

SPORTS.

OFFICERS VS. SERGEANTS.

What promised to be an interesting "exhibition" of baseball between the Officers and Sergeants of the Depot, was unceremoniously cut short Monday evening by the cruel machinations of Jupiter Pluvius at the end of the first half of the third inning, with the score 6-5 in favor of the Sergeants. But in the short time that the game was in progress, it was sufficient to develop the fact that there are some embryonic Cobbs, Wagners and Mathewsons, among the ranks of those of the "higher command", both commissioned and non-commissioned. Among the latter the shining satellite was C.S.M. York, who cavorted in the right pasture for the brilliant galaxy of talent, representing the Sergeants. Three times was the elusive sphere driven into the territory guarded by the gallant C.S.M. and each time C.S.M. York used every trick and device known in baseballdom, to check the flight of the speeding ball. Hands, feet and other parts of the anatomy were freely offered as a willing sacrifice, but all to no avail, and sad to relate, three errors were charged against his record. The only time that he was at the bat, Capt. Fellows had evidently been warned of his prowess with the stick, and the redoubtable slugger was given free transportation to the first station. The officers scored two runs in the first inning, and the sergeants four; Emmett knocked a home run into the road, scoring two men ahead of him. In the second inning the officers failed to score while the sergeants pushed two more runs over in the plate. In the first half of the third, the officers almost tied the score, scoring three runs.

The heavy rain forced an abandonment of hostilities.

Play by inning:—

First.—Capt. Mutch struck out; Capt. Fellows gave C.S.M. York the first chance to distinguish himself as a fielder, and when the latter was unable to stop the ball, even with his feet, the Capt. reached third base; Lieut. Horsey drove the ball to S.S. Sutcliffe who held lovingly to it, while Capt. Fellows crossed the plate and Lieut. Horsey reached first in safety; the Lieut. proceeded to steal second, and when Catcher Watlin attempted to throw the ball into the guard room, came all the way home; Lieut. was passed and immediately stole second; Lieut. Mitchell followed the example of the illustrious Chap-

lain, and fanned; Pitcher Vrooman then lost the location of the plate, and walked Lieut. Griffith and Major Powell in succession; but finished the inning by fanning Lieut. Tubman.

Catcher Watlin went out. Lieut. Horsey unassisted; Pitcher Vrooman singled past the S. S. and took second on a passed ball; Sgt. Sutcliffe with all the grace of an "old timer" dropped a Texas Leaguer over the short stop's head; both scored when Sgt. Emmett slammed the ball over the wire fence into the road; Sgt. Johnston doubled, and crossed the plate when Lieut. Mitchell after stopping Sgt. Lang's hit, made a poor throw to first base; C.S.M. York was refused a permit to hit the ball, and passed to first; Sgt. Lewis forced Sgt. Lang at third.

Second.—Lieut. Smith was given a base on balls; Chaplain Mutch smote the ball with all his might over the first baseman's head. When C.S.M. York saw that he could not catch the ball with his hands, he tried to stop it with his number nines, the runner reaching second, during the performance; Capt. Fellows popped to the pitcher, who threw third, doubling up Lieut. Smith; Sgt. Johnston caught Lieut. Horsey's line drive.

Sgt. Watlin singled over second base, stole second and third, and scored when the third baseman dropped the catcher's throw; Sgt. Vrooman also singled and stole second and third, the back arm motion of Capt. Fellows, giving the runners a big lead; Sgt. Sutcliffe was unable to connect with the sphere, and fanned; Lieut. Griffith made a pretty catch of Emmett's difficult pop fly back of third base; Catcher Mutch allowed one of Capt. Fellows fast balls to get past him, Sgt. Vrooman scoring; Sgt. Horrocks thought that his stick was a cricket bat, and struck out.

Third.—Lieut. Trow struck out, Catcher Watlin dropped the third strike; he then took his time and threw the ball easily to first baseman Johnston, who just as easily dropped it, and before he had recovered it, the runner was perched on second base; from where he scored on Lieut. Mitchell's double; Lieut. Griffith failed to live up to expectations, and fanned; C.S.M. York lived up to expectations and dropped Major Powell's fly; Lieut. Tubman's glasses were dimmed by the blinding speed of Pitcher Vrooman and he struck out; on Lieut. Smith's double, both Lieut. Griffith (running for Lieut. Mitchell) and Major Powell scored; Catcher Watlin copped Capt. Mutch's foul fly.



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