MY LITTLE WIFE AND I.

We are travelling o'er life's road together,
My little wife and I;
We are happy in fair and stormy weather,
My little wife and I;
The reason why is very plain,
There's nothing queer about it;
We never give each other pain
When we can do without it.

We have toiled o'er many a roady most dreary,
My little wife and I;
But our hearts were light when our feet are weary
My little wife and I;
The reason why we journey on
Since hand in hand we started,
We ne'er had seen the battle won
By those who were faint-hearted.

Though our home be plain, that never teases
My little wife and I;
Though a humble cot, right well it pleases
My little wife and I;
The reason why we are content,
We do not fear to labour;
An i though in toil our time is spent,
We envy not our neighbour.

We never dream of ill for the morrow,
My little wife and I;
But take what may come, be it joy or sorrow,
My little wife and I;
The reason why we do not fret,
And you'd do well to try it,
We ne'er have found a person yet
That was a gainer by it,

APOTHEGMS.

(FROM THE TURKISH.)

BY JOEL BENTON.

An Ancient Tree.

Mock not the fruit tree's wrinkled face,
Its knotty boughs, its want of grace;
For underneath no barren tree
Could you so many missiles see.

Bitter Words.

The knife's sharp cut can be endured—
Its ugly gash by time is cured;
But bitter words, when they o' erflow,
Inflict a deep, unhealing blow.

The Right Road.

How easy 'tis for so me to say
"Your route is wrong, that's not the way!"
For, when the carriage breaks, all know
Which road the driver ought to go.

Death.

Death is the dark, grim guest;
Who slights not rich nor poor—
The coal-black camel's form which
Kneels at every door.

Our Paris Letter.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

French political justice has just given us another shock. The mayor of Avignon, during the late political coalition, wanted a "man in the moon," capable of manipulating the electors and their votes, so as to manufacture the ballot against the Republicans. A swindler named Isnard was secured, but as he had been imprisoned as a rogue, and his life was disreputable, he was entered under a series of assumed names as a municipal officer, thus receiving salary and hoodwinking the town council. For this manifest fraud the mayor was indicted by the present ministry, but acquitted by the judges of Nimes, and on appeal the decision was upheld. This kind of justice's justice is repudiated by France, and honest men blush at these political rulings. It is full time that the Chamber occupies itself seriously with the best means of cleansing high offices of their occupants who forget their duty to further party ends. In the same neighbourhood a mayor employed a kind of electoral Thug, who had discovered a plan by means of which magnetic dust placed between a package of false voting papers could make the latter remain separate, and thus deceive even the very elect. This rascal was rewarded by his friends recommending him for a Montyon prize, at the Academy, for virtue, which he obtained.

The country is quietly doing good work in preparing the way for liberal international tariffs. The ground and mode of agitation are changed—fashion in everything. Instead of drumming up free trade, the friends of the latter select—as with the United States, for example—those articles of merchandise upon which each country would be disposed to make reciprocal concessions; when the matter has been well ventilated, it will be submitted for legislative action. Private parties, not diplomacy, negotiate treaties. Leave diplomacy for Berlin Congresses.

Germany has been a little touchy of late respecting the examination of her social state—which is not happy—by the French journals. The latter take it up as any question of the moment; they mean no ill-will to Germany, but remind her that France has passed through a crisis very analogous to their own, that repressive laws failed to combat the evil, and that the latter was only extirpated by allowing the false theories to be exposed freely in the press, and exploded by the same means. Hence, why France is now free of Kearneys and Blinds.

The MacMahon resignation business is all a sham, invented by the clerico-monarchal papers, to try and create a scare and to influence the coming senatorial elections. One journal announces that the Marshal resembles melancholy Jacques, and is so far changed for the worse that he swears no more. The Republic ought to score this reform. The liberal press merely allows its confreres to deal in these *cancans*, never discusses them. Instead, they are briskly working up the departments where the partial Senatorial elections are to come off. The Republic once in a majority in the Senate is undisputed ruler of France, and will bring disloyal officials speedily to a sense of their situation. There are more chances of MacMahon being re-elected President than there are of his premature resignation.

The Exhibition already feels the shadow of coming closing; the persons in charge of stalls cry aloud for liberty; the foreign soldiers "on beat" suffer from nostalgia; exhibitors want, and do not want, the decisions of the juries to be be published; in the absence of this concession, some papers commence to draw up prize lists of their own, equal in variety to what are put in circulation during a ministerial crisis, only not half as reliable and decidedly less humorous. At latest, the 21st of October will ease all anxiety, if the *Journal Officiel* does not break the ice a week or so beforehand. The distribution of the prizes will be a most splendid fete; the occasion has perhaps never yet offered when so many celebrities will be gathered together; the Palace of Industry is already in the hands of the upholsterers, carpenters, and decorators, who, having ample time before them, will turn out something exceptionally beautiful for 25,000 spectators under the naves proper. The little *Nautilus* which crossed the Atlantic, a crew and passengers limited to two individuals, is quietly laid up in ordinary in the Exhibition, and is an object of real wonder. We now understand how Columbus discovered America in small boats, and how canoes may have drifted in remote times from continent to continent and thus peopled the world.

