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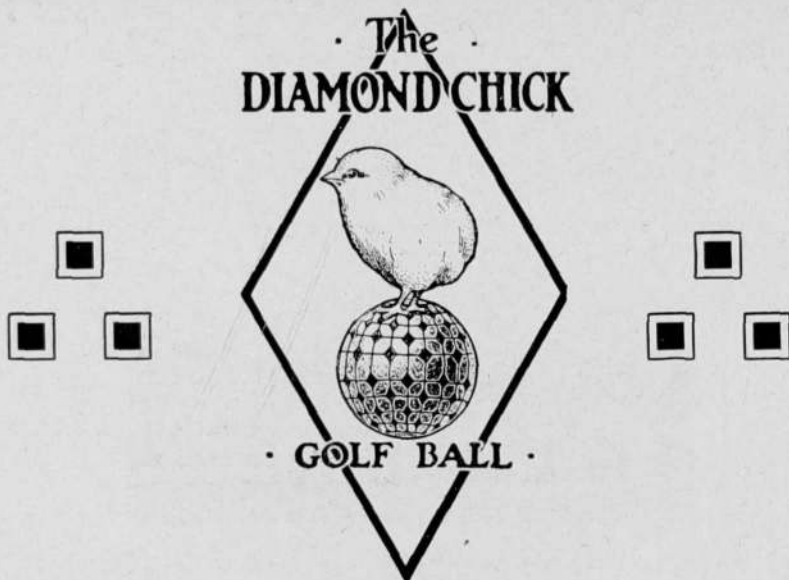
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# Canadian Golfer



Vol. 2

BRANTFORD, JULY, 1916

No. 3

## Canadian Golfer

Official Organ Royal Canadian Golf Association  
Official Organ Ladies' Canadian Golf Union  
Published Monthly

**Ralph H. Reville** - - - - Editor  
**W. H. Webling** - - - - Associate Editor  
**Mr. George S. Lyon, Toronto; Mr. J. T. Clark,  
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### Successful Financing of a Golf Club

In the May issue reference was made to the Detroit Golf Club having this season opened up another 18-hole course on its property and to the fact that by the sale of a number of valuable lots surrounding the two courses the property for golf purposes literally cost the members nothing, in fact represents a profit. The editor is indebted to Mr. Widmer Nelles of Montreal for some very further interesting details in connection with the Detroit Club and the

highly successful manner in which the Directors financed what the Detroit "Free Press" in a recent issue calls "America's Greatest Golfing Establishment." Mr. Nelles' brother-in-law, Mr. A. W. Lind, formerly of London, writes him in part as follows:—

The Detroit Golf Club's property consists of 300 acres for which \$350,000 was paid. Eighty acres sold off around the two courses netted \$550,000, so that the club has still its golf courses and \$200,000 to the good. At a general meeting held recently, the building committee was authorized to go ahead with the new club house as per plans shown on screen with lantern, the same to cost \$150,000 and the furnishings \$40,000. It will be a very comfortable building, with two complete courses entirely independent of one another and no crossing over at any one hole. It was decided to increase the membership of the club to 600. Class A membership which carries with it one share of stock costs \$1,000. Class B without any stock costs \$500. Mr. Lind states that he took the former as the increase in land values will be big inside of five years as the course adjoins Palmer

Park and is only six miles from the City Hall. The yearly fees for both "A" and "B" members are \$60. Initiation fee for new members \$250.

The distribution of lots to the members was worked as follows. The lots were numbered and cards representing the numbers put into a box and as the members' names were called alphabetically, they drew a number which decided the lot they were entitled to. The value of the lots ran all the way from \$2,000 to \$5,000. They were all taken up and many of them are now at a premium.

The Detroit Golf Club by this notable financing has secured two full eighteen-hole courses and approximately a \$200,000 club house without costing its members a cent—the lots sold cover the whole expenditure.

There are undoubtedly many Canadian courses where a similar scheme could be satisfactorily worked. Every large links has corners and odds and ends of property no good for golf but of great value for building lots. Residences near links do not deteriorate but add to the value of golfing property, besides affording members desirable locations near their favourite course and sport. Directors of many Canadian clubs could study to advantage the successful manner in which the Detroit Golf Club financed its huge undertaking.

#### The Toll of the Great War.

The casualty lists of the past few weeks have brought the great war very close to the homes of hundreds of Canadians, who are to-day mourning the loss of dear ones or are anxiously awaiting tidings of those ominously reported "Missing."

And in the lists are many, many golfers who only a few months ago were to be seen in the club-house, and on the course and whose places will be hard to fill. But "it is a sweet and seemly thing to die for one's country" and rest assured their memories will be held in fragrant remembrance.

Many clubs have their "Rolls of Honour" conspicuously framed in their

club-houses. The idea is a good one—a tribute to the brave fellows who have responded so nobly to the call of their Country, and an incentive to others to follow their splendid example. "Honour the brave, Honour their glorious deeds."

"Golfer's Foot" a New Ailment. "Housemaid's Knee" and "Tennis Elbow" we have

had with us for sometime and now comes along the "Golfer's Foot." According to Dr. Charles Cross of San Francisco, in "Golf Illustrated," New York. "Golfer's Foot" is a troublesome ailment that is liable to afflict anyone who plays golf, and in addition to the discomforts, makes the player fretful and interferes with his play. If it is neglected, the condition is likely to lead to a chain of efficiency reducing ailments, the cause of which may be entirely overlooked. Foot efficiency, it is admitted, is essential in golf, so that if you have the ailment, a description of which follows, see that you get special attention or else your game will suffer:

"Golfer's Foot" is described by Dr. Cross as "an acute condition due to distortion of the foot as a result of a broken arch in the anterior metatarsal curved area."

"When playing golf," he says, "the anterior portion of the left foot, in right-handed players, and vice versa in left-handed players, is brought into unusual service. As the drive is made the weight of the body that has been elevated in the up swing, is brought back with great force. A great part of the force is distributed to the outer half of the anterior portion of the foot, or the portion of the ossa fulcra, made up of the heads of the metatarsal bones of the third, fourth and fifth toes. The third and fourth metatarsals are generally the least used part of a foot and consequently like the ring finger in the hand they usually form the weakest portion. They are the first to give way."

Here's hoping that "Golfer's Foot" won't become epidemic in Canada. The "Golfer's Slice" and the "Golfer's Pull" are bad enough diseases already

without lugging in "ossa fulera" and broken arches in "the anterior metatarsals curved areas." The concomitant consequences are too awful to contemplate.

**When Golfing Authorities Disagree** A valued subscriber in Ottawa writes:

"James C. Ferguson, in his advice to beginners in the June "Canadian Golfer" says: 'The weight of the body should be equally divided on both legs. The weight must be kept on the ball of both feet, never on the heels (when addressing the ball.)'

"James Braid, in "Advanced Golf" page 51, says: "It must always be remembered that it is in the highest degree necessary that the stance on both feet should be thoroughly firm, and that the weight should be kept well back on the heels, particularly the right one."

"In another of his books, a small handbook for beginners, Braid says: 'Long and accurate driving is out of the question unless in the stance the weight is kept well back on the heels.'"

P. A. Vaile, the well-known golf authority, in his invaluable work, "The Soul of Golf," devotes a whole chapter to this important question of "distri-

bution of weight," and in a most amusing manner quotes Taylor, Braid and Vardon, showing how these great authorities not only contradict one another but often contradict themselves. Braid, especially, has expressed widely divergent views in his two books, "Advanced Golf" and "How to Play Golf."

Vardon, Page 68 of "The Complete Golfer," certainly bears out Ferguson's theory. He says: "In addressing the ball you stand with both feet flat and squarely placed on the ground, the weight equally divided between them."

Mr. Vaile, by the way makes out a very clever case in discussing this distribution of weight in favour of the novel theory that at the top of the swing the main portion of the weight must be borne by the left foot and leg and not the right as without exception leading authorities maintain. All of which goes to prove that in golf as well as in everything else there is always room for an argument, if argue you want to.

## Chip Shots

Remember the Patriotic Funds. Every club competition should have an entrance fee devoted to patriotic purposes.

Prominent golfers from all parts of the Empire are to be found on every battle front. The Hon. Denys Finch-Hatton, who played for Oxford in the University matches 1907, 1909 and 1910, has just been appointed on the staff of the East African Protectorate forces.

A Shakespeare morsel for the Kaiser: If heaven have any grievous plague in store

Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,

O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe, And then hurl down their indignation

On thee the troubler of the poor world's peace!—Shakespeare, Richard III.

Golfers are wondering if it was a Knighthood or the Order of the Bath that was recently conferred upon their esteemed confrere "The Weather Man." Weather or no, it has been raining most persistently since "Old Probs" received his well-deserved honour.

Our British Columbia correspondent claims that in the new Colwood course near Victoria the beautiful, British Columbia has one of the most picturesque links on the continent. And judging from the photos, our B.C. man is not "pulling the long bow." Three of the superb views of the course are produced in this issue. Some five or six others equally as interesting owing to lack of space could not be used. Colwood followers of the Royal and Ancient have undoubtedly one of the beauty golf spots of the world.

Jupiter Pluvius has had old "Col. Bogey" literally washed off the face of the links so far this season. The Colonel has been simply swamped on every golf course and "J. P." at the time of writing was still going strong.

In the detention camp at Ruhleben, near Berlin, are a large number of prominent amateur and professional golfers. They have a regular club with regular officers and are playing the game with clubs and balls furnished them by golfers in Great Britain. The Germans before the war were taking up golf enthusiastically and are treating interned golfers quite decently.

The Essex County Golf and Country Club is a thoroughly up-to-date organization. At a recent meeting of the directors, Mr. George E. Rason of Windsor, was appointed "Editor of the Club" and will see that all particulars of matches, competitions and interesting items in reference to the club and its members are properly recorded. In the years to come this data will be very valuable and interesting.

Lieut.-Col. Williams, Chief Recruiting Officer for Military District No. 2 writes the "Canadian Golfer:" "I have read with much interest the poem written by Mrs. Hammond, "There's a Battle to Fight." The spirit of the poem is excellent and should be an inspiration to those who read it. I appreciate Mrs. Hammond's patriotism in giving her husband and also dedicating her gifts to the Empire at this time of the crisis."

The Daylight-Saving scheme which has been adopted by the majority of cities has been especially a great boon to the golfer. An early six o'clock dinner these long summer evenings has allowed the players afterwards to indulge in a full eighteen-hole round quite comfortably—an impossible performance in Canada before except in the far West. It is to be hoped the experiment of 1916 will result in a universal adoption of the scheme in the years to come.

The Over-Seas Club in this issue makes an appeal to Canadian golfers to help supply the men on the fighting lines with tobacco. "The fact remains" says the appeal "that the men want tobacco more than they want anything else." Every golf club in Canada should see to it this season that the entry fees from at least one competition are devoted to this worthy fund. The organizing secretary is Mr. F. R. Jones, Room 28, Windsor Hotel, Montreal. Golf clubs of Canada, each and every one get into the tobacco line!

The other day a prominent amateur golfer was asked to give in a sentence the best tip that could be offered for the successful playing of all kinds of iron shots. According to Mr. R. E. Howard, in "Golfing," London, the inquirer explained that he did not want to have to remember two or three things or even a lot about one thing; what he required was a golden hint in tabloid form that would put him into the way of hitting the ball properly with any sort of iron club. Fortunately the consultee was not at a loss for an answer. "Straighten your left arm as you take the club up," he said. "Don't let it bend more than you can help."

The New York Newspaper Golf Club will hold a tournament on Van Courtlandt Golf Links (public course), New York, July 17th and 18th. The tournament is open to professionals exclusively—all the leading ones taking part in this competition. To commemorate this important event a handsome souvenir book will be issued and distributed broadcast, a copy of which will be mailed to every Golf Club in the world. The book will contain about one hundred pages and will be artistically printed on heavy coated stock. In addition it will contain articles written by the leading authorities on golf with a history of the pastime since its origin, down to the present day. The proceeds of the tournament over and above expenses will be devoted to the Professional Golfers' Association, recently formed—a laudable resolve.



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT  
Patron of the Royal Canadian Golf Association, who is saying farewell to Canada.

# Duke of Connaught Says Farewell

The Dominion's Most Beloved Governor-General  
Returning to England

**A** CABLEGRAM From London, June 23rd, stated that King George has given his sanction for the Duke of Connaught, whose term as Governor-General of Canada expires next October to return to England.

The news of the departure of His Royal Highness and the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia will be received with great regret throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion. It is no fulsome flattery to say that the Duke since coming here in 1911 to assume his responsible duties has greatly endeared himself to all classes of Canadians. He is undoubtedly the most popular Governor-General who has ever represented the Sovereign here. He has never spared himself in performing his exacting duties in a manner that has called forth the unstinted praise of all those in authority and all those with whom he has come in contact.

In the realm of golf he will be especially missed. He is Patron of the Royal Canadian Golf Association and during his frequent and extensive tours of the Dominion has always made it a point to visit the leading golf clubs and extend his distinguished patronage to the game. He has, unlike so many of his predecessors been Patron of the Royal and Ancient not only in name, but in fact. The Duchess of Connaught who is Patroness of the Canadian Ladies' Golf Union and the Princess Patricia, have also graced many of the Canadian links with their presence and have played the game a great deal since coming to this country. Both the Duke and the Duchess have donated handsome cups for Canadian golf championship competitions.

Their Royal Highnesses are now taking an extensive farewell tour of the

Dominion. They are spending several weeks in the west and will no doubt before their departure find an opportunity also to say "good bye" to the leading centres in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. It is generally hoped that they can do this. A special C.P.R. train is conveying the Royal party to Victoria and return, the C.P.R. being represented thereon by Mr. W. R. Baker, C.V.O. Secretary of the Company and assistant to the President. Mr. Baker is President of the Royal Montreal Golf Club, so their Royal Highnesses itinerary is in very capable "golfing" hands.

An interesting rumour is to the effect that on his return to Great Britain the Duke will be appointed the first Viceroy, under the new Home Rule regime in Ireland. His consummate tact and charming personality would find perfect scope in Dublin. No one in the whole Empire could fill so gracefully and well the Gubernatorial duties in the Irish capital, and is not the Princess "Pat" herself a "17th of Ireland" lady?

The warmest of good wishes from all classes of Canadians will follow the Royal Family back to the heart of the Empire. There are many years of extreme usefulness still ahead of the Duke and wherever he may serve he is sure to repeat the successes that have been credited to him in Canada. If Ireland is to secure his unrivalled services then the Irish are to be envied. A wiser choice at a critical time could not be made.

A toast from golfers all! Long life and happiness to the Patron of the R.C.G.A. and the Patroness of the C.L.G.U., not forgetting Princess Patricia—herself an excellent golfer.

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The "Canadian Golfer" is on sale at all leading Bookstores throughout Canada.





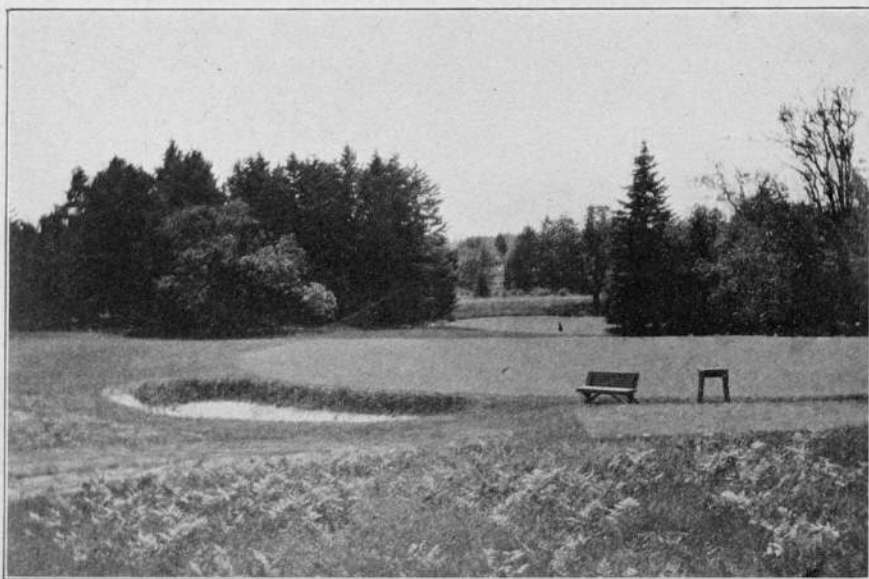
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT  
Patroness of the Canadian Ladies' Golf Union and a devotee of the Royal and Ancient.

