

CANADIAN GOLFER

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Features in This Number:

Public Golf

—Mr. S. P. Germain, Toledo

Lord Northcliffe

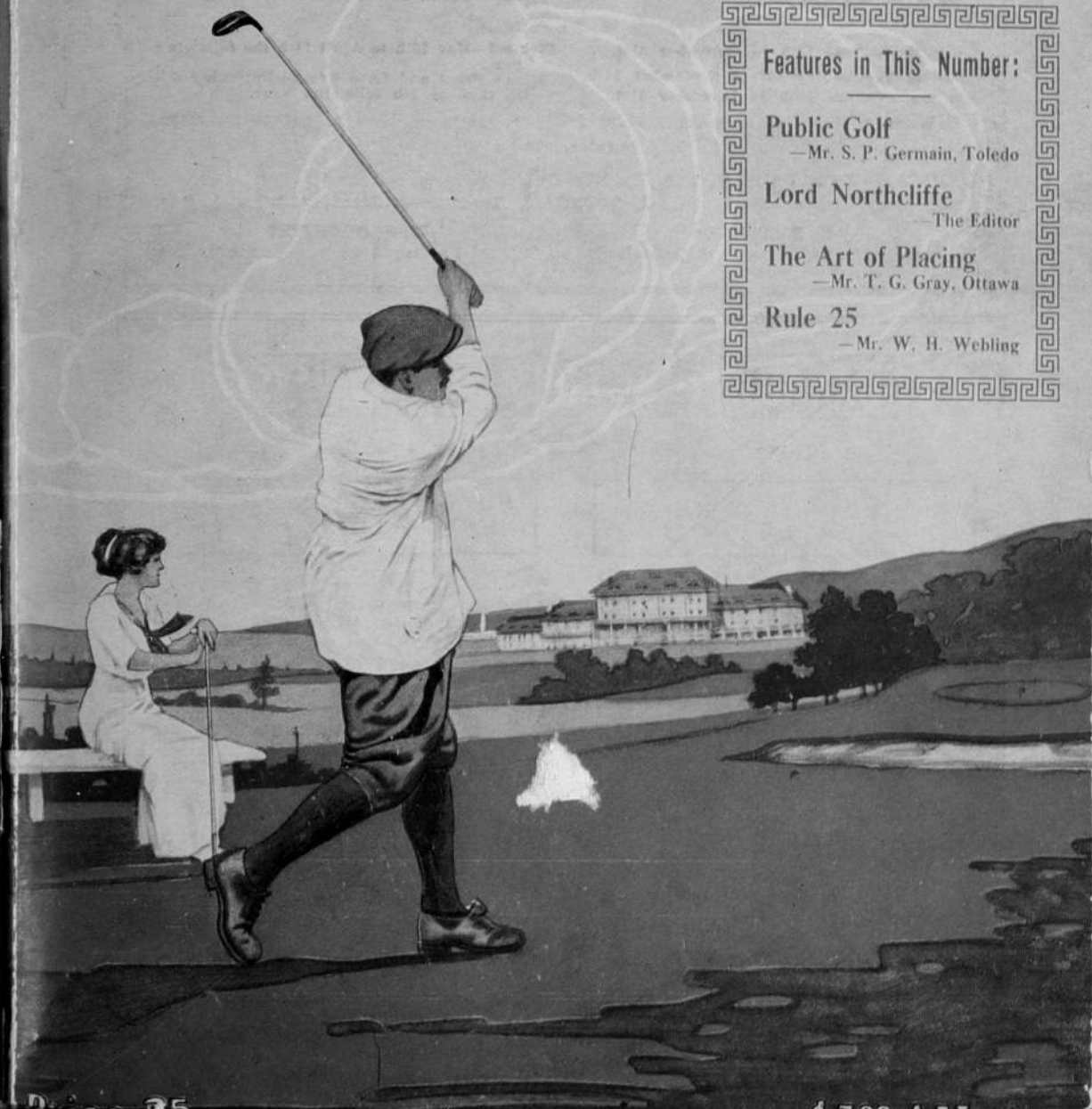
—The Editor

The Art of Placing

—Mr. T. G. Gray, Ottawa

Rule 25

—Mr. W. H. Webling





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I've just had a letter from Jim,
 He's having one glorious time
 In a place where the skies never dim
 And the climate is simply sublime.
 And Jim plays at golf ev'ry day
 With never a trouble or care,
 Or passes the time with a vision
 divine,
 Whose Pa is a great millionaire.

But I, darn the luck! must remain
 Just plugging away for dear life
 In a climate of snow, wind and rain,
 In the city of hustle and strife.
 My liver is torpid, oh, say,
 I'm sick of the whole bally game,
 I long for the calm of the fig tree and
 palm
 And the chant of the ocean's refrain.



Jove! how I envy the lad
 Now basking 'neath languorous skies
 With joys that can only be had
 If your "wad's" a respectable size.
 But Jim has the goods and he's game
 To touch all the spots that are high,
 His letters just teem with pleasures
 supreme
 And magnums of "fizz," "extra dry."

Yet Jim bids me pack up my things
 And hike for this realm of delight,
 Where fun with the morning begins
 And ends with the small hours of
 night.
 He knows, hang it all! that I can't,
 So it's simply a criminal sin
 To stir up a man, as only Jim can,
 And finish by rubbing it in!



—W.H.W.



Canadian Golfer



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Official Organ Ladies' Canadian Golf Union
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many teeing grounds, and nine or eighteen more stakes to denote where putting greens shall be developed, no longer suffices in golf architecture. The days of haphazard construction are done, because clubs have learned from bitter experience that not to do the thing correctly in the first place means the expenditure afterwards of much unnecessary time and money, with resultant inconveniences.

Intelligent improvement and bunkering of a course is money well spent. Haphazard and unscientific work is money wasted and energy misplaced.

The Making of Courses

The whirligig of time has again brought round the season of laying out of new golf courses and the improvement of the old. Quite a number of clubs are contemplating improvements and enlargements the coming months, and greens committees cannot be urged too earnestly to thoroughly study general conditions and the whole lay of the links, and to obtain the best expert advice possible before committing their clubs to expenditures, whether large or small.

Driving nine or eighteen stakes into the ground to indicate the spots for as

Public Golf

The scholarly article on "Public Golf," which Mr. S. P. Jermain, the father of municipal golf in Toledo, so kindly contributes to this issue of the "Canadian Golfer," is well worthy of careful perusal by golfers and municipal authorities throughout the Dominion. Mr. Jermain makes out a splendid brief for the golfer who cannot afford the luxury of the private club, but whose "rightful inheritance the game is from its time-honored origin." Mr. Jermain very succinctly states that "Golf itself affords the best form of normal exercise, and is more and more

proving its need to all classes of men who labor in close confinement in cities."

In the United States public golf courses the last few years have been established at all the principal centres, and after the war the same will hold true in Canada. The "Canadian Golfer" knows of one important Eastern city to-day where municipal links are virtually assured as soon as financial conditions warrant. In the years to come golfers in the Dominion and would-be golfers will have no reason to complain of the treatment they will receive at the hands of park boards and commissioners. The "public golf course" is a certainty of the future.

The Gospel of Recreation

Golfers have been preaching the Gospel of Recreation for years, but here comes a new convert, no less a one than the good "Globe," Toronto. Yes, really, the following article appeared recently in its editorial columns and is well worthy of reproduction:

The administrative authorities of a large Methodist church in a large Canadian city have decided to throw open its basement as a place of recreation for soldiers during their time of training. Pool tables and bowling alleys will be installed for the use of "anybody in khaki uniform." This is a good time for any person who may feel shocked at this use of part of a sacrosanct edifice to reconsider his prejudices and revise his opinions. Certainly, if all church basements were available for such simple and manly games, there would be less inducement for soldiers to seek their pastimes in worse places and more demoralizing company. Christian people may as well accept the fact that the craving for recreation is just as legitimate as devotion to work, and may be more ennobling. In the love of "play" men and women are only grown-up children, and the facilities for such recreations should be afforded them under uplifting, not debasing, auspices. Billiards and bowling are perfectly innocent and effectively recreative amusements; any disparagement clinging to them has resulted from the fact that they have been unnecessarily associated in the public mind with saloons. It would be a real social reform to have them associated with churches.

This opens up a wider question than that of providing recreation for soldiers in train-

ing. If billiards and bowls are good for soldiers, it is because they are good for other people, and it would be the part of wisdom for any church organization to adopt this method of keeping its young people in close association with the institution. Analogous recreations might be provided for young women, and others in which the sexes might participate simultaneously. To replace such recreative games appropriate to the winter season others might be provided for outdoor use in summer. All this would tend to make the church what it ought to be: a great force for social improvement as well as for religious development. If something of this sort were to become general as the result of this war, then it will not have been unmixedly injurious in its effects.

Curling, billiards and bowls in winter, golf, tennis and lawn bowling in summer, could well be fostered and encouraged by church organizations. As Professor Hollis, of Harvard, used to have it, "Get the people daily into the open, and fill them with air, enthusiasm and understanding, and you will have a happy and God-fearing people."

To the "Canadian Golfer" on its Twelfth Issue

Well, Captain, we've managed to stay
the round

The first "twelve holes" we've played
And, to judge by our score, we'll play
on some more

With a heart that is unafraid.
The course that we covered was bun-
kered and trapped,

The hazards were many and wide.
Thanks be, we succeed, for under your
lead

The "Golfer" has qualified.

No doubt that we fozzled a shot or so—

The course to us was new—
But we tried, just the same, in playing
the game,

To follow our ideals through.
And now we tee up for another good
round,

At the finish we'll hope to see
The "Golfer" a star, score below par,
And a cracking good victory.

—"The Second in Command."

Chip Shots

Says J. G. Anderson, the well-known U. S. player and writer: "It has been estimated that we are to have five hundred new golf courses this year. The game is growing and bursting over all preconceived notions. Ten years from to-day we will be spending two hundred and fifty millions a year on this one sport." Or, in other words, more than twice the present annual total Government revenue of the whole Dominion of Canada!

Mr. John Martin, Captain of the Rosedale Golf Club, writes: "Is there any good reason why we should not have a Rules of Golf Committee in Canada?" No reason whatever. It would be an excellent idea if the Royal Canadian Golf Association appointed an expert committee to hand down decisions based, of course, on the findings of the Rules of Golf Committee of St. Andrews. It would simplify matters a whole lot, and it is to be hoped the R.C.G.A. directors will take the matter up. The suggestion is worthy of every consideration.

Treating of amateurism, "Outing" of New York tritely remarks: "Now in most games free time is an important element. You cannot expect to excel in golf or tennis, for example, unless you are able to devote a lot of time to the game. If you are to shine in tournaments you must have money to pay your travelling expenses and hotel bills. There is nothing cheap about strolling on the links or the courts. The old axiom, 'Time is money,' is true in more ways than one. For leisure time must be bought, with your own or someone else's money. If all your working time is required to buy the necessities of life, and you have no margin of effort with which to buy time to play, then you cannot play. This fact is regrettable, but it cannot be altered. Neither can you look to the game itself for help. That way lies professionalism, whatever the rules may or may not say. So far as the spirit is concerned, the man who gets a job in a sporting goods house because

of his ability as a golfer or a tennis player is a professional, and all the rules in the world cannot alter it. To ignore this fact is to trifle with the vital issue."

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager of the Bank of Montreal, and a well-known golfer, was paid a pleasing compliment in the House at Ottawa lately both by the Government and by the Opposition. "I desire," said Sir Thomas White, "here to pay tribute to Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, who has acted for myself, as Minister of Finance, and for the Government, upon many occasions." "No better man," said Mr. Lemieux. To which Sir Thomas White added: "I heartily agree with my honorable friend in that."

The "Canadian Golfer" has been asked by a "short-sighted" subscriber (that is, optically) whether there is any prescription for keeping rain—the bete noir of the golfer—off eye-glass lenses or spectacles. Herewith a preparation kindly furnished by Dr. C. A. Jarvis, Brantford, Secretary Optometrical Association of Ontario:

Glycerine	2 oz.
Water	1 oz.
Salt	1 drachm

Put in 4 oz. bottle, shake well. Moisten piece of gauze; wipe over lenses, **making all strokes downward**. This can also be used for windshields.

William Garrett Brown, recognized as the greatest authority extant upon matters of history and the trend of Democracy in the United States since the Civil War, has solemnly stated that American institutions and thought have received only three important additions and conceptions in the last decade—Trusts, Imperialism and Golf. The only new one is golf. The Trusts are merely a modern expression of the ancient creed of Jerusalem, and Imperialism the outcropping of the religion of the Roman Empire. But Golf is a new note from the pipes of the great God Pan, and the ultimate call to the children of men from the open fields.

The Overlapping Grip

WHO was the first golfer to discover the overlapping grip? If, seeking relief from haunting thoughts of the life-and-death struggle in Europe which finds many of us condemned by age or some other disability to play the part of anxious watchers, we decided to conduct an investigation of a subject connected with our favorite recreation, we could not set ourselves a more interesting question than that with which this note opens. Glancing through a collection of second-hand volumes I came upon "The Game of Golf. By W. Park, Jr." Certainly it is nothing out of the ordinary for great professionals to give their views on the pastime, bound in morocco, cloth, and all the other indications of literary importance, but probably few people are aware that the fashion was in existence even in that comparatively remote age when Willie Park, Jr., was a power in the golfing world. This particular volume is dated 1896 (some years after its author had secured his second Open Championship), and in it Park remarks that the only two players he knows who adopt the overlapping grip are Mr. J. E. Laidlay and J. H. Taylor. He would become wiser very soon after the appearance of his work, for in the very season of its publication Harry Vardon leapt from obscurity into fame by becoming Open Champion, and nowhere is there a student of the game who needs to be told that Vardon has favored the overlapping grip throughout his career in the higher walks of the golfing life.

Indeed, Vardon—and Vardon alone—has been instrumental in elevating this manner of holding the club to its present position of sanctity as the distinguishing mark of a young player of promise or an elderly convert of stern ambition. It is the one characteristic which the leading professionals possess in common; Alexander Herd is the

only member of the elect who contrives to do without it. The others declare steadfastly that it is the first essential of successful golf. When Vardon was in his heyday and his shots were the nearest approach to wizardry that the links could hope to see, his grip was by far the most extensively discussed feature of his methods. Consequently, thousands of enthusiasts of all ages set themselves diligently to arrange their thumbs and fingers on the club just as his were disposed. Vardon has never claimed to be the discoverer of the overlapping grip; all that he knows is that he worked it out for himself in the period when he was at Bury and Ripon, and when he never saw or heard of the fashions of other players. We know that, before Vardon came to the front, Mr. Laidlay had been an overlayer; but one cannot remember anybody having credited Taylor with the honor of being an originator in the matter of this now famous grip. Inquiry elicits the fact that Taylor has adopted it as long as he can remember having played golf in a serious spirit. There is no record as to how the giants of old held their clubs, but the fact that the principle of making the two hands touch without allowing any of the fingers to overlap or interlock was general until the generation of Mr. Laidlay, Vardon, and Taylor was born suggests that overlapping is a latter-day discovery. Evidence points to the three players mentioned as having lighted on it for themselves at different times, and very likely Mr. Laidlay, with the advantage of a ten years' start in life, was the actual innovator. As between Taylor and Vardon, we cannot tell who was first; all that we know is that it was the latter who made overlapping seize the imagination of the golfing public. The sign suggests that future generations will recognize only this grip, so that its origin is interesting.—The Yorkshire Post.

Golfing Celebrities

Lord Northcliffe, the "Stormy Petrel" of British Politics

By THE EDITOR

THESE have been many meteoric careers recorded in the history of the British Empire during the past half century or so, but it has remained for journalism to furnish one of the most notable and sensational. "The Fourth Estate" has proved the stepping-stone in numerous instances to power and position, but never in its long and honorable history, perhaps, has it produced such a dominating figure as Lord Northcliffe, the maker and unmaker of Governments and Government policies—the veritable Warwick of modern times.

Alfred Charles William Harmsworth is an Irishman, Chapelizod, County Dublin, having the honor of being the birthplace of the future Peer. And the date 1865, so the "stormy petrel" of British politics and journalism is still in his prime. He early came to London and early demonstrated the keen newspaper instinct. Starting at the very bottom rung of the ladder, he at a comparatively youthful age proved his right to a place in the journalistic sun, until to-day he easily eclipses all his contemporaries, and wields a power that is only bounded by his vaulting ambition, which, let's hope, will not "o'erleap itself and fall on 't'other side."

The London "Mail" was Mr. Harms-

worth's first great newspaper success. Then followed the "Evening News" and the launching of several other popular dailies, weeklies and magazines, which gave him a constituency of millions of readers. It is stated that as a young man Lord Rosebery had three ambitions: To become Prime Minister, to win the Derby, and marry the greatest heiress in England. He succeeded in all three. Mr. Harmsworth, it is reported, in his youth set out to accomplish one great thing—to become the proprietor of the London "Times." And to-day "The Thunderer" is his.

It was in 1904 that this resourceful newspaper man was made a Baronet, and in 1905 he was raised to the Peerage as Baron Northcliffe.

He has not by any means confined his virile abilities to journalism and politics. In 1894 he equipped the Jackson Harmsworth Exploration

Expedition. Then, too, he has taken a very keen interest in aviation and motoring, and contributed a £10,000 prize to encourage the "mastery of the air" which is playing such an important part in this world war. The Frenchman Beaumont captured this princely prize.

Great Britain's oldest colony, too, owes a great deal to his energy and



Lord Northcliffe, Proprietor of the "Daily Mail" and the London "Times"

business acumen. Lord Northcliffe purchased vast timber limits in Newfoundland and there erected the largest paper mills in the British Empire. It was in the spring of 1910 that the "Daily Mail" was first printed on the paper produced from these mills.