The Americans are intending to put in a good appearance at the Melbourne Exhibition; that of New South Wales is considered to be too near the heels of the present one, and that a rest is necessary to prepare new goods. The present show demonstrates that all nations ought to have a moveable section, consisting of national objects, to be packed and despatched to every favoured nation's fair.

A banquet of a monster and monstrous character was held in a skating rink near the Bois de Boulogne; the subscribers consisted of the employees of the Exhibition, that is, the persons in charge of stalls, machinery, etc. When the hundreds sat down to dinner, no dinner was forthcoming, and hence set in a terrible devil's tattoo with knives and forks. It leaked out that the waiters had struck because one of their order had received an ignominious kicking from a steward; next, it seems the stewards disagreed, and the workmen of all nations that met together in the interests of peace, amity, and other nice words, fell to pulling each other about, shying the plates and glasses at each other's heads, and tearing flags to pieces. Three Chinese workmen, believing they were in California, or that a revolution had broken out in honour of the Exhibition, got on the tables and ran for their lives, becoming a common butt for plates, loaves of bread, etc. Many think they are still on their way to Pekin.

Much attention is being given to educational exhibits, but I do not find anything new to record. There is a unanimous feeling that teaching must henceforth be addressed more to the eyes than to the ears of children, and that they be taught more of the nature, rather than so much about the names of things. The display of French photographs is very fine, being clear, sharp, and full of evenness of tone. Every well-known house is represented: the enlarged photos are beautiful, and those of artistic subjects, landscapes, and architecture are splendid. The coloured vitrified miniatures could not be surpassed by any hand-painting, and the fac-similes of water-colour drawings almost equal the originals.

The London Waterproof Company exhibit some extraordinary specimens of chemical preparations by means of which, paper, calico, or canvas can be made thoroughly impermeable to salt or fresh water, and under certain conditions can even resist boiling water; atmospheric influences appear to produce no effect on the coating.

The Americans are not content with doing their best inside the building; they send round canvassers to all the houses dealing in their class of goods, and leave specimens of their merchandise; it is thus they have carried all before them in the way of preserved comestibles, and it will not be astonishing if before twelve months Parisians do not be as much at home on clams, green corn, pumpkin pie, etc., as the Americans themselves; already the best "Irish and Wiltshire" bacon comes from St. Louis and Chicago, and the most superior "Yorkshire" hams from Cincinnati.

While the Austrians soldiers in Bosnia cook their beefsteaks on the heated breeches of their cannon pending firing, M. Mouchot is engaged in a series of demonstrations on the Trocadero, of catching the sun's rays in monster tun-dishes, and by concentrating them obtain sufficient heat for cooking purposes. By and by the moment will come for stowing solar caloric for factories and locomotives. Henri IV. desired to have every Frenchman possess a fowl in the pot on Sundays; George III. that each Briton should possess a Bible; M. Mouchot expects to soon witness every cottager in the country cooking his *pot au feu* by means of solar rays. Pending this good time coming, he suggests that his apparatus be introduced into Egypt, a land of waste sunshine; bondholders ought to back him up.

The French Society for the Advancement of Science has been very successful with its congress; same remarkable inventions were discussed, and numerous discoveries in industrial chemistry; the *soiree* was too large an affair and uncomfortably crowded. M. Tchelitchof, a Russian mathematician, delivered an address no geometry as applied to cutting out clothes. The great attraction however, was M. Hœckel, the German evolutionist; at a banquet specially given to him by French scientists he was introduced by M. Soury, who claims the honour of being the personal enemy of Jesus Christ; the learned guest expounded the evolution theory, of which Lamarck was the founder, and that Darwin fortified by adding thereto the doctrine of selection. M. Hœckel apparently laid down that organic life originated from inorganic matter, from thence developed upwards to man. He says the idea of man being descended from a monkey is only a weak invention of the enemy, that he has relations with that animal, just as he has with several others, but not any direct affinity. He classes theologians, Revelation, and such institutions with stage coaches and flint muskets.

People were disappointed with the working of Edison's telephone; it discoursed nothing superior to a speaking tube; it did not repeat a speech or grind poetry.

Ballooning continues to be the passion of the moment; no gentleman or lady counts for much who cannot exhibit the "ascension medal," presented to all who have made the tour of the higher regions. The amusement is said to be really hygienical, and relieves impaired respiration. Many ladies find a "course of trips" equal to attendance at a special spa. At all events, on the day when wind and weather will not permit of the departure of the balloon, half Paris is plunged in sorrow, because those who do not enjoy a seat in the car amuse themselves at the windings up, in the expectation that some moment or other it will save one winding down. The proprietor of the captive balloon now furnishes runaway ones to those who command them in advance. Balloon races are already spoken of.

