

The York Herald

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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All transient advertisements, from strangers or irregular customers, must be paid for when hand in for insertion.

All advertisements published for a less period than one month, must be paid for in advance.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; and parties refusing papers without paying up, will be held accountable for the subscription.

Business Directory.

DR. HOSTETTER, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons England.

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF, W.L.L. generally found at home before half past eight and from 1 to 2 p.m.

JOHN M. REID, M.D., COR. OF YONGE AND COLBURNE STS., THORNHILL.

JAMES M. LAWRENCE, Clerk of the 3rd Division Court, CONVEYANCER, AND COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH.

M. TEEFY, Esq., Notary Public, COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH, CONVEYANCER, AND DIVISION COURT AGENT.

AGREEMENTS, Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, &c., drawn up with attention and promptitude. Terms moderate.

CHAS. C. KELLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office in Victoria Buildings, over the Chronicle office, Brock Street, Whitby.

Masonic Arms Hotel, GEORGE SIMON, Proprietor.

STABLES for Sixty Horses. Good Pasturage. Loose Boxes for Race Horses and Studs.

MICHEL HOUSE! AURORA.

DAVID McLEOD begs to announce that he has leased the above Hotel and fitted it up in a manner second to none on Yonge St.

THOMAS SEDMAN, Carriage and Wagon MAKER, UNDERTAKER.

GOOD accommodation for Travellers—Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the best brand always on hand. Good Stabling and attentive Hostler in attendance.

HAVE TROUERS, WATER SPOUTS, CISTRONS AND PUMPS! Manufactured and for Sale by John Langstaff.

How well I can recall, to this day, the making of those half-dozen valentines. We had really made money by our previous ventures in this line, and were young and hopeful enough to be easily elated by a little good fortune.

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The York Herald, RICHMOND HILL AND YONGE ST. GENERAL ADVERTISER.

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

TERMS \$1 00 In Advance.

Vol. VI. No. 41.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1866.

Whole No. 301.

R. H. Hall, Chemist & Druggist, RICHMOND HILL. JAMES BOWMAN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, ALMIRA MILLS, Markham, Nov. 1, 1865.

LOOK AT THIS.

JOHN BARRON, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Men's, Women's and Children's BOOTS & SHOES.

One of the oldest and cheapest houses in the trade.

Give John a call when in Town! Toronto, Dec. 1865.

LUMBERING!

ABRAHAM EYER BEGS respectfully to inform his customers and the public that he is prepared to do PLANEING TO ORDER.

Planned Lumber, Flooring, &c. Kept on hand, SAWING done promptly; also Lumber Tongued & Grooved.

At the lowest possible rates.

Saw Mill on lot 25, 2nd Con. Markham, 2 1/2 miles east of Richmond Hill by the Plank Road Richmond Hill, June 26, 1865.

The Best is Always the Cheapest.

POWELL'S CANADIAN SWING PUMPS!

ACKNOWLEDGED by 800 Farmers, Professionals, Gentlemen and others (who have been working in Wells, varying in depth from 10 to 133 feet), to be the EASIEST WORKED, MOST DURABLE, and EFFICIENT ever offered to the Public.

Price 60 cents per foot. No extra charge for top.

Every Pump Warranted. Orders for these Pumps addressed to C. POWELL, Newton Brook, C.W. Will receive prompt attention. June 7, 1865.

DAVID EYER, Jun., Slave & Shingle Manufacturer. RESIDENCE—Lot 25, 2nd Con. Markham on the Elgin Mills Plank Road.

A large Stock of STAVES and SHINGLES kept constantly on hand, and sold at the lowest prices. Call and examine Stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Office Address—Richmond Hill. June 1865.

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

Residence—Lot 49 Yonge Street, Vaughan. January 16, 1865.

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

June 7, 1865.

Richmond Hill Bakery!

W. S. POLLOCK, BREAD & BISCUIT BAKER.

BEGS leave to notify the public that he has purchased the business and good will of J. Hayward's establishment, and that he is prepared to furnish BREAD and FANCY CAKES to those who may honor him with their patronage.

Pic-Nic parties and Tea Meetings supplied at the lowest possible rates and on the shortest notice.

All orders strictly attended to. Richmond Hill, June, 1865.

Maple Hotel!

THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an HOTEL in the Village of Maple, 4th Con. Vaughan, where he hopes, by attention to the comforts of the travelling community, to merit a share of their patronage and support.

Good Stabling, &c. RICHARD VAILES, Maple, Jan. 1866.

Railroad Hotel, Maple!

ROBERT RUMBLE, Proprietor.

GOOD accommodation for Travellers—Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the best brand always on hand. Good Stabling and attentive Hostler in attendance.

