

# GOLF.

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

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1894.

DECEMBER.

- Dec. 22.—Willesden : Monthly Medal.  
West Herts : "Bogey" Competition.  
Ilkley : Monthly Medal.  
Morecambe and Heysham : Captain's Prize.
- Dec. 22, 24, 25 & 26.—Headingley : "Bogey" Sweepstake.
- Dec. 22, 24 & 26.—Wanstead Park : Christmas Meeting.
- Dec. 24.—Aldeburgh : Christmas Meeting ; Monthly Medal (Final).
- Dec. 24 & 25.—Ilkley : Christmas Cup.
- Dec. 26.—Wilmslow : "Bogey" Competition.  
Rochester Ladies : "Bogey" Competition.  
Southport : Christmas Meeting.  
Royal Dublin : Sweepstakes (2s. 6d.)  
Warminster : Monthly Medal.  
Beckenham : Captain's Prize.  
Woodford : Club Handicap.  
Royal Isle of Wight : Christmas Meeting.  
Royal Epping Forest : "Bogey" Competition.  
Manchester : Christmas Club Prizes.  
Morecambe and Heysham : Christmas Competition.  
Enfield : Winter Meeting.  
Finchley : "Bogey" Competition.  
Aldeburgh : The late Mr. Newson Garrett's Cup.  
Clacton-on-Sea : Quarterly Prize Meeting and "Bogey" Competition.  
Clacton-on-Sea : Ladies ; Quarterly Prize Meeting.  
Southend-on-Sea : Christmas Meeting ; Seniors' Silver Medal ; Falconer Prizes ; Captain's Prizes, Short Game Competition.  
Royal Norwich : Monthly Silver Medal (Handicap) ; Long Handicap Bronze Medal.  
Burnham (Somerset) : Gold and Silver Medals.
- Dec. 27.—Bentley Green : Monthly Handicap.  
Royal Cromer : Monthly Medal.  
Royal Guernsey : Monthly Medal.  
Royal Isle of Wight : "Bogey" Competition.

- Dec. 27.—Clacton-on-Sea : Half Yearly Challenge Bowl.  
Royal Norwich : Foursome Competition.
- Dec. 28 & 29.—Royal Eastbourne : Winter Meeting.
- Dec. 29.—Moseley : Monthly Medal.  
Warwickshire : Monthly Competition.  
Buxton and High Peak : Monthly Medal.  
Cinque Ports : Monthly Medal.  
Knutsford : Monthly Competition.  
Taplow : Monthly Medal.  
Alfreton : Bronze Medal.  
Alfreton Ladies : Silver Spoon.  
Huddersfield : Monthly Medal.  
Royal Wimbledon : Monthly Medal.  
Dumfries and Galloway : Monthly Medal.  
Crookham : Monthly Medal.  
Marple : Monthly Medal and Captain's Cup.  
West Middlesex : Handicap Match.  
Bowdon : "Bogey" Competition.  
Neasden : Monthly Medal.  
Troon : Gold Medal.  
Lytham and St. Anne's : Captain's Cup.  
Kemp Town : Monthly Medal.  
Ventnor : Saltarn Badge.  
Royal West Norfolk : Monthly Medal.  
Royal Epping Forest : Gordon Cup ; Captain's Prize ; Monthly Medal.  
Holmes Chapel & Urmston.  
Eltham Ladies : Monthly Medal.  
Sidecup : Monthly Medal (First and Second Class).  
West Cornwall : Gentlemen ; Monthly Medal.  
Clacton-on-Sea : Ashford Monthly Cup.  
Wanstead Park : Monthly Medal.  
Woking : Monthly Handicap.
- Dec. 31, Jan. 1 & 2.—Portrush : Open Foursomes ; Hole Competition ; Medal Competition.  
Wellingborough : Monthly Medal.

1895.

JANUARY.

- Jan. 1.—Mid-Surrey Ladies : Monthly Medal.  
Wilmslow : Special Competition.  
Prestwick St. Nicholas : Club Medal ; Gold Badge ; Wilson's Medal.  
Royal Cornwall Ladies : Monthly Medal.
- Jan. 1 & 3.—Birkdale : Medal Competition.
- Jan. 2.—Lyme Regis : Monthly Medal.  
Minehead : Monthly Medal.  
Prince's Ladies (Mitcham) : Monthly Medal.
- Jan. 3 & 17.—Tyneside : Bi-Monthly Handicap.
- Jan. 4.—Woodbridge : President's Prize.  
Royal Cornwall : Monthly Medal.
- Jan. 4 & 5.—Royal West Norfolk : Christmas Meeting.
- Jan. 5.—Royal Liverpool : Winter Optional Subscription Prize.  
London Scottish : Monthly Medal.  
Tooting : Monthly Medal.  
Leicester : Monthly Medal.  
Macclesfield : Monthly Medal & President's Challenge Cup.  
Bullwood : Monthly Medal.  
Neasden : "Bogey" Competition.

## THE MINISTER'S BUNKER.

The village of Y —, on the East Coast of Scotland, had, for its parish minister some years ago, a divine fond of a game of Golf. His game when on the links differed slightly from his prayers when in the pulpit, in that, the latter were long while the former was short. Nevertheless, his regular appearance on the links on Tuesdays and Saturdays, combined, doubtless, with the respect due to his calling, had in course of time, sufficed to arouse interest enough in his game in the minds of the local *habitués* to induce them to alter the name of a treacherous bunker at the eighth hole, from the "Graveyard" to the "Minister's Hell." For years it continued to be so called, but it was a moot point whether the minister himself knew of the unsolicited honour which had been done him—or more, strictly speaking, his play,—by the re-christening of the Bunker.

Most golfers admitted the correct aptness of the significance of the latter part of its new title, especially when they were in it; seeing that it was a yawning gulf of sand fifty yards wide by forty across, ending in a steep overhanging concave bank some fifteen feet high, the whole forming a complete obstruction across the line of play to the approaching hole, and flanked on one side by the sea, and on the other by a lot of unplayable "whinny" ground. Such, then, was the bunker at the eighth hole which had for some reason become peculiarly the minister's. Why? Apparently on account of the invariable rule of the minister's play, that, drive long or drive short, he persistently for years tried to carry that bunker with his second; and regularly every Tuesday and Saturday, without fail, landed his ball well in it. There it was; from the minister's first appearance on the Golf ground at Y — to the day he left off golfing there, he never altered his game at the eighth hole. It was a set part of his play: as set as a certain amateur champion's much-admired shots off his left leg! On such occasions it became in course of time (by some process of intuitive reasoning, doubtless born of respect for the bunkered minister), a recognised law, rigidly upheld by all the reverend gentleman's golfing parishioners, that his partner and all onlookers should, when the bunker held his ball, at once retire some distance on its farther side, and thus leave him alone, save for the presence of his caddie, to grapple with his inevitable mashie shot. So much was this so, that, to the thoughtful stranger, it presented a moving study from life of reverential homage to watch the little throng gathered some twenty paces away from the top of the obstruction, with quiet and reverent patience awaiting the advent of the minister's ball from its sandy grave in the hollow below. As a consequence, with the exception of the caddie, no one really knew what took place in the bunker during his duo-weekly visits there. On rare occasions he was "oot in twa"; generally it was 3 strokes or even 4, but he was never known to give up the hole.

Jock (who carried for the minister from first to last)—or rather "ee-less Jock," as he was commonly called, owing to a facial weakness he had, described in local parlance as, "slippin' his 'een when he opened his mooth"; or, in other words, so called, because he had a habit of closing his eyes in such a way when he spoke, that they went completely out of sight—was, on the question of what happened when alone with the minister in the bunker, undrawable.

On two occasions only was the privacy of the "Minister's Hell" intruded upon during his visits to it with "ee-less Jock." One was an organised and carefully planned attempt to penetrate the secret (if any), of the minister's play in it and out of it. The other happened through a mistake on the part of a stranger watching the game, who unwittingly paused to see his reverence play out, instead of following the example set by his partner

and followers, of going the regulation twenty paces ahead, out of sight.

The first attempt was carried out in the following way. A few of Jock's caddie friends, actuated by jealousy at the ministerial favour shown to him, subscribed sixpence amongst them, and bribed a boy to allow himself to be buried in the bunker, previous to the minister starting on his round, so that he might watch and duly report what occurred. This was on a certain Tuesday (one of the minister's days), and but for what Jock called a "speeshul interruption o' Providence" might have proved successful. As it was, however, it proved a complete failure, owing to the parson's second at the eighth hole landing dead on the very mound underneath which the boy was buried. Consequently his reverence in taking his stance to address his ball, quite unknowingly put his foot on the boy's face. This was more than the boy bargained for, and in self-defence he yelled. The minister jumped about a couple of feet in the air off the mound, exclaiming "What in the name of Heaven is that?" It did not take Jock a minute to have the culprit out; and the following on the bank above, who had in the excitement of the moment, caused by the yell of the boy, approached the edge of the bunker, were witness to Jock administering a sound cuffing to the boy, who promptly fled on his release. The only difference this incident made to the game was that after some discussion it was decided to play the hole over again, as "ee-less Jock" maintained that there was "Nae law o' the game he kent on, tae alloo' for sich a debasin' attempt to spile the meenister's game!" That was probably the one and only occasion on which his reverence played out of his "Hades" twice in one round.

On the second occasion, the stranger, who paused to see the minister play out of the bunker, was quickly made aware of his mistake by no less a person than the minister's partner in the game; Mr. Russell, the village grocer and elder of the parish church. He addressed the stranger as follows:—"Sir, as ye may be aware, there are certain posishuns in which we are aw' prone to find oursel's; an' if ye ken the game o' Gowff at a', ye'll no be surprised at my takin' the leeberty o' pintin' oot tae ye, the desirabeelity o' y'er comin' awa' frae here, whin a tell ye *that's oor meenister e' the bunker, an' he's gang tae play oot.*"

Needless to say, the stranger, struck with the earnest eloquence of Elder Russell, at once apologised and moved away, although the impression conveyed to his mind was, that "oor meenister" suffered from "bunker-funk," apt to assume the distressing symptoms of "bunker-foozle," on feeling that a strange eye was on him while he played! Thus the knowledge of how the parson played out of the bunker, remained a mystery to all others excepting himself and "ee-less Jock." And so it might have remained to this day, had it not been for a Revivalist movement which suddenly took possession of the quiet folk of Y —.

Amongst those who caught the contagious fanatical fever was the minister's caddie. While he still continued to come to the links on Tuesdays and Saturdays, to carry for him, it was noticeable that he evidently did so, more from a strong sense of duty, than from that willingness, which formerly actuated him. In fact, he seemed to have lost his usual element of wholesome pride in being the chosen caddie of his reverence. Jock was not the caddie he had been, the minister saw; but attributing his taciturnity and unusual want of attention to his being unwell or having some domestic trouble, he did not take any immediate notice of it. After a time, however, Jock's shortcomings became so pronounced as almost to amount to rudeness, and the minister before remonstrating with him, asked another cad-lie whether Jock had any trouble or not. To which he got reply:—"Aweel, meenister, nane as I ken o'." But, maybe, ye heerd he's jined the Revivals!" The minister received this intelligence in silence, and Jock's friend, who had given the information, was quite at a loss to know whether he was pleased to hear it or not.

Jock, himself, coming on the scene at that moment with the minister's clubs, put an end to any further talk about himself, and the game started forthwith.

The round differed in no wise from former ones. His reverence, as usual, played his second at the eighth hole, with customary precision, into the bunker, but, perhaps, showed he

was playing well up to his form by getting out of it in 2, instead of the more frequent 3 or 4. At the end of the round, however, the parson had a few words, privately, aside with Jock, and was seen to give him a ticket before leaving him. Subsequent events serve to show that the ticket Jock had received was to admit him to one of a course of lectures the minister was then giving in the Church Hall to the young people of his parish.