It is since the outbreak of the war, however, that Lord Northcliffe has loomed so very large in the public eye. As a result of his outspoken criticism and his relentless "pounding" at the powers-that-be, and the administration of the various departments under them, he awoke to find himself last year one of the most hated men in England. He was dubbed a traitor—a man who sought solely his own aggrandizement and sordid gain. The State was called upon to mete out summary punishment—his very life, in some quarters, was demanded. But—he called for a Coalition Government, and one was formed; he called for a Minister of Munitions, and Lloyd George was appointed; he called for a head of a recruiting department, and Lord Derby was selected; he called for a Minister of Aviation, and other radical changes and appointments. And his wisdom has in every instance been demonstrated and acknowledged. And to-day he is calling for general conscription, and he is a bold man who will say that there are not substantial arguments in favor of that, too.

From the best-hated man in Great Britain, this newspaper proprietor with many interests has come to be looked upon by an ever-increasing number as the Prophet who is destined to lead the Empire out of an erstwhile wilderness of slackness, muddling, incompetency and doubt into the Promised Land of Victory with Honor and Honor with Victory.

Recently Lord Northcliffe gave a notable interview to the New York "Sun." Briefly summarized, some of his remarks were:

Three months ago the British navy had destroyed fifty German submarines and thirty more that the navy was almost certain of. Not a week passes but the British navy finds some im-

provement in its methods of destroying or capturing these crafts.

Germany cannot be starved out, and all her bleating about the suffering of her women and children is designed to influence the sympathy of neutral nations, especially the United States. Nevertheless, the war will be won by the British navy, whether the German fleet gives battle or not, for it will never give up its grip upon German commerce. The navy can carry on warfare against Germany for five, ten, or even twenty years if necessary.

It is not the making of the rifle or the machine gun, or even the big howitzer that takes the time; it is the preparation of the human material, and after that its acclimatization. As regards the American boast that a million men could be raised in a week, it would require at least a year to accomplish this, even with the wonderful resources of the United States. The United States was making the same mistake as Britain had made by not being sufficiently prepared for war. There ought to be a happy medium between militarism and such unpreparedness as now exists in the United States and as existed in the British Isles two years ago.

The United States had lost a great opportunity when she did not intervene to protect Belgium, but, nevertheless, her passive friendship for the Allies was more valuable than her active support. When the war is over, the United States need not expect to receive much immigration from the British Isles. That would certainly go to Canada, to Australia, and to South Africa.

Like so many other leaders of British thought and British activity, Lord Northcliffe is a great believer in the value of outdoor exercise, and is a very keen golfer. The excellent photograph herewith shows that he plays the game as vigorously and determinedly as everything else he puts his hand to. Here's hoping that his "drives" in the future will be as effective and as "far and sure" as they have been in the past.

Rule 25

We'd spent an hour discussing the problems of the war,
The higher cost of living, and the prohibition law.
Then, passing on, we landed in a bunker of debate—
A topic all-absorbing—to us, at any rate.
The subject I refer to is one that seems to thrive
Upon its terms elusive—the Rule of 25.

Said one, with air superior, "The rule is clear to me."
"As clear as mud," observed a Dub, in tones pathetically.
"When one gets into trouble, it's bad enough, God wot!
Without these verbal penalties and such-like bally rot.
'You can't do that,' says Vardon. Says Hilton, 'Yes, you can.'
I don't know what it's all about. What's more, don't give a d—n!"

"You're right," approved a novice. "It's simply got my goat,
When I flop in a bunker, to have some learned bloke
Line up behind and watch me, with hungry eyes and keen,
To check my best endeavors to negotiate the green.
Then when, by luck, I do get up, to hear the blighter gloat:
'The hole is mine. You soled your club. You know the rule, I hope?'"

"A hazard is a bunker, so's water, ditch or sand,
A bush, or path, or roadway—to ground your club is banned.'
With some exceptions notable, he starts out to recite 'em,
And quotes from Scotch authorities, et al., ad infinitum,
Till, hot beneath the collar, I glare at him and scoff:
'Is this a legal argument, or just a game of golf?'"

"'Tis golf,' says he, and I protest, 'My ball was in the grass,
And surely some one told me—I forget his name, alas!—
That by a certain ruling, if so a ball is found,
One's club (see Rule 500) may lightly touch the ground.'
'Quite so,' he fired back promptly, 'but that's all changed, per se;
A new decision's handed down; see Rule 10, Section B.'

"'Ye gods!' I murmured, faintly. 'You've got me in your maw.
I'll give you best till I digest the rules of golfing law.
To drive, approach, and maybe putt, is valuable, of course,
But to win out, without a doubt, one needs forensic force.
So here's where I get under—no one can long survive
A match with any chap who thinks he knows Rule 25.'"

—W. H. WEBLING.



Golf, and the World Laughs With You

By CAMPBELL DUNCAN

FOR days it has been coming on you. That Golfish feeling.

It is the awakening of the golf habit. All winter it has been lying dormant, but now it has awakened like the craving for drink in a member of the Indian list, and when the golf habit begins to lay hold upon you it puts cocaine far back in the running.

For some days—ever since the snow went—you have realized that something was the matter, and the stress of work at the office has kept you from recognizing it as the golf germ in your blood, but there comes at last the bright, spring morning when the siren call of the bunker drowns the whisperings of conscience, and you decide that one day, alone and unmolested, on the links is worth untold nights at the office catching up.

You lie abed till long after your regular hour, and after a hasty toilet descend to the breakfast room and confide to friend wife, who is just seeing the younger kiddies off to school, that work can go hang for one day. This announcement only brings forth a sniff and an expression of the hope that you are not going to hang about the house, because it is wash-day, and Clarice is on the job and needs watching for fear she will boil the flannels, and anyway she is too busy to be bothered with a man around the house, and you needn't expect any lunch.

You reply gently that you intend spending at least six blissful hours at the golf club, and that you will have lunch there. You then attack your breakfast, which proves to be somewhat of a "catch-as-catch-can" meal.

However, the fact that the coffee is lukewarm and groundsey, the toast cold, and the eggs overdone, has no dampening effect upon your good humor, for in fancy you are just about to drive off for the seventh hole, the one with the nasty approach where you fozzled so many times last summer.

In fancy you tee your ball and address it with an easy grace, head down and wrists flexed. You can see it all as clearly as though you were watching yourself in a moving picture. Up comes your club at just the proper angle, and then descends in a beautiful arc, and smack!—it catches the little white globe fairly, and away it goes sailing, a tiny white speck in the sunshine. In a trance you watch it rise gently, clear that awkward clump of bushes, hit the right side of the little hillock—the other side of which would have rolled it out of bounds—and go leaping on down, hop up on the green and come to rest three feet from the flag.

You awake from your dream murmuring, "That-a-boy! Some shot, huh!" Then realizing where you are, you finish masticating the piece of toast you suspended operations on when you made that corking drive, swallow the dregs from the coffee pot, hunt out the pipe you always smoke on the links, fill and light it, and betake yourself upstairs to prepare for your truant's holiday.

After a perfectly wonderful shower-bath, in which you sing lustily of "the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la," as the needle points of icy water send the blood tingling to your finger tips, you array yourself in an old pair of tweed trousers, shake the moth balls from your favorite sweater, don it and proceed to the attic to hunt out those jolly old shoes, without which a day on the links would seem incomplete.

Right here is where you find the first fly in the ointment of an otherwise perfect day.

You seize upon and bear them downstairs, carolling light-heartedly. You slip on the right one and wriggle your toes about in it with a comfortable, friendly feeling, and then proceed to do the same with the left, when suddenly you pause between "—bloom in the spring" and "tra-la," with an un-

easy feeling that all is not as it should be, and an investigation is in order.

This results in the discovery that a mouse with domestic instincts has sublet your shoe, furnished it according to its own ideas, brought a family into the world, and generally carried on a winter of light housekeeping therein, and abandoned it in shocking condition at a very recent date without paying the rent.

Involuntarily a word that you would not like the children to hear you use slips out, and, like the historic "my son John," with one shoe off and the other shoe on, you hobble down stairs, carrying the now offensive thing well away from you, and drop it in the ash can.

Oh well, you have other shoes that you can wear, but it is a nuisance that out of all the run-down-at-heel pairs that friend wife was saving to send to the Mission Union, that mouse should have picked out the one pair you valued most. Rotten luck, of course, but if you want to catch that next train out to the club, you will have to hurry.

You slip into the boots you used to wear when the walking was bad last winter, and duck into the cupboard under the stairs for your well filled bag of clubs. You know exactly where it is, back of your old ulster, and instinctively your hand finds it and draws it forth. It somehow seems to have grown much lighter than when you hung it up in the fall, and the reason is apparent at first glance, for instead of your carefully selected bunch of clubs, one lonely mashie wags its head at you over the rim of the bag.

Amazement strikes you dumb for a moment, then a horrible thought takes hold of your mind and lashes it into action. You make for the rear of the house, and trip over a neatly rolled rug that has been taken up and laid across the dining room door while you were upstairs. The rug in that room has also been taken up, so your fall is like unto that of the Roman Empire,—swift and hard. As you regain your feet a faint sound of "Phutt! Phutt!" tells of carpet beating in the garden, and as your head rises above the level of the window sill, a sight presents it-

self that fills you with horror and rage. There, in the hand of Olga,—who was wont to handle a plow on her paw's farm in Poland,—is your cherished driver, rising and falling in a cloud of dust as that lusty maiden attacks the dining-room rug which hangs suspended from the clothes line.

Heedless of your bruised knees and stinging palms, you dash into the garden and pluck your beloved club from the vandal hand, whose owner breaks into language which would doubtless prove as bad as it sounds, if you could understand it. But you do not stop to listen, nor hanker for a translation; the one thought in your mind being to track the rest of your clubs to their respective hiding places and rescue them ere it is too late.

Friend wife is in the kitchen, and for the first time in your married life you raise your voice to her in anger. You demand volubly to be informed who gave that female, Polish giant permission to use the best driver you ever owned for beating carpets?

Friend wife retires to the trenches of her 3333 dignity, and bids you think of who you are, of what she is and of where you are, and indicates the presence of Clarice,—of ebon hue—who is busy over the wash boiler.

You don't give a continental whoop who,—but another shock is in store for you, and as your gaze turns stove-ward you are once more bereft of speech, for what is that object with which Clarice is stirring the clothes in their steaming suds?

Your niblick, by all that's holy!

Forgotten is all your early training, your Sunday school admonitions, the respect you owe your better half and the courtesy and politeness on which you prided yourself. You are once more a primitive man, desiring that which is yours, and meaning, at all costs, to have it. There is therefore a somewhat undignified wrangle before you regain it, in which Clarice takes an active part and speaks her outraged mind with point and fluency.

You long to assault some one with intent to kill, and indeed a red mist,—such as that described by Jack Lon-

don, when his hero's passions rise,—comes before your eyes, when you discover behind the stove the putter with which you won-out at the last hole from your bitterest rival, last fall.

It has evidently been used to rake out the stove in lieu of the poker, which you now remember was lost sometime about last Christmas. You gather together the clubs you have succeeded in rescuing,—crooning to them tenderly, and drop them into the caddy bag along with your mashie. They don't go in very far owing to some obstruction in the bottom of the bag, which proves on investigation to be a number of empty cigaret packets of a cheap and noxious brand, which you yourself have never been guilty of smoking.

Ha! Ha! Now you know where that boy's pocket money has been going. So this is where he has been hiding the evidence of his iniquity, is it? Very well, we will see. There is a certain amount of primitive joy to be derived from the knowledge that someone has something coming to them, and that they are going to get it and get it good. You appreciate that joy to the full.

Now for the rest of the clubs.

After a prolonged search, you find your brassy in a secluded corner of the cellar, whither it has been taken by some person or persons unknown, but shrewdly guessed at, for the purpose of breaking up the large lumps of soft coal used in the living room grate. Your midiron and lofter are in the best state of preservation of any of the missing, for they are merely hanging crossed upon the wall of son's room by way of decoration, and support a snapshot enlargement of a certain plump high-school belle.

Ruthlessly you snatch them from their artistic position, allowing the picture of your erring son's heart's-desire to fall to the ground unheeded. With the clubs in your grasp, you dash down stairs, grab your cap and bag and run for the train, alas, too late. Even as you turn the last corner to the station it pulls out; and hate and gloom descend upon your soul.

Returning to the house, you cast your bag of clubs from you, change into your city clothes, and take the next car for town.

That day will go down in the history of the office as the very worst the staff ever put in.



Getting Out of Difficulties

By ALEX. SMITH, Open Champion United States
1906-1910

IN a former lesson I referred briefly to play through the green, where the ball is on a hanging lie or either above or below the player. I said then, and repeat it now, that the chief essentials are accuracy and an easy swing, but I may add a word or two upon the proper stance and swing for these variations from the normal.

the ball and slightly turn down the nose of your club. The swing should not be more than a three-quarters one.

When the ball is on a hanging or downward lie (in the direct line of play) the stroke should be well off the right foot. In other words, stand more in front of the ball than usual, the left knee very firm and the right one com-

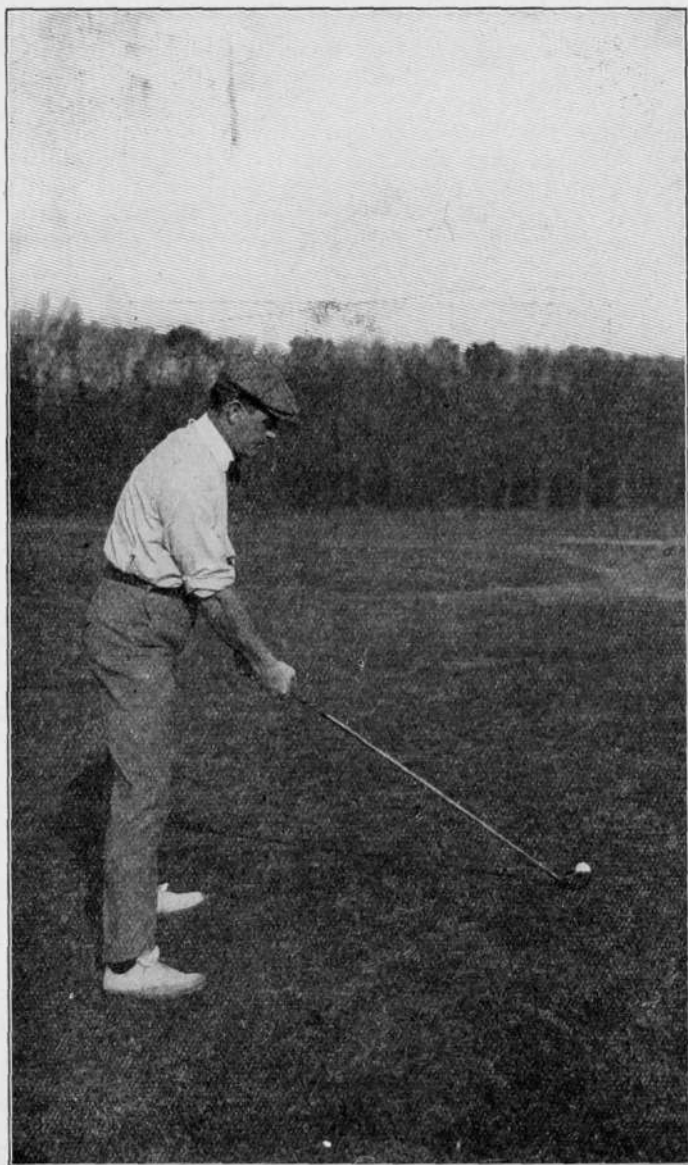


Smith's Grip for Driving

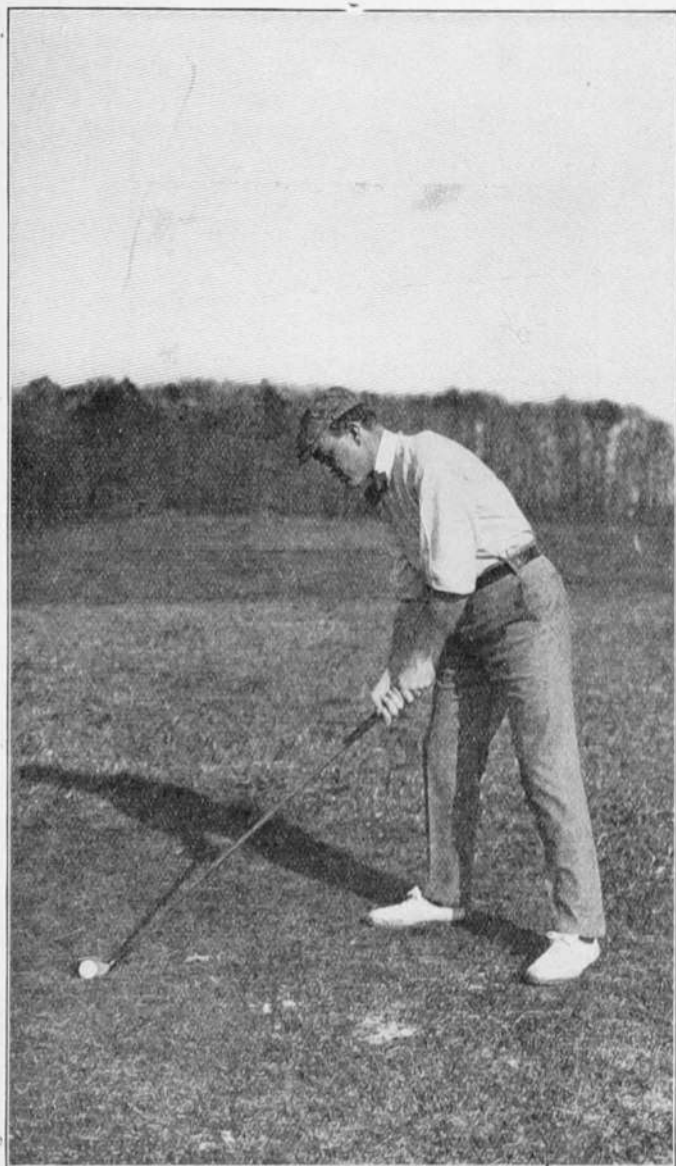
When the ball is lying on an uphill slope, and consequently above you, the tendency is to hook it badly. It will help you to play straight if you stand a little farther from the ball than usual, swinging very easily.

