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BOOTS & SHOES. 35 West Market Square, 2 doors south of King Street.

LUMBERING! ABRAHAM EYER BEGS respectfully to inform his customers and the public that he is prepared to do

PLANEING TO ORDER, In any quantity, and on short notice.

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J. GORMLEY, COMMISSIONER IN QUEEN'S BENCH CONVEYANCER AND

JOJO ROBER, LOT 3, 4th CON. MARKHAM, June 9, 1865. 1-11

POWELL'S CANADIAN SWING PUMPS! ACKNOWLEDGED by 800 Farmers, Profes-

Every Pump Warranted, Orders for these Pumps addressed to C. POWELL, Newton Brook, C.W.

DAVID EYER, Jun., Stave & Shingle Manufacturer RESIDENCE—Lot 25, 2nd Con. Markham

EDMUND SEAGER, Provincial Land Surveyor, &c. RICHMOND HILL.

GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON, Provincial Land Surveyors, SEAFORTH, C. W.

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NEW SERIES.

"Let Sound Reason weigh more with us than Popular Opinion."

TERMS \$1 00 In Advance.

Vol. VI. No. 36.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1866.

Whole No. 296.

JAMES BOWMAN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, ALMIRA HILLS, Markham, Nov. 1, 1865. 22

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Poetry.

A Score of Years Ago.

Down by the breaking waves we stood, Upon the rocky shore; The brave waves whispered courage,

Last'd, if with the priceless gift, Her love my life she'd bless, Was it her voice, or some fair wave—

And then in happy silence, too, I clasp'd her fair, wee hand; And long we stood there, caringly,

It seemed not many days ago— Like yesterday—no more, Since thus we stood, my love and I,

The lily hand is thinner now, And in her sunny hair I see some silver lines, and on

The fishing boats a score of years Go sailing from the strand; The crimson sun a score of years;

"My darling, there's our eldest girl, Down on the rocks below! What's Stanley doing by her side?"

The trunks were all packed and corded, and the carpet-bags were piled up in the corner of the capacious

How melancholy they looked, those emblems of parting and adieu! Not even the merry laughter of

Cousin Jack was going away, the general mischief maker, tormentor, and tease of the whole family,

"Sit down, you wild little elf," said Olive, gently forcing her sister into a chair, "and explain the mysterious riddle!"

"Well, you know papa left me to look over his letter to Mr. Thorne—and he was detained longer than

"Yes—you remember somebody was telling us what a beautiful daughter Mr. Thorne had—so I

"But you'll come back soon, Jack dear!" coaxed Minnie Chester, the prettiest and most roguish of all his

There she sat, on the biggest trunk of the collection, her brown curls hanging about her round face

"I'm not at all certain of that, Miss Minnie," said Jack, decisively. "If I succeed in finding a location

"Only imagine our Jack a gentleman of property!" laughed Minnie, appealing to her sisters.

"I don't see anything so very ridiculous in the idea," remarked the young man, rather piqued at the amusement of his fair relatives.

"And what is that, Mr. Oracle?" "The fact that you've played your last freak on me, you tormenting little mink!"

"Don't be so certain of that, Cousin Jack!" said Minnie, shaking her long curls. "What will you venture

"My diamond sleeve-buttons to your necklace that you don't impose on me within the next three months, Minnie," said Jack, gaily.

"But you won't have them, madamse!le! How dark it is getting in this cavernous old hall. Shall I

"All in good time, my boy, all in good time," said the old gentleman, depositing his huge silver-bound

While Mr. Chester sat in rosy red-curtained library, revising the letter which he had been writing to

of Thorneville, to the effect, that his nephew, John Lacy, was in search

"Papa, there is some one downstairs who wishes to see you immediately, for one minute."

"Very annoying!" said the old gentleman. "Just as I was finishing up this letter of Jack's! However,

And old Mr. Chester pushed back his chair and rose from the antique oak table to attend to the claims of

Oliver Chester was brushing out the heavy braids of her luxuriant black hair before the dressing mirror

"My dear Minnie, what has happened?" exclaimed the elder sister, dropping her hair-brush, and letting

"I've won the diamond sleeve-buttons, Olive! But oh! I didn't mean to. What would papa say if he

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The crimson sunset of the very next evening shone radiantly into the special sanctum of the worthy

It was no scholarly-looking library, like that of his ancient comrade Chester, but a square, light room,

He was seated in a leather-cushioned armchair, looking over the files of an agricultural journal,

"The gentleman is in the parlor sir!" Jabez Thorne laid aside his news paper,

which bore the simple inscription, "John Lacy"—then at the letter, which purported to be introductory

Hum—ha—from my old college chum, Chester, as I live. Remarkable change in his handwriting;

But with a moment's reflection came calmness. "Well, after all, I don't see what

there is in the matter to make me so foolishly angry. I'll see what Mary says. An excellent family

these Chesters—and this letter is just like Chester—he always was singular in his notions.—"I'll send

"Well, after all, I don't see what there is in the matter to make me so foolishly angry. I'll see what Mary says.

"Piece of property!" thought the old gentleman, beginning to fire up again, but he controlled his emotions

"I had thought of settling in this vicinity, Mr. Thorne," said Jack after the ceremonies of greeting had

"Piece of property!" thought the old gentleman, beginning to fire up again, but he controlled his emotions

"Certainly not, Mr. Thorne. I have no wish to hurry you," said Jack, politely; "but I am rather

"But Mr. Thorne was fidgeting uneasily on his chair. "What do you mean sir?" he exclaimed, wrathfully.

