

Golf Causerie.

WITH ROD AND CLUB.

(By J. Sutherland.)

Angling and golf—happiest of combinations for a summer holiday! Of recent years these have been going more and more in hand; that is, where the two are possible, and present signs point to the alliance being strengthened. The misfortune, of course, is that amongst the mountains (I am speaking of the Scottish Highlands), where good fishing is found, golf is rarely possible except at an expense which requires American purses. From this I must exclude the island of Tiree; but, then, Tiree is not amongst the mountains, but away out many miles in the Atlantic. Of all the Highland counties the angler knows Sutherland best, because it is the best of all angling counties. It is reckoned that in Sutherland there is half-a-dozen times as much free water as in any similar area in Scotland. Except that the Highland line cuts through the south-eastern section of it, and has a little offshoot line of seven miles from the Mound to Dornoch—a place less famous as the county town than as the free possessor of glorious golfing links to which so many Londoners flock annually—except those two pieces of line, there are no railways in Sutherland, and in all probability there never will be. Its population of only some twenty thousand dwells on the seaboard, particularly on the west, the north, and the east.

For the rest the heart of this sporting county, consisting of an area of 2,027 square miles, is made up of sheep farms, grouse moors, deer forests, and one thousand lochs, all, or practically all, stocked with trout, the greater number of which are fishable free, a privilege for which southern anglers are primarily indebted to the Duke of Sutherland and his ducal ancestors. Since the advent of the motor