

book has, as we said before, its complement in

THE LIFE OF TOM MORRIS;

so we take our leave of an interesting and well-written contribution to golfing literature. It should, however, be said that the volume is beautifully got up and printed, and abounds in old photographs and illustrations, the most interesting of which perhaps is one of the Home Hole in the days before there were any houses abutting the links at all, except the corner one at the far east end, the site of the present Golf Hotel. Unless we are mistaken, that used to be Allan Robertson's shop.

Tom Morris was born in 1821, and found himself feather-ball making for Allan Robertson at a time when the glory of these worthies was at its height. Pity it is that, as he says, he "doesna mind muckle about them." So the early part of the book deals almost entirely with general golf at St. Andrews, especially with Allan Robertson and his feats on the links. Tom left to take charge of Prestwick Links in 1851, by which time he had already played that historic foursome in partnership with Allan Robertson against the Dunns of Musselburgh. In the final stage of that match (which was for four hundred pounds) at North Berwick, the Dunns were four up and eight to play, and odds of twenty to one were laid on them (men used to bet high in those days). By one of those extraordinary changes of fortune which so often occur at golf, Tom and Allan won four out of the next six holes, so the match was all square, with two to play. The next hole was one of the most extraordinary ever recorded in the annals of big matches. Nerves were in evidence, for the St. Andrews men had played three more and were bunkered. But the Dunns found their ball in a terrible place under a large stone. It was solemnly proposed to send for a pickaxe to remove the obstacle; but the referee firmly put his foot down on that proposal. Then apparently the brothers lost their heads. Four times did they hash at the ball before they thought of jolting it out with the point of the club. By this time it was too late; the hole was lost, and with it the match and the money. It is said that Tom Morris played the best of the lot, and that the credit of winning was mostly due to him.

While he was at Prestwick he used frequently to visit his native home to play matches, and he challenged Allan Robertson to play him for one hundred pounds, but the challenge was not taken up. Little is mentioned of his life at Prestwick or of the matches he played in the West, except that he flourished as a club and ball maker.

It was in 1863 that he returned to St. Andrews to take charge of the green, which post he retained till advancing years made it impossible for him to do his duties, which were becoming more exacting every year. From this time onward Dr. Tulloch's book is a mere chronicle of the matches and tournaments in which the subject of his biography happened to play. In the sixties, before the rise of Young Tom, Old Tom had his run

of success. Four times in that decade did he win the championship belt—that belt which was eventually won outright by his son; but with the latter's advent the father's play seemed to deteriorate, until the Indian summer of his golf arrived, and at the age of seventy he suddenly had a new lease of golfing life, and for the next few seasons played better than he had done for many a year. One would naturally have imagined that father and son would have made an invincible combination, but they did not. The elder man contracted a bad habit of missing short putts. Dr. Tulloch tells a story that a letter addressed "To the Misses of Short Putts, Prestwick," reached its destination; while Young Tom, in genial sarcasm, used to chaff his father, "Gin the hole would come to ye, ye'd be a fine putter, father," of late years he got over that failing. "I never miss thae noo," he said, after an old caddy had expressed surprise at seeing him hole a yard putt. Tom has been through many trials. Three sons and a daughter has he buried, and now he is left a solitary figure, with his years heavy upon him, a pathetic sight indeed. It should be said that,

IN ADDITION TO THE STORY OF OLD TOM'S GOLF,

the book practically includes almost the whole of Young Tom's matches and triumphs. What a grand golfer he was those who read may learn. There are many who even now say he was the greatest of all, living or dead. As to that, no one should even venture a guess. Conditions have so enormously changed that comparisons are to our mind impossible. All that we know for certain is that he had that vital spark of golfing genius which is vouchsafed to but few, and which puts them in a class by themselves. Like Mr. Everard's book, "The Life of Tom Morris" is profusely illustrated and very well got up.

In the "History of the Glasgow Golf Club," by Mr. Colville, we are transplanted from the East to the West of Scotland. He has not, indeed, the advantages of Mr. Everard, but he makes the very best of the material to his hand.

Apparently in the period when Glasgow was beginning to prosper—about the end of the eighteenth century—some of the more sport-loving citizens used to play golf by the banks of the Clyde on Glasgow Green. From what we gather golf was somewhat subordinate to good cheer and quaint bets, and was played under considerable difficulties. Still, the records give us an insight into the merchant life and joviality of a city since become the second in the Empire which cannot fail to be of interest to the reader. Business cares, however, choked the struggling game, and it died a natural death, not to be resurrected till 1870, when the Glasgow Golf Club was revived. It has gone from strength to strength, and now boasts of a home green—Kilferment—easily accessible from the city, and a seaside course in Ayrshire—Galleis.

