

GOLF.

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

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1893.

JANUARY.

- Jan. 21.—Seaford : Monthly Medal.
County Down : Captain's Prize and Club Monthly Prize.
Disley : Winter Silver Medal.
Ealing : Monthly Medal.
Ranelagh : Monthly Medal.
Dewsbury : Monthly Medal.
Cambridge University *v.* Old Cantabs (at Cambridge).
Redhill and Reigate : Turner Medal.
Sheffield and District : Captain's Cup.
- Jan. 25.—Morecambe and Heysham : Club Prize.
- Jan. 26.—Cambridge University *v.* Royston (at Royston).
- Jan. 28.—Royal Wimbledon : Monthly Medal.
Warwickshire : Club Cup.
Weston-Super-Mare : Monthly Medal.
Royal West Norfolk : Monthly Medal.
Royal Epping Forest : Quarterly Medal ; Special Prizes ;
Gordon Cup ; Captain's Prize ; Monthly Medal.
Dumfries and Galloway : Monthly Handicap.
Islay : Monthly Medal.
Sidcup : Monthly Medal.
Woodford : Captain's Prize.
West Cornwall : Monthly Medal.
Crookham : Monthly Medal.
Disley : Annual Meeting.
Cinque Poorts : Monthly Medal.
Taplow : Monthly Medal.
- Jan. 31.—Whitley : Joicey Cup.
Burnham (Somerset) : Monthly Medal.

FEBRUARY.

- Feb. 1.—Cambridge University *v.* St. Neots (at St. Neots).
Blackheath Ladies : Monthly Medal.
- Feb. 2.—Tyneside : Bi-Monthly Handicap.
Cambridge University : Linskill Cup (Scratch) and Pirie Medal.
- Feb. 3.—Royal Cornwall : Monthly Medal.
- Feb. 4.—Clacton-on-Sea : Monthly Medal.
Royal Liverpool : Winter Optional Prize.
Leicester : Monthly Medal.
Birkdale : Monthly Medal.
Manchester : Monthly Medal.
Tooting : Monthly Medal.
Lytham and St. Annes : Captain's Cup.
London Scottish : Monthly Medal.
Warwickshire *v.* Oxford University (at Oxford).
Sheffield and District : Commander Smith's Medal.
Bowdon : Monthly Medal.
- Feb. 4 to 11.—Sheffield and District : Mr. Sorby's Prize.
- Feb. 7.—Carnarvonshire : Monthly Medal.
Cornwall Ladies : Monthly Medal.
Birkdale : Miss Burton's Ladies' Prize.
Whitley : Wyndham Cup.
- Feb. 8.—Royal Epping Forest : Aggregate Competition.
- Feb. 9.—Cambridge University : St. Andrews Medal.
- Feb. 11.—Guildford : Monthly Handicap ("Bogey").
Crookham : "Bogey" Competition.
Weston-Super-Mare Ladies : Monthly Medal.
Birkdale : Crowther Prize.
Wilmslow : Boddington and Hanworth Cups.
Cumbrae : Monthly Competition.
Redhill and Reigate : Club Medal ; Annual Meeting and Dinner.
Cambridge University *v.* Royal Epping Forest (at Cambridge).
- Feb. 13.—Cumbrae : Ladies' Competition.
- Feb. 14.—Taplow : Monthly Medal.
West Cornwall : Monthly Medal.
- Feb. 16.—Wimbledon Ladies' : Monthly Medal (Second Class).
Tyneside : Bi-Monthly Handicap.
Cambridge University : The Barrow Medal.
- Feb. 17.—Pau : Gold Medal and St. Andrew's Cross.
- Feb. 18.—Dewsbury District : Monthly Medal.
Guildford *v.* Oxford (at Guildford).
Seaford : Monthly Medal.
Birkdale : Pearson Prize.
Willesden : Club Silver Medal.
Ranelagh : Monthly Medal.
Disley : Winter Silver Medal.
Ealing : Monthly Medal.
Cambridge University *v.* Richmond (at Cambridge).
Sheffield and District : Captain's Cup.

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RANDALL'S, GUINEA GOLF BOOTS are now worn by all the leading players—And give the greatest satisfaction.—See advertisement page 308.

MY FELLOW-GOLFERS.

XIV.—A FEW WORDS ABOUT OUR LADIES, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF POOR MRS. ROXBY.

Students of Sir Walter will not need to be reminded of the opinions of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck, of Monkbarrow, on the subject of women—the “trolloping sex,” as he was rude enough to call them. Did he not describe his most discreet and venerable sister, Miss Griselda, and his niece, Miss Mary Mackintyre, jointly and severally, as his “Clogdogdos;” and did he not introduce them to a young friend as “My unfortunate and good-for-nothing womankind, *male bestie* Mr. Lovel.” Nor will the lovers of that marvellous novel, “Adam Bede,” have forgotten the famous dictum of Lisbeth Bede on the comparative merits of sons and daughters, “Boys can fend for themselves, but gells is poor, queechy things.”

I believe I may say with much assurance that the large majority of our members are not at all in accord in this matter with the Antiquary and Mrs. Bede. They do *not* look upon their “gells” as clogdogdos, nor *male bestie*, nor poor queechy things, nor upon the sex in general as trolloping, and unfortunate, and good-for-nothing. On the contrary, like sensible men, they submit with much complacency to the awful rule and right authority (off the links) of lovely woman, whether wife or daughter or lover, and desire nothing better than to be coddled and scolded, and pouted at, and kept in order, and petted, and comforted, and admired, and watched for, and teased and kissed.

But we have sundry exceptions to this amiable state of things; for, to say nothing of one or two real misogynists, like old Jem Challenor Hutchisson, we have men among us whose wives, I grieve to say, do not treat them well, and whose views about women in general have suffered a sad, sad deterioration in consequence. Just look at that insufferable, big-stomached Jawkins, standing before the fire after his round. Listen to him laying down the law, and asserting his dull, stupid opinions in a loud, pompous, self-satisfied monologue, which always makes one long to box his great flappers of ears, or to give him a dig in the ribs with a mashie. Listen to those allusions which he is always making to the big people he knows (or says he knows), and to his continual references to the “Arthenæum Clob,” as he calls it, to which exclusive Institution he belongs, though the deuce only knows how he got in. Look at his hearers, bored, victimised, restless, secretly cursing, unable to get in a word edgewise. Now, dear golfing reader, you whose spouse is *always* in such sweet and willing subjection to you, and obeys you so humbly, and never, no never (or is it hardly ever?) contradicts you, or thwarts you, or “slates” you, or scolds at you, or disagrees with you, or worries you—you who are lord and ruler in your own house, unheeded, paramount—let me entreat you neither to mention it in Gath, nor hint at it in Askelon; but Jawkins has a tiny little spouse at home, mighty of will, well skilled in dialectic, whom he addresses as “my love,” and “my own,” and “my pet,” and “my darling,” before whom he cringes and bows down and abases himself, and who heartily despises him, gives him awful curtain lectures, and requires searching explanations if he is not home by ten o’clock. Poor Jawkins! His experience of married blessings and privileges has given him a lamentably low opinion of the other sex in general, and I am sadly afraid he finds Mrs. J., if not exactly a “poor queechy thing,” at least a most unmistakable “clogdogdo.”

Then there is Jalap, the little medico. “Cayenne-pepper” Jalap, as our men call him! This really clever little Esculapius has a devil of a temper, but so has his dear help-meet, and the quarrels and altercations of our stumpy Galen, with his tongue banging spouse, are incessant and notorious. Jalap’s professional skill, which is really great, makes him in general request, but he has learned to look on women as “pisin,” and he is always nowadays more than usually brusque and rude and curt and contemptuous when it falls to him to introduce a female infant into the world.

Well, well, after all, there is a soul of good in things evil, and many things that seem evil are really blessings in disguise. How healthy Jawkins must find those early hours, and what a chance they give him of being both wealthy and wise; how excellent a thing it must be for him to drink in the pure

thoughts of a refined female mind in the recesses of the nuptial chamber; while as for Jalap, surely self-cultivation is a virtue, and may we not hope that his arguments with his beloved both enable him to “develop his reasoning faculties,” and (as in Old Father Williams’ case in “Alice”) to add a life long muscular strength to his jaw.

Another of our fellows with a great contempt for women is that lumbering confirmed bachelor, Constantine Green, whose healthy rotundity and general goings-on, and highly improper stories gave him, in years gone by, the nickname of the “Unreformed Corporation.” “Con.” was awfully wild in his youth and early manhood, and as his mother died in his childhood, and he had no sisters and no home, practically, for his home was a French Lycée, he has never at any time known what it is to be under the influence of really good women, and as the result he thinks very badly and very coarsely to this day of “the petticoats,” as he calls them. “Con.” is now a man of tolerably mature years, and his blood is tame and waits upon his judgment. His salacious narratives are the only remnant of the old wicked days, and he avoids women, like the plague, and devotes most of his valuable time to Golf, which he plays very sufficiently badly considering how much practice he gives to it.

And, finally, I must mention Temple-Clement, and Billy Roxby and “Puff” Marsden, men who notoriously care nothing about their wives, of whom, indeed, they are thoroughly unworthy, and who take every imaginable opportunity of escaping from “home” to the links and elsewhere, both on weekdays and Sundays. Selfish beasts they are, all three of them, and getting worse as the years go by. To take Temple-Clement alone, he is anything but a rich man, and his wife never knows what it is to have really enough house money, but he will pay twenty guineas for an astrachan-lined great-coat, and thinks nothing of spending £30 a year in cabs, and nearly as much for flowers in his button-hole.

It is my great, yet melancholy, pleasure to number Mrs. Billy Roxby among my personal friends, and I never look at her refined, gentle face without feeling most strongly the deep pathos of her life. I know well, what she herself is too good a woman and too true a wife to confess to a single human being, that she has suffered a heart-withering disappointment in her husband, and that even when he is in the house she is alone, alone. The fair forehead that I saw wearing the orange-flower wreath ten years ago has care wrinkles now, and there is a far-away look in the blue, beautiful eyes that has no right to be there, and that makes me always sigh when I look at it. Billy Roxby is not a man to bring any disgrace on his home; he would scorn to be guilty of a base action, and his record is clean enough, but he has blighted this fair flower, and brought a lasting sorrow into this tender life, nevertheless; and she has realised, all too late, both that the love for her which he professed, and really fancied he felt, had no true existence, and that the one object of his heart’s worship is his own pampered, unworthy self.

Under such a discovery as this many a weaker woman has sunk and died, or become hopeless, careless, slatternly, or even a bitter-tempered scold; and some there are who would have shown him *furens quid femina possit*, and have given Master Billy a rival; but Janie Roxby is made of nobler, more sterling stuff than this. The aching void in her heart can never be supplied by anything earth has to give her, and she has no child, alas, on which to lavish the treasures of her love; but life is real and earnest, and must be bravely lived, and her husband’s comforts must be seen to, and the troubles and sorrows of the lives around her alleviated, as far as she can do it; and on many a night, when he is at some far away Golf links, enjoying a delicious Manilla and thinking of his rounds, after a well-cooked dinner, she is on her knees praying in the silence of her chamber for his true peace and his life’s happiness, and that she may have the necessary courage and strength to do her duty by him and in the world till the night cometh when she can work and pray no more.

But it is a dreary, dreary task Billy Roxby has set her. The friends she loves, many of them highly accomplished and artistic, as she is herself, live mostly in London, and there she too, would be by choice; but Billy declares he hates sleeping in town; so she has to endure a drab-coloured life, in a second-rate suburb, where the ‘society’ is all but intolerable, and the

days in winter dreadfully lonely. Billy is off to business by the 9 a.m. train, and one would think he would wish to make a special effort to catch the 4:15 p.m. home, which would bring him down to his solitary wife at 5. Ah, how glad she would be, how she would look forward to that hour, and count on it. But no! What on earth is he to do, he says, if he does come down; and as he has no billiard-table in his own house, why should he not drop in at the club and knock the balls about a bit, and get down home by 8 o'clock? Poor Janie! she gently assents after her manner, and he positively thinks himself rather virtuous than otherwise, if he doesn't finish the day by dining in town, and coming down by the 10:35, after a jolly rubber in the card-room.

Nor is Janie's loneliness, and the tedium of her life ever relieved by an occasional real delightful holiday. Roxby dislikes being left alone at that eligible villa residence, even for a day; while, as for their annual outing, she longs exceedingly to see the glories of Greece, and Switzerland, and Italy, of which she has read so much, but he thinks all that sort of thing a blanked bore, and declares he can't afford it, which is absolutely untrue; and so he carries her off, submissive and uncomplaining, to some solitary remote Golf links, where her only excitement is the post, and her unvarying daily occupation to see that his meals are properly cooked, and to listen to his grumbings and groanings at the downpours of rain so frequent in those northern regions.

