The York Herald

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
BY
ALEXANDER SCOTT,
RICHMOND HILL,

And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails, or other conveyance, when so desired.

The YORK HERALD will always be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Provincial News and Markets, and the greatest care will be taken to render it acceptable to the man of business, and a valuable Family Newspaper.

TERMS:—One Dollar per annum, IN ADVANCE; if not paid within Two Months, One Dollar and Fifty cents will be charged.

All letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid: and parties refusing papers without paying up, will be held accountable for the subscription.

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Six lines and under, first insertion	$00 50
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The York Herald.

Vol. XI, No. 17. RICHMOND HILL, ONT., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1869. Whole No. 584.

Business Directory.

JNO. HOSTETTER,

M.D., M. R. C. S., ENGLAND—RESIDENCE, North of Richmond Hill—opposite the Elgin House. Office hours from 6 to 9 A.M., daily.

The Dr. begs to announce that his books are posted, and those indebted to him by account, will find it to their advantage to call and settle without further notice.

Elgin Mills, Aug. 26, 1869. 580-tf

JNO. D. McCONNELL, M.D.,

(*Graduate of Toronto University*)

LICENSED PRACTITIONER IN MEDICINE, Surgery, Obstetrics, &c.

RESIDENCE—Adjoining Thornhill Hotel.

July 22, 1869. 575-1y

DR. JAS. LANGSTAFF

WILL GENERALLY BE FOUND AT home from 8 to 9 A.M.

Richmond Hill, June 9, 1869. 568*

JOHN N. REID, M.D.,

COR. OF YONGE AND COLBORNE streets, Thornhill. Consultations in the office on the mornings of Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from 8 to 10 A.M.

*** All consultations in the office, Cash.

Thornhill, June 9, 1865. 1

MARGACH, ANDERSON & Co.,

[Formerly J. L. Margach]

Wholesale and Retail Druggists,

44 *King Street East, Toronto,*

OFFERS FOR SALE A LARGE AND Varied Assortment of

DRUGS, CHEMICALS,

Paints, Oils, Varnishes!

BRUSHES,

ARTISTS' MATERIAL, &c., &c,

At Low Rates for Cash.

Call when you visit the city, inspect the stock and learn the prices; we shall feel pleasure in shewing goods whether you purchase or not. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Toronto, July 15, 1869. 550-1y

DRUG STORE IN MAPLE.

JACOB YELINSKIE BEGS TO INFORM the Inhabitants of Maple and surrounding country that he has opened a Drug Store in the above named place.

All Kinds of Herbs and Herb Medicines supplied.

Maple, April 15, 1869. 560-tf

GEO. H. LESLIE & Co.,

CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS,

COR OF BLOOR & YONGE STS., YORKVILLE,

DEALERS IN DRUGS,

CHEMICALS, DYE STUFFS,

Patent Medicines, Perfumery, &c.

Yorkville, April 1, 1869. 558-1y

THOMAS CARR,

DEALER IN

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

GROCERIES,

Wines and Liquors,

THORNHILL.

Royal Letters patently has been appointed Issuer of

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Thornhill, Feb. 26, 1868

R. H. HALL,

DRUGGIST,

AND

PHARMACEUTIST,

RICHMOND HILL,

Richmond Hill, Jan. 31, 1867. 35

Law Cards.

McNABB, MURRAY & JACKES,

Barristers and Attorneys at Law,

Solicitors in Chancery,

CONVEYANCERS, &c.

OFFICE—In the Court House - - TORONTO,

August 1, 1865. 95

STRONG, EDGAR & GRAHAME,

BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.

OFFICES—Wellington Chambers, Jordon St. Toronto.

S. H. STRONG. J. D. EDGAR. R. GRAHAME.

Toronto, June 18, 1868

J. N. BLAKE,

BARRISTER AT LAW,

CONVEYANCER, &c.

OFFICE—Over the Gas Company Office, Toronto Street, Toronto.

Toronto, August 1, 1867.

DUGGAN & MEYERS,

Barristers, Attorneys-at-Law,

SOLICITORS IN CHANCRY,

CONVEYANCERS, &c, &c.

OFFICE:—Provincial Insurance Buildings, Court Street, Toronto.

JOHN DUGGAN, Q.C. ADAM H. MEYERS, JR.

Toronto Dec. 24, 1868. 544-1y

READ AND BOYD,

Barristers, Attorneys at Law,

SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c.,

77, King Street East, (over Thompson's East India House) TORONTO.

