

## INSURE THYSELF.

At the last meeting of the Provincial Insurance Company, the Chairman, the Hon. J. H. Cameron, in his usual brilliant manner proceeded to give a dazzling view of the prospects of the company. We will not attempt to repeat half of the good things which he said were in store for the company. But surely visions more bright never intoxicated the bewildered brain of an insurance stockholder than those which must have floated before the excited fancies of the Provincial stockholders as they listened to the mellow eloquence of their chairman. But after all these beatific visions had been played out, came the practical part of the speech. The Company must go on. It must do a safe business. Ocean marine and all that sort of nasty unsafe business must be left alone, and a different style of things brought about. The question naturally arises, as to how this other state of things so different from ocean marine business, was to be brought about. Here it is in the chairman's own words:—

"His belief was that if they set an example of confidence in the Company by insuring themselves, that at the end of next year there would be a far different state of things."

Of course the chairman was right. Who would be afraid to insure their lives in a Company which had previously insured the lives of all its officers and stockholders from the President down to the messenger? No body would be afraid to ride on a train which carried the whole body of directors; and why should the public hesitate to insure their lives in a company which did not hesitate to insure the lives of all its own members. Surely if ever there was a safe company, the Provincial Insurance company, is the one.

What member, officer, or stockholder of this company would, after insuring his life in it, be so spiteful as to make away with himself solely in order to break down the company? No stockholder would be willing to allow twelve men to sit on his corpse for the mere purpose of killing off a company in which he was a holder. No officer would surreptitiously bring about his own decease, to hasten the dissolution of the Provincial. Therefore, in case the chairman's hint is carried out, the Provincial ought to go ahead.

Besides, what a noble example of confidence in the Provincial would it not be, that the directors—even the directors of the Company—did not hesitate to insure their own valuable lives in it. It would almost lead one to conjecture that the Provincial was such a capital Insurance Company, that it held out inducements to insurers to kill themselves immediately after the receipt of their policies, in order that their disconsolate relations and friends might have an opportunity of expressing their gratitude to the Company for the prompt and handsome manner in which they would pay the insurance money. That the Company desires to imprint such an impression on the public mind is almost evident from the remarks of the chairman. How else would the directors be showing their confidence in the Company by insuring their lives in it. To show confidence in a company, it is necessary

often to run a deal of risk. What the risk in the present case is—if it is not the one we have just mentioned—it is hard to say.

At all events, the principle enunciated by the chairman is a good one, and ought to be extended to all companies and undertakings. Undertakers, for instance, should first be buried in their own coffins to see how it would work. Inventors of patent pistols should have the honor of being shot with their own inventions. Patent medicines should first be administered to the fortunate discoverers of the great secret. Life preservers and metallic life-boats should not be patented until the inventor had escaped the perils of the sea by means of them. The principle should be extensively applied, and the example proposed, to be set by the Provincial Insurance Company, ought by all means to be followed out.

## "RULES OF THE SERVICE."

In last Wednesday's dailies a case of sudden death is reported. An inquest was held on the body, and among other evidence given is the following, which we imagine sadly misinterprets the "rules of military service." One of the witnesses deposed that after deceased—who was a soldier's wife—look ill.—

"Dr. Paxton was sent for, but refused to attend her, thinking, as he said that it might be *against the rules of the service.*"

This Dr. Paxton to use the parlance of the dailies, is, "of the Rifles." The Rifles, we say, should be proud of him. Is it really one of the rules of the service that a military doctor must not attend the wife of a soldier—even in the last extremity? If it is, it certainly is not a rule of humanity. We cannot imagine however but that the gallant doctor, has taken refuge behind some miserable technicality, some flimsy pretext—in order to excuse to the public his own want of feeling. There are very few doctors deserving the name of gentlemen who, no matter what rules and regulations of service stood in their way, would not minister to a dying woman, if called on to do so. The deceased was a soldier's wife, and to whom would the distressed husband so naturally appeal for assistance as to a military doctor? Alas for his zeal, "the rules of the service" stood an unbridgeable gulf in the good doctor's way, and while Dr. Paxton of the Rifles carefully thumbed over his regulation book in subject despair of finding a rule which would permit him to fly to the sick woman, she, poor creature, died. Thank Heaven, "the rules of the service," are un infringed at all events?

## A Game for the Elite.

—It is rumoured that the fashionable ladies of Toronto are about to establish a series of games for their own amusement. The principle of which will be the catching of a young beau by the nose. The nasal organ and face of the young gentleman to be first shaved and well lathered. If any lady puts either of the young fellow's eyes out, she will of course have to marry him.

## POLITICS AT A DISCOUNT.

What on earth has come over the politician? There never was surely such a dearth of interest in politics. It's really frightful to look into our daily papers. The "Mercer case" is all the *Colonist* can enlighten us upon. Nova Scotia and the Lake St. Peter job, are the only two keys at work in the Grit organ; whilst the *Leader*, with characteristic originality, dives into obscure French prints for literary pabulum. Why does not Dr. Ryerson start the ball rolling by writing a letter on some subject or other; it does not matter what? He is sure to get himself and all around him in warm water. Even Mr. Nelles has backed gracefully out of the field; giving way to a still more uncivil and clumsy correspondent, rejoicing in the name of Kingston. What are the Reform clubs at just now? Surely the ammunition is ready for an outbreak. Why not have a smash at the garrison? Or if the weather's too hot, and their courage too cool for that, let them get up a mammoth petition to the Queen not to knight Smith, or to recall Sir E. Head, or something of that sort. We really wish Louis Napoleon would land below Quebec; anything is better than this unmitigated dullness. We offer twenty-five cents as our subscription to a fund to give somebody a dinner. We are not particular upon whom the honour is to fall. Dr. Connor looks hungry just now, and Walbridge is frightfully attenuated. Why not get up a sort of political feed to them, and then we should have material for five or six week's fighting. In order to suit both parties we have no objection to invite Macdonald and Cartier, and let them have a jolly set to. Who puts down the next quarter?

## MONS. BLONDIN.

A letter from M. Blondin. He explains the disappointment, and promises greater attraction on another occasion.

NIAGARA, 22 Août, 1859.

*Au Rédacteur of the Grumbler.*

MON-CHER AMI,—Je regret beaucoup that I can be disappointed to *te citoyens* of you ville with te astonish feat of carry Mons. Benjamin on my backs, from te one steep to te other steep's, and for te make to exhibition complete, from te other steep to te one steep; for te gentilhomme me inform that he carry himself bad, *il me semble*, wid te gout. Mons. Benjamin has *te complaisance* to *m'informer* that he hope to make see himself for a *grand spectacle* to te *citoyens* of you ville on one happy occasion (*savoir*) a little time from him get te pay, comme chairman of print, wish ne vill den porte, in a bag, pondant from him teeth. Vivo la joie!!

Ven dead yours,

BLONDIN.

## A Mormon's Prayer.

—Horace Greely relates that a Latter Day Saint, vulgarly yeapt a Mormon *alias* a Blackguard named Heber Kimball, prays for his enemies after the fashion of his tribe. He prays "that they may all go to hell!"