I invaded their delightful suburban retreat last Saturday, and Mrs. Roxby most kindly invited me to stay and dine, to meet Billy, who would be down soon she said. While we were talking, a letter arrived, which she opened and handed to me, trying to smile, poor thing. It ran,

"Dear Janie,—I met Jack Hunsdon just now, and he has asked me to run down with him to Barton Lea, till Monday, to see the new links there, and play over them to-morrow. Please send me my Golf traps, etc., by bearer. Back Monday night probably—Your affectionate husband, W. R."

"I am so sorry, but you must stay and dine all the same," she said, "and please excuse me for a few minutes, I know just what he wants, and I am going to send him a pair of long Golf stockings, which I have been knitting for him as a surprise. To-morrow is his birthday you know, and I am glad he will have a good outing, for he has not been well lately. Good bye for the present."

Then she went away, and when she came back in half-an-hour or so, I did not venture to look too closely at her kind eyes; for, to my experienced observation, they bore tell tale traces which showed only too clearly that she had been doing something else upstairs besides packing her husband's clothes.

(To be continued.)

IMP.

GOUDIE'S HAND-HAMMERED BALLS.

During the last twenty years no firm of Golf-ball makers in Scotland, has been more widely known than that of Messrs. Goudie & Co., 25, Princes Street, Edinburgh. The material which they have sent out has been uniformly good and trustworthy; and their hand-hammered balls have long been known in the North as good flyers, steady on the putting green, and capable of withstanding any amount of hard play without detriment to the shape of the ball. Of late the firm's business has increased so much that an extension of premises has been rendered necessary, and now their waterproof and india-rubber warehouse in Princes Street is probably the largest in Scotland. The firm also gives particular attention to the seasoning of Golf-balls, and they have rooms arranged as to temperature and light which secure that the balls sent out are not in any degree immature. There was a fear at one time that, with the multiplicity of ball machine moulds, the hand-hammered ball, like the feathery, would become as extinct as the Dodo; but very many first-class players have long adhered to the hand-hammered ball of Messrs Goudie, of which class of ball they are the sole manufacturers. Their balls are really beautifully moulded, and nicked deep and clear; and after long experience of this ball in the North, and from time to time in the South in recent years, we have no hesitation in saying that a better ball cannot be desired by golfers.

THE GOLF DOCTOR.

"Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all."

I am a man who has obtained some celebrity in the golfing world (a world, by the way, strangely like all the other little worlds which, jumbled together, comprise in a mass this planet of ours), but being also, albeit a golfer, a modest man, I withhold my name.

How I came to be a golfing celebrity is not, as Mr. Kipling says, "another story," but is, on the contrary, the very story I am about to relate. If you have patience to listen to the end, you will probably decide that my fame is only indirectly connected with the quality of my play.

Some ten years ago I played a game somewhat above the average, and succeeded in making a record for our links, which I subsequently broke by a very good round. After this my life became a burden. I was pelted with questions, and received letters by every post imploring advice. This became tiresome and expensive, and I felt I was foolish to throw about gems of wisdom in a good-natured, disinterested way. It was not fair to myself—that I saw clearly.

I thought the matter well over, and at last hit upon a daring and original scheme. Obtaining the sanction of the committee, and the use of a small room in the club-house, for which I paid a trifling rent, I put up the following notice:—"Mr. Driver, having taken his degree as a qualified Golf doctor, is prepared to give advice daily, in person or by letter. All complaints will be treated, and a complete cure guaranteed if the advice be followed. Members of this club will be treated on special terms."

My first patient was an alderman, stout and florid, with some difficulty in breathing. He complained that his "swing" left much to be desired. After sympathising with him, and discussing the position of his rotund person in the act of driving, I said, "My dear sir, give up your city dinners, and dine at home on four courses. That will work wonders."

He was taken aback, and said I was prescribing for him as if I were a "real doctor." I declined to be considered a quack, and persisted in my prescription. He left my room angrily. Some weeks later I met him in town. "Well," I cried, "how is the swing?" "It was all nonsense," he replied. "I couldn't leave my friends to dine without me. I find croquet a capital game, and I have handed my clubs over to my nephew." And that was how I cured my first patient.

I shall not detail the many golfers who visited me to discuss "iron shots," "wrist strokes," "short putts," and "drives." We conversed as all golfers do, and they either adopted my theories, or, as was more often the case, clung to their own. The oddities alone are of interest at present. Mr. Cleek was as complete a cure as my Alderman. He was most horribly addicted to conversation, and made enemies by perpetually chattering throughout a game, till at last he could find no one to play with, and attributed the cause to his bad play. I sentenced him to a round daily without speaking once, except in the matter of scoring. He obeyed me, but after three days he said, "Conversation is one of the pleasures of life, and a game which requires silence is only a penance." I hear that he is the bore of all billiard-rooms, but as a golfer he is cured.

I was successful with others in quite a different way. One young man who had been practising diligently, and growing worse daily, came to me in despair. He explained to me his methods and positions, using such set phrases that I quickly diagnosed his case. I forbade him to visit the Golf links or club-house for ten days, and threatened cruel disasters if for the same period he opened a book or paper relative to Golf, or even mentioned the game to his friends. At the expiration of the ten days we played a round together. He drove well, and approached fairly. After a few lessons from the professional, and a turn or two with some good players, he advanced rapidly. The boy had been reading so many books, and listening to such conflicting "hints" from old golfers, that he was completely dazed, and scarcely knew his driver from his iron.

Thus, by one means or another, I treated my patients, and now I find myself in considerable request as an onlooker, who,

from his quiet corner, sees more of the game than do the players. I have raised my fees, except, of course, to my early patrons, and am on the highest road to fame and fortune. When I retire with a competency, I shall put my practice up for auction among first-class golfers.

To my successor I leave this piece of advice. Treat your patient to whatever dose of theories you may think he can safely swallow, but never be so rash as to "show him how to do it." One slip and your prestige is gone for ever. Play with him by all means, and let your theories excuse or explain your mistakes—it is probably the only use your theories and mine are practically worth.

B.

GOLF IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.

As, no doubt, many of our readers will visit Ireland during the coming year, it may be of interest to them to know that Golf can be enjoyed up to the 1st of May at Ballinacurra, a suburb of Limerick—the City of the Violated Treaty. The links here are over grass, it being some sixty-five miles from the sea.

It is a course of nine holes, and is being rapidly knocked into shape by the efforts of the committee of the Limerick Golf Club. It is the club's first year over this course, their former links being the Limerick Racecourse at Greenpark. Considering the nature of the soil in this district, the course is by no means to be despised, the bunkers consisting of high hedges, stone walls, &c. It was laid out by Mr. John Petrie, a very experienced member of the Royal Dublin Golf Club, and Mr. A. W. Shaw, captain of the Limerick Golf Club. The only drawback to these links is that they can only be played on in winter and spring, the grass being too prominent after the 1st of May. But, to provide their members with a playground adapted to the more sunny season, the Limerick Golf Club, after considerable looking around, pitched upon Lahinch, Co. Clare, which is by rail from Limerick about forty-seven miles, as their scene of operations.

Lahinch possesses, within a few hundred yards of its little town, one of the most beautiful, sporting, and extensive natural Golf courses in the United Kingdom. A course of eighteen holes, some of which are up to 500 yards long, has been carefully laid out there. The bunkers are splendid, being of pure sand and whin alternately. It has been described by one who knows as very like "Westward Ho!" in character.

This course was only discovered by the captain of the Limerick Club in March last, but it has been a good deal played on since, and is steadily and surely gaining a reputation as the links of the West of Ireland.

Lahinch lies in Lisconnor Bay, one of the most beautiful in the United Kingdom, on the West Coast of Clare County. It is an insignificant place at the moment, but decent accommodation and good plain food can be had at the Royal Golf Hotel, proprietor M. Sharry. There are also three or four other places in the town, at which fair accommodation can be had. That there is a great future before it is the opinion expressed by every golfer who has visited it. The air is as exhilarating as champagne, and the cliffs of Moher, the highest in the United Kingdom, are within a few miles of it, as well as the great sulphur and magnesia spas of Lisdoonvarna—the Harrogate of Ireland. The accommodation at Lisdoonvarna is excellent, and the charges are moderate. From it there is no difficulty in getting over to Lahinch on a bicycle or on the cars that pass to and fro daily. Altogether Lahinch is likely to be the St. Andrews of the West, with a much better and more genial climate. Visitors will get a "Cead mile failthe" (a hundred thousand welcomes) from the Limerick Golf Club. The captain is Mr. Alec W. Shaw, from whom information may be obtained.

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

APPALLING ADVENTURE WITH "COLONEL BOGEY."

There is a grim anecdote told by the immortal Vasari that is probably familiar to most readers. It is possible that some may have smiled at it (for some people—even golfers, who are an eminently earnest folk, and so should know better—will smile at anything); but a perusal of the following still more singular narrative may, it is hoped, lead our friends to more serious and solemn thought. Vasari tells us that the illustrious Spinello, of Arezzo, had the effrontery, in his famous frescoes of the Fall of the Rebel Angels, to paint a hideous devil with seven faces about his body. The devil is, as we all know, extremely sensitive about his personal appearance; so that it is not surprising to learn that a very short time afterwards his majesty appeared to the presumptuous artist in this very form, and demanded where he had ever before shown himself in such a ludicrously frightful guise, and why he had been treated with such ignominy. Spinello's remarks are not reported, but they were probably brief; and it is at all events certain that he at once sank into profound gloom, and died with as little delay as might be.

The following artless, but strictly veracious tale, inculcates a similar lesson of the advantages of veracity—if only occasional—and generally of looking out, as it is briefly put by the wise.

It is probably unnecessary at this time of day to explain the popular conception of "Colonel Bogey" as a mere airy creation of the brain, credited with phantom feats by a cool and breezy committee.

IS HE?

Last Tuesday afternoon the present writer was, in the spirit of philanthropy superinduced by a light but hearty lunch, engaged in devising a scheme for the successful destruction of golfing patentees (among other praiseworthy projects), when he was a good deal surprised to receive a message, brought by a strange caddie, to the effect that "Colonel Bogey" had come to Leven, and was waiting for a round. The proposition seemed a startling one, and not without an element of horror; but curiosity prevailed, and—woe is me!—we met.

The Colonel may be described, poetically, as Young Norval in the ripe autumn of life—when cheek has mellowed. A jaunty old chanticleer he was, trim, trig, spick, and chipper; with a glass in one eye and in his inside several no doubt; he was ogling general nature in a way that he perhaps believed to be benignant. It would be rude to call him a fat, little red man, but unveracious to lead the reader into other belief. He was transparently a man that liked his victuals and not ashamed of the fact—the man, in short, at first sight of whom a Balquhider tup will bolt in dread of a living tomb; nay the hapless victims, languishing and moribund, on a fishmonger's slab have been known to shiver with quivering horror when they felt that baleful eye gloat through the window. He had a smell of whiskey about him too (it seemed to me some kind of sma' still decoction, but had, no doubt, been badly bottled) and of tobacco that would not have been out of place in the Queen's Tobacco Pipe, after burning a thousand seizures, or even the little wooden Highlander himself, who used to preside as *genius loci* over many an old time snuff-shop.

"Well, Sir," he began in a voice worthy of a man ten feet higher, or one of the Irish giants of story who used to roar lustily every evening before going to bed (instead of saying their prayers, no doubt) and shock a shuddering world; "and what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Say for myself?" I inquired with some surprise, for I had not proposed to make any remark, certainly none of an autobiographical nature. "what about?"

"About me!" thundered the stranger in a trombone voice.

"Nothing at all," I answered with the meek mildness that is characteristic of all golfers who can't struggle round under 110 or so. "I have no gift of extempore verse, and the subject seems worthy of poetical treatment."

"No chaff now—or look out!"

"I will," I replied defiantly, because I noticed that Smith's big dog Nero was drifting down, and, as I often give him Golf biscuits and other preparations of bones, I fancied I had grounds for believing he would bite this chap if I asked him to do so.

"May I inquire," he proceeded, with a freezing hauteur worthy of the remarkable genius who invented ice-putting,

"why you and your confounded committee stick me down for six to the first hole? Are you aware that I never took more to it than four in my life, never! And five to the second—five! O, dash it, dash it!" And he now assumed a colour worthy of the purplean dream of an inspired Tyrian dyer.

"But you're only a phantom—a phantom of the mind, aren't you?" I asked with some dismay, for so I had always understood.