D. B. READ, Q.C. J. A. BOYD, B.A.

May 6, 1867. 40-tf

Licensed Auctioneers.

HENRY SMELSOR,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the counties of York and Peel. Collector of Notes, Accounts, &c, Small charges and plenty to do

Laskey, March 2nd 1865 39-1

FRANCIS BUTTON, JR.,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

FOR TH

COUNTY OF YORK

Sales attended on the shortest notice at moderate rates. P.O. Address, Buttonville.

Markham, Jany 24, 1868. 497

H. D. BENNETT,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

FOR THE

COUNTY OF YORK.

RESIDENCE, Lot No. 14, 2nd Con., Vaughan. Post Office Address Carville, All orders left at the "York Herald" office, Richmond Hill, or at the P.O. Maple, will be attended to.

Vaughan, Oct. 10 1867. 1-y

JOHN CARTER,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

FOR the Counties of York, Peel and Ontario. Residence: Lot 8, 6th concession Markham. Post Office—Unionville.

Sales attended on the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms.

Orders left at the "Herald" office for Mr Carter's services will be promptly attended to

June, 27. 1867.

EDW. SANDERSON,

Licensed Auctioneer,

FOR THE

COUNTIES OF YORK AND PEEL.

Residence—Lot 20, rear of 3rd Concession of Markham. P.O. Address—Buttonville.

Parties requiring Mr. Sanderson's services can make arrangements at the HERALD office.

January 4, 1865. 31

MARRIAGE LICENSES

RICHMOND HILL.

M. TEEFY, NOTARY PUBLIC AND Commissioner in B.R., is Government Agent for issuing Marriage Licenses in the County of York.

Office hours—7 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.

Richmond Hill, October 23, 1869.

P. A. SCOTT,

LUMBER MERCHANT,

AND BUILDER,

618 Yonge Street, Tornt.

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Flooring, Sheeting, Mouldings &c.

ALL KINDS OF

Building Materials Suppied!

Post Office address, Yorkville.

Toronto, May 18, 1868. 3-m.

Farmer's Boot & shoe Store

JOHN BARRON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of

BOOTS & SHOES,

38 West Market Square, Toronto

☞ Boots and Shoes made to Measure, of the Best Materials and Workmanship, at the Lowest Remunerating Prices

Toronto, Dec, 3, 1867.

P. O. SAVINGS BANK.

RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE.

DEPOSITS OF ONE DOLLAR,

(Or any number—not exceeding three hundred dollars by any one depositor,) will be received at the Richmond Hill Post Office, for which Government will allow Interest.

For particulars apply to

M. TEEFY,
Postmaster

*** MR. TEEFY is Government Agent for the sale of

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Office hours: from 6:30 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.

May 4, 1869. 563-tf

Ringwood Marble Works

P. WIDEMAN,

MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF

MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES!

&c. &c. &c.

Call and examine my Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere, as you will find it to your interest.

☞ *Issuer of Marriage Licenses.*

Ringwood, Sept, 13, 1867. 497

JAMES BOWMAN,

Issuer of Marriage Licenses,

ALMIRA MILLS,

Markham, Nov 1, 1865. 22

GOLDEN LION HOTEL,

YONGE STREET,

NELSON DAVIS, - - Proprietor.

*** Good Stabling attached. Trusty Hostler always in attendance.

Yonge St, April 7, 1869. 559-1y

J. S. SCOTT, M.D., L.D.S.

SURGEON DENTIST!

RESIDENCE—PORT HOPE.

ROB'T E. LAW, ASSISTANT,

RICHMOND HILL.

N.B. Nitrous Oxide Gas administered for the painless Extraction of Teeth,

Toronto, Jan. 27, 1869. 549-1y

DENTISTRY.

W. C. ADAMS, D.D.S.,

95 King Street East, Toronto,

NEAR CHURCH STREET,

IS prepared to wait upon any who need his professional services in order to preserve their teeth, or relieve suffering and supply new teeth in the most approved style. Also to regulate the teeth of those who need it.

Consultation free, and all work warranted.

June, 1865. 21-y

Money to Lend.

MONEY TO LEND ON GOOD FARM Security, in Sums to suit applicants.

Apply to

DUGGAN & MEYERS,
Attorneys, Court St.

Toronto, April 1, 1869. 55--3m

Money to Lend on Landed Security.

THE Undersigned is authorized to state that

$20,000!

Can be procured, in sums to suit borrowers, on Landed security, Terms made known on personal application to

M. TEEFY,
Notary Public, Agent. &c.

N.B. Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Bonds, &c. &c, drawn with neatness and despatch.—M. T. continues to act as DIVISION COURT AGENT. Fees moderate.

