

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1900.

Exit B. and A. Club.

On Wednesday the last vestige of the St. John Bicycle and Athletic club went out of existence under the noisy knocks of the auctioneer's hammer. This is a deplorable state of affairs for a city whose sporting prestige for over half a century has been a thing for citizens to be proud of and especially at this stage of local history when St. John is extending her hands in the various branches of industry and commerce, becoming as she is, one of the Dominion's foremost metropolises. It can hardly be because the bicycle is sort of a "passing show" that the B. and A. club has had to close its doors, for there are hundreds of wheeling organizations yet in active existence all over Canada and thousands in the United States, nor has the horseless carriage yet entered our midst, although several of these vehicles are to be set awheel on our streets as soon as the fast disappearing snow and ice leaves altogether.

Consequently there must be a real cause for the permanent suspension of the club, and it may be found in the fast declining interest taken in sporting matters in general by the public. Perhaps the B. and A. club itself has not been energetic enough in preserving the laurels won of yore by the doughty sons of our town, and yet it cannot but be said that it lived as an organization, in vain, for ever since the day of its institution, at least up to a couple of years ago, its efforts to promote honest, clean sport, were indefatigable. Apparently the struggle was of a too uphill nature and the social aspect of the Club during the last twenty-four months, a failure so but one thing remained to do—sell out, square up accounts and suspend altogether.

The words "B. and A. club" had grown to be as familiar in the ears of the young people about town as the word "Mechanics Institute." To the hardier sex it was a synonym of all that was pleasing to the sporting taste, whether on the football field, the baseball diamond, in track events, ice sports, in fact in nearly all the lines of popular games in which the club indulged. To those having a greater fondness for indoor amusements and games in which more of the social was introduced, the "B. and A. club" stood for a great deal. Its delightful card parties, pool and billiard evenings, etc. Then again the ladies cherished the club for its most charming balls, its exhilarating club runs to popular resorts, its not infrequent social evenings in those well furnished apartments in Pugsley's building. Musically and dramatically, (perhaps "burlesquely" would be a better word), the club has an enviable record. Those minstrel shows with Joe Rainnie, Murray Olive, Jim Duffell, Jim McPeake, Percy Thompson and others as end men still live in memories of theatre goers. So, in the retirement of the Bicycle and Athletic Club numerous circles of city life will feel an individual loss.

For a little bit of history concerning the now defunct club, recourse was made to some of the official books. In 1884 the St. John Bicycling Club was organized with H. J. A. Godard (now deceased) in the chair upon that initial occasion. W. A. McLachlan was appointed captain. L. J. Donald, lieutenant, and H. H. Godard, honorable secretary. Among the other young citizens present were C. E. Burpee, J. F. McMillan, Charles Coster, J. M. Barnes, C. W. McKee, and Geo. Robertson. At a subsequent meeting the names of others are reported among whom were, Geo. F. Smith, E. H. Turnbull, F. R. Dearborn. This club existed with increasing success until March 26th 1896, when it was amalgamated with the St. John Athletic Club; this became the St. John Bicycle and Athletic Club. However after these twelve years had passed with their glorious club runs on those old time high wheels, and track races on the same machines, the personnel of the club had undergone a very radical change. "New blood," as the saying goes, was introduced and the wheeling band made much stronger numerically.

Upon the amalgamation of the two clubs the bicycle boys found out that the Athletic Club was not as financially strong or as lively an organization as they were, and consequently the joining together was not the wisest move possible. Nevertheless the two struggled along, braving the

many difficulties that stood in the way and striving to keep alive the sporting interest, but their task seemed a hopeless one. Old champions such as Tom Hall, Frank White, Sandy Baxter, Charlie Lawton, Oulton, Holman, Barnes, Henderson, Jones and others passed out of the ranks of active service on the track and field,

Philadelphia which long enjoyed distinction as the greatest city of the country territorially, has forfeited that position since the last United States census, New York having an area of more than 300 square miles, Chicago of 188, and Philadelphia of only 130. The position of fourth city on the list among American municipalities formerly occupied by Brockton, cannot be fixed in advance of the official census in June. Two cities expect it, Baltimore and St. Louis. By the census of 1890 the population of St. Louis was 450,000 and of Baltimore 434,000.

