'" They finally vanish into space in the fourteenth century.

St. Andrews has ever been a hot-bed of religious strife, and in the tenth and twelfth centuries we see Roman and English influences on one side, ancient Celtic notions on the other, in sharp antagonism. The extermination of the latter was due principally to the Norman Conquest, which drove exiles of noble blood, such as Edgar Etheling and his sister, into Scotland, where the latter, "Saint Margaret," married King Malcolm, and laid the foundation of a new order of things.

At this point we are introduced to the St. Andrews of the bishops, amongst whom Turgot, of Durham, deserves notice (1107) as a convenient *point de départ* for reforms. He founded and endowed the parish church, represented by the present Town Kirk in South Street. Bishop Robert was also an important person. Under his episcopate King Alexander gave grants of land called the Boars' Chase. "Ever since Vishnu took the avatar of a boar that animal has had an extraordinary habit of being in at the beginning of things." Similarly there is the Queer's College (Oxford) legend, and also a Boar-hills near the English University town.

Dr. Robertson is of opinion that Robert endowed St. Andrews with the great tower of St. Rule, and he certainly founded the Priory, 1144. Bishop Roger, in 1200, built the castle as his residence, but the present ruins do not cover nearly all the space which it once occupied. Bishop Wishart founded the Blackfriars Monastery of Dominicans, *Domini canes*, who howled against heresy. The ruins still stand in the Madras College playground. Centuries later Cardinal Beaton was buried in the Blackfriars, nameless indignities having been offered to his body after his assassination, as may be read by the curious in the garrulous pages of Pitscottie.

Arnold and Lamberton are inseparably connected with the Cathedral, the former as its founder, 1159—the latter as having dedicated it, 1318, four years after Bannockburn, which victory gave leisure for attention to ecclesiastical matters. This prelate seems to have been in nowise imbued with the sanctity of an oath. In easy parlance he may be described as a regular bad lot, and like Autolycus, in Homer,

ἀνθρώπους ἐκέκαστο

κλεπτοσύνη θ' ὄρκω τε

outdid all men at thieving and at the oath—forswearing himself in 1296; (i.) on the Consecrated Host; (ii.) on the Gospels; (iii.) on the Cross Neyth; (iv.) on the Black Rood of Scotland—"this was hard swearing," and seven years later he was still at it. He died in 1328, followed shortly by his ally, the victor of Bannockburn. From this time to the days of Queen Anne the duty of the "trew Kirk," which was now one thing, now another, consisted in "ruiting out herytykis and enemies," and making itself generally disagreeable to all who did not conform to its tenets.

"At the height of the glory of St. Andrews was thus sown the seed of her shame, a shame that endured from the burning of Paul Craw to the burning of the altars of the Episcopalians, here after the Forty-five."

The next historical point is the Great Schism, the period embracing the residence of the anti-Popes at Avignon. The most remarkable of them, Peter di Luna, was responsible, in conjunction with Bishop Wardlaw, for the foundation of the University—1411. About now the morals of the clergy were better than they were at a later date, and on the authority of Fordun we have it that if any of the canons "perceptibly" kept a mistress, imprisonment or loss of benefice was to ensue. "Perceptibly" is good.

Bishop Kennedy now founds the College of St. Salvator, 1458, endowing it richly with vestments, jewels and other gear. In 1512, Prior Hepburn added the new college of St. Leonard's, and drew up rules for the students, who had to wear "dusky" garments, even as raiment of "subfusk" hue is, or was, prescribed by the Oxford statutes. The young men were to be nursed by an "elderly" nurse if they happened to be "languidi"—in bad health—a provision which was possibly evaded by Montrose a hundred and fifteen years later, when he was nursed by Miss Pett, the daughter of the Tom Morris of the day. We take up the story again at the beginning of

the Reformation. Knox appears on the scene, and we have an account of the villainous martyrdom of Patrick Hamilton, on the authority of Alane, the only eye-witness whose account survives. Pitscottie, however, gives details, which, whether true or not, are decidedly interesting reading. Hamilton, opposing old ideas, occupied much the same position as Shelley, who was expelled from Oxford, and "whatever else changes, courage and honour do not change, and Patrick Hamilton who might have escaped, died like a hero for his point of honour, like a martyr for his creed, like a good citizen in obedience to the laws of his country."

The history of St. Andrews now becomes more instinct with life, more individualised, and for the next hundred and fifty years or so its story is mainly that of the principal actors passing across the stage—Cardinal Beaton, Andrew Melville, Archbishop Sharp. Stirring events begin to jostle each other, and chapters five to eight, deal with the advent of Mary of Guise (the "Duches of Loren, Queine of Scotland," as Pitscottie calls her), her marriage to James V., the burning of George Wishart, and the death of Cardinal Beaton at the hands of Normand Leslie, and the rest. Next, the castle is besieged, and finally taken by the French, who thoroughly sacked it, and "spoylled very righteously," a phrase which curiously seems to have made no impression on Mr. Lang, or at any rate he does not quote it. Of the sack of the Cathedral, few details are known, Knox and his crew regarded any church property they could grab, as "well won geir" and they agreed, as it is euphemistically stated, to "remove all monuments of idolatry, which also they did with expedition." Thus the Cathedral fell—with dishonour—"the Church's doctrines had ceased to be credible, her ceremonies were mummeries, her clergy immoral, and the end came with disgrace."

Queen Mary at St. Andrews, the execution of the romantic Chastelard, the burning of the witches, are all noted. Andrew Melville at St. Andrews, and Montrose at that city, are succeeded by the respective reigns of the Saints and of the Sinners; and so we arrive at the murder of Archbishop Sharp, for which Hackston of Rathillet, and Guilon, who alone dealt no blow, were executed.

The decay of St. Andrews is associated with the time of Dr. Johnson's visit, 1773; and, indeed, as Lord Bute recently remarked, the *inimic call* was reached when the Duke of Cumberland was elected Chancellor, though, to be sure, that took place after Culloden, twenty-seven years previously.

Dr. Chalmers, Tulloch, Shairp, Sir Hugh Playfair, and others, represent recent St. Andrews, and the book closes with a somewhat pathetic account of Sir Walter Scott's last visit. Mr. Lang omits the fact of the great novelist having been irregularly elected Rector of the University, though he declined the honour.

One or two remarks suggest themselves as criticisms. The portrait of Tom Morris is inserted at page 144, when, in very sooth, he should have appeared at page 346, where we read of "the merits, so kindly and genial, of famous Tom Morris, the Nestor of Golf and wale o' auld men." As he stands he is as out of place as a "live trout in a lime basket," for the tale is of burning and slaughter, the actors Beaton, Normand Leslie, Kirkaldy of the Grange, and the rest. Yet it would appear as though poor Tom, geniality and all, were in some way *particeps criminis*, a sharer in these nefarious transactions. On page 312 we read, "Knox, Winram, and the rest of the godly, when writing to Beza in 1666." Knox died 1572, and Beza 1605; the mistake, of course, is no fault of Mr. Lang's.

