Ancaster's Clicking Spheres

(Concluded from page 10.)

passed, muscles taut, faces stern with

passed muscles taut, faces stern with a determined purpose in pursuing that, that ball as it fell into a bunker.

A stout, perspiring man wielded his way up on a hill, and the caddy whispered the name of a well-known reverend doctor. A slight, well-knit, youthful figure accompanied the clergyman—and we were informed—a returned soldier. What a far cry these quiet, Elysian links to the uproar of war and fierce, bloody attacks in the trenches!

Again and again I meant to get up

attacks in the trenches!

Again and again I meant to get up energy enough to go to the club house—while the picture was advancing—to gain information regarding the transposing of the links from western Hamilton to dreamy Ancaster—its president, etc., etc., but statistics—well, they're one of the three forms of lies, and don't mean much after all. At any rate, on such a day as this such a prosaic proceeding seemed a species of vandalism, and so I continued on my vantage ground—a sort of Parnassus—where, like a god, I viewed the lowly beings of earth follow their perspiring way.

perspiring way.

Lest by any chance such calm surroundings should tire, the whistle of the
trolley and the turtle-shaped top of the
car heaving into sight, are a constant car heaving into sight, are a constant reminder that within a few minutes we may be conveyed to the rush and galety only a city can give. Such an assurance of such easy and quick conveyance, somehow, always has a reassuring effect—golfers don't need to remain lotus eaters, though the spell is hard to break. The trolley shrieks the city, the motor toot dispels the golfer's maze and man, maid or dowager is whirled to activity, stern realities, or the deepest of frivols once realities, or the deepest of frivols once

The sun began to look under our tree, a trolley beckoned us, and we arrived minutes later at the station with that clated feeling that golfers air when their opponents are—low, very low—and themselves up—I don't know where—a golfer may fit in the phrase. And golfers are there, too. there, too.

Dreamy, conservative Ancaster, with its title rounds of daily doings is left behind the golfer oblivious to its existence, with the exception that it's a caddy Supply—Ancaster but mildly interested in him just so far as caddies are concerned. Ancaster to the golfer means the finest links in Canada. 'Nuff said. The last word.

Lord Rhonda on the Peace

(Concluded from page 10.)

(Concluded from page 10.)

still come and go, and the majestic Peace, of all rivers, retains its busy primitiveness, despite the modern innovations. In proof thereof look at this other picture, a raft loaded to the hilt—if rafts have hilts—with the kind of cargo that one often sees in the West and North. A short way up the shore from the dock where the stately D. A. Thomas was making ready for her weekly trip, an ingoing over a part of the same route, in a craft all his own. He had his family, his live stock, his household belongings, and a stock of provisions on board that primitive craft, and the contrast between it not bother him in the slightest. There Peace River, and the craft that the stock of provisions of pictures like that on hot bother him in the slightest. There have been scores of pictures like that on Peace River, and there will be more, till the country has filled up. The steamer is a prophecy of coming industry and but so is the homesteader's old raft, with its jumbled load of miscellaneous truck.

The Query.—Adam and Eve were merely myths, according to a religi-ous paper published across the line. Well, what we want to know is this who on earth started all this?

Revised.—Had he been living now,
Shakespeare might have written it—
men and movie movie players." women merely movie



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