

in 1917



Co., Ltd.

in the G.P.O.

1917.

James, Signal Hill Rd.

John
care Gen. Delivery
H.
Galter
St.
Charles

Emma, South Side

Rose
Little, Brazil's Square
Pennywell Road

K. card
Pleming St.
E.
Annie, Livingstone St.
Prescott St.
South Side Battery.

James.
Mrs. Stamp, Lime St.
Water St.
Miss K.
Thos. card
Barnes' Road
Mary E.
Patrick St.

Water St.
Martin (The next of kin)
Meta, Nagle's Hill

P. Spencer St.
Long Pond Road
E. Water Street
Robert, care G. P. O.
F. Freshwater Road

Mabel, 16 — Street
L. Water St. East
ard, care G. P. O.
ert B.

ah, care G. P. O.
Emma, Hagerty's Lane
Miss Maggie, James' St.
Edith, Duckworth St.

Annie, Springdale St.
William, 6 Power St.
Matilda, McDougall St.

George, Freshwater Road
C. Hamilton St.
Daisy, Spencer St.

ph, care Col. Cordage Co.
J. Springdale St.
Allandale Road
George, Oxon Pond Road

W. H.
Water St. West
Joseph, Springdale St.
Edmund (Surveyor)

Miss L. Hamilton St.
P. P.
H. card, Hayward Ave.

James, Convent Lane
George, care G. P. O.
W. P. Spencer St.
Richibald, Field St.

Miss A. E. George St.
Miss May, Spencer St.
Boat House Lane
Joe, card, Pilot's Hill

ort, Larkin's Square
Sarah, Gower St.
Monroe St.

New Gower St.
Alma E.
L.
Mrs. Knowling, Circular Rd.

Miss M., Brine St.
Mrs. Mary, Flower Hill
ues.
A. F.

ham, care Gen. Delivery
Mrs. E. McKay St.
Miss G., Pilot's Hill

tin, Long Pond Road
John
James

N. Queen St.
Thonie, Military Road.
and, care Gen. Delivery

J. Flower Hill
nas, care Gen. Post Office
card
Popo St.

Isaac, c/o Gen. Post Office
D. Catherine St.
R. L. care G. P. O.
Sarah, LeMarchant Rd.

Willis, c/o Gen. Delivery
Mrs. Mary, Cuddihy St.
G. C. 4 King's St.
Mrs. Harold, Hamilton Ave.

Miss B., Blackmarsh Rd.
Robert, Freshwater Rd.
George R.
EX. ROBINSON, P. M. G.

JUST RECEIVED!

Rice:

Bags of 200 lbs., 100 lbs. & 50 lbs.

Dried Fruits:

2000 cases Raisins, Apricots and Prunes.

HARVEY & CO., LTD.

Our Baseball Column.

PLAGIARISED AND OTHERWISE.



BETTER ENGLISH?

The "dipst" of this column notices that in yesterday's column the Editor of this paper indirectly agitates for better English in reporting ball games. All wrong, kid. Only rotten English can describe a punk ball game, and Wednesday's exhibition was by no means brilliant.

Although, at that, when a bloke takes two, breezes a couple of more, wrecks the next back of the receiver, and finally pickles a spitter to the centerfield barrier for a four-ply gallop with the sacks soused, we agree the writer of any baseball column should spill the facts so the average fan can swallow 'em with his eggs the next morning. Pure English? Well, we should swallow a camel. That's us, Rollo!

We notice that we were also asked to furnish a dictionary of "scientific baseball terms." Here are some terms, but owing to the shortage of paper by which the whole world is now confronted, we will be unable to publish the whole list in bookform till the war is over.

BASEBALL DICTIONARY.

(For the benefit of the Uninitiated.)

FAN:—A bug; squirrel chowder; a cranium cripple.

BLOOMER:—Winter leaguer; Ho-

man candle; second Ty Cobb.

A SKULL:—A bird in the league

only from the ears south; Charley-

horse of the head.

THE CAN:—Getting the gate; being

requested to take the air; being

streeted.

The following "scientific terms"

generally applying to Umpires:—

GLYPTODON:—An extinct animal,

which was encased in armour and no

brain.

AMOEBIA:—A microbe totally de-

void of intelligence.

PARALLOPIPEDON:—A figure

that is so square that it's lopsided.

JUDGE JEFFREYS:—An English

judge noted for the injustice of his

decisions.

ORNITHORHYNCHUS:—A beast

with a bill.

YOGI:—A Hindu mystic who is al-

ways seeing impossible things.

SIBERIAN FLOPHOUND:—A can-

ine with a fearfully loud bark.

OPAQUE:—Unable to see or be seen

through.

PITHECANTHROPUS:—The real

connecting link between man and ape.

understand it. Meaning no offence, I

am, Yours truly, S. A. R."

