

THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT

The Beaconsfield Golf Club has recently been very much in the limelight. During the visit of the "Blue Devils" to Montreal one of the most interesting items on their program was a trip to Beaconsfield, where they were royally entertained by the members. The following day the club had a Red Cross fete, which was a huge success, some \$3,000 being raised as a result of the various competitions. At this event also the military was in evidence, a large number returned soldiers being the guests of the club. The "movie man" was in attendance and as a result films are now showing, depicting various scenes on the links.

Beaconsfield is one of the big golf clubs of the Dominion, with a membership of 800 and a long waiting list. Its clubhouse is a particularly handsome one, costing some \$75,000, whilst its 18-hole course is of championship calibre. It is interesting to record the small beginning, 17 years ago, of this metropolitan club. A couple of golf enthusiasts, Messrs. Tooke and Bolton, walking along the G. T. R. tracks near the village of Beaconsfield, some sixteen miles from Montreal, spotted a location which appealed to them as a making of a golf course. They dickered with the farmer who owned the property for a rental of it at \$25 per annum and gave him another \$25 to clear the stones off the fields. The following Saturday morning they returned with a lawn mower, six flag sticks and six tin cups, and presto! a golf course was laid out and in the afternoon the enthusiasts were playing the game. And that was the start of Beaconsfield, a club with a property valued now in the six figures.

It is no longer "Private," but "Lieutenant" Francis, who is coming from Boston that the famous golfer has been given a commission and assigned to the Quartermasters Department. From a United States army standpoint his rise has been quite meteoric, as it was sometimes after the States had declared war that Francis got into khaki. It is an interesting fact to remember that when he goes to France Lieutenant Outmet will have the ranking of a captain, as he is the amateur champion of France, a title he won in 1914, just before the outbreak of hostilities. He is 25 years of age, unmarried, but engaged to Miss Sullivan, his former partner's sister, and besides the French championship, has had the U. S. Open, U. S. Amateur, and dozens of other minor championships to his credit. Physically perfectly fit and mentally very much alert, Lieut. Outmet should duplicate his wonderful successes in the Royal and Ancient game, as the greatest game of all.

Another well-known U. S. golfer who is preparing to do his "bit" for the cause of civilization, is Mr. Bruce E. Evans, of Boston, Mass., who writes me from Camp Dix, Dallas, Texas, where 3,000 aviators and cadets are in training. He is very enthusiastic about the flying game and is eagerly anticipating being sent overseas. He is in the 8th Squadron of the Aviation Sec-

tion. Mr. Evans is a very warm friend of Canada. As a matter of fact, he came to this country in search of a wife, marrying Miss Fraser, a charming Ottawa girl, a member of a well-known golfing family of the Capital. In 1914, when the last Canadian championship was run off at Ottawa he competed and went into the finals against Mr. George S. Lyon, the veteran amateur champion, accounting for him 8 and 7. Mr. Evans is a very long "swinger" (of 250 yards or more). When the opportunity arises he can be depended upon to "swat" the unspeakable Hun in the same effective manner as he did the "rubber core" from the tee in happy pre-war days. Good luck to him and all the splendid golfing men who have so nobly rallied to the colors across the border.

Don't be discouraged if you appear to be languishing in a certain rut and are apparently unable to advance in proficiency at the game. Keep at it, and the first thing you know some "youth" rocks upon you have been playing a little better, and then a little later you'll notice you are just a little bit better than that, and then your club has begun. Climbing to the top as a player is a slow process, and the last few steps are the hardest to make. So have patience.

Nineteen ambulances, donated by the leading golf clubs in the New York district, are now doing duty in France. They bear the names of the club, "Apawamis," "Sleepy Hollow," "Upper Montclair," etc. A capital idea, which might be followed to advantage this side of the golfing border. Why not "The Royal Montreal," "Royal Ottawa," "Toronto," "Lambton," "St. Charles, Winnipeg," "The Country Club, Calgary," "Shaughnessy Heights, Vancouver," "County Club, Edmonton," ad lib. It can be done.

August 23rd and 24th Mr. Charles Evans, Jr. will again find time from his multitudinous Red Cross activities in the United States to visit Canada, playing at Hamilton and Scarborough, Toronto. He made a flying visit to Winnipeg early in the season, and Ontario will be honored with his next visit. In Montreal also they are very anxious to have him appear on the links there, and this may be arranged. He will, as usual, be partnered while here with Mr. George S. Lyon. This combination has never yet been vanquished. The "old-un" and the "young-un" make an ideal combination.

An English school superintendent writes to the Church Family News-paper complaining that the employment of children as caddies in certain districts has depleted the Sunday schools and "leached" a leader in the church. It looks like a job for a plumber.

