

# GOLF.

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

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.]

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1894.

JULY.

- 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.  
Allreton: 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.  
Eltham Ladies: Monthly Medal.

- July 28.—West Herts: "Bogey" Competition.  
Troon: Sandhill Gold Medal.  
Derbyshire v. Charnwood.  
July 31.—Waveney Valley: Monthly Medal.  
Burnham (Somerset): Gold and Silver Medal.

## AUGUST.

- Aug. 1.—King's Norton: Ladies' Challenge Prize.  
Blackheath Ladies: Monthly Medal.  
Aug. 2.—Worcestershire: Monthly Medal.  
Aug. 2, 3 & 4.—Innerleven: Summer Meeting.  
Aug. 2, 3, 4 & 6.—Buxton and High Peak: Summer Meeting.  
Aug. 2 & 16.—Tyneside: Handicap Competition.  
Aug. 3.—Royal Cornwall: Monthly Medal.  
Ventnor: Waltham Cup.  
Aug. 4.—Troon: Summer Meeting.  
Holmes Chapel: Monthly Medal.  
Raynes Park: Monthly Medal.  
Woodford: Captain's Prize and Monthly Medal.  
North-West Club (Londonderry): Monthly Medal.  
King's Norton: Monthly Medal.  
Brighton and Hove: Berens Gold Medal.  
Macclesfield: Monthly Handicap.  
Sheffield and District: Monthly Medal.  
Glamorganshire: Medal Competition.  
Neasden: "Bogey" Competition.  
Minchinhampton: Monthly Medal.  
West Middlesex: "Bogey" Competition.  
Sidecup: Monthly Competition (First Class).  
Royal Liverpool: Monthly Medal.  
Bowdon: Monthly Medal.  
London Scottish: Monthly Medal.  
Leicester: Monthly Medal.  
Seaton Carew: Gray Trophy.  
Rochdale: Mr. J. Broadbent's Prize.  
Prestwick St. Nicholas: Arrol Cup and Gold Badge.  
Aug. 4 & 6.—Bullwood (Essex): Summer Meeting.  
Lytham and St. Anne's: Summer Meeting.  
Aug. 6.—Chester: "Bogey" Competition.  
Royal Isle of Wight: Summer Meeting.  
Woodford: "Bogey" Foursomes.  
Cheadle: "Bogey" Competition.  
West Lancashire: Summer Meeting.  
Rochester: Oakleigh Challenge Cup.  
Rochester Ladies: Oakleigh Challenge Prize.  
Hunstanton: Monthly Medal.  
West Middlesex: Bank Holiday Handicap Match.  
Royal Liverpool: Summer Meeting.

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## NOTICE.

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### SIR BULGER HOARDER.

Golf clubs are like the faces of human beings, for however much one may resemble another, two can never be found identically the same. When this is taken into consideration, it is perfectly wonderful that nearly all players think they know good clubs when they see them. There are some players who are so fascinated with all the new clubs they see, that they are not content until they become possessed of them. Again, some players have formed a habit of purchasing new clubs every week, with which they intend to reduce their scores by a stroke each time the purchase is made; so that they go on hoarding up a store of clubs, all of which are supposed to be improvements upon former ones, thus augmenting a store which already is superabundant.

I am sorry to say that no one whom I know suffers more from this mania than my intimate friend, Sir Bulger Hoarder, who has in his possession a new club every time I meet him, and who tells me that each new club for the past three years has improved his game by a stroke.

Three years ago Sir Bulger's best round for eighteen holes was 72 strokes; but on account of his continual improvement I do not like to inquire of him what his present score is for the same number of holes. I conclude that it must be wonderfully small although I observe that on medal days it reaches to 100. But then some players do not play well in competitions, which may explain—unless the former figures were 72 “in the shade.”

It certainly is nice to have a fine stock of clubs to fall back upon in the event of contingencies arising; but for good play the continual changing of clubs is less likely to produce satisfactory results than continual practice with a few good ones.

The same style in golfing will not do for every club, and one who is not capable of altering his style to suit certain clubs must alter his clubs to suit his style.

I have known some gentlemen who have had new styles every day, never allowing themselves time to develop one perfectly before they had adopted another; and also players who could play fairly well with other players' clubs by changing their styles to suit these clubs; but in order to acquire a pleasing proficiency, and to have real enjoyment in playing the game, it is better to adhere to a few good clubs and one good style.

When my friend Sir Bulger plays a round or two with a new club, it generally gives him the utmost satisfaction, but when the novelty dies out, which it generally does in about a week's time, that club becomes very ordinary indeed. While Sir Bulger admits “that it will be a capital club when he once gets into it,” he invariably finds that either the head would be improved with a new shaft, or *vice versa*, and these he goes on changing, never allowing himself sufficient practice with any club. This has now become such a habit with him that he cannot help it.

Sir Bulger says that although all the clubs he possesses are perfect, he has never found one precisely to his mind, and says that he cannot understand how I can get along at all with my clubs, as they are all “mongrels,” although he thinks that if I were to take the head off my driver and put it on to my brassy handle, my brassy-head on to my long spoon, and my spoon-head on to my driver-handle, they might be improved.

Sir Bulger whips creation for new putters. He must have a new kind every week, for which eccentricity I fancy his reason is that he thinks no inequality of ground should prevent a ball from running straight to the hole. I often would advise him to study the ground as much as the putter, but then I might be

told that my ideas are of as commonplace a character as my clubs.

I think Sir Bulger carries two sets of clubs, as I frequently hear him calling to his caddie such things as “No! Not my swishing smiter, you stoopid. I want my swinging driver,” “my holing putter,” or “my deadly iron.” He also speaks of the rhythmical flight of his ball. He says nothing of the flight of turf, but that, of course, speaks for itself; and he carries a club of his own invention for playing up sloping ground, which he calls the “rocket apparatus.”

Sir Bulger will not wear a red coat, as he is a subscribing member to a hunt club, and fears he might get into trouble by wearing a colour that he says no one has any right to wear except in its proper place, which is the hunting-field.

My friend, Sir Bulger, makes it a rule to study the game from many points of view, for notwithstanding that he has formed the habit of carrying a double set of clubs, he does not entirely depend upon his dexterity in their use alone to make sure of his winning the game.

Sir Bulger has also cultivated a habit of hoarding up a store of what might be termed “up his sleeve to date peculiarities,” some of which might here be given, not so much with the intention of exposing him, as for the purpose of preventing others from acquiring like habits. One of his marked peculiarities is that when his own and his antagonist's balls lie on the putting green and his own ball is the further distant of the two from the hole, he stands and views his own putt from a position exactly on his opponent's line to the hole. He says his doing so improves his opponent's putt. Sir Bulger is a kind player.

Sir Bulger's caddie is so well trained that he knows as much now as his master, and he has also been trained in peculiarities. The acme of his peculiarities is that when he finds his master's ball, which may have for a time been lost, he walks briskly forward to it, pressing his foot firmly down behind it, at the same moment exclaiming, “Oh! here it is, sir; no lyn' weel;” but very much improved, however, by the operation he has just performed. Then Sir Bulger comes up, and he exclaims, “Dear me, is it? What do you think will be a good thing to use there? Driving iron?” Then he feels the ground all round the ball carefully with his finger by way of ascertaining if the ground is hard or soft, and by the time these peculiarities are exhausted he finds he can play it with his brassy. His explanation of this peculiarity is that one cannot play a ball properly unless he knows whether the ground is hard or soft. Sir Bulger is a judicious player.

Sir Bulger has still another peculiarity, namely, that when his opponent is just about to raise his club in driving off he calls out, with his stentorian voice, “Faur!” and his explanation of this peculiarity is, “I am anxious for the safety of those in front.” Sir Bulger is a considerate player.

Kind, judicious, and considerate—that is how he would have people believe he wins his games.

There is one thing, however, that Sir Bulger does not know, and that is the nature of a hazard. At times I see him grounding his iron and removing all sorts and conditions of stuff to improve his lie. No bunker is a bunker, he avers, or hazard a hazard, that has grass growing in it. I wonder if one blade of grass is sufficient to nullify a hazard?

In spite of all this we are often found together.

R. J. B. TAIT.

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

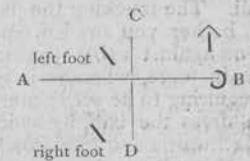
LESSONS ON GOLF.

LESSON I.

I assume that the sheet is erected as mentioned in my previous paper, and you are prepared with your driver for a first lesson. The first thing to be done is to tee the ball. Take your stand about the middle of the sheet, so that the ball may be driven into the midst thereof, standing only so far back that your club cannot strike the sheet in its forward motion. It is wise to take up your position as near to the sheet as possible, in order that you may avoid driving the ball over the top of it. First, then, tee the ball. Now stop; I said, tee the ball—not place it upon a heap of sand. Let me say a few words about the tee, for there is great art in making a good tee. Ordinary people, in describing a teed ball, would probably say, "The ball is made to stand on something which raises it up from the ground." So, in a sense, this would describe the act; but it is much more than that to a player, who will not be satisfied unless the tee is so made that no impediment is offered to the true flight of his ball. Sand makes the best tee, and the sand should be damp. Untrained caddies, and players who know no better, will take a handful of sand, enough for twenty tees, and make a mound on which the ball is placed. You might as easily strike a ball off a mole-heap as off such a tee, besides the disadvantage offered to the club having to clear the sand away with the ball. All that is required is to raise the ball slightly above the ground, so as to afford it a perfectly true flight; therefore the least possible quantity of sand the better. Place this on the ground, and work it up by pinching till it resembles a pawn of a set of chessmen, so delicate and fine a spiral should it be. The ball should be gently pressed on the top of it, and if it be too fine or too high, press it down with the palm of the hand, and work it up with the fingers till the ball sits on the top to your liking. I am not going to explain why all this painstaking with the tee is necessary; it would only waste time. You must take it on trust, for it is a fact, and one worth bearing in mind. But whatever you do, use a low tee. Nothing is more common than for beginners to use a high one, thinking thereby to ensure a more certain stroke, while it may be laid down as an axiom of Golf that the better the player the lower is the tee used by him. While some use no tee at all—a slight elevation of the ground or a blade or two of grass gives their ball sufficient freedom of lie—a teed ball should never be above a quarter of an inch above the ground; this is certainly full high. Neither is it at all true that a high tee gives a weak player a better chance of making a good drive. Once in a way, no doubt, a fine stroke might be made off a very high tee, but if the tee be high, it oftener happens that the sand is cleared away, and the ball drops within a foot of where it was. The reason of this is not difficult to explain. With a high teed ball everything is risked on the club striking the ball perfectly and fully. If that is done the ball travels, but everything is against its being done. The distance is taken from the ground, and therefore the natural inclination of the club is to travel over the ground where the distance for standing has been taken; it follows, therefore, that if a true stroke is made the club will pass under the ball; on the other hand, if the ball be teed low, and the club travels an untrue course, and what is called "baffs" the ground, the ball still receives considerable amount of impulse, and is driven no inconsiderable distance. Care should be taken in the choice of the spot on which the tee is made; the grass should not be long. I prefer a spot where some other player has baffed. But never select a spot where the ground rises behind the ball, making a "hanging" ball. On the contrary, rather, select a spot where the ground has an inclination to rise, in this way ensuring your club a clear sweep back and down again; moreover, it is very necessary in selection of a tee to make sure that the feet have a level and firm standing-place. I have laid great stress upon making a tee and choosing a convenient spot for it, because a good start is a

great gain, and starting is the only time when the privilege of selection is given; in all other strokes the player must take the ball as he finds it. All this takes a long time to read and write, but it is more necessary than the beginner, doubtless, is willing at first to allow. A boy who begins Golf at eight years old, as I did, never knows when he learned it; but, nevertheless, he did learn it, and learn it thoroughly, too.

Thus the ball is teed, and teed rightly, truly, and well. The next step is to learn how to address the ball; take the driver in hand, but do not be in a hurry and think, "Now I am going to have a good swipe. I have seen all this done over and over again. I know what comes next." If this happens to be the case, this paper is not for you. But I advise you to put all you think that you know out of your mind; let me persuade you to go on step by step and learn from the beginning. A good addressing is almost half the stroke, for nothing is more likely to lead to a good stroke than a good address. Be sure to take a good stand, and address in proper form. I will set you your task in a very simple way. Let the driver head be on the ground behind the ball and rest in your left hand, so that the club's head rests perfectly flat upon the ground, the ball being opposite the centre of the head; you will observe that, by raising or depressing the hand, the club's head will tilt, either resting on its toe or its heel as the handle is raised or lowered. If, therefore, the club is to leave the ball, when you move it backwards upward for the stroke from its position when flat behind the ball, and to be returned to the ball in the very same position, it follows that the taking up of your position, or, as it is called, taking your stand for the stroke, is a very important matter, and requires the very greatest care on your part. Let us say something about this taking the stand. The first thing to be observed is the position of the feet. The feet must be so placed that the hands when they grasp the club will so grasp it that the rest of the club will not be disturbed; the head will patiently lie behind the ball—i.e., not depressed on to its heel or raised on to its toe—for exactly as the club head leaves the ball, so must it be returned, and nought but a flat-lying club will drive a long and straight ball. You have your club handle at present loose in your left hand. Now begins the address of the ball. Place the right hand below the left hand; you will be about right if you find your feet to be about a club-length from the ball. Shift about on your feet till you feel yourself comfortably placed, and be sure to go no further with the stroke until you have secured a proper and comfortable foothold. Now, I will set all this out in a rough diagram.



The arrow shows the way the ball B is to travel. A B is a rectangular line through the ball, at right angles to the line the ball is to travel. C D is an imaginary line about a club-length from the ball, at right angles to A B.

The left foot will be, as I have placed it, about four or six inches in front of the line A B, the toe pointing slightly inwards. The object of the inclination of the toe inwards is, as I shall by-and-by point out, to bring the left shoulder well forward; the right foot may be parallel to the left foot, and about sixteen inches, according to height of player and length of legs, apart from the left foot. This I call, for convenience, the stretch, and I would that you should bear this in mind; a wide stretch takes off the length of the drive by reducing the power of the stroke, and besides tends to the "pulling" of the ball, while too narrow a stretch spoils the balance of the striker and leads to more mischief than I have time to describe.

Having settled down into a good stand, let us look to the holding of the club. The left hand should take a fairly firm grasp about two inches below the end of the shaft. The left hand is the hand that connects the club with the body, therefore that hand must have a somewhat tight grip, but not too tight. It is the club that is to do the work, you only give it the impetus. Nevertheless, unless the club is held well, it would naturally slip out of your hands by its own impetus. The right hand placed below the left acts as a guide to the club, therefore the right hand cannot well be too loose. The stroke really has very little to do with the hands. The stroke should come much more from the shoulder than the hands, and there-

fore one hand only is required to make the connection between club and shoulder. If both hands were tightly grasping the club, it is self-evident that much of the swing of the club from the shoulder would be destroyed. As the club describes a segment of a circle in its swing, the farther the centre of the circle is from the circumference so much is the power of the swing increased, and the shoulders are farther from the ball than the hands. Next, hold the club in your hands, allow not the thumbs to stretch down the side of the handle, nor the forefingers either. The thumbs will double over the fingers. Let the hands be as near together as possible. Place them apart as wide as you like and have a swing, and you will practically see that every inch of the hands apart makes it impossible to get a good shoulder swing. The closer the hands are together, even to overlapping, so much the more certainly are the arms made, as it were, part of the club-handle, that the whole swing may come from the shoulder. It is best, if you can easily acquire the habit, to let the backs of the hands be uppermost and the thumbs undermost. No doubt, a longer ball is driven this way; but for some, especially thick-set, short-armed men, it is a very awkward position, and generally one finds, even amongst good players, a sort of compromise—the hands more or less in this form. Some give it up as a hopeless business, and hold the club, as they say, “in a natural way,” with the thumbs uppermost. I must confess on this point that I err with my weaker brethren, and shield myself under the excuse that nature has not made me a long, lanky Scot, who can twist and turn himself anyhow. Yet I would fain find a reason for this, to me, peculiarly trying method of holding the club, and I think I have found it in that when the thumbs are undermost it is impossible to bend the elbows and press them to the side. If, therefore, you adopt the easier way, remember the elbows; but the loose holding of the right hand is *essential*, and if it comes hard, and you naturally hold both hands alike, then let the right palm slide half over the left hand. In this way it is almost impossible to take much grasp with the right hand, while the right-hand palm, pressing upon the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, will tighten the grasp of these two left-hand fingers, which is as it should be. For, remember and bear this in mind always, the real Golf grip is not the grasp of the hands at all; with both hands the holding of the club should be with the forefinger and thumb of either hand, the club being well “jammed” up between them. You will easily understand what I mean when I say, that when the club is gripped you should still feel the club to be loose and able to be waggled in the hand without touching the palm at all. The touching the palm simply steadies the grip; and why I bother you, my learner, with this is that I wish to caution you against using your club like a sledge-hammer, wielded by main force, whereas it is a most delicate instrument, simply requiring to be set in motion by you to do its own work. Now address the ball, by which is understood the passing the club backwards and forwards before making the stroke. Strangers to the game look upon this as humbug, yet is far more important than it at first sight seems to be; for in the address you get to feel your feet, you have time to see that you are all ready for the final effort; as the club passes to and fro the knees bend, the body begins to get up its steam for the moment of triumph. “Sit down, sir, sit down” whispers the professional under his breath, as the stroke is coming, in anxious fear lest any of the power of the whole swing of the body should be left out. For a successful shot calls into play the knees, the hips, the ankles, the spine, even the very muscles of the feet to get power to carry the ball along twenty yards farther than could be expected. But even in the address there should be a purpose in every swing. The address is a deal more than two or three motions backwards and forwards before striking. Having raised the club from behind the ball and carried it forward, very little good is done unless the left shoulder is pushed forward also. I rather fancy that the most important part of the address is that the player may see that everything is ship-shape. And now the ball is teed; if your fingers itch to have a smite at it off you go then. Alas! probably the ball never hit the sheet at all, for you never hit the ball; or it went feebly to the right or the left, for you sliced it or pulled it, or smote the ground behind it.

COACH.

(To be continued.)

## MY FELLOW-GOLFERS.

NO. XXII.—“FUBSY.” A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

*Fytte I.—Walpurgis Nacht.*

Extract from a letter to Jones from Ellerslie Spink, known among us as Mr. Facingbothways:—

“Hotel Bellagio, Milan, Oct. 17, 1887.

“I made a most amusing acquaintance when I was in Paris, and he is sitting in a plush-velvet armchair not three yards off me at this moment, smoking an immense cigar, and making believe to understand the leading articles in the *Times* between the sips of his *absinthe*. His name is Adolphus Millikin, but he is known on ‘Change impartially as ‘Fussy’ and ‘The derved little Cuss.’ I must tell you how I met the little rogue.

“I was sitting one lovely night outside a café, on what Mr. Perkin Middlewick calls the Bullyvards, sipping the virtuous chocolate, and dividing my attention between *Galignani* and the brilliant, bustling scene before me, when I suddenly received a sharp slap on the back, and a well-known rollicking voice saluted me with, ‘Hello, Spink, old chap, you here, and all alone, in this ‘ere vicked city? Ah, ye sly dog, caught at last—ha, ha!—eh?’ and down sits old Falstaff, beaming with robust health, and resplendent in a red tie and a suit of rather loud check dittoes. How he kept me laughing for nearly two hours; how he chaffed the waiters, who know him well and simply adore him, in delightful dog-French; how he would insist on telling me, in spite of my protests, a thousand anecdotes, Bacchanalian, Paphian, of his own and a dozen other people’s adventures in this virtuous metropolis, you who know the jovial old scamp will have no difficulty in imagining. His narratives would certainly have made a very pretty addition to the ‘Decameron,’ or the Rabelaisian ‘Contes,’ and if his conversation was not exactly redolent of bucolic innocence, at least it may be safely said that it was characterised by (Burlington) Arcadian simplicity.

“Well, there we sat talking and laughing in the balmy air, and Jean and Pierre stood listening and sniggering, when suddenly a Pantalone and an Arlecchino in full fig came flitting rapidly past us, on their way to one of the great *bals masqués* at the Opera House. This was too much for Falstaff. In another minute he had settled the bill (with half a napoleon of mine, by the way), and was hurrying me along the Bullyvards in the direction of the Madeleine; and in less time almost than it takes me to write this I found myself, to my own astonishment, standing in the *parterre* of the great theatre, looking on at the humours and liveliness and garish kaleidoscopic splendours of a Parisian *ballo in maschera*.

But it was not the fascinating lilt of the band that attracted me, nor the mingled absurdity and beauty of the costumes of the motley, eager, interlacing crowd in this unholy witches’ Sabbath. No; my attention was immediately fixed on one group at the side of the theatre nearest to me, round which a large ring of laughing spectators had formed. It consisted of three persons linked arm in arm; a PUNCHINELLO on the right, a somewhat diaphanous *coryphée* on the left, and a puffy, smiling, very good-natured-looking, grinning, little Englishman, in full evening dress, with an opera hat on the side of his head, sandwiched in between them, all dancing for dear life in time to the music; the little rascal doing his level best to fling his podgy legs into space as high as those of his companions, and being saluted at every effort with roars of applause from the onlookers, and cries of *Brava, brava! Hola hé! Hourrah! Vive l’Angleterre!* and so forth. I think I never saw anyone so delighted and fascinated as Falstaff with this performance. How he laughed, how he crowed, how he wildly applauded, how he kept muttering broken sentences like “Oh, you ojus wicked man, you!” “Married man from Clapham out on the spree, you bet—ha, ha!” “Oh lor! what’d Tilda Jane say if she knew?” “Go it ye cripples!” and the like, I leave you to imagine. He was entirely enraptured, and when the band ceased, and the little *Anglais* sank on one knee, and with his hand on his heart did homage to the *coryphée*, who addressed him as “*Padorable Fobst!*” the round man could contain himself no longer, and

rushing forward, insisting on shaking *Fobsé* by the hand, and thanking him for this noble exposition of the terpsichorean art. I confess I felt a little ashamed, but *Fobsé* took poor Falstaff's enthusiasm in perfectly good part, and they were soon as thick as thieves, and ten minutes later, both of them dancing like all possessed, bobbing about like corks in a whirl and maze of *coryphées*, clowns, Punchinellos, ghosts, men in evening dress, eager, thin-visaged Americans, students from the Quartier Latin, young ladies from the milliners' shops, Mabillian vestals, larkly *militaires*, pallid *Pierrots*, ogling *grisettes*, tourists in dittoes, Columbine, "*Sauterelles*," corpses, and *Arlecchinos*.

The very next day we met *Fobsé* on his way to Milan, like ourselves. The scene was an exceedingly comical one. His knowledge of the French language, it must be confessed, is not unique. He was standing at the entrance to the *Gare de Lyons*, surrounded by grinning and puzzled guards and porters, doing his best to explain to those functionaries his desire for a sleeping berth by means of repeated inquiries after a "*Café lit!*"

*Fytte II.—Prothalamion—Curlews and Woodcocks.*

Night on the Grand Canal at Venice—night, solemn, mysterious, enchanting; the air breathing balm, and the moon lighting up in glory the City of Palaces. Through the quiet waters one gondola only is gliding, and in that fateful vessel two people, a man and a woman, are seated side by side. Happy, happy lovers! Communion of soul and spirit ineffable, inexplicable, ecstatic; passion divine, marvellous, entrancing. Or is there something rather of bathos, of error, of unreality, of latent possibilities of tragi-comedy, perhaps of tragedy, in all this? Who can tell? But the thing itself must surely give the thoughtful onlooker pause, for the one is my Lady Priscilla Wigglesworth, that middle-aged, strong-minded, somewhat angular, and wholly uncompromising missionary aristocrat; and the other—the other, beloved reader, is, no one more nor less, than *Fobsé*—*Fadorable Fobsé*; and, look! the little man is gazing at his charmer with all the ardour with which he contemplated the diaphanous *coryphée* not six wicked weeks ago.

Now, in the name of Puck and all other whimsical goblins; in the names of Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, what is the meaning of such a situation as this? Who is sufficient for it—who shall unravel it? Pooh, man! it is just fate—fate ironical, sardonic, delighting in impossible combinations and dramatic explosions, overwhelming, irresistible. These unfortunate and ill-assorted adults, look you, are under the impression that they are in love with one another; and, over and above this unlucky delusion, there is another not less charged with catastrophe. Is it not written that the famous wrestler John Ridd's mother had a capias from good Aunt Jane for stuffing a curlew with onion while he is hot, and so making a woodcock of him? This enthusiastic lady labours under the belief that her curlew has been converted by her ministrations—her very own ministrations—into a woodcock—a real, genuine, precious, blessed woodcock, and she will continue in that belief for awhile, poor woman—till, in short, sarcastic Jove lays bare at last the realities which lie hidden at present in the bosom of caliginous night.