When the ball lies on a downhill slope, or beneath you, the tendency is both to slice and to fall forward as the club comes through. Stand well behind

paratively loose. The grip, too, should be light, or you may poke the club into the ground. For all these shots I prefer a spoon, this last being a wooden club a trifle shorter than the driver and laid back like a brassey. It has no brass sole plate and is consequently a better balanced club than the ordinary brassey. Referring again to the push stroke, which is largely used when the



Stance For Ball Lying Above You



Stance For Ball Lying Below You

ball is in a shallow cup or moderately bad lie, the tendency is to stiffen the shoulders and tighten up the grip. This is quite wrong. The grip should be decidedly slackened, so as to take the jar off the wrists and permit the putting on of back spin. It is excellent practice to learn this stroke by playing a ball out of a shallow bunker in which the sand is loose and yielding. You will have no

close to the ball as possible and let the grip be loose and flexible. Sometimes you will find the ball cocked up in a bunker, teed, as one may say. In such case it is advisable to stand well behind the ball so as to clearly catch it on the up swing as the club comes through. It is very easy to foozle even so simple a shot as this appears to be by taking sand. Note that this is ex-



Showing Position of Hands at Finish of Drive

fears for the safety of the club shaft or injury to your wrists, and the stroke can be brought off in proper fashion.

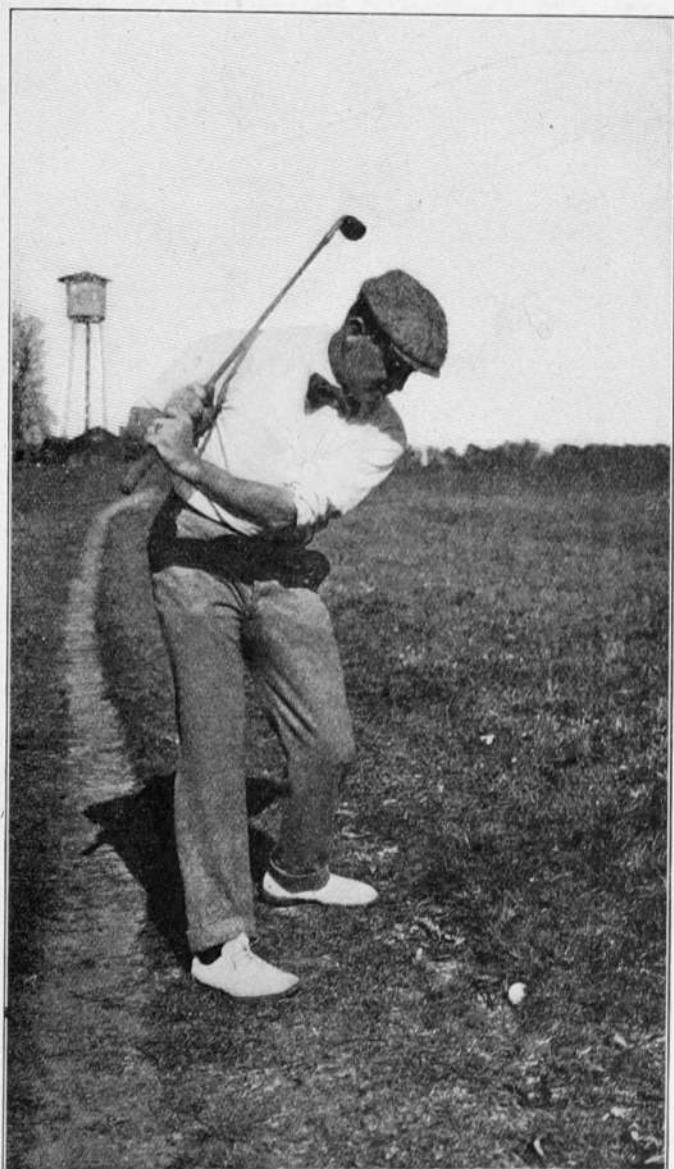
When the ball lies in a deep rut there is nothing to do but to take your niblick and pound at it. It is generally advisable to follow the rut. Indeed, the great principle of all play out of bad lies is to get out. Make up your mind that you have lost one stroke and are only trying to place yourself in position for the next one. You have lost one stroke; don't lose two.

In getting out of bunkers the older authorities advised hitting into the sand behind the ball, the distance being proportional to the looseness of the sand. It is hardly worth while bothering over such niceties; take the sand as

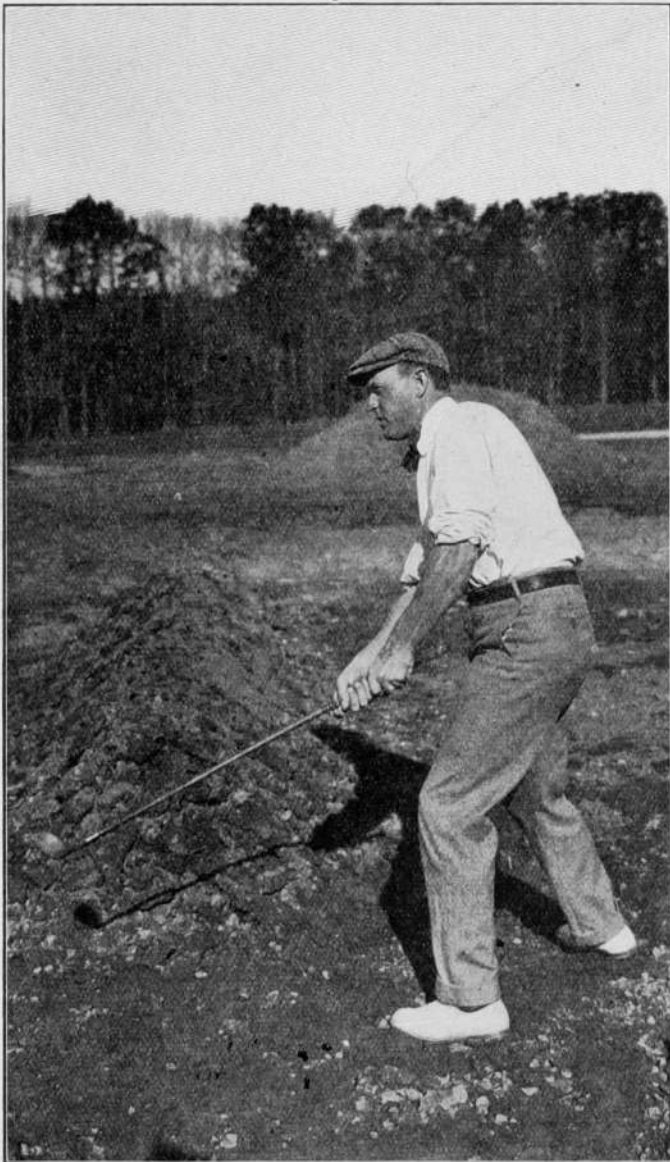
actually the reverse situation to the ordinary bunker play in which the ball lies in a heel point or is half buried.

In playing out of long grass, take the heaviest club in your bag, preferably a mashie-niblick, and bang away. The stroke is more on the straight up and down order, for all that you expect to do is to get back on the fair green, and with the usual long sweep back the club has to fight its way through that much more obstruction.

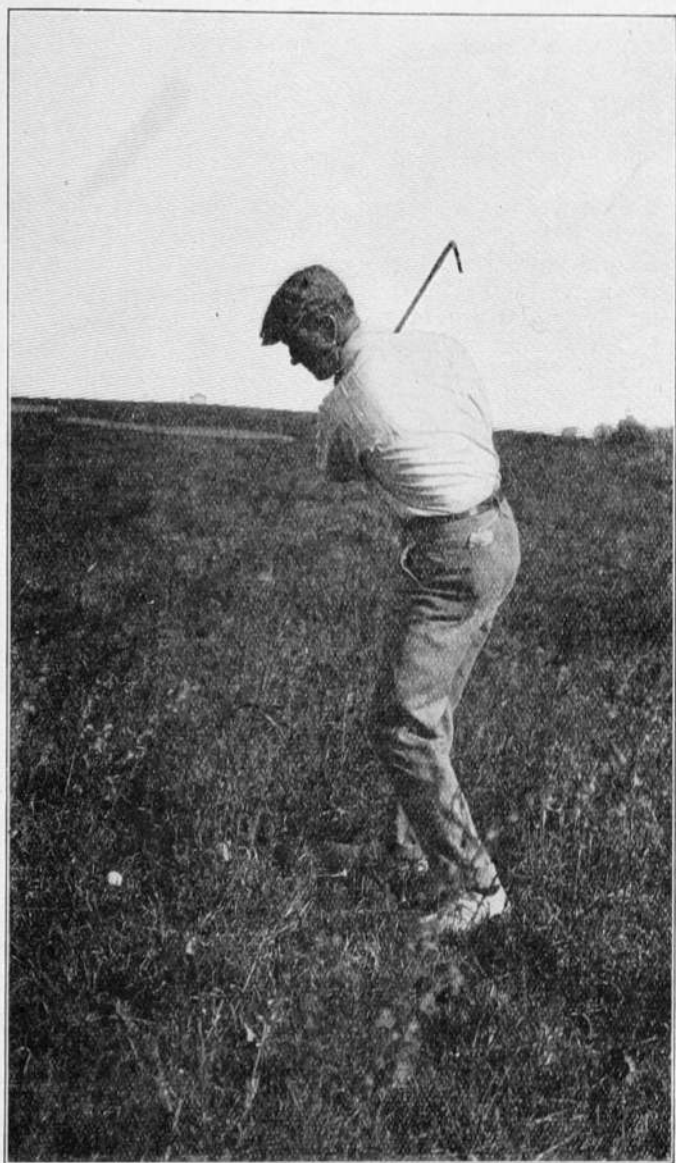
The wind is a difficulty that must always be reckoned with on a seaside course, and even the inland ones have their share of stormy weather. There are scientific golfers who make much of their ability to use a wind, pulling or slicing, as the case may be, and the



Ball in a Rut



Playing Out of a Bunker



Playing Out of Long Grass

theory is a plausible one. In practice? Well, for the beginner, it is enough if he can hit cleanly and straight. A high wind always exaggerates the effect of a spin, and I have already given my opinion that the deliberate cultivation of a slice is a dangerous thing.

When the wind is coming from the right, you may safely play well into it, turning the wrists over at the moment of impact so as to get a little pull. As the latter begins to take effect, the wind will then keep it along in the general direction of the hole.

In a left-hand wind you would theoretically play again well into its eye with a slice. But I say, don't slice intentionally under any circumstances. Aim a little farther to the left and try for a perfectly straight ball.

With the wind dead against you, you naturally want a low ball. To get it you should play well off the right foot, and the hands may be allowed to come through a trifle in advance of the club head. With a following wind, stand well behind the ball, so that you may pick it up as the club head begins to

rise. You want to get it well into the air, so that the wind may exert its full force upon it for the longest possible time.

A ball in water is played as though it were in a sand bunker. Don't be afraid of the splash.

Generally speaking, a golfer looks upon bad lies as being more difficult than they really are. The irresistible inclination is to stiffen oneself and hit a little harder than usual. We all know the fallacy of this proceeding, but, nevertheless, we continue to pursue it. There is only one cure, and that is to regard the ball in difficulty as having lost for you one complete stroke. If you can reconcile yourself to this, you will not attempt much more than to put your ball in position for the next stroke; you will play easily and well within yourself, and the results will be correspondingly favorable. After a while you will find that you are getting more distance as well, and the bad lies will have lost most of their terrors and anxieties.

An Interesting Match In England

Mr. F. S. Schell, writing the "Canadian Golfer" from the Royal Flying Corps, Wantage Hall, Reading, where he and a number of other Canadians have been training, tells of an interesting match played there in March between seven of the R. F. C. and the Sonning Club. The following was the score, the match counting a point and the bye a half:

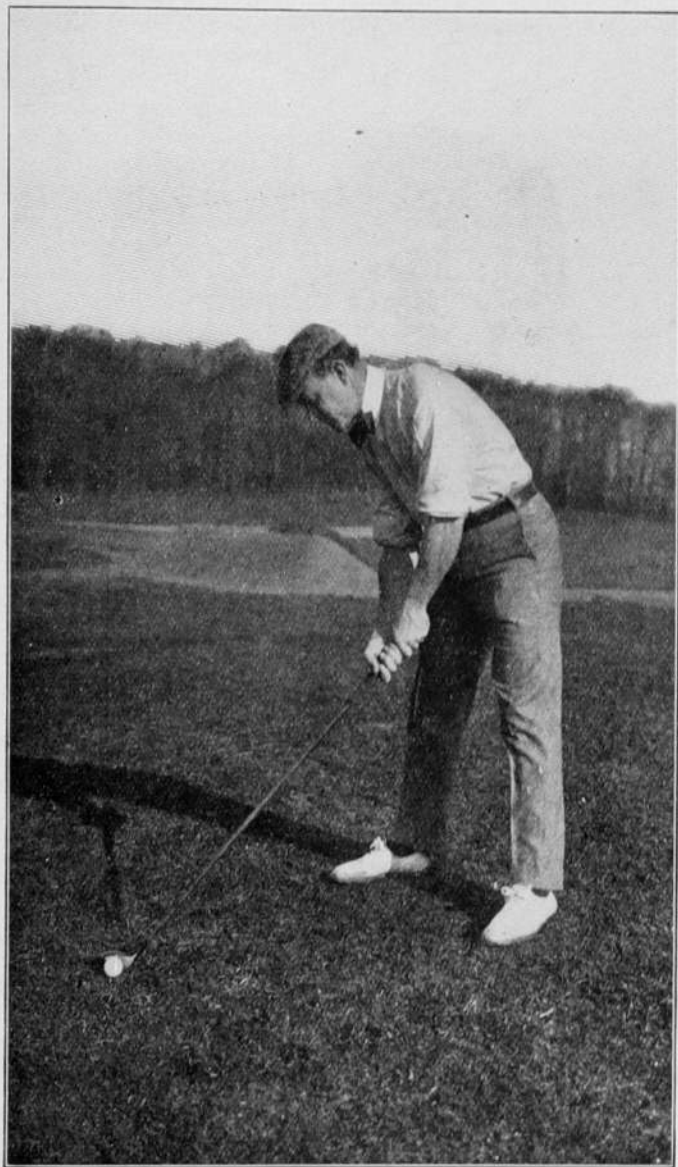
R. F. C.		Sonning Golf Club	
A. G. Henshaw.....	0	W. Rothwell.....	1½
F. C. Troup.....	6	F. Hall.....	1
A. T. Cull.....	½	G. W. Brooks.....	1
F. S. Schell.....	1½	F. Barnes.....	0
H. E. Bagot.....	0	F. W. Harries.....	1½
E. Newling.....	0	Major Price.....	1½
T. Fry.....	0	A. L. Gready.....	1½
Total.....	2	Total.....	8

Mr. Troup gave his opponent 3 strokes, and Mr. Schell gave Mr. Barnes 4 strokes. In the four-ball matches Mr. Schell and his partner, Mr. Bagot, won from Messrs. Brooks and Barnes 2 up. Sonning is the course of which Abe Mitchel was the pro. up until a few months ago, when he joined the army. Mr. Schell says: "He is

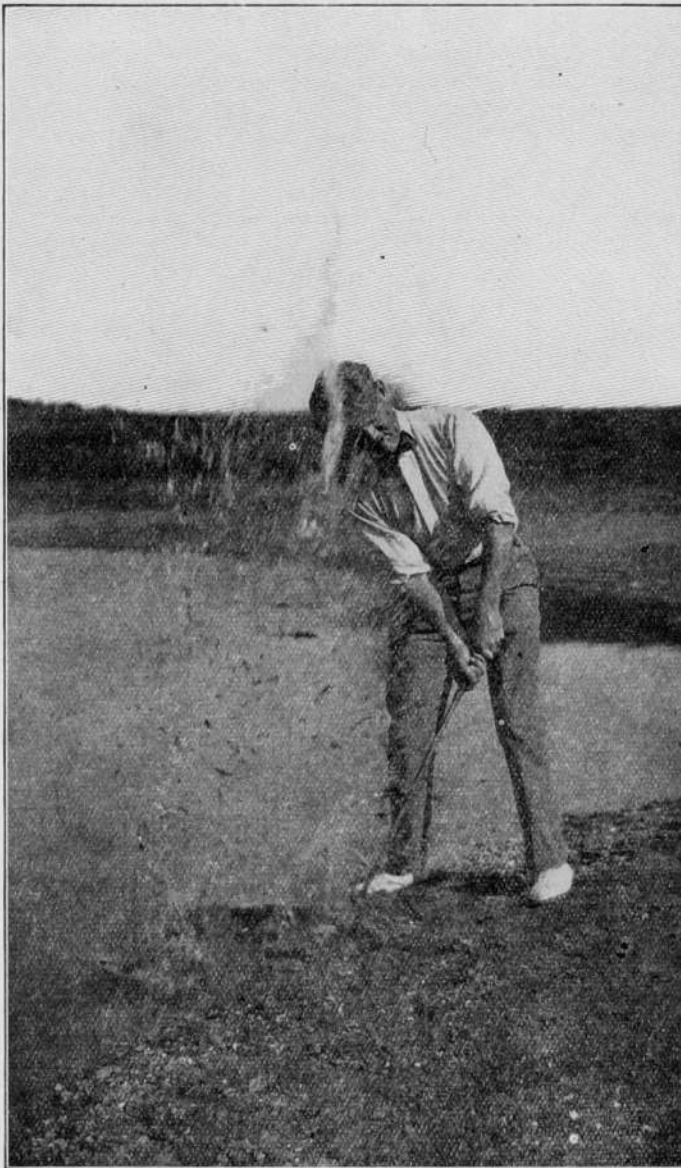
said to be the longest driver in the country"—(that fact is generally conceded.—The Ed.)—"and people look for him to be open champion in the near future. I am enclosing three cards. One shows his record for the course and the other two are the scores in the two matches he had with the five times open champion, J. H. Taylor, and, as you will see, he won both 3 and 2, with scores of 69 to 72 and 70 to 74."

