

Sir John C. Crosbie

Endorses Puddester and Recommends That Bay de Verde Defeat W. H. Cave.

On Saturday the following message was received from Sir John Crosbie.

LONDON, June 19th.

ELECTORS BAY de VERDE:

Strongly advise you to return Puddester. By so doing you will help to restore confidence in Fish Business circles on this side of the Atlantic, which is now gravely shaken by reckless methods of the Government. Fishery outlook serious. Salt equally so. Cave's election would be regarded as disaster by everybody interested in Newfoundland trade

J. C. CROSBIE.

DIAMOND DUST

Nothing But the Truth—Without Fear or Favour.

Brendan L. Sinnott is going to twirl for the Wanderers, Wednesday, against the C.E.I. Bill has been hitting the straight and narrow path for many moons and is in fine fettle, though this fact may not be very noticeable at first glance. All of which causes us to warble:

There's a rumble in the bleachers; there's a roar up in the stands. The upper tier fanatics howl and madly clap their hands. They're shrieking out in centrefield and howling back of first, and 'round at third they're screaming, till you'd think their lungs would burst. The thirty thousand and pop-eyed fans are drinking from the cup of perfect bliss for Willie's out there warming up. Aye, Sinnott the Mighty, prince of pitchers in his day, the master of the hurling mound, whose famous fadeaway and nerve and speed and head and heart made

fans call him Great, is out there warming up to shoot the ball across the plate. His speed may be a trifle less, his years a trifle more, but batsmen still respect him as they did in days of yore. That great control the old guard knew is working for him still. He has the same old windup when he throws that little pill. And budding batters breaking in, who think that he's a cinch, soon find the Master's there with balls when pitching in a pinch. Ah! hear the tumult of the crowd, where old men, stern and staid, match voices with the youngsters, where the matron and the maid, the butcher, cop, and banker and the broker join the din; and give a great ovation to our Sinnott, going in.

The records of the Official Score—Mr. Cyril G. Merner—of last year

prove most interesting.

The teams' batting averages were: Red Lions, .263; Cubs, .251; B.I.S., .234, and the Wanderers, .141.

The fielding averages show the Cubs led with .906, and the Lions second with .860. The Irishmen had a shade over the Wanderers of .821 to .812.

The leading ten batters of the League were:

Name	Clubs	Average
Brasie	B.I.S.	.440
French	B.I.S.	.428
Cooney	Lions	.417
Kielly	Lions	.417
Hiltz	Lions	.408
Ellis	Lions	.382
Murphy	Cubs	.351
Canning	Cubs	.351
O'Donnell	B.I.S.	.344
Munn	Lions	.338

Not one of the Wanderers' sluggers reached the first division, but Burton is 16th on the list—being credited with an average of .235 for 17 times at bat. Of the infielders, Hiltz, of the Lions, leads in the fielding averages with .991, followed by Murphy, of the Cubs, with .941 and Brasie, of the Irish, with .927. Four outfielders had perfect averages of 1,000 each, viz., Fred Phalen and Josh O'Driscoll, of the Cubs, Connolly, of the B.I.S. and Fred Gushue, of the Lions.

The young man hailed the editor and said "I want a job; I can produce that sort of stuff that makes a reader sob, or I can write that funny junk that makes a reader laugh; and I'd like for you to sign me on as a member of your staff. I specialize on baseball yarns, I like to write of sport; I know lawn tennis, poker, golf, yes, games of every sort."

"But do you," asked the editor, "use language that is plain? Do you use the common metaphors and synonym diadema? For instance, how do you describe a ball game played in rain?"

The young scribe lamped the editor with cold appraising eye; "Then use that common word," he said, "I would much rather die. I never speak of rain at all, the thought is quite absurd; the fans would never understand so commonplace a word. I always say: 'I. Pluvius uncorked the H-2-0; and when it shines I say: Old Sol beamed on the folks below.'"

"Young man," remarked the editor, "it's very plain to see that you possess a brilliant mind and much ability. Will you for fifty bones a week write baseball stuff for me?"

The Powers That Be in Baseball:—Doc of the Cubs; Mike and Dickie of the B.I.S.; and Herbie, Treasurer of the League.

Lost, Stolen or Strayed:—The newly formed Junior Baseball League. Finder will be rewarded by returning same to this office.

An appropriate song for Manager Claude Hall of the Cubs to sing next week would be: "I'm Forever Blowing

Bubbles." Ever since his boys began training he has been blowing bubbles, only to have them burst when he fondly imagined everything was going along swimmingly. He started out assured in his own mind that he would have one of the steadiest infielders in the League, but that bubble burst when Cocky Munn torpedoed him amidsthips by stealing Coke, Cahill and Robertson. Then Joe Murphy got switched for relief in one of the outport branches. Because of his brains in playing the keystone sack, his absence will be sorely felt. And his going has demoralized the outfit as there is no one to take his place. True it is, that DeMers can hold down with ease, but Claude wanted Cris to backstop where he is some bird. He played in this position with the All-Canada team at Paris against the Yanks. If the Murphy bubble had been the only one to break on Manager Hall he would not feel so badly about it, but Canning—the peerless all around man and custodian of the third sack, won't be in the game for a few weeks yet. This was certainly the worst break that could have befallen the team. Doc Power has been persuaded to fill the gap, but he is shy on practice, and in any case does not wield the willow as skillfully as Canning. And now there are reports of some petty dissension in the Cubs' outfield, which, even if satisfactorily settled to all concerned, will not conduce to the esprit-de-corps necessary for a pennant-winning club, or strengthen their morale. However, Claude says he is not beaten yet and has often been in a tight corner before.

We could write a whole lot about the Lions—but what is there to say except present bouquets. They promise to offer for the edification of the fans the most perfect baseball machine ever seen here, and Hiltz, Callahan & Company feel confident of successfully defending their title. Their new battery—Coke, Cahill and Robertson—is class, and then that winning pilt-tosser—Walter Callahan—is reckoned to be even better than last year.

Someone was unkind enough to say that you can change managers on the B.I.S. when they're not looking, but they know they're the Irish and lose just the same. This may or may not be true, but the newly elected J. Cuthbert Channing looks very optimistically on the future of his youngsters and they may give someone a jolt before the season is well under way.

The Wanderers up to the present are without a pilot, though it is likely the veteran Fred Britt will control their destinies. They have a nicely balanced team and have been practicing assiduously. The fans will be sorry to hear that their old live wire—Tim Hartnett—will not be in uniform this year.

The C.E.I. under the distinguished direction of Manager A. Harvey Thomas are . . . ? . . . ? (Remarks censored by the editor of the Telegram until Wednesday's result is known.)

They tell us the Irish will win this year's race. They've told us that story before. They add that the Wanderers will end in last place; and they've told us that story before. They tell us that the Lions are due for a flop; that Claude Hall's crew will sure land at the top; and that Callahan's arm must be ready to drop. Oh, they've warbled this stuff all before.

We hear that Cy Jenkins has left the game flat. We've heard of that rumour before. They tell us that Cooney is too aged to bat. The pitchers have heard that before. And this year Harv Thomas is betting his tin and making predictions the C.E.I.'s win. They tell us the Red Legs will simply walk in. But he never pulled that one before.

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