And *Fobsé*—What of him? Well! Fubs is going the complete neophyte, and has actually succeeded in persuading himself that he is a changed man, with not a *soupeçon*, not a vestige of the mock-turtle about him;—makes mighty resolutions about eschewing sack and *bals masqués* and Sunday Golf, and hereafter living cleanly; studies intensely the little tomes which his Priscilla recommends to his attentive perusal, and helps in the distribution of tea and *confetti* at the Friday evening religious gatherings which his angel is promoting at the *Palazzo Fornari*, with a zeal which positively amazes himself and gives his middle-aged charmer, not, perhaps, unreasonably, the most delightful hopes of him. Is it right, is it just, that under such circumstances as these, the charmer's sister—that shrewd, caustic, *pince-nez'd*, sharp-tongued Evangelical should altogether decline to treat poor Fubsy as a "brand," and should say to her relative about three times a day, with the sisterly frankness of Miss Ann Dobbin, "Priscilla, you are nothing better than a fool; that man converted—Pish!"

And what shall we say of the consternation with which the *annonce* of the engagement was received in the fashionable Evangelical circles of London? What shall we say of the

letters addressed to the lady by her sainted, but exclusive mamma, and by not a few of the immediate relatives? What shall we say, finally, of the amazement and laughter and jesting on "Change," where Fubsy's comical personality, and Fubsy's "cockcrow" suppers, and Fubsy's highly-spiced narratives about his own doings and those of his neighbours had long found much acceptance with both Jew and Gentile, and justly constituted him one of the recognised pillars and glories and institutions of the place.

Well, well—the old Countess and the relatives notwithstanding—the marriage, auspicious, Hymen-crowned, took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, in the spring of 1888, and Stagg, of "Change," was best man, and "comported" himself with exemplary propriety among the somewhat scanty supply of assembled "Nobs;" but took particular stock of the bride and her friends, and meeting Bull, also of "Change," just outside the church, was filled with the spirit of prophecy and laid that laughing and speculative sportsman, 5 to 2 in ponies that the "dern'd little cuss" wouldn't stand more than six months of it.

*Fytte III.—Three years after.—The Sow that was washed.*

Fubsy's study at 576, Eaton Square. Time 12 noon, Thursday. F. discovered at a writing table, writing for dear life to John Stagg, Esq., Bell Hotel, Sandwich.

"DEAR JACK—She's off; friend very suddenly ill at Upper Norwood. Won't be back till Tuesday at least. My Gum! I do feel so juvenile. Ask Hatcham to put me down at Sandwich for to-morrow till Monday. What a Sunday we'll have! Give you 5 to 2 I beat you for strokes or holes. Order me a room at the Bell.—FUBS.

"P.S.—I say, what'd she say if she knew. Ha, ha! Eh, ye dog. Garn, y'old rascal."

F. writes again to Tom Spavin, Esq., Albany, Piccadilly.

"TOM, ye villin, I'm unexpectedly free Monday evening. Meet me at the Continental at 6, and we'll dine and have an evening at the Empire, and one of the old *quadrilateral* suppers after it—Yours gloriously, CUSS."

F. rings the bell. Enter demure butler.

FUBS (*log.*).—"Japhet, post these at once, and get me some lunch. I shall not dine at home to-night, Japhet; but—er—you needn't sit up for me, and to-morrow I leave early for—er—er—a quiet Saturday and Sunday with some kind Christian friends at—er—ah—a place near Dover" (Butler glances at Bell Hotel, Sandwich, and understands instantly, but bows with great gravity). "Pack my things to-night. In half an hour I shall have another letter for you, Japhet." [Exit demure Butler, grinning consumedly when safely outside the portal.]

F. proceeds to write a letter to his spouse, which the little rogue dates Sunday afternoon, the contents of which, beloved reader, shall be yours in due course, and the composition of which appears to cause him immense amusement. Having finished it, he closes and directs it, bursts into a roar of delighted laughter, and, rising from the table, folds his arms across his chest and dashes off *con spirito* into the sailor's hornpipe (a dance for which he used to be famous), which he works out in all its ramifications and intricacies for quite ten minutes, entirely unconscious of the fact that Japhet, who has returned to announce lunch, has been watching him with huge gratification during the whole performance.

JAPHET: "Lunch is *hon* the table, sir."

F. (gives a violent start): "Confound—I mean thank you, Japhet. I have been suffering, Japhet, very much from tooth-ache lately, and I find a little really hard exercise—er—helps to dispel the pain. (Japhet bows). Oh, by the way, Japhet, here are couple of sovereigns I have been intending to give you, and—er, ah—this letter. You will be so good as to post it on Sunday evening at 6, *not before*; it contains—er, er, certain information which your mistress desires specially to receive on Monday morning. *Sunday evening*, you understand," and off goes Fubs to lunch, still blushing rosy red, while Japhet bows again most respectfully, and, being a person of much keenness and intuition, does understand pretty perfectly.

*Fytte IV.—Shadow of Nemesis.*

Scene, the front hall at Fubsy's, where serious butler is lounging and yawning. The time is 5 p.m., and the day Sunday.

Fubsy's letter to his lady-love is lying on the hall table waiting post time. By it another letter is lying which a lady has left some ten minutes ago. A sharp ring at the bell is heard, and Japhet flings open the door to—his mistress.

SERIOUS BUTLER (in terror, and utterly thrown off his guard): "Blimy!"

SHE (very sharply): "What? How dare you! Let me by instantly, instantly!" (Notices absence of her lord's hat) "Where's your master?"

SERIOUS BUTLER, gasping: "He's, he's, he's out of town, m'lady."

SHE: "Out of town!" (In an awful voice.) "When did he go out of town?"

HE to himself: "All fat's in fire now." "Last, last Friday, m'lady."

SHE: "Last Friday! Why, here's a letter in his own handwriting not posted to me yet. Why was it not posted? You had better not try to deceive me. Why was it not posted?"

HE: "I—I—I forgot it, m'lady. I mean he forgot. I mean he said he thought you—he said there was somethin' in it as you wished partickler to know o' Monday mornin'." (To himself: "My Gum, it's all up!")

SHE (very slowly, and looking at the shrinking Helot with the eye of a hawk): "Something I wished to know on Monday morning?" (Sharply.) "Where is your master?"

HE: "Kind Christian friends—Sunday—near—near Dover, m'lady." (Gasps.)

SHE: "Kind Christian friends near Dover! He has no friends near Dover. Sikes, you are hiding something; and attempt to deny it. You're hiding something, and know it I will, Japhet. Give me your master's address at once—at once, man, do you hear?" (Stamps.)

HE (looking frightfully guilty): "Bell 'otel, Sandwich, m'lady." ("Oh Lord!")

SHE (remembering Fubsy's confessions of Sunday play in old days): "Sandwich, Sunday? It can't be. I won't believe it. It's impossible. Send my maid to me in the boudoir instantly, and to-morrow you leave this house, Japhet Sikes, to-morrow the first thing. You have lied to me, and tried to deceive me. Oh you needn't try to answer me; and to-morrow you go; and thankful may you be if you can find a new situation. I shall give you no character, of course." (Loudly.) "Hold your tongue, man, I'll hear nothing, nothing." (Exit with a frightful scowl over her left shoulder at the unfortunate Helot, who stands gaping and paralysed.)

Scene changes to the boudoir. Her ladyship has brought up the two letters, and proceeds to read them, taking first the one left by the Hon. Miss Verrinder that afternoon.

"DEAREST PRISCILLA,—I was so sorry to miss you and your husband at church to-day. Can you and he come and hear Onions, the converted prize-fighter, next Wednesday, at our house? You have no idea how absolutely precious he is. The only thing that jars on one at all is the terrible flatness of his nose, which was jammed, I believe, in the course of what, I think, he called a "scrap" he had with some one termed the Chelsea Sweep. He is really *too* thrilling. He gave us some quite awful details of his fights last Wednesday, and how he used to beat his wife, and all that. Oh, that drink, that drink! But, there, I mustn't go on about that. You must come and hear him yourself. Mr. Ramsbottom was not in church to-day, either morning or afternoon, and we had a most miserable substitute for him, a creature who preached nothing but law and morality, and good living and unselfishness, and that sort of thing. You never heard such stuff. Good bye. Come on Wednesday.

"Yours affectionately,

"GRISELDA."

Her ladyship lays down this communication with a sharp "Pish!" and takes up the other, her hubby's epistle, and reads:—

"576, Eaton Square, Sunday, 5.30 p.m.

"MY DEAREST LOVE,—Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings were terribly dull here without you, and to-day, Sunday, I have been suffering tortures of toothache, which almost prevented my enjoyment of dear good Mr. Ramsbottom's two

sermons, both of which I can only describe as thoroughly worthy of himself. But the poor fellow looks ill, and his voice is certainly less strong than it ought to be. He said much to us in both his addresses which moved me exceedingly with thoughts of all you told me at Venice—dear Venice! so full of happy and solemn memories. Oh, that you had been at church, by my side, to hear him! If ever there was a spiritually-minded man, surely 'tis he—yes, 'tis he! Japhet has taken every care of me, but it is lonely—ah, very lonely—without you. I am just going to sit down to your favourite 'Armageddon Explained.' Make your friend well soon, and come back to

"Your ever loving and true, but suffering,

"ADOLPHUS."

Priscilla falls back, gasping. Presently she clutches at the bell and rings. Enter maid.

HER LADYSHIP (convulsively): "Shaw—Shaw—Shaw—"

MAID (who thinks her ladyship has "gone cracked"): "I never said nothing, m'lady."

SHE: "Shaw—Shaw (with a violent effort)—'Bradshaw!'"

*Fytte V.—Nemesis. (Raro antecedentem, &c., &c.)*

The Club-house, Sandwich, Monday. High noon. Three visitors to the club, the only men in the room as it happens, are seated at lunch with their backs to the smoking-room, all unconscious of the fact that a lady has made her way in through that apartment and is standing as much as possible in shadow, but close behind them, and has bent her ear to listen.

Mr. STAGG: "What's his name again?"

FUBSY: Ramsbottom. He looks like—oh, just like, Stiggins, and he's got a voice like a foghorn.

OMNES: Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha!

FUBSY: Look here, I'm not going to stand any more of it. If I go to hear him again, I'm d——d (Lady gives a violent start).

FUBSY: I tell you life aint worth livin', I've had a precious deal more than enough of it, and now I'm on strike, and I mean to put a stop to it.

Mr. BULL (laughing): "Go it Fubs, old chap—rights o' man, liberty of the subject. You be a Lord of creation; blow being a Russian serf—ha, ha! But I say, Fubs, what'll your wife say?"

FUBS (magnificently, but with a quail in his heart): "She may say what she likes, and I shall do what I like. I say you chaps—ha, ha, he, he—such a lark. She got a letter from me about old Ramsbottom this morning at Norwood.

THE OTHER TWO: "What? what?"

FUBS: I told my butler to post it last night.

Mr. BULL: "Said you'd had enough of old Foghorn, eh?"

FUBS: "No I didn't, I said, I said—you know, of course I didn't want her to know I was down here, so I—I said I'd been to hear him, and what a couple of rippin' sermons he'd preached.

THE TWO: "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh ye little hypocritical villin—haw, haw, haw!"

Mr. STAGG: "Ha, ha, ha! But I say, Fubs, give you 5 to 2 she came back before it was posted. That's the sort of thing, that always happens in these cases. My heart, you're in for it! Haw, haw, haw!"

FUBS (blankly): "My Golly, I never thought of that!"

Mr. BULL: "Oh, ho, ho, ha, ha, ha! You've bin and gone and done it this time, Fubs. It's all up now, old chap. Wouldn't I have given a pony to see her reading it on Saturday or Sunday. Oh you'll catch it Fubby."

FUBS (in great confusion): "It's impossible, she didn't, she couldn't—I—"

Mr. STAGG: "Here, Fubs, what'll you bet she don't follow you down here? (Fubsy's face here is such a study that the two *badineurs* go off into prolonged peals of laughter.)

