

will waste a stroke, but he will escape the risk of mulling his shot and hitting the obstacle, to fall back miserably into a lie even worse than the first. It is advisable therefore to play with the utmost coolness, never to be in a hurry, but to scan the situation carefully before doing anything, and see whether it is best to fly the obstacle or play around it.

If unfortunately the ball is in an excessively soft lie, it will sometimes be advisable to play what is called the cheek stroke, in which the fact of the club strikes the ground immediately behind the ball and stays there, the ball being shot away simply by the shock produced.

Before taking his niblick to make a shot, the player should, to begin with, consider carefully if this is really the club best fitted to deal with the situa-

tion. There are players who use it every time they are in a bunker, without so much as looking to see if it would not be advantageous to resort to some other weapon, for instance, the mashie.

It is relatively easier to use the niblick than the mashie, and this is why most players have a general tendency to use it exclusively in bunkers; but surely, the object being to get the ball out in the way most certain to attain that result, it is a better plan only to employ the club that will best fulfil this need.

The niblick again is sometimes used for extremely short approach shots where it is necessary for the ball to remain where it falls, for the niblick lofting the ball almost vertically in the air, the player is more certain of its stopping dead.—“Golfers’ Magazine.”

“Gone West”

*Ex-Recorder R. Stanley Weir, Montreal**

As in the west when every sun goes down,	For he with them had faced the em- battled dawn,
A Vesper star appears with troubled face,	And fought the Dragon as they onward crept,
So, when our golden lad, in khaki brown,	Then came an hour he could not follow on,
Made glad the days—then vacant fell his place:	And westward home they brought him while he slept:
“Gone West,” his comrades said,	They laid him in his bed—
But would not call him dead.	Heavy their hearts as lead.

Now fading fires of crimson fill the eve,
As of a glory gone, a battle done,
Golden and brown, our lad has ta'en
his leave ;
Entered the shadows who so loved the
sun:

O the western sky is red!
But a star shines overhead.

* Mr. Weir is the well known writer
and authority on the Royal and Ancient.