A governess, not in want so much as tired of life, called at the Morgue and left a letter with the superintendent; then she went to Notre Dame, but, unable to throw herself off the towers, owing to the crowd of visitors, she entered the belfry and lodged two balls from a revolver in her heart. Conveyed to the Morgue, she had the air of being in a most tranquil sleep; the letter was a polite request to the superintendent to send a stretcher to bring her remains; she also had written a note warning no person to touch the revolver as it was charged, and another inviting her mother to her wake that evening at eight o'clock precisely.

Near Royans a bridal party was upset, and, in falling over the precipice, the bride was impaled on some stumps of trees, one of which had transpierced the body and passed out on the side; it had to be sawn to extricate the corpse.

At Lavergne an infant was seated beside her grandmother near a threshing machine; she touched a beam to see if it was hot, was caught up, and her foot cut off; so sudden was the whole affair that the child had time to ask that "her foot be given to her;" her leg had been amputated, and the little martyr is going on well.

In this monument-erecting age the Minister of War is about erecting a statue to General Chevert, who at 11 years of age volunteered to be a soldier. He had no parents living, but was supported by the townspeople of Verdun. He rose to be a general, and died full of honours in 1769, and was buried in Saint-Eustache, where d'Alembert has written the epitaph on his tomb.

A judge complained of being unwell of late, as he had several attacks of sleeplessness on the bench.

A boy boasted to his father that all he learned at school was *ennui*.

The ticket-takers at the Exhibition are chiefly ex-undertakers' assistants.

The undertakers, when carrying a child-corpse to the cemetery, are prohibited from taking off their coats and hats and laying them on the coffin, from smoking, and leaving the corpse outside a wine shop while taking a drink.

At Lourdes lately one pilgrim struck another because she was cured of an infirmity by the miraculous waters, and she was not. Jealousy even of divine favours. "The more I know men, the more I love dogs," said Madame de Stael.

PARIS, France, August 31, 1878.

The Woman Who Falls to Pieces.

She came to the station a little late, and had to make a rush for the train. When she reached her seat her hat fell off. She got it on, but it toppled over to one side, and when she tried to straighten it up her hair came tumbling down. She lost her ticket twice before the conductor reached her, and would have lost it again if he hadn't taken it away from her. She reached up to put a bundle in the rack above her head, and burst the collar button off her duster, and stuck her fingers on four pins in her dress before she could find one that she dared take out to repair the damages. Then just as she thought she had got comfortably settled her little hand valise, packed to bursting with enough things to load a Saratoga trunk to the muzzle, exploded, and she nearly worked herself into fragments getting it together again. Then by the time she got the valise shut up her hat tumbled off again, by the time she got the hat straightened back into its place, her hair tumbled down again, and as soon as she got her hair twisted up, and harpooned it with a couple of hair-pins, the valise went off, and when she got off at New Prague, she tucked the gaping valise under her arm, and tried to corral her toppling hat and wandering hair with one hand, and as she went fluttering and straggling into the depot, one couldn't help thinking that it would be safer and more convenient to run her in sections and flag her against everything. I have seen this woman on several other trains, and she has never been able to keep herself together. She keeps you in a tone of agonizing suspense, for you never know where she is going to give way next.

Canada Life Assurance Company.

In our columns this week will be found a report of the proceedings at the annual meeting of this excellent institution. The Company appears to keep on steadily in its path of prosperity. The busines has greatly increased in the past year, the losses have been unusually light, and the reserve funds are more than sufficient to face all possible contingencies in the future.

There is one thing at least which keeps pace with the growing contempt for the sanctity of the lives of other people, and that is the degradation of the estimate people put upon their own lives. When Curtius devoted himself to the gods infernal and sprang, full-armed, into the chasm, he did a very foolish thing of course, but with a very noble motive, for nothing but such an act of self-immolation, as he thought, could save the city. In Cleopatra's suicide something of grandeur mingles with the wickedness of the deed and the doer. Modern suicides have all the folly and wickedness without the nobleness and grandeur of those of yore. "He left a note saying, 'I am tired of life; go and find me in the tank.'" His employers, to whom he wrote, found him in the tank, is a specimen of the nineteenth century suicide's obituary. Another *felo de se* states *in articulo mortis* that he kills himself "in spite." Another half fills a beer barrel with kerosene, lays a train, fires it, then holds his head over the barrel—because he couldn't get his note discounted. Lives so little valued by their owners—or trustees—can be of very little worth to others, and perhaps it is as well that they should end as summarily as they do.

Cook-Books.

