

GOLF.

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

"Far and Sure."

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.]

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1894.

DECEMBER.

- 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 *v.* 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.
Romford : Monthly Medal (Gentlemen).
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.
Blackbeath Ladies : Monthly Medal.
Jan. 3 & 5.—Leicester : 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.
Macclesfield : Monthly Handicap.
North West Club (Londonderry) : Monthly Medal.
King's Norton : Monthly Challenge Cup.
Woodford : Captain's Prize and Monthly Medal.
Raynes Park : Monthly Medal.
Manchester : Monthly Medal.
Jan. 7.—Woodbridge : Monthly Medal.
Pau : Post Medal and Pendant ; Brooke Cup and Badge.
Jan. 8.—Hunstanton : Monthly Medal.
Royal Blackheath : Monthly Medal.
Jan. 8 & 18.—Whitley : "Bogey" Competition.
Jan. 9.—Pau : Anstruther Shield and Badge.
Jan. 10.—Woodbridge : Ladies ; President's Prize.
Jan. 12.—Southend-on-Sea : Monthly Medals.
Seaford : Monthly Medal.
Crookham : "Bogey" Competition.
Hayling : Monthly Medal.
Mid-Surrey : Monthly Medal (Junior).
Cumbrae : Monthly Medal.
Southport : Monthly Competition (Final).
Moseley : "Bogey" Handicap.
Macclesfield : Mr. Hall's Prize.
Wilmslow : Fourth Winter Competition.
Ranelagh : Monthly Medal.
Saltburn : Monthly Medal.
Jan. 15.—Cumbrae Ladies : Monthly Medal.
Jan. 17.—Woodbridge : Ladies ; Monthly Medal.
Jan. 19.—Harrogate : Monthly Medal.
Rochester : Monthly Medal.
Worlington and Newmarket : Monthly Medal.
Mid-Surrey : Monthly Medal (First and Second Class
Senior).
Royal Wimbledon : Monthly Medal.
Rochester Ladies : Monthly Medal.

UNCLE TIMOTHY,
OR
MY DAY AT BUNKERTON.

Golf indeed brings the character to the surface. "He maun go on swearin' if he's a swearin' man," as the canny Scotchman said; "and if he be a patient man, he'll be a deal patienter."

In life, one is apt rather to magnify one's crosses than to lessen them; but without making any boast, I am bound to confess I under-rated Uncle Timothy, until he, instead of devoting his mind to other things in his old age, took to Golf.

He is my wife's uncle, and has always been a sore trial to both of us, but a trial that had to be borne with the patience of Job, owing to our having expectations from him. All his stages of activity we had borne with fortitude, for Uncle Timothy was a man who believed in perpetual youth; but when well over the boundary-line of fourscore years and ten, our energetic relation took to Golf, hope ran low.

I verily believe no human being could throw half the energy into anything that Uncle Timothy did, and most of his energy went to the instruction of others.

One morning a letter arrived addressed to my wife, of which the following abstract will suffice:—"Send Fred over here for a round on the links. Shall be delighted to give him some hints. Young fellows are so lazy now-a-days."

"I am not a parcel, to be labelled and sent about the country," I began, angrily, when Martha held up a warning finger.

"Hush, Fred! You know you are so fond of Golf."

"Fond of Golf!" I burst out, now thoroughly roused. "So I am, and that," with a sneer, "does not make your uncle's invitation any more inviting. I have a distinct recollection," I continued, "of when your uncle played cricket, and it was a case of leg before wicket whether one was batter or bowler. I should not be the least surprised if I were killed outright this time, or at any rate return a hopeless cripple. Golf is a particularly dangerous game."

"I should not like to be a widow, or have to nurse you, but," added my wife heartlessly, "you must go, Fred. Think of me and the children."

"All very well," I grumbled; "but who thinks of me?"

"I do, of course, my dear boy, and this makes me so anxious for you to go."

Not a very clear argument, but when followed by a kiss, a clinching one.

So accordingly, two days later, I set out for Bunkerton, and was met by Uncle Timothy at the station.

"Glad to see you my boy," giving me a slap on my shoulder that was more hearty than gentle. "Come along, there's no time to lose. Train ten minutes late, and minutes with Golf are like pennies in the pound, not to be frittered away."

"See that man there?" was his next observation, pointing to a man hobbling along, leaning heavily on a stick, "I was showing him how to drive last week; the fool got in the way; but" confidentially, "I believe it's more temper than injury. Got some splendid tips about driving, I'll show you."

I said "Thank you, uncle," mentally resolving I would keep well out of the way. Drivers' heads, or human ones' for that matter, seemed of little consequence.

I noticed that Uncle Timothy's caddie wore a patch over his eye, and had a lump on his forehead as big as a man's hand. Our progress was slow, as my uncle thought fit to give advice to every one we saw. I believe six couples and two foursomes passed us before we reached the first green; and it was on the first green that nothing would do but that my uncle should assist in the task of reckoning up the scores of the second foursome who were holing out.

"A halved hole," said one man, "You play the like."

"Hi!" burst in my uncle, "The gentleman plays the odd."

"Is that so?" said the first speaker. "Jones, you play the odd."

I concluded the matter was settled, when my uncle again spoke; indeed, he had not ceased to mutter in a half-whisper. "Two more, one off two, the like, one more."

"It is two more," he declared, and again thanking him, the foursome departed to square matters.

I felt they bestowed pitying glances upon me as they went; and they were not wasted, for I began to feel in need of all the sympathy I could get. It was not till we had nearly reached the second green that I discovered that my uncle's caddie was stone deaf. It was as well; for when golfing my uncle was certainly a free-spoken gentleman, and I afterwards heard that respectable mothers would not allow their boys to stand round and hear such language. Yet I can remember the time when uncle Timothy was a Sunday school-teacher.

To dwell with length upon that eventful round would be to recall curses, bloodshed, and blows. The links seemed to be like a maze, round which we strode without gaining ground. Others, more fortunate, appeared to make progress, but we were stationary, our bodies all the time being in constant motion.

"We shall have time for another round," remarked Uncle Timothy cheerfully, "and I'll give you a stroke a hole."

"He could give me what he liked," thought I; "but to enter upon another round would be as mad as the Israelites would have been had they rushed back into the Wilderness, when once they were through."

When, at length, the club-house was reached, Uncle swaggered in, swelling out his chest with as much pride as if he had been his own laundress, as he recounted into every ear, the wonderful shots he had made.

"Pon my honour, you will hardly believe me, my dear fellow," he would begin, addressing the first ear he could catch as though he were speaking through an ear-trumpet; and the listeners looked as though not to believe him was just what was expected. "Time for a drink, and then we will be off again," mopping his heated brow.

"Off again!" The words filled me with an icy shiver, and my eyes wandered round the room in the vain search for some way of escape, when my glance fell upon a man seated in a corner, an open telegram in his hand.

Here was a chance of escape, my only chance it seemed to me; and hardly knowing what I said—for indeed I was not responsible for my actions—I whispered into the astonished man's ear: "I shall be your debtor for life if you will lend me this half-a-second," seizing, as I spoke, the telegram.

Returning to Uncle Timothy's side, I said, endeavouring to throw a sound of genuine grief into my voice, "A telegram from Martha, Uncle; awful nuisance, but I must return immediately, the—the rate collector is waiting to see me, and refuses to leave the house until he has done so. It is always the way," I added, "when I come out for a day's pleasure."

"You must come again, my boy. I don't despair of you. A few hints, and you'll make a player yet," wringing my hand as though it were the handle of a bell.

And so I made my escape, not a minute too soon, I feel convinced, for Golf with Uncle Timothy was fast ruining my morals. I had believed myself to be a patient man, but I firmly believe another round would have changed me into "a swearin' man."

The Bunkerton Golf Club has been closed for a season. Uncle Timothy says it is all jealousy that has done it.

I am inclined to think otherwise, and believe the dissolution is a polite way of withdrawing the name of Timothy Gregson, Esq. from the Members' List.

M. E. BRADSHAW-ISHERWOOD.

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.

THE MEETING OF THE YEARS.

'Twas at midnight I saw them, I watched for the meeting,
When heaven's white frosts our poor planet bedew;
The weather was cold, it was blowing and sleeting,
But they heeded it not, the Old Year and the New.

The old man came haltingly, worn out and shaken,
To vanish for aye in the mists of the night;
The child of the New Year in vain tried to waken
Within that spent soul the least glimmer of light.

A curious freight, of all shapes and dimensions,
In his arms the old man bore, a gift to the Past;
Over all I could see half my own good intentions,
Which had started so well, but which never would last.

There was also the work which I ought to have ended,
Incomplete and unfinished, a sorrowful tale,
And some very bad ways that I'd better have mended,
But now my regret was of little avail.

What grieved me the most, though the pain was unspoken,
I saw, 'mongst the store the Old Year bore away,
All the wretched remains of the Golf clubs I'd broken
The witnesses stern of my very bad play.

There were drivers and niblicks, the head or the handle*
Were broke in two pieces, while some were in three,
And balls whose appearance a positive scandal
In any good Golf Club most surely would be.

A cleek which I threw at my caddie irately
(And it hit him severely, I fear, as it fell),
Was well to the front, which astonished me greatly,
And the bit of the caddie, I saw there as well.

Then the old man held up a long finger and muttered,
I bent down my ear as his precept I sought;
And this was the fragment of warning he uttered,
"Go golfing no more; you're no good at the sport."

I hung down my head in a mute acquiescence,
My finger-tips even were tingling with shame;
While my Prudence and Will, in most prompt coalescence,
Determined for aye I should forswear the game.

I turned with a sense of a new-found elation,
The New Year with dimples was smiling his glee;
He was holding out sweetly, with subtle temptation,
A lovely new driver intended for me.

Grim thoughts of the past and its sad relics spurning,
My vows were all shattered, I gazed at the view,
Of unspeakable drives, or approach shots, and turning
My back on the Old Year, I followed the New.

ROSE CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY.

* Apologies are made for this error; but nothing else will rhyme with "scandal," except "candle," which is unmanageable!

ACHES AND SPRAINS!—When a Peer out in the mountains of Chinese Tartary gives a Panamik coolie some Elliman's Embrocation to rub in for a sprain, and the coolie drinks it by mistake, and exclaims, "It is good," you have evidence that Elliman's Embrocation is harmless. Proof:—"To one of the Panamik coolies, who had sprained his knee, I gave some Elliman's Embrocation, in one of our tin teacups, and thought I had made him understand he was to rub it in, but to my horror, and before I could stop him, he swallowed the lotion, and in a very short space of time was sprawling on his stomach, choking and spluttering; but as soon as he recovered his breath, he got up and salaamed, saying it was very good. So, as he seemed quite pleased and none the worse, I did not enlighten him as to his mistake."—Page 13. Quoted from "The Pamirs," by the Earl of Dunmore, F.R.G.S., 1893. Elliman's Universal Embrocation for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Sore Throat from cold, Chest Colds, Stiffness, Cramp, Bronchitis &c., is an excellent good thing. 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. Prepared only by Elliman, Sons, and Co., Slough, England.

ON STRIKE.

All the Golf clubs were on strike. The Niblick started the idea. Curling up his fat little head—he had no nose so could not sneer properly—he gave utterance to the opinion that Golf clubs were very hardly used.

"We have no rest," he said. "Spring or summer, autumn or winter, it is the same, we are always being taken out; no matter what the weather is—rain, heat, or frost—we are expected to do our duty with no credit and no remuneration, and I for one, think it is not fair!"

"We get credit sometimes, when we deserve it," said a Driver, who was a new inmate of the bag. "Our master said only yesterday that he had never driven so far with any club as he can with me, and that he would not part with me for any money."

"H'm!" snorted the Old Driver, whose place had been usurped by the new club. "He said exactly the same of me when I was new. He'll be breaking you across his knee soon by way of giving you your deserts!"

The New Driver was about to reply, when the Brassey interrupted him:

"Well, we don't want to hear you two quarrel over your respective merits," he said; "that in itself is another grievance to Golf clubs. Why, when we have served faithfully till our heads or greenhearts break, should we be put aside for a new comer, or idiotic patent, and not treated with the reverence we deserve? I agree with the Niblick—it is not fair!"

