

base, the ball was returned, and he heard the Umpire's curt "You're out."

It was the fifth innings before any scoring was done. Ballantyne for the High School made a beautiful three-bagger bringing in two men. Again and again the High School yell "Hic hac hock" could be heard, with special emphasis on the

"Can we lick them?  
Well I guess—  
We are the High School.  
YES! YES! YES!"

Then they took up the disconcerting cry of "One, Two, THREE." The B. B. boys tried to look cheerful, and found solace in good natured chaff.

No further scoring took place until the seventh, when Edwards crossed the plate for the B. B. This raised the spirits of their supporters who gave vent to their feelings by cat-yells, and telling Edwards he was the prince of sports.

But the eighth innings brought further trouble to the B. B., for two High School men crossed the plate, while only one B. B. man was able to make home.

There were no bounds to the exuberance of the High School boys. They could not contain themselves. Five to two and only one more innings.

It was the crucial innings. The strain upon players and spectators alike was intense. Could the B. B. rally? Would the H. S. hold them? Pleadings and entreaties went out to players from both sides. Supporters shouted their encouragement in almost tearful anxiety.

The High School was at bat. Could Smithers hold them? He had had very hard luck before. Could he tighten up? Slowly and deliberately he walked to the box. His face was expressionless. He gave no indication of the excitement that was almost bursting in his heart. Deathly silence fell upon the field. Once again he started to wind-up. "Strike One." No one cheered. They could not. The situation was too tense. "Strike Two." A burst of cheering went up from the B. B. benches. "Strike three—you're out." The boys almost went frantic. One man down. There was still hope. Elmsley took his place at the plate, but his stay was short, for he bunted the ball into Smithers' waiting mitt. "Hurrah, hurrah!"

Chickery rig Chickery rig—  
Chickery Rickery roo  
We are the BOYS' BRIGADE,  
Who are you?

Two men down. Oh boys—Could Smithers white wash them? It was Ainsley who came to bat. He had a batting average to maintain, and moreover had not fared well at this game, and was determined to make amends this time. There was no smile on his face. He meant business. Once again the crowd settled down. Everyone held his breath. Smithers appeared as cool as ice. His arm swung around three times then shot out. "Click." "Strike One." Smithers smiled, bent down and pulled a blade of grass and put it in his mouth. He knew Ainsley never saw that ball. Once again he swung his arm, this time it was a beautiful drop, which completely fooled the batter. "Strike Two." Shrieks of joy came from the B. B. bleachers. Now or never! Could he do the same thing again? If he could there was a chance of winning; if not, the game was all over bar shouting.

Once, twice, thrice his arm swung round. The ball shot from his hand—a straight ball with terrific speed. Ainsley struck with all his strength, but was a fraction too late. "Strike Three." The High School team were out.

Everyone was on his feet, and in pleading tones the supporters of both sides exhorted their players to buck up. The nerve strain on the players was great, but clean, healthy living and outdoor athletics had given them nerves of steel.

Harry Cruickshanks went to the plate, pulled his cap over

his eyes and stood waiting. With most irritating deliberation the High School pitcher walked into the box, looked around his field, passed a signal to his catcher, and then started his wind-up. The ball flew from his hand "BALL ONE." Ferocious cheers from the B. B. boys. "Strike One"—mixed groans and cheers. "Strike TWO"—Harry had swung on a beautiful "Out." Breathless the crowd waited for the next ball. Just as it left the pitcher's hand something flashed in the batter's eyes, blinding him for the moment. "STRIKE THREE—you're out." Bitterly disappointed, Harry walked to the bench. "Say, Harry, what happened?" "I don't know, but just as I was about to swing on that last ball something flashed in my eyes, and blinded me."

The next man up, made first base. Alexander, on a sacrifice, pushed him to second. The prospect was none too bright for the B. B. boys with two men down and one on second.

However the next man walked, and then on an error Simpson made first base. The air was rent by the uncontrolled yells of the B. B. boys. The last innings, two men down, and bases full, and three runs to tie, and one more to win. "Oh for a home run." The High School boys were equally excited for their visions of the walk-over they anticipated were vanishing. "Good old Tommy." "You're the boy, Tom," were the shouts that greeted Tommy Langton as he walked up to the plate.

Among the crowd of clean boyhood however there was one black-sheep. However clean sport may be, it is impossible to prevent it being contaminated by outsiders, and on the bleachers there sat a white-faced youth. His face was haggard and his eyes sunken. His dress indicated that he was of the would-be sporty class, who considered it smart and manly to "act tough." As he watched the game he wrung his hands, perspiration was on his brow, and his face was the picture of terror. As he watched Tommy Langton step to the plate his fingers went to his vest pocket, and he brought out a small

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