How the first cook-book was made is a mystery. We all know how the modern cook-book is made. When a man decides that he will sell his soul and slay his self-respect by making a new cook-book, he obtains an advance of twenty dollars from his prospective publisher. With this he buys, at wholesale prices, twenty-four different cook-books, a pair of scissors, and a bottle of paste. He then cuts out the leaves of the twenty-four cook-books and shuffles them as the wicked man shuffleth the poker deck. Next he selects from the top of the pile as many leaves as his new book is to contain. These he arranges in their proper order, and, prefixing to them a preface asserting that "all the recipes contained in this volume have been personally tested by the author," he signs it with some feminine name and his work of authorship is ended.

All this is easy enough, but what did the man do who made the first cook-book? We can assume that each of the cook-books now existing was founded on its predecessor, but logic inexorably insists that there must have been at some time a first cook-book. By whom and how this was made we may never hope to know. Our finite minds are too weak to grasp the idea of the origin of cook-books. Perhaps in another and a better world we shall know who made the first cook-book, and whether, if our suspicions are correct, Milton's account of his expulsion from heaven is literally true. Here we must be content to know that somehow the first cook-book did come into existence, and doubtless in accordance with natural law.

It may seem preposterous that a conscientious man should ever make a cook-book. Indeed, a conscientious cook-book author is almost a contradiction in terms. Nevertheless, such a man did lately exist, and he fell a victim to his imperious conscience. His story is a suggestive one, and ought to form a part of every well-selected Sunday-school library.

His name was Wilson—Barnabas T. Wilson—and he lived in a village in the State of Maine. He had been a Congregational minister, and subsequently a school-teacher, but his delicate health compelled him to abandon both avocations. He had a nephew in the publishing business in Boston, who occasionally visited him during the summer. One day this nephew asked him why he did not make a new cook-book, informed him of the process of making it, and finally entered into a contract to supply him with the necessary books and scissors, and to publish the book as soon as it should completed. Now Mr. Wilson was renowned throughout all that part of the State as the most conscientious man living. In point of veracity he was simply miraculous, and would in no possible circumstances commit the slightest infraction of truth. Knowing this, the depraved nephew said nothing to him about the preface of the new cook-book, but determined to write it himself. Although he had persuaded his uncle that a cook-book was an innocent and even useful work—such was Mr. Wilson's profound ignorance of worldly things—he knew that he could never induce him to write a preface asserting that he had personally tested all the recipes. Neither could he induce the good man to assume a feminine *nom de plume*. The utmost that could be done was to persuade Mr. Wilson to place only the initials of his first name on the title-page, and the wicked nephew hoped, by openly advertising the book as the work of Mrs. B. T. Wilson, to convince the public that the author was a woman.

In due time the book was finished, and an advance copy was sent to the author. To his unspeakable horror he found his initials forged to the usual preface, whereby he was made to falsely allege that he had tested all the recipes. He wrote instantly to his nephew demanding an explanation, but that miserable person coldly replied that he supposed his uncle had tested the recipes, but that if he had not, he had better do so at once, for nothing earthly could prevent the publication of the book on that day week. Mr Wilson was greatly discouraged by this answer, but he felt that as an honest man there was but one thing for him to do. The false preface must be justified, and he must test every solitary recipe in the entire book in seven consecutive days. The prospect was an awful one but the good man never flinched. There were in that fatal volume three hundred and fifty-two recipes, which, divided by seven, gave him fifty per day, with two additional ones for Sunday. Without an hour's delay he sent for six cooks and ordered them to prepare for the morrow five kinds of soup, five different boiled meats, ten roasts, fifteen dishes of vegetables, and fifteen pies and puddings, he having calculated that this system of apportionment would bring him through each division of the cook-book at the end of the week. By getting up early in the morning, and steadily eating all day, he finished his first day's task, and that night suffered from the most frightful nightmare that ever formed part of any nocturnal stud. The following day the same number of dishes were prepared, and he went at them with unwavering determination. Alarming symptoms were manifested as he was occupied with the last four vegetables, and before he had reached his third pie, the unhappy man was a corpse.

That he fell a victim to conscience, no one can deny, and he must be reckoned among the heroes who have preferred death to falsehood. The heartless nephew took advantage of his death to publish the cook-book as the work of "Mrs. Betsey T. Wilson, for sixty years an eminent cook in the leading Metropolitan hotels," and made a fortune out of it. And yet who is there who would not rather be lying in the cold Bangor grave-yard, having died in defence of the truth, than to be the wicked publisher with pockets full of gold earned by falsehood and professional deceit?

USEFUL RECIPES.

TOMATO JAM.—If ripe, put the fruit into boiling water to tak off the skins. Equal parts of fruit and sugar. Prepare a syrup of the sugar with a little water, then put in the fruit with lemon juice and thin rind, and a little ginger root. This should boil slowly until the syrup is clear and bright. Very good made with green tomatoes.

