

# RAMSAY'S PAINT

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## Wizard of the Wicket.

Stories of the World's Greatest Cricketer.

That the "Grand Old Man" of cricket, who, it is computed made 80,000 runs and took 7,000 wickets, mostly in first-class matches, should have been first taught to play by his mother is not the least interesting fact that the life story of Dr. W. G. Grace.

"Willie, Willie, haven't I told you over and over again how to play ball?" His mother is reported to have said when "W. G." after making a few runs for the Gentlemen of England against Oxford, was caught from a bad stroke and returned to the private tent on the ground.

At that time the Doctor was only seventeen years of age, but for twelve months he had been making big scores in representative and country matches. And no one was more proud of his achievements and those of his brother, E. M., than their mother, who whenever possible, attended the games in which her sons were playing.

"I taught my sons to play. I used to bowl to them," she once confessed, and among the treasures which W. G. most prized were the scrap-books in which his mother pasted newspaper reports about himself.

This interesting glimpse of the youth of the world's greatest cricketer is provided by "The Memorial Biography of Dr. W. G. Grace," issued under the auspices of the M. C. C., and published by Constable. The editors of the book, Lord Hawke, Lord Harris, and Sir Home Gordon, Bart., have had as collaborators all the great cricketers who have played with Grace.

The stories in the volume are legion, but one of the most humorous suggestions in regard to the prowess of "W. G." was published in a comic paper, when the Doctor was only twenty-five years of age. It read:—"The society for the improvement of Things in General and the Diffusion of Perfect Equality, at a meeting to be held shortly, will submit the following propositions:—

**Grace Before and After Meat.**  
"That W. G. Grace shall owe a couple of hundred or so before batting—these to be reckoned against his side should he not wipe them off."  
"That his shoe spikes should be turned inward."  
"That he shall be declared out whenever the umpire likes."  
"That he shall always be the eleventh player."  
"That he shall not be allowed to play at all."  
Veterans agreed that "W. G." had a stubby beard at seventeen, although later prints show him clean shaven. "So it would appear that about 1870 or 1871 he shaved for a while, and then allowed his salient character-

istic to acquire the flowing nature so well remembered later on."

Yorkshire folk will appreciate a story told by Canon E. S. Carter. "After leaving Oxford," he says, "I took Holy Orders. I had my first curacy in Ealing, and used to go to Lord's whenever I could if Yorkshire were playing. One day I said to Tom Emmett: 'Tom, what do you think of this young W. G. Grace, who is making such scores?' (He was then twenty years old.) Tom replied: 'It's all very well against this South Country bowling; let him come up to Sheffield against me and George (Freeman). A few days afterwards when Grace went to Sheffield to play for the South v. North, and in the first innings he scored 122 out of 173, with Emmett and Freeman bowling. When Tom came to Lord's shortly afterwards I said to him: 'Well, Tom, you've had Grace at Sheffield; what do you think of him now?' Tom answered, quite seriously, 'Mr. Carter, I call him a non-such; he ought to be made play with a little bat.'"

It was Emmett who, when Grace made his 318 in eight hours against Yorkshire at Cheltenham, pathetically remarked at the conclusion of the first day's play: "Dang it all, it's Grace before meat, Grace afterwards, and Grace all day, and I expect we shall have more Grace to-morrow."  
Another ecclesiastical admirer, Canon Bells, relates how Grace brought an eleven from Gloucestershire to play the Marlborough boys. In the train he made a bet that he would get a hundred runs and also hit a ball into Sun Lane, a feat that had only once previously been accomplished.  
"I was in with him," says the Canon, "and a boy called Kempe bowled him clean with as fine a ball as I ever saw, I think for only three runs, and therefore neither the century nor the big hit came off. He came to the chapel in the evening, and the lines were sung:—  
The scanty triumphs Grace had won,  
The broken vow—  
I believe it was generally thought I had done it of set purpose. It was absolutely accidental."  
One of "W. G.'s" favourite tricks was to follow up his own bowling so quickly that he often registered a c and b.  
In a minor match near Bristol "W. G." had contributed a long score, which he followed up by capturing the majority of the opposing wickets. Not knowing the capacity of one of the fieldsmen, he shouted to him to leave the ball alone, and, racing at top speed, himself brought off a magnificent catch. The retiring bats-

man observed: "The next thing that man will do will be to wicket-keep to his own bowling."  
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Grace and his brother, E. M., could quarrel on occasions. "I was once batting for Surrey v. Gloucestershire," says C. W. Burlis, the old Surrey amateur. "W. G. was bowling and 'E. M.' fielding at point, came creeping in until he looked as if he could make a grab at my bat. Well, I just turned a ball and he was—  
"Obstruction he blowed!" bellowed "W. G."; 'why did you not catch the ball instead of trying to bamboozle the umpire.'"  
The Doctor never played for his average, but there was an occasion in his later days when, playing for London County, he thought of it. It was the last match of the season, and someone mentioned that Murdoch averaged 70 and Poidevin 99. "And what do I average?" asked Grace. "If you made 86 not out today, you would average 100," was the reply. "Very good," ejaculated "W. G." He proceeded to bat admirably, and when his own score was 86, declared the innings closed. "Must beat those boys once more," was his chuckling comment.  
In spotting promising young players he had scarcely an equal, and anyone mentioned in despatches of "W. G." was sure of achieving honours. He knew by instinct and was quick to place the true value on the cricketer, though to others it was not evident.  
"In a certain London County match, a club cricketer was playing for the first time. When 'W. G.' asked him where he would like to go in, he answered: 'Well, Doctor, I don't mind, but I've never made a "duck" in my life.'"  
"W. G." looked at him as only he could look, and said: "What, never made a blob in your life? Then last is your place; you haven't played long enough!"