# Colwood's Charming Course

Special British Columbia Correspondence "Canadian Golfer"

**S**INCE the completion of the Colwood golf course, Victoria, B.C. stands second to none as a golfing resort. Other places may possess more courses in their vicinity, but here we have in addition to the fact that the game goes on all the year round, two really magnificent links possessing the charm of being so absolutely different in every respect, enabling players to choose which one they like. Those rejoicing in a view of the sea, backed by the glorious snow-clad mountains of the

reader an idea of the difference between it and the Oak Bay links. About eight miles from Victoria on the C.P.R. and Canadian Northern lines you find yourself completely away from the sea and in among the magnificent oaks and Douglas firs which only grow to perfection on the coast. Colwood has an eighteen-hole course laid out so as to avoid all crossing, in fact the different holes lead off into various fairy-like and entrancing avenues and one seldom sees the other players. This makes it



The picturesque ninth hole, Colwood Golf Club, B. C.

State of Washington, can select Oak Bay, too well known by visitors to the coast to make a description necessary. I think Mr. Chick Evans in his description of American courses rates it about sixth, whilst Vardon places its greens amongst the finest on the continent.

Colwood has only been opened a short time. It was started by Messrs. A. J. Sayward, Dunsmuir, and other wealthy and sport-loving residents. The accompanying photos will give the

unique as a "flirting" course, and one has only to glance at the glorious woods on every hand to see the romantic facilities offered to the young people. Yes! Colwood is a delight to the eye and a joy to the heart. To all this add a turf similar to Oak Bay, that is perfect, and putting greens to match. Another charm to many people who are used to the crows of Ontario—you play your round at this season of the year with blue grouse hooting, California

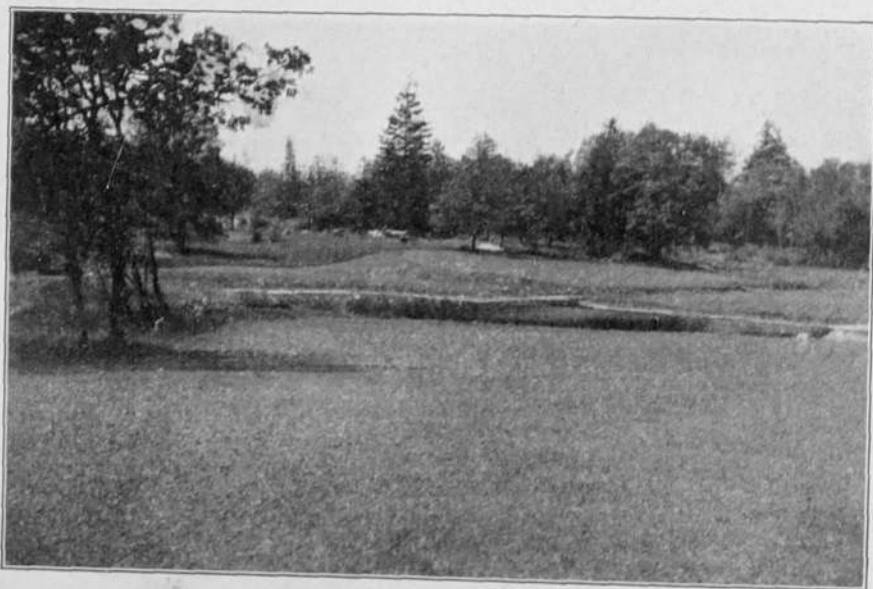


The beautiful fairway to the seventeenth green, Colwood Golf Club, B. C.

quail calling, and cock pheasants crowing on all sides, and were it not for the violent language of "The Man That's Always Down,"\* the links might truly be described as heavenly.

A unique feature of this beautiful course is contained in the fact that a

large piece of land in the centre of the property has been set aside for players to practise their shots, which they can do to their heart's content without "littering up the links," tearing up divots and generally making themselves a nuisance.



The well-placed thirteenth green, Colwood Golf Club, B. C.

In conclusion, as to management, it stands alone. Mr. A. P. Criddle, a merchant prince and an enthusiastic player, manages it entirely with a green-keeper and a few Chinamen. There are no bickerings and no trouble with capricious committee members—the curse of all clubs.

Owing to war times, the club house is not yet built. A primitive substitute has been erected however where you can house your clubs, get a meal and drink ginger pop, ad lib. All this may sound extravagant, but all I say is come and see Colwood.

Where you sniff the breeze from the fragrant trees,

Where a joy comes over your soul,

Where the pheasants crow in the vales below

Where your ball goes into the hole.

Where you play through the greens,  
with girls in their teens,

And into their faces peep,

And when weary of play you wander  
away

Where the weeping willows weep.

\*Note—Our Colwood correspondent refers to "The Man That's Always Down," and to the fact that otherwise the course could be described as heavenly. "The Man That's Always Down" figured in a capital poetical effusion in the May issue of the "Canadian Golfer." It will be remembered that he was possessed of a lurid vocabulary that would even make those "cock pheasants crowing" quail. The hero of "The Man That's Always Down," is, however, like Robert Louis Stevenson, "well beloved" from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Colwood is to be envied having him for a member.—The Editor.

## Municipal Golf Courses

A SUBSCRIBER from Victoria, B. C., sends in the following:—"Scores of cities are looking to Seattle for inspiration on the subject of municipal golf links. Consequently the following facts compiled by a writer in "The Seattle Post Intelligencer" concerning the first year's operation of the Jefferson Park Links, which were opened on May 12, 1915, should be interesting:

During the first twelve months of its operation, the Jefferson Park links entertained 35,122 players. The average daily attendance, based on 312 playing days—a suspension of 54 days being observed during the snowbound period of January and February—was 112. April was the big month of the year, showing that the game has grown marvellously, when 4,775 persons were out. During the year, there were eleven Sundays during which the number of patrons exceeded 300.

The books show that 552 annual

membership tickets were issued, 407 including locker privileges and 145 being simply for green privileges. Of the annual patrons, 472 were men and 80 women.

The total revenues were \$12,221.80, and the total expenses, \$12,334.32, but of this amount, practically \$4,000 was expended in supplies necessary for the inauguration of the links—there will never be such a bill for supplies again.

At the municipal Seattle links at Jefferson Park, a green fee of \$6.00 is charged, or \$12.50 with green fee and locker fee included, also embracing bath privileges and the like. A monthly fee for transients is charged, and a round fee of 25c. is collected. Golf clubs can be rented from the professional in charge, and clubs can be kept and cleaned at the club house at a nominal fee. The links is a full 18-hole course with a length of 6,200 yards.

Make a Hole in "One" and you get a Year's Subscription to the  
"Canadian Golfer."

# "Canadian Golfer's" Celebrities

His Honour John A. Barron, Judge of the County Court of the County of Perth

**T**HERE are few men better known or as prominent in Ontario as His Honour John Augustus Barron, K.C., Judge of the County Court of the County of Perth, a director of the Stratford Golf Club and an enthusiastic and popular follower of the Royal and Ancient game.

Judge Barron was born in Toronto, July 11th, 1850, the son of Frederick William Barron, M.A., the well-known Principal of Upper Canada College from whom some of the best known men in Canada received their scholastic grounding. The judge himself was educated at the old Cobourg Grammar School, the Laval Seminary, Quebec and Upper Canada College, Toronto. His educational career was a brilliant one. He was called to the Bar in 1873; created Q. C. in 1883 and appointed to the Bench in 1897.

His Honour has literary abilities of a high order and is a well-known legal writer. He is author of "Barron on Bills of Sales and Chattel Mortgages," and of a well-known work on "Banking and on Conditional Sales Account." He is a frequent contributor to the Press and a charming writer of naval stories for leading magazines and periodicals, and is the author of numerous addresses and papers favouring the forming of a Royal Canadian Navy

Judge Barron too has taken a very active part in the municipal and political life of Canada. He was a member of the High School Board and several times Reeve of Lindsay. From 1887 to 1892 he ably represented North Victoria in the House of Commons and was one of the "Noble 13" who voted for the disallowance of the Jesuits' Estates Bill.

He has acted as arbitrator under the Lemieux Act in labor disputes and was chairman of the Conciliation Board, which averted the threatened serious strike of the Toronto Street Railway in 1909.

As though such manifold activities were not enough Judge Barron has found time to take a very active part indeed in the work of the Anglican Diocese of Huron, of which he is one of the leading laymen and also in the crusade against tuberculosis, representing the Stratford City Council at the convention of the

Canadian Association for the Prevention of Consumption in 1906. The past two years also he has given much valuable time in a most ungrudging manner in aid of recruiting, addressing in a most convincing and able manner a large number of meetings in various parts of the Province.

As a County Judge he ranks exceedingly high and has been frequently spoken of in the Press and elsewhere



His Honour, John A. Barron, Judge of the County Court of the County of Perth.

as likely to go on the High Court Bench but the rule against the promotion of County Judges has unfortunately stood in the way of an acknowledged and well-deserved preferment. As an arbitrator his services are much in demand and his judgment is sought and respected far beyond the bounds of his own judicial district. His legal attainments in fact are widely known and esteemed throughout Canada.

Judge Barron has always been a great believer in manly sports. In his time he has "played many games" and played them all well. In his younger days he was the fancy skating champion of the country. He is a very fine horseman and a former frequent exhibitor at horse shows. Golf is now his

principal recreation and he finds in the game like so many other distinguished men the needed relaxation and relief from a very busy and very useful life.

His Honour's son, Lt. J. A. Barron, is in the Royal Navy, and is bravely doing "his bit" for King and Empire these strenuous days in which the Navy is playing such a notable part. His eldest son, who was one of the most famous hockey players in the Dominion, was unfortunately killed in a hockey match in Winnipeg some years ago.

Canada has few more able sons than Judge Barron of Stratford and Canadian Golfdom no more distinguished devotee. May he be spared long to continue his multitudinous and notable activities for "Church and State."

## Essex Golfers Good Shooters

**M**EMBERS of the Essex County Golf and Country Club who take an active interest in trap shooting have every reason to congratulate themselves on the showing made by some of the members of the club at the annual tournament of the Dominion Game Protective and Trap Shooting Association held at Cobourg, Ontario, on June 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th.

Many valuable prizes were brought home by the Windsor shooters and when it is considered that most of the prize winners are beginners in the sport; have never competed in any events of importance and have only been actively interested in trap-shooting for a few months, the showing made by them was not only a surprise to themselves but to many of the crack shots of the Dominion, who no doubt fully expected to walk away with most of the prizes.

Messrs. A. E. Drake, A. F. Healy, A. N. Lawrence, C. S. King, and R. M. Morton represented the Essex County Golf and Country Club at the tournament and competed with the crack shots of the Dominion.

In the first day's shoot, A. N. Lawrence, Manager of Sales, Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, won first place in the Merchandise event, but

was not able to remain for the finals owing to an important business appointment which necessitated his immediate return to Windsor. His departure was regrettable as Mr. Lawrence is one of the star performers of the local club and had he been able to remain, undoubtedly he would have carried off some valuable prizes.

A. F. Healy, the popular Windsor barrister, made a remarkable showing and carried off the Stephen Duncan sterling silver cup for the highest average for the three days shoot; for shooters who have never before competed in these tournaments, out of a possible 300, Mr. Healy's prize-winning score was 284. He also won the Dupont watch fob for the highest consecutive run, when he broke 55 straight.

In the two men event, Mr. Healy and W. A. Smith of Kingsville captured second honors with a score of 47 out of a possible 50.

Besides the above prizes, Mr. Healy won prizes to the value of \$65.00.

C. S. King, another beginner at trap shooting, won the Grand Consolation Handicap event and brought home with him an Ithica Trap Gun, valued at \$100.00.

R. M. Morton won \$50.00 in prizes in the Grand Canadian Handicap event

and did some excellent shooting in other events in which he started.

Howard Bates of Ridgetown, won the Canadian Amateur Championship Gold Medal presented by Mr. R. Sibbett, President of the Association. He made 99 out of a possible 100.

Before the close of the tournament, officers for the ensuing year were elected and here again the Essex County Golf and Country Club men carried off many of the honours, and were successful in having the tournament allotted to Windsor in 1917, when it is expected about two hundred trap gun enthusiasts and the best shots in the Dominion will be present.

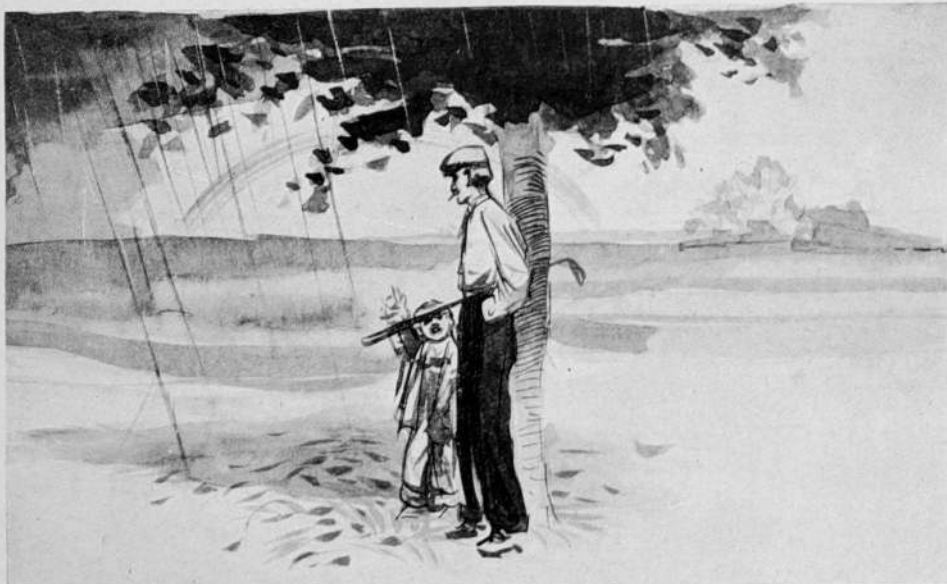
In the selection of officers for the Association for 1917, the following were elected: W. A. Smith, Kingsville, President; C. A. King, Walkerville, 1st. Vice-President; Frank Stotts, Essex, 2nd Vice-President; A. N. Law-

rence, Ford, Secretary; C. S. Vance, Tillsonburg, R. M. Morton, Windsor, A. F. Healy, Windsor, Executive Committee.

It is expected next year's tournament will be a huge success and judging from the officers elected nothing will be left undone to make the event the most successful ever held by the Dominion Game Protective and Trap Shooters' Association.

That the representatives of the Essex Golf and Country Club proved themselves good sports is evidenced by the fact that Windsor was selected as the most appropriate place to hold the tournament in 1917.

Congratulations are in order to the members of the Essex County Golf and Country Club who made such a creditable showing against the crack shots of the Dominion.



## "The Rain, it Raineth Every Day"

(In Memoriam of the Major Days of June)

The disappointed golfer stood and cussed till all was blue,  
 A thing disgusted golfers are mighty apt to do—  
 But what "got him" completely, and made him cuss again,  
 Was when his bright young caddy asked him kindly to explain  
 What they meant by "Dry Ontario" when its mighty like Touraine."

—"W."

# "The Use of the Brassie"

Jas. C. Ferguson, Professional, Spring Lake Golf and Country Club,  
Springfield, N.J.

