

## THE YORK HERALD

### Every Friday Morning.

And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails or other conveyances, when so desired.  
The York Herald will always be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Local News and Markets, and the greatest care will be taken to render it acceptable to the many of business, and a valuable Family Newspaper.  
TERMS: One Dollar per annum in advance, if not paid within two months. One Dollar and Fifty Cents will be charged.  
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, and parties refusing papers, may not pay on will be held accountable for the subscription.  
All letters addressed to the editors must be post-paid.

### ADVERTISING RATES.

PREPARED	
One inch, one year	\$4 00
Two inches, one year	3 50
Three inches, one year	3 00
Advertisements for a shorter period	
One year, insertion	0 50
Each subsequent insertion	0 25
22 inches to be considered one column.	

Advertisements without written direction inserted till forfeit, and charged accordingly.  
All transitory advertisements from regular or irregular customers, must be paid for when handed in for insertion.

### THE HERALD

### BOOK & JOB PRINTING

ESTABLISHMENT.  
Orders for any of the undermentioned descriptions of

### Plain & Colored Job Work

will be promptly attended to:  
Fancy Bills, Business Cards, Circulars, Law Forms, Bill Heads, Blank Checks, Drafts, Blank Orders, Receipts, Letter Heads, Fancy Cards, Pamphlets, Large and Small Posters, and every other kind of Letter-Press Printing.  
Having made large additions to the printing material, we are better prepared than ever to do the most artistic and most beautiful printing of every description.

### AUCTIONEERS.

FRANK BUTTON, JR.,  
Licensed Auctioneer for the County of York. Sales attended to on the shortest notice and at reasonable rates. P. O. address, Buttonville.  
Markham, July 24, 1868 497

### DRUGGISTS.

H. SANDERSON & SON,  
PROPRIETORS OF THE

### RICHMOND HILL DRUG STORE,

Corner of Yonge and Centre streets East, have constantly on hand a good assortment of Drugs, Patents, Perfumery, Chemicals, Oils, Toilet Soaps, Medicines, Varnishes, Fancy Articles, Dye Stuffs, Patent Medicines and all other articles kept by druggists generally. Our stock of medicines warranted genuine, and of the best qualities.  
Richmond Hill, Jan. 25, '72 705

### THOMAS CARR,

Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Groceries, Wines, and Liquors, Thornhill. By Royal Letters Patent has been appointed Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

### DENTISTRY.

#### A. ROBINSON'S, L. D. S.

New method of extracting teeth without pain, by the use of Ether Spray, which affects the teeth only. The tooth and gum surrounding becomes insensible with the external agency, when the tooth can be extracted with no pain, and without endangering the life, as in the use of Chloroform. Dr. Robinson will be at the following places prepared to extract teeth with his new apparatus. All office operations in Dentistry performed in a workmanlike manner:  
Aurora, 1st, 3rd, 16th and 22d of each month.  
Newmarket " " " " " "  
Richmond Hill, 9th and 24th " "  
Mt. Albert " " " " " "  
Thornhill " " " " " "  
Maple " " " " " "  
Burlington " " " " " "  
Kleinburg " " " " " "  
Nobleton " " " " " "  
Nitrous Oxide Gas always on hand at Aurora.  
Aurora, April 28, 1870 615-11

#### W. H. & R. PUGSLEY,

(SUCCESSORS TO W. W. COX.)

BUTCHERS, RICHMOND HILL, HAVE always on hand a good assortment of Lamb, Veal, Pork, Sausages, &c., and sell at the lowest prices for Cash.  
Also, Corned and Spiced Beef, Smoked and Dried Hams.  
The highest market price given for Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, &c.  
Richmond Hill, Oct. 24, '72 745-11

### FOURNS BOOT AND SHOE STORE

JOHN BARTON, manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of boots and shoes, 38 West Market Square, Toronto.  
Boots and shoes made to measure, of the best material and workmanship, at the lowest remunerating prices.  
Toronto, Dec. 3, 1867.

