

golf that does it. To this extent he is started toward the goal of self-command without any conscious effort of his own. The nineteenth hole, you say? Oh, I know, but any boob can win that hole. It's the star man that doesn't play it.

If I were to write a placard to be held ever before the eyes of a golf player, it would contain but one word—Accuracy. That, it seems to me, is the keynote of success in driving, lofting, putting, or doing anything else in the game.

“And isn't it the same in baseball?” somebody asks.

Of course it is. It is not so much the strength you give to the stroke, as the sureness you put into it. In the endeavor to acquire proficiency, you gain accuracy of thought and movement. All this, you see, develops the forces of self-command.

I have been caroling particularly for ball players, but a bit of golf might be serviceable, for the same reasons, to players of any game or doers of any work.

Were You Not There?

The following stirring recruiting call is by Mr. R. Stanley Weir, K.C., ex-record-er of Montreal—one of the best known golf writers on the continent.

We heard our Mother calling from afar:

“Come over, O my Children, to the war!”

Now, home again, wear proudly every scar.

For we were there!

Yes, we were there!

Battling the Huns by land and sea and air.

It was a fight of fury, West and East.
The Kaiser clawed brave Belgium like a beast.

We choked him off. We tore him from his feast.

For we were there!

Yes, we were there!

Did you not help us drive him to his lair?

Sea-dragons, too, we hunted, night and day,

To keep the murderers of babes at bay.
All Hell we fought in that long, mad-d'ning fray.

Were you not there?

Were you not there?

In that great struggle—speak!—had you no share?

Don't you remember those who fought and fell

At Mons, the Marne, Langemarek or Neuve Chapelle?

Have you no story of the Fight to tell?

Were you not there?

Were you not there?

You do not answer! You but stand and stare!

Did you not see at Stamboul or Suez
The German helmets or the Turkish fez?

Surely that chap is lying when he says,

You were not there!

You were not there!

Stand up and say he's lying—if you dare!

The War is over. Battle-flags are furled.

The Great Betrayer from his throne is hurled.

It was the Fight of Ages for the world.

And we were there!

Yes, we were there!

But you—Go hang yourself!—you didn't care!

The “Canadian Golfer” is on sale at all leading Bookstores throughout Canada.