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RICHMOND HILL AND YONGE ST. GENERAL ADVERTISER.

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

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Advertisements without written directions inserted will be charged accordingly. All irregular advertisements, from strangers or irregular customers, must be paid for when and in for insertion.

Business Directory.

DR. HOSTETTER'S numerous friends will please accept his sincere thanks for their liberal patronage and prompt payment, and would announce that he will continue to devote to the whole of his attention, to the practice of Medicine, Surgery and Midwifery.

P. J. MUTER, M. D., Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur. Thornhill. Residence—Near the Church of England Rectory.

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF, WILL generally be found at home before half past 8 a.m. and from 1 to 2 p.m. All parties owing Dr. J. Langstaff are expected to call and pay promptly.

JOHN M. REID, M. D., COR. OF YONGE AND COLBURNE STS., THORNHILL. Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, to 10 a.m.

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

M. TEEFY, ESQ., Notary Public, COMMISSIONER IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH, CONVEYANCER, AND DIVISION COURT AGENT, RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.

GEO. B. NICOL, BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, CONVEYANCER, &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.

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

Henry Smelser, LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the counties of York and Peel, Collector of Notes, &c., &c., &c., Small claims and plenty to do. Laskey, 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, 38 West Market Square, 2 doors south of King Street. TORONTO.

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.

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

EDMUND SEAGER, Provincial Land Surveyor, &c., RICHMOND HILL. Residence—Lot 43 Yonge Street, Vaughan.

GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON, Provincial Land Surveyors, SEAFORTH, C. W. June 7, 1865.

Worth Knowing! THE Subscriber would intimate to the farmers and others of Richmond Hill and vicinity, 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.

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! 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.

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

Poetry.

HEARTLESS PRAYERS. And why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the thing which I say?—LUKE vi. 46.

"Give us this day our daily bread," So prayed the proud and great, "Give us this day our daily bread," So prayed the poor at his grate;

"Forgive us Lord, as we forgive," Rise on his prayer at night; And peacefully that suppliant's head Did rest till morning light.

"Thy kingdom come," the husband prayed As he thought of his heart-wrung vow, To give his wealth to the cause of heaven.

"Thy kingdom come," the rich man prayed, When making his last bequest— He thought of his priceless home above, Committed his soul to his Saviour's love,

"Well, how was it then?" "Why, the fact was, that when we got to the ground—but perhaps I'd better tell you the whole story."

"By all means," said Galton, "Silence gentlemen. Silence, there, Monsieur raconte." And accordingly Monsieur recounted the following.

"When I was shooting in India, one morning received a letter, expressed in some such terms as these:— 'DEAR MORLEY,—I have a little shooting party on, and want your assistance. Come as soon as possible to Harrison's bungalow; we will make all arrangements there, and you can go and call on O'Flaherty at once. We are going to have a shot at large game for a change. Don't delay a moment. In these cases the scent should be followed while it's warm. The fellow's a big brute, and shall not escape me, if I know it. He's caught a Tartar this time. We'll put an ounce of lead into his carcass before it's twenty-four hours older, or I'm not yours, ever,

DENNIS O'DOWD.

Literature.

A Shot at Twelve Paces. 'A Prussian officer killed in a duel, I see,' said Galton, laying down the 'Times'

'Every man who fights a duel is a fool, who's better out of the world than in it,' said Dormer, laying down the law.

'And the seconds are worse than the principals; they share the folly and not the danger,' said Bingham taking up the strain.

'Gently, gently! Sweeping censure is always unjust,' said Morley taking up the speaker.

'Heyday, Morley! You are not a duelling man, are you? You never left the Rue de la Paix to walk in the Champ de Mars, surely!'

'Well, I was very nearly a second once.' 'Very nearly! Didn't the fight come off?'

'How was it! A very decided challenge, I suppose, and then the principals fought—shy eh?'

'No, no; the principals were in serious earnest about it, I assure you.'

Prose.

'A tiger, by Jove! I thought. 'A tiger at last.'

'I had been waiting for weeks in the hope of getting a shot at a tiger, and had been repeatedly tantalized with reports of one being somewhere in the neighborhood.

'The tiger we're going to shoot, of course.' 'I'm going to shoot no tiger. I'm going to shoot O'Flaherty.'

'Shoot O'Flaherty! What are you going to shoot him for?'

'Why didn't you understand? He told me I had got chewbercles.'

'And so this precious note of yours,' said I, producing the epistle, 'was to tell me that you're going to fight O'Flaherty.'

'By Jove! you put it so delicately that I thought it all referred to tiger shooting.'