### PETER S. GIBSON,

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,  
Civil Engineer and Draughtsman.  
Orders by letter should state the Commission, Lot and character of Survey, the subscriber having the old Field Notes of the late D. Gibson and other surveys, which should be consulted, in many cases as to original monuments, &c., previous to commencing work.  
Office at WILLOWDALE, Yonge Street, in the Township of York.  
Jan. 3, 1873 755

### J. SEGSWORTH,

DEALER IN FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c., 113 Yonge Street, Toronto.  
September 1, 1871 684

### ADAM H. MEYERS, JR.,

(Late of Duigan & Meyers.)  
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c., &c.  
Office: No. 12 York Chambers, South-East Corner of Toronto and Court Streets, Toronto, Ont.  
January 15, 1873 759-11

### PATENT MEDICINE.

#### PROCLAMATION.

MUSTARD'S Catarrh Specific Cures Aunts and Chronic cases of Catarrh, Neuralgia, Headache, Colds, Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., it is also a good Soothing Syrup.

MUSTARD'S Pills are the best pills you can get for Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Bilelessness, Liver, Kidney Complaints, &c.

IT CURES Rheumatism, Wounds, Bruises, Old Sores, Cuts, Burns, Frost Bites, Piles, Painful Swellings, White Swellings, and every conceivable wound upon man or beast.

THE KING OF OILS

Stands permanently above every other item now in use. It is invaluable.

ISO, the Pain Victor is Infallible for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Flux, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Hain and Cramp in the Stomach and Bowels, &c.

Directions with each bottle and box.

Manufactured by H. MUSTARD, Proprietor, Ingoltsell.

Sold by Druggists generally.

The Dominion Worm Candy is the medicine to expel worms. Try it. 700-y

J. H. SANDERSON.

VETERINARY SURGEON, Graduate of Toronto University College, corner of Yonge and Centre Sts. East, Richmond Hill, begs to announce to the public that he is now practising with H. Sanderson, of the same place, where they may be consulted personally or by letter, on all diseases of horses, cattle, &c.

All orders from a distance promptly attended to, and medicine sent to any part of the Province.

Horses examined as to soundness, and also bought and sold on commission.

Richmond Hill, Jan. 25, 1872 507

### S. JAMES,

(LATE JAMES & FOWLER.)  
ARCHITECT, CIVIL ENGINEER, AND Surveyor, Trust and Loan Buildings, corner of Adelaide and Toronto streets, Toronto. 719-11

### WM. MALLOY,

BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor-in-Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.  
Office: No. 6 Royal Insurance Buildings, Toronto street, Toronto, Dec. 2, 1870. 534

### D. C. O'BRIEN,

ANCER, and Commission Agent for the sale or purchase of lands, farm stock, &c., also for the collection of rents, notes and accounts. Charges Moderate.

Office: Richmond street, Richmond Hill. 700-11

### F. WHITLOCK,

CHINNEY SWEET, and DEALER IN Old iron, rags, &c., &c., Richmond Hill. All orders promptly attended to.  
November 12, 1872 747-11

The Captain of a small vessel called the Catherine, bound from Cork to Portsmouth, England, with a cargo of butter, has just met with a singular adventure at sea. The crew consisted of three hands, the Captain and two seamen. The Catherine left Cork on Oct. 2, and when about twenty-five miles from Queenstown the two men were engaged in shifting jibs. While so employed a sea struck them, carried them away, and no more was seen of them. The same wave swept the Captain off the vessel, which was thus left without a hand. Fortunately, however, another wave washed him into the rigging, and he succeeded in regaining the deck. Throughout the very heavy weather which has prevailed during the last few days, the Captain stuck, single-handed to his post; and brought his vessel safely into Portsmouth harbor on the afternoon of October 6.

The experiment of transferring the blood of a live lamb into the veins of a consumptive patient was successfully performed upon the person of Hermann Dubois at Fall River, Mass., on Friday, by Drs. Julius Hoffman and Weyland of New York City. Every vein which is connected with the jugular vein of the animal was severed and securely tied by the physicians, so as to allow the blood free egress to the arm of the patient. Dr. Hoffman used a small glass tube about two inches and a half long, slightly curved, for the operation, thus bringing the neck of the lamb in very close proximity to the patient's arm. The operation occupied one minute and thirty-three seconds, about six ounces of blood being transferred in that time. Mr. Dubois has been afflicted with consumption more than two years, and his friends thought it best to try the experiment as a last resort for relief. At last accounts the patient was doing well.

An honest German who had recently arrived in this country, invented an original system of mnemonics to use for improving his imperfect knowledge of the English language. When he heard a new English word he would couple it in his mind with a word already familiar to him having a somewhat similar signification, and thus by the association of ideas fix it in his memory. Sometimes, however, his system failed to work with entire success. For instance, one day his attention was attracted by a bloated batrachian, which was croaking lustily on the edge of a marsh, and he asked his employer the English name of the creature. "That is a bull frog," was the answer. "Yaw, bool, ozen," "Yog, toad—I remember him," said the man. A few days after he came across another frog, and his employer being with him, and wishing to test the efficacy of his mnemonics, asked him if he could tell the name of the reptile. "Yaw," he answered, triumphantly, "dot ees un oxen toad."

