

# The Nissouri Nudger

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50c Yearly in Advance

## Pepper and Salt.

¶ The fish pond is getting hit hard these days, and as a result liars are on the increase.

¶ One thing that will help mar this dream of summertime is the everyday appearance of the list of fall fairs.

¶ If the Yanks and Mexico patch the thing up, the price of horseflesh will likely stick at the canninghouse figure.

¶ Ulster's gameness seems to have won the day. Ulster wouldn't submit to carry around any such galling yoke.

¶ When the undertaker almost had his plans complete, Premier Whitney disappoints him and others, and is on the warpath again.

¶ Some have Tecken the liberty to announce the Prince of Teck as Canada's next Governor-General. If so be, we hope he will not be it on a Tecknicality.

¶ As London is coming east, the Nudger proposes that the Governor's Road be hereafter known as Dundas street. A considerable part of it goes by that name now.

¶ Next to ourself there is no one that we would sooner see converted into a senator than Major Thomas Beattie, of London. The Major has some chance. Every word of this is true.

¶ In the matter of loyalty Western Ontario lacks nothing. When he returns home to the motherland the Duke of Connaught will in his afterdinner and other addresses make mention of this fact.

¶ Good old summertime in Nissouri:

The June bugs float around the lamp,  
The bullfrogs croak B flat,  
The skitter taps us for our blood—  
So what d'ye think of that?

¶ Baseball fever is a disease that comes with the summer. Old and young, rich and poor, contract it. Caught in early childhood it lasts till death, but it doesn't kill nor shorten life. The fact is, it lengthens the days of its victims. So catch it and Play Ball.

¶ The London Old Boys will return home this summer, the difficulties overshadowing the joyful "hilarious" having been overcome. We did not think that so big a thing as this reunion has always been could be sidetracked by so small a thing as a sideshow or two. Those who want excitement of that kind can surely wait for the Western Fair.

¶ The city limits of London having been extended to east of the Asylum property, the Nudger would suggest that the corporation and the Ontario Government get together and work out a scheme to spoil that piece of road extending east from the pavement by the Fair grounds to the Grand Trunk crossing at Pottersburg. We have been led to believe that both the city and the Government favor good roads, if so here is the ideal spot to make a beginning. Spring and fall it is cut up with dangerous ruts, and from the inter-switching west to Egerton street it floats nearly knee deep with slime. And this is the main thoroughfare and eastern entrance to a big city.

¶ The Great United States is still Monroising out its destiny with fear and trembling. President Wilson has already sighed over to Mexico, "Huerta my feelings," and probably his chances for a second term.

¶ Regardless of ability to teach at that age, it is proposed to fix the age limit of male and female school teachers at 65 years. How to get at a woman's age after the gong has struck so on her is a problem that we leave to the bright entrance pupils to figger on. We ain't got no time to waste.

¶ If the increased license fee on autos should make the auto owners think they have the right to push us, our Jack and our wagon clean off the road and onto the other side of the fence, then we question the wisdom of increasing the license fee. Ever since we took to driving a horse we have been convinced that 99 out of 100 auto owners either thought they owned the road from fence to fence de jure—Latin for "by right"—or tried to put up a devilish outrage on our "inadejured" nervous system. So, dear brother with the auto and a fair cargo of gall, watch out for us, our vehicle and our Jack when you see us on the road, and don't again attempt to shove us off, for if you do, if we can overtake you, by gosh we will shove your nose also to one side and make you sneeze through your ears. So from now on have some care. For perfect description of our Jack see Mr. Ernie Day, R. R. No. 1, Thamesford. Get that which is more precious than your scare thing—get wise.

¶ Not all who commit murder suffer what is termed the "extreme penalty." Not all who commit lesser crimes are sentenced to the full limit. Judgment is, we believe and hope, exercised in all cases. And by good behavior many who have erred in the eyes of our laws can shorten the terms to which they have been sentenced. In almost every instance the criminal is given the benefit of the doubt, and wherever possible leniency is shown. When atrocious, premeditated murders are committed, then the severe penalty of execution is imposed. There is an effort being made to do away with capital punishment and make life imprisonment the severest penalty for murder, the contention being set up that hanging neither prevents nor lessens murder. Statistics may even prove this contention. Nevertheless we are not yet far enough advanced in the latter-day sympathy for murderers to join with those who seek to follow certain of the United States in this matter, and we contend that all of our opinion that it is not time for a change are not any more unchristian or barbarous in thought than those who are riding a hobby in so serious a matter.

¶ "The deadly level crossing" is the cry that every little while goes up in London when other precious lives are ground into eternity. Seven years of the awful toll could have been saved if an unwise agreement between the city and the Grand Trunk could have been frustrated, an agreement which the Nudger man did his best to prevent. The Grand Trunk was then in the humor to elevate its tracks through the city and erect a new depot, and the Council of the day had the power

to force it to do one or both, but—and here is where the death wail rightly commences—the Grand Trunk in some way that one can only guess at prevailed upon a majority of the Council to do as it wanted, and by so doing delivered into the hands of the Grand Trunk, and that for absolutely nothing, the very power that could have forced the Grand Trunk to abolish the level crossings complained of. Of course the Grand Trunk has the power at any time to discontinue these deathtraps, but whenever we read of a level crossing accident on the Grand Trunk in London we are unable to disassociate the city's responsibility from that of the Grand Trunk in the matter, as most assuredly the Council referred to, by its unwise act, made the city a copartner in all these awful tragedies since that time.

## Out and In Shoots.

• The London ball team will arise und shine later on.

• Christy Pardy has his eye on the Federal League. He may jump.

• The Scandrett team of London were too timid to meet the Evelyn and balked.

• The Evelyn ball team is ready for the fray, and not afeared of anything in ball clothes.

• There is talk of a Provincial election in June, but it must not interfere with our baseball programme.

• "Heart Throbs" in the London Free Press should be "Footprints." There's a deal of kicking in it.

• The Evelyn team will not be called the Nudgers this year. The natty new uniforms may be responsible.

• Evelyn won from Thamesford in a 7-inning game by 12 to 4. This was the first try-out of the season for Evelyn and they made good.

• In their uniforms Jack Woods and Jack Pardy look the real thing and might easily be taken respectively for Ty Cobb and Mooney Gibson when in repose.

• Squire Bedggood and Mr. Humphrey Pardy are hale and hearty, and are sure to be on the job with the boys. It would hardly be a real game with these veterans absent.

• Byron Smith and Howard Douglas are after the automobile which someone may give to the member of the Evelyn team having the best batting average. The race will be keen.

• We haven't seen Wat. Oliver since last summer, but we can see him a-hitchin' up his nag to come over. Then there's that Ernie Day man, the fellow that once drove us into trouble. He's on the way.

## Were We King of Nissouri

We would order that every foot of barb wire be buried. It has torn more boys' pants and ruined more valuable horses than lightning ever did, and yet all kinds of precautions are taken to protect from lightning. A fitting death for the one who invented barb wire would be blood-poisoning.