

GOLF.

A Bi-weekly Record of "The Royal and Auncient" Game.

"Far and Sure."

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.]

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1894.

JULY.

- July 17.—Cumbrae : Ladies' Medal.
Bridgnorth : Ladies' Medal Handicap.
- July 18.—Falkirk Tryst : Mr. Nimmo's Prize.
Rochester Ladies : Driving, Approaching, and Putting Competition.
Morecambe and Heysham : C. J. Clark's Prize.
Holmes Chapel v. Knutsford.
Moray : Buckie Club.
- July 19.—West Middlesex : Committee Meeting.
Windermere : "Bogey" Competition.
Bridgnorth : Gentlemen's Medal Handicap.
- July 21.—Southend-on-Sea : Mr. Hudson's Gold Medal and Capt. Baldwin's Medal.
Fleetwood : Monthly Medal.
North-West Club (Londonderry), Ladies : Monthly Medal.
Headingley : Monthly Medal.
King's Norton : "Bogey" Competitions for Captain's Prize.
Royal Dublin : Monthly Medal.
Chester : Committee's Cup.
Sheffield and District : Captain's Cup.
Cheadle v. Bowdon.
Wakefield : Monthly Medal.
Rochester : Monthly Medal.
Rochester Ladies : Monthly Medal.
Mid-Surrey : Senior Medal (First and Second Class).
Gullane : Gold Medal and Club Prize.
West Middlesex : Medal Competition.
Minchinhampton : "Bogey" Competition.
Worlington and Newmarket : Monthly Medal.
Porthcawl : Monthly Medal.
Southport : Captain's Prize.
Sidcup : Monthly Medal (Second Class).
Eltham : Monthly Medal.
Beckenham : Monthly Medal.
Seaton Carew : Club Cup.

- July 21.—Disley : Summer Silver Medal.
Disley : Mr. R. W. Hutton's Prize.
Harrogate : Monthly Medal.
Seaford : Monthly Medal.
Wimbledon Ladies : Monthly Medal.
Stanmore v. Northwood (at Stanmore).
- July 21 & 25.—Moray : Vice-Captain's Prize.
- July 23.—Moray : Banff Club (at Lossiemouth).
- July 25.—Headingley : Ladies' Foursomes.
West Lancashire : Monthly Competition.
Windermere : Ladies' Monthly Competition
- July 26.—Bentley Green : Monthly Handicap.
Mortenhall : Autumn Meeting.
Royal Guernsey : Monthly Medal.
Warminster : Monthly Handicap.
- July 28.—Ventnor : Saltarn Badge.
Royal West Norfolk : Monthly Medal.
Kemp Town (Brighton) : Monthly Competition.
Fairfield : Monthly Medal.
Headingley v. Bradford.
Royal Eastbourne : Monthly Medal.
Chester : The Yerburgh Challenge Cup.
Buxton and High Peak : Monthly Medal.
Royal North Devon : Monthly Medal.
Cheadle : Silver and Bronze Medals.
Alreton : Gentlemen ; Bronze Medal.
Alfreton : Ladies ; Silver Spoon.
West Herts : Monthly "Bogey" Competition.
Warwickshire : Monthly Competition for a Cup.
Alnmouth : Monthly Handicap.
Redhill and Reigate : Silver Iron.
West Lancashire : Monthly Competition (Class 2).
Royal Cromer : Monthly Medal.
Cinque Ports : Monthly Medal.
Willesden : Monthly Medal.
Knutsford : Monthly Competition.
Luffness : County Cup Competition.
Luffness : Wemyss Challenge Medal.
Taplow : Monthly Medal.
Ilkley : Monthly Medal.
Seaton Carew : Thompson Medal.
Neasden : Monthly Medal.
Marple : Club Medal and Captain's Cup.
Dumfries and Galloway : Monthly Competition.
Royal Wimbledon : Monthly Medal.
Crookham : Monthly Medal.
Huddersfield : Monthly Medal.
Windermere : Monthly Competition.
West Cornwall (Gentlemen) : Monthly Medal.

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NOTICE.

We shall cease to publish the Tuesday Edition after the 24th inst. Friday's issue will appear, as in previous years, in a Red Cover. All editorial communications to be addressed to the Editor of GOLF, 80, Chancery Lane, W.C. Advertisements to Greenberg & Co., at the same address.

THE INITIAL PACE OF A GOLF BALL.

IF we could measure accurately the times taken by a golf ball to describe any two definite portions of the earlier part of its path in the complete absence of wind, say, for preference, the first 60 yards and the first 100 yards, we could determine from one good low drive, with all desirable precision, the coefficient of resistance of the air, and the pace at which the ball started. But the time for 60 yards is only about 0'8s., and for 100 yards about 1'8s.; and these are much too short to be measured with the necessary accuracy by an ordinary stop-watch, which might make an error of 25 per cent. in the first through no fault of the observer. An electric chronograph, should it ever appear on the links, would settle the matter at once. I resolved, therefore, to take the first 120 yards and the first 150 yards of the path, where the time is so considerable that the necessary uncertainty of 0'2s. (due to the construction of the watch) can introduce only a comparatively small percentage of error. But this selection, while mitigating one cause of error, introduces another of a different kind, due to the neglect of the effects of gravity and spin, necessary if we wish a simple calculation—a cause which will be of serious consequence if there be even a moderate wind, or if the drive be a lofty one.

Some preliminary experiments have recently been made for me at St. Andrews, with the view of testing the practicability of getting results in this way. Andrew Kirkaldy drove a number of balls sometimes with, sometimes against, the wind, on a part of the new course where lines (perpendicular to the direction of driving) had been drawn at distances of 120 and 150 yards from the tees. Some members of the Royal and Ancient (Messrs. J. W. Cook, E. S. Scratton, and F. G. Tait), all provided with stop-watches, measured and recorded the times required to reach these lines, at the ends of which they stood. Each released the index of his watch at the moment of the drive, and arrested it the moment the ball crossed his line. I was myself unable to be present, but I laid down the conditions to be attended to, and I am assured that they were observed to the letter. Unfortunately, I omitted one very important recommendation, viz., that a driving putter ought to be used, as the lower the ball is, the better is it suited alike for observation and for simplicity of theory. Two series of measurements were made, on July 3rd and 5th respectively. The wind was light on the first occasion, and nearly in the line of the drive, and the data obtained give comparatively concordant results. It was otherwise on the second occasion, and the results then obtained presented some puzzling peculiarities. These I hope to examine, and at least to endeavour to explain, at some future time, so that I shall not further refer to them at present. Here are the data of the first trial exactly as they reached me. They

are given for what they are worth, as a mere first instalment of what I hope may lead to results of real value as well as interest:—

AGAINST WIND.			WITH WIND.		
120 yds.	150 yds.	Remarks.	120 yds.	150 yds.	Remarks.
2'6s.	5s.	Good drive.	2'4s.	3'8s.	—
2'6s.	4'6s.	"	2'4s.	3'6s.	—
2'6s.	4'8s.	"	2'6s.	3'6s.	Rather high.
3s.	4'8s.	Very high.	2'4s.	3'6s.	—
2'4s.	4s.	Very good.	2'4s.	3'8s.	—
2'8s.	4'8s.	Good.	Missed.	3'8s.	—
3s.	4s.	Good, high.	2'4s.	3'6s.	High.
2'8s.	4s.	—	2'2s.	3'4s.	Long drive.
2'6s.	4'8s.	—	Missed.	3'6s.	—
3s.	4'6s.	Good, high.	2'4s.	3'8s.	—
3s.	4s.	"			
2'8s.	4s.	Good, lowish.			

In the second series above, the observers faced the sun, and the difficulty of following the ball was sometimes considerable. This accounts for the two records which were missed at 120 yards. A possible error of about 0'2s. (*always in defect*) may be inevitable, as the motion of the index is not continuous, but by jerks. It is pretty clear from a cursory inspection that the above record must contain avoidable errors also; but we are supposed to have no grounds for deciding in which direction they lie. I will treat it, therefore, without prejudice, and assign equal weights to *all* the data, whether they are suspicious or no. But I will take two different and independent methods of carrying out the calculations.

First.—The simple averages in these columns, taking only the complete data in the second series, are

$$2'76s. \quad 4'45s. \quad | \quad 2'4s. \quad 3'65s.$$

We recognise at once the effect of the wind in increasing or diminishing the resistance to the ball's motion. The too common notion is that a following wind carries the ball on. Far from it, unless there be a hurricane. For even after it has gone 120 yards, a golf ball is usually moving much faster than does any ordinary wind. But, as the resistance it suffers is proportional to the square of its speed *relatively to the air*, a comparatively slight motion of the air greatly increases or diminishes that resistance.

If we suppose that the wind had the same speed in each of the two recorded sets of experiments (against. and with it), it is easy to see that the data above point to about

$$2'58s. \text{ and } 4'05s.$$

as the mean times of passage through 120 and 150 yards, *had there been no wind*. This is so, because, on the occasion in question, the speed of the wind was only some six feet per second, or about four miles an hour. This also follows from the data above. From these reduced times we deduce by the approximate theory the consequences that the average speed of the ball at starting was about 320 feet per second, and that the coefficient of resistance is about $1/250$. These are in remarkable accordance with the results (350 feet per second, and $1/240$) at which I had some time ago arrived (expressly for a *very good drive*) from various more or less indirect modes of attacking the question. But this coincidence *may* be due to chance, so that more experiments must be made.

Second.—With the view of interesting at least some golfers (who may, fortunately, be in a position to obtain data) in the results of such an inquiry as this, I have sought for some simple and fairly approximate formulæ for deriving the initial speed of the ball from its times of passage through the first 120 and 150 yards of its course. [These are, of course, sought only for non-mathematical golfers; the mathematical ones, who form no inconsider-

able fraction of the whole body, can face with confidence the exponentials involved in the theory.] Two such have occurred to me, both of which depend on the *ratio* in which the time for the first 150 yards exceeds that for the first 120. This ratio *must* exceed 1.25 (the value it would have if there were no resistance of air), and could not rise to so much as 2 unless the air resisted about 3.5 times more than we know it does (became, in fact, something distantly akin to gum-water or treacle). Call this ratio *r*, then the first, and far the most satisfactory, of the formulae shows that the initial pace is such as would have carried the ball uniformly through about

$$1,800 (r - 1.12)$$

feet in the time it actually took to go 120 yards.

In the present instance, we have *r* the ratio of 4.05 to 2.58, *i.e.*, 1.57. The above expression gives—

$$1,800 \times 0.45 = 810,$$

as the space described (uniformly) in 2.58s. Hence the initial pace is a little under 314 feet per second. No one can have the least difficulty in applying a formula like this, and it is certainly accurate enough, considering the inevitable roughness (even in the absence of wind) of the data to which it is to be applied.

So far we have taken the means of all the observations of each part of the phenomenon. Let us vary the process by calculating *r* for each drive separately, and then taking the mean values from the groups, "with wind" and "against wind" respectively.

Against wind :—

1.92, 1.77, 1.84, 1.6, 1.66, 1.71, 1.33, 1.71, 1.84,	Mean.
1.83, 1.33, 1.42	1.64

With wind :—

1.58, 1.5, 1.38, 1.5, 1.58, —, 1.5, 1.54, —, 1.58	1.52
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Taking the mean of these means, which is lawful (in the present case) because the wind was light, we have

$$r = 1.58,$$

slightly larger than the value obtained by the former process. It gives, by the formula above, 828 feet for the space which the ball would have described with its initial speed in 2.58s. We thus get 318 foot seconds as an estimate of the average initial speed of the drives made by Kirkaldy on the occasion in question. This is somewhat too small, as the effect of gravity has been left out of account.

The reader must remark that we are supposed not to know the co-efficient of resistance of air; and, indeed, it must vary from one drive to another, with the size, density, roughness, and amount of spin of the ball. If we *knew* it to be, say 1/240, the measured time for any *one* distance would enable us to calculate the initial speed.

P. G. TAIT.

THE Montrose Town Council, at a special meeting, have agreed to sell 3,000 square yards of ground with a frontage of 270 feet, and a depth of 200 feet at a halfpenny per square yard, the said ground lying adjacent to the Royal Albert Golf Club-house. It was stated that valuable buildings would be constructed on the ground, *viz.*, a large new hotel for golfers and summer visitors. Notwithstanding the great amount of play over the Montrose green of late, the course is in excellent order, no doubt owing to the copious rains of the last fortnight.

A TALE OF A PATCHED RED COAT.

"We must have our game of Golf this afternoon," says Jack Forsyth to me, one Saturday morning, as we happened to meet in the train on our way to our respective offices.

I have hitherto managed to get out of playing "our game"; but somehow to-day I was not so ready with my excuses as usual, and the thought of a breezy common on that early summer's day seemed to be inviting; so it was all settled then and there that I was to meet him at Wimbledon Station and drive out to the links after an early lunch.

Within an hour I was thinking what a fool I was to have accepted. I had not long since discovered that my friend Jack was a noted golfer, and some eighteen months ago, after an excellent dinner at the Junior Reform Club, I, having just returned from a month on the Riviera, where I had been persuaded to try the game, had posed as a professor of the art, and hopelessly gave myself away. However, there was no getting out of it now, and a smart little trap was soon bowling us up to the club-house.

"Hullo! what's this? Volunteers, I suppose?" I exclaimed, as the common seemed dotted all over with red coats.

