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YORK COMMONWEALTH
Book and Job Printing
ESTABLISMENT.

ORDERS for any of the undermentioned description of PLAIN and FANCY JOB WORK will be promptly attended to:—
BOOKS, FANCY BILLS, BUSINESS CARDS, LARGE AND SMALL POSTERS, CIRCULARS, LAW FORMS, BILL HEADS, BANK CHECKS, DRAFTS, AND PAMPHLETS.
And every other kind of
LETTER-PRESS PRINTING!
done in the best style, at moderate rates.

Our assortment of JOB TYPE is entirely new and of the latest patterns. A large variety of new Fancy Type and Borders, for Cards, Circulars, &c. kept always on hand.

Business Directory.

DR. JAMES LANGSTAFF,
Richmond Hill.
December, 1858. 1-tf

JOSEPH KELLER,
BAILIFF Second and Third DIVISION Court. Office, Richmond Hill.
December, 1858. 1-tf

J. B. DEEGIER,
APPOINTED CONSTABLE at the Assizes for the Counties of York, Ontario and Simcoe. Residence—Corner of Wright and Yonge Streets, near A Wright, Esq's.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1858. 65-1-tf

P. CROSBY,
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, &c.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1858. 1-tf

T. J. WHEELER,
WATCH & CLOCK MAKER,
JEWELLER, &c.
RICHMOND HILL,
Oct. 1. 1858. 69-1y

THOMAS SEDMAN,

FUNERAL FURNISHER,
CARRIAGE,
Waggon & Sleigh Maker,
Opposite the White Swan Inn.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1858. 1-tf

JAMES McCLURE,
INNKEEPER. Licensed Auctioneer for the Counties of York, Ontario and Simcoe. Corner of Yonge and Bradford streets, Holland Landing.
December, 1858. 25-1-tf

JOHN HARRINGTON, JR.,
DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, Glass, Earthenware, &c. ☞ Also, Licensed Auctioneer.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1858. 1-tf

WELLINGTON HOTEL,
NEAR the Railroad Station, Aurora. Careful Hostlers always in attendance.
C. CASE,
Proprietor.
December 1858. 32-1-tf

MANSION HOUSE,
SHARON. Attentive Hostlers always in attendance.
J. KAVANAGH,
Proprietor.
December, 1858. 32-1-tf

CLYDE HOTEL,
KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.
GOOD Stabling and Attentive Hostlers
JOHN MILLS,
Proprietor.
December, 1858. 1-tf

RICHMOND HILL HOTEL.
A STAGE runs from the above Hotel to Toronto every morning, starting from the Elgin Mills at 7, a.m. and returning at 7, p.m. Fare 2s. 6d. each way.
GOOD ACCOMMODATION FOR TRAVELLERS.
RICHARD NICHOLLS,
Proprietor.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 2, 1858 55-1

JOHN COULTER,
Tailor and Clothier!
Yonge St., Richmond Hill,
December, 1858. 1-it

GEORGE DODD,
Veterinary Surgeon
Lot 26, 4th Con., Vaughan.
"HORSE & FARRIER" INN.
g15-1-tf

J. VERNEY,
Boot and Shoe Maker.
OPPOSITE A. LAW'S, Yonge street, Richmond Hill.
Ladies' and Gentlemens' Boots and Shoes, made after the latest styles.
December 1858. 1-8m

YONGE STREET HOTEL,
AURORA.
A Good supply of WINES and LIQUORS always on hand. Excellent Accommodation for Travellers, Farmers, and others Cigars of all brands.
D. MCLEOD, Proprietor.
Aurora, July 6, 1858. 57-6m

J. N. REID,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Corner of Yonge and Centre Streets,
Thornhill.
December 1858. 10-1-tf

ROACH'S HOTEL,
CORNER of Front and George streets, one block east of the Market, Toronto.
JOHN ROACH,
Proprietor.
December, 1858. 39-1-tf