### THE LOST SHEEP.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay—  
In the shelter of the fold;  
And one was out on the hills away,  
Far off from the gates of gold;  
Away on the mountains wild and bare—  
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

Lord, Thou hast lost the ninety and nine—  
Are they not enough for Thee?  
But the Shepherd made answer, "This of mine  
Has wandered away from me;  
And, although the roads be rough and steep,  
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed;  
Nor how dark the night that the Lord passed  
through.

He found His sheep that was lost.  
Out in the desert He heard its cry,  
Sick, and helpless and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way  
That mark out the mountain track?"  
"They were shed for one who had gone astray  
The Shepherd could bring him back."  
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so bleeding and torn?"  
"They were pierced to-night by many a thorn."

And all through the mountain thunders,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There rose a cry to the gates of Heaven,  
"Rejoice, I have found My sheep!"

And the angels echoed around the throne,  
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

### THE LADY'S "YES."

"Yes," I answered you last night;  
"No," this morning, say, I say.  
Colors seen by candle light,  
Do not look the same by day.

When the violet plays her best,  
Lapses above and laughs below—  
Love me sound like a jest,  
Pit for 'tis or fit for no.

Call me false or call me free—  
Yow, whatever lights may shine,  
No man on your face shall see  
Any grifted form.

Time to dance is on its heels—  
Yet to dance is not to woo—  
Woeing light makes fickle truth  
Scorn of noverels on heels.

Learn to win a lady's faith,  
Nobly, as the thing is high;  
Bravely, as for life and death,  
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,  
Point her to the starry skies,  
Guard her by your truthful words,  
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

Ever true she shall be true—  
Ever true, as wives of yore,  
And her 'Yes' once said to you,  
Shall be 'Yes' forevermore.

### PUSS-IN-THE-CORNER.

Two little hands hiding two rosy eyes,  
Dear, sunny head that is ever so wise,  
Daring to laugh and shouting with glee,  
Playing at puss-in-the-corner with me.

Pat the prettiest feet on a floor,  
Never seen such a playmate before;  
Sly little one, in a way most unfair,  
Steals in my corner before I'm aware!

Here in our play-ground—the sunny room,  
Never has fallen a shadow of gloom;  
Daring to tease me with sweet little games,  
Wise little noddle to know all my names.

Clover-bud mouth held to mine to be kissed;  
Silver-toned voice, how that voice would be missed!  
A corner you've won—did you know this before?  
Deep in my heart, to be kept evermore!

### WOODED BY AN ATTACHE.

III.  
[CONTINUED.]

A July morning in Milltown. Industry turned wheels and spun webs just the same as if the sun did not steep all the adjacent hills in blue haze.

Milltown was a thriving place, aspiring soon to become a city. The village street was shaded by lofty elms, and on this thoroughfare was located the Brenton mansion, not without pretension in the way of conservatory, cupola, and plate-glass windows.

On this July morning two strangers arrived by the train, evidently master and man. The master glanced about him with some curiosity, the man maintained that stolid, wooden aspect peculiar to grooms of the highest breeding.

All Milltown saw them in a trice; the factory girls became enthusiastic; John Pendleton, glancing down through the dusty window of his office, felt a sudden coldness at heart; two of the Brenton girls, in negligee, were hanging near curtains in the parlor; May was transplanting in the conservatory; the industrious Kitty assisting mother to make currant jelly.

Captain Chevenix, having deposited servant and portmanteau, at the Milltown House, walked up the gravel-path.

"Why do they not have parks instead of court-yards? Surely the country is large enough," he soliloquized.

Fanny's arm dropped the curtain; May overthrown a flower-pot; mother and Kitty came swiftly and stealthily from the kitchen, still imbued in the blood of the current. Who should answer the bell? Their faithful servant, Bridget, had been summoned home by illness. May's face glowed with a sweet content. The constant companion of every pleasure during the winter had not forgotten her, then! Adelaide was equal to the emergency. She metamorphosed herself like the fairy in the pantomime, and came tripping down stairs in white raiment, in the net of a blue sash, her hair floating over her shoulders, negligently confined with a band of ribbon. Then who so smiling when she drew wide the portal to the distinguished stranger as the young woman lately poised on a step-ladder, hammer in hand?