Mitchel's record for Sonning is 63—33 out and 30 in. The course is 6195 yards, or three miles 915 yards. His score is well worth reproducing—it certainly was uncanny golf:

No. 1, 400 yards..	3	No. 10, 380 yards..	4
No. 2, 440 yards..	3	No. 11, 160 yards..	2
No. 3, 390 yards..	4	No. 12, 470 yards..	4
No. 4, 160 yards..	3	No. 13, 200 yards..	2
No. 5, 500 yards..	4	No. 14, 490 yards..	4
No. 6, 470 yards..	4	No. 15, 330 yards..	4
No. 7, 380 yards..	5	No. 16, 160 yards..	3
No. 8, 410 yards..	4	No. 17, 370 yards..	4
No. 9, 115 yards..	3	No. 18, 370 yards..	3
Total.....	33	Total.....	30
Gross Total—	63		



Stance for Wind Dead Against Player



Playing Out of Water

The Art of Placing

By T. G. GRAY, Rivermead Golf Club, Ottawa

WHILE there are many golfers who have found out the secret of playing good rounds and maintaining a good average in medal play throughout a golfing season, they are few and far between who can say that they have learned the art of placing a ball at all near the spot it is intended to be played.

Hundreds of players are able to reach the green in two or three strokes, but only a favored few can say that they have such confidence in their approach that they feel they will only have one putt on the green. Before mentioning the play of the shorter strokes it might be found interesting to dwell on the shots from the tee.

In many of the better courses in the Old Country bunkers are so placed that it will be found necessary to play your tee stroke towards a certain part of the course and at an angle which will land the ball perhaps fifty yards off the straight line for the putting green. It might also be found that the tee shot should not be further than 175 yards, and that the second stroke is the one where the player can let out with a full shot. To many such play may seem foolish, and they might argue that the straight line right through the play must always be the best. In very many instances this is not the case, and one only requires to play the straight shot to find out his error when not knowing the course.

The nature of the ground time and again makes it necessary to play a little more to the right or left of the dead straight line, and as many courses are beautified with trees, these obstacles must always be considered before the stroke is played. A great many players never think of playing round a tree either with a sliced or a pulled ball. If you tell them to do so they at once say they can't do it and make a dash for the green with the hope that their stroke will have a slice on it so that the ball will get round the obstructing tree, although only a straight shot was in their mind at the moment. Trusting to luck is the usual play, but why not

try to play the slice round obstacles?

You will at times chance to see a ball played round a tree or end of a house and have the satisfaction of seeing it roll up on to the putting green, and then comes the remark, "Fine shot, that—I played for it," while the player was in mortal terror of breaking branches or windows, and the good result was only obtained through a very bad slice.

There are many putting greens on the Royal Ottawa and Rivermead courses which have a certain amount of slope, and to really play the approach well under such circumstances, one must have some idea of placing the ball near to the certain spot on the green which he has chosen in his mind. As I know the Rivermead course much better than the Royal Ottawa, I might mention the putting green at the sixth or Gully Hole. The stroke is played from the tee with a mashie, and as there is little ground between the edge of the gully and the green, we must play either a firm stroke with a lot of cut, or a loose stroke which will be spent before the ball comes to terra firma. The necessity of placing well at this hole will be understood when it is remembered that the green slopes away rather more quickly at the left far corner than one would imagine, and consequently the idea would be to play a ball with a little cut, so that when it touches the green it will be inclined to run in from the sloping side, and endeavor to keep away from the chances of running down off the green to perhaps 30 yards below, as the green is situated on a plateau.

Most players are perfectly satisfied to get across the gully, and do not seem to care about the run-down and climb-up on the far side of the green, but it must surely make the play much more interesting to practice placing the tee shot, and it is very encouraging when the idea becomes an accomplished stroke.

I do not know if many golfers think for a moment about placing a ball when actually playing on the putting

green. In my own opinion, I would say it was very necessary. Take, for instance, a large putting green, and your opponent has played his approach putt to within three feet of the hole, but on your looking carefully at the ground he has yet to play over to hole his next shot you notice irregularities, and perhaps a suspicion of a mound in the centre of the line of his putt. The idea, I think, for you would be to play to get down in a sure two strokes, and the first intention would not be to lie close up, but to choose your ground from where you would make certain of holing your second stroke. You might choose the same side of the hole as your opponent, or perhaps the opposite, but you want an easy finishing stroke in all cases. Such play is what I would call placing the ball, and I believe many matches are won, perhaps indirectly, through a player paying a good deal of attention to this part of the game.

Many players will wonder how they are ever going to learn how to place a ball within 30 yards of their object. The easiest stroke, I think, is the slice for such purposes; one can stop the ball running more easily than when playing the pull, and the slice is certainly the most natural. Every beginner has the slice action in his body, and why? Simply because he will not "go through." He is timid about hitting hard, or he thinks he will over-swing, but I suppose there are one hundred under-swings to ten over-swings in the action of the body. Knowing that slicing comes more naturally to almost every player, let a man cultivate a bigger or more pronounced slice and see what are the results.

In practising I would advocate playing to a green, say, 170 yards distance, with a tree in the centre line between your ball and the green, but the tree, say, about 50 yards from your stance. To play the slice I would change the feet slightly, moving the right toe more in front of the left one, and let the left arm have a little more work to do than the right. Aim at the left-hand corner of the putting green and hit a good strong stroke, and I think the result will be that the ball will go out

straight for 70 yards and then take a distinct twist inwards towards the centre of the green. If it keeps straight, move the right toe a little further up yet, and it is likely the required result will be accomplished.

When one has to contend with a strong side wind and the player has found out a little about the art of placing, he will surely have a great advantage against his opponent, whose ball will likely be blown all over the course unless he has found the trick of keeping the ball low.

It is a great treat to follow a couple of good professionals and to watch them banging a full brassie over a hill or round all sorts of obstacles, and perhaps just carrying over some sort of trap and finding the green. Confidence is a great factor in the game, but confidence is only gained by practice, and when practising always paying attention to the strokes and the various results. One can very soon spot a player who has attained a certain amount of efficiency in the placing of his shots, and it stands to reason that sooner or later his superior play will tell on his less efficient opponent.

There is often the remark made that an opponent tried to lay a stymie when the player finds himself in such trouble, but I think there are very few golfers who are able to place the ball with such deadly accuracy as to lay their opponents a stymie from even three feet.

The art of placing is really worth studying, as it means that to accomplish a desired stroke the player must make up his mind where he intends to play or really place his ball so that his next stroke will be played from a safe place and it will not be required to be played over or round obstacles of any great dimensions.

In accompanying a singer or any stringed instrument, the pianist, it is said, is reading at least one bar ahead of what he is playing. This looking ahead should also be applied in golf. Learn to play your stroke as if you knew the distance and the nature of the ground you would have to contend with in the following stroke.

What One Man's Vision Has Done

(Toledo "News-Bee")

TWO generations or so ago, Toledo had one public playground, a neglected square known as City Park. The need for parks was not felt. The congested district then was very small. Almost every home had its front and back yards where the children could play. There were no electric cars or autos to make the streets a menace. But there was in the city a man with a vision. He looked generations ahead and saw a great and crowded city. He was not a rich man as money goes. He was not an office-holder. He was not a politician. He planned a park system for the coming city. People who knew him said he was a good business man, but had crazy ideas. Council turned him down. People laughed at him. Then on the river side of lower Summit Street he set out a few flowers. He nailed together a few planks into benches. Tired people came there to rest. He took his fight again to Council. Then to the Legislature. Then twice to a vote of the people. Then he secured Riverside Park—for the people.

He sought no place. He served as Park Commissioner, giving of his scant leisure without pay. In season and out of season he talked parks. Out of his foresight and his work came Riverside, Walbridge, Ottawa, Central Grove, Bay View, Navarre, Collins, the great boulevard system to connect them, the scores of little park triangles. The two dozen baseball diamonds, the public golf courses, the public tennis courts, the zoo, all followed his efforts.

Those properties are priceless now. The city could not think of buying such a park system now. The price of one park would bankrupt us. But who would think of abandoning them? Or any one of them?

Because this one man, whose name is S. P. Jermain, had the foresight, the vision, thousands of city children romped on the green sod last Sunday. Thousands of men and women enjoyed the fresh air and the beauty and the rest of the parks. They were all better citizens and better workers for it. If we had not had the parks, where would they have been last Sunday?

Does it pay, this thinking ahead? Are we thinking of this franchise proposition in the light of the needs and possibilities of 25 years, or in the light of the needs and conditions of this year. Should we think of it and settle it in consideration of those other 24 years, longer perhaps than most of us have to live?

Park commissioners and municipal authorities in Canada can to advantage

"mark, learn and inwardly digest" the above clipping.

Mr. Jermain, to whose foresight Toledo owes so much, and whose citizens honored him recently by renaming a public park after him, is the author of the capital article on "Public Golf" which appears in this issue. He comes of an old Scotch and French Huguenots family, which came to America at the time of the French Revolution. His Scotch ancestry, the Piersons, gave to Yale its first President. Mr. Jermain owns the old Pierson house near Sag Harbor, Long Island, built in 1694 and presented to him by his cousin, Mrs. Russell Sage, the great American philanthropist. At Sag Harbor is the John Jermain Memorial Library, built at a cost of \$100,000 and supported by Mrs. Sage in memory of her grandfather, a resident of that place early in the nineteenth century.

"It stands," says a recent issue of the New York "Herald," "opposite her Harbor Home, surrounded by a beautiful grove. In the library is a museum and antique room, where Colonial articles and implements of whaling days are shown. Entering the library one sees the model of a full-rigged whaling bark such as sailed from Sag Harbor a century ago when the port was famous the world over for its whale fishery industry. Portraits of Colonel Jermain and of Russell Sage are conspicuously hung. There is one room used exclusively for the display of old furniture."

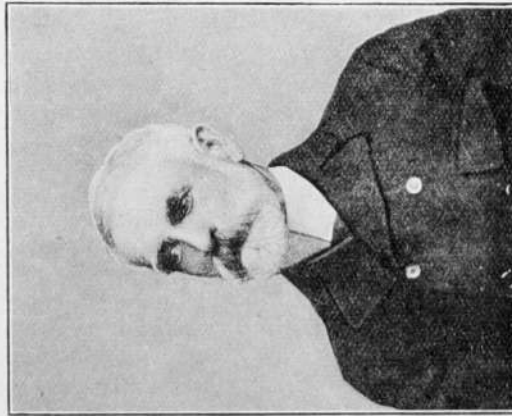
Mr. Jermain is a trustee and Secretary of this beautiful library.

Canadians will be interested to know that Mr. Jermain will possibly spend the month of August in one of our well-known summer and golfing resorts. It is to be hoped whilst here he will find time to visit some of the principal cities and their public parks and private golf courses.

He will have to wait for a year or so to inspect public links in the East. But they are coming, never fear.

A Golfing "Triumvirate"

Stalwarts Who Played Golf in Brantford Nearly Fifty Years Ago



Mr. Geo. H. Wilkes



Mr. James G. Darling



Mr. J. Y. Morton

It was in 1873 that Mr. J. Y. Morton, of Brantford, Mr. James G. Darling, then in the Bank of British North America, Brantford, now of Augusta, Georgia, and Mr. Geo. H. Wilkes, Brantford, played golf there on a commons on Vinegar Hill, now one of the most thickly populated portions of the city in the East Ward. These commons were in front of the old Grammar School, long since defunct. At a recent meeting of the Brantford Golf and Country Club, it was unanimously decided to elect these three "grand old men" of Canadian Golf life members of the Club. The Club honored itself in honoring them. The Triumvirate are all in capital health, although two of them are eighty or over. May they long be spared to testify in themselves to the "glorious benefits of Golf."

The Progress of Patricia

A Story of the Great War

By ELEANOR E. HELME, in "Golf Illustrated," London

IN the days of Championships and county matches before August, 1914, every golfer within a hundred miles of London knew Patricia. The more hopeless the match seemed, the more persistently Patricia smiled and persevered, and the blacker the outlook, the harder she tried. Whereupon things, as they have a way of doing, would right themselves, and the opponent would henceforward resolve to beware of smiling golfers except as partners. Everyone remembers when she was five down at the turn in the Championship of her county, and her driver went at the 10th, how she—— But that is a matter of golfing history and has not very much to do with Patricia to-day.

Since the outbreak of war she has passed her First Aid Examination, duly followed by Home Nursing, Invalid Cooking, and Hygiene, notwithstanding the laughter of her family, who stood severely aloof. Various long suffering District Messenger Boys were sacrificed on the altar of Patricia's patriotism, so that she might be quite sure of the intricacies of the most picturesque bandage and competent to apply a splint to any and every bone which a poor mortal can reasonably expect to fracture. If at first the messenger boy knew more than Patricia, it was hardly surprising, since last spring all London was full of equally patriotic young women possessed of equally unsympathetic families.

By way of atonement the sisters and brothers of non-military age volunteered in a body to taste the invalid cooking dishes. But then Patricia had been a famous bonfire cook in school-room days, and her cunning had not deserted her. The family enjoyed itself.

These preliminaries over, Patricia in due course became nominated to a V.A.D. detachment, signed on for service at home or abroad with as much pride and pluck as any recipient of the King's shilling; got a health certificate

(the doctor had experienced her capacities for three rounds in the day), was vaccinated, twice inoculated, photographed for a passport and fitted for the uniform (including every variety of cap and veil), whilst two friends of high degree duly testified to her "loyalty and suitability" to the satisfaction of the War Office authorities. The family ceased to laugh.

Then the tug of war began, for Patricia has a persevering soul off the course as well as on it, and has never taken "no" for an answer, nor even a suggestion of "wait and see." She had always been an advocate of setting out to win holes, rather than waiting for your opponent to lose them to you; if a bunker could not be carried it must be circumvented, and if an opponent did not crack from being overdriven, then tactics of uneventful steadiness must come to the rescue. On Monday Patricia was quite certain that her duty lay with Salonika; on Tuesday Salonika had retired in favour of two hospitals at a Chateau "somewhere in France." That evening the family heard a great deal of the military veil which she learnt she would be entitled to wear, the value of her French education and Parisian accent, the wisdom of inoculation and photography in good time. When action fails Patricia, she can always fall back on talking; at no time gloomy, she was now wreathed in smiles. The next day the chateaux had vanished from the conversation as castles in the air have done before now; Patricia ceased to talk of her French qualifications, but she continued to smile, for Malta was filling the picture, with an alternative of working with a friend at a convalescent home in Devon. If only she could have heard of contingents going to East or West Africa, to the Persian Gulf, or the Suez Canal, she would doubtless have volunteered with equal zest for these or for any other spot on this distracted globe.

The family were in full cry on the Malta scent when a telephone message from another friend (Patricia's friends must be reckoned by the battalion) filled her with an idea that scrubbing in a leading London hospital would, after all, be the best and most patriotic course.

By noon the next day, still smiling, she had applied to half a dozen London hospitals and four convalescent homes, and in addition visited Devonshire House, the French Croix Rouge, and her own V.A.D. commandant, none of whom showed any wish to make room for her themselves, and all politely recommended her to apply to the other. About this period the family somewhat lost track of her plans and did not venture to criticise any.

But time was passing, and Patricia was not content merely to go on talking and smiling or even persevering; she wanted to be nursing. On Friday she heard of yet another friend who had lately been appointed head of a military hospital in the north of England. So once more Patricia approached the London hospitals and convalescent homes, the French chateaux, her own V.A.D. commandant, Devonshire House, the Croix Rouge, and the home in Devon, to know whether they had any objection to her attempting to go to the north of England instead of waiting for one of them to find her a

billet. There was much smiling and a great deal of persevering needed to get an answer out of all within twenty-four hours, but Patricia stuck to her guns, and the hospitals, homes, and all kinds of institutions agreed to her request. By this time it was mid-day Saturday, and the family braced itself for a strenuous week-end.

But there was no need. One reply-paid wire, prodigal of halfpence, four brief words in reply from the matron of the north of England hospital, who knew Patricia better than to say her nay; and she had the felicity of writing to her V.A.D. commandant, to Devonshire House, to the Croix Rouge, to six London hospitals and four convalescent homes, the homes in Devon and two chateaux in France, to say that she was definitely under orders for a military hospital in the north of England.

Next Monday will see her established there, and the passports, and the photographs, and the Parisian accent will be wasting their sweetness, and she will have ceased to talk, and will be doing her bit in real earnest. But Patricia, under her military veil, will still be smiling and persevering, and somebody will be finding life all the easier and cheerier for having her there, even if she is only scrubbing a floor.