FUBS (trying to smile, but looking very white about the gills): "Well I don't care, no I don't, and if she appeared this inoment I'd tell her exactly what I've told you—Pd—"

*Awful voice in the background—"Adolphus!!!"*

IMP.

(To be continued.)



The annual representative gathering of curlers was largely attended, and as usual the business was got through with great expedition. The motion for reducing the size and weight of curling stones was again rejected, although a majority of representatives voted in its favour, as no alteration of the kind can be made without a two-thirds majority in favour of the same. Mr P'Anson, Malton, on behalf of the English curlers, made a statement regarding the international bonspiel between England and Scotland, and it was agreed to have the match next winter at Talkintarn, near Carlisle, if weather permitted. Mr P'Anson said he believed that if the match were successfully brought off, a great filip would be given to curling in England.

Hurlingham is the latest to go in for a Golf course. Golf there ought to be a success.

Mr. Andrew P. Aitken, D.Sc., has received the appointment of lecturer on Agricultural Chemistry in connection with the University of Edinburgh. Dr. Aitken is now in the front of his profession, holding the important position of Analyst to the Highland and Agricultural Society (whose show at Aberdeen is this week to have a visit from the Duke of York), and his many functions make his life a busy one; but Dr. Aitken, like many others, finds in Golf the recreation that fits him for work, and in winter there is no keener curler than he when the ice holds. Socially, the Doctor is one of the most delightful of men, and as "Father Alembic" of the "Monks of St. Giles," a learned and jovial society, which has received notice in our columns, he contributes several capital songs to the literature of Golf and curling.

The Lady Cyclists' Federation has been formed, the objects of which are to promote cycling among women, and to emancipate them from the tyranny of long skirts. The ideal costume of the Federation is very much like the knickerbocker and gaiter outfit of the ordinary golfer, and if it becomes popular, will undoubtedly be largely used by ladies on the links; although it is evident there will be a considerable amount of confusion unless some badge, indicative of sex, be made imperative.

The Edinburgh Teachers' Golf Club have lost one of their best players by the death of Mr. Thomas King, one of the mathematical masters of George Watson's College, and much

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sympathy is felt with his brother John and his relations. The two brothers were a formidable couple on the golf course, and more than once they upheld the honour of their club in the *Dispatch* and other tournaments. Suffering from consumption, Tom (as his friends used to call him) went out last year to Africa; but few who saw him go expected to see him return, and he himself doubtless felt the daisies growing over him, though he bore up in his usual manly style, and never lost the bright sunny spirit which endeared him to all who knew him. He died at Wagenaar's Kraal, South Africa, on July 2nd, at the early age of 34.

In an article on "Men's Hot Weather Clothing," the *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"The useful, because conspicuous, red coat of the golfer is doomed to become extinct. . . . Ready-made, and abundantly bespangled with brass buttons, it is now to be seen ticketed at a few shillings in the windows of the cheap hosiers, who have probably no idea that such a coat is really a club uniform." And so the writer seems to say, because a coat of red is common it must disappear from the links. The statement scarcely bears investigation. As a matter of fact the red coat is rather growing in favour with golfers, and is more in evidence than ever. Instead of being cheap it is very dear, and but for this we believe it would be more in use. Some cheap red flannel substitute may have caught the writer's eye, but such a thing must be miles removed from the kind of coat that might be called a club uniform. Perhaps in hot weather it might be a good substitute, but red is not a colour peculiarly suited for a summer garb.

The "Taxameter," they say, is to be introduced here. It is already in use in Continental cities, where it is said to work admirably. This instrument is affixed to any conveyance, and may be used effectually to prevent "cabby" from over-charging his "fare" or under-paying his employer, for it not only indicates the fare lawfully payable at the end of every journey, but registers also the number of journeys made and the number of miles traversed each day. An ingenious adaptation of the instrument is, we believe, about to be used in Golf matches. It is to be affixed to the player, and dispenses altogether with the necessity of keeping the score, for, on being removed at the finish of the round, it at once indicates the number of strokes taken to each hole and to the round. The distances traversed are also accurately shown, along with the number of bunkers visited and the stimpies negotiated during the match. The "Taxameter" is what golfers have long been looking for, and there are endless possibilities before it. Even all the "cuss-words" may come to be registered.

Andrew Kirkaldy has challenged the world for £100 a side, the match to be over St. Andrew's, Carnoustie, and Prestwick. Several professional representatives of the world are, we believe, prepared to take up the challenge, and Andrew will no doubt find a foeman worthy of his steel. J. H. Taylor, the Champion, offers to play Kirkaldy over St. Andrews, Prestwick, and Westward Ho! and Fernie, the ex-Champion, offers to play him over St. Andrews and another green.

The negotiations of the Burgess Golf Club with the proprietor of Barnton, Sir James Maitland, for a course on the estate have so far advanced successfully, and we hope soon to announce that the club, under a good long lease, has got a course at Barnton.

Golf at Gullane on Saturday was a case of Lugton following Lugton. Hugh, who is home on a holiday for a time, held the field with a 78; but his younger brother, who recently helped the Carlton Club to win the *Dispatch* trophy, displaced his Furzedown brother by a 76, compiled in excellent style. Both learned to play on this their home green, and that one should win the scratch and the other the handicap prize with such fine scoring was remarkable, but not unexpected. The green and the day were admirable.

The Haddington team, which expected to have a look-in at the Wemyss cup competition to-morrow, are considerably crest-fallen, as their best player, Captain David Kinloch, who recently made the record of the green, and has been playing in his best form, is unable, owing to his regimental duties, to play for the club.

\* \* \*

A well attended meeting was held on Thursday, July 19th, at the Zetland Hotel, Saltburn, Mr. Wm. Whitwell in the chair. It was decided to form a Golf Club and to invite the Marquis of Zetland to become the patron. The following officers were elected:—President: Mr. A. J. Dorman. Vice-presidents: Major Elwon, Mr. E. B. Hamilton, Mr. E. Hamilton, Rev. B. Irvin, Mr. W. I'Anson, Mr. G. B. Jackson, Mr. T. N. Mackinnon, Mr. W. J. Moscrop, Mr. W. H. Panton, Mr. Arthur Pease, Mr. F. Samuelson, Mr. E. R. Turner, Mr. W. Eden Walker, Mr. Joseph Walton, Mr. W. H. A. Wharton, Mr. A. H. Whipham, Mr. Wm. Whitwell, Mr. Robert C. Yeoman. Captain: Mr. J. F. Whitwell. Committee: Mr. A. H. Arden, Dr. Burnett, Mr. A. T. Griffin, Mr. R. Maccurrach, Dr. Stainthorpe, Mr. W. F. Whitwell. Hon. Treasurer: Mr. J. T. Walton. Hon. Secretary: Mr. T. N. Muller.

\* \* \*

Another Golf-green has been started in Yorkshire. Saltburn is a very fashionable watering-place, at the south-eastern extremity of the finest stretch of sands in England, extending from the mouth of the river Tees for nine miles, and is within four miles of the Cleveland links at Redcar. The course at present consists of nine holes, which are beautifully situated on the West Cliff, ten minutes' walk from the town.

\* \* \*

Golfers will be interested to know that one of the attractions of Mlanje, the high ridge of mountains that lies to the east of the Blantyre district of the Shire Highlands, is that "an ideal Golf course could be marked out," should the place become, as it seems destined to become at no very great distance of time, a health resort for the planters, traders, missionaries, and administration officials whose ordinary occupations compel them to live in the less elevated portion of British Central Africa. The gentleman who is responsible for the statement as to the ideal character of Mlanje as a golfing centre is Mr. J. M. Bell, the local collector of revenue, who has just completed an interesting study of the district under his official charge. As the majority of European residents in British Central Africa are Scottish, it may safely be anticipated that it will not be long before a Mlanje Golf Club is in full swing, and orders are pouring in on the club-makers at home.

\* \* \*

Mr. A. Guild, hon. secretary of the Fochabers Golf Club, writes with reference to a recent "Tee Shot" giving a list of Golf courses in the Highlands:—"With reference to Gordon Castle course being called a private one, I think it is hardly correct. The course is laid out in Gordon Castle grounds, but is not private. I thought it right to point this out to you, as no doubt if golfers heard the course was private then they would not come here."

\* \* \*

The Glasgow *Evening Times* Golf tournament will take place over the links at Leven on October 4th, 5th, and 6th.

#### A MERMAID'S TALE.

As I stood by the shore in a sheltered cove,  
As idle as man can be,  
A ball driven straight from the links above  
Flew over me into the sea.  
"Tis a shame for good balls to get lost," I cried,  
"I wonder where all of them go!"  
And a sweet laughing voice from the sea replied,  
"Would you very much like to know?  
For I can tell  
And very well,  
Where all of these Golf-balls go."

I turned and I gazed in surprise untold,  
For there, in the limpid wave,  
Was a mermaid fair, with her locks of gold,  
And the eyes of which seamen rave.  
She waved her arms, laughing, to and fro,  
As she swayed with the restless tide,  
"Do you really play Golf, then, down below  
In the depths of the sea?" I cried.  
"We mermaids use  
The balls you lose  
In the depths of the sea," she sighed.

"Whenever you watch the bubbles rise  
On the placid face of the sea,  
Then know they are sent by a ball as it flies  
On its speedy course from the tee."  
"And, tell me, who caddies down there," I said,  
"When the mermaids collect in force?"  
"Who caddies for us?" and she tossed her head,  
"Why, the little sea-urchins, of course;  
Or an ocean swell  
Will do nearly as well;  
But sea-urchins are best, of course."

"And where do you keep your clubs," said I,  
"In a climate so damp as this?"  
"In a locker," she promptly made reply;  
"Davy Jones always lends us his.  
From the crannies and nooks in the rocks we steal  
When the soft west wind prevails;  
We drive the ball with a conger-eel,  
And we putt with the ends of our tails.  
It is no joke,  
Though we are sea-folk,  
To putt with our slippery tails."

"It's annoying to pitch from the worst of lies  
In a lobster-pot unforeseen;  
It's a bore when a whale of the largest size  
Drops plump on your favourite green.  
But we love the game, and no mermaid thinks  
For such trifles Golf to forego.  
If you hear people talk of the 'missing links,'  
You can say that it's down below.  
They may look again,  
But they'll look in vain  
For the 'missing links' down below."

"But where is the mirror of which I've heard,  
And the comb for your golden locks?  
For we know," said I, "on a sailor's word,  
You comb them among the rocks."  
"Though our grandmothers did," she said, "'tis true,  
'Tis gone very much out of late,  
They got in the way playing Golf; and you  
May know mermaids are up to date.  
You may be sure,  
Though we look demure,  
We are very much up to date."

She waved her hand and smiled. Ah me!  
When I looked again she was gone.  
Gone home to her sisters below the sea,  
And I on the shore alone.  
And the sun no more for me shone fair,  
And the blue of the sea grew pale;  
When I thought of her eyes, of her golden hair,  
And the grace of her shining tail.  
And I love so much,  
As a finishing touch,  
A beautiful shining tail.

ROSE CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY.

WEST LINTON.—Martin medal, best scores:—Mr. R. Alexander, 80 (medal); Mr. Williamson, 80, plus 6=86.





QUESTIONS ON THE RULES.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I should feel greatly obliged if you or any of your readers would give me an opinion as to what should be done in the following circumstances:—A and B are playing a match. Both their balls, twelve inches apart, are lying in sand at the foot of a bunker. A plays his ball out of the hazard, but in doing so his ball strikes B's ball, and so drives it also out of the hazard.

St. Andrews Rule XXXVI. would seem to meet the case, if it referred to playing through the green; but apparently it applies to play on the putting-green only.

I am, Sir, &c.,  
J. WILFORD TAYLOR.