"No, indeed," chimed in the Mashie eagerly, "I wonder how many difficulties I have got our master out of, and now he hardly ever uses me; but prefers what you justly call an 'idiotic patent'—that Forrester Mashie that is always cracked up so!"

"And why not?" interrupted the Forrester Mashie and the Park's Patent Lifter, together. "Surely we are improvements on you others, or we should not be used instead of you."

"It's not so bad for you," grumbled the Iron Putter, "you all get a certain amount of praise for what you do; but, whenever there is a difficult putt which our master is not sure of holing, he calls for me, and if he misses the putt, which he often does, he abuses me and wishes he had taken the Wooden Putter, who is only used when the green is perfect and the putt safe, and gets all the credit!"

"That's all right," said the Wooden Putter; "honour, you know, to whom honour is due. I always get the credit of winning the matches our master plays, and, no doubt, I do win them."

"Well," said the Niblick, who was acting as agitator, "I think the best thing we could do would be to go on strike."

"The very thing which would please our master most," put in the Cleek, sarcastically; "the more he can make us strike the better he will like it!"

"Then we must go off striking in order to be on strike," said the old Driver, eagerly. "I have been off striking for a long time, and feel comforted when he swears at me each time he uses me. If you will follow my example, some good must come of it."

"We may possibly have a few days' hard work," said the Cleek, meditatively, "while he tries to get us under his control again; but after he gives up in despair, we shall at least get a long holiday. Do you agree?"

All the clubs expressed themselves quite in favour of the strike, except the new Driver, who was in such high favour with their master, and who declared it would be mean to play him false while he trusted them.

"Nonsense," said the Cleek; "you'll soon get over that feeling, and he will respect you more. The caddies struck, and we are of far more importance than the caddies, and they got their own way; so why should not we?"

"You had better join us," said the Iron, threateningly, "or your time of favour will soon be at an end. We can make it pretty hot for you in the bag if you don't agree to help us!"

"There won't be anything of you left," sneered the Niblick, "with which to curry favour with our master, when once we have begun smashing you up!"

The Driver was so alarmed by these threats that he thought it wiser to give in before they tried experiments on him; so he yielded graciously, and said he would join them, and not play them false at the last minute.

"When shall we begin?" cried the Iron Putter.

"At once," said the Niblick. "We are on strike now, and the next time our master plays with us he will discover it to his cost."

"But to-morrow," murmured the New Driver, "is medal day; you will not make an exhibition of him before everyone?"

"Yes, indeed; so much the better!" cried the Iron Putter. "And next week he has an important match with that young man who has only three or four clubs, and never lets anyone carry them but himself—that's what I call a proper sort of master to have!"

"I don't," said the Wooden Putter, maliciously, with a leer at the Iron Putter; "I like to have another club to do my dirty work."

Fortunately the Iron Putter did not catch the remark, or there would have been high words—possibly blows—exchanged between them; but he was suggesting to the Niblick how glorious it would be if all the clubs were to join them in their strike, as it was not so much for the frustration of their own master's wishes, as for a little rest and credit, that they were striking.

"We shall be left at the club-house to-morrow," said the Old Driver, "and we can then hold a mass meeting."

So the next day when their master, Mr. Vaunter, stood at the first tee, with his caddie and clubs awaiting his pleasure, the clubs anticipated a pleasant afternoon. Great was their annoyance, therefore, when the New Driver, whose heart had failed him at the critical moment, allowed their master to start with a drive of unusual brilliance, which drew an exclamation of surprise from those gathered round the tee.

"It's all right, you see," Mr. Vaunter exclaimed to his partner; "my form is as good as usual, and with luck I ought to win the medal, and be brought down to scratch."

But alas! for the vanity of human expectations! The clubs in the bag had ample time before reaching the next tee to threaten the Driver to such an extent and knock him about a little with their hard heads, that he promised not to fail them again; for the Iron, which was the club selected for an approach, cleverly contrived to land their master in a bunker, whence the Niblick absolutely refused to extricate him, and had not the Forrester Mashie and the Wooden Putter been rather half-hearted concerning the strike, Mr. Vaunter would have given up then and there. Indeed, after blundering along for a couple of holes, playing apparently worse than an absolute beginner, he kicked the ball to the caddie, and after a rather strong expression or two, walked round to score for his partner, grumbling at his luck the while. He played in a four-some in the afternoon and astonished his partner and opponents by being unable to play a single stroke, making his side lose the match by many holes. Mr. Vaunter went home in a violent temper, leaving his clubs, as anticipated, at the club-house.

The Niblick lost no time in calling the attention of the clubs in the various other bags to the sad state of their affairs, and begging them to go on strike with them. The all eagerly agreed, as none of them were satisfied with the treatment they received from their respective masters. As the Club did not open on Sundays they had ample time for arguments and discussions, so that, by the Monday morning there was not a club in the club-house which had not joined the strike.

On the Monday, Mr. Vaunter was early at the club with young Sloper (who carried his own clubs with him), chaffing about his ill-luck of the previous Saturday. But apparently the same luck haunted him, as he could not hit a ball; so that young Sloper, playing a moderate game, won the match 10 up and 8 to play, as Mr. Vaunter gave up each hole in succession and at last in a paroxysm of rage, broke the Niblick across his knee. These proceedings somewhat damped the ardour of the clubs, as they did not wish to be smashed, and their agitator gone, there were some thoughts of giving in.

Consternation reigned supreme at the club-house that day. Everyone whose clubs had been left at the club-house, was playing like a beginner, without seeing any reason why it should be so. Young Sloper saw his opportunity and took it. He challenged all the best players to play him for £5 a side, and as many as accepted the challenge were fearfully beaten.

But things could not go on like this for long, and instead of getting a holiday, the clubs found themselves continually at work, while their numbers rapidly diminished through the angry smashing of some of their shafts.

When the Niblick returned with a new shaft, he was much less strong on the subject of the strike, and many of the clubs were only too anxious to persuade the others that their masters had had a lesson, and would no doubt profit by it, and they all agreed to cease their strike, and begin striking again on the following medal day.

On that auspicious occasion, therefore, the members played in quite their old form, and while Mr. Vaunter came in as the winner, young Sloper found his place at the bottom of the list, and as he had purchased new clubs and a bag, and chartered a caddy, with the proceeds of his month's winnings, he felt very much humiliated, and put his want of success down to the weather.

The clubs all came to the conclusion that, whether they eventually derived any benefit from it or not, it did not give them a holiday, or redound at all to their credit to go out on strike.

H. M. F.

"KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL."

Every golfer has heard the maxim, "Keep your eye on the ball," enunciated by his professional adviser, alternately with its twin-brother, "Slow back," and, although it may have come under his notice that the latter is preached by golfing mentors without being very generally practised by them, yet he cannot fail to observe the especial emphasis with which each golfing Moses, whilst leading his would-be imitators through a perfect wilderness of stances and swings, elevates the former, like a brazen serpent, from amongst a host of less worthy, or less easily comprehended pieces of advice. It may be interesting to consider the absolute value of this axiom, and also to inquire into the extent of its actual use.

Many golfers believe that, if they could but prevail upon their weather eye to remain undeviatingly fixed upon the ball throughout the execution of each and every stroke, the result would be a complete immunity from such fatalities as "topping" and "sclaffing." Let such a one take a six-inch peg and tee his ball on its summit, and then, remembering *the* maxim, endeavour to displace it to the extent of a full shot with any club he pleases. He will probably experience some difficulty in striking the ball at all, and, moreover, if he aim conscientiously at the globe, and not at the combined mass of tee and ball, the majority of his misses will be above the ball altogether. It may be objected that this is an extreme case, a tee of six inches in height being somewhat unusual in actual practice. Let the same player, however, tee his ball on the side of a slope, so that it is once more six inches above the level of his stance; then, if he is anything of a player, he will find no difficulty in getting away a fairly long shot every time. These considerations, I think, may fairly be taken as pointing to the conclusion that the great maxim, although undoubtedly a *sine qua non*, is not by any means the whole secret of Golf, as many ignorantly suppose.

It is not, then, the distance of the ball itself which is measured by the eye, but the vertical distance of the background, if one may so express the surface on which the ball rests more or less closely, which is judged, and that not more by the eye than by the muscular sense through the hand when addressing the ball. As a negative instance of the operation of this latter sense may be cited the case of a ball lying on a road, where the difficulty of negotiating the shot successfully is generally attributed, and rightly, to the rule which disallows grounding of the club in addressing the ball, thus preventing the muscular sense from coming fully into play in judging the vertical distance of the latter relatively to the eye.

Again, if a true judgment of the position of the ball, obtained by relentless fixing of the same with the eye, is all that is necessary to ensure a clean shot, why should the lie of the ball affect the character of the shot so markedly as it does? Why should a player tee his ball on a hanging lie for a low shot against the wind, and, conversely, why should a lie on an up slope result in a comparatively aerated shot? Is it not by following the slope of the ground and merely taking the ball *en passant* that these results are produced, the swing of the expert golfer being arranged, not so much to impinge upon the vertically central surface of the ball, as just to graze the surface of the ground; and when negotiating a cuppy lie the effort to "get down to" the ball is made, not with reference to its position as regards the player, but to the position of the ball relatively to the surface of the ground, slightly below sea level, as it were.

This axiom is more generally to be accepted with reference to the short game, where more accurate calculations have to be made with reference to lofted iron pitches and similar shots, and we have high authority on the subject dealing with the selection of a particular part of the ball for attention on the putting-green.

Most golfers, of course, are perfectly well aware of these facts, although few take the trouble of following them so far to a conclusion; but a great deal of harm is done to the beginner through his ignorance of the failure of this maxim to provide all that is necessary for good play. One way in which this comes about is the following: The beginner diligently practises his swing upon daisy-heads and such like, and when he has gained some confidence in his eye-fixing capabilities, he proceeds to business. Riveting his sternest gaze upon that part of the globe which is immediately opposite his starting eyeballs; he vents upon it the accumulated experience of half a hundred preliminary swings, and is then surprised at producing nothing better than an ordinary "top." Little consolation is there to be found in his caddie's suggestion that he "took it back over quick," or "swung over far back," or in the more frequent and simple statement of fact, "Topped him," which is less consoling and more irritating than any other remark possible in the circumstances. Conscious of the fixity of his gaze during the stroke, he searches vainly for an explanation of the phenomenon, which is, after all, only too simple. In practising daisy cutting, he was indeed "ground grazing," as he should have been; but this grazing was only incidental to the picking off of the daisy-heads, and was not aimed at as the latter were; consequently, when it came to the more serious question of a teed ball, the "grazing" was lost sight of in his deliberately ignorant attempt, all too successful, to hit as much of the ball as he did of the daisy, relative proportions being, no doubt, intended, but scarcely to be expected from merely mechanical hand and eye co-ordination.

C. M. H.

LEVEN THISTLE GOLF CLUB.—The annual general meeting was held in the club-house on December 12th, when there was a large attendance of members, only one or two short of a hundred being present. After the reports of the secretary and treasurer had been read and approved of, the meeting proceeded to elect the office-bearers for the ensuing year. The captain, Mr. William Robertson, having stated that he did not care to act for another year, Mr. Thomas Porter was unanimously elected in his stead. The treasurer, Mr. Peter Ballingall, also retired, and Mr. James Neaves accepted the office. Mr. Ireland, the secretary, was unanimously re-elected. The old council were all re-elected, with the exception of Mr. Neaves, who had been elected treasurer, his place being filled by Mr. William Robertson, the retiring captain. The meeting next proceeded to discuss whether non-temperance refreshments should be kept by the club. After discussion a vote was taken, when forty-eight voted that they be kept, and twenty-six that they be not. It was left in the hands of the council to draw up rules to regulate their sale. The membership of the club is now 290.

ST. ANDREWS.—An interesting mixed ladies' and gentlemen's handicap foursome tournament, begun on Monday, December 10th, on the lines of the Royal and Ancient Jubilee Vase tournament, was finished on Thursday afternoon with the victory of Miss Moir and Mr. A. F. Macfie, who played in the final with Miss H. Bett and Mr. A. H. Grant. Sixteen couples entered for the competition.

"PUTTING IS THE —"?