"Volunteers! Why, those are golfers," is the reply; "and, by-the-bye, I forgot to tell you that we all have to wear red coats here. I suppose you haven't brought yours; but it doesn't matter; we can rig you out in one, I daresay."

To confess the truth, mine is not an easy figure to be "rigged out" at a moment's notice. Advancing years have added a dignity to the centre of my person which only my own tailor can do full justice to. Brown, whose special department at the club seemed to be to preside over the dressing-room arrangements, soon produced a coat which was pronounced to fit me to a "T."

The coat itself was an object of curiosity; it had evidently weathered many a storm, and had been patched in various places with red of different shades and degrees of newness. The collar and cuffs, too, were once possibly green, but now they were a dingy colour, which might equally pass as blue. I felt extremely out of my element in it, and Jack, who is always full of his ill-timed jests, began chaffing me about my appearance. He said that I looked like the fat little Major in the "Gaiety Girl," and asked me whether I did not feel like "a cockatoo"; but we soon arrived at the first teeing-ground.

Several red-coated golfers were waiting about, and others seemed to be cutting in from other parts of the course, so that there was quite a group waiting our arrival. We had to wait our time, and Jack, who is over six feet high, and as straight as a lath, kept swishing his club at daisies in a scientific manner, which did not improve my nerves.

Several couples started in front of us, and I now began to realise what an impostor I was.

"What's your handicap?" said Forsyth.

I think I may call myself a fairly truthful man on ordinary occasions, but how could I at such a moment confess the truth? How could I say that on the only occasion I had ever competed at Cannes I was given a handicap of 35, and that my gross score on that memorable occasion was 156?

I had to put a bold face on it at once.

"Oh, about 15," I said, in a casual way.

"Well, they only give me 6 here, so I suppose I had better give you some strokes."

"Good heavens!" I say, "You must give me at least a stroke a hole."

"Well, we'll start with that," says Jack, "and see how we get on."

Our turn came at last, but there were several couples behind us, and by this time I would have given a considerable sum of money to be safe at home. Jack led off with a terrific drive, and with my heart in my boots I prepared to follow suit.

"Keep out of the enclosure, sir," said my caddie, but as the enclosure was some seventy or eighty yards off I did not feel

much apprehension on that score. Trying to look as unconcerned as possible, I threw my ball to the caddie and prepared for my drive. I could hardly see my ball, and was fully prepared for a miserable *fiasco*. To my surprise, my club seemed to give an easy swing, and the ball went off straight for the enclosure. I thought it would have fallen into it, but no; it seemed to gather fresh energy as it went on, just as I have seen the balls do when driven by the professional at Cannes, and fell far beyond the railings some twenty yards ahead of Jack's, well up to the green.

"Good drive," I heard murmured by the spectators, and, "Who's the chap?" caught my ear. Jack looked at me with rather a surprised air, but said nothing. When I got to my ball I found it some thirty yards from the green, requiring one of those short "iron" shots which I never knew how to play. My mentor at Cannes used to twist my body into an uncomfortable shape, and make me keep my elbow close to my side, with the invariable result that I either missed the ball altogether or sent it about ten yards in the wrong direction; but now it seemed quite natural to see my ball fall within two feet of the hole, and when I putted out in 3 Jack's disgust was very apparent.

"You won't want the stroke this time," was all he said, but he looked unutterable things, and holed out in 5.

The next hole was more or less a repetition of the first, and the following three I did well under "Bogey" score. Jack was also playing well, but I was now 5 up, and had not had occasion to make use of the stroke per hole which he had given me.

By this time, the day being warm, I was nearly melted, and could bear my coat no longer, so I gave it to my caddie to carry, and we drove off for the sixth hole. We had to clear a valley with a stream at the bottom and an enclosure of young trees. To my disgust, instead of one of my usual magnificent drives, I made a miserable "foozle" into the enclosure, and my caddie was sent off to bring the ball back, with the result that I did exactly the same thing again. Another couple was now waiting to drive off, and two nursery-maids were looking on and giggling, which did not improve my play. I must confess that the sight of a respectable elderly City gentleman in shirt and braces on a fine warm day, trying to flog the errant Golf ball along, is not an edifying spectacle, and so disgusted did I become at last that I pocketed my ball, gave up the hole, and walked after Jack, who proceeded to hole out in 6. The next hole presenting no insurmountable bunkers I negotiated in 12, but the three following I again gave up, but not until I was in double figures, so that we were now level, I having lost all the holes I had gained.

Jack by this time had recovered his good humour and resumed his chaff, which I was by no means in a mood for and did not at all relish.

"I believe it was that old coat that made you play so well at first," said he, and the same absurd idea had already crossed my own mind, only to be put aside as impossible. However, before the eleventh hole, as we had to wait a few minutes for the couple in front, I put on my coat again and essayed my luck. To my delight the same "nutty" crack told me that my drive had succeeded, and off flew the ball, long and low, straight towards the hole.

"I believe you're in league with the devil," said my antagonist, and I felt myself that there was something uncanny about the whole affair. I was too elated to moralise, and at the fifteenth hole, having won the match, I lighted my pipe and even tried a little mild chaff at Forsyth's expense, which he enjoyed even less than I had enjoyed his before.

A few minutes' conversation with Brown at the club-house, and the transfer of ten shillings from my pocket to his, resulted in my return to town with a mysterious brown-paper parcel under my arm, which I clandestinely unpacked in my own dressing-room.

Now, in the mornings during the process of dressing, by carefully moving various articles of furniture to corners of the room, and by standing at a particular angle, I find I can just manage to swing my driver without breaking anything. Arrayed in my weather-beaten garment I practise that deadly drive which shall one day bring me fame and glory. Visions of St. Andrews, Hoylake, and Sandwich float through my mind. Look to your laurels, ye champions, and beware of the man in the patched red coat.

PHIL. BODEN'S DILEMMA.

A TALE OF LOVE AND GOLF.

That love and Golf are both very good things is an axiom which, for the readers of this journal, needs no laboured demonstration. It is possible, however, that genuine devotees of the club and ball, ardent competitors of "Colonel Bogey," may hold to the opinion that the two things are best kept apart, and that any attempt to combine them is calculated to be deleterious to both. In support of this view many plausible arguments may doubtless be advanced, but I know of at least two persons who strongly entertain a diametrically opposite conviction, and one, moreover, which is based on their own personal experience.

Eighteen months ago Philip Boden was—as for that matter, he still is—a prominent and popular member of a certain West-country Golf Club, whose local *habitat* is not a thousand miles from Bristol. On the C— Golf links there was no more familiar, or in its way, more attractive figure than that of our friend Phil. The son of one of the commercial magnates of the great Severn port, whose ambition was that his boy should qualify for the life of a well-to-do English country gentleman, Phil. led what might have been stigmatised as a somewhat luxurious and butterfly existence, were it not for the earnestness and enthusiasm with which he threw himself into every kind of wholesome, manly sport. He was a bold rider to hounds, a capital shot, an experienced and expert yachtsman, and a good cricketer. Into these recreations he threw the energy which, otherwise directed, might have made him a prominent politician or a successful man of business. Truth to tell, Phil. had never taken kindly to what is known in these days as "culture." He was no fool, could think for himself, and could relish a good book. But the mere acquisition of knowledge for its own sake had no special charm for him, and for Latin, Greek, and "the mathematics" he had the hearty detestation of the average schoolboy. From the excellent public school which he had only quitted two or three years before, he had not brought home a single prize or certificate in attestation of proficiency in the ordinary class subjects. His den in his father's snug country villa was crowded, however, with trophies of his prowess with the cricket-bat, the football, the oar, and the Golf-club. For it chanced that the school he had attended was in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and close to one of the most famous of Scottish Links, whence it happened that almost every pupil took to golf as naturally as a duck takes to water.

Phil. Boden was fond of Golf, and when he had finally shaken the dust of L— School from his feet, and settled down to country-life in the pleasant village of C—, one of the first things he did was to establish a Golf club. There was a lovely course close at hand, principally on his own father's land; there were numerous local residents with no lack of either money or leisure, and under these conditions the C— Club grew and flourished. A capital professional was imported from Musselburgh; the counsel and guidance of old Tom Morris were invoked in the laying out of the course, and in a few months the Golf mania raged throughout the district as virulently as in any other corner of broad England. Everybody that *was* anybody joined the club, and played, or tried to play; and though there was the usual proportion of rank duffers, there were also some who need not have feared to exhibit their prowess even in the classic links of St. Andrews or Hoylake. Amongst these Phil. Boden was for a long time *facile princeps*; he could hold his own with Sandy McHugh, the professional, himself, and could accord a considerable handicap to any other member of the club. He combined the functions of treasurer and secretary, and managed to retain an unmingled popularity nevertheless. He was on the course every day, and sometimes all day long. During the six months preceding the day on which my little story begins, his devotion to the royal game had become even more intense, and there were observant members of the club who were wont to say that the phenomenon could be very easily accounted for.

Among the lady members of the C— Golf Club by far the

most distinguished was Miss Catherine Gwynne, the daughter of the good old Rector. She and Phil. Boden had played together as children, but had seen little of each other since, for the Rector, who entertained some advanced and peculiar ideas on the subject of female education, had sent Katie abroad at twelve years of age to be brought up in a German school, where the principles he advocated were carried into practice, and she had only lately come home to assume the functions of house-keeper for her father. It was universally acknowledged among the members of the Golf Club that, whatever her German training might have done for her, it had not spoiled her, either in mind or body. She was a tall, fair, fresh English girl of nineteen, glowing with health and strength. She had light fluffy hair that was not always in perfect order after a round of the links, large dark grey eyes, beaming with life and gaiety, and features which, without any pretension to classic regularity, secured to her the undisputed title of being the prettiest girl in C—. When she came back to the village she knew nothing of Golf, but she took to it with immense gusto, and, under the skilful tuition of Sandy McHugh—and the honorary secretary and treasurer—soon acquired a degree of proficiency that placed her a long way ahead of every other lady member, and gave her a respectable position even among the champion players of the other sex. Phil. Boden's interest in her was at first strictly platonic. He was always rather shy with women, and had devoted himself too earnestly to athletics to think much about love-making. But after a few rounds of the C— Links with Katie Gwynne his views on this subject underwent a considerable modification. He had, in the first instance, ventured, on the strength of their old acquaintance, to urge her to join the Golf Club, partly out of official zeal, and also because he thought he discerned in her lissome figure, her firm round wrist, and her untiring physical activity, the material of a good player. In this his judgment was not deceived. She soon became, for a lady, a mighty driver: she had the patience and the judgment essential to good putting. At first it was in the progress of the pupil, and not at all in the attractions of the young lady, that Phil took delight. But in a little while, Golf itself became, in a quite unaccountable way, almost insipid to him when Katie was not on the course; and then all at once the young man suddenly woke up to a perception of the fact that he was over head and ears in love.

He was far too bashful and too humble minded, however, to think of imparting the least indication of his sentiments to the other person chiefly concerned, and he never dreamed of saying a word about the matter to anybody else. Ordinarily open and outspoken almost to a fault, he instinctively shrank from making anybody his confidant in regard to a passion which seemed to him to be wildly presumptuous. Yet the secret he so zealously guarded—as, in his innocence, he supposed—was soon no secret at all to the other *habitués* of the C— Links. Little Harry Simpson, a stripling of seventeen, who regarded Phil., in his character as a golfer, with mingled adoration and awe, informed his sister, weeks before Phil. himself became conscious of the fact, that "Boden was awfully mashed on Miss Gwynne. He was afraid it would be a case of another good golfer gone wrong. He couldn't imagine why a fine fellow like Boden, who could ho'e out the long ho'e in 3 as a regular thing, should make such a fuss over a mere chit of a girl." Harry, you see, had passed the first stage of youthful susceptibility to female charms, and had not yet got to the second. I am inclined to think that what was so palpable to this youth could scarcely have escaped the eye, as keen as it was bright, of Katie Gwynne herself. But the closest observer of her own sex could not have learned, from the girl's own demeanour, what she thought or felt on the subject. She was pleasantly friendly always with Phil. Boden, was ready to be his partner or opponent at Golf, and implicitly accepted him as her guide and philosopher in regard to the mysteries of the game. But her manner to him was just as cordial and unembarrassed as it was to any of the other gentlemen of the club.

Matters were in this position when the club became strengthened by the addition of a temporary member in the person of Mr. Stephen Woodward, Katie's cousin. Woodward was a young barrister, who, after a brilliant career at Oxford, both in the schools and in the athletic department, had over-worked himself at his legal studies in London, and had been ordered by the doctors to take six months' absolute rest from books, and

plenty of country air and exercise. So he had come down to C— to spend part of this enforced holiday with his uncle. He was a tall, good-looking fellow, with classic features, black hair and eyes, and a moustache that filled Harry Simpson's soul with envy, and half the lady members of the club with profound admiration. He was altogether a more picturesque personage than Phil. Boden, whose six feet two of stature was balanced by a fully proportionate breadth of shoulders, and whose face was more remarkable for ruddy health and goodnature than for regularity or beauty. And Woodward was something else as well as handsome. He was well up in all the current literary, social, and political topics of the day; he was an accomplished scholar, something of a musician, and, to crown all, an excellent golfer. He had none of Boden's shyness in his relations with the fair sex, was never at a loss what to do with his hands, his feet, or his tongue in female society, and could discourse on more than equal terms with his cousin Katie on the abstruse subjects in which her German education had given her an interest, and concerning which poor Phil.'s mind was an absolute blank. Moreover, Woodward, who had previously seen very little of Katie, soon gave manifest indications that he appreciated her beauty and her society. He contrived to spend a very large share of his time with her, and it soon happened that he usurped to a great extent what had of late been Boden's undisturbed function of acting as her instructor and his partner at Golf.

