

# Pickling Tomatoes!

Clean, Firm Fruit, just right for "Canning."

**PICKLING SPICES**—Medium and large packets, containing every variety of Whole Spice necessary for pickling purposes, 8c. & 15c. Packet.

**PAROWAX**—For sealing Jams and Pickles. 1-lb. Packet, 18c.

**"CERTO"**—(Concentrated Fruit Pectin). The Certo method saves your fruit. With slightly more sugar the Certo Process makes one-half more Jam or Jelly from the same quantity of fruit, because no juice is boiled away. 40c. Bottle.

Fresh Fruit, ex. S.S. "Silvia":

|                     |                         |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| Fresh Tomatoes.     | Porto Rico Grape Fruit. |
| American Peas.      | California Oranges.     |
| Gravenstein Apples. | Fancy Lemons. 40c. doz. |

Fresh Local Vegetables for Saturday:

|                   |                 |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| Golden Wax Beans. | Cauliflower.    |
| Garden Peas.      | Cucumbers, etc. |

## C. P. EAGAN

PHONE NOS.—  
123 & 423 Duckworth St. 402 Queen's Road.

### Hobbs Does It

W. G. GRACE'S RECORD EQUALLED  
—MARGIN OF ONE RUN.

(Daily Mail, August 18)

Yesterday, at Taunton, J. B. Hobbs, the Surrey cricketer, equalled W. G. Grace's record of 126 centuries, and also tied with the record shared by C. B. Fry, Hayward, and Hendren, of thirteen hundreds scored in one season.

Since it is possible that Somerset, who are 64 runs on with seven wickets in hand, may set Surrey over 200 runs to win, there is a chance that Hobbs will be given an opportunity to establish two new records to-day.

WAS IT CHAMPAGNE?

Hobbs's Signal for Despatch of Wire to His Wife.

(By H. J. HENLEY)

At last the deed is done, and John Berry Hobbs, at the age of 42, has equalled the record which Dr. William Gilbert Grace created as long ago as 1904. It was at 10 minutes to 12 at Taunton recently that Hobbs, with a quickly run single, made from a gentle, well-modulated stroke off J. J. Bridges, scored his century, and at that point he had taken nearly half an hour to gather the 9 necessary runs to bring him to three figures.

Every over, every bat played previously, had been watched with excited interest by a crowd of 6,000—a very big attendance for Taunton, a crowd, in fact, which almost filled the ground to capacity.

Then came the cheers! Even at the railway station, a good half-mile away, I was told afterwards that the roar of applause could be heard, and that the porters and the people waiting for their trains, realising what that mighty shout meant, applauded, although they had not been so lucky as to see the runs made.

Hobbs's Joy.

On the ground itself nearly all those present leaped to their feet, some waving hats, some waving handkerchiefs. And Hobbs, who had seemed for once in a way desperately nervous, lifted his cap time after time and waved his hat with the air of a boy who felt himself free from trouble at last.

When the over was completed the whole of the Somerset team shook hands with Hobbs, and gave him their congratulations. Even those usually unemotional people the umpires became human and shook hands with him also. And the crowd broke into cheers again.

Got It at Last, Jack.

A moment afterwards P. G. H. Fender brought Hobbs a drink, a long drink, which was popularly suspected of being champagne. Hobbs swore it wasn't, he thought it was ginger-ale. Perhaps he didn't know the difference. Anyhow, Fender loyally kept the secret.

The drink was naturally the occasion for more handshakes, and again the crowd rose and cheered. It was all very splendid—even a little touching.

This was the order of the scoring strokes which brought Hobbs from 91 to 100:

1 1 1 4 1 1

The 4 was made from a no-ball sent down by R. C. Robertson-Glasgow. A high hit to leg which reached the boundary.

Hobbs lingered nearly ten minutes longer for one additional single before he was caught at the wicket, and as he entered the pavilion he was received and congratulated by Sir Dennis P. Boles, the president of the Somerset County Club.

Flood Of Telegrams.

Less than an hour after Hobbs had equalled record telegrams of congratulations began to arrive from all parts of the country. Delighted hobs on bicycles rushed with them by the dozen.

One was addressed to "The Greatest Cricketer in the World, Taunton," but it reached its destination all right. Another was signed, "From the Newspaper Boys of the Elephant and Castle." Yet another came from E. M. Grace, a nephew of "W. G."

In fact, telegrams rained upon Hobbs from cricketers famous themselves and from people of the most humble rank.

People living in Taunton sent him telegrams, because they were unable to go to the ground to clap and cheer him personally. And this although he had made a hundred that would probably defeat their native side.

Partisanship was forgotten. It was, indeed, a day of splendid sportsmanship, a glorious day in the history of English cricket—not merely because an historic hundred had been scored, but because a player had been so finely honoured out of his own country.

Another Record In Sight.

Hobbs did not only equal W. G. Grace's record of 126 centuries, he also tied with C. B. Fry, Hayward, and Hendren as a maker of a record number of hundreds obtained in a season—thirteen.

