

of the example set them by the parsons and ostensibly to hear the service, patronize the excursion boats, which not a month ago were denounced by these very clergymen. Order has gone from the island, gambling has been instituted, and the Sabbath day is made the most lucrative of the week for the proprietors of the bars. If instead of encouraging the excursions and yachting propensities, the clergymen had instituted a fund for the building of a non-denominational mission church the quiet inhabitants of the island would have liked it better, gambling would have been stopped and the bars would be obliged to close their doors. Preaching is all right enough, but there was another way to have accomplished the end without advertising the fact in the local journals, giving the steam boats a precedent for their unlawful work. It is not too late even now to compel the steam boats to cease unnecessary plying between the Island and the city, and for the sake of the decency of the Island, and the respectability of the city, the traffic should be stopped.

At a meeting held in St. Andrew's Hall last Wednesday to discuss the respective merits of the proposed candidates for the vacant seat in the House of Commons for West Toronto, it appeared to be a foregone conclusion that the representative should be a National Currency man. The *Globe* makes much of this seat; on the issue of this election depends and hangs the whole fate of the Reform party. Well! Well! It is a pity the Reform party places its credit upon so slender a support. I think it a pity the *Globe* has committed itself to this idea, for West Toronto is notably a Conservative constituency. I also think it a pity that it should be considered a foregone conclusion that a National Currency man should be the representative, for surely many people are going to be disappointed thereby. And yet discussion on the hustings, of this foolish theory of a National Currency may be productive of much good in showing the foolishness of such a speculation, for it would appear as though the masses are totally ignorant of what constitutes the value of money and its relation to labour.

A great deal of valuable space is being wasted day after day in the papers over the merits of the appointment of Mr. Herbert Warren to the vacant "Classical Chair" of the University. The parties who appear to have taken umbrage at the appointment can find no fault with the man other than the fact that a vice-presidency has been created for him and that he is not a Canadian. A vice-president ought surely to be considered a necessity even though the position has not been created in the past and the fact of his being an Englishman and not to the manner born is frivolous and foolish. After all has been said, of what interest is the subject to the public that so much time should be wasted in foolish controversy.

We are terribly afraid we are going to be poisoned wholesale in Toronto through drinking swill milk. Gooderham and Worts bring in their several reports from experts proving (?) that cows fed on distillery wash give milk incomparably superior to country milk; we read, and are amazed and gratified. The *Globe's* turn comes, and in an article three columns in length proves Gooderham and Worts to be humbugs, while our children are dying by inches through the combined effects of swill milk and warm weather. The number of deaths of children, under two years, in New York, during the heated term, has been excessive, reaching a total of seventy on some days, and averaging fifty-five for the past fortnight. This no doubt is the result, to a considerable extent, of the extreme heat, but the bad quality of the milk furnished is also to be held accountable for this great mortality. Experts who can have the audacity to come forward and state that milk from distillery-fed cows is healthy, surely have little knowledge of the facts, and such statements are entirely at variance with the truth. When we have the authority of a man like Dr. Voelcker, analyst to the Royal Agricultural Society of Great Britain, for the fact that milk from distillery-fed cows is extremely dangerous, we cannot but have grave suspicions of petty analysts who make statements to the contrary, merely perhaps to curry favour with rich firms. Really we are in a most alarming state. Is there any one in Montreal or at the seat of Government who can correctly inform us whether or not the consulting chemists of the Toronto School of Medicine and University College know how to analyze milk? The *Globe* says they know nothing, and we are being slowly but surely poisoned.

Queen City.

RASCALLY FLIRTS.