Phil. was in the lowest depths of misery and despair. Here was a rival with whom he felt competition to be simply hopeless, a man whom, in his humility, he acknowledged to be far better-looking than he, who could do everything that he could do, and a great deal that he could not. Sometimes he felt a wild inclination to declare his passion at once, and learn the worst; but his deep sense of his own unworthiness, and a feeling that a refusal would be certain, and would be almost as bad as a death-warrant, always restrained him. Only occasionally did he muster courage to try and preserve his old relations with Katie, and invite her to go round the links with him. Whenever he did so, she was just as kind and friendly to him as ever; within an hour after he had tremblingly enjoyed the delights of teaching her to negotiate some difficult hazard, he would see her, perhaps on the very same spot, contesting the same hole with her cousin Stephen, and laughing and chatting with that individual as though no other male being existed on the face of the earth. Then Phil. would grind his teeth in helpless wrath and anguish, and go home feeling that neither Golf nor anything else had any longer the smallest charm for him. There were some members of the Golf Club—whose sex I need not specify—that were very indignant at Miss Gwynne's behaviour, and denounced her as a consummate coquette. But no thought of that kind ever entered Boden's mind. She was his goddess; she was incapable of anything wrong. He only blamed his own unworthiness, and heartily wished Stephen Woodward back again at the Temple.

Meanwhile the time of the monthly competitions of the club was drawing near. In the handicap Katie, it was well known, took a very lively interest. Two or three times of late she had been within an ace of taking the medal, although her rapid progress in the game had reduced her handicap to very moderate proportions; and she had made no secret of her eagerness to carry off the coveted trophy on the next occasion, and of her resolve to do her level best with that end in view. She held to the doctrine that there was no intrinsic reason why women should not be able to play Golf as well as men, and she herself believed, though perhaps not quite correctly, that there was no one thing in the world she desired more than to come out winner of the C— Club's handicap medal. She had more than once said as much, even to Phil. Boden and to Stephen Woodward. Both of them had expressed the heartiest sympathy with her ambition, and both, in a fashion, meant what they said; but they meant it in different ways. Phil. had an honest interest in Katie's prowess, and thought it deserved the reward to which she aspired; but it never entered his mind that upon him personally there rested any other obligation than that of doing his utmost to carry off the coveted distinction himself. He would gladly have given all the Golf medals he had ever won, and everything else in the world, to be sure of a favourable answer to the question he was resolved to put to Katie some day; but, after all, Golf was Golf, and it seemed

to him that the honours in the competition should go to the person who fairly gained them.

To Stephen the subject presented itself in quite another aspect. About the handicap medal he cared very little indeed. His reputation as a golfer was too secure to be affected by success or failure in the coming contest; but about Katie Gwynne he had found that he cared a good deal. He thought her an extremely pretty and clever girl, who would make an excellent wife for a rising young barrister with reasonable aspirations to high judicial or political honours, and he knew that she would not come dowerless to the person who might win her. That he was profoundly in love with her cannot be affirmed, or that he adored her in Phil Boden's fashion. He was as yet, though a good sort of fellow in the main, too much in love with himself to care absorbingly for anybody else. Still he had made up his mind to make her his wife if he could, and he fancied his chances considerably. On one thing he was quite resolved. He prided himself on his knowledge of the sex, and he was convinced that nothing would gratify Katie more than to carry off the handicap medal. Therefore he concluded that he would be distinctly advancing his own interests if, so far as he was concerned, he contributed to bring about this result. With the one doubtful exception of Phil Boden, he was by far the best player in the club. "Now," he argued, "if I contrive to fuzzle a few strokes, and come in with a bad score, it will be strange if either Katie does not win, or else, if Boden does not manage to be the person who will balk her ambition, and in either alternative I am pretty sure to score."

Whether Stephen's calculations would have been realised if he had kept them to himself is, I incline to think, a doubtful matter. But he did not keep them to himself. On the night before the handicap, having dined out with his uncle, the rector, and some of the bigwigs of the neighbourhood, he sauntered down to the C—Conservative Club for a game of whist. There, as it fell out, he picked up as a partner little Harry Simpson, who, though young in years, was rather old in certain venial trespasses and sins. Harry, though he secretly mourned over Phil Boden's new preference for "a chit of a girl" to Golf, was his devoted friend. As the party—the other members of which were, of course, members of the Golf Club also—sat over their rubber, conversation naturally turned on next day's event, and Harry loudly proclaimed his confidence that Boden would, as usual, carry off the medal. Woodward was not by any means a babbler, but the wine he had taken at dinner had loosened his tongue and diminished his ordinary caution.

"Well, youngster," he said—and Harry, who hated to be reminded of his juvenility, reddened as he spoke—"it may be that Boden *will* win the medal. I think it very likely; but all the same, I'm quite willing to play him on this course, or any other, for what he likes."

"Why do you think he'll get the medal, then?" asked another of the whist-players.

"Ah—you see there are other things better worth winning than a handicap medal. The fact is, my cousin Kate has set her heart on getting that medal to-morrow. I don't think it would exactly pay me to disappoint her, and so, somehow, I suspect my play won't be first-rate."

Nothing more was said on the subject; but Henry Simpson seized the first pretext for leaving the whist-table and hastening home. He was in a state of much mental perturbation. On the one hand, he didn't want Phil Boden to go and spoil himself by matrimony; on the other, he was fonder of Phil than of any other human being outside his own family, and did not at all relish the idea of seeing him worsted in the struggle for Katie Gwynne's hand by this interloper, who, moreover, according to his notions, was going to play unfairly. He did not know what to do: but he did what, in Phil's interest, was the very best thing he could have done—he went to his elder sister, Margaret, and told her the whole story. Margaret was a quiet, sensible girl, and a great friend of Katie Gwynne. She listened very attentively to Harry's tale, and then said—

"Mr. Woodward is a very clever fellow, no doubt, Harry; but I don't think he quite understands Katie yet, though she is his cousin. I very much prefer Phil Boden, and I think I can serve him. Leave it to me."

And, not seeing that he could help himself in the matter, Harry *did* leave it to her. But when the members of the Golf

Club had mustered at the pavilion next morning, he did not consider that he was violating any confidence, or disregarding his sister's admonition, when he told Phil Boden of what had taken place at the whist-table on the previous evening. While he was thus engaged, his sister was having a short, but very confidential conversation with Katie Gwynne, from which she retired with a smiling look at Stephen Woodward that had a world of mischief in it, while Katie herself came forward to take her part in the competition with heightened colour and an expression of mingled indignation and tenderness in her face that was not often to be seen there.

As for Phil Boden, he was completely overwhelmed by Harry Simpson's tidings. For him it meant two things—that Woodward was, as he had feared, a serious candidate for his cousin's hand, and that to further his purpose he was ready to act up to the old maxim, that "All's fair in love and war." Phil did not know what course to pursue. He could only respond to Simpson's warm recommendation, to "beat the fellow at his own game," with a mournful and puzzled shake of the head, before he was called away to superintend the handicap arrangements. All the time these were being carried forward he was meditating over his rival's manoeuvre, and racking his brains for the means of thwarting it. All at once he made up his mind.

"She is a darling girl," he said to himself, "and whether I win her or not, I shall never care for anybody else—in that way. But I'll either win her fairly or not at all. If she loves the handicap medal better than me—why, then Woodward must have her, I suppose. But I'll play my best, now, as I always do, and take the consequences."

What the consequences might be, he dreaded to think. All the more when the chances of the draw made Katie his partner and immediate competitor in the contest. He had hoped to be spared that ordeal, but there was no help for it. So, quite pale with anxiety, he stood up to his ball like a man when his turn came, and got away with a superb drive that made the spectators' mouths water.

I am not going to enter into a detailed description of the match, which indeed, except for the personages of my story, had no particular interest. Katie Gwynne played her hardest all through; she had never played better. But in spite of all she could do, Phil Boden was too strong for her; he handed in his card at the close with almost a record score, and she though second, was some eight or ten strokes behind him. Stephen Woodward was almost at the bottom of the list; he had mullered stroke after stroke, and was badly beaten by a player to whom he could safely have conceded twice the odds he was actually called upon to give.

"Very extraordinary," he said more than once, "I positively *can't* play to-day. The fact is, I indulged rather too freely in champagne and cigars last night, and that's a diet that doesn't suit my complaint."

The competition was over at last, and the players and their friends gathered at the pavilion, where the president of the club was on hand, as the Americans say, to distribute the prizes. It was with a heavy heart that Phil Boden presented himself to receive the medal. Katie had been as kind and pleasant with him as usual all through the round—even a shade kinder, he thought. But then he had beaten her, and robbed her of the distinction she so much longed for. What would she think of him? As he bowed to the President and received the medal, he gave a disconsolate glance at Katie. The next moment his countenance was transfigured. "Woman's looks" had certainly not been his "only books"; but the promptitude with which he read the expression on her face on that memorable occasion would not have been surpassed by the most experienced of Lotharios. He saw in it unequivocal pleasure at his success, and something more—something which encouraged him, a few minutes afterwards, when the prizes had all been given and the company were dispersing, to make his way to Katie's side.

"Miss Gwynne," he said, "I'm awfully sorry, you know, that I—that is, that you didn't get the medal. You really played splendidly. But you see—"

And he stopped, not quite knowing how to finish the sentence, yet, in the light of her pleasant glance, feeling confusedly blissful.

"I see that you are still a good deal better player than I am,

Mr. Boden, and that the honour has gone where it is due. If you had not done your best to win it, I should almost have despised you."

"Then you're not offended with me for beating you?" he asked eagerly.

"I hope I'm not so silly as that," she answered, "and I'm sorry to find that you have such a low opinion of me."

This, I must admit, was a rather artful observation of Katie's. It put Phil. at once into the protesting vein, and stirred up in him a degree of courage that he might not otherwise have developed. Anyhow, before another five minutes had passed, he had told her, in confused words, and with an incoherent earnestness that convinced her of the truth of his passion far more effectually than the most polished eloquence could have done, that he loved her with all his heart, and even ventured to hope that some day she might condescend to return his regard. And he got an answer, given very shyly, and with a mantling blush over the speaker's face which made her look even prettier than usual, that sent him home half-delirious with pride and joy.

I have only to add that Mrs. Philip Boden is now, as Katie Gwynne used to be, the lady champion of the C— Golf Club, and that on more than one recent occasion, she has fairly reft the handicap medal from her husband's tenacious grip. Also, that Stephen Woodward returned rather hurriedly to London, the day after the eventful competition, in a distinctly crest-fallen condition, and that on the homeward journey he indulged in some very severe reflections on the perversity of the other sex.

"She wanted to win," he muttered to himself, as he caught a last glimpse of his cousin's face on the platform of the railway station, when the train bore him away Babylon-wards, "she wanted to win, and yet she's thrown me over for doing all I could to let her win; and worse still, she's gone and fallen in love with the fellow that beat her."

Stephen's statement was not, I suspect, wholly accurate. The probability is that Katie's regard for Phil. Boden was of older date than her cousin was willing to allow. But there is no reason to doubt that it was intensified and confirmed by Phil.'s straightforward and manly conduct at the handicap competition, which is, after all, merely a confirmation of the view held by many patient observers and students of woman-kind, that on the whole they prefer to look up to, rather than down upon, the men they love and marry.

C. H.

THE COMPLETE GOLFER.

(NEW STYLE.)

He bought a driving-putter, a Britannia-metal cleek
On the bulger-ballast system, and he used them for a week;
Then he tried a putting-mashie with a grip of Russia leather,
And a corrugated iron warranted to stand the weather.

He'd a neat pneumatic niblick with a concentrated head;
Gun-metal in his wooden clubs usurped the place of lead;
His boots bore rows of ten-inch nails arranged with care and craft.

And his copper-bottomed brassy had a *lignum vitæ* shaft.

He'd the very latest thing in cards whereon to mark his score,
It always showed the other man had played a least two more;
And however much loose driving with weak putting might combine,

This knowing card would never mark him more than ninety-nine.

Men cursed his slowness on the green; he paid no heed to them,

But worked each putting curve out by binomial theorem;
He used a pocket wind gauge, and whenever frost was keen
Fore caddies carried warming-pans wherewith to thaw the green.

But by some strange fatality he never won a match,
And week by week his handicap grew further off from scratch.

On croquet hoops and skittle balls he spent the tidy sum
Received for golf-kit purchased by the British Mus-e-um.

RIX.

Review.

MOUNTAIN, MOOR AND LOCH. Illustrated by Pen and Pencil.
London: Sir Joseph Causton & Sons.

At this season of the year when the prospect of a holiday is uppermost in the minds of most persons, sometimes the great difficulty is to decide where to spend it. This book, beautifully illustrated, is a kind of itinerary from the South of England to the Western Highlands of Scotland, including such famous places as Glencoe, Killiecrankie, Lochaber, the Rob Roy country, and the scenes of the "Lady of the Lake." Illustrated descriptions are given of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and with the mention of the most picturesque scenery on the line of the West Highland Railway, which is to be opened this month, a good deal of out of the way historical detail and legend are interwoven with the more prosaic facts. Golfers who wish to pass a month amid some of the finest mountain and lake scenery of the world could not do better than consult this book.