Jock, after carefully cleaning the clubs, left them, as was his custom, at the Manse, and was no more seen on the links that day. Late in the afternoon, however, a friend of Jock's, on his way home from the links, came upon him in close confabulation with the Revivalist preacher in a bye-lane on the outskirts of the village. Coming on them suddenly, he overheard Jock vehemently exclaiming, "I'll dae it, Sir! I've been a sair sinner ower lang!"

On seeing his friend's approach Jock and the Revivalist moved away.

Nothing further was seen or heard of Jock until the following evening, which, as it turned out, was the night of the minister's lecture.

Punctually a few minutes before eight Jock presented his ticket of admission at the Church Hall doors. On entering he found it pretty full, so that he had to content himself with a seat at the back of the hall. Sharp at eight o'clock the parson appeared on the platform followed by Elders Russell and Smellie.

After a short prayer, the lecture commenced. All went well until the parson came out with the following, apparently used as a simile to accentuate some particular point he wished to impress upon his listeners. Being a golfer himself, it was said with considerable emphasis: "If I were asked, my young friends, what recreation was most conducive to the fostering of those sterling qualities, *self-denial*, *self-reliance*, and above all *strict honesty* in young men, I should say 'Golf!' (Applause.) You, who play the game, know its temptation to loose one's temper, to give way to strong language, and worst of all, consider how easy it is to cheat. But, my young friends, the man who gives way to any of these, and, most heinous of all, the last, is in danger of hell." Here the parson's eloquence was abruptly interrupted by Jock, from the back of the hall, saying, in a hoarse nervous crescendo:—

"Oot o' ye're ain' mooth hae ye' condemned yersel' meenister! Fine ye ken' that I hae played ye're ba' ooten Hell for ye, twa times a week for years back! But I'll dae't nae mair for threppince extrae on the roond! For shame."—But at this point Jock was seized by the attendant and forcibly ejected. After some discussion between the parson and the two elders, Elder Russell stepped to the front, and addressed the meeting as follows:—

"My young friends, this is a sad interrupshun' to our worthy meenister's eloquent discoorse. I need hardly pint oot tae ye, that its naething mair nor a dastardly attempt on the pairt o' that Revivalist man to bring discredit on oor church and oor meenister. Let it be a warnin' to ye all therefore, no to be led awa' frae the auld Kirk!"

The elder's words were greeted with great applause, during which he resumed his seat, and the parson his lecture.

Whether or no there was any truth in "ee-less Jock's" assertion must remain a mystery, but certain it is that neither the minister nor Jock were ever again seen on the links at Y—, and the bunker at the eighth hole is still known as the "Minister's Hell."

JACK-YVONNE.

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## A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

### CHAPTER I.

We were both "stone-broke"; there was no doubt about it—absolutely "stony." The Leger had been too much for us, and as Bob Disney and I sat in the club-house of the West-shire Golf Club and went over the events of the last few days, our spirits were considerably damped by the prospect that lay before us. It was worse for me than for him, for in his case it was merely a question of inconvenience that can be lived down; but I was engaged to be married to a charming young lady whose father hated racing and all its ways, and had promised to join them at Homburg in a week's time. How I was to get there, when we had been so cleaned out that I had not even the money to pay for my ticket, was the problem we were trying to work out in the club-house that bright autumn afternoon.

It was a cheery little club-house, looking out over the links, and a blue line of sea beyond a gap in the undulating ground made a fine background for a vicious-looking, yellow sand bunker, which spoke of trials past and to come. We had come down to play Golf, but so far had found the discussion of our woes more absorbing, and we idly watched couple after couple, or an occasional foursome, start off from the first tee just outside the club-house window.

"There goes Hamilton Burnley," Bob said, as a tall man with a dark moustache took his stand on the tee. "What a brute he is."

"Very," I answered, absently; but Bob did not take the trouble to ask me what I meant.

"Why were we such fools?" was his only remark.

"It's no good saying that," was my impatient reply, "and it's much worse for me than for you. My father-in-law elect will be simply furious if he hears that I have lost money again racing. He told me the last time he would never let his daughter marry a betting-man; I shouldn't be at all surprised if he insisted on breaking off the engagement."

"Can't you raise the money anyhow?"

"Impossible; I've thought of every scheme under the sun. You are the only man I would borrow from, and you're in the same boat. Hang it all!"

"Couldn't we get up a match somehow, and win some bets over it?"

"Nice suggestion, considering we couldn't pay up if we lost; and how would you arrange it? Are you to play me? There would be one satisfaction: it wouldn't matter a bit who lost or who won, as neither of us could pay."

"Of course. I don't mean that; but I suppose it's no good, any way," I replied, relapsing into despondency. "Your play is too well known—no one would bet against you; and mine is, too," I added; "nobody but a flat would back me to beat anybody."

This seemed to settle the matter, and we puffed at our cigarettes for a few moments in silence.

"Here comes Stanton," said Bob at last, as a dark figure crossed the window. "I suppose it's getting late, but I can't say I feel inclined to play. Well, who won the match?" he asked, as Stanton came into the room.

"Oh, Nevill, of course," the other growled. "I had all my usual luck, and was rather off my play, besides. What a cad that chap Burnley is!" he added, viciously.

"I don't admire him. Has he been doing anything extra atrocious?"

"Only making himself generally obnoxious: seems to think the links were made for him alone. He puts us all to the right-about, and gives his advice when it's not asked nor wanted, and shouts sarcastic remarks whenever he is within reach of you. I can't think how he gets any one to play with him. I wish you would give him the licking he deserves; you ought to beat him easily," Stanton said, turning to Bob.

"I always fancy I can beat him; but the fact remains that he beats me as often as I beat him. There's nothing to choose between us."

"No doubt he is a tough customer, but not quite as invincible as he imagines. I should like to see him well put through."

"Who wouldn't?" said Bob; and, as the room began to fill gradually with players coming in from their rounds, we temporarily forgot our woes and enjoyed the gossip of the hour.

Finally, Burnley made his appearance, with that peculiar swaggering air of his, and his quondam adversary meekly in tow.

"Couldn't make a match of it anyhow," he said. "Gave him a half, and that was no good; and then a stroke a hole, and that was no good either." (The object of the remark began to talk nervously about not knowing the links.) "It's rather hard lines being a scratch player; you never get a good game, you know. Thank you," he added, carelessly, as he victim handed him over what was apparently the payment of a bet.

"Been getting money on again with the unwary alien," muttered Bob in my ear; and with the remark there entered into his head, as he told me afterwards, a scheme, the temerity of which I now tremble to think of.

"Burnley," he said, quietly, "I'll bring someone to play you who will beat your head off."

"I dare say," he sneered; "Hutchinson or Taylor, perhaps."

"No," Bob replied; he is not a well-known man. Probably none of you have even heard his name."

"What club does he belong to?" asked Burnley.

"None, that I know of."

"Humph! no one has ever heard of him, and he doesn't belong to any club; I needn't be afraid of that lot, I should think," the other said with a shrug.

"Good enough to beat *you*, however," Bob somewhat tauntingly rejoined.

"I bet you he doesn't," exclaimed Burnley, thoroughly roused.

"Done," was the prompt answer, "how much?"

"Oh! I don't know," Burnley hesitated, but cries of "Play up, Burnley," "Sure it's yourself that no one can beat," and so on, apparently decided him.

"All right," he said, "I don't mind." "Put a pony on if you like," turning to Bob, "I back myself against any man, not a member of a Golf Club, or known as a golfer to anyone present."

"All right," said Bob, booking the bet. "He'll beat you."

"Beat me! retorted the other angrily. "I'll engage to knock his head off—and give him a stroke a hole, too."

"You'll give him a stroke at every hole?"

"You said so, Burnley," cried a chorus of voices. "Come, stick to it like a man."

"All right," he answered surlily; "I'll stick to it. It's long odds, but he'll probably want two or three strokes to make any difference."

"Very good," Bob said, as the matter was settled. "Now as to details. The match is to be played on this course, and so long as I adhere strictly to the *wording* of the agreement, I win my bet?"

Burnley nodded. "Of course, your man must play fair," he added.

"My man will play strict Golf, of course, and an umpire named by the secretary of this club shall go round to see fair play on both sides."

"Well, all I can say is, I think you are mad to make the bet," Burnley said with a sneer.

"That is my lookout," was the retort, "there is only one thing I should like to ask, but do not insist on. Let the match be decided on nine holes instead of eighteen."

"Nine or ninety, its all the same to me," he replied, flicking the ash off the end of his cigarette. "I've no doubt he will

have had quite enough of it by the time he has played nine holes. I presume you have seen him play?"

"Never," Bob answered carelessly. "Now for the day and hour."

"Well this is Monday; say Thursday, at 2:30, and if I don't put him through, call me a duffer."

"There's lots of things we could call you, Burnley," I remarked, but the other affected not to hear, and sauntered out of the room.

"Who is the man," I asked curiously, as we sauntered home together.

"Have you ever heard of Nat Bunnicombe?"

"What! fat Bunny? But he doesn't play Golf."

"Nevertheless he is the man I have backed to beat Burnley."

"Nat Bunnicombe!" I exclaimed pulling up short in the road. "Why, man alive, I don't believe he has ever had a club in his hand."

"I know he hasn't, I heard him say so last week. The fact of his absolute ignorance of the game is what commended him to me. I would rather have it so than if he had played once or twice and fancied himself. I'll tell you all about it. You've had a slight taste of my powers, and I may tell you Nat Bunnicombe is one of my best subjects."

"Yes, but what has that to do with it?" I interrupted impatiently.

"Everything," was his reply. "Don't whisper it in Gath—my idea is to make him beat Burnley *under the influence of hypnotic suggestion.*"

## CHAPTER II.

The eventful day dawned fair and still; bright with sunshine as an Autumn day can be—and usually is not. I cannot say that my feelings were those of unmixed delight. Bob assured me that he had made a few hypnotic experiments with Nat on the quiet, and had found them succeed beyond his anticipations.

"How on earth can you make a man play Golf, when he doesn't know even how to hold his clubs?" I asked sceptically.

"In the same way you can make a man sing a song which he has never seen, in a language he doesn't know, and that I have seen done. Hypnotic suggestion will accomplish anything. You see, whatever is the cause of the sympathy between hand and eye, is for the time being under my control and acts according to my suggestion, and I can therefore make his hand and eye play Golf as well as I can myself. Whether I could make him play better I am not so sure of," he added thoughtfully; "but if he plays as well with his stroke he will be more than a match for Burnley, and he will have the advantage of not being nervous." This all sounded very well. Nevertheless, I was anxious.

At 2:30 sharp we appeared at the club-house—quite a large concourse of spectators besides the players. Burnley had with him the only friend he had been able to collect, and was glancing at Nat Bunnicombe—whose fat, short person looked like anything but that of a golfer—with the expression on his face with which one fancies Goliath may have greeted David, and promptly offered to lay two to one on himself, which probably Goliath did too. Little Nat looked quite peaceful, but I thought Bob seemed a trifle nervous. He was going to caddie for Nat himself, and followed him like a shadow wherever he went. Of course I had faithfully kept Bob's secret, and excitement ran high, for though nearly everyone wished Burnley to be beaten, they thought Bob's man had very little chance. At a word from the umpire, Burnley took his stand on the tee and drove off—a good ball, despatched by a confident hand straight in the direction of the first hole.

Then came Nat's turn. Bob made his tee, and as he placed the ball on it, I noticed his hand shook a little. He then selected the driver from the clubs in the caddie bag, and put it in his friend's grasp carefully with an earnest remark or two. Nat, I am bound to say, with a rather stiff swing, then drove the ball, also straight for the green, though not quite as far as Burnley. That he should have hit the ball once even, brought a certain mild comfort to my doubting heart, and I could see Bob breathed again as he replaced the driver in the bag, and we all moved on.

