

SHE IS TO BE ENVIED. THE UNBELIEF AND AMIABLE GIRL WHO IS ENGAGED.

When She is the Right Sort of a Girl, She is the Darling of Our Hearts—Some of Her Attractions Described by a Competent Judge.

If ever there was a blessing sent to a suffering world, direct from heaven, it is the engaged girl, provided, of course, she is the right sort of girl, and has not been so spoiled by the novelty of her position as to imagine herself a sort of goddess, to be set upon a pedestal and worshipped by the world at large, merely because one unit out of its many millions has elected her the queen of his heart.

She is a delightful variety of grape, rendered all the more attractive and piquant by being just out of our reach. The stamp of approval has been placed upon her charms, by the mere fact of one of our own sex having chosen her out of the whole garden of girls to be his companion for life. As soon as we hear that she is really the property of some one else, and that we could not win her, however much we might wish to do so, she acquires a charm in our eyes that she never possessed before; for does she not represent that most fascinating quantity on this earth—the unattainable.

I overheard a clever woman, of wide experience, say that men were like sheep—where one went all the others wanted to follow; and, I believe, she spoke the words of truth and soberness. I have read that a girl never looks so pretty to a man as she does the moment after she has refused him! I don't know; I've never been refused myself yet; but of this I am certain, a girl's charms never stand out in such vivid distinctness, she never seems so entirely desirable as when you first hear of her engagement to some other fellow announced, particularly if the fortunate man happens to be a friend of yours. It seems a sort of personal affront, a triumphant assertion of the fact that he had better taste than the rest of his sex; while you were admiring from a respectful distance, he had the sense, as well as the boldness, to step bravely in and secure the prize for his own. You are not by any means sure that you really wanted to win the victor's crown in this particular case; but yet there is a something planted deep in the human breast which makes every one of us have a sneaking sympathy with the traditional dog, who prevented the ox from obtaining his just due in the shape of hay; and the girl who is really engaged, beyond all possibility of doubt, is so distractingly charming.

Her very position gives her a freedom that is impossible to her unappropriated sisters. She is "bespoke," and everybody knows it. She can afford to be very much pleasanter in her manner to the opposite sex without the least danger of her motives being misunderstood; for what man is conceited enough to imagine a girl is smitten with his charms when she gives him the third waltz of an evening, with the cruelly frank preface that "you are an old friend of Charlie's, and he likes me to enjoy myself, even when he is not here." Could anything show "Charlie's" supremacy more plainly. It is only his friendship, a sort of ray of his reflected glory, shining like a nimbus round your commonplace head that wins you so much indulgence.

And yet there is something so attractive about the little lady that you can't help singing your wings at the flame that burns on lucky "Charlie's" alter.

There is an air of unconscious good comradeship about the engaged girl that is irresistibly fascinating. She piques you by treating you just as she would treat another girl; in short as though you were entirely outside the pale, as far as flirtation went, and not in the least need of a label marked "dangerous." And—tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon—if there is one thing above another that a man likes to believe of himself, it is that his attractions are of such a high order as to render him dangerous in the extreme to those of the gentler sex who are at all susceptible. And so this maiden who has been set apart from all the rest of the rosebud garden; chosen by one man as his queen rose, presents a most piquant wall of easy indifference and smiling affability; a wall as sunny as it is thick, festooned with tropical luxuriance by those glorious clusters of grapes which are not sour, and only look all the more tempting because they are so far out of reach.

Much has been said and written about the selfishness of lovers. Taken in conjunction, perhaps they are selfish. Taken alone, I know the male lover is, for I have frequently met with instances of his extreme lack of public spiritedness, and his extraordinary opposition to the doctrine of the greatest good for the greatest number, when the good consisted of the smiles of his lady-love, and the number was represented by his masculine acquaintances. But of the engaged girl, I can say nothing but good. She is unselfishness itself; she is just as charming to the boy of sixteen or the old gentleman of sixty—I say it with sorrow, as she is to the most utterly "fetching" youth of 25 who ever swayed a pen over a bank ledger, or wrote shorthand in the civil service. She brightens the social circle in which she moves, as the stars brighten the sky. Long may she reign! and I cannot more fittingly close

this feeble pan of praise that I have sung in her honor, than by quoting the old Scotch song: "Here's a health to all good lasses," more especially to that darling of our hearts, the engaged girl.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

NOT EXACTLY THE PLACE.