A GOLFING maxim-maker has observed that "Driving is an art, iron play is a science, but putting is an inspiration." It is a very felicitous set of definitions. One has only heard it bettered once by the man who wrote, "Putting is the Devil." Of course, that is only another way of saying the same thing. Often one's putting suffers from "influenza"—a mysterious disease, which no one can diagnose—so that it is simplest to call it "influenza," in the tongue of mediæval Italy (where such manifestations were frequent), in English, "influence," the "influence," or "in-flowing" of diabolic currents. So that, practically speaking, influenza and inspiration are as alike as two Golf balls, the only generally-accepted difference being that they come from different shops; and so, to say that "Putting is an inspiration," differs from saying that it is "the Devil" only in that the latter seems to define the source of inspiration.

When you have studied carefully a putt of that troublesome yard-and-a-half distance, and succeeded at length in holing it, then you say to yourself, "Putting is an inspiration." But when your friend, who is watching Golf for the first time, comes up, and says, "What nonsense taking all that bother about a thing like that! Here; give me the ball," and knocks it in from the same distance, or a little further, with his umbrella, then you observe at once, "Putting is the Devil." There is no doubt of it. It cannot be an art or a science, for the more a man learns about Golf the worse he putts, as a rule. Therefore it must be an inspiration; and no reasonable human golfer really doubts the source of the inspiration. When a man first begins Golf he generally putts wonderfully; and ladies always putt remarkably well, which again supports the inspiration theory and the suggested source.

We may take instances. One would not like to adduce instances of special inspiration; but instances in which inspiration is noticeably lacking may be held up to the brightest light. One knows the venerable story of the letter which the late Mr. Wolfe-Murray addressed to "The Misser of Short Putts, Prestwick." It was taken, quite straight, to "Old Tom" Morris. Now no one could possibly conceive "Old Tom's" being inspired from the source suggested. No one more removed from possible influence from such a source can be imagined. His case lends a very decided support to the theory. Mr. John Ball, jun., is another famous misser of short putts. (Of course, it is always to be remembered that the missed short putt is observed and focussed in the "fierce light that beats upon a Champion." The missed short putts of the average golfer escape the recording angel's book; but, for all that, good golfers do putt badly). Now, with the exception of "Old Tom," there probably is no golfer whom one would so little suspect of inspiration from Black Art sources as Mr. John Ball. We may put him next to Tom Morris as an instance in support.

Another very fine golfer, who would be invincible altogether if he could get one of the inspired to putt for him, is Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville. He is even more remote from the inspiration (it is impossible to be more remote from its source) than either of the above named. Tom Morris and Mr. Ball, taking each at his best, used to lose strokes and holes on the putting green; but usually because they could not hole the short ones, not because they could not lay the long ones dead. "Here the veteran laid a long putt stone-dead, but subsequently missed it," wrote the short-hand recording angel, with

humour that probably was unconscious. The veteran often used to do that. Now he is no longer at his best, alas! through, for his age, a wonder, so he does not miss the short ones as he used to. But Mr. Ball is still at his best, virtually speaking—still good enough, at all events, to miss short putts, and to beat any one he wants to. But these ex-Champions could always hole the long putts. It was only at the short ones that they failed, even at their very best. Mr. Balfour-Melville, perhaps, would have been better than either of them had he had but a share of the "influenza" or inspiration. But he lacked it even more than they, for at times he could neither lay the long ones dead nor hole the short ones. It only shows how complete is his mastery over the art of driving and science of iron-play that he should have done such great things without a breath of the inspiration.

Mr. Alfred Lyttelton has declared that the man who wins a hole on the putting green "is guilty of a mean and ungentlemanly act." But it is obvious that he is something even worse—he is guilty of receiving aid from diabolical sources, and in the Middle Ages, in the green youth of the game, would have been most properly punished at the stake, had his methods been understood.

The inspiration is not a constant, but a capricious stream, so that those who have it in the fullest measure are sometimes left uninspired for awhile. Then it manifests its returning presence, by new channels sometimes, such as putting over a daisy on the line, instead of straight at the hole; there is no end to its ways of entrance, and the spell that was effective yesterday may be valueless to-day. Some days no spell is of value—then it is best to go home to bed and consult a doctor about it, who will call it "microbes," for that is more modern than "influenza," and men of science are past the age of animism, though of course golfers are not.

H. G. HUTCHINSON.

THE January number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* is well calculated, like another attractive publication which issues from the same house, "to beguile the frivolous moments of serious people." There is a capital frontispiece of the new Empress of Russia, another instalment of Mr. Stanley Weyman's "From the Memoirs of a Minister of France," a story called "The Red Patrol" by Mr. Gilbert Parker, some interesting reminiscences of "Historic London Houses" by Philip Norman, a characteristic piece from Anthony Hope, a talk with Mr. Maskelyne of Egyptian Hall fame, and interesting contributions from George Paston, Max Pemberton, and Grant Allen. Apart from the light and varied literary matter, the well-executed illustrations by well-known pencils serve to enhance the value of the magazine as a work to be kept prominently on the bookshelves for casual reading now or hereafter.

ON Saturday, December 15th, a match between A. Toogood (Minchinhampton), and Hugh Kirkaldy was played on the links at Minchinhampton, and after a splendidly contested match, Toogood was returned the winner by 1 up on the two rounds of thirty-six holes. A fortnight previously the same players had played a two-round match on the same links, Toogood also winning this by 1 up.

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WAKEFIELD GOLF CLUB.

Wakefield was formerly chiefly famous because of a battle between the Yorkists and Lancastrians, in which the Duke of York was slain. It has had some celebrity also as possessing a Gaol and an Asylum, and as being the headquarters of West Riding government. Now it is principally famous for its Golf Links, and many of its prominent officials have turned heartily to Golf as a pleasant relief from their official duties. It is surely a singular coincidence that the red-coated golfer of to-day should be fighting his peaceful battles on practically the same field that this sanguinary struggle of the past was waged.

It is on the Heath Common that the Wakefield golfers have pitched their tent and no more advantageous camping-ground could have been found. Well removed from the madding crowd of the busy city, yet near enough to be easily and quickly reached, the links are situated on a breezy common, from which, by reason of its elevation, extensive views of the surrounding country are obtained. The Common lends itself readily to the purposes of the golfer. The turf is short and sweet, and the course is a true golfing one and such as will test the powers of a good player. When the club was formed in December, 1891, the superabundance of marshy land constituted a nuisance. A good working committee was formed, however, who took counsel with Tom Dunn, and a fine sporting course is the outcome of natural advantages and the judicious planning of the committee. Thorough draining has removed the pools, and the marshes have given place to patches of soft, short grass, which make beautiful lies for good shots. One of the pleasant features of the course is the absence of unfair penalties. There are plenty of hazards, but they are fair ones and the skilful player is rewarded for his exhibition of nice play. The greens are for the most part natural ones and very true. The course provides plenty of variety, as will be seen from the following description.

Starting for the first, or Pond hole, the tee shot has to carry a bank of whins and a road. A brassy should then reach the green, which is a natural one. The hole, having a length of 333 yards, may be done in 4 with good play, but the "Colonel" is allowed 5 for it. You must be careful, though, not to go too far in your approach, or a plaguy pond will pocket you.

The second hole has the fanciful name of "Summons," because of the field to the right; but if you drive a decently straight ball you need not fear that you will be summoned for fetching the ball out of the field, supposing you could find it once it got in. There is little else to trouble you here, but the green is protected by whins in front. Being a short hole (150 yards) "Bogey" says 4 is ample for it.

The third is named Stanfield, in honour of Mr. A. J. C. Stanfield, the first secretary, who has done so much to place the club on a firm foundation. A 300 yards hole; the "Colonel" is allowed 5 for it, but a good golfer should manage it in 4. Whins and a morass lie in wait for footled shots, but there is a good refuge for a ball driven about 180 yards from the high teasing ground. A good approach should then be up, but the green is guarded by a road to the right, and a short or footled stroke is trapped by the "Pond," which is directly in front of the green.

The "Quarry" is a fine sporting hole. The green has been made half way down a big quarry. Playing through the green you gradually ascend until you reach some mounds of land, like huge nipples, which are immediately above the putting green. A ditch has been made, in the course of draining operations, right across the line of fire, at a distance of about 190 yards from the tee, but any ball driven from the tee into this ditch may be lifted without penalty. A good second requires to land near the top of the "Paps," after which it is a case of a dead shot on to the green. There must be no rolling, or you are in the quarry, with dire results. The hole, which has a length of 340 yards, is indeed a very fine one and is blind all the way. It can be done in 4, but he who does it in that number must be a better player than the "Colonel," who allows himself 5 for it.

The fifth is our old friend Ginger Beer. The length of this varies from 215 yards in summer to 350 yards in winter; the "Bogey" score consequently varies from 4 to 5. The player, in addressing his ball for the drive, is confronted by the rising face of the quarry, with a wall-fence surmounting it. The faint heart is affrighted, but the experienced golfer drives straight over the wall, which is but a distance of 100 yards away, and, with a favourable wind, he may carry the green of the short course. A sliced ball driven a good length, gets into the whins. When the full course is being played, a nasty road and ruts lie in wait for stray balls.

The next, Manor House, is the longest hole of the course (448 yards). It fronts the ancient Manor House of Heath, and, if you were not golfing, you would notice around you all the characteristics of a fine

old English village. Besides the Manor House, there are other houses of the gentry, cottages, the village green, the village school, and, of course, the village inn. There is also a commanding prospect of the surrounding country; but these are not the things that we came out for to see. Teeing our ball, with a long, straight drive, we go merrily on towards our goal. There are trees on the right, ready to catch badly-sliced balls, and, if you should pull the ball sufficiently, you go over into the quarry, which means a lost hole. The "Colonel" claims to do it in 5 at the full winter length, and it is not a bad score at that.

The seventh, which is another blind hole, is called The Pound, owing to the proximity of the village pinfold. Being a short hole of 160 yards, a good cleek shot should carry on to the green, but it must be a straight stroke. A pulled ball is in that everlasting quarry again, and, should the green be overshot, there are gaping hazards all around. When the wind is blowing across the village green in your teeth, you may well use a brassy, for, when the wind blows, it does blow across this elevated plateau. Four is the "Bogey" score.

The Whin Hole, as may be imagined from its name, is well supplied with the unwhimsome whin. It is accordingly not surprising to learn that this particular hole has broken more records than any other in the course. Happily there are some good lies, and, if you are only fortunate enough to land in them, you may be up with the "Colonel" in 5, but do not be surprised if at the first attempt you, being only an average player, double that number. The whins are not the only difficulty, for there are ditches and raised roads in your way, not to mention the rough grass, whose close acquaintance is to be eschewed. About 100 yards from the tee is a road, but a drive of 150 yards gets into good ground. Fifty yards farther on is a ditch, but here again the ball driven from the tee may be lifted without penalty, as the cutting is right across the course. The second, if succeed, goes into thick grass. A straight shot takes you, however, into a triangular piece of good ground, from which you are easily on the green, which is a very pretty natural one. The committee at first made a green here, but afterwards found that there was a better one made to hand. The turf is excellent.

The Home Hole has a length of 240 yards, and is not a very difficult one in the "Bogey" score of 4. A sliced-tee shot will carry you into a road or whins, while rabbit-holes and rough ground await pulled balls. The green is well guarded, and requires an accurate shot.

The total length of the course is 2,680 yards, and the "Bogey" score totals up to 41. The record of the green for the double round is held by Mr. David Lyell—a golfer well-known north of the Tweed—who recently went round in 78. The lowest scratch score in club competitions has been brought down from 89, by Mr. C. F. Badeley, an old Cambridge University man, to 85, by Mr. G. H. Peacock, on September 15th, 1894, for the full course. The latter held the record for the short course, with 88, until June 16th last, when it was done in 79. The club has also some accomplished players in Dr. J. Murray, who for the last two years has done most of the secretarial work, and done it very well; Mr. Claude Leatham, who is not unknown on the Cromer course; and Mr. W. Creswick. The club has also some good lady players, notably Miss Norah Haigh, who, in the monthly medal round on November 28th last, came out with a score of 88, beating the previous record. Mrs. Hurst, the wife of the popular president of the club (Mr. W. Hurst), has done excellent service for the club, her persuasion and example having aroused a good deal of enthusiasm in the Royal and Ancient Game among the ladies of the city. In the ladies' medal competition, recently, she made the excellent gross score of 93, over a course which is by no means easy. The resident professional, G. Lambert, holds the record for the nine holes, with a score of 38, made up in the following praiseworthy fashion:—5 3 3 5 4 5 3 5 5=38. An interesting book is kept in the club-house, in which striking features of play are recorded. From it we learn that on December 6th, 1893, Captain Go-tling, of the Royal Scots, playing from the high tee in front of the fourth hole, drove a distance of about 240 yards. On April 21st, 1894, Mr. C. C. Roberts, a member of the club, holed out at the Manor House, then a 420-yard hole, in 3. The eclectic score for the round is as follows:—3 2 3 3 3 2 4 2=25. Don't some of us wish we could do it in that style!