Facing page 332 a full page plate, obviously representing Market Street, is called "South Street, before the trees." In quoting the old Chronicles the spelling is sometimes, but not always, modernised. Perhaps, in the interests of consistency, it had been better always to modernise, or, preferably, always to give the exact original, which is frequently piquant and quaint.

It is fair to golfers to say that not much will be found about the game, the following extracts almost exhaust the allusions. James Melville writes (1566) that when at school at Montrose his master taught him "to handle the bow for archerie, the glub for Goff, the batons for fencing, also to rin, to loope, to swoom, to warsell, to preive pratticks, everie ane haiffing his matches and andagonist, bathe in our lessons and play" (we quote the original). Again, he had "bow, arrose, glub and bals, but nocht a purs for catchpull and tavern."

Montrose, 1627-9, was always buying Golf-balls (tos.) and



Golf clubs; always winning or losing at Golf, and finally "William Sharpe's Golf-balls and clubs are occasionally mentioned," William being the archbishop's son. Here then we finish our notice; the reader will gain much interesting information about old St. Andrews; he will be struck by the parallelisms which frequently occur, not only in political situations separated by wide intervals, but similarly in events affecting individual history. To all of these Mr. Lang draws attention. To the general reader the book will be welcome; whether it will receive the *imprimatur* of the historical expert is not for us to say. Mr. Lang himself modestly assures us that the interesting sketches by Mr. Thomas Hodge, with which the book is illustrated, suggested to him the idea of supplementing them with some word-pictures of "the half obliterated past." The advantages are reciprocal, and Mr. Hodge is to be congratulated on having selected points of view not usually represented.

ANNUAL OF THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN CURLING CLUB, 1893-4.

It is with unfeigned pleasure we notice the improvement and advance made by the recognised organ of the great sister Scottish sport, as it appears year by year. Under the able hands of its accomplished editor, the Rev. Mr. Kerr, of Dirleton—the deservedly popular author of the standard work on the game and its history—the volume leaves little to be desired. For the Annual is very much more than a mere bundle of rules and records and somewhat arid statistics, though to these much space has necessarily been spared. Mr. Kerr has, over and above these, given us much pleasant reading in his *Miscellanea*, along with some excellent illustrations—the most noteworthy of which are, perhaps, a couple of groups, the first at Davos Platz, of all places in the world for the roaring game, and the second of a couple of rinks from that formidable Fife Club, the Rothies, with their pretty pavilion and woodland in the back-ground. The present issue is a great improvement on the earlier volumes. It is not a little noteworthy that the Scottish games of Golf and curling seem to be equally prolific in producing sweet, jovial song-writers. This volume is packed with curling harmony and humour.

THE GOLFER.

(With Apologies to Doctor Watts.)

'Tis the voice of the golfer, I heard him complain,  
"Just like my d—ed luck, I have missed it again,  
But a little more 'loft' and it would have lain 'dead';"  
Then he flung down his pet club and broke off its head.

"A little more 'swing,' and a little more practice";  
Thus he wastes half his days, I lament, but the fact is.  
And when he does read, it is only to glance  
In the Badminton Golf-book to study his "stance."

I passed by his links, and heard the word "liar!"  
His oaths and his language grow broader and higher.  
The clothes that hung on him showed much of his legs,  
And his money still wastes on his balls and his "pegs."

I paid him a visit, still hoping to find  
That he took better care for improving his mind;  
He told me his "scores," talked of "driving" and "putting,"  
But he scarce ate his lunch—"One can't drive after stuffing."

Said I, then, to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me,  
This man's but a picture of what I might be;  
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,  
Who taught me betimes to love 'batting' and 'fielding.'"

RED FLAG.

TENBY GOLF CLUB.—Gentlemen's handicap, December 23rd:—Mr. M. M. Thomas, 106, less 24=82; Mr. O. W. Span, 118, less 30=88; Mr. H. Garnett, 108, less 17=91; Mr. A. C. Evans, 101, less 9=92; Mr. G. T. Smyth, 94, plus 2=96. Messrs. H. J. Allen, T. A. Rees, H. T. Smyth, O. H. Fisher, and Col. Lloyd retired.



As this number of GOLF reaches its readers, the old year is preparing to putt out at the last hole, and the new year to drive off from the first teeing ground. Success to the "Tee-shot!"

The Belle of the Ball—"The Lady-Golfer."

One of the books worthy of attention by golfers is Mr. Andrew Lang's volume on St. Andrews, just issued by Messrs Longman and Co., and exhaustively reviewed in another column. Its object, as its author says, "is modest." The history of St. Andrews, like the history of Golf, has yet to be written, and Mr. Lang, though he writes on both, only "stops a gap" till the Gibbon of each shall appear. He does not even look into the documents that relate to the old metropolis of Golf; leaving these to some great unknown, a "far better qualified student, by whom a history much more elaborate and learned is being written." Who can this be? Then Mr. Lang is not responsible for the idea of the volume. The tail wags the dog. The volume was due to the illustrations, and was suggested by them. Golfers all know how much the Badminton book owed to the illustrations of Mr. T. Hodge. The same hand is here. And both the letterpress and the illustrations are capital, and go to make a "book no golfer's library should be without."

True, no doubt, Mr. Lang's volume does not give the history of Golf at St. Andrews, but rather a history of St. Andrews for those who "may care to know more of that venerable town than can be learned from assiduous application to Golf." But one cannot read the volume without getting a good many interesting notices that help one to piece together the history of the Royal and Ancient game at this, its chief resort. As instances we may take at random chapters VIII. and IX. In the former we have James Melville with his "club and balls" playing the game (which he had been taught at Montrose when at school) as a student of St. Leonards in 1574—a fact which, as Mr. Lang has elsewhere noted, has escaped the observation of Mr. Clark. In chapter IX. we have the great Montrose, also as a student there (p. 230), described—"He is always buying Golf balls (10 shillings) and Golf clubs, always loosing or winning at Golf." And again (p. 231) "If we find Montrose paying a "chirurgion" for mending a boy's broken head, we may plausibly conjecture that he had hit the boy with a drive at Golf."

We are not far off the mark if we add that to golfers by far the most valuable part of Mr. Lang's book is the illustration opposite p. 144. It is old Tom Morris, and the most characteristic likeness of any we have yet seen. It is quite a gem, and will be highly prized.

"Dear Mr. Editor," writes an East Lothian golfer, "You will no doubt do justice in GOLF to the dainty volume of verses by the late John Thomson, just issued by William Hodge and Co., Glasgow, who deserve the greatest praise for the 'get-up' of the book. A look at that fine portrait reminds me of many happy hours spent in Mr. Thomson's company, when he used

to reside with his cousin, Mr. Guild, at the Abbey Farm, North Berwick. He was the soul of any gathering, poetical, musical, humorous, one of the best of mimics, grand at 'doing' Henry Irving or Toole, and amiss with no one he took in hand to personate; 'Dean Stanley' was one of his best efforts. Alas! that such a merry, promising life should have been quenched in darkness so soon; but 'whom the gods love die young.' One of the best things in the book is "To T. D. T.," whom we recognise as the popular captain and secretary of the Archerfield Club, a namesake of the poet. The two had many great matches together on East Lothian greens. I am glad to hear that my friend Mr. D. Scott-Duncan, the editor of the *Golfing Annual*, in which most, if not all, of the golfing songs appeared, is to have a notice of Mr. Thomson, by Mr. Gillespie, Glasgow, in next volume, accompanied by a portrait.