"We didn't think much of the red coats in my day," said grandmother.

The captain's greeting was eager; he had been at Newport hoping to meet

them there, and now he had ventured to search their out. These remarks were addressed to the scene Adelaide, who listened as if she had not a care in the world, while his gaze sought the classical profile of her sister. They were left alone one moment, and drew nearer instinctively.

"Are you glad to see me, dear?" How caressing the tone, how tender the light in the gray eyes.

"Very glad," whispered May, confidently. Never was knight of romance like this one. His image had entered in and taken possession of her imaginative soul. Captain Chevenix murmured, softly,

"Sleep was no sweeter than your face to me, Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold sea."

In the mean while the feminine element sat in judgment in the dining-room. The crisis was grave. Pa must invite the attache to move over, bag and baggage; he could not be permitted to stop at the Milltown house, which was a large, barren hotel, with swinging sign, and pervasive odor of bar-room.

"We must get Hepzibah to help; and for Heaven's sake, may, don't have dinner at half-past twelve," said Adelaide.

"At what hour would you dine?" inquired grandmother.

"Lunch at two and dinner at half-past six o'clock. I wish we had a morning-room; and, may, that servant will consume more in a day than we do in a week."

"Lord bless us!" ejaculated grandmother. "No one can keep their health who takes tea later than six."

"We must make an effort. He has come to propose to May, and I guess the match will be a feather in our cap," continued the ambitious Adelaide, seizing a broom and leading the way to the guest-chamber.

Ignorant of the consternation he had occasioned, the captain became so enraptured, Hepzibah, grim of aspect and stern of her ways, was pressed into the service, the late dinner was served, and the captain nervously presiding, Mrs. Brenton striving to be facetious, the girls, with many misgivings as to the result.

Grandmother persisted in sitting in the dining-room window, during which time she kept knitting, and the captain, much disapproval of the entire proceeding as a very rigid old lady, said, "I am sure that May will be punished."

"Hush!" returned John, humbly; "she can not help it."

Beside the glistening waters, with the trees forming a shadowy dome of darkness above, Captain Chevenix had taken May's hands.

"I am going away to-morrow, dear-est. Do you divine my reason for coming at all?"

Yes, she knew it. With her head on his breast, and the handsome face beaming over her, realized all in the silent prelude of eloquent lips. "Thou, and no other," is the lover's creed.

John was sharp and rude going home. Captain Chevenix turned his aggressive hostility so quietly and coolly that it was impossible to tell if he perceived the animosity. The galling composure well-nigh drove John frantic.

Thomas celebrated the eve of his departure by imbibing more stimulant than usual, in company with the unhappy John, and attempted gallantly to salute the prim Hepzibah in consequence. A violent scuffle ensued, and was succeeded by the appearance of that indignant woman in the parlor.

"I can't stand such actions no longer, I warn," she said. "I'm goin' hum."

And she went.

Captain Chevenix behaved with discretion, only requesting to be allowed to correspond with May. Mr. Brenton consented in some perplexity. He was an indulgent father, and he was in no haste to give away the lily of his garden to a stranger. The affair with John had blown over, then? Fate brought her gifts to the Brenton door with a lavish hand. Lo! as May watched her lover depart, Mr. Cobb, of New Jersey, dawned on Milltown. Adelaide blushed vividly.

"I don't care," she said, vehemently; "he may take us as we are, or not at all."

May twined her arm about her sister's neck. "Let me work for you as you did for me, dear."

"It might be nice to have fresh cake for supper," assented Adelaide, revealing a dimple of satisfaction.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Earnestness.

The late Rev. Rowland Hill, in once addressing the people of Wotton, raising himself, exclaimed, "Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast."

When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill and saw a gravel-pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help so loud that I was heard in the town below, at the distance of near a mile; help came, and rescued two of the sufferers. No one called me an enthusiast then; and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall on poor sinners, and about to entomb them irreversibly in an eternal mass of woe, and call aloud for them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast?

No, sir, I am no enthusiast; I do so doing; and I call on those around to fly for refuge to the hope set before them in the Gospel."

afternoon tea on the lawn, my dears, and croquet."

Mrs. Ward lived in an old brick house surrounded by spacious grounds. Milltown never understood her, and now that she had returned from Europe, she was more incomprehensible than ever.