**T**HE brassie should be held the same as the driver (between 1st and 2nd joints of fingers), weight of body on ball of feet, knees slightly bent. The swing should be the same as with the driver. The club should be kept back from the ball about one inch. Address ball in line with toe of club. Both elbows must be bent a little at top of swing; hit from top of swing and follow through. The body must turn on hips, don't sway the body. The club should be about half an inch shorter than

driver. As the brassie is one of the most useful clubs in the bag, a person should practice a lot with it. Don't try and scoop the ball. Hit the ball and follow through. Remember the weight of the body must come through with arms and club. Have the driver and brassie about the same weight.

Do you want distance? Get your pro. to put the "spring" in the shaft of your club underneath the grip. This only applies to wood clubs.

Do you want good direction? Take line of play from front of left shoulder.

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## Golf Federation Urged for the Entire World

**I**N a recent number of "Golf," P. A. Vaile, who has been an agitator in lawn tennis, advocates the formation of what he styles "The Federated Golf Association of the World." Vaile writes in part as follows:—

"I do not care to waste words writing about the idiotic state of the regulation of the game of golf in the world. America is a land of keen business men. Surely it must be obvious to them that it would be in the best interests of the game to move in the direction of establishing the Federated Golf Association of the World.

"This naturally would call into being the Golf Association of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. It does seem most absurd that this has not been done before. Incidentally the formation of the Federated Golf Association of the World would allow golf-

ers to compete in the world's amateur championship, a by no means unenviable title, now to be won here, anon in England, and again elsewhere. Above all, there should be uniformity in the laws. There should be no drifting apart.

"Moreover, speaking generally, it is not good for golf or any other game to let the festoons of cobwebs cluster too thickly about it as the traditions of golf do if given any chances whatever."

Vaile also takes the governing body abroad to task for barring the Schenectady putter, used by Jerome D. Travers. He adds that as the law stands now there is hardly a legal club in any bag at any tournament; also that every socketed driver is illegal, likewise every cleek or iron club of any description wherein the shaft runs through the head.





## A Two-Foot Putt

The following capital poem from the facile pen of Mr. F. P. Betts, K.C., London, appeared in an early issue of "Golfing," the first paper published in the States devoted exclusively to the Royal and Ancient game:

'Tis curious from his favorite game how much the golfer learns:  
He picks up lessons, day by day, whichever way he turns,  
Not least among the useful gifts the ancient pastime yields.  
He learns becoming modesty amid the verdant fields,  
At first, with fatal pride elate, the tyro pants to shine,  
"If fame has honours to bestow," he vows, "they shall be mine."  
He burns to drive the ball a mile—falling says "pish" and "tut,"  
And he looks with simple scorn upon a

two-  
foot  
putt.

But by and bye he breaks a club, and as the days go by,  
He finds success lies not so much in muscle as in eye.  
An ounce of skill than pounds of force he learns is better far.  
He ponders—and, unlike the moth, no longer craves the star.  
No—wiser grown he ceases now first principles to shirk,  
Draws in his horns, shuns "gallery" for profitable work,  
Admits the iron has a use—e'en the niblick for a rut,  
And even condescends to try a

two-  
foot  
putt.

Thus always wisdom comes with years, and as the seasons pass,  
He ever grows more sapient, 'mid the bunkers and the grass.  
Till with inverted reason, he almost sets at nought  
Mere length of drive—that boon of which he once so fondly thought—  
You shall hear him warn the novice, who, with boundless faith in might,  
Prepares, with frantic swing, to knock the "gutta" out of sight,  
"Long drives, my friend, are very fine, but I trust you won't feel cut,  
If I hint your time were better spent on a

two-  
foot  
putt."

And so it is—in golf as in the grave affairs of life  
You can't despise small things and yet be victor in the strife  
You must put pride in your pocket; bring your haughty spirit lower  
And be content to plod and drudge, ere you essay to soar.  
Your heart may be too proud to bow, your neck too stiff to bend,  
But it's saepe stilum veritas that does it in the end.  
Neglecting that, too late you see the doors of victory shut,  
As your foe walks off triumphant on a

two-  
foot  
putt.

So don't suppose your play has reached the zenith of its power  
Because without an error you have golfed a single hour.  
The next has told another tale with fozzles, schlafts and worse,  
With broken clubs, and language quite of moral the reverse.  
Reflect upon the fall of pride, and as you homeward stroll  
Without a shred of piety, and little grace of soul,  
Confess, on this occasion, that your wheat has turned to smut,  
And perhaps, e'en yet, you've not quite passed the

two-  
foot  
putt.

Drive home the lesson—cultivate a fitting frame of mind;  
Let patience march abreast of you and modesty behind.  
It may be, on occasions, you feel goaded to the pitch  
Of hurling clubs and caddy-bag into the nearest ditch.  
Well, let them go—to-morrow you can pay a little boy  
To go and fish them out again—you'll welcome them with joy.  
But mind—don't swagger and affect a consequential strut,  
Because in ten you've only missed one

two-  
foot  
putt.

Then abjure the son of Nimshi. Let your rival set the pace  
You'll ne'er by overdriving make him supplicate your grace.  
Your drives may pass him by a rod on each of the eighteen.  
Yet do no more than steel his heart, to beat you on the green,  
But play your iron unerringly. 'Twill penetrate his soul,  
And you'll have him weeping copiously at the eighteenth hole.  
Now—eye on ball, feet firm and mouth—emphatically shut  
And he won't derive much comfort from your

two-  
foot  
putt.

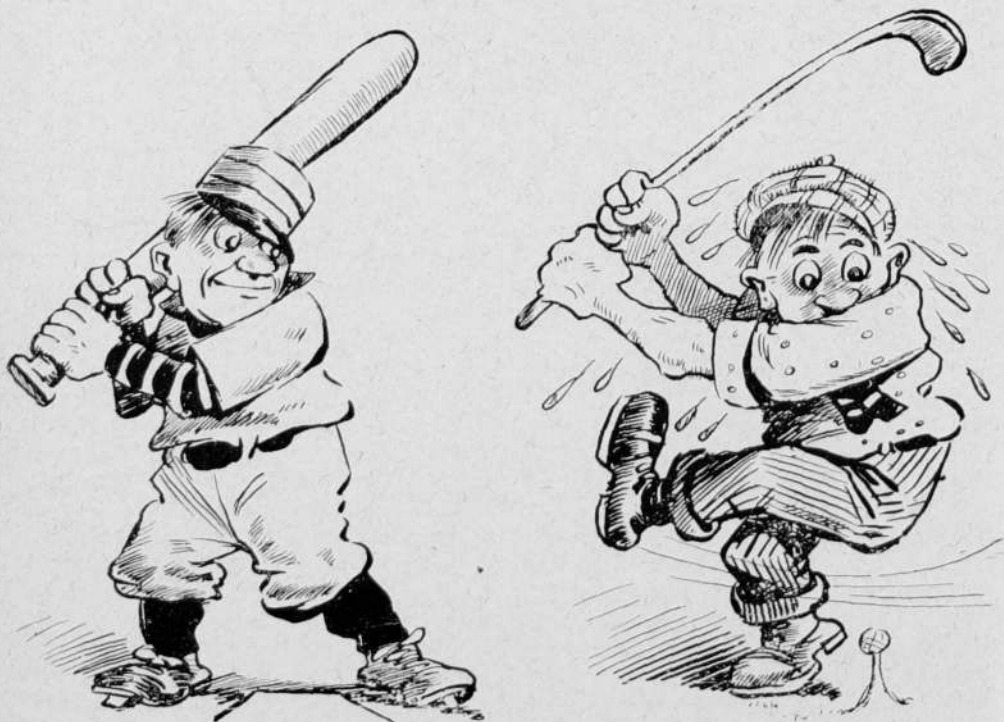
# Fore! Mr. Tyrus Cobb is Driving

Mr. McLinn,\* Editor of the "American Shooter,"  
in "New England Golfer"

I can close my eyes and see that drive as clearly as though I was standing on the eighteenth tee of the golf links at Augusta, Georgia, and the ball was taking its long journey. I suppose I have seen long drives, I know I have seen straighter drives, I suspect that I have seen drives that accomplished more in the general purpose of holeing out in the least possible number of strokes. But I insist that I never had seen before, have not seen since and

extraordinary. Ty was just learning the golf game and was the possessor of a slice—and it was a bear of a slice, too. We had played 17 holes on the splendid Augusta course and were ready to drive off from the last tee.

"I'll bet you a ball I beat you this hole and I'm going to show you a drive that will beat your best one by a hundred yards," Ty remarked as he fixed the little mound of sand. I accepted the bet, because while I knew



"The Big Leaguers at Work and at Play."

never will see again, a drive which so impressed me.

The driver on this occasion was Tyrus Raymond Cobb, baseball player

\*Mr. McLinn was for many years Sporting Editor of the Philadelphia Press. In his interesting article he tells about Big Leaguers who play golf.

he could beat my drive I had played the game more than he and reasoned that my second and third shots would be productive

Ty uses a heavy driver, with much whip to the shaft, and he brought that bludgeon back as far as it would go—then he swung it forward with the won-

derful power that is in those arms, accustomed to slamming a bat against a baseball for home runs, triples, doubles and singles. Believe me, he hit that tiny golf ball square on the nose; it started on its long journey.

Now there was a woods to the right of the tee; it was, I should say, roughly estimating it, 25 yards from the tee and extended 100 yards parallel to the fairway of the course. Well, as I have said, Ty was the possessor of a slice, and being a left-handed player, his slice was to the right.

That tiny white sphere jumped into the air like a bullet from a rifle, curved gracefully to the right and sailed through and over the tree tops. At times it was lost to view, but it appeared again between the trees and kept going higher and higher as it advanced. At last, it cleared the woods entirely, curving gracefully to the left and dropping earthward as the force behind it was spent. Then, when it hit the turf and began to roll toward the green, it was on a direct line from the man who had hit it—and just 300 yards away.

I confess that this is a weak description of this remarkable drive. It had to be seen to be appreciated. My object in trying to describe it is to impress upon the folks who have not seen a baseball player at golf, that the average baseball player sure can hit the "baby pill," as they call it. For the topic assigned to me was, "Big Leaguers Who Play Golf."

I have played golf with a number of diamond laborers and Cobb is not the most proficient of these on the links, though he is regarded as the greatest baseball player in the world. Of the ones I have played with, I think the crown lies between Christy Mathewson and Chief Bender. Both are cunning, crafty, deliberate pitchers, who depend upon brain as well as brawn to get them victories on the diamond—and that is precisely the way they play the Scottish game.

Mathewson, because of his greater experience, probably would win in a long match. He is a steady player—one who studies his approaches and

putts like a Ouimet or a Travers, Matty can hit a long ball, but this is not a mania with him, as it is with others. He realizes that the drive is only the beginning and has devoted most of his time to perfecting the short game. I have been told that he used to spend hours on the Polo Grounds, after the morning drill, learning to use his irons. One of his favorite stunts was to place his cap on the turf, stand away 15 or 20 yards and try to drop a golf ball on the headgear and make it stick there or thereabouts. It is said that finally he could drop it "there" a number of times without a miss.

Won't you agree that the man who strives so persistently to attain perfection is likely to get pretty near it in the course of time?

Bender, in golf, as in baseball, trap-shooting, billiards and the many other games at which he is wonderfully adept, is a "money player." That is, he invariably turns in his best card when there is something at stake. At other times, he is likely to do a lot of experimenting, caring little about the final result.

To illustrate: Last Summer, the Chief visited the Lu Lu Temple Country Club links, near Philadelphia, for the first time. This course had just been completed and while most of the holes were ridiculously easy, there were some natural hazards which were tricky and awfully difficult. One in particular, the seventh, required a loft over a quarry; on the other three sides it rolled back into the quarry; on the other, it went into a road which was practically unplayable.

The Lu Lu golfers all were novices, either in part or in the whole. When the Chief joined the club and announced his intention to play there, they prepared for some fun. They had heard about his prowess on the links and expected him to run into heaps of trouble on that seventh; also on the fifth, which required a well-placed shot over a nasty ravine—a mental hazard, if nothing worse.

The Chief came, he saw, he conquered. In other words, after the first journey over the nine-hole course, he

turned in a card of either 39 or 40—I know it was one of the two. And the best previous figures, made by a famous professional, had been 38. The crafty Indian knew that much was expected of him, knew that there would be a good laugh at his expense if he fell down, and he delivered, as he nearly always has delivered when playing any game under similar circumstances.

Among other prominent ball players with whom I have played golf I might mention Eddie Collins, of the White Sox; Charlie Dooin and Honus Lobert, of the Giants; Jack Coombs, of the Brooklyns; Harry Davis, of the Athletics, and Jack Lapp, a former Mackman; Jimmy Walsh, also a Mackman; Grover Cleveland Alexander, the great pitcher of the Philadelphia National League club; Sherwood Magee, of the Boston Braves, Earl Moore, Otto Knabe, George McQuillan and a number of others whose names I can't just recall. Of these, Coombs was the best. He really is a crack golfer.

The fondness for golf displayed by the average big leaguer is but natural—he loves to hit a ball and in lieu of a baseball and a bat, a golf ball and a club with a wood or iron head will suffice. The big league player usually trains at some popular winter resort, where men and women with money hie themselves to escape the snow and ice of the North. Golf always is the big game at these resorts and between practice seances, or when it rains, the diamond performer plies driver, brassie and iron—if the manager allows it.

Some managers profess to object to golf during the playing season, but none has advanced a good reason for that stand. They have said that the swing of a golf club differs from that of a baseball bat, and that it puts a good batsman "off his stride"—that he gets to cutting a round swath with the bat, hitting up at the ball and "popping up" instead of swinging straight and getting line drives. Such good batsmen as Cobb, Collins and Coombs deny this. Cobb and Collins do very little golfing during the season, but it is because they desire to conserve their energy for the strenuous work of the

afternoon and not because they fear the effect on their batting. Coombs takes advantage of every opportunity to go round the links in the morning, as does Matty—except when they are carded to pitch in the afternoon.

In this connection, I am reminded of Sunday, July 3, 1915—a day I shall not soon forget. I had invited Alexander to go with me to a Philadelphia club and play golf. He readily accepted. We started early Sunday morning and played all day—fully 36 holes, if not more. After dinner, Alex. suggested that we start home early.

"We have a double-header on with the Giants to-morrow, you know, and I am slated to pitch one of the games," he said.

And then it struck me that I was in a position to get myself severely disliked by Manager Moran, the players of the club and the Philadelphia fans. The Phillies were leading in the race for the pennant and needed to win the games. If Alex. lost and it became noised about that I had tired him out on the golf links, I would be rather unpopular, I figured.

The next day, which was the Fourth of July, I started on a trip to the Pacific Coast, and it so happened that I could not get a newspaper until two days later when we were passing through Canada. I had been worried in the meantime, and you can imagine with what feelings of relief, not to say joy, I turned to the sporting page and discovered that Alexander had shut out the Giants with one hit and a bingle, a rather lucky one, made late in the game by Merkle.

The day on the golf links surely did not hurt Alex.; it must have tuned him up. However, I would not want to repeat the experience.

I have said the two best players among the diamond laborers—of those I have played with—were Mathewson and Bender. I will predict that in ten years they will be second to another, and he will be Tyrus Raymond Cobb. Ty is the sort of a fellow who enters a thing with his whole heart and soul. That is precisely the way he is going to enter golf—I say going to enter, be-

cause he has not seen fit to put his best foot forward on the links.

Ty has made up his mind, and I believe a good many persons will agree with him, that a left-handed player never will be so successful as the man who plays right-handed. The king of baseball players is naturally right-handed, except at bat. Consequently, to avoid throwing himself off his stride in the manufacture of base hits, he hits a golf ball like he hits a baseball.

"When I retire from the diamond. I'm going to throw away my golf sticks," Ty told me last Autumn. "I'm going to buy a set of clubs for a right-handed player, start at the very bottom and learn the game over. And I'll be playing in the 70's right along before I die, too."

