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JOHN M. REID, M. D., COO. OF WINE AND CIGARETTE STS., Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from 10 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

LAW CARDS. J. N. BLAKE, BARRISTER AT LAW, CONVEYANCER & C. OFFICE—over the Gas Company office Toronto Street, Toronto.

FRANCIS BUTTIN, JR., LICENSED AUCTIONEER, FOR THE County of York.

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

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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

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Whole No. 504.

EDGAR & GRAHAME, Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCERS, NOTARIES PUBLIC, &c.

NOTICE TO FARMERS. I beg to inform the Farmers in the neighborhood of Richmond Hill, that he has leased the above Mills, and has put them in thorough repair, and will be glad to receive a share of the patronage of the public.

GEO. H. APPELBY, I beg to inform the Farmers in the neighborhood of Richmond Hill, that he has leased the above Mills, and has put them in thorough repair, and will be glad to receive a share of the patronage of the public.

GRISTING AND CHOPPING, Done on the shortest notice, at the highest market price paid for Wheat. Richmond Hill, Nov. 14, 1867.

MALLOY'S AXES FOR SALE BY DANIEL HURNER, Jun., Lot 29, 2nd concession Markham

LEMON'S HOTEL! (LATE RAYMOND'S) RICHMOND HILL. THE SUBSCRIBER announces to the travelling community, that he has leased the above Hotel on Richmond Hill, and will devote his attention to the comfort and convenience of those who may favor him with their patronage.

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Poetry.

"NO THROUGHFARE."

For the Herald.

There is a point somewhere ahead, On which we gaze, and hope to meet, When we have found a beaten track

Is it ambition fills your dream, And points you to the cell of fame, Where men of genius find their way, And carve an everlasting name?

Or is it wealth that you desire? At the forward for the envied prize, Looking not for the beaten track

Peregrine for learning 'tis you thirst, Then you may taste the pleasant stream, By turning thitherward your course,

'Tis thus with life, each object dear, She holds for those who scale the hill, Is found and only found by those

Who have the stern unconquered will, To struggle upward where it lies, On steps that did no other rear;

For to the prize whatever it is, We'll find there is no throughfare.

My name is Charles Smith, at home I go by the name of Charley. Then I shall call you the same, I don't like Mister's, Misses, or any

anything of the sort, they do not seem so friendly. I always have to laugh, when I think of the name 'Smith,' of what your Uncle told me one day in our house when I was counting up how many there were called by his name.

When Adam was called upon to give names to all the creation, he got tired when he was a little more than half through and said let all the rest be called Smith.

Very well; but I think I must call you the "little mountaineer" as it was there I found you, and hope to find you there again.

Perhaps you may, if you take the course you have this morning, for I am often here, and for the future will always be happy with your company, if it will be agreeable on your part?

Agreeable! I think nothing will be more so, for here I am a perfect stranger, and without some little good-send, I may be very lonely.

Then I will be your sister, and we will go together; but you must pay for your pleasure by doing many little things, in which you will have the opportunity of showing your skill in waiting upon the girls.

Thus their discourse went on, until they drew to the spot where they had to separate.

Thus ends our first meeting said Charles Smith, and under such many circumstances, tell me before we say adieu, when we may expect our second?

It is now necessary to give a short description of several characters introduced, Mr. Jackson was a farmer who by industry and good fortune had been placed in an independent position.

They had been blessed with several children, but Clara was the only one that had survived; and, therefore, was the family pet.

Her intelligence was quick, far above her years, so much so, that

many supposed her to be one of those unfortunate creature, whose lamp of vitality but burning the brighter flame, to be the sooner exhausted.

Well then I will tell you my way; Do you see that tall pine that stands on your left, over on the brow of the hill.

Well from that there is a path that leads direct to the main road, where there is a large white house that stands near the church, of which we can see the spire from this.

Then our way will both be the same, the house at which I am stopping will not be five minutes walk from yours.

Then sir, you must be a perfect stranger in these parts, for I do not think I ever saw you before, though there I have lived ever since remembrance.

You say right, I am a perfect stranger, my home is many miles from here, and I only arrived yesterday for the purpose of spending a few months with my uncle Dr. Smith.

Dr. Smith! then your uncle is our nearest neighbour and best friend, I am so glad, for we shall have the opportunity of becoming better acquainted, and perhaps enjoy each other's company.

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the young heart 'they would be such, that if it were impossible to destroy, they might be safely allowed to grow; and his idea was founded upon reason, for the young mind is like the plants that beads beneath the little worm as its pressure falls upon it, until time has added to its strength and it stands the massive tree, around which the wind in any make their powerful charge, but without effect; the form which it took in youth, it carries in age, to turn it to any other would be a step towards its final wreck.

Confidence is perhaps one of the sweetest feelings that can pervade the human breast; to have one to whom we may lay bare the secret feelings of the breast, and know that they will become the secret of those to whom they go; and if it reveals a heart bowed down with sorrow, it will meet with one who will help us in our affliction, and if it reveals one lagged with joy, it will find one who will rejoice in our prosperity.

Those to whom we can give such confidence, are few and far between; indeed, the person who finds one, should thank himself well off. Between most there appears to be a distrust and closeness, so much so that we meet and converse daily with those around, and still know but little about the persons with whom we are associating.

Charles Smith and Clara Jackson becoming acquainted as we have already shown, and naturally resembling each other in disposition, sentiment and birth, it is not surprising that a feeling of the warmest friendship should spring up between them, and so it did; not merely an outburst of feelings natural to that early age; but that closer attachment which draws heart to heart through a secret influence.