GINGER WINE.—Ten gallons water, fifteen pounds loaf sugar, whites of six eggs well beaten and strained; mix all together, then boil and skim. Put in one half pound ginger, boil twenty minutes. When cool, put in the juice and rind of four or five lemons, also two tablespoonsful of good yeast, stir well together, bottle and cork tight.

APPLE PRESERVE.—Peel, halve and core six large apples, selecting those of the same size; make a syrup of one pound of granulated sugar and one pint of water; when it boils, drop in the apples with the rind and juice of a lemon. As soon as they are tender, care must be taken that they do not fall to pieces, take the halves out one by one, and arrange, concave side uppermost, in a glass dish. Drop a bit of currant jelly into each piece; boil down the syrup, and when cool, pour around the apples. This makes a very nice preserve for tea.

"PARKER HOUSE ROLLS."—These are very light, delicious rolls, and are generally obtained in perfection from the bread-bakers only. Sift 4 quarts of good flour; take 1 quart of warm milk, and melt it in 1 teacupful of butter, and add two tablespoonsful of white sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, 1 teacupful of baker's yeast, or its equivalent yeast-cake. With these and part of the flour make a soft sponge at night if wanted for breakfast, and in the morning if wanted for tea. When the sponge is light, early in the morning or in the afternoon, add the rest of the flour and knead as for bread. Roll out as for tea biscuit, and cut out in round forms about 3½ inches in diameter. Grease about half the surface with butter, and lop it over not quite half way. Let them rise in a warm place half to three-fourths of an hour, and bake quickly.

MAKING PICKLES.—Really good pickles cannot be made by putting cucumbers, etc., directly into vinegar. Salting removes natural juices, and enables the vinegar to penetrate the cucumber throughout. Some pickles may be made from cooked vegetables without salting; and peaches and other fruits are pickled without salting, using boiling vinegar. Pick the cucumbers daily, always with the stems on. Wash, if needed, and place in a barrel, sprinkling salt among them; half a bushel of best salt is required for a barrel of pickles. Place a cover weighted with stones on the pickles, and add water to reach the cover. If few cucumbers are gathered daily it may be convenient to put them into a jar or keg of brine made strong enough to float a potato, using a weighted cover to keep them down. About four weeks are required to thoroughly salt them, and they may be kept as much longer as desired, by care in replenishing the brine if need be. *All bright green* pickles are made so by *copper*, indirectly used by preparing them in copper cauldrons, or directly, by the intentional use of verdigris. The attractive appearance of the pickles "sold in glass jars" is due 1st to this greening, and 2nd to the use of colourless vinegar. That sold as "White Wine Vinegar" is made from alcohol; it is just as wholesome as any other, but is merely sour, without the pleasant fragrance of pure cider vinegar. Those who regard quality rather than appearance will use cider vinegar only for their pickles. Green tomatoes, string beans, etc., are treated the same as cucumbers.

Personal.

LONGFELLOW pays a tax of $2,230 on property in Cambridge.

M. BOIS DUBOIS has left $400,000 for popular instruction in the two poorest districts of Paris.

MRS. INGA HANSON of Chicago, aged 44, has twenty living children, and has just married again.

ABDUL AZIZ, Sultan of Turkey, in his dread of fire used to read by the light of a candle floating in a basin of water.

THE temperance baronet, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, lately, urged at a public meeting, that the sale of "the devil in solution" should be within the control of the ratepayers.

COUNT VON ARNIM, Prince Bismarck's victim, has bought in Bohemia an estate which confers a seat in the Landtag, and, it is thought will be naturalized in Austria.

THE Academie des Sciences, of Paris, has elected Mr. Darwin a corresponding member in the Section of Zoology, and Prof. Asa Gray of Cambridge, Mass., in the Section of Botany.

PROF. BAIRD, has made an arrangement with the Gloucester fishermen to give him the strange fish that they sometimes catch. They have already provided three of unknown varieties.

THE investiture of Mlle. Dodu with the Legion of Honour causes sleepless nights to numbers of young women who have sent in claims for the ribbon for services more or less heroic.

WEDDING cards are advertised, in large type, in some of the Texas newspapers. One couple filled half a column with an announcement of the ceremony and an invitation to their friends.

A SON of the Rev. Lord Sydney Godolphin-Osborne, (for many years a notable contributor to the London *Times*, under the signature "S. G. O.") has just seceded to the Church of Rome.

BULL fighting was recently revived in Landes; but, as the matadors only sustained among them a bruised leg, a trampled foot, and two broken ribs, the sport was not regarded as amounting to much.

THE wife of Captain David Porter Heap wore a painted dress at a Newport reception. The material was white silk, and on that groundwork the Captain had painted flowers and birds in bright colours.

GEORGE FRENCH, a half crazy inmate of the Newton (Mass.) poorhouse, tried to poison his companions by putting about a pound of Paris green in a pan of milk, because he was jealous of another inmate.