The motor car manufacturer is every day recognizing more and more the close relationship existing between golfing and motoring. A leading manufacturer in the States has just got out a special golf car.

SCROFULA AND ALL HUMORS GIVE WAY

There are many things learned from experience and observation that the older generation should impress upon the younger. Among them is the fact that scrofula and other humors, which produce eczema, boils, pimples and other eruptions, can be most successfully treated with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

This great medicine is a peculiar combination of remarkably effective blood-purifying and health-giving roots, bark and herbs, which are gathered especially for it. Hood's Sarsaparilla has stood the test of forty years.

Get a bottle today—now! from your nearest drug store. Always keep it on hand.

To provide a carrying place for a bag a depression is made in the front and guard large enough to accommodate the bottom of the bag, the top being secured by means of a bracket fastened to the side of the windshield. When the car is used for ordinary travelling, the bracket is removed and stored in the car.

"When all the world seems gone to pot, And business is bum, A good old fashioned mashie shot Helps some, my boys, help some."

WHEN YOUR COLOUR FADES

When a girl—or a woman—finds her color fading, when her cheeks and lips grow pale, and she feels short of breath easily and her heart palpitates after slight exertion, or under the least excitement, it means that she is suffering from anaemia—thin, fatigued blood. Headache and backache frequently accompany this condition and nervousness is often present. The remedy for this condition is to build up the blood, and for this purpose there is no medicine so equal to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They build up and renew the blood, bring brightness to the eyes, color to the cheeks, and a general feeling of renewed health and energy. The only other treatment needed is plenty of sunlight, moderate exercise and good, plain food. The girl or woman who gives this treatment a fair trial will soon find herself enjoying perfect health.

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any dealer in medicine, or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CARVELL IN QUEBEC By Courier Leased Wire. Quebec, July 20.—Hon. Mr. Carvell, minister of public works, visited Quebec today and inspected different works in Quebec and Lévis, later leaving for the Maritime Provinces.

Loss of Vitality is loss of the principle of life, and is early indicated by failing appetite and diminishing strength and endurance. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the greatest vitality—it acts on all the organs and functions and builds up the whole system.

WEST FRONT

(Continued from Page 10.) My orders. The sentry looked them over and somewhat apologetically: "I do not disbelieve you, but we have never seen any of your crowd here." "Who do you know about here?"

I was beginning to get nervous about the fellow's pertinacity. I had visions of being haled before some junior official and searched. This I did not desire, as I had liberal notes and drawings of everything I had seen and it would have been difficult to explain them all away to the sentry. "Who do you know around here?" I asked. "Colonel Pass, Major . . . ., Captain . . . ."

My fluency with the names of authoritative people did more than passports and pass words. Finally the sentry said, "Pass, sir." Another salute. I moved on. In being saluted you know you are being wrongly troubled, become progressively worse. I had no sooner passed the sentry than I saw my fears rasched their zenith. I passed a shrine, a cemetery, and a ruined wall. These were entirely new to me. The general direction of the village and regained the road and passed into N. . . . . This was a shell-riddled village that the Germans for some unaccountable reason were shelling all the time. It was never used by our troops, but the shell-hole of fire and shells. Here was my difficulty, to go ahead means taking chances, to return to my quarters means delay, explanations, etc. I decided not to take chances with either. Going into a deserted dug-out I sat down and had a comfortable smoke. At dusk, I lit off across the fields, skirted the village and regained the road and passed quietly back to my destination.

I arrived at a ruined village of some considerable size, and after reporting, wandered about the place, visiting for us in a German coach, labelled "Hanover." We had a splendid dinner and a wonderful evening over coffee and then over lemonade and soda. On the morrow we were to leave for home. It seemed hard to leave these splendid camps by their war philosophy chased by three years of hard work and casualties. Two things stand out in my memory with startling clarity. First, the casual outlook on life; to-day they do their "bit," to-morrow may never come. Their whole outlook is best expressed in the terms of their army manual, "Carry on." That is what they are doing; each to his separate task; each in his niche, now or to-morrow. "Carry on." Service expressed it best of all: "To labor with zest and to give of your best." For the sweetness and joy of the giving; To help folks along with a hand and a song, the real sunshine of living "Carry on."

Secondly, the "homing" instinct of the British. No sooner does he acquire a dug-out or a resting station than he begins to make it home-like. Pictures of rural England or Scotland adorn the walls, usually taken from current magazines; occasionally a returning companion from Paris brings a few well-colored illustrations of artist studies, usually and always by their nudist they stand out in contrast to the quiet tones of the sandbag wall. When he moves on he leaves his decorative scheme behind him so that his successor starts in where he left off and some of their dug-outs in time become so full with homelike qualities as to be in fact and fancy homes. I suppose it is this instinct that made the British such a splendid colonizer.

