

outside the two sciences of Dress and Flirtation. Nor is it any wonder if they are studied to the exclusion of everything else; they are the only things necessary to enable one to shine in society, and that is the object of life.

There are various branches in the science of flirtation and these again have their subdivisions. The great divisions are: looks, sighs, smiles, laughter, talking, silence, etc., etc., etc. The subdivisions are innumerable. For instance, there are looks vivacious, tender, longing, capricious, sentimental, saucy, reproachful, and so *ad infinitum*. All the other heads may be divided in like manner, and each subdivision must be well learned separately and then carefully yet carelessly blended before the students can boast of having at all mastered the science. Just as the would be musician must spend many weary hours on trills and runs, on the practice of brilliant execution, and again, low plaintive expression that at the end all may be united in one grand piece and show the player's power. It cannot be a matter of surprise to you, then, if other things are excluded from our minds which are so full of this most necessary learning; and those who call us fools must see, if they think but a moment, how wrong they were in applying the title to the votaries of such intricate sciences as Dress and Flirtation.

Yours sincerely,  
JEMIMA.

FULL TEXT OF  
MR. W. R. MEREDITH'S GREAT SPEECH  
Delivered at the  
MONSTER CONSERVATIVE CONVENTION,  
Toronto, September, 1882.



Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, (rounds of cheers), for this applause much thanks. I gaze upon this immense and intelligent convention with my greatest powers of gaze, and am impressed—you will also be impressed—into the service. Ours is indeed a noble cause! We have been out too long and we want our innings. The party of Reform is filling every Government position in this Province with young and healthy Brits in order that when

the day of victory dawns for us it will not do us any good. They spare not old age. They reverence not gray hairs. They think not of long years of faithful service in the departments of the Province, but to satisfy the hungry greed of their meanest rabble they hurl from his position every man who writes after his pedigree the hated name of Tory! Shall such things continue? No! echo answers no! and I answer echo that I don't know. As GRIP says in connection with his Esopian cartoon, we shall see after the election. And we shall see—if we don't go it too blind.

I feel nervous (and nervous) for the struggle. The *Mail* says Mowat must go—and so he must. The *Mail* never lies about a little thing—and is he not the little Premier? The *Mail* leaves all that style of business to the *Globe* for its Sunday edition.

Mr. Chairman, if nothing else was needed to condemn the present administration, that Sunday meeting and that Sunday edition would do it. Ministers go to meeting on Sunday—so they ought. But Cabinet Ministers to political meetings—this is vile! Ah!

yes. The administration is doomed. The grand old mower "Conservative Chief," is here, and our motto as regards the Government is "Mowat down." It is scedy enough to be cut.

Crook(s)ed are its ways in educational matters. It must go to Pardee-tion, in the Fraser-ology of the past. I thank you for your hear-ing and also for giving me another sight for office. I will endeavor to hand-le my chances well, and to leave as a leg-acy to foot-ure generations a kneed-less amount of legislation such as my (as they will be) pre-decessors have heart-ily endeavored to do, and if no un-tow-ard event transpires I feel that the day is ours, as for night, we have the greatest knight in the Dominion with us. For him I make way; for me he is going to make a way; but before he opens to us his plans let me beg of the ushers to examine the credentials of all prescut lest a *Globe* reporter should have been admitted by mistake.



"Nip and Tuck" has enjoyed a good run at the Royal this week, and for the incoming week Mr. Conner announces two genuine attractions, to wit, Harrigan and Hart's "Squatter Sovereignty" and "Mr. Joshua Whitcombe." The first of these plays was the leading comedy attraction of New York for many weeks of late. As to the latter, everybody who has enjoyed the genial humor of old Josh. Whitcombe will be on tiptoe to find out what sort of a wife he got.

Lotta did an immense business at the Grand. Her play was capital, and with the exception of the young curate, who "played" leading man, the company was excellent. Harry G. Richmond and Company finish up this week, to be followed by the celebrated "Black Flag" combination, which embraces the popular stars, Mr. N. C. Goodwin and wife. (Eliza Weathersby).