England in War Time.

It is far from an original saying that the English do not wear their hearts on their sleeves. In almost any other country than this I should say that the excitement over a war so novel, ominous and serious would be much fiercer than we find it here. I was in Paris, for example, two years ago last May, when the burning of the Charity

lent their kindly aid. Tales about Victoria's failing health should not be credited. She has felt great agitation, it is true, but her wonderful native vigor has yet in no way succumbed to worry and strain. Her usual sojourn at Osborne was delayed a week, but she is now in the Isle of Wight.

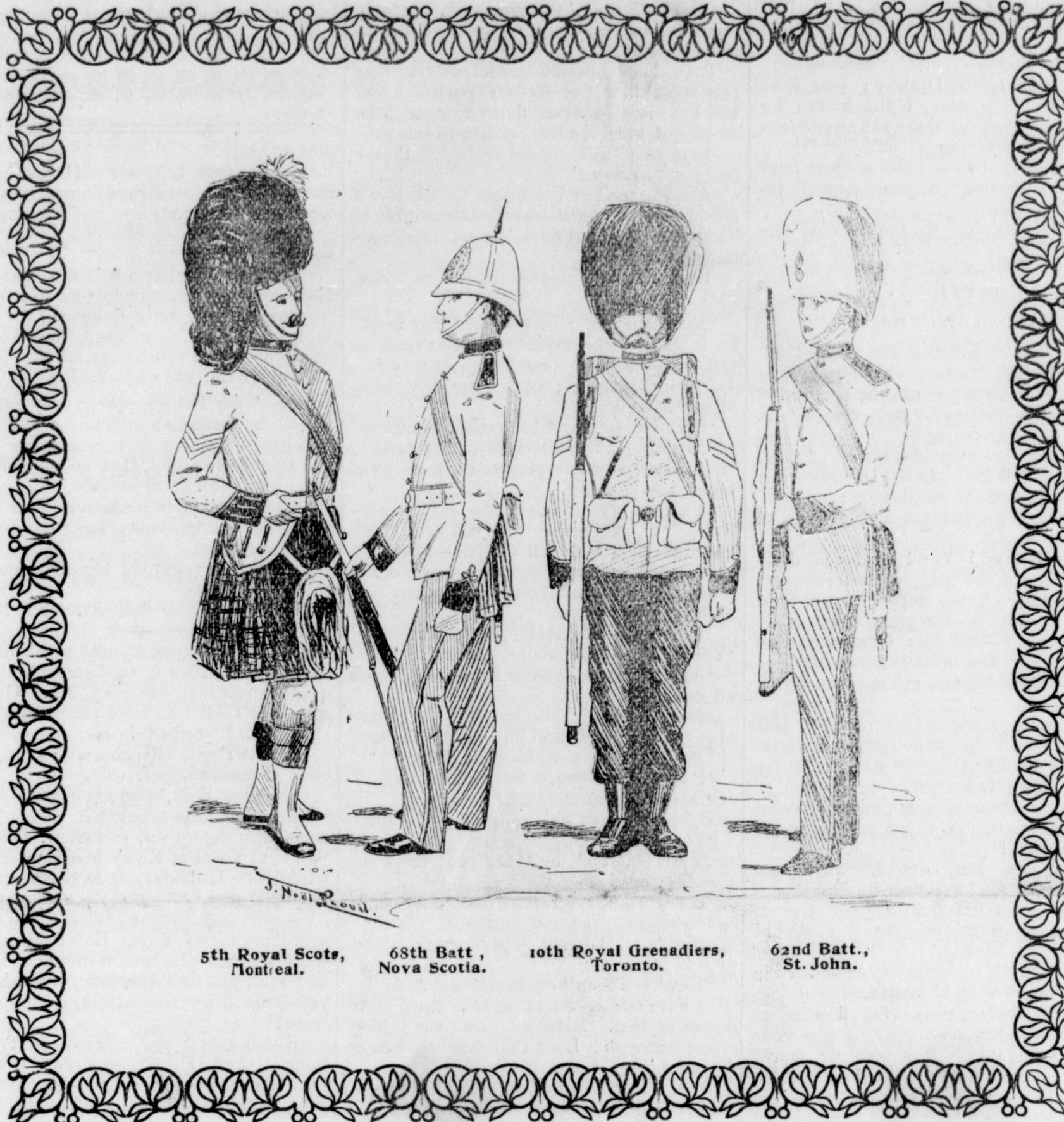
That the Queen's intention of passing March and April at Bordon will be carried out is of course an affair for the capricious future alone to decide. I have heard it contradicted that she gave her maternal veto to the idea of the Duke of Connaught going to South Africa. The Government prevented this design, it is now widely believed through fear lest any sombre consequence might deal a cruel blow to his aged mother. Prince Arthur has always been her favorite son. His appointment as commander of the forces in Ireland does not please this patriotic prince, I am told, since he burned to take his chances beside Lord Roberts, whose place he will now fill.

