

**Reflections by Mrs. Sapsusling.**

I wish the Mystery of Education would inaccurately a School of Manners in Toronto. I should feel no surmise if strangers should commend upon the abstinence of scivility among us. The other evening I heard a young person (I can't imply the name gentleman to him) ask another young person of the female sect if she had seen GOLDWIN SMITH's cow puer. I remarked that I knew that the Professor would like to possess anything remarkable in the literary line, but I did not think that he had a pronominal of that description, and asked if the animal was on exhibition. Both the young persons laughed in the most superstitious manner, and made some remarks about the *Saturday Review*, which I told them were quite irrelevant to the subject. I also observed, in my most mystical manner, that I felt satisfied that they had both studied the rudiments of learning.

I observe that the papers publish a list of the young ladies who passed the examinations at the University. I cannot see the object of printing a list of that kind, any one might pass an examination. Though I do not wish to see all our young women prodigals of learning, I think that injustice is not credible to the papers; and trust that they will consider the subject and publish the names of those who went through the examinations.

The Mystery of Education seems to have got into a regular quadrangle. I am sorry to hear that Mr. Crooks has acted in a very undignified manner. He actually put a young man into a classical chair, and elevated him over the heads of several highly respectable and literal professors. I think that gymnastics should be taught in every educational constitution. But making dignified Professors take part in them is a decided breach of sobriety, and makes me doubt Mr. Crooks' stability. I suppose the next thing we shall hear will be that he is advertising a performance on the tight-rope. As I supposed that classical chairs must be fashionable, I have heard so much about them lately, I went to the Oshawa Cabinet Factory, the other day, to order a set for my drawing room, but the young man in charge was evidently a new hand, for he declared that he had never heard of them.

I read, with feelings of consumption and anger, that a meeting was held in St. James' school room to form an association to embrace all the choirs of the Church of England in the city. I have lately been rejoicing in the fact that a more loving and friendly spirit was beginning to parade the churches of that denunciation, but this is carrying things too far. To say nothing of the other pastures of the flocks, was the Dean aware that such a meeting was held in his school house? Was Mr. RAINSFORD present? Who is to embrace the choirs: the association or the committee? I see also that they propose to make the chants and hymns more uniform. I think this must be a mistake, and that the uniform is intended for the members of the choirs, which is, in my opinion, an unnecessary trouble and expense.

A short time ago, I attended a concert, given in a city school before it broke up for vacation. The room was full of parents and admiring friends, every parent being full of precipitation to see the sparks of genius in his offspring, and watch them extinguishing themselves. The pupils truly formed a galaxy of youth and beauty. One young lady read an estuary of her own supposition, and her master, in presenting the prize, repaired her with Cicero or Solomon, or one of those anti-delusions. Most of the prizes were presented by a young clergyman, who bestowed many complicated epitaphs upon the pupils, and made a factitious speech about sweet girl graduates having gold on their hair, referring, I suppose, to crowns of some kind. As I watched him bowing in a grateful aptitude, I infected upon the inexorable subject of clerical fascination, and then dissolved to inveterate it at some anterior time.

**Ethel Embonpoint Vere.**

ETHEL EMBONPOINT VERE was a lady of great renown; Her father he ran a brewery van In a populous country town.

"ETHEL EMBONPOINT VERE, How do you do, my dear? Your willowy grace and classical face Have captured my heart, I fear."

ETHEL EMBONPOINT VERE had lovers at least a score; Her first was a knight, Sir TIMOTHY TITE, A fellow of sixty or more.

"How are you, Sir TIMOTHY TITE? And how do you feel to-night? But you haven't a tooth, my elderly youth, Get away, you detestable fright!"

Twirling his elegant cane, came a fellow of money and rank,

His family's blood commenced at the flood, FITZHAM, of the Cobokok Bank. "Elegant Mr. FITZHAM, Tell me now how you am? But you'd far better bolt, my thoroughbred doit, And your bag with collaterals cram."

Along with self-satisfied air came Mr. Attorney VANDRIEF A fellow of might in a quibbling fight, And of prime pettifoggers the chief.

"Quibbling Mr. VANDRIEF, Excellent legalised thief, Put your head in your bag, you brot-en-kneed nag, Or you'll come to unlimited grief."

In a ponderous, corpulent way came Dr. JOHN ICOLMILL; When sickness was afe, then he with his knife Would hack and would mangle and kill.

"Bloo-thirsty JOHN ICOLMILL, Your presence is making me ill, Pray show us your back, you bloated old quack, Or your infamous life blood I'll spill."

The next was a stock-broker bold, a chap with a ready pen;

He was charged to the lips with lies and with quips, Though CRIPS was the best of men. "I don't want to hurt your pride, My man of unlimited side, You stock-broking jobber, you clean paper dauber, But just take my advice and glide."

ETHEL EMBONPOINT VERE, in the way I have shown above,

Rejected with scorn each suitor forlorn Who proffered his maudlin love. "Miss ETHEL EMBONPOINT V., Now, what would you say to me? I think you will guess her answer was "yes," For I suited her just to a T."

My income was fairly good, but a clerk in a pea-nut stand Is a real good catch and appropriate match For the wealthiest girl in the land.

So she up and she said, said she, "Get your bottommost dollar on me: To-morrow at two I'll be married to you Are you satisfied? Dear Mr. B."

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The deaf man still walketh on the railroad track, and thus doth the coroner obtain the necessary wherewith to purchase suit beers and penny apiece pretzels. — *Keokuk Gate City.*



33d SEMI-ANNUAL

**STATEMENT**

OF THE

**TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO.**

Hartford, Conn., July 1, 1880.

PAID-UP CASH CAPITAL . . . \$600,000.

**ASSETS.**

Real estate.....	\$ 846,172 00
Cash on hand and in bank.....	253,912 58
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate..	1,924,397 87
Interest on loans, accrued but not due....	47,712 26
Loans on collateral security.....	68,900 00
Deferred Life premiums.....	61,001 36
Premiums due and unreported on Life policies.....	37,998 94
United States Government bonds.....	280,150 00
State, county and municipal bonds.....	366,411 00
Railroad stocks and bonds.....	602,785 00
Bank stocks.....	663,234 00
Hartford City Gas Light Co. stock.....	19,200 00
<b>Total assets.....</b>	<b>\$5,171,875 01</b>

**LIABILITIES.**

Reserve, four per cent. Life Department.	\$3,321,525 58
Reserve for re-insurance, Ac't. Depart..	310,391 82
Claims unadjusted and not due, and all other liabilities.....	210,096 00
<b>Total liabilities.....</b>	<b>\$3,842,023 40</b>

Surplus as regards policy holders. **\$1,329,851 61**

**STATISTICS TO JULY 1, 1880.**

Whole number of Accident Policies written.	605,009
Who's number of Accident Claims paid,	46,899
Total Amount Accident Claims paid,	\$3,690,000
Total claims paid in Life Department.	\$1,525,090

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THE time for receiving tenders for Rolling Stock for the Canadian Pacific Railway, extending over four years, is extended to 2nd August.

By order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 23rd June, 1880.

15-7-11

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