

# ANCASTER'S CLICKING SPHERES

*Its Friends Call it "The Finest Golf Links in Canada"*

By S. M. M. CULP

**I**MAGINE that at Ancaster, sleepy, dreamy, conservative old Ancaster!

Six years ago, when there was such a boom, Ancaster being so near Hamilton on the B. & H. line, looked "good" to the speculator and homeseeker. Ancaster with possibilities!

The boom went, but interest in Ancaster still remains.

Two years ago the Hamilton Golf Club bought a property of 200 acres for \$40,000. This property was known as "The Grange," and is situated south-west of the village, and a five-minute walk from the B. & H. electric line station.

Among Ancaster's many pretty spots, none is prettier than the golf links, which were formally opened in May.

Many times coming up on the car I'd catch glimpses of rolling land being mowed, and all the spring, saw many plumbers come and go; later the light suits of the golfers dotted the greens.

To the uninitiated, golfing spells leisure, money and more or less care-free days.

People of means it certainly does require, to belong to such a club, and so far as the writer can see they are wise in so spending their money. Such a game brings splendid exercise; health ensues; and what so satisfactory as to enter one's club, loaf, dream, chat, forgetting the rush of business, be amused at the boredom of fashion's decrees, and if one is idea-independent to let that comfortable sort of "let the age be damned" feeling creep over one's consciousness.

On the last day of June—a rarely perfect day for that delectable month, and especially so this rainy season—an artist and myself were piloted to the links by a caddy devoted to the artist and her cause.

As we went up the well-graded driveway, asphalted and stoned—saw the square stone house renewed by the broadest of verandahs on the south side, a sun room on the east; saw the huge water tower, the neat little power house hiding behind willows in the valley and the acres of well mowed glades, it wasn't a far stretch of the imagination to see where



Saved from the real estate speculators, this is now the joy of golfers.

\$30,000 had been spent. One side of the driveway is lined with maples—the other, near the club building with an apple orchard—a fine row of spruce forms a finishing background to the building.

The driveway gradually rises to the knoll on which is situated the club house which in turn commands a fine view of the eastern and southern part of the links.

Going down the hill we noticed settees with occupants no doubt enjoying the view—and in many places cross the greens these settees are to be found.

We crossed the valley with its tiny rushing stream and up the other side of a high hill near the top of which was a fountain. Caddy got the water for the artist, then we wandered part way down to a wide-spreading chestnut. From here an idyllic view was obtained. In the distance peeped the tower of the Anglican Church—what a charming addition to any landscape a church is, whatever else it may stand for!—farther north the blue-hazed mountains

above lowly Dundas; nearer cultivated fields with their beautiful elms, oaks, maples and chestnuts; nearer us, the smooth sward of the links, to the left the wee power house, with a stretch of sunny buttercups wandering, willy-nilly if you will, right midway the golf valley, and the stream backing them with osiers and sedges.

The artist had caught all this and more, and ever and anon I noted her progress and regarded it with that mixture of awe and wonder always educed by the mystic association with an artist.

I lolled there under the tree, listening with more or less understanding to the shrill voice of the caddy guide and occasionally looking toward the south across a park-like land ending in a

wood with murky undergrowth and low-lying ground.

Primarily these acres are for links, but I cannot help thinking what an admirable spot for winter sports—bobbing, tobogganing, skiing from the hills, skating, hockey and curling in the valley. It would make a close run with Banff, as a centre in America for winter sports. So much for theorizing; everything is possible on a day like this.

The click of the balls came and went; figures (Concluded on page 21.)

