

hands, can knock the Ford Tractor plough clean off the roost. Even I, Myself, can take out as big a chunk of England as any land-worker,—and, still I haven't had my picture in the *Sketch*!

Now then, after getting the above start, you are supposed to go out and hunt up a "CADDIE"—Scotch for Keeper—to look after you. The usual variety are hard, unsympathetic, and unkind. It makes you sore, to do some hard work and look around, to see a face looking as if the Engineers had blown a mine across it. No, Pardner—get a Tommy. They are used to seeing Officers do foolish things, and betray no surprise if you do the right thing, as they may have seen some one in the C.A.M.C. have the same misfortune before. Also, the nice, kind way in which some of them can say "Hard luck," when

you slice a ball at right angles to your course, and land in ten feet of water—sort of encourages you to go and do it again.

I can, however, recommend the game from a moral standpoint. The high standard of oratory called for and quickly acquired by the most retiring nature (personal experience) can hardly be equalled, even in the Senate, I except only one case—a young person of high-strung nature, besides other criminal qualities necessary for the job, who persists in taking a hypodermic of literary apomorphine before starting a round.

The record for Cooden is 57 different swears and 936 repeats.

MORAL! Get a girl and go to Hastings instead.

By "ONE OF THE STUNG."