As he has still three more country matches to play for Surrey this year, and as he will probably appear in the England vs. Rest match and in some of the festival games, he has strong prospects of creating instead of merely equaling records.

HOBBS ON GRACE.

**Their Achievements Contrasted.**  
TAUNTON.—Behind Hobbs as he entered the pavilion were the cheers of a crowd which had forgotten championship points and county partisanship to applaud the front of a great cricketer. In front of him was the prospect of a bath and a rest. And it was a thankful man who smiled a little wearily to those who surrounded him with congratulations as he slowly took off his pads.

He had equalled the finest of all cricket records; and, although he is one of the most modest and least emotional of men, he could not hide his very natural pride and delight at a moment which was the greatest of his life—a moment as great as any in the history of sport.

As he sat there, apparently relieved when the handshakes of congratulation were over, still untrussing his pads, it was impossible not to contrast him with that old Champion whose record he had equalled and who died ten years ago.

Hobbs is not yet forty-three years of age, and he weighs under 12 stone. W. G. Grace was fifty-six when he scored his last century, and his weight at that time approached 20 stone. And Hobbs, slight in build, of medium height, looked almost frail by comparison when one recalled in memory the burly figure of "W. G." a giant in stature, bulky, as broad as a door, bluff, bronzed, and bearded.

Record-Making.

"Of course, I am very, very pleased," said Hobbs, as he took off his second pad, "although I sometimes think that too much attention is paid to records and an exaggerated importance often given to some innings just because they reach three figures. Many a 50 or less, you know, is of more value to a side and of greater merit than some of the centuries."

"Although I have been fortunate enough to score as many hundreds as

A few drops  
a few seconds—  
Pleasing results



**BRASSO**  
Removes Tarnish—makes your brass and copper as bright as little Miss Brasso herself.  
For cleaning silver, use Silvo.

Dr. Grace, I do not think that it is desirable or possible for people to attempt to make a comparison between his performances and mine. We have scored our runs at different times, and therefore in different conditions.

"How I should have fared on the old, rough wickets I cannot, of course, say. Fortunately I have not had many shooters to stop, and Dr. Grace, they say, had to get his bat down to one or two every over, with the next ball perhaps jumping head high. Anyhow, century-making must have been a very exhausting affair before bouncies were instituted, and when batsmen had to run out their hits, as was the case in 'W. G.'s' early days.

"Unfortunately I did not see him bat until he was past his prime, but I had the pleasure of playing against him a few times when he was quite an old man, and I shall always think of him as the greatest cricketer that the world has ever known.

"I made my first century in first-class cricket against Essex—a county for which it was suggested in my early days that I should qualify—at the Oval in May of 1905. That was my first season in the Surrey eleven. By a coincidence Dr. Grace's first hundred was scored on the same ground nearly forty years before. But on that occasion he made 224 not out for England against Surrey—and he was only 18 at the time!

"I can recall the details of that opening century of mine more clearly than anything connected with more recent innings. I remember that they missed me at the wicket when I had made 90—and I went on, thanks to the Pates, to score 155.

"It is difficult for me to say which of my hundreds I consider the best. So much depends on circumstances and conditions. A century which contains chances and lucky snicks when the wicket is bad may actually be better than a hundred made quickly, easily, with every run counting from the middle of the bat blade on a perfect pitch.

**Columbia Dry Batteries**  
—they last longer

Best for bells, buzzers, gas engine ignition, radio and all general purposes. More power, better service for a long, long time.

Obtainable everywhere at little cost.



"But I shall always look back with particular pleasure to the 126 not out which I made in the second Test match at Melbourne in 1911. England only wanted a few more than 200 to win, but scoring had been comparatively low throughout the match, and at the time Australian bowling was, I think, better than it has been since.

"Yet there have been days when I worked harder to score under 50 than when I have reached a hundred.

"I should like to say how much I appreciate the kindness and encouragement that I have been given by the public in what they call my 'chance for a record.' As it is, I feel like a bird released from a cage. I'm pleased it's over."

J. Andrew White

TO DIRECT BROADCASTING FROM RADIO WORLD'S FAIR.

New York, Sept. 7.—Major J. Andrew White, pioneer broadcast announcer, whose descriptions of principal American sporting events have thrilled millions, will be in charge of broadcasting from the Radio World's Fair, at the 258th Field Artillery Armoury, New York City, from Sept. 14 to 19. Ten metropolitan stations will participate in this great programme of entertainment for 20,000,000 listeners. Major White will announce the opening ceremonies, at which Governor Smith will play the leading role, and will introduce to the visible and invisible audience interested in the World's Fair America's Miss Radio (as yet unnamed). The champion woman fan, and scores of notables in civic and industrial life, the stage, the screen, and in the radio field.

Nothing of such scope as this broadcasting has ever been attempted at an exposition. The immense size of the armoury, the world's largest hall, makes possible the building of separate studios for each station, and an immense broadcasting room in the center of the auditorium. Hundreds of miles of wire will be required to link up all the stations. Engineers are working on a central switchboard that will be connected up with each studio, so that from the technical as well as the popular standpoint this broadcasting will make history. While one station is sending, the others will hold receptions in their parlors, giving the public an opportunity to meet the famous announcers and the best known artists.