HEADINGLEY.—The December monthly medal of this club was competed for on Saturday, December 15th, but owing to the high wind and heavy showers the scoring was not good. First class:—Mr. J. D. Cormack, 100, less 8=92; Mr. J. M. S. Lister, 103, less 10=93; Mr. J. P. Eddison, 114, less 16=98; Mr. F. P. Joscelyne, 115, less 16=99; Mr. H. T. Eddison, 114, less 14=100. Second class:—Dr. C. Richardson, 110, less 24=86; Mr. A. Smithells, 111, less 24=87; Mr. E. Gaunt, 123, less 30=93; Mr. W. A. Lucas, 114, less 20=94; Mr. G. Walker, 115, less 20=95; Mr. T. Nunneley, 123, less 26=97; Mr. H. J. Palmer, 124, less 20=98; Mr. E. H. Tetley, 120, less 20=100; Mr. I. Ingleby, 128, less 27=101; Mr. H. S. Baines, 119, less 18=101. No returns from several others.

GOLF IN AMERICA.

(From our Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, November 27th.

The 1894 season is dying hard. Both at Boston and St. Andrews, competitions have been decided since the Championship, and in the first named we had evidence of the correctness of the verdict in the Championship matches, Mr. L. J. Stoddart proving a clever winner on an entirely strange ground. The meeting was to decide an individual tournament, and was held at Brookline, a suburb of Boston, by the Boston Country club. There were thirty-seven entries, but, although most of these started, only twelve handed in their cards, the results, as shown from these being as follows:—

	1st Rnd.	2nd Rnd.	Total.
Mr. L. J. Stoddart, St. Andrews ...	54	46	100
Mr. J. F. Gray, Shinnecock ...	53	49	102
Mr. H. C. Leeds, Country Club ...	54	51	105
Mr. H. H. Fay, Country Club... ..	56	52	108
Mr. A. H. Livermore, St. Andrews ...	58	53	111
Mr. T. Watson Merrill, Country Club .	56	56	112
Mr. F. Stanceliffe, Montreal	58	56	114
Mr. L. Curtis, Country Club	58	56	114
Mr. E. D. Jordans, jun., Country Club	62	53	115
Mr. C. W. Barnes, St. Andrews	58	59	117
Mr. D. G. Henderson, St. Andrews ...	58	59	117
Mr. S. H. Bennett, Country Club ...	71	59	130

A St. Andrews Club Championship, as distinct from the American Championship, has also been decided, but in this Mr. Stoddart did not compete, and the fight lay between last year's winner, Mr. J. B. Upham, and Mr. D. G. Henderson, who holds the record for the links jointly with Mr. Upham. Mr. Henderson won by 3 points owing to poor play by Mr. Upham in the second of the four rounds. The scores were as follows:—

	1st Round	2nd Round	3rd Round	4th Round	Total.
Mr. D. L. Henderson ...	57	51	49	53	210
Mr. J. B. Upham ...	49	60	56	48	213
Mr. R. H. Robertson ...	60	59	54	55	228
Mr. John Reid ...	60	59	60	55	234
Mr. D. Chauncey ...	66	57	55	62	240
Mr. W. E. Hodgman ...	69	55	64	58	246

Mr. J. C. Ten Eyck, 60, 56, 57; Mr. G. Hunter, 57, 52; Mr. W. R. Innis, 68, 58; Dr. Reinford, 65, 55; Mr. A. L. Livermore, 53, 56, withdrew.

As no player of the St. Andrews Club had a clear majority of wins over any other player, a match was necessary between Mr. A. L. Livermore and Mr. C. E. Armstrong to decide the handicap monthly tournament of the club, and this took place on November 24th, at Gray Oak, N.Y. Mr. Livermore was looked upon as the probable winner, but Mr. Armstrong's fine play upset not only calculations, but also club records. The following were the respective scores:—

Mr. C. E. Armstrong:—First round, 7 3 5 6 6 5 7 7 5=51; second round, 4 3 5 5 5 5 7 7 5=46; total, 97.

Mr. A. H. Livermore:—First round, 10 6 4 5 4 7 9 5 6=56; second round, 8 3 6 6 5 5 8 7 5=53; total, 109.

The ladies of the Meadow Brook Golf Club, Hempstead, L.I., engaged in a competition the same day for a handsome silver cup given by Mr. E. J. Cushion. The links were in very fine condition, and favoured good play. Miss May Bird won the cup by 1 stroke from Miss Anna Sands, who was victorious in the last ladies' contest of the club. There were four competitors only, and their net scores were:—Miss Bird, 80; Mrs. O. W. Bird, 96; Miss Sanis, 81. Mrs. Ripley did not finish. The Meadow Brook Club are spending a lot of money in making new bunkers and links, and are also contemplating two or three interesting contests. The first of these will be on Thanksgiving Day, for a silver cup offered by Mrs. August Belmont, and the second a professional tournament for a cup on December 2nd, the biggest affair the club has yet had. C. A. W. Fox is the club's professional, and the improvements are being carried out under his supervision.

BABERTON GOLF CLUB.—The monthly competition was held on Saturday, December 15th, the players competing in two classes—those with a handicap of 11 and under, and those with 12 and over. The winner in the first class was Mr. P. J. M'Duff with 88, less 8=80; and the second class Mr. W. Horsburgh, 90, less 12=78.

Reviews.

HALF-HOURS WITH AN OLD GOLFER. By "Calamo Currente." Illustrated by G. A. Laundy. London: George Bell & Sons. 5s.

In this volume there is a pleasing admixture of grave and gay, which, in absence of substantial and solid material, constitutes its main charm. But the work, as a whole, is disappointing, and it is not conceived in the best taste. One turns to a book of this kind to find more particularly that an old golfer has written something in the light of reminiscences to justify the title he has chosen; but there is nothing of the old-world lore of Golf told in his tale. The author has a very constrained and not too correct knack of versification, and, conscious of his versatility, he employs it more lavishly than his didactic prose. Indeed, one gathers the impression that he is in a continual state of mental see-saw as to whether verse or prose is the proper medium which should be employed; and so we find that the stately *marche funèbre* of his prose style occasionally jogs ahead, and skips into a gay metrical measure. If we must opt for the one or the other, we greatly prefer the pieces where he uses the Scottish idiom, though we disagree with him that his system of phonetic spelling is an improvement on the method adopted by more authoritative writers. "Twa Scotch Caddies in London" is broadly humorous and effectively told; so is "Sandy Gow's Funeral," and the dialogue entitled "A Golfing Episode." The author appears to have been a close observer of the Scottish caddie in all his Protean humours on the links, and his portraiture, conveyed in a phrase or two is luminous and dramatic in the extreme. "How to learn the Game" is a contribution which beginners may very fitly digest. In the main the author is correct in his theory, and the illustrations of stance and grip and swing may be profitably studied by older players. A short time ago, we noticed a book by a French author in which the rules had been translated into French; but here "Calamo Currente" has attempted, not by any means successfully, to make an epic of them, as well as of the "Etiquette of the Game." If the author succeeds in causing the rules to burn themselves into the golfing memory by means of his verse he will have achieved a Titanic task which committees and the rigorous enforcement of penalties have hitherto failed to accomplish. He ought to note, however, that the hole is only $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches, not $4\frac{1}{2}$, as stated on page 128. There is an Index to the metrical version of the rules, and a Handicap Match Table. Mr. Laundy has done his portion of the work fairly well. There are four illustrations in colour, of the green and incidents at "Linkslochy," while the uncoloured sketches to the text are drawn throughout with humour and spirit.

DOLOMITE STRONGHOLDS. By the Rev. J. Sanger Davies. George Bell and Sons; London and New York. 1894. 10s. 6d.

"Commodore Tapp was a very brave man,
Exceedingly brave—particular—
He climbed up a very high rock,
Excessively high—perpendicular—
And what made it the more inexplicable,
This rock was quite inaccessible."

These lines describe with accuracy the nature of the amusements with which the author beguiled his holiday time in the Dolomite country, amongst the last untrodden Alpine peaks. It is interesting to read about feats of athleticism, even in those branches of it which do not more immediately appeal to our own proclivities, and there is little doubt that for the majority of us the rocky battlements of the Italo-Austrian Alps are as charmingly perpendicular and inaccessible as the bravest of Commodore Tapps could desire. The degenerate carpet knight, sitting comfortably in his arm-chair, will feel himself in thorough accord with Mr. Davies, when he says that the marvel to him is that any route at all should be discovered, whereby these frightful fastnesses may be scaled; "the surface of rock is so vast, about half a mile wide, and about six times

as high as the highest cathedral towers in England, that days and years might be spent exploring in vain such a huge tract of precipice, which appears all alike smooth and impracticable both from below and from above." For the appreciation of blood-curdling situations, a glance at the illustrations on page 55, and facing page 58, can confidently be recommended; the first showing a "traverse" on the Kleine Zinne, a stronghold of most evil reputation, the second suggestive of nothing so much as some species of torture in vogue in mediæval Europe some three centuries ago. In a "traverse," you follow the stratification of the rock, and you are sometimes fortunate enough to find a ledge, in this instance nine inches broad, running round the rock, which affords no handgrip whatever, and in places, overhangs; you pursue this *mauvais pas* for, say eighty yards or so, like a fly on the wall; beneath you, a precipice, absolutely sheer, and 2,000 feet in depth. These are of the joys awaiting the rock-climber. In other cases the line of cleavage is vertical, when you enter a chimney, "camino," and go up the spout in the best way you can, head and back against one side, feet pressing against the other. Of the Kleine Zinne "traverse" however, the author is candid enough to say it is not true, *i.e.*, safe, mountaineering, nor will be, until provided with handrail, or some such assistance. He lays great stress on the necessity of caution, and one is almost inclined to agree with him; but as to this he gives the palm to our countrymen as compared with the Germans and the Swiss, who are more foolhardy in undertaking risky enterprise. The Fünffingerspitze, we are told, remained unvanquished till 1890. To judge by the illustrations, the name is a good one, for the peaks bear a remarkable resemblance to a hand held vertically, with fingers slightly separated. Its ascent is appallingly difficult, but the author makes a remark, true enough in itself, and also justified by analogy in other apparently insurmountable tasks, that when once somebody has shown that a thing *can* be done, the thing thenceforth becomes well, say, comparatively easy. Those of the general public who are familiar with mountaineering literature, such for instance as Mr. Dent, Mr. W. M. Conway, and Mr. E. Whympy have provided us with, will welcome this addition to it, though it deals with a branch of climbing upon which the elect, who prefer ice and snow work, are apt to look at rather askance, but with the divergence of opinion of the two schools we need not here concern ourselves.

THE PEOPLE OF THE MIST. By H. Rider Haggard. London: Longmans. 1894. Price 6s.

