

# 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

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through four pair of home-made ribbed woolen stockings, thick shoes and heavy arctics?"

At a fancy dress ball in Melbourne recently, says the Sportman, one of the lady guests appeared as "Sport, the Spirit of the Turf." She wore a pink satin bodice, on the front of which were pictures of horses. Upon her skirt were painted the Puritan and Genesta. Her sleeves were decorated with a painting of a footballer and a lacrosse player; her fan was a lawn tennis racquet covered with satin on which a painted scene showed ladies playing tennis and croquet. Her cap and sash were gold, the colors of the race mare Grace Darling.

### Millie's Tennis Apron.

(WRITTEN FOR THE CRICKETER.)

"Dear! Dear!" said Millie rummaging through the ward-robe, then flying to the bureau and tearing open one drawer after another. "What *could* I have done with it? I am sure I had it on Wednesday. Mother, did you see my tennis apron anywhere?"

At the call a sweet faced lady entered the room, and noticing the open drawer, disordered wardrobe and general "upsettedness" of things, took in the situation at once. "Ah! Millie, lost your apron? Well dear, I am afraid you'll have to go without it ~~in this afternoon~~. Its time you were at the Meet now. I'll straighten up and perhaps find the "missing article."

"Its *too* bad; I do hate to be without it; its such a beauty too. Well good bye mother mine, its so good of you not to scold at this awful room," and with a parting kiss Millie was off for the Tennis Court.

"Girls, have *any* of you seen my tennis apron," she breathlessly, demanded of the group assembled in the big tent where they removed their outer garments.

"Why Millie Newton, you have'nt lost that lovely apron?" asked more than one surprised voice.

"Yes I have. I don't know what to do either. Oh! here's one of yours Allie I'll wear it this afternoon. May I?"

Allie laughed and nodded, "Only be sure and fasten it securely or you'll lose it too." Millie's merry laugh rang out as she added an extra pin to the apron's fastening, she knew all the girls were well aware of her propensity for losing things and did not mind a little teasing, but it ~~was~~ too bad about her "lovely apron" and it was more in earnest than otherwise that she put the query "have you seen my apron," to many of the players, during the afternoon.

"Why didn't you ask *me* about your apron, Miss Millie?" asked Lieutenant Laughton, strolling up to her with a cup of steaming chocolate in either hand, adding "Come over by the trees, drink this and describe your lost attire."

Millie gladly obeyed, she was warm and

tired with play, the loss of her apron worried her not a little. It was a dainty affair of linen, ribbon, and lace, that had been presented to her by the Club as their Champion Lady Player, and to lose it seemed such a careless valuation of their gift. She was thinking all this over for the fiftieth time when Lieutenant Laughton said, "Here *we* are, and here's your chocolate Miss Millie."

"Here" was one of the most delightful spots on the Garrison grounds. A little distance from the Court, but so enclosed by a hedge of ever green that once within the cool retreat discovery was almost impossible. Millie sank upon the low chair exclaiming as she took the proffered cup, "How delightful! its like another world, so quiet and fresh."

"It is quiet.—So you've lost your apron—Your 'Champion Belt.' Oh Miss Millie how could you?" replied Laughton in a tone of mock horror.

"You need'nt laugh Lieut. Laughton, I feel *awfully* about it. What the Club think of me I don't know. I'd give worlds to find it," was the earnest rejoinder.

"Is this anything like yours?" asked Laughton, drawing something from his pocket.

"It is mine. Oh Lieut. Laughton where *did* you get it? I am so glad."

"But Miss Millie you have something of mine, now fair exchange you know—"

"Why, what have I of yours?" in astonishment.

"My heart Millie," was the unexpected rejoinder, "Now dear I will give you your apron, let you keep *my* heart if you will give me yours. Will you Millie?"

Millie looked at Laughton, a world of questions in her dark eyes, she saw the anxiety that lay behind his lightly spoken words, and then she suddenly realized that it was Lieutenant Laughton that had made this summer such a happy one, she realized more too, and bending forward she laid her hands in his saying, softly, "I'll take my apron, please Ted."

### By the Way.

—On Thursday a thousand snow shoesmen leave Montreal for Burlington.

—There is a rumor that Hanlan will soon become the business partner of S. M. Hickey, of Pleasure Island. Charley Courtenay is spoken of as the rowing partner of Hanlan.—Philadelphia Record.

—York and Lancaster Roses can be had at the Queen Anne Cottage.

—Have you noticed what a universally spoken language English is? From the Wigwams to the Japanese Tea Garden its familiar accents fall upon the ear with a purity and ease that charms and surprises.

—Cricket is of very ancient date. It is believed to be identical with "Club-ball" a game played in the 14th Century. It has been known as "Cricket" since 1743.

—Football is one of the oldest of Eng-sports. Some historians say the modern game can be traced to games played 2000 years ago by the Greeks and Romans.

—Have you called at the International Tea Room?

—"O. S. K. B. I. G." What does it mean?

—Prof. Anderson has kindly promised to give a violin performance this evening.

—Back numbers of the CRICKETER can be obtained at the Cricketer headquarters.

—Swiss bells are one of the great attractions at the Chalet.

—Miln performs Hamlet at the Institute this evening. Othello will be presented to-morrow afternoon.

### Most Popular Booth.

Ireland still leads the poll as the most popular country. The list stands as follows:—Ireland 236. United States 187. Spain 153. France 81. Scotland 58. Switzerland 44. Turkey 32. Japan 8.

### CORRECTION.

We regret exceedingly that the following names were omitted in last night's "Cricketer."

IRELAND.—Irish Knight, Mr. Geo. Carvill; Old Irish Gentleman, Mr. Adams; Irish Gentleman, Mr. Drury.

TURKEY.—Turkish Lady, Miss Holman.

SPAIN.—Spanish Brigand, Mr. W. Jordan.

A Matador, W. H. S. Taylor; Carlotta, Miss B. Magee.

B. N. A.—Indians, The Messrs. McLaren, Mr. Purdy and W. Jones; La Crosse, Mr. Tuck; Gipsy, Miss A. Tuck; Young Canada, Miss E. Robertson; Fortune Teller, Miss McKae.

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#### SCOTLAND.

FORTUNE TELLING.—Don't forget to consult the Caledonian Spae-Wife as to your future. The seventh daughter of a seventh son possesses the power of divination and can read the future. She is to be found in Scotland.

#### FOUND.

A silver toboggan pin which the owner may have by applying to France.

#### LOST.

A purse belonging to Mrs. W. W. Turnbull. The finder may leave it at the headquarters of the Cricketer.

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