\* \* \*

The Stanmore Club, following the example of a good many of its neighbours in the London district, has just decided to allow play on Sundays.

\* \* \*

The Toryglen Golf Club (near Crosshill), Glasgow, was formed on November 15th last, the provisional committee having 135 names of intending members. Up to date, names have come in rapidly, and now the membership numbers 210 (limit 250). Terms: 21s. entrance fee, and 21s. yearly subscription. The course is ten minutes distant from Crosshill Station (south side of Glasgow), and lies alongside the Caledonian Railway. It is covered with splendid turf, grass being very short, and is altogether admirably suited for Golf. It has been laid out by William Fernie, of Troon, into nine holes, and, in his opinion, it makes a perfect inland course. The double round is nearly 3 miles in length, the shortest hole being 160 yards, and the longest 480 yards. Every drive but one has some difficulty to get over. The burn is crossed three times, which, with hedges, fences, and a few trees, make quite a number of hazards. The office-bearers are:—Captain, Mr. Charles Slater; secretary, Mr. T. McClelland, jun.; treasurer, Mr. Andrew Thomson. The club intends to start a monthly medal competition in January, and in the spring they expect to have one of the best inland courses in Scotland.

\* \* \*

"An Amateur" writes:—"Another Indignant Pro.,' in 'Tee Shots,' December 15th, says Rolland is comparatively an untried golfer, and why should he be elevated to the very head? As a professional Rolland never has played for the Championship; therefore his performances in those matches cannot outshine those of Willie Park, Willie Fernie, or Ben Sayers. As an amateur Rolland played for the Championship at Prestwick in 1884, when Jack Simpson won, Rolland and Willie Fernie tying for second place. Willie Park and, I think, B. Sayers were playing. As a professional, during the last nine years he has beaten Willie Park, Willie Fernie, and Ben Sayers each time they have met. In the tournament at Sandwich, where every leading professional of the day played, he ran into the final round, being beaten by Archie Simpson after a tie, by a putt, in playing hole and hole to decide. He won first prize for the two best scores. In the tournament at Westward Ho! against all the best professional talent, he beat B. Sayers in the deciding round, after, I think, playing twenty-one holes; he there also won first prize for the two best scores in the competition. Last year, at St. Anne's, in a thirty-six hole scoring competition, Rolland divided first and second prize with Archie Simpson, beating again W. Park, W. Fernie, B. Sayers, besides A. and H. Kirkaldy, A. Herd, T. Varden, D. Brown, Mr. John Ball, Mr. H. H. Hilton, and others. He has played Hugh Kirkaldy several matches, and won each time, and quite recently he beat J. Taylor, who had the better of Andrew Kirkaldy in a match last year. Rolland, as an amateur, in 1883, beat Mr. John Ball on both greens in an home-and-home match, and since becoming a professional he has more than held his own. He has beaten every professional of note in one or the other tournaments referred to above. In the Open Championship at Sandwich next year it is to be hoped Rolland will compete, fit and well, with a fair share of luck. Those who beat him will perhaps forgive 'An Indignant Pro.' calling him the best golfer in the world."

It is now understood that the extension of North Berwick Links will shortly be accomplished, arrangements being in progress to lease from Archerfield estate a considerable portion of the benty ground which lies west of the present far-out, or tenth, hole,

\* \* \*

The charge of one penny per ticket for Golf on the Braids Course, Edinburgh, is not to pass unchallenged any more than the Musselburgh proposal, even although no demur appears to be made by the golfers of the city. Sheriff Blair, who is himself a golfer, is not sure that the magistrates, under any by-law regulating a game, can make a charge for the same, and he has deferred the matter till January 3rd for further consideration. The point raised is one of great importance.

\* \* \*

"The abnormal and unprecedented result of a contest which took place last Saturday on the Warwickshire Golf Club's links at St. Mary's Common was, that twenty-two Englishmen defeated a like number of Scottish antagonists by 34 holes." (For particulars of match see "Competitions.") So says the *Daily Telegraph* of December 19th; and forthwith the paper launches into an elaborate leader on the game, which is chiefly remarkable for the free use that it is made of Mr. Arthur Balfour's Badminton and other contributions to the game. On the same date the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives an article on "Continental Side-Views of the Ancient Game." Dinard, the best links in France; Pau, which has the oldest club; Biarritz, where matches and score competitions are never ending; and Cannes, where ladies and men compete in loving amity beneath the abounding grace of the Russian Grand Duke, all have kindly notice. We hesitate to say what influence on the future of Golf this interest of the London daily may have. Let us hope for the best; but the writing, with the exception of Mr. Andrew Lang's, in the *Daily News* and the *Saturday Review*, is far from being well informed.

\* \* \*

To the reminiscences of contrast and rivalry between Biarritz and Pau, given by the *Pall Mall* writer, we may add this, which recently reached us from an English golfer who occasionally plays at Biarritz:—"A Pau golfer, who came over to Biarritz for the annual inter-club match, on arriving at the teeing-ground for the sixth hole, stood aghast. "This!" he said. "What is this? Is it a grouse moor, or a deer forest?"

\* \* \*

Golf, with its usual ubiquity, had a look in at the great Ardlamont trial. Monson, who has so narrowly saved his neck, and who seems to have been a man of much resource without any resources (if such a phrase may be used), in writing to Tottenham, who supplied the "oof," says of a friend of poor Cecil Hambrough: "I do not know if he shoots, but he is awfully gone on Golf, and I have no doubt he would be delighted to come up here and join in the Golf tournament." Was this at Machrihanish, or was the tournament, like many other things, a creation of Monson's imagination?

\* \* \*

A special meeting of the St. Andrews Commissioners was held on Thursday night last, Provost MacGregor in the chair, to consider the clauses of the Parliamentary Bill for the acquisition of the links. At the beginning of the proceedings, after answering several questions pertinent to the matter, Dr. Thornton, agent for the promoters, suggested that before going into the clauses of the Bill an endeavour should be made to come to some arrangement with the Royal and Ancient Golf Club which could be scheduled with the bill. It was accordingly agreed, on the motion of Mr. Welch, seconded by Mr. Grubb, that it be remitted to the links committee to appoint a sub-committee to confer with the committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club and report.

**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.





### HOW LADIES PLAY GOLF.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—If the "writer of the ludicrous article" in your number of December 1st, could spare time from his journalistic efforts to visit us here and initiate us in the "religion" of the art of laying stimpies, he may be sure of a warm welcome from

Yours &c.