"Mr. H. Rider Haggard in South Africa," might not inappropriately be the title of a "Celebrity at Home"; for certainly, than the author in question, few are *more* "at home" in the Dark Continent, whither once more he conducts us in his latest romance. Full of extraordinary adventures as this book is, we can do no more than briefly indicate the nature of the story, leaving it to the reader to consume the midnight oil over its perusal. Thomas and Leonard Outram, owing to their father's malpractices, have to leave their ancestral home, which has been sold to a Jew. Leonard, the younger brother, and Jane Beach, the Rector's daughter, are in love with one another; but in view of the now altered circumstances at Outram Hall, nothing meanwhile seems likely to come of it; Jane's father is strongly hostile to an engagement, and says so, rather disagreeably. The lovers part, on the understanding that Leonard will marry Jane on her coming of age, or at any time afterwards, if he hears from her; if not, he will understand it is not her wish. A possible rival exists in the person of the Jew's son, whom Jane's father wishes her to marry, but for whom she has no liking; rather, indeed, the reverse. Leaving their old home, the two brothers now swear a solemn oath that they will seek their fortunes, never resting till they have made money enough to re-purchase Outram Hall. Accordingly, after the lapse of seven years, we find them digging for gold in South Africa, where, however, they have hitherto made but a bare existence. The elder brother now dies of fever, predicting on his death-bed that Leonard, with the help of a woman, will yet win back his old home; but he must be true to the oath they mutually swore. At this point, or shortly afterwards, adventures begin. Leonard and his faithful Kaffir servant, Otter (a dwarf, yet a very marvel of strength, activity, keen

sight, and swimming powers), come across an old woman called Soa, whom they discover wailing and keening among the rocks. Her story is that her lovely young mistress, Juanna Rodd, in the absence of her father, has been abducted by rascally slave-traders, of whom a Portuguese, Pereira, was the chief, a monster of iniquity also, known for his crimes as the "Yellow Devil." If Leonard and Otter will lend their assistance in rescuing Juanna, then Soa will reveal to them the secret treasures of her people, the Children of the Mist, from whom, forty years ago, she fled, to avoid being sacrificed to their gods. In earnest of her good intentions, if all should go right, she produces an enormous ruby, and makes the impecunious hero's mouth water by her tales of the sapphires and other precious stones which are found in her country. Leonard therefore agrees to undertake the apparently hopeless task of a rescue; hopeless in regard that he and Otter are but two, whereas the slave traders are in strong force. How that rescue is effected, is not here to be told; it is a central point of the story, but this much we may say, that the reader may well believe Mr. Haggard to be at his very best when describing the harrying of the slave-trader's "Nest"—indeed, in such scenes, he is in his element. Subsequently, situations arise which are full of interest, for Leonard falls deeply in love with the charming Juanna; but the kernel of the story is not yet, for their experiences among Soa's people are still to tell. That folk, unapproachable of strangers under death-penalty, believed, as did the Aztecs of old, and the Incas, that divinities from a far country were to come, or rather, return, and reign over them, in accordance with ancient prophecy. Otter, the knob-nosed Kaffir, being quite hideous enough for the purpose, personated the male idol, Jál, professing himself that deity incarnate; while Juanna played the part of Aca, the goddess; but the trouble came in when they were found out, for Otter was a fool, and Soa turned traitress—the explanation of this, at first sight unaccountable metamorphosis, being jealousy on her part. She had nursed Juanna as a child, and was passionately devoted to her; therefore, the more Leonard found favour with Juanna, the more sour and cross-grained did Soa become. The sham divinities must now be sacrificed to appease the real ones, one of whom is worshipped in the form of a gigantic crocodile, living in a whirl of seething waters, around and above which, in a vast, roofless amphitheatre, rises tier above tier of seats, where thousands congregate on occasions of interest such as the present. Juanna, however, escapes, owing to the self-sacrifice, very literally, of a priest, who agreed to personate her; Otter, after a terrific fight under the water, like that of Beowulf with Grendel, and with the mother of Grendel, succeeds like that hero, in slaying the saurian. All through these scenes, and the plots and counter-plots leading up to them, we are kept on tenterhooks of expectation and anxiety; and Mr. Haggard has never given rein to his vivid imagination with better effect than when he describes the huge colossus of Jál, with its oubliettes, its secret tunnels, the crocodile's cave, and all the accessories of savage worship. Yet are the concluding adventures more thrilling than their predecessors, an that were possible; the pursuit by the outraged priests when their victims had fled, the escape over the ice-bridge, all this must be read to be appreciated. The precious stones of fabulous value are gained, only to be lost beyond all recovery; yet Leonard in the end does get back his estate, also a woman helps him, as his brother prophesied. How then to solve this problem? To all whom it may concern, a word—Read the "People of the Mist," for, in the telling of many adventures, Mr. Haggard has few superiors.

HELEN'S ORDEAL. By Mrs. Russell Barrington. One vol. Osgood McIlvaine. 1894.

Since the publication of "Lena's Picture," the many admirers of that well-written, pathetic, and artistic story have been looking forward to something more from the same gifted pen. The great drawback to Mrs. Barrington's new book is its name. The ordinary inquirer for a new book at a library would reject "Helen's Ordeal," unless the librarian should be sufficiently enlightened to give it the full recommendation it deserves, and to explain that it was written for well-informed men and women, and most decidedly not for the "young persons" frequenting Sunday schools. The book was to have gone

forth as "Helen," but, as another work exists somewhere with a similar title, the name was changed, perforce, for the worse.

Helen's ordeal is neither more nor less than a very rude awakening from an idyllic dream to life, with the thin veil of ignorance drawn entirely and for ever from the eyes of the dreamer. A young, beautiful, and wealthy girl, on a visit to Florence, in the company of relations and friends, who, by their gaiety, culture, and hospitality, gather a circle of pleasant and refined people around them, falls passionately in love with the great portrait-painter, Robert Faïne, some fifteen years her senior, in spite of the engaging qualities and substantial recommendations of a younger and persuasive lover. The vanity of the middle-aged artist, wholly devoted to his calling, and desiring no human interruptions in his life of art, conquers all his wiser and better promptings, and decides to marry Helen, a "thing of beauty being a joy for ever" in an artist's studio. He smother's his conscience by laying the state of his feelings, almost brutally, before the girl. She thinks him the noblest and most truthful of men, and herself the strongest and most blessed of women, and straightway pronounces a Magnificat on her own account, that she should be able to devote her beauty, her love, and her income in furthering the work of the greatest artist of modern times. The marriage takes place, and the various attitudes and prognostications of the bride's aristocratic relations furnish some amusing paragraphs.

Very soon after marriage the awakening comes. Not gradually but suddenly. The idol falls, smashed in fragments, from its exalted pedestal to Helen's very feet. She bears the shock bravely, nobly, and loyally, to outward appearances. Inwardly, the ordeal is fiery, cruel, killing. Robert Faïne, unconscious of the torture he is causing, wrapped up in his one absorbing passion, paints, paints, paints, till, standing at his easel, inexorable Fate overtakes him, and snatching the brush from his nervous fingers, lays him low with a brain-fever, never to paint again. Cut off in his prime as a man, and as an artist, a helpless, senseless, suffering creature, he is tenderly nursed by Helen, and just before his death the selfishness of his life seems to pierce the fevered brain, and in a momentary lighting-up before death, he acknowledges the nobility of the woman whose life he crushed and tortured.

Gloomy as a whole, the book is full of humorous and piquante touches, and in this respect, as well as in the general finish of the inimitable, graceful style of which Mrs. Barrington is a complete mistress, the book is superior to "Lena's Picture." When, after a period of widowhood, in which Helen fully realises that nothing can supply the place of human love, she marries her old lover, Roland Travant, now a Member of Parliament, and a rising man, we feel that two very noble characters are united, and that each of them will, through all trials and in pursuit of one ambition dear to both, be happy in the home-life from which success in the outside world can alone spring with full and satisfying results. "Helen's Ordeal" should be read if only for its descriptions of Florence, and for the masterly drawing of the three principal characters.

SEAFIELD GOLF CLUB.—The December competition for monthly medal and club prizes was played on Leith links on Friday and Saturday, December 14th and 15th. One round could only be played, the time of starting being 2 P.M. Forty-five members took part, with the following result:—First and second, Mr. J. Henderson, 42, less 1=41; and Mr. James S. Fraser, 43, less 2=41, tie; third, Mr. H. H. Muirhead, 44, less 2½=41½; fourth, fifth, and sixth, Mr. T. T. Gray, 41, plus 1=42; Mr. William Morrison, 49, less 7=42; and Mr. A. Stoker, 46, less 4=42, tie.

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The reported death of Robert Louis Stevenson, has called forth an extraordinary testimony of esteem from every corner of the land. His friends in Edinburgh do not credit the report. It is sincerely to be hoped that they are right, and that, like Lord Brougham, Stevenson may have the pleasure of reading his obituary notices. These are certainly full of sincere and deserved praise, and no one will be more surprised than himself to find how the world has gone after him, should he be spared, as we hope he will, to read the various eulogies. Out in his island home of Samoa, the famous novelist received various copies of *GOLF*, and it was our intention to ask him for the favour of a short story for the benefit of our readers. We do not know whether he had introduced Golf in Samoa, but if our readers turn to the issue of October 27th, 1893 (p. 102), they will see how Stevenson often made reference to the game, showing a knowledge of its nature and history, and how in "Catriona" he exhibits a familiar acquaintance with the East Lothian Golf country. The well-known and distinguished North Berwick players, Messrs. David and Charles Stevenson, are cousins of the novelist. Further news regarding the report of his death is awaited with much interest and anxiety, for on the face of the circumstantial accounts of his death in various telegrams, it is difficult to join with his relatives in the assurance that the brilliant genius is still on this side, that his pen is not yet at rest, and that we shall have more creations from

"The rare spirit through whom we hail as friends,
The immortal Highland maid and Alan Breck."

* * *

An enthusiastic golfer in the Midlands, whose letters are always interesting (and who never forgets the old country and its heroes—for he is a Scotchman, and his wife, as Pat would say, is "another"), in writing us lately, says:—"We had old Tom Morris staying a couple of nights with us last week. He is as fresh as a daisy, and had just been laying out a new course at Northampton. I took Tom to a ladies' school six miles from here, and in the evening we had some music, which Tom enjoyed very much; so much so, that he went up to the lady-principal who played, and said, 'Miss B—, if I could handle the clubs as you handle that piano, I wadna be feared for any o' them, auld as I am' One of the governesses also sang. She had a sweet voice, but Tom whispered to me, 'Doctor, her pronunciation is very bad, for I canna mak' oot a word she's sayin.' No wonder. The song was French. The old man was highly amused when he heard this, and afterwards had to bear a good deal of chaffing about his French." Golfers everywhere will be glad to hear that the great and good Old Tom, as A. K. H. B. calls him, is in such fine form. A merry Christmas and a guid New Year to him.

* * *

The Edinburgh Insurance Golf Clubs, which are united into a strong body, comprising some of the best players of the day, are, in a very business like way, seeking a private green of their own, and several meetings have discussed the matter. It is proposed that the Bank Clubs, of which there are many in Edinburgh, should join the Insurance Union, and that a joint-lease should be taken of ground suited for a course at Duddingston, to which there is easy access by the suburban

railway. The extent of the ground and the proposed terms are somewhat the same as those of the Burgess at Barnton, and not unlike the Furzedown arrangements, so that Golf at Edinburgh is now evidently as expensive as at London. These clubs will be fortunate if they get the Duddingston course. Mr. A. M. Ross some time ago had the acquisition of it by a club, in consideration, and we know he had a high idea of the capabilities of the ground, while the railway facilities would make it the most accessible of all the Edinburgh courses.

* * *

Mr. Newnes, M.P., has a son at Cambridge, who follows his father's example and golfs, he being one of the best of the Cantab. players. The Cambridge University team will, it is hoped, be able to play a match at Tooting on March 16th, on their way to the inter-University match at Sandwich.

* * *

The Motherwell Club have secured a new course of nine holes on the farm of Ricart-Johnstone, about a mile from Motherwell Station. The course was formally opened last week with a competition for prizes presented by the president, Dr. Jack. The first prize was won by Mr. M'Geachan, Clydesdale Bank, with a score of 56. The weather was unfavourable, and the ground too soft for good scoring.

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The new Golf Club at Nice has been inaugurated at the Villa Arson.

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The council of the Burgess Golfing Society, at a meeting last week, had before them a supplementary report from Willie Park, Musselburgh, as to the new Barnton green. Tom Morris, along with a sub-committee consisting of Messrs. Morris and Aitken, prospected the ground a few weeks ago, but owing to some slight curtailment of acreage which had to be decided upon at once, it was deemed advisable to call in local professional aid in order to save time, and the services of Willie Park were obtained—Lees, the prospective green-keeper, also advising in the matter. Park expressed himself highly satisfied with the alterations on the course suggested by the sub-committee, and rendered necessary by the curtailment of the available acreage. In a communication to the council, he says:—"In my opinion the manner in which the ground is now laid out could not be improved upon, and the alterations made on the course as originally laid out by Tom Morris are no disadvantage. I had not previously had an opportunity of examining the course, but I formed a very high opinion of it. There is ample space for the exercise of the game on the course as now laid out. The holes are sufficiently long, being indeed considerably longer than the average, and there is plenty of room for altering the holes as required. The society is to be considered very fortunate in securing such a first-class green so near the city." Work is progressing as fast as possible, and several putting-greens have already been made. The council hope to have nine holes in order for play within a fortnight.