"A phantom—a blasted phantom?" he exclaimed, with a fire worthy of a Tipperary salamander. "Not much! Shades of Butchinson, Hall, Baidley, and Poet Wang! What, sir, led you to the belief that I was a dashed phantom?"

Now that I came to think of it, I was by no means sure of what had inclined me to the belief, and said so with meekness that seemed for the time to disarm him.

"Are you sorry for it?"

"Yes—very."

"Well, get your clubs and I'll show you something."

"But," I remarked deprecatingly, "what's the use of my playing if you only take four to the first hole?" (I believed this to be a bouncing whack, but thought it more prudent not to say so). "As a matter of fact, I'm a duffer; and the dashed thing is, I can't feel any remorse for being so. Moreover, I'd rather not play at all" (for I had now begun to suspect his awful identity). "My life, you see," I added pathetically, "is of some importance to a small wife and large family."

"I'm rather sorry to hear that," he muttered, not unkindly.

"Why?"

"O, well—you know I'm not so black as I'm painted—and I'm sorry for the creatures in a way—on account of the stake."

"The stake?" I inquired with some surprise.

"You—you're the stake."

"Me!" I exclaimed, in di-may that was surely not unnatural. "This is certainly a ghastly joke, worthy of the three-headed Haborym himself, the greatest misplaced giggler in history!"

"Well, it does seem pretty rough on you, McPherson," he remarked reflectively. "As you are such a duffer I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll play myself against the scores your confounded committee have had the cheek to allot me. But mind, Peter McPherson, you're the stake—body and soul, bulger, brassy and cleek!"

He now abandoned all pretensions to preserving his incognito. "Apollyon, junior, you little devil," he said to the eerie imp that carried his clubs, "hand me the yellow bulger."

A vain thought now flashed through my tortured brain—"Have a peg before we start, Colonel?"

"Several if you like," he replied with an alacrity that evidenced thirst rather than affability.

And so we had; but he only became the trigger, trimmer, spicker and chipperer!

"Colonel Bogey" opened with what he himself termed a corker. In itself, this is a genial, pleasant word, suggestive of foaming beakers, the wise three seamen of Gotham, and many calm and placid joys; but I could not feel that I was noticeably enlivened.

Briefly, he beat the regulation (phantom) score for the first hole by one; but I very nearly dished him at the next. You see, he had laid himself a put of some ten or twelve feet (which he seemed to consider a distance at which any decent golfer might cackle in a cock-sure way), and addressed himself to his task with an offensive display of airy insouciance—in fact, he lighted a beastly cigarette that suggested mildew, leprosy and gaol fever, before he even took up his putter—which aggravated me exceedingly, and it consequently occurred to me to ask him whether Mrs. Bogey ever accompanied him on any of his little excursions, or took any admiring supervision of his many sportive little games. I for a moment thought he had missed, but the ball rolled round and round the lip, and finally settled in. He was silent for about seven minutes and a half, and then remarked, with a composure that was enervating in the extreme:—

"Peter McPherson, don't try that on again, Mrs. Bogey is not a subject for mirth—as you'll find out afterwards!"

A terrifying, a paralysing thought, truly!

By the time I had reached the ornamental structure known as the Mile Dyke, I had recalled to memory most of the crimes of which I had been guilty from the age of two or so upward,

and had even come to look upon many actions, which had been at the time considered trivial and unimportant, with a remorse that was positively blue in its intensity.

But Apollyon, junior, was, as it turned out, to be my good genius. There is a fungus (which is seldom eaten except by those who are very hungry indeed) known to us Scots as the "devil's snuff-box"; and one of these the malicious imp now handed me, with a suggestive wink worthy of bloody, monkey-faced Reeri himself. Unwittingly (and, no doubt, the fact must have been the cause of much irritation to him subsequently) he was the source of my relief from deadly peril.

All Scots are at heart snuffers; and Apollyon junior's malignant waggery at once suggested to me that I had better, so long as time was with me, do as many pinches as possible. I accordingly took out my mull, and snuffed with a reckless profusion and wild enthusiasm that finally roused "Colonel Bogey" himself.

"Is that really Taddy, McPherson?" he exclaimed; while a more genial light fired the baleful eye I now knew so well.

Personally, I don't know whether it is Taddy, Irish Blackguard, or the Auld Hen-Wife's Sneezing itself, but merely considered as a sneezing mixture it is of decided merit; and when I handed over my box the old reprobate sneezed accordingly with much voluminous and apparent relish.

"God bless you!" I exclaimed, on the spur of the moment, according to the old rite.

"Dash it! you've done him!" cried Apollyon junior; and so it appeared that I had, because the two there and then walked off towards Largo without saying "Good afternoon"; and, in fact, with no other formality than a farewell sneeze.

It is rather an appalling narrative.

W. DALRYMPLE.

"THE MISSING LINK."

One of the disagreeable elements in connection with the re-making of balls by amateurs is the painting of them. Several expedients, more or less ingenious and cumbersome, are adopted by some golfers to lessen this evil. Some hoard up their old gloves and put them on in order to smear the balls thoroughly with the paint; others boldly put paint and ball in the palms of their hands; others use a tack and a piece of string; but when all is devised and accomplished the residuum of mess is not only appreciable but offensive. Recently Col. Morgan Lloyd, of Belvedere, Tenby, South Wales, has patented a neat and simple apparatus, not inappropriately called "The Missing Link," designed to mitigate the discomforts of ball painting, and to reduce them to a minimum. A diagram of it may be seen by referring to the advertisement cover. The ball is held between two small points; it revolves easily and without damage to the ball; there is no need to soil the fingers; as many as fifty balls can be painted in an hour, and much more effectively than by rolling them in the hand. It ought to be an inseparable adjunct to the "Home Golf Ball Press," and ball-makers in a large way of business will certainly find their labours lightened and expedited by using a few of these "Missing Links."

CLAPHAM COMMON GOLF CLUB.

The first ladies' competition for a monthly medal presented by the committee was played for on Tuesday, January 10th, over a course of twelve holes. All competitors started from scratch in consequence of their having only joined the club at the end of the year. The field was small, as the common was very wet after so much rain and snow, some of the greens being partly under water, but those who started must be admired for their enthusiasm in the game. Miss F. E. Wood, 111; Miss Berrie, 129; Mrs. Woodhead, 131; Miss Isabel Brookes, 165; Miss A. H. Bradbury, 173; Miss M. Bradbury, 189.

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

HYDROPATHIC HIGH JINKS.

The old fashioned idea that hydropathic establishments are intended solely for, and are patronised only by, interesting invalids is rapidly dying out. It has come to be known by a very considerable section of the pleasure-seeking community, that the modern "hydro." offers strong inducements as a holiday and health resort. True, the company is necessarily a trifle mixed, and, in the season, may be said to embrace every type of middle-class humanity, though in these democratic days that is perhaps one of its chief recommendations. To those who have not yet made the experiment of staying at a hydropathic the following brief sketch of a holiday spent in one situate in the vicinity of the Highland Railway may not be without interest. Once settled down, it is all-important that the newcomer should exercise great caution in making casual acquaintances. The regular *habitués* of hydropathics are almost invariably people with pet fads, and should, one or more of them, find in you a sympathetic listener, an appreciable part of your holiday will be spent in dodging these persecutors. Beware of the Golf demon. He is rarely ever absent on these occasions, and is ever ready to inflict upon you his latest romance, be it the story of a phenomenal drive—"380 yards, sir, measured to an inch!"—or that awful "half-foot putt" which a growing daisy spoiled, and so prevented a new record from being established. The Golf enthusiast is not easily shaken off. If in a moment of weakness you have ventured the opinion that it was "hard lines" to have missed so critical a shot, you are a lost man. It is vain to remind him as you do, at least half a dozen times daily, that you don't know Jamie Anderson; and never even enjoyed the extreme felicity of seeing Bob Ferguson "drive Pandey." He will cram you with wondrous tales of doings past and present, of these and other doughty champions, and on the subject of his own prowess, will tell you in a confidential way that "with a little more practice, my boy, I could make Johnnie Ball or young Hilton sit up!"

Musical people are generally to be found in strong force at hydropathics. As may be supposed, these amateurs are of every shade of perfection or imperfection. Here you have the lady whose fiddle eccentricities shed what an American humourist describes as a "new light on human suffering;" here again we have an unassuming young damsel who plays Beethoven, Chopin, and Grieg, with the finished art of a miniature Essipoff or Fanny Davies. Vocalists are usually a large crop. On this occasion they ranged from gifted and accomplished singers, to the genial Glasgow bagman, who was nothing if not versatile, and whose repertoire embraced every comic and sentimental ditty between "Auld Robin Gray" and "Oh! what a Difference in the Morning!" There were of course several representatives of that class of vocalist whose outfit consists of twelve lessons, a large bundle of sheet music, an irresistible tendency to sing out of tune, and no voice to speak of. Still there everyone was good-natured and willing—some alas! too willing—the listener could hardly afford to be fastidious.

A young gentleman good-naturedly volunteered to "get up" the evening entertainments, and nothing could exceed his activity and zeal. Now and again he would meet with a discouraging rebuff from some crusty old lady or gentleman, who in answer to his entreaty that he or she would favour the company with "just a little something—a simple ballad, or a short recitation," would snappishly respond, "No, sir; certainly not." Our special *entrepreneur*, however, invariably came up smiling, and flitted away to more congenial spheres. One sweet young thing of uncertain age, and still less certain voice, was induced to sing the only song she had ever learned—a strangely distorted version of the "Better Land." While the song was proceeding, an elderly Scottish dame—one of the fine old school—was describing with great earnestness her particular complaint—rheumatics—to a lady-friend, and just as she reached the crucial point, where the doctor, she said, had ordered her to "put a large plaister on her back, and another on her"—the timorous warbler at the piano chimed in with

the line—"Not ther-re me chi-ild, not ther-re." The effect was electrical.

Among the visitors were several young gentlemen whose peculiar strut and gaseous pomposity reminded one of the airs affected by the "walking gentlemen" of the theatrical world. They were reciters. "No, sir," said one of these gentlemen in the deliberate and sepulchral tones of the "first heavy" in a Transpontine drama, in reply to our concert manager, "no, sir; I have retired from the lyric stage. Although at one time I was considered a promising tenor, the unkindly sneers of those miserable catiffs who write paragraphs in newspapers, caused me to abandon all hope of ever winning fame in that direction. But I will be glad to offer you one or two of my most popular recitations, which are acknowledged by the Penny-Reading audiences, before whom I appear in the winter months, to be of a very superior order, whether considered from a purely intellectual or recreative stand-point." After this modest little speech, our heavy friend was booked; but, alas! he proved to be one of the dreariest twaddlers that ever fretted his little hour on the boards of a back-slum mission hall.

Perhaps there is no place that offers a better opportunity for the study of the foibles of human nature than a popular hydropathic, where all sorts and conditions of men and women are found in the season. A young man who sat next me at table was weighed down with a grievance which he never lost a chance of airing. This had reference to the quality and quantity of the meals. It always occurred to me that he, of all people in the world, had little cause to complain, as his capacity for all kind of edibles was tremendous, and however indifferent the cooking may have been, he never failed to do full justice to anything and everything that came his way. Then we had two young ladies from the South, who were a trifle too skittish in their style for the sober-minded Scots near whom they sat. These damsels had determined to have what they called a "good time;" but as, among other extravagances, their idea of a good time consisted mainly of playing wild practical jokes on their gentlemen friends, an opinion prevailed that their next visit to a hydropathic should be indefinitely postponed until they appear under the wing of a chaperon or guardian.

There is one class of visitors with whom hydropathic and hypochondria are synonymous terms, and it is very rare indeed that there are not several old ladies and gentlemen on the premises who have but one topic of conversation, *viz*, the ailment from which they are supposed to suffer. In many cases, however, you have only to witness these pseudo invalids engaged in their favourite outdoor amusement, to feel assured that a morbid imagination, and the want of some wholesome vocation in everyday life have more to do with their peevish complainings than any genuine bodily trouble. For bank, law, and other clerks, whose collars, as a rule, are higher than their salaries, the hydropathic offers many attractions, as a holiday resort. Here, at a moderate cost, the humble quill-driver can live well, the opportunities for indulging his weakness for "toney" society, are generally at hand, while the garish tennis suit, and the still more picturesque knickerbockers, may be donned to his heart's content. Little wonder, then, that these establishments are greatly sought after by the gilded youth to whom a holiday, which combines strict economy with agreeable surroundings is an all-important desideratum. The hydro. is a great leveler of class distinctions. Every visitor meets on the same footing, and it is no uncommon experience to find yourself fraternising with a man who would probably look askance at you, if at some subsequent period you should favour him with a friendly nod in town. The man whose name begins with "Mac," and who is always "of" somewhere—generally a very barren three acres and no cow—is to be avoided. He is a type of snob common in the North, and may be recognised by his supercilious carriage and a perpetual frown bearing a close resemblance to the scowl assumed by sheep-drovers when they order their collies to "come ahint." Add to these a cheap kilt, the suspicion of a "cock" eye and false teeth, and you have this sham Highland Chieftain to the life. He is a snob of the purest water, and always reminds one of Burns' lines descriptive of Inverary and its inhabitants. When all this is said, however, one indisputable fact remains, that as a healthful, delectable, and economical holiday lounge the Scottish hydropathic may fairly claim to "hold the field."