ROBERT SIVER,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
ADJOINING the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, Yonge Street, Richmond Hill. A choice selection of Gentlemens', Ladies' and Childrens' Boots and Shoes constantly on hand, and made to order on the Shortest Notice.
☞ All kinds Shoemakers Finding for sale.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1858. 1-tf

GLOUCESTER HOTEL,
THREE MILES NORTH OF TORONTO, ON YONGE-ST.
THE above Hotel is fitted up in neat and comfortable style. Transient visitors and others will find the accommodations to be that of the first class, while the charges will be extremely low.
☞ Good Stabling and an attentive Hostler.
THOMAS COATES, Proprietor.
Yonge Street, Dec. 1858. 62-1y

DR. J. W. GRIFFITH,
MARKHAM VILLAGE, C.W.
Dec. 2, 1858. 52-1y

CHRISTIAN WURSTER,
SADDLE & HARNESS MAKER,
WOULD inform the inhabitants of MAPLE VILLAGE and surrounding country, that he has opened a Shop in the above line, where he will, by strict attention to all orders, endeavor to merit a share of their support.
Repairing neatly and expediciously attended to.
☞ All Work Warranted.
Maple Village, Aug. 20, 1858. 63-6m

JAMES HALL,
HAS always on hand a large assortment of BOOTS and SHOES, which will be sold at prices to meet the times.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1858. 54-1-1y

W. HODGE & Co.
WHOLESALE and Retail Copper, Tin and Iron Plate Workers, and Furnishing Ironmongers, Parties giving this house a call will find their orders punctually attended to, and the lowest prices charged.
Richmond Hill, Dec. 1858. 54-1-1y

EDMUND GRAINGER,
BUTCHER, THORNHILL. Fresh and Pickled Meats, Poultry, &c., always on hand. Families supplied on the shortest notice.
Thornhill, Dec. 1858. 41-1tf

WILLIAM HARRISON,
Saddle and Harness Maker,
Next door to G. A, Barnard's,
Richmond Hill.
December, 1858. 1-tf

JAMES JENKINS',
Grocery & Provision Store
RICHMOND HILL
NO CREDIT GIVEN. Produce taken in exchange.
The above is the oldest established Grocery and Provision Store on the Hill.
Dec. 2, 1858. 55-1y

F. W. HOLLISS,
MERCHANT TAILOR, has always on hand a very superior stock of CLOTHS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, &c. Garments made to measure in the first style. A good fit warranted.
Thornhill, Dec, 1858. 60-1-tf

J. HACKETT, M.D.
Licentiate of the Board of Upper Canada
LATE RESIDENT MEDICAL OFFICER,
KINGSTON GENERAL HOSPITAL.
RESIDENCE, MAPLE VILLAGE.
Dec. 23, 1858. 59-1-6m

T. MACBETH, Jnr.,
CARRIAGE, SIGN,
—AND—
Ornamental Painter.
Richmond Hill, Feb. 17, 1858. t37-1y

BLACK HORSE HOTEL
[FORMERLY KEPT BY WM. ROLPH,]
CORNER of Palace and George streets, east of the Market Square, Toronto. Board $1 per day. Good Stabling and attentive Hostlers always in attendance. An omnibus to and from the Railroad Station.
THOMAS PALMER,
Proprietor.
Toronto, Feb 26, 1858. t38-1y

ANGLO-AMERICAN HOUSE!
MARKHAM VILLAGE.
GOOD Accommodations. Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the choicest brands.
R. MARR, *Proprietor.*
Markham, Dec, 1858. 57-1y

NEW STORE,
Richmond Hill,
CORNER of Wright & Yonge streets. Cheap Groceries and Provisions. Crockery and Glassware cheap for Cash. No Credit. D. HOPKINS.
Dec. 3, 1858. 1-tf