The "Don'ts" of J. H. Taylor

The "Don'ts" of J. H. Taylor are famous. Here are a few new ones of which he has been guilty: "Don't" forget to cover up your tracks when coming out of a bunker; remember to leave it in the condition that you would like to find it yourself; besides, it is good sportsmanship to do so. "Don't" bustle the slow players that may happen to be in front of you; although not so speedy, they have every right to enjoy the game at their own leisure, especially if they are keeping their place. "Don't" continually ask the caddy as

to the line for the "putt," or as to what club you should take; you are the player, and not he; it tends to self-reliance, and it is much more satisfactory to play the game more "off your own bat." "Don't" expect condolence from your opponent for any piece of bad luck that you may run up against; he is trying to beat you, and his sympathy may smack of hypocrisy. "Don't" apologize when you lay a "stymie"; your apology sounds hollow to your opponent, and is ill-timed and really not meant; besides, it is all in the game.

Public Golf

Why Every City Should Establish and Foster It

By SYLVANUS PIERSON JERMAIN, President of the Central Golf Association of the United States

HOW any city can acquire a public golf course is best understood and dealt with by those in touch with local conditions and the methods for obtaining action from the governmental authorities. Where there is a will there is always a good and suitable way. Briefly, in our American vernacular, we would say, "Go to it, and get it."

It is why every city should have a public golf course that I will endeavor to make clear, and trust that this may awaken the spirit of action—the spirit of determined enthusiasm that Does Things.

In the movement by which we were able to establish a public golf course at Ottawa Park, in Toledo, Ohio, in 1899 and a second one at Bay View Park in 1915, it was necessary to make clear to the public mind that the establishing of playgrounds of that character was one of the best expressions of an enlightened conception of democracy.

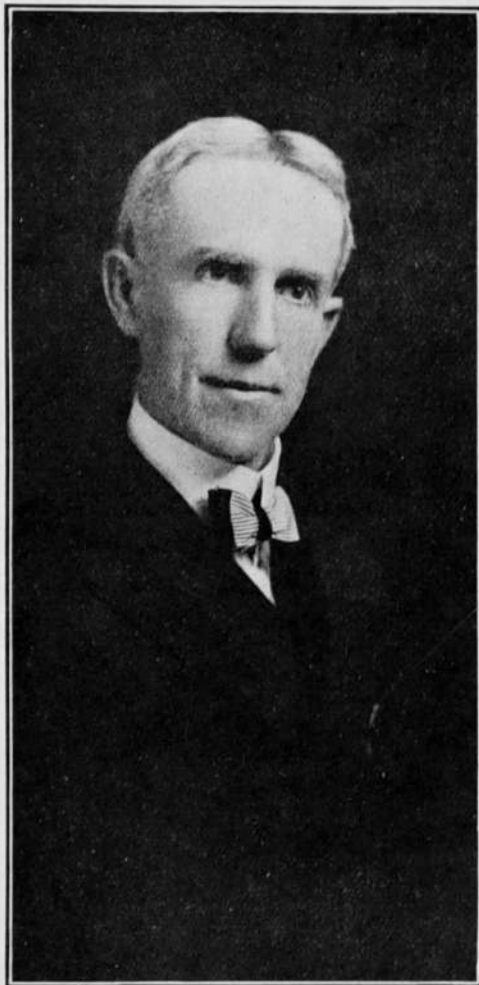
It is time-honored by the fact that golf was first played in Scotland more than four hundred years ago upon the Community Lands, those free lands, the only public parks in those days con-

sisting of the widely extending sand dune formations along the ocean and estuary side, which had, during the ages, been literally cast up by the sea, and thus they were the common prop-

erty of all. Hereon the shepherd, the artisan, the clerk and the Lord of the Manor met together to play the game of golf in the common fellowship of man. The annals of golf are indeed rich in such lore. And so to this day, at St. Andrews and elsewhere, the golf courses have remained public institutions of distinctly remarkable value. This value has been a combination of their recreative importance going hand in hand with their preservation of that spirit wherein a common and ancient privilege is notably fostered.

The tremendous stride in popularity which the game has taken during the past thirty years, and its necessity as a recreative factor in the lives of business and pro-

fessional men, has led to the establishing of country clubs all over the world, and in ever-increasing numbers, so that they are numbered now by thousands instead of by hundreds, as was the case



Mr. S. P. Jermain, "Father" of Public Golf in Toledo

a comparatively few years ago. Greatly improved courses and of clubs and balls wherewith to play a much superior game than was possible with the rude implements and balls of the earlier days, is also responsible for this "boom" in golf, but it is also and naturally responsible for the growth of the game in many quarters to have been looked upon as a strictly special privilege.

Large tracts of land needed to be bought, and club-houses built, hence companies or clubs were formed to finance the enterprise, both as it pertains to golf and social functions, until today this institution as a whole represents an investment of vastly more capital than any other sport. As these clubs were of necessity for the exclusive use of their members, the only opportunity which the general public could have to play the game was in the public parks. Hence the demand for this opportunity naturally arose, and justly so, and one by one our American cities have been wisely giving heed to it. It is one of those demands which is basic and reaches deep into fundamental things as concerns equality of opportunity, and is a part of the park idea, for it has been truly said that "the opening of the Crown lands and certain vast estates of England and the Continent as public parks was one of the first and most positive evidences of the rise of the people to power."

These great public estates—one of the best expressions of the word "commonwealth"—in every foot of which the poorest man in the community has as much a sense of ownership and right of full enjoyment as the richest man therein, allay much of social discontent which would otherwise naturally exist and increase until it became a danger alike to the happiness and the peace of any city or any nation. It therefore seriously behooves every one in influence or in power to realize a thing so fundamental and at the heart of social conditions.

Where any city has had the wisdom to acquire considerable tracts of land for public parks, conveniently located upon its borders and easily reached by street cars, there nearly always exists

those open spaces wherein an excellent golf course of eighteen, or at least nine, holes can be laid out without in any way interfering with the other recreations of these great public pleasure grounds—the lungs of the modern industrial centres. The game itself affords the best form of normal exercise, and is more and more proving its need to all classes of men who labor in close confinement in cities. It has opened a new field of health, hope and happiness to very many, and if it so happens that the park lands of any city have been so long established and planted that the needed open spaces are not available, then the public need of the opportunity for golf amply justifies the purchase of sufficient and suitable new land for the express purpose. When once established a very small charge per game will provide for the upkeep. It is indeed a splendid municipal investment from whatever standpoint it is viewed. It makes for a healthier, happier, more forceful and more contented citizenship. It promotes greatly the spirit of civic pride and independence. It fosters and builds constantly a more virile and dependable individualism, which will always be the highest conception of human development. The golfer as he tramps the links is king of his own kingdom and, above all, he learns that great lesson that "He who ruleth himself is greater than he who taketh a city."

In the glories of Nature all about him, inspiring him to better work in his chosen labor of life, and realizing the handiwork of his Maker everywhere expressed, he feels a sense of that emancipation from any sort of the personal tyranny of man, the rule by fear of any human mind. He learns to "slow down," to relax, to become normal and get a new grip and control of his physical and mental forces, and to take as his motto: "Don't fear—don't press"—in very truth, to be at his best in body and soul. He learns to be more hopeful, kind, considerate and courageous and voluntarily loyal to the best appeals of his city and his country's need; likewise a better husband, a better father and a better man.

In the luxurious comfort of our favorite country clubs we are apt to be lulled to a sense of smug personal content and a narrow satisfaction with our life, nor care to look beyond. But neither can we as men or citizens, nor can the city wherein we live and where we have one atom of influence, afford to neglect our public duty in this respect. The very fact that the game of golf, which in our good worldly fortune

we have bought and paid for, makes it all the more mandatory upon us that we see to it that its privileges are soon made possible for all citizens, who deeply need its benefits, their rightful inheritance from its time-honored origin.

Assuredly the hand of every citizen, and especially those in power and leadership, should be lifted in favor of public golf.

Golf and Punch

By R. STANLEY WEIR, K.C., Montreal, in "Golf Illustrated,"
New York

GOLFERS worthy of the name: players, that is, who will not accept flattery at the expense of truth, never object to seeing themselves as others see them. On the contrary, one of their complaints is that they cannot so see themselves. They are like the recruit when ordered by his disgusted drill-sergeant (an Irishman, of course) to "step out here and have a look at yourself." If they could achieve the impossible and see themselves otherwise than with the so misleading mind's eye, they would, doubtless, be horribly shocked. "What! I play in that ridiculous style. Impossible!" But the veracious answer would be, "'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true." It is a very good thing, then, to have oneself photographed in golfic action frequently and carefully to ponder the result. As the late Mr. Robert Burns observed in his pleasing vernacular:

"It wad from mony an error free us
And foolish notion!"

"Foolish notion" is by no means an inapt expression!

But there are other foibles and failings of certain golfers which may be legitimately considered for the self-revelation that no good, honest golfer objects to. These are to be discovered in those devotees of the democratic and modern, as well as royal and ancient, game who are described by Mr. Horace Hutchinson as forever scribbling about it. Nobody among those

devotees will seriously complain at being stirred a little by the touch of a gentle satire, if so be he can see himself as others see him, for a good golfer is in the game for all there is in it; for his soul as for his body.

That keen observer of men and manners who resides at 10, Bouverie Street, London, E.C., Mr. Punch, paid his compliments, some two or three years ago, to a certain class of writers who were very prone in their beautiful, fresh zeal to setting down the obvious; and gave a specimen of their style for the benefit and admonition of all whom it should concern. I shall quote from this parody in a moment, when it will be seen that Mr. Punch also indulges in a little ironical chaff at those good fellows who are so fond of telling about the most wonderful shot ever played! We are all familiar with stories of those wonderful shots which have made undying reputations for the perpetrators of them. Some of us have seen them; most of us have not. Wonderful shots, indeed, we have all seen—both fearful and wonderful; but the least said about them the better. Mr. Punch, clearly, would have us on our guard against mere legendary lore; and he would also have us on our guard against running too readily into print with every little theory. On this latter question he does not, perhaps, make sufficient allowance for the enthusiasm of neophytes who think they have lighted upon new discoveries and are

as keen as apostles to make the good news known; perhaps, knowing all about new-born zeal, he wished theorists to verify their theories before printing them; but, perhaps (for the last time), he forgot that professionals always acquiesce in any new wrinkle submitted by their pupils—if solvent. Shouldn't the left arm give most of the power? Yes. Shouldn't the right hand come in with a little flick at the impact? Yes. Shouldn't we swing with

noticed with what consummate ease he introduces his subject, abandons it, and returns to it.

The Art of Long Driving.

"There is no doubt that the player who can drive a long ball from the tee gets further than his less fortunate confrere who is a short driver. Much has been, and will be, written on the art of long driving. How is this desideratum of all followers of the royal and ancient



From Punch

ANOTHER LENTEN SACRIFICE

Golf Caddy (to Curate): "High tee, Sir?"

Curate: "No; put it on the ground. I give up sand during Lent."

both hands in unison? Yes. The best explanation of Mr. Punch's little thrust, however, may be that the old gentleman was simply having his fun. Why should not even Punch amuse himself and his friends now and again!

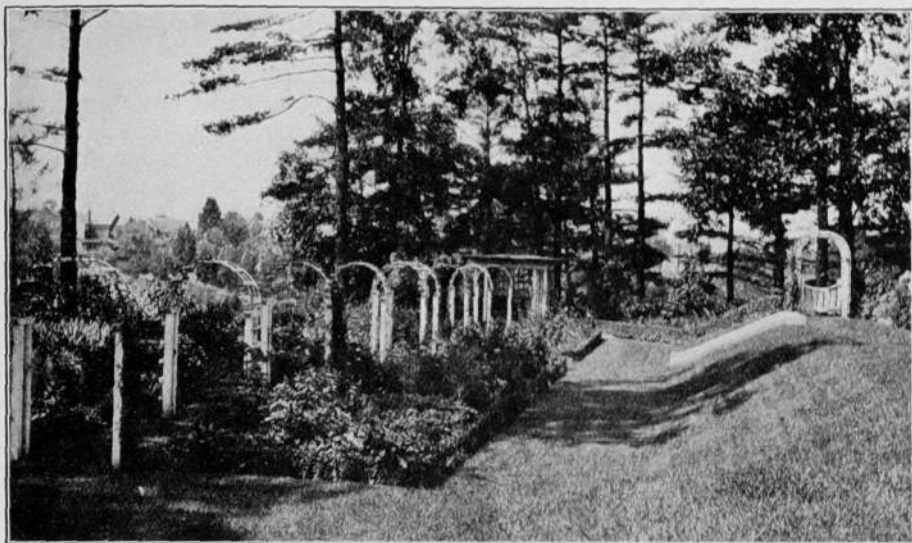
Here, then, are a few of his practical hints, written "sarkastical," as poor Artemus Ward would have said, and mixed with a little light raillery (observe our alliteration) on the marvellous strokes recorded in the biographical studies about great golfers.

Mr. Punch entitles his article "The Art of Long Driving," and it will be

game to be attained? That is what I am about to tell you.

"Some men when going out for a long one from the tee play their ball with a little pull on it; others merely drive a straight ball down the middle of the course. Anyway, as I have said, the player who hits a long ball gets further than the one who hits a short ball, and, consequently, he needs a shorter shot to reach the green with his second.

"Speaking of reaching the green reminds me of two of the most remarkable shots I ever witnessed. I was



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playing for the championship of Texas, U. S. A., in 19—. My partner was Mr. 'Slick' Samson, the celebrated professional amateur. At the fourteenth he pulled his drive into the rough. When we came up to the ball it was neatly cupped in a lark's nest which contained four eggs. Now I am betraying no secret when I say that on the three previous greens Samson had been put off by the incessant singing of a skylark, and had missed holing three twenty-five foot putts in succession: a most unusual thing for him. I therefore expected to see him take his revenge by lifting nest, eggs and ball all on to the green together with his niblick. But I was disappointed. Instead, he took his mashie and played the ball with such nicety that it landed dead within two feet of the pin and the eggs remained in the nest unbroken: not even cracked.

"Strange to say, the other remarkable shot was made by the same player on the same course. The game was all square at the seventeenth. We both had good drives at the eighteenth, but Samson had the misfortune to find a rabbit hole, his ball lying about eight and a half inches inside the entrance. Here was a quandary. It was the only rabbit hole on the course, and had been constructed subsequent to the drafting of the local rules, so that no provision was made for this contingency. If he picked up it meant losing the match. He walked forward toward the green,

with a worried look on his face. Then, returning, he took his niblick and hit with tremendous force. The ball disappeared down the rabbit hole. Imagine, if you can, our undisguised amazement when it bolted out of Br'er Rabbit's back-door, about five yards from the green, and came to rest within two feet from the pin! (If I recorded the exact distance—six inches—many golfers might be tempted to doubt my veracity.) Needless to say, I lost the hole and the match.

"But I am digressing. I merely mention these two shots because I am trying to get a good length with my article, which reminds me that the art of long driving is the subject under discussion. Well, I hope that after a careful perusal of these few practical hints you will find that you are considerably getting a longer ball from the tees than you got formerly. If you succeed in doing this you will experience a feeling of true satisfaction."

So reads one of Mr. Punch's masterpieces. But we must confess that it contains statements which militate against its vraisemblance, so to speak. Are there skylarks and rabbit-scrapes in Texas, U. S. A.? If not, Mr. Punch is lamentably off in his local color and guilty of deliberate invention. But Mr. Punch would probably contend that when writing his reminiscences he was more concerned with principles than with facts; or, perhaps (useful word "perhaps"), he was only having his fun.

The Real Spring

IN quoting in full from the editorial in the March issue of the "Canadian Golfer" on "Municipal Golf Courses," the Montreal Standard says:

As all faithful readers of this weekly effusion know, just as soon as the first blades of grass are seen around Dominion Square, and the first peek-a-boo waists appear in the store windows on St. Catherine Street, it has been our custom to ask why it is that Montreal has no municipal golf course, no municipal tennis courts, and no municipal bowling greens, etc. It would appear to us at this time that some would-be controller or alderman missed a great chance not only to secure many votes, but also to be the leader in a movement which some day in the near future is going to

assume considerable proportions. We are more than pleased to see that such an authority on the game as the "Canadian Golfer" is now "boosting" the idea of municipal links, and we will be glad indeed to welcome other helpers to the fold. To us it is ridiculous that a city such as Montreal, with facilities galore for the establishment of nine-hole courses for the public at a moderate fee, has not yet succeeded in establishing them. Especially when such courses can be established at a very moderate outlay and will pay for themselves within a very few months. A municipal golf course will add nothing to the civic debt, it will add much to the pleasure of thousands of Montrealers, and it will do much to promote the love of a health-giving and fascinating game.

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

APRIL is the betwixt-and-between time for the golf scribe. Most clubs have had their annual meetings, and play has not yet commenced. I had hoped to have a full list of 1915 medalists, but pressure of war work has interfered with the checking over of all the score sheets and entries in the official books. It is quite a piece of work checking over the sheets, even though our district managers have done wonderful work in the last year, the fruits of their painstaking efforts to thoroughly learn the L.G.U. system being shown in the well-kept sheets as compared with those at the end of 1914. We are all human, however, and not infallible, so possibly this slack month will be well utilized if some of the more frequent mistakes of club committees, and even the district managers, are pointed out.

Score Sheets.