"He'll never stand the strain," was my inward thought;

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"he'll give out half-way round, and then what will little Nat do?" And I grew rather hysterical at the idea. However, Nat was again addressing the ball, with apparently every confidence, and in response to Bob's earnest remark, "Draw back slow, keep your eye on the ball, and strike it in the direction of the hole," he hit full and clean, a fair iron shot, and lay not far from the right-hand corner of the green. This seemed to annoy his adversary, for he pulled his shot, and had to play the odd, which landed him a few feet nearer the hole than the other, who played a somewhat indifferent approach shot. Bob now handed the putter to Nat with an injunction I could not quite hear, and to my astonishment he laid the ball positively dead in the most approved fashion, and I must confess that whatever be the merits or demerits of Golf under the influence of hypnotism, on the greens it was an unqualified success from beginning to end. Though his behaviour at other times may have been odd, the Bunny came off with the putter right through the match. However, his adversary was a bad man to beat, and as he managed to put in a very long putt, Nat only succeeded in halving the hole with his stroke after all.

It is needless to follow the details of each hole. A few eccentricities on the Bunny's part occasionally excited remark from the bystanders, but when both the second and third holes had been won by him with comparative ease, making him two up, our spirits began to rise. The fourth hole resulted in a half, Burnley's drive having been an exceptionally good one, but as the Bunny was still two up, we started, hope still high, for the fifth.

This was a short hole, without any serious obstacle on the way, and, bar accidents, we had every reason to suppose it might be again halved; but, to our consternation and the surprise of the spectators, the Bunny missed the globe clean, instead of laying himself on the green with the iron, and finished up the performance by digging his club violently into the ground, with the inevitable result that it broke, and the head, after describing a parabola in the air, struck Burnley on the fingers, evoking language which was neither choice nor elegant. Naturally, this brilliant performance gave the hole to Burnley, leaving our friend only 1 up and 4 to play.

After this display on the Bunny's part, Bob and I looked at each other blankly. We knew what it meant—the influence, or whatever they call it, was beginning to wane, and Bob would never be able to keep it going for four holes more. He stuck like a limpet to little Nat, and I could see he was trying all he knew; but the result was that, although he succeeded in halving the next, he lost the seventh hole, leaving them all square with 2 to play.

Bunny now appeared to be getting thoroughly out of hand. The eighth hole was for the most part a chaotic scramble between both players to reach the putting green; but Bob's influence over his victim had waned, and the Bunny, when playing one off two, insisted upon playing the ball out of a bad lie with one hand, resulting in a dreadfully sliced shot, which struck Bob. So this hole was also lost.

How we ever reached that ninth hole I do not know. The Bunny was perfectly unmanageable, but, fortunately for us, Burnley had evidently taken his whisky and soda a good deal too strong, which equalised matters a little. On the last putting-green Burnley was so favourably placed that he was playing the like with the stroke within a short distance of the hole. A half was all he needed in order to win the match.

But that was not to be the end. Whether Burnley played the wrong ball at the right hole, or the right ball at the wrong hole, we shall never know; we only know that he missed his short putt by about one inch and a-half, thereby giving the hole to the Bunny and halving the round.

A yell of delight went up from the spectators, who had probably never witnessed such Golf before in their lives.

"I'm — if I play another stroke," Burnley exclaimed, throwing his club on the ground, "my fingers have been half disabled by that grinning baboon over there, and not one more stroke will I play! I'm sick of this confounded tomfoolery."

"All right, Burnley," Bob said quietly, "I agree. The match is halved, and the bet off."

And looking back at the match now, I really think we got well out of it. I thought so still more when I got back to my lodgings, and found an unexpected remittance waiting for me, more than enough to carry me to Homburg. I am not sure

that I believe in hypnotism quite as much as I did—not in Bob's kind, anyway. He and I have never spoken about that experience to this day. I do not mean to defend our behaviour a whit, and, of course, readers, you will condemn us for trying to get a man's money by playing him such a trick. I am afraid I can't contradict you; all I can say in extenuation is, we know Burnley—and you don't.

J. B.

MR. HILTON'S OPINION OF HERD.—Mr. Hilton thus expresses himself regarding Herd, the well-known Huddersfield player:—"There is no shadow of doubt that Herd is a wonderful player, as he combines the two great attributes of a successful golfer, viz., power, with great accuracy. Driving a very long ball, he keeps on the whole marvellously straight. His iron-play, particularly when close to the green, is almost faultless, while he is one of the finest putters in the Kingdom, particularly at the longer distances. Like every other player he occasionally misses a very short one, and on these occasions he hardly displays the equanimity that one might expect from a player of his experience, even granting that such mistakes are very trying to even the best tempered of individuals. Taking all in all, he has probably not a superior in the Kingdom, and many would dearly love to see a match ratified between him and Taylor, as it would be a typical international contest, and would be made doubly interesting on account of both contestants playing a very similar game."

AT the request of the Green Committee of the Saltburn Golf Club, and with a view to considering certain proposed improvements on the course, J. Kay, the well-known Seaton Carew professional, visited the Saltburn links on Tuesday, December 11th. Kay played two rounds with the captain, Mr. J. F. Whitwell, and established a record both for the single and the double rounds. First round—5 4 5 5 5 5 5 4=43; second round—3 4 5 5 5 6 4 3 3=38; Total, 81.

MR. A. F. MACFIE, the celebrated St. Andrews golfer, is about to patent a mechanical invention which is sure to attract great attention in the golfing world and bring immortality to the inventor, who has always had the reputation of being a genius in the department of applied science. This invention is nothing less than a machine so constructed that any one can be taught the proper swing for Golf, not only in driving, but in the other shots that require to be played. The golfer takes his stand, according to the directions of the manager of the machine, the club is placed in his hand, and then by the manipulation of the machine, he is made, with unerring precision, to take the club slowly back, complete the proper St. Andrews swing round the shoulder—à la Young Tom or Hugh Kirkaldy—and then to bring back the club in the proper arc of the circle and follow on after striking the ball—all according to the Hoyle of Golf—H. G. H. It is evident that such an invention has a great future before it. On wet days in the clubhouse, the members who invest in this Macfie Patent Golf Tutor may have a capital day's practice, and the "out of form" player can get himself put into shape by an hour or two at the machine. In gymnastic institutions and public schools, the Macfie invention will also be of great benefit, and at railway stations, by putting a penny in the slot, a good imaginary game of Golf will be had as you wait for the train.

JOHANNIS. The King of Natural Table Waters. Supplied under Royal Warrant to Her Majesty the Queen. Charged entirely with its own natural gas. To be obtained from all chemists, wine merchants, and stores, at the following prices, per dozen. Delivered—London, bottle 6s.,  $\frac{1}{2}$  bottle 4s. 6d.,  $\frac{1}{4}$  bottle 3s. 6d.; Country, bottle 6s. 6d.,  $\frac{1}{2}$  bottle 5s.,  $\frac{1}{4}$  bottle 3s. 9d. and of all W. and A. Gilbey's Agents throughout the Kingdom. Proprietors: THE "JOHANNIS" CO., LTD., 25, Regent Street, S.W. Springs: Zolthaus, Germany.

## A VISION OF CHRISTMASTIDE.

Christmas eve was to me  
 In the year-ninety-three  
 Most remarkable, as you shall all shortly see.  
 In my bed I was restless as mortal can be.  
 I lay in a heap,  
 Feeling wretched and cheap ;  
 I thought of the stile, and I counted the sheep ;  
 But, in spite of it all, I could not get to sleep.  
 Not a bare forty winks  
 (Too much dinner and drinks) ;  
 So I went for a nocturnal stroll on the links.

In the greatest surprise  
 I stood rubbing my eyes  
 (Which is what people say when they're going to tell lies,  
 Though why they should rub them I cannot surmise ;  
 I suppose it has something to do with the flies) ;  
 For the links was aglow,  
 Though I happened to know  
 The moon wasn't due for a fortnight or so.  
 The whole prospect was bright  
 With a shimmering light,  
 And it *wasn't* because I'd been dining that night.

I approached the first tee  
 In a hurry, to see  
 What on earth the illusion could possibly be ;  
 As a mirage at Christmas, on shore or at sea,  
 Has been sighted by others, so why not by me ?  
 And I made the remark  
 That it ought to be dark ;  
 And who would at midnight be out for a lark ?  
 But little I thought I was going to embark  
 On adventure so queer  
 That, in writing it here,  
 I feel that you'll laugh at the very idea.

With the links to themselves,  
 There were fairies and elves,  
 You could count them by sixties, and twenties, and twelves ;  
 They were none of them tall—  
 Little goblins so small,  
 Just about one size bigger than nothing at all,  
 Who were trying to play,  
 In a very odd way,  
 Whether foursomes, or singles, I really can't say ;  
 All seemed equally eager to join in the fray,  
 And the chatter and noise I should fail to portray.  
 The lights I had seen  
 On my way to the green  
 Were Will-o'-the-wisps, with their silvery sheen,  
 Which the elves caught, methinks,  
 By the wet river brinks,  
 And had tethered at intervals all round the links.

It was no use to watch  
 A particular match,  
 Nor to try and discover if any played scratch ;  
 For they played with whatever they happened to catch,  
 Each one against all,  
 'Twas a regular brawl,  
 And the noise that they made was enough to appal.  
 One had rolled up a large "woolly bear" for a ball,  
 And it would keep on opening and trying to crawl ;  
 While a goblin in red,  
 With a gigantic head,  
 Was attempting to lay a small oak-apple dead,  
 With indifferent success ; and the things that he said  
 Were not only pointed, but very ill-bred.  
 A feminine sprite,  
 Garbed in gossamer white,  
 Was contending her view of the rules must be right ;  
 But, as nobody seemed the least anxious to fight,  
 She didn't create such a stir as she might.

(You've noticed, perhaps,  
 If nobody snaps,  
 How the feminine argument's apt to collapse.)  
 The effect was most droll  
 When a queer little soul,  
 Cried out "Fore !" as he tumbled right into the hole ;  
 And a demon, who seemingly came to condole,  
 Picked him out from his bed,  
 And e'er aught could be said  
 Had teed off a ball from the top of his head.

Through the atmosphere crisp  
 A Will-o'-the-wisp  
 Was swearing bad words in an audible lisp.  
 I now know that he thinks  
 To be caught by a minx  
 Of a fairy, or goblin, and moored on the links,  
 When from earliest youth he's addicted to drinks,  
 Is the sorriest fate.  
 He was very irate,  
 And I must say his language was quite up to date.

As I gazed at the bright  
 And gay vista, a slight  
 Trepidation attacked me, a feeling of fright,  
 For I suddenly stood in the blackest of night.  
 Not a Will-o'-the-wisp gave a sparkle of light,  
 And this when the revels were just at their height  
 Every glimmer had quite  
 Disappeared from sight ;  
 Of course they had gone out entirely from spite.  
 From the few doubtful blinks  
 That I caught on the links,  
 I believe they were hurrying back to their drinks.  
 They must have got loose,  
 —But what is the use  
 Of conjecture on subjects so dim and abstruse.

When I hinted next day  
 To my friends, of the way  
 I'd been spending the night, they had nothing to say.  
 I know that they thought  
 Of plum pudding and port,  
 And would like to have said I'd had more than I ought.  
 Perhaps you, too, think me the victim of sport ?  
 I cannot conceive  
 Why you will not believe  
 What happened to me on that cold Christmas Eve.  
 But if any should doubt  
 Let him go and find out,  
 Let his questions and cav'ling be put to the rout ;  
 Let him send me a line,  
 (Talk of pudding and wine !  
 No head in the country's so steady as mine ;  
 I'm one of the people who *know* how to dine.)  
 I am not one who shrinks  
 From what anyone thinks.  
 But—I cannot remember the name of the links.

ROSE CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY.

THE Northampton Golf Club, which was started about two years ago, has been compelled, owing to the quantity of grass which grew this last season, to remove its links, and on Tuesday last week, Tom Morris came down and laid out a fresh course on what appears to be a most eligible site, in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, on land commonly known as the Hills and Hollows. The grass never grows to any length, and the soil is very light and sandy. The course will be a most sporting one, and, as the veteran says, altogether it will be as good as any in the Midlands. It was hoped that Old Tom would have been present at the annual dinner, which was held the previous week, but as he was unable to get down that week, a few of the more ardent members of the club entertained him at a small dinner given on Wednesday last when an enjoyable evening was spent.