A FEW MEMBERS OF THE  
ROYAL ASHDOWN FOREST AND  
TUNBRIDGE WELLS GOLF CLUB.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—The "Lady Golfer" who ventured to disagree with the article signed by "Rix," in your issue of the 1st inst., certainly made a mistake; for she failed to see that he was only airing his pretty wit, and that the article in question was merely a "literary exercise."

However, her letter was, I think, quiet and dignified, and she hardly deserves to be called "extremely irate." If she had considered a little before answering "Rix" she would probably have given expression to two sentiments with regard to him—admiration and sympathy. Admiration for his unselfishness in admitting others to share in his amusement at the "innocent gambols" he describes, and sympathy with the hard lot which compels him to play on the same links with them. And, if "A Lady Golfer" must take him seriously, she will find ample revenge in picturing to herself "Rix" engaged in a foursome with some of the specimens (Scotch, I presume) whom he portrays. Seriously, the question of "how ladies play Golf" depends on the size of the links they play on. They cannot play the game on "big links," because they cannot drive a long ball. They are not built that way. But on their own restricted courses my experience tells me that they do for the most part play a very fair game, and some in particular are very good iron players. Also, I have luckily never had the misfortune to meet any who were so hopelessly ignorant of the rules as those of "Rix's" acquaintance. He must surely mean "beginners," as suggested by "A Lady Golfer."

In conclusion, I think all English golfers will unite with me in thanking "Rix" for acknowledging the existence of Sandwich and Hoylake.

I am, Sir, &c.,  
D. V.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I hope that neither your readers, nor "A Lady Golfer," will think for one moment that the opinions expressed by "The Writer of the Article" (December 15th), are shared by many golfers.

"Rix" writes what he terms an article on "How Ladies play Golf," which appears on December 1st, ridiculing the way in which ladies play Golf. This is answered by a courteous and most reasonable letter next week from "A Lady Golfer," giving the writer of the article a splendid opportunity to get out of an

awkward position. The whip was laid on very gently, and the writer of the article should have taken his well-earned chastisement like a man and a golfer; but instead, he replies in a thoroughly rude manner to this letter.

In the beginning of the article "Rix" speaks of the man who prefers truth to politeness, giving the answer to the title treated as a question, as "very badly." Possibly "Rix" wishes to pose as this man; in one way there is no question as to the preference he shows, for politeness he scorns. In matters of opinion or taste truth hardly comes in, any more than specific gravity; but from the way a man puts a case which he wishes to prove, one can get an idea how he does, or might, regard truth. To show that lady golfers do play "very badly," Rix gives some instances more or less supposititious in support of this opinion. Among other things he says the lady golfer "confounds the jargon of the game in wondrous wise," giving an instance. He has previously quoted the case of a young lady, stating that she could give another young lady four strokes, and in order to explain to the readers of a golfing paper what this means, proceeds to speak of it as if it meant four strokes a hole. Then he instances the astonishment of a young lady questioned about a stimpie, giving an utterly wrong account of the whole thing. The only possible excuse I can find for dragging in the ignorance of a young lady about a word that the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of the article writer's native country has refused to recognise, and has expunged from their rules, is the very proper remark of the young lady. But it is not the article that is so very bad; it is only one of those mistakes that one constantly sees. It is to the letter over the signature "The Writer of the Article," that I take strong exception. He charges, in an offensive way, "A Lady Golfer," with "garbling" some statements made in the offending article, and, throughout the letter, takes a line which there is nothing in the letter of "A Lady Golfer" to warrant. There is nothing in this letter "extremely irate," and a key to the heat displayed may be found perhaps, in the statement that "Golf is not a pastime, it is a religion" (it would be a good thing Mr. Editor if you would say in which regard this paper treats the game).

The writer of the article surely knows that it is ladies' Golf courses that are spoken of as one and a-half miles long, and that his information about the length of Golf courses in Scotland does not touch the question. His sneers about the ladies' Golf course at Ashdown Forest are ridiculous to anyone who has seen the course.

I do not think that "Rix" has behaved at all nicely to the ladies, and I think we ought to have from him some expression of regret; for I hope that as a golfer he will not try and maintain the very antagonistic position he has taken up.

I am, Sir, &c.,  
C.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—In common, I am sure, with a great many other lady-golfers, I feel that the remarks of your correspondent on this subject, which appeared in this week's GOLF, should not be allowed to pass without a response of some kind, even though it may not come from a member of one of the most prominent ladies' Golf clubs.

It is to be regretted that your correspondent's golfing education has been neglected to such an extent that he has never even heard of the Ashdown Forest Ladies' Club, but nevertheless the club contrives to exist without his cognizance, and is decidedly one of the best-known ladies' clubs in England.

Does "Rix" think that ladies are more in the habit of garbling statements than men? If this is his opinion, I should like to know what ground he has for it, and if it is not, I must beg his pardon for saying that it looks uncommonly like it.

As to 80 being an average lady's score for nine holes, well, of course, my experience of other ladies' clubs is not very extensive, nor do I know much of the conditions obtaining elsewhere; but, in the club of which I am a member, we play the same round as the men, and consider 80 an extremely large score for the nine holes. Of course, I do not deny that there are ladies whose scores average 80, but on the other hand, we have a number of players whose scores never touch such a high figure. Judging from the fact that your correspondent seems to find a great difficulty in discerning between a drive and a

full iron shot, as played by ladies, I fancy his experience of ladies' Golf must be confined to beginners and duffers, as with us the difference is as much marked, proportionately, as amongst men, and I am not stating this on my own authority alone, but on that of some of our best gentlemen players. In justice to his sex, I think "Rix" must be singular in being able to extract more amusement from the first efforts of ladies at the game than out of the frequently awkward and ungainly attempts of men. Sneering at ladies' attempts at the game will not stop its progress among them any more than it did among men, and I think it would be a thousand pities if it did, as, whether they play it well or ill, it is the finest and most healthful exercise for our sex ever invented, and surely "Rix" would not be so uncharitable as to debar them from it, even if they cannot play *him* level.

I am, Sir, &c.  
GOLFEUSE.

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#### STANCE AND GRIP.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I see in last week's GOLF two letters on these subjects. Being a comparative beginner myself, I unfortunately can give them no useful information. I have tried all kinds of "stance," and have shuffled my feet about according to the manner of the latest good golfers I have seen, with the result that I have in each case afterwards driven with great accuracy into the nearest bunker.

But, like your correspondents, I should be glad to hear the opinions of a few first-class authorities on these subjects, and, indeed, the best method of "stance and grip" from the drive to the putt. I am sure the majority of your readers would like to see the subject thoroughly taken up and discussed in order, dealing with the drive first. Of course, opinions will differ, and good golfers may be found playing in various styles. But I was much surprised to find, at the Open Championship at Prestwick this year, so little difference in the styles of the really first-class players. There was none of the windmill style or the cricket hit. The swing was beautifully free; the club did not appear to be brought round much more than the horizontal, but it came through with one large, free swing which sent the ball away with a crack I have never heard before or since. The right foot appeared for the most part to be slightly advanced, but such men as Willie Fernie drove with the feet level. These are casual observations made without experience or method. But if such an authority as, say, Mr. Everard would give us his experience of the methods adopted by the best golfers of the day, the information would be both interesting and instructive, and would be read with much interest, I feel sure.