Jack was rather perplexed at this cavalier reception, but he answered as courteously as possible.

"Why, sir, of course it is not best to be precipitate on a matter of such importance."

"If this is a fair specimen of the rising generation," thought the indignant Jabez, "they are about as

"I suppose it is healthy?" asked Lacy, blandly. "What is healthy?"

"Your property. Sometimes in these low grounds diseases are apt to prevail, and—"

an insect had stung him. I'll send my daughter to you, young man—that will settle the business at once.

And before Lacy could express his surprise, his choleric host had banged the door behind him and disappeared.

Mary Thorne's astonishment was even greater than her father's had been. She was attired in white muslin,

"What an idea!" she exclaimed, blushing to the very tips of those tiny, shell-like ears. "To be put on

"But, my love, Chester is one of my oldest friends, and the young man is really a very fine-looking fellow,

And old Jabez wiped his forehead, on which the perspiration was standing in big beads. Mary burst into an uncontrollable fit of

"The whole affair is so ridiculous!" she exclaimed. "But she adjusted the moss-roses, nevertheless and tripped demurely

Now it there was a determined point in Jack Lacy's character, it was his aversion to women in general;

And Mary glancing shyly in the direction of her companion, came to the conclusion that he had beautiful Spanish eyes, and a moustache

Mr. Lacy looked up at the ceiling and down at the carpet, and wondered what the consequences would be were he to escape

"Don't tell me!" ejaculated Mr. Thorne, tugging away at the fastenings of his pocket-book; "your

Mr. Lacy looked up at the ceiling and down at the carpet, and wondered what the consequences would be were he to escape

"I believe I should like to become the purchaser," said Jack. "Your father has told you that I had some

Mary grew scarlet, and murmured some incoherent sentence or other. The conversation was

"Will you mention to your father, Miss Thorne, that I shall call to see him about this matter to-morrow

All the moss-roses in Mr. Thorne's rose-garden could never have rivalled the ho' glow on Mary's cheeks

"Very singular family this!" muttered Jack, slowly drawing on his gloves and walking down the broad

"As you please my lad," said the old gentleman, chuckling. "I'll give my consent if only to atone for my villainous treatment of you

"Stay a moment, sir," said Jack laying a detaining hand on the old gentleman's arm, as his quick eye

"I believe I should like to become the purchaser," said Jack. "Your father has told you that I had some

He dreamed of blue-eyed Mary Thorne that night, and rose feeling decidedly pleased that he should

"I certainly can't be in love!" quoth he, mentally. "But how Minnie would tease me if she

Old Jabez Thorne was busily engaged nipping the dead leaves off his pet laurestinus with a gigantic

"Good morning! Well, sir," he went on, gaily, "I have seen the property and am perfectly delighted.

"And I would like to take a second, more thorough inspection in your society, sir, if you please."

"Really, Mr. Lacy," said the old man, sharply, "my daughter has not yet come down-stairs, and—"

"What the mischief has his daughter to do with the matter," thought Lacy, but he said, politely,

"Of course I will await any time that may be convenient to you, sir. I observed a good deal of native roughness, but I cannot doubt that

Mr. Thorne fairly sat down on the gravel walk, overpowered with the avalanche of wrath which he found impossible to shape into

"Upon—my—word—sir!" he began; you talk as if this were a matter of business!"

Jack was puzzled enough. "It is the way in which I have always heretofore been accustomed to treat such affairs, sir."

"Heretofore—you have been accustomed!" And pray, sir, how many such affairs have you had on your hands?" shrieked old Thorne,

"Oh, several, sir. I am not so inexperienced as you suppose!" replied Jack, smiling.

"And you are not ashamed to confess it?" "No; why should I be!"

"Get out of my garden, you young reprobate!" screamed Jabez, leaping up with lightning rapidity.

"Your daughter, Mr. Thorne?" "Yes, my daughter, you jack-a-dandy!"

"But I'm not bargaining for your daughter—I'm bargaining for that land across the river."

"Don't tell me!" ejaculated Mr. Thorne, tugging away at the fastenings of his pocket-book; "your

"It's nothing to laugh at, sir!" exclaimed Thorne. "My dear Mr. Thorne, we are all

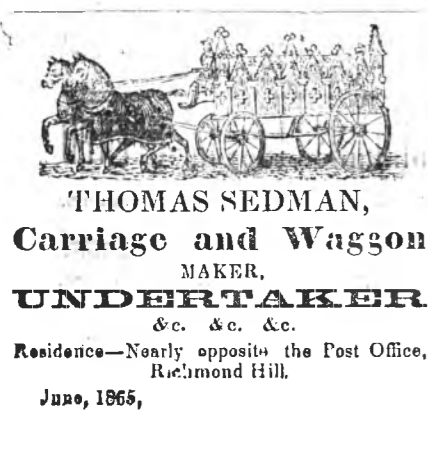
"Whew—w—w!" Old Jabez Thorne whistled loud and long, then offered his hand to his guest

"Well, my boy, I am heartily sorry I called you so many opprobrious names, but Mary and I supposed you were after her. I must go and tell the mix what a blunder

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THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Waggon MAKER, UNDERTAKER

Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill, June, 1865.