Richmond Hill, Nov. 28, 1866.

J. SEGSWORTH,

IMPORTER OF

WATCHES, CLOCKS,

AND FINE JEWELRY.

113 Yonge Street, Toronto

☞ *Masonic and other Emblems made to order.*

Toronto, April 27, 1866. 47.

W. WHARIN & co.,

IMPORTERS AND

DEALERS IN WATCHES, CLOCKS,

AND JEWELLERY

ELECTRO-PLATED WARE, CUTLERY, &c., &c., &c.

THE attention of the Public is invited to their Stock, consisting of

A Great Variety

OF

CHOICE AND FANCY GOODS,

Of the best description and newest designs, Careful attention given to the repairing of Watches and Clocks Jewelry manufactured and Repaired.

No. 11, King Street East, 6 doors east of Yonge Street.

Toronto April 26, 1866.

Poetry.

"NOT AS I WILL."

O Father, I have prayed for strength,
For summer-tide of joy,
That longest hours and sunny days
I might for Thee employ;
And, lo! I was but weak and faint,
And early winter came;
It is Thy will, Thy will be done,
And blessed be Thy name.

I thought to rear a temple dome
Where men might worship Thee;
I looked upon Thy captives Lord,
And hoped to set them free,
Thy temple walls are fair and high,
Without a touch of mine,
The children walk at liberty,
And the victor's hand was Thine,

I would have spoken mighty words,
I would have done great deeds,
And bravely 'neath Thy banner fought
For all Thy people's needs;
But Thou hast given me feeble lips,
And hands that must be still,
Thou bid'st me rest while others serve,
O Master! do thy will.

I turn me from the sacred cup
With sorrow's leaves made strong,
And in the starless night of gloom
I cry, O lord! how long?
But firmer still this cry shall be;
O Father! heed not me,
Not as I wilt, but as Thou wilt,
Choose Thou my work for me.

Thy will be done. O God of light!
We are in the darkness still,
'Tis well that we, the weak, the sad,
Should wait upon Thy will,
Yet let Thy kingdom come, O God!
That all Thy love may see,
And those who weep in pain and loss
Be comforted by Thee.

Literature.

AN ADVENTURE ON A RAILWAY.

About three years ago my sailor friend, Jack Helme, went as passenger in the ship "Tempest," bound to Havre, at which port he arrived in due course of time.

Among other passengers there was a beautiful girl, whose name Jack learned was Alice Hood.

Her step was like a roe's, her teeth were as white as the rim of a daisy, her voice resembled the tinkling of a silver bell, and she had purple-black hair that fell in rippling masses below her waist.

My friend had ventured once or twice to address the maiden, but her timid, modest, half-frightened manner seemed to repel an intimate acquaintanceship.

She informed the young man, however that she had been to London to assist a female cousin engaged in the dress-making business; that soon after her arrival there her relative had died largely in debt, whereupon Alice had concluded to return home to her father who, in spite of a severe illness, had, in accordance with an agreement by letter, come to Dijon with the old family coach to wait for her.

Having learned this much, Jack took a great interest in the girl, and felt almost bound to act the knight for one in her lonely, defenceless condition.

When the boat—which, among other passengers, contained her and him—struck the landing, Jack politely offered to carry the fair one's carpet-bag, which, containing, besides her clothing, such articles as flower-lines, lines for hosiery, etc., etc., etc., was very heavy.

She thanked him with her usual sweet smile, just raising the long lashes of her soft eyes, revealing both orbs glistening like diamonds.

He took he bag, and the young couple entered the diligence which was to carry them to Paris.

There they finally arrived, ten minutes too late for that day's train.

The travellers were informed, however, there was another train at a station fifteen miles distant, preparing to start in five hours.

'Is there no conveyance to that place? queried Jack.

He was answered in the negative by the polite official.

'I must go on!' exclaimed Alice. 'My father, I am afraid, is very sick. I must see him as soon as I can.'

'Fifteen miles is a long distance to walk,' said Jack.

'Not for me,' answered Alice, smiling. 'Our family, you know, are great walkers. I have been brought up to it almost from infancy.'

As her soft, pleading eyes seemed to say, 'You must go with me,' Jack could not resist the appeal.

They started, moving along the railroad—for there was no other way.