MRS. MACKAY, wife of the Bonanza King, has a sapphire which was once the property of a Russian Prince and it cost her $150,000. It is an inch in diameter. Her pearl necklace cost $100,000, and her coral set cost $18,000.

MME. RINEHART, the lion tamer, came near being killed while she was performing in a cage of wild animals at Marlboro, Mass., an infuriated panther biting her on the arm and hip. Her coolness saved her, and she cowed the beast with a whip.

OF Longfellow's five children, Onslow, the eldest, is married and in business in Boston; Ernest is a painter, studying in Europe; Alice, the eldest daughter, is a writer; Edith is now Mrs. Richard H. Dana, 3d; and Anna is literary in her inclination.

THE house in which John Knox, the great Scotch divine and reformer, lived and died, is yet standing in Edinburgh, Old Town. Extending over the entire front is this inscription, in large Roman letters: "Lufe God abufe all, and yi nychtbour as yi self."

THE heirship to the Chadwick estate, in England, which has been in Chancery for over a century, is said to have been traced to Thomas Chadwick, of West Philadelphia. The trial of the case is to occur at London in October, and he has been notified to appear. The fortune reaches the enormous sum of $37,500,000.

JOHN DAVIS was incurably ill in Montgomery county, Ill. His sweetheart, to whom he was soon to have been married, went to work in a mill to earn money for his support, her well-to-do parents refusing to give her any money for the purpose. Davis committed suicide in order not to be a burden on the girl.

A GERMAN paper describes Prince Henry of the Netherlands as one of the richest princes in the world. A silver mine in America brings him a princely income, and he has many Dutch, Russian, and other bonds with ninety-nine properties in Holland—the maximum number, for the King alone can own 100—and some in other countries.

THE Duke of Bedford, the owner of the Covent Garden market, has prohibited all Sunday trading there in future. Covent is a corruption of Convent. A convent garden formerly stood on the spot. The Duke is ground landlord also of Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres, and has a private entrance from the street to his box at the former.

THE Belgians are not a demonstrative people; royalty, in the abstract, does not inspire them with enthusiastic admiration or respect; their instincts are democratic, and they incline to the belief that one man is as good as another, and a great deal better, too. They are accustomed, also, to see their King strolling about among them in a straw hat and the plainest morning dress, to run up against him at street corners, and to only bob semi-apologetically when they happen to tread upon his lame foot.

"One More Unfortunate."

The newspapers have been giving an account in a somewhat sensational fashion of a poor girl in Hamilton professing to be weary of life, and anxious only for rest, though at the bottom of the lake. Farewell letters were published with appropriate comments, and there were some strong denunciations, not to say anything of the usual words of pity and the usual tears of sympathy. Would it not have been better to have waited some little time before publishing such a sensational narrative so as to be quite sure that the young woman was actually dead? It does not add another encouragement to life to have the whole of her pitiful experience made known to the world. She has had shame and mortification sufficient without having so much more added to the sum by the increased notoriety she has received. Let us hope that she may yet find life not so bad in spite of the injudicious zeal of her so-called friends, for a spicy article to "make the paper sell."

Yet after all, such incidents ought to read young women a lesson, if anything will. The shame and the sorrow attendant upon departure from the paths of virtue come upon them with special severity. And it is right that they should. Fathers and mothers as well as sister-women, may sometimes be too stern in their condemnation of such conduct, but upon the whole it is a healthy sternness. A people among whom little importance is attached to female virtue, must always occupy but a lowly position in genuine civilization. Where any such falls as those gently implied by the term "misfortune," are easily excused and readily condoned, there will always be found a greater or less amount of gross animalism which is little compatible with general comfort or individual honour. It is therefore anything but a matter for regret that such cases should be treated with a sternness which may sometimes be called harsh and unwarrantable. Such treatment is the danger signal which says:—"Offend at your peril." No doubt there are many most pitiable cases, and the late Hamilton one was possibly among these where one can but weep over the desolation that has been caused, while denouncing in measured terms the heartless villains who have done it all. But were the girls not to blame as well? Most assuredly they were. In allowing themselves to be seduced they showed a want of feminine delicacy and of becoming self-respect, which of itself deserved the strongest condemnation. It may be they were more sinned against than sinning. In many instances this, we believe, has been the case. But after all has been said in extenuation that can be, this is to be added, that every thing that lowers the tone of female modesty, and excuses woman's fall as if it were more her misfortune than her fault, helps forward the degradation and ruin of the nation. Women *are* pitiless to their fallen sisters. No one can deny that fact. But are they too much so? Would it be better for them to say always, "Poor things they have been unfortunate?" We cannot believe that it would. Wherein they make a great mistake and commit a great sin is not in being too hard on the fallen "sisterhood," but in being far too gentle with the licentious and shameless "brotherhood." Every one knows that there are plenty of men, prominent in the political and social life of Canada, who are shamelessly immoral, and yet that fact—notorious as it is—does not close the door of one of the fashionable ladies of so-called "society" against the entrance of these worthless *roues*. A large number of those who have been candidates for Parliamentary honours in the late contest, and a good many who are now ranked as our legislators for the next five years, are men whose private characters won't stand investigation. Some of them, and not the least prominent, are even so base as to glory in their shame. What do the virtuous women of our country say to this? They have a thousand excuses for them, though they have not one for the poor wrecks these have made. We at once allow that when a politician has a good private character, he generally finds it a source of strength. But even this is not always the case, and till honourable and virtuous women brand with social ostracism those who betray the ignorant, and desert the foolishly confiding of other sex, things will not be much better than they are. If girls could only be convinced that no man ever acted or spoke indelicately to the woman he either respected or loved, and would act in accordance with this, they would soon found a very different state of society and a greatly improved one. If mothers and fathers would only teach their daughters more self respect. If fathers and brothers and husbands would only show a better example in their own conduct and conversation, there would be more hope. If every man and woman of any influence and of any personal respectability, would but manifest in their treatment of all public characters as well as of all private acquaintances, that no possible talents and wealth can make immorality respectable, and the drunkard and the debauchee to be honoured, it would be a token for good. That time *will* come. But it has not as yet.

