

THE CRICKETER

"I'LL PUT A GIRDLE ROUND THE EARTH IN FORTY MINUTES."

Inning 1.

ST. JOHN, N. B., MARCH 3d, 1886.

Score 3.

International Cricket.

This game, which enjoys the distinction of being the national game of England, is rapidly growing in favor with all nations, and we are pleased to notice the growing interest which is manifested in Canada in this good old game, which we are told, boasts of a fair antiquity.

In looking over the annals of cricket, and comparing it with other manly sports we find that as little tendency to gambling has manifested itself in connection with the matches as in any other game. We have failed to find any record where players have not always put forth their best efforts.

We are pleased to notice further that the game is gaining such favor in the United States also, as would gratify even a Lily White or a Grace.

There is a good prospect of "lively cricket ahead" for the coming summer.

One of the tours that the St. John Cricket Club and citizens generally will be interested in during the approaching season will be the International Match to be played in Nicetown, and arrangements have already been made for the Canadians to make the tour in September.

An item of especial interest to St. John is the fact that our club will be represented on the Canadian Team in this great international match.

A new departure in cricket will be the tour of the West India Island Team, consisting of resident Englishmen who have arranged to play six matches in Canada, four in Philadelphia, and two in New York. As this team is considered a very strong one a great deal of interest will center in these matches. Their great proficiency arises, no doubt, from the fact of the abundant opportunity for practice that these Englishmen find in the perpetual summer of the West Indies, while we Canadians have but a few months of cricket weather.

An amateur team will leave England in August, to make a tour through the United States and Canada, beginning in New York September 1-3, in Toronto 7-9, Montreal 11-14, Boston 15-19, Baltimore 20-22, Philadelphia 23-25, New York 27-29, again in Philadelphia October 1-3.

Some hopes are entertained that the

Australian team may be induced to visit this continent during the summer, after its sojourn in England.

It is a matter of congratulation with the club that so much interest is manifested by the citizens in their effort to establish the club on a sure foundation, and it is to be hoped that they will feel encouraged to secure the services of a professional who would work up the excellent material in St. John to a proficiency that will hold the field in our provincial matches with credit to themselves and the city.

We have no doubt that if the Bankers Club would amalgamate with the St. John C. and A. Club, the expense of such professional would fall lightly upon each member.

We are glad to announce that arrangements have been made whereby the Bicycle Club of our city will all become members of the Cricket Club, and in the early spring a new bicycle track will be laid on the Cricket grounds. This is for the two clubs will be a benefit to both in many ways.

Notes from the Burlington Carnival.

One reason why the young women at this winter carnival look prettier than any other girls at previous carnivals is that they are dressed more prettily, says a Burlington despatch. They have cast aside the old Indian red blankets and brown blankets and dull blankets of every other sort that are worn in all the northern cities, and they have taken up new patterns. Nearly all the new styles are light ones, ranging from pale-rose colored down to pure snowy white. The first effect of meeting a girl in a white thing like a wrapper in a dark village street at night is rather startling. It suggests the presence of a burning building from which the occupants have been routed in their sleep. When one meets five or six of these surprising figures the mind leaps to the conclusion that it must be a female seminary that has caught fire, but presently the glare of an electric light on the material of which the wrapper is made shows that it is soft, thick, downy, blanket stuff, and that she who is dressed so

completely that an Arctic gale could not do worse than freeze the end of her nose. The white cloth, the big white bone buttons, and the white worsted hood look very pretty indeed in conjunction with a plump, round, maidenly face and big black eyes and a spray of jet black hair escaping from the hood just where it is decked with a little bow of red satin.

But the prettiest of the new-style ladies' sledding suits are not the white ones. They wear pink and white polka dots, blue polka dots, olive polka dots, rose and white and gray and white basket patterns, and even black, with broad, white pockets, cuffs, shoulder pieces and bands. These are all prettier. The new style tuques are even prettier still. The dictionaries call these things toques, but the ladies know better. They spell the word t-u-q-u-e, and pronounce it chook. The old-style tугue was a big crocheted stocking, with the foot cut off and the end sewed up and fitted with a big cord and tassel—a sort of a Goddess-of-Liberty, Fourth-of-July affair. That was all well enough for the Canadians, but the Burlington girls invented a new idea. Any woman can make one. They consist of the same old stocking, but the end, instead of flying loose, is brought over to the front with a square band and fastened over the forehead with a bow knot or inch-wide ribbon, chosen to match the color of the worsted. White is the favorite color, and the caps are so like short Normandy caps that the girls look very picturesque under them.

But the feet of these maidens are very unromantic. A cruel girl from Troy caused a sensation on the Russian slide to-day by remarking out loud to her sweetheart that she "could not see what these girls want with toboggans to go down hill when they had such feet." A little later in the day a Burlington girl furnished a solution of the mystery of this abnormal development. Her companion was the first to speak.

"What made you tell him the commercial men were very ungentlemanly. You might have known he was a traveller by the way I was kicking your feet."

"Well, my sakes," said the other. "Do you suppose I knew you were kicking my feet? Do you think I can feel anything