THE CHIEF.

ON THE GLORIES OF GOLF.

BY A BLIND MAN.

A first-class player—I will call him "B," and tell somewhat of him later on—has asked me to write a short article for your paper.

Now it must be borne in mind that necessarily what I write is from hearsay only; but I take it that if Golf is directly or indirectly my subject, your readers will not be bored by my prosiness.

In addition to repeating what I have heard, I shall endeavour to draw the attention of lovers of the game to a few points in connection with the formation of character by frequent play.

Without doubt, and beyond all question, Golf must be the king of games. It gives exercise and excitement (in the open air), and is generally followed by self-satisfaction and toddy, both pleasant things in their way. It develops the best points in a man's character, and engenders that rare virtue, unselfishness, in many ways, to say nothing of minor good qualities. This I will show later on. And what does it not give to those unfortunate beings who, for some reason, physical or otherwise, cannot join in the active pleasures of the game!

Who amongst us all has not at least one golfing friend! Some might say one was enough, but that is altogether wrong; I myself am fortunate in numbering very many golfers amongst my friends, and of all their fine qualities, what I most admire is that utter unselfishness to which I have alluded. Many a time and oft have they taken compassion upon me, and by the hour together (more especially after a long holiday) have given me such details of each stroke, for every hole, in all the rounds they have played since last we met, that I can listen to the account with some of the excitement of an interested onlooker. In what other game do players take such thought for those who cannot join them? Remember, too, that in very many cases this self-denial is not half appreciated. It was this beautiful trait in the golfers' character that first so struck me, and convinced me that a game which could cause so rare a virtue to be prominently brought to the front must in itself be good.

Then, also, if there is this virtue present, is there not a total absence of that jealousy so frequent in other games? How kindly considerate one to another all golfers are! Only to-day a friend told me he had "gone out in 50." My next visitor was "B" (a mutual friend); so to him I repeated the good news. He was at once interested, and said, eagerly, "What did he get home in?" This I could not answer, for my friend had omitted all allusion to the return. Naturally "B" could only say, "Oh!" adding that it was "really very good FOR HIM;" then kindly explaining that he often went out in 43 himself. Now, when I add that "B" is a Scotchman, it will be seen that this was not brag, but a really genuine desire to praise his friend, because "B" knows that he himself is a really first-class player. From what I hear, there can be little doubt that "B" ought to be amateur champion. He has not yet won a medal; but that is entirely owing to a long, long run of bad luck.

I presume that I am exceedingly fortunate in my golfing friends, for they are all players of great promise, although not as yet known to fame—of course owing to pure bad luck. They never play bad strokes, but, strangely enough, invariably meet with ONE dire misfortune in each round. I suggest two or three in one round, and so work off their ill luck; but this seems impossible. At first all these coincidences sounded strange; but I have perfect reliance upon what my friends tell me, and, besides, they are nearly all Scotchmen.

Sometimes I almost wish I knew just ONE bad player; for, exciting and interesting as these full details are to me, they seem to pall upon repetition to my own golfing friends.

Here I broke off for a time, to be entertained by a bright young Irishman who sees a joke in everything and laughs at golfers and their yarns, as he calls them. He asked what was I so busy at, and then said that of course B. was having a joke with me, it was too absurd, &c., &c.; and as he left turned round to say, "Well, don't forget to write about their language." Now I am glad he left off his joking to say this, because it certainly ought not to be omitted.

Court Tennis has almost a language of its own, but it is hard to learn, and has no special point of interest to non-players, whereas the languages of Golf is expressive and emphatic, and

there is hardly any situation in the game (even that of dire disaster) for which some suitable phrase cannot be found. At first I was much taken with some of these phrases, and tried them for home use, but my wife objected, and said (with a woman's weakness of argument) that even if clergymen (I told her bishops) did use this language, which she didn't believe, that was no reason why I should use it, and before the children too. So I keep it for the study, and my friends say I get along very nicely.

A good example of the use of golfing language was given me lately, and I repeat it as told. A certain dignitary of the Church and an army man were playing on a popular links, when one of them (I am not clear which) got into a bad difficulty. He, without hesitation, fired off a rapid succession of "blanks," accompanying each one with a sharp stroke at his ball, faster and faster came the "blanks," and for each of them his opponent marked down one on the score. I was told the total for that hole was 34, and that it was a record.

No, I am sure B was not joking when he asked me to write this. For many years I have been intimately connected with Scotchmen and have studied their jokes thoroughly, often spending a more or less sleepless night over a particularly good one, before finding it out, only to have my friend deny (with a Scotchman's true diffidence), that he meant any joke at all. But to return to the unselfishness of golfers. They always seem afraid of playing with a stranger, for fear they may not give him a good enough round (so they tell me) and they are always ready with kind advice, or a useful suggestion at a critical moment. Here is an example of what I mean; a friend, call him C, (his handicap is 6, but he ought to be scratch) was being just beaten by a weaker brother D, who had been very lucky.

The finish must have been most exciting, and at almost the last stroke C said, "You won't win, you're too nervous;" D was annoyed, and made use of some of the choicest phrases in the language, but immediately proved how right C was, by clean missing the ball! Now if ever a man got a kindly hint to pull himself together, I am sure D did.

In my early golf-story-listening days I made many amusing mistakes, (and perhaps still do so); for example, I was under the impression that after a day's golf, it was usual to consume a tumbler of toddy while discussing each stroke, but B explained that this would be a physical impossibility (that seemed his only objection) because he had just played over 3,000 strokes (I think he said 3,000) during his month at Felixstowe. Of course I ought to have said a tumbler for each *hole*, the other is evidently wrong, although I am sure I was told so by someone.

The other day I had a pleasant compliment, (they are always rare from one's own sex). "F" was the man; he had told me a few weeks before, of a most wonderful round, and when he was with me last night "B" dropped in, so I retold the story. For some reason "B" seemed much amused, and "F" said, "Well, for a man who has never played, you seem to have a wonderful memory." Yes, I am glad to say my memory is pretty good, and so I am often able to save my friends a lot of trouble when they begin a description of some round, of which they have before given a full account.

They tell me that some people hate Golf, and even Golf-talk; I was told of such a man lately, he complained that he had had no holiday until this winter, since the snowstorm of 1881, his partner being a golfer; but "B" says this must be wrong, for no true golfer would ever let business interfere with the game; I said, if that was meant for a joke, it was *not* original, he said it was not.

In conclusion, just one word of advice: *Don't talk "Golf" to your non-playing friends without first ascertaining whether the subject is of the slightest interest to them.*

K.

ELECTRIC CLUB.—The monthly medal of this club was played for over the Braids on Friday last, and was won by Mr. George S. Herschell with a net score of 90.

CLEVELAND GOLF CLUB.—The competition for the club tankard, which was postponed on Saturday, the 6th inst., on account of the snow, took place on Saturday last. A heavy snowstorm stopped the play. Only two members sent in their cards as follows:—Mr. S. Craddock, 103, less 15=88; Mr. D. Mackay, 100, less 6=94.

DIVOTS OFF AN ENGLISH LINKS.—I.

THERE is no doubt that, under Providence, England is indebted for her Golf to Colonel Burscough. Pebblecombe was the first links on which Golf was played in England, for Blackheath is not a links. Soon after we started the Pebblecombe Golf Club, Colonel Burscough, who had seen something of the game in Scotland, had a professional down from St. Andrews. He lodged the man in a very nasty little cottage on his property. There was a pond of greenish stagnant water near the door, and some of us even ventured to suggest to the Colonel that it was scarcely a fit habitation for so good a golfer. The Colonel, however, declared that it was quite good enough for a "jammed scoundrel like old Blobb," and that we did not know what we were talking about.

Curiously enough, "Old Blobb," as the Colonel always called him (he was years younger than the Colonel, and Blobb was not his name), seemed to be quite pleased with his new home, and he and his wife and two small boys lived there with great satisfaction, and they all loved the Colonel very dearly.

The Colonel, I ought to say, was a widower, retired from the Indian Service. He had lost an eye in his country's cause, but it was replaced by an excellent imitation in glass. His face was very, very red; his hair and moustache were very, very white. His appearance was all that could be imagined that is most military—stout and upright. He had a volcanic temper, and a heart of gold. His habitual costume was a tweed suit of many colours, knickerbockers very loose and long over the knee, stockings of a fine bold pattern, and white spats. His cap was usually cocked at an angle over the glass eye, giving an appearance of remarkable ferocity.

The Colonel lived with Robert, his orphan nephew, at the manor house of Little Pipkin, some three miles out of Pebblecombe. It might then be thought that "Old Blobb" was rather far from the scene of his labours, but the Colonel's zeal left nothing to be desired; for every morning, without fail—rain or shine—he would be seen driving into Pebblecombe in a dogcart, with "Old Blobb" on the seat beside him and the groom behind. Then, during most of the morning, the Colonel and "Old Blobb" would walk the links together, condemning mole-hills and levelling sheep-tracks, with the view of making of these links a perfect work of art.

"It's been jammedly neglected, this links, Blobb," he used to say, impressively, about once every half-hour—"jammedly neglected; but I mean to make it the finest links in the world." To which "Old Blobb" invariably answered gravely, taking his pipe from his mouth for the occasion, "Ou aye."

We had no regular club-house in Pebblecombe then—early Victorian Golf was very primitive in England—only just a room in a farmhouse bordering the links. I remember that it had a stone floor sprinkled with sand; but we could keep our clubs and coats there, and drink whisky, and tell each other what bad luck we had had—so what did we want more? But in those early days we did not drink so much whisky. We had just the same bad luck, however. It was largely "Old Blobb" that taught us to drink whisky. To do him justice, he was a very sober little man himself; but he told us that all good golfers drank whisky; so we drank whisky. He also told us that all good golfers smoked; so we smoked—sometimes to the discomfort of some of us.

We were wonderfully unsophisticated. We had a walk of about a mile over rough common, from the farmhouse with the sanded floor to the first tee. We used to trudge out there, bending our backs to meet the wind, often with a storm of hail pelting us. Then, when we arrived, we would throw down our overcoats beside the last hole and off we go. We had to leave our coats there, lying on the ground, all the while we played the eighteen holes; but they were always safe—far safer than in the dressing room of a modern Golf club.

Of course there were no flags in the holes, but we knew about where the holes should be. When we came within fair range one or other would run on (it was seldom that we were able to get caddies) and stick in one of his Golf clubs as a signal post, then run back again and play at it. The first couple to play over the course for the day were expected to put in crow's feathers, or any like marks for the benefit of their followers.

Nobody used to play with an iron putter, nor did people approach much with the iron; but we had a nice gradation of spoons. We began with a driver, which we also called a play club. Next to the driver was a grassed club—very like the driver, but with its face very slightly laid back—then came a long spoon, then a mid spoon, then a short spoon, and then a baffing spoon, or baffy. "Old Blobb" used to encourage us to play with all these clubs, though he did not use nearly so many himself. But we felt that we should be guilty if we failed to possess ourselves of one of this finely graduated series, and that Blobb would speak with less respect of what we used to call our "game." It would have needed a very delicate eye to distinguish between some of the varieties—the driver, the grassed club, and the long spoon—but we were extremely dogmatic in those days of our ignorance.

"Sir, I maintain that you ought to have taken the grassed club," we would say to a partner who had failed us.

"Not at all, sir. I insist that that was a lie for a long-spoon."

When we came in we used to lay the case before Blobb, with a considerable difference in our several descriptions of the lie. Blobb was a very diplomatic man. He used to listen to the one party with a bland smile, wagging his head with immense intelligence. When the speaker had finished, Blobb would take his pipe from his mouth and say, with a chuckle, "Ou aye." Then it was the turn of the other party. Blobb listened with the same bland smile and the same wise wagging of the intelligent head, and at the end he again took his pipe from his mouth and said "Ou aye."

