

Business Directory.

Dr. JAMES LANGSTAFF, Richmond Hill.

JOHN GRIEVE, CLERK THIRD DIVISION COURT.

JOSEPH KELLER, Bailiff Second and Third Division Court.

G. A. BARNARD, Importer of British and American Dry Goods.

P. CROSBY, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, &c.

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage, Wagon & Sleigh MAKER.

JAMES McCLURE, Licensee Auctioneer for the Counties of York, Ontario and Simcoe.

JOHN HARRINGTON, JR., Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Hardware, &c.

CALEB LUDFORD, Saddle and Harness Maker, THORNHILL.

A. GALLANOUGH, Dealer in Groceries, Wines and Liquors, Thornhill, C. W.

WELLINGTON HOTEL, Near the Railroad Station, Aurora. Careful Hostlers always in attendance.

MANSION HOUSE, J. RAVANAGH, Proprietor.

MESSRS. J. & W. BOYD, Barristers &c., NO. 7, WELLINGTON BUILDINGS, KING ST., TORONTO.

CLYDE HOTEL, KING STREET EAST, TORONTO. JOHN MILLS, Proprietor.

BOTTLED ALE DEPOT, 65, YORK STREET, TORONTO, C. W. M. MORRISON, Agent.

ROBERT J. GRIFFITH, L.A.G., Banner and Ornamental Painter, Elizabeth Street, Toronto.

J. VERNEY, Boot and Shoe Maker, OPPOSITE A. LAW'S, Yonge Street, Richmond Hill.

CHAS. POLLOCK, 80] Importer of British, French German and American, Fancy and Staple Dry Goods.

JOHN COULTER, Tailor and Clothier, Yonge St., Richmond Hill.

GEORGE DODD, Veterinary Surgeon, Lot 26, 4th Con., Vaughan.

HENRY SANDERSON, Veterinary Surgeon, and AUCTIONEER.

J. N. REID, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Corner of Yonge and Centre Streets, Thornhill.

ROACH'S HOTEL, CORNER of Front and George Streets, one block east of the Market, Toronto.

ROBERT SIVER, Boot and Shoe Maker, ADJOINING the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, Yonge Street, Richmond Hill.

British AND YORK RIDINGS' GAZETTE.



WITH OR WITHOUT OFFENCE TO FRIENDS OR FOES, I SKETCH YOUR WORLD EXACTLY AS IT GOES.—Byron.

Vol. II. No. 3. RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1858. Whole No. 524.

DR. J. W. GRIFFITH, MARKHAM VILLAGE, C.W. 52-ly

ESPLANADE HOTEL, BY G. TURNER, PALACE ST. (OPPOSITE THE OLD GAS WORKS) TORONTO.

JAMES HALL, HAS always on hand a large assortment of BOOTS and SHOES.

W. HODGE & Co. WHOLESALE and Retail Copper, Tin and Iron Plate Workers, and Furnishing Ironmongers.

EDMUND GRAINGER, BUTCHER, THORNHILL. Fresh and Pickled Meats, Poultry, &c.

WILLIAM HARRISON, Saddle and Harness Maker, Next door to G. A. Barnard's, Richmond Hill.

W.C. ADAMS, DOCTOR or Dental SURGERY, 66, King Street East, Toronto.

T. MACBETH, Jr., CARRIAGE, SIGN, and Ornamental Painter, Richmond Hill.

BLACK HORSE HOTEL, (FORMERLY KEPT BY WM. ROLPH.) CORNER of Palace and George Streets, east of the Market Square, Toronto.

DAVID ATKINSON, AGENT FOR Darling & Aitchison's COMBINED MOWING AND REAPING MACHINES, Richmond Hill.

WARD & McCAUSLAND, House, Sign and Ornamental PAINTERS, Grainers, Glaziers, and Paper Hangers, THORNHILL.

LUKES' HOTEL, HOLLAND LANDING. THE Subscriber begs to inform the Inhabitants of the above-named Village and surrounding Country.

SWAN HOTEL, THORNHILL. The Subscriber in tendering his thanks for past favors, would beg to call Public attention to his NEW Establishment, Thornhill.

JOHN SHELS, Proprietor, Thornhill, January 20, 1858.

Selections.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwell's brass arc bonnie, Where early fa's the dew, And 'twas there that Annie Laurie G'd me her promise true.

