

## CONCERNING THE WAITRESS.

By ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.

The good, old-fashioned waiter of our youth is every day moving nearer and nearer towards the setting sun who has our depest sympathy in consequence. Enterprising restaurant proprietors are now going for the waitress, presumably under the impression that the diner approaches his meal with a better appetite when his plate is daintily put before him by a golden-haired damsel with a diamond ring and a sore eye, than when it is abruptly planked down in front of him by a greasy little man with a patent india-rubber shirt front that never wants washing—and never gets it.

There is one thing about the waitress, though, and that is the masher. It is not necessarily that the smart young man feels that his social position is considerably elevated when he can demonstrate to a whole roomful of people that he is actually on speaking terms with the magnificent creature who generally sacrifices her family dignity by serving soup. There is business in the attentions of the masher. In return for the privilege of being allowed to address him by his Christian name, the waitress condescends to supply him with the best cut and all the available gravy; and the assuming little man, with no claims to personal beauty and an ordinary respect for public propriety, gets rather a cold time of it. I am not exactly what you would call a paragon of loveliness myself; and so I know what I'm talking about. My attainments are of a far more solid kind. I have acquired the rudiments of history and geography and freehand drawing, and I have been as far as decimal fractions in arithmetic. So you see I'm not like an ordinary person. There was a time, it is true, when after a visit to my customary restaurant, I used to lie awake at night with a remorseful feeling of guiltiness, and shiver with apprehension lest the young lady who had served my dinner should go home in a fit of frenzy and hang herself in the wash-us, because I had wilfully ignored her friendly advances. But since I acquired my deep and exhaustive knowledge of the world a few weeks back the dreams of my youth have fled.

I feel that I am called upon to tender a few words of humble advice to the waitress of to-day. It is true that I have never been a waitress myself for family reasons; but I have had a very fair experience as a diner. There have been times when I have had as many as three dinners in one week, so of course I'm a sort of authority on the subject. There, if her ladyship will condescend to accept a few points from a young man old enough to be her third cousin, I will respectfully rise to remark.

In the course of your experience, madam, as waitress at any large establishment, it is just possible that in the pressure of business you will be asked to wait at table. I know it's an awful bore, of course, and so inconsiderate towards a lady of your social position and high attainments; but, really, it can't be helped. If the first customer should happen to be a young man with patent leather boots, and a girl's brooch in his cravat, your business will be to spend a few moments in front of the mirror, just to see that your hair is fixed on securely. Then you go up in the corner with another young lady and giggle consumedly, in the hope that the young man will volunteer some funny remark. By this time the place is beginning to fill; and you accordingly sail gracefully towards the young man to see what he wants, casting a look of withering contempt on the crowd of rude people who are trying to draw your attention from him by coughing and clinking the glasses. After you have exchanged the usual civilities, tell the young man that you went to the theatre last night, that you're not quite sure where you will be on Sunday, and that he musn't be rude. After which you supply him with an underdone sausage and some cold bread; and then you go down and tell one of the other girls what he said, and giggle some more.

Just about this time the little man in the opposite corner with no moustache and no gold ring on his finger, who has been rapping the table till he's nearly blue in the face, will rudely ask why he isn't being attended to. Walk over to him leisurely with a scorn-

ful air and ask him if he is speaking to you. This witty remark will of course annoy him, and make the young man laugh judiciously as a mouthful of sausage permits. While the old fellow is giving his instructions, you do your best not to hear a word he says, but conduct a correspondence over his shoulder by special telegraph to the nice young man. Having received your order, you leave the little man abruptly without a word, and the next time you are passing you bring him a plate of soup. He will then tell you that he ordered a chop. They always do this—so rude of them, isn't it? You can't exactly call him a liar, because that wouldn't become a lady of your standing; but you indignantly deny the chop theory all the same. In removing the soup, do your best to spill a little on his coat-sleeve for his impudence in contradicting you, and then make a point of seeing that he gets the homeliest and most consumptive-looking chop you've got. Why, bless your heart, a waitress's life wouldn't be worth living if you didn't stand on your rights sometimes!

The sentence of twelve months' imprisonment imposed yesterday, at the Old Bailey, on Captain Edmund Hope Verney, did not occasion surprise in the minds of those who weighed the damning evidence adduced by the prosecution. From the first Mr. Horace Ivory felt he stood on solid ground and virtually held the sentence in his hands. Little pity will be wasted by the public on Captain Verney, who must have foreseen the legal penalties to which detection of his conduct was sure to subject him, but sympathy unalloyed will be extended to his family, nearly every member of which has won distinction as public servants. His father, the Right Hon. Sir Harry Verney, Bart., is ninety years of age, and in 1858 married a sister of the celebrated Florence Nightingale. Captain Verney, who is fifty-three years of age, has had a distinguished career. He served in the Crimean War, 1854-5 (medal with clasp and Turkish medal), and also in the Indian Mutiny campaign, 1857-8 (medal with clasp and specially mentioned in despatches). He was returned as a Gladstonian for the Northern division of Buckinghamshire in 1889, is a D. L. and J. P. for Bucks and Anglesey, and a County Councillor for London.

The march on Manipur was accomplished in an admirable manner. The troops had to do in a few days what, in ordinary circumstances, they might have taken weeks to accomplish. Pretty severe were the hardships they had to undergo for over fifty men in one regiment alone were down with the much-dreaded enemy cholera. It is a "dem'd moist, unpleasant" place, Manipur, situated in low swampy ground, a regular hot-bed of cholera, miasmatic fever, and various other little venoms too numerous to mention.

The capture of Manipur, and the virtual submission of the Miranzais again confronts the Indian Government with the eternal problem what to do with its victories and how to turn them to the

!

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