## A GOLF STORY

John MoLennan had lain for
many months on a bed of sickness. many months on a bed of sickness. of his walks in the green fields and
up the banks of the Tay, but as up the banks of the Tay, but as
the summer died and autumn reigned supreme he was
change for the better. change for the better.
Now, let it be known that John
was a crack golfer, and as he lay was a crack golfer, and as he lay
racked with pain his mind often wandered up the Inch, and he would
count his imaginary strokes as he wended his way from hole to hole. so far as to be able to take a turn
round the doors, but he soon rot tired und was glad to return to his armchair by the fireside.
It was therefore a surprise in
more ways than one to his gude wife when one Sunday morning toward
the end of Augit he rose between the end of Auget he rose between
5 and 6 oclock and said he was going a round of the golf course. tonished wife, "are ye mad? D'ye ken this is the Lord's day? An' you
an elder o' the kirk!." "Nance", said John quietly as he got his sticks ready, "I m weel awar
0 ' what day this is, an' I ken I'm an elder o' the kirk; but, wumman, I'm deein for a game, an we may never
hae anither mornin' like this. Besides, surely it'll no' be coontit a sin
to play a bit hole or twa sae early in to play a bit hole or twa sae early in
the mornin', when very few, if ony,
folk 'Il be aboot." John awoke Bobbie, his eldest son, clubs. He was his father's onty
"eaddie."
"Come a wa, laddie. Oh, ve need ther daft nor bad. Sae come awa",
And out they went. They realh-
ed the tecing ground as 6 o'clock
chimed on St, John's.
"Noo, Bobbie, mak' a fine tee; n $\sigma^{\prime}$
owre high, ve ken. That's fine
 Whack!
"There ye are! No' a bad drive
for ma an' newly aff a sick bed."
"Faither," said Bobbie as he lok-
ed timidly around, "what 'll ye dae
if ye meet onybody?"
"Juist draw my bonnet doon like
that. Wid ye ken yer ain faither
noo if ye met him?"
And Bobbie acknowledged that he
wouldn't.
"Very weel. Dinna speak ony
mair aboot meetin' folk. But here
we are. Gie's ny cleek."
Crack! on the green, faither, in
"Yere on
twa," said Bobbie proudly. "Ye"
dae that hole in three.". dae that hole in three,"
"I'll try, laddie ; I'll try," said
John, "but 1 doot I'm owre shaky, In! Mark that doon. Hiv ye a pen cil an' paper?" That's richt. First
hole in three." And John McLennan mopped his foreliead with hif handkerchief, for beads of sweat "Anither tee, Bobbie. That's fine. Noo the hole's aye up aside the big
tree, I suppose."
"Aye," says Bobbie as he strains his eyes in the direction indicated. "Weel, look oot an' see whaur 1
licht."
Whack!
Nae sae gude's my first ane,
But Bobbie did not answer as he handed his father his cleek on coming up to the ball
But it was a bad shot, and Johs played again
on the green, faither," said
"Aye, laddie," replied his father "but in three. I'll need four for this hole."
aid as ho here, faither," Bobbie said as he looked all over the green.
"Aye, it's here," replied the old man as he lifted it out of the hole. That's a luke; but, a' the same ime, I'm in in three. Mark that doon; second hole in three.
Anither tee. The hole's rich: this ane an awfud. Noo, I must gix this ane an awfu' crack."

## Whack!

"By, faither, ye're near the green twa?" Bobibie ventured.
Na , na, laddie; P'll need mair than that. Hooever, we'll see. And so the two trudged on. sour ane."

Bobble said exeritedly.
"Wheest, ye dee-ve dear laddiel went the bail ngain.
"Into the buiker, faither. What a peety!" said Bobby, but his father
was silent. He was wondering if
Mr. Moir had seen him. His iron took him out of the bunker and
landed him on the green in two, and
ne got the hole in three. Is that three, faither?" asked
Bobbie. "
$\square$


The Scenic line To The Enst And South


 up hoo mony I've ta'en for the sev-
en holes- 3,6 , $10,13,17,20,23$.
Twenty-three! Losh! I never did
that afore. Noo gang ye awa home an' see an' hurry. Dinna stop to
Epeak to onybody on the road, an
I'll come canny doon. Twenty
' Four Sundays later John MeLen-
nan stood at the chureh plate. N nan stood at the chured plate No
one had ever referred to the game
he had a month previous, and he
was glad of it. Mr. Moir preached
that ${ }^{\text {May and his text war. Memem- }}$ was glad of it. Mr. Moir preached
that day, and his text was " Remem-
ber the Sabbath day to keep it
holy." As the preacher progressed John
grew more and more convinced that
the sermon had been specially pre-
pared for him, and at the close of the service he entered the vestry
and asked the half unrobed minister, "Did ye see me yon mornin'"
"I did," replied the minister. "Weel, an" I saw you across yon
iron cuddy, sae nane o's had better iron cuddy, sae nane o's
mention sic maitters again
"We

$\square$
Western . Stage . Line
$\pm=$

## Office in tinkville Hotel




| Good Stock | $\therefore$ |
| :---: | ---: |
| Lasy Coaches |  |

## STAGE LINE




EThe Examiner hat for mate one ofthe bent stock ranches in Lakecountyon very reasonable terms- 600 acres
all fenced, and well watered. [This inagreat bargain and will not remainlong unsold. We also have a dozenother ranches and farms to disposs
erty to sell, lint it with the Exam-

CASTORIA The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the
signature of Chat/Alitchin:

