

"Love at the Bat."

(WRITTEN FOR THE CRICKETER.)

"Say yes Bessie, wont you?" Bessie looked from the two strong hands clasping hers to the handsome face bending over her. It would be easy to love such a man but a careless sentence spoken by her brother lingered in her mind. "Oh yes Morton is a good fellow," he had said, "but he lacks energy. Now if he only will get enthused we'll win the game."

Base Ball, a match game of which was to be played the following afternoon was the topic, and Bessie the only girl in a household of six boys, as enthusiastic a sportsman as her brother, was determined that "our nine" should bear off the palm at the close of the days proceedings, and now remembering what she had heard, an idea entered her head and she replied "ask me again after the game, if our Boys win I'll say yes."

"Our Boys" shall win was the decided answer, and as the door closed on her lover Bessie said to herself with a funny little smile, "I guess he's enthused."

A lovely morning ushered in the day of the match. Everybody went, the ladies like the flowers in some beautiful garden lighting up the darker garb of their attendant cavaliers with their daintily tinted dresses. That they did not understand the game, made no difference, they smiled as sweetly and applauded as prettily whenever a cheer from the initiated told of some achievement. Bessie however was not among the *ignorami*. Lovely in blue and white the colors chosen by "Our Boys" as their regalia, she was keenly alive to every point for or against them, and she trembled with excitement as "Our Boys" came to the bat for their last inning, the inning which was to decide the game, the score standing "Our Boys" 5 "The Royals" 7, and she was obliged to confess to herself that it was not only the ordinary interest in the game she felt, but as she nervously expressed it "somehow as if I were the Cup."

The playing progressed slowly, "Our Boys" steadily drawing up on the score of "The Royals." The excitement is intense and Bessie is gradually pushed by the crowd, close to the railing that separates players and spectators.

Morton now has the bat, he has been playing splendidly with a steady determination to win, his cheery voice encouraging the men, much to their surprise, as he is generally a most listless player.

As he stands bat in hand waiting the opportunity for a favorable ball, his eyes lights on Bessie leaning eagerly forward, she sees him and a smile of sweet encouragement greets him. He turns and strikes the ball and it flies swiftly along the ground and in among the spectators. It comes directly toward Bessie, rolling along, she leans forward still farther and it passes beneath her dress. Instantly she places her foot upon it and their it stops. The whole thing had happened so swiftly that all are mystified at the sudden dis-

appearance of the ball. In a minute though Bessie stoops and picking up the ball hands it to a fielder near her, then turns and leaves the grounds.

Her brother returns triumphant "Our Boys have won, Bess" shrieks first one voice, then another "I say Bessie it was plucky of you to find the ball no one knew where it had gone." She says very little and when she is told that "Morton is down stairs, Bess" she goes reluctantly down, very different from the usually bright, merry Bessie.

Morton comes eagerly forward and clasps her in his strong arms "My dear little girl" is all he says but there is a wealth of love in the few words that makes them richer and rarer than a thousand longer sentences.

As they sit talking over the events of the day her lover suddenly asks her "How did you get that ball Bessie?"

She hesitates and then begins bravely, "Well you see when you made such a miserable strike and the ball came right to me why I—I, well I stepped on it and held it until you made your home run.—"

Morton's arms are around her and he says "So you really loved me all the while Bessie, why didn't you say so yesterday and not keep me in suspense?"

Bessie laughs shyly "I wanted 'Our Boys' to win, and Ned said they would if you would only get enthused and so,—"

"Well I was enthused and am still."

DOLLS DEPARTMENT.

A special feature of the Exhibition is the dolls department a veritable fairy-land for all children. It consists of two scenes Winter and Summer, in which there are hosts of dolls in various costumes suited to the seasons. A merry troop of bright hued snow shoers are starting out for a tramp, torches in hand and snow shoes strapped to their backs, gaily dashing along over the new fallen snow. There is also a grand meet at the "Toque Bleu" toboggan slide and a gay company in scarlet and blue and white, are seen dashing down in reckless fun, the while others are mounting the slide. Then comes the skating carnival with its band of merry skaters in various characters, Jack and Jill are skating up hill to get a pail of water, while fairies and the gay skaters are enjoying the music of the band. But the central object of this scene is the Ice Palace, a representation in miniature of the Montreal Palace. The whole carnival is here in miniature, for yonder is the Living Arch bristling with snow shoers waving a welcome to distinguished guests driving beneath. In their sleigh are the Governor General and many other ladies and gentlemen bent on enjoying this unusual event. Then there is a Curling match going on in this winter scene which will attract the attention of many.

THE SUMMER SCENE

Presents a direct contrast to all this glacial splendor, and one is at once transported

from the region of snow and ice to the balmy summer of the Isle of Wight. To sit down and enjoy the scene beside the placid lake is the irresistible inclination. Upon the lake are pleasure parties of little beings—not, surely, mortals. Is this, too, enchanted land? and are these little maidens who preside over this realm the fairies we have read so much about? In this department "Spring and Summer" hold their sway, while their companions "Autumn and Winter," they tell us, reign in that other realm that we have just visited. Then they conduct us through this fair land. "A Princess is to be married to-day," they tell us. "Will we go with them to the wedding?" "And who is this princess?" "Her name is Beatrice." "The queen-mother will be at the wedding;" "her name is Victoria." But here we are at the church. The bridal party are about to enter; yonder is the royal coach; the queen has alighted; there is heir-apparent, who follows with the bride. What a charming bridal party they make, with the numerous little bridesmaids. Prince Henry is a happy man to-day. We will lose ourselves among the guests in the church. The wedding is over, but these good fairies take us to the house of feasting and mirth. This is Osborne House, with its beautiful lawns and gardens. Everywhere are guests, upon lawn and in garden. This is a great occasion, and right royally is it celebrated, and we leave the scene truly believing we have been in fairyland.

Connecting the scenes is a crease, upon which the St. John Cricketers are practising for the coming matches with the Wanderers and The Garrison Clubs of Halifax.

THE thanks of the Management are especially due to Mr. C. A. Stockton, of the St. John Electric Light Company, for furnishing light in the day time, contrary to the usual custom.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Real Benares Vases and Plaques in India. ATTENTION. French Bon Bons, Ouvrages d'agreement &c. For sale in France.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Genuine Pitcaithly Bannocks, the first ever seen in this country, imported from Edinburgh especially for this exhibition, also real Athole Brose, for sale in Scotland. All the Scotchmen should purchase.

IRELAND.

All sorts of Irish Goods, especially Shamrocks, flowers and fancy work for sale in Ireland.

LOST.

A CHINCHILLA MUFF. The owner may be found at the United States Booth.