

PENNOCK AND COMBS UNABLE TO PLAY, WHILE RUTH, LAZZERI KOENIG AND DUGAN ARE AILING

New York, Oct. 3—A badly crippled New York club will represent the American league in the annual October baseball classic Thursday, when the St. Louis Cardinals, winners of the National league pennant, will battle the Yankees for the baseball supremacy of these United States. Whether the Yanks can overcome these handicaps remains to be seen. Should they conquer the Cardinals, who are in perfect health, it would prove to be a great upsetter of the pre-series dope.

Even Lou Gehrig May Be Unable to Play.

Even in the last game of their schedule the Yanks were not immune from the injury jinx which has been following the club for the past several weeks. Lou Gehrig, whose big bat is expected to play a prominent part in the Yanks' attack, was knocked out when hit in the eye with a ball in Detroit. In the event there are any serious developments from the injury George Burns will be forced into the lineup.

Earl Combs, best leadoff man in either league, is definitely out of the series. That puts the well known Yankee attack under a terrific handicap right at the start. Herb Pennock, the wily southpaw, who thoroughly subdued the Cardinals two years ago, is another member of the Ruppert Rifles who will only add his moral support to the Yankee cause. Neither one is conceded a chance of getting into the battle.

Babe Ruth, Tony Lazzeri, Mark Koenig and Joe Dugan are so badly crippled that if it weren't for the fact the club is battling for the world series and the baseball prestige of the universe they would not appear in uniform. It is with this group that Miller Huggins will endeavor to win his second successive world championship.

Pennock Needed Badly.

It is a well-known axiom in baseball that the team which battles right down to the wire for the pennant in its respective league is a much better choice to win the championship in the big series. As both the Yankees

and Cardinals were forced to go through this ordeal this season, both enter the big joust on even terms in that respect.

When one considers that the Yanks in their present condition just barely staggered in, there is small chance of them being made the favorites in this series. However, the Yanks have never been considered anything but a game ball club and if they are defeated by the Cardinals they will go down fighting.

Were Pennock in good shape, the Hugmen would come close to an even money proposition. Without exception he is the smartest pitcher in the game today. If he were possessed of the natural ability of Robert Moses Groove, the Athletics ace, the opposition would never get a basehit off him. Although Herb has not got the stuff he once boasted, the opposition still find him the toughest pitcher in the league to lick.

Hoyt Only Real Star.

Miller Huggins will be forced to do considerable juggling of his pitching staff in this series. He has only two in whom he can place any confidence. They are Waite Hoyt, winner of 22 games this season, not to mention a flock he saved for other members of the staff, and George Pipgrass, speed ball king. But even Pipgrass wasn't so hot during the closing days of the race.

It's a question whether Hug will gamble with Henry Johnson or not. This young fellow, a graduate of the Florida State league, just about meant the pennant to the Yanks in their joust with the A's this season. Every time Henry tossed his glove into the box it seemed as though the A's were licked right then.

He was not so effective against other clubs in the league, but he did have the Mackmen's number. He doesn't boast speed or a great curve, but he employs a deliberate motion which tends to annoy the opposition more than his stuff.

Then there is Ol' Tom Zachary, ancient southpaw, who was with the Senators in 1924 when they defeated

the Giants to win the world championship. Tom was on his way out of the league when Hug picked him from the waiver list. And Ol' Tom didn't forget that magnanimous gesture on the part of the mite leader.

Cards All Set.

There isn't a chance of any of the others starting a world series game. Certainly Hug would not use Lefty Helmac, Al Shealy, Myles Thomas or Rosy Ryan unless the game were gone beyond recall. Those boys won't lend much other than moral support during this series.

On the other hand, Bill McKechnie, manager of the Cardinals, has such a wealth of pitching material that his great trouble will be to pick the right one. Wee Willie Sherdel and Clarence Mitchell, represent the starting porters of the Cardinals, while Grover Alexander and Jess Haines represent the normal flingers.

Added to this impressive quartet are Flint Rhem, the big cough medicine man; Lefty Reinhart, Frank Frankhouse, Sylvester Johnson and Clarence Littlejohn. And so far as Reinhart, Rhem and Johnson are concerned, they don't rate so very much lower than the first string quartet.

Right in that department alone the Cardinals have a decided edge. No doubt, Waite Hoyt will continue to do yeoman duty as he has been doing during the closing days of the race, but he can't do it all. Unless some of those perennial bench warmers become afflicted with "Babe Adams" complexes over night they are going to be as useful as a pocket in life prisoner's uniform.