At the right side of the large sheet we use the last column, divided in three, for entering the three best gross scores to date of each player. One common mistake is to enter there only the three best scores made for large sheet that season, whereas scores appearing on the Extra Day Sheet must also be taken into consideration in looking for these three best scores to date. Also accepted scores made previous to that season must be looked at. The three best of these will be found immediately after player's name at left side of large sheet. The reason one must be so particular is that in making out the new large sheet for 1916, for example, one turns to right-hand column of large sheet for 1915, takes down the names in order of handicap at end of 1915—beginning with lowest handicap, of course—and then takes down the three scores shown there for each player—i.e., her three best scores to date, whether made in 1915 or previous to that, provided no material difference in the course has been made to alter the par. In this latter case a little

notation is necessary. This is best shown by a definite example:

Suppose a club had in 1914 par of 78. Two holes are lengthened during 1915, and the par, after due consideration by the Pars Committee, raised officially to 80. Player's sheet shows she made a 89 in 1914, a 92 and a 93 in 1915. These are her three best scores to date. In making out this column at end of 1915 put 89, and over it write in red ink, "Par 78" and "+2." So when you want to add up to get her average to check the handicap you have:

89+2=91, making score equivalent to
92.....92 one made on a Par 80
93.....93 course.

—
3)276

—
92

80 Par.

—
Hdcp.=12

But as par is deducted from average of three best scores where balance brings player into the silver medal class, we will also take two other possible examples supposed to occur at the same club as the above. B makes a 96 in 1914 and 100 and 105 in 1915.

96+2=98—to score made on Par 80

100 course

105

—
303

L. G. U. Rule No. 19 applies here: B's handicap is 21x. C makes 99 in 1914 and 105 and 103 in 1915. She was in Bronze Class in 1914—i.e., had 99=78=21, and her handicap is still the same, as is shown by the red 1914+2 above the "99"—being equivalent to 99+2=101—80=21 handicap on a Par 80 course.

Another mistake sometimes made is not keeping scores made while in Bronze division entirely separate from those made after player has moved into Silver Medal Class. Example: The large sheet showing play for C. L. G. U.

annual medals has the following for a player we will call Miss X, whose handicap at beginning of 1915 was 30 and scores 110, 113, 119. Her 1915 scores

I. II.

read: 136—30=106; 114—30=84;

III.

116—30=86; a "105" on Extra Day Sheet reduces her handicap to 25. Then

IV.

comes 123—25=98; Extra Day Sheet produces a "98," reducing her to 21x,

V.

and we have 106—21x=85. Another "98" from Extra Day Sheet puts her into Silver Class, as her three best scores are:

105
98
98
—
3)301

100 1-3
80

20 1-3=20 handicap—Silver Class.

VI.

VII.

Next score 104—20=84; 107—20=87.

Then a "94" from Extra Day Sheet reduces handicap to 17, and we have

VIII.

IX.

X.

111—17=94; 94—17=77; 110—17=93.

Therefore we find scores Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 all made while in Bronze Class, and therefore eligible only for Bronze Medal. Scores 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 all made when in Silver Class and eligible only for Silver Medal. Miss X's four best net scores for Bronze Medal therefore are 84+86+98+85, giving average for Bronze Medal of $88\frac{1}{2}$.

For the Silver Class her best net scores are: 84+87+77+93=average of $85\frac{3}{4}$ for the Silver Medal.

This is an actual case, and the mistake made by the club committee was in taking the four lowest net scores, irrespective of whether made when in Bronze Class or in Silver.

To clear up another point sometimes misunderstood. Miss X, you observe, has $88\frac{1}{2}$ average for Bronze Medal. Had her $85\frac{3}{4}$ been beaten for the Silver Medal she would have been eligible

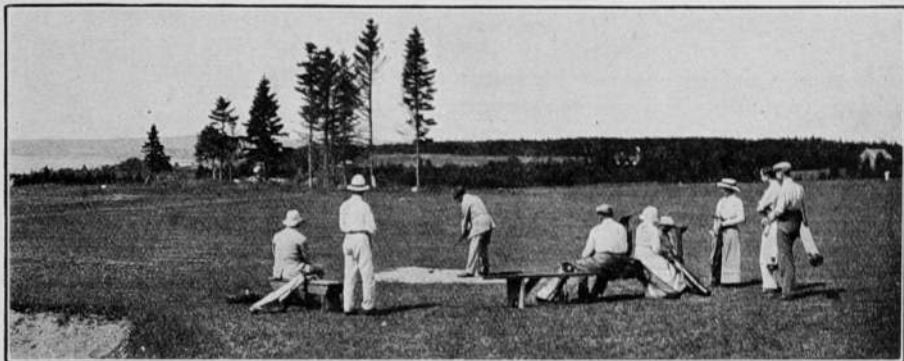
for the Bronze, and if her $88\frac{1}{2}$ had been good enough she would have received it though she ended the year in the Silver Class.

In 1914 a player in an Ontario club, who about the middle of the season went into the Silver Class, ended the year with the best average for the Bronze as well as for the Silver. By the L. G. U. rule, "A win of a Silver Medal cancels a win of a Bronze," she was awarded the Silver only, the Bronze going to the player in Bronze Class having next best average for the Bronze. Please read these items carefully to avoid future mistakes.

A very common one is the failure to apply Rule 19. There is nothing complicated about this rule. Read it carefully, and work out some examples by taking imaginary scores.

Of course we are all very much occupied with war work, and our beloved game has receded farther and farther in the background of our thoughts; and I personally, as the Hon. Sec. of the C. L. G. U., must plead guilty to putting off my secretary's duties for more vital things. The heavy amount of work that has fallen on my shoulders for Serbian Relief is largely responsible for the delay in issuing the report, checking score sheets, etc. I must simply beg the kindly forbearance of the C. L. G. U. clubs, and add on my own behalf that, a number of officers of the C. L. G. U. having resigned, either because of going to England or "because of excess of patriotic work," a good deal more work has come my way. Incidentally, I, too, have my "bit" to do for my country, so the C. L. G. U. work has to wait frequently. However, the main thing is to hold the C. L. G. U. together as best we can till this awful war is over and we can devote some time to our games again. Then, when annual meetings become possible, with the regular election of officers and business methods, we shall realize it was worth while holding on, even though everything was not so systematic during war time as we should all like to see it when peace comes again and there are not so many more important calls on us.

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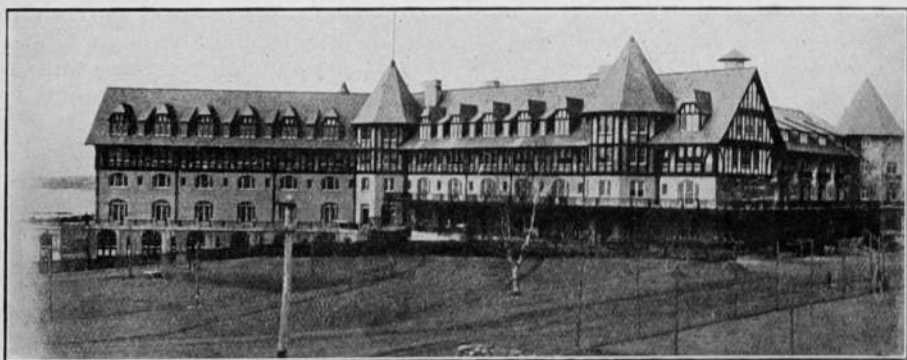
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Serbian Relief.

In reference to the kind editorial on my article on the "Call of Serbia" in the March number of the "Canadian Golfer," the amount of \$16,000 was mentioned as raised by golfers for Serbia. This no doubt referred to the £3350 raised for a Serbian Hospital Fund as a memorial to Miss Madge Neill-Fraser. But golfers have been working for Serbia in other ways also—many serving on the various committees. Though I am not in a position to give other amounts collected for this unfortunate nation, I know from Miss Helen Losanitch that the American Serbian Relief of New York cabled \$40,000 to Dr. Ryan in Rome during February. Canadian figures are not available, but our own Serbian Relief Committee in Hamilton raised \$12,600 in two months, and we are aiming at \$25,000 at least, and more if we can get it.

A Serbian Relief Fund was started in Sarnia after Mrs. Pankhurst's visit there in March, and one has been founded in Berlin, Ontario, largely through the efforts of the women golfers there. Montreal, Quebec and Toronto are all doing fine work, but though we have begun well we must not cease our efforts. The need is terrible, the sufferings appalling, and every cent we can spare is required. There are about a million refugees, and it costs at least ten dollars, we are assured, to carry each person from Albania to a place of safety. That means ten million dollars for transportation and food on the journey only. What about food and clothing after they are safe? Also never forget that these refugees are probably all that is left of the nation, for murder, brutality, starvation and disease have worked deadly havoc among the unfortunates left behind in that devastated country.

The Brantford Ladies' Golf Club is going to contribute the proceeds of the tea to open the club for the season. The ladies of the Grand River Club of Berlin are going to hold a bridge party once a week to aid the Serbians. Who else will aid us to pay our debt to these brave people whose loyalty to their

word to the Allies cost them such terrible suffering?

Since writing the above I am in receipt of a most encouraging letter from Mr. L. Goldman, of Toronto, General Manager of the North American Life, enclosing a cheque for \$25, as the article on Serbia had made him wish to help. He also said some very kind things about the work the British and Canadian women are doing at the present time. Words of appreciation such as these make us women wish we could do twice as much as we are doing now.

Canadian Ladies' Golf Union—Secretary's Report.

No golf report could be rendered without some reference to the world's catastrophe that has made the game we love a matter of time snatched from busy days as a means of preserving our strength to work harder, or as a way to raise money with which to meet the many urgent calls that have come to us in the last twenty months.

All championship events having been cancelled during the war, there is, of course, no opportunity of holding general meetings. Officers of the C. L. G. U. are more widely scattered than ever before, and it is a source of pride to us all that no body of people have risen more nobly than the golfers to the hard test of these terrible days. Every club has its Roll of Honor, on which one frequently finds names of those who have played the game of life gloriously to the end. Among these stands that of one of the finest golfers and truest sportswomen Scotland ever produced—Miss Madge Neill-Fraser, who gave her life for the stricken Serbian people. The whole world's admiration goes out to the wonderful work of the British women during the war, and golfers are found everywhere driving ambulances, delivery wagons, running canteens, doing clerical work, making munitions, nursing, and even cooking and washing dishes in hospitals. The need for these things has not yet reached us in Canada, but will e'er long, and we must be ready when it comes, that we Canadian women golfers may prove worthy of the splendid

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Small size, heavy, sinks, recognized all over the world as the perfect ball. Each 65c., Dozen \$7.50.

GLORY DIMPLE

Full size, heavy, sinks, a favorite with long drivers. Each 65c., Dozen \$7.50.

MIDGET BRAMBLE

Small size, heavy, a favorite ball with those who prefer a Bramble marked ball. Each 65c., Dozen \$7.50.

PIGMY

A new ball with Dimple marking, wonderful value at the price. Each 35c., Dozen \$4.20.

CANADIAN DEMON

Another new ball, better in quality than any ball ever offered at the price. Each 25c., Dozen \$3.00.

369 St. Catherine St., W.
MONTREAL, P. Q.

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

207 Yonge St.,
TORONTO, ONT.

example set us by our sisters across the seas.

For several reasons, all to do with the war, a number of the C.L.G.U. officers have tendered their resignations, among them our President, Miss Campbell, but it is hoped she may reconsider the matter. Mrs. Ricardo is returning to England to live. Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Sweney (Miss Violet Pooley) retain their offices by request, though both will live in England till the end of the war. Mrs. Stuart has given up the District Managership of Nova Scotia, as she may have to leave for England at any time. Her place has been taken by Miss Dora Faulknor, of Halifax. Miss Bartlett, of Charlottetown, resigned as Manager for New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, as she is leaving for the old Country after her marriage. Part of the Western Ontario District has been taken over by Miss Dawson, of Waterloo, from Mrs. Hope Gibson (Miss Frances Scott). There have been changes also in the Head Office. Mrs. Mitchell, on her departure from Hamilton, handed over the Treasurership to Miss Margaret Scott. Miss Violet Mills was added to the staff as Assistant Secretary.

To facilitate matters handled by the Head Office it was decided that Miss Helen Bankier, Bay St. and Aberdeen Ave., should handle all printed matter, score sheets, etc. Miss Violet Mills, 191 James St. South, will attend to all C. L. G. U. annual medals and those for the Queen's Work for Women Fund. Miss F. L. Harvey's duties comprise the other regular Secretary's work. Miss M. Scott, as Hon. Treasurer, will receive all entrance and annual fees. Her address is 25 Robinson St. Club secretaries are requested to note these addresses.

The wet summer and lack of time for practice naturally prevented many handicaps being lowered, so we shall have to make the best of them until after the war, when greater leisure will adjust them properly. Many clubs played for the Lady George Nevill's Queen's Work for Women Fund medals, and the amount raised by this

means in Canada was \$319.25. Only two clubs, Hamilton and Grand River (Berlin), earned a spoon by raising the necessary £8 by a dozen medals.

Clubs wishing these medals for 1916 please notify Miss V. Mills, sending cheque with order. Medals are 60 cents each.

Our last report, April, 1915, showed \$993.87 forwarded to the British Women Golfers' War Fund (Tin Tack Toys). Our total contribution now amounts to \$1,300.80, which includes \$238 raised among Boston women golfers by Miss F. C. Osgood, and \$5 from Mrs. Ronald Barlow, of Philadelphia. Any one who can help to get orders for these beautiful toys and at the same time help these plucky British girls, is requested to communicate with the Hon. Sec. C. L. G. U.

Our contribution from Canada to the Madge Neill-Fraser Serbian Hospital Memorial Fund amounts to \$970.34. The total sum raised by golfers is now £3,350. A hospital at Mladnovatz was called after her and equipped and supported from this fund. Since the invasion of Serbia it has, of course, been evacuated, but another hospital will be named after her.

The C. L. G. U. Executive voted \$25 to each of the above funds. Further donations will be welcomed.

Five new clubs joined the C. L. G. U. during 1915: Kanawaki (Montreal), Belleville, Brantford, Picton and Three Rivers. Rivermead (Ottawa) joined January, 1916.

At a meeting of the Executive it was decided that no medals or score sheets shall be sent out till fees and all arrears are paid.

Annual fees fall due on January the first. Any clubs in arrears by June 1st must send in their resignations.

As the Quebec Club could not use its course, owing to so much land being appropriated for the Ross rifle factory, the fees of that club were remitted for 1915.

Most grateful thanks are tendered to all past officers of the C. L. G. U. and to those who continue to help with the work in spite of the many urgent calls on time and interest. The District

THE CLIFTON INN

NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA

(Adjoining the Clifton Hotel)

The Inn is fitted up in a most attractive manner and is opened along the lines of an English Inn.

Here one may enjoy the pleasant spring months and wonderful scenery, amid home-like surroundings.

AMERICAN PLAN AT REASONABLE RATES

*A delightful place for
week-end parties*

*Splendid Golf Course
within easy reach*



The Ideal Hotel of Buffalo, N. Y.

North Street at Delaware Avenue

(Modern, Fireproof)

Hotel Lenox

European plan, \$1.50 per day, up

A unique hotel with a beautiful location insuring quiet and cleanliness. Convenient to all points of interest. Cuisine and service unexcelled by the leading hotels of the larger cities.

Take Elmwood Ave. Car to North Street, or
Write for Special Taxicab Arrangements

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

C. A. MINER, Managing Director

Managers and club committees have done splendid work, and the great improvement in the handling of the score sheets shows careful study of the L. G. U. system. Club committees are urged to encourage members to try to understand the L. G. U. rules, as a more general knowledge will be of assistance to all. Until the war is over we must simply hold the C. L. G. U. together, without trying to carry out the various plans for the improvement of women's golf in this country. When peace comes again, and we have time for play once more, the full benefit of the L. G. U. system will be shown by the rapid improvement of the standard throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

FLORENCE L. HARVEY,

Hon. Secretary Canadian Ladies' Golf Union.

From April 1st, 1915, to March 31st, 1916, 42 circulars, 202 letters, 18 registered letters and 39 parcels were sent out from the Head Office.

Treasurer's Report.

From April 1, 1915, to Dec. 31, 1915.

Receipts—

Balance in bank.....	\$255 79
Fees	140 00
Bank Interest	7 56
For Year Books.....	2 15

\$405 50

Expenses—

Postage	\$ 9 25
Exchange on cheques.....	10
Printing and office supplies..	24 75
Medals	69 10
District Manager's expenses..	4 00
Insurance on L. G. U. Hdcp.	
Challenge Cup	5 00
Fee to L. G. U. for 1916 and for Year Books.....	7 34
Balance	285 96

\$405 50

From Jan. 1, 1916, to March 31, 1916.

Receipts—

Balance brought forward.....	\$285 96
Fees paid to date.....	100 00
For Year Books.....	3 61

\$389 57

Expenses—

Grant to Madge Neill-Fraser	
Memorial Fund	\$ 25 00
Grant to B. W. G. Fund....	25 00
Exchange on cheques.....	10
Balance	339 47

\$389 57

Beaconsfield Ladies' Golf Club.

The annual meeting of the club was held Tuesday, January 7th, Mrs. J. Dinham Molson, President, presiding. A large attendance of members showed the interest taken in the club. The House and Match Committees presented most satisfactory reports. During the year 28 matches were played, with an average of ten members competing, which was considered most satisfactory under present conditions. The only matches with outside clubs were home-and-home ones with Kanawaki, both of which were won by the L. B. B. Golf Club. Competitions for Queen Mary's medals were held, and the competitions for the L. G. U. medals were held monthly and closely contested. In September a musical tea was held in aid of the Red Cross Fund, and the sum of nearly \$200.00 raised. A branch of the Red Cross was formed and worked in the club-house from May until October, Mrs. A. H. B. MacKenzie being the president. At the annual meeting the membership of the club was increased to 300. The following are the officers for 1916:

President, Mrs. J. Dinham Molson; Vice-President, Mrs. E. C. Pratt; Hon. Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. C. M. de Rune Finnis; Captain, Mrs. H. L. Peiler. House Committee—Mrs. Kerry, Mrs. H. Allen, Mrs. J. R. Gordon, Miss Armstrong. Match Committee—Mrs. Peiler, Mrs. F. Heath, Mrs. Hathaway, Miss M. McBride.