### Alcohol as Medicine.

Looked at from a purely scientific standpoint, the question of the baneful effects of alcohol on the human body cannot be doubted, in view of the overwhelming testimonies against it by prominent physicians of world-wide fame.  
The American Medical Association, representing 71,000 reputable physicians, passed the following resolution at its annual meeting in June, 1917:—  
"Whereas we believe that the use of alcohol is detrimental to the human economy, and its use in therapeutics as a tonic, or stimulant or for food has no scientific value; therefore,  
"Be it resolved, that the American Medical Association is opposed to the use of alcohol as a beverage"; and,  
"Be it further resolved, that the use of alcohol as a therapeutic agent should be further discouraged."  
Dr. Howard Kelly, head of John Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, in an address at Washington in 1909, said: "I began my practice in private life, by prescribing alcohol in its various forms as an easily diffusible stimulant in cases of periodic weakness, in low fevers, and exhaustion, in accordance with the common custom of a generation ago. My experience has told me that the effect is temporary, evanescent, that the drug (for so it is) does no real good, and that a dangerous habit is thus easily engendered which may be most difficult to eradicate, a habit that may utterly ruin the patient's body, soul and spirit."  
And after ten years' further experience Dr. Kelly in again addressing a large audience at Washington this summer said:  
"Whether liquor has any real claim medicinally is purely an academic question. For myself I consider it worse than useless, and the medical profession of America stands unquestionably against liquor either as a drug or beverage."  
Dr. A. H. Desloges, general superintendent of asylums for province of Quebec, in an address before the medical convention in June, said:  
"Alcohol is one of the universal founders of lunatic asylums, and temperance might be styled one of the most active agents to keep the doctors idle."  
Dr. W. H. Waugh, editor of the Clinical Magazine, Chicago, said:  
"Personally I stand ready to use alcohol at any time when I believe it to be to the best interests of my patients, but I do not know of a solitary case of a solitary case occurring in the widest range of medical practice in which alcohol is the best remedy that can be applied."  
"I think the tendency of the medical profession throughout the country is to give up alcohol in the treatment of

### Ethie's Report.

(Western Star.)  
The s.s. Ethie, Capt. Edward English, reached Curling at 10 o'clock on Sunday night, having made the run from Flower's Cove in 23 hours. The ship, however, encountered much fog in the Strait of Belle Isle and was delayed considerably thereby, and also had to lay up at Bonne Bay the whole of Sunday 17th, when going north.  
There was a sign of herring on Labrador on the 21st inst. There is practically no codfishing at present north of Bonne Esperance.  
Capt. English furnishes us with the following fishery report:  
August 20—West St. Modeste, nothing in trap since 16th, and none to hook; Red Bay, no trapping, and very little bait; Chateau, nothing since 16th, when ice came in on the coast; Chimney Tickle, no cod in traps, about 1 barrel to hook; Forteau and Lance au Loop, 8 to 10 qts. per boat; Battle Hr., nothing with twine; boats from half to one quintal.  
August 21—Cape Charles, no cod at all, sign of herring; Pleasure Harbor, no trapping, first sign of bait to-day, boats jig about one quintal; West St. Modeste, fair fishing; Forteau and Lance au Loop, good fishing past ten days; Bonne Esperance, plenty of cod at Old Fort, boats loading every day. Whiteley's crews had some good trapping this week; Grant, at Blanc Sablon reports 11,000 qts., with fishery about finished, no bait.  
The codfishery is about over on Newfoundland side of Straits; 75 passengers came along by the Ethie, including 40 first class, among whom were Prof. Bennett, of Cornell University, who had been salmon fishing on the rivers of Hawk's Bay, and Dr. Chas. Parsons who was in charge of the hospital at Battle Hr. the past season.

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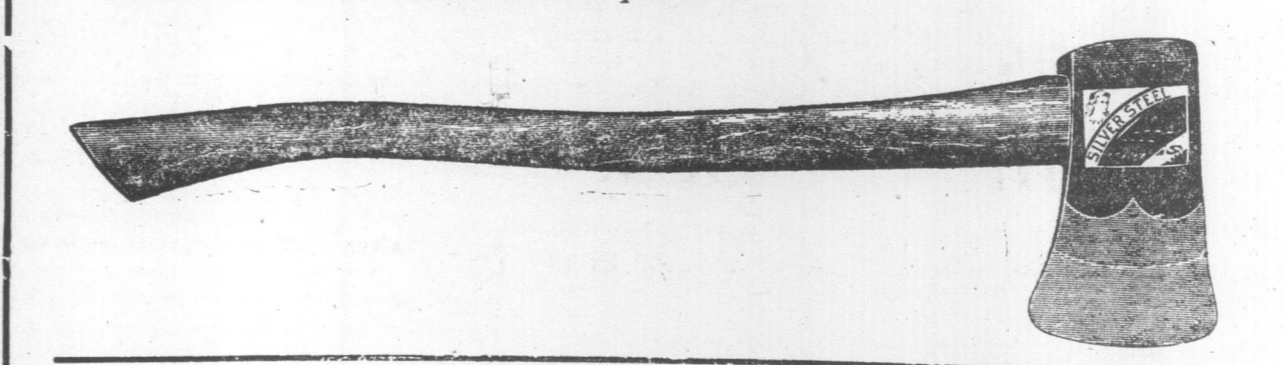
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