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

[See an article, "Styles of Play," by Mr. W. Ludlaw Purves, in GOLF; and a series of articles, "Advice to Young Golfers," in the earlier volumes of this paper.—ED.]

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#### SHOWING A BLIND HOLE.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—The man of the many initials who appears again in your last issue, if he had possessed any sense of shame, would have hid for ever his diminished head after his ignominious failure to accept my challenge. He is not worth wasting powder and shot upon. As regards the question, you have certainly got more support for your view than I ever expected, but certainly I am entitled to say that the balance of opinion is in favour of mine, viz., that a golfer has no right to make his caddie remain as a guide to the blind hole while his shot is being played. Mr. Everard's statement that this is the St. Andrews custom cannot be challenged, and you have Old Tom Morris distinctly giving his authority in favour of this same contention. Where can you have higher authority? Mr. Hall-Blyth is a well-known devotee of Golf, but is not a noted player, and Mr. Mure Fergusson is chiefly notable for not having been Champion when he ought to have been. Tom Morris' verdict, once it is put on the scale, makes their opinion loft itself completely into a blind hole.

They both misunderstand the point. Nobody says a rule exists; but the principle is older and greater than a rule. You cannot make such use of a caddie without penalty, any more than you can fill up a bunker on a green. You can neither make an extra hazard nor remove one. Will Mr. Fergusson maintain that at Sandwich or anywhere else he can carry a flag-staff with him and stick it up where he likes to be a guide to a hole. A club can make such guides; a player cannot. If he cannot do so with a flag-staff he cannot do so with his caddie. So please end the matter and say with me,  
"MOVE OFF."

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—What's all this blooming to-do in your paper about showin' the way to a blind hole? My caddie goes up the 'ill to show me the line, and once he takes his stand in that line I say I have no right to remove him—the lad's a *growin'* lad; and if I know owt about the game I know I lose the 'ole if I remove anything *growin'* in the line to the 'ole. That settles it.

I am, Sir, &c.  
T. TOMKINS.

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#### QUESTIONS ON THE RULES.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—In your reply to Mr. Chadwick's letter in your issue of the 15th inst., you give it as your decision that a ball accidentally moved by the player's caddie "ought to be replaced, on the ground that no advantage of position should be derived from culpable carelessness." I cannot understand how you arrive at such a decision. The rule (No. 25), clearly lays down the penalty which is incurred when a ball is moved under the circumstances narrated by Mr. Chadwick. The player loses a stroke, but the ball must surely be played from the position to which it has been moved. If it had been intended that the ball should be replaced, the rule would have clearly said so. Any advantage accruing from the accident is neutralised by the penalty of the loss of a stroke. I am afraid that in this matter you must have caught the contagion of that "fine confused medley of heterodox penalty and counter-penalty," which you say is contained in Mr. Chadwick's letter.

I am, &c.,  
ERNEST LEHMANN.

Jersey, December 17th.

[The rules do not make many things clear which obviously they ought to do; but we maintain that it is the spirit of the rule, as well as the practice, to replace the ball. To kick a ball at rest is not a rub of the green. Would our correspondent hold that such a ball kicked into the hole is to be counted as having been holed in the previous stroke of the player, plus the penalty stroke? Surely not; for many a caddie might be able to hole a ball with a kick a foot off the hole when his master could not hole the ball with his best club.—ED.]

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I shall be much obliged if you will publish the following question in your next issue of GOLF, with a view to ascertaining the correct rule. The following case recently occurred in a monthly medal competition:—A marked for B, and sent in B's score, A signing his name on the back of the card as marker, but omitting to write B's name on the card. Recollecting the omission, he wrote the same day to the secretary, informing him that he scored for B, and pointed out that the secretary should have no difficulty in discerning B's card, as A had signed it. He also repeated B's score, to prevent any doubt. The secretary found the card and asked B to acknowledge it as his, which B did. Should B be disqualified?

I am, Sir, &c.,  
W.

[There is no rule on this point; it is purely a question for the committee of the club to decide. Assuming, however, that all the circumstances have been disclosed by the letter of our correspondent we see no reason why the good faith of the card should be questioned, nor any reason why it should not be accepted.—ED.]



SUNDAY GOLF.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I am not a golfer, but I have to do with men-folk who are, and I have long since realised that they are much happier and healthier for an occasional round of Golf on Sunday, more especially when the calls of business have kept them from their much-loved game on Saturday. Sunday amusements are a matter for every individual conscience to settle for itself, and surely when a man or woman comes to what is called "years of discretion," he may decide for himself, and by himself, whether amusements or games are good or bad for him on Sunday. Personally, I detest turkey and plum-pudding at Christmas; but I have them at my table for my friends, and leave it for them to decide whether they are suitable to their particular digestions or not. Toleration for others is one of the lessons we all ought to practise far more than we do. In the same way with Golf, and every other game, let those who like it, play and enjoy themselves, provided the few do not hurt the susceptibilities of the many, by playing in the centres of towns, or employing the labour of caddies.

The more I see of Sunday Golf, played away from the "madding crowd," and with the necessity of the players carrying their own clubs, the more convinced I am of its usefulness and advantage to many a man who works hard at his chambers, or his office all the week, and requires exercise and recreation on Saturday and Sunday.

Your correspondent, who writes from Edinburgh to rail against Sunday Golf, is unfortunate in mentioning a Scotch address, for anything more depressing, and we might add, more unhealthy, than a Scotch Sunday cannot easily be imagined by one who has not endured its rigid church-going respectability. It is rather hard lines that every golfer should be deprived of his favourite game on Sunday because Mr. Thomas Chapman does not approve of its being played on that day.

Is London more wicked than Edinburgh in proportion to its size? And yet Londoners are far more tolerant of games or exercise and healthful amusements than the residents in the Northern Athens.

Yes. There are as good men and women play Golf on Sunday as on Monday, and as each individual is his own keeper, I repeat that each person should decide for himself how he should pass his Sunday. When the propriety of the game is put to the test by opening Golf links on the Sabbath, a large number of people play, which shows that a number of persons appreciate the privilege, and feel all the better for the game.

Custom allows us to read or write letters on Sunday, go for a walk, or play the piano, and yet some years ago all such pastimes were looked upon with as much disfavour, as riding, tennis, boating, or Golf are by some among us to-day. We were all barbarians once; but education has taught us better. We must all try and move with the times, and nowadays, when competition is so keen that everyone has to work hard and constantly to get on at all, the one day left in the week from those absorbed by the competition for existence, should certainly be spent by man in whatever way he finds suitable to himself and his own conscience.

I am, Sir, &c.,  
E. B. T.

HOW TO IMPROVE PUTTING GREENS.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I had several of the putting greens on our Golf course lifted and relaid last February. Some of them have turned out very well, but on others, where the soil is principally composed of rough shell sand, a nasty hard grass has grown. After the greens were relaid, they were well top-dressed with slag phosphate and sand, which seemed to do very well where the soil was good.

Perhaps some of your correspondents would kindly give some particulars about the best way of improving putting greens, and the kind of top-dressing where the soil is shell sand.

I am Sir, &c.  
J. H.



ABERDEEN.

BON-ACORD CLUB.—The members of this club held their annual Christmas competition on Saturday, over the new eighteen-hole course on Aberdeen links. There was a large turn-out, twenty-two couples starting, and on the cards being handed in it was found that the winners were as follows:—First-class—Mr. George Findlay, 84, less 8=76; Mr. A. Smart, 85, less 9=76; Mr. G. Simpson, 86, less 10=76; Mr. R. Reid, 93, less 13=80; Mr. W. Smart, scratch, 82; Mr. D. Hutchinson, 90, less 7=83; Mr. H. Glass, 92, less 8=84; Mr. J. Florence, 92, less 8=84. Second-class:—Mr. J. Thompson, 104, less 9=95; Mr. J. Forsyth, 105, less 6=99; Mr. J. Douglas, 109, less 10=99; Mr. J. Linton, 109, less 8=101; Mr. J. Paterson, (2) 111, less 6=105; Mr. J. M'Farlane, scratch 111; Mr. G. Middleton, scratch, 113; Mr. W. Greig, 117, less 4=113. In the evening a smoking concert was held in the club-room—Mr. James Florence, captain, in the chair—when the prizes were presented to the various winners, after which the members passed a pleasant hour or two with some songs, recitations, &c.

BECKENHAM GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal competition was held at Woodside on December 23rd. The going was somewhat heavy, owing to the recent rains, and the scoring consequently high. The following was the result:—

Gold medal.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. O. Cramp (winner)	107	18	89	Mr. S. A. Boulton...	111 10 101
Mr. W. C. Michie...	100	10	90	Mr. C. B. Haseldean	119 18 101
Mr. S. Prest ..	105	15	90	Mr. S. Burd Brooks	120 18 102
Mr. R. H. May ...	110	16	94	Mr. S. N. Corlett ...	118 15 103
Mr. J. M. Kerr ...	102	5	97	Mr. W. Gibbs ...	130 24 106
Mr. R. C. Kerr ...	105	7	98	Mr. H. R. Latter ...	129 15 114

Silver medal.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. H. Pullen (winner)...	114	36	78	Mr. E. H. Selby ...	118 36 82
Mr. W. Bishop ...	107	25	82	Mr. F. Alpe ...	123 23 100
				Mr. W. Gregory ...	138 36 102

Many other members made no returns.

BURGHLEY PARK GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal was played for on December 16th, with the following result:—Mr. H. V. Iggulden, 113, less 26=87; Mr. R. Wyche, 111, less 22=89; Mr. H. B. Waite, 113, less 19=94; Rev. R. C. Faithfull, 99, less 5=94; Rev. T. Ward, 120, less 24=96; Mr. O. Edmonds, 134, less 29=105. Mr. M. O. English, no return.

GOLF AT PLYMOUTH.

Lovers of the Royal and Ancient game, who live, or are quartered, at Plymouth have up to the present time been sadly at a loss for some suitable place to indulge in a round without having to go some distance from home for it. This difficulty has at last been overcome, and a little course of nine holes has been laid out on Staddon Heights, by the officers of the King's Own Scottish Borderers Regiment, now quartered in the Citadel.

The course, situated some 400 feet above the level of the sea, is of the inland type, and, although the green cannot at present be said to be in perfect playing order, there is no doubt the ground possesses the makings of an excellent and interesting little course, having all those conditions which go towards finishing off the charm of a day's golfing, viz., fresh, bracing air, grand views of the surrounding country, and a fair sprinkling of banks, and other delightful hazards.

Up to the present time there is no recognised club formed, but the idea talked of is to form a Garrison Club on the same lines as the United Service Golf Club at Portsmouth.

An opening meeting, arranged by the officers of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, was held on Monday last; invitations were issued

to all golfers in the neighbourhood and adjacent Golf Clubs; this brought together a very fair field of players, which shows that (although Golf at Plymouth has been hardly heard of up to the present time) there are plenty of keen spirits ready to take it up now an opportunity offers; and we must hope that now, through the hospitality of the Borderers, a fair start has been given to the game it will continue to prosper, and that we shall soon see a return of the monthly meetings of the United Service Golf Club of Plymouth.

Open sweepstake, under handicap, played on Staddon Heights, December 18th:—

	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
* Captain Pratt, K.O.S.B. ... ..	121	30	91
† Major Claughton, K.O.S.B. ... ..	123	27	96
‡ Mr. C. H. Hext, R.C.G.C. ... ..	115	18	97
Lieutenant Goldfinch, R.N. ... ..	104	6	98
Captain Marshall, K.O.S.B. ... ..	99	scr.	99
Surgeon W. M. Craig, R.N. ... ..	116	14	102
Mr. H. Young-Jamieson, R.C.G.C. ... ..	117	15	102
Captain the Hon. Forbes Sempill ... ..	131	27	104
Lieutenant Welch, K.O.S.B. ... ..	147	34	113
Captain Verner, K.O.S.B. ... ..	144	30	114
Lieutenant Caruthers, K.O.S.B. ... ..	141	27	114
Commander Startin, R.N. ... ..	140	20	120
Lieutenant Roope, R.N. ... ..	144	18	126
Lieutenant Hannay, K.O.S.B. ... ..	163	36	127
Lieutenant King, Rifle Brigade ... ..	158	18	140
Surgeon France, R.N. ... ..	161	20	141

\* First prize. † Second prize. ‡ Third prize.

Other players made no returns. A very strong wind somewhat interfered with low scoring, but in other respects the day was a great success.

HEATON MOOR GOLF CLUB.

The tenth monthly competition for the President's gold medal was played on Saturday. Eighteen members competed, and Mr. S. T. Thomson was declared the winner of the gold medal, as the Rev. W. H. Smartt who made the same return had held it previously. The following are the scores returned under 100:—Rev. W. H. Smartt, 101, less 15=86; Mr. S. I. Thomson, 101, less 15=86; Mr. J. Sterling, 104, less 15=89; Mr. H. Taylor, 109, less 20=89; Mr. J. H. Ellis, 99, less 8=91; Mr. G. M. Yates 106, less 15=91; Mr. J. Spilsbury, 102, less 10=92; Mr. W. Dewse, 112, less 20=92; Mr. W. Sockett, 119, less 25=94; Mr. H. Hyslop, scratch, 95; Mr. S. Mardsen, 102, less 5=97; Mr. A. H. M. Gow, 107, less 10=97; Mr. V. Newton, 123, less 25=98; Mr. W. J. Hunt, 109, less 10=99.

KEMP TOWN (BRIGHTON) GOLF CLUB.