RAMBLES OF A NATURALIST.

WILLIAM AND THOMAS.

Smollet, the talented historian, the writer of so many works of fiction, and of the exquisitely beautiful poem, "The Tears of Scotland," after having for many years prosecuted the sedentary and laborious occupation of an author by profession.

We have quoted this lively illustration of the old proverb, "The jaundiced eye sees every thing yellow," in order to show how much depends on our way of viewing the objects that surround us.

At the end of a long day's walk, William arrived at the same homely, little rustic inn, where, unknown to him, his companion had put up two hours before.

entirely consumed in the process of combustion, so as to require no care or attention, such as a tallow-candle demands; and as it burns with a very feeble light, it is admirably suited for a night-lamp to the nurse.

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seems to be only a withered weed; I am sure you can find nothing there to gratify either sight or smell! "Ah! my poor Convolutus; it has soon withered indeed. I plucked it out of the hedge-row as I passed; the whole thicket was festooned with its beautiful clusters; but it is a curious fact, that wild flowers will not keep a single day, even with the utmost care, after they have been plucked, though you put them in water, and tend them with the greatest assiduity; while the cultivated flowers of the garden may be preserved for a week or more, with a mere change of water.

William carefully picked out various little blue flowers scattered among the rest, and arranging them neatly together, and smelling at them with a look of pleasure, he handed them over to his companion, saying, "There now, Thomas, look at that; I suppose you know what these are."

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"No, Mrs. Mason; but you may tell your husband, that unless the rent is paid by to-morrow evening an execution shall be put in the next morning; mind that, marm. I ain't a going to be put off with promises no longer, and so you may tell him."

"Oh, sir," said poor Susan, "I am sure my husband will do all he can; but we have been so unfortunate in not getting our bills paid. I am sure gentlefolks little know the distress tradespeople suffer from, perhaps, nothing but their thoughtlessness."

"Ah! that may be all very true, Mrs. Mason, but that ain't coming to the point; I want my rent, and will have it, that is more; and so I wish you good morning."

"My good, dear wife, I hardly think it safe for you to take so long a walk in your situation," said Mason, looking at her with his heart almost bursting.

"At last the dress was completed, and Susan set off with it alone, as her husband was obliged to remain with the children and to look to the shop. But what was her disappointment upon arriving in St. James's Square, to hear that Lady H— was in Devonshire, and not expected to return to town for ten days or a fortnight! Poor Susan wept the whole of the way home. Now she really did despair. Yet upon her return, fatigued and broken-hearted, she tried to cheer her unfortunate husband. They retired to bed that night spiritless and supperless.

"I must own I felt so anxious to hear the result of all this, that I determined to remain all night where I was. About three o'clock, I was disturbed by hearing a great noise. It was all soon accounted for. Susan was taken ill, and the husband had gone out for Mrs. Smith, who was to aid in the double capacity of nurse and doctor. About eight in the morning, Mason left the room of his suffering wife, and entered the little parlour. There was a gloom and a settled determination in his manner I did not like. After a while, he quitted the house, without breaking his fast. Soon after, I learned that his wife had given birth to a dead child.

"The watch was found upon him; and Mason returned not. A neighbour had taken away the two poor children. About five o'clock, a note was brought to Mrs. Mason; it was from her son, telling her that he was in prison; that, in desperation, he had entered a jeweller's shop in the morning, and had stolen a watch. The shopman saw him commit the theft, and had him immediately taken up.

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THE UNFORTUNATE TRADESMAN.

One day about noon, I found myself in a small street leading out of Oxford Street. Some boys were just returning from school. One of the little fellows espied me upon a window, and immediately out came his handkerchief. As I was, fortunately, rather beyond his reach, I placed myself still higher. After many ineffectual attempts with the said handkerchief, my young tormentor quitted me.

"I now made the best of my way into the first open door, which proved to be a shoemaker's. The shop was small, but very neat. There was a glass door leading into a back parlour; two children were playing upon the carpet; their mother, a nice-looking young woman of about five-and-twenty, was busily engaged in embroidering a silk dress. Presently, a red-faced, hard-featured man, walked through the shop into the little parlour, and standing just before the young woman, with both his hands resting upon his gold-faced stick, sternly demanded if her husband was at home. "No, sir," said the wife timidly; "will you be pleased to take a chair?"