Ty will do just that. A lot of folks think he is a born ball player—that is, his wonderful hitting, base running, throwing and fielding come natural to him. That is true, in a sense. But don't overlook the fact that the Georgian has made a study of the national pastime from every conceivable angle. If you would talk to him for 15 minutes, he would surprise you by showing you how much science enters into his diamond work; how he does seemingly impossible things because he has spent days and weeks reasoning out the best and most successful way to do those things. He will play golf that way, too.

I might mention that one of the most recent converts to the golf game is Connie Mack, the marvelous leader of the Athletics, the man who has no superior as a builder of baseball machines. Connie plays the game all winter long at the Pine Valley club in New Jersey, near Philadelphia. I don't know how expert he has become, because I never have had the opportunity to enjoy a round of the links with him. But I'll bet a dime or so that he is shooting in the 80's. Like Cobb, Mack is a student and he'll stick to his sticks until he knows them every one.

Harry Davis, by the way, plays the game with two clubs, a mid-iron and a putter. He'll never threaten the champion, but he really plays a very good game.

In fact, it is true that all ball players are wonders at the long game, but as a rule woefully weak at the short game; in other words, "home run kings" and "bunt boobs." So if you have won a cup or two and play a game a bit above the average, you can safely bet almost any big leaguer that you'll beat him a round of the links. But take my tip, and don't bet him that you can drive a longer ball. He may slice one into the next county and back again, but the power in his mighty shoulders and arms will get it "thar or tharabouts." I watched Cobb and I know.



**T**HERE will be a number of holes made in one during 1916. The Editor will give a year's subscription to the "Canadian Golfer" to any player on a Canadian links who accomplishes this feat, particulars to be verified by the Secretary of the Club.





**THE BRITISH AMATEUR CHAMPION**

J. L. C. Jenkins, "Larry of the Links," British Amateur Champion, has been recently playing a few rounds at his home links at Troon. He has quite recovered from the wound he has received and has been granted a commission in the 8th Camerons and returned to the front. His brother Leslie, who was wounded in the same engagement as was the Amateur Champion, is now an officer in the Machine Gun Corps.

# The Mystery of the Grove

Mr. W. H. Webling

**O**LD Peter Grindley was narrow of form, narrow of mind and narrow by nature. In many respects his disposition resembled the genus crab, in saying which an apology is possibly due—the crab.

By clinging closely to business for nearly forty years, by figuring everything out on a dollar-and-cent basis by giving as little as possible and gripping with rapacious claw anything of value that might come his way, Peter managed to accumulate a fair sized fortune, together with certain internal complaints curiously connected with the liver, the nature of which necessitated the services of a specialist, who after a careful examination, strongly advised Peter to renounce all thoughts of active work in connection with the business, and take up golf.

At first Peter rebelled furiously at this verdict on the part of an unkind fate, but the stern warning of the specialist, in conjunction with the unprejudiced advice of his own family doctor, resulted in an unconditional surrender.

In due course, therefore, Peter Grindley was elected an active member of the Hollowdale Golf and Country Club and became the possessor of a second-hand bag, a collection of discarded clubs and a heterogeneous mass of battle-scarred balls, secured at a great bargain from the professional, who long since had given up all hopes of their disposal at a profit. Then with Darcy Bowman, a very decent young fellow under certain financial obligations to him, (well secured) as "guide, philosopher and friend," Peter started out to acquire some knowledge of the science and mystery of that very difficult proposition known as the Royal and Ancient Game of Golf.

Peter was not exactly a patient or even an appreciative pupil, and many's the time young Bowman had to clench his teeth and hold tight to prevent him actually assaulting the irritating, cantankerous old man. After a while,

however, Providence came to the relief of the sorely tried young man, for Peter had decided to accept the invitation of his medical adviser, Dr. Charles Leemington, to accompany him on a short trip to Scotland, there to play the king of games upon its native heath. Darcy Bowman heaved a sigh of relief when he heard the good news, and was promptly lost to sight for several days, taking the rest cure, it was claimed.

Dr. Leemington returned from his brief visit rather earlier than expected, but Peter had elected to remain, and from all one could gather from the genial doctor, this decision on the part of his companion raised no very serious objections from him.

A trifle over two years elapsed before Peter Grindley returned to his native city, and his first appearance at the Hollowdale links created somewhat of a sensation. Attired in a comparatively new and rather ill-cut suit of Scotch tweed, carrying a big bag containing a varied collection of new clubs, Peter promptly proceeded to take some of his former opponents into camp, much to their chagrin and certain financial loss. Indeed he succeeded in lifting a silver cup and annexing a sweepstake before the Match Committee came out of their trance and reduced his previous generous handicap to one more in accordance with the improved state of his game.

It was discovered that Peter during his pilgrimage to Scotland had settled near St. Andrews. There he secured the constant services of a Scotch professional, whose devotion to the game was only equalled by his devotion to whuskie. Under this brilliant but erratic performer it must be admitted that Peter made remarkable strides in a very short space of time and had developed a game that was far above the average for so old a man.

Of course when this news became generally known among the members, it made a decided difference. The generous handicaps hitherto allowed

Peter on account of his age in the usual matches, foursomes, etc., were off. Never a favourite, Peter soon found difficulty in getting a game under any condition. As for the caddies, they would rather quit than carry his clubs, for he paid less and abused them more than any player on the course. Hence, he was reduced to playing around alone, against the mythical Colonel Bogey or his own best score.

One damp, drear afternoon in the late fall, Peter was playing his usual lonesome round and had just reached the 13th green, where he prepared to putt. Chuckling to himself in high good humour at his average of four for the first twelve holes, he took particular pains to make the putt, a rather difficult one, and keep up the good work. Carefully taking his stance, he was about to speed the fickle ball on its delicate mission, when from a small, thick grove of dark, dwarf oaks situate adjacent to the green, issued the uncanny sound of a strange human voice, raised in rasping derision. "Ah, garn, yer old stiff! Cawn't 'putt for nuts—strike me pink. Whato!"; followed by a cackle of crazy laughter that echoed weirdly on the still air.

Peter glared fiercely round in the direction of the grove and yelled ferocious threats at his unseen tormentor, but in vain. They were but greeted with a repetition of maddening jeers.

"Curses on you," choked Peter in a frenzy, seizing a club and running towards the grove. "Just let me get at you, you young imps of Hell, I'll show you!" You see Peter had concluded it was the work of one of his natural enemies, a caddie, trying to queer his game.

But not a sign of humanity could he discover, not even a boy, though he searched far and near, scratching his face and barking his shins as he scrambled through the thick undergrowth in his vain endeavour to locate the elusive enemy.

Simply speechless with rage, Peter at last gave it up, and returned to the club-house as fast as his thin legs could carry him, to enter a scorching complaint with the caddie master.

The following day, nothing daunted, Peter again sallied forth to play his lonesome game. The weather was still dull and threatening, the course practically deserted, but with grim determination he played hole after hole till he arrived at the fatal 13th. Again as he attempted to putt that voice screamed out its insulting remarks. "Fore on the green! Garn! Cawn't putt for nuts, strike me pink. Whato!"

"Damnation!" cried Peter, shaking with impotent rage. "I'll have those young devils jailed if it costs me my last nickel!" But again he had to give up the game and return to the club house in a state of mind baffling description.

That night he kept the telephone wires hot, calling up the club directors, from the President down. The officials who knew him confounded his impertinence. Those who did not concluded he was a lunatic at large and shut him off. The following day again saw Peter on the warpath. The caddie master in the meantime had made a very careful investigation, and was emphatic in his assurance that none of his regular boys were guilty, that there was not the sign of a human being within gunshot of the grove, further that he, Grindley, was trying to make trouble for him with the directors, that he, the caddie master, was an honest, God-fearing man with a good reputation and a large family; and in conclusion that Mr. Grindley must have been suffering from sunstroke, or labouring under an hallucination. All of which only added to the exasperated state of Peter's feelings, and he wended his weary way, leaving a trail of profane abuse behind him, which fortunately failed to reach the justly indignant and highly respectable caddie master, who happened to be a shining light of the local Methodist church.

With inward doubt and trepidation, Peter slowly approached the fatal green, casting uneasy glances the while in the direction of the grove. In spite of every effort to control his feelings, there is no doubt that Peter was deeply worried. His heart pounded hard against his ribs. Would he again be



interrupted or allowed to proceed?—time would tell.

Not a sound was heard as he took out his putter and took his stance. "Aha," thought Peter, "my complaints have done some good. I've scared the young scoundrels away at last. Now perhaps I can play my game in peace."

"Ah, garn, you mutt, cawn't putt for nuts! Strike me pink, I'm a dub, whato! Ha-ha-ha-ha! Woh!" shrieked that fiendish voice, in a scream of scathing derision, calculated to upset the mental equilibrium of a much better balanced mind than Peter Grindley's.

"Good Lord!" groaned that unfortunate man, almost collapsing from the strain. "This will drive me mad! It's awful, simply awful!" he muttered, as with palsied limbs he turned for the last time from the haunted grove and dragged his stumbling steps back to the club-house. Without a word to anyone, he changed clothes, and with bowed head and bent shoulders, returned to the modest apartments he called home.

It was Peter's last attempt. Slowly but surely he lost grip of things. His mind became enfeebled, and eventually

it was necessary to confine him in a private sanitarium.

Some months after the events recorded in this little narrative, a green parrot, the property of a widow who lived near the links, a relict of an English professional formerly employed by the club, again escaped from the close confinement of his cage and almost scared the wits out of a bibulous gentleman putting alone on the 13th green at the time. Visions of D. T.'s and vows of reformation commenced to float through the brain of that startled gentleman, but fortunately, one of the men connected with the club was working near by and quickly grasped the situation. After some difficulty, the loquacious bird was finally captured, but not before venting his wrath on the inoffensive groundsman in a manner totally unfit for publication.

Thus the mystery of the grove was solved, but too late to be of benefit to Peter Grindley, who had previously departed this very excellent world to one where climatic conditions were distinctly unfavourable to the proper cultivation of greens and the best interests of the game.

## Some Golf Don'ts

These simple rules may help some player to correct a fault in his play.

1. Don't look at the top of the ball, but at the right side.
2. Don't draw in the arms.
3. Don't use a high tee.
4. Don't take the club back too quickly.
5. Don't make a perceptible pause on the up-stroke.
6. Don't press.
7. Don't waggle too much.
8. Don't strike the shoulder with the club.
9. Don't overswing. You will get better results if your club does not pass the horizontal.
10. Don't sway the body.
11. Don't drop the right shoulder.
12. Keep a good hold on your club. It is no excuse to say, "The club turned in my hand." You had no business to let it turn.
13. Don't stand too near the ball.
14. Don't turn the body before the club.—"Golfers' Magazine," Chicago.



# Advice to Incurables

By Alex. Smith, Open Champion, United States, 1906-1910

**T**HERE are golfers—plenty of them—who the more they play, the worse they play. They have read all the books, they have taken lessons from all the teachers within reach, and still they cannot achieve a respectable game; and by this I mean long game, which is the same thing in the minds of most of our middle-aged amateurs. If they could only drive decently they would be pretty well satisfied, even though no single piece of prize pewter ever graced their sideboards. For these unfortunate gentlemen I have a word, and, I trust, an enlightening one.

In my experience as a teacher I have had to deal with some desperate cases, considered from a medical golfer's standpoint, and I have learned to recognize the more common and deadly forms of disease. These I reduce to three, for, while there are other minor ailments, they are not absolutely fatal; they do not prevent the golfer from achieving something that resembles a game.

For instance, a player finds great difficulty in getting his ball well into the air, particularly on the brassy shots, so-called. He hits hard and the ball sails, but time and again it is so low that it fails to clear the distant hazard. On other occasions it is the plain ordinary "top" that reduces him to despair.

Now, it is more than probable that the whole trouble is due to the fact that this golfer has never got it into his head that the club must get down to the root of the ball. He has been looking at the top of the ball and telling himself that the club must take the ball with such marvelous cleanness that the ground is not touched in the slightest. Consequently, he is always hitting a ball a bit above the belt, which means a low trajectory. If he is not quite so accurate as usual, a "top" follows as a matter of course.

The cure in this case is ridiculously easy. The player has only to get down to the ball and matters will quickly right themselves.

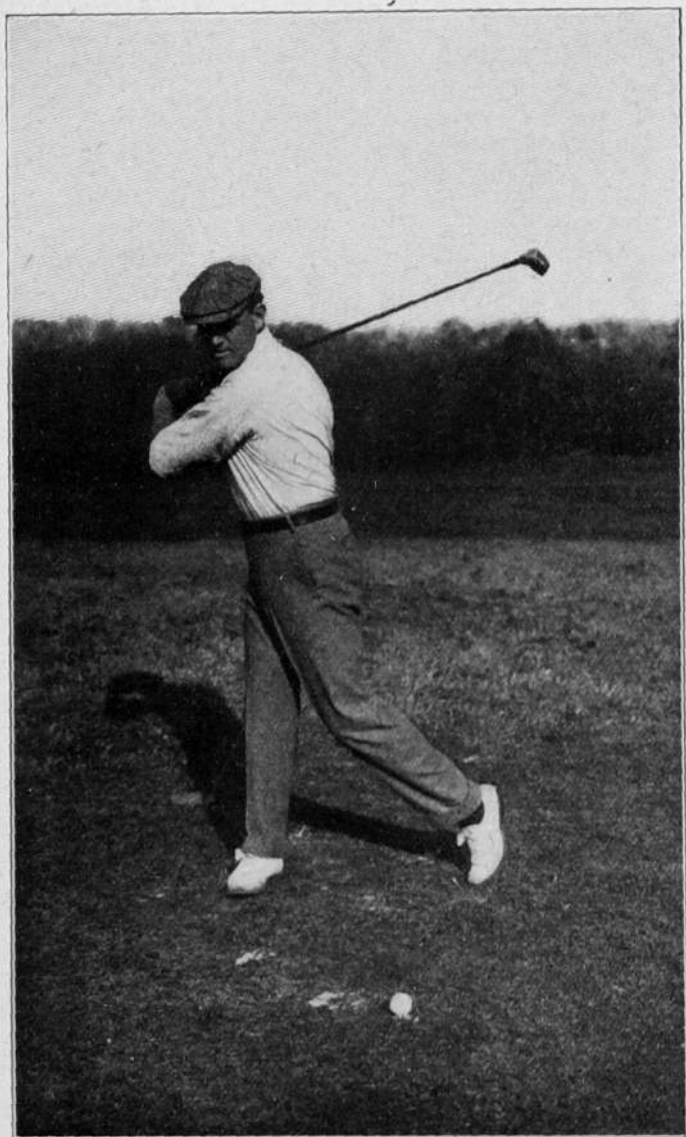
Again, there are golfers who are naturally inept at all forms of outdoor sport. Hand and eye do not work accurately together, and they are just as bad shots and billiard players as they are golfers.

For this class the general or constitutional treatment is their only hope. And this general treatment is simply hard, continuous and conscientious practice. Hand and eye must be trained to work in unison, and practice is the only possible way of bringing this about. A player who labours under this natural disadvantage is never likely to become absolutely first class; but he may obtain a respectable position on the handicap list if he thinks it worth the price. All depends upon himself, provided, of course, that he has not acquired any of the two or three deadly sins that make all golf impossible, and which I will take up further on.