In years gone by she had issued cards with "At home Thursdays" in the corner, and Milltown had exclaimed, "Supposin' she is to hum, she needn't print it." All that could be clearly appreciated was that her husband had left her a large fortune, which her adopted daughter, Madge Pendleton, would inherit.

So the Brentons took their lion up there, blessing Mrs. Ward in their hearts, and were entertained in faultless style. Madge Pendleton, a fair girl, best described as harmonious in position in which she was placed, looked wistfully at radiant May, in her delicate green draperies and Maud Muller hat, whose side the captain seldom quitted.

"Chere maman," she said, when the others had departed, "that would be a man to worship."

A summer night on the lake, where a boat floated idly on the calm surface. This lake, embosomed among the hills, fed the mills in the valley below. Moonlight silvered the foliage, spread a broad track of liquid splendor for the boat, and glorified the youthful faces of the occupants. May Brenton, with a white shawl over her head, was changed by the moon's wand to a pure Madonna.

Her mood was gay; she sang little snatches of song which alone spoke of her increased confidence—how readily she was assimilating her own happiness to the daily joys of life! John Pendleton wielded the oars, occasionally making gruff comments, or indulging in mirthless laughter, which betrayed his own unhappiness. From the height to which she had attained May looked back at John with tender pity. He would yet marry, the wound be healed, while she went forth into the world. Midsummer evenings remain in the memory a dream of perfumed stillness, of dusky banks fringing the water, of a calm expanse of heaven spanning a universe. As they landed on the island Madge took her brother's arm. When their parents died Mrs. Ward adopted the girl, and John was placed in the factory.

"I am sure that May will be punished as a very rigid old lady," said the sister.

"Hush!" returned John, humbly; "she can not help it."

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Josh Billings' Sayings.

I don't know of any business more flatterous than the tavern business. There don't seem to be anything few do but to stand in front of the register with a pen behind the ear, and see that the guests enter themselves as soon as they enter their house; then yank a bell-rope six or seven times; and then tell John to show the gentleman to the 976; and then take four dollars and fifty cents next morning from the poor devil of a traveller, and let him went.

This seems to be the whole thing—and it is the whole thing in most cases.

There are hotels that are a joy upon earth; where a man pays his bill as cheerfully as he did the parson who married him; where you can't find the landlord unless you hunt in the kitchen; where servants glide around like angels of mercy; where the beds fit a man's back like the feathers on a goose; and where the vittles taste just as the young wife or yore mother had fried 'em.

These kind of hotels ought to be built on wheels, and travel around the kuntry. They are as full of real comfort as a Thanksgiving pudding; but, alas! they are as unobtainable as double-yolked eggs.

Cognets make better wives than Prudes do, but thank the Lord, there is better ones in market than either of them.

When a woman wants anything, she wants it with all her strength, and every body else's strength too.

Intellect without judgment is what ails about one half the smart people in this world.

There aint enuff bad luk in the whole world to ruin any one man, not if he will fite it out on that line.

A fanatic is the worst man we have to contend with, reason has no effect on him, and it is agin the law to klib him.

### Danbury Bailey in England.

[From his Manchester Letter.]

A dog-show was the principal feature to-day, and I am extravagantly fond of dogs. The afternoon I came into the city I found two mastiffs in the depot. In the confusion I thought they were two freight cars that had by some inscrutable means got off the track. I was glad to find they were dogs. The larger of the two was called the champion of England, and added other laurels by carrying off the prize at the show.

This was the largest dog I ever saw; it was the largest dog that any two people ever saw. I thought at first I would buy him, but partly hesitated on learning the price—\$1,000—and completely gave up the idea before I saw him out of the depot.

He was secured by a chain in the hands of an attendant, a man who appeared to be in a chronic state of perspiration and protestation. And he was an erratic dog. He made violent and entirely unexpected dashes at various objects or openings, and wherever he went the perspiring and protesting individual was sure to go. He snapped him off his feet every other minute, and in the intervals hauled him over square-cornered trunks, bumped him against other people with luggage in their hands, or shoved him over highly-indignant but utterly helpless little boys, whose unrestrained curiosity had led them too close to the performance. The last I saw of the keeper (?) he was passing through the door in charge of the mastiff, a boy was running after with his hat, and people on the sidewalk were appropriating elevated places with spotless alacrity.

### The Apple Dumplin.

The dumplin are about the natral