The Story of an Absent Minded Man With Store Teeth.

A great friend of mine is a clerk in the civil service at Ottawa, but notwithstanding his exalted position he is sufficiently human to have lost three of his teeth. They were not front teeth, and therefore their loss did not detract from his personal charms, but still when he laughed very heartily the place where they used to be showed a little; so he decided to have them replaced by store teeth of the very latest pattern, and, after being measured for them, was surprised when they were sent home to find what a large amount of gum seemed necessary for the support of such a small number of teeth.

However, he wore them, and they looked very well, but they felt like new shoes; so he got into a pernicious habit of taking them out, when nobody was looking, and putting them into his pocket, or into his desk, or indeed into any secluded spot that might chance to offer; but being a very modest man for one so good looking, he was not by any means anxious to display his new acquisition in the way of *bric-a-brac* to his fellow clerks, for fear of arousing their envy. So the teeth became a constant source of anxiety to him; he was always mislaying them and thinking he had lost them forever, and one rainy day when the welcome hour of departure arrived, the pearly treasures were gone indeed. Their distracted owner searched high and low, but, in the forcible language of scripture, "They were not." And, worst of all, he dared not ask any questions, or even tell his fellow clerks what he was looking for.

At last he gave up the search in despair, breathing a fervent prayer that if he could not find them, at least, no one else should, and ruefully joined the throng of toil worn public servants who were languidly crawling into their Macintoshes and selecting their umbrellas in the vestibule.

He buttoned his coat, with a far away look in his eyes, stepped out on the platform with a dozen others, absently elevated his umbrella, and out of it fell, directly at his feet, and in full view of the assembled populace, three pearly teeth, attached to an enormous amount of pink porcelain gum! Tableau! and curtain to slow music.

L'Envoi.—An umbrella is not a reliable hiding place for a set of false teeth, when the owner is absent-minded.

EVANGELINE MADE THEM.

Further Relics Unearthed Along the Line of the W. & A. Railway.

Diligently they had strained their eyes and their imaginations to detect some traces of Evangeline along the track. Each little watercourse down the soft mud-banks of the Gaspereau, by the railway bridge, seemed to them beyond doubt the place where the fair lover of Gabriel used to coast sportively down on a barrel-stave, as she played with her little dark-eyed companions. Each hack in the fence or tree-trunks must surely have been made by the daughter of the opulent, corpulent Benedict. They were ladies, and they hailed from Boston. Broadened by the variety of the high life of the cultured in the "Hub," they had learned to look with tranquillity on all prodigies, material or immaterial. So much was possible in Boston; so many things were ordinary there which would seem wonderful to the less sage and less initiated Nova Scotians, that they were ready to receive, with un-moved solemnity, whatever accounts of moose-hunting in the door-yard or bear-hugging in the summer kitchen, might be rendered for their instruction and amusement on the journey, by the ever-attentive conductor, Joe, whose special delight it is to give the lady tourists a complete and vivid idea of the country and its life.

Between Kentville and Wolfville two families of Indians have their wigwams and their dogs. They make baskets of wicker-work for the wives and daughters of the white man.

As the train neared Grand Pre, Joe came into the car with two little wicker baskets in his hand and the usual sparkle in his eye. The baskets were still damp with dew that had wet them as they lay in the Indian's wigwam, but Joe put one in the lap of each of the two lady tourists and turned to go out, saying as he left: "Keep them."

No one faints, but in spite of all the broadening influences of their Boston culture the lady tourists were truly and deeply affected.

DON'T KICK THE KICKER.

Oh! here's to the kicker whose liver is wrong, Whose bile has leaked into his veins, Who dots on a sigh and who frowns at a song, And pleasure his consciousness pains; Who would rather be cross than good-natured and gay.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

In the larger American cities, the dramatic season is now at its full height. Indeed, the same may be said of all the cities, yes, and good sized villages, on the continent, if we except only that portion of the world in which we ourselves reside "and live laborious days." Even Halifax—slow-going, sedate and sober—is ahead of us in that respect, for George T. Ulmer has but finished an engagement there, during which he produced the late John T. Raymond's successes, *Col. Sellers* and *For Congress*, while on top of it comes the announcement that Manager Clark is negotiating with E. A. McDowell for a stock company for six weeks' time. Just why we should be ignored as we are, it is not now necessary to inquire. The cause is more apparent than satisfactory. Pending the final disposition of the Institute and the erection of Dackrill's hall, some enterprising person might be found with push and energy and confidence enough to lease the former building, and cater to our theatrical propensities, even if he does not make many pennies out of it. What say you, Mr. Fairweather?

