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William Grant, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Toronto. Office in the "Leader" Buildings, King Street, Toronto, April 12, 1861.

A. MAIRS, B. A., ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Main Street, Markham Village, Toronto, April 12, 1861.

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NEWBIGGING HOUSE, 1 ATE Chancery Hotel, No. 28, 30 and 32 Front Street, Toronto. Board \$4 per day. Porter always in attendance at the Cars and Boats.

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THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Wagon MAKER, &c. &c. &c. Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill. March 14, 1862.

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Poetry. THE SABBATH. [For the York Herald.] How sweet and how calm the Sabbath morn, The day in mercy given;

Through the busy week we toil and strive, For the bread which soon decays; But the Sabbath comes with soothing power, And we sing our Maker's praise.

Literature. Taking Things Coolly. Some men are never in a hurry.—Nothing seems to hurry them—nothing disturbs their equanimity or ruffles their composure.

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nearly within reach of the outstretched hands of the crew when his hat blew off and floated away. The man coolly turned and swam after it, reached it with difficulty, fixed it firmly on his head, and once more breast the waves in the direction of the boat.

Women often evince abundance of self-possession. In America, passengers by railway are given metal checks, or counters, for each article of luggage, failing to produce which their luggage will not be returned to them.

For his business-like coolness, commend us to that wonderful Irish squire, who, when his house was attacked, admitted his assailants—only a few dozen or so—one by one through the partially opened door, and calmly killed each of them with a kitchen knife the moment the threshold was passed.

An English tourist, taking an evening stroll near Naples, was hastily jostled by a stranger in a narrow path. Robberies were rife, and immediately afterwards, on putting his hand to his pocket, he misses his watch.

The attitude and bearing of an average Paterfamilias starting with his family on a journey of pleasure or business illustrate this very distinctly. Watch in hand he paces up and down the hall—now giving superfluous instructions to a bewildered footboy, who is striving with perseverance worthy of a better cause to cord a box with a rope a foot too short for the purpose—now, in a voice of querulous despair, shouting exhortations to 'make haste' to the family in general—now kicking a favorite dog or cat into infinite space.

Now he tumbles bodily over the box and footboy with the velocity of an unsuccessful acrobat, and an expression of countenance alarming to witness—and finally he seats himself amidst a wilderness of trunks and portmanteaus, like Marius musing over the ruins of Carthage. Such, very often, is the behavior of an average Paterfamilias going a journey.

He is in a prodigious bustle—he is in everybody's way—he worries his estimable wife—he drives his daughters into a temporary state of frenzy—he arrives after all at the station, with three cabful of family and luggage, half-an-hour too soon, but finds it rather lucky, inasmuch as in the hurry of departure he has left his purse on the drawing-room table, and all his keys in his dressing-room drawer, and just has time to

friend, who has gone round by a bridge who had forgotten his high and dry on the other side, affectionately urging you to 'take it coolly'—Swim with him, and in your efforts to outdo him, you are seized with premonitory symptoms of cramp, and are grateful to float back to your bathing machine, humbly leaning on your friend's imperturbable shoulder. Play billiards, and he composesly pockets the balls or executes scientific canons for twenty minutes running; and when, in your efforts to retaliate, you send all three balls off the table, simultaneously performing carabolic curves in various directions, he jocosely recommends you 'to draw it mild.' Walk with him, and accidentally encounter a mad dog careering full speed along the highway. You rejoice inwardly, for now at length your self-possessed friend must behave like a vulgar mortal, and fairly take to his heels in an agony of alarm.

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The American Agriculturalist gives the following good advice which may be put into practice during next month in many thousands of cases:—

This is often made quite a serious affair, in which kicks and bruises are freely interchanged between the frightened brute and the inflated master. Many an otherwise excellent milker is spoiled for life by hush treatment. A heifer, if well broken to the milk pail, will pay for much painstaking. Rarely's reasoning respecting horses applies equally to other animals. They only resist when injury is apprehended and their natural instinct suggests danger whenever an unusual treatment occurs. Every one has noticed how shy a creature is in entering strange inclosures, or at sight of new objects. The handling of a heifer's legs is to her a very unusual proceeding, and in addition the teats are often tender, and the bag calked and inflamed so as to be painful under even a gentle touch. Training for milking should commence long before calving. First teach the animal to welcome your coming by an apple, a handful of corn or salt or other delicacy. She will soon readily permit the hand to be laid upon her back and enjoy the gentle rubbing and scratching which may be given. Extend the handling to different parts of the body, until she will not flinch from grasping her teats, and the work may be soon accomplished without a harsh word. This will be a good lesson for the boys to practice and it will teach them patience and kindness, in addition to the good effects upon the animal.—Scientific American.

TRUTHS FOR WIVES.—In domestic happiness the wife's influence is much greater than her husband's; for the one, the first cause—mutual love and confidence—being granted, the whole comfort of the household depends upon trifles more immediately under her jurisdiction. By her management of small sums her husband's respectability and credit are created or destroyed. No fortune can stand the constant leakage of extravagance or mismanagement, and more is spent in trifles than women would easily believe. The one great expense, whatever it may be, is turned over and reflected on, ere incurred; and the income is prepared to meet it; but it is pennies imperceptibly sliding away which do the mischief, and does not come within a man's province. There is often an unsuspected trifle to be saved in every household. It is not in economy alone that the wife's attention is necessary, but in those niceties which make a well-regulated house. An unfortunate crust-stand, a missing key, a buttonless shirt, a soiled table-cloth, a mustard-pot with all its old contents sticking hard and brown upon it, are severally nothings; but each can raise an angry word, or cause discomfort. Depend upon it, there is a great deal of domestic happiness in a well-dressed mutton-chop, or a tidy breakfast-table. Men may grow sated of beauty, tired of music, are too often wearied of conversation, however intellectual; but they can always appreciate a well-swept hearth and smiling comfort. A woman may lose her husband devotedly—may sacrifice fortune, friends, family, country for him—she may have the genius of a Sappho, the enchanted beauties of an Arminia; but, melancholy fact, if with these she fails to make home comfortable, his heart will inevitably escape her. And women live so entirely in the affections, that, without love, their existence is void. Better submit, then, to household task, however repugnant they may be to your tastes, than doom yourself to a loveless home. Woman of a high order of mind will not run this risk; they know that their feminine, their domestic, are their first duties.

A Spanish Priest, once exhorting the soldiers to fight like lions, added in the ardor of his enthusiasm: 'Reflect, my brethren, that whosoever falls to-day sups to-night in Paradise.' Thunders of applause followed the sentiment. The fight began, the ranks wavered, and the priest ran, when a soldier, stopping him, reproachfully referred to the supper in Paradise. 'True my son—true,' said the priest, 'but I never eat suppers.'

'How do you do, sare?' said a Frenchman to an English acquaintance. 'Rather poorly, thank you,' answered the other. 'Nay, my dear sare,' said the Frenchman, 'don't thank me for your illness—I cannot help it.'

Good Temper measures how a man is acted upon by others; good nature measures how he acts for others. There are men of inviolable temper, who never exert themselves to do a good natured thing from one end of the year to the other; and many in the highest degree irritable, who are perpetually employed in little acts of good nature.