Radio Batteries

Charged by an Expert

**WILLARD BATTERY SERVICE STATION**

M. Maddigan, Manager

Chiff's Cove. Phone 1508.

Feb. 1, 1925

Motors Too Slow in U.S.

"Welcome news from Rhode Island: the police chiefs have agreed that on main highways the motorist must drive thirty-five miles an hour or get off. No poking along of fifteen or twenty miles. The idea is that the roads have been built at great expense, and the State cannot afford to have them congested by the timid and the laggard," says Collier's Weekly in an editorial which will surprise British readers.

"For too long our traffic rules have been clouded by the false notion that speed is the criterion of risk. There were days when the bicycle 'scorcher' was a menace, when the fast horse was feared, when an automobile going fifteen miles an hour was a juggernaut. Yet records show that almost all accidents are caused not by speed but by carelessness or ineptitude."

Ten cents for Pearlina—the finest washing powder. It's worth ten dollars.

Fill a ring mold of Spanish cream with tinted whipped cream, and sprinkle with candied violets.

# Final Notice

In connection with our

## Box Front Competition

All packages containing Box Fronts and 50's Labels must be sent in to the office of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (Nfld.) Ltd., Flavin Street, not later than 6 p.m. Tuesday, Sept. 15th.

Box Fronts and Labels received after the above date and time WILL NOT be considered under any circumstances.

## Remember

Eight more days only in which to save Box Fronts

Imperial Tobacco Co.  
(Nfld.) Ltd.



As dear Uncle Lucky and Little Miss Mousie drove up to the little red garage in the rear of the old gentleman rabbit's red-shingled house on the corner of Lettuce Avenue and Carrot Street, the Old Red Rooster came rushing across the lawn.

"Uncle Lucky, Uncle Lucky!" he shouted, flapping his wings, "one of Mrs. Sparrow's little birds has fallen out of the nest."

"Bring the ladder around to the front porch," quickly answered the kind old bunny man, and hopping out of the Luckymobile, he hurried across the lawn. Sure enough, something was the matter! Mrs. Sparrow was fluttering around the front porch, now hopping across the floor, then taking short flights up to the beam overhead on which rested her nest. Near the croquet box sat a little sparrow, who every once in a while tried in vain to fly up to his mother. But his wings weren't strong enough to make the distance.

"I'll bring him up," promised the kind old gentleman rabbit, resting the ladder against the side of the house. Then placing the little bird in his precious old wedding stovepipe hat, dear Uncle Lucky climbed up the ladder and carefully placed the little frightened feathered person in the nest. "There, youngster," he said, with a wink at anxious little Mrs. Sparrow. "Don't try to fly until your wings are stronger."

"That's what I've told him every day," sighed his mother. "But he

would have his own way."

"Well, this has been an eventful (which means full of exciting happenings, Little Reader) morning," sighed the tired old gentleman rabbit. "Maybe I'd better take a nap in the hammock!" So down he lay, resting his head on the soft cushion at the upper end. But by the time he fell asleep, lulled to rest by the soft whistle of Billy Breeze in the treetops.

"I'd better not wake him," murmured Little Miss Mousie some time later, tiptoeing out on the porch. "I'll just sit in the rocker and darn his dear old socks. Somehow I don't like to leave him alone after what has happened this morning."



By and by he fell asleep, lulled to rest by the soft whistle of Billy Breeze in the treetops.

In the land where sweet dreams are us, Where all troubles swift forsake us, Fill the air with sweet perfumes, And the pretty lollypops, Wink at sugar candy drops, Little rabbit children play, When in sleep they sail away.

And dear Uncle Lucky, having loving heart of a child, dreamed that he was in that magic land where visit, my dear little boys and girls, mother has heard you say, prayers and tiptoed down the hall stairs.

Sweet dreams come to all small Who are not selfish with their snail, And little girls who do not shun, To help dear mother with her run.

And in the next story you shall what happened after that.

For a delicious feed drink, add one pint of grape juice a cupful water, the juice of a lemon, and a grating of nutmeg.

After spreading meringue on before browning, cut into the sections. Then the meringue will be so badly torn in serving.

HUNTERS!

Take a bottle of Minard's to the woods with you. Splendid for sprains, cuts, bruises.



MINARD'S LINIMENT

Age 12

Once

DOCTOR'S RE

"In 1912 I made a case of Cyril L. Stoney Lane, Spinkham, as being a victim of the beneficial effect in certain forms of medicine. Some rather photographs showing the and 'after' the addition to his diet accompanied. Having regard to the very bad condition in which he was shown in the before it is of considerable interest that, at the age of 18, his healthy young adult, trace of the period of his organism must have been at the age of 3. An Extraordinary 'I enclose recent photograph of your inspection. It is

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MUTT AND JEFF

WHAT'S MORE USELESS THAN ONE CUFF BUTTON?

—By Bud Fisher