[We do not remember to have met with a case like this before. So far as we can see, it is entirely unprovided for in the rules; for in our judgment all the rules from XXX. to XXXVI. inclusive refer to the method of play to be followed on the putting green. There are two aspects of the case, however, which we should like to present. Under the wording of an older rule, which the present Code has superseded, "if a player or his caddie strike the opponent's ball in any manner"—which would apparently cover the above case—"that side loses the hole." From the nearness of the balls in the case mentioned by our correspondent, one might very fairly argue that the opponent's ball could only have been dislodged from the bunker by the upward stroke of the player's club; and if this were so, the penalty of a lost hole is clear. But the rules, as framed, say nothing about a player's ball striking the opponent's ball except on the putting green; and therefore one has to judge the case rather by equity than by rule. Looking to the nearness of the balls in the bunker, and the possible chance of improving the position of the opponent, as described in the above letter, the player ought to have been cautious enough to play obliquely, or to the side of the bunker, instead of in a straight line with the ball in front. Not having done so, however, and having dislodged the opponent's ball by the force of his ball, we think that the opponent is clearly entitled to exercise an option as to whether he shall play the ball where it lies or replace it, his governing consideration in determining the decision being whether the lie of the ball has been worsened or not by the accidental displacement of the player's stroke. The above difficulty also clearly shows how right the influential committee of the Royal and Ancient were, while engaged in framing the new rules, when they proposed that, when balls lay within a club-length of each other through the green, the ball nearer the hole should be lifted. That rule was rejected, however, in favour of the present six-inch rule—a distance much too inadequate for any situation outside the putting-green.—ED.]

A LOST BALL FOUND IN NORWAY.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I have just returned from Norway, and while at Tromso I saw in a curiosity shop a Golf ball, the use of which the shopkeeper was ignorant of. I explained the game, and inquired how he procured the ball. He informed me that it was picked up recently on the Porsanger Fjord, which is the

most northerly spot in Norway, and where Golf is unknown. Evidently it had floated on the Gulf Stream to that wild spot, and the former owner must have lost that hole.

I am, Sir, &c.,  
Broxbourne,  
July 20th, 1894.  
A. E. PRICE.

REMOVAL OF STONE IN HAZARD.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR.—As I was in Jersey when the incident occurred which led to Captain Robin's first letter to you, and as he appealed to me on the subject at the time, I feel a special interest in the controversy. I then answered unhesitatingly, as I fancy most old golfers would, that the stone could not be moved. Captain Robin then confronted me with the rules, and I reluctantly came to the conclusion that under the written law, he was right, though I should have been sorry to act on this assumption in any important match. Since the revival of the controversy, a careful re-examination of the rules has led me to revise my opinion as to the written law. Indeed, I believe that I can fortify your and Dr. Purves's position by the rules as they now stand. This I propose to do by examining Rules XXX. and XXXI., which respectively deal with the definition of a putting green, and the removal of loose impediments therefrom.

Rule XXXI., says:—"All loose impediments may be removed from the putting green, except the opponent's ball, when at a greater distance from the players than six inches."

Rule XXX. says:—"The term 'putting green' shall mean the ground within twenty yards of the hole, excepting hazards."

Now let us suppose a hazard lying within this radius, say a whin bush. Clearly a stone in that whin bush could not be moved under circumstances similar to Captain Robin's case, the whin bush being a hazard, and being expressly excepted from the area in which loose impediments can be removed from the putting green. May we not then read this prohibition into the other case of a hazard on the ordinary course? If the framers of the rules had conceived that objects, whether stones or other things, could be moved out of hazards in the course when the ball, though outside of the hazard, was yet within a club's length of the object, why should they have expressly excepted hazards in Rule XXX., and by so doing, excepted loose impediments in them from the benefit of Rule XXXI.

On the other hand I doubt Rule XII. being meant in the way Dr. Purves takes it. Surely it deals with grass or fern or what not, growing or fixed, interposing between the ball and the club, the removal or bending aside of which, would make the stroke easier for the player. The reference in it to Rule XVIII. seems to confirm this.

I am, Sir, &c.,  
July 22nd.  
ERNEST LEHMANN.

EDINBURGH THISTLE CLUB.—This club met at the Braid Hills on Saturday to play for their monthly gold trophy and summer prize competition. There was a large turn-out, forty-three players competing. The trophy was tied for by Messrs. J. Bell, R. Harvey, jun., and J. S. Williamson, with a net score of 74. The following are the prize-winners and scores:—Mr. J. Bell, 80, less 6=74; Mr. R. Harvey, jun., 88, less 14=74; Mr. J. S. Williamson, 94, less 20=74—tie; Mr. W. Stewart, 83, less 8=75; Mr. J. Clement, 95, less 20=75—tie; Mr. D. Grant, 86, less 10=76; Mr. W. McLeod, 88, less 11=77; Mr. W. Small, 88, less 10=78; Mr. J. W. Barclay, 91, less 13=78; Mr. D. Plenderleith, 94, less 16=78—tie; Mr. E. A. Rhead, 81, less 2=79; Mr. J. M. Smith, 86, less 7=79; Mr. R. S. Thomson, 89, less 10=79; Mr. E. Harvey, 94, less 15=79; Mr. D. O. Smith, 97, less 18=79—tie; Mr. D. Lynn, 86, less 5=81; Mr. D. Scott, 98, less 17=81—tie. The prizes were presented to the winners in the evening by the captain at the club-room, along with the Thistle cup to Mr. J. Harvey, who defeated Mr. Duncan in the final tie.



ABERDEEN.

**VICTORIA CLUB.**—The members of this club held their usual monthly competition for the scratch and handicap prizes on Wednesday and Saturday of last week, over the nine-hole course on the links, which was gone round twice. The turn-out of competitors was smaller than usual owing to the holidays, and, on comparing the cards handed in, it was found that Mr. A. M. M. Dunn, with a score of 86, had won the scratch prize and the handicap prize for first-class players, while the handicap prize for second class players was won by Mr. W. A. Gordon, with 100, less 6=94. The following came next in order:—Mr. A. Mitchell and Mr. R. Anderson, 90; Mr. J. Stewart, 93; and Mr. D. Jessiman, 94.

**BON-ACCORD CLUB**—The members of this club competed over the links nine-hole course on Saturday for Councillor Maitland's prize for first class players. On comparing the cards handed in, it was found that Mr. Andrew Thomson was first with a score of 85, less 14=71; Mr. Alex. Smart second with 82, less 7=75; and Mr. David Hutcheson third with 84, less 5=79. The remaining cards handed in were:—Messrs. W. Smart 88, James Rattray 95, W. Leslie 97, Charles Smith 91, and James Fraser 99. Mr. Leith's prize for second class players was also played for on Saturday. Mr. Wm. Edwards was first with 101, less 10=91; Mr. Geo. Middleton second with 95 (scratch); and Mr. Joseph M'Farlane third with 96 (scratch).

**ALDEBURGH v. WOODBRIDGE.**

A match was played on Monday at Aldeburgh between the Aldeburgh and Woodbridge Golf Clubs, Woodbridge winning the match by 1 hole, the result as under:—

WOODBRIDGE.		ALDEBURGH.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. E. "Broomswell"	0	Mr. A. F. Stewart	0
Major Howey	4	Mr. J. V. Thompson	0
Mr. Pole-Soppitt	1	Mr. H. E. Wootten	0
Mr. A. Morley	0	Mr. F. D. Bright	0
Dr. G. Edwardes Ker	1	Dr. Wrightson	0
Mr. F. J. W. Wood	5	Mr. S. Duguid	0
Admiral Theobald	0	Mr. A. H. Key	10
	11		10

**BEDFORD GOLF CLUB.**

Monthly medal, July 14th:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. J. B. Forsyth	89	12	77	Mr. S. Fuller	97	10	87
Rev. H. V. Macdona	94	16	78	Col. C. E. Harenc	103	16	87
Mr. H. E. Tredcroft	91	8	83	Col. G. Hamilton	111	24	87
Rev. G. F. Aphthorp	99	16	83	Mr. W. G. Lovell	111	24	87
Mr. S. Fielder	98	14	84	Mr. N. R. Slator	104	16	88
Col. F. W. Grant	104	20	84	Mr. J. H. Boyd			
Mr. W. C. Fletcher	95	9	86	Thomson	105	14	91
Col. C. L. Heathcote	104	18	86	Mr. E. A. Holmested	114	22	92
Mr. W. R. Heneage	106	20	86	Mr. C. E. S. Innes	105	12	93

No returns from others.

**BLACKPOOL GOLF CLUB.**

This newly formed club, which has progressed most satisfactorily since its formation not many months ago, may be considered now to be in complete working order, the first prize competition for a handsome cup presented by the captain of the club, Mr. W. H. Hampson, having taken place on the links at South Shore, on the land side of the railway, on Saturday last, when the weather was very fine until near the end of play. The best gross scores were, Mr. A. H. Doleman, 90; Mr. W. H. Hampson, 95; and the net scores on the cards returned were as follows:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. G. M. Parkes	118	27	91	Mr. S. Fisher	107	6	101
Mr. A. A. Hinde	112	18	94	Mr. T. A. Barcroft	138	36	102
Mr. W. H. Hampson	95	scr.	95	Mr. G. W. Smith	139	36	103
Mr. A. H. Doleman	90	+6	96	Mr. W. H. Smith	129	5	104
Mr. F. E. Rothwell	113	13	100	Mr. W. Kenyon	126	18	108
Mr. H. Haworth	127	27	100	Mr. E. Lesch	145	18	127
Mr. F. H. Gorst	127	27	100				

Several players did not send in any returns; Mr. G. M. Parkes therefore put in the win for the prize, and received the memento. These competitions are to be played off on the third Saturday in each month until completed.

**BOWDON v. CHEADLE.**

On Saturday, July 21st, the return match between the Bowdon and Cheadle Clubs was played on the green of the former at Dunham Village in hot but showery weather. Cheadle were unfortunate in finding the Bowdon men in their best form. Mr. S. W. Gillett went round in 82, and so lowered by one stroke the record of the green in a club competition. Mr. H. Holden with 83 was only one stroke behind him, while Messrs. F. C. Morgan and M. Withington were each 85, and Mr. E. Withington was 89. Bowdon won by 62 holes as follows:—

BOWDON.		CHEADLE.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. F. C. Morgan	5	Mr. J. Merry	0
Mr. H. Holden	13	Mr. E. M. C. Macdona	0
Mr. S. W. Gillett	9	Mr. F. Bindloss	0
Mr. A. G. Hogg	4	Mr. J. H. Milne	0
Mr. M. Withington	13	Mr. J. D. Milne	0
Mr. C. H. Wolff	0	Mr. H. Mosley	4
Mr. E. Withington	7	Mr. H. W. Carlton	0
Mr. H. F. Ransome	15	Mr. C. D. Milne	0
	66		4

**CHEADLE A TEAM v. BOWDON A TEAM.**

This match, which was originally fixed for eight a-side, was played on the Cheadle Links on Saturday, and resulted in a win for the home team by 12 holes.

CHEADLE.		BOWDON.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Dr. Wilson	1	Mr. R. D. Maclaren	0
Mr. C. Hopkinson	1	Dr. Mules	0
Mr. G. G. Campion	7	Mr. E. Hulton	0
Mr. H. Davies	3	Mr. J. Pattison	0
	12		0

**CITY OF NEWCASTLE GOLF CLUB.**

**CALCUTTA CUP TOURNAMENT.**

The second round in this tournament was completed on Saturday, and some of the matches have proved to be very close and interesting. Mr. Hunter tied no less than three times with Mr. Brown, and won at the fourth essay on the eighteenth green. Mr. A. Richardson and Mr. Dickenson tied twice, and Mr. Robb and Mr. J. G. Leathart once. The following is the result of the second round:—Mr. A. C. Burnell walked over, Mr. A. C. Margary retired; Mr. A. H. Marsh (7) beat Mr. W. Cross (10) by 3 up and 1 to play; Mr. A. Richardson (6) beat Mr. A. H. Dickenson (7), retired, after two ties; Mr. A. M. Carswell (5) beat Mr. J. W. Robson (6) by 1 hole; Mr. W. D. Robb (8) beat Mr. J. G. Leathart (5) by 4 up and 3 to play; Mr. J. B. Radcliffe (scratch) beat Mr. H. H. Blair (4) by

7 up and 5 to play; Mr. J. Tennant (4) beat Mr. R. Y. McIntosh (12) by 3 up and 1 to play; Mr. A. Gregory (10) beat Mr. C. D. Ismay (9) by 5 up and 4 to play; Mr. W. G. Richardson (6) beat Mr. T. S. Williamson (6) by 1 hole; Mr. Fred Smith (5) walked over, Mr. W. J. Nimmo (12) retired; Mr. H. Simms (11) beat Mr. J. L. Owen (12) by 7 up and 6 to play; Mr. Limont (4) beat Mr. A. G. Ridout (10) by 5 up and 4 to play; Mr. J. B. Garland (12) beat Mr. J. Lockie (10) by 8 up and 6 to play; Mr. E. Hunter (6) beat Mr. J. S. Brown (6) by 1, after three ties; Mr. H. P. Bailey (10) beat Mr. C. A. Harrison (10) by 3 up and 2 to play; Mr. W. McChlery (11) beat Mr. A. J. Robinson (12) by 9 up and 7 to play. The third round must be played off on or before Saturday, July 28th.