## STRAINED WRIST.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I note in GOLF, Mr. Blawhwayt's query about a strained wrist. I strained mine badly last year. *Receipt.*—Two months of a sling, *absolute rest*; then cold water douches for a week or two, then light dumb-bells; next, putting, and then Golf with a wristlet.

I am, Sir, &amp;c.,

W. T. LINSKILL,  
Hon. Secretary.

Cambridge University Golf Club.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I notice a letter from Mr. T. B. Blawhwayt, asking for a cure in a strained wrist. As I have suffered with this complaint myself, and was under various medical treatments for some time without any good result, I was recommended to Professor Atkinson, Hamilton House, 12, Park Lane, the well-known bone-setter, who cured me in a very short time. As a number of my friends have also been under the same treatment with great success, I can fully recommend him to your correspondent.

I am, Sir, &amp;c.,

J. THORNTON.

## CLUB-MAKERS' PROTECTION SOCIETY.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I think your correspondent who styles himself "A club-maker who has Suffered," in your last week's issue, is rather rough on the young professionals, who have to climb the hill of success, as many professionals who have now worked up a business and made a name in the golfing world have, in the first instance, I should think, been thankful for the help they got from brother-professionals. It is a cruel shame that the majority of us professionals should have to suffer for the down-

ANOTHER NOVELTY which will prove a useful Christmas Present to the Golfer is the "Golfer's Companion," brought out by Donald Macpherson & Co. This consists of a neat Golf ball holder made of wires attached to a flat wooden board, which clips the balls (three at a time) and holds them for painting. The Foo-chow Golf Paint accompanying this neat contrivance is the best that I have ever tried, and the lid of the tin, having a brush attached, prevents the fingers being soiled while operating.—From LADY TATTLER.

MACPHERSON'S GOLFER'S COMPANION contains Patent Golf Ball Holder, Tin of Paint with Brush attached. Price 2s. complete, from all dealers, or post free, on remittance, from DONALD MACPHERSON & CO., Knot Mills, Manchester.

fall of one or two good-for-nothings (whom I think your correspondent is strongly referring to) who understand the game, but rush into business on their own account without any forethought. If he has a grievance he might pitch it upon his victims instead of claiming us all as "mushroom professionals."

I am, Sir, &amp;c.,

FAIR PLAY.

December 17th.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PRIMROSE.—We are afraid that the objection held against your amateur status must stand. The point is that you are practically dependent for your living on teaching and on green-keeping, for which you are, no doubt, paid. We sympathise with your position all the same.

P. P.—No, it is not a lost hole. If the opponent is not satisfied with the position of the dropped ball he may ask the player to re-drop without a penalty.

A. ALLFREY—(1.) The player may lightly brush aside the grass from the top of the ball so as to see it, standing in the position in which the stroke is to be played. That position, of course, will depend on the lie and other circumstances of the situation; but he must make the best of each. (2.) No, it is not a penalty.

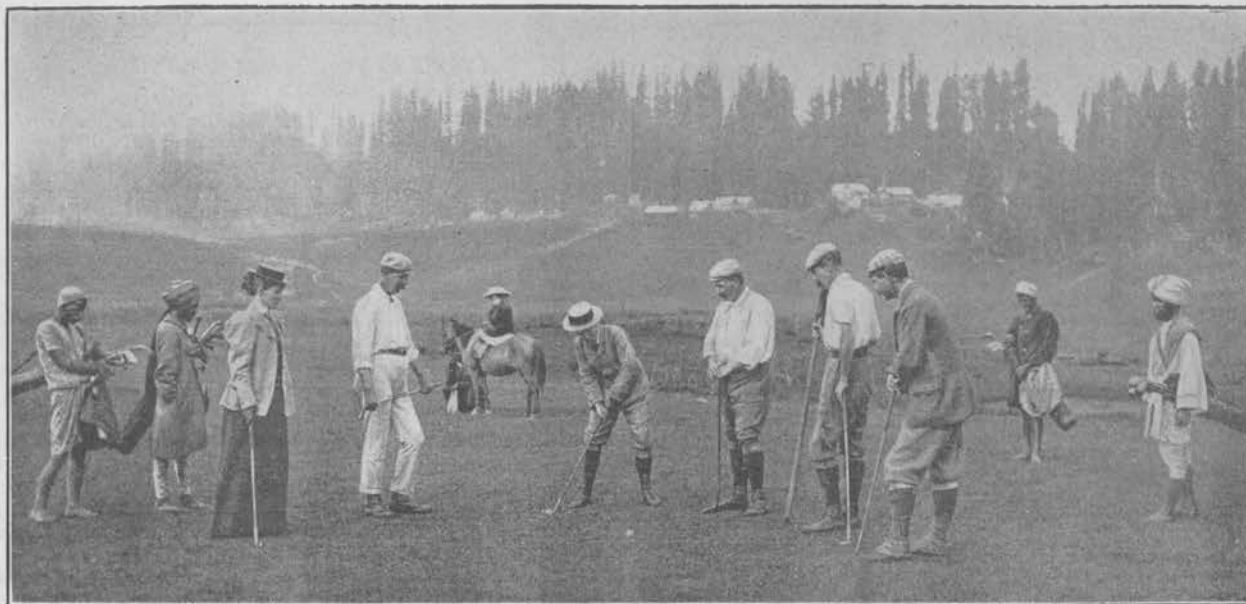
THE annual general meeting of the Neasden Golf Club took place at the club-house on Saturday, December 15th. There was a very large attendance of members. Seven of the committee for 1894 having resigned, and offered themselves for re-election, a ballot for twelve new committee-men took place (an increase of five on the last committee), four of the late committee being re-elected. A hearty vote of thanks was passed to the retiring captain Mr. S. McCalmont Hill, who announced his intention to give a valuable prize to be competed for on St. Andrew's and St. George's days. The captain for 1895 was chosen, in the person of Mr. Garden G. Smith, a well-known player from East Lothian. A unanimous resolution was passed that Mr. S. McCalmont Hill, be elected a vice-president of the club. The club limit of 300 is now very nearly reached. There has been an enormous amount of play throughout the year, an average of seventy to ninety players every Saturday and Sunday, and twenty on week-days. The greens have had much wear, but during 1895 there will be relief greens and bunkers made, the proprietor having allocated a large sum to the green committee for this purpose.

AN extraordinary general meeting of the members of the Northwood Golf Club (Middlesex), was held on Friday, the 7th inst., when it was decided to increase the membership from 125 to 150, and to reduce the entrance-fee from eight to five guineas, the annual subscription remaining at four guineas.

A GOLF ETCHING.—A very charmingly etched golfing subject has just been executed by Mr. Frank Paton, and published by Leggatt Brothers, 62, Cheapside, E.C. It represents a foursome at the seventeenth hole at St. Andrews in 1798, with the famed Swilcan Burn bordering the green in the near background, with the Royal and Ancient club-house, the Martyr's Monument, the Old Union Parlour, and half-a-dozen houses where are now the shops of Forgan and Old Tom, and the Marine Hotel bordering on the sky line. The players in the foursome are attired in the costume of the period, that is to say, in knee-breeches, deep waistcoats, coats like a swallow-tail, perruques and three cornered hats, while the caddies have also a distinctive dress and wear a Tam o'Shanter. The grouping of the players is most artistically arranged, manifestly by one who knows the game and its requirements. The principal player is shown to be putting at the hole—evidently "this" for the hole—while the other three players and the caddies are keen and anxious spectators of the result of the stroke. We have not seen a golfing subject handled with more delicacy and picturesqueness of detail, nor one that tells its story so completely, or is so instinct with the genuine golfing spirit as this little etching of Mr. Paton. The etchings, each proof of which is signed by Mr. Paton, can be had for half a guinea, and golfers with a fondness for enriching their private collections ought to make a point of seeing this one.

## GOLF IN CASHMERE.

THIS Picture represents a Foursome at Gulmarg, in Cashmere, 25 miles from Srinaggar, 9,000 feet above sea level. For Description of Course, See Vol. VIII., page 591.



MR. LESLIE SMITH. CAPTAIN DERHAM.  
MAJOR FRERE. MAJOR EVANS. COL. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN  
(Military Secretary in Cashmere).

## Our Ladies' Letter.

MY DEAR LADY GOLFERS.—Have you yet visited Mr. Scott Adie of Regent street, in search of Christmas presents for your fellow-golfers? No? Well let me beg of you to do so at once. I have rushed into my subject somewhat abruptly, for I feel that with Christmas so near, and 1895 not far off, you will all be glad to hear of the novelties so temptingly displayed. Mr. Scott Adie makes a speciality of Scotch jewellery, and he has this year been at no small pains to devise new and dainty Golf ornaments and presents. Little Golf-club pins, brooches and sleeve-links have been most daintily designed and carried out, while of Golf inkstands, paper-weights and other novel contrivances you may take your choice, and I feel sure that the ingenuity of some of the designs will both surprise and charm you. If inclined to search for Golf jewellery only, let me recommend you to call on the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, also in Regent Street. I have been favoured with a private view of some charming articles of very special design which the firm are about to present to the public in the new year. What do you think of a tiny caddie-bag, encrusted with diamonds, and containing some exquisitely finished miniature clubs in gold and platinum, for a lady's brooch. A bangle also much pleased me. It was of plain gold, and terminated in a platinum cleek head with two dainty pearl balls, and a fine platinum and gold bow, which seemed to unite the handle and head of the twisted club. Prizes must be honoured with an entire letter, but I am quite anxious to tell you of the medals, bowls, cups, and other tempting and valuable *objets d'art* which have lately been displayed for my special benefit, in order that that I may circulate the intelligence of their beauty far and wide.

After all, however, I must leave this pleasant subject, and turn to one which will be of great interest and use to all of you. Messrs. Yantien & Mollison, 15A, Baker Street, Portman Square, W., are announcing a very special Golf costume for the reasonable sum of £5 5s. These costumes are perfectly finished, with leather binding to skirt, and are lined with silk and Italian. Sketches will be sent post

free on application, and a perfection of style has been attained which will at once delight you.

Lady-golfers in remote districts, or who have a clever maid capable of turning out a smart walking or golfing costume, will be grateful to me for recommending them most strongly to write to Messrs. Tyler & Co., Maesllyn Mills, Llandyssil, South Wales, for patterns of their waterproof wool tweeds, the prices of which range from 1s. 9d. to 4s. 6d. per yard. These tweeds are warm and yet light, and they do not stretch or shrink, as the waterproofing process to which they have been subjected makes them firmer and closer than the ordinary tweeds, and at the same time the checks and mixtures are as tasteful and admit of as great a variety in the combination of colours as any tweeds in the market.

Warm and strong stockings for real work-a-day wear are not easy to obtain. Mr. Peter Robinson has succeeded, however, in producing just what lady-golfers require in this direction. The stockings which he offers for 5s. 11d. the pair, are closely knitted in a warm, but by no means a heavy wool, and are in very effective check patterns, which look exceedingly well with a neat business-like tweed costume. The principal colourings are black and red, with various mixtures of fawn and beaver. At this same house may be found a really excellent golfing glove, 2s. 6d. per pair, made in doeskin and lined with silk, very easy to draw on, and flexible when the fingers close round the club-handle.

The *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* has waxed quite enthusiastic over the Ladies' Golf Annual, cleverly edited by Miss Issette Pearson, which was issued some months ago. Copies may be obtained from Miss I. Pearson, 10, Northumberland Avenue, Putney, S.W., post free, 1s. 3d. per copy. The volumes are well printed and strongly bound, and contain much that will be of the greatest interest to lady-golfers.