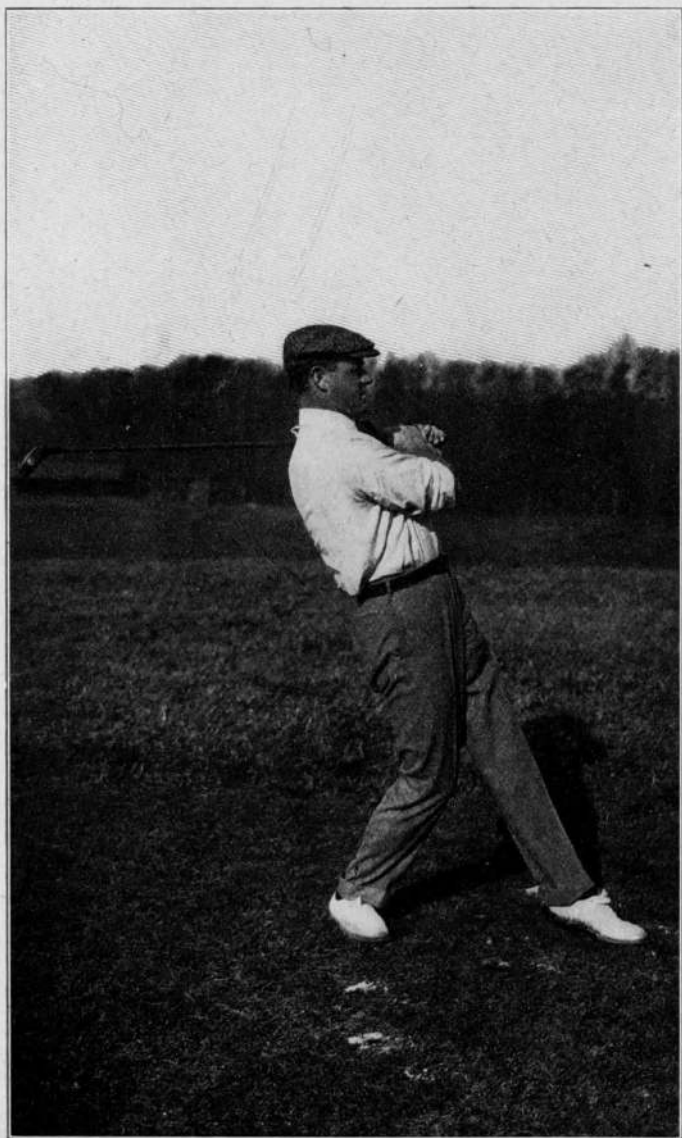
Minor faults are legion and may be dismissed from the present discussion, for the simple reason that they are not permanent disorders of the golfing system. They are not organic, but functional disturbances, and left to themselves they run their little course and disappear. Nature is the healer in these cases, and the cure is best left to her.

Keen, intelligent men who like to think of the game as a science and who try to play it as such, are all the time falling into mannerisms and tricks of style, which temporarily may improve their game—sometimes to a remarkable degree. "Now we have it at last," they say, "and it is all in a stiff left wrist. Keep the left wrist like a poker, my boy, and you have the secret of golf."

Well, they go on playing with an ab-



Rising on Left Toe and Swaying Body



Falling Back, Weight on Right Foot, Caused by Pulling Club  
with Left Hand



Wrong Bending of Left Wrist

normally rigid left wrist and really accomplish great things. They would do quite as well if they were to tighten up the right wrist instead of the left, for their whole success lies in their confidence that they have discovered the one thing that makes golf. By and by two or three strokes go wrong. The player tightens up his left wrist still more (and incidentally his whole body as well) and begins to press in order to recover his momentarily departed form. Of course, there is a general smash-up, despair, a casting about for another theory, a new discovery, and the whole business over again.

Let us treat these poor theorists ten-

derly. Their ambition is a noble one, and they are always the keenest of golfers and the best of sportsmen. Golf could not do without them any more than they could do without golf. All I can say is to warn them that the first business of a golfer is to hit the ball, and no system, no theory, no great and inner secret can do that for you. Clean hitting is the foundation upon which everything else is builded.

Coming now to our subject proper, there are three mistakes in particular against which I desire to warn you. So long as you persist in these vital errors you will never be a player, and you must first learn to recognize the

symptoms before proceeding to cure the disease.

Rising on the left toe, at the same time keeping the left knee stiff, is a virulent and common disorder of the golfing system. The inevitable result is that the player is unable to see the ball, unless he sways his body over to the right and out of the correct vertical position.

The cure is simple. Let the left knee relax and turn in towards its fellow. You will then be able to swing the body around in the correct vertical plane and the ball will remain comfortably in sight. The left heel leaves the ground when it gets ready to do so and not before. Let it be clearly understood that swaying the body to the right is absolutely destructive of good golf and that if you stiffen up your left knee this same swaying is the inevitable consequence.

Another chronic disease shows itself at the end of the swing, where the player falls back, thereby depriving his stroke of a large percentage of its power. The difficulty here is that the body has not entered properly into the swing. As the club head goes through the weight is kept upon the right foot instead of being transferred to the left heel, and the player is obliged to fall back in order to keep his balance at all.

As I figure it out, the difficulty arises from the fact that the player tries to pull the club through with his left hand. That allows the right shoulder to drop, and so the weight is kept back on the right foot and the body cannot come through. The player who adopts my theory about the right hand and forearm being always in command, will not be troubled by this tendency to fall back. The right shoulder will be kept up, the weight will be transferred to the left foot at the proper moment, and the full power of the player's body will be thrown into the stroke. It follows that golfers, who hold to the generally accepted theory that the golfing stroke is principally made with the left, are in especial danger of getting into the falling back habit.

The last, and perhaps the worst, of the ills to which golfing flesh is subject,

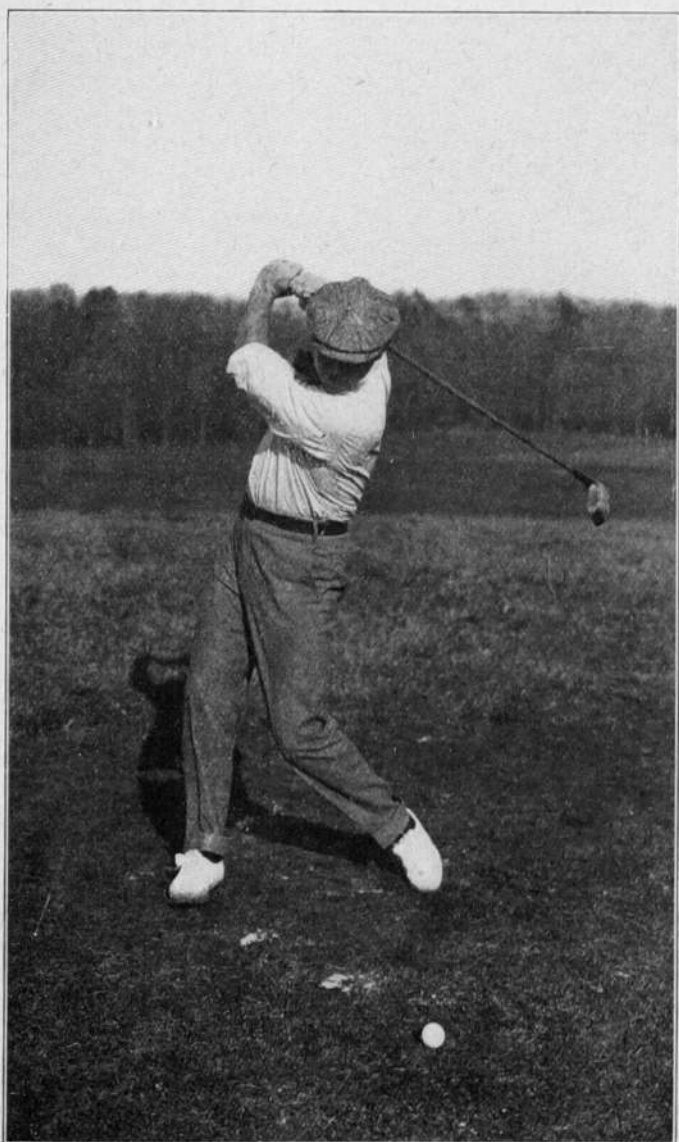
is the wrong bending of the left wrist. Study the illustration which shows the incorrect position and then compare it with the true wrist action, as depicted in several of the photographs of the earlier lesson chapters. Then take your natural swing, and, holding the club in its horizontal position behind your neck, step up to a mirror and look at your left wrist. Never mind about the right one; that will take care of itself; it is the left one whose position is important.

Now, if it is bent, as shown in illustration for this lesson, you will have to get it put right, or give up all hope of ever becoming even a passable golfer. Neither power nor accuracy is possible unless the wrists work freely and naturally, and in the common error illustrated above they could not be less free, or more unnatural.

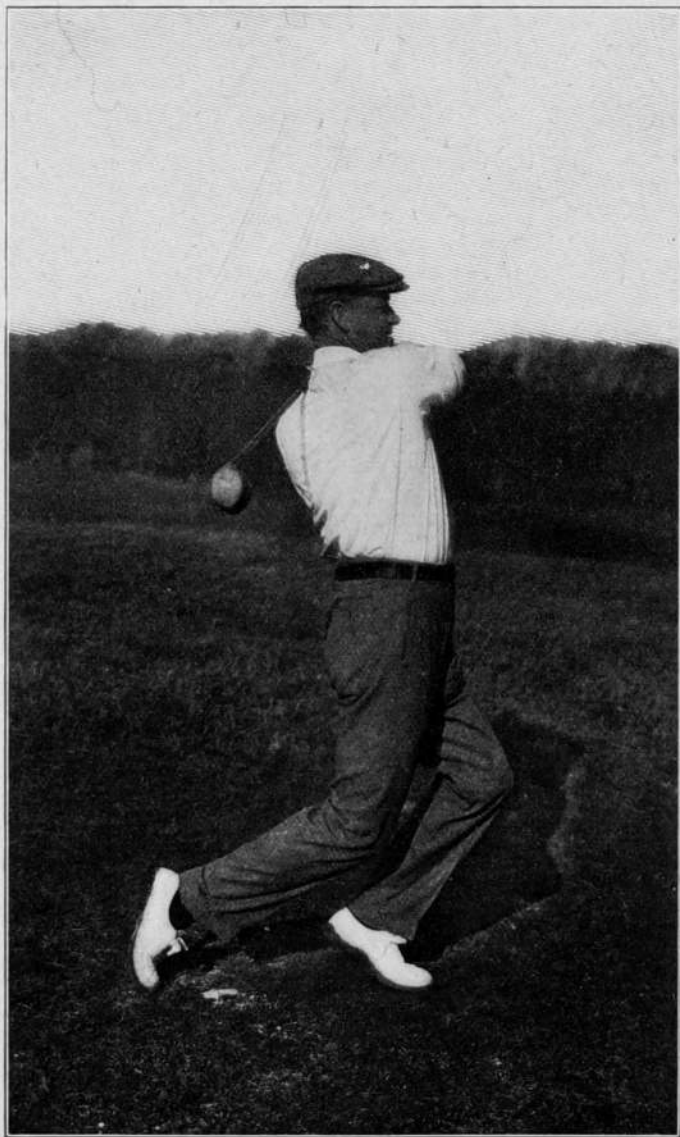
There is a cause, of course, and in the great majority of cases I diagnose it as due to the pushing out of the left elbow as the club goes back. If I am right, the remedy is equally obvious—keep the left elbow in and let the wrist turn towards the body so that you can see the full back of the left hand. This ensures the proper wrist action and adds immensely to the power, speed and accuracy of the stroke.

There is little more that can be said, in a general way, for the benefit of golfing invalids. The best plan is, of course, to see a physician personally, since nearly every case calls for special treatment. All I have endeavoured to do is to describe, as clearly as I can, the more common of the really dangerous maladies, so that you may be able to recognize them and apply the simple household remedies I have suggested.

As a rule, shorten up your swing when you fall into streak of bad play. It is a common fallacy that the longer the swing, the longer the ball driven by it; and yet experience is constantly teaching us that that is by no means the case. Into the long, loose swing all kinds of golfing heresies may creep quite unnoticed and unfelt; then their deadly work begins and we are undone. Curiously enough, with the long, loose swing we are very apt to tighten up the



Overswing (at Top)



A Bad Finish

grip, and that means pressing, with its usual consequences. The sick man in golf must play well within himself, if he wants to regain his wonted health, and this advice applies with particular

force to the convalescent. We all go off our game now and then; but if it is essentially a sound one, and we are willing to let Nature take her time about it, she will work the cure.



## Dr. Vardon Dies on Golf Course

**I**T was with feelings of genuine regret that golfers throughout Ontario heard of the passing away on Friday, June 30th, of Dr. T. W. Vardon of Galt.

A correspondent from that city writes: "The dear little doctor was game to the last. Although owing to his advanced age, he was in his 75th year, he had recently not been feeling as fit as usual, on Friday afternoon he went out to the golf course for his usual round. He was playing with Mr. R. Wilkinson and negotiated the first difficult ravine hole in six and the long No. 2 in eight, when at the third hole he complained of feeling weak and rested in the field for a while. Dr. MacKendrick, who was also on the links, went to his aid, and administered a hypodermic, after which the doctor expressed himself as feeling much better and walked to the club-house.

Within an hour he was stricken a second time, and with Drs. Wardlaw and MacKendrick, who were quickly called, he passed peacefully away about 5.30.

Dr. Vardon was Medical Officer of Galt. Twice he had been Mayor and took a very active part generally in the affairs of Galt. A bright and witty speaker he was the life of many a golf dinner.

He has passed away but his memory will long linger not only among the residents of Galt, but with warm friends throughout the Province.

One of Dr. Vardon's happiest golfing experiences was whilst playing with Mr. E. L. Gould of Brantford, in a match a few years ago. He negotiated the 9th hole in Galt in one. He was never tired of recording this really memorable feat. To the bereaved widow and children the heartfelt sympathy of golfers will go out.

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## Amateur Golfer is U. S. Open Champion

**H**EARTY congratulations from Canadian golfers to Mr. Charles Evans, jr., (Chick of the Cheery Smile!) who last month at the Minikahda links, Minneapolis, crowned a golfing record of wonderful brilliance by annexing the Open Championship—the blue ribbon of American golf. Thus for the third time in four years premier honours have been carried from the annual tournament by an amateur, and this time by the best score since the formation of the organization in 1894.

The best previous score was 290, made by George Sargent at Englewood, N. J. in 1909, and by Walter Hagen, when Evans was runner-up with 291.

Evans won the title with a margin of two strokes, for Jack Hutchinson a professional of Pittsburg, Pa., by clipping one stroke from the course record of 69 set by Evans the first day, turned in a card of 68 for the afternoon round,

which gave him a total of 288. J. M. Barnes, Philadelphia, professional, was third with 290. Par for the course is 72 and the course record was 70 until lowered a stroke by Evans, and then another stroke by Hutchinson. The distance of the course is 6,150 yards.

J. S. Worthington, Mid-Surrey, London, amateur, the only English entrant, finished in a tie for forty-second place with a total of 313, while H. C. Fletcher, Winnipeg, the sole representative of Canada, was forty-fourth with a card of 314.

There is no more finished golfer anywhere than "Chick" and he well deserves the premier honours of the U. S. golf world. Here's hoping he will wear the dual crown by also winning the Amateur Open next September in Philadelphia, a feat which has never yet been accomplished.

## Canada's Tobacco Fund

**T**HE Fund to provide Tobacco for the British Troops from overseas, which was originated by the Over-Seas Club, and of which Canada's Tobacco Fund forms the most important part, has issued a statement to the end of April showing the amount received during the 19 months of its existence.

Canada heads the list with contributions amounting to upwards of \$120,000, and over \$100,000 has been raised in Australia and New Zealand. Including the penny contributions of the children of the elementary schools of the Old Country, which exceeded \$100,000, the total money reported to the end of April was close on \$600,000.

The contributions from Canada are devoted to the comfort of the Canadian boys at the front, and if each of the 100,000 men now representing Canada

on the firing line is to receive one of the weekly packages arranged for by Canada's Tobacco Fund through the Over-Seas Club, it is obvious that the sum of \$25,000 is required every week to provide a 25c. package for each of these 100,000 men.

We have seen a number of appreciative replies received from the men and officers at the front and we hope our readers will respond generously to the requests being made for further help. Any who can render assistance are invited to communicate with Mr. Francis R. Jones, Organizing Secretary, Room 28, Windsor Hotel, Montreal.

The "Canadian Golfer" strongly recommends the Fund to members of the golfing fraternity throughout the Dominion. Every club should get up a competition in aid of this deserving object.

