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Whole No. 312.

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.

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

POWELL'S CANADIAN SWING PUMPS! ACKNOWLEDGED by 800 Farmers, Pro- fessional Gentlemen and others.

DAVID EYER, Jun., Slave & Shingle Manufacturer RESIDENCE—Lot 26, 2nd Con. Markham on the Elgin Mills Plank Road.

EDMUND SEAGER, Provincial Land Surveyor, &c. RICHMOND HILL, Residence—Lot 49 Yonge Street, Vaughan.

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.

Maple Hotel! THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened an HOTEL in the Village of Maple.

Railroad Hotel, Maple! ROBERT RUMBLE, Proprietor. GOOD accommodation for Travellers— C Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the best brand always on hand.

EAVE TROUGHS, WATER SPOUTS, CISTRONS AND PUMPS! Manufactured and for Sale by John Langstaff, STEAM MILLS, THORNHILL.

Poetry. THE STORY OF ECHO. A beautiful maiden was Echo, As classical history tells, A favourite nymph of Diana, Who dwells among forests and dells.

Now Echo was very loquacious, And though she was silly and young, It seems that she never was weary Of plying her voluble tongue.

A terrible punishment, truly, For one of so lovely a turn, And it brought the poor maiden to ruin; The way you shall presently learn.

Literature. The Reward of Bravery. A BOAT lay off the island, softly rocking on the fair Carib sea; the day was dying—far over the heavy- ing god of the waters, she was breathing her last.

Laure looked up with an expression of uneasiness. She withdrew her hand from the water in which she had been trailing it.

Laure's face became somewhat more pallid in its soft hauteur. She knew too well the horrors of a slave insurrection.

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sun. The two sisters stayed their gliding course by the boat of Berthier. To one of them, Berthier's face showed something of the passion his soul felt; he could never meet Laure Desault without inwardly yielding her homage.

Laure looked up and smiled upon him, as she replied— "You should have been a poet, monsieur. Don't you wish you were one, that this scene might be embalmed in words as glowing as the reality?"

The black looked up momentarily, from under his cynical deceitful brows, then bent his head as his mistress said— "Pierre, do as monsieur has directed, and do not forget to return to the plantation at the usual time."

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I will row you there, and inform your father afterwards. Edward spoke in a tone so full of entreaty that the two sisters paled as they thought why he had done so.

Edward bowed without speaking. The short twilight had faded, and the gorgeous, heavy-breathed night of that latitude was coming over sea and sky.

A calm-faced self-willed Frenchman, Monsieur Desault listened attentively to Edward's tale of the intrigues and designs of the slaves.

Edward bowed himself out of the presence of Desault, rage and despair mingling in his heart. He knew how the haughty planter would resent any interference on his part.

The sultry air still and moist over Guadeloupe; a dampness had half-obscured the stars, and the young moon had long ago sunk out of sight.

But all were not sleeping. On the Desault estate, moving stealthily underneath the trees, a long column of negroes advanced steadily towards the mansion.

Coming nearer, they separated, and surrounded the house. Past wrongs burned in their soul; revenge was close at hand, and its Satanic joy urged them on.

As that dreadful cry pierced the perfumed air, a window was thrown up in the second story, and Desault's stern face appeared.

He extended both hands, and the reports of two pistols were followed by the fall of two blacks. A terrific yell followed their fall, and before it had died away Desault shot down two more.

Suddenly the clatter of horses, feet was heard, so near and so rapid that there seemed no chance of escape. The negroes had only a chance to look in dismay and anxiety at each other before a body of cavalry dashed in upon them.

As commander of the cavalry rode Edward Berthier. A despairing pallor over-spread his face as he saw how the fire was raging.

Desperate and courageous, Edward did not yield. At the rear of the house he finally discovered a window which, though smouldering and smoking, still was not yet devoured by the flames.

He wrenched out the window and leaped in, hardly conscious of a hope that he could leave the burning building. Flying along the passage-ways he encountered the terrified screaming house servants.

He explored the room after room, when at last, half-suffocated by smoke, he came to the apartment where Monsieur Desault had stood.

Here were the two girls, bending over the inanimate form of their father. Life had left him. Just as the soldiers came up, one negro, not forgetting his revenge in his fright, had taken steady aim at the face of Desault, and shot him through the head.

Several soldiers came up, and stood at a little distance, awaiting the orders of Edward. The two girls remained motionless, looking at the burning of their home— thinking of their father. Their pallid faces looked strangely beautiful by the flickering light—their eyes gleamed with the light unutterable of sorrow.

ty with unspoken emotion. The young man left them with his soul full of love, which Laure seemed to bless. Many years after in their quiet villa on the shores of Southern France, Edward Berthier and his wife would talk of that dreadful night in Guadeloupe—but they loved better to recall the ineffable beauty of the twilight row, than the horrors that succeeded it.

AN IVORY QUARRY.—New Siberia and the Isle of Lackson are, for the most part, only an agglomeration of sand, ice, and elephant's teeth. At every tempest the sea casts ashore fresh heaps of mammoth's tusks, and the inhabitants are able to drive a profitable trade in the fossil ivory thrown up by the waves.

A Lion Story.—The following is from Constantine, in Algeria:—When the vast plains near Jemmapes were converted into a lake of fire by accident, a magnificent lion, not knowing where to spend the night, directed his course towards a camp, into which he flung himself, making the horses, mules, bullocks, sheep, and other animals there collected fly before him.

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