July 21st.—Third day of the fourth monthly competition. Scores:—

Gross.		Hcp.	Net.	Gross.		Hcp.	Net.
Mr. H. Armstrong	106	22	84	Mr. J. Milton	97	7	90
Mr. G. W. Williams	92	5	87	Mr. N. S. Green	109	18	91
Mr. F. Smith	...	97	9 88	Dr. W. G. Richardson	...	104	11 93
Mr. A. Richardson	101	12	89				

Mr. J. R. Bolton retired.

DOWN GOLF CLUB.

Club monthly handicap prize.—The club monthly prize was played for on the 21st inst., at Newcastle, under very favourable circumstances, only one heavy shower interfering with the play. In consequence of the continued wet weather the greens are now in splendid order; although somewhat slow they are very true. The prize was won by Mr. H. Agnew, one of the steadiest players in the club, who on this occasion far excelled himself and scored a very popular win.

The following are the net scores of under 100 returned:—Mr. H. Agnew, 97, less 18=79; Mr. H. C. Weir, 109, less 20=89; Mr. F. L. Heyn, 119 less 26=93; Mr. W. F. Coates, 123, less 30=93.

EARLSFERRY AND ELIE GOLF CLUB.

The first summer competition of this club was held on Saturday, when the Balcaskie medal (scratch) and the Browning quail (handicap) were played for. On the completion of the two rounds it was found that Mr. Lawrence Fish was winner of both, with the excellent score of 81 strokes for the eighteen holes. The next best scores were made by the Rev. D. L. Ritchie, 88; Mr. A. F. Stewart, 88; Mr. A. J. Morris, 89; Mr. G. H. Rees, 90; Mr. J. Davidson, 90; Mr. A. Steel, 92; Mr. J. Stuart, 96; Mr. G. B. Key, 96.

The first competition for this season of the Elie and Earlsferry Ladies' Golf Club was held on Friday. In the ladies' singles competition the first scratch prize was won by Miss Pearson, with a score of 116 for the twenty-seven holes. Miss Pearson also took first prize in the handicap competition, with a score of 75 for the eighteen holes, Miss Bethuen being second with a score of 85, less 9=76. Captain Livingstone and Miss Bethuen won the first prize in the mixed foursomes, their opponents in the final round being Mr. Orr Patterson and Miss F. Brown.

FLEETWOOD.

The monthly medal competition took place on these sea-side links on Saturday, when a fair number of competitors played. Everything was in favour of good scores, as the weather was fine, and there was only a slight breeze. The best returns were:—Dr. Grimshaw, 118, less 20=98; Mr. R. F. Addie, 128, less 27=101; Mr. M. Barlow, 126, less 25=101; Dr. Penman, 102, plus 3=105; Mr. R. C. Ward, 136, less 28=108; Dr. Robinson, 160, less 35=125.

FORFARSHIRE.

The return match between Brechin v. Edzell was played on Trinity Muir course on Saturday afternoon. Owing to heavy rain, only 12 holes were played, resulting in favour of Brechin by 7 holes. Scores:—Brechin, 21; Edzell, 14.

GULLANE GOLF CLUB.

The July meeting of this club was held at Gullane on Saturday, July 21st. Close upon sixty members took part in the

draw. The players were despatched in the following order:—Messrs. G. D. Ballengall, Edinburgh, and J. A. Robertson, Edinburgh; Messrs. J. S. Gowans, Edinburgh, and H. Lugton, Edinburgh; Messrs. A. B. Thomson, Edinburgh, and T. Binnie, Saltcoats; Messrs. W. G. Glen, Edinburgh, and C. R. Hemmingway, Sheffield; Messrs. C. M'Kenzie, Edinburgh, and A. M. Ross, Edinburgh; Messrs. J. M'Call, Edinburgh, and A. M. Miller, Edinburgh; Messrs. F. Ronaldson, Edinburgh, and J. A. Molleson, Edinburgh; Messrs. G. Gordon Robertson, Edinburgh, and W. M'Gregor, Edinburgh; Messrs. Donaldson, Edinburgh, and W. T. Armour, Edinburgh; Messrs. B. Hall Blyth, Edinburgh, and G. P. Turner, Edinburgh; Messrs. M. M'Neil, Haddington, and W. M. Miller, Edinburgh; Messrs. J. Mackinlay, Edinburgh, and D. S. Duncan, Edinburgh; Messrs. A. W. Robertson, Edinburgh, and A. W. Mossman, Edinburgh; Messrs. A. Law, Edinburgh, and A. W. Sansone, Edinburgh; Messrs. C. Matthew, Edinburgh, and D. N. Cotton, Edinburgh; Messrs. W. M'Farlane, Edinburgh, and R. M'Gowan, Edinburgh; Messrs. G. A. Ormiston, Calcutta, and J. Nicolson, Edinburgh; Messrs. T. Lugton, jun., London, and Major Peplow, Edinburgh; Dr. Buist, Edinburgh, and Mr. James Gillespie, Edinburgh; Mr. H. Wakelin, Edinburgh, and Dr. Alexander, Edingburgh; Messrs. James Ballantyne, Edinburgh, and J. C. Baldwin, Edinburgh; Messrs. J. G. Croal, Haddington, and H. de Alexander, Edinburgh; Messrs. R. Muir, Edinburgh, and James Purves, Edinburgh; Messrs. J. E. Sansone, Edinburgh, and J. Gibson, Edinburgh; Messrs. J. S. Shaw, Edinburgh, and A. Hodge, Edinburgh; Messrs. A. Dryborough, Edinburgh, and A. J. Hodge, Edinburgh; Messrs. A. Davidson Smith, Edinburgh, and A. Wyllie, Edinburgh; Messrs. I. Williamson, Edinburgh, and R. Melrose, Edinburgh; Mr. J. H. Inches, Edinburgh, a bye. Last year the medal was held by Mr. A. M. Ross, whose score of 81 was a creditable performance, considering the high wind that prevailed. That this score would be improved upon was evident when the second couple had completed the round, one of the earliest cards returned being that of Mr. Hugh Lugton, who finished in 78, doing the homeward journey in 40. Mr. Lugton did the last nine holes in 38, and for a time he looked like the winner. Close behind him came Mr. Ross, who turned in 42, and was still in the running, until an unfortunate 6 at the twelfth hole rendered the chances of his retaining the medal very shadowy. With two strokes dropped at this hole, Mr. Ross failed to finish under 39, making a total of 81. Mr. G. Gordon Robertson completed the round in 79, but it was not until Mr. T. Lugton, jun., returned his card that the 78 was displaced. This promising young player was in his best form, and did the first half of the journey in 41. From this point his play was remarkably fine, his card for the last half including eight 4s and one 3, making a total of 76. None of the other scores were so low, and accordingly Mr. Lugton became the holder of the medal. The details of the two lowest scores in the scratch competition were:—Mr. T. Lugton, jun.—Out, 5 5 3 5 4 5 5 4 5=41; in, 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 4=35; total, 76. Mr. Hugh Lugton—Out, 5 4 4 5 4 6 4 4=40; in, 5 4 4 4 4 5 3 5=38; total, 78. In the handicap prize list the winner of the gold medal is debarred from ranking, and, as a result, a tie took place for the first award between Mr. Hugh Lugton and Mr. A. W. Robertson, the latter of whom did the round in 83, less 5=78. In playing off the tie, Mr. Lugton had another 78, and deservedly topped the prize list. The order of merit in the handicap competition was as under:—Mr. H. Lugton (scratch), 78; Mr. A. W. Robertson, 83, less 5=78; Mr. G. Gordon Robertson (scratch), 79; Mr. H. de Alexander, 82, less 2=80; Mr. A. W. Sansone, 88, less 7=81; Mr. J. S. Shaw, 97, less 16=81; Mr. T. Binnie, 90, less 8=82; Mr. W. M. Miller, 92, less 10=82; Mr. W. T. Armour (scratch), 84; Dr. Alexander, 92, less 8=84; Mr. D. N. Cotton, 93, less 9=84; Mr. C. R. Hemmingway, 96, less 12=84; Mr. A. M. Ross, 81, plus 4=85; Mr. J. G. Croal, 89, less 4=85; Mr. J. C. Baldwin, 91, less 6=85; Mr. R. M'Gowan, 91, less 6=85; Mr. I. Williamson, 91, less 6=85; Mr. A. Law, 92, less 7=85; Mr. A. Hodge, 93, less 8=85; Mr. A. J. Hodge, 91, less 5=86; Mr. R. Melrose, 91, less 4=87; Mr. J. A. Robertson, 97, less 10=87; Mr. J. A. Molleson, 105, less 18=87; Mr. W. M'Farlane, 96, less 8=88; Mr. J. Mackinlay, 96, less 8=88; Mr. J. Nicolson, 98, less 10=88; Mr. G. P. Turner, 98, less 10=88; Mr. A. M. Miller, 94, less 5=89.

## HEATON MOOR GOLF CLUB.

The usual monthly handicap was played on Saturday, which resulted in a win for the Glover medal and first sweepstake by Mr. Baynton, Mr. B. Marsden, jun., taking the Laidlaw medal and second sweepstake.

The following are the scores returned under 100 :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. A. Baynton ...	104	25	79	Mr. H. Hyslop ...	87	scr.	87
Mr. B. Marsden ...	101	20	81	Mr. W. E. Sockett	102	15	87
Mr. J. F. Walker...	94	12	82	Mr. A. T. Miniati...	108	20	88
Mr. A. Jackson ...	108	25	83	Mr. H. Taylor ...	104	15	89
Mr. W. J. Hunt ...	95	12	83	Mr. T. B. Glover ...	101	12	89
Mr. J. Spilsbury ...	91	8	83	Mr. W. H. Mann ...	110	20	90
Mr. J. Penrose ...	104	20	84	Mr. E. Thorp ...	105	15	90
Rev. W. H. Smartt	93	8	85	Mr. S. I. Thomson	98	8	90
Mr. G. M. Yates ...	97	12	85	Mr. N. E. Stelfox...	116	20	96

Messrs. S. Marsden and R. Scholes made no returns, or were over 100.

