

THE CRICKETER.

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 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 Wigwags 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.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TURKEY.

Turkish Delights a speciality, in Turkey, Turkish Biscuits, all sorts of Fancy Articles on sale by the Sensale.

INTERNATIONAL TEA ROOM.

Oysters, Choice Coffee, &c. served by Peasant Girls during the Exhibition at the International Tea Room.

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.