

LUCKY HE WHO COMES BY HIS GOLF NATURALLY

THE golfing careers of some men seem to be one long pageant of success and triumph, while others appear to inherit their greatness by divine right. But seldom does one hear of the tragic side of the game, although much is said and written about the glory of golf. Yet golf is essentially a human pastime, and it stands to reason that it must have its tragic reverse. Such men as Francis Ouimet, Jerome Travers, or Charles Evans are gazed at in humble adoration by the average golfer, since it seems inconceivable that these super-men in the golfing universe could ever be subject to the little carking voices which eat the duffer's soul away. The topped tee shot, the missed putt of a degrading paucity of inches for them do not exist; they have no part in the tragedy of golf, although the average player knows all about it. He may play from the scratch mark, or the units of his handicap may run into double figures. It matters not, for at whatever eminence of proficiency or incompetence he may have arrived, he has won his way there in the sweat of his brow and the anguish of his heart. He has walked hand in hand with fear, has struggled in the slough of despond, has been traitor to his creed and hated the goddess of the game, and has ended by loathing himself and his fallings with a whole-souled loathing. What could be more pitiable than the man whose putting is temporarily off? He arrives at the green in the correct number of shots, each of them excellent of its sort. The match is an important one and his opponent has putted first, laying his ball stone dead. Up to this point the man whose putting is off has, by dint of superhuman exertion in his long game and approaches managed to keep all square. He now has two putts for the half and a very holeable one for the hole and the match.

DESPAIR HAS TRIUMPHED

But despair has already laid its hand on him; in one brief moment the whole hideous array of his misdoings with the putter present themselves before his mental vision. He realizes that at this juncture no brilliance with his masher or brassie can possibly save him if he fails with his putter. The hole seems to be perched on a hog's back and to be situated an impossible distance away, more over he cannot see it, it being shrouded in mist. There are a dozen lines leading from his ball in the supposed direction of the hole, but he is unable to make out where any of them end. Finally coming to the conclusion that he must do something, he takes his stance to address the ball, but the middle of the club-face refuses to go opposite it; it seems as if his putter were all toe and heel, and he becomes conscious of his caddy's feet, huge out of all proportion to the size of their owner, in his near vicinity. There is a range of hills, too behind the ball, and people walking about in the distance, but nothing but mist in the direction of the hole. He drags his putter back with superhuman effort, but it is impossibly heavy, and then he can't get it to come forward again. When it does consent to do so it feebly taps the ball, which bumps along irresolutely for a short distance and finally settles down about half-way to the hole.

Then the player awakens suddenly to the awfulness of his position. A pang like an electric shock shoots up his spine and settles in the back of his brain. He charges up to the ball, deciding that he won't be short this time at any rate, and, oblivious of all else except the necessity of being up, lashes it with a fury out of all proportion to the requirements of the case—and it careens gayly past the left side of the hole. That man has been through the whole gamut of human suffering—fear, suspense, and the realization of the worst.

AVERAGE PLAYER'S GAME

The golfing life of the average player is full of the tragedy of the game. He is perpetually discovering infallible recipes for the proper execution of particular strokes, only to find that in a few rounds the wrinkle with which he was so delighted and in which he put so much trust has ceased to be of value to him and has become his undoing. It seems to be an unchanging law in the case of the player whose golf is acquired and not inborn that no knowledge he may come by can ever be permanent. He is always fighting uphill and against a foe superior in skill and cunning. Occasionally the golfer surprises himself and his fellow-sufferers by a hyper-brilliant round. A day comes when it seems as if he could do nothing wrong. His clubs appear of themselves to smite the ball; scarcely is he conscious of the impact of one on the other, so perfect is the timing of his swing. Even his mistakes seem to work together for his good, and his putts find the bottom of the hole apparently of their own volition. Then, indeed, he drinks deep of the joy of the game, and then let him beware how he boasteth himself when he taketh off his armor. He will discover, as others have discovered before him since the earliest days of the game, the deepest tragedy it holds; that there is no infallible formula for the playing of correct golf. He will learn that, having done something phenomenal, it is necessary for him to live up to it.

