

coffee, and musty mustard sandwiches at the benevolent tea meetings and sewing circles. They upset the custard cups over our dress-coats, and always hand us a slice of very cold mince pie when we ask for a plate of vapory Trifle. They are unquestionably the nuisances of the ball-room and the terror of small parties. The Hall being less commodious of course answers them the best, and they sit bolt upright like a fortress guarding convenient nooks, recesses, windows and long winding stairs where young Lochinvar delights to roam, and sit and talk with the blue-eyed fairy by his side. Miss Prim who never had attentions such as these paid to her, sniffs the air and enjoys the Dog in the Manger policy to the utmost. There she sits, gloveless and necked to the ears, straight-laced and starched like a laundry woman's clothes line. She never wears gloves of an evening and her long bony fingers are gingerly extended as she wishes you "Good Evening." And you instinctively shudder as your hand meets her hand, dry and cold or at times clammy and sticky, for your Old Girl varies with the season and with the temperature.

Does she dance? Oh yes unfortunately she *does* dance, and how bewitchingly the hostess glides up towards her gentleman friend and remarks in low tones: "come Mr. Sb and So let me introduce you to Miss Blank, *she has not danced the whole evening.*" And poor So and So, with painful countenance, triumphantly bears off the faded sylph from her divan and endures agony unbearable. The dance over, a promenade is suggested and the she dragon "jabbers" continuously into wearied ears an unlimited amount of information about free schools, woman's rights and Bachelor's buttons. She takes her old seat at last and her ever watchful eyes are again on the look out for improprieties and step flirtations. The Old Girl always can tell which castor contains the vinegar and she invariably sits immediately before the cruet stand. She'd turn a Whip into a Chalybeate and no end of appetizers and tonics could be produced at a moment's notice if she would only sit for a second before a tray of custards or a stand of ice creams. Jellies would lose their saccharine taste and delicate flavour if she but lifted them from the table, and spring flowers and golden butter-cups would be shorn of their brilliant hues and ecstatic fragrance if she allowed for an instant her eager eye, now bleared and watery, to rest on the tiny leaflets.

All Old Girls should stay at home. Nine o'clock is too late for them to be out. The black cats and white poodles and thin canaries in green wire cages suspended over earthen pots of sickly geraniums and melancholy fuschias, require the comforting assurance that the front door is locked against intruders by the Old Girl who manipulates the household cares of the domicile; who can tell to a nicety just how many caddy covers there are to a pound of Bohea and who knows how long a package of questionable looking stuff labelled "Java Coffee" will last; and who knows every bit of evil gossip afloat about her neighbours and she scruples not to retail it again revised, amended and otherwise improved, to *her* next door neighbour; and who never