

Found afterwards she'd gone home with friend in my cab.

Finish last of special brand with knowing friend and walk home together.

Find man's legs not steady and assist him.

Man objects and we argue point till policeman stops us and invites us to call and see him in the morning.

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Saw doctor in morning.

Said we had had attack of swelled head and must lie low.

Resolve to do so.

Resolution confirmed after we had paid fine for insulting policeman and damages to dress suit.

So ended our first ball, and here is the moral which adorns my tale :

"Beware of gooseberry wine."

POINTS.

By ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!

—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*



EVERYONE whom I have heard speak of Rudyard Kipling's "Light that Failed," has spoken of it in terms of admiration. It is fair to assume that the majority of its readers enjoyed it. For my part I am quite certain that I did. The professional critics have pronounced that book a failure. Now the question arises, who are best qualified to determine that point,—the professional critics, or the great world of lay critics who are satisfied to be pleased with a book without exactly knowing why and without applying technical standards? The decision should fall, I think, in favour of the latter. If a book is popular, it is successful. That "The Light that Failed" is destined to become more and more widely popular, I firmly believe. It excels in incident, description, dialogue, wit, pathos, insight and learning; there is a gem on every page. Those who may have been dissuaded from reading this book by unsympathetic criticisms, do not know what pleasure they miss.

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Doubt is sometimes expressed as to whether Macaulay really experienced all the emotions he expressed in that fine peroration of his famous essay on Milton. The charge of sacrificing truth for style has been frequently brought against Washington Irving, and it is doubtless to some extent true of Macaulay also. To some minds this fact tends to take away the charm of his writings; but if I may speak for myself, I think nothing can take away from the charm of Macaulay's masterly prose. And while it is true that an author for the sake of a figure of speech or the rounding of a paragraph may incline to sacrifice truth for style here and there, yet the general impression left after reading him may be correct. This is precisely the case, I think, with Macaulay; who is quoted as an authority upon every subject he ever touched. And Dickens once pointed out that our memories are so poor that what may seem an exaggeration at the time, will seem about correct when we have half forgotten it. Besides, it is a bad thing to have too much confidence in any author; it weakens individual judgment. Reserve to yourself the right of deciding as to what is correct; and do not be pumped into, in spite of yourself, by any author. No author is infallible. It is a question whether it is possible to idealize any subject without sacrificing something of the strict truth of the matter,—the plain, unvarnished fact, as they say. If an artist had witnessed the Crucifixion, he would probably have put more colour into his picture than was actually present. So in poetry, and throughout all art. It may be confidently asserted that there never was a classic author who did not, in figures of speech or in one way or another, sacrifice the strict truth for literary style, at all events to some extent.

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Is it not possible that all this craze for "realism" in recent literature may be a little overdone? Realism being opposed to idealism, the question is as to the proportions which should be assigned to them respectively by the author. It is true that art, as Shakespeare puts it, "should hold the mirror up to nature,"—but even the mirror shows brighter than nature, reflecting through crystal. The mirror adds the touch of idealism. Realism in itself is not sufficient to satisfy us. Realism consistently carried out would hardly be interesting. The real with most of us is not exactly highly interesting. Made a standard, realism alone tends to the cultivation of commonplaces; as numerous recent novels abundantly show. Let us have realism by all means; but let the mirror of art always add its finishing touches of idealism.

INDIANS DECORATED WITH ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY MEDALS.

On the 14th of March, 1890, Mr. James Jackson, of Orillia, broke through the ice at the Narrows, between lakes Simcoe and Couchiching. Three white men, who were fishing nearby, ran off when they heard his cries, but two Rama Indians—John Wesley and Charles Nanaguishkong—were fishing at some distance away, and hurried up to his assistance. They found the ice over the channel very frail, and went into the bush and obtained poles and two boards. By laying these on the ice and pushing one ahead of the other, they approached within the length of a spear of the drowning man. Mr. Jackson was now too exhausted to pull himself out by the spear, so the Indians caught it in his coat at the shoulder, but the cloth would not hold, so they told Mr. Jackson to grasp the spear, which he did. They then pulled him out, his cramped fingers retaining their hold until forced open, though he lost consciousness before he could be drawn to the boards. Mayor Slaven, of Orillia, reported this courageous action to the Royal Humane Society, who granted a medal to each of the Indians. On the 29th of January, 1891, the Rama Indians held their annual feast, on this occasion provided gratuitously through the generosity of Mr. C. W. Myers, merchant of Atherley, and Mr. D. J. McPhee, their government agent. Though there were a number of white men on the platform, the Orillia *Packet* says there were no lines of fashionable etiquette drawn by the feasters. Everyone went in for enjoyment and got it. Miss Taylor, daughter of the Methodist missionary stationed on the reserve, by her grace and tact did much to promote the general pleasure. Several pale-faced visitors made appropriate remarks, but the chief incident of the evening was the presentation of the bronze medals of the Royal Humane

Society by ex-Mayor Slaven, of Orillia, to the two Indians who rescued Mr. Jackson. After Mr. Slaven had described the brave deed and also the tedious correspondence necessary to assure the Royal Humane Society that an action worthy of their justly coveted decoration had been performed, Mr. Slater, of Orillia, who had previously obtained similar distinction through the same gentleman's efforts, pinned the medals on the breast of the recipients. The old Indian Chief, John Benson Nanaguishkong, uncle of Charles Nanaguishkong, one of the young men decorated, asked leave to confer upon the ex-Mayor an Indian title,—Nawh-wah-quah-kee-zig-ogemah, "the noon day chief"—noon being the hour he and his party had been expected to arrive. The other white man in the picture, Mr. Thomas Goffatt, the popular and efficient postmaster of Orillia, was present by special request owing to his long connection with the Indians as a fur trader for the Hudson's Bay Company and other well known dealers, and also as one who had taken a keen interest in the red men, their language, history and present day prosperity. Mr. Goffatt gave employment last year to members of the Rama band to the extent of several thousand dollars in gathering ginseng root alone. The picture below is from a photograph by Mr. G. E. Whiten of Orillia.

The census recently taken states that the city of Vienna contains 1,380,917 inhabitants, or an increase of 251,778 as compared with ten years ago.



CHARLES NANAGUISHKONG. THOMAS GOFFATT. JOHN WESLEY.
EX-MAYOR SLAVEN. CHIEF BENSON.
NANAGUISHKONG AND WESLEY, THE TWO INDIANS WHO RESCUED JAMES JACKSON AT THE NARROWS IN LAKE COUCHICHING.