play golf, one might almost say on this account, for there is no joy to compare with the love of fight against a worthy foe, even though the fight end in defeat. And the game of golf is a worthy foe indeed, stimulating men by the very frequency of the defeats she inflicts, arousing all their stubbornness by the difficulty of overcoming her. As long as human nature remains unchanged, men will play golf. And as long as golf is played there will remain the tragedy of the game. Betwixt the golfer's achievement and his ambition is a great gulf fixed.—*The New York Evening Post.*

CHARLOTTE COUNTY ESTATES PROBATED

Estate of the late George Mowatt, of St. Andrews. Entered at \$5,000. All personal. His daughter, Helen, appointed administratrix.

Estate of the late Fredk. M. Murchie, of St. Stephen. Entered at \$163,000, of which \$151,970 was personal and \$12,490 real. His widow renounced her rights as executrix and Edgar Beer, son-in-law, were sworn in as executors.

Estate of Charles Ferris, late of Grand Manan and Eastport. Entered at \$500. Ancillary letters of administration granted to Alex McPhaul, the administrator appointed in Maine.

A WORTHY COMPASSIONATE ALLOWANCE

Compassionate allowance to Mrs. Josephine Hilyard, widow of the late Charles Hilyard, formerly keeper of Head Harbor light and fog alarm, N. B., who was drowned on the 3rd February last when proceeding from the fog alarm to the connected with the light, while in the performance of his duties, \$500.

Mr. HAZEN: The facts are these: On the 3rd of February last the late keeper left his house at 1 a. m. to go to the fog alarm station, and after having performed his duties left the station at 5 a. m., and was drowned on his way back home. There was a gully between his dwelling house and the lighthouse, which at high tide was full of water. Mr. Hilyard used to cross on a ledge of rock, and this time he fell in and was drowned. He was employed in the department for about ten years, and during that time proved a very efficient employee, doing some repairs, etc., to the station which under ordinary circumstances would have required the sending of men from St. John agency to carry on the work, and thus saved hundreds of dollars to the department. The late keeper left a widow and one child seven years old. The widow is in poor health and poor financial circumstances.

Mr. MCKENZIE: I think she should have been given more.

Mr. HAZEN: I am disposed to agree with my hon. friend. As we are giving a compassionate allowance I think it ought not to be less than \$1,000. I am not quite sure as to the procedure, but if I may, I beg to move that this amount be increased to \$1,000.

The CHAIRMAN: Another estimate should be brought down.

Mr. HAZEN: I can bring down another estimate.

—*House of Commons Debates, August 24.*

Up-River Doings

St. Stephen, N. B., Sept. 5.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. David F. Maxwell was the scene of a very delightful evening when Madame Krutz and Miss Phoebe McKay sang for the benefit of the Women's Patriotic Association. Madame Krutz also gave a little talk on the patriotic work, in which she had been interested, in Philadelphia. His Honor the Lieut.-Governor and Mr. David Maxwell, C. E., each gave a brief address of thanks to Madame Krutz and Miss McKay. After the concert ice cream and cake were sold. The house was gaily adorned with flags of the Allies and large British, Canadian, and American flags were draped over each window in the large reception room, where the concert was held.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McCue, of Portland, Maine, are visiting Mrs. W. P. McCue, in Calais.

Mrs. Annie Brownrigg, of Boacabec, has been the guest during the past week of her sister, Mrs. Clarence Cole.

Mr. Herbert C. Grant has concluded a pleasant visit in St. Stephen and returned to his home in New York.

Mrs. Gilbert W. Ganong received visitors at Government house on Tuesday afternoon, from three until six o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Manning, of Salem, Mass., are spending a few days in St. Stephen.

Dr. W. F. Ganong, of Smith College, has been a recent visitor in St. Stephen a guest of his brother, Mr. Arthur D. Ganong.

Mrs. W. E. McAlona, of McAdam, is visiting St. Stephen relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cox, of New York City, are visiting her mother, Mrs. Howard Q. Boardman, in Calais.

