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Richmond Hill, Jan. 31, 1867.

The York Herald

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RICHMOND HILL, ONT., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1869.

Whole No. 583.

Law Cards.

McNABB, MURRAY & JACKES, Barristers and Attorneys at Law,

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CHOICE AND FANCY GOODS, Of the best description and newest designs,

CHOICE AND FANCY GOODS, Of the best description and newest designs,

Poetry.

ALMOST OVER

It is almost over now, My life-work is nearly done;

Silence—and a purple sky, Over-arching vale and hill,

Now a mist most softly red, Putting out the purple light,

Look, my children! everywhere O'er my work and heart is spread

By this token, dears, I know Of the heaven-light in a flow;

Literature.

HOW I MARRIED IN SPITE OF MYSELF.

I was a young surgeon, just free from college, and walking the hospitals,

"Physician, cure thyself," I heard the invalid remark in a mischievous undertone.

"Oh, I've no cough, thanks, only a little tickling," I said, stupidly, as though the whisper had been for me.

"Part little thing!" I mentally ejaculated, as I left the house.

After this, I paid many more professional visits at the Gordons',

When Christmas approached there was a good deal of sickness about, and I could not go home as I had intended;

"Now, Mr. Gwynne," said the doctor, "here's a chance of distinguishing yourself."

"Oh! he's our only cousin and papa's ward," was the reply. "He always comes at Christmas."

"I'll come early," I said, making a mighty effort, "as I want to speak to Mr. Gordon."

by persisting to remain for lunch, which Mrs. Gordon thought very impertinent on first acquaintance, and so it was.

"All right air," was my reply, "I'll go up at once," and as I spoke I rose from my seat, and proceeded up stairs to put on a clean collar and a better tie,

"We are quite anxious about dear Hetty," she said; "she's had a bad cough for some time past, and our home remedies seem to be of no avail."

"Two girls rose as I entered, and returned my nervous bow. I saw that one was tall and graceful, with a mass of black hair loosely drawn from off her face,

I was once more puzzled how to end my epistle, but at last decided on— "Believe me, dear Miss Gordon,

"This is our dear invalid," said Mrs. Gordon, patting the youngest on the shoulder.

"Oh, we'll soon cure her," Mrs. Gordon, I said with alarming cheerfulness, and coughed again.

"Physician, cure thyself," I heard the invalid remark in a mischievous undertone.

"Oh, I've no cough, thanks, only a little tickling," I said, stupidly, as though the whisper had been for me.

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"Oh! he's our only cousin and papa's ward," was the reply. "He always comes at Christmas."

"I'll come early," I said, making a mighty effort, "as I want to speak to Mr. Gordon."

"Oh do, come as early as you can," said Hetty.

"How tiresome you are, Hetty!" said Alice, warmly, and blushing a painful crimson.

"I went home, pondering on the way what I should do. I could not dine there with my heart bursting with my secret,

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"Now, Mr. Gwynne," said the doctor, "here's a chance of distinguishing yourself."

"Oh! he's our only cousin and papa's ward," was the reply. "He always comes at Christmas."

She looked up, and then hid her face on my shoulder, and clung to me, to hide her emotion.

"Can you be happy with me, Hetty?" I asked.

"Oh Philip, indeed I can," she replied. "I always feared you laughed at me, I said.

"I only laughed to hide my feelings," said Hetty.

"I am not rich, Hetty," I continued. "I will make a careful little wife, Philip," she said.

"I am not worthy of you," I said. "Yes you are," she exclaimed; "I am not worthy of you."

"I could not talk to her; but she seemed not to mind my silence. We sat hand in hand, dreaming, thinking. Inwardly I was repeating my letter to Charlie Somers,

"Deeply grateful for the chance (not that I should have been dirty, but because I felt I must burst out crying or do something equally absurd if I stopped there) I followed him.

"What time do you dine, Mr. Gordon?" I asked.

"Six," he replied. "It is now a quarter past five."

"Ah, I shall just have time," I said, "I find I have forgotten to leave orders about a certain medicine. If you'll allow me, I'll just run down to the surgery; for it will not do to be careless about physique."

"Certainly not, certainly not," said Mr. Gordon; "though very excusable under the circumstances; make haste—six sharp."

I almost ran off. I let myself in to the surgery by my latchkey. Oh joy! it was empty. Locking the door, I sank into a chair and paused to think.

"My duty was clear, my course plain. I smoothed my tumbled hair, bathed my hot temples in cold water, and determined to be a man, and no coward. I would eat my part, and trust to time to make it natural to me.

"So I retraced my steps, and entered the Gordons' drawing-room just as it struck six. I was of course introduced to Cousin Willie. He was a tall, fair-bearded fellow, looked and spoke like a gentleman, and seemed very fond of Alice, and she of him. Somehow I felt better when I saw them together.

"The EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, at Paris, 1867, awarded Wheeler & Wilson the highest premium, a gold medal, for the perfection of their Sewing Machines, over 82 competitors. This machine is crowned with 67 medals, has been tested beyond all question, and stands to-day without a rival. Over 60,000 machines were sold in the year 1868. Send for circular and samples of work to Charles Chapman, agent, Markham village; he gives instructions free and warrants every machine.