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NEW SERIES.

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

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Whole No. 321.

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Business Directory.

DR. HOSTETTER, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons England. Opposite the Elgin Mills, RICHMOND HILL. June 9, 1865.

LAW CARDS.

READ & BOYD, Barristers, Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, &c., &c. 77, King Street East, (over Thompson's East India House) Toronto.

GEO. B. NICOL,

BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, CONVEYANCER, &c., &c., &c. OFFICE—In the "York Herald" Buildings, Richmond Hill.

M'NAB, MURRAY & JACKES,

Barristers & Attorneys-at-Law Solicitors in Chancery, CONVEYANCERS, &c. OFFICE—In the Court House, TORONTO August 1, 1866.

Henry Smelser,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the counties of York and Peel, Collector of Notes, Accounts, &c. Small charges and plenty to do, LAST 17, March 2nd 1865.

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, In any quantity, and on short notice.

CANADIAN SWING PUMPS!

ACKNOWLEDGE by 800 Farmers, Professional Gentlemen and others (who have them working in Wells, varying in depth from 10 to 125 feet), to be the EASIEST WORKED, MOST DURABLE, and EFFICIENT ever offered to the Public.

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 4, Yonge Street Vaughan, January 18, 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.

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.

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.

EAVE TROUGHS, WATER SPOUTS,

CISTRONS AND PUMPS! Manufactured and for Sale by John Langstaff

Poetry.

To-day and To-morrow. High hopes that burn like stars sublime, Go down the skies of Freedom;

Our birds of song are silent now: There are no flowers blooming; But life burns in the frozen bough, And Freedom's spring is coming;

Literature.

The Speculator. A TALE OF MAMMON-WORSHIP.

Continued from our last. He hastened off at a pace which speedily brought him within a few yards of the residence of the Oakleys, where he paused, disappointed and out of breath.

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A TALE OF MAMMON-WORSHIP.

With the same mail went out a letter to the baronet from Mr. Twynham, the surgeon. This gentleman, either really apprehensive of a fatal result in Mr. Severn's weak state, should an adverse reply be returned, or which seems most likely, influenced by a desire to serve his old friends the Oakleys, quite as much as by regard for the heir of Outlands, impressed upon Sir Martin the necessity of acceding to a favorable response to his nephew's prayer; otherwise, Mr. Twynham seriously declared he anticipated the worst results.

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sportsman propensities were stimulated into momentary activity by the sight of a splendid conveyance flying past, far out of reach of shot, and settling down in an adjoining field. Hastily, carelessly, he broke through the intervening hedge, dragging his gun by the end of the barrel after him, when some obstruction, a twig probably caught one of the triggers, and the charge of a barrel was lodged in his shoulder, inflicting a frightful wound.

Through all the long, drear night of years The people's cry ascended, And earth is wet with blood and tears Ere our mock suffering ended; The few shall not forever away, The many toll in sorrow; The bars of Hell are strong to-day, But Christ shall rise to-morrow!

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den the joy of the young people by the expression of sinister forebodings! mentally exclaimed the surgeon as he left Outlands on his return home: 'but I am greatly mistaken if the kind, generous-hearted baronet does not feel a strong misgiving that his days are numbered, and is therefore anxious that the wedding should take place before intelligence of his death arrived to forbid its celebration for a long time to come. A better, more gentlemanly man than Sir Martin never I think, breathed.'

Bowed, haggard, panic-stricken, utterly unable longer to conceal—practised as he had become in dissimulation—the frightful emotion which convulsed him, convulsed him, Mr. Robert Oakley hastened about noon, on a bright day of sunshine in the ensuing, sing, from the distracted Babal to the of the Stock Exchange silence and concealment of his counting-house. 'Ruin—ruin; he frantically muttered as he strode wildly up and down the room! 'blank, utter, irretrievable ruin! Fortune, character—all—all gone! Fool—idiot that I have been, to spend my strength for that which is not bread to have schemed, toiled, fretted, an anxious life away only to reap in premature old age dust and bitter ashes—scorn, contempt, contumely, desolation. Well! he almost screamed, pausing in his disordered walk as the door opened and admitted the person of Thomas Hardy, whose bloated countenance wore a half-dismayed half-insolvent look—'What! is there any hope that this dreadful panic will abate? Speak, will you? What do men say now?'