Mrs. W. F. Todd, Miss Mildred Todd, Mr. and Mrs. N. Marks Mills, and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Mills, who have been motoring through Aroostook County, Me., have arrived home after a most delightful trip.

But in spite of all this men continue to

Mrs. John Mowatt and Miss Mary Mowatt arrived from Nova Scotia this week and are guests of her sisters, the Misses Elizabeth and Katherine Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy R. Daye have moved into a newly renovated cottage on Fraser Street, St. Stephen.

Mr. W. F. Vroom left on Tuesday evening for his home in New York City, after spending his summer vacation in St. Stephen.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Thickens, of Manchester, N. H., are visiting Milltown friends.

Mrs. Walter McWha and Miss Wilson are in New York City visiting fashionable millinery openings.

Mrs. Alma Fitzmaurice is in Boston this week and will also spend several days in New York City before returning to St. Stephen.

Mrs. John Kavanagh and her daughter, Josephine, left on Saturday for their home in New York City.

The evening service, which was omitted for three Sundays, in August, has been resumed in Christ Church and the Sunday School held their session in the afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, and will do so at that hour during the fall and winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Rogers, of Brookline, Mass., are visiting Mrs. Rogers' parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Dixon, in Calais.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Blair have returned to Ottawa after a visit of a month spent on the St. Croix, part of it at Wilson Beach, Campobello.

Mrs. Wallace Towers is spending a week with relatives in Toronto.

Mrs. C. F. Beard, of St. John, is visiting Calais friends.

Mrs. Goldsmith, who has been visiting St. Stephen relatives, has returned to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Beer left this morning for a short visit in Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Miss Milda Hoyt, of Sussex, has been visiting Calais friends.

The road between St. Stephen and St. Andrews is being greatly improved. It has been widened and made smooth and hard and will be a joy to owners of automobiles. Mr. J. M. Scovil is directing the operations.

Mrs. D. H. Bates and Mrs. Frederick Grimmer spent the week-end at Mrs. Bates Cottage on the river bank below Calais.

Mrs. G. D. Grimmer, of St. Andrews, again town on Saturday last.

Mrs. M. R. Foley, has gone to Boston to attend the fall Millinery opening.

Mrs. Waide Randall, who has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Rose, in Calais, has returned to her home in Gloucester, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Manning, of Boston, are visiting relatives in St. Stephen.

The Calais Fair was a great success and being favored with fair weather a large number of visitors from Washington County were able to attend.

Miss Martha Harris is quite ill and is a patient at the Calais Hospital.

Mrs. James Resborough, of Lynn, Mass., is visiting in St. Stephen.

Messrs. Allan and Donald Cameron, who came to St. Stephen to attend the funeral of their father, the late Augustus Cameron, expect to remain for several days longer.

BAYSIDE, N.B.

Sept. 4

Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Maxwell returned to Boston on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. David McLaughlin visited friends in Chamcook on Sunday.

Miss Rachel Lawrence went to Fredericton on Monday where she will enter the Prov. Normal School.

Miss Fannie Sampson is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. Scullion, in Chamcook.

Miss Lena Lawrence is visiting friends in Fredericton and Stouffville.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. McRoberts, of St. John, were visitors here on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Richardson and family spent Sunday with relatives in St. Andrews.

Mr. John Greenlaw was in St. John on business on Monday.

Miss Nellie Rigby spent Labor Day in St. John.

Master Eddie McRoberts, who spent the holidays with his grandfather, Mr. Gordon Stuart, has returned home.

Mrs. John Greenlaw is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Robt. McFarlane, in St. Andrews.

Miss Randall, of St. George was a recent guest of Miss Florence McVicar.

Mrs. Dyrell Wiley spent a few days in St. Stephen last week.

Mrs. A. W. Dolby, and Mrs. Arthur Logan and daughter, Muriel, were guests of Mrs. L. J. Nutter on Wednesday.

Misses Evelyn Newman and Myrtle Lane were recent guests of Mrs. McNabb.



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