TWO CRITICS.

It has always been my misfortune to encounter aggressive railway companions, and when a few weeks ago I got into a third-class carriage on the L. C. D. Railway with a bag of Golf clubs, I quickly discovered that my luck had not changed for the better.

The other occupants of my compartment were two men, one of whom was small and insignificant, while the other was of vast proportions, and had the kind of countenance which reminds one irresistibly of such names as "The Bermondsey Bruiser," and "The Peckham Pet"—in fact, he looked extremely pugilistic.

The insignificant man fixed a steady gaze upon my clubs and then addressed his friend in a deprecatory manner:—"A sight of people seem to play gawf now-a-days. To my mind it be a fool's game."

"Have you ever played it?" I ventured to ask.

"No. Fancy me wasting my time at such a round-the-corner business as that! I shouldn't think I ever have played it."

"Ah!" I replied, in a tone which I hoped would convince him that the discussion was over and the victory mine. But the big man was also bent on criticising the game of Golf.

"Gawf is a thing, as you say, which is proper for fools and them as is too lazy to do nothing else. I likes to know of all these new-fangled notions, so I went one day and watched 'em hitting with their sticks. Well, blow me if I didn't see one old fellow have nineteen goes and miss the ball every time. Lor', didn't he cuss! I can generally cuss a bit myself, but I wouldn't take him on for something. Another time I watched 'em out of a train at Malvern, and then I never saw anyone hit the blessed ball more than a yard at a time. Compare it with football," he continued, scornfully. "Why at one time I used to be pretty full of spleen, and at football I could vent it. Football, in my opinion, be a sedative for the temper, while this blessed game of Golf be a tonic."

"Have you ever played it?" I asked once more.

"No, never. Nor never shan't," he replied with fluency.

"Ah!" I permitted myself to say again, and it is really wonderful how much meaning one can put into a monosyllable. I may parenthetically add that I have exasperated many hostile critics of Golf by the way in which I can say, "Ah."

We stopped at a local station, and a sporting man, with the clothes characteristic of his class, got into our carriage, and the conversation turned away from Golf. Presently, the man of the pugilistic countenance remarked that he never backed more than one dog for the Waterloo Cup, and that for the last eleven years he had never missed the winner.

Then I regarded him with the admiration which one always bestows upon a past master of any art, and I ceased to wonder at the unsuccessful efforts of the old gentlemen who swore so badly and yet so well.

C. T. S.



From an announcement at the top of the first column, readers will see that we have decided to discontinue the issue of the Tuesday edition after the 24th inst. We shall then revert to the old arrangement of a weekly Friday issue as before. The issue of two papers each week is an experiment we are not sorry to have made; but the experience of two months, during which the two issues have been published, convinces us that golfers in the bulk prefer the single issue. After the excitement and strain of the Open Championship, and the many large professional tournaments, quieter times are dawning. Our grateful thanks are herewith presented to the many correspondents and readers who have sent us kind letters of encouragement, backed up by their loyal and cheerful support.

The formal opening of the Chislehurst Golf Club will take place on Saturday next. Matches will be played between several well-known amateur and professional players, among whom will be Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P., Mr. Gerald Balfour, M.P., Mr. Mure Fergusson and Mr. A. D. Blyth. There will be a luncheon at Camden House, at a quarter to one o'clock.

The great annual representative meeting of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, takes place in Edinburgh, to-morrow, (July 18th). This is the gathering which golfers may well emulate and envy, for thereto representatives may come from all the curling clubs of the world and confer anent their favourite "roaring game," and pass regulations thereanent, which are binding on all. It is the Ecumenical Council of curlers, and it is really absurd that there should be no such gathering of golfers. Nothing very important is expected to come up at the meeting, but the *questio vexata* as to the reduction of the size and weight of curling stones, the pet scheme of Mr. Robert Knox, a keen curler, and skip in the Alloa Club, is again to be discussed. This corresponds in a way to the stumie question in Golf, for we are told that Mr. Knox, having once been "stimied" by a fifty-pounder curling-stone played by Lord Balfour, has ever since determined to revenge himself by going in for an all-round reduction. Into the question we do not enter, but we only point out that the meeting determines such a question once for all for the curlers. Why should we not be spared confusion in Golf by having such a gathering.

If yachting is in any respect like Golf, the victory of the *Britannia* in five successive matches against the American Champion yacht, the *Vigilant*, must be held completely to vindicate the superiority of the Prince of Wales' craft. The competition on the Clyde quite took away the attention of the West Country players from Prestwick and other Golf-greens, as yachting still holds its own thereabouts, even with Golf. The sinking of the *Valkyrie* was quite melancholy, and cast a shadow over the meeting. An amusing instance of Bumble-dom at the Telegraph Department, G.P.O., is quoted. Some-one wired Lord Dunraven, giving "The Valkyrie, Largs," as

his last address, in the hope of finding him, though knowing that the boat was at the bottom of the sea. The telegram was returned marked, "Not to be found at this address." So much the better for Lord Dunraven. So much for H.M. Telegraph Department.

The summer meetings of the Innerleven Golf Club, which with the present year has certainly entered on a bright era of its history, are to be held on the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of August. On August 2nd the business meeting takes place at 8 p.m. On Friday, the 3rd, the club compete for their gold and silver medals, and on Saturday, the Amateur Champion gold medal and the Glover inkstand are played for. The former is open to all amateur players who are members of invited clubs, and the latter is confined to members of the club.

The St. Nicholas Golf Club, Prestwick, true to the generous nature of their patron Saint, have taken the lady-golfers under their protection, and under the auspices of the club a ladies' course of nine holes, has just been laid out and opened, and also a commodious club-house. The membership is already beyond the century. Ten couples started for the prize presented by the St. Nicholas Club on the opening day, when there were three ties, Miss A. M. Griffin eventually proving the winner.

The Scottish Conservative Club have had, like many other clubs, to deal with complaints about the unfairness of the handicapping committee. Recently Mr. C. E. S. Chambers, the well-known player, who is a member of the club, arraigned the committee for unfairness, accusing them of seeking to prevent himself and others from winning prizes, and of being too kindly towards themselves and others. A meeting was called to consider the subject, when Mr. Chambers apologised for his accusations, and there, we believe, the matter ended, although it is generally understood that Mr. Chambers will, at an early date, present a handsome prize to the club for competition, in recognition of their considerateness in allowing him to withdraw his resignation as a member, and his reflecting remarks on the handicappers.

What a fortunate place Musselburgh is in the way of club and ball makers! In "Adams' Guide" are to be found advertisements by no less than four firms—the old-established D. M'Ewan and Sons; the ex-Champion of two successive years, Willie Park, jun.; Messrs. J. and D. Clark; and Walter. D. Day. Repairs, &c., ought to be done in moderation here with such good competition.

The Licensing Committee of Musselburgh would have been better advised if they had adopted our suggestion, and presented complimentary licences to old and tried hands, instead of demanding of all and sundry to come up begging for permission to carry clubs on the green under their new-fangled by-laws. They do not, however, appear to have done so. It is scarcely credible, but it is a fact, that the Musselburgh Police Court have actually summoned Bob Ferguson before them, and fined him 2s., with the option of twenty-four hours' imprisonment, for not having the "badge" displayed on his arm. This must have been at the instance of the links authorities, and it is very discreditable. Bob Ferguson was for a long time keeper of the green, and at his best was one of the finest players, shedding lustre on Musselburgh by winning the Championship. Now that he depends on carrying clubs to make a living in his declining years, it ill became the managers of Musselburgh to put him to indignity. "Dressed in a little brief authority," they have made fools of themselves by such conduct.

The Secretary of the Leven Club (Mr. J. T. Ireland) gives notice that the charge for caddies on Leven and Lundin is one shilling per round, and golfers are requested to employ caddies only through the club-maker at Leven and the superintendent at Lundin links. This is distinctly a step in the right direction, and it is a pity the rule is not in force on every green. Furzedown is a conspicuous

example of the advisability of such an arrangement. It saves players a world of trouble, and is the fairest system for the caddies themselves.

* * *

The Merionethshire Golf Club, Barmouth, are to have a tournament on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of August. At each competition, prizes consisting of the entry-money, are open to visitors, and on the 8th, visitors are to compete for a cup value £5. The hon. secretary is Mr. W. T. Best.

* * *

Golfers visiting the Engadine this season are welcomed heartily by the Engadine Golf Club, and invited to bring their clubs and have a game. The links, situated between Pontresina, Samaden, and St. Moritz, are about three miles long. There is to be a three days' prize competition in the third week of August. Fortnightly sweepstakes will be played during the season. For particulars, golfers may communicate with Mr. L. Saunderson, hon. secretary, Hotel Bernina, Samaden.

* * *

We are asked to state that in the report of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, in Friday's issue, it should have been stated that the first and second sweepstakes were divided between Messrs. J. K. Housden and R. W. Menneer. The tie between Messrs. J. K. Housden and J. H. Knight was played off on Tuesday evening, the 10th inst., with the result that Mr. J. H. Knight won with a net score of 89, against his opponent's net 97.

* * *

Mr John Connochie, in playing off a tie against Mr. Jamieson on Wednesday night, at Selkirk, completed the round in 75—1 below previous record. Mr. Connochie's score was remarkable in that he had not a 5 in the round. The details are:—3 4 4 6 4 3 4 4 4=36; 4 6 4 4 4 3 6 4 4=39; total, 75.

* * *

Captain Scott made the record score on the Langholm ground on Wednesday night. In going round with Mr. Craig, he completed two rounds in 79 strokes, his first round being 39 and his second 40. Considering the length of the grass, this is a very fine score.

* * *

We hear from a correspondent in Quebec that Golf is making strides there, as everywhere else, and that the local clubs are being recruited fast by lady and gentlemen members. The links of the Quebec Golf Club are on the Cove Fields just outside the historic walls of Old Quebec, and on part of what was called "The Plains of Abraham" where General Wolfe achieved his victory in September, 1759. The links are beautifully situated, and from the heights can be seen the most lovely scenery. On one side there is the large and wide St. Lawrence, and on the other, the beautiful Laurentian range of mountains. Many golfers, both from England and Scotland, have visited Quebec, and they are all loud in praise of the beautifully situated course. The Quebec Golf Club numbers thirty playing, and twenty honorary, or non-playing members. The Ladies' Club has forty members, and the ladies are very regular in their practice.

* * *

Recently a Scottish golfer had been skying his balls, much to the caddie's disgust. Carefully teeing the ball once more, the caddie handed the driver to the gentleman with the remark:—"Noo, sir, lat's see a guid shot, and nae mair o' yer glory Hallelujahs."

EDINBURGH CORPORATION GOLF CLUB.—The competition for the Mitchell Thomson trophy took place at Gullane on Wednesday in fine weather. The trophy was won by Mr. J. A. Robertson, the captain of the club, with a net score of 84. The second and third prizes fell to Mr. Hew Morrison and Mr. J. R. McLaren respectively. The members were the guests of the captain and Mrs. Robertson.



A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I should esteem it a great favour if you would allow me in your pages to correct an erroneous statement we made on p. 42 of the "Golfer's Guide" for the current year:—"Mr. David Wallace once played with his clubs against Mr. Greenhill with bow and arrow, and beat him easily."

I learn from Mr Greenhill that such a match, though often talked of, never actually took place. The statement was made by us on what we considered the best authority; and I may add that the tradition has subsisted for years in the district. Mr. Greenhill, I am glad to say, quite recognises our good faith in the matter, but none the less am I sorry to have given currency to the fable.

I am, Sir, &c.,

W. DALRYMPLE.

Leven, Fife, N.B.

REMOVAL OF STONE IN A HAZARD.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—"Nothing in a hazard may be touched or removed before the ball, even lying outside, is played." Extract from your note on Capt. T. S. Robin's letter in GOLF, July 10th. Will you kindly refer me to the rule which gives authority for the statement within inverted commas?

I am, Sir, &c.,

HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

[The statement is made on a fair interpretation of Rules XI., XII., XIV., XV., and XVI., and, what is equally to the point, what lawyers call "inveterate custom." We know perfectly well that we shall be met with the statement that the removal of an obstacle in a hazard is coupled with the condition that the ball is lying in the hazard—at least, so the bewildering grammarians of St. Andrews lead golfers to infer. But we have never heard the view held, nor seen it given effect to on either side of the Border, that this apparently literal interpretation represents the true reading of the above rules. Nor have we heard or seen it contended that a player whose ball is lying on the turf a foot outside a bunker has a right to walk into the bunker and remove a boulder which is within a club-length of his ball. Surely, to countenance that practice would be to smooth the crooked and erring path of the golfer to such a degree that he would look upon the afflictions and calamities which bestrew his journey from tee to hole, not only with calmness of mind, but with reckless indifference. Is it not more than likely that the player may hit that identical stone with his ball, or get it buried cozily under its wing deep down in the treacherous sand? Even the best players have been known to hit their balls occasionally only a couple of feet; but if a player could walk forward a yard and remove the stone, his fozzled shot off the turf just outside the bunker might result in a teed-up ball in the sand at the point where the stone was removed. A Golf course is like an Act of Parliament, compounded of a preamble and a schedule. The preamble is the ordinary green of the course, where all is smooth sailing, and where the penalties are pretty well defined. The

rule we are disputing about here refers, as we contend, to loose impediments on the course. The bunkers are scheduled territory, through which are the footsteps of a multitudinous army of players, but within which everything is sacred from touch. This is our belief: *Valent quantum valere potest.*—ED.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. F.—The rule does not state that it covers both match and medal play; and we should imagine that the committee intended it only for medal play, the ordinary playing rules being, we presume, those of St. Andrews. Surely your committee ought to know what they intended to cover by the rule.