Then the parties left him, perfectly satisfied, but with an added element of discord between them, for each was utterly convinced that "Old Blobb" had agreed with him only, to the confusion of the absurd contentions of the other. It was Blobb's great merit, as an oracle, that he so seldom expressed an opinion. Nobody could point to an occasion on which he could say that Blobb had been wrong. It did not occur to us that it was equally difficult to find an occasion on which Blobb had been right. His attitude through life was one of inspired neutrality and non-committal.

Personally, Blobb was not an attractive man. He was extraordinarily like a gnome. Indeed, he had spent much of his life underground, mining in the neighbourhood of Musselburgh, and very probably he had brought up with him some queer power of terrestrial magnetism. His head was very large and square, his body also square, and about the same size as his head. His legs were thin and bowed. His hair was remarkably coarse and black and straight, but

rather scanty, and this applied equally to his beard and moustache. His face had rather the appearance of having a large claret mark all over it, but his features were not ill-formed, and his large eyes were open, honest, and kindly. Mrs. Blobb and the little Blobb's loved him affectionately.

Such was Blobb, and we took him as our conscience. Misshapen as the little creature was, he was a remarkably fine golfer. We all thought him the very finest golfer in the world, and nothing that Blobb told us tended to disabuse us of this opinion. Moreover, he had been to St. Andrews, and we had a veneration that was almost superstitious for a man who had been there. Not only had Blobb been there, but he had scarcely ever been anywhere else.

"Have you ever been to London, Blobb?" Colonel Burscough told us that he had asked him before he brought the little man to Pebblecombe.

"Na!" Blobb had answered, simply (they were at St. Andrews then), Na', but I've been to Musselbrae, an' I've been to Pairth."

Blobb could talk familiarly, as of personal acquaintance, of "Old Tom" and "Young Tommy," and Admiral this and Sir Robert that—names which inspired us with reverence for Blobb—that he should ever have even spoken to the great originals. As it seemed, however, he had done far, far more than this—he had played Golf with them—it had even happened to him, occasionally, to have beaten them. But chiefly he regaled us with stories of their wonderful feats of driving or steadiness, adding a little postscript of his victories over them, upon which victories his previous generosity in praise shed a glorious lustre.

We modelled ourselves upon "Old Blobb" in all possible particulars. We imitated, very ineffectually, his swing. When a golfing problem presented itself, we said to ourselves, "Now, how would "Old Blobb" play this? What club would he take to it?"

Even when we did not put the question to ourselves thus directly, there was always an unconscious reference in our minds to "Old Blobb's" opinion. Sometimes we startled ourselves in discovering this result of our introspection; and we confessed as much, *sotto voce*, to one another. We even carried into other departments of life this sincerest flattery of "Old Blobb." In Church (he always attended Church) on Sunday morning, with his wife and the two little Blobb's, all singing lustily, I found myself copying "Old Blobb's" manner of holding his hymn-book, and his general attitude. We consulted "Old Blobb" on the correct cut of golfing garments, the number of nails which it was advisable to have in one's boots, and the way in which it was best to have those boots made. I really think we often, in secret, grieved that we were not made in the extraordinary proportions which distinguished "Old Blobb."

H. G. HUTCHINSON.

(To be continued)

BASS ROCK GOLF CLUB—On Saturday afternoon the monthly handicap competition of this club took place over the North Berwick links. There was a large master of members, but owing to the keen frost the scoring was above the average. Mr. J. D. Ratray proved winner of the trophy with a net figure of 85, less 6=79. The next best scores were as follows:—Mr. A. Hutchison, 86, less 6=80; Mr. D. M. Jackson, 81 (scratch); Mr. A. Hogg, 87, less 6=81; Mr. G. S. Milne, 98, less 16=82; Mr. J. W. Greig, 98, less 15=83; Mr. J. Henderson, 84 (scratch); Mr. A. Thorburn, 99, less 6=93; Mr. W. Merriles, 97, less 11=86; Mr. A. Wallace, 87 (scratch); Mr. John Walker, 98, less 11=87; and Mr. James Mitchell, 91, less 1=90.

EAST OF FIFE CLUB—The monthly competition for the club's silver medal took place on Saturday afternoon, the weather being cold and bracing. Mr. William Deuchars, Pittenweem, was the winner with a score of 91, less 5=86.



GOLF-CLUB MAKERS—BIBLIOGRAPHY.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—In a recent issue of GOLF, "Borax," writes about Golf-club makers, and gives his own notions on the subject. He seems to consider the maker who turns out the largest number of clubs yearly must be the best. The writer of this note has been a golfer for more than forty years, and during that time has had an intimate acquaintance with the club makers of St. Andrews, Musselburgh, Edinburgh, and other Golf centres in Scotland, and he asserts that no one, during all that time, has turned out better work than D. McEwan and Son, of Musselburgh, Bruntsfield Links, Braids Road, Edinburgh, and Chingford and Formby in England. Their wood, both for heads and shafts, is kept for three years before being made up. As to workmanship and finish who can turn out a better article than Frank Doleman, the respected and intelligent manager of the branches at Bruntsfield links and Braids Road?

As regards Patent Cleeks, Irons, Lofters and Putters, a few years will show what they are worth, and I fear that will not be much. The only real improvement for many years, in both iron and wooden Golf clubs, is that the heads are now made smaller, and that will likely last, as you do not want a head to strike three balls at a time, but only one.

In the same issue of your paper, I notice Mr. Chapman's list of works on Golf, not quite complete, and wanting some descriptive notice of the chief writers on the subject. I will only refer to one of these at present; "The Golfer's Manual. By a Keen Hand 1857." For many years this work was recognised as the best ever written on the game of Golf, and even at the present day, I doubt if there is a more practical book on the subject; but it has been long out of print. In the productions of later writers it is easy to trace their obligations to this Manual; but, except by the late Robert Chambers, these have never been acknowledged.

I am, Sir, &c.,
SHORT SPOON.

A WORD TO BEGINNERS.

To the Editor of GOLF.

"There is sometimes a greater judgment shown in deviating from the rules of art, than in adhering to them."—*Spectator*.

SIR,—I wish to thank J. C. P. for his mild critique upon my "Advice to Beginners," and also to answer so far as I can the following query by P. S. W., viz.: "Is it necessary to carry a spoon as well as a brassie?"

It is altogether a matter of taste what clubs a player carries, or their number; but although there is nothing to prevent his carrying the clubs he thinks he can make the best use of, perhaps this might not be the wisest advice to offer beginners, who should be taught not only to know what clubs to use, but also when to use them.

The carrying of a spoon in addition to a brassie, is not absolutely

imperative, provided you are so well skilled in the use of the latter as to play it with effect every time that it is necessary. No doubt the brassie is a capital club, but while "it is capable of carrying a ball as far as a spoon," as you observe (it is just a spoon with a short head), to say that it is equal to the spoon on all occasions (which?) is, in my opinion, "a wee bit rash, if anything." It was not intended when invented to supersede the use of spoons in general, but merely as an occasional club. Originally it was called a wooden niblick—just the same club as now without brass—but after a time it was found not to be sufficiently durable, and brass was put on the bottom to strengthen it. Then it was called the brass niblick, which soon developed into brassie.

Young Tom Morris was either the first or one of the first players who used it, but almost exclusively for shots that would appear impossibilities, especially to those who were unacquainted with the capabilities of the club in hands like his.

In good hands balls can be sent off with it like tee shots from positions which, were I to sketch here, many would be astonished at. At the same time, although it answers so admirably for long difficult shots, it should be kept entirely for these. It is only where there is the risk of breaking a driver or a spoon or where the ball cannot be well got at by any other club, that the brassie should be used.

In addition to what I have already stated, the brassie is not the most suitable club for beginners; it may be so in respect of its strength, having brass on the bottom, but the club is too difficult to use for a beginner, requiring skill in its use, which can only gradually be arrived at. Starting a beginner with such a club is like starting a boy at school with metaphysics or an office boy with logarithms.

I do not think that in my article I made any special mention of the brassie, beyond showing in a sketch a position from which a ball half-buried in soft ground might be played with it better than by a large-headed spoon, the formation of the latter not being so suited to the stroke.

With apologies for taking up so much of your valuable space.

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

Edinburgh, 11th January, 1893.

QUESTIONS ON THE RULES.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—Would you kindly give opinion on following case:—A and B play in a foursome against C and D.

At the fourteenth hole B's caddie took the flag (a rather heavy iron one) out, and stood at the hole, holding the flag in his hand, the point resting on the ground.

A played his ball past the hole; the caddie got out of the way, but the ball struck the stick of the flag, which he was holding. C and D claim the hole.

A and B contend that the caddie was acting as fore caddie, and that the matter should be treated as a "rub on the green."

I am Sir, &c.,
INQUIRER.

[Though B's caddie was technically acting as fore caddie, he was only doing so to A and B, and not indiscriminately to the foursome as a whole. He was, therefore, not a neutral party. A fore caddie is one who acts for all the players alike, and is therefore practically outside the match, and no penalties can be claimed against him. But in this case put by our correspondent the caddie was acting for his own side alone, and any irregularities he commits have to be borne in penalties by the side on which he is engaged. Thus, C and D are right in claiming the hole.—ED.]

EDINBURGH TEACHERS' CLUB.—The first quarterly competition for charms, medals, and prizes took place over Musselburgh on Saturday. The winners were:—First division—1, Mr. E. King; 2, Mr. J. Christie and Mr. J. Massie—equal. Second division—1, Mr. D. Urquhart; 2, Mr. A. McCallum and Mr. R. Kelly—equal.

MACHRIHANISH LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

The Ladies' Golf Club promoted a grand indoor *fête* in the Victoria Hall, Campbeltown, on Monday and Tuesday of last week, the proceeds to go to the fund for the erection of a club-house at Machrihanish. Shortly after three o'clock a fair company had assembled, which included Mr. Duncan MacCallum, Revs. A. M. Bain and A. M. C. Toimie, Sheriff and Mrs. Bell, Mrs. MacFayden, Beachhill; Mrs. Greenlees, Dunara; Misses Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. D. Mactaggart, Councillor Galloway, Bailie and Mrs. Paul, Mrs. and Miss Macneal, and Miss Challoner-Chawner, Ugadale, &c., &c.

Ex-Provost Greenlees opened the day's proceedings in a humorous speech, in the course of which he expressed the hope that the ladies would enjoy the club-house they were going to erect at the Pans, and that they would always see that amusement did not become the business of life. Let the amusement be what the flavouring was to the pudding, or what the seasoning was to soup. When it was kept in its place, no one would find fault, but, on the contrary, every one would say that the ladies were quite right in going to Machrihanish. There they got the fresh air that gave them such beautiful complexions. A gentleman remarked to him that the ladies looked remarkably well of late, and attributed it to their pursuit of Golf. In the afternoons a couple of concerts were given, the entertainers being local amateurs.

Shortly before seven o'clock the hall began to fill rapidly, and the audience assembled to witness the *tableaux vivants* soon reached such dimensions that the large hall was densely packed. *Tableaux* are a form of amusement which have never before been given in Campbeltown, and the entertainment was, therefore, somewhat of an experiment. The ladies of the Golf Club, however, may be congratulated on the entire success which has attended their efforts to introduce something new and effective. The *tableaux* were most artistically and beautifully placed upon the stage, the dresses being marvels of splendour and colour.

The drawings amounted to about £135.

The following are the names of those who acted, and the parts which they represented:—

Waxwork Group.—Showman, Rev. Mr. Toimie; Old Woman who lived in a Shoe, Miss Brown; Queen of Hearts, Miss Anna A. Lamont; Knave of Hearts, Mr. J. N. Mactaggart; Pears' Soap group, Miss Llewellyn and Master James Kerr Pearson; Little Bo-peep, Miss Isa. Cunningham; Sleeping Beauty, Miss Agnes Strang; Prince, Master Loudon Greenlees; Tallest Woman in the World, Mr. T. L. Brown; Little Jack Horner, Mr. John Cunningham.

Four Seasons.—Spring, Miss Agnes Strang; Summer, Miss Jenny Strang; Autumn, Miss Alice Macfadyen; Winter, Master Loudon Greenlees.

Gipsy Encampment.—Queen of Gipsies, Miss Fleming; Gipsies, Misses Brown, Agnes Greenlees, Elsie Fleming, M'Kelvie, Jean M'Kersie, Jeanie M'Fayden; Messrs. J. B. Wildman, T. L. Brown, J. N. Mactaggart, John Cunningham, and Master George M. Duncan; Lady, Miss Nannie Brown; Gentleman, Mr. W. Gow.

Maids of Lee.—Young Maids, Misses Lizzie Colville, Cunningham, and Alice Gibson; Suitors, Messrs. Galloway, J. P. Brown, and W. Gow; Old Maids, Misses Nellie Brown, M'Kelvie, and Llewellyn.