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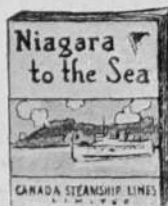
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# Died on the Field of Honour

W. G. Laird Pays the Supreme Sacrifice

**G**OLFERS throughout Canada, two or three weeks ago, heard with deepest regret of the death in France of Co.-Sergt.-Major W. G. Laird, better known in Canadian Golfdom as "Bill" Laird. He came to Canada from Scotland some ten years ago—a genial young giant with a "mighty swing" and a thorough sportsman in every sense of the word. In company with "Ed." Legge, a most finished golfer and who is also serving at the front, he quickly made for himself a name on the links playing for the Toronto Club and taking part in and winning many club matches and tournaments. Everywhere he was popular; everywhere he was a welcome contestant in golf tourneys. A finer, fairer golfer ne'er teed a ball. Going West he made an enviable reputation for himself on the courses out there. That he also "played the game" in the terrible contest being waged in Europe goes without saying. He has made his last shot, but his memory will be held in fragrant remembrance in golf club and on golf courses throughout the East and West. Big, genial "Bill" Laird has paid the supreme sacrifice, but he has died as he would have wished to, fighting for King and the Empire he loved so well.

## Mr. Lyon's Appreciation

Mr. George S. Lyon, Canadian champion, writes the "Canadian Golfer:"

Toronto, July 4, 1916  
Editor "Canadian Golfer—"

On my return from Philadelphia last week, I heard with deep sorrow that

W. G. Laird had been killed at the Front. Laird was for a few years a member of the Toronto Golf Club and he was a favourite with the members. He was a jolly, genial, good fellow and a keen golfer. I well remember his long swipes. I don't think I ever played with a longer driver than Laird. Of course he had a wonderful reach, as he stood about 6 feet 4 inches in height, and he put every ounce of his weight and strength into the stroke, with a result that he got wonderful distance. The last occasion on which I saw him was at the Canadian Amateur Championship held at Ottawa the year Hutton of Beaconsfield won the event. Laird was drawn against the late Bertie Austin in the first round and was beaten rather easily, but it must be remembered that Austin on that occasion was playing at his best and most golfers here know how good that really was.



Co.-Sergt.-Major W. G. Laird, one of the foremost golf players of Canada, who has been killed in action

Laird was runner-up to Ned Legge (Canadian Ex-Amateur Champion) in one of our Lambton G. & C. C. tournaments, a few years ago when we had a very strong field. He was a fine type of man, a good companion and a very loveable chap and his death will cause much sorrow and regret to his many friends and golfers in the East.

## A Tribute From Winnipeg

Writing in his paper, the "Winnipeg Saturday Post," L. R. Plunkett, one of Winnipeg's leading golfers pays the following tribute to the late Co.-Sergt. Major W. J. Laird, three times Manitoba champion and who was well-known in Toronto before he got the Western fever:



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"Golfers have learned with sorrow just to get the ball out. He would bring all his power into force getting 200 yards or more with ease and sending the ball to the green.

Laird (..Bill..) who has been killed in action in the French theatre of war. It seems only a few months ago since we were watching this powerful and truly great player on the links defeating Ed. Legge in the final of the Manitoba championships in September, 1914 and winning the title for the third successive year. The news of his death was contained in the casualty list on Wednesday, and many a tribute to his value, not only as a player but as a man, was paid by the great legion of friends he had in the city. Flags were flown at half mast at the Country Club and Bird's Hill in honour of his memory.

Laird's value as a golfer was achieved because he had the most essential qualities necessary to success in all games. Of fine physique and build—he stood 6 foot 4½ inches—and with powerful wrists and forearm, and no end of grit he had everything to carry him, had he lived, to the very front rank of world's players. Those who played against him and who saw him play marvelled at his power, his long and slashing drives from the tee, his wonderful iron shots out of seemingly impossible positions and his unerring accuracy on the greens making him an almost invincible player in this part of the country. I say "almost" invincible because there was one man who could give him a good game, and one man only, and that was Legge, the ex-Canadian champion, who had defeated him in the Country Club championship in 1914 and who carried him to the 36th hole of that year's Manitoba championship.

Laird's greatest quality as a golfer was undoubtedly his brilliancy when "up against it"—when playing his ball out of some difficult lie, whether on the fairway, in a bunker or out of long grass, and from hazards from which the average player would be content

just to get the ball out. He would bring all his power into force getting 200 yards or more with ease and sending the ball to the green.

We had an instance of his greatness in his last championship when it was only the facility with which he played difficult shots which enabled him to triumph over Legge. I have been looking up the files of "The Post" to see what I had to say about that game, and I reprint one short paragraph:

"It was only the remarkable putting and wonderful recovery shots by the champion that saved him from defeat. His driving was, to say the least, uncertain, for he pulled and sliced almost alternately and had little control from the tee. On numerous occasions the ball went off his wooden clubs into some sort of difficulty, and one would be heard to remark, 'Ed. gets this hole.' But it was not so, for the big fellow played with just as much ease out of the rough as his opponent from the fairway, and Legge was generally straight for the pin."

Here we had him in all his greatness. A pull or a slice are generally looked upon as bad shots, but in this instance they could not be classed as such for "Bill" knew what he could do, and so he hit out. It didn't bother him where the ball went for he picked it up neatly with his iron just as if it had been lying in some mossy lie on the fairway.

Laird learned his golf in Scotland, and before coming west was rated as one of the very best in Toronto. In company with George Lyon, Legge and one other player, whose name I cannot for the moment recall, the quartette were invincible in inter-club matches and met with success wherever they went, even into the States. His death is mourned by the ever increasing number of golfers in Canada. I feel that I have lost a brother rather than a friend."

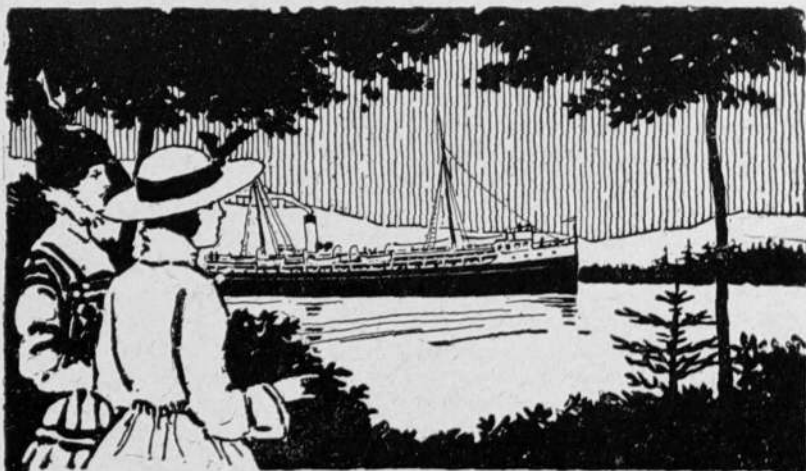
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Mr. Gordon McGregor, General Manger of the Ford Motor Company of Canada, and a director of the Essex County Golf and Country Club, whose brother, Lieut.-Col. W. L. McGregor of Windsor, is commanding Officer of the 241st Battalion to be raised in No. 1 Military District, has made a donation to this unit of \$25,000. The ruling of

the Department of Militia is that the Government cannot pay for kilts, but will permit individuals to make up the difference in cost between the regulation trousers and the Highland uniform. Mr. McGregor's princely gift will make it possible to outfit the 241st as a kilted battalion. It is understood that recruiting for this unit will commence soon.



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# Banff Golf Tournament

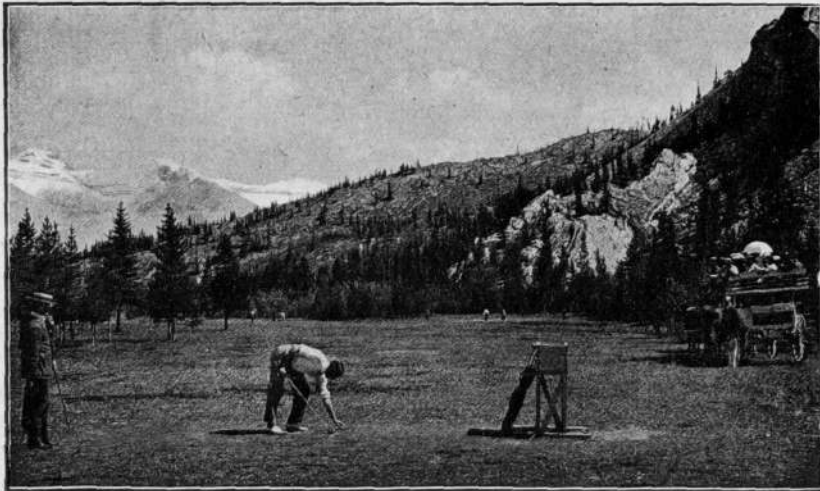
Special Correspondence "Canadian Golfer"

**T**HE Banff Golf Club Tournament, postponed from Victoria Day on account of snow, was played on Saturday, June 10, with everything in its favor. It was a soft grey day of the sort beloved of golfers, and the first players started at nine o'clock in the morning and it was late in the afternoon when the last players came in. Only twenty scores were unreported.

The silver cup given by the Banff Spring Hotel and the gold medal were won by W. Griffin of Vancouver with

D. Matheson of Banff with a score of 80, 92 less 12; and J. Miller of Calgary with 80, 100 less 20, tied the fourth medal, and played off for it Sunday morning. The play was exciting and level until the last hole, when Mr. Miller had a putt of four feet at the last hole to tie again, and missed it, giving the second bronze medal to Mr. Matheson. Mr. Matheson's score was 78 and Mr. Miller's 79.

It was an 18-hole score competition. The playing was of such unusual ex-



The first hole on the Banff Springs Golf Course

a score of 69, 83 less a handicap of 14. Mr. Griffin's score was made all the more remarkable by the fact that he is left-handed. He is a steady player and the particular feature of his golf was the perfection of direction. He was straight to the line all the time.

The silver medal was won by J. Rudolph of Calgary with a score of 72, 86 less 14. He just missed the cup at the 17th hole. He laid fifteen feet from the hole, taking four putts, which cost him the cup and the gold medal.

W. Turquand of Vancouver, one of the best players in western Canada, won the first bronze medal. He was decidedly the favourite of the tournament, but he was off his game and did not play to form.

cellence that several players made scores which ordinarily would have won medals and counted nothing at all. Among these was J. Gorman of Calgary, president of the Alberta Motor Club, who with a number of other members of the club motored up from Calgary for the tournament. Mr. Gorman's score was 81 and he stood sixth.

A number of ladies went out to watch the tournament and had tea with the golfers at the club house after the game.

A ladies' tournament will be held at the golf club in the month of July and will be open to ladies from any place in America. They will play for a solid silver cup given by the Brewster Transfer Company.



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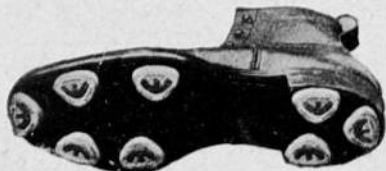
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# Ladies' Golf Department

Edited by Florence L. Harvey

The "Canadian Golfer" is the Official Organ of the Canadian Ladies' Golf Union  
Address all communications to Miss Harvey, 40 Robinson St., Hamilton, Ontario

**I**N these days when no one has more than a few spare moments for golf—and some do not take even that much time—it is a great help to realize how completely our British cousins, have followed the noble example of the French and Serbian women and have placed the need of the nation so far above every other consideration that no kind of work daunts them—I know girls in Great Britain and am proud to say two of them are Canadians, who have been washing dishes in military hospitals for over a year—as their voluntary work for the country. Some forms of patriotic work open to women are most interesting, some heroic, but it does take true devotion after having been accustomed always to every comfort and luxury to deliberately chose dish-washing as your volunteer work for the war—probably because it is hardly a popular vocation.

I am quoting some extracts from the golfing supplement of the "Gentlewoman" which give some little idea of the work being done by the golf girls in Britain—and may possibly be of encouragement and inspiration to players out here. This sketch of the work in Kentish counties will interest because of the references to our own boys—and also because Miss Gladys Ravenscroft always entered tournaments from Bromborough. Miss Chambers is ex-champion of India and one of the longest, if not indeed the longest woman driver in the world. Very, very few can get anything approaching the distance she does with a long iron club shot—especially with a cleek. Mrs. Dobell (Miss Ravenscroft), Mrs. McBeth (Miss Muriel Dodd) and Miss Chambers have for years headed the victorious Cheshire team in county matches and in 1912 and 1913 held the British and the Indian between them. Miss Barry is another fine golfer who drives a wonderful long ball with wooden clubs. All

four are members of the English International team.

What was once the club-house of the Bromborough Golf Club is now a well-ordered hospital containing some thirty beds, and as it was established and is being run by the members of the local V.A.D. the lady members of the Bromborough Golf Club sought fresh fields and pastures new for their energies in the way of war work. Mrs. Temple Dobell (better known to us in happier and more peaceful days as Miss Gladys Ravenscroft) and Mrs. Findlay (the Captain of the Club) have been very busy for many months doing canteen work on the Kentish coast which has proved extremely interesting and enjoyable, though by no means easy. Miss Doris Chambers and Miss Barry also worked with them for a while. To be a successful canteen worker it is necessary to possess an unending fund of good humour and cheerfulness, for the hours are long and at times the work is really hard. It is no easy matter to serve the men as they pour in in their hundreds, giving them with their refreshments a bright reply or a smile to their remarks, for after all "Tommy" is only human and likes to see some appreciation of his jokes. Judging from all accounts Mrs. Dobell was an ideal worker.

The first scene of the labours of these ladies was a large marquée, but this was blown down during one of the gales, so a hut was erected. Here they work from 9.30 a.m. to 9.30 p.m. selling quite a variety of things (in addition to tea and coffee and light refreshments in the way of sandwiches, bread and butter, and cakes of all descriptions), such as soap, shaving "tackle," socks handkerchiefs, writing pads, pens and pencils, to say nothing of chocolate, toffee, and cough lozenges. The majority of our soldiers seem to have a "sweet" tooth. The sale of stamps

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We make a specialty of Tanks and Towers for Golf Clubs and Golf Links. We would like to give you an estimate too on piping your course and supplying you with gas engine or windmill. We should be pleased at any time to hear from Directors of Golf Clubs and Chairmen of Grounds Committees in reference to their requirements. Our expert's advice is always at your service.

We recently received a contract from the Hamilton Golf and Country Club to install a tank and tower at their new links near Ancaster. Experts say that Hamilton has one of the finest inland courses on the Continent of America. Nothing is too good for the proper equipment of these ideal links. That's why we were entrusted with the order. "There was a reason."

Drop us a card and our expert will be pleased to visit your course and give you an estimate on piping your greens and installing a first class watering system. No firm in Canada has had more experience or is in a better position to cater to your Golf Course needs. "No good water system—No good greens."

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for any purpose.



often amounted to £6 or £7 per day, which sum included registered letters.

The men were admitted to the hut at 10 a.m., immediately they came off duty, when the business of selling commenced and continued merrily throughout the day. From 9.30 a.m. until 10 a.m. the willing helpers had as much as they could do to get the eight-gallon urns of tea and coffee boiling, and arrange the long counters nicely. Canteens are kept spotlessly clean, and more often than not are decorated with flowers and flags. The note of cheerfulness is apparent everywhere, although one thing in connection with this particular canteen was almost enough to knock the cheerfulness out of anyone, and that was the mud. Acres of it had to be literally waded through each day to reach the hut, and one newly-arrived Canadian was overheard to remark jokingly as he was ploughing his way along: "If this is England, well, let the German Emperor have it. Gee! it's not worth fighting for!" (Every one knows, however, whether the Canadians think their Motherland is worth fighting for or not. They have shown us how very dear she is to them and we love and thank them for it.) Mrs. Findlay says that they are simply splendid "boys," many of them having lived until now far from civilisation but they are one and all Nature's gentlemen. Those who have worked among them are proud to have done so.