Whenever they came to a log or a rut, Jack would extend his hand and assist his pretty companion, when, with a smile and shake of the head, she would leap over the obstruction as nimbly as a fawn. They had proceeded about ten miles, when they saw the sun go down behind a range of blue hills in the distance.

The two were now moving along a high bridge raised upon spiles about two hundred feet from the earth, which, beneath it, was rocky and inundated here and there by foaming torrents.

Ahead of them the travellers perceived that for a distance of about one hundred yards there were no crossplanks between the rails!

Therefore in order to traverse this space, Alice and her companion must walk upon the track.

Unfortunately the track was not very broad, yet a person of steady balance, capable of maintaining his self-possession, in spite of the yawning abyss on each side of him, might occasionally derive support from the beam projecting outward several inches beyond each side of the track, which was riveted upon it.

Frail support this, however, with those jagged rocks, two hundred feet below, ready to receive the unfortunate adventurer who should make the slightest misstep.

Jack paused, looked at his fair friend, and shuddered.

'We had better turn about,' said he.

'Are you afraid,' she softly inquired, then, as his cheek glowed hotly—'for my sake, I mean?'

'For your sake? Yes.'

Alice smiled.

'I have been on the Alps,' she said, 'following those who hunted on the icy ruins of precipices for the chamois. Therefore why should I shrink now?'

Still Jack hesitated.

A rail was different from the edge of a precipice, and the young man fancied he could already hear Alice's piercing shriek—could already see her form cleaving the air headlong towards those dangerous rocks beneath.

Meanwhile twilight was gathering; the crimson hues on the sky were melting away in shadows.

The travellers, if intending to attempt the perlious crossing, had better do so now while light remained.

So said Alice, and her glance was firm, her cheek unblanched as she spoke.

'Let me go alone,' she continued; 'then, if anything should happen to me, you will not feel responsible. Go, however, I must, for perhaps my father lies dying. I hope I will see him before he breathes his last!'

'Come, then,' said Jack. Keep hold of my jacket to support yourself as we go If I should stumble, however, do not hesitate to let go of me. Otherwise, you too, will be dragged down!'

Alice silently nodded her head in token of assent, and the two started.

They kept on slowly, carefully and steadily, until a sudden heavy gust of wind made the girl reel!

She stopped and while endeavouring to recover her balance, she saw the dark rocks far below, and thrilled with terror.

Over, over, over—further and further. She pressed her lips tightly together. She made one last superhuman effort, still endeavoring to recover her balance.

An inch further and that balance were lost, and she precipitated upon those jagged rocks two hundred feet beneath.

'Now, however, she raised her left arm, and that saved her. She slowly regained her upright position, and the two continued their course—Jack unable, without certain destruction, to turn his head, ignorant of his companion's late narrow escape.

They had only accomplished half their perilous walk, when the night-gloom gathered round them.

They must traverse the rest of the way in darkness.

'Steadily,' whispered Jack, encouragingly. 'For heaven's sake don't falter now!'

She answered him firmly, 'I will not,' and tightened her hold of his jacket.

At that moment they felt the rail quiver beneath them—a strange humming noice was heard.

It grew louder and louder every moment, until a sudden gleam like that of a blood-shot eye, was seen bursting through the darkness far ahead of them.

'The locomotive!' gasped Alice. 'Oh! what can we do now?'

She was right. It was the train bound to Paris, sweeping along at full speed, breathing thunder, steam and fire.

Nearer and nearer it came, roaring and rattling, with its whistle screaming.

The rail now shook so that the travellers could scarcely keep their balance.

What matter whether they did or not? What power could save them now?

They were apparently doomed to certain destruction with that fearful train sweeping towards them!

On, on—nearer and nearer! God! It was soon less than three miles distant!

The young people stood still. Each could hear the beating of the other's heart, for Alice's arms now were around Jack's waist.

Ahead of them an approaching locomotive; on each side of them a yawning abyss; their only support a slender rail! All hope died from their hearts!

'We must prepare!' gasped the girl. 'We must die! God help us!'

'Oh!' murmered Jack, suddenly, 'if I only had a rope, I might possibly do something to save us!'

'A rope! Thank Heaven! there is one in my carpet-bag—a line upon which my cousin used to hang her hosiery!'

As quickly as his situation would permit, Jack unslung from his neck the carpet-bag, and opening it, took out the rope which was quite long, and about as thick as a clothes-line.

One end of this he fastened around Alice's breast, just beneath the armpits; the other end, by carefully stopping upon his knees, he contrived to reeve through and fasten in one of the holes between the timber and the rail.

The train was now less than a mile distant! In one minute it would reach the spot occupied by the imperilled travellers!

