

SOCIETY

He who praises everybody praises nobody.
—Dr. JOHNSON

PERHAPS the universal admirer is a less common type than most. As a rule, mankind in general is slow to bestow unstinted praise, be it merited or not. And he who picks to pieces everybody and searches unceasingly for flaws, is not especially lovable. Still, a faultfinder is apt to be original, to a certain degree, and often amusing from his very carping. At all events, he has the courage of his convictions.

But of all tiresome people, the ones who let go the floodgates of their admiration without discrimination, or just provocation, are the most exasperating. How well we know and expect their reply when asked to give an opinion of anyone. "Oh, most charming!" "We thought her so very delightful and so interesting!" "Liked him immensely—best fellow we ever met"—invariably ended with "Don't you think so?" We refrain, perhaps with an effort, from saying, "No, we don't," decisively, lest we appear critical and disagreeable in the eyes of such magnanimous people. Then, having turned away, we wish we had asserted ourselves, and disputed such ill-directed praise. Why should the undeserving, we reason, receive as much as the deserving? But, remembering the incorrigible type with which we have to deal, we shrug our shoulders and let it pass.

THERE is, no doubt, something attractive about the people who have only good to say about their friends, but in order that this faculty be appreciated it must be genuine. Many men and women live in an atmosphere of superficiality and their "pleasant words are like the honey comb," inasmuch as they drop equally freely. Privately, they are most likely no more charitable than the brusque, outspoken and constantly offending, taking their chance at some future time to air their candid opinions. Oftener than not the praiser of everybody is simply the echo of his latest companion. Too indolent perhaps, or too obtuse to analyze for himself, he repeats with a genial smile, the impression of another. Had it been unfavorable, he would have given vent to the adverse criticism with as little hesitation. It is easy to give out what another has gathered.

Besides this, one can retract an opinion for which some one else is really responsible, if it happens to be unpopular at the time of utterance. Another point about the type under discussion is, that one is apt to feel, thereby doubtless showing up one's self-conceit, that if so very far from perfection satisfies him, be it mind or matter, there is no special satisfaction to be accrued from his obvious liking for oneself. It is no conclusive proof that one is worthy of admiration or esteem in any single particular.

Numbers of people are heard to state daily, with an air of self-congratulation extraordinary to behold,

that in their family or among their friends they never discuss their neighbors. To begin with, it is always a difficulty, that is to some of us, to be sufficiently credulous to assimilate this. Conversation can hardly be said to have reached such a plane as to render such a restriction feasible. We smile admiringly upon the statement, and inwardly decide they and their relations enjoy unlimited silence! But even acknowledging its possibility, or actuality, why is a rigorous rule of this kind instituted by anyone? To be critical is not necessarily to be unkind. Love may be blind, but it has yet to be proved that it is the gainer by this affliction. Perhaps fewer mistakes would be made, and fewer lives made miserable if the shaded eyes were allowed to peer more closely, and the critical faculty awakened instead of soothed to sleep. To proclaim the faults of one's friends is unnecessary and abominable. To be ignorant of them is impossible, if one is possessed of any insight or an analytical cast of mind. "Always be prepared to say something pleasant" is the advice of a fool. "Always give people their due, and the more hastily and openly, when it is a reward rather than a punishment," is the watchword of a well-balanced mind and a well-regulated heart.

MISS BALDWIN, daughter of the Bishop of Huron, is visiting Miss Day.

Mr. and Mrs. James Averill, who have been visiting Mrs. Mills, Stanley street, have returned to Champlain.

MRS. JOHN OGILVIE has returned from Ste. Agathe and has taken possession of her new residence on Stanley street.

Miss Lillie Ogilvie who has spent some years abroad will make one of the bevy of debutantes this winter.

The Misses Abbott are also among those lately returned from Ste. Agathe.

PROFESSOR MACNAUGHTON, Mrs. MacNaughton and Master Ion MacNaughton, have returned from Germany.



M. R. Gilbert

"So Miss Boreum would hardly believe you when you told her I was not at home; what did you say?"

"Sure, then I told her not to believe me; if she wanted I'd have yerself come right down an' prove it to her."