THORNHILL HOTEL.
THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above premises, and fitted them up in a neat and comfortable style.
Boarders and transient visitors will find the accomodations in every way agreeable.
The best of Liquors and Cigars carefully selected. Good stabling and attentive hostlers
HENRY LEMON,
Thornhill, Jan 20, 1858. } Proprietor. t38

THE PLOUGH INN.
H. W. PECK begs respectfully to inform the Inhabitants of RICHMOND HILL and surrounding country, that he has opened the Hotel formerly known as the WHITE SWAN. The Bar will be replete with all kinds of Liquors of the best quality. Good Stabling, Hay and Oats at all times. An attentive Hostler always on call,
November 5, 1858. 74 4m

EDWARD CROWN,
HAS always on hand a large and well assorted stock of DRAPERY, GROCERIES, BOOTS and SHOES, &c. &c. which will be sold at prices that will defy competition.
Thornhill, July 30, 1858. 60-1y

HALF-WAY HOUSE, RICHMOND HILL.
THE Subscriber begs to inform his numerous Patrons and the public, that he has removed from the White Swan Hotel to the above Premises, where there will be found excellent accommodation for Travellers, and good Stabling.
☞ Horses and Buggies for Hire.
JOSEPH GABY,
Proprietor.
Richmond Hill, Oct. 22, 1858. 72 7m

GREEN BUSH HOTEL,
10 MILES NORTH OF TORONTO ON THE YONGE STREET ROAD.
THE Proprietor begs to inform the public that he has purchased the above Hotel, and has recently refitted and furnished it throughout in a comfortable style. The Bar will be continually supplied with good Liquors and Cigars. Good STABLES attached to the premises, with careful Hostlers to attend to travellers wants.
THOMAS STEELE, Proprietor.
(formerly of the Bond Lake Hotel.)
Sept. 29, 1858. 69-1y

ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL
142 KING STREET, TORONTO.
THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally that he has opened the above Hotel, opposite the St. Lawrence Hall, Toronto. His bar will always be found replete with all kinds of Liquors of first-rate quality. His Table will also be found *rechertte*.
Good Stables are attached to the premises.
W. M. SHORT, VETINARY SURGEON,
Proprietor.
Toronto Sept. 17, 1858. 67-1y

WILLIAM U. SKENE,
MILLWRIGHT,
ALTONA,
BEGS to intimate that he is now prepared to erect MILLS of every description, by contract or otherwise, on reasonable terms. He is also agent for some of the best Foundrys in Canada. All contract jobs warranted from three to six months. From thirteen years' experience he hopes to give general satisfaction.
Altona, August 20, 1858. 63-6m

York Commonwealth,
AND RICHMOND HILL ADVERTISER.

Vol. I. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1859. No. 6.

Selections.

ON THE NEW YEAR.

Another year! another year.
Is borne by time away;
Nor pauses yet his swift career,
Nor tires his wing, nor makes he here
E'en one short hour's delay,—

But hurries on, and round, and round,
The wheel of life is sped;
Unnoted oft, until rebound
Upon the ear, the startling sound,
Another year has fled!

Whoever said 'tis New Year's Day,
With unmixed care or glee?
For hope still paints the future gay,
And memory o'er the past will stray,
With sorrowing constancy.

Yet blest if they but there behold
The grave of well spent days;
The joy of gratitude that told
The tear, in patient trust that rolled—
The Christian's hallowed days.

Another year! so swift it flew,
We scarce had marked it ours;
Ere, fading from our backward view
Tis but the past our eyes pursue;
Eternity's long hours!

'Tis New Year's Day! the coming year
All blank before us lies;
Oh! may no blot or stain appear;
To mar its history written here,
When published in the skies!

'Tis New Year's Day! how oft have I,
While yet a simple child,
Made it the goal from whence to try,
That race to run, which to the sky
Can guide through Time's dark wild.

The sky, that home of quiet rest,
When life's poor dream is o'er,
Where spirits mingle with the blest,
And sorrow, in the aching breast,
Sha l reign, shall reign no more!