The first monthly medal of this new club was played for on Tuesday, the 19th, when, in spite of a perfect hurricane of wind and rain, twenty players competed, of whom twelve made returns, the best being—Captain J. B. O'Reilly, 126, less 12=114; Rev. E. Luce, 139, less 20=119; Mr. M. B. Peacock, 143, less 20=123. The course, which runs along the brow of the hill between the Ovingdean and Shepcote Valleys, is throughout extremely narrow, and with the gale prevailing it was rendered doubly difficult.

RANELAGH GOLF CLUB.

A competition has recently taken place at the above club for a Silver Challenge Cup value twenty-five guineas, presented by the Rev. T. J. Filmer-Bennett, the winner receiving a presentation cup. The handicap being limited to 15, only thirty members had the courage to enter, but the prevalent epidemic unfortunately prevented many from putting in an appearance. Sir W. Russell having survived a very severe encounter with Mr. H. White, had an easy task, as the appended results will show. The greens were in excellent order and reflected great credit on H. Peck the professional, and Mr. Payne the green-keeper. With his usual generosity Mr. Filmer-Bennett has invited the competitors to dine with him at the club on January 4th.

First heat:—Mr. A. B. Oliphant beat Dr. E. J. Lewis; Sir W. Russell beat Captain W. E. Beak; Captain W. Evans beat Mr. W. H. Hudson; Mr. R. Dawson beat Mr. Norman Salmond; Mr. W. F. Thompson beat Mr. E. Britten-Holmes; Lord Hay of Kinfauns beat Mr. Roger Leigh; Mr. E. F. White beat Mr. R. Bramwell Davis; Mr. H. R. Payne beat Mr. L. E. Guy Abney; Mr. W. H. Miller beat Mr. C. J. L. Rayner; Mr. E. L. T. Williams beat Mr. E. N. Vowler; Mr. W. Jackson beat Mr. J. R. T. Robertson.

Second heat:—Sir W. Russell beat Mr. A. B. Oliphant; Mr. W. F. Thompson beat Dr. W. J. Sheppard; Mr. H. R. Payne beat Dr. J. Lynes; Mr. W. H. Miller beat Mr. W. Jackson.

Third heat:—Sir W. Russell beat Mr. W. F. Thompson; Mr. H. R. Payne beat Mr. W. H. Miller.

Final:—Sir W. Russell beat Mr. H. R. Payne.

SEAFORD GOLF CLUB.

Monthly medal, Saturday, December 16th:—Mr. A. P. White, 95, less 14=81; Mr. H. C. Stewart, 93, less 6=87; Mr. A. J. Jack, 107, less 20=87; Mr. C. G. Manners-Sutton, 109, less 20=89; Mr. Hugh Thomson, 107, less 16=91; Captain Nugent, 98, less 5=93; Mr. C. S. Hand, 108, less 14=94; Messrs. Fletcher, Farncombe, W. M. Cundell, R. F. Lambe, R. D. Budworth, and J. O. Scott made no return or were over 100 net.

TEWKESBURY GOLF CLUB.

The monthly competition took place on Shuthonger Common, December 5th, and resulted in a tie between Rev. F. W. Berry and Mr. S. C. Healing with 79 net. Rev. F. W. Berry, 104, less 25=79; Mr. S. C. Healing, 92, less 13=79; Capt. H. M. Browne, 106, less 23=83; Mr. T. K. Ashton, 104, less 21=83; Rev. P. W. Brancker, 111, less 25=86; Mr. A. E. Healing, 108, less 20=88; Mr. J. Cavendish Browne, 121, less 30=91; Mr. C. H. Boughton, 125, less 27=98; Mr. H. A. Badham, 129, less 30=99.

TYNESIDE GOLF CLUB.

The following are the scores in the sixth bi-monthly competition for the winter handicap prize, played for on Thursday, 21st December, over the club course at Ryton-on-Tyne:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. Geo. Walsh ...	97	8	89	Mr. J. Hiddleston ...	104	8	96
Mr. C. A. Ridley ...	89	+2	91	Mr. R. Y. Batey ...	107	11	96
Mr. F. T. Ridley ...	97	4	93	Mr. Jno. A. Hutton	113	16	97
Mr. R. T. Thomson	92	+2	94	Mr. J. G. Burdon ...	110	12	98
Mr. J. B. Radcliffe	92	+2	94	Mr. M. P. Ismay ...	103	4	99
Professor Howden ...	101	7	94	Mr. T. W. Bourn ...	103	4	99

The rest were over 100 net or made no returns.

WARWICKSHIRE GOLF CLUB.

An international match between members of the club, representing England and Scotland, was played over the links on Saturday, the 16th, the weather being in every way suitable for golf, though the ground was somewhat heavy, as is usual at this season. Twenty-one matches in all were played, the result being a decided victory for the Southerners, though several of the matches were most keenly contested. For England, Mr. A. Rotherham scored a highly creditable victory over his redoubtable opponent, while among others who did yeoman service for the same side were Mr. Perry, Mr. Cholmeley, Brigade-Surgeon Wilson, Mr. Turberville, and Mr. Hatherell, some of the latter gentleman's drives being prodigious. For the "Land o' Cakes," the captain of the club, Mr. Bouch, showed fine Golf against Mr. Abell, who defeated him in the Kenilworth match in October, and most noteworthy contributions to the Scottish score were also made by Captain Cowan and Mr. Smythe. The following was the result of the various matches played:—

ENGLAND.		Holes.	SCOTLAND.		Holes.
Mr. F. M. G. Abell ...	...	0	Mr. Bouch ...	...	6
Mr. A. Rotherham ...	...	7	Hon. and Rev. R. Moncrieff ...	...	0
Rev. F. R. Evans ...	...	0	Mr. F. C. Hunter Blair ...	...	1
Mr. G. S. Albright ...	...	3	Mr. C. G. Graham ...	...	0
Mr. H. E. du C. Norris ...	...	0	Mr. J. A. F. Moncrieff ...	...	2
Mr. J. F. Wright ...	...	0	Mr. W. Ricketts ...	...	1
Mr. J. Powers ...	...	3	Mr. J. W. Liddell ...	...	0
Mr. G. G. Brodie ...	...	0	Mr. J. P. Robertson ...	...	0
Colonel G. Stoker ...	...	0	Captain Cowan ...	...	8
Mr. St. J. A. Cox ...	...	5	Rev. F. M. Brodie ...	...	0
Mr. R. H. Smith ...	...	0	Mr. W. M. Smythe ...	...	7
Mr. H. H. Child ...	...	5	Mr. W. Maclaren ...	...	0
Mr. H. T. Hickman ...	...	0	Mr. G. D. Paton ...	...	0
Mr. F. D. Perry ...	...	6	Mr. J. Gibb ...	...	0
Mr. H. S. Tuberville ...	...	6	Mr. S. Sanders ...	...	0
Mr. C. E. G. Hatherell ...	...	8	Mr. R. W. Lindsay ...	...	0
Mr. F. W. Keighley ...	...	0	Mr. J. A. Moncrieff ...	...	1
Mr. H. S. Cholmeley ...	...	6	Major Kelso ...	...	0
Captain Osborne ...	...	2	Mr. R. A. Galton ...	...	0
Major Armstrong ...	...	2	Mr. E. Burn Callander ...	...	0
Brigade-Surgeon Wilson ...	...	7	Mr. G. A. Arbuthnot ...	...	0
		60			26

Majority for England, 34 holes.

