

SPORTING EVENTS

Chief Meyers 31

"Chief" John Tortes Meyers, the Indian backstop and demon slugger of the New York Giants, celebrated his thirty-first birthday this week, that valiant red an having been born in Riverside, Cal., on July 29, 1882.

Meyers, whose Indian name is Tortes, is a full-blooded redman, and a red-blooded gentleman. He enjoyed better educational advantages than most paleface youths, and his head is filled with lore and learning.

Fresno, Cal., is proud of its raisins and wine and of being the birthplace of Peerless Leader Chance, and it also boasts of the fact that the "Chief" made his baseball debut in that city. After leaving the Riverside High School the descendant of old Chief Qua-Qua set out to earn a living by "kicking a job press in a Fresno raisin packing house. On Saturday afternoons and Sundays he played ball, and soon earned a local reputation as a son of swat.

After spending some time in the Raisin City, Meyers set out to see the world. He secured a job as interpreter in El Paso, Texas, and also held a similar position in Clifton, Ariz. When not engaged as acting as a verbal go-between, Meyers played ball, and his fame spread through out the southwest. He was one of the stars in the baseball tournaments held annually at Albuquerque, N. M., and there met Rapsy Glaze, later a big league pitcher, but then a Dartmouth student. Glaze persuaded the chief to go to Dartmouth. He was not eligible to play on the college nine, and devoted himself to his studies, in many of which he excelled.

After leaving Dartmouth, Meyers joined the Harrisburg club of the Tri-state outlaw league, and led the circuit in hitting. From the Pennsylvania capital he went to Butte, Mont., and thence to St. Paul. There his hitting attracted the attention of McGraw, and New York bought him for \$6,000. He started in with the Giants in 1909, and at Marlin set a record as a spring hitter by swatting the pill for twenty-nine home runs within a month. Meyers is a stalwart, swarthy chap, with the typical Indian cast of countenance. He is a linguist of considerable ability, and speaks Spanish with all the fluency of a subject of King Alfonso.

The Rule Stands

August Herrman, chairman of the National Baseball Commission, in discussing the "unwritten law" of calling a player out who slides into first base, which was upheld by President Thomas Chivington of the American Association says it is not only preposterous, but directly to the contrary to rule covering the point. "A player is allowed to reach any base by running, walking, jumping or in any other manner, as long as he remains within the lines prescribed," said Mr. Herrman. "This is laid down in the rules of the game, and no umpire, president of a league, or anyone else, has any right to change this rule."

Another Johnson Record

When Walter, Johnson of the Senators struck out 16 men in seven innings of last Friday's 15-inning game with the Browns, he accomplished a feat unexcelled by any pitcher of modern times. Johnson relieved a boxman and twirled with wonderful results. The American League strike out record for nine innings is 18 men, held jointly by Glade of the 1904 Browns and Waddell, of the 1908 Browns. The world's record is 21 men, made by Charley Sweeney, of the 1884 Providence team.—New York Sun.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

are just the right medicine for the children. When they are constipated—when their kidneys are out of order—when over-indulgence in some favorite food gives them indigestion—Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills will quickly and surely put them right. Purely vegetable, they neither sicken, weaken or gripe, like harsh purgatives. Guard your children's health by always keeping a box of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills in the house. They will keep the children well.

DIAMOND GLINTS

Bangor got 17 hits in 7 innings off Rogers the Mars Hill recruit.

Hardly a day goes by that the Woodstock ball "team" does not receive an offer to play with an outside team.

Hartland always had a good ball team and no doubt will be heard from this season. Here's wishing the new team a successful season.

Walter Johnson recently made a record for strikeouts when he forced 16 St. Louis batsmen to fan during the course of the seven innings that he twirled for, the Senators.

Up to date, Chappelle, the \$18,500 outfielder secured by the White Sox from the Milwaukee club, has failed to prove that he was worth such a large amount of money in the big league.

Since the Athletics have made such a runaway affair of the American league race, critics have asked what would have been the case if Connie Mack had been privileged to have the services of Jack Coombs, his other star twirler.

In a boys game played here Thursday between Houlton and Woodstock nines, the Houlton's had a one armed second baseman, and he played very good ball, getting a hit each time up, besides playing his position in good shape. The game was won by Woodstock.

Rogers the new pitcher for the Greeks who was given a trial at Bangor came to Mr. Leonard highly recommended and as he was reserving Charles and Tarbell for today and tomorrow's games here the manager wanted to give him a fair trial. The result was that he was sent home last night. Nothing but the best will do for the Marathons from this out.

Bangor players say Rogers had something on the ball all right but he requires development.—St. John paper.

Chas. Rogers left this week for St. John where he has engaged to pitch for that team. Charles is the leading twirler in Aroostook county, and his many friends feel sure he can make our neighbors go some. He receives \$80.00 per month and all expenses.—Mars Hill View.

It will be remembered that Rogers pitched the evening game here for Mars Hill. In his first game with St. John he got an awful walloping from Bangor. The final score being 16 to 2 in favor of Bangor.

Rogers had little more than a straight ball and the Bangor team went at it with glee, hitting him all over the field. Manager Leonard kept him in the box until the eighth, when Williams, who pitched Wednesday, went in. It was too late then.

THE JINX

You may have the finest pitcher that has ever saved a pinch; You may have a clever batter, and an umpire that's a cinch; You may have the best base-runners to help—but what's the use? Every one will go to pieces when the Jinx breaks loose!

It can turn the finest pitcher to a veritable dub; Queer the best three-hundred hitter till he's useless to his club; It can turn your brain to cotton, and your spine to Charlotte Russe, And you find your grip is going when the Jinx breaks loose!