* * *

A Scottish golfer, *en route* to Australia, takes farewell of his fellow-golfers in the following Christmas card:—

"THE ANCHOR'S WEIGHED.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, though on the raging sea?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and from our memory flee;
We'll take the cup o' kindness yet, and drink to thee and thine;
And all I ask is, with God's wail, to drink to me and mine."

* * *

We hear that arrangements are being made for reopening the ground at Twyford Abbey which formed the links of the Ealing Golf Club up to their removal to Hanwell in January last, when they assumed their present name of the West Middlesex Golf Club. The course, which is one of the oldest in Middlesex, is well known to a large number of London golfers, and although it has not been played over since the beginning of the year it should not take long to restore the greens to their former excellent condition. The first fifty members will be admitted at an annual subscription of £4 4s., without entrance

fee, and having in view the proximity of the links to London and the fact that most of the neighbouring clubs have their full complement of members, there is every reason to anticipate that the new "Ealing Golf Club" will attain the same success as attended its predecessor on the links. Applications and inquiries should be addressed to the honorary secretary, Mr. A. T. W. McCaul, 21, St. Helen's Place, E.C.

* * *

Bob Mearns, the professional at Aberdeen, has been appointed by Lord Rothschild to be instructor of his Lordship's two sons at Tring Park, Hertfordshire.

* * *

Mr. J. G. Anderson, the captain of the Willesden Golf Club, having obtained an appointment in Melbourne, was obliged, much to the regret of the members, to tender his resignation as captain of the club. Mr. Anderson was one of the original members in the formation of the club in 1891, and has always shown the greatest interest in its welfare. A handsome challenge cup was presented by him to the club at the beginning of the season. Mr. Anderson carries with him the heartiest good wishes of all. Before leaving, the members of the club presented Mr. Anderson with a handsome dressing-bag, as a small memento of the friendship and good feeling which has existed between them.

* * *

A scheme is on foot to found another large London Golf Club with a private course. Arrangements are being made to take the mansion and grounds of Mr. Nelson, at Hanger Hill, near Ealing; and the proposal is to make the club a first-class one, with stable-accommodation for horses, and all other modern adjuncts. Tom Morris has been over the ground, and has reported very favourably of it, as containing all the requirements of a good Golf green.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"R. N."—(1.) A ought to have dropped his ball in a line as near as possible behind the spot where it was found in the ditch. C was, of course, within his right, in the interest of all the competitors, in lodging an objection if he thought that A's drop was illegal. It is usual, however, to allow a player to drop his ball, "standing as far behind the hazard as he may please" (the St. Andrew's rule); and obviously the sloping nature of the ground you describe as existing at the ditch was a case in which this option ought fairly to have been allowed, because the player gains but little advantage in going back farther from the hole. "At the nearest point of the course" is a loose expression for a rule; it is liable to all kinds of misinterpretation, and may be as fitly construed to mean a foot as a club-length. The ditch being a temporary one, and the ball having been dropped within the reasonable distance you describe, we think that A did all that was required of him, and that the committee were a little too hard in sustaining the objection. But their word is the final one. (2.) There is no penalty; it was cancelled in both instances.

WHITLEY GOLF CLUB.

The fifth contest for the Donkin cup was played over Whitley Links on December 21st, under the "Bogey" rules. The "Colonel" sustained a crushing defeat at the hands of Professor Howden (5), who was 7 holes up, all of which were gained in the last nine holes, which he did in the low total of 36 strokes—in fact, the record of the nine-hole course. This, of course, was far away first, Mr. F. H. Burn (14) being second, with 3 holes up, Messrs. J. S. Brown (4) and W. Ashforth (12) each 1 up, and Messrs. J. Milton (3) and E. W. Taylor (8) tying with their invisible opponent. Detailed scores:—Professor R. Howden (5), 7 up; Mr. F. H. Burn (14), 3 up; Mr. J. S. Brown (4), 1 up; Mr. W. Ashforth (12), 1 up; Mr. W. Leathart (1), even; Mr. J. Milton (3), even; Mr. E. W. Taylor (8), even; Mr. J. B. Radcliffe scratch, 1 down; Mr. W. B. Shaw (9), 1 down; Mr. G. F. Charlton (5), 2 down; Mr. H. Thomas (8), 3 down; Mr. Geo. Welch (4), 4 down; Mr. M. P. Ismay (5), 5 down; Mr. A. Hedley (3), 6 down; Mr. J. G. Leathart (4), 6 down; Mr. J. W. Robinson (15), 6 down; Mr. E. T. Ridley (15), 6 down.

THE GOLF WIDOW'S LAMENT.

(ANOTHER VERSION).

Oh, bring me back my own good man,
So kind and true to me,
He's got a better partner now
Who lures him out to tee.

In years now past it was his boast
He ne'er from me would part,
But now, alas! I mourn alone,
With sad and bursting heart.

He used to love to press me close;
But now he never thinks
He made me jealous when he pressed
Two girls on the links.

He always liked to draw my friends
Together for a chat;
Another cleeck has charmed him,
And there's no more of that.

And he who once was good and true,
Can talk of nought but lies,
And tells you, with unblushing face,
They won for him a prize.

He always said, when he was rich
He'd drive me all around;
He drives full plenty, but alas!
'Tis balls along the ground.

Some nights he says, with angry words,
He should have driven longer,
But that he took too high a tee;
I doubt 'twas something stronger.

And all his money now he spends
In joining many links,
That form a chain that binds him down
Full firmer than he thinks.

And he who was so clean and neat,
And ne'er would soil his fingers,
Now scours, and cleans, and oils his clubs,
And fondly o'er them lingers.

He loudly calls on Mary Jane
To bring to him a duster,
And rubs away with might and main
To give the heads a lustre.

At midnight, when the world sleeps,
He suddenly cries "Fore!"
The twins they waken with a cry;
There's sleep for me no more.

And when these babies we would name,
He said he'd call them "Dormy."
My mother's heart rebelled at this,
And we had words quite stormy.

He laughed at all my angry words,
And seemed to be quite gay;
He said we now had two grown up,
Which left us two to play.

'Tis true he lives, but yet he's dead,
And life is ne'er the same
As what it was those years ago,
Before he played this game.

The iron now has conquered him,
And entered to his soul,
His great ambition's to fall dead
Within a four-inch hole.

A. T. T.

WEST CORNWALL GOLF CLUB.

The annual meeting of the West Cornwall Golf Club was held at the club room, on Lelant Towns, on Saturday, December 15th, Mr. T. Mudge, captain, presided. Mr. P. Marrack, the treasurer, presented a very satisfactory balance-sheet for the year ending November 30th, showing a balance in hand of £32 8s. 8d. The officers of the club were re-elected as follows:—President, Lord St. Levan; Vice-presidents, Messrs. T. B. Bolitho, M.P., C. T. Praed and R. W. G. Tyringham; Captain, Mr. T. Mudge; Treasurer, Mr. P. Marrack; Secretary, Rev. R. F. Tyacke, and Assistant-Secretary, Mr. W. J. Taylor.

The vacancies in the committee were filled by the appointment of Messrs. T. A. Lang and J. Vivian. The Fox medal, presented by Mr. Robert Fox, was handed to the winner, Mr. T. A. Lang, who made the lowest gross score (605), in six monthly handicap competitions.

The report stated that since the last general meeting the Lelant Towns, containing about 113 acres, have been leased by Mr. R. W. G. Tyringham, for twenty-one years, to Lord St. Levan, the Rev. R. F. Tyacke, and Mr. P. Marrack, for the club. The committee has placed a wire fence on the low hedge separating the St. Ives road from the Towns in order to secure a tenant for the grazing, has turned the old farm buildings into a two-stalled stable for the accommodation of members' horses, and has also provided a caddie shelter and club maker's shop. The grazing for sheep has been let for twelve months to Mr. H. H. Trevithick, and the rabbit shooting to Mr. H. H. Batten, with permission for the committee to destroy rabbits on the course. Mr. Tyringham has put the buildings and fences in good repair.

The committee is able to speak favourably of the growth and prospects of the club—an increase of twenty-nine members is shown after allowing for all retirements. About four hundred visitors have used the links during the past year, and of these eighty paid for a month or week's play. The abstract of accounts, £138 2s. for green expenses, shows that the preparation of the additional nine holes is a very expensive matter. The outlay, so far, is about half of what will be required to meet this special call. The links have been much improved during the past year. A course of nine holes, without a cross, and clear of the Long Course, was laid out for the ladies, by John Bennetts, during the summer. The length of this is over three-quarters of a mile.

Immediately the land came into possession of the club, at Michaelmas, the work commenced on nine new holes to complete the eighteen on the Long Course, and of these seven are now playable, five of them being already in fair order. Considerable expenditure will be required to bring the others, specially numbers ten and eleven, into good condition; but before the next annual meeting the West Cornwall should be one of the most sporting eighteen-hole links south of the Tweed. Every kind of hazard but water will be found somewhere, and the lengths of the holes will vary from 135 to over 400 yards. The entrance-fee has been raised during the past year to £3 3s.

The club competitions are:—(1) Club challenge cup, under handicap; (2) Bolitho challenge cup, scratch; (3) club prize, scratch; (4) Fox medal, best aggregate score of any six competitions out of the twelve monthly handicaps (eighteen holes each) played in the year; (5 and 6) monthly medal with spring and autumn handicap prizes, given by the competitors, open to those standing first or second in either of the preceding six monthly handicaps; (7) Seton challenge trophy for ladies, scratch; (8) club prize for ladies, eighteen holes, under handicap.

The thanks of the club are due to Mr. R. Fox for his continuance of the Fox medal, and to the captain for a prize for competition by the ladies.

WOODFORD GOLF CLUB.

Quarterly medals, December 15th. First class gold medal. Handicaps of 12 and under:—Mr. S. Hellyer, 99, less 12=87; Mr. R. S. Cox, 100, less 9=91; Mr. W. Kemsley, 99, less 5=94; Mr. E. E. J. Morris, 109, less 10=99. Eight entries.

Second class silver medal. Handicap of 13 and over.—Mr. F. P. Telfer, 109, less 14=95; Mr. C. J. Glanfield, 111, less 15=96; Mr. H. Dickson, 111, less 14=97; Mr. A. H. Tozer, 114, less 16=98. Nine entries. Strong westerly wind militated against low scores.

"SCOTSMAN" CLUB.—The monthly medal was played for over the Braids yesterday. Mr. J. Robb (scratch), 83, was the winner. Mr. G. Aitken, 98, less 10=88, and Mr. J. Pearson, 101, less 13=88, tying for second place.

ANGLER v. SWIMMER.

A NOVEL TEST.