M. H. S.—Yes, there is a good nine-hole course at Southwold, and we understand that the accommodation for visitors is good, both in hotel and lodgings. There are links at Aldeburgh, Lowestoft, Great Yarmouth, Cromer, Sherringham, Brancaster and Hunstanton, on the same coast line.

FAIR RULES.—It is scarcely possible for us to say whether the rules are fair in their application to what are called "depressions" without knowing from experience the nature of the hazard. The committee are entitled to make what local rules they please, if the members consider them to be fair. We see no reason, however, why a ball should not be played out of a grass ditch, even though it is a hazard. Stroke and distance is much more fair for lost ball.

THE GOLFER'S PROGRESS.

AIR—"The Midshipmite."

I.

'Twas in fifty-five I holed my ball—
 Cheerily, my lads, shout, "Fore!"—
 There were fourteen bunkers—I sampled them all—
 When up spake my caddie, in words of gall—
 Cheerily, my lads, shout "Fore!"
 "Who ever saw such a duffer?" says he;
 "That hole should never take more than three."
 "Oh, I'll break your head if you talk to me!"
 Gloomily my lad shouts, "Fore!"
 Gloomily my lad shouts, "Fore!"
 CHORUS—With a long, long swing,
 And a strong, strong, swing,
 Drive her, boys, far and sure,
 And perhaps you'll be
 On the green in three,
 So cheerily, lads, shout, "Fore!"

II.

I teed for the next, and I took my stand—
 "Shut your mouth, my lad, don't jaw!"
 But the bunkers yawned on every hand,
 And I found my ball half-buried in sand—
 Cheekily my lad yelled "Fore!"
 "I'm done for now, worse luck," says I;
 "But I'll get it out with the niblick, or die."
 "No you won't," says the boy; "that's an awful 'lie."
 Sadly I played twenty-four—
 Sadly I played twenty-four.
 With a long, long swing, &c.

III.

My language now came strong and free,
 Frightening all the birds away;
 I broke every club across my knee.
 "It's an old man's game. No more Golf for me—
 Never more this game I'll play."
 "What time to-morrow shall I call for you?"
 "Oh, the same time as usual; say, half-past two:
 I am sure I could go round in very few,
 If only I were on my day—
 If only I were on my day."
 With a long, long swing, &c.

A. COOPER KEY.



INTERESTING MATCH AT ST. ANDREWS.

On Wednesday a match was played over the links between Mr. P. C. Anderson, ex-Amateur Champion, and Hugh Kirkaldy against Mr. L. Auchterlonie and Andrew Kirkaldy. Fine play characterised the match. Mr. Auchterlonie and Andrew Kirkaldy had the best of the game, and won by 3 at the Burn. The scores were:—Mr. Auchterlonie and Andrew Kirkaldy, 78; Mr. P. C. Anderson and Hugh Kirkaldy, 82. A return was played on Thursday evening. Mr. Auchterlonie and Andrew Kirkaldy at the start were again in the ascendancy, and turned 2 up. They also won the first homeward hole, and stood 3 to the good, with 8 to play. The high hole was halved. After this the ex-Champion and Hugh came away with a splendid game, won the next three holes, and had the game square at the fourth last green, with 3 to play. The Dyke was halved, but the Burn fell to Mr. Anderson and Hugh, which made them dormy. The home hole was halved, and the match finished, amidst great excitement, in favour of Mr. Anderson and Hugh by 1.

GOLF AT TRINIDAD.

Never, since the formation of the St. Andrew's Golf Club at Trinidad, three years ago, has there been such a large number of players on the field at a time, as was the case on Saturday, June 16th. Favoured with delightful weather—a clear blue sky and gentle breeze—thirty-one players teed off between the hours of two and four p.m. This large turn-out of local players was due to the fact that several members of the newly-formed Naparima Golf Club had journeyed to town in the morning to play a match with a team of members of the senior club. On arrival, the visitors were driven to the club's temporary meeting-house at the Grand Stand, where a light luncheon was served. It was then found that two gentlemen, Mr. Lubbock and the Rev. W. M. Springer, had unfortunately to return by the four o'clock train. This led to the match beginning at once, the first couple to start being Messrs. Springer and Hamlyn, followed immediately by Messrs. Lubbock and Russell. Mr. Lubbock is to be heartily congratulated on his very fine play. He is perhaps the finest player that the West Indies has ever seen, and his return to Port-of-Spain at an early date is eagerly looked forward to by many members of the St. Andrew's Club. The result of the match was a victory for Port-of-Spain by 16 holes. Scores:—

ST. ANDREWS.		Holes.	NAPARIMA.		Holes.
Mr. Henderson	...	7	Mr. R. Johnstone	...	0
Mr. J. R. Murray	...	8	Mr. Denovan	...	1
Mr. Russell	...	1	Mr. Lubbock	...	7
Mr. Hamlyn	...	5	Rev. W. M. Springer	...	2
Mr. Campbell	...	5	Mr. Hope	...	3
Mr. J. Wilson	...	0	Mr. B. Wilson	...	0
Mr. Munro	...	5	Mr. Laing	...	2
		31			15

Among other players who were out were—Messrs. W. R. Murray, R. G. Bushe, J. H. Hart, H. B. Phillips, C. W. Scott, C. W. Meaden, R. S. Reid, J. Rousseau, G. Kayne, G. Lindsay, C. Buchanan, and the following non-members:—Dr. Rodriguez and Mr. Barclay.

In the evening the visitors were entertained to dinner by the

home players at Mr. Wippenbeck's Hotel. The chair was filled by Mr. Russell-Murray. The company included Mr. Henderson (ex-captain), Mr. J. Wilson (*ter*), secretary; Mr. R. Johnstone (captain, San Fernando), Messrs. C. W. Scott, J. B. Russell, D. Monro, G. Lindsay, G. Kayne, J. E. McLaughlin, J. Campbell, C. Buchanan, A. Laing, C. Brown, W. Blache-Wilson, J. T. Rousseau, A. Hope, P. Denovan, A. J. Hamlyn and G. D. Glass (*Port of Spain Gazette*).

The chairman proposed the first toast, that of "Success to the Naparima Golf Club." In appropriate terms he gave the visitors a hearty welcome on this their first visit to Port-of-Spain as golfers. Referring to the victory of the Naparima players over a contingent of the St. Andrew's Club a few weeks ago, he said they went down to San Fernando on their own hook. Had they told the older members of the club they were going to San Fernando, the older members would have been able to give them some words of wisdom and advice, and they probably would not have come home with such a woeful story as they did. (Laughter.) He was glad, however, that the St. Andrew's players had on the present occasion redeemed themselves. He congratulated the Naparima Club on having such a splendid golfer in their midst as Mr. Lubbock, from whom they could learn much, and from whom the Port-of-Spain players would not be slow to take a lesson. (Applause).

The toast was enthusiastically drunk.

Mr. R. Johnstone, said he had unfortunately been placed in the position of captain of the San Fernando Golf Club—a position which he did not feel worthy to hold—and it fell upon him to respond. He could only say that they had had a most hearty welcome from the members of the St. Andrew's Golf Club, and that welcome they all appreciated most highly. He hoped the San Fernando Club would have an opportunity at an early date of returning the kind invitation of the members of the Port-of-Spain Club. Such meetings as these conduce to bringing friends—who had not the pleasure of meeting often—together into more intimate relationship. He hoped that, in about three months, the Port-of-Spain representatives would be able to go down to San Fernando on the Friday night, and he promised that they would have an enjoyable visit. He thanked the company for the manner in which they had received the toast.

Mr. George Lindsay proposed the next toast, "Ye Royal and Ancient Game of Golf." Golf was a game that was played before St. Andrews was founded, in 1114, and it had been associated with Scotland since it was a game. This fine old game had done in Trinidad what had never been done before—it had established a means of bringing Scotchmen together—(hear, hear, and applause)—in the way the National Bard says:—

Man to man the world o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that.

The toast was very warmly honoured.

Mr. Blache Wilson responded to the toast, and in congratulatory terms proposed, "Success to the St. Andrew's Golf Club," which was received with cheers by the visitors, and replied to by Mr. R. Henderson, ex-captain.

The Chairman proposed the health of the Record-breaker, Mr. Lubbock, of San Fernando. That gentleman occupied the honoured position of having broken the record on a competition day. The monthly medal had been taken in 51, but that day Mr. Lubbock had done the round in 50, although it was the first time he had played on the St. Andrew's course. That showed one thing at any rate—that a golfer must not necessarily be a Scotchman. Mr. Lubbock, he understood, was not a Scotchman; so that Englishmen, and Irishmen, and Scotchmen could unite in the game of Golf, and also the Creoles of the island. This royal game made brothers of them all. It mattered not to which country they belonged; it was skill that came to the front, and they honoured the man who could take a prize. (Applause.)

The toast of the presidents of the St. Andrew's and San Fernando Clubs—Sir John Goldney and Mr. W. S. Robertson—was warmly honoured.

EDINBURGH GOLF CLUB.—The half-yearly competition was played on Gullane on Tuesday, when a large number of members turned out. Mr. Rees, 80, plus 4=84; Dr. Gilruth, 97, less 11=86; Dr. Millard, 104, less 16=88; Mr. Somerville, 102, less 13=89; Mr. Michael Brown, 90, plus 1=91.

GOLF IN CANADA.

The annual spring meeting between the Quebec and Royal Montreal Golf Clubs took place on the Cove Field links on May 24th, and in view of the fact that last year's spring match was won by Montreal by 1 hole, and the autumn match at Montreal resulted in a tie between the two clubs, the present meeting was looked forward to with more than ordinary interest.

The result was a victory by Quebec of 36 holes—41 to 5. The new course, originated and laid out by the indefatigable "Committee on Greens," Mr. W. A. Griffith, was played over and pronounced "tip-top."

QUEBEC.		MONTREAL.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. W. A. Griffith ...	4	Mr. I. R. Meeker ...	0
Mr. P. MacNaughton ...	5	Mr. I. L. Morris ...	0
Mr. E. L. Sewell ...	0	Rev. Dr. Campbell ...	1
Mr. G. B. S. Young ...	0	Mr. W. W. Watson ...	1
Mr. J. Hamilton ...	5	Mr. J. H. Balfour ...	0
Mr. G. R. White ...	0	Mr. A. A. Wilson ...	1
Mr. H. C. Sheppard ...	0	Mr. F. Stancliffe ...	1
Mr. J. G. Garneau ...	8	Mr. T. Patterson ...	0
Rev. L. Williams ...	10	Mr. F. Braidwood ...	0
Mr. W. B. Scott ...	4	Mr. A. Ewan ...	0
Mr. G. H. Thomson ...	0	Mr. H. Taylor ...	1
Mr. R. C. Patton ...	5	Mr. J. Law ...	0
	41		5

The handicap match, amongst the members of the Quebec Golf Club, for the holding of the trophy, was played off on the Cove Field Links, on Saturday, May 26th, and resulted in Master Stewart Gillespie the youngest member (sixteen years) of the club, being the winner. Below is the score:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Master Stewart Gillespie ...	114 20 94	Mr. Er. Hamel ...	123 20 103
Mr. R. C. Patton ...	102 5 97	Mr. W. A. Griffith ...	104 scr. 104
Canon Von Iffland ...	116 18 98	Mr. G. H. Thomson ...	110 6 104
Captain J. B. Peters ...	123 25 98	Mr. Jno. Hamilton ...	111 6 105
Mr. G. B. S. Young ...	99 scr. 99	Mr. W. A. Hon ...	137 25 112
Lieut.-Col. White ...	105 6 99	Mr. W. B. Scott ...	119 6 113
		Mr. E. L. Sewell ...	126 11 115

An interesting gathering took place on the Cove Fields on May 31st, on the occasion of the first match between the Ladies' Golf Clubs of Montreal and Quebec. Six competitors on each side faced the tee at 10.30 o'clock. The morning opened with splendid weather, and the bright costumes of the ladies, in contrast with the fresh spring grass, made a lovely picture. Nearly all the members of the Quebec Ladies' Golf Club were present, and a large number of spectators, who took the keenest interest in the game throughout. Each couple was accompanied by a gentleman, a member of the Quebec Golf Club, who acted as scorer. Unfortunately, the weather proved fickle, and rain fell towards the end of the game. The result of the match was in favour of the Quebec ladies by 33 holes. A return match will be played in the fall in Montreal. Scores:—

QUEBEC LADIES.		MONTREAL LADIES.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Miss M. Thomson ...	6	Miss Young ...	0
Miss A. McLimont ...	1	Miss Buchanan ...	0
Miss M. Thomson ...	9	Miss Ferrier ...	0
Miss R. Thomson ...	10	Miss Buchanan ...	0
Miss B. White ...	3	Miss Cassels ...	0
Miss M. Scott ...	4	Miss Bond ...	0
	33		0

After the conclusion of the match the guests were entertained to a banquet at the Château Frontenac, where covers were laid for about seventy-five persons.

