

panied by Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess and Princess Patricia gives us that touch of honest pride and confidence which does so much to make up the esprit de corps of any regiment. We should like to thank you for allowing your daughter's name to be associated with the Regiment. Our especial thanks are due to the Princess herself, not only for presenting us with our camp colour, but for working it herself—a distinction, as far as I know, that is held by no other battalion in the service. We can only express our determination to bring back the colour with some little credit attached to it."

The Princess Patricia's colour, worked by her own hands, is still flying in France, but, alas! the regiment's gallant commander and the majority of his men have paid the supreme sacrifice. "Some little credit attached to it"?

There has been no colour in the whole glorious service of Empire that has been fought for so nobly, that has called for greater heroism and self-sacrifice than that worked by the fair daughter of the Dominion's Governor-General. The fame of the Princess Patricias will never fade. They and their Royal name and regimental colour, which has proved such an inspiration in many a hard-fought fight, will go down in history and be talked about for all time throughout the far-flung Dominions.

The beautiful photograph of the Princess which appears in this issue is the latest one taken of Her Royal Highness, who most graciously gave her permission for this reproduction—an honour which, needless to say, is deeply appreciated, alike by the "Canadian Golfer" and golfers generally.

Spring Days

By ROBERT STANLEY WEIR, K.C., Montreal, author of "O Canada,"
"Were You Not There," etc.

ONE of the spring mornings of golf I best remember was a four-some with three companionable spirits at the Royal Montreal Club, Dixie. There was my friend, Dr. Andrew Macphail, critic, writer of uncommonly meritorious books, and editor, until he went to Flanders, of—may I say it?—our best magazine, "The University." There was also the doctor's brother, now in Flanders too; and, lastly, Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson, the great actor, who has just completed his farewell tour in America. We played eighteen holes, and then, instead of going into the club-house at once, sat by some grassy bunkers and talked of William Shakespeare. I remember asking this greatest Hamlet of our time the proper reading of a line in one of the great soliloquies—whether it should be "To die—to sleep no more," or, "To die—to sleep—no more," with a strange and solemn vagueness about the adverbs. Sir Johnstone, as I remember, was accustomed to deliver the words after the first fashion, but con-

fessed that he liked the idea of a solemn vagueness about the adverbs.

The next time I played golf with him was on the morrow of a performance of "Hamlet." We motored out to Outremont, that very sporting nine-hole course that claims me as one of its god-fathers. Lady Forbes-Robertson was of the party, looking even prettier than on the stage. Both were very keen for golf, and the divine Ophelia played at the top of really excellent form. This is not mere compliment, her swing being beautiful and true. Hamlet, I recall, had an ancient putter of exquisite balance, well worth its weight in silver, at least. My friend Putnam and I possess the balls Hamlet and Ophelia played with that day. It was not a spring morning this time, I must admit, which is rather inconsistent with the title I have hastily chosen, but wonderful October weather. Still, the later day was born of the first.

On the last Saturday of April of this season, so full of glorious warmth—as the reader may remember—I found

myself on the verandah at Outremont, rather indifferent to the chance of a game, idly glancing over the papers, when I paused to read a second, and then a third time Sir Johnstone's farewell message from New York to the people of Canada: "God bless all Canadians for the noble devotion she has shown the Mother Country. And God bless her women, in particular, for all the sacrifices they have made. Our Flag is at the mast-head, and will stay there!"

Just then Colonel——motored up from Headquarters, keen for a game. "I've a couple of hours I can call my own. Chipman promised to come, but is tied up with his shells. I've run up on the chance. What do you say to nine holes—maybe twelve?"

In a few minutes we were off. There were a few balls on the rack ahead of us, but the owners insisted upon khaki having precedence; not that I wear the uniform, but it is known that my son Douglas and my two sons-in-law do, and the Colonel had merely doffed his tunic; besides, everybody knows him. I don't remember whose match it was—we only played twelve holes. It was probably the Colonel's, as he is rated a stroke or two better. What I remember is some of the talk between strokes—talk of the retreat from Mons, of poor Lees and Norisworthy, gallant Clark-Kennedy, the coming Drive, the Dublin riot and German machinations, Canada and her Recruits, and Canada after the War.

"A fine message that—of Forbes-Robertson's," I remarked.

"What does he say? I have not seen it."

I was able to recite it. The Colonel agreed that it was a fine message.

"But what worries me," he observed, "is, what will Canada do when the boys come back minus legs or arms, and with Colonel.

"There's my runabout," said the Colonel.

"You don't think that Canada——"

age. That is the story, isn't it? But but had to go round begging in his old "I believe he did. Saved his country, I reflected.

"Well, didn't he?"

"Wound up in rather hard luck, after moved away.

"Well, what of him?" I asked as we out.

"Yes, that is the man." A pause. "Do you mean Belisarius?"

sible.

—very dusty now—as quickly as possible.

I brushed up my Old World history Bel something?"

Goths centuries ago—some Roman that chap who whipped the Huns or "By the way, what was the name of balls, the Colonel said:

were walking meditatively after our house. After we had driven off, and second round, this being near the club-up the play at the third green of the holes before. We had decided to wind to me when I won The Recorder two pected. He had made the same remark as I said to him, was only to be eighth. The Fort, in a fine three; which, favoured us. The Colonel won the flukeness of the temporary greens rather

We were both driving well, and the He has kiddies of his own.

"Amén!" said the Colonel piously. —"God bless Canada."

with sincerity—I mean, for good cause somebody else, will be able to say again said. "Surely Forbes-Robertson, or "Surely Canada will remember," I all! Will Canada remember?"

body they know doesn't come back at kiddies and their mothers when some-shattered nerves. And what about the

FORE!

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