"SCOTSMAN" CLUB.—The monthly medal of this club was played for on the 20th, on the Braids, and was won by Mr. H. Neilson with the score of 85, less 5=80; Mr. D. Pringle being second with 91, less 7=84.



YE MONKS OF YE BRAIDS.

The second annual dinner of the brotherhood was held in the Imperial Hotel, Edinburgh, on the 14th December, when a large assemblage of the members and their friends spent a most convivial evening. The retiring Abbot, A. Woodrow Sansome, presided, while the Scribe, Frank P. Nicol, officiated as croupier.

The loyal toasts having been duly honoured, Mr. J. Cruikshank, jun., captain of the Blackford Golf Club, proposed the toast of "Ye Monks of Ye Braids." In referring to the rapid progress made by the brotherhood since their institution in July, 1891, he congratulated them on the gratifying results of the past season, and on the prominent position attained by them. The chairman, in the course of a felicitous reply, entertained the company to a most interesting and comprehensive account of the origin and ancient customs of Monkhood. He contrasted the position of the Monks of old with the attitude of the latter-day brethren, and he remarked that he had not found Ye Monks of the present day nearly so confidential to their Abbot as their predecessors are reported to have been. There was, however, at least one distinct advantage possessed by Ye Monks of Ye Braids, namely, that they were at peace with all men. Brother George Reid proposed, "Ye Royalle and Ancyent Gamyte of Golf," and Brother C. N. Hutchinson responded; while the other toasts were, "Ye Offyce-Bearers," proposed by Brother Fred. Page, and responded to by the Scribe, Frank P. Nicol; "Ye Pryze-Wynners," by Brother A. C. Drummond, and replied to by Brother W. King; "Ye Systerhoode," by Brother John Rose, and responded to by Brother J. N. Williamson; "Ye Gaestes," by Brother John King, and replied to by Mr. James Jamieson.

There was quite an array of talent present, and a lengthy programme of songs, banjo and violin solos, etc., interposed between the toasts, helped to complete a most enjoyable evening. The Gaudeamus of the club was sung effectively by Brother C. Clark, and was enthusiastically received. The menu-card, which was got up in an attractive manner, illustrative of the humours of Golf, was cleverly idealised by Brothers A. W. Sansome and F. Page, and sketched in a most artistic fashion by Mr. Archibald Hogg.

**NEW CLUB, MUSSELBURGH.**—The special competition postponed, took place on the 20th, when about forty competed for the five prizes presented by the captain, secretary, and the club, all under handicap. The weather was perfect for low scoring, and Galloway, the greenkeeper, had the green in splendid order as usual. Mr. Thomas T. Gray came in first with the splendid score of 77, made up as follows:—6 4 5 3 5 3 4 3 3=36; 4 5 7 3 5 6 4 4 3=41; total, 77. The other scores were:—Mr. F. G. D. Gibson, 98, less 12=86; Mr. Alex. M'Lennan, 100, less 14=86; Mr. Wm. Dougall, 100, less 14=86; Rev. R. G. Fraser, 106, less 18=88; Mr. G. H. Rees, 90, less 2=88; Mr. M. J. Brown (scratch), 88; Mr. D. S. Lunan, 100, less 12=88; Mr. R. B. Nisbet, 97, less 8=89; Mr. John Taylor (scratch), 90; Dr. Gray (scratch), 91; Mr. John Macpherson, 95, less 4=91; Mr. Donald Fisher, 98, less 6=92; Mr. James Welsh, 102, less 10=92; Mr. Thomas Carmichael, 106, less 14=92; Mr. James Gibson, 102, less 8=94; Mr. W. Tait, 102, less 8=94; Mr. Robert Baillie, 105, less 10=95; Mr. J. R. Nesbitt, 101, less 6=95; Mr. R. E. Cranston, 108, less 12=96; Mr. George Sinclair, 102, less 6=96.

**BROMLEY AND BICKLEY GOLF CLUB.**—The monthly medal competition was held on December 2nd. Rev. F. W. Haines, 99, less 12=87; Mr. W. Gregory, 114, less 24=90; Rev. R. I. Woodhouse, 109, less 17=92; Mr. C. F. Ellis, 126, less 30=96; Mr. E. Baldwin, 127, less 25=102. As Messrs. Haines and Woodhouse had each won the medal twice, they played off on Saturday, December 16th, with the following result:—Rev. R. I. Woodhouse, 102, less 17=85; Rev. F. W. Haines, 102, less 11=91.

**WAKEFIELD GOLF CLUB.**—Monthly medal, played on Saturday, December 16th:—Mr. J. T. Hall, 99, less 18=81; Mr. C. W. L. Fernandes, 109, less 26=83; Mr. W. Pring, 111, less 24=87; Mr. C. F. Badeley, 96, less 6=90; Mr. J. Murray, 109, less 12=97; Mr. J. L. Lee, 118, less 21=97. Several others no return, or over 100 net.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications for Publication to be addressed to "The Editor, GOLF, 80, Chancery Lane, W.C." Cheques and Postal Orders to be crossed "London and South-Western Bank, Fleet Street Branch."

Competitions intended for the current week's issue of the paper must reach the Office not later than Tuesday Morning.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications.

All Business Communications and Advertisements to be addressed to the Publisher at the above address.

**SEAFORD GOLF CLUB.**—Result of competition, held December 23rd, for monthly medal winners of past year:—Mr. A. P. White, 98, less 14=84; Mr. H. Tanner, jun., 97, less 12=85; Mr. Duncan Furner, 93, less 7=86; Mr. H. E. Currey, 103, less 13=90; Mr. W. M. Cundell, 107, less 15=92; Captain O'Reilly, 109, less 16=93; Mr. Ed. Bedford, 109, less 15=94. Messrs. F. G. Bampfyld, G. C. Tyler-Smith, and Captain Nugent made no return.

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The HON. ALFRED LYTTTELTON.

VICE-PRESIDENTS :

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### ROYAL NORWICH GOLF CLUB.

**T**HE Committee have pleasure in announcing that the Nine-Hole Course is now ready for play, and that the full Eighteen-Hole Course is expected to be completed this month.

The original Membership List will close at the end of the year, and applications, with remittance, should at once be sent to the Secretary.

TERMS FOR ORIGINAL MEMBERS.

Entrance Fee £1 1s. Annual Subscription £1 1s.

NOTE.—Those joining now will be relieved from payment of further subscription till January, 1895.—CAMPBELL STEWARD, Hon. Sec., King Street House, Upper King Street, Norwich.

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