At the Edinburgh Corporation Baths, last week, rather a novel test was engaged in between Mr. Robert Anderson, of Anderson & Sons, fishing tackle makers, Princes Street, and one of the strongest and best swimmers in Scotland. It has often been surmised and wondered whether it were possible to stop a swimmer in his progress, and at what distance, by an angler with rod and line. The arena of the test is a bath 80 feet long, by 40 feet wide. Mr. Anderson was accompanied to the bank by several well-known anglers, and with an 11 feet trolling rod and undressed silk line, commonly used for spinning, he proceeded to business. The line (writes our informant) was fixed to a girl's belt made expressly for the purpose, by a swivel immediately between the shoulders of the swimmer, at the point where he had the greatest pulling power. The swimmer diving into deep water, Anderson was evidently a little at sea, as the would-be salmon made straight for the shallow end of the pond, and succeeded in reaching it, although he confessed that he felt a good deal of weight on him, and had it been a few yards farther no doubt the rod would have had the best of it. Mr. Anderson now made for the shallow end of the pond, and the swimmer again broke away into deep water, and, swimming very strongly, seemed to pull heavily. At this point the line unfortunately snapped, and the rod flew up, with a swish as if shot from a bow. The swimmer again came to the shallow end, when the line was strongly tied. In this trial Mr. Anderson, who was evidently getting more used to the swimmer's tactics, gave and took a little without altogether slackening line. Several strong porpoise dives at this point were well handled, and then the swimmer tried cross swimming, first for one corner of the pond and then for the other; but within about six yards of the deep end the match was ended, and a win scored for the rod and line. The second test was with a very light Dunkeld trout rod of 6½ ounce weight and 10 feet long, which was loudly laughed at by the swimmers on the bank, and termed a riding switch. The same line was used, and again the game begun. Starting from the shallow end Mr. Anderson followed his man slowly up the bank, occasionally giving him a little more line. It was quite a treat to see the lithe small rod bend to its work. The intention of the swimmer was to smash the rod if he could, the expectation being that it would snap at the butt close to Mr. Anderson's hand, from which point the bend began. The swimmer pulled and leaped in the water, while Anderson held him with a steady pull. Every moment it was expected rod and man would be drawn into the water. In about four or five minutes, during which time there was a good deal of excitement, the tiny rod (much to Mr. Anderson's own surprise) won again, and the swimmer was forced to give in about fifty feet from the starting-point, amidst applause for the game little rod. At the finish both competitors were in an exhausted condition, Mr. Anderson's fingers and hands and the swimmer's shoulders showing the heavy strain which had been put on them. Another test, against Dunlop's patent swimming plates, was agreed upon at a future date.

The principal participant in this competition—Mr. R. Anderson—is widely known as one of the most inventive patentees in the way of Golf clubs and appliances, and the firm are famous over the world for the beauty and excellency of all their manufactures.

ROYAL EPPING FOREST GOLF CLUB.

A foursome competition against "Bogey" was played on Saturday, 15th inst., and resulted as follows:—Messrs. E. A. Tewson and A. Kemp, 6 holes down; Messrs. S. R. Bastard and S. Kemp, 7 holes down; Messrs. A. B. Smith and A. H. Cooke, 8 holes down; Mr. E. Hand and Dr. W. Francis, 8 holes down; Messrs. F. H. Swinstead and J. W. James, 9 holes down; Messrs. A. Boney and G. Hillyard Swinstead, 10 holes down; Captain Peskett and Mr. W. Walker, 10 holes down; Messrs. J. W. Greig and C. E. Greig, 10 holes down; Messrs. E. J. Naldrett and G. E. Walker, 10 holes down; Messrs. T. T. Cowell and W. E. Hall, 11 holes down; Messrs. R. H. King and W. H. Davis, 11 holes down; Messrs. G. R. Mewburn and A. E. L. Slazenger, 11 holes down; Messrs. G. Whitley and R. Oxenham, 11 holes down; Messrs. A. W. Good and J. S. Badkin, 11 holes down; Messrs. J. O. Milledge, jun., and C. W. Sawbridge, 12 holes down; Messrs. A. A. Hannay and J. Hax, 12 holes down; Messrs. J. Cleghorn and J. B. Shaw, 13 holes down; Dr. J. D. Cruickshank and Mr. W. Gowland, 14 holes down; Messrs. W. Challice and G. T. B. Cobbett, 15 holes down; Messrs. G. Thompson and J. Godwin, 15 holes down; Messrs. E. C. Walbourn and A. W. Barr, 15 holes down; Messrs. H. P. Lowen and J. H. Radmall, 16 holes down.



ARDEN GOLF CLUB.

The last competition for the monthly cup, of 1894, was held on Saturday, December 1st. Mr. H. W. Bainbridge went round in the fine score of 83, which is the record for competitions, thus getting his name on the cup for the third time this year.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. H. W. Bainbridge	83	1 82	Mr. S. P. Leitner	113	20 93
Mr. J. L. Wright	95	10 85	Mr. W. P. Wilson-Browne	100	5 95
Mr. H. Margetts	101	14 87	Mr. A. E. Wilson-Browne	97	1 96
Mr. E. P. Wright	95	5 90			
Mr. H. H. Wright	99	9 90			
Mr. O. Airy	88	+5 93			

Several others were over 100 net, or made no returns.

Captaincy for 1895.—Mr. H. W. Bainbridge gained the captaincy with the six best gross scores, total 528. Mr. A. E. Wilson-Browne was second with the total of 531.

Mr. O. Airy won the prize for the six best net scores for the monthly cup during 1894 with a total of 509.

Messrs. W. P. Wilson-Browne and A. E. Wilson-Browne win the foursome prize for 1894.

CANTERBURY GOLF CLUB.

Monthly medal competition, played Tuesday, December 18th. Result:—Mr. A. J. Macfarlane, 89, less 8=81; Mr. T. Winch, 88, less 4=84; Capt. A. R. Heneage, 97, less 10=87; Mr. G. S. Loudon, 108, less 20=88; Rev. G. H. Gray, 115, less 18=97. Others over 100 net, or no return. Several members were deterred from competing by the wet and stormy weather of the morning.

COUNTY DOWN GOLF CLUB.

The December medal was played for on Saturday, December 15th. The weather was bright and clear, but a very strong wind blew across the course all day. The medal was won by Mr. Peter Trowsdale:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. P. T. Trowsdale	113	30 83	Mr. A. A. Ussher	120	30 90
Mr. A. Combe	107	22 85	Mr. S. C. Kelly	102	10 92
Mr. W. J. Martin	101	14 87	Mr. J. F. Peddie	114	17 97
Mr. G. Todd	109	20 89	Mr. Claude Brownlow	114	16 98
Mr. F. Hoey	106	16 90			

CUMBRAE v. LARGS.

A friendly match between the Cumbrae and Largs Golf Clubs took place at Millport on Saturday, December 15th. There was a strong north wind blowing, which interfered somewhat with the driving at two of the holes. However, the day was good and the greens in fine condition:—

CUMBRAE.		LARGS.	
	Holes.		Holes
Mr. W. Macfarlane	0	Mr. J. Baldie	4
Mr. John Houston	3	Mr. N. MacLachlan	0
Mr. J. C. Sharpe	6	Mr. D. Millar	0
Mr. Tom Macfarlane	0	Rev. J. Heggie	0
Mr. A. Cameron	9	Mr. H. J. McCall	0
Mr. John Reid	0	Mr. T. Widdowson	0
Mr. R. Robertson	0	Mr. G. F. Hamells	2
Baillie Cunningham	3	Mr. R. Orr	0
	21		6

Majority for Cumbrae, 15 holes.

FORFARSHIRE.

Some time ago a proposal was made to have two full courses laid out on the Links at Carnoustie, and matters developed to such an extent that plans were prepared showing how it could be carried into effect. A sketch of the proposed courses brought out the fact that to enable the Burgh Commissioners to extend the present nine-hole course to one of eighteen holes involved considerable alterations on the existing full course. Discussion of the matter has resulted in the decision being come to that to alter the full course as proposed would be to spoil it. Besides, so many new greens would have to be laid down that it would be a long time before they could be worked up to a condition such as is required on links of the repute of Carnoustie. Consequently the idea of having two full courses has been abandoned. The attention of those in authority has now been directed to another proposal, not so revolutionary as the former one, but still showing changes on the present nine and eighteen-hole courses which have the apparent merit of being improvements. The eighteen-hole course will proceed, as before, until the fourth hole has been played, when a slight divergence will be made. In place of continuing west for the fifth hole the player will turn in a southerly direction, and drive off to a new green near the fence which divides the Carnoustie Commissioners' ground from the Government's ground. The sixth green will remain as at present, but the line to it will be different, being almost parallel to the Government fence, and making the distance between holes five and six much longer than before. After leaving this point there will be but one slight change—a shifting of the eighth hole a little to the south, making both the eight and ninth holes somewhat longer—until the fifteenth hole has been manipulated. In place of going to the factory for the third hole from home, the player will have to play to a green to the south-west of the dyke. The seventeenth hole will be in close proximity to the existing green, but to the south, and the finishing hole will remain as at present. A number of changes are proposed to be made on the nine-hole course which will very materially improve it. According to them, the start will now be from a tee in front of the Caledonia Golf Club-house, and the first two holes will be the present seventeenth and sixteenth of the full course. The positions of four of the holes will be altered and new greens will have to be provided for the fourth, fifth, eighth, and ninth. It is also proposed that the short course should have a corresponding amount of attention paid to it, as is the case with the full course, and it is hoped that in this way it will be much more taken advantage of than has been the case hitherto.

On December 15th a meeting took place between the Committee of the Commissioners of the burgh of Carnoustie and representatives of the three Golf Clubs in Carnoustie. It was agreed, on the motion of Mr. David Anderson (of the Dalhousie Golf Club), seconded by Mr. David Ramsay (of the Taymouth Golf Club), and supported by Mr. D. D. Paton (of the Caledonia Golf Club), to adopt—subject to some changes in the working out—a plan of alterations on the two Golf courses above described.

There is every probability of a ladies' Golf course being provided for Broughty Ferry. The Recreation Committee of the Police Commissioners have taken action, and appointed a sub-committee to report on the matter. The use of a piece of ground, admirably suited for the purpose lying within the municipal boundary of the burgh, is expected to be obtained. The ground referred to is Barnhill Links, which is now rendered very accessible by the construction of the Esplanade.

HYÈRES GOLF CLUB.

The first weekly handicap of the season was played over the new links on Saturday, December 15th. The course is situated on the banks of the River Gapeau, and consists of nine holes, of a very sporting character. It lies in a valley almost surrounded by hills, which afford complete shelter from wind, and is only fifteen minutes' drive from the town. The putting-greens are very good, and the ground is in every way infinitely superior to the old links at Les Salins. The following are the scores for eighteen holes:—Mr. E. W. Smithson, 86, less 5=81; Mr. Mackenzie Ashton, 95, less 12=83; Mr. F. J. Patton (scratch), 86; Mr. Wm. Peel, 109, less 22=87; Mr. R. Fogg, 109, less 18=91; Rev. H. Bellaris, 123, less 24=99.

MELBOURNE GOLF CLUB.

The competition for the Victorian Golf Cup was played for on November 5th, 7th, and 9th. Great interest was manifested in it throughout. Geelong retaliated on Melbourne for winning their cup by their representative, Mr. L. A. Whyte, carrying off first honours, which is very creditable to him, as he is a comparatively young golfer. Mr. M. L. Anderson won the second prize. For the open handicap trophy Dr. H. Swift, of Adelaide, was successful with a handicap of 5. The following is the total for the three rounds against "Colonel Bogey" for the Victorian Golf cup:—Mr. L. A. Whyte, Geelong, 6 holes down; Mr. M. L. Anderson, Melbourne, 12 down; Mr. O. Masson, Melbourne, 16 down; Dr. Swift, Adelaide, 20 down. The result of the open handicap, two rounds, against "Colonel Bogey"

is:—Dr. H. Swift, Adelaide (5), 2 down; Mr. H. G. Callaway, Melbourne (9), 4 down; Mr. M. L. Anderson, Melbourne (scr.), 6 down; Dr. Payne, Melbourne (8), 8 down; Dr. Parkinson, Melbourne (5), 10 down; Mr. J. R. Maxwell, Melbourne (7), 10 down; Mr. J. S. Wilson, Melbourne (6), 12 down; Mr. F. A. Campbell, Melbourne (14), 13 down; Mr. A. S. Gould, Melbourne (13), 14 down.

This club ended a successful week's Golf on Saturday, November 10th, by the finals of the club Championship and handicap trophy. The competition was three rounds against "Colonel Bogy," the lowest scratch scorer taking the Championship, and the lowest handicap scorer the trophy. Mr. M. L. Anderson won the Championship by being 4 holes down to "Colonel Bogy," and Dr. Barclay Thomson won the handicap. The lowest scores for the handicap were:—Dr. Barclay Thomson (15), 2 down; Mr. M. L. Anderson (scr.), 4 down; Mr. H. G. Callaway (11), 8 down; Mr. L. A. Whyte (4), 8 down; Mr. C. M'Lean (7), 12 down; Dr. Parkinson (5), 12 down.

MID-SURREY GOLF CLUB.