Apocryphal of Lord Roberts, the news of his son's death came to this renowned veteran with frightful suddenness at the Athenaeum Club, where he happened, the other day, to be lunching. "Too bad" isn't it, about the death of Lord Roberts' son in South Africa? said one member to another at a table just behind him. With great agitation (knowing already that his son was wounded) the old soldier rose and went out into the hall. There the tape machine of the club confirmed these fearful abrupt tidings, which he has afterward endured with such stoic fortitude, as everybody now knows.

The war has not appreciably emptied London, so far as concerns its open streets. They seem populous as ever, and in the 'city' portion of the vast metropolis carts, vans, busses, cabs, and all conceivable kinds of vehicles often move along with the same laborious and suggested sloth. But where one misses the men is at clubs, the fashionable restaurants, and the drawing-rooms of smart or less pretentious entertainers. The theatres, too, are suffering, and literary men and painters (who always, I fear me, have some sort of grievance to air) are frequently woe begone about their sales. A great many ladies are now in town who seldom see London at this season of the year. Mrs. Arthur Paget, who made herself so prominent in the scheme of fitting up the American hospital ship, has lately received tidings that her husband has been stricken with typhoid at the Cape. Notwithstanding this gloomy message, however, she is organizing a performance to be given early in February at Her Majesty's Theatre for the wounded overseas. The programme, is yet somewhat vague, will include a tableau, to be called "A Dream of Fair Women."

Just who will appear under this flatteringly Tennysonian cachet is still dubious. The lovely Princess Henry of Pless and the almost equally winsome Lady Warwick are of course among those to be expected, although the latter is just now so interested in other war-charities that she may be prevented from taking part. If she does, the levee vulgar can then judge whether M. Carolus Duran was quite fair to her in his portrait, exhibited at last year's Royal Academy. For this red-letter evening in Mr. Beerholm Tree's theatre the Queen has taken ten stalls at one hundred guineas, and has also given some precious pieces of counsel concerning the most preferable patrons and patronesses to select. Then, too, another very noteworthy war-charity will be held on February 22. The Prince of Wales will preside at this, and it will occur at Covent Garden Opera House. Madame Patti (who is adored here) will sing gratuitously for the Transvaal victims. The Duchess of Marlborough (formerly Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt) will recite, it is alleged, a patriotic poem, though possibly this is a mistaken report, and some other dame of high degree will assume a role for which the young Duchess is too youthful and inexperienced. However we regard the home side of the war, this question of charity incessantly confronts us. There is hardly a notable theatre, either in London or the provinces, which has not given up its full receipts for at least one night to the aid of soldiers.

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWELVE.



5th Royal Scots, Montreal. 68th Batt., Nova Scotia. 10th Royal Grenadiers, Toronto. 62nd Batt., St. John.

and although Salmon, Sancton, McDiarmid Cornwall, Coombs and others took their places, yet the interest of days gone by seemed never to return.

Gradually sporting matters was only a "side line" with the B. & A. club, the interest having become so entirely dead in that particular. However socially the organization prospered for many moons, and some pleasant functions indeed were tendered the club's friends. Combinations of circumstances going hard against the young men who were striving to keep the club alive, it was finally decided to sell out the handsome furnishings at headquarters and "close shop." As stated before the auctioneer disposed of the goods and chattels on Wednesday, including two Brunswick Balk billiard tables, one B. B. pool table, Brussels carpets, handsome oil paintings and decorative panels, exquisite furniture, draperies, portieres, oilcloths, kitchen furnishings, and hundreds of beautifully framed pictures. The club's silver trophies are being held in trust by the president, Mr. Will White.