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had been to enable men to measure the depth and extent of his fall and degradation. He appeared to be greatly excited, and both voice and manner indicated extreme and painful emotion.

'Well, Hardy,' he said, as soon as he had taken a seat, 'have you spoken to Mr Oakley of our proposition?' 'No. I thought it would come with more effect from you.' 'What have you to say, young man?' demanded Oakley. 'What is your business here?' 'To serve you because only by doing so I can effectually serve myself. You perceive I am candid myself.

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who stand much better upon 'Change than you will do in a day or two, frequently effect by the aid of carrier-pigeons and more ingenious devices!—more of a felony than that of the Three Sisters (Come, come; this is indeed the devil turned precisian?'

Robert Oakley sat down without speaking, and leaning his face, covered with his hands, on a desk, effectually concealing the working of his countenance.

'Miss Caroline Oakley's future husband,' continued Conway; 'Mr. Neville—some sort of relative of yours, is he not?'

'Yes,' said Hardy, answering for his principal: 'a kind of nephew-in-law.'

'Well, he has arrived in England: I met him in Berkeley Square. It is probable his ship touched at Jamaica, and that he brought some intelligence concerning Sir Martin. I overheard him say, in reply to an invitation to dinner, that he was going to Hampstead this evening. He, too, as your daughter is just of age, will doubtless be for contracting marriage at once, and will thus acquire a right to put awkward questions concerning a certain vanished legacy. Really you will have your hands full unless you at once close with me.'

'The will, said Oakley, partially looking up and speaking in a low, shaking voice—'the will is at Hampstead with my private papers I took it there—to look at it.'

'Ha! then this charming scheme of mine or one something like it, is not altogether unfamiliar to that plotting brain?'

'No—no; you mistake: curiosity merely—noting else. You had better be there—you and Hardy—about eight o'clock. Neville will be gone; or if not, it will be of no great consequence.'

'Bravo!—this is something like! We will be punctual, depend upon it. Come, Hardy, a bottle or two of wine to the success of the rightful heir will not be amiss just now. Good-day, Mr Oakley.'

'Facile descensus Avernus,' he muttered with a triumphant sneer as he gained the street; 'or, as our fighting neighbors better express it, 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.' I thought his facile virtus would not prove obstinately squeamish.'

The excitement produced by the day's events, and especially by the foregoing conversation, and the villanous conclusion to which it pointed, had such an effect on the appearance of Mr. Oakley, that on his arrival at his suburban domicile at Hampstead, his daughter, who seemed unusually light of heart, apprehend that he was seriously ill, and suggested that medical advice should immediately summoned.

'No, Cary, no: a little excited by the panic in money market, which will not, however, much affect me; so you need not look so alarmed—that's all, I shall soon be better. Neville, I hear, has arrived. Have you seen him?'

'No papa; but I have just received a note from him stating that he will be detained in London rather late, and will not, consequently, be here quite so early as he expected. He adds,' continued the graceful and amiable girl with a brilliant blush, 'that he has not only an important favor to ask, but great and pleasing news to communicate.'

The father sighed; and observing that had dined in the city, ordered wine and some dessert to be taken into his private room, and a fire to be lighted. He soon afterwards retired there.

At the hour appointed, Mr. James Conway, accompanied by Hardy, arrived. They found Mr. Oakley literally surrounded by papers, which he appeared to have commenced sorting. Conway glanced sharply round, but no parchment or paper resembling a will met his view.

Mr. Oakley, as it was growing dark, ordered candles to be brought in; and this done, and his visitors helped to a glass of wine, of which it was quite evident he had himself been drinking freely, for the purpose, doubtless, of sustaining his fainting courage, conversation in a subdued tone forthwith commenced.

'I find,' said Oakley, 'that the exact sum in which I am indebted to Sir Martin Biddulph's estate is twentyfour thousand seven hundred pounds. Should a further decline of but one per cent. take place in consols before settling day, and you know it is anticipated that the fall will be even greater than that the differences I shall be called upon to pay will amount to above the same sum, a little more perhaps. These immediately pressing demands provided for, I may I think, recover.'

'To possess a superior education, without natural ability, is to have a quiver full of arrows without a bow.'

Continued in our next.