## MARPLE v. DERBYSHIRE.

A match was played on Saturday the 21st inst., between these clubs at Derby. Marple winning by six holes. Score :—

MARPLE.		DERBYSHIRE.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. H. P. Hill ...	2	Mr. T. C. Jeffrey ...	0
Mr. G. Sherwin ...	4	Dr. Macphail ...	0
Mr. H. Eskrigge ...	2	Dr. Johnston ...	0
Mr. R. Shepley Shepley	0	Mr. L. A. Guilman	4
Mr. G. Holmes ...	0	Mr. J. Brunton...	1
Mr. F. Barlow ...	3	Mr. C. J. Cadi...	0
	11		5

## MELBOURNE GOLF CLUB.

This club has now entered on its winter season, which promises to be a highly successful one. On Saturday, June 2nd, no fewer than thirty-two members competed for the monthly medal. Dr. Parkinson, of Malvern, turned out to be the winner. It is intended to institute a series of the bumping contests, which proved so successful last year, and members wishing to enter for them are requested to send their names to the hon. secretary without delay. The following is the list of the best cards handed in for the monthly medal :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Dr. Parkinson ...	100	16	84	Dr. MacFarland ...	111	12	99
Mr. M. Anderson...	88	scr.	88	Mr. J. M. Bruce ...	109	9	100
Mr. T. Brentnall ...	99	8	91	Mr. C. M'Lean ...	108	8	100
Dr. O. Masson ...	98	3	95	Mr. L. K. S. Mac-			
Mr. T. J. Finlay ...	108	12	96	kinnon ...	113	8	105
Mr. H. G. Callaway	112	16	96				

On Wednesday afternoon, June 6th, a set of foursomes of ladies and gentlemen was played over the club's links at Caulfield. The sides were picked by Mr. J. M. Bruce, the captain, and Mr. T. J. Finlay, the vice-captain of the club, who afterwards entertained a party at afternoon tea at the club. The weather turned out fine, though there was a strong wind blowing, and there was some good Golf shown. The result was a win for Mr. Finlay's side by 15 holes. The following are the scores :—

CAPTAIN'S SIDE.		VICE-CAPTAIN'S SIDE.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. J. M. Bruce and Mrs Lillies ...	0	Mr. T. J. Finlay and Mrs. Branson ...	2
Mr. R. A. A. Balfour and Miss Officer ...	0	Mr. M. Anderson and Miss Martin ...	3
Mr. T. S. Huggins and Miss Davey ...	2	Mr. J. Kidd and Mrs. Parkinson ...	0
Dr. Masson and Mrs. Masson	0	Dr. Payne and Mrs. Nash ...	5
Mr. N. Wright and Miss Morrison ...	0	Mr. T. Brentnall and Miss Lydiard ...	2
Mr. J. Graham and Mrs. Davies ...	0	Dr. Parkinson and Mrs. Ryan	5
	2		17

## NORTH BERWICK LADIES' CLUB.

On Friday the members of this club held their second competition for the year over the course at North Berwick, about thirty competing for a number of valuable prizes. These consisted of a gold bracelet—a scratch award—and a watch wristlet, gold Golf brooch, and silver waist buckle, as allowance prizes. A start was effected as follows :—Miss E. A. Blair Cunyngham and Miss F. H. Veitch, Miss Blyth and Miss Blanchard, Miss Evelyn Campbell and Miss Ethel M'ulloch, Miss Madeline Campbell and Miss Blanche Anderson, Miss Muriel Campbell and Miss Nellie Aitchison, Miss Adelaide Gillies Smith and Miss Olive Shaw-Stewart, Miss A. Chalmers and Miss H. M'ulloch, Mrs. Orphoot and Miss N. Roberts, Mrs. D. A. Stevenson and Miss Duncan, Mrs. Wallis and Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Dunlop and Miss Orphoot, Miss Turpie and Miss Blossom, Miss Hunter and Miss A. Hunter, Miss Gillies Smith and Miss C. Gillies Smith, Miss Smith Clark and Miss L. Smith Clark. In the forenoon play was very pleasant, but the afternoon competitors engaged in their game under difficulties, drenching showers of rain falling at intervals, causing a cessation of play for a time. The principal results were as follows :—Miss A. Gillies Smith, scratch, 65 (winner of merit award); Miss H. M'ulloch, 70, less 10=60 (winner of first handicap prize); Miss Ada Hunter, 69, less 8=61; Miss C. Gillies Smith, 65, less 2=63; Miss E. Blyth, 70, less 6=64; Mrs. Dunlop, 80, less 16=64; Miss Ethel M'ulloch, 68, less 2=66; Miss Orphoot, 72, less 6=66; Miss A. Chalmers, 82, less 16=66; Miss Madeline Campbell, 69, less 2=67; Miss Muriel Campbell, 77, less 10=67; Miss F. H. Veitch, 83, less 16=67; Mrs. D. A. Stevenson, 85, less 18=67; Miss Evelyn Campbell, 74, less 6=68; Miss Blanche Anderson, scratch, 69; Miss Blanchard, 87, less 18=69. The scratch prize was at first tied for by Misses Adelaide Gillies Smith and Coventry Gillies Smith, the former winning on playing off.

## NOTTINGHAMSHIRE GOLF CLUB.

The winners of the monthly medal competitions from January to June inclusive played off, the test being two rounds of eighteen holes; but no particularly good scores were returned. Mr. A. T. Ashwell completed the first round in 95, an excellent performance under the circumstances, but, unfortunately, was unable to finish the second round. Several members did not send in their cards. Result :—

## HANDICAPS OF 16 AND UNDER.

	First Round.		Second Round.		Net Total.	
	Gross.	Hcp. Net.	Gross.	Hcp. Net.		
Mr. H. Secretary ...	98	9	89	106	9	186
Mr. J. Bowes ...	110	10	100	100	10	190
Mr. A. N. Bromley ...	102	9	93	107	9	191
Mr. J. Johnstone ...	108	10	98	105	10	194
Mr. C. S. Wardle ...	109	12	97	116	12	201
Mr. J. Hall ...	111	5	106	102	5	203
Mr. F. T. Green ...	118	14	104	119	14	209

## HANDICAPS OVER 16.

Mr. J. Bright ...	125	18	107	123	18	212
Mr. A. Baker ...	135	21	114	119	21	212
Mr. T. G. Mellors ...	140	21	119	128	21	226
Mr. J. Addison ...	146	27	119	145	27	237
Mr. H. W. P. Pine ...	166	30	136	157	30	263

## ROYAL ASHDOWN FOREST GOLF CLUB.

The summer tournament of this club was brought to a conclusion on July 21st, Mr. Jeddere-Fisher beating the favourite, who conceded him five strokes, by 4 up and 2 to play. Mr. Fisher was round in 80, and so rather bad to beat. Details :—

First Round.—Mr. H. Lazenby (17) beat Mr. A. F. White (13), 6 up and 4 to play; Mr. J. O. Scott (14) beat Mr. F. A. Lee (11), 3 up and 2 to play; Mr. A. Lubbock (3) beat Mr. E. Lazenby (20), 6 up and 5 to play; Rev. C. C. Woodland (7) beat Mr. L. B. Burns (10), 3 up and 2 to play; Mr. R. Chignell (12) beat Mr. F. Lazenby (17), 3 and 2 to play; Mr. H. Jeddere-Fisher (6) beat Mr. W. F. Danby (16), 3 up and 2 to play; Mr. W. R. Lee (14) walked over as Mr. T. Hyde (1) scratched; Mr. G. Gardner (3) beat Mr. E. F. Noel (21), 2 up and 1 to play; Mr. J. Warner (18) scratched to Rev. A. Meyrick (10);

Rev. A. T. Scott (6) beat Mr. C. E. Green (25), 3 up and 2 to play; Mr. H. M. Braybrooke (plus 1), a bye.

Second Round.—Mr. H. M. Braybrooke beat Mr. H. Lazenby, 2 up and 1 to play; Mr. A. Lubbock scratched to Mr. J. O. Scott; Rev. C. C. Woodland beat Mr. R. Chignell, 4 up and 2 to play; Mr. Jeddere-Fisher beat Mr. W. R. Lee, 2 up and 1 to play; Mr. G. Gardner beat Rev. A. Meyrick, 1 up; Rev. A. T. Scott, a bye.

Third Round.—Mr. H. M. Braybrooke beat Rev. A. T. Scott, 3 up and 2 to play; Rev. C. C. Woodland beat Mr. J. O. Scott, 3 up and 2 to play; Mr. Jeddere-Fisher beat Mr. G. Gardner, 4 up and 3 to play.

Fourth Round.—Mr. H. M. Braybrooke beat Rev. C. C. Woodland, 7 up and 5 to play; Mr. Jeddere-Fisher, a bye.

Final.—Mr. H. Jeddere-Fisher (6) beat Mr. H. M. Braybrooke (plus 1), 4 up and 2 to play.

A further excitement was furnished the same afternoon by the news that J. Rowe, the club professional, when playing with Mr. Cecil Bigwood, had cut the record with a vengeance by going round in 69. Hugh Kirkaldy, Jack Ross, and Rowe himself, had done it in 73, and Rowe had once done a 72. All the professionals, however, were surpassed by Mr. H. S. Colt, who did a 70 last autumn. Now Rowe has outdone him. The tees were certainly not back at their farthest, still the performance is a very splendid one. Details:—

Out ...	...	4	3	4	4	4	4	3	3	5=34	} 69
Home ...	...	5	2	5	4	4	3	5	3	4=35	

ROYAL NORWICH v. BLICKLING.

Played at Blickling on Thursday, July 19th, and was notable for the fine round played by the Rev. J. E. Pease, who, playing against Mr. Deuchar, negotiated the eighteen holes (two rounds) in 38 and 38=76. Score:—

BLICKLING.		Holes.	ROYAL NORWICH.		Holes.
Rev. J. E. Pease	...	6	Mr. J. J. W. Deuchar	...	0
Rev. A. E. Black	...	6	Mr. E. M. Hansell	...	0
Mr. Fred Little	...	0	Rev. A. T. Farquharson	...	5
Major Archdale	...	0	Mr. Harold Wilson	...	1
Dr. Belding	...	0	Mr. T. Ireland	...	0
Rev. H. C. A. Back	...	0	Colonel Dawson	...	0
Mr. J. H. Mannall	...	5	Mr. E. T. Boardman	...	0
Mr. J. Gidney	...	3	Mr. C. H. A. Lock	...	0
Mr. J. T. Spurrell	...	4	Mr. P. Gabbett	...	0
Mr. C. R. Dewhurst	...	0	Mr. J. H. Gwillim	...	3
Mr. J. Fowler	...	0	Mr. W. S. C. Wilcox	...	3
		24			12

SEATON CAREW GOLF CLUB.

The seventh competition for the Club cup took place on the Seaton Links on Saturday last, in disagreeable weather, heavy downpours of rain making the course heavy going. Mr. E. C. Jackson won with a score of 100, less 22=78. But for getting into difficulties at the last hole Mr. Jackson's score would approximately have been 96. Mr. Jackson has made the most rapid progress of any of the new members of the club, and if he progresses as he has done will be a very good player. Mr. S. Walker and Mr. E. R. Lindley tied for second places with the respective scores of 91, less 8=83, and 92, less 9=83. Mr. S. Walker again had the merit score of the day, and so far this season is most likely to win the captain's prize. Mr. E. R. Lindley played a strong game going out, but got into difficulties at the second hole homewards, otherwise he would have been hard to beat. Sixteen members took part in the competition. The following are the scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. E. C. Jackson	100 22 78	Mr. G. Newby	100 7 93
Mr. S. Walker	91 8 83	Mr. F. W. Purvis	96 3 93
Mr. E. R. Lindley	92 9 83	Mr. C. Seaton	102 9 93
Mr. C. J. Bunting	96 7 89	Mr. E. W. Walker	124 12 112
Mr. O. H. Trechmann	104 12 92		

The rest of the players made no returns.

SINGAPORE GOLF CLUB.

The spring club cup was played for on Saturday, June 16th, when there was a good turn-out of members. The weather was delightfully cool, and the greens were in good order. Mr. Des Vœux was the winner, with his long handicap managing to carry away the cup. The scoring, however, was above the average of every player. The following is the result:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. E. Des Vœux	105	18	87	Mr. J. A. Gillespie	102 7 95
Dr. Hinde	95	7	88	Mr. D. Fowlie	93 +2 95
Mr. R. H. Paddy	102	14	88	Mr. J. W. B. Mac-	
Mr. H. Bryan	103	14	89	laren	106 10 96
Mr. J. H. Drysdale	101	12	89	Mr. D. Paul	111 14 97
Mr. A. W. Stiven	90	scr.	90	Mr. C. Stringer	111 13 98
Mr. T. E. Earle	99	8	91	Mr. W. Hutton	108 8 100
Mr. H. E. Daunt	99	8	91	Mr. A. Mackay	104 4 100
Mr. E. J. Robertson	105	14	91	Mr. E. J. Nanson	113 12 101
Mr. J. B. Robertson	90	+2	92	Mr. J. M. Allinson	109 8 101
Mr. R. W. Crighton	100	8	92	Mr. G. P. Hare	123 16 107
Mr. F. M. Elliot	105	12	93	Mr. G. C. Wray	133 24 109
Mr. J. B. Elcum	100	6	94	Mr. D. H. F. Grant	125 16 109
Mr. J. C. D. Jones	102	7	95		

Several other members did not hand in their cards.

The approach and putting competition for Mr. F. Warrack's silver putter came off on June 13th. The distance for the approach was sixty yards, and about half-way a net ten feet high was placed, so as to form an obstacle, and any ball touching this was penalised 1 stroke. About thirty members competed, and appended is the result. Dr. Hinde, the winner, played very steadily, and is to be congratulated on his success. Dr. Hinde, 9 strokes; Mr. J. B. Robertson, 10 strokes; Mr. W. G. Greig, 10 strokes; Dr. Fowler, 10 strokes; Mr. D. H. F. Grant, 10 strokes; Mr. W. Grigor Taylor, 10 strokes; Mr. P. A. Gillespie, 11 strokes; Mr. J. C. D. Jones, 11 strokes; Mr. R. W. Crighton, 11 strokes; Mr. J. B. Elcum, 12 strokes; Mr. A. Mackay, 12 strokes; Mr. E. J. Robertson, 12 strokes; Dr. Mugliston, 15 strokes. The other competitors did not finish their play.