It may be a cross-eyed fellow that you met that afternoon; Or a bat laid on the bias, or a boy who hums a tune; It may be the smell of camphor, or the sight of a cabbage; But you're surely up against it when the Jinx breaks loose!

Yes, of course there are Jinx-killers, warranted to kill the Jinx. Neckties—loads of empty barrels—rubbing darkies' woolly kinks—

Carting round a Kansas farmer, spoiling hat, and chewing spruce. But the killer's seem to wither them the Jinx breaks loose!

Montreal Lady Objected to Proximity of Pugilist

Social ostracism and rank rebellion marked the progress of Jack Johnson, the black fighter across the Atlantic, according to the story told here today when the "Corinthian" came back from London and Havre. He had a merry time at sea in spite of the trouble his presence made the purser of the vessel. A Montreal lady, Mrs. Jane Radford, rebelled when the pugilist and his white wife were quartered opposite her cabin, and the result of her protest was that Johnson had to be given another room.

The trouble was not unexpected, for just as soon as the "Corinthian" knew that one of her passengers was to be the champion fighter she knew her troubles would not require seeking. The ship had just cleared Quebec when the Montreal lady sought the purser, and said that she would not live for ten days opposite Mr. Johnson and his white wife.

The official tried to prove to her that he was a very quiet man, but his explanations did not go. Nothing but his removal would suit her. The purser sought the fighter and suggested that he take cabin No. 13, on the upper deck where he would have only half a dozen male associates, while there would be no other woman on that deck. Jack rebelled at the mention of No. 13, declaring, it is said, that bad luck had dogged his footsteps for the last year or two and that he did not care to break into Europe from such a fateful cabin. The purser harkened to his pleadings, but gave him No. 11—the next to the suggestive number—so the pugilist feared that he and hard luck would have some more hard battles in the future.

Jack held "court" daily, with a small circle of friends in his cabin or the smoking room. His wife was left entirely to herself, with the exception of one lady who took pity on her lonely state and spent several hours with her on the voyage. Both struck to their own quarters very closely, and the other passengers made no attempt to draw them out. The voyage ended just in time to save the champagne cellar of the vessel from going dry, so the officers of the ship said. Jack did not consume much of the liquid himself, but the little coterie of friends with whom he had surrounded himself on the trip across, were always ready for a little more and the pugilist was ready to see that they got it.

"Jack did not give us much trouble himself, but we were all glad when the other side was reached"—that is the way the officers of the "Corinthian" expressed it this morning.

What Will He Do Now?

MR. BORDEN IS SLEEPLESS HUNTING A NEW EMERGENCY For a year or more now, Premier Borden has been dreaming of an emergency which may overwhelm the British Empire in fury and disaster. For the same period of time he has been trying to sit between the two stools of Nationalism and Imperialism. He was furtively watching the lightning playing around the horizon and listening to the booming of the distant thunder, while at the same time he was carefully watching his Nationalist allies and listening to the boom of the growing tide of resentment against his naval acrobatics.

In despair he finally fled to the Atlantic coast to seek peace. Even there the Naval ghost would not come down, and he is reported to be in close cable communication with the British admiralty hoping to find some way by which he can get out of his self imposed dilemma without following the common sense course proposed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Then came "the most unkindest cut of all." Winston Churchill cut the ground from under Mr. Borden's feet and left him derelict indeed, when he declared in the British parliament on July 17th that he knew of nothing in the international situation necessitating an increase in the British Naval programme. And

this, after Mr. Borden had intimated that the despairing British public were hurrying to get together three extra Dreadnaughts to take the place of those he had proposed. It is small wonder that Mr. Borden is reported suffering from a sleeplessness and the desire to put off meeting parliament till next year. There will be much to explain when he does face the representatives of the people. All this will be as nothing to the necessity of formulating some permanent policy which will not be a policy of permanent tribute, and yet hold his Nationalist allies.

A Shameful Comparison

WHAT AUSTRALIA HAS DONE AND MR. BORDEN PREVENTED

While Mr. Borden has been plunging Canada into bitter partisan strife in a struggle to secure political advantage for himself out of the Naval situation, the Australian people have been going steadily ahead carrying out their part of the agreement made with Canada in 1909. Already the Commonwealth has a powerful fleet unit, with the dreadnaught cruiser "Australia," the light cruisers, "Sydney" and "Melbourne," three ocean going destroyers well under way in Australian ship yards, and the light cruisers, "Encounter" and "Pioneer," the latter two as training vessels. This powerful fleet unit is partly built and partly manned by Australians, and altogether maintained by Australia.

Compare this with Canada's naval situation under Mr. Borden. Our navy consists of the "Rainbow", chained up to the Pacific coast and the "Niobe" tied to the Atlantic docks, both rusting in idleness while their crews are being got rid of as fast as Hon. Mr. Hasen can persuade them to quit the service or desert. It is hardly a comparison to make Canadian's proud.

A TRICK OF MEMORY.

Hon. W. T. White, who is in Eng-

land, recently stated there that, "Canada is sound on the Naval question and she can be relied upon to do her duty both to herself and to the empire." Mr. White must have suffered a temporary relapse to the days when he was a Liberal and had not been led astray by the flag flapping hysterics of the last election and the prospect of a cabinet position for turning Tory. He and Mr. Borden will ere long find that Canada's heart is sounder than they imagine.

A GOOD WAY TO LAUNDRER LINGERIE WAISTS.

To launder lingerie waists and dresses, first wash, rinse, blue and dry the garment in the usual way, put into a bowl and pour boiling water over it. Wring out as soon as possible, roll in a dry cloth, lay it away for two or three hours and then iron. Laundered in this way a white waist will look and wear like new, without that glossy appearance which starch gives.






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