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THOMAS G. MATHESON, JAMES FITZGERALD, Toronto, July 1, 1859, 31-1f

JR. S. H. JARVIS, BARRISTER-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,

Charles C. Keller, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c.

JAMES BOULTON, Esq., Barrister, Law Office—Corner of Church and King Sts., Toronto, March 8, 1861, 119-1f

EDWARD E. W. HURD, BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.

A. MACNABB, BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor, &c., King Street, East, [over Leader Office], Toronto, C.W., April 12, 1861, 123-1y

William Grant, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c., Toronto, April 12, 1861, 123-1y

A. MAIRS, B. A., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Conveyancer, &c., Main Street, Markham Village, November 22, 1860, 104-1

The York Herald

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Vol. III. No. 49.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1861.

Whole No. 154.

HOTEL CARDS. Masonic Arms Hotel, RICHMOND HILL, GEORGE SIMSON, PROPRIETOR.

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.

White Hart Inn, RICHMOND HILL. THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that he has leased the above Hotel, where he will keep constantly on hand a good supply of first-class Liquors, &c.

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ALBION HOTEL, EAST MARKET SQUARE, TORONTO, C.W. Choice Liquors and Good Accommodation at reasonable charges. Good Stabling and a Careful Hostler in attendance.

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St. Lawrence Inn, 142 KING STREET, TORONTO. Choice Liquors and Good Accommodation at reasonable charges. Good Stabling and a Careful Hostler in attendance.

Fountain Restaurant! 69 KING STREET, EAST, TORONTO. Lunch every day from 11 till 2.

NEWBICGING HOUSE, LATE Clarendon Hotel, No. 28, 30 and 32 Front Street, Toronto. Board \$1, per day. Porters always in attendance at the Cabs and Boats.

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Poetry.

"THE BOTTLE."

'The Bottle,' showing the commencement, awful progress, and destructive consequences of dram-drinking. Plate 1. The bottle is brought out for the first time—the husband induces his wife; just to take a drop.

Literature.

KISSED BY MISTAKE.

'Will you be at home to-night, Hetty?' and he's a speaker, a tall, muscular, well-looking young farmer, reddened to the very roots of his hair, as though he had committed some very wicked act, instead of asking a simple question.

That was just a week ago. Hetty had said 'Yes,' and agreed to 'bring father and mother around on the subject.' Josiah had not been to the house since, probably feeling very much like a dog venturing upon the premises of the person whose sheep-fold he had just plundered.

rolled upon the hearth, and puss was busy converting it into gordian knots. And just then came a double rap at the door; so loud, sudden and self-assured, that Hetty started up with a little shriek, and set her foot on puss's tail, who, in turn, gave voice to her amazement and displeasure.

On one side of the fire sat Mrs. Thomas, fat and fair, and at peace with all the world, rocking and knitting, and refreshing herself at sundry intervals with a bite of a half eaten apple that lay on the corner of the table, and touching every now and then in a caressing manner with her foot a sleek, lazy-looking cat that purred and winked on the rug before her.

'I shall not dare to tell her now. She'll be sure to think I wanted to get her out of the way so I might have Josiah all to myself, and I should never hear the last of it.' And like a wise little puss she was silent.

'I'll venture my word on it, you would not have wondered at our young farmer's desperate enthrallment if you could have seen Hetty Thomas as she sat sewing by the fire-side that cold November night.

Under pretext of being ready to go to her uncle's (a thing she had no idea of doing) she had, just before tea, indulged in an indiscriminate 'fixing up.' A neatly fitting dark calico, with the store loom still on it; a fresh linen collar and tasteful black silk apron—these were the chief items of Hetty's toilet; but she looked as sweet and dainty in her plain dress as if hours had been spent in donning lace and jewels.

Eight o'clock and past! Mrs. Thomas was dozing in her chair—her shadow on the opposite wall bobbing about in grotesque mimicry, as she nodded to and fro, now exclaiming the voluminous white satin bows of her spruce cap against the back of her chair now almost falling forward, and her fat hands lay listlessly in her lap, and her ball of yarn had

'Yes, you Hetty. You was mighty anxious to get me and pap off to see aunt Ruth this evening; but I noticed you were slipped up extraordinary, for all you weren't going. Now; Hetty, I'm getting old. I know it; but I haven't quite lost my eyesight yet. I've heard something about this between you and 'Siah Hawley. What are you playin' possum for? Out with it, I say!'