January 16, 1866.

JOHN LANGSTAFF, Undertaker.

Residence—Nearly opposite the Post Office, Richmond Hill, 1866.

How well I can recall, to this day, the making of those half-dozen valentines. We had really made money by our previous ventures in this line, and were young and hopeful enough to be easily elated by a little good fortune.

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Poetry.

Flora May.

Do you mind the day we parted By the gate, Flora May? When I left you broken-hearted With regret, Flora May?

With years have flown since then, And we've never met again, Still in fancy thou't my ain, Flora May, Flora May.

O! the happy days of yore, With their hopes, Flora May; Have they pass'd for evermore, Like dew-drops, Flora May?

Shall mine arm no more entwine That angelic form of thine, Nor thy rosy lips kiss mine, Flora May! Flora May?

Though weary years have fled O'er the earth, Flora May, And the glow of youth is dead, With its mirth, Flora May,

Still time cannot efface From my soul thine every trace, Nor thy fond thy last embrace, Flora May, Flora May.

Thou wert fair as early morn, Calm and light, Flora May, When the dew-drops glisten'd on thine, Pearly bright, Flora May,

Blushing life and love and love anew, Like a rosebud dipped in dew, Thou wert beautiful and true, Flora May, Flora May.

It was bitterly cold morning, With frequent showers of sleety rain when we both set forth, our valentines packed in a box, to try and disperse of the delicate wares, in such shops as seemed likely to invest in them.

We were hopeful as we entered the first, not utterly damped when we departed utterly unsuccessful, and by the time we entered, I think, the sixth, despairing, but resolved not to give in while a chance remained.

It was a fashionable west end shop, as I remember, and the warm mellow atmosphere as we entered, penetrated our dark garments with a grateful sense of comfort.

Two gentlemen stood at the handsome counter, inspecting the valentine that the smartly dressed, smiling young lady behind it was exhibiting to them, the younger of the two, with a curious kind of dissatisfied eagerness in his boyish face the other with a good natured assumption of interest in what his friend had evidently at heart.

I noticed all this while Ellinor was displaying our poor little wares to the young lady equally well dressed, but no quite so smiling, who came forward to us as we entered and I was still looking, and our valentines strewed the counter, while the young lady had departed to ask directions as to buying from the master of the shop, when the elder of the two gentlemen turned suddenly round and saw the contents of our box, spread out.

"Hullo!" said he, "why here are a lot more. 'Tom, come, I think you will be hard to please, if some of these are not up to the mark,"—and he pulled them all towards him, before Ellinor or the young lady behind, the counter could interfere if they wished.

"Why these 'forget-me-nots' and silver Cupids are the most killing things we have seen yet; perfectly irresistible, by Jove!"—And the pretty wreath of holly berries that lifts up, and shows a tiny looking glass underneath—there's a neat compliment for you!—perfections of every kind set forth in the verses, you know. "Look in the glass and you behold them all." Why 'Tom you couldn't hope to beat that."

He ended with a laugh that matched his kind, frank face, and which like that, seemed to draw one towards him, as it were, then glanced at Ellinor, who was colouring a little.

"Did you make those pretty things?" he said, speaking very gently. "By George! what taste you must have; you must let me have this one of the holly berries. I have never seen anything so pretty."

He dropped his voice and looked again at Ellinor. I was the youngest, yet I saw the compliment, which she never dreamt of appropriating.

"The thing is for sale, sir, she said, simply, and putting it into its cover, laid it on the counter before him. With some awkwardness, and a rising colour in his own face now, he took out a sovereign and handed it to her. We wanted money, yes, sorely, Heaven

knows, and yet a sudden impulse, which I could scarcely resist, made me almost dash forward and snatch the money from her hand. Not noticing that, nor my face, into which a burning colour had flown, Ellinor turned towards the young lady, and asked her to oblige her with change in silver.

"No, indeed," the gentlemen called out hastily, there is no need of change. "The valentine is worth more than that trifle—yes,—indeed I insist—and he would not hear anything to the contrary, though Ellinor looked distressed and even haughty. He took up the other valentines, praised and admired them, and there was something so winning in his face and manner; that Ellinor, though always shy and somewhat reserved, talked and even smiled in answer to him. Meanwhile the young lady behind the counter looked on with much loquaciousness, not to say disdain, which was not abated when the other young gentleman finally fixed upon the for-get-me-nots and Cupids, which his friend had pronounced so killing, and the price of which Ellinor said was five shillings. I don't know whether the elder one by this time had become aware of the irregular nature of the proceedings, or whether he was enlightened as to the same by the aspect of the young lady, but certainly, with a bow and smile towards Ellinor, he turned away, and, after purchasing some trifle or other, he and his friend left the shop.

