

a time when every pulse of hope beat high within us as we robed ourselves with exquisite care to attend each little party, ball or fête. We positively thrilled at thought of the possibility for conquest which lay in the yet undiscovered future. We entered the room. Dimmed but slightly by the solitaire eye-glass neither convex nor concave but possessing only the plain transparent qualities of common window glass, our eye roamed with delight over the gentle faces and sylph-like forms that met our *pane*fully earnest glances. We singled out our prey. Then began the glorious excitement of the chase; shy glances more shyly responded to, till we became gradually elevated in our own estimation by the certainty that we actually *were* noticed. Then followed a series of exciting manœuvres for an introduction without looking *too* particular. Oh! how we mildly hated that "beast of a fellow" who *would* dance with her. She was evidently disgusted with him. What an ass he was not to see that she was only doing the polite to him? Why does he stick to her so?

At length we are introduced. We are happy. The serious business of flirtation is fairly under weigh. The battery of sighs, glances, chaff, weak wit and giggle is in full blast; and if we suffer, at least the enemy suffers with us. We keep it up all evening. We monopolise her. We are devoted to each other. Each is sure an impression has been made. And next morning, head-achy, weary and sad, *he* says, "Well, she was a nice little thing, but I ain't to be caught so easily"; while she confides to her hair-brush, cosmetics and cheval mirror that "that conceited ass, she is sure, fancies he has made an impression, and oh! wasn't it fun to see him *look* so devoted?"

And so each is happy. Each is joyous with the after-taste of flirtation. For self-conceit is gratified—that forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden which is pleasant to all the intellectual senses and a thing to be desired to make one wise to take care of self by hurting and fooling others has been freely partaken of. Appetite returns. Constant novelty is craved. New sham conquests are achieved. Love-shams become an art; love itself, no longer a reality, turns wholly into self-love disguised in ostensible love of another. That is flirtation; and Canada is not free from it. Oh! Canadian youths and maidens, it may be a delicious pastime, but it always hurts somebody—if not the other one, then yourself. For to be and act a sham in any relation of life is neither manly, womanly, nor God-like.

There is an even more melancholy aspect of this flirting tendency. It is apt not to confine itself to the converse of the sexes. It both springs from and enters into hollowness and deceptiveness which are seen in all departments of work in the world. Men who flirt to gratify self-love carry that desire of personal approbation, success, fame, wealth or the appearance of it into other things till it destroys all reality of character. The world then, in truth, becomes merely "a stage, and all the men and women players." Even if the part be *well* acted, it is only acting after all. Is it always to be thus? Is flirtation to last from seventeen to seventy? Are we to *look* smart, clever and in earnest and not *be* it? Are we to adopt *chique* (some spell it *cheek*) as our hope of success in the professions—the appearance and not the reality of earnest study and solid ability? Are we to flirt continually in politics, seeming to woo each new craze that arises in the popular mind, as though we loved *it* devotedly when we are only loving ourselves? Are we to woo "N. P.'s" when we know full well it is only self with us, and self with the people, and a feeble flirtation at best? Are we to flirt with truth, even in the pulpit, wooing her with high sounding phrases of popular doctrine set in gentle terms which mean nothing but smoothness, pleasure, soothing, to the vanity of the people?

Here in this our Dominion amid the *crème de la crème* of its society, as well as on its lower levels, any youth who does not flirt, is at once set down either as an utter greenhorn or as "engaged." Any man who does not flirt at his trade or profession, but seeking one sole purpose, one true love of his heart for useful work, turns not to the right nor to the left, is esteemed as lacking in "smartness," devoid of business ability and "tact."

Is there anything so dreadful in this condemnation, either from the one sex or the other, that a man, worthy of the name, need fear to face it? Can he not say "forgive them for they know not what they do," and work on unmoved. May he not be really engaged so in love with an ideal that he cannot flirt, but can only quote Tennyson,

"Whenever she comes, she will find me ready,
To do her homage, my queen, my queen."

Full of an ideal of work to do, of a use to perform in life, he knows he *shall* love her who shall be queen of that work to him. He can do the work whether aided or hindered in wedded life or alone. This love may enter into life, and be known there in usefulness. If he love goodness, it will compel him to follow truth and not shams. He need not flirt with the world, the flesh; and an individual whom politeness forbids me to name.

Be real, be pure, be true to your own nature. You cannot then be false to any man, or selfish towards any woman. But you shall be decidedly eccentric. Alas! that it should be so. It must; till men have given up flirtation, and are seeking to *be*—not *seem* to be—men.