Royal Montreal Golf Club Has Most Successful Year

AS befitting the oldest golf club on the continent of America, the annual meeting of the Royal Montreal Golf Club was marked by the presentation of most encouraging reports. Notwithstanding a very large number of members at the front, the club had a most successful financial season in 1915, the revenue showing a substantial excess over expenditures. During the year considerable sums of money were expended on a new water system, improvements to the club road and other desirable changes making for the comfort of the members and enjoyment of the game. The election of officers and directors resulted as follows:

Patron, Field Marshal H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, K. G.; President, Mr. W. R. Baker, C.V.O.; Vice - President, Mr. C. E. Neill; Captain, Mr. Jas. Hill. Directors—W. R. Baker, C. V. O., Fayette Brown; C. E. Neill, F. C. Fairbanks, Jas. Hill, A. B. Evans. Chairman House Committee, W. R. Baker, C. V. O.; Chairman Green Committee, W. H. C. Mussen; Chairman Match and Handicap Committee, Jas. Hill; Secretary, E. F. Waterhouse.

The club-house was opened on Sat-

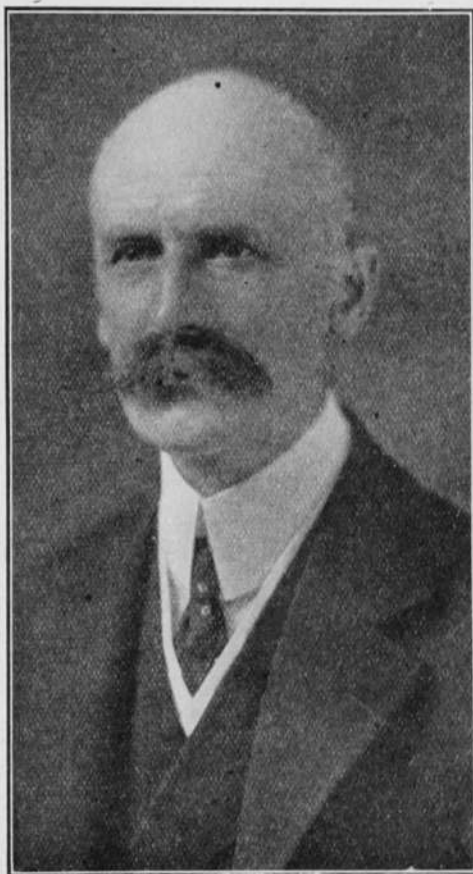
urday, April 15th, also the links.

Mr. Baker, who was re-elected President, is one of the best-known men in Canada. He is Secretary of the C.P.R. and Assistant to the President.

The new Secretary of the club is

Mr. Waterhouse, well known as the former Secretary-Treasurer of the Sherbrooke Gas, Water and Electric Light Co.

The "Royal Montreal" was organized in 1873. While the names of three gentlemen are most closely identified with the organizing of the Royal Montreal, namely, Mr. J. G. Sidey, Mr. D. D. Sidey and Mr. Alex. Dennistoun, it is Mr. Dennistoun who is recognized as the father of the game in Canada and the prime mover in the effort to organize the club. He was elected the first President and retained the honor in unbroken succession from 1873 to 1890. Mr. Dennistoun after-



Mr. W. R. Baker, C.V.O., re-elected President
Royal Montreal

wards returned to his native land and spent his last days in the beautiful city of Edinburgh, Scotland.

For forty-three years now the Royal Montreal Golf Club has worthily upheld the best traditions of the game in Canada, and has contributed to the sport some of its best players.

Country Club of Montreal

THE Annual Meeting of the Country Club of Montreal was largely attended.

The club is making extensive improvements to the links this season. Last autumn a new water system was installed, giving water for every green. A special assessment was authorized at the annual meeting to cover this extra cost.

Though quite a large number of members have gone to the front, the club is looking forward to a most successful season. Already quite a large number of applications for membership have been handed in.

The club-house and links will be open for members on May 1st. The club can accommodate twenty guests, and the Secretary reports that already nearly all the rooms have been booked for the coming season.

The financial report for 1915 was a highly satisfactory one, and altogether the Country Club is one of the best

managed and most successful golf organizations in the Montreal district—and Montreal has several clubs unequalled in the Dominion.

The following very capable Board of Directors will look after the welfare of the Country Club the coming year:

Hon. President, Geo. B. Fraser; President, F. Wilson Fairman; Vice-President, John Pullen; Hon. Treasurer, R. S. Logan; Directors, M. F. Medbury, D. Beatty, A. D. Huff, Geo. A. Wendt, H. R. Swenerton, R. M. Ballantyne, J. E. Buchanan, A. E. Harvey, K.C., E. H. Hodgson; Secretary, H. Lehmann.

House Committee—John Pullen (chairman), H. R. Swenerton, R. M. Ballantyne, A. D. Huff, Ed. Bogue.

Green Committee—D. Beatty (chairman), R. S. Logan, W. R. Percival, J. E. Buchanan, A. E. Harvey.

Match and Handicap Committee—Fred B. McRobie (captain), Geo. A. Wendt, James L. Carson.

Peterborough Golf and Country Club

The annual meeting of the Peterborough Golf and Country Club was held April 10th. The following are the various officers for this season: President, Basil D. Hall; Directors, B. D. Hall, E. G. Patterson, P. Campbell, A. H. Stratton, Hazen Ritchie and T. D. Mulholland; Secretary-Treasurer, D. D. Brown; Captain, R. M. Hamilton.

Green Committee—T. D. Mulholland (Chairman), A. Mowat and W. C. Ackerman.

Tennis and Boating Committee—E. G. Patterson (Chairman), Mr. Langley and Mrs. Widdifield.

House Committee—A. H. Stratton (Chairman), Mrs. Roy and Mrs. Goodwill.

Men's Handicap Committee—The

Captain and Mr. T. F. Matthews and Mr. F. M. De la Fosse.

The club is in a very flourishing condition, having a membership of nearly 275. The situation of the course is just outside the city limits, easily reached in twenty minutes by street car or taxi service. It is on the bank of the Trent Canal, on which the club have boating privileges. There will be a large and convenient boat-house built this season. Everything points to a most successful season in spite of the war. The club has now contributed thirty-two men to the overseas forces, as well as giving a grant to the Red Cross Fund, the Patriotic Fund and the Overseas Tobacco Fund.

Brantford Golf and Country Club

THE 36th annual meeting of the Brantford Golf and Country Club (one of the oldest clubs in Canada) took place last month, and was one of the most largely attended and enthusiastic in the long history of the club.

The President, Mr. C. A. Waterous, occupied the chair, and presented a very interesting report of the year's operations. He paid a suitable tribute to the work of the Ladies' Committee, and referred to the fact that some twenty members of the club had gone overseas. During the year tennis courts had been installed, and these had proved a popular feature.

The report of Mr. H. T. Watt, the Treasurer, was most comprehensive and complete, whilst Mr. D. S. Large, Chairman of the Grounds Committee, dealt at length with the work done during the past season and the contemplated improvements to the course. Last year's professional, A. G. Hearn, who had given such satisfaction, has again been re-engaged for 1916.

Mr. A. S. Towers, Chairman of the House Committee, also reported satisfactory arrangements and improvements.

The Captain, Mr. W. H. Webling, in the course of an interesting report, stated: "We entered the season of 1915 with the idea of proceeding along the lines of 'golf as usual,' inspired with the optimistic hope that the lamentable struggle in Europe would be successfully ended long before the close of the season. With this in view the Match Committee completed the usual sched-

ule of matches with most of our old friends, arranged an ambitious list of home events and field days, all of which were carried out with pleasure and profit to ourselves and, in the case of home competitions, to the advantage of Red Cross and other charitable funds."

On motion it was decided to alter the by-laws of the club so as to call for the retirement of three directors every year.

Messrs. Jas. G. Darling (Atlanta, Ga.), J. Y. Morton and G. H. Wilkes (Brantford), were elected life members of the club in honor of their having played golf in Brantford nearly 50 years ago.

Officers for 1916 are Hon. President, H. W. Fitton; Hon. Vice-President, Colonel A. J. Wilkes; President, C. A. Waterous (re-elected); Vice-President, Logan Waterous (re-elected); Captain, W. H. Webling (re-elected); Hon. Secretary, I. Champion (re-elected). Directors—A. S. Towers (Chairman Finance Committee), W. H. Webling (Chairman Match Committee), I. Champion, F. G. Ellis, C. Harris, D. S. Large (Chairman Grounds Committee), R. Scarfe, W. B. Preston (Chairman House Committee), and G. D. Heyd.

Mr. C. A. Waterous, who again occupies the presidential chair, is Assistant General Manager of the Waterous Engine Works, an ex-President of the Board of Trade, and has always taken a very keen interest in golf, motoring and other outdoor recreations.



Mr. C. A. Waterous, President

CARTER'S TESTED GRASS SEEDS

are used the world over. How is it that we are always able to produce good results when climatic and soil conditions are so varied? The reason is obvious—WE ARE SPECIALISTS AT THE BUSINESS. We have applied the results of many years of scientific research to accumulated knowledge of the habits and growth of grasses combined with the study of climatic and soil conditions, so that at the present time we can prescribe and blend a mixture of grass seeds that are certain to give good results in any particular location for which we prescribe.

Our Grass Seeds and Fertilizers are used exclusively by most of the leading golf and country clubs throughout the American continent, and a great number of the golf courses have been sown entirely with our seeds. We have a full stock of the following on hand at our Toronto warehouses.

Carters Tested Grass Seeds for Bunker Banks, Tees, Fair Greens, Putting Greens, Bowling Greens, and Lawn Tennis Courts.

Carters Complete Grass Manures
Carters Worm Eradicating Fertilizers

Carters Ant Eradicating Fertilizer
Shanks Imported Lawn Mowers

PRICES ON APPLICATION

We shall be pleased to have one of our experienced representatives go over your course and give recommendations for fertilizing and sowing.

Write for a copy of the American edition of our "Practical Greenkeeper," free of charge. No greens committee or groundsman should be without this.

Carter's Tested Seeds, Inc.

(Branch of Jas. Carter & Co., of London, England).

133 KING ST. E.

TORONTO, ONTARIO

and 508 Coristine Bldg., Montreal, Quebec.

Oxford Golf and Country Club

At a meeting of the shareholders and ordinary members of the Oxford Golf and Country Club, held on Monday, April 3rd, the following officers were elected: President, H. A. Little; Vice-President, A. W. Moore; Directors, F. Crossley, M. Douglas and K. Harvey; Secretary, H. J. Hodgson; Captain, R. M. Miller.

The ladies' organization of the club,

at a meeting held some time ago, elected the following officers: Hon. President, Mrs. H. A. Little; President, Mrs. A. W. Moore; First Vice-President, Mrs. A. M. Stevens; Second Vice-President, Mrs. W. K. White; Treasurer, Mrs. Dredge; Secretary, Mrs. W. M. Dunlop; Assistant Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Meyers; Hon. Captain, Miss E. C. Nesbitt; Captain, Mrs. Parke.

St. Catharines Golf Club

At the annual meeting of the St. Catharines Golf Club the following Board of Directors were elected: President, W. D. Woodruff; Vice-President, F. N. Hara. Directors—J. D. Chaplin, J. C. Notman, Dr. Killmer, Dr. W. Buchanan, Dr. J. M. Jory, Geo. F. Peterson, A. L. Taylor, J. L. Weller, Alf Woodruff, Dr. J. Sheahan.

Miss Schram was appointed Secretary for the club. Dr. F. Killmer was re-elected Captain.

Green Committee—The Captain, President, Vice-President and J. C. Notman, Geo. F. Peterson, Dr. W. Buchanan.

Prospects for a most successful season are particularly bright.

The Oshawa Golf Club and Grounds

Special Correspondence "Canadian Golfer"

SITUATED on the most northerly and highest ground of this town of ours, comprising one hundred acres, and surrounded by Nature's gifts, the links of the Oshawa Golf Club possess and present an attractiveness which, we believe, is not excelled in our Province.

The electric line brings you to the club gates. On entering a spacious and well-equipped club-house welcomes you—a club-house fitted with

all modern conveniences, baths, showers, lockers, artistic dining-room furnished in old-time style of good taste, and from its spacious verandahs you look out upon a vista of incomparable beauty. Turning to the north, you see in the far distance the dark blue of the ridges, the dividing line between the waters of Ontario and Scugog. On the east lie the grounds of the South Ontario Agricultural Society, the envy of every

town between Toronto and Montreal. Westerly we are bounded by a beautifully wooded ravine, the property of the club, where another six holes are to be laid out, and the most ambitious golfer will meet a hazard worthy of his utmost skill. And to the south, shining in the sunlight—"when there is sunlight"—is the quaintly-placed town of Oshawa, nestling in the hollows, with its church spires rearing to the skies in religious and charitable effort, and its chimneys climbing and toiling ever to

show their interest in our town as a business centre.

Come and visit us, all golfers and would-be golfers, and find—what?

First—A warm welcome.

Second—A course with admirable turf that has wintered well.

Third—Greens that have that velvety touch, are true, keen, and produce possibilities of perfect putting.

Fourth—A carefully-bunkered course where under ordinary handicap the be-

ginner and expert have an equal chance.

Come anyway.

Our club will be delighted to have home-and-home games with all clubs that can be satisfactorily arranged. Our course at present comprises only twelve holes, but before the year is ended we shall complete the full eighteen-hole course.

Several of our members are driving and approaching at the Front. We want to welcome them in our

home links on their return.

We held our annual meeting on April 6th, 1916, and were encouraged by a goodly attendance.

Mr. F. W. Cowan (whose photo is herewith reproduced) was re-elected President, and, assisted by such a body of Directors as Messrs. W. McAddie, Dr. Hoig, J. P. Owens, R. S. McLaughlin and Thos. Henderson as Secretary-Treasurer, the financial success of the club is assured. Mr. Robt. Henderson, a brilliant young golfer, well



Mr. F. W. Cowan, President of the Oshawa Golf Club

known in provincial circles, was re-elected Captain. The same old expert Green Committee was appointed, and the rank and file of players are loyally enthusiastic.

We cannot close this brief description of our club and grounds and its

transactions without a reference to our lady members, who, large in membership themselves, are ever zealous in promoting the interests of the club in general, and who as individual golfers, we firmly believe, can hold their own, with some of the best in the Province.

St. Charles Country Club

The following are the officers of the St. Charles Country Club, Winnipeg, for 1916: President, W. B. Lanigan; Vice-President, W. H. McWilliams; Hon. Secretary, W. A. Weir; Hon. Treasurer, G. H. Williams; Governors, W. B. Lanigan, W. H. McWilliams, G. H. Williams, W. A. Weir, E. E. Sharpe, T. L. Peters, P. A. Macdonald, John Persse, I. F. Brooks, W. H. Cross, Douglas Laird and C. Y. Stainer.

The financial statement was a par-

ticularly good one, showing a substantial surplus for the year. No less than sixty members of the club are on active service, and the retiring President, Mr. S. E. Richards, referred with deep regret to the fact that two of their members, Captain E. d'H. McMeans and Lieut. A. E. Muir, had been killed in action.

Mr. Lanigan, the new President, is a prominent C.P.R. official. He is as well known in the East as in the West.

Food For a Prisoner

MRS. J. H. DUNLOP, Secretary of the Ladies' Royal Montreal Golf Club, has just received from Mrs. Rivers-Bulkeley, at the prisoners' of war department of the Canadian Red Cross Society in London, a letter of thanks for the money raised on the occasion of the club competition for Mr. Charles Murray's prizes. The letter says:

"Dear Mrs. Dunlop,—Your letter has been handed over to me by Lady Drummond, as this department is dealing with the Canadian prisoners of war.

"It was, indeed, a very kind idea to devote the money raised through Chas. Murray's prizes at the golf competition of the Ladies' Club to the welfare of the prisoners. We will send five-shilling parcels of food once a week to Private W. Hatton, from the Ladies' Royal Montreal Golf Club. The

money sent will just keep him supplied for thirteen weeks.

"We have sent the formal receipt to Mr. Macpherson, but beg you to convey our thanks to the Ladies' Branch of the Royal Montreal Golf Club, as well as to Charles Murray.

"Yours truly,
"EVELYN RIVERS-BULKELEY."

In connection with the above interesting letter, it might be explained that "Charlie" Murray, the well-known Royal Montreal pro., last season gave two clubs to be played for by the ladies at Dixie, who charged an entrance fee of 50 cents. The proceeds were sent as above described.

A splendid patriotic idea that every golf pro. in Canada could, with advantage, follow. Mr. Murray himself intends this season to inaugurate several of these competitions. Let the good work spread to every club.

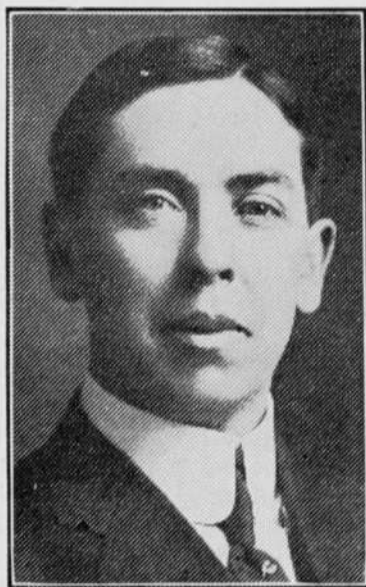
In and Around the Club House

Interesting Happenings in Canada, Great Britain
and United States

THIS issue completes the "Canadian Golfer's" first year, and the Editor wishes to heartily thank contributors and golfers, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, for the generous support, help and encouragement at all times extended to the magazine during the past twelve months. Prospects for the coming year are particularly bright. The May anniversary number will be an especially attractive one. Here's hoping that the mistakes of the past are avoided; that the good features—if any—may be enhanced and amplified, and that the "Canadian Golfer" in 1916-17 will earn the continued patronage and good wishes of its magnificent clientele of subscribers, from Halifax to Victoria—not forgetting many warm supporters in Great Britain and the United States.