SOUTHPORT GOLF CLUB.

In fine and rather sultry weather, and on links in capital condition, the members of the Southport Golf Club on Saturday played their fourth and last competition for the captain's prize. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. C. J. Mulleneaux	93	11	82	Mr. E. Leese	89 scr. 89
Mr. J. E. Pearson	85	2	83	Mr. W. F. Chad-	
Mr. S. A. Ashington	92	8	84	wick	97 8 89
Mr. A. Entwisle	94	10	84	Mr. T. O. Clinning	111 22 89
Mr. G. F. Pearson	90	5	85	Mr. H. B. Barlow	104 13 91
Mr. W. T. Rowley	93	6	87	Mr. T. E. Flitcroft	106 14 92
Mr. G. F. Smith	85	+3	88	Mr. W. E. Bland	101 6 95
Mr. W. G. Clinning	102	14	88		

No returns from Messrs. H. Sidebottom, G. C. Greenwell, W. Thomson, H. H. Perks, J. Morrison, J. H. Holme, C. Legh.

Mr. Mulleneaux put in a win for the captain's prize, and took the first sweepstake, Mr. J. E. Pearson taking the second, while Messrs. Ashington and Entwisle divided the third. Messrs. P. F. Morton, E. Leese, P. Musgrave, and C. J. Mulleneaux will play off for captain's prize, under match play and special handicap, on August 18th.

SOUTHWOLD GOLF CLUB.

A prize given by Mr. Whytock was played for on Saturday, July 21st. The following cards were returned:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. J. B. Gooding	92	9	83	Mr. A. C. Herbert	102 14 88
Rev. A. R. Upcher	118	32	86	Mr. S. W. Woollett	104 13 91
Mr. C. H. Stanley	104	16	88	Mr. C. J. Waller	106 14 92

EDINBURGH REGISTER HOUSE GOLF CLUB.—The quarterly competition for club and other prizes took place over the Braids on Saturday, with the following result:—1st, Mr. P. Grant, 90, less 3=87; 2nd, Mr. W. Menzies, 99, less 10=89; 3rd, Mr. D. Ross, 102, less 12=90; 4th, Mr. J. C. Collier, 100, less 8=92; 5th, Mr. A. Paterson, 99, less 6=93.

## STANMORE v. NORTHWOOD.

On Saturday, the 21st inst., the return match was played at Stanmore between the above clubs, the home team winning by 2 holes. The following were the results:—

STANMORE.		NORTHWOOD.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Dr. Stiven ...	4	Mr. R. H. Barlow ...	0
Mr. J. A. Begbie ...	5	Mr. H. Dane ...	0
Mr. W. R. Kermack ...	2	Mr. T. C. Brice ...	0
Mr. S. T. Klein ...	1	Mr. C. C. F. Dickson ...	0
Mr. Gibbons Grinling ...	0	Mr. P. Furnivall ...	3
Mr. H. A. G. Stiven ...	2	Mr. L. Ogilvie ...	0
Mr. B. Franklin Smith ...	0	Mr. E. H. Coles ...	3
Mr. J. Law ...	0	Mr. A. M. Hooper ...	5
Dr. Risk ...	0	Mr. H. Chipp ...	1
	14		12

## SUTTON COLDFIELD v. HAGLEY.

A match was played at Streeley, on Saturday, July 21st, between these clubs. Hitherto the Hagley team had been victorious in all their matches against other clubs. The Sutton Coldfield suffered defeat last year on the Hagley Links, and this was therefore the return match. Great interest was aroused, as each club had produced its strongest available team. The result proved a victory for the home team by a majority of 7 holes, though as regards the number of matches won, halved, or lost, the teams were level. The details were as follows:—

SUTTON COLDFIELD.		HAGLEY.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. A. E. Wilson-Browne ...	0	Mr. F. F. Chance ...	1
Hon. and Rev. R. C. Moncreiff ...	7	Rev. H. Bourne ...	0
Mr. G. S. Albright ...	6	Mr. G. Macpherson ...	0
Mr. E. E. Lamb ...	2	Mr. W. Grazebrooke ...	0
Mr. F. Jennings ...	0	Mr. E. Evers ...	3
Mr. E. Percy Wright ...	0	Mr. C. K. Harrison ...	0
Mr. H. M. Eddowes ...	0	Mr. H. Stobart ...	4
	15		8

Majority for Sutton Coldfield, 7 holes.

## TYNESIDE CLUB.

The fifth contest for the Summer handicap cup took place over the Ryton course in perfect golfing weather. Mr. James Tennant, the worthy and esteemed president of the club, was in his best game, his 41 for the second round being quite a first-class performance. His gross total was 85, and with an allowance of two strokes he stood at 83 net, a score that frequently wins, but on this occasion it was only good enough to tie with Mr. J. T. Robb, who was in receipt of thirteen strokes from the president. Detailed scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. James Tennant ...	85 2 83	Mr. R. Steel ...	101 11 90
Mr. J. T. Robb ...	98 15 83	Mr. W. West ...	103 13 90
Dr. Renton ...	110 25 85	Mr. Jas. Hiddleston ...	101 8 93
Mr. Jas. Hedley ...	93 6 87	Mr. M. Dodd ...	99 5 94
Mr. Wm. Jones ...	101 14 87	Mr. H. E. Edwards ...	125 20 105
Mr. R. Young ...	101 11 90		

## WAKEFIELD GOLF CLUB.

Leatham cup.—This competition (v. "Bogey") took place on July 14th, and resulted in a win for Mr. W. Creswick. "Bogey's" score was 78. Results:—Mr. W. Creswick (8), 2 down; Mr. J. T. Hall (5), 3 down; Mr. C. F. Badeley (3), 4 down; Mr. M. H. Peacock (9), 4 down; Mr. J. L. Lee (14), 4 down; Mr. A. H. Newbold (14), 5 down; Dr. J. Murray (5), 6 down; Mr. A. H. Roberts (14), 6 down; Mr. C. C. Roberts (11), 8 down; Mr. R. Rowand (12), 8 down.

Monthly medal. Played July 21st. Results:—

Gross Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Dr. J. Murray ...	82 7 75	Mr. M. H. Peacock ...	97 12 85
Mr. H. Russell Smith ...	96 12 84	Mr. J. L. Lee ...	106 20 86
Mr. B. Waterhouse ...	98 14 84	Mr. W. Creswick ...	96 9 87
Rev. W. J. W. Marrow ...	111 27 84	Mr. J. T. Hall ...	100 7 93
		Mr. C. C. Roberts ...	108 14 94

## WEST MIDDLESEX GOLF CLUB.

Monthly medal, July 21st. Handicaps of 12 and under:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. G. Rumsey ...	87	12	75	Mr. W. Jackson ...	95 7 88
Mr. A. Hart ...	92	10	82	Mr. J. Ryan ...	94 5 89
Mr. W. S. Hargreaves ...	91	8	83	Mr. W. C. Prance ...	99 8 91
Mr. W. F. Currey ...	95	12	83	Mr. F. Carver ...	96 2 94
Mr. H. Ludlow ...	94	10	84	Mr. F. B. Becker ...	104 10 94

Handicaps of 13 and over:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. G. C. Haite ...	96	22	74	Mr. W. Bartlett ...	106 16 90
Mr. A. A. Sanderson ...	93	18	75	Mr. H. E. Pegg ...	104 13 91
Mr. R. W. Regge ...	93	18	75	Mr. S. W. Smith ...	106 15 91
Mr. J. D. Hart ...	98	22	76	Mr. A. R. Saunders ...	107 16 91
Mr. T. G. Hewitt ...	92	15	77	Mr. C. Gibbons ...	114 22 92
Mr. H. Shepherd ...	95	16	79	Mr. J. Pritchard ...	108 15 93
Mr. P. Barlow ...	93	13	80	Mr. J. Turner ...	117 24 93
Mr. E. M. Fletcher ...	102	22	80	Mr. A. G. Low ...	108 13 95
Mr. J. Hardie ...	95	14	81	Mr. B. W. Willett ...	110 15 95
Mr. J. R. Phillips ...	95	13	82	Mr. A. P. Watt ...	113 18 95
Mr. C. M. Bayfield ...	101	15	86	Mr. J. L. May ...	129 20 109
Mr. Paget Cooke ...	106	20	86	Mr. G. C. Streeten ...	119 no h'cp.
Mr. Bradley Hunt ...	104	15	89	Mr. C. J. Mann ...	136 no h'cp.

No returns from Messrs. R. H. Woodhouse, S. Chick, J. Rogers, C. J. Rowe, W. L. Watson, H. Hall, E. Woodyer, L. Falkener, A. W. Marriott, W. B. Skinner, C. Husen, F. C. Ward, R. Shortrede, R. C. Bailey, and Colonels Parker and Menzies.

BURNTISLAND CLUB.—The annual competition for the Connel trophy, played over the High Bents course, reached its concluding stage on Monday. In the semi-final, Mr. Thomas Watt beat Mr. Ross by one hole, and Mr. Venters, with 7 up and 5 to play, gained an easy victory over Mr. Adam Wilson. In the final encounter between Messrs. Venters and Watt there was a numerous following, who were rewarded by witnessing good play all through. Mr. Watt, however, gained on his opponent, and finishing 4 holes up and 2 to play, won the trophy. A second prize, given by Captain Stevenson, was awarded to Mr. Venters.

GREENOCK.—The handicap challenge cup presented by a member of the club, and which has been competed for by over eighty members, has been won by Mr. John W. Arthur, who holds it for the first year. The cup, along with a gold medal of beautiful design, was handed over to the winner on Saturday evening. The monthly competition for the gold medal also took place on Saturday, which was also won by Mr. Arthur. The best scores were as follows:—Mr. John W. Arthur, 87, less 10=77; Mr. James W. Mories, 88, less 8=80; Mr. George T. Luxton, 90, less 10=80; Mr. P. Brown, 104, less 20=84; Mr. J. C. Aitken, 94, less 8=86; Mr. James Young, 89, less 2=87.

CALEDONIAN INSURANCE GOLF CLUB, EDINBURGH.—The competition for the manager's medal was played on Friday evening over the Braids, when the following three had the lowest scores:—Mr. T. Richardson, jun., 88, less 3=85; Mr. W. Gibson, 95, less 4=91; Mr. C. W. Hurry, 102, less 10=92.

IRVINE.—The monthly medal competition in connection with the Irvine Golf Club was played over the Eglinton Park links, at Bogside, on Saturday afternoon. The following are the best scores:—Mr. James Black (winner of the medal), 79; Mr. William Mitchell, 84; Mr. Alexander Parker, 84; Major MacGregor Highet, 84; Mr. J. Norval Murray, 87; Mr. Gabriel Steele, jun., 90; Rev. Henry Ranken, 90; Mr. Lewis Porter, jun., 90.

HARRISON CLUB, EDINBURGH.—This club held their fourth competition for the season in connection with the Cox medal over the Braids course on Saturday, when Mr. R. Coultts won with a score of 94, less 14=80.

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Yachtsmen rejoice in the bellying sail,  
A boisterous breeze, and the scent of the sea;  
To win my affections these pastimes fail,  
Golf is the game of games for me.

When the autumn sun has embrowned the heather,  
Many fly Northward by boat or by rail,  
To capture the trophies of fur and of feather,  
The red deer's horns, or the cock pheasant's tail.  
Hunting-men sigh for a Leicestershire dale,  
Give me the links, with a ball on the tee;  
Glories of shooting and hunting grow pale,  
Golf is the game of games for me.

Whatever the month and whatever the weather,  
Heedless of rain-storms or snow-storms or hail,  
Wherever the red jackets gather together—  
On London common, in country dale—  
Thither I fly when my cheeks wax pale,  
When, for a time, I can thoroughfares flee;  
Thence I return looking hearty and hale,  
Golf is the game of games for me.

Every man follows his own pet trail,  
That seems to lead most pleasantly;  
Firm to the mast my colours I nail,  
Golf is the game of games for me.

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