In reply to the above letter we may

say that from our point of view the

excitement and exuberance of the

game could not be conveyed in ordi-

nary language to the satisfaction of its

devotees. The game being picturesque

and alive, he demands that whatever is

written about it shall have similar

qualities. He refuses to find pleasure

in a style that is used in describing a

convention, a banquet, or a meeting

of the Blacksmiths' Union. He doesn't

care about the English of it so long

as there is life and vigour in the de-

tails that he is reading. To gain this

effect the baseball writer has laid

most of the hard-and-fast rules that

he learned in school on the back shelf,

and has evolved a set of his own that

suits his purpose as nicely as a three-

bagger fills the bill with two men on

and two runs needed to win. English

that the college professor would O.K.

was never intended for the sporting

page, least of all the Baseball Column.

To prove our point we present the

following report of the Lion-Wander-

ers game in language designed to pass

the censorship of the purist:—

"The baseball game on Wednesday

between the teams representing the

Wanderer and Red Lion Clubs, re-

spectively, was one of the most excit-

ing affairs ever seen at St. George's

Field. The young men on both teams

played marvellously well and proved

themselves adepts in practically

every department. As the Wander-

ers made 7 runs while their oppo-

nents were making 6, they, therefore,

won the game by one run amid much

applause from the large assemblage

present. Thanks to the ability of Mr.

Frederick Brien, the Wanderer out-

fielder, in hitting the baseball, the men

representing the Wanderers were able

to get the 7 runs. Mr. Brien dis-

tinguished himself by hitting the ball

hard in the fifth inning with two run-

ners on the bases, sending it so far he

was enabled to reach the second base

before it was retrieved. Needless to

say, the runners scored. In the sev-

enth inning also, Mr. Brien made an-

other hit of the baseball which

brought in a run. His skill in this re-

spect was the subject of considerable

favourable comment from the specta-

tor."

Now, for comparison, follows an ac-

count of the same game in the vernac-

ular:—

"The Red Lions and Wanderers

slam-banged each other in the initial

game of the series yesterday, and the

Wanderers ran away with the dandy,

7 to 6. Both teams uncorked the gin-

ger bottle at the gateway and danced

through the whole performance like

trained "animules." Brien was the

star with the stick. The little out-

fielder fished the plate with two in the

fifth, bunted a bender on the trade-

mark, and zipped it to the fence for a

high double. He engaged in the sev-

enth for a smashing bingle, and the

bleachers applauded their emotions

as the additional run tickled the score-

board."

In justice to Mr. S. A. R. we leave

it to the fans to decide which descrip-

tion they prefer, and shall be glad to

have their views on this subject.

It will be readily agreed, however,

that "fan" is far more effective than

its definition "A baseball spectator af-

fected by enthusiasm." To call a

player a "bonehead" will make him

realize his deficiencies more com-

pletely than if one merely implies that

he is "not as intelligent as he might

be." And the term "bushleague" is

more significant than the phrase "a

young man just being broken into

baseball."

NEXT GAME.

The clash between the Cubs and B.

I. S. has always proved to be a spirit-

ed contest, and it is thought that

Tuesday night's game, commencing at

7 o'clock, will prove to be no excep-

tion. We understand that Bob Stims,

the erstwhile twiler of the Cubs, is

willing to play if needed.

LAST WEDNESDAY.

(Overheard at St. George's Field.)

Wednesday

At the ball game

I sat in front

Of a young man

Who was explaining

To a young lady

What they were doing

On the diamond.

And she listened

For a long time

Intently.

And then she said:

"I don't like their suits.

Do you?"

And the young man

Fell over on his face

On my shoulder,

And I fanned him

And put him back.

And after a while

She asked him:

Why they were doing

All the cheering.

And he said:

They were doing that

For Mister Benedict.

And she said:

"Do they do that

Everyday?"

"They have to do it

Or he won't let them

Play."

And she said:

"How funny.

"Are we going to

The Nickel?"

And he said:

"There's Punky now."

And she said:

There's Punky who?"

And he never answered.

And after a while

She said:

"Why are all the people clapping

Their hands?"

And he said:

They've just signalled

That Noddy Outerbridge

Has arrived in his fliver.

And she said "how funny?"

And he said "Yes,

It's a scream.

Hit the ball

You big cheese."

And she said:

"Why Harry,

Such language."

And a little later

McGrindle slid.

For third.

And she said

"Why does he get down

On his stomach?"

And Harry said

"There was a fly on it

And he wanted to crush it."

And she said

"How funny."

And he didn't strike her.

And I knew

She wasn't his wife.

I thank you.

Household Notes.

"Griddle cakes are made with gra-

ham flour are delicious.

Good housekeeping these days is the

result of system.

It pays to have cheap white china

to use in the refrigerator.

When you plant carrots, be sure to

have them well apart.

Raw young carrots are very whole-