'And did you so?' said Dennis, with some pride. 'Begad! I always was a neat hand at letter-writing.'

Humor.

'Eh! What? Cigar!' 'And comes towards me, roaring out, 'What are doing out o' bed, O'Dowd? Go home with you. You've got chewbercles in your lungs. Go home!'

'The Tiger said, I gasped out. 'Tiger! What are you after, Morley?'

'Who said you'd got tuber-cie!'

'Who? Why, O'Flaherty 'O, confound O'Flaherty! I said, 'Why the plague are you always bringing his name in! Tell me about the tiger!'

'What tiger?' said O'Dowd, 'In the name of mystery, what tiger?'

'Why, the tiger we're going to shoot, of course.'

'I'm going to shoot no tiger. I'm going to shoot O'Flaherty.'

'Shoot O'Flaherty! What are you going to shoot him for?'

I can't really undertake to be persuaded, me dear friend. Are you going? Well, good by; will send some one to call upon you in a twinkling.

Disgusted exceedingly, I took my leave and returned to my quarters. The idea of two fellows shooting at each other for no better reason than that one had accused the other of having diseased lungs was so confoundedly ridiculous, that, setting aside the unpleasantness of being engaged in an affair of this kind at all, I would have given any thing to be able to wash my hands of it. But what was to be done? When the two principals—both of them Irishmen, too—were resolved on fighting, what could stop them? Perhaps O'Flaherty's friend, who would, of course be of my mind about the serious face in which we were compelled to act, might be to hit upon some means of getting out of it. I would see what could be done when he arrived. It was really such utter nonsense, that a pug was the only thing to restore a fellow's equanimity after two such interviews.

To be Concluded

FUTURE HOUSEWIVES.—We sometimes catch ourselves wondering how many of the young ladies whom we meet with are to perform the part of housewives when the young men who now eye them so admiringly have persuaded them to become their brides. We listen to those young ladies of whom we speak, and hear them not only acknowledging but boasting of their ignorance of all household duties, as if nothing would so lower them in the esteem of their friends as the confession of an inability to bake bread, make pies, or cook a piece of meat, or a disposition to engage in any useful employment. Speaking from our own youthful recollections, we are free to say that taper fingers and lily-white hands are very pretty to look at with a young man's eyes. But we have lived long enough to learn that life is full of rugged experiences, and that the most loving, romantic, and delicate people must live on cooked or otherwise prepared food, and in homes kept clean and tidy by industrious hands. And for all the practical purpose of married life, it is generally found that for a husband to sit and gaze at a wife's taper fingers and lily hands, or for a wife to sit and gaze at her husband's taper fingers and lily hands, is not only unprofitable, but positively injurious. —The Old Man.

HOW HE DID IT.—One of the wealthiest merchants of New York city tells how he commenced business: I entered a store and asked if a clerk was wanted? No, in a very rough tone, was the answer,—all being too busy to bother with me. Then I reflected that if they did not want a clerk, they might want a labourer; but I was dressed too fine for that. I went to my lodgings and put on a rough garb, and the next day went into the same store, and demanded if they did not want a porter, and again, No, was the response; when I exclaimed, almost in despair, Sir, I will work at any wages. Wages is not my object—I must have employment, and I want to be useful in business. These last remarks attracted their attention, and in the end I was hired as a labourer in the basement and sub-cellar at a very low pay, scarcely enough to keep body and soul together. In the basement and sub-cellar I soon attracted the attention of the counting-house and chief clerk. I saved enough for my employers in little wastes to pay my wages ten times over, and they soon found it out. I did not let any one go about committing petty larcenies without remonstrance and threats of exposure and real exposure if remonstrance would not do. If I was wanted at three o'clock I never growled, but told everybody to go home, and I would see everything right. I loaded off at daybreak packages for the morning boats, became indispensable to my employers; and I rose and rose, until I became the head of the house, with money enough, as you see, to give me any luxury or position a mercantile man may desire for himself and his children in this great city.

MR. RANKIN, M. P., has left for England, to lay before the house government, the Detroit Post says, several important interests of his constituency.

A SUICIDE, AND SUDDEN DEATH.—A special telegram from Wellington Square states that a man named James Alton cut his throat on Saturday evening; and a hotel-keeper at Port Nelson, named Edward Royal, died suddenly, on Sunday night, after eating his supper.—Globe.

The Viscount of Ezzpt has been created a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath. The number of advertisements in the Times for one year was over 573,000. You cannot preserve happy domestic pairs in family jars. LOVE AND RUM.—Man, while he loves, it is said, is never quite depraved. This depends upon whether it is love for rum or women—for good spirits or bad.