My intention in starting this letter was not to talk of local affairs, but to tell you of the big attractions the two big cities, Boston and New York, are enjoying this week, and if they are not enough to whet your dramatic appetite then you have no love for the playhouse and the players. While the "Hubites" have been admiring Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake, Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore, Julia Marlowe, Helen Barry, Charlie Ellis and Henry Lee, the "Gothamites" have been going wild over Booth and Modjeska, Salvini, Jefferson and Florence, Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, William Terris and Jessie Millward, E. H. Southern and Frederick Warde. Truly these are dishes that ought to suite the most fastidious palate; for my part I want none better and will tell you about them in the near future.

Mr. Daly's version of Sardou's *Marquise* under the title of *The Golden Widow*, has not been a success. The reason why, as given by one writer, is: "Sardou's *Marquise* is an essentially nasty piece. Mr. Daly's idea of cleansing it with soap and water and destroying its odor by a liberal use of chloride of lime was absurd. The disinfecting process killed the smell, it is true; but it also killed the play."

The American Musician says: "The curse of the theatre orchestra is the cornet." It is. And the curse of the cornet is very often the cornetist.—*Mirror*.

Oh, my; that's awfully personal.

The out-of-town correspondents are accused of counting the nails that are driven daily in the theatres being erected throughout the country and then reporting: "The new opera house here is progressing rapidly."—*Mirror*.

Wonder if this is a hit at St. John?

ON THE WESTERN CIRCUIT.

The north wind doth blow and we shall have snow, He'll talk thro' his nose, with frost-bitten toes, And drink rum and gum in the wing—poor thing!

There are no snaps! The stars that stalk Upon the boards for brief renewals, Too oft—upon their uppers walk 'To keep the date in the next town!

Pardon me; neither of these are original.

Madeline Lucette is writing a play for Southern. *Christopher Junior* will be its name.

The Booth and Modjeska receipts at Pittsburg run up to \$20,000.

Mary Anderson is at Oban, England. Mlle. Rhea was in Montreal last week. Claire Scott is playing *Theodore* through Pennsylvania.

There is a rumor that Barry and Fay are about to dissolve partnership, and that Edward Harrigan will take the first-named gentleman's place in the firm.

D. R. Whipple is with Charles Bowser in *Cheek*. It is said that he has an eccentric comedy part that suits him to a T.

OWEN T. CARROLL.

An Ulterior Scrape.

A five year old Moncton boy who may, for aught I know, be one of our future legislators, has a remarkable faculty for picking up long words and pronouncing them correctly; but not the slightest judgment about applying them. He is also blessed with a short temper, and a strong sense of personal dignity.

A short time ago he fell down a short flight of stairs, arriving at the last landing furiously indignant, but quite unhurt. His angry shrieks brought his mother to the scene of the catastrophe, and after looking in vain for bodily wounds, and trying to soothe the spiritual ones, she said: "Now, Jack, you must really stop crying; you know you did not hurt yourself at all."

"I did hurt myself, too," yelled the victim of circumstances. "I gave my victim a most ulterior scrape!"

Any child will take McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup; it is not only exceedingly pleasant but is a sure remedy for all kinds of these pests. Look out for imitations. Get McLean's, the original and only genuine.—*Advt.*

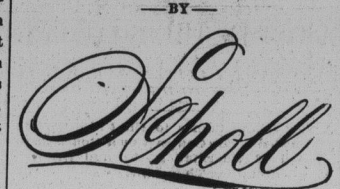
Why It Rang.

Miss Giddy—Why does that bell on your typewriter ring?

Operator—It rings when people ask me silly questions. It's going to ring now.—*N. Y. Sun.*

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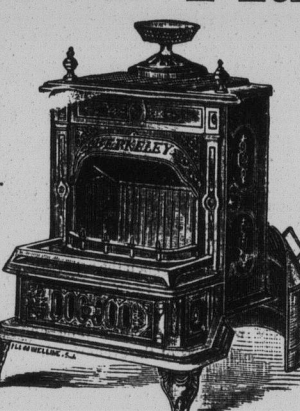
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