

Production Extraordinary

(Under the auspices of Great War Veterans' Association and under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency the Governor, Sir C. Alex. Harris, K.C.M.G., C.B., C.V.O.)

FIRST TIME IN ST. JOHN'S.
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"IOLANTHE,"

Casino Theatre,

for one week commencing

Monday, 21st June.

Produced under the direction of Professor Moncrieff-Mawer.

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Special augmented orchestra will be a feature. Costumes imported from Chicago. Splendid scenic effects. Seats may be booked Monday, 14th June, and can be had at the Royal Stationery Co. Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c., 50c. and 40c.

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The sap is flowing in the trees; the birds are on the wing; and everywhere I turn and see the signs of glorious spring. The hurdy-gurdy's on the street with discords that appeal; my overcoat's in "uncle's" place, where it will stay till Fall. These signs are never-failing ones, but one thing's surer yet; as evidence that Spring is here it is the one best bet.

When out upon the diamond fair Fred Chesman starts the game. I know that—speaking a la mode—We say "Summer has come."

The record attendances at the football games are ushering in 1920 as the most successful sports' season for many years. The return of so many of the boys from "Over There" after playing manfully and well "the bigger game" has given just the impetus needed to make the series start off with a rush and a roar. And just as it is with football so it will be with baseball. Many of these gallant lads will make their initial appearance on the diamond this year, and the injection of many lean, sinewy, fast-footed greyhounds into the different clubs is sure to brisk up the whole collection. Men who have taken off weight and kept hiking through their army life are sure to be fast on their feet, far livelier than they ever were during their baseball days. Watch these men go—watch them slide around the bases! The wise manager will keep the soldier-players swooning and stealing all the time, and it will bring him rich rewards.

If you would earn great baseball riches, just soak the pill right on the stitches.

On next Wednesday afternoon the Baseball League will open the championship series in the regular fashion at St. George's Field with His Worship Mayor Gosling tossing the first one over. This is the custom wherever baseball is played. The C.E.I. will make their initial bow to the fans, and will face the doughty Wanderers in what is sure to be a most interesting and exciting game.

The Lions, the Irish, the Wanderers, the Cubs and the young C.E.I.—the newest of clubs—are off in a clatter to settle the matter of who'll win the races and who'll be the dubs. And the game's so uncertain each club may be beat, and any old ball club may grab off the meat. But, one thing is sure in the old game; the poor old fan hasta pay the same price for his seat.

Last year the Cubs in their wonderful wisdom tied the can to Harvey Thomas. But was Harvey downhearted? Not much! He sat on the grandstand all last Summer sayin' nuthin' but sawin' wood. At the end of the season he was a free agent. Then all winter he stuck around the Club till he had all the C.E.I. boys pumped chockfull of the old game, and even little Harry Mitchell thought himself a veritable Babe Ruth. Why, he had then jacked to the extent that when he called for funds each and every one of the boys dived down in their jeans and swamped him with a pool of five hundred iron men. Now he has a very fully equipped team—full of pep and enthusiasm—and like Fee-Fo-Fum, just thirsting for Wanderers blood.

And the valiant A. Harvey is the most highly titled man in the whole League, we'll tell the world. The C.E.I. boys, to show their confidence in him, made him Manager, Assistant to Ditto, Playing Captain, Instructor, Bat Boy, Mascot, Trainer, Chief Mucky-Muck, Main Gazaboo, et al; and he himself quite modestly and unobtrusively appointed himself Short Stop without opposition.

He's a game kid, and here's wishing

him and his plucky little team lots of luck and a big red-and-white pennant.

How nimble is the young recruit? How quick the ball to spear? How agile he goes round the sacks as speedy as a deer? He grabs the grounders from the sand, and throws them with a will, but when he faces big league curves he cannot hit the pill.

The baseball world was shocked yesterday to learn that Dr. M. S. Power—one of the game's greatest exponents, a former B.I.S. player, and under promise this season to the Red Lions—had agreed to play third for the Cubs at the age of 30 years, the very prime of his life. Doc, is the fifth prominent baseballist to succumb to the disease in a space of three years. It is the opinion of prominent physicians that "Doc," as he was fondly known, hastened his own end by taking up golf, which undermines the intellect and, thereby, the general health. Those who are closest to him, like Linney Munn, say he has never been the same since he first sliced off the tee. There is no argument for prohibition in the case of the deceased. He was always abstemious. He took the best possible care of himself. Before being bitten by the golf bacillus, his favorite amusements were chess, checkers, poker, auction bridge, and the Stove League—at all of which athletic sports he excelled. He smoked, but never to excess. He usually retired before midnight the day after he got up, and was careful as to his victuals. The Doctor had been flivvering a great deal this Spring and the climate may have got to his head.

My heart is very logy as I pen these lines to Mogie; O, my heart is full of heaviness to-day. May your wing ne'er wither, Mogie, for the Cubs are all the vogue, no matter what the other teams may say.

Last winter a group of big leaguers living in and around San Francisco, organised to play a game with the convicts at Folsom Prison. Pitching for the convict team was a big, long-armed colored chap, who declared he was just about the "bestest pitchah that ever was." The big leaguers went to bat first. The big "smoke" wound up with a flourish and shot up the first one. The batter hit it for two sacks. The ball was returned to the "smoke" who jumped on the rubber and shot in the ball, not waiting for a sign from his catcher. This pitch was also slapped for two bases, the first man scoring. The pitcher could hardly wait for the ball to get back to him. He grabbed it, jumped on the rubber and was about to let it go, when a little colored man in the bleacher section piped up:—

"Take yo' time, nigguh, take yo' time. Yo's in heah fo' TWENTY YEARS!"

—PEEGEE.

Stars Won.

Last night's football game between the Star and C.E.I. teams was very well contested, and though the weather was not all that could be desired, a large gathering of spectators assembled both inside and outside the playing field. The first half did not result in any goal getting, but in the second the Stars found the C.E.I. net, but did not afterwards improve their score. The game was a fast one at times and was very much enjoyed, the applause testifying to the skill shown by the players on both sides.

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DR. PEDLEY PREACHES.—Cochrane Street Church congregation will have the privilege of hearing the Rev. Dr. Pedley of the Congregational Church at the usual service to-morrow evening. Visitors welcome.

MUTT AND JEFF—**MUTT'S GONNA BE IN SOLID WITH THE BARBERS.**

By Bud Fisher.