Among the excitements in the midst of hard work is the running of a motor into a ditch on dark nights, while one of the pleasures is the finding of friends at the most unexpected times and places.

In November last, Miss Chambers exchanged canteen work for motoring, and has been very busy in this way ever since, some days hardly having time for her meals. Miss Barry is now a skilled munition maker, and Mrs. Findlay is about to start a canteen on her own.

(Miss Chambers is now running a canteen somewhere in France, after having driven a van for the Y.M.C.A. at Shornecliffe, for some months.—F. L. H.)

### C. L. G. U.

The Hon.-Sec. has sent a letter of sympathy to Mrs. Miller, the Hon.-Sec. of the L. G. U. on the death of her husband. Mrs. Miller founded the L. G. U. over twenty-five years ago. Mr. Miller also gave so much of his time and influence for many years to uplift the standard of women's golf in Great Britain and will be greatly missed especially when tournaments become possible again. The beautiful shield played for by the International teams was given by Mr. and Mrs. Miller as well as other trophies for the L. G. U.

### Hamilton Ladies' Golf Club

This club is doing what it can to encourage its younger players—many of whom find the new course a pretty severe test of their desire to learn to play.

Miss Hazlett's prize for players with 36 handicap was won by Miss Kate Wright. Mrs. Howell's competition for the best nine holes taken out of a full 18-hole round—and half handicap deducted—resulted in a tie between Mrs. J. Levy 50-15=35, and Mrs. Arthur Rowe 40-5=35.

Mrs. Alex. Adam's prize for 18-hole medal round (handicap) went to Miss Violet Mills 114-17=97.

Any clubs which are making an organized effort to raise funds or help otherwise in a patriotic way are asked to send in details of their work as a help and incentive to other golf clubs.

### Paris Beats Brantford.

A team of Paris ladies visited Brantford on the holiday, July 1st, and gained a very creditable victory over the Brantford ladies by 5 points to 3. The Paris women are very enthusiastic and very good golfers.



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May we Send With our Compliments a  
'Guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls?'

C. A. MINER, Managing Director

# Nicholls Takes Eleven for One Hole

Special Boston Correspondence "Canadian Golfer"

**F**OR the third time, M. J. Brady of the Oakley Club of Watertown, tied for first place for the open championship of Massachusetts, held at the Brae-Burn Country Club, West Newton, Mass.

This time Patrick J. Doyle of the South Shore Club of N.Y. and formerly of the Myopia Hunt Club was the man to nestle into the premier berth with him. In 1913 Brady tied with Macnamara at Brae-Burn and lost the play-off. In 1914 he tied with Orvin Terry at Belmont and won.

The first day's play found Brady in the lead by 4 strokes over Gilbert Nicholls, who in turn led a triumvirate tie between Doyle, Wilfred Reid of Wilmington, Delaware and J. M. Anderson of Providence.

By turning in a fine 73, within a stroke of the course record, Doyle assumed the lead after the morning's play of the 2nd day with Brady and Nicholls two strokes in his rear and Jim Barnes of Whitmarsh in fourth position, a good seven strokes to the bad of the latter two.

The 1st hole of the afternoon's play spelled jinx in large letters for Nicholls as his second found the brook in front of the green. Then Gil began to slash and slam and finally made his first score in double figures, 11, since his start many years ago in competition golf. Brady, it might be mentioned ob-

tained a three here. From that point on Nicholls and the dark horse, Barnes, played wonderful golf and at the 13th hole the leaders stood Doyle 293, Brady 293, Nicholls 295, Barnes 295. Finally all had poor holes but Doyle who was the last one to finish and all that he needed for the title was a 5 on the home hole which is 380 yards. His first and second shots hit trees and poor judgment cost him his third; he still had a ten-foot put for the championship but missed.

One of the features of the tournament was the great recovery of Jesse Guilford, the local amateur; starting with a 95 he finished in seventh place, his last three rounds being 79-79-76, this 76 having no less than five sixes on the homeward round, his outward journey been accomplished in 34.

All of the competitors agreed that the Brae-Burn course is the most difficult scoring course in the country to-day; to add to the misery the holes were placed on pinnacles and (to use the words of Nicholls) then skinned with a safety razor.

Out of 80 starters 62 finished. The leading scores:—M. J. Brady, 316; P. J. Doyle, 316; J. M. Barnes, 318; G. E. Nicholls, 321; W. Hagen, 326; J. M. Anderson, 329; Mr. J. P. Guilford, 330; W. E. Reid, 331; G. I. Bowden, 331; Louis Tellier, 331; Mr. Paul Tewksbury, 332 and Mr. J. G. Anderson, 334.

## Beaconsfield's Magnificent Record

Beaconsfield Golf Club, Montreal reports some one hundred of its members are at the front, which gives it the premier record among golf clubs in Canada. Two of the "noble one hundred" have paid the supreme sacrifice. Canadian Golfdom is proud of Beaconsfield. Directors and Committee of Beaconsfield for 1916 are as follows: President, Mr. B. Tooke; Vice-President, G. H. Napier; Hon. Secty., A. H. Patterson; Hon. Treasurer, N. B. Stark; Secretary, Jas. C. Mundle.

### House Committee

David R. Brown, Chairman; Messrs. W. H. Barry, S. A. Ivey, J. A. Mann, K.C., G. H. Napier, A. H. Patterson.

### Green Committee

H. L. Lyman, Chairman, Messrs. J. S. Brierley, W. I. Hogg, C. W. Meakins, N. B. Stark, B. Tooke.

### Property Committee

C. W. Meakins, Chairman, Messrs. J. S. Brierley, G. H. Napier, A. H. Patterson.

## A Ringing Recruiting Call

THE Montreal "Daily Star" of June 23rd says: that "the most enthusiastic of the series of recruiting meetings held in Dominion square in aid of the Irish-Canadian Rangers was that last night addressed by Lady Williams-Taylor. A crowd estimated at 3,000 gathered about the trench and dugout and Lady Williams-Taylor's stirring speech was cheered to the echo.

Lady Williams-Taylor brought a remarkably fine address to a conclusion by saying:

"Those of you who have not felt the proud glow of putting on the King's khaki, or thrilled to the rhythm of marching shoulder to shoulder with your fellowmen — join to-night. Think of broken, betrayed Belgium, of blood-drenched Flanders, of that fair Northern France, that garden of peace and plenty, now a shell-ploughed field of sudden death.

"Think of the broken altars and desecrated shrines, and think of the

foul orgies now held, where but two years ago the novice prayed. Again and again I ask you to think well, and if you are men with red blood in your veins you'll follow that English Tommy who, recovered from wounds and just medically passed, sang gaily down Piccadilly as he swung along with his comrades:

"So back once more to the barracks,

As soon as I've passed the test,  
And they'll give me a nice clean ribbon

To wear on me manly chest,  
And we are drillin' and shootin'

And I reckon we're quite O.K.  
If you're still 'olding back from your dooty,

Just chuck it and step this way.  
So here we are a merry crew,

An "up-and-at-'em" army,  
Lawyers, bankers, wealthy rankers.

Novel writers, slaying, the blighters,  
Good ole British Army.

Both Lady Williams-Taylor and her husband, Sir Frederick, are very prominent in Montreal golfing circles.

## The Amateur Standing in the U. S.

THAT the U.S.G.A. does not intend to depart one jot or one tittle from the firm stand it has taken on the amateur controversy which has created so much discussion in the States is evidenced by the following official letter which has been issued, a copy of which has been received by the "Canadian Golfer" from H. F. Whitney, the Secretary:

"In order that all Clubs, members of the U.S.G.A., may understand the practical effect of the Amateur Rule and the decisions of the Executive Committee under it, the following announcement is made:

All players whose amateur status has been forfeited under the rules of the U.S.G.A. are ineligible to compete in amateur tournaments. Should any such player be permitted to enter an amateur tournament, a protest filed with the Executive Committee on this ground would naturally be sustained; therefore no such player could right-

fully be awarded any prize in such a tournament.

Officials of Clubs that are members of the U.S.G.A. are advised that they should be very careful not to accept the entry of a player in any tournament unless his amateur status is unquestionable. It is to be presumed that it is the desire of every member of the U.S.G.A. to carry into effect the action of the delegates at the last annual meeting as expressed in the recent rules adopted by the Executive Committee.

It is also to be hoped that all Golf Associations in the United States will be equally ready to reject the entries of such players in all amateur tournaments held under their respective jurisdictions.

The EXECUTIVE COM. U.S.G.A.  
June 28th, 1916.

The U.S.G.A. has been subjected to a perfect shrapnel-like deluge of criticism and abuse but is sticking to its guns in a style worthy the best traditions of the game.

## Britain and the War

THE following very interesting interview appeared in a recent issue of the "Toronto Star." Mr. Gundy is one of Rosedale's best known golfers and members.

Britain's strength, the serenity and determination of the people, and the way all classes are doing everything possible to make victory an absolute certainty, were among the things that most impressed Mr. S. B. Gundy, the well-known Toronto publisher, and head of the Oxford University Press in Canada, during his recent visit to London. Two days after arriving in the metropolis of the Empire, the news of Kitchener's death was announced.

"I have been going to England every year," said Mr. Gundy to "The Star" to-day, "but I don't think I have ever seen anything so profound as the feeling of genuine sorrow among the people on the streets since Queen Victoria died. None of the feats of arms, set-backs of the war, loss of ships or news of that kind had the same effect. Kitchener was the idol of the common people.

"The thing that intensely impressed me was the feeling of strength," continued Mr. Gundy. "The women are doing the work of collecting fares on the 'busses, in all the offices, behind the counters, and in the hotels. There isn't a club in London with an eligible male employee. The only man to be seen is the hall porter, who is too old for service.

"The Strand is a wonderful place, worth going miles to see. New Zealanders, wearing their sombreros flat, Australians with their sombreros turned up, and Canadians jostle each other in the streets. I didn't see in the whole of London an eligible young man who was not in khaki or doing essential war work at home. Women of means, whose lives before were made up of social functions, are doing useful work now, and doing it cheerfully and with exhilaration and enthusiasm. One lady told me the war will be the making of the English people. It is a tonic.

"If the Germans could realize just

what force they are opposed to, they would tremble at the knees. Everything that has happened so far is just considered a preparatory incident. They don't ask in Britain how long the war will last. They are older than we are. They are content to wait until they are ready. Kitchener aroused all sorts of abuse by insisting on action on the part of the English. Now they are ready. The strength of Kitchener was in waiting to be ready before making a move. The people are paying out their money. Their men are being killed. But they are taking it for granted that the war is to be carried right through.

"Thinking people in Britain regard Asquith as the greatest man since Pitt. After the Northcliffe press had got through with all their abuse, the House assembled. Asquith said he was ready for criticism, but not a word was said. It is realized that they couldn't put their hand on anyone to take his place. Lloyd George is doing magnificent work, but the feeling is that he hasn't the dignity of a Prime Minister.

Speaking of the naval engagement, Mr. Gundy said that the morning after the battle, Beatty's flagship, H. M. S. Lion, came steaming up the Firth of Forth with all her funnels shot away, and her superstructure riddled, but with Beatty on the bridge, and making 26 knots an hour. The day after the battle 5,000 skilled mechanics were ready at Rosyth to repair the damage done to the fleet. The Warspite, which the Germans claimed to have sunk, would be repaired and ready for sea again in ten days.

"Two new oil-burning cruisers, each capable of making 45 knots an hour, are patrolling the North Sea," said Mr. Gundy. "Two new ships have been launched, each armed with 17-inch guns, with a range of 25 miles. The projectiles thrown by these guns weigh two tons, and the shells would pass over Mount Blanc.

"One cannot help realise that in Britain there is a force that is incalculable and that will thrash Germany before it is through."



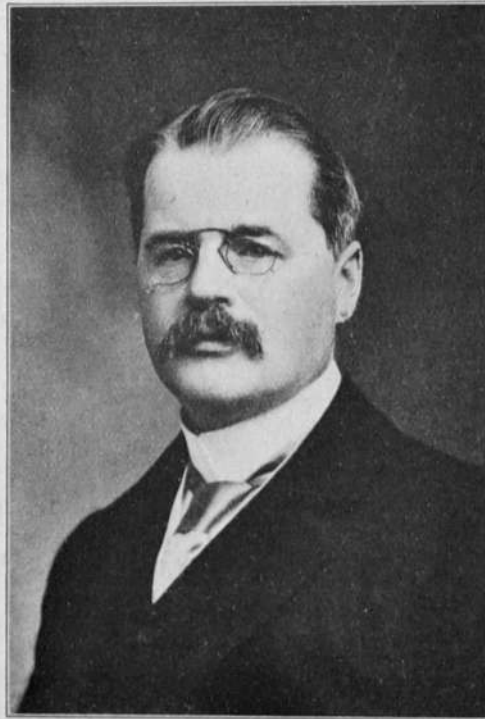
# The Late Dr. G. G. James

Canadian Agricultural Commissioner

**I**N the prime of life and at the very zenith of his influence, the tragic death of Dr. C. C. James in St. Catharines, on Friday, June 24th, came as a great shock to friends throughout the Dominion. The Agricultural Commissioner succumbed to heart disease whilst travelling in a street car from Niagara-on-the-Lake to St. Catharines.

Dr. James was not in the words of his favourite poet Tennyson: "An idle singer of an empty day." He crowded into his comparatively short life activities that will make his name remembered and revered for many decades to come. He was born in Napanee on June 14, 1863, so that he had just completed his 53rd year. His early education was received at the public and high schools of Napanee, and in 1883 he graduated in natural science from Victoria College, Cobourg, winning a gold medal. In 1886 he took his M.A. degree from Victoria College. During that interval of three years, Dr. James was Assistant Master of the Cobourg Collegiate Institute, and in 1886 he went to the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph as Professor of Chemistry. For five years he lectured at Guelph, and during that period, through providing students with ad-

vanced work in chemical research, was instrumental in affiliating the Ontario Agricultural College with the University of Toronto, whereby O. A. C. men were permitted to qualify for the degree of Bachelor of the Science of Agriculture.



The late Dr. C. C. James,  
Agricultural Commissioner

As Deputy Member of Agriculture for Ontario and latterly as Agricultural Commissioner for Canada, Dr. James performed a work for Agriculture that will always remain, an enduring monument to his name and fame.

Amongst the golfing fraternity his demise will be especially regretted. Always a lover of clean outdoor sports, when golf came into its own in Canada some fifteen years ago, Dr. James became an enthusiastic follower of the game, and a good game he played too as more than one medal and trophy secured in tournaments

testified. He also represented Ontario in the Provincial match against Quebec on more than one occasion. He took a very keen interest in the affairs of the Lambton Golf and Country Club, acting on the Board of Directors for many years and filling all the various offices up to and including the Presidency. He was Vice-President of the Royal Canadian Golf Association in 1908, 1909 and 1912.

To the bereaved widow, daughter of Mr. James Crossen of the Crossen Car Co., Cobourg, and only son, Lieut. Wilfred C. James of the 124th Battalion, himself a very clever young golfer the sincerest condolences of the golfers throughout the Dominion will go out in which sentiment the editor who knew him as the loyalist of friends begs leave also to join. In the words of the Honourable Mr. Burrell, Minister of Agriculture, who became a convert to golf through the instrumentality of the late Commissioner: "It can be truthfully said that his death will be a heavy loss not only to myself and the Government but to the whole country." To which tribute might well be added: "He always played the game, both on and off the links, fairly, squarely and

well."

The funeral of the late Commissioner took place on June 26th, an impressive memorial service being held at Victoria College, Toronto. Eulogistic addresses were delivered by the Hon. Martin Burrell and Dr. N. Burwash.

The pall-bearers were President Falconer, Mr. Justice Masten, Mr. A. W. Austin, Professor A. E. Lang, Mr. Colver and Mr. A. H. U. Colquhoun.