Bluebeard's Wives.—Bluebeard, Mr. D. C. Greenlees; Fatima, Miss Nannie Brown; Wives, Misses Llewellyn, Alice Gibson, L. Colville, Cunningham, L. Martin, and A. Macfadyen.

Queen Bess and Sir Walter Raleigh.—Queen Bess, Miss Brown; Sir Walter, Mr. Galloway; Befeaters, Messrs. J. N. Mactaggart and J. P. Brown; page, Master L. Greenlees.

Tempest.—Princess Miranda, Miss Fleming; Prince Ferdinand, Mr. J. B. Wildman; Prospero, Mr. T. L. Brown; Goddesses, Misses Elsie Fleming, Annie Greenlees, and Lizzie Martin.

Three Graces.—Misses Nannie Brown, Annie Greenlees, and Lizzie Martin.

Three Disgraces.—Messrs. D. C. Greenlees, J. P. Brown, and W. Gow.

Macbeth.—Lady Macbeth, Miss N. Brown; Nurse, Miss M. M. Harvey; Doctor, Mr. W. Gow.

Turkish Interior.—The Misses Greenlees, Hazelbank, Agnes Greenlees, Brown, Nannie Brown, Annie Greenlees, and Llewellyn.

Home they brought her Warrior dead.—Warrior, Mr. Mactaggart; Widow, Miss Agnes Greenlees; Nurse, Miss Brown; Maidens, Misses Elsie Fleming and Annie Greenlees; Soldiers, Messrs. D. C. Greenlees and J. P. Brown, and Sergeant-Instructors G. Waters and A. Venus.

Britannia.—Britannia, Miss Greenlees; Soldier, Mr. J. N. Mactaggart; Sailor, Mr. J. B. Wildman; England, Miss Fleming; Scotland, Miss Nannie Brown; Ireland, Miss Isabel Greenlees; Wales, Miss Llewellyn; India, Miss Anna A. Lamont; Australia, Mr. T. L. Brown.

The stage-assistants were Mr. Wm. M'Kersie, Mrs. Sam. Greenlees, Miss Harvey, Mr. Hugh Mitchell, Mr. A. F. Huie, and Sergt-Instructor A. Venus.



Though the frost which has come upon us brings little or no cessation to the amusement of the well-to-do, it does bring in its train a great deal of misery to members of the proletariat not far removed from the border line of destitution. To the caddies it means a practical "lock-out;" and recognising this, several members of the Tooting Bec Golf Club broached the idea of a supper to the caddies. The idea was warmly taken up. Mr. Graham King sent down to the club-house one of the best joints which Smithfield could produce, and Mr. J. C. Bell, Mr. T. L. Corbett, and Mr. Tamplin provided an 18-gallon cask of beer, with a supply of tobacco and other necessaries. The supper was held on Thursday, the 12th, and between thirty and forty caddies were entertained.

Mr. J. Duthie Matthew, the secretary, assisted by Mr. Wild and Mr. Tamplin, superintended the arrangements, and Mr. and Mrs. Higgs, the steward and stewardess of the club, did their best to provide a really excellent supper. The behaviour of the caddies was excellent throughout. All the musical talent among them was laid under contribution, and the character of their songs was not the "Wot Cheer" of Albert Chevalier, as might naturally have been expected, but sentimental ditties, with a more or less pathetic refrain. A caddie, named Chandler, executed a really clever clog-dance on the table—of course, after the cover had been removed.

The competition under the head of "Winchester Golf Club" in last week's issue, is that of the "Winchester College Golf Club," which is quite distinct from the Winchester Golf Club, and has its own links.

As the Amateur and the Open Championships are both this year to be played for at Prestwick, golfers in the West of Scotland have already begun to speculate on the events, and it may be presumed that the "field" on both occasions will be larger than ever, as Glasgow has been caught in the whirlwind of Golf as effectually as any other place. It is not expected that he will come out of the West, but "the coming man" is eagerly looked for in Scotland, and he will have the undying gratitude of his countrymen who shall remove the disgrace under which Scotland now lies, in having allowed both trophies to be taken "o'er the Border and awa'" by Ball and Hilton.

It appears that we were misinformed when we "tee-shotted" the statement on January 6th that the Crystal Palace Curlers had fled to Eltham because they were not kindly treated at the Palace. The very reverse appears to be the fact, and the curlers there are loud in praise of the directors for reserving one of the ponds for them, and affording them every facility for their sport. A deputation of the club has, in fact, been appointed to wait upon the directors and thank them. We therefore heartily tender our apologies and our congratulations at the same time. Since December 27th curling has been enjoyed almost continuously on the Palace Pond, and some capital matches have been played. Several recruits have been made from among the frozen-out fraternity of

golfers, among them being Major H. H. Crookenden, R.A., who is a Quebec curler of renown, and well known as a golfer at Blackheath, Sandwich, and elsewhere; Mr. A. T. Drysdale, Mr. Gordon Ruch, Mr. Robert Whyte, and Mr. Sydney Clarke. Major Crookenden, on January 3rd, won the R. C. C. C. medal with 17 points. Mr. J. G. Gibson, who seems to be the life and soul of the curling at the Palace, and as good a curler as he is a golfer, won the rink medal and also the club point medal, his score for the latter being 23.

One of the oldest Golf clubs in East Lothian is the East Lothian Golf Club. It was reconstituted in 1859, Mr. S. D. Sherriff and Mr. Wm. Palmer being both still alive to tell how this was done; but the club, which used to be called the Farmers' Club, goes much further back, and "from time immemorial" it seems to have had a local habitation at Gullane. It is the type of a truly social Golf club, its members numbering thirty, all known to each other, and all sociable and friendly, not a great conglomeration of individuals who simply combine to have advantages of playing over a green which they would not otherwise get, as is the case with many clubs. The members who are composed of town and country classes in nearly equal proportion meet quarterly. The first Saturdays of January, April, July, and December, being the days of meeting, and after play they dine together, the dinner with its toasts and songs being quite a feature of each meeting. On the first Saturday of the year it is understood that if frost is ruling at the time curling takes the place of Golf. This was the case this year, and the town beat the country at the roaring game. For the town, Mr. A. Usher, who won the rink medal in the Waverley Club, and Mr. G. Ritchie, who scored highest at the Midlothian bonspiel, Mr. T. S. Aitchison, Mr. J. P. Fulton, and other Waverley curlers played, so that the townsmen were particularly strong. Mr. James Law, a well-known golfer, was also of the town team, and played well. The secretary of the R. C. C. C., Mr. A. Davidson Smith, played for the country.

It was with much regret that the East Lothian Golf Club, at the above meeting, had to accept the resignation of Mr. J. A. Begbie, Queenstonebank, their excellent secretary. Mr. Begbie, like many others, has decided to abandon farming and take to business, and no doubt, as a golfer, he will hereafter be heard of in London, where a year or so after this we believe he will be in residence. He comes of a golfing family, his father having been a crack local player, and his brother, Tom A. Begbie, having also won renown in the University and other clubs. The late secretary of the club, his brother George, was also in his day a capital player. The club has been fortunate in its secretaries, Mr. John Callander having long held the position before it came into the Begbie family. When over eighty the venerable old official stuck to his post and discharged his duties well, always finishing off in reply to the toast of his health with the words, "Ma hert's in the game." The secretary appointed in place of Mr. Begbie is Mr. St. Clair Cunningham, a worthy successor of those who have held the office. He is a player of great note, and would be in the forefront if business did not interfere with his practice. He is one of the most genial of men, and a great promoter of Golf and other healthy sports. Readers of GOLF will have noticed that he has been the convener and spokesman of those who took in hand the interests of golfers at Gullane, which appeared to be threatened by the recent legal proceedings in reference to horse-training on the course.

Mr. J. A. Begbie, who has just resigned the secretaryship of the East Lothian Club, is a golfer of more than ordinary experience. Before taking up his brother's farm, he was in business in Bombay. Writing once on the subject of Golf there, he said, "Lest anyone should run away with the idea that Golf is a new game in Bombay, let me, as an old golfer there, say that the Bombay Golf Club was founded in 1842; for twenty-seven years after that date the club had a rather precarious existence, but in 1869 it was reconstituted under the name of the Royal Bombay Golf Club, and since then has gone on growing in strength and favour. Besides its own club medal,

it has medals presented by the Blackheath Golf Club, the London Scottish Club, the Calcutta, and the Madras Clubs. The club has an interesting link with the past, in its 'Forty-two' medal, which bears the name of the founder of the club, Mr. H. H. Glass, C.S., and the date, 1842. Like Edinburgh (before it got the Braids course) the green lies in the middle of the city, and when it is considered that the population of Bombay is something like three times that of Edinburgh, you will have some idea of the difficulties under which its admirers follow the noble game. On account of the heat and the crowd, all golfing is done in the early morning, between six and nine o'clock. A little over one hundred miles from Bombay, at the up-country station of Nasik, there is a most excellent course of nine holes, and the Bombay players journey there once every season, and hold a regular Golf tournament."

* * *

The links at North Berwick, after the vanishing of the frost, were in fine condition for play, more especially on Wednesday, the 11th, when the day was really beautiful, and the old town looking its very best. Among other couples who had matches on that day were Mr. Turnbull Smith (whose fine illustration of the links we noticed last week) and Mr. A. Thomson, Mr. Whitecross and Mr. Hogg, Mr. Shaw Stewart and Mr. Gillies Smith. Mr. David Gibson, who has just returned to London, had also a game with and defeated Bob Miller.

* * *

Bob Miller has, for many years, been looked upon as a kind of king among the caddies at North Berwick; and among those who have given up fishing as unremunerative, and abandoned the sea for the profits of the links, Bob has certainly in a pecuniary sense had by far the best of it, and proved himself the best player of his class. He affects a kind of superior style, which some of his "neebors" are rather amused at, especially when they remember that at the fishin' he was by no means distinguished. He has just returned from the South of England, where Mr. Lehmann, for whom Bob carried last year, has been trotting him out on several Southern courses. Bob has had a high time of it among the gentry, and there is more "side" on than ever, now that he has appeared again among his fellows.

* * *

It is all very well for a man like Bob Miller, whose success no doubt is a case of the survival of the fittest—for Bob is really a good fellow despite his little greatnesses. But what of the other fishermen caddies at North Berwick who attract the picturesque eye of James Purves on a summer day? In these wintry times they call for pity. I saw one the other day standing shivering with his hands in his pockets—one of the most respectable of his class, and I was told he had not earned five shillings in the last month, and yet has a wife and three children depending on him. I fear many at North Berwick, who live by Golf in summer, would starve in winter but for the charity of their neighbours and the local soup-kitchen. This winter-suffering of those who depend on it is the shady side of Golf. Instead of a large sum being collected and distributed as prizes at the end of the season, might we suggest that visitors and others place a fund in the hands of the worthy Provost Brodie and a committee, to be distributed during the winter among caddies who are unable to get employment.

* * *

In the South of England curling is still caviare to the general, although there are some enthusiastic players at the Crystal Palace. Even sporting reporters do not seem to know much about it, or to take the trouble to inquire and enlighten their clients. Here is an account of the curling at the Crystal Palace in the end of the year, from the *Sportsman*, December 31st:—"Several gentlemen were engaged in the Scottish sport of curling, which, as many Southerners may not quite understand the game, we can explain in *gliding stone kettles on the ice*. These kettles weigh from 35 lb. to 50 lb. each, and the players try to land their kettles as close as possible to another, which is placed as the mark at a considerable distance. All the players carry brooms. The sport is not without excitement, while the resonant sound of the kettles, as they slide along the ice, is by no means displeasing!" Try it again, Mr. *Sportsman*.

You have got a bit inkling into the business, and may make a curler yet. Meantime, if you go North, you will find that it is *after* curling they play with kettles, and laugh at *jocks* like this last. Curling itself is a more serious business.

* * *

Yet why despair. The other game was long in making way, and descriptions of it quite as ludicrous were printed in London by respectable magazines not so very long ago. Thus in "*Fraser's Magazine*," L. (August, 1854), pp. 204-209, in a long "Chapter on Golf," in which, with "Thomson" and "Smith" playing a match, the wiseacre writer assumes to give directions regarding the game. In one passage Smith's ball, we are told, "lies in a sand-rut, whilst some ungainly whins are in close vicinity, and he calls despairingly for the *putter*, an instrument with an iron head and stem, and therefore calculated for durability when the golfer is driven to operate in the jungle." Referring to the golfing motto, "Far and sure," the writer, in a footnote, says:—"Far! is the phrase used by Southern golfers as a warning to stragglers to keep out of danger when a ball is struck. The motto may be a pun on this, as well as indicating a shot *far* yet effective." "*Fraser*" on Golf is not a bad second to the *Sportsman* on curling, and with time and frost they may yet run together.