It is very gratifying to feel that the new Ladies' Letter is of use to many lady-golfers both in town and country, and no lady need apologise for writing on any subject connected with her requirements, however trivial her needs may be. To serve lady-golfers far and wide, and to be a medium of introduction to them of some useful and reliable information is the special object of their

Most Sincere Friend,

LADY TATTLER.



HOW I MANAGED  
TO BEAT "BOGEY!"



The Challenge



Whew!  
Sorry I did not take  
Brown's advice  
about that last  
Whiskey toddy

The Finish



"Novice" writes from Dinard, Brittany:—"I read in your issue of December 7th, that a reverend gentleman, playing at Greenock, holed the seventeenth hole in 1 stroke. Perhaps it may interest your readers to know what happened on these links (Dinard) on Saturday, December 8th. One member of this club also did the seventeenth hole in 1. My opponent at the fourteenth dropped an approach shot into the hole, from a distance of about thirty-five yards, and your humble servant, at the sixteenth hole, got into very great difficulties with his third stroke, landing in a deep ditch with a very awkward sandy road between his ball and the green, but, trusting in that mysterious deity yclept "Luck," he smote the ball out with his mashie and it landed in the hole, a distance of about thirty yards.

The following office-bearers of the Fraserburgh Golf Club have been appointed for the season 1894-5:—Hon. Captain, Lord Saltoun; Captain, Mr. James Milne; Vice-Captain, Mr. John Cranna; Treasurer, Mr. M. Ritchie; Joint Hon. Secretaries, Rev. Peter Milne and Mr. W. W. Cruickshank. Council: Messrs. Joss, Reiach, Dundas, G. Stephen, and Revs. J. L. King and G. Wauchope Stewart. The club propose holding a Bazaar on December 19th, in aid of a fund towards improving the course. Lord Saltoun will perform the opening ceremony.

The Earl of Wemyss and March has also opened his mouth "and put his foot in it," like the Grange Cricket Bazaar openers, his subject being Enlistment in the Army, *versus* Carrying Golf Clubs. At a meeting in Haddington, when Captain Sinclair, Recruiting Officer, with the sanction of the Horse Guards, had lectured on the attractions of service in the ranks, the noble Earl strongly counselled young men with no certain employment to enlist, and he felt certain that the Queen's shilling would prove a better investment than the sixpence, shilling, or two shillings a day earned now-a-days by so many young men as caddies on a Golf course. In the army a career was open to every well-behaved and reliable man, and that was more than could be said for carrying clubs. Now it may be all true about the advantages of a soldier's life, but why drag in the odious comparison again? Can orators not leave Golf alone, or is it so aggressive that even the army cannot get recruits? If so, the army must just increase its attractions. Young men can judge for themselves what is the best career without this kind of lecturing, and they will do so.

For the moment the great Gold Boom seems to be more striking than the Golf Boom. South African mining shares are even more in demand than new Golf courses and new clubs. On the Stock Exchange, we are told, business in "Kaffirs" has acquired all the characteristics of a mania, the market being described as a veritable "Pandy." If that be so, some niblick play will be required.

There still seems to be a want of powder for firing off the Aberlady-Gullane Railway. It is said that only £3,000 has been subscribed, and that the thing is at a standstill. What are the Superiors of Gullane about that they should let the proposal thus hang fire? They will be the losers in the event of the whole affair proving a fizzle.

The North British Rubber Company, 106, Princes' Street, Edinburgh, have made a special improvement on their already popular "Edinburgh" Golf ball, which is sure to command favour. The ball, as now made, floats in water, a virtue that was claimed for the red gutta. Unlike the latter, however, the "Edinburgh" keeps the paint admirably. This special improvement, it appears, is not owing to any admixture of foreign substance with gutta-percha, but simply to the fact that the firm have got hold of a fine supply of good old material, which they found, when properly manufactured, possesses this floating virtue. It is evident that on links where pools abound this ball will prove of great benefit. Its possessor may get on "swimmingly," while the enemy "sinks to rise no more."

The question of extending the Braids has been remitted to a small sub-committee of the Edinburgh Parks Committee, who are expected to favourably report thereon.

At the Haddington County Council an application by the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers to have the road to the Muirfield Club-house maintained by the Road Committee—the company paying the estimated cost of £10 per annum—was refused by the Council. Why? These County Councils seem very miserable affairs, and perhaps the Honourable Company are lucky in being left to maintain their own private road, for a more disgraceful set of roads is not to be seen on the surface of the globe than you have in the County of East Lothian. Everywhere one drives for a game at this season of the year the miles of mud which have to be traversed are visible witnesses of the utter incompetency of the Road Committee. Road-making ought to be a subject for technical classes in the county, to be attended by all the members of the County Council free.

The Musselburgh Town Council have started an agitation to get the management of the links out of the hands of the present Green Committee into their own. The present arrangement is, however, to go on till May, when the question is again to be raised.

Mr. Arthur Roberts, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, told his audience all about Golf the other evening by saying "it was a fascinating game, in which you place a ball on the ground and hit it with a stick." Some supposed this was clever.

The Old Thorntree Club, Prestonpans, are looking out for another club to unite with them in laying out a nine-hole course on the Links Parks, between Prestonpans and Cockenzie.

The Glencorse Club has been formed to absorb the Rosslynlee Club, and have an eighteen-hole course laid out on ground between Milton Bridge and Auchendinny. The parish minister (Mr. Strong) and the parish teacher (Mr. Bertram) are both keen players, and the new club is sure of success.

It has been decided, by permission of the St. George's Golf Club, to play the University Golf match (eight a-side), as last year, over the links at Sandwich. The day arranged is March 20th.

The Royal West Norfolk Golf Club, Brancaster, will hold its Christmas meeting on Friday and Saturday, January 4th and 5th. Mr. W. H. Leslie has kindly offered two prizes for four-some competition, to be played for by holes under handicap. On Friday morning there will be a "Bogey" handicap competition by holes for a prize of the value of £2 2s. presented by the club. On Saturday morning will be played for, by score under handicap, a prize kindly presented by Mr. Holcombe Ingleby, and a prize of the value of £1 1s. presented by the Club. New greens have been made at the first, second, ninth, thirteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth holes, and it is expected that they will be ready for play at Easter.



**ABERDOVEY GOLF CLUB.**

The medal and cup were competed for on Saturday, the 15th inst., in a gale of wind. The following cards were sent in:—Morning Medal—Colonel Vorton, 113, less 14=99; Mr. F. S. Bird, 113, less 4=109; Mr. M. Cammell, 168, less 18=150. Other cards not returned.

Afternoon. Cup—Mr. C. De Lacy, 114, less 10=104; Colonel Vorton, 123, less 14=109; Mr. M. Cammell, 170, less 18=152. Other cards not returned.

**ARDEN v. KING'S NORTON.**

Played on Saturday, 8th inst., on the links of the former club. After an enjoyable game, the victory rested with the home team by thirteen holes. The weather was fine, and the greens were in capital order:—

ARDEN.		KING'S NORTON.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. H. W. Bainbridge	... 4	Mr. S. Baldwin	... 0
Mr. O. Airy	... 0	Mr. J. J. Tomson	... 1
Mr. J. F. Wright	... 3	Mr. H. Greenway	... 0
Mr. W. P. Wilson-Browne	... 4	Mr. W. Goodrick Clarke	... 0
Mr. M. C. Lord	... 2	Mr. E. D. Charles	... 0
Rev. Dr. Wilson	... 1	Mr. T. Piggott	... 0
	14		1

**BARNES LADIES' GOLF CLUB.**

The winners of the monthly medal, during the past year, played off for a memento on Wednesday, December 12th. The following ladies competed:—Mrs. Dickens (winner), 91, less 18=73; Miss Connell, 94, less 12=82; Miss Gay, 93, less 10=83; Miss Barclay Brown, 105, less 15=90; Mrs. Warner, 116, less 22=94. Mrs. Gay, Miss Johnstone, Miss Gow, no scores returned. Mrs. Dallas was also eligible, but was unable to play.

**BEVERLEY AND EAST RIDING v. BROUGH.**

A match of eighteen holes was played on December 8th, on the Brough Links, which was won by the Beverley Club by 1 hole. The following were the scores:—

BEVERLEY.		BROUGH.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. E. Hodgson	... 4	Dr. Mossman	... 0
Mr. C. N. Jackson	... 0	Mr. M. Jackson	... 0
Dr. Macleod	... 0	Mr. G. Cowan	... 2
Mr. A. B. Reckitt	... 0	Mr. W. B. Andrews	... 2
Capt. Maunsell	... 2	Mr. F. Jackson	... 0
Capt. Ogle	... 0	Mr. J. H. Gregory	... 0
Major Ward	... 2	Mr. B. Harrison	... 0
Dr. Fraser	... 3	Mr. F. Harrison	... 0
Hazelhurst (professional)	... 0	Orm (professional)	... 6
	11		10

**BRIGHTON AND HOVE GOLF CLUB.**

De Worms' challenge cup, Saturday, December 15th. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. A. C. Woolley	99 12 87	Mr. H. T. Ross	105 8 97
Mr. H. E. Acklom	95 4 91	Mr. D. E. Cardinall	112 15 97
Dr. Bruce E. Goff	93 scr. 93	Mr. C. O. Walker	102 4 98
Mr. G. Sandeman	99 5 94	Mr. S. S. Schultz	103 4 99
Mr. F. G. Horne	107 12 95	Mr. E. Ponsonby	104 4 100

Fifty-two competed. Weather very boisterous, low scoring impossible. Mr. A. C. Woolley to play Mr. W. Carr for possession of the cup, both having won it twice. Mr. H. T. Ross wins the club prize, value £5, for the medal winners.

**BRIGHTON AND HOVE LADIES' GOLF CLUB.**

Monthly medal, December 12th:—Miss Saunders, 103, less 25=78; Miss B. Hobson, 105, less 24=81; Mrs. Gordon Hill, 96, less 12=84; Miss A. Dowie, 113, less 28=85; Miss Heathcote, 97, less 10=87; Miss Farnall, 108, less 16=92; Miss M. Heathcote, 100, less 9=91; Mrs. Baker, 104, less 12=92; Miss Walker, 111, less 16=95; Miss Bell, 111, less 16=95. Twenty-four started.

**BEDFORD GOLF CLUB.**

Monthly medal, December 8th:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. C. E. S. Innes	83 12 71	Col. D. Broughton	98 10 88
Mr. T. A. Waite	94 14 80	Rev. G. F. Aphorpe	104 15 89
Mr. N. R. Slaton	96 16 80	Mr. S. Fielder	104 14 90
Rev. H. V. Macdona	98 16 82	Rev. W. C. Massey	114 24 90
Mr. S. Fuller	93 10 83	Mr. W. N. Church	105 12 93
Mr. H. W. Barnes	99 16 83	Col. F. W. Grant	113 20 93
Mr. W. G. Lovell	107 24 83	Col. G. Hamilton	119 24 95
Mr. E. A. Holmsted	107 22 85	Col. T. H. B. Young	118 22 96
Mr. H. E. Tredcroft	94 8 86		

No returns from others.

Ladies' monthly medal, December 1st:—Miss E. Jackson, 115, less 16=99; Mrs. Hutton, 119, less 15=104; Miss Grant, 148, less 36=112; Miss M. Verrey, 156, less 30=126; Miss Mundy, 156, less 30=126. No returns from others.