In all communities is found a class of individuals who are dark-haired and dark-eyed, with gracefully curled mustache and who dress in what they conceive to be the pink of fashion, saunter about with *débonnaire* face, and are always on the lookout for prey. One is reminded by their appearance, of the serpent or tiger and is often led to the conclusion that an individual of this class has or is likely to have great power over women of little determination of character and little judgment and that he will not use that power fairly. This rascally flirt cares but little for the sanctities of home, in fact would sooner make love to another man's wife than to a maiden and it is quite probable if he succeeds in ruining the silly wife's reputation and in making the husband miserable, he will gloat over it and will continue his sinful amusements as opportunities may offer. Cases have occurred, where the rascally flirt has accepted even the hospitality of the husband for months, while he was actually playing the part of a deep-dyed traitor—and in some rare cases, a sort of dummy justice has been carried out by a marriage with the divorced wife; but the wrong doing has been committed and though it may be forgiven by the injured husband, it can never be forgotten by society; while the effect of the wrong-doing will most certainly, in some shape or other react upon the sinning ones. This justification or palliation by after-marriage is but rare, and the flirt pursues "the evil tenor of his way."

If you are unfortunately at all intimate with him, you will immediately discern his purposes and aims in life. He will relate to you with a sort of inhuman pride the particulars of the successes which he has attained; he will tell you that he has made some little fool enamoured of him, and has now discarded her, leaving her in the depths of despair and misery for the reason that he will have nothing more to do with her; or he will tell you of some other simpleton who would, so he says, even sacrifice her fair name for his sake. He is indifferent as to what becomes of those in whom he has thus raised false hopes, or whom he may have irreparably ruined, and he makes no effort to rescue them from the abysses of sin and error into which he alone has been instrumental in hurling them. Of course he has no knowledge of the nobility and beauty of love, the home affections, domestic influences, and other safeguards which are the grandest influences of life in this world,—through all these and upon them he tramples in all the treacherous delight of a coarse nature. He regards women, as a class, with supreme contempt, and is evidently of the opinion that they are only to be thought of when, in gratifying his vanity and pleasing his eye, they are beautiful of person and graceful in manner. He is of the opinion that nearly all of the opposite sex are as bad at heart as he is himself, though they may never have manifested any inclination to do wrong—and should they refuse to receive his attentions, he will invent stories damaging to their reputations. It is strange, however, that he should meet with the success that he does, and it is remarkable that many will not be warned against him, but prefer to accept attentions from him rather than from others who, if of a less superficially handsome appearance, are possessed of a far greater brain-power and purer consciences and more refined and truer feelings.

The rascally flirt endeavours to do everything in a *recherché* manner, according to his ideas of elegance. He may be insolent towards servants, and this insolence of his is equalled by his prodigality. He will get credit from tailors and others in the most graceful way, and will so do it that he appears as if he had conferred a favour. If he plays cards he will manage to cheat (to use a plain word) you as daintily as one could wish, and finally he will only get drunk in a gentlemanly manner. Save the mark! That there should be degrees in sin, and that it is "more gentlemanly" to get drunk in one way than in another is droll, and even if true, the use of the comparative term "more gentlemanly" is some evidence that the whole action is essentially ungentlemanly. However, allowing that he takes his liquor only in a gentlemanly manner, there is one thing in which he is most certainly not elegant, and that is—his conversation. He thus shows his foul mind, and his conversation consists entirely of subjects upon which refined persons object decidedly to dwell. The bent of his mind is thus indicated, and is of this benefit, that in offending many people, it puts them on their guard against him and reveals his character. His home is where the social taste has become by bad associations of a like character somewhat vitiated, and where there is disregard on the part of women for public opinion—even though there has been no actual commission of wrong, yet it is in places or homes of this nature that he will be enabled to do most harm, on account of the moral poison inhaled perhaps unconsciously. Some will answer that they do not care for public opinion when they know they have done no wrong—on the contrary, this is no answer—the appearance of wrong-doing must be avoided, and no excuse given to slanderous tongues.

In conclusion, as it is so easy to distinguish these rascally flirts, why is it that they are not treated as they deserve to be treated? It is evident from what has been written above that no mild hints will suffice to rid society of these pests; the only plan, then, is ostracism. So the sooner they are banished without the pale of society the better and purer will we find the social atmosphere, and the more honest will we find people in dealing with treachery and wrong-doing.

Geo. Rothwell.