Of considerable interest, as showing

how far men could drive with the feather ball, is the following extract from the minutes of the club:

"11th April, 1786—We, John Dunlop and C. Corbett, at the request of Matthew Orr, Esq., attend this day at the Golf House to witness John Gibson strike five teed balls towards the first hole in the green, which done, the day being mild, with little or no wind, we measured the distance as follows: 1st ball, 182 yards; 2nd, 194; 3rd, 186; 4th, 201; 5th, 201. A rise towards the hole about 140 yards off prevented running. J.G., asked to strike off from the 1st to the 2nd hole, on nearly a level for 200 yards, when there is a slight declivity, drove a distance of 222 yards."

As Mr. Colville says, "with the feather ball and on an absolutely unsophisticated course, this would compare well with the modern mighty things." We should be induced to put it higher. How many men even now can average one hundred and ninety yards when conditions are not too favourable?

Mr. Colville, "finishes his round" with A FEW WELL-CHOSEN ANECDOTES.

Fresh golfing stories are now ill to come by; but the following is, we fancy, original, and has plenty of Scots pawky humour:

Greenkeeper to irate party who was endeavouring to loft over a dike which crosses the course at Leven—"Wux ye gaun the hale roond?"

Irate Party—"Of course."

Greenkeeper—"We'll be needin' the links the morn."

It is the spirit of modern golf which Mr. Leach has captured and embodied in the clever series of golfing essays which he has aptly entitled "The Spirit of the Links." Sometimes, indeed, he harks back to olden times, but he is more successful in his interpretation of the more modern golfing philosophy and science. In his opening chapters he strikes a melodious note. "Spero meliora" is the golfer's fine motto. Hope is the will of the wisp which leads him floundering cheerfully through the bogs, bunkers, and pitfalls which beset him in every round, ever hoping to reach the Elysian fields, where the turf is soft and velvety, where every drive and every iron-shot is played to perfection, where no short putts are ever missed.

The missing of short putts gives the author ample opportunity to moralise: "The history of every man's golf is covered with metaphorical gravestones as the result of all the short putts he has missed." How true that sentiment is every golfer knows too well. The man who never misses his short putts, those putts that our children find so easy, has never yet been found. Perhaps the cleverest thing in the book is the mental recital of the man who has to hole an eighteen-inch putt to win him the match. It is too long to quote here, but will bear careful perusal. It begins thus: "This is a very simple job, and when I have holed the ball I shall be certain of my half-crown. Still, I must be careful. It is very easy to miss these putts." It

is a very human document, which must appeal to many of us.

We could go on giving extracts of golfing philosophy, statistics, and stories ad infinitum; but already this article is too long, and we feel we have trespassed on the patience of our readers. The advice we give is that they should read the books themselves—"Chambers' Magazine."

The various kinds of ball that are placed on the market in these latter days, and their very varied degrees of resiliency and speed of starting away from the club, especially from the putter, suggest a way of correcting the strength of one's putting which was not so available in the days when all golf balls were made of gutta-percha of a more or less constant consistency. Surely there can be no golfer so fortunate as not to know those days on which it seems impossible to be up to the hole with the putter, unless by means of hitting so inharmonically hard as to disturb all sense of just aim and calculation. Of course, one can always be up if one chooses to take a full bang; but to be up consistently with any sort of calculated force sometimes appears sheer impossibility. On such days as those it is now feasible to correct much of the trouble by playing with a rather more lively ball, and still keeping the same relation as before between the measure of distance by the eye and the force given by the muscle. Again, in coming from a faster to a slower sort of putting greens, it is possible to adjust the strength required by the altered conditions by means of putting down a more lively ball and still hitting about as hard as before. Vice versa, going from a slow to a fast green, a slower ball may be put down. In the old days, it is true, there was a great difference of pace and resiliency between "guttie" and "putty"—or the Philippe balls—but it was too great a difference. It put a man off his game and his "touch" nine times out of ten when he shifted from the one to the other. The varieties of the "rubber-core" are much closer to each other in resiliency, and so on, so that one may get the required alteration of pace without loss of touch and confidence. And for the longer shots many of the balls are so much alike that the change makes no difference worth considering.

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