**BEDFORD v. KETTERING.**

Played December 15th at Bedford:—

BEDFORD.		KETTERING.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. H. E. Tredcroft	... 4	Mr. C. Saunders	... 0
Mr. A. E. Holt	... 0	Mr. W. Meadows	... 10
Mr. W. C. Fletcher	... 7	Mr. W. F. Neilson	... 0
Mr. S. Fuller	... 6	Mr. F. Mobbs	... 0
Col. D. Broughton	... 5	Mr. A. H. Bryan	... 0
Mr. J. B. Forsyth	... 5	Mr. H. A. Cooper	... 0
Mr. N. P. Symonds	... 7	Mr. C. W. Stringer	... 0
Mr. C. G. Hervey	... 5	Mr. A. Barlow	... 0
Mr. J. Boyd-Thomson	... 0	Mr. J. P. Roughton	... 0
Mr. S. Fielder	... 0	Mr. G. Abbott	... 0
Mr. T. A. White	... 0	Mr. J. Thompson	... 3
Rev. H. V. Macdona	... 6	Col. Brindley	... 0
	45		13

**CANNES GOLF CLUB.**

The fortnightly handicap competition took place on Saturday, December 15th, with the following results:—

Ladies.—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Miss Whigham	... 41 +6 47	Miss Sudlow	... 67 14 53
Miss Want	... 51 3 48	Mrs. Stubbs	... 58 3 55
Miss Shelton	... 58 10 48	Mrs. Tennant	... 52 +4 56
Mrs. Shelton	... 56 5 51	Mrs. Walker	... 74 12 62
Mrs. Mackenzie	...	Countess de Torby	... 77 4 73
Fraser	... 55 3 52		

The others made no returns.

Gentlemen.—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. H. C. Clarke	82 10 72	Mr. L. Rutherford	108 16 92
Mr. C. E. Cottrell	83 10 73	Col. Fraser	103 9 94
Mr. G. W. Hillyard	80 4 76	Mr. Fredk. Walker	104 10 94
Captain Wingfield	...	Mr. A. Stanhope	111 16 95
Stratford	... 92 12 80	Col. Woodward	110 12 98
Mr. W. Renshaw	85 4 81	Mr. W. Maas	129 30 99
Col. Cragg	106 23 83	Mr. M. Girard	135 35 100
Capt. Phillip Green	106 15 91	Capt. Dick	132 24 108

Other players made no returns.

**CHESTERFORD PARK GOLF CLUB.**

December 8th. Ladies.—Medal day and seventh competition for the Charterhouse challenge cup.—Miss F. Burgess, 131, less 36=95; Mrs. Barthropp, 118, less 12=106; Mrs. Waterhouse, 126, less 10=116; Mrs. Williams, 149, less 30=119; Miss Wentworth-Stanley, 138, less 18=120; Miss Robinson, 160, less 36=124; Miss E. W. Tuke, 170, less 36=134; Miss F. Nockolds, 165, less 30=135. Miss Tuke, Mrs. C. E. Barnes, Mrs. Bellingham, Mrs. A. W. Stanley, and Mrs. Bartlett made no returns.

December 8th. Gentlemen.—Medal day and eighth competition for the Ashford cup.—Mr. Waterhouse, 103, less 3=100; Mr. M. Taylor, 145, less 36=109; Mr. H. Neville, 148, less 36=112; Rev. C. E. Barnes, 165, less 36=129. Rev. E. E. Edgerly, Messrs. C. H. Taylor, A. S. Barthropp, and B. Hanbury, no returns.

CHISWICK PARK GOLF CLUB.

The ladies' competition for the first monthly medal, and for a brassej presented by G. Keddie, the professional, was held on December 13th, with the following result:—Mrs. Finnis, 88, less 12=76; Miss Ward, 89, less 8=81; Mrs. Sim, 97, less 10=87; Miss Anning, 103, less 12=91; Miss G. Malet, 117, less 20=97. Mrs. Price, Mrs. Donald Coles, Miss Castle, Miss M. Castle, and Miss Malet started, but sent in no returns.

CHISWICK PARK LADIES' v. BARNES LADIES'.

A match against the ladies of the Barnes Golf Club was played on the Chiswick Links on December 5th, and after an interesting game, the result was a win for the visitors by one hole:—

BARNES.		CHISWICK.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Miss M. Dickie	0	Miss Ward	1
Miss Gow	2	Mrs. Finnis	0
Miss Barclay Brown	0	Miss Anning	2
Miss Connell	0	Miss M. Castle	5
Miss Finch	7	Mrs. Sealy Allin	0
	9		8

CITY OF NEWCASTLE GOLF CLUB.

December 15th. Fifth day winter competition:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. J. B. Radcliffe	94 scr. 94	Mr. R. Dunlop	118 21 97
Mr. N. S. Green	112 18 94	Mr. C. A. H. Todd	114 15 99
Mr. W. McChery	108 14 94	Mr. J. R. Bolton	106 6 100
Mr. W. Teasdale	104 9 95	Mr. A. Marmion	111 10 101
Mr. Fred. Smith	106 9 97	Mr. R. Howden	110 8 102

Messrs. G. W. Williams, A. H. Dickinson, W. P. Cochrane, H. Simms, C. A. Harrison, A. H. Marsh, W. G. Richardson, A. C. Burnell, and A. Muir retired.

COUNTY DOWN v. ROYAL COUNTY, PORTRUSH.

This match, which was played last week at Newcastle, resulted in a rather hollow victory for the County Down Golf Club by 48 holes. The weather was fine, but very stormy. The greens were in magnificent condition, and the course throughout in fine order. The day's entertainment was brought to a close by a dinner, at which the members of the Royal County were the guests of the County Down, and shortly afterwards the Portrush players left by special train for Belfast en route to Portrush. The match consisted of eighteen holes, and was productive in one instance of the rather curious and unusual feature of one player being 16 up on another, both playing level of course, and having in their respective clubs similar handicaps. The following are the details:—

COUNTY DOWN.		ROYAL COUNTY.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. T. Dickson (captain)	0	Mr. H. Shaw	2
Mr. George Combe	3	Mr. W. H. Webb	0
Mr. H. Gregg	2	Mr. A. D. Gaussen	0
Mr. F. F. Figgis	0	Mr. H. E. Reade	3
Mr. A. N. Charley	5	Mr. J. R. M'Donald	0
Mr. T. V. P. M'Cammon	0	Colonel Alison	1
Mr. G. S. Clarke	0	Mr. W. L. Wheeler	2
Mr. S. C. Kelly	16	Mr. C. R. Topping	0
Major Wallace	0	Mr. W. Webb	0
Mr. H. J. Johnston	0	Mr. J. Young	2
Mr. E. Young	5	Mr. Thomas Hughes	0
Mr. W. H. Smiles	3	Mr. J. S. Reade	0
Mr. J. F. W. Hodges	3	Mr. A. B. Stuart	0
Mr. Sam Wilson, jun.	6	Mr. Hugh Adair (captain)	0
Mr. T. S. Ferguson	1	Mr. J. S. Alexander	0
Mr. W. J. Martin	2	Mr. James Dickson	0
Mr. Claude Brownlow	0	Mr. J. Tate	0
Mr. F. Hoey	5	Mr. W. Wilson	0
Mr. J. MacCormac	2	Mr. W. E. Williams	0
Mr. H. C. Kelly	5	Mr. J. S. Exham	0
	58		10

CLAPHAM COMMON GOLF CLUB.

The ladies' monthly medal was played for on the twelve-hole course on Tuesday, December 11th, and was won by Mrs. Woodhead. Scores:—Mrs. Woodhead, 82, less 4=78; Miss Helen Marval, 108, less 24=84; Miss A. H. Bradbury, 102, less 14=88; Miss Drake, 102, less 14=88; Miss Green, 131, less 22=109. Miss Moore made no return.

The final round of the ladies' autumn match competition was played on November 30th by Mrs. Woodhead and Miss Russell, and was won by the former by 4 up and 2 to play.

CROOKHAM v. ASCOT.

Played on Saturday, December 8th, at Crookham, with the following result. The greens were in especially good order:—

CROOKHAM.		ASCOT.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. A. H. Evans	1	Mr. H. Blackett	0
Mr. H. E. Meek	5	Mr. Bowring	0
Mr. A. B. Cook	7	Mr. H. Sawyer	0
Mr. E. J. Maguire	6	Mr. Govett	0
Mr. A. C. Bartholomew	3	Mr. A. R. Hamilton	0
Mr. F. N. Garry	0	Rev. J. Stewart	1
Mr. W. H. Belcher	0	Sir G. Pigott	4
	22		5

DISLEY GOLF CLUB.

The second winter handicap was held on Saturday, December 15th. Mr. H. C. Garrett put in a win for the winter medal, and Mr. W. Bellhouse for the prize for members with handicaps over 15. The following were the best returns:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. H. C. Garrett	95	8 87	Mr. L. Bellhouse	98	4 94
Mr. W. Bell	90	1 89	Mr. T. H. Mills	106	12 94
Mr. J. D. Milne	100	9 91	Mr. G. F. Schofield	109	15 94
Mr. J. E. Mills	104	13 91	Mr. F. Robinson	119	25 94
Mr. W. Bellhouse	107	16 91	Mr. A. B. Schofield	95	scr. 95
Mr. E. Hutton	96	4 92	Mr. R. C. Hutton	97	2 95
Mr. G. Hicks	104	12 92	Mr. H. D. Tonge	105	6 99
Mr. T. G. Yates	94	scr. 94			

Twenty-two others were over 100, or made no returns.

The same meeting finished the competitions for the Foundation gold medal, which is won by the player making the four lowest gross scores at any medal meetings during the year. The following were the best returns:—

	1st Round.	2nd Round.	3rd Round.	4th Round.	Total.
Mr. R. W. Hutton	82	84	84	86	336
Mr. T. G. Yates	82	84	85	86	337
Mr. A. B. Scholfield	80	86	86	86	338
Mr. E. G. Hutton	86	88	88	90	352

DOUGLAS (ISLE OF MAN) GOLF CLUB.

This club has started its 1894-5 season on a new basis. Hitherto the club has been in the hands of Mr. George Drinkwater, the gentleman who introduced the game in Douglas and had links laid out on his property near the town. Arrangements for taking over the links by the club were entered into, and, as a result, a lease of the ground has been granted to the club by Mr. Drinkwater. At a general meeting of the club, held on the 29th ult., the following were elected officers for the ensuing season:—President, Mr. G. Drinkwater, J.P., Kirby, Douglas; captain, Mr. T. Kneen, H.K., Glencrutchery, Douglas; hon. treasurer, Mr. W. F. Dickinson, Ashfield, Douglas; hon. secretary, Mr. W. A. Hutchinson, The Groves, Union Mills; hon. assistant-secretary, Mr. R. D. Gelling, Windsor Road, Douglas. Committee:—Revs. R. B. Baron and C. H. Leece, Messrs. T. S. Atkinson, J. H. Quine, T. Cubbon, and J. Cubbon.

Captain's team v. treasurer's team.—This match was played at Port-E-Shee, Douglas, on Thursday, the 6th inst., resulting in a win for the captain's team by 7 holes. Scores:—

CAPTAIN'S TEAM.		TREASURER'S TEAM.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. T. Kneen (captain)	2	Mr. H. S. Christopher	0
Mr. T. S. Atkinson	8	Mr. W. F. Dickinson (captain)	0
Mr. W. A. Gell	2	Mr. R. D. Gelling	0
Mr. J. B. Fleming	4	Mr. E. C. Kneen	0
Mr. J. J. Kissack	0	Mr. J. Lay	1
Mr. A. H. Marsden	0	Mr. H. B. Callon	6
Mr. J. Groome	0	Mr. J. Curphey, jun.	5
Mr. T. Livesey	0	Mr. T. Fenelon	1
Mr. W. A. Hutchinson	5	Mr. G. Fleming	0
Mr. J. Cubbon	0	Mr. Thos. Cubbon	1
	21		14

CUMBRAE LADIES' GOLF CLUB.—The usual monthly competition for Lieut. C. Robertson's prize took place on December 11th. The weather was unfavourable, but there was a fair turnout of competitors. Miss Henry came in winner with a score of 100, less 1=99.

ELTHAM GOLF CLUB.