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

One night, that celebrated individual, Mr. Brown, then holding office of sheriff, found his indolent neighbor Jones, who preferred taxing the energies of the community rather than his own, engaged in abstracting wood from his premises. Mr. Brown had been sitting in his room later than usual, engaged in writing, when the creaking of snow attracted his attention. Going to a darkened window he looked out, and in so doing espied his neighbor Jones in the interesting employment before mentioned.

Sheriff Brown, being somewhat of a wag, waited until the sled was well loaded, and then, carefully capped, coated and gloved, and armed with a carriage whip, became a very unwelcome apparition in the presence of Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones looked for a way of escape, but found himself hemmed between two wood-piles, crossed at one end by a third pile, and at the other by a very great obstacle, and a very frightful one indeed.—Mr. Jones believed in ghosts, but I doubt if the ghosts of all his deceased ancestors, clear back to our respected grandfather and grandmother Adam and Eve, would have made him quail as did the sight of that embodied Sheriff Brown.

'Good evening, neighbor Jones; a very fine evening, is it not?'

'I—I—I—ah—' stammered Mr. Jones, 'don't be hard on a poor man, Mr. Brown; you don't know what it is to see your wife and children shiver for the want of a good fire! You see I just thought as how the children were so cold, Mr. Brown, and your wood-pile so large, you would not miss a few sticks, Mr. Brown.'

'Oh, no! oh, no!' said Mr. Brown, good humoredly, still presenting the same impassible gate which neighbor Jones seemed to wish unbarred, with a slight waving motion of his head, seeming to seek chances of escape. Ah, no! But have you served all the neighbors alike now? Do you get all your wood off my pile?"

'Well, well,' still giving little jerks to his head.

'O, make yourself easy, Mr. Jones, and tell me all about it,' said Mr. Brown, as he saw his prisoner sttll cherished hopes of escape.

'Well, I have got some at Widow Simpkins' pile, and some at John Gregory's, and a little, just a little, from Dick Grimes.'

'Dick Grimes did not have much, eh?'

'Well, no, not much; Dick Grimes ani't very forehanded, I guess; but he always has a leetle more on hand than he needs right along.

'Hump! hump! Well, put a few more sticks on your load—more yet—there, now,' mounting the load, 'I think it was hardly fair to take wood from Widow Simkins, so I think we will try and make a little amends for that by carrying her this load. Poor woman, she needs it more than I do—pull away, my man!' and with a little touch of whip to quicken his energies, Mr. Jones pulled away for the home of the widow.

Arriving there, Mr. Jones was compelled to unload, when Sheriff Brown re-mounted the empty sled and ordered him to drive to Mr. Dickerman's.

'Mr. Dickerman, you know, is worth as much money as I am, Mr. Jones?'

'Yes, sir,' they say he is.'

'His wood-pile is as large as mine?'

'Yes, sir, maybe.'

'Humph! as if you don't know,' muttered Mr. Brown. Well, we will go and see; I cannot afford to furnish all the wood, you know.'

Arrived there, Mr. Jones again loaded his sled, and again Mr. Brown mounted the load, ordering the sled to John Gregory.

'Justice before mercy,' said he, touching up the personage addressed with his whip. 'John Gregory works hard for his wood, and it is a pity for him to lose any.'

From John Gregory's they proceeded to Dick Grimes' house, from Dick Grimes to other families whom he was compelled to confess robbing. From rich to poor wood was transferred. From some he took more, from others less, but always carrying to each poor person a full load, and Mr. Brown always riding, be the sled empty or ever so full, and always giving a little quickening to his team at well timed intervals.

In this manner the most of the night was spent until Sheriff Brown concluded they had 'borrowed' enough wood from one neighbor to pay another with, and crowned the whole by returning to his own wood-pile for a last load destined for Mr. Jones own dwelling.