* * *

Referring to "tee-shot," December 30th, 1892, the secretary of the Archerfield Golf Club has been roundly rated for paying damages for the sheep said to have been killed by a Golf ball, some members maintaining that the thing was impossible. The account has, however, been passed, and the objectors have been completely discomfited by some literary limb having unearthed classical authority for such an event. This is to be found in Mathison's "*Goff*," Canto III., lines 67 to 77, &c.:—

"Not so *Castalio* lifts th' userring club,
But with superior art attacks the globe;
The well-truck ball the stormy wind beguil'd,
And like a swallow skim'd along the field.
An harmless sheep, by Fate decreed to fall,
Feels the dire fury of the rapid ball;
Full on her front the raging bullet flew,
And sudden anguish seiz'd the silent ewe;
Stagg'ring she falls upon the verdant plain,
Convulsive pangs distract her wounded brain."

In the Archerfield case poor Mailie, it seems, was struck upon the heart, so deponeth shepherd Combe. It matters not. Let golfers beware, for here is a new danger, for which a rule should be laid down. The discomfited objectors maintain that, if they killed the sheep and paid for it, they should have got the mutton. This sounds reasonable. But it is now too late, and, query—Is mutton killed by gutta-percha sound meat and saleable?

* * *

GOLF IN CYPRUS.—It may be of interest to golfers to know that links have been opened at Larnaca. The St. George's Golf Club already numbers forty members. The course, comprising about 5,000 yards, and consisting of eighteen holes, nine out and nine back, is beautifully situated about one and a-half miles from Larnaca, and comprises excellent hazards and approaches, with beautiful putting-greens of large size, of hard fine sand, true and level as a table. To any golfer who wishes to avoid an English winter these links may prove an attraction, and he will be quite sure of fine weather, a beautiful course, and a hearty welcome. Mr. F. G. Templer, District Judge, hon. secretary of St. George's Golf Club, will be very pleased to give anyone who thinks of coming every particular. The subscription is only ten shillings.

* * *

The first business meeting of the Seascale Golf Club was held at the Scawfell Hotel, Seascale, on Monday, the 9th inst. Lord Muncaster was elected president, and the Earl of Errol captain, with the following committee:—Rev. Canon Bell, Sir Henry Pottinger, Rev. J. McConwell, Messrs. A. H. W. Harrison, S. L. Burns-Lindow, E. E. Turner, and H. L. Fox, the latter also taking the post of secretary and treasurer. An entrance fee of £1 1s. and an annual subscription of £2 2s. were agreed to.

DONALD (who has just lost the match by 2 down and 1 to play, to DUGALD, who is studying his putt at the last hole).—“Play awa', mon, play awa', the hole hasna' moved.”

DUGALD (holing out).—“I wasna' thinkin' it had, Donald; but aiblins it micht when you tak' yer putter to it.”

DONALD plays and fails to hole out.—*Tableau.*

* * *

John and Gourlay Dunn, the sons of Tom Dunn, the professional at Tooting Bec, have gone into partnership, as Golf club and ball makers, at the Prince's Golf Club, Mitcham Junction. They have considerably extended their business, and have acquired the services of the McPhersons, of Formby. The McPhersons are thoroughly-experienced club makers, having served their time with McEwan. The Dunsns have had fitted up the latest improvements in ball-making machinery, and are now seasoning, and will soon have ready a new ball, called “Dunsns' Record.” They are also seasoning steamed beech blocks for heads. The advantage of having the heads steamed to shape is that, instead of having the grain across the neck, it will be in line with the lie of the head, so that the heads will be much stronger. They have recently taken out two patents. The driver has an oval shaft. The idea is that there is less side-give and more spring, and we hear that they are selling these shafts as fast as they can make them. Among those using them are Mr. J. R. Hutchison and Mr. Hanbury. The features of the approaching-iron are, that it has a rounded sole, short socket, concave face, and weight on the sole of the club. This enables one to approach the hole from any sort of lie, and the ball, when it lands, stops dead.

* * *

There has been laid out, close to Mitcham Station, a ladies' Golf course, consisting of nine of the most sporting holes that can be seen anywhere. There are, for hazards, sand-bunkers, large copses of thorn and bramble, ditches, deep gaps, furze, etc. A club house will soon be built on the ladies' links.

* * *

Gourlay Dunn has just laid out a course at Milton Court, Dorking, for Mrs. Rate, and John Dunn laid out nine holes in the Deer Park, at Morden Hall for Miss Hatfield, a member of the Wimbledon Ladies' Golf Club.

* * *

The winter competition of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club for last Saturday, the 14th, had to be again postponed, as the links were covered with snow. The competition will probably take place next Saturday, the 21st inst.

* * *

A well-known and highly respected professional in the neighbourhood of Liverpool was approaching the links, with his caddie carrying his clubs. The boy made a short cut by crossing the ice on a rather deep pond, near the club house, when he was observed by the “Gowfer” who frantically yelled: “Hi, laddie, come aff the ice, or ye'll be drappin in an' I'll lose a' ma' clubs!”

WHARF DALE CLUB.—On Saturday the members of this club played their monthly medal competition over Leith links. Mr. Wm. Geddes was the winner with a score for the nine-holes 62, less 17½=44½.

NOTICE.

THE Editorial Offices of GOLF have been removed to 80, CHANCERY LANE, W.C., to which address all communications intended for the Editor must be addressed.

All Business communications and advertisements to be addressed to the Publisher at the same address.



BARNES LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

On Wednesday, January 11th, the members who had won the monthly medal during the past year played off for a gold memento, presented by the club. The following is a list of those who competed:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
* Miss Gow...	95	15	80	Miss M. Dickie ...	94 6 88
Miss Connell ...	93	10	83	Mrs. Warner ...	117 25 92
Miss G. Pearson ...	102	15	87	Miss Barclay Brown	118 25 93

* Winner.

Mrs. Dallas, Mrs. Dickins, and Mrs. Gray were also eligible, but were prevented from playing.

BIARRITZ GOLF CLUB.

Monthly medal.

Gross Hcp. Net			Gross Hcp. Net.		
Mr. C. de Lacy Lacy	97	12	85	Mr. H. Sherlock ...	119 12 107
Mr. A. Linzee ...	119	18	101	Mr. W. Halsey ...	141 30 111
Mr. C. Haig ...	124	22	102	Mr. A. Nicoll ...	134 18 116

Eight players made no return.

BURNHAM (BUCKS) GOLF CLUB.

The following are the scores for the monthly competition for the Council medals, December:—

GENTLEMEN.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. H. Baldwin ...	96	10	86	Mr. A. E. Wilmot...	101 10 91
Mr. F. Abercrombie	133	45	88	Mr. F.C.D. Haggard	102 10 92
Mr. R. Dawson ...	105	15	90	Mr. W. Aitchison ...	131 30 101

LADIES.

Gross Hcp. Net.			Gross Hcp. Net.		
Mrs. Aitchison ...	92	10	82	Miss Bayley ...	111 30 81
Miss G. M. Aber-				Miss Ranking ...	107 10 97
crombie ...	113	20	93	Miss F. Ranking ...	109 10 99
Mrs. Anderson ...	94	20	74		

The following is the result of the competition for Mrs. Carr Gomm's prize—the best total of five rounds:—

	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Miss F. Ranking ...	93	20	73	86	20	66	90	20	70
	87	20	67	92	20	72	Net total 348		
Miss Ranking...	100	20	80	103	20	83	89	20	69
	89	20	69	91	20	71	Net total 372		
Mrs. W. Herbert An-	97	20	77	84	20	64	85	20	65
	105	20	85	114	20	94	Net total 385		
Mrs. Aitchson ...	90	10	80	105	10	95	87	10	77
	96	10	86	105	10	95	Net total 433		
Miss G. M. Abercrom-	135	20	115	105	20	85	99	20	79
	119	20	99	118	20	98	Net total 476		

BOWDON GOLF CLUB.

The first monthly medal competition of this club, which was originally fixed for 7th inst., but was postponed on account of the snow, took place on the links at Dunham Massey on Saturday last, the 14th inst. The ground was as hard as iron, with great slabs of ice on the putting-greens which made low scoring impossible. The best gross score of the day (106) was made by the Rev. T. Pym Williamson, and was very

creditable considering the state of the course and the greens. The medal winner was Mr. T. W. Killick, who, in spite of a reduced handicap (from 30 to 24), came in with 89 net. The first prize in the optional sweepstakes was taken by the Rev. T. Pym Williamson, and the second by Mr. H. Winstanley. The following were the best scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. T. W. Killick...	113	24	89	Mr. H. Winstanley	131	26	105
Mr. F. Platt-Higgins	112	16	96	Mr. S. W. Gillett	114	7	107
Mr. F. V. Williams	116	18	98	Mr. C. H. Wolff	120	12	108
Rev. T. Pym Williamson	106	6	100	Mr. H. F. Ransome	117	9	108

Messrs. S. Smelt, W. S. Mainprice, H. Holden, A. G. Hogg, James Boyd, W. M. Neild, C. W. Dudley, F. Heywood, E. Hulton, jun., and others were either over 100 net or made no returns.

CANNES GOLF CLUB.

The fortnightly handicap was held on Tuesday, January 10th, with the following results:—

Gentlemen—			Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. T. W. Stubbs...	81	13	68	Mr. Brown Westhead	156	60	96	
Baron de St. Genest	146	70	76	Lieut.-Col. Cragg	122	25	97	
Lieut.-Col. Lockhart	108	30	78	Captain Dick	138	40	98	
Mr. H. G. Walker...	95	12	83	H.I.H. The Grand Duke Michael of Russia	165	53	112	
Col. C. C. Woodward	108	18	90	Colonel Saunderson, M.P.	146	30	116	
Mr. J. Roberts	108	18	90					
Mr. M. Sargent	117	26	91					
Mr. Frederick Walker	129	34	95					

Ladies—			Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Miss Walker	73	17	56	Miss Schenley	103	35	68	
Mrs. Tennent	50+10	60		Countess de Torby	98	17	81	
Miss Harbord	89	26	63					

CROOKHAM GOLF CLUB.

The monthly "Bogey" competition took place on Saturday, January 14th, with the following result. There was much ice and snow on the course, and snow showers during the day:—

Hcp. "Bogey."		Hcp. "Bogey."	
Mr. F. N. Gary	12 +4	Mr. S. S. Wollaston	9 +10
Rev. J. Stewart	7 +6	Mr. W. H. Belcher	12 +10

DIDSBURY GOLF CLUB.

The fourth round of the winter monthly competition was brought off last Saturday, the 14th. The ground was very hard, but clear of snow. The winner turned up in Mr. Mon. Bythway, with 114, less 27=87; Mr. J. Gill running him close with 118, less 30=88. The following cards were returned showing under 100 net.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. M. Bythway	114	27	87	Mr. W. H. Young	117	21	96
Mr. J. Gill	118	30	88	Mr. R. J. Adamson	112	15	97
Mr. A. Galbraith	109	18	91	Mr. J. Hulse	128	30	98
Mr. W. Higgin-bottom	122	30	92	Mr. E. A. Russell	129	30	99

FORFARSHIRE.

The tenth round of the winter series of competitions of the Arbroath Club was finished on Saturday, with the following result:—1st, Mr. David Brown, 4 points; 2nd, Mr. Robert Guthrie (3 above), 3 points; 3rd (tie), Mr. J. P. Gibb and Mr. James Smith (4 above), 1½ points each. The other thirteen players had 1 point each.

The monthly sweepstake competition of the Dundee Advertiser Club was played on Monifieth on Saturday. The weather was bitterly cold, and some of the greens were covered with ice. Twenty-two players took part in the match, and one or two excellent scores were recorded, the best being:—Mr. William Still, 80; Mr. John D. Brown, 93; Mr. Alexander Bowman, 93; Mr. Thomas Knox, 96; Mr. John Macrae, 97; Mr. William M. Cromb, 99; Mr. John Wynd, 99. Prizes were won as follows:—First class: 1st, Mr. John Brown; 2nd, Mr. W. Still; 3rd (tie), Mr. Thomas Knox and Mr. James U. Wallace. Second class: 1st average, Mr. John Livingstone; 2nd, Mr. John Wynd; 3rd, Mr. W. M. Cromb; Mr. John Clark was the prize-taker in the third class.