The match for the club silver medal (handicap) was played for on Saturday, June 2nd, and won by Mr. W. B. Scott with the score of 99, less 6=93, which, however, was eclipsed by Major Sheppard's performance the following Saturday, when he carried off the honours and the Farquharson Smith memorial cup, with the score of 88, breaking the record over the present course, and that in spite of an unprecedented

growth of rank, luxuriant grass. Below are the scores of each match.

Club silver medal :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. W. B. Scott ...	99	6 93	Mr. H. Hamel ...	127	16 111
Mr. W. A. Griffith ...	95	scr. 95	Mr. S. Gillespie ...	127	16 111
Mr. R. C. Patton ...	102	5 97	Mr. G. B. S. Young ...	112	scr. 112
Rev. Canon Von Iffland ...	116	18 98	Mr. J. B. Peters ...	137	25 112
Mr. J. G. Garneau ...	116	16 100	Mr. A. I. Painchaud ...	148	35 113
Mr. H. C. Sheppard ...	103	scr. 103	Mr. E. Hamel ...	134	20 114
Mr. G. R. White ...	112	6 106	Rev. R. A. Parrock ...	180	40 140

Smith memorial cup :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Major H. C. Sheppard ...	88	scr. 88	Mr. G. B. S. Young ...	107	scr. 107
Rev. Canon Von Iffland ...	109	18 91	Mr. E. Hamel ...	134	20 114
Mr. G. R. White ...	98	6 92	Mr. G. N. Thomson ...	124	6 118
Mr. J. G. Garneau ...	113	16 97	Mr. E. L. Sewell ...	130	11 119
Mr. J. Hamilton ...	105	6 99	Mr. E. B. Garneau ...	160	40 120
Mr. R. C. Patton ...	104	5 99	Mr. S. Blanchet ...	161	40 121
Mr. W. A. Griffith ...	100	scr. 100	Mr. A. J. Painchaud ...	157	35 122
Mr. H. Hamel ...	116	16 100	Mr. J. B. Peters ...	151	25 126
Mr. S. Gillespie ...	120	16 104	Rev. R. A. Parrock ...	170	40 130
			Mr. A. Deschambault ...	173	40 133

The members of the Ladies' Golf Club had a series of matches for a beautiful set of Golf clubs, presented by Mr. W. B. Scott. They consist of a driver, a lofting iron, and a brass putter, all very handsomely mounted.

Eighteen competitors entered, and the play was keen and enthusiastic throughout; but the result of the contest was that Miss M. G. Thomson won. The committee of the Ladies' Golf Club entertained the lady and gentlemen golfers to five o'clock tea, on the Cove Field Links. Mr. Scott presented Miss Thomson with the clubs, and congratulated her on the hard battles she had fought and won, and her dexterity at the game.

First Heat.—Miss A. McLimont beat Mrs. E. G. Meredith; Miss B. White beat Miss de Salaberry; Miss E. Clapham beat Miss M. Sewell; Miss M. White beat Miss M. Bennett; Miss M. G. Thomson beat Mrs. H. R. Ross; Miss R. Thomson beat Miss Lily Schwartz; Miss L. Oliver beat Miss B. Campbell; Miss M. Scott beat Miss A. Dean; Miss M. Thomson beat Miss Jessie Scott.

Second Heat.—Miss M. G. Thomson beat Miss Minnie Scott; Miss A. McLimont beat Miss M. White; Miss R. Thomson beat Miss B. White; Miss E. Clapham beat Miss L. Oliver; Miss M. Thomson, a bye.

Third Heat.—Miss M. G. Thomson beat Miss E. Clapham; Miss R. Thomson beat Miss A. McLimont; Miss M. Thomson, a bye.

Fourth Heat.—Miss M. G. Thomson beat Miss M. Thomson; Miss R. Thomson, a bye.

Fifth Heat.—Miss M. G. Thomson beat Miss R. Thomson.

ASHDOWN FOREST AND TUNBRIDGE WELLS LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

Medal day, July 7th :—

Gross Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
*Mrs. Russell ...	100	25 75	†Mrs. Astbury ...	118	25 93
†Mrs. C. Green ...	95	8 87	Miss Andrews ...	97	2 95
Miss E. Richardson ...	97	8 89	Miss Bigwood ...	125	18 107
†Mrs. Hessenberg ...	117	24 93	Mrs. Nesfield ...	118	scr. 118

* Disqualified because card not signed.
 † Gold medal and Greenhall scratch.
 ‡ Tied for Junior challenge cup.

Miss Richardson and Miss Lee, no returns.

Match under handicap v. "Bogey," for prize kindly given by Miss Lee :—Miss G. Morgan (16), 6 up; Miss Richardson (9), 5 up; Mrs. C. Green (6), 4 up; Miss Andrews (2), 4 up; Miss E. Richardson (6), 3 up; Mrs. Hessenberg (18), 3 up; Miss Lee (17), 3 down; Miss Bigwood (16), 4 down; Mrs. Astbury (18), 5 down.

BARHAM DOWNS GOLF CLUB.

Monthly medal, 28th June.—Gentlemen :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Capt. G. L. Austin ...	87	3 84	Mr. W. J. Haughton ...	106	18 88
Rev. G. Hyde Smith ...	89	4 85	Col. H. W. Parker ...	88	scr. 88
Mr. H. D. Hirst ...	93	8 85	Mr. J. W. Jeffery ...	97	6 91
Capt. V. Eccles ...	93	8 85	Rev. T. Field ...	107	15 92
Rev. S. H. Evans ...	96	11 85	Rev. G. H. Gray ...	120	24 96
Mr. H. R. Blore ...	98	12 86			

Ladies :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mrs. Parker ...	99	15 84	Miss D. Jeffery ...	96	3 93
Miss B. Borrow ...	92	7 85	Miss Hamilton ...	110	16 94
Miss E. P. Ramsay ...	85	+3 88	Miss N. Ramsay ...	97	1 96

Others made no return.

BRIGHTON AND HOVE LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

Monthly medal, July 11th :—Miss Reid, 105, less 30=75; Mrs. Baker, 95, less 14=81; Miss Farnall, 99, less 16=83; Miss Warner, 108, less 22=86; Mrs. Ryder Richardson, 95, less 4=91; Mrs. Germon, 124, less 24=100. Sixteen played.

BROMLEY AND BICKLEY GOLF CLUB.

Monthly medal competition, July 7th :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
* Rev. F. W. Haines ...	87	10 77	Mr. S. T. Munfies ...	112	27 85
Mr. H. E. Solly ...	105	23 82	Mr. J. Tattersall ...	109	20 89
Mr. C. Coventry ...	93	10 83	Mr. E. Baldwin ...	112	22 90
Mr. W. S. Henderson ...	103	20 83	Mr. E. E. Henderson ...	119	28 91
Rev. R. I. Woodhouse ...	97	12 85	Mr. H. Wearne ...	123	28 95

* Winner.

CLEVELAND GOLF CLUB.

The first of a home-and-home match between the Seaton Carew Club and the above club was played over the Coatham links on Wednesday, July 11th. The teams consisted of eight players a side, and the play, on the whole, was very good on both sides, and victory was secured by the Cleveland Club by only 2 holes. The weather was unpropitious, rain falling heavily the whole time; but there was no wind, and the greens were in capital order. The scores were :—

CLEVELAND.		SEATON CAREW.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. H. Roberts ...	4	Mr. G. Newby ...	0
Mr. C. T. Fogg-Elliott ...	0	Mr. C. J. Bunting ...	2
Mr. S. Cradock ...	4	Mr. C. Seaton ...	0
Mr. Julius Wethey ...	0	Mr. P. A. Raps ...	1
Dr. W. Mackinlay ...	1	Mr. Higson Simpson ...	0
Mr. A. P. Whitwell ...	0	Mr. E. K. Lindley ...	1
Mr. A. McKinlay ...	0	Mr. O. K. Trechmann ...	6
Mr. F. J. March ...	3	Mr. E. W. Walker ...	0
	12		10

At the same time the professionals, Taylor (Cleveland) and G. Kay (Seaton), played a match, Kay winning by 2 up and 1 to play, at the same time breaking the professional record of the links, which had hitherto been held by Taylor for 76. To those who know the sporting nature of the ground the figures may prove interesting :—

G. Kay—

Out ...	5 4 3 4 4 5 4 4 5=38
Home ...	4 5 4 4 5 4 3 4 3=36

DORNOCH v. MORAY.

A large number of the Moray Golf Club travelled by steamer to Dornoch on Wednesday, and engaged in a twenty-eight men a-side match. The Dornoch Club was victorious by 236 holes, the scores being :—Dornoch, 237; Moray, 1. The day, though cloudy in the morning, turned out a capital day for the game. After noon some capital rounds were played.

DISLEY v. MACCLESFIELD.

Played on Saturday, July 14th:—

DISLEY.		MACCLESFIELD.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. R. W. Hutton ...	0	Mr. G. C. Greenwell...	6
Mr. I. G. Yates ...	6	Mr. D. E. Anderson ...	0
Mr. R. C. Hutton ...	12	Mr. F. Tylecote ...	0
Mr. G. C. Liebart ...	11	Mr. A. G. Gray ...	0
Mr. E. G. Hutton ...	10	Mr. A. Ramm ...	0
Mr. H. Liebart ...	4	Mr. C. E. Edmonson...	0
Mr. H. D. Tonge ...	0	Mr. F. Edmondson ...	0
Rev. E. J. Satterthwaite ...	11	Mr. W. H. L. Cameron ...	0
	54		6

Disley won by 48 holes.

EDINBURGH INSTITUTION (F.P.) GOLF CLUB.

This club held their summer meeting over Gullane Green on Saturday, when thirty members competed. The day was fine, and all in favour of low scoring. The event of the day was Mr. John Foggo's fine score of 75, made up as follows:—Out, 3 5 4 4 3 4 5 4 4=36; home, 5 3 3 3 5 4 5 4 7=39; total 75. This easily secured for Mr. Foggo the scratch prize, and friends will be delighted to notice this popular golfer showing his old form again. The prize-winners were:—For best scratch score, Mr. John Foggo, 75; Mr. A. B. Alexander, 87, less 10=77; Dr. Buist, 98, less 20=78; Mr. D. Rainy Brown, 92, less 10=82; Dr. Menzies, 102, less 20=82.

FORFARSHIRE.

The monthly competition of the Montrose Mercantile Club in connection with this club was concluded on Monday evening, July 9th, when the prize list was made up. The badge was won by Mr. D. Hampton with 101, 9 below his number, and the prize for the lowest score on the green was obtained by Mr. J. Hampton with 85. The other winners of money prizes were:—First class—Mr. C. Crowe, 85, 5 below; Messrs. W. Findlay, 87, and C. Foreman, 90, at number; Mr. D. McDonald, 88, 2 above; Messrs. W. A. Burgess, 88, J. C. Pairman, 90, and T. Robertson, 88, each 3 above; Messrs. G. Croall, 87, D. C. Clark, 91, A. Paterson, 91, and A. M. Low, 92, each 4 above. Second class—Mr. W. McLean, 90, 4 below; Mr. J. Edwards, 2 below; Mr. James Falconer, 92, at number; Mr. John Douglas, 93, 1 above; Messrs. W. Douglas, 94, C. Davidson, 96, and T. Blair, 102, each 2 above. Third class—Mr. John Philips, 102, 8 below; Mr. George Smith, 104, 4 below; Messrs. G. Petrie, 110, and J. Henry, 107, at number; Mr. J. Lamb, 106, 1 above; and Mr. Joseph Wyllie, 112, 2 above.

On Wednesday evening the first half of a thirty-six hole match in the final round for the Montrose championship challenge shield was played between Mr. Walter Reid and Mr. James Thow, both of the Victoria Club. A crowd of several hundreds of spectators followed the players round the course. Previous to the match Mr. Thow had the misfortune to break his driver while practising with it, and this seemed to affect his play somewhat. The first hole was halved in 6. The second went to Mr. Reid, and at the third the match was square. After a half at the fourth, Mr. Reid took five holes running, and at the turn led by that number. By the seventeenth hole Mr. Reid had increased his advantage to 9 up, but Mr. Thow winning the last hole the first half of the match ended in Mr. Reid being 8 up. The last two or three holes were played in a deluge of rain. Mr. Reid, who was playing a steady game, had the score of 80, which included two 3's, nine 4's, four 5's, and three 6's. Mr. Thow's score was 90.

The monthly competition of the Carnoustie and Taymouth Club was held on July 7th, in gloriously fine weather, when there was a large turn-out of players. In addition to the usual money prizes, the Stirling cross (handicap) and the Neilson medal (scratch) were competed for. Mr. William Smith gained the medal with the excellent score of 82. He also gained the Caledonia kettle, with the lowest aggregate of three rounds—namely, 242 strokes. The Stirling cross was carried off by Mr. James Fox, a young member, with the creditable score of 89 strokes, 5 below average. The sweepstakes were gained as

follows:—1st, Mr. James Fox, 89, 5 below; 2nd, Mr. James Saddler, 90, 4 below; 3rd, Mr. Joseph Wood, 92, 4 below; 4th and 5th, Mr. David Ramsay, jun., 90, and Mr. William Yool, 95, 2 below. Some good cards were handed in, the best being:—Mr. David Bell, 83; Mr. A. Simpson, 85; Mr. James Kydd, 87; and Mr. W. Whyte, 90.