# LORD RHONDA ON THE PEACE

By AUBREY FULLERTON

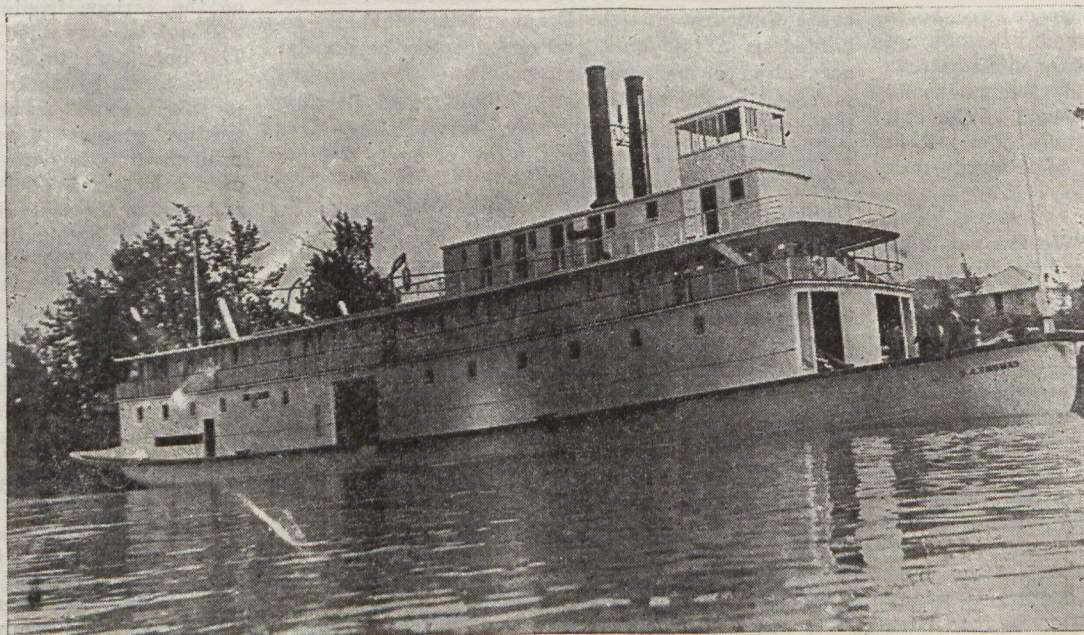
**W**HILE Lord Rhonda is doing his best to keep the North Sea fleet of the British navy supplied with coal, according to his contract with the Admiralty, he is keeping a business eye on the Canadian Northwest, where he

has important interests and some notably big development plans. A first token of the seriousness of his intentions in the north country is the fine new steamboat recently placed in commission on the Peace River, bearing his own plain-clothes name, D. A. Thomas. When a solid, big-gauge captain of industry builds a ship of really pretentious proportions, and puts it in service on a route that till a short time ago was reserved for fur-traders and Indians, expecting doubtless to make it pay, it is a sign of the times; and out in the West business men are taking notice of what this far-seeing Britisher is doing notwithstanding the war.

The D. A. Thomas is the largest steamer on any of the northern rivers. She was built at Peace River Crossing, and launched in May, making her first full trip late in June. In every respect she is a record-breaker for those parts, and it isn't a bit of wonder that the folks up north are proud of her. Like all the Peace River boats, she is a stern-wheeler, but with a keel length of 160 feet, full-size freight and passenger decks, powerful machinery, electric lights, and everything else to cor-

respond, she makes as good a showing as one would expect to see on the St. Lawrence or the Mississippi. On her maiden trip she tried out her machinery at

that would meanwhile help to pay expenses. It is primarily the oil possibilities of the north country that have attracted the Thomas interests there, and boring operations are already well under way at Vermilion Chutes, some 240 miles north of Peace



Naval architects might not call this vessel beautiful, but she is efficient.

seventy pounds of steam, and went through a stiff five-mile current as though without effort.

What D. A. Thomas built this boat for was to carry his own freight up and down the river, in the prosecution of his other enterprises, and incidentally to develop a general freight and passenger traffic

River Crossing, where there are very hopeful indications of a big strike of high-grade oil. It is expected that if oil is found at that or other points it will eventually be used as fuel for the British navy, Lord Rhonda then changing his contract with the Admiralty from coal to oil. The desire to locate an adequate oil supply, in readiness for the approaching time when the Admiralty will substitute liquid fuel for coal on all its ships, is, in fact, believed to have a great deal to do with his lordship's present activity in the Peace River country. At any rate, the boring is going on, and the new steamer is making two trips a week, down the river to the Chutes and up the river to Hudson's Hope, a total stretch of nearly 500 miles of clear, unbroken waterway.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the inauguration of a fine up-to-date steamship service like this is going to do away yet a while with all those picturesque phases of northern river traffic that we have heard about for the past decade or so. Clumsy scows, makeshift rafts, Indian canoes, and the like, (Concluded on page 21.)