On it came, booming along, while the rail shook as if going to pieces. Steam, thunder, fire and smoke!

'God help us!' screamed Alice.

The next moment she felt a sudden jerk, and became aware that she was dangling in mid-air beneath the rail.

Her heart almost leaped to her throat. A long, dark object, swept above her, crushing, rattling, thundering. It was the train!

'All right!' said an encouraging voice as the cars disappeared in the darkness.

"Thank God!'

She looked up, and saw Jack clinging to the upper part of the rope.

He swung himself quickly to the rail, and carefully drew her up.

Then, with the help of the rope, the two were enabled to walk the rest of the rail with more ease than before.

Soon they were out of all danger, when, with streaming eyes, Alice fell on her knees and thanked God for her and her companion's preservation.

They reached the Dijon train in good time, and subsequently arrived at Alice's place of destination in safety.

The girl found her father dying, but he lived long enough to give her his parting blessing. Jack, now feeling that she needed a protector more than ever, proposed, after remaining six weeks at Dijon, to make her his wife.

She consented; they were married; he brought his bride to England and they are now living happy and contented in a pleasant home, near London, within hearing of the steam trains.

Need I add that they never hear the thunder-noise of the approaching train without thinking of that night of peril on the rail?

PILES.—Use Dr. J. Briggs' Pile Remedy for internal, external, bleeding and itching Piles. It gives immediate relief and is reliable. Sold by druggists. 583Q

THE TYPE SETTER.

Do you know the type setter is a wonderful architect? You see those bits of lead and zinc lying over, across and against each other, like the tangled braids of a mermaid's hair? And yet they form an army more powerful than ever fought on tented field. Yesterday they stood up proudly, professionally speaking, in one "form"—truly in a thousand forms. You may look upon the little bits with a smile on your lip, but you little think they're wiser and stronger than you—that they will speak when you are dead and forgotten. They have sometimes made you smile, and sometimes shudder. "Stocks!" Isn't there something in that word? Havn't you been head and heels in them for years, and don't your feelings rise and fall with them alternately? A little further on you come to the word "Married." Ah! I thought that would make you smile. I saw you kiss a baby then and that word unravels it all. You havn't forgot the day when you went courting have you? Then there was a magic in the utterance. You stood at the altar on the strength of the happiness you felt, and if you have not always loved the girl as you ought to, there is no one you love as well. You secretly bless the day when the single word "married" was wreathed like a sacred archway over the joys of you and yours. Don't you remember little Minnie—she whom you loved so well—she with the blue eyes and auburn curls? When Death's dark Angel folded her delicate hands over her snowy bosom, and sealed her loving eyes with its icy fingers, don't you remember then how the great tide of sorrow came surging o'er your smitten heart? You little thought the other day when you picked up the paper—that the word "Died," of only four letters—which you laughed at as they lay dusty and dirty in their square homes—would make you weep—would make you think of her whom God hath taken.

If you come to his office the printer will show you how to distribute knowledge. He will pull to pieces tough, weary arguments that yesterday defied the world. Those pretty palaces which the poet wrought will have to come down and their golden fancies become to-morrow the integuments of the politician's prose. In they go—those metallic dwarfs, scattered broadcast, like good seed, which shall bring forth sixty, aye, an hundred fold. "Sixty lives lost," and the last joke march in together, and the Printer whistles Yankee Doodle as if human life was below par and so it is. This is the printers life and business.

A Printing Office is a great bowling alley. The printer sets up pins—the world keeps tally, the editor puts the ball in motion, and away it goes, carrying death and destruction in its front, sending a pin here and a pin there, while a noisy rabble always stands by to cheer and hiss down the player. Some play for money; and a few—a precious few—do it to patronise the boss and bless mankind. No matter what the balls are made of or how they go, if they only hit the mark. The crowd pocket the spoils and the empty honors are left to the proprietor, who goes behind the scenes and starves in his shirt sleeves. And such is life.

When the printer dies, the world just gets a glimpse of his value as his coat-tails vanish into glory, and then it looks very bad, rubs its head a little, calls him a clever fellow—says his only fault was in being poor, and then the world shoves his sympathy out of sight into that idiom, the human heart, and on rolls the Juggernaut as though nothing had happened.

Some day the people will wake up and find a screw lost in the jagged machine of human progress. If you do, don't waste more sympathy than possible on those mythological fellows who print your books and papers. Y--st A—ce Ptr.