This is quite a Municipal Golf number, so it is very appropriate to have on this page the photo of Mayor A. M. Edwards of Galt, Ontario, Vice-President of the Waterloo Golf and Country Club. Mayor Edwards formerly conducted a most successful drug business in the "Birmingham of Canada." Three years ago he left the pharmaceutical to take up manufacturing interests as President of the Galt Stove & Furnace Company. He is an ex-President of the Board of Trade, Director of the Galt City Club, President of the Galt "Reporter," Ltd., and generally identified with all the live issues of a very live city. He has been a member of the Galt Municipal Coun-

cil for seven years, four years as Chairman of Finance, and he is now occupying most deservedly the Chief Magistrate's chair. Mayor Edwards has twice been the runner-up for the championship of his club. He says of golf: "I am very fond of the game and enjoy immensely the good-fellowship of the men one meets on the links everywhere." And it may be added, there is no finer type of the golfer to be met anywhere than His Worship himself.



Mayor A. M. Edwards, Vice-President
Waterloo Golf and Country Club

The well-to-do golfer in the larger centres should not forget his less fortunate "brither." Help him to get municipal recognition for his golf, his bowling, his tennis or his cricket. He is just as much entitled to his outdoor exercise as you, the member of a Country Club, with so many advantages.

And now comes another "public golf voice" out of the far West. Victoria, B.C., that gem of the Pacific, has followed the example of Edmonton, Calgary and Saskatoon, and will install a municipal golf course this season. The City Council there decided last month to give its ratepayers that inestimable outdoor boon. And the effete East, with its vaunted park systems and up-to-date park boards, still lags woefully behind. A little of the public golfing energy of the West could well be injected into some of our Eastern public bodies and corporations.

With hardly an exception there are no changes in the professional list of

golfers in Canada this season. The "Canadian Golfer" will publish a full list in the May issue of the "pros." and their clubs.



Reports of the Calgary Golf and Country Club and other Western clubs will appear in the May issue.



The annual meeting of the Guelph Golf and Country Club will be held on the 19th of April. The Royal City has a splendidly-equipped course and club house.



The Lakeview Golf Club opened its links on April 14th. The course will be further trapped and bunkered this season. No fewer than seventy new members were added this spring to the membership list of this very popular Toronto club.



The season in Ontario this year has been particularly early. The beautiful Toronto links were opened up on April 8th. At Lambton the nine-hole course has been played on for some two or three weeks now, and the eighteen-hole course was opened on Saturday, April 15th.



The Banff Springs Golf Club is holding a tournament, starting May 24th. The course is one of the most charming in Canada. A beautiful stream flows through it and the mountains soar above it. The tournament will be open to all members of Alberta golf clubs. Mr. L. C. Crosby is the Hon. Secretary.



The celebrated firm of A. G. Spalding & Bros., with warehouses and stores in Montreal and Toronto, are making a specialty in Canada this season of the new "British Honor Ball." It is a superbly "balanced" ball, with a true and exceptionally long flight, and ideal qualities on the putting green. The "British Honor" is all that its name implies and is destined to be immensely popular on Canadian courses this season. It is bound to have a record sale. The house of Spalding and its products have been "built on honor" and the new ball lives up to the firm's best traditions.

Rosedale players have been turning out in large numbers already this season. The course is in unusually good shape.



Mr. R. W. Johnson, captain of the Elgin Golf and Country Club, writes the "Canadian Golfer" that, notwithstanding so many members are at the front, a successful season is anticipated in the Railway City.



At the amateur-professional tournament at Belleair, Fla., Walter J. Travis, Garden City, and Gil Nicholls, Great Neck, and Samuel K. Sterne, Tatnuck, and Macdonald Smith, Belleair, tied for first place with the capital scores of 70. H. J. Topping, Greenwich, and Alex. Smith, Wykagyl, were in third place with 71.



Mr. R. Stanley Weir, K.C., of Montreal, formerly Recorder of Montreal, the well-known golf writer, in a letter to the editor states that he strongly objects to the legislation of the U. S. G. A. on the amateur question. He thinks that Francis Ouimet has been especially hardly dealt with. Mr. Weir is an authority on the game, and anything he contributes to an argument or discussion of the Royal and Ancient is worthy of every consideration and respect.



Mr. W. L. Wickett, President of the Elgin Golf and Country Club, St. Thomas; Dr. F. O. Laurence, and Mr. John Farley, K.C., the oldest player, by the by, in St. Thomas, and one of the oldest in Ontario, have been enjoying golf at Nassau, Bahamas. Lieut. Col. W. F. Cockshutt, M.P., Brantford, is taking a well-deserved holiday from parliamentary and military duties on the links at Hot Springs, Virginia, a resort, by the by, a prime favorite with the Premier, Sir Robert L. Borden. Mr. L. Goldman, of Lambton, is playing the game at Atlantic City. Mr. Iden Champion, a director of the Brantford Club, is at Pinehurst, where a large number of Canadians are enjoying golf under ideal conditions. Mr. W. H. Despard, Rosedale, is at Atlantic City.

Golf Club Requisites

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 instal 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."

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COMING FIXTURES

May

- 4-6 C. C. of Atlantic City, Spring Tournament.
- 4-6 Washington (D. C.) C. C., Annual Tournament.
- 8-10 Baltimore C. C., Invitation Tournament.
- 8-13 Chattanooga G. and C. C., Women's Southern Championship.
- 15-18 Chevy Chase Club, Women's Championship, District of Columbia.
- 17-19 Garden City G. C., Invitation Tournament.
- 24 Alberta Tournament, Banff, Alberta.
- 25-27 Chevy Chase Club, Spring Tournament.
- 27-30 Tuxedo G. C., Invitation Tournament.

June

- 1-3 Englewood C. C., New Jersey State Championship.
- 1-3 Wykagyl C. C., Westchester County Championship.
- 2-3 Columbia C. C. (Washington, D. C.), District Championship.
- 6-10 Gulf Coast C. C. (Miss.) Mississippi G. A. Tournament.
- 7-10 Nassau C. C., Metropolitan Amateur Championship.
- 15-17 Baltimore C. C., Middle Atlantic G. A. Championship.
- 15-17 Apawamis Club, Invitation Tournament.
- 19 Sleepy Hollow C. C., Father and Son Tournament.
- 21-24 Shawnee C. C., Women's Invitation Tournament.
- 22-24 Fox Hills G. C., Invitation Tournament.
- 26-July 1 Cincinnati G. C., Ohio State Championship.
- 27-28 Englewood C. C., Metropolitan Junior Championship.
- 27-30 Minikahda Club (Minneapolis), U. S. G. A., Open Championship.
- 28-July 1 Greenwich C. C., Connecticut State Championship.
- 29-July 1 Sleepy Hollow C. C., Invitation Tournament.

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Mr. "Art" Ross, of hockey fame, Montreal, is now also an enthusiastic golfer. He should make good on the links.



The Whitlock Golf Club, Hudson Heights, Quebec, held a most successful annual meeting recently. The "Canadian Golfer" for May will have an article about this very progressive club.



Mr. L. D. Rossire, who is conceded to be, perhaps, the finest player in Western Ontario, has been transferred by the Bank of Commerce from St. Thomas to Chatham. He will be a valuable addition to the golfing strength of the latter city, where golf is in its infancy, and where a player of Mr. Rossire's ability will be simply invaluable. He will be sorely missed in St. Thomas, where he was handicapped four strokes over his nearest opponent.



Charlie Murray, of the Royal Montreal is laying out this season a course at St. Rose, a well known summer resort, 15 miles from Montreal. It looks like being a busy club when the course is in shape, which should not take very long, as the land is all cleared and ploughed ready for seeding. By the by, it will soon be Lieutenant Murray, the Royal Montreal expert, during the winter months having taken an officer's course. It is not his intention, however, to volunteer for overseas—just to prepare himself for any eventuality.



The "Canadian Golfer's" Associate Editor, Mr. W. H. Webling, is making a capital approach to international fame as a writer of golf stories and verse. His score since Christmas includes two short stories, splendidly illustrated, published by the "Golfers' Magazine," Chicago; one accepted by Mr. Walter J. Travis, editor of the "American Golfer"; two short sketches by the "New England Golf News," the latest addition to golf literature; verses and stories by "Maclean's Magazine," Toronto; "Toronto Saturday Night," with regular contributions to the "Canadian Golfer's" columns.

The annual meeting of the Scarborough Golf and Country Club will be held April 18th.



Mr. H. Lehmann, Secretary of the Country Club of Montreal, writes: "Your magazine is certainly very popular. I am sure all the members join me in wishing the 'Canadian Golfer' every success." Thanks.



"Chick" Evans has been playing sensational golf at the French Lick Springs, Ind., setting a new tournament record of 70 in the finals in the morning, and 72 in the afternoon. He defeated "Ned" Sawyer 9 up and 8.



Mr. Geo. S. Lyon, partnered with Mr. S. B. Gundy, of Rosedale, has arranged a series of golf matches with Thos. and Robt. Henderson, of Oshawa, to be played over the Lambton, Rosedale and Oshawa golf courses about the first and second weeks in June. This interesting series of matches came about as a result of the Toronto players' visit to Oshawa on a curling jaunt, all four being devotees of the "roarin' game" as well as the royal and ancient.



The world-famous firm, the St. Mungo Manufacturing Company, of Glasgow, are featuring in Canada for 1916 their new mesh marking "Plus Colonel." Says the "World of Golf" of this new product of the celebrated "Colonel" firm: "The favored few of us who have had an opportunity of trying this new ball are indeed fortunate, for we have been testing what will surely be one of the sensations of the year. No matter from which standpoint one looks at this new ball, whether judged from its capacity for long flight, its continued and unabated resiliency, or its ready response to the finer strokes of the game, we can safely say that it stands pre-eminently in a class by itself." The "Colonel" balls have always been immensely popular in Canada, and the new mesh marking "Plus Colonel" is destined to add to their well-deserved prestige.

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It is probable that a three days' tournament in aid of the Red Cross funds will be held early in June, on the pretty private links of Sir William Mackenzie at Kirkfield, Ontario. Mr. George Lyon and a number of other prominent golfers are taking a keen interest in the event and will participate.

Mr. Charles L. Millar, the well-known golf manufacturers' agent, of 759 Shuter Street, Montreal, has been appointed the sole agent for Canada for Steel's Mollusca Golf Boot Studs—the studs that have stood the test and acknowledged to be the only rubber grips that grip in wet weather. Mr. Millar should do a big business with these golf shoe studs. The "Canadian Golfer" can unhesitatingly recommend these studs for shoe comfort and golf efficiency.

Philip V. G. Carter, the Nassau Country Club youth who bids fair to be a sensation in golf, won the St. Valentine's tournament at the Pinehurst Country Club, defeating Parker W. Whittemore, Brookline, in the final by 3 up 2. The 8th had fallen to the Brookline veteran with a fine 2, but Carter capped the climax by winning the next hole in one. After this Carter drew away from his opponent, winning the next three holes in par, after which the result was never in doubt. Carter also won the Spring tournament at Pinehurst from Buckingham Merriman, former Connecticut champion.

And now comes the "Professional Golfers' Association of America." Forty "pros." recently sat down to dinner in New York and formed the P. G. A. A. Membership will be divided into six classes: (a) professional golfers, attached to clubs in the United States and Canada; (b) those not attached to any club; (c) those in the employ of sporting goods houses or concerns making implements for the game; (d) assistants and club makers; (e) green-keepers; (f) honorary members. It will be noticed that Canadian pros. are eligible for this splendid association.

Cincinnati now has four municipal courses, these being Burnet Woods, 9 holes; Short Woods, 9 holes; Avon Field, 18 holes; Mount Airy Forest, 18 holes. The last named will be 6,500 yards long when completed.

Beaumaris, Muskoka, this season will have a full 18-hole course. Several thousands of dollars have been expended in acquiring this very desirable result. Mr. R. Wardrop, President of one of the important Pittsburg banks, and an enthusiastic follower of the Royal and Ancient, is chairman of the Green Committee, and he and others interested will pay a visit to the course next month to inspect the work that has been done, and yet to be done this spring. Beaumaris is to be congratulated on its enterprise.

Mr. Walter L. Richard, one of the low handicap Metropolitan golfers from Fox Hills, is to marry Miss Orville Wooster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wooster, of California, on April 24th, in New York city. Mr. Richard will be well remembered by the Canadian golfers who have visited the White Mountain resorts in the past, he having participated in practically all of the important golfing events for the past seven years. Leading players from various parts of the country will aid in launching Mr. Richard on the sea of matrimony.

The Western Golf Club, one of the new clubs near Toronto, the Secretary, Mr. J. M. Phillip, reports, had a most successful season in 1915, and the establishing of this course has in every way justified the most sanguine hopes of its promoters. This year the course is being enlarged to 18 holes. Percy Barrett has been re-engaged as professional. He gave splendid satisfaction last season. The entrance fee for 1916 is \$10. Annual dues \$25, to which is added one \$5 share, part of which goes to pay the entrance fee. A write up of this progressive club, with photos, will appear in the May issue.

There are five golf links in Muskoka, and now comes word that another course will be laid out this season in the "Highlands of Ontario. George Cumming will be the architect.



Rumors to the contrary, it can be positively stated that Harry Vardon, J. H. Taylor and James Braid will not come on a golfing pilgrimage to this continent this year.



A member of the Merion Golf Club once told of a cross-eyed Bryn Mawr girl whom he took in to dinner at a social function. "Why," he said, "she was so cross-eyed that she ate off my plate."



Dr. Killmer, the popular Captain of the St. Catharines Club, says: "I look forward each month to the coming of the 'Canadian Golfer.' You certainly put up the real thing. More firmness to your stance and more vim to your swing."



The sensation of the championship of the Women's Southern California Golf Association at the Midwick Country Club, was the record score of 79 made by Mrs. Luther Kennett, Coronado, in winning the final, and the title for the fourth time. Good as Mrs. Kennett's score was, she only defeated Mrs. F. F. Carpenter, Midwick, by 3 up 2. The men's par is 79.



At the annual meeting of the Picton Golf and Country Club, held April 6th, the following officers were elected: Hon. President, Judge Morrison; President, H. B. Bristol; Vice-President, Dr. F. T. Knight; Secretary-Treasurer, S. B. Gearing; Directors, D. J. Barker, W. J. Carter, Barrett McMullen, W. V. Pettit; Captain, C. B. Beamish.

Green Committee—Dr. Knight, S. B. Gearing, Dr. Publow.

Handicap and Match Committee—C. B. Beamish, Dr. Knight, Barrett McMullen.

House Committee—H. H. Horsey, W. V. Pettit, A. J. Cundick.

Lieut. Marcel T. Morgan, Secretary-Treasurer of the Royal Canadian Golf Association, is shortly leaving for overseas. During his absence Mr. B. L. Anderson, 12 Adelaide Street E., will be acting-Secretary.



The Waterloo Golf and Country Club course has wintered particularly well. The groundsmen are now working on it preparatory to an early opening.

Canadians at Pinehurst

In the second flight final, Richard Mott, Huntingdon Valley, defeated C. S. McDonald, Toronto, by 5 and 3. The third flight went to J. T. Weller, St. Catharines, Ont., who beat R. H. Hunt, Worcester, Mass., 1 up, 20 holes. It is seldom that the field in a tournament is large enough for fourteen flights, but this happens sometimes at Pinehurst, and Hiram Marks, Detroit, carried off the prize for this division, as he vanquished H. H. Fudger, Toronto, in the final by 5 up 4.

The Complaint of the Golfer

I am eager for spring and the fairways,
For May and the shot for the green,
To follow the golfers and their ways
I long for a drive that is clean.
I long to be slicing and topping
And trying and trying again;
And then when they're alibi-swapping
I want to start lying again.

I am hungry my wrists to be turning
In ways that the experts deplore,
To look up again I am yearning,
I want to be foolish once more.
I want to sit down with my brothers
And join in the sighing again,
To keep up my end with the others
And glibly start lying again.

Of winter and truth I am weary,
I am longing for springtime again;
The evenings are tediously dreary
With nothing for me to explain.
I'm eager for spring and the fairways,
To see the ball flying again,
To follow the golfers and their ways
And get back to lying again.

—Toronto "Telegram."

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Table of Contents for April, 1916

	PAGE
Poem, "Envy"	W. H. WEBLING 682
Editorial—"The Making of Courses," "Public Golf," "Gospel of Recreation"	683-684
Poem, "To the Canadian Golfer"	684
Chip Shots	685
The Overlapping Grip	686
Golfing Celebrities—Lord Northcliffe	THE EDITOR 687-688
Poem, "Rule 25"	W. H. WEBLING 689
Golf and the World Laughs With You	690-692
Getting Out of Difficulties	ALEX. SMITH 693-702
The Art of Placing	T. G. GRAY 703-704
What One Man's Vision Has Done	705
A Golfing Triumvirate	706
Story, "The Progress of Patricia"	707-708
Public Golf	SYLVANUS PIERSON JERMAIN 709-711
Golf and Punch	R. STANLEY WEIR, K.C. 711-714
Ladies' Golf Department	MISS HARVEY 715-722
Royal Montreal Golf Club	723
Country Club of Montreal, Penborough Golf Club	724
Brantford Golf Club	725
Oxford Golf Club, St. Catharines Golf Club	726
Oshawa Golf Club	727
St. Charles Country Club	728
Round the Club-house, etc.	729-736

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