Very short, indeed, was the young lady's tone when she said that they had no intention at present of increasing their valentines, and very supercilious the look with which she eyed Ellinor's fair, delicate face, as my sister was restoring the unsold valentines to their box once more. Dear Nell! so pretty, and so unconscious if the handsome and kind young gentleman had been an ugly old woman, he would have been quite as interesting in her eyes, provided he had bought the valentines.

She sighed a kind of relieved sigh when we were once more in the street.

"There, Tibbie, we have done almost a day's work in the last ten minutes, and seem to have earned the right to go home and warm ourselves. You are very wet my child; we can afford to do no more work to-day."

"Oh! Ellinor, I wish you had not taken his money; I burst out. 'I would rather have been cold and wet.'"

She looked at me wonderingly. "Not take whose money—what, the gentleman who bought the valentine? My dear child, and why?"

"Oh! Nell, we are ladies; yes, as much as he is a gentleman, Nell, it was different selling our valentines to the shop-keepers."

"You foolish child! it was different, certainly, inasmuch as we were paid three times as much for one as the other," answered Ellen, calmly; and as for not liking to take his money, let us hope that he has enough to spare, and will always bestow the superfluity where it is as much needed as he did to-day."

We said no more, for I was a little ashamed of my involuntary outburst; and our liberal customer was never named again between us. Indeed, we had other things to think of; for, taking cold on this day, I shortly afterwards fell into a lingering fever, and my poor sister's powers were taxed to the uttermost to keep us both from starving.—How early she worked; how late, how patiently, how uncomplainingly, must surely be recorded in Heaven, as one grateful heart will remember it on earth while life lasts; and yet, after a few weeks, we had but a shilling left in the world, and scarce a prospect of gaining another.

Some months before this, Ellinor had written to our sole relative in the world—an uncle in Australia; and about this time we had fallen into the habit of watching the postman when he entered our street, in the faintest forlorn hope possible that there might come an answer to it. On this morning, when Nell had given me my scanty breakfast, and made me as comfortable as the miserable circumstances permitted, she sat down near the window to take her own poor

meal, and watch as usual, for the postman. The watercress woman, the boy with the rolls, the orange that always came at nine o'clock—all made their usual appearance and departed; but no postman caused the narrow little alley to resound with his thunderous raps; and at last Ellinor rose.

"He must have past before I sat down, I suppose," she said, cheerfully; "never mind Tibbie, darling, we still have the letter to hope for. What, Mrs Smith! really a letter for us at last!" she called out darting towards our landlady, who opened the door at the instant, with a letter held in her apron to prevent its contact with her scabby finger and thumb.—"Why, how could I have missed seeing the postman?"

"Lor, Miss! posty won't be here for ever so long yet; always is an hour late on this foolish Valentine's day, a keeping people out of their lawful letters, all along of that tomfoolery as I calls it. However, pehaps this letter, which didn't come by post, as I understand, my little Polly, may be a valentine, and then you won't be obliged to me for calling it tomfoolery."

"Not come by post?" said Ellinor, in a very disappointed voice, as she took the letter and looked at the superscription and the seal, as people will do, to discover what they could come at so much more readily by opening the envelope.

"Open it, Nell dear, said I," with the fatefulness of fever and weakness; and she came and sat down on the bed beside me as she did so. A thin bit of paper fluttered out of the envelope, and lay unheeded by us, both as Ellinor unfolded the enclosure and revealed a valentine—yes, a real valentine, glistening with frosted silver snowdrops and blue forget-me not.

"Oh Nell! a real valentine!—and for you! Who could have sent it?"

"It must be a mistake," said Ellinor, turning to the superscription on the envelope. "But no: name and address in full, and perfectly correct."

"Who could have sent it?" repeated I.

"Who, indeed?" replied Ellen. "What a pity that snowdrops and forget-me-nots are not good for eating. 'Stay! here is something else—roses now, I suppose.'"

And she took up the folded piece of paper that lay unheeded on the bed. In an instant the colour flashed into her face, and the tears into her patient eyes.

"Oh Tibbie! my darling, my child! Five pounds!—a bank-note for five pounds!"

"Five pounds, Ellinor! Nonsense!"

"Yes, yes; a real note!—look! she cried. 'Oh, my darling, you will get well now! you shall have all I have never been able to give you. Oh, may God bless the sender of such a precious valentine!'"

The dawn of another day of St. Valentine,—dark, raw, and gloomy. Out of doors the scene is wretched enough. The trees in the square opposite, are dripping with dark moisture; and the London street is slippery with the same. Inside it is different; a cosy breakfast room, luxuriantly appointed, the fire dancing brightly in the polished grate, and the whole atmosphere scented by the breathe of the exotics, that comes floating in from the open conservatory adjacent.—two ladies were its occupants, one of whom is busy at the breakfast table, while another stands at the window, looking out.

