



Rosedale Golf Club House

If you haven't time to go in for all the sports and want to devote yourself to some particular one, be fashionable, and join the great majority in the rattling good game of golf. Everyone plays it; and not to possess a collection of the little white balls and a set of clubs, is to acknowledge yourself hopelessly behind the times. And yet few who play will deny the sorry fact that except for the absolutely idle, it is a dangerous game to take up. Its followers usually become so almost insanely enthusiastic that everything else gives way to it. The curate looks longingly out of his study window at the glorious sunshine and the green grass, and remembers that he can still finish his sermon in the evening, and half an hour later finds him whistling briskly to himself as he adjusts his bag over his shoulder and turns his face towards the links. The doctor visits his patients an hour earlier than he is expected, and with a clear conscience leaves the number of the club telephone on the hall table, and changes his silk hat and black coat for a sweater and peaked cap, and strides off to join the curate. Business men slam their office doors behind them and ignore in child-like fashion the accusing pile of letters and papers on their desks.

It makes no difference whether the wind blows high or low, whether it sweeps down from the east, or comes in suffocating puffs from the south, with the thermometer registering somewhere in the nineties.

The sun may shine blindly down, or retreat behind the clouds that pour their generous torrents upon the earth. You will find the enthusiastic, irrepressible, undaunted golfer out, just the same.

In the late autumn and early spring he rubs his blue hands to keep up the circulation, and uses a red ball, so that he can find it in the powdering of snow, and during the summer he takes along a little 'caddie' to search for it in the long grass, and the shrubberies and ravines, and whatever the day, he meets it smilingly and in a manner that under any other circumstances would be distinctly commendable. He'll play a 'two-some' or a 'four-some,' as chance decides, with equal eagerness, and failing a partner, or an opponent, he'll trudge the three mile course alone, with nothing to play against but his own score, or the club record. And whatever the conditions, he is supremely happy, and utterly oblivious of such trifles as the rise and fall of the temperature, or the fact that he has a little rain fall trickling gently down his neck.

And the girls, God bless them! with their short neat skirts, and scarlet jackets, and the roses creeping into their cheeks as they climb the hills. What matter if they do leave a few neglected duties behind them? And which of them cares that she started with captivating little curls fluffing over her forehead and came back with straight whisks spiking out in the damp wind. Vanity and the



Toronto Golf Club House.



G. Lyon, Rosedale.

true golfer never go hand in hand. One must down the other, and it is usually vanity that goes under. Watch any two girls starting out for a game on a day that promises to end stormily. Every curl is tucked away under the fascinating tam, or jaunty sailor, and a short, sensible skirt reveals the little eager feet encased in strong, thick-soled shoes that haven't a trace of vanity about them.

And how uncomplainingly they endure in their own admirable way, what under other circumstances they would call hardships. To do a little shopping, or pay a few calls they must take the cars, or a cab; but a tramp round the links, followed by a cup of coffee and a plate of wholesome home-made bread and butter at the club house, and another nine-hole round in the afternoon, is a laughing matter to lots of the girls who imagined themselves delicate until golf proved just how much they could do, and be better for it.

Decidedly golf is the game of the day, and out on the beautiful links of either the Toronto or Rosedale clubs, can be found, any day, most of the society belles, looking very winsome and sweet in their pretty costumes, with their wind-blown hair, and soft, sun-burnt cheeks.

SOME HINTS. TO THE LASSIES.

If you have the misfortune to live more than a mile or two from the links, don't ride out, especially on match days, on your wheel. Although you



A. Scott, Toronto Club.

may not notice any difference, it will assuredly unnerve you, and make your hand unsteady. Take the cars or drive, and if you are taking out six or eight clubs, don't carry them all the way under one arm. Change hands sometimes, or your muscles will be cramped and unsteady, and you will be almost as badly off as if you had strapped your clubs to your wheel and ridden out.

No matter how many 'holes up' your opponent may be, never become discouraged and give away the game before it is actually won from you. There is no knowing what luck you may have, or what horrible bogs and bunkers the other ball may bury itself in.

It is a game above all others where victory or defeat can never be counted upon till the last stroke is made.

Be careful about your shoes. You may tuck away your feet pretty successfully under the edge of your gown in the street cars, or out walking, but with your short golfing skirt, your feet are in evidence all the time. Have your boots thick-soled and well fitting and try to have gaiters to harmonize with the color of your suit.

If you want to play a good game don't wear a thick veil. It isn't reasonable to suppose you can accurately judge of distances, or see what you are doing, if you are peering through a film of misty gauze.

The Rosedales are pretty well settled in their beautiful new club house, just at the end of the Glen road bridge, and everything promises a most successful season. Miss Scott is keeping up her reputation as a remarkably good putter; and Miss Howard and Mrs. Vere Brown, with their long, clean drives, are becoming very formidable opponents. An authority on golf predicts that Mrs. Brown will shortly be among the best players in America.

A good suggestion came from one of the ladies of the R. G. C., a few days ago. Why not have at each club house a lot of the best procurable clubs, so that visitors, or new members, could get them for a day at a reasonable rent, and if they so desire, buy them. Not every one knows at a glance just how a club will suit them, and to be obliged to take one all the way from Willson's out to the links, merely to try it, and if unsatisfactory take it back, and repeat the experiment, is not exactly the easiest or most pleasant way of procuring what the novice calls 'sticks.' And how often a player breaks a club during a game, with no means of replacing it.



Miss E. Scott, Rosedale.