It is that certain hearts have been formed to beat in union with some other, and thus are borne irresistible to its mate, we know not. We only know that the power of attraction is, and that certain hearts are drawn to others, and if separated one for their fellows, though reason must often tell, that such can only lead to disappointment.

Their rambles became frequent, and soon almost every spot had witnessed the scene of some pleasing adventure, like those that produce green spots in the memory, where everything else has disappeared forever.

One morning as they were rambling over the hills, dressed in their vernal bloom, Clara said as her eyes sparkled with the beautiful prospect that met them on every side, I think there are more beautiful things here than we can read of in books; why then should people waste so much of their lives in learning from dry old books, which are as Pa says but little use when learned, and pay so little attention to the great book of nature that lies open to all who will learn to read.

You are right Clara, said Charles, there are many beautiful things to be read in the book of nature, it is God's book, no less than the bible, so rightly esteemed by the christian world. It is God's book unnumbered by the hand of man, and has been often better said before. Those whose minds are lagged with the clear gems of originality, let them be Poets, Philosophers or anything else, are those who have drunk them in from the clear fountain of truth, where every atom, becomes an instructor and a stepping-stone towards their God.

Another morning when out for a ramble, for their amusement they carried with them a kite, and in flying it, it hitched in the branches of a tree, and for its recovery Charley climbed to where it was, and brought it down, but in doing so he scratched one of his arms, and the blood began to run down over his sleeve. As soon as he came down, Clara saw the blood, and ran up to him and said, O Charley you hurt have yourself. It is nothing but a scratch said he, and will soon be well. Yes, but it is,

said Clara for it is bleeding fast. Let me see it for I must be the doctor. He turned up his sleeve, and showed the mark, and she drew out her pocket handkerchief and tied it up, and then said, now Charley we had better go home!

Time waits for no one, scenes of pleasure be they ever so dear must soon be left far behind. And with our young friends the case was not an exception.

One morning Charley made an early call upon the Jackson's, and told them he was come for the purpose of wishing them good-bye, as he had received a letter from his father the night before to return home as soon as possible, as he wished him to enter college within two weeks therefore he found it necessary to start that afternoon.

O Charley, said Clara; I am so sorry you are going to leave us. But perhaps I ought to be glad; you are going to college to learn to be a man, and I know you will be successful. I often wish I was a man instead of a woman, so that I could do something for the world, and have a name.

Clara! why do you say so? said he; if you fulfill the holy mission of a woman, which I know you will; you will have a name higher and nobler than I can ever attain. Think of the sick in their gloomy chambers who need the gentle hand to smooth their dying pillow; think of the poor who need the word of sympathy; think of the wayward who want to be caught from the road of ruin, and helped to the path of virtue. Think of the hundreds of broken hearts that move in every circle, who need the smile and word of love, to let them know that they are yet fellow beings, and that there is something for which they may wish to live.

This is woman's mission, and Clara's if you carry it out—though when the hand of Death closes your earthly career, no sculptor's art may be exhausted on your tomb, no epitaph proclaim your worth, it will be written in imperishable characters on the hearts of those with whom you associated.

Then I will be a woman, said Clara, laying her hands upon his shoulder, and when you are away winning the applause of the world, I will never envy your position, but will ever hear of your success with pleasure and admiration; and I will also try to remember what you have told me, that there is something for me to do, and I will study to do it in such a way, that when my life draws near its end, I may be able to look back and say, I have not lived in vain. But I shall be so lonely when I see you no more, as I pass over the old spots, each made as familiar by pleasing scenes which can never return but in the memory.

'Tis true Clara, that which is past can never return, but in the future I trust there is much happiness for both. You will find some one more worthy as a companion than myself and soon forget that we ever met.

We need follow the scene no farther, the parting took place, which kept them apart for about five years, and an hasty glance over that period will be the subject of our next chapter.

Not ALL IN VAIN.—A miser living in Kufa had heard that in Bassora also there lived a miser more miserly than himself, to whom he might go to school, and from whom he might learn much. He forthwith journeyed thither, and presented himself to the great master as an humble commender in the art of avarice, anxious to learn, and under him to become a student.

We'come! said the miser of Bassora; we will straight go to the market to make some purchases. They went to the baker. Hast thou good bread?

Good indeed, my masters, and fresh and soft as butter. Mark this friend, said the man of Bassora to the one of Kufa: butter is compared with bread as being the better of the two; as we can only consume a small quantity of that, it will also be cheaper, and we shall therefore act more wisely and savingly, too in being satisfied with butter.

They then went to the butter merchant, and asked if he had good butter. Good, indeed, flavory and fresh as the finest olive oil, was the answer.

Mark this also, said the host to his guest; oil is compared with the best butter, and therefore by much ought to be preferred to the latter.

They next went to the oil vender. Have you good oil? The very best quality; white and transparent as water, was the reply.

Mark that too, said the miser of Bassora to the one of Kufa: by this rule, water is the very best. Now at home I have a pailful, and most hospitably therewith will I entertain you. And indeed on their return nothing but water did he place before his guest, because they had learned that water was better than oil, oil better than butter, butter better than bread.

God be praised, said the miser of Kufa, I have not journeyed this long distance in vain.

Can a man with wooden legs be considered a foot passenger? What word is there of five letters that by taking away two only remains? Stone. The swindler's early morning aspiration—Let us be up, and doing.