"Why Nell, one would think you expected a valentine."

"My sister did not answer, and looking merrily towards her, I saw so vivid a color stealing into her fair pale face, as made me instantly silent in wonder.

"What were you and Captain Ellinor, quiety. Yes, Tibbie, I was telling him of the time we earned our bread by making them."

"Oh Nell, I cried out agast, but my sister's noble face rebuked my paltry pride into silence.

"It seemed to me only right," she went on.

And did he—do ; had ever recognized us for the girls he bought the valentines of that day? I faltered.

"I don't know—if so, he did not confess it; but I think it very unlikely. It was natural we should recollect him: not likely he should associate the idea of two forlorn looking creatures with the nieces of the rich Australian merchant, whom he saw living in luxury. No, I dare say he has long forgotten us as he saw us, though I have always thought, Tibbie, in my own soul, that he sent that precious valentine that saved you, my darling, after the fever."

"Oh, Nell!—and you never told me me before! Well, and what did he say?"

"Last night? very little. I thought it only honest to tell him; it seemed to me very right; but perhaps it has lost us a friend, Tibbie; I don't know."

Her voice shook a little, and she turned her face so that I could not see it. Just then the postman's knock made the house resound; and, as if the noise had galvanized her into motion, Ellinor darted out into the hall. I don't know what she expected, or what I did, but I followed her and lean over her shoulder as she opened the box, with her little hands trembling, so that the letters fluttered in her grasp. There were several—I don't in the least remember what they were, all my attention being concentrated on the one that Ellinor selected as if by instinct—a valentine, yes, her own wreath of holy berries, whose ruddy glow, seemed somehow to be reflected in the color flushing my sister's happy face.

As I looked at it, I presumed that the token carried its message, in words not exactly parent to my understanding; and I know that, though Ellinor has been years married to Frederick Midway, she still keeps her two valentines among her most sacred treasures. The silver snow drops and the bright scarlet berries must be tarnished now; but to Ellinor they will always be fresh in the remembrance of the faithful love which has blessed her life and made it beautiful!

"Nell was my late you see," said Fred, as we all stood together, on the happy evening of that day of St. Valentine. I could not forget her face after I had once seen it; and when I found out where you lived, and sent that first valentine, you know I was thinking how to follow it up, when behold! I was introduced to my fate one night, as the niece of the Australian millionaire. And so you did not think I remembered you, Nell? Well, I'll own I was too flabbergasted to be quite sure, till you spoke. As to the holy wreath, I always meant to keep it, until I was in earnest, you know, and I told Ellinor so last night.

Oh, indeed! said I, as the little history of the morning lay revealed before me.

"Come, come," said uncle John, entering at the inst., "What are you all doing, moping in the dark. 'Talking about our valentines uncle," responded I demurely.

"Tomfoolery!" growled my uncle, in the very words of Mrs. Smith. Ellinor and Fred glanced at one another archly, and Fred said:

"But nevertheless I hope you will drink a glass to St. Valentine, after dinner, Sir, and own that some foolishness is worth all the world's wisdom."

ECONOMY OF MOWING MACHINES:—A gentleman of experience gives as his opinion that a good mowing machine will save a farmer, upon an average, one-eighth of his crop of grass, aside from the fact that 'haying his done' much sooner, and thereby a great saving must be made. He says the average height of grass is about sixteen inches, and that a machine mows upon an average, two inches closer than a scythe, thus saving two inches of grass over the whole surface. If a man cuts 40 tons of hay with a mowing machine, he saves five tons of hay, as he would have got but thirty-five tons with the scythe. Calling hay worth, upon an average, \$5 per ton, there is a saving of forty dollars a year in hay, to say nothing of labor. Thus the price of a mowing machine is saved in three years—no inconsiderable item. But this is a small item when compared with the saving in labour and the wear and tare of the disposition in swinging a scythe through a hot forenoon. Commend us to the mower, as a labour saving machine over all others invented for the use of the farmer.

Brigham Young is, indeed, a pillar of Salt Lake. His idea of a wife is—Lots.

Mr. Barnum, in a recent temperance address, said that he would give more for a drunkard's success in business, as a public curiosity than for anything he ever exhibited.

"You look, said an Irishman to a pale, bag-gard smoker, 'as if you had not out of your grave to light your cigar, and couldn't find your way back again.'"

"What were you and Captain Ellinor, quiety. Yes, Tibbie, I was telling him of the time we earned our bread by making them."

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