'We have had a pretty busy night of it Mr. Jones, pretty busy. But when you want to borrow again, neighbor, just let me know and I will go with you again. It does my heart good, Mr. Jones, to relieve the wants of the industrious poor, and I am always willing to remunerate any co-operator in my works of benevolence. You have worked bravely to-night, Mr. Jones, and I consider this load of wood no more than a just recompense for such a night's toil. Take the wood, Mr. Jones, and while you sit by it with your wife and children, reflect upon this old adage, 'Honesty is the best policy.' 'Good night.' And Sheriff Brown retired, the next day, amusing his neighbors with his account of the cause of the changed appearance of their wood-piles.

Mr. Jones was thoroughly ashamed and punished, but laziness had bound him with fetters not so easily broken, and he never became anything better than a lazy man and a thief

THE GREAT SOCIAL EVIL.

Our misfortune is that luxury and pride have taken such hold of us that we all insist on beginning life at the point where our fathers left off. Our young men think they cannot afford to marry because they cannot keep up the style to which they have been accustomed. Our girls have no idea of love in a cottage; of that devotedness to a husband and contentedness with the tenderest and holiest of all human bonds which can count the world well lost for its sake; of abdicating for husband and for child the comforts of their father's house. The young men become calculating; the girls become imprudent or discontented; the world goes further wrong with both than if they had had made up their minds that 'Poor and content is rich, and rich enough. What is required but to rebuke luxury and pride, and sumptuary tastes, to teach young women to cook, and make their own clothes, and nurse children, and keep a house on narrow means, and to be simple in manners, tastes, and habits; to find resources in their own minds, and to be contented without superfluities; in short, to be prepared to regulate with frugality a humble household, and to teach a husband to forget that anything is wanting to happiness and comfort, where there is cheerful affection, wise thrift, and the endless inventiveness by which woman's love can find cheap but acceptable substitutes for the endless artificial wants that money can alone supply. Let our clergy teach society to bring up its young men to habits of self-denial and simplicity of life, to contentment with narrow means, until they themselves can earn more, to manly hopefulness, in entering upon the battle of life, to pure-mindedness and sincerity and chivalrous reverence for the other sex, to an abhorence of treachery to the affections, and an exalted sense of the institution which adds the office of a husband and a father to the responsibilities of citizenship. Above all, let each of us in his sphere check extravagance, discountenance luxury, practise self-denial, and cultivate plain manners and simple tastes and habits.

WHO IS INFALLIBLE?

There has always been an open question in the Church—and I greatly fear that it will not be adjudicated in our day—about which Christian men are prone to differ, namely—What shall be done with the man who does not follow after us? 'And John answered—even the beloved John—(Mark ix. 38) saying, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us." A very bad piece of business this! and so their master taught them. But Jesus said, 'Forbid him not. . . . For he that is not against us is on our part.' Now, if you are in search of the source and fountain of all the dissensions and divisions in the Protestant Church at this day, you have it in these few words—'We forbid him because he followeth not us.' Our brethren may be casting out devils in the name of Jesus—may be saving souls in his name—but all this avails nothing if he follows not after us. This spirit of intolerance is contemporary with the existance of the Church of God. Thus when 'Edad and Medad prophesied in the camp and went up with the rest to the door of the tabernacle,' we hear Joshua crying, 'My Lord Moses, forbid them.' But Moses was a wise man, and rebuked him, saying, 'Enviest thou for my sake? Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his Spirit upon them.' So in the primitive Church.—Paul and Barnabas so differed upon a memorable occasion, and 'the contention became so sharp,' that they would no longer labor together in the same field, but 'they departed asunder the one from the other.' There must have been, to say the least, an error of judgment even in these apostles. And if such men might err, what a lesson of humility should it teach us, when disposed to sit in judgment upon our brethren and become their teachers! If John might err—if Joshua might err—if Paul and Barnabas might err—then who may claim infallibility? But who does not claim it?—*Episcopal Recorder.*

GREATNESS OF LITTLE THINGS.