At Cobourg where the interment took place the pall-bearers were Lieut. W. C. James, son of deceased, W. J. Crossen, Cobourg, Mr. Justice Riddell, Rev. Dr. R. N. Burns, Toronto, J. R. Smith, Montreal, brothers-in-law and W. R. McDonald.

"His was a life well lived.

His was a life worth while."

## Scarborough Scores Big Success

THE Scarborough Golf and Country Club is fortunate in having this year one of the most energetic and capable President's and board of directors in Ontario, with the result that the club is on the high tide of prosperity, and success plus is assured for the future.

On Saturday, July the 8th, the club held a big field day in aid of Soldiers' Comforts. The weather was ideal, all the arrangements were well thought out and were carried through without the slightest resemblance of a hitch and as a result Scarborough made a record score for the soldiers—the extremely satisfactory sum of about \$750 being realized, certainly one not only a credit to Scarborough but to Canadian golf in general.

During the afternoon nearly one thousand golfers and their friends were present and the scene was a brilliant one in the extreme. The Scarborough club-house is famous for its wide verandahs, capacious dining and reception rooms and perfect appointments generally, whilst the course this season is being rounded into splendid shape. Given another year or so with the same intelligent management and Scar-

borough links will be in the championship class alright.

Some one hundred players were on the course in the afternoon and notwithstanding this very large number there was very little congestion. The majority of the clubs in the Toronto District were represented in the team competition which was won by the Rosedale four, captained by Mr. L. Root with the captial score of 312. The other players on this team were H. J. Petman, Mr. Parton and J. Ruggles. Champion Geo. S. Lyon headed one of the Lambton teams and as there were several other strong fours entered Mr. Root and his team are to be heartily congratulated on a well and hard-earned victory.

Mr. W. J. Thompson won the gross medal with a 76—a fine performance over the difficult Scarborough course, where the Highland Creek has to be crossed no less than fifteen times and where the slightest mistake from the tee is badly punished.

Mr. Parton with a 71, carried off the best net prize, with Mr. J. H. Macgregor and Mr. Trederick tied for second place with a 73.

In the special competition putting

and approaching into a hat for prizes given by Mr. Cummings and Mrs. Sidney Jones, Mr. Pardoe, Mrs. Boehm, O. N. Scott and George McConkey were the winners.

In the morning the ladies had the course to themselves and took part in several competitions which resulted as follows:

Team match—Lambton—Mrs. McGregor, Miss McGregor, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Ridout.

Eighteen Hole Prize—Mrs. Simpson, Rosedale; 2nd, Mrs. Ridout, Lambton.

Nine Hole Prize—Mrs. Sidney Jones, Scarborough; 2nd, Mrs. D. A. Coulson, Rosedale.

Mystery Prize, 18 Holes—Mrs. Adams, Lambton, and Mrs. Keeble, Rosedale, tie.

Mystery Prize, 9 Holes—Mrs. Sidney Jones, Scarborough.

Driving—Mrs. Ridout, Lambton.

Approaching and Putting—Mrs. Osler Wade, Scarborough.

Then too, in the afternoon a most successful bridge was taken part in by over one hundred lady players. Mrs. Carveth won first prize.

In the ball-room in the evening, Mr. T. G. McConkey, Scarborough's ener-

getic President, Mr. H. T. Fairley, the popular Captain and Mr. Cummings, who with the other directors, worked unsparingly throughout the day, presented the prizes, "auctioned off" flowers and other articles and generally put the finishing touches to a perfect day. Mr. Root was the speech-maker on behalf of the winning Rosedale team.

A superb buffet luncheon, a dinner participated in by over three hundred, followed by a dance were not the least of the many enjoyable features of a most enjoyable day.

Altogether the Scarborough Executive both ladies and men were simply indefatigable in their attentions and the unbounded success which followed their efforts was a just and well-deserved reward.

Quite one of the features of this most successful event. A committee of the club members adorned with a badge "Ask Me?" was here, there and everywhere. That "Ask Me" committee did yeoman work. They were the personification of courtesy. "Ask" the visitors and they'll tell you all sorts of nice things about them.

## More Holes in One

**M**R. F. A. Sutherland, the well-known Lambton golfer, turned the one-hole trick the other day with his "little baffle."

Conditions—A rather slow pitch with a slight break to the Off." Atmosphere hazy with a moderate fishtail wind from N. N.-W.

Accessories before and after the fact—Messrs. Cecil Knight and W. S. Hodgins.

Location—Second hole, known as "East Gate," Lambton Golf and Country Club. Length—180 yards.

Description of shot—Full baffle, which started off in the general direction of Hull, Que., righted itself after a painful interval, and following a well-known law of dynamics, came to rest at the lowest part of the green, to wit—the bottom of the hole.

Mr. Sutherland would like to give a fuller description of the manner in which the shot was executed but it is a trade secret. He is prepared, however, to impart the same to "Canadian Golfer" readers in six weekly lessons by mail, for a merely nominal fee.

O. Brault, the popular pro. of Little Metis, Quebec is another winner of a year's subscription. Playing on June 30th with three members of his club over the Cascade course, he negotiated the 15th hole, 240 yards from the tee—and that is "some one." Mr. Brault presented each of his opponents with a ball in honour of the notable achievement which in these prohibition times is perhaps a more appropriate way of celebrating a hole in one than the time-honoured bottle of "whiskey," dear to the heart of the Scotch devotee.

# In and Around the Club House

Interesting Happenings in Canada, Great Britain  
and United States

Mr. Brian Devlin, the well-known Ottawa player has left for New York to take an aviation course. He will be a notable addition to the many Canadian golfers who have joined this important branch of the fighting forces.



Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Keller, Mr. and Mrs. Manderville and Mr. and Mrs. Roblin, well-known Buffalo golf players, celebrated the week of July 4th by a motor trip through Ontario, incidently playing golf at Hamilton and Lambton. They were enthusiastic about their trip.



Mr. George S. Lyon, Lambton and Mr. A. A. Adams, Hamilton, took part in the Lynnewood Hall Cup Tourney at Philadelphia last month. Mr. Lyon finished seventh among the first sixteen, turning in the excellent card of 161. The champion won his first round but was put out in the second. The Canadians report a most delightful trip.



A recent notable "golfing" wedding was that of Mr. T. G. Gray, the Ontario crack player and contributing Editor of the "Canadian Golfer" to Miss Vérel who only recently arrived in Canada from Scotland. The ceremony took place at the residence of Mrs. Harrington, University St., Montreal, a relative of the fair bride and was performed by the Rev. Dr. R. Bruce Taylor, St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, uncle of the groom. Miss Lily Vérel, sister of the bride, was the bridesmaid and Mr. Andrew Gray, brother of the groom was best man. The wedding dinner was held at the Ritz-Carlton, the happy couple spending the honeymoon in Ottawa and Toronto. The "Canadian Golfer" extends hearty congratulations and good wishes. May Mr. and Mrs. Gray have a "fair course" throughout their married life.

Geo. Cumming, Toronto Golf Club, and W. M. Freeman, Lambton, are taking part in the Metropolitan Open Championship at Garden City, N.Y., July 13-14. They should give a good account of themselves as they are both playing excellent golf.



The name of "Black" is synonymous with good golf in Canada and "the clan" is also ably represented in the States by John Black, who recently at the Claremont Country Club, Oakland, California, put up the weird score of 58—viz: 31 and 27. This is how it was done.

3	4	4,	2	3	4,	4	4	3=31
3	3	4,	2	3	3,	3	2	4=27
								58

The length of the holes are No. One 245; No. Two 263; No. Three 229; No. Four 244; No. Five 378; No. Six 360; No. Seven 276; No. Eight 343; No. Nine 180; No. Ten 389; No. Eleven 133; No. Twelve 380; No. Thirteen 143; No. Fourteen 248; No. Fifteen 349; No. Sixteen 37; No. Seventeen 116; No. Eighteen 487. The par for the course is 69.



The "Canadian Golfer" was responsible for a very bad "shot" in the June issue. Through an error in the press-room the photograph of Mr. D'Oyley Hutchins, President of Whitlock and Mr. T. Yates Foster, the Secretary of the Club, were transposed. The Editor regrets this mistake beyond measure, more especially as very great pains are taken with the proofs and press work and this is the first time the magazine in "fourteen rounds" had laid itself a stymie. Apologies are due the genial President and Secretary of Whitlock. Both are synonymous with good golfers and sportsmen, and either photograph would do credit to either name.

Mr. Ingersoll, K.C., a well-known St. Catharines golfer left last week for Great Britain on a visit to his son who is serving King and Country like so many other prominent young Canadians.

A subscriber wants to know the oldest golf club of record. The royal Blackheath has premier honours. It was instituted in 1608. The Royal and Ancient St. Andrews was not instituted until 1754.

Golfers throughout Canada will be very much interested in the following despatch from Sarnia, July 11th, and we extend hearty congratulations: "Judge John A. Barron, judge of Perth County and a prominent Canadian, was married here yesterday, to Mrs. J. T. Keating, daughter of Mrs. R. S. Gurd, of this city. The ceremony took place at 'Fairhome,' the home of only the immediate relatives of the bride. Rev. Canon Davis, rector of St. George's Church, performed the ceremony. Judge and Mrs. Barron left Sarnia on the 4.25 train for London and eastern points, and will not be at home in Stratford until next month.

A Red Cross tournament was recently held by the members of the Stratford Golf Club for prizes most kindly donated by James Newman, the club pro. viz: a club each for the ladies and men and balls for second and third prizes. The prizes were won by:—Ladies—1st. Miss Henderson, 2nd Mrs. Lawrence, 3rd, Mrs. Rutherford. Others who competed were Miss Fuller, Mrs. Killer, Miss Robertson, Mrs. McKay, Miss Hodgins, Mrs. Silcox, Mrs. Orr, Miss McPherson, Miss Rankin, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Webster. Gentlemen—1st. F. Killer, 2nd, P. Raney, 3rd, W. Miller. Others who competed were: C. E. Nasmyth, T. A. McKay, J. Steel, C. Down, W. C. Orr, Rev. Dr. Martin, B. Kastner, A. M. Kay, E. W. Killer, W. Maynard, R. J. Weatherston, C. Welsh, T. Ballantyne, Dr. Robertson and C. V. Lloyd. Who will be the next pro. to follow this patriotic example of Mr. Newman?



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The Stratford golf course, situated picturesquely on the banks of the river Avon has recently been much improved by altering two holes which gives added length and makes it more difficult to negotiate. The club pro., James Newman by the way secured a capital 35 the first time he negotiated the new course. His opponent was Mr. Walter Miller, the club's secretary. By holes the score was 4, 4, 3, 4, 4, 4, 3, 5, 4—certainly very consistent golf.

Mr. A. A. Adams, the well-known Hamilton player the other day set a new amateur record for his home course—a splendid 72. The pro. record held by Nicol Thompson is 70. Mr. George Lyon a week or so ago notched a 67 with a lost ball at the 11th hole. The champion and a party of Toronto friends played three 36-hole matches over the course. Partnered with Mr. Fritz Martin, the ex-champion, took into camp Mr. Adams and Nicol Thompson after a most interesting match.

Mr. George Miller, traveller Canada Steel Company: "Enclosed find cheque to cover subscription for another year. I find it is a very useful and interesting magazine to take along with me on my travels."



Weston golfers to the number of sixteen, journeyed from Toronto to Guelph July 1st and played a match over the pretty links in that city. Weston won the match. Guelph is comparatively a new candidate for golf honours but the Weston men report conditions there as excellent already. The club-house is a very attractive one and the course is a good one "in the making." The Royal City golfers are enthusiastic and the Royal and Ancient prospects there are altogether excellent.



A team of twelve Brantford golfers spent July 1st, at St. Catharines. The pretty city "in the garden of Ontario" was en fete over a Red Cross celebration. The golf match which was thoroughly enjoyed was won by St. Kitts by a margin of six points. The St. Catharines course is a very sporting one of 3,020 yards. The fourth and fifth holes are especially well placed and call for good golf to secure par figures. The club is in a prosperous condition and Captain Killmer and his team are "plus men" as entertainers.



Mr. W. M. Reekie of the Oak Hill Country Club, Rochester, formerly of Lambton, a plus player in Scotland and one of the most finished golfers who ever came to this country in company with the Editor of the Canadian Golfer was a visitor the first week in July to the golf courses at Weston and Hamilton. Weston has an ideal property of some 240 acres. The Humber river ripples through the links and the wooded banks, splendid turf and location generally make it an ideal spot. Twelve holes are now in commission, four more will shortly be added and by next season there will be the regulation eighteen. A description of this interesting course will appear in the August issue. Mr. Reekie bagged a 71 at Weston,

whilst at Hamilton his best score was 78. By the way he thinks the latter course the finest he has played over on this continent.



"Toney" Forest, the former Berlin pro. has enlisted. He was a very capable and painstaking player and teacher and will be much missed by the golfers of "Kitchener."



Lieut. George Stuart Lee Mesurier, reported killed in action, was a nephew of Mr. G. G. Lee Mesurier, manager of the headquarters office of the Imperial Bank and director of the Toronto Golf Club. Lieut. Lee Mesurier enlisted as a private with the 19th Battalion, which was recruited in Winnipeg. After a period in the trenches he was wounded and sent to England. He was then commissioned to another battalion. He was single, thirty-years of age and a civil engineer. A brother was wounded at Festubert and went back to the trenches. A third brother was seriously wounded at Langemark and was invalided to Canada. He is now training in Montreal. Certainly a proud record for one family.

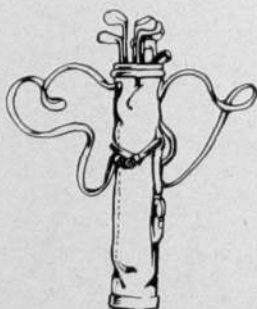


Here is how Daylight Saving was summed up by a speaker at a Winnipeg Council meeting: "This change will benefit every one, but it will be of special benefit to the wage-earners. The boss can often slip away early to a game of golf, but the employee has to stay on the job until the clock says it is time for him to go. Practically every big firm in Winnipeg, including the department stores, have endorsed this change for the benefit of their employees. I am perfectly satisfied that any opposition that now exists will disappear after the new system has been in operation for a week. It will be found that the benefits are great and the inconvenience practically nil. I notice that out in Calgary they are going in for both daylight saving and municipal golf links, and under daylight saving the golf links can be used by the wage-earner as well as by the employer. Golf will not be only a rich man's game."

The Canadian Government Railways in their summer literature are quite featuring golf. In their charming "OUT OF DOOR" and "NOTES OF THE WAY" brochures, a golfer figures on the front cover, whilst a description of some eighteen golf courses in Nova Scotia, Quebec, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick is included in the booklets. Mr. W. L. Creighton, Advertising agent of the Government Railways writes: "I believe we are the first railway in Canada to publish such information." Yes, the honour is yours and you are to be heartily congratulated, but the C.P.R. is also arranging to give information about the universal game. A prominent Montreal official writes the "Canadian Golfer" that the Canadian Pacific in most of their 1917 pamphlets will include golf information. So the good work goes on. The tourist trade to-day must have its golf and wants to know where it can get it.

By the narrow margin of two points—37 to 35, Brantford golfers won from twenty-five Lakeview golfers who celebrated July 12th in the Telephone City. Arthur Russell the Lakeview pro, who by the way put on a 77 against the Brantford pro., A. G. Hearn, winning out but by one hole, has developed a very fine lot of golfers at Lakeview. Especially are they strong off the tee. Better or longer driving has rarely been seen on a Canadian course. After the war, when tournaments are resumed, Lakeview players will have to be reckoned with. ♦ ♦ ♦

In his write-up of the Baltimore Invitation Tournament in "Golf Illustrated," New York, John G. Anderson, runner-up for the U.S. open amateur championship last year says: "One of the best matches of the early round was where Geo. S. Lyon of Canada, a veteran of veterans, met Philip Carter. Here age had to give way to youthful bouyaney and plasticity of muscle."



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