The Zoo has received several additional attractions, including an Elephant, whereat the young folks especially are delighted.

If you insult a man and he throws you into a stream, it proves that he will brook an insult.

A young Englishman named Farquhar, famed in the London clubs for his wit and beauty, is, on account of those attributes, going on the stage. Our funny contributor says he thinks of doing likewise for the same reasons.

The *Globe* wonders how Lombard-street, Toronto, came to be named after the great banking thoroughfare of London, Eng. Probably on account of the many draughts passing through the houses in Toronto's classic locality.

When a man speaks of a woman he raves over her beautiful complexion, her delicately cut features, her glossy hair, and all that sort of thing. When a woman wishes to describe one of her sex, she simply tells what she had on. Each particularizes what each values the highest.

An eminent chemist has discovered traces of alcohol in good natural spring water. That explains it! There's another mystery cleared. We've been wondering for years how we got the impression that our honest milkman was serving us with milk punch every day.—*Boston Times*.

GRIP'S "ROSEBUD GARDEN" OF TORONTO GIRLS.

NO. 1.—BELLA.

Bella, horrida Bella:—VIRGIN.

I.

When Virgil wrote "horrida Bella"  
He certainly did not mean you;  
Though a heathen, he surely could tell a  
Sweet face which is rivalled by few.

II.

To guard the blonde beauty of Bella  
From sun-rays and freckles and heat,  
One could wish that one were an umbrella,  
To shield you and shelter you, sweet.

III.

I looked to the sky when there fell a  
Lost star that flashed momentarily there,  
So bright it recalled to me Bella,  
I shall not see another as fair!

THE DOCTOR.

POLICE COURT.

(Before His Worship Public Opinion.)

A fat and wealthy but miserly old curmudgeon, known as York County Council, was placed in the dock to answer to the charge of having cruelly and heartlessly neglected to provide proper lodging or accommodation for his ward, Miss Justice, a poor blind girl, who was found lying, in squalor and rags, in a wretched hovel on Adelaide-street. The unfortunate girl is one of a large family of sisters who have been intrusted to the care of guardians in different parts of the province. In the majority of cases these wards have been well cared for, and provided with comfortable homes, but in many instances, now notorious, the very reverse is the case. The most flagrant case, however, is that of the old reprobate above-mentioned, the more so as he is the wealthiest of all the guardians, and has hitherto proved the most heartless. When the prisoner thrust his hardened mug above the rail, His Worship immediately recognized him as an old offender, who had been brought before him many times in the past few years, and about whom complaints were continually being made. Hitherto, he had discharged him with repeated warnings, and after extracting from the wretch profuse protestations of repentance and promises of amendment. These protestations and promises were worth a good deal less than the wind that was spent in making them. It is true that, some time ago, old York, becoming alarmed at the outcry raised against him, made a pretence of doing something to redeem his character in this respect. But it was nothing more than a blind. He made a proposition, which he knew would be laughed at, to his daughter Toronto, upon whose property is situated the miserable hut that Justice is languishing in, to the effect that they should jointly build her a new house, a large disproportionate share of the cost of which Toronto was to bear. The discussion to which this led gave him a respite, and the situation of the poor invalid has been gradually growing worse.

When arraigned the prisoner had nothing to say further than the flimsy excuse that he could not afford to make a change. No one could be found to undertake the task of defending him. Indeed, it would have been useless, as the evidence was dead against him. A large number of private individuals, who had had occasion to call upon Justice, bore testimony to the fact that the place was in a most dilapidated and disgraceful condition, and it was shown beyond doubt that the health of several, who had been in the habit of rendering her their services, had been endangered by exposure to the damp and unhealthy influences of the building. There was no evidence for the defence. None was possible. His Worship, Public Opinion, in passing sentence, remarked that, although this was the most glaring of this class of cases, his attention had been directed