DATE MERINGUES

4 egg whites
2 cups powdered sugar
1-2 package dates
1-4 cup nut meats
Shell and blanch the nuts. Wash and stone the dates. Cut in small pieces and mix together. Beat the whites stiff but not dry. Add the sugar gradually. Then add the dates and nuts. Drop by teaspoonful on an oiled baking sheet making the rounds high as they flatten in baking. Garnish with cherries. Bake in a slow oven until dried out and a pale brown. (This recipe makes about 48).

THE NORFOLK COAST OF ENGLAND HAS EXTENSIVE POPULATION OF BIRDS

The northern coast of Norfolk, England, possesses a bird population which is always extensive, writes E. W. Hendy, in "The London Daily Telegraph." In May the arrival of migrants, some on passage and others to breed, makes this locality especially interesting. The muddy channels winding amid flat pastures to the sea, the shingle banks which bar the advance of the ocean, and the marshes on their landward side, where high tides have breached the barrier, are all attractive to bird life, and, as the greater part of this area is protected and carefully watched, the birds are wonderfully tame, and observation is thus made easy.

First there are the terns, or sea-swallows. These haunt shingle, sand, and marsh. The rarest is the black tern, a passenger en route probably for the swamps of Holland, where it nests in colonies. You may see them hovering low, among swallows and sand-martins, above the mud and shallow water, dipping every few seconds to pick up flies, or resting upon some reedy islet. In repose their dark plumage looks almost entirely black, but in flight when the light catches them they are slate-colored, and a white patch on the underparts shows up in contrast.

Sandwich terns are much larger, they haunt both marsh and sand. Many are standing, packed close together, heads to wind, upon a strip of land above the level of the water-logged swamp, but most of them are in the air, carrying in their beaks small silver fish; their harsh cry, "kerr-rik," is heard repeatedly. Among them you will find common terns, lighter colored and slightly smaller, whose call, though not so harsh, is still raucous. now and again the sedentary flock rises suddenly, as if urged by some common impulse, and soars upwards, circling and wheeling in a cloud of glistening white wings with a clamour that is almost deafening.

But the most daintily attractive of the tern tribe is the little tern. One is tempted to call it "fairy tern", but this name already belongs to another and alien species. Much smaller than its relatives, it is distinguished from them both by its size and by the white patch on its black forehead. When feeding it flies not very high above the water, uttering its curious small cry, which is almost a squeak. Suddenly, in mid-carrier, it checks itself and drops almost perpendicularly with a splash into the water. Often its efforts are unsuccessful; one I watched made only about one capture out of five attempts, but when fish are more plentiful it rarely misses its quarry.

Eggs Arranged Neatly.

On the sandhills and shingle are a few pairs of oyster-catchers; "sea-pie" is another name for them, and indeed their black and white plumage suggests the magpie, but their legs and bills are orange-red. The commonest bird here is the ringed plover. Every fifty yards or so you put up one or both of a pair; they fly a short distance, uttering a querulous protest, and then, running before you, endeavor to lure you away. On sand it is easy enough to see the four pear-shaped eggs, neatly arranged with their points turning inwards, but among the shingle to spot them is difficult, for they look exactly like any other pebbles on the beach, so that caution is necessary to avoid stepping upon them.

On the marsh and pasture land, lapwings, or green plovers, are abundant; you hear their merry spring call everywhere. And on the mud, at the side of the channels, when the tide is out, you may catch sight of two or three grey plover, running with little delicate steps.

Sheld-duck—aptly so-called, for "sheld" is old English for "pied"—affect both marsh and sandhills, though they nest in the rabbit holes among the latter. Black and white and chestnut are the colors of the motley which gives them their name. Redshank, too, are plentiful; you hear their yodelling everywhere, as they perform their nuptial dance in the air and then plane down with curved wings to the ground. It is no easy task to find the nest, unless you flush the bird from the eggs, for they lie hidden deep beneath tufts of herbage, which often

completely conceals them from above.

Coots Are Numerous.

A far less common wader is the green-shank; he stands higher than the redshank, and feeds busily among the dykes and pools, for here he is but a bird of passage, on his way to breeding grounds further north. Coots and moorhens swarm everywhere on the marsh; their nests can be seen among the reeds and rushes, and they are already sitting.