Scientific research iterates and reiterates one moral—the greatness of little things, and the importance not only of the minute study of facts, but of the study of minute facts. One can imagine the contempt with which the "practical men" of the last century listened to the news that a bitter controversy was raging between two Italian philosophers as to the reason why a frog's leg twitches under certain circumstances; and yet therein lay the bud of the electric telegraph and Elkington's plate, and numerous other undertakings in which the practical man of the present day, though as averse as his ancestors to every investigation whose fruits are not immediately visible, is very happy to invest his money. The study of snowballs, piecrust, and squeezed wax has led the physical philosopher to comprehend two of the greatest natural phenomena—the clevage of rocks and the structure of glaciers. A century ago, the collecting of fossils was regarded as an occupation of about the same dignity as the accumulation of old china. Now, the coal-miner risks his capital upon the strength of the evidence they afford, and the landed proprietors of some of our eastern counties pocket many thousand pounds every year by selling the phosphatic fossils whose nature was first pointed out to them by a country clergyman who happened to be a man of science. And not only does the gradual widening and perfecting of our view of nature bring with it a respect for the influence of the study of minute facts on the advancement of knowledge and the bettering of man's estate, but it tells us that, apart from all consideration of man and his wants, minute and seemingly most insignificant agents have played a mighty part in the history of our globe. *Saturday Review.*

SELECTIONS FOR A NEWSPAPER.

Most people think the selections of suitable matter for a newspaper the easiest part of the business. How great an error. It is by all means the most difficult. To look over and over hundreds of exchange papers every week, for which to select enough for one, especially when the question is, not what shall, but shall not be selected, is no easy task. If every person who reads a newspaper could have edited it, we would hear less complaints. Not unfrequently it is the case that an editor looks over all his exchange papers for something interesting and can absolutely find nothing. Every paper is dryer than a contribution box—and yet something must be had—his paper must come out with something in it, and he does the best he can.

To an editor who has the least care about what he selects, the writing that he has to do is the easiest part of the labor. Every subscriber thinks the paper printed for his own benefit, and if there is nothing in it that suits him, it must be stopped—it is good for nothing. Just so many subscribers as an editor may have, so many tastes he has to consult. One likes anecdotes, fun and frolic, and another wonders that a man of sense will put such in his paper. Something argumentative, and the editor is a dull fool. And so between them all, you see the poor fellow gets roughly handled. And yet to ninety-nine out of a hundred, those things do not occur. They never reflect that what does not please them may please the next man, but they insist that if the paper does not suit him it is good for nothing. —*Canada Weekly Sentinel.*

FRETFUL FARMERS.

The New York *Tribune* well says: 'Men make themselves uncomfortable, destroy the peace of their families, and actually make themselves hated by fretfulness.' Beecher says:

'It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acid, but love and trust are sweet juices.'

We know a man with a patient, good, Christian wife, and we never heard him speak a kind, pleasant word to her, and doubt if he ever did in the half century they have lived together.

He is always in a fret. Everything goes wrong. You would think he was made of cross-grained timber, and had always been trying to digest a cross-cut saw. He is eternally cross, and always thinks that his wife and children, hired hands, and all the domestic animals have entered into a combination to worry him to death. He is not only rusty, but fairly crusted over with it. He is incased in a shell of acid secretions, through which no sweet juices ever distill. Friction has literally worn him out, and he will soon worry himself to death. Of course he has never worked to any advantage to himself or anybody else.—With him everything always goes wrong. He superstitiously believes 'it is because the devil has a spite against him,' when in truth it is nothing but his own fretfulness.

CHANGE.—Such are the vicissitudes of the world, through all its parts, that day and night, labor and rest, hurry and retirement endear each other; such are the changes that keep the mind in action; we desire, we pursue, we obtain, we are satisfied; we desire something else, and begin a new pursuit.—*Johnson.*