The senior monthly medal was competed for on Saturday, December 15th. The course was in capital order, and the weather favourable. The new club-house is nearly completed, and will add greatly to the convenience of members. The following were the best scores:—

First class, handicap 9 and under:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. A. F. Waters...	94 3 91	Mr. J. R. Dunlop Hill	102 9 93
Mr. J. S. Worthington	99 7 92	Mr. W. W. A'Deane	104 9 95
Mr. A. Anderson ...	94 1 93		

Second class, handicap 10 and over:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. E. C. Davidson	104 14 90	Mr. Stanley Scott...	106 10 96
Mr. P. K. Read ...	103 12 91	Mr. A. Fyson ...	114 18 96
Capt. Taunton-Col-		Mr. H. B. Figgis ...	113 16 97
lins ...	107 15 92	Mr. H. Jones ...	114 16 98
Mr. F. E. Gripper .	109 17 92	Mr. J. Clapp ...	110 11 99
Mr. F. R. Leftwich.	109 15 94	Mr. A. Jenner ...	117 18 99

And others over 100 net, or no returns.

ROYAL DUBLIN GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal was played for on the 15th inst., Mr. W. F. Bailey being the winner. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. W. F. Bailey ...	96 28 68	Mr. G. C. May ...	93 11 82
Mr. H. Smart ...	95 21 74	Mr. J. P. Barrington	103 21 82
Mr. J. H. Martin ...	85 10 75	Mr. M. O'Connell...	102 19 83
Col. Willoughby ...	94 17 77	Mr. J. O. Wylie ...	99 16 83
Mr. G. C. Green ...	90 11 79	Mr. H. Dodd ...	102 19 83
Mr. J. S. Moore ...	90 11 79	Mr. A. S. Hussey...	96 11 85
Mr. R. F. Harrison	97 18 79	Mr. H. J. Daly ...	97 12 85
Mr. C. Davey ...	91 11 80	General Moncrieff...	104 19 85
Mr. J. P. Auld ...	95 15 80	Mr. T. Gilroy ...	86 scr. 86

ROYSTON GOLF CLUB.

The first competition for the monthly medal was played on Saturday, December 15th. In consequence of the stormy day and strong head-wind the attendance and scoring were bad:—Mr. J. Phillips, 122, less 20=102; Mr. G. F. Phillips, 112, less 6=106. No other returns.

On Thursday, December 20th, the second competition for the captain's prize was played, but again, owing to the stormy day, but few played. It resulted in a draw, which will be played off later on:—Mr. G. F. Phillips, 102, less 6=96; Mr. R. F. Crossley, 113, less 17=96. No other returns.

TOOGOOD v. HUGH KIRKALDY.

On Saturday, December 15th, a thirty-six hole match was played between these two professionals on the Minchinhampton Links, with the following result:—

Toogood:—

Out ...	5 4 4 6 4 4 5 3	6=41	} 8r
In ...	4 3 6 5 4 4 4 7	4=41	
Out ...	4 5 4 5 6 4 5 3	5=41	} 8r
In ...	4 4 6 5 4 3 5 6	3=40	
Total for thirty-six holes...			163

Hugh Kirkaldy:—

Out ...	5 4 4 5 4 4 4 3	6=39	} 8r
In ...	4 4 6 5 4 4 4 7	4=42	
Out ...	4 5 4 6 4 3 6 4	5=41	} 8s
In ...	4 4 6 6 4 4 4 6	3=41	
Total for thirty-six holes...			163

Toogood thus winning by 1 up. A similar match was played on the same links on December 1st, when Toogood won a most exciting match on the last green by 1 stroke. Toogood has thus won the rubber, though it is but fair to Kirkaldy to say that both the matches were played on Toogood's links.

TOOTING BEC GOLF CLUB.

The tournament for the prize presented by the Marquis of Granby, M.P., which has been in progress since October, was closed on Saturday, December 15th, when Mr. T. R. Pinkerton won, beating Mr. F. W. W. Kingdon, in the final by 6 and 5 to play.

First heat.—Mr. F. W. W. Kingdon (12) beat Mr. J. D. S. Sims (16) by 4 up and 3 to play; Mr. H. Butler (16) beat Mr. A. F. Leach (18) by 4 up and 2 to play; Mr. C. H. Dorman (18) beat Mr. J. B. Carr (18) by 1 up; Mr. J. G. Maclean (5) beat Mr. Oscar E. Coles (12) by 1 up; Mr. John Wood (11) beat Mr. S. G. Warner (18) by 3 up and 1 to play; Mr. G. Pemberton Leach (12) beat Dr. D. Donald (16) by 2 up and 1 to play; Mr. Sydney Peel (18) walked over, Mr. H. Fisher Smith (18) scratched; Mr. H. Lawless (15) walked over, Mr. E. C. Bond (14) scratched; Lieut.-Col. R. P. Hare (16) beat Mr. W. H. May (18) by 9 up and 7 to play; Mr. R. Combe (18) beat Mr. Alwyn Sapte (18) by 4 up and 3 to play; Mr. F. E. Badham (8) walked over, Mr. G. H. Gill (12) scratched; Major R. M. Ruck (7) beat Mr. G. B. Voules (14) by 2 up; Mr. C. E. Walker (14) beat Dr. G. Sims Woodhead (14) by 1 up; Mr. C. Robertson (18) beat Mr. J. Young Henderson (18); Mr. Stanley Roberts (16) beat Mr. E. C. Bamberidge (12) by 8 up and 7 to play; Mr. Norman Dawson (10) beat Mr. W. Williams (9) by 7 up and 6 to play; Mr. O. G. Langley (13) beat Mr. J. Moore (10) by 4 up and 3 to play; Mr. E. A. Walker (4) walked over, Major G. G. Clowes (12) scratched; Mr. T. R. Pinkerton (plus 3) beat Mr. J. T. Steen (12) by 3 up and 1 to play; Mr. W. F. Richmond (6) beat Mr. H. Fownes Turner (18) by 5 up and 4 to play; Mr. J. Russell (18), beat Mr. T. W. Tamplin (18) by 4 up and 2 to play; Mr. G. H. J. Tayleur (13) beat Rev. P. T. Bainbridge (16) by 5 up and 4 to play; Mr. R. Stewart Bain (14) walked over, Mr. S. T. Fisher (12) scratched; Mr. N. C. Bailey (12) beat Rev. W. D. Morrison (10) by 1 up; Mr. L. N. S. Pasmore (18) walked over, Mr. F. C. Evelyn (18) scratched; Mr. J. S. Robb (12) beat Mr. D. F. Russell (16) by 5 up and 4 to play; Mr. W. Jeans (15) beat Mr. F. G. Hogg (16) by 1 up; Mr. W. S. Hastings (18) walked over, Mr. R. K. Harvey (16) scratched; Mr. W. Cowell Davies (17) beat Major W. Morris (8) by 1 up.

Second heat.—Mr. F. W. W. Kingdon beat Mr. H. Butler by 4 up and 2 to play; Mr. C. H. Dorman beat Mr. J. G. Maclean by 3 up and 1 to play; Mr. J. Wood beat Mr. G. Pemberton Leach by 5 up and 1 to play; Mr. H. H. Lawless beat Mr. Sydney Peel by 1 up; Mr. R. Combe beat Lieut.-Col. Hare by 1 up; Major R. M. Ruck walked over, Mr. F. E. Badham, scratched; Mr. C. Robertson beat Mr. C. E. Walker by 1 up; Mr. Stanley Roberts beat Mr. Norman Dawson by 2 up; Mr. E. A. Walker beat Mr. O. G. Langley by 4 up and 2 to play; Mr. T. R. Pinkerton beat Mr. W. F. Richmond by 2 up; Mr. G. H. J. Tayleur beat Mr. J. Russell by 5 up and 4 to play; Mr. N. C. Bailey beat Mr. R. Stewart Bain by 3 up and 2 to play; Mr. J. S. Robb beat Mr. L. N. S. Pasmore by 5 up and 3 to play; Mr. W. Jeans beat Mr. W. S. Hastings by 3 up and 1 to play; Mr. W. Cowell Davies beat Mr. G. L. Denman (14) by 8 up and 6 to play; Mr. D. M. Mason (16) beat Mr. Reg. J. Robertson (14) by 1 up.

Third heat.—Mr. F. W. W. Kingdon beat Mr. C. H. Dorman by 2 up; Mr. John Wood beat Mr. H. H. Lawless by 2 up; Major R. M. Ruck walked over, Mr. R. Combe scratched; Mr. S. Roberts beat Mr. C. Robertson by 4 up and 3 to play; Mr. T. R. Pinkerton beat Mr. E. A. Walker by 2 up; Mr. G. H. J. Tayleur beat Mr. N. C. Bailey by 2 up; Mr. W. Jeans beat Mr. J. S. Robb by 8 up and 6 to play; Mr. W. Cowell Davies beat Mr. D. M. Mason by 4 up and 2 to play.

Fourth heat.—Mr. F. W. W. Kingdon beat Mr. John Wood by 3 up and 2 to play; Major R. M. Ruck beat Mr. S. Roberts by 5 up and 4 to play; Mr. T. R. Pinkerton beat Mr. G. H. J. Tayleur by 2 up and 1 to play; Mr. W. Jeans beat Mr. W. Cowell Davies by 3 up and 2 to play.

Semi-final.—Mr. F. W. W. Kingdon beat Major Ruck by 1 up; Mr. T. R. Pinkerton beat Mr. W. Jeans by 7 up and 5 to play.

Final.—Mr. T. R. Pinkerton beat Mr. Kingdon by 6 up and 5 to play.

BASS ROCK CLUB.—Mr. J. D. Rattray has proved the winner of the first trophy of this club, beating Mr. D. Horsburgh in playing off the tie for premier place by 2 up and 1 to play. Mr. Horsburgh accordingly secures the second award, and the third falls to Mr. Adam Hogg.

WOODBRIDGE GOLF CLUB.

The final for the president's challenge cup, *i.e.*, the six best net scores made in monthly competitions during 1894, plus the net score in the final, took place on Monday, December 17th, with the following result:—

	Six Best Scores During 1894.						Final.	Grand Net Total.
Mr. F. J. W. Wood ...	80	83	84	84	89	90	82	592
Capt. Pole-Soppitt ...	79	81	88	90	90	94	90	615
Major R. King ...	81	87	90	91	92	93	92	626
Mr. A. Morley ...	86	88	88	91	92	93	93	628
Mr. J. B. Pettit ...	89	89	91	92	93	96	88	638
Mr. C. Morley ...	87	92	93	95	102	106	93	668
Major Larken ...	80	95	95	96	97	103	107	673
Mr. T. Carthew ...	95	95	96	98	99	105	106	694

Mr. F. J. W. Wood therefore holds the president's challenge cup for the coming year.

The final for Mr. Alfred Hayward's prize for ladies—the six best net scores made in monthly competitions held during 1894, plus the net score in the final—was played for on Thursday, Dec. 20th, with the following result:—Miss J. Hewetson, six best net scores, 55, 46, 51, 53, 54, 54; final, 68; grand net total, 381. Miss Soppitt, 52, 54, 55, 56, 59, 59; final, 57; grand net total, 392. Mrs. Hicks, 64, 69, 70, 75, 77, 79; final, 79; grand net total, 513. Miss Hewetson therefore becomes the winner of the vice-captain's prize.

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The names of those desiring to join as original Members should be sent to "MEDICUS," Royal Wimbledon Golf Club, Wimbledon.

HYERES GOLF CLUB.

Hon. Vice-Presidents.—EARL OF ERNE, RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR, SIR THOMAS SUTHERLAND, COUNT DE DAVID BEAUREGARD, COUNT DE LÉAUTAND.

President.—COLONEL ST. J. BARNE.

Captain.—CAPTAIN RALPH SLAZENGER.

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.—G. R. CORBETT, ESQ.

Committee.—MESSRS. F. J. PATTON, WM. PEEL, F. CARPENTER ROWE, R. FOGG, J. R. CORBETT, COLONEL LEYLAND NEEDHAM, J. B. MAUNDER.

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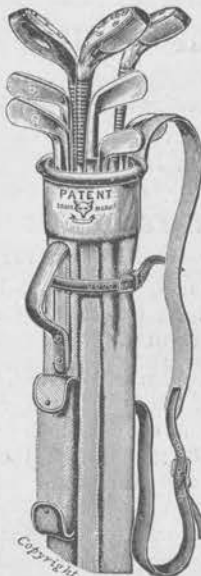
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