

Women's Golf Championships

Thirteenth Annual Meeting of the Ladies' Golf Association Was Held at the Dixie Links, Montreal, Last Week. (See also page 21)



MISS V. HENRY-ANDERSON,
Ex-Champion of Canada, Driving, During the Contest. In the Absence of "Dorothy Campbell," the Champion, Canadians Look to Her to Defend the Title.



MRS. R. H. BARLOW,
Of Philadelphia, Open Champion of the United States, Playing at Dixie.



MISS MABEL HARRISON,
The Irish Champion, Driving, at the Royal Montreal Golf Links, Dixie, in the Canadian Open Championship.



MRS. J. M. ROBERTSON,
The "Grandmother" of Canadian Golf, Playing in the Tourney at Dixie, in Which She Finished Among the Leaders.



Contestants in Open Canadian Championship at Royal Montreal Golf Links, Dixie.

The Big Fall Fair at St. Martine, P.Q.

By STAFF CORRESPONDENT

CHATEAUGUAY banks were gay with red, patriotic maples on Saturday, October 4th, when the national fall fair was opened at St. Martine, P. Q. Golden-roads, belated corn flowers and new asters, sleek spotted cattle and huge black sheep, cheerful chickadees and restless robins—and a day of pure diamonds and gold.

It was all as though staged up to order in that queer little casual old town on the banks of the Chateauguay, one hour's run from Montreal and five miles back from Beauharnois on the south shore of the St. Lawrence. All but the diabolical and desperate mud that makes fat potatoes and tall corn along the banks of the bland, blue river, but came near fizzling the fall fair at St. Martine. Sir Lomer Gouin has built some good roads in Quebec. His grading-machines have never been seen anywhere near St. Martine. Hon. Sydney Fisher has made some fine roads in the county of Brome, P. Q., where his farm is. But he came to the fall fair of St. Martine in a bus that went doddering three miles an hour through leagues of mud.

The early train from Montreal brought a number of Montrealers to the station that comes next to St. Philomene. They footed the most of a mile, for the buses were all in commission, to the old stone Maison du Pension with the enormous mediaeval red lamp next the Chambre du Conseil and the Court-House. Some went to the more turbulent house of mine host Monard, by a fantastic whim of fate fair opposite the great two-towered stone church and the glinting graveyard. The inhabitants of St. Martine peered out of dormer windows and open doors. The landlords hustled their henchmen. And the Frenchman shucking corn down by the river took a fresh chew of Canada hunk and said: "By gar! dis will be some fair for me!" And he shucked like a midnight coon while the strangers and the newspaper men, who are always at home everywhere, inspected the church and the gravestones and the Maison du Pension. Because he must have that corn done and the blue jersey under his coat when all the big guns arrive in town by noon.

A very great fair! All week they had been preparing in the county of Chateauguay. The chief exhibitors were to be M'sieu James Morris, farmer, and M'sieu the Hon. Sydney Fisher, agriculturist. They would have wonderful things to show St. Martine and the whole of Canada. Other celebrated showmen would be present: Messieurs Rodolphe Lemieux, Albert Sevigny, M. P., from Dorchester, Harry Baker from County Brome, Alban Germain and Macmaster from Montreal, and so on.

AND by noon the town was scuffling full; mud-walloping buckboards wallowed in from the flats, buggies of all builds, buses from Howick and Ormstown, but from Beauharnois town five miles away down by the St. Lawrence, none whatever, for Beauharnois is the next county, and the nomination meeting in the fair grounds concerned only the "grand old County of Chateauguay" and the whole of Canada.

At the Maison du Pension the landlord laid in a slather of pork, beef and potatoes. He flung wide his folding doors, sawed down a half partition, and his good wife set clean across the house one bang-up, long, barn-raising table. She loaded it with citron pie, berry pie, pink-overalled cakes, home-made French pickles, preserved tomatoes in glass jars, glass bowls full of crackers and sweet biscuits and rafts of baker's bread—all with pork or beef and a plate of soup for 35 cents! If you took pork you supported either Morris or Fisher; if beef, either Fisher or Morris.

Pipes going under the fuzzly willow. Canada hunk and fine cut, bar-room cigars and newspaper cigarettes, you listened to the philosophy of the Chateauguay election.

"If," says the Grit oracle, "the Tories convert this Liberal seat into a Tory, up they go to South Bruce a month from now and tell the Conservatives there how the French-Canadians of Chateauguay went back on the Laurier navy. And if they keep South Bruce, Conservative—"

But by this time the Conservative has it: "If Mr. Fisher wins in Chateauguay, up go the Liberals to Ontario and say: 'Ah! See what the Frenchmen think of the Laurier navy.' If Mr. Morris wins, they say in Ontario: 'So you see the French do not approve the Laurier navy. It is up to Ontario to do so.'"

All of which makes the onlooker quite sure that the psychology of a bye-election is a thing that belongs to such master minds as Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. Robert Rogers. And he concludes also that a good deal depends upon what use you make of the byes in playing the game. With a Liberal majority of only 43, got by the late Mr. Brown against the present Conservative candidate, it should be tolerably easy for Mr. Morris, directed by his Ottawa stage managers, to win the seat; on the principle that reasonably easy bye-elections should be won by the Government. But it was good stagecraft to trot out

(Concluded on page 22.)