The second portion of the home-and-home match between the Dundee Advertiser v. Perth Artisans Clubs, was played at Monifieth on Saturday, July 7th. The weather was all that could be desired, and a pleasant outing was enjoyed by the teams. There were eighteen players a side, and a close match ended in favour of the home club by nine holes. The following are the details:—

"DUNDEE ADVERTISER."		PERTH ARTISANS.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. W. Still ...	0	Mr. W. Anderson ...	0
Mr. J. Macrae ...	4	Mr. J. Cobb, jun. ...	0
Mr. A. Bowman ...	2	Mr. Alexander Reid ...	0
Mr. James Clark ...	0	Mr. D. M'Laren ...	0
Mr. A. Forsyth ...	0	Mr. James Fox ...	0
Mr. T. Knox ...	6	Mr. J. Whittet... ..	0
Mr. A. Buchan ...	0	Mr. R. Gemmill ...	0
Mr. J. Inglis ...	0	Mr. W. Wannan ...	1
Mr. Allan Bell... ..	1	Mr. W. Robson ...	0
Mr. J. D. Brown ...	0	Mr. Peter Robertson ...	1
Mr. W. F. Black ...	6	Mr. Fred. Grant ...	0
Mr. John I. Smith ...	0	Mr. W. Barclay ...	4
Mr. A. Caird ...	5	Mr. G. Martin... ..	0
Mr. Peter Wallace ...	1	Mr. J. Cunningham ...	0
Mr. James Wallace ...	0	Mr. W. Munro... ..	6
Mr. J. A. Mackenzie ...	0	Mr. Joe Anderson ...	8
Mr. J. Wynd ...	4	Mr. J. Robson... ..	0
Mr. A. Davidson ...	0	Mr. D. Thomson ...	0
	29		20

On Wednesday evening the Carnoustie Ladies' Club held a competition on the links at Carnoustie for the Bowling Club cup and other prizes. Mrs. Gibson again came to the front, and carried off the cup and first prize with the excellent total of 105 strokes for the thirty-six holes. This score is the record of the course, and although the card returned by Mrs. Gibson failed to lower it, her performance is considered to be equivalent to a new record, keeping in view that the course has been very considerably lengthened since the record was established some years ago. A remarkable circumstance in connection with this competition was that four of the players had each a hole at the minimum cost of one stroke. Miss F. Barry, a first year's player, with the creditable score of 121 strokes, secured the consolation prize, which goes to the lady making the lowest score not having previously gained a prize. The following were the lowest scores returned:—Mrs. Gibson, 105; Miss Colquhoun, 109; Miss H. Stewart, 112; Miss Ramsay, 112; Miss Dickson, 116; Miss M. Robertson, 116; Miss E. Stewart, 117; Miss R. Nicoll, 117; and Miss D. Nicol, 118. At the conclusion of the competition, Mr. David Scroggie presented the prizes to the winners.

HEADINGLEY v. WAKEFIELD.

Played on Wednesday, July 11th, at Headingley, and won by the home team by 19 holes:—

HEADINGLEY.		WAKEFIELD.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. J. M. Lister ...	1	Mr. J. Murray... ..	0
Mr. J. D. Cormack ...	5	Mr. J. T. Hall... ..	0
Mr. H. Oxley ...	0	Mr. R. Mortimer ...	1
Mr. R. Crosland ...	0	Mr. H. Russell-Smith...	3
Mr. F. H. Mayo ...	7	Mr. M. H. Peacock ...	0
Mr. C. H. Clarke ...	4	Mr. J. Waterhouse ...	0
Mr. C. E. Dawson ...	6	Mr. J. Lee ...	0
	23		4

EDINBURGH VIEWFORTH CLUB.—The July competition took place at Musselburgh last week, in wet weather. The greens were heavy. Winners and scores:—1, Mr. J. Richardson, 90, less 6=84; 2, Mr. J. Steel, 88, less 2=86; 3, Mr. W. Wood, 93, less 6=87; 4, Mr. J. M. Williamson, 82, plus 6=88.

HOLMES CHAPEL v. HEATON MOOR.

Played at Holmes Chapel, July 14th.

HOLMES CHAPEL.		HEATON MOOR.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. W. Rowland ...	0	Mr. H. Hyslop ...	7
Mr. T. Pym Williamson ...	2	Mr. J. H. Ellis ...	0
Mr. F. Lawrence ...	8	Mr. T. B. Glover ...	0
Mr. T. J. Atham ...	3	Mr. J. Spilsbury ...	0
Mr. J. H. Foster ...	0	Mr. S. I. Thomson ...	5
	13		12

MARPLE v. TIMPERLEY.

At Marple a match between the above clubs was played on Saturday, July 14th, resulting in a win for Marple by 12 holes. Scores :—

MARPLE.		TIMPERLEY.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. H. P. Hill ...	2	Mr. R. Craig ...	0
Mr. G. Sherwin ...	0	Mr. T. W. Deane ...	6
Mr. A. Simon ...	6	Mr. R. Cressy ...	0
Mr. H. Eskrigge ...	10	Mr. J. N. H. Blaney ...	0
Mr. G. Holmes ...	0	Mr. R. Thompson ...	0
Mr. F. Barlow ...	2	Mr. J. E. Wild ...	0
Mr. Alf. Cresswell ...	0	Mr. J. H. Atkinson ...	2
	20		8

MORECAMBE AND HEYSHAM v. BRADFORD ST. ANDREWS.

A match between these clubs was played on the Morecambe Club Links at Heysham, in beautiful weather, on Saturday, July 7th. The match consisted of two rounds, or twenty-four holes, and was won by the home team by 4 holes. Neither side was fully represented, the Morecambe Club being without the services of their captain, Captain Le Feuvre, and two or three strong players :—

MORECAMBE AND HEYSHAM.		BRADFORD ST. ANDREWS.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. W. Stewart ...	9	Mr. H. Steel (captain) ...	0
Dr. Glegg ...	5	Dr. Macvie ...	0
Mr. H. A. Paley ...	0	Mr. J. H. Exley ...	6
Mr. J. Leeming ...	0	Mr. T. M. Holmes ...	10
Mr. R. Preston ...	0	Mr. W. Leeming ...	4
Mr. R. Charnley ...	10	Mr. J. Mason ...	0
Mr. B. H. Cook, sen. ...	3	Dr. Dunlop ...	0
Mr. A. I. Swift ...	0	Mr. G. Dunlop ...	8
Mr. S. M. Satterthwaite ...	5	Mr. A. Brock ...	0
	32		28

NORTHWOOD v. STANMORE.

Played at Northwood on Saturday, June 30th, and won by the home club by 24 holes.

NORTHWOOD.		STANMORE.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. R. H. Barlow ...	2	Dr. Stiven ...	0
Dr. Dane ...	0	Mr. J. A. Begbie ...	10
Mr. C. C. F. Dickson ...	0	Mr. W. R. Kurmack ...	4
Mr. E. H. Coles ...	8	Mr. H. Stiven ...	0
Mr. T. C. Brice ...	5	Mr. S. Klein ...	0
Mr. P. Furnivall ...	5	Dr. Risk ...	0
Dr. L. Ogilvie ...	4	Mr. S. Grinling ...	0
Mr. A. M. Hooper ...	4	Mr. F. V. Dawson ...	0
Mr. A. W. Soames ...	5	Mr. J. Law ...	0
Mr. F. J. Walker ...	5	Mr. T. Urwick ...	0
	38		14

NORTHWOOD v. WILLESEN.

Played at Northwood, Saturday, July 14th, and won by the home club by 24 holes. Mr. Franklin Ross established a record for the course of 83, made up as follows :—

5 4 4 5 5 5 2 5=40 } 83
5 4 6 6 6 5 4 3 4=43 }

The former record was 90, by J. Cuthbert, the Stanmore Golf Club professional, in March last.

NORTHWOOD.

WILLESDEN.

NORTHWOOD.		WILLESDEN.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. R. H. Barlow ...	0	Mr. F. Ross ...	9
Mr. E. W. F. Stiven ...	3	Mr. E. F. Currie ...	0
Mr. H. M. Raeburn ...	3	Mr. W. F. Mapleston ...	0
Mr. H. Dane ...	6	Mr. J. Ogilvie ...	0
Mr. T. C. Brice ...	8	Mr. J. Horn ...	0
Mr. C. C. F. Dickson ...	13	Mr. J. R. Townsend ...	0
Mr. G. Dickson ...	0	Mr. C. B. Handyside ...	3
Mr. H. Chipp ...	3	Mr. S. R. Davie ...	0
	36		12

RAYNES PARK GOLF CLUB.

Monthly medal, July 7th. First division :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. H. L. Foster ..	99	14	85	Mr. J. Wild ...	110	18	92
Mr. T. G. Harkness	102	12	90	Mr. C. A. W. Cameron	98	4	94
Mr. T. Devonshire ..	109	18	91	Mr. J. M. Henderson	99	4	95
Mr. W. H. Glanville	109	18	91	Mr. C. E. Last ...	111	16	95
Mr. S. G. Wallis				Mr. F. E. Faithfull	104	3	101
Adams ...	101	10	91				

Second division :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. Stanley Hitchens	111	30	81	Mr. G. M. Lawford	130	36	94
Mr. H. Malleby				Mr. G. Winslow ...	118	20	98
Deeley ...	119	36	83	Mr. J. H. Fraser ...	123	25	98
Mr. G. E. Gush ...	114	24	90				

Winners of medals :—First division, Mr. H. L. Foster ; second division, Mr. Stanley Hitchens.

A good number of competitors did not send in their returns.

REDHILL AND REIGATE GOLF CLUB.

The Turner monthly medal was won on the 7th inst. by Mr. F. H. Peek, whose play has evidently considerably improved of late. There was a good muster of members, the following cards under 100 net being returned :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. F. H. Peek ...	103	27	76	Mr. M. E. Hughes-			
Mr. G. H. Emmet .	90	12	78	Hughes ...	110	24	86
*Mr. J. F. Gordon .	92	13	79	*Mr. H. D. Tucker.	98	11	87
*Mr. E. L. Balcombe	89	7	82	*Mr. C. G. Hall ...	104	17	87
Mr. O. C. Bevan ...	91	9	82	Mr. F. Link ...	105	18	87
*Mr. A. H. Eve ...	93	11	82	Mr. M. W. Slade ...	115	27	88
Mr. H. Lambert ...	105	22	83	*Mr. W. J. Dyer ...	108	16	92
Col. Freeland ...	104	20	84	*Mr. W. B. Avery .	108	16	92
*Mr. T. H. D. Ber-				Mr. C. J. Trevarthen	121	27	94
ridge ...	101	17	84	Mr. J. C. Tucker ...	113	18	95
Mr. E. D. Pawle ...	108	24	84	Mr. W. R. Kersey .	123	27	96

* Count in for silver iron aggregate.

A friendly match was played on the Earlswood links on the 4th inst., between teams representing the Blackheath School Old Boys, and the Redhill and Reigate Golf Club, the representatives of the local club, as will be seen below, only losing one match :—

REDHILL.		BLACKHEATH.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. L. Horner ...	2	Mr. W. R. Richardson	0
Mr. J. Kenrick ...	0	Mr. R. Whyte ...	0
Mr. C. L. Reade ...	3	Mr. G. Nicol ...	0
Mr. E. L. Balcombe ...	0	Mr. W. E. Hughes ...	0
Mr. L. Howel! ...	5	Mr. E. G. Ashton ...	0
Mr. F. H. Colam ...	5	Mr. C. Frean ...	0
Mr. W. W. Dymond ...	1	Mr. H. Paine, jun. ...	0
Mr. W. B. Avery ...	0	Mr. H. Glasier ...	7
Mr. C. G. Hall ...	2	Mr. H. Fraser ...	0
	18		7

ROYAL WIMBLEDON GOLF CLUB.

THE SILVER SHIELD.

This competition, match play in singles, under handicap limited to 18, began on May 28th, and ended on June 30th, in the victory of Mr. H. F. Lawford, who with a very

small handicap went through the six heats without even a tie or a stimie to grieve him. The particulars of the play are as follows:—

First heat.—Byes:—Mr. S. F. Still (16); Mr. C. A. W. Cameron (4); Mr. G. L. St. Quintin (7); Mr. J. J. Cater (18); Mr. H. P. Cumming (6); Mr. H. Seton-Karr, M.P. (7); Mr. J. D. Charrington (6). Mr. G. F. Muir (12) beat Mr. F. Baden (18); Mr. R. Whyte (4) beat Mr. R. Thomson (4); Mr. T. W. Lang (4) beat Mr. H. C. Archer (16); Mr. J. M. Kerr (9) beat Mr. W. Morley (12); Mr. E. A. Walker (4) beat Mr. F. J. Walker (5); Mr. H. W. Horne (8) beat Mr. N. Lubbock (8); Mr. G. E. Tabor (10) beat Mr. W. Glynes (18); Mr. A. Davidson (10) beat Mr. A. E. Peat (4); Mr. C. M. Smith (4) beat Mr. F. S. Creswell (12) Mr. W. W. Branston (15) beat Mr. W. Walker (7); Mr. B. Howell (2) beat Mr. J. W. Potter (16); Mr. R. H. Pringle (6) beat Mr. A. Adams (3); Mr. W. P. Crake (10) beat Mr. C. Macdona (16); Mr. W. J. Cundell (11) beat Mr. M. Friend (4); Mr. G. Nicol (4) beat Mr. H. T. Wright (4); Mr. F. C. Stapylton (12) beat Mr. C. M. Baker (15); Mr. A. J. Stanley (6) beat Mr. P. Strickland (7); Mr. J. R. Dunlop Hill (12) beat Mr. S. G. Carlyle (14); Mr. W. C. Anderson (14) beat Mr. G. P. Leach (10); Mr. N. R. Foster (+2) beat Mr. J. H. Driver (9); Mr. D. F. Park (16) beat Mr. H. W. Lawrence (18); Mr. H. F. Lawford (5) beat Major J. Alexander (18); Mr. W. R. Portal (16) beat Major-Gen. H. Elliott (18); Mr. W. L. Purves (scratch) beat Mr. A. L. Tweedie (10); Mr. G. E. Jones (18) beat Mr. A. A. Common (10).