Benedict.

This is all nonsense. He never had a chance to flirt with anybody till I took pity on him. As for his flirtations with business, politics and literature, I've often suspected something of the kind. Just let me catch him at it. That's all.

Beatrice.

DINING.

How few are there who understand the art of dining and dinner-giving? It seems that a certain stereotyped mode of serving courses is followed; flowers are arranged in the same manner, wines are arbitrarily appointed for each *plat*, and coffee ends the panorama of fleeting dishes. Why is it that a host can not make his dinner peculiarly his own and marked with an originality and difference in details from that of his neighbour? As dinners are now given, if one is partaken of, a perfect knowledge of the rest is acquired. It may be said that it is not a difficult matter to find fault with this monotonous form of dining, but how is it to be changed? The question is pertinent and requires consideration. Let us therefore notice in the first place, the custom of placing cards with the names inscribed thereon, beside the plates of the guests. This originated with the Venetian Ambassador at Paris at the end of the reign of Louis XVI., and the first literary account of it is to be found in the "Almanach des Gourmands" for 1805. The description of the cards is as follows:—"The name of each guest written on a card, decorated with a pretty vignette, was laid upon his plate, and thus determined the order of the seats at table." Now, what advance has been made with regard to these cards? None, whatever, as we have to except the cards of silver, (at the dinners of those of Bonanza fame,) on account of the vulgarity and needless expense. There are many ways of having these cards arranged, such as varying their shape, colour, etc., which people of taste might easily do, instead of having the usual tract form with the name outside and the menu within. Let us next take into consideration the flowers; these are usually made up into bouquets, a large one in the centre, others at the corners of the table, and smilax perhaps, pendant from each light forming graceful curves; all people appreciate flowers, and they are in themselves so beautiful that a very inartistic arrangement of them is necessary to spoil their effect; but why should they be placed in the same position on the table by every one? Why not in some cases arrange them in small bouquets, one for each guest? and in some cases place them in low dishes around the table, leaving the centre of the table unobstructed by a vase of flowers two feet in height? Nothing should be placed on the table that is more than eighteen inches high. The wines should of course be of good quality, and although it is usual to serve a different wine to each course, the fewer taken the better. It is a matter of impossibility to appreciate the delicate Rhine wines and others when other wine is taken. More attention should be paid to the temperature of the wine than is usually done; delicate wines should be cool, but not iced. With regard to the dishes, the fault may be said to be that of having too many; it is much better to have fewer and to see that great care is taken with them. There are very few private houses in which a dinner of ten courses can be properly cooked and served; it does not matter how well trained and competent the cook may be, it is impossible unless there is a large corps of capable assistants. With regard to the host, it has been asserted that to be a good one must come to a man by nature; whether this be true or not, every host should in all things act for the pleasure of his guests, and should exercise tact enough not to place a poet by the side of a Quaker, an actor by the side of a Methodist, and so on. In these days when the *diner à la Russe* is the mode of dining usually followed, there is no excuse for a host who allows conversation to flag—without, however, monopolizing it; and if he has attended properly to his duties his guests will say with Lucullus, "We have dined." *Dulce est desipere in loco.*

Marih.

"IRISH ROWS."

Under the above familiar and appropriate heading a writer in the *Daily Star* favours the public with a brief sketch of Mr. Parnell in connection with Home Rule. Dissatisfaction is at the same time expressed with the undue publicity said to be given to the frequent disturbance of peace in the Emerald Isle, and the rapidity with which occurrences of a similar character are forgotten on this side of the sea. The antecedents of Mr. Parnell and his progenitors are sufficiently reputable, and the mantle of that ancestor who was amongst the most strenuous opponents of the Union seems to have fitly descended upon the member for Meath. If, however, there is any significance in the fact that a Peerage was refused by a Parnell, it should not be forgotten that a Peerage was accepted by another Parnell.

It appears needless to discuss whether the leading Home Ruler is all his friends and admirers say he is; but, as some of his proceedings strongly resemble those imputed to persons of evil design, it is not unnatural to suppose he may be something his friends and admirers say he is not.

When people whose habit it is to judge men by their language or actions come to hear that with the deliberation of a temperament said to be cool, Mr. Parnell publicly counselled a large and excited assembly of patriots to violate their lawful obligations, and that the patriots screamed their approval in shouts indicative of determination to murder, the assurance that their adviser is "anything but a demagogue" must be expected to lose some of its force and be taken *cum grano salis*.

That without loss of temper Mr. Parnell accomplishes the congenial task