Growth Of American Cities.

There were only seven cities in the United States that by Federal census of 1890 had more than 400,000 inhabitants—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Boston and Baltimore, in the order named. Since the census of 1890, Brooklyn has been absorbed into Greater New York, the boundaries of Chicago have been enlarged, and the growth in population of other American cities has not been so uniform as to make it probable that each will retain the position it held in the census of ten years ago.

New York, which is now a city of 3,000,000, will, of course, remain at the head, and so far at the head that any serious thought of actual rivalry from any other city may be dismissed. Chicago has now a "claimed population" of 1,800,000, or 700,000 more than it had in the last Federal census, and one half as large as the present population of New York.

St. Louis is now claiming 623,000 and Baltimore 626,000.

Whatever may be the claims of rival cities as to fourth and fifth places, in the census of 1900, Boston is secure of sixth place, with a population of 550,000, the other important cities being San Francisco, with a claimed population of 350,000; Cincinnati, 400,000; Cleveland, 400,000; Buffalo, 400,000; Pittsburgh, 325,000; New Orleans, 300,000; Detroit, 250,000; Washington, 250,000; Milwaukee, 250,000; Newark, 250,000; Louisville, 225,000; St. Paul, 200,000; Denver, 160,000; Minneapolis, 200,000; Indianapolis, 200,000—or nearly that.

Advice From Papa.

"You look worried, my dear," said Smithers, when he came home from the office the other day. "What is the matter?"

"The children have been tire some today," replied Mrs. Smithers, wearily. "It seemed as if they would make me distracted."

"Don't let 'em!" said Smithers with considerable energy. "Don't let 'em ride over you. Just—Willie, don't talk when papa's talking—just deal with them gently, but firm—did you hear me, Willie?—firmly, and you'll get along all—silence, Willie, this instant!—all right. As for letting 'em worry—don't pull my pockets, Dick—let 'em worry—Dick! don't pull my pockets. I said,—worry—will you take your hands out or not? Now keep them out. You've broken a couple of cigars for me now—you—what's Willie making such a noise about. Annie? Great Scott! He's got my silk hat. Take it—barg it up high. Now, Dick, if you cry, you'll have—now they've both commenced. It does seem, Annie, 'til the minute I come into the house—I can't think—I can't think. Won't you take 'em off to bed? My gracious! I bet if I was at home I'd—"

But, as the boys clattered away upstairs with their tired mamma, Smithers sat down and gazed gloomily into space, without saying just exactly what he would do if he was at home.

Bezaar in the Rue Jean Goujon caused such a pathetic loss of life. The crowds on the boulevards and the wild clamor of hurrying newsboys would have betokened to a freshly arrived stranger with a neglected Ollendorf, that mobs were somewhere flinging up the most portentous barricades. And it meant merely a local disaster, bitterly sorrowful, yet no more than one of those dire events which bereave the classes without threatening the masses, and which affect neither in any profound or drastic way. England's grief and anxiety are the emotions of a deep-feeling though self-repressed people. She is nationally so unimaginative that you often wonder at her romantic obsequiousness to Royalty; for nowadays this feature can hardly be taken as a proof of her innate conservatism, since the sovereign power has been stripped of all its lordlier past prerogatives. And yet the Queen's manifest sympathy is almost everywhere a source of extreme popular delight. That she is venerable and much respected has, of course, a great deal to do with the matter; but it has not all. Were the Prince of Wales king, his outflow of concern would appeal, as does here, to the entire realm. This is one of the anomalies you find throughout a country whose spirit is essentially so republican.

Meanwhile the Queen has not only indorsed hundreds of charities with her august approval, but has figured personally at a grand royal Christmas party held in St. George's Hall, Windsor Castle. This magnificent historic chamber contained many distinguished and titled guests; but those for which the festivity was chiefly given were obscure folk enough—the wives and children of the Household Brigade, of the Guards (now serving in South Africa), and of the Reservists resident in Windsor district. A superb Christmas tree, laden with gifts both useful and costly, entranced the children and their mothers alike. With her own hands the Queen distributed presents and the numerous royal princesses who surrounded her