CONSUMPTIVES—Use Dr. J. Briggs' throat and lung Healer for diseases of the throat, lungs, and chest. Very pleasant and efficacious. Sold everywhere. 583Q

LOST HIS RECKONING.

A curious instance of Sabbath breaking occurred in the parish of Hampton, in Parson Mosely's time. A certain jolly farmer, who lived several miles from the meeting-house, was astonished to observe one Sunday morning his near neighbor, a pious deacon, hard at work in his hay-field with his sons and his "hired men." But the truth was soon divined; the deacon, who took no weekly paper and owned no almanac—was, in short not a literary man—had mistaken the day of the week, and his well-ordered family had adopted his error. I am sorry to add that, being more of a wag than a saint, our farmer declined to enlighten the innocent Sabbath-breaker; but drove on, chuckling, toward the sanctuary. The deacon looked after him, and, pausing in the midst of the broad swath he was cutting, exclaimed: "Ef there ain't Neigbor Doolitttle, and Mis' Doolittle, and all the children, dressed up and goin' a visitin, Saturday mornin', in the midst of hayin' time! That beats all!'

The next morning the deacon and the deacon's wife, his sons and daughters, his hired man, the hired girl, and the "bound boy," all arrayed in their Sunday best, set out for meeting in good time and in good order—the eldest son on horseback, with the eldest daughter mounted behind him on a pillion; the deacon, with the rest of the family, in the big farm-wagon, drawn by a pair of stout roans, who jogged soberly along with their meekest Sunday look on. The family delusion extended even to the yellow dog, who trotted in the rear of the decorous turnout, without a secular frisk or bark or gambol.

On the way to the village, the deacon was surprised and shocked to see several of his fellow townsmen at work in their fields. He invariably stopped to reprove them: but the joke of his own Sunday work had spread through the neighborhood, and was so much relished that no one cared to undeceive him. Each farmer's excuse for his impiety was the necessity of getting in his hay before a shower, which he pretended was imminent, though the sky was cloudless. Expostulations and replies were something of this sort;

"Why, Uncle Zebulon! this here is a fine day and no appearance of rain."

"Jes' so, Deacon; but the wind's a leetle unstidy; and I believe in takin' time by the forelock."

"But, Uncle, it is the *Lord's time.*"

"Yes, Deacon; but I intend to send a load of this here hay to Parson Mosely, and that'll make it all square, I guess."

"Why, neighbor Burlow, where under the canopy do you find signs of rain today?"

"In my *corns*, Deacon. When they begin to shoot I look out for a damp spell; and it always comes, sooner or later."

"Why, Ephraim Pettingill; I am beat! You horseshoeing on Sunday!"

"Why, you know Deacon, 'a marciful man is marciful to his beast.'"

After each spacious response the deacon shook his head mournfully and drove on. He reached the village, drove up to the meeting-house steps, where he and hired man handed out the "women-folks" and children—his son and daughter had already dismounted at the horse-block—and together they marvelled much at the closed meeting-house doors and the vacant waggon-shed. There they waited more and more amazed, till several loungers from the village store gathering round them, laughing and quizzing, and a terrible small boy called out, "What are you doing here Monday mornin'? Did you sleep over Sunday, or did you forget to put your beans into the oven Saturday night?"

Upon that hint they went riding and driving homeward at quite a festive rate of speed, albeit in a deeply mortified and penetntial state of mind.

NEURALGIA.—Use Dr. J. Briggs' Allevantor for neuralgia, headache, catarrh, sore throat, Bronchitis, &c. It is agreeable to use, and reliable. Sold by druggists. 583Q

MR. Brown called in at a neighbor's, and was urged to take supper, which he did, the old lady all the while saying: "I'm afraid, Mr. Brown, you will not make a supper; you have eaten nothing. Do eat some more." After he had stepped out, he heard the old lady say to her husband: "Why, I do declare I should think Mr. Brown had not eaten anything for a month."

THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSALLE, 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.

THE following is going the rounds in Paris:—A lady in the first society was recently obliged to dismiss her nurse on account of an access of firemen and private soldiers often repeated. After choosing as a successor to this criminal, a very pretty girl, the lady explaining why the first was sent away, enjoined it on the second not to do likewise. She admitted that she shouldn't "I can endure a great deal," said the lady, "but soldiers around the kitchen I won't endure." After a week or eight days, the lady came down one morning into the kitchen, opened a cupboard and discovered a youthful military character. "Oh, ma'am!" cried the terrified girl, "I give you my word I never saw that soldier in all my life—he must be one of the old ones, left over by the other girl."