The usual November competition against "Bogey," postponed on account of weather to December 8th, took place on the latter date with the following results:—

Mr. H. A. Laird (12), all even; Mr. A. S. Johnston (plus 2), 3 down; Mr. R. H. Hedderwick (6), 4 down; Mr. J. Edge-Partington (14), 4 down; Mr. J. Eagleton (16), 5 down; Mr. J. G. Anderson (15), 6 down; Mr. H. Chamberlain (10), 7 down; Mr. R. E. Peake (14), 7 down; Mr. F. S. Ireland (plus 1), 8 down; Mr. A. Marshall (10), 8 down; Mr. A. Tapp (12), 8 down; Mr. W. Nimmo (20), 8 down; Mr. R. Whyte (2), 9 down; Mr. E. M. Protheroe (10), 9 down; Mr. C. Frean (11), 9 down; Mr. R. A. Patterson (16), 9 down; Mr. A. Poynder (14), 10 down; Mr. O. Cramp (14), 12 down; Major W. Morris (12), 12 down; Mr. J. Brooksmith (8), 13 down. No returns from thirty-eight players.

The December monthly competition by strokes under handicap, was held on the 15th in bright, sunny weather, the glint of the sun, no doubt, partly accounting for the somewhat high scoring. The following are the details:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. A. M. Joshua...	85	4 81	Mr. W. F. Whetstone ...	107	14 93
Mr. J. Edge-Partington ...	97	14 83	Rev. T. N. Rowsell	109	16 93
Mr. J. J. Allen ...	102	15 87	Mr. R. H. Hedderwick ...	101	6 95
Mr. G. Clarke ...	100	12 88	Mr. P. F. G. Lord	106	11 95
Mr. W. G. Mitchell	98	8 90	Mr. A. Tapp ...	107	12 95
Mr. N. Grace ...	109	18 91	Mr. A. B. Hutchings	107	12 95
Mr. A. Lindley ...	106	13 93			

Twenty-five players made no returns.

FORMBY GOLF CLUB.

The last competition for this year on the Freshfield Links took place on Saturday, December 15th, against a high and cold wind, which lengthened the scores considerably. The six players with each a win in for the optional subscription prize contested, under special handicap, for actual possession. Mr. Malcolm Rollo, 92, less 2=90, proved the winner, and took the first sweepstake; Mr. T. C. Norris, 104, less 4=100, being next, and securing the remaining sweepstake; Mr. S. Smelt, 106, less 4=102; Mr. C. A. Earle, 112, less 8=104; and Mr. J. B. Arkle (scratch), 111; put in cards, but Mr. O. Dobell made no return.

GREAT YARMOUTH GOLF CLUB.

Monthly medal, December 6th:—Mr. Charles Hope, 91, less 6=85; Mr. E. M. Hansell (scratch), 90; Capt. Coxhead, R.A., 95, less 4=91; Rev. H. H. Lucas, 106, less 12=94. No returns from several players.

HITCHIN AND NORTH HERTS GOLF CLUB.

December 15th.—Mr. Lindsell, 108, 25=83; Mr. Fry, 108, less 25=83; Mr. Pope, 115, less 30=85; Mr. Hill, 121, less 35=86; Mr. Hughes, (scratch), 91; Mr. Fellowes, 121, less 25=96; Mr. Walls, 122, less 25=97; Mr. Harris, 126, less 25=101.

Ladies' brooch.—Mrs. Woodbridge, 118, less 40=78.

HOLMES CHAPEL v. KNUTSFORD.

Played December 15th:—

HOLMES CHAPEL.		KNUTSFORD.	
Holes.	Holes.	Holes.	Holes.
Mr. F. Lawrence ...	3	Mr. T. C. P. Gibbons ...	0
Mr. W. Rowland ...	0	Mr. M. M. Speakman ...	2
Mr. C. J. Edmondson ...	4	Mr. W. J. Inman ...	0
Mr. H. Rowland ...	2	Mr. E. L. Hoyle ...	0
Mr. C. K. D. Sidgwick ...	10	Mr. P. H. Schwabe ...	0
Mr. J. H. Foster ...	7	Mr. W. H. Garstang ...	0
	26		2

Holmes Chapel Club won by 24 holes.

KENILWORTH v. ALCESTER.

At Alcester, on the 13th inst. A pleasant game, and the visitors were hospitably entertained by the home team.

KENILWORTH.		ALCESTER.	
Holes.	Holes.	Holes.	Holes.
Hon. and Rev. R. C. Moncrieff	2	Mr. E. A. Williams ...	0
Mr. A. C. S. Glover ...	0	Mr. B. Petre ...	0
Mr. T. Kinmond ...	0	Mr. A. L. Chance ...	1
Mr. H. O'Leary ...	0	Mr. E. A. Jephcott ...	0
Mr. T. Day ...	1	Mr. H. Hinwood ...	0
Mr. J. Kinmond ...	1	Mr. H. Overbury ...	0
	4		1

Majority for Kenilworth, 3 holes.

KENILWORTH v. WARWICKSHIRE.

At the former place on Saturday. Scores:—

KENILWORTH.		WARWICKSHIRE.	
Holes.	Holes.	Holes.	Holes.
Mr. F. M. G. Abell ...	0	Mr. A. B. Saunders ...	0
Mr. E. K. Bourne ...	4	Mr. F. C. Hunter-Blair ...	0
Mr. J. H. Mitchell ...	8	Mr. J. F. Wright ...	0
Mr. Vincent Jepson ...	0	Mr. O. T. G. Nelson ...	3
Mr. A. C. S. Glover ...	8	Mr. C. S. Paulet ...	0
Mr. H. Point ...	0	Mr. W. J. Burman ...	2
Mr. H. Smith-Turberville ...	6	Mr. S. Saunders ...	0
Mr. H. O'Leary ...	7	Mr. R. A. Richardson ...	0
	33		5

Majority for Kenilworth, 28.

LYME REGIS GOLF CLUB.

The ladies' silver medal was played for on Wednesday, November 21st, and resulted in a victory for Mrs. Sharpe. Play for the gentlemen's was unavoidably postponed. The bronze medal for December was played for on Wednesday, December 5th, when Mr. W. M. Winch won the gentlemen's, and Miss C. Talbot, the ladies' medal.

MACCLESFIELD GOLF CLUB.

The third competition for Mr. Cameron's prize was played on Saturday last under rather unfavourable conditions, the ground being sodden from recent rainy weather. The following are the recorded scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. J. W. Burgess	93 14 79	Rev. Darwin Wilmot	121 28 93
Mr. J. M. Leake ...	97 16 81	Mr. E. L. Oliver ...	112 18 94
Mr. A. Ramm ...	101 12 89	Mr. G. C. Greenwell	99 4 95
Mr. M. H. Hall ...	98 8 90	Dr. Cooke ...	110 15 95
Capt. Haines ...	109 18 91	Mr. F. Tylecote ...	107 11 96
Dr. Rees ...	111 20 91	Mr. J. Webster ...	129 33 96
Mr. F. Edmondson	108 15 93	Mr. W. Mair ...	126 26 100

MINEHEAD AND WEST SOMERSET GOLF CLUB.

The winter meeting was held on December 5th and 6th. The St. Audrie's cup was won by H. E. Radford, with a net 83:—Mr. H. E. Radford, 46, 48=94, less 11=83; Mr. O. T. Sadler, 48, 42=90, less 6=84; Mr. J. P. Herringham, 48, 50=98, less 14=84; Mr. W. B. Darte, 59, 64=123, less 30=93. No returns from Messrs. G. Hayward, H. Owen Brown, J. Bond, and J. Utten Todd.

MORETON LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

The monthly competition was played at the Moreton Ladies' Golf Links on Wednesday, December 12th, with the following result:—Miss Harrington, 96, less 27=69; Miss Bingham, 120, less 35=85; Miss B. Laird, 114, less 26=88; Miss Nellie Smyth, 112, less 20=92; Miss Jackson, 119, less 24=95; Mrs. Hope, 129, less 30=99. The remaining nine competitors were over 100 net, or returned no score.

NEASDEN GOLF CLUB.

The final for the annual gold medal, competed for December 15th by the monthly medallists and those who scored a win, resulted as follows:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. W. J. Ketley ...	95 9 86	Mr. G. H. Boyce ...	122 20 102
Mr. C. A. Barton ...	100 12 88	Mr. E. N. Vowler ...	119 17 102
Mr. W. A. Pethick ...	110 20 90	Mr. L. D. Glanfield	112 10 102
Mr. F. W. Watts ...	105 6 99	Mr. S. M. Dent ...	117 14 103
Mr. V. Dicks ...	110 10 100		

NORTHAMPTON v. WELLINGBOROUGH.

The above-mentioned clubs played a match over the Wellingborough links on Thursday, December 13th, with the following result:—

NORTHAMPTON.		WELLINGBOROUGH.	
Holes.	Holes.	Holes.	Holes.
Rev. Mr. Stewart ...	0	Mr. A. G. F. Forster ...	0
Mr. Truscott ...	6	Mr. H. Dullely ...	0
Mr. E. R. Bull ...	0	Mr. P. E. Dullely ...	0
Rev. Mr. Deane ...	0	Mr. C. Nicholson ...	4
Mr. Anderson ...	0	Mr. W. W. Robinson (captain)	0
Mr. Scriven ...	6	Mr. J. Pendered ...	0
Mr. F. Hill (captain) ..	1	Mr. J. C. Laycock ...	0
Mr. Marshall ...	0	Mr. C. Pell ...	5
Mr. Hamilton ...	1	Mr. W. H. Hope ...	0
Mr. Jansen ...	1	Mr. W. F. Mills ...	0
	15		9

**RICHMOND GOLF CLUB.**

The autumn meeting, postponed from November 1st, was held on Thursday, December 6th, and two following days. The chief feature of the meeting was the success of Mr. Walter Carr, who added yet one more to his many triumphs. Considering the lateness of the season, and the amount of rain we have had, the course was in capital order, the putting-greens especially being most perfect, and reflecting the highest possible credit on Tom Hogg and his staff.

Thursday, December 6th.—Mr. Walter Carr was the winner of the club's gold challenge medal for the best scratch score of one round.

The Bennett cup.—Scores :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. Walter Carr ...	81	1 80	Mr. C. E. Routh ...	94	4 90
Mr. A. D. Hill ...	90	7 83	Rev. J. H. Ellis ...	101	9 92
Mr. P. R. Don ...	90	4 86	Mr. A. T. Jockel ...	93	scr. 93
Mr. J. G. Wylie ...	91	3 88	Mr. H. Frisby ...	101	8 93
Capt. H. Gillon ...	91	2 89	Mr. A. Sargeant ...	105	8 98

Friday, December 7th.—“Bogey” competition. Scores :—

Seniors.—Dr. H. Gardiner (4), halved; Mr. J. Robertson-Walker (9), 1 down; Mr. A. O. Burton (12), 1 down; Mr. A. D. Hill (7), 2 down; Mr. F. E. Badham (5), 3 down; Mr. J. B. Wood (10), 3 down; Mr. J. B. Chamberlain (9), 5 down; Mr. R. Warner (10), 7 down; Mr. J. Hodgkin (12), 9 down; Mr. A. St. G. Sargeant (8), 11 down.

Juniors.—Mr. J. H. Morrison (22), 1 up; Dr. Coles (13), halved; Mr. H. M. Hewitt (16), 2 down; Mr. E. E. B. Boehmer (19), 6 down; Mr. J. Bromley (16), 6 down; Mr. H. E. Juler (24), 11 down.