Second heat.—Mr. S. F. Still beat Mr. C. A. W. Cameron; Mr. L. St. Quintin beat Mr. J. J. Cater; Mr. H. P. Cumming beat Mr. H. Seton-Karr; Mr. G. F. Muir beat Mr. J. D. Charrington; Mr. T. W. Lang beat Mr. R. Whyte; Mr. J. M. Kerr beat Mr. E. A. Walker; Mr. G. E. Tabor beat Mr. H. W. Horne; Mr. C. M. Smith beat Mr. A. Davidson; Mr. B. Howell beat Mr. W. W. Branston; Mr. R. H. Pringle beat Mr. W. P. Crake; Mr. G. Nicol beat Mr. W. J. Cundell; Mr. F. C. Stapylton beat Mr. A. J. Stanley; Mr. W. C. Anderson beat Mr. J. R. Dunlop Hill; Mr. N. R. Foster beat Mr. D. F. Park; Mr. H. F. Lawford beat Mr. W. R. Portal; Mr. W. L. Purves beat Mr. G. E. Jones.

Third heat.—Mr. S. F. Still beat Mr. G. L. St. Quintin; Mr. H. P. Cumming beat Mr. G. F. Muir; Mr. J. M. Kerr beat Mr. T. W. Lang; Mr. C. M. Smith beat Mr. G. E. Tabor; Mr. R. H. Pringle beat Mr. B. Howell; Mr. G. Nicol beat Mr. F. C. Stapylton; Mr. W. C. Anderson beat Mr. N. R. Foster; Mr. H. F. Lawford beat Mr. W. L. Purves.

Fourth heat.—Mr. H. P. Cumming beat Mr. S. F. Still; Mr. C. M. Smith beat Mr. J. M. Kerr; Mr. R. H. Pringle beat Mr. G. Nicol; Mr. H. F. Lawford beat Mr. W. C. Anderson.

Fifth heat.—Mr. C. M. Smith beat Mr. H. P. Cumming; Mr. H. F. Lawford beat Mr. R. H. Pringle.

Sixth heat.—Mr. H. F. Lawford beat Mr. C. M. Smith.
Winner.—Mr. H. F. Lawford.

SAPPERTON PARK GOLF CLUB.

The montly medal competition took place on Saturday, July 14th, with the following result:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.	Gross. Hcp. Net.
*Mr. E. W. Bubb... 109 28 81	Mr. C. Mackinnon 120 30 90
Mr. T. Rawlins ... 116 30 86	Mr. E. B. Haygarth 109 18 91
Prof. Paton... 112 24 88	Mr. H. Coode ... 130 35 95
Mr. E. Smithall ... 118 30 88	Mr. E. Blundell ... 135 35 100

* Winner of medal and sweepstake.

Four others were either over 100 net or made no return.

SCARBOROUGH GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal was played for on Saturday, the 14th inst., and won by Mr. E. Hodgson, score, 90, less 10=80. Other scores returned under 100 were:—Mr. L. P. Edwards, 106, less 24=82, Mr. Lambert, 93, less 10=83, and Mr. Latham, 118, less 20=98.

Various improvements in the shape of additional bunkers have been made, and others are in course of construction. The Filmer-Bennett challenge cup will be played for on August 25th.

SINGAPORE GOLF CLUB.

The following is the result of the June monthly medal handicap:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.	Gross. Hcp. Net.
Mr. R. H. Paddy ... 92 10 82	Mr. A. A. Earle ... 110 18 92
Dr. Mugliston ... 89 7 82	Mr. J. M. Allinson ... 101 8 93
Mr. W. Hutton ... 95 12 83	Mr. F. W. Barker ... 117 24 93
Mr. C. Stringer ... 93 16 83	Mr. E. J. Robertson 107 14 93
Mr. J. B. Robertson 84 scr. 84	Mr. J. H. Orman ... 118 24 94
Mr. A. Mackay ... 89 4 85	Dr. Hinde ... 101 7 94
Mr. H. E. Daunt ... 94 8 86	Mr. J. H. Drysdale 107 12 95
Mr. J. W. B. Mac-laren ... 98 12 86	Mr. W. Fox ... 105 10 95
Mr. W. Grigor Taylor ... 106 16 90	Mr. J. Miller ... 117 22 95
Mr. E. J. Nanson... 102 12 90	Mr. T. E. Earle ... 105 8 97
Mr. A. W. Stiven... 91 scr. 91	Mr. W. B. Hulke... 119 20 99
Mr. D. Paul ... 105 14 91	Mr. E. Des Vœux ... 117 18 99
Mr. F. A. Gillespie 98 7 91	Mr. E. J. R. Greene 115 14 101
	Mr. W. Grant ... 121 not hcp.

Several others competed, but did not hand in their scores. Mr. J. B. Robertson played two good rounds, breaking the record of 85 strokes for two rounds, held by Mr. Stiven and himself. Mr. Robertson's score was:—

First round ... 4 5 4 4 5 4 4 6	6=42	} 84.
Second round ... 5 6 4 5 5 5 3 6	3=42	

SOUTHPORT GOLF CLUB

In splendid weather the members of the Southport Golf Club concluded the first series of monthly competitions, and at the same time opened the second series, on Saturday. Mr. S. A. Ashington put in a win for the first of the second series, and took the first sweepstake, Mr. W. T. Rowley won the final of the first series, and also the second sweepstake, and the third sweepstake was won by Mr. J. Morison. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.	Gross. Hcp. Net.
Mr. S. Ashington ... 91 10 81	Mr. C. J. Mulleneux 103 11 92
Mr. W. T. Rowley.. 91 7 84	Mr. W. G. Clinning 106 14 92
Mr. J. Morison ... 93 8 85	Mr. H. Sidebottom. 94 1 93
Mr. W. E. Bland ... 93 6 87	Mr. T. Aitken ... 107 14 93
Mr. W. Thompson... 107 20 87	Mr. F. Topp ... 103 11 97
Mr. E. Leese ... 88 scr. 88	Mr. H. B. Barlow ... 117 13 104
Mr. H. J. Scowcroft 113 25 88	Mr. T. O. Clinning. 126 22 104
Mr. A. Smart ... 96 6 90	Mr. P. Davis ... 139 25 114
Mr. W. Pierpoint ... 115 25 90	

No returns from Messrs. G. F. Smith, J. E. Longson, and H. H. Perkes. After the competition a general meeting of the members was held under the presidency of Mr. T. O. Clinning, J.P., C.C., when it was resolved that the entrance fee be raised after the membership, which now stands at 231, reached 250.

SUTTON COLDFIELD GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal played on Saturday, the 14th inst., resulted as follows:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.	Gross. Hcp. Net.
Mr. E. E. Lamb ... 91 6 85	Mr. A. E. W. Browne 95 3 92
Mr. W. Jennens ... 111 24 87	Mr. A. H. Griffiths 111 16 95
Mr. S. J. Porter ... 109 20 89	Mr. E. P. Wright... 104 8 96
Mr. P. A. Bourke... 103 13 90	Mr. F. H. Winder... 122 23 99

No return from the other players.

The June "Bogey" was won by Mr. F. Jennings (all square), Mr. P. A. Bourke being second with 1 hole down.

STANMORE GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal competition took place on Saturday, July 7th, with the following results:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.	Gross. Hcp. Net.
Mr. J. A. Begbie ... 88 scr. 88	Mr. F. Horley ... 111 16 95
Mr. B. Franklin Smith 103 14 89	Mr. H. P. Devitt ... 134 34 100
Mr. S. Grinling ... 106 16 90	Mr. F. V. Dawson... 117 13 104
Dr. R. Tudor Risk 109 16 93	

WEST CORNWALL GOLF CLUB.

The fourth of the ladies' spring handicap competitions, being the first played over the new ladies' course, came off on Tuesday, in very showery weather. Result:—Miss K. Boase, 125,

less 29=96; Mrs. H. N. Harvey, scratch, 107; Miss Holmes, 112, less 4=108; Mrs. Tyacke, 143, less 27=116; Miss Wilkinson, 145, less 3=142; Mrs. F. H. Harvey, no return. Miss Wilkinson had never played over the new course, and that accounts for her high score. The course consists of nine holes without a cross, and the length, over 1,400 yards, gives more than a mile for the game. It contains almost every kind of hazard but water, and its equal as a ladies' course will be difficult to find.

WEST DORSET v. WEYMOUTH.

A match was played on Monday, July 9th, between the West Dorset and the Weymouth and Dorchester Golf Clubs at the Lorton Links (private), and resulted in a win for the Weymouth and Dorchester Club by 32 holes.

WEYMOUTH AND DORCHESTER.

WEST DORSET.

WEYMOUTH AND DORCHESTER.		WEST DORSET.	
Holes.		Holes.	
Mr. G. M. Archdale ...	10	Mr. J. Stephens ...	0
Mr. M. Portman ...	3	Rev. H. G. Methuen ...	0
Mr. H. Fraser ...	3	Rev. J. L. Templer ...	0
Col. Tweedie, D.S.O. ...	12	Mr. F. Maunsell ...	0
Mr. Butler Bowdon ...	2	Mr. A. W. Temple ...	0
Mr. C. Bennett ...	2	Mr. J. Gundry ...	0
	32		0

The greens were very good, but there was an awkward cross wind.

HARRISON CLUB, EDINBURGH.—The fifth of the monthly medal competitions was played on Thursday, with the result that Mr. A. M'Farlane became winner for the second time. The best scores were:—Mr. A. M'Farlane (winner), 47, less 1=46; Mr. J. Paterson, 51, less 3; Mr. R. Rodger, 51, less 3; Mr. J. Munro, 54, less 6; Mr. W. Menzies, 55, less 7—each 48; Mr. G. N. Bonar, 56, less 7=49; Messrs. J. Marshall, and G. Henderson, 54, less 4—each 50. Nineteen members competed. On Wednesday the first of the two hole-and-hole competitions in connection with the cup, and which has extended over two months, was completed. Thirty-four members took part in the tournament, and the fifth round found Messrs. J. C. Bell, J. Monro, S. Mackenzie, and W. K. Smith left in. In the final contest which was between Messrs. Bell and Mackenzie, the former won. Mr. Bell will meet the winner in the second tournament, into which forty-four have entered.

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ROYAL ASHDOWN FOREST AND TUNBRIDGE WELLS GOLF CLUB.

THE Summer Meeting of this Club is postponed from the 21st and 23rd July, to Saturday and Monday, the 28th and 30th July.

BOXMOOR GOLF CLUB.

BOGEY COMPETITION for Silver Cup. Played off between winners in the monthly competitions.

First round.—Mr. W. H. Flint beat Mr. F. Bassett; Mr. C. L. M. Pearson beat Rev. P. S. Ward; Mr. F. Cornwell beat Mr. F. J. Courtney; Mr. W. H. Mackintosh a bye.

Second round.—Mr. W. H. Mackintosh beat Mr. W. H. Flint; Mr. C. L. M. Pearson beat Mr. F. Cornwell (re-signed).

Final.—Mr. W. H. Mackintosh beat Mr. C. L. M. Pearson.

MERIONETHSHIRE GOLF CLUB, BARMOUTH.—Tournament on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of August. Prizes: Cup on the 8th, value £5, open to visiting members. Prizes consisting of entrance money at each competition, open to visiting members.—T. W. BEST, Hon. Secretary.

Houses & Apartments to be Let and Sold.

HUNSTANTON AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.—Close to Hunstanton and Brancaster and North-West Norfolk Golf Links. Ingram Watson and Son, of Hunstanton and King's Lynn, will be glad to send particulars of Vicarages, Private Residences, Farm Houses, and Cottages to be Let Furnished during the Summer holidays.—Apply to **INGRAM WATSON & SON**, Hunstanton.

CHARMING Old-fashioned House, close to Sea, and to three first-rate Golf Clubs, to be Let Furnished, by the year, from middle of September, at quite nominal rent. Three reception, nine bedrooms; large grounds (eight and a-half acres), stabling, tennis lawn, &c.—Write, "D. B." WILLING'S Advertisement Offices, 162, Piccadilly, W.

Hotel Notices.

EASTBOURNE GOLF LINKS.—THE CLIFTON HOTEL is the nearest to these Links and to all places of public amusement. Accommodation first-class; charges moderate. Private rooms, billiards, smoking-room, and every convenience.

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