All Sorts.

DOES a lawyer use figures of speech in summing up an argument?

FEW people are wise, and fewer are weather wise: but many are otherwise.

WANTED TO KNOW.—What is the difference between a Welsh air and a Welsh rabbit?

WHY is a prosy preacher like the middle of a wheel?—Because the fellows around him are tired.

CYPRUS is about to be enriched by an English hotel, built at a cost of £60,000, for an English tenant.

QUEEN Mother Christina of Spain, who has just died, was sister to "Bomba" of Naples.

A LAZY man's soliloquy: "I would be quite willing to sit up at my meals if I could only lie down at my work."

WHEN is a nurse-maid with twins like a school-boy at his sums?—When she "sets down" one and carries one.

A WESTERN paper says: "A child was run over by a waggon 3 years old, and cross-eyed with pantalets on, which never spoke afterwards."

A CLERGYMAN says: "A young woman died in my neighbourhood, yesterday, while I was preaching in a beastly state of intoxication."

A CORONER'S verdict reads thus: "The deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

SPEED.—A driver, in a discussion as to speed, said he ran his train so fast that the telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a fine-tooth comb.

AN artist once painted an angel with six toes. "Who ever saw an angel with six toes?" people inquired. "Who ever saw one with less?" was the counter-question.

AN Iowa editor thus acknowledges a present of grapes: "We have received a basket of grapes from our friend W., for which he will accept our compliments, some of which are nearly two inches in diameter."

NOT to be eluded:—A man may elude a disagreeable creditor for a long while sometimes, but there is one thing in this world he can't elude, the long established and sound financial position of the Canada Life will still further attract to it the larger share of the best class of Life Assurance business in Canada.

Applications to the number of 1,892 for assurances of $3,315,038 50 were offered to the Company during the past year, but of these 124 for $221,700 were not, in the judgment of the Directors, such as the Company should accept. The number of policies actually issued was 1,642 for $2,908,238 50, an amount only exceeded last year in Great Britain, by a very few of the strongest British Companies, which confined their operations solely to that country. The new premium income was $76 497 97, and the total premium receipts of the year were $512,561 37, making with the interest income of $188,651 92, a total year's revenue of $701,213 29.

The number of policies in existence at 30th April, 1878, was 10,605 (upon 8,988 lives), for assurances and bonuses, amounting to $19,655,907 22.

Claims by death for $245,179 were expected and provided for during the year, but as only 83 deaths for $163,567 actually occurred, it will be seen how largely the caution and judgment exercised in the selection of lives add to the profit and stability of the Company.

The safety and the prudent and profitable investment of the funds and assets, which now amount to $3,320,371 38, continue at all times to receive the most anxious and careful consideration of the Directors; and the Auditor's Report, along with that of the Committee certifying to the safe custody of the Company's securities, is herewith submitted.

Upon an investigation of the position of the Company last year, and a calculation of its reserves upon a standard of future interest at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum, the Company had over and above that, and its capital and every liability, a profit surplus of $99,325; and the Directors are much gratified to be able to add, that upon a careful computation as at 30th April last, that profit surplus has been so greatly increased as to warrant the anticipation that the profits to be divided in 1880 will not fall short of the liberal average rate which the company has hitherto given to its policy-holders.

The usual dividend at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum upon the paid-up capital stock has been paid, leaving at the proprietors' account at 30th April last the reserve of $96,964 23.

In accordance with the charter of the Company, the following Directors retire by rotation, but are eligible for re-election:—John Silver, Esq., Halifax; the Hon. Mr. Justice Burton, Toronto; C. S. Gzowski, Esq., Toronto; N. Merritt, Esq., St. Catharines; and T. W. Ritchie, Esq., Montreal.