Saturday, December 8th.—November monthly medals (adjourned) :—

**SENIORS.**

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. J. F. Abercromby ...	81	scr. 81	Rev. J. H. Ellis ...	99	9 90
Captain Gillon ...	86	2 84	Mr. E. V. Longstaffe ...	101	11 90
Mr. T. Glover ...	88	4 84	Mr. F. E. Badham ...	96	5 91
Mr. P. R. Read ...	96	11 85	Mr. A. St. G. Sargeant ...	99	8 91
Mr. P. R. Don ...	90	4 86	Mr. W. Bury ...	103	12 91
Mr. A. D. Hill ...	96	7 89	Mr. C. V. Godby ...	103	11 92
Mr. J. Hodgkin ...	101	12 89	Mr. J. B. Chamberlain ...	102	9 93

**JUNIORS.**

Mr. J. Fox ...	110	24 86	Mr. F. S. Jackson ...	105	14 91
Mr. J. H. Renton ...	104	18 86	Mr. A. W. Pritt ...	109	16 93
Mr. A. H. Dickinson ...	101	14 87	Mr. J. Bromley ...	109	16 93
Mr. H. M. Cundall ...	108	17 91			

Aggregate prize.—Seniors :—Mr. P. R. Don, 90, less 4=86; 90, less 4=86; total 172; and Mr. A. D. Hill, 90, less 7=83; 96, less 7=89; total 172 (tie).

Juniors :—Dr. D. Coles, 101, less 13=88; 117, less 13=104; total 192.

**ROCHESTER LADIES' GOLF CLUB.**

The monthly medal was played for on the 15th, in a gale of wind, which accounts for high scoring and few returns.—Miss F. E. Cobb, 109, less 16=93; Miss G. Cunliffe, 105, less 8=97; Miss L. Winch, 101 (scratch), 101; Miss Harris, 109, less 8=101; Mrs. Anderson, 114, less 10=104; Mrs. Sealy, 111, less 5=106.

**ROYAL CORNWALL GOLF CLUB.**

Monthly medal, December 9th.—Mr. G. B. M. Rawlinson, 105, less 19=86; Mr. Matthews, 111, less 17=94; Mr. Sandys, 107, less 13=94; Mr. Wilson Fox, 115, less 20=95; Major H. V. Hext, 123, less 18=105; Mr. Robert Fox, 131, less 15=116. Messrs. Bannerman and Young-Jamieson retired. This was the second monthly handicap of the winter series.

Ladies' Club.—Miss Archer, 113, less 35=78; Miss C. Burgess, 100, less 19=81; Mrs. C. Hext, 86, less 4=82; Mrs. Bannerman, 89, less 6=83; Miss Fenwick, 97, less 8=89; Mrs. Simpson, 96, less 6=90; Mrs. Young-Jamieson, 92, less 2=90; Miss Almes, 102, less 11=91; Mrs. Salmon (scratch), 96; Miss K. Archer, 136, less 32=104; Miss Sandys, 121, less 16=105; Miss E. Anketell-Jones, 154, less 5=149. Mrs. Every and the Misses Every and Page retired. The above was the third competition of the winter series, and was played, in fine weather, on December 4th.

**ROYAL EASTBOURNE LADIES' GOLF CLUB.**

The monthly medal of this club was played for on Tuesday, December 11th, in splendid weather, with the following result :—Miss Dowker, 87, less 5=82; Miss Starkie Bence, 81, plus 2=83; Miss Lambert, 99, less 15=84; Miss G. Mills, 94, less 8=86; Miss E. B. Curteis,

scratch, 91; Miss M. C. Reid, 93, less 1=92; Mrs. Franks, 99, less 6=93; Miss E. Knipe, 117, less 24=93; Miss M. Aird, 123, less 24=99; Mrs. Pott, 123, less 20=103. No returns from the remainder.

**SCARBOROUGH GOLF CLUB.**

The first monthly medal competition over the course as altered by Tom Dunn, took place against “Bogey” on Saturday the 8th inst. Mr. C. G. Broadwood came in a winner, finishing 2 up against “Bogey,” and completing the round in the excellent score of 81 as against “Bogey's” 83.

On Saturday the 15th inst, a special general meeting was held at the club-house for the purpose of altering the commencement of the club year from the 1st of May to the 1st of January. A resolution to that effect being proposed, the alteration was unanimously agreed to.

**SHEFFIELD AND DISTRICT GOLF CLUB.**

The first round for the Hemingway cup was played at Lindrick on Saturday, December 8th, under most favourable conditions as regards weather. There was a very large turn-out of members, about forty taking out cards. Messrs. H. W. Leader and Hemingway both lowered the previous amateur record for competitions by four and three strokes respectively. The next and final competition for the possession of this cup will take place on February 9th next. The following were the principal scores :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. C. R. Hemingway ...	90	9 81	Mr. W. St. Q. Leng ...	111	20 91
Mr. J. W. Barber ...	101	20 81	Mr. W. Chesterman ...	117	25 92
Mr. H. W. Leader ...	89	6 83	Mr. Wm. Robinson ...	109	16 93
Mr. J. P. Russell ...	113	25 88	Mr. W. F. Smith ...	111	18 93
Mr. W. M. Eadon ...	111	22 89	Mr. H. P. Barber ...	111	18 93
Mr. W. S. Kay ...	104	14 90	Mr. T. P. Lockwood ...	113	16 97
Mr. T. W. Sorby ...	104	14 90	Mr. R. Leader ...	117	20 97
Mr. A. E. Hall ...	107	16 91	Mr. John Wortley ...	121	24 97
Mr. J. R. Barton ...	105	14 91	Mr. C. A. Brown ...	104	6 98

The rest were over 100, or made no return.

**ST. GEORGE'S GOLF CLUB (SANDWICH).**

Monthly medal :—Sir B. Edwards, 96, less 13=83; Mr. M. Tomson, 92, less 7=85; Mr. E. F. S. Tylecote, 97, less 8=89; Mr. R. C. Harrison, 104, less 14=90; Dr. Flint, 111, less 20=91; Mr. G. P. Leach, 106, less 14=92. Other members made no returns, or their scores were over 100.

**WARWICKSHIRE GOLF CLUB.**

The first round of the winter tournament for the Graham-Savile Challenge cups was played off on Saturday, December 8th, in genial weather. Much interest attaches to this competition, as the cups will become the absolute property of the holders, Messrs. H. W. Bainbridge and J. F. Wright, in the event of their again defending their title successfully. The following matches were played on Saturday :—Mr. C. G. Graham and Mr. M. T. Brown, giving 5 strokes, beat Mr. R. Airth Richardson and Mr. G. D. Paton by 2 up and 1 to play. The Rev. A. P. Dodd and the Hon. and Rev. W. R. Verney, giving five strokes, beat Mr. W. J. Burman and Mr. A. St. Q. Armstrong, by 5 up and 4 to play. The following couples had byes :—The Hon. and Rev. R. C. Moncreiff and Mr. F. M. G. Abell, Mr. S. Sanders and Mr. M. S. Hill.

**WEST MIDDLESEX GOLF CLUB.**

Monthly medal, Saturday, December 15th. Scores :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. J. R. Phillips ...	93	15 78	Mr. E. B. Ellington ...	110	20 90
Mr. W. L. Mansergh ...	96	16 80	Mr. A. J. Davies ...	106	15 91
Mr. E. Bird ...	100	17 83	Mr. C. Gibbons ...	109	18 91
Mr. H. E. Pegg ...	99	13 86	Mr. R. Leonard ...	115	24 91
Mr. G. Rumsey ...	95	8 87	Colonel Menzies ...	114	22 92
Mr. A. Burr ...	108	20 88	Mr. W. Bartlett ...	110	16 94
Mr. H. S. Mahony ...	110	22 88	Mr. C. M. Bayfield ...	114	18 96
Mr. A. W. Marriott ...	108	20 88	Mr. J. Rogers ...	107	8 99
Mr. E. Bradley Hunt ...	101	12 89	Mr. F. B. Becker ...	111	11 100
Mr. H. R. Payne ...	101	12 89	Mr. A. L. Radford ...	134	24 110
Mr. J. L. May ...	111	22 89	Mr. J. Moody Stewart ...	129	17 112
Mr. R. A. Currie ...	108	18 90			

**WHITLEY GOLF CLUB.**

The fourth competition for the Donkin cup under the “Bogey” rules, was held on the 11th inst, over Whitley links. The afternoon was dull, and a south-westerly breeze made the conditions not altogether favourable for the game. A satisfactory field turned out, and the winner proved to be Mr. P. W. Leathart, handicap 3, who beat his invisible opponent by the somewhat substantial majority of 3 holes;

Messrs. C. A. Ridley (scratch), and H. Thomas (8), making a tie of it. Scores:—Mr. P. W. Leathart (3), 3 up; Mr. C. A. Ridley (scr.), even; Mr. H. Thomas (8), even; Mr. W. B. Shaw (9), 1 down; Mr. T. Green (12), 1 down; Mr. J. S. Brown (4), 2 down; Mr. A. Wilson (5), 4 down; Mr. M. P. Ismay (5), 4 down; Mr. E. W. Taylor (8), 5 down; Mr. Geo. Welch (4), 6 down; Mr. J. W. Robinson (15), 7 down; Mr. W. Ashforth (12), 11 down; Mr. E. T. Ridley (15), 13 down. Retired:—Messrs. J. W. Carr, G. F. Charlton, A. Hedley, W. P. Cochrane, and Geo. Bell.

WIMBLEDON LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

Monthly medals, Saturday, December 15th:—

Gross Hcp. Net.			Gross Hcp. Net.		
*Mrs. N. R. Foster	92	15 77	Miss Hassard Short	102	12 90
Miss Pascoe	87	9 78	Mrs. A. Pollock	116	24 92
Miss E. R. Faithfull	91	13 78	Miss G. Tee	104	11 93
†Miss Carver	102	22 80	Miss M. F. Del-		
Mrs. Alex. King	94	12 82	comyn	117	24 93
Miss Lena Thomson	87	4 83	Miss E. Scott	112	18 94
Miss Bardswell	110	24 86	Miss Connell	118	24 94
Miss A. Harrison	110	24 86	Miss N. Muir	100	5 95
Miss K. MacFarlane	111	24 87	Miss Ida Kenyon		
Miss Issette Pearson	88	scr. 88	Stow	113	17 96
Mrs. Cameron	94	6 88	Mrs. H. C. Willock	107	10 97
Miss S. Henderson	106	18 88	Mrs. Chetwynd Sta-		
Mrs. Dowson	107	18 89	pylton	114	15 99
Miss Kenyon-Stow	94	4 90			

\* Medal and brooch. † Medal for handicaps over 16.  
Over 100, or made no returns:—Miss A. Tyrwhitt Drake, Mrs. Archer, Mrs. Browne, Mrs. J. Thomson, Miss A. L. T. Drake, Miss F. Kenyon Stow, Mrs. Lawrell, Miss Clarke, Miss G. Glennie, Miss L. Evelyn, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. Watts, Miss A. Wilson, Miss A. J. Glennie, Miss B. Thomson, and Miss Frere.

NORTHERN MERCHANTS' GOLF CLUB, EDINBURGH.—The final competition of the season for the monthly handicap medal, and three prizes, presented by members, was played over Musselburgh Links in splendid weather on December 12th. There was a large representation of members. The following are the winners:—Handicap medal and first prize, Mr. P. Methven; 2nd, Mr. Robert Innes; 3rd, Mr. A. B. Doughty. The gold charm for the lowest scores in playing for the Smith merit medal has been won by Mr. A. B. Doughty; the gold charm for the lowest aggregate in the monthly medal competitions being won by Mr. Robert Fraser.

TONBRIDGE GOLF CLUB.—On the 15th inst. the December monthly medal and sweepstakes were played for by match play (eighteen holes) with the following result:—Mr. J. Le Fleming (4), 6 down, tied with Mr. W. de L. Winter (8), 6 down; Rev. A. Lucas (8), 7 down.

BASS ROCK GOLF CLUB.—In the competition for the three handicap trophies of this club, extending over the year, Messrs. D. Horsburgh and J. D. Rattray have tied for first and second places with twenty wins each; and the third award has fallen to Mr. A. Hogg with seventeen wins. The play is under hole and handicap conditions, each member having a single with every other member in the course of the year as matches can be arranged.

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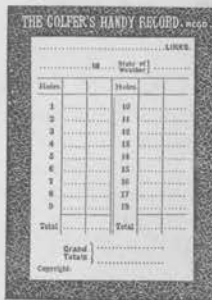
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