Whimbrels at this time are in evidence everywhere; this bird, in appearance a small curlew, you are likely to hear before you see; he rises at your approach with a hysterical, twittering cry, that has a descending cadence, and glides down to the edge of some muddy pool, where he resumes his task of probing for food with his long curved bill. He, too, is but pausing here on his northward journey.

When the tide is high and the waves lap the sandbanks, you may see flocks of small birds trotting restlessly about where land meets water. Your field-glasses tell you that they are dunlin in their summer dress, a reddish mantle, with a black splotch on their under parts. Among them are a few sand-ling, distinguished by their lighter plumage of speckled grey and white; in their movements they are even more untiringly active than the dunlin. When the tide ebbs they will all rise in a body, and flying in an irregular drawn-out line, with infinite and apparently unpremeditated changes of direction, swoop down to feed upon a muddy flat from which the water has just receded. As they turn, their lighter breast catch the sunlight and flicker like the whites of frightened eyes.

Hérons Are Stately.

Hérons wing their slow and stately flight over the marshes. Alighting after a glide they stalk solemnly but warily about in search of the eels which they love. Such prey when captured is shaken, and then swallowed, but it is a lengthy and complicated process. I watched one dispose of an eel at least two feet long, and perhaps longer; some half a dozen attempts to persuade the wriggling victim to pass along in the proper direction were unsuccessful. Once everything disappeared down the heron's throat except a squirming tail, but this was still recalcitrant. So the eel was disgorged, and the process began all over again. Success at last crowned the bird's persevering efforts; the last bit of tail disappeared, and after some contortions of its neck to settle the meal in its proper place, the captor resumed his dignified perambulations in search of another.

Mallard and teal frequent the marsh lands, but the prettiest ducks to watch were some thirty widgeon floating serenely on a sheet of blue water. Sunlight made their chestnut heads and steely grey mantles glow resplendently. Now and again they rose in a body, and flighted out to sea, but in a few minutes returned, and planed down again to the fresh water, the air resounding with their wild whistle, "whee-ou."

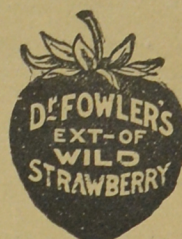
The commonest gull is the black-headed, which was already nesting on the marshes. There were also a few greater-black-backed, most of them in the grey dress of immaturity. It was a melancholy sight to see upon the beach the dead and dragged bodies of some dozen guillemots. I was told that an oil ship sank off the coast some time since, and that these birds, made helpless by the oil that bogged their feathers, died miserably. Such unhappy accidents are unavoidable, but they serve to bring home to one the serious menace of oil to sea birds.

Dublin, Oct. 3—Everybody has heard of Kilkenny cats. Ireland is now talking of the Kilkenny dogs.

The daughter of the Earl of Desart conceived the idea of having a dog show in which the animals should win prizes, not for their good parents, but for their eccentricities. It was a great success. The best class was for the worst mongrel in the show.

Another attractive entry was for the best tall waggon, another for the most sympathetic eyes, and another for the dog with most spots. The show was a complete exhibition of canine misfits.

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THE DANCE BOAT OF THE LIDO IS DESCRIBED

(Continued from page two.)

guests on board to determine whether it is they or the spires of St. Mark's that are moving. Without exerting the imagination, it sometimes looks as if the St. Mark's campanile is itself floating about among the stars.

After floating about aimlessly for an hour in front of the Doge's Palace, the dance boat then begins slowly drifting back toward the Lido, while the reveling continues unabated. By the time it comes again to its moorings nearly everybody has become acquainted. Names and addresses are hazily exchanged and solemn promises made to "look you up" when they all get back to New York of Keokuk. These addresses are no doubt carefully kept at least two months before they find their way into the waste basket.

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- 23 York and George Sts.
- 24 Queen and Westmorland Sts.
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- 26 Charlotte and Westmorland Sts.
- 27 King and York Sts.
- 28 Saunders and York Sts.
- 31 Queen and Regent Sts.
- 32 Needham and Regent Sts.
- 34 Queen and Carleton Sts.
- 35 Brunswick and Carleton Sts.
- 36 Charlotte and Carleton Sts.
- 37 George and Regent Sts.
- 38 King and Regent Sts.
- 43 Aberdeen and St. John Sts.
- 44 Queen and St. John Sts.
- 45 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 46 Charlotte and St. John Sts.
- 51 King and Church Sts.
- 52 George and Church Sts.
- 53 Union and Church Sts.
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