(Signed) A. G. RAMSAY, President,
R. HILLS, Secretary,

THE CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
Hamilton Ont., 26th August, 1878.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS FOR THE 31ST YEAR ENDING 30TH APRIL, 1877.

Receipts.

To balance at April 30, 1877,		$2,859,146 85
Deduct premiums, &c., in Agents' and others' hands for collection, but unpaid at 30th April, 1877	$127,694 44	
Deduct accrued interest on debentures mortgages, &c., but unpaid at 30th April, 1877	26,506 32	
		154,194 76
		2,704,952 09
To premiums received on new policies and renewals		511,605 73
To Extra risks		955 74
To fines		328 53
To interest earned on investments, and profit on sales of debentures, etc.		188,323 19
		$3,406,165 38
By Expense Account		$ 107,620 65
By Liens on Half-Credit Policies suspended, written off		9,298 11
By Re-Assurance Premiums		2,730 79
By Claims by Death		132,462 09
By Cancelled (purchased) Policies		16,973 09
By Annuities		648 00
By Profits of Mutual Branch—		
Bonus	$11,601 30	
Cash	6,103 49	
Diminution of Premiums	25,867 04	
		43,571 83
By Dividends on Stock		18,750 00
By Balance of Assets as per General Abstract of Assets and Liabilities		$3,074,110 31
		$3,406,165 38

GENERAL ABSTRACT OF THE ASSETS AND LIABILITIES AS AT 30TH APRIL, 1878.

Assets.

Cash on hand, $608 51, and in Banks, $29,279 13		$ 29,887 64
Mortgages on Real Estate (value in account)		589,355 09
Debentures, value in account—		
City	$349,517 85	
Town	592,224 14	
County	359,860 44	
Township	358,796 59	
Village	151,613 47	
Harbour of Montreal	113,373 43	
		1,725,285 92
Bank Stock (Montreal)		34,000 00
Loans on Policies		169,681 10
Stocks, &c.		76,030 00
Ground rents (present value)		25,104 19
Real estate—Hamilton, Montreal, and Toronto properties		180,000 00
Liens on Half credit Policies in force		241,643 12
Office Furniture		2,583 00
Suspense Account		539 95
		$3,074,110 31

Other Assets.

Cash in Agents' and other hands, including Receipts held by them for premiums which have since been accounted for	$126,366 07	
Half-yearly and quarterly premiums secured on policies, and payable within nine months	94,653 29	
	$220,959 36	
Deduct 10 per cent. for cost of collecting	22,096 00	
		198,863 36
Accrued interest on debentures, etc.		47,397 71
		$3,320,371 38

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid up		$ 125,000 00
Proprietors' account		96,964 23
Assurance funds		2,329,702 66
NOTE—From this falls to be deducted $46,697 18, as it is paid, for claims not fully due, or for which claimants had not presented valid discharges at 30th April, 1878, nearly all since paid.		
Annuity funds		6,259 77
Declared profits upon mutual assurances		487,291 67
NOTE—From this falls to be deducted $6,954 21, as it is paid, for vested profits on the above unpaid claims, and "cash" and "diminution" profits unpaid at 30th April, 1878.		
Reserve profit on mutual policies		29,791 98
		$3,074 110 31

(Signed) A. G. RAMSAY, President.
R. HILLS, Secretary.

Audited and approved,

(Signed) J. SYDNEY CROCKER, Auditor.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON INVESTMENTS.

We hereby certify that we have carefully examined and passed in detail the several securities specified in the "General Abstract of Assets and Liabilities to 30th April last," and find the same to be correct, and have also verified the balance of cash on hand and in Bank.

(Signed) F. W. GATES.
JAMES OSBORNE.
DENNIS MOORE.

Canada Life Buildings,
Hamilton, 26th Aug., 1878.

AUDITOR'S REPORT, 1878.

To the President and Directors of the Canada Life Assurance Company:—

Gentlemen,—I have completed the audit of the books of account of the Canada Life Assurance Company for the year ending 30th April, 1878, and find them to agree with the vouchers and the banker's balance (after deducting outstanding cheques) and to be in all respects correct and satisfactory.

The Debentures, Mortgages, and other securities held by the Company have been examined by me in detail, compared with the several schedules herewith submitted, and verified by the investment funds, as represented in the ledger accounts to the above date.

The Statements of Receipts and Payments, Assets and Liabilities to the 30th of April last, also submitted, have been examined with the ledger balances, and are certified to be correct.

I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,
Your obedient Servant,
(Signed) JAS. SYDNEY CROCKER,
Auditor.

Canada Life Offices,
Hamilton, 24th Aug, 1878.

In moving the adoption of the report, the President said:—

Gentlemen,—The reports of the Directors, the Committee upon investments