The winter monthly handicap competition of the Dalhousie Club was held on Saturday. There was not a large turn-out of players, the weather being bitterly cold, while the course was frost-bound, with great sheets of ice here and there on the greens. As usual, the game was played according to the "Bogey" system. On Saturday Mr. W. R. Sharp succeeded in winning the first prize. Though he was 2

holes behind the "Colonel," his score of 85 strokes was an extremely fine one, considering the condition of the course and greens. The following are the details of Mr. Sharp's score:—

Out	...	5	4	4	5	5	3	5	5	5=41	} 85
In	...	3	7	4	5	6	4	5	5	5=44	

The second prize was gained by Mr. D. L. Low, who was 4 down, his score being 91. Mr. S. C. Thomson took third place, being 6 holes behind the "Colonel," with a score of 92 strokes. Mr. Sharp also won the optional sweepstakes.

GUILDFORD GOLF CLUB.

On January 14th, in addition to the monthly medal, there was a competition between the winners of monthly medals during 1892 for a prize given by the club. Mr. H. T. Cattley won both events with a good score of 83 net. The course was not in the best condition, some of the greens being more favourable for curling than Golf, but in spite of this the scores throughout were very fair. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. H. T. Cattley	93	10	83	Mr. H. Davenport	97	9	88
Mr. C. E. Nesham	86	2	84	Mr. W. M. Corrie	97	9	88
Mr. D. L. Poole	89	5	84	Mr. E. S. Trouncer	103	14	89
Mr. C. H. Parry	100	16	84	Mr. B. Howell	92	2	90
Mr. W. P. Trench	99	13	86	Mr. C. J. Scott	112	20	92
Mr. R. Case	100	14	86	Mr. H. L. Forbes	101	8	93
Mr. W. Carr	88	1	87	Mr. J. H. Bovill	104	9	95
Mr. L. Howell	100	13	87	Mr. J. H. Lewis	115	18	97

HYÈRES GOLF CLUB.

The weekly competitions have been continued here with increased success. On December 31st Mr. S. Hoare proved the winner, after playing two steady rounds; and on January 7th Mr. Jervis won from scratch, going round in 49 and 45. On each occasion the weather was delightfully warm, and the ground played fast, no rain having fallen for two months. There being many boys out for the Christmas holidays, a junior handicap was arranged each Saturday, in which several ladies took part. Twelve holes were played, and the winner on each occasion was Master J. J. Pawson. Appended are the full scores of the senior competitions:—

December 31st:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. S. Hoare, M.P.	108	14	94	Mr. W. Peel	132	30	102
Hon. R. Jervis	95	scr.	95	Dr. Bernard	119	10	109
Mr. F. H. Stewart	95	+3	98	Mr. G. R. Corbett	151	29	122
Mr. H. H. Child	121	20	101	Rev. A. L. Palmer	170	37	133
Mr. F. Lyon	133	32	101				

January 7th:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Hon. R. Jervis	94	scr.	94	Mr. S. Hoare, M.P.	118	12	106
Mr. W. Peel	130	30	100	Mr. G. R. Corbett	136	30	106
Mr. H. H. Child	121	20	101	Dr. Bernard	124	11	113
Mr. F. H. Stewart	99	+2	101	Mr. J. W. Trumble	150	36	114

Mr. W. C. E. Deeley and Mr. Baldry made no returns.

LEASOWE GOLF CLUB.

The sixth monthly competition for the Hannay cup was played on Saturday, the 14th inst., and although some of the neighbouring links were under snow the Leasowe links were free and in good condition, and a very fair afternoon's Golf was enjoyed by those who braved the elements. Mr. W. A. Brattan was the winner, with 105, less 20=85. The other five winners who are in for the final are Messrs. Thos. R. Evans, J. Anderson, J. B. Smith, J. Rigby, and F. A. Cooper. The following are the scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.			
*Mr. W. A. Brattan	105	20	85	Mr. John Ball, jun.	81+10	91
†Mr. J. Morris	86	scr.	86	Mr. Donald Ball	91+2	93
‡Mr. J. M. Campbell	102	12	90			

* First sweepstake. † Second sweepstake. ‡ Third sweepstake.

The other competitors made no return or were over 100 net.

MELBOURNE GOLF CLUB.

The five-guinea trophy presented by Mr. T. A. Keats, for the five best handicap medal scores out of seven, has been won by Mr. Mark Anderson. The following is the result:—

Total.		Aver.		Total.		Aver.	
Mr. M. Anderson	459	91.8	Mr. T. J. Finley	478	95.6		
Mr. D. M. Maxwell	464	92.8	Mr. T. Brentnall	479	95.8		
Mr. T. S. Huggins	468	93.6	Mr. J. Graham	520	104		

RICHMOND GOLF CLUB.

On Saturday, the 7th, the usual monthly medal meeting was held at Sudbrook Park, Petersham. In consequence of the severity of the weather and the rival claims of skating and Christmas festivities, only a limited number of ardent "gowfers" competed. Red balls were the order of the day, the putting being particularly trying to the neophyte. Mr. M. Hill proved to be the winner of the senior medal, with a score of 94, less 16=78. Mr. J. M. Whitmore won the junior medal, with 130, less 27=103. Other returns were as follows:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. F. K. Cobbett...	89	10	79	Mr. J. Hougkin ...	112 18 94
Mr. S. F. Higgins...	100	9	91	Mr. J. Arbuckle ...	142 not hcpd.
Mr. A. St. G. Sar-				General Pritchard ...	144 not hcpd.
geant ...	103	12	91		

Messrs. M. G. Davidson, H. P. Williams, P. R. Don, R. E. Yerburch, L. Renault, C. L. Vaughan, R. Warner, and others made no returns.

ROYAL JERSEY GOLF CLUB.

Mr. Turnbull's prize, Saturday, January 14th:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
*Mr. J. R. Brown...	89	6	83	Mr. T. A. Barker ...	99 5 94
*Mr. G. M. Robertson	97	10	87	Mr. O. Belk ...	98 3 95
Mr. H. E. Atkinson	95	5	90	Mr. C. J. Broadwood	98 2 96
Mr. W. P. Fulcher	91	scr.	91	Capt. Fairlie ...	99 3 96
Col. Mackenzie ...	95	3	92		

* Divided sweepstakes.

Nine players made no returns.

SOUTHPORT GOLF CLUB.

The frost on Friday night caused the greens to be hard on Saturday, and approaching and putting were rather difficult. In playing off the tie for the Christmas prize, Mr. H. B. Barlow beat Mr. W. E. Bland, and won. The competition against "Bogey" resulted thus:—Messrs. H. Sidebottom and H. B. Barlow divided first and second prizes, and Mr. W. T. Rowley took the third. In the first monthly competition, Mr. H. Sidebottom, 84, won the first sweepstake; Mr. T. Aitken, 87, the second; while the third was divided between Messrs. G. F. Smith, H. B. Barlow, and F. Baker, each having 92. Eight competitors made returns, and eight others did not. The year's list of fixtures includes a spring meeting, a summer meeting, an autumn meeting, and a Christmas meeting, besides competitions extending over four and twelve months. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
*Mr. H. Sidebottom	91	7	84	†Mr. F. Baker ...	108 16 92
†Mr. Thos. Aitken	103	16	87	Mr. W. T. Rowley ...	105 8 97
†Mr. G. F. Smith...	90	+2	92	Mr. W. E. Bland ...	106 7 99
†Mr. H. B. Barlow	106	14	92	Mr. P. Johnson ...	134 30 104

* Won first sweep.

† Won second sweep.

‡ Divided third sweep.

No returns from Messrs. H. Dorning, R. A. Nicholson, R. Deane, T. O. Clinning, A. Darbyshire, J. H. Holme, H. H. Perkes, and S. Ashington.

ST. GEORGE'S GOLF CLUB.

Monthly medal, January 14th. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. F. T. Welman	88	2	86	Mr. W. H. Peto ...	109 12 97
Mr. T. A. Fison ...	100	13	87	Mr. M. Tomson ...	112 13 99
Mr. F. Barry ...	93	5	88		

THE ROYAL NORTH DEVON GOLF CLUB.

On Saturday last, play, which had been postponed from the previous Saturday on account of a fall of snow, took place for a New Year's prize, a handsome silver inkstand, the gift of Mr. T. G. J. Heathcote, and an optional sweepstakes. The weather was bitterly cold, a very strong north-westerly gale blew, accompanied by heavy rain, which will account for the large scores. Mr. P. Winterscale's round of 98 was a fine performance considering the state of the weather—49 each way. He won the inkstand and first prize in the sweep, the Rev. C. Bode the second, and Mr. E. North the third prize. There were thirty-eight starters. Names:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. P. Winterscale, S.	98	7	91	Mr. M. A. North, S.	116 11 105
Rev. C. Bode, S. ...	111	16	95	Rev. J. Eustace, S. ...	122 15 107
Mr. E. G. North, S. ...	109	13	96	Mr. J. H. Law ...	124 17 107
Mr. W. E. Duns-				Rev. R. W. Sealy, S.	115 7 108
ford, S. ...	101	4	97	Mr. C. Didham ...	117 8 109
Mr. G. W. Soltau...	112	14	98	Rev. G. Willes ...	119 10 109
Mr. J. J. Harding, S.	105	4	101	Mr. F. LeMarchand, S.	121 12 109
Mr. G. H. Clark, S.	116	13	103	Col. Stanley Scott, S.	123 13 110

Twenty-three were over 110, or made no returns.

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WEST CORNWALL GOLF CLUB.

The first of the spring series of handicap competitions took place on Saturday, the 7th. The weather was bitterly cold, with half a gale from the south-east. Nine members, however, out of the eleven who played off made returns as follows:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. J. Mudge ...	114	19	95	Mr. W. Dickson ...	125 14 111
Mr. R. F. Tyacke...	123	25	98	Mr. W. F. Harvey..	134 20 114
Mr. H. H. Trevithick	137	36	101	Capt. Savage ...	164 50 114
Mr. Robert Fox ...	129	22	107	Mr. C. W. Smith ...	150 35 115

Messrs. H. H. Batten, H. Mansel, and R. B. Fox made no returns. The club has made arrangements as to providing meals for players from a distance, and a couple of bedrooms and sitting-room are also to be obtained by members wishing to remain on the links.

A competition, under handicap, by the ladies, took place on Wednesday. The weather was dry and bitterly cold, consequently the entries were but few. The prize, a silver-headed Golf club walking-stick, given by Mr. H. H. Batten, was won by Miss Wilkinson. The following were the cards returned:—

		1st Rnd.	2nd Rnd.	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Miss Wilkinson	50	46	96	22	74
Miss Bodilly	67	66	133	33	100
Miss Hast	63	61	124	19	105
Mrs. Tyacke	83	61	144	31	113

Miss Vivian made no return.

WEST HERTS GOLF CLUB.

On Saturday last the usual monthly medal handicaps were played over the club course at Bushey. Handicaps of 10 and under:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. B. M. Barton...	87	7	80	Mr. W. Wilson ...	105 10 95
Mr. Denton Scholes	97	8	89	Mr. A. Hepburn	
Mr. G. F. Pearson...	99	8	91	Wallace ...	101 13 88

Handicaps exceeding 10:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. H. J. Cottam...	95	13	82	Mr. S. Hirst ...	111 14 97
Mr. I. L. Clark ...	104	20	84	Mr. E. Taylor ...	116 17 99
Mr. W. R. Carter ...	103	17	86	Dr. E. F. Jackson .	120 19 101
Mr. A. D. Walker .	101	13	88	Mr. J. Jackson ...	118 15 103
Mr. Albert Roberts.	108	18	90	Mr. A. Manning ...	125 20 105
Mr. J. S. Crauford .	103	11	92	Mr. E. Kingham ...	127 22 105
Mr. C. Davis ...	107	14	93	Mr. R. W. Sedgwick	131 22 109
Mr. H. H. Tankard	111	15	96		

Not handicapped:—Mr. J. Clifford, 123; Mr. H. E. Tyser, 129; and Mr. C. l'Anson, 131.

WILLESDEN GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal was played for on Saturday. Owing to the counter-attraction of skating there was a small turn-out. Result:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
*Mr. W.F. Mapleston	93 3 90	Mr. J. R. Townsend	108 12 96
Mr. J. Horn	96 5 91		

* Winner.

The other competitors were over 100 net.

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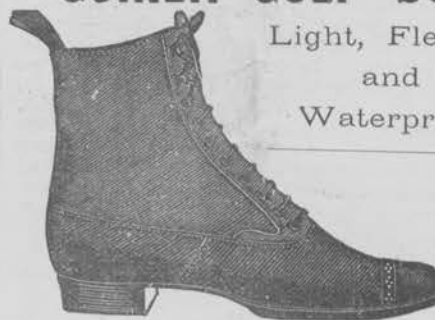
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