THE BEACON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1917

LUCKY HE WHO COMES BY HIS GOLF NATURALLY

HIS GOLF MATUKALLI THE golfing careers of some men seem to be one long pageant of success and triumph, while others appear to in-herit 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 easen tially 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 in

by the average golfer, since it seems in-conceivable that these super-men in the golfing universe could ever be subject to

ESTATES PROBATED

A WORTHY COMPASSIONATE

ALLOWANCE

Beach, Campobel

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 in competence he may have arrived, he has won his way there in the sweat of his haw wilked hand in hand with fear, has been traitor to his creed and hated the goddess of the game, and has ended by

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 last green in the correct number of shots, each of them excellent of its sort. The Compassionate allowance to Mrs. Josephine Hilyard, widow of of the late Charmatch is an important one and his oppo-nent has putted first, laying his ball stone dead Live to this and for alarm, N. B., who was drowned on the 3rd February last when dead. Up to this point the man whose proceeding from the fog alarm to the putting is off has, by dint of superhuman connected with the light, while in the perexertion in his long game and approaches managed to keep all square. He now has two putts for the half and a very holeable difference of his duries, soo. Mr. HAZEN: The facts are these: On the 3rd of February last the late keeper formance of his duties, \$500. one for the hole and the match.

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left his house at 1 a.m. to go to the fog DESPAIR HAS TRIUMPHFD alarm station, and after having performed But despair has already laid its hand on his duties left the station at 5 a.m., and 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 mashie 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 situ-ated an impossible distance away, moreated 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 carry on the work, and thus saved hunwhere any of them end. Finally coming to the conclusion that late keeper left a widow and one child where any of them end.

he must do something, he takes his seven years old. The widow is in poor health and poor financial circumstances.

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 caddie'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 directon 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

does consent to do so it feebly taps the Mr. HAZEN: I can bring down an

ball, which bumps along irresolutely for a other Estimate. short distance and finally settles down -House of Commons Debates, August 24.

Up-River Doings

play golf, one might almost say on this Mrs. John Mowatt and Miss Mary Mrs. Goldsmith, who has account, for there is no joy to compare with the love of fight against a worthy foe, even though the fight end in defeat. Misses Elizabeth and Katherine Clark.

friends. Mrs. Walter McWha and Miss Wilson are in New York City visiting fashionable millinery openings. Mrs. D. H. Bates and Mrs. Frederick Grimmer spent the week-end at Mrs. Bates Cottage on the river bank below Mr. and Mrs. D. L. McRober John, were visitors here on Mon Mr. and Mrs. Frank Richar

Minimery openings. Miss Alma Fitzmaurice is in Boston this week and will also spend several days in New York City before returning was in town on Saturday last. Andrews.

Mrs. John Kavanagh and her daughter, Josephine, left on Saturday for their home in New York City. Mrs. M. R. Foley, has gone to Boston to attend the fall Millinery opening. Mrs. Waide Randell, who has been the

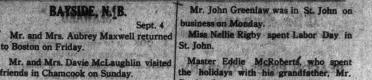
in New York City. The evening service, which was ommit-Charles A. Rose, in Calais, has returned

The Calais Fair was a great success and being favored with fair weather a

Miss Martha Harris is quite ill and is a patient at the Calais Hospital. to Ottawa after a visit of a month spent on the St. Croix, part of it at Wilsons Mrs. James Resborough, of Lynn, Mass., is visiting in St. Stephen.

Messrs. Allan and Donald Cameron Mrs. Wallace Towers is spending who came to St. Stephen to attend the week with relatives in Toronto. funeral of their father, the late Augustus Mrs. C. F. Beard, of St. John, is visiting Cameron, expect to remain for sev

days longer



ordon Stuart, has returned home. Mrs. John Greenlaw is visiting her Miss Rachel Lawrence went to Fred

Miss Fannie Sampson is visiting her Miss Randall, of St. George was a sister, Mrs. A. Scullion, in Chamcook. recent guest of Miss Florence McVicar. Miss Lena Lawrence is visiting friends Mrs. Durell Wiley spent a few days in

Mrs. A. W. Dolby, and Mrs. Arthur Mr. and Mrs. Frank Richardson and of Mrs. L. J. Nutter on Wednesday. family spent Sunday with relatives in St

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



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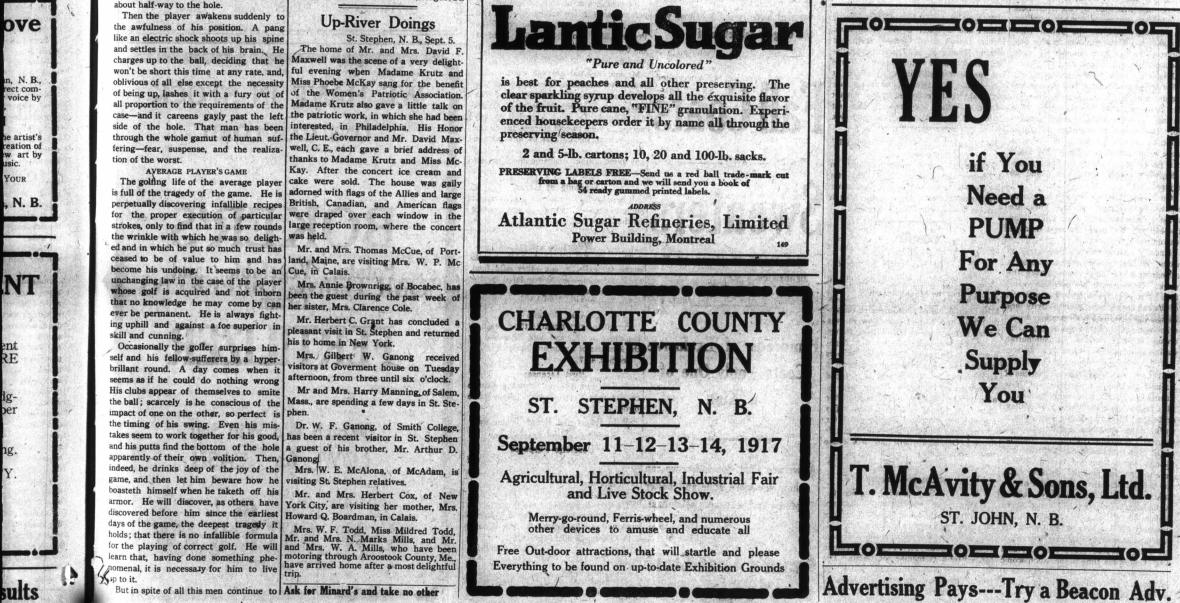
Dr. Worrell, who is to close his house in St. Andrews for the winter, wishes to leave these dogs where they will be well cared for.

J. F. WORRELL, D.D.S. Office in Residence Montague and Princess Royal Streets **TELEPHONE 33-11**

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