On the morrow we set off for T. . . . . and arrived about 2 p.m.

PURE, RICH BLOOD MADE BY HOOD'S

Pure blood enables the stomach, liver and other digestive organs to do their work properly. Without it they are sluggish, there is loss of appetite, sometimes faintness, a deranged state of the intestines, and, in general, all the symptoms of dyspepsia. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood, and this is why it is so very successful in the treatment of so many ailments. Get it today.

With a just claim and a just expectation. As we retired to sleep, in fancy, I heard the tramp of hot-nailed boots on the Macadam road, now far away at the front, the men marching in to take over the trenches.

From afar, I heard the song and whistle; my ears caught the strain: "Dum the Kaiser, Dum the Hun, Dum the son of a gun, Who invented guns," surely, they marched forth with a heart for any fate.

All the soldiers I met were keen, bright and happy, with no evidence of war on their visage. All part and parcel of the Game—steadfast to a purpose, playing fairly, gamely to a conclusive end.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT RUPTURE We fit trusses and know how. Trusses priced from \$1.50 to \$10.00. Satisfaction guaranteed at Brander's Drug Store, Corner Market and Dalhousie streets.

\$100 Reward, \$100 Cure. Catarrh is a local disease greatly intensified by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. \$100.00 for any case of CATARRH. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. Druggists 10c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

is the great drawback of an army, it is a great railway head, and here troops from all sectors meet and change for their various destinations. We spent the afternoon and evening there. The psychology of fear we were able to observe and to study at close range. Probably the most trying of all situations is to be on outpost at the front line trenches. Here, more or less alone, watching the enemy in an impenetrable darkness, fancy many men would feel the penumbrous effect of fear and loneliness. Kipling puts it better than anything I can remember: "It was not in the open fight, We threw away the sword, But in the lonely watching In the darkness by the Ford.

The waters lapped, the night wind blew, Full-armed the Fear was born, and grew From Panic, in the night.

"(Out of the White Hussars.)" After a long insufferable ride we landed in Paris about eleven o'clock at night. There were very few men at the station. Those that were there were old, infirm, all wore severe expressions. Every tenth woman only was without black or the badge of mourning. The other nine were clad in the simple austerity of black. However, there was none of the sepulchral tone of black-gloved mourning, nor the deep distress of the mortuary. The long lines of light which we remember along the Tuilleries, Place de la Concorde and the Champs de Elysees were not in evidence.

Our old friend, the Cafe de la Paix was showing its old time activity, except that three-fourths of the sitters were women. The night life from the Cafe de la Paix to the Madeleine was about the same as it always was while Maxime did business behind closed doors, and without the orchestra. There seemed to be no diminution in the taxis, and the rates are increased only for night services.

I found Paris (with the war just thirty miles away) in better spirits, with less depression than one could imagine possible. "Surely," I said, "here are a people, tried with fire, suffering daily as only war can make people suffer, who amerge with the quiet calm and confidence that goes

Sutherland's Electric Lamps. Just Received a Large Shipment in Assorted Finishes, Such as BRONZE, BRONZE AND GOLD, VERDE GREEN, VERDE GREEN AND GOLD, IVORY TINTED AND ANTIQUE BRASS. Prices from \$3.50 to \$35. JAS. L. SUTHERLAND. Importer of Fine China, Cut Glass, Etc.

The Thrift Car. RAILROADS are taxed to the utmost. You can help the situation and benefit yourself by using a Model 90 Overland Car. It is efficient and economical. Back of it is a real Canadian institution that fortunately is able to take care of service and parts requirements—now and later. Even extraordinary requirements can be promptly supplied from our Toronto factory or near-by branches. Houlding & Edmonson 22 DALHOUSIE STREET. Willys-Overland, Limited. Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Vehicles. Head Office and West Toronto, Ontario.

War times are teaching us that there is no economy in buying the cheapest goods nor the fancy high priced ones. We are depending on the solid values of the good standard brands—the brands that were good in peace time and have doubly proved their worth in war time. Red Rose Tea—costing today only about 1/4 of a cent per cup—is one of the solid war time values that anyone can afford—and that everyone will enjoy. It is truly a war time tea. T. H. Estabrooks Co. Limited. St. John, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary.

Canada Food Board License Nos. Cereal 2-009 Flour 15, 16, 17 and 18. BEST IN VALUE. and arrived in safety road. I thought this road and sent back. Unfortunately first, as I discovered proceeded along the familiar territory and headed yards I should headquarters of the son discovered that I through the various dug-out community, "in wrong." An im-