'No, I shan't.' Do take yourself off. Think I didn't see you fidgeting around Sarah Jones at Deacon Ledger's yesterday evening? I've not forgotten that, sir.'

'Oh, murder! 'Taint Obediah, neither!' She had by this time divested herself of the impression that it was her usually sober spouse, who must have come home in an unusually exalted condition, thus to indulge in such unwonted expressions of affection.

But that dutiful daughter was, to all appearance, innocent as a sucking dove. She soothed the old lady by representing that it might have been one of the neighbors, who, having drunk too much, had mistaken the house and housewife. She searched the entry for the missing spectacles dropped in the scuffle; rearranged the rumpled cap border; wound up the tangled yarn; stirred the fire—all in the most amicable manner possible; and at length had the satisfaction of seeing her mother subside into her chair in her accustomed tranquility.

'I suppose it's a queer idea of mine Hetty, but I've a notion that that man was Siah Hawley.' My, but if Hetty's face did not fire up then! You might have lit a candle by it.

'I don't believe that hiss was meant for me, after all. Wonder who it was intended for; and wonder if you don't know something about it, Hetty?' 'Me, mother!

'Siah never heard the last of that blunder. Old Squire Thomas used to delight in rehearsing the story whenever all the parties interested happened to be present. He would shake his fat sides at Josiah's discomfort and his wife's tart replies, and Hetty would join him, and both would laugh until the tears ran down their cheeks.

'EXPERIENCES OF AN EDINBURGH POLICE OFFICER.' We give an example of Mr. M'Levy's dramatic skill from the above work. He is 'great' in expressing the feelings of mothers who had seen their sons fall within their grasp.

It is well known, but not so generally practised as it ought to be, that oats or other grain given to horses are more readily digested, and consequently more nutritious, when supplied in a bruised or reduced state; and we have now improved a very convenient machine for effecting this very desirable purpose.

The same quantity of oats given to a horse produces different effects according to the time they are administered. I have made the experiments on my own horses, and have always observed there is in the dung a quantity of oats not digested, when I purposely gave them water immediately after a feed of oats.

'Keep cool! it is a good motto, always. Nobody ever injured himself by being cool and circumspect in deeds and dictation, but thousands have gone to ruin by giving way to a hasty temper and a disposition to act precipitately.'

'Will you take a pinch?' asked an acquaintance, offering his snuff-box to a fishmonger. 'No, I thank you, replied the latter; I have just one more a lobster.'

'But, Hetty, I want you to tell 'Siah I'd rather he'd not make such a mistake again. I don't like the feel of his big whiskers about my face. I don't approve of promiscuous kissing.'

And I hope it will be a lesson to you and Hetty again—the impolicy of concealment, and underhand doings of all sorts.

ing her vocation at an hour late enough and dark enough to inspire adventurers to flirt a little with the coy damsel without danger of detection by curious friends. There are, as M'Levy says, numbers of these shy and frolicsome fish who are fond of poking their nose into the meshes without any intention of entering the seine. The regular street-walkers, such as Jean, are quite up to these 'night-moths,' hate them heartily, and sometimes make them pay gold coin for silver words.

'The fact was, that Jean had, during the conversation, abstracted from his cuff the note which she had placed there at the instance of her seizure, and which he had unconsciously carried about with him for two days. M'Levy tells this story without warranting its truth; and he adds, that he should like to have been the policeman who wore the coat with the deep cuff.'

'The silver article which M'Levy had seen glancing in the sooty hand proved to be part of the stolen property. This remarkable exemplification of M'Levy's keenness of sight and his strength of memory brought the buried son of the widow Ireland to transportation. The widow Ireland on another occasion, Jean was pursued by a constable, and she was obliged to flit a little with the coy damsel without danger of detection by curious friends.

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