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Business Directory.

REMOVAL. H. SANDERSON & SONS, PROPRIETORS OF THE RICHMOND HILL DRUG STORE.

P. O. SAVINGS BANK. RICHMOND HILL POST OFFICE. DEPOSITS OF ONE DOLLAR, OR ANY AMOUNT NOT EXCEEDING THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

PAINTING & WHITEWASHING. THE SUBSCRIBER BEGS TO ANNOUNCE TO THE INHABITANTS OF RICHMOND HILL AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

RINGWOOD MARBLE WORKS. P. WIDEMAN, MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, &c.

VETERINARY SURGEON. GRADUATE OF TORONTO VETERINARY COLLEGE, CORNER OF YONGE AND CENTRE STS., EAST, RICHMOND HILL.

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Medical Cards. JNO. D. McCONNELL M.D., GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. DR. HOSTETTER, MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, ENGLAND.

JOHN N. REID, M.D., COR. OF YONGE AND COLBORNE STREETS, THORNHILL. CARD. N.B.—THE PUBLIC WILL PLEASE TAKE NOTICE.

THOMAS CARR, DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS, THORNHILL. WM. ALLINGHAM, DENTIST, TORONTO.

A. ROBINSON'S, L.D.S., NEW METHOD OF EXTRACTING TEETH WITHOUT PAIN. W. H. CANNON, L.D.S., DENTIST, (LATE ASSISTANT TO DR. ELLIOT, DENTIST).

G. H. HUSBAND, L.D.S., DENTIST, BEGS MOST RESPECTFULLY TO ANNOUNCE THAT HE WILL BE AT UNIONVILLE, ON MONDAY OF EACH MONTH.

GEO. McPHILLIPS & SON, PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS, SEAFORTH, ONTARIO. JUNE 27, 1866.

Licensed Auctioneers. J. RAFFERTY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE COUNTY OF YORK. M. FISHER, LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE COUNTY OF YORK.

FRANCIS BUTTON, JR., LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE COUNTY OF YORK. H. D. BENNETT, LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE COUNTY OF YORK.

EDW. SANDERSON, LICENSED AUCTIONEER FOR THE COUNTIES OF YORK AND PEARL. WILLIAM MALLOY, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

J. N. BLAKE, BARRISTER, CONVEYANCER, &c. DUGGAN & MEYERS, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

JAMES BOWMAN, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. WILLIAM COX, SUCCESSOR TO JAMES HOLLIDAY.

J. SEGSWORTH, IMPORTER OF WATCHES, CLOCKS, AND FINE JEWELRY. P. A. SOTT, LUMBER MERCHANT & BUILDER.

Poetry. The Love of Home. What is there in the human breast, What deep, mysterious sympathy,

Green is the prairie's boundless track, And wondrous are the mighty trees, Yet oft his fancy wanders back.

War Expenditures. In my last communication I gave you a statement in seven decennial periods, of our British war expenditures.

Table with columns: On War, On Debt, On State. Rows: Prussia spends 26 17 67, Russia, 34 12 54, Spain, 25 18 67, Portugal, 26 23 57, Austria, 29 37 44, France, 26 31 43, Gt. Britain, 43 42 15.

Pernicious. Girls don't talk slang. If it is necessary that any one in the family should do so, let your big brother—though I would advise him not to talk "Pigon English."

Table with columns: National Debt, Per Head. Rows: 1. Ducal Hesse, £ 228,916 0 5 4, 2. Sweden, 4,114,880 1 0 0, 3. Norway, 1,854,167 1 1 16, 4. Chili, S. America, 2,933,405 1 15 0, 5. Prussia, (1866) 42,123,064 1 15 8, 6. Turkey, 69,142,270 1 19 1, 7. Oldenburg, 621,535 2 1 2, 8. Electoral Hesse, 1,845,892 2 9 6, 9. Brazil, 30,762,289 3 1 3, 10. Hanover, 6,423,955 3 3 6, 11. Russia, 274,544,770 3 14 1, 12. Wurtemberg, 7,035,911 3 19 6, 13. Saxony, 9,912,049 4 4 10, 14. Belgium, 25,070,421 5 0 7, 15. Brunswick, 1,707,707 5 16 5, 16. Bavaria, 29,669,267 6 3 5, 17. Baden, 9,256,728 6 9 6, 18. Austria, 268,965,064 7 5 3, 19. Denmark, 14,862,465 8 18 9.

Sir Walter Scott. Scott's Brain has been more valuable to his country than a mine of gold.

Yet are you in America at all more prudent than we are? Are we the only sinners whom financial wisdom and compassion are called to weep?

There is a man in New York, a man of the name of Scott, who has been doing for all time, his genius has no provincialism, no localizing accent, none of the mannerism which stamps the art that represents a particular era.

A Mother's Death. Few who have lost their first and dearest friend, can read the following without unmoistened eyes.

Time and philosophy may teach resignation unto hearts made desolate by his coming; but they can never fill the vacancy therein, when she that was our mother, no longer casts a halo about our darkened hearts.

There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of grief, contrition, and love.

Agricultural. To Clean Chess out of Wheat. It is supposed by some farmers that wheat actually turns to chess in the process of growing.

It is supposed by some farmers that wheat actually turns to chess in the process of growing. The following communication to the Genesee Farmer by John Johnston, of Geneva, N. Y., will throw some light on the subject.

Some twelve or fourteen years ago, two farmers and myself went to call on an enterprising farmer, not fifty miles from where I now write. We found him sowing wheat. He quit his work, and politely showed us over his farm out-buildings, &c., all of which were neat and well arranged—showed us what improvements he had made by underdrainage, &c., and asked us politely to stay to dinner, which we declined, as we had other arrangements. We accompanied him into the field where he had been at work, and I put my hand in a bag of wheat and took out a handful to look at it, but what was my surprise to find it full of chess! I said I was astonished to find a man of his reputation as a farmer sowing chess. He looked me right in the eye, evidently irritated by my abrupt remark, and said, 'How would you help it, when it was there? I told him I would blow it out. He looked up again evidently a good deal irritated, and said, 'Neither you nor any other man can clean it out. He had a first-rate mill, and had put it four times through, and yet there it was; and he said he would bet me one hundred dollars that I could not clean it out! I told him it would not be justice in me to bet with him, as I had done the same thing so often that I knew I should have no difficulty in doing it; but if he would take a bag of wheat to the barn, if I did not clean out all the chess in going once through the mill, I would pay him five dollars for his trouble. He said 'done,' and took the bag on his shoulder and started for the barn; but before he got out of the field he threw it down, saying he had plenty of the same kind in the granary. After going to the barn, I took off the shaking-rod of the fanning mill, and took out the riddles. We carried the fanning mill into the granary, and I requested one of my companions to turn the mill steadily, not very fast, and not to stop until I notified him that it was all out of the hopper. I put in the wheat, and we ran through about two bushels. The owner carried it to the barn floor, near the door, and all the three gentlemen got on their knees, and examined it, and they could not find one chess seed. After examining thoroughly, the owner rose from his knees, saying in a subdued tone, 'I see a man can never be too old to learn, and I have learned something. I then said, 'Gentlemen, you had better look behind the mill—perhaps there was no chess in the wheat!' The owner said he knew 'there was plenty of chess in it. To make sure, I went and swopped up behind the mill, and I should think I got at least four quarts of chess. The owner then said, 'Gentlemen, your horses shall go in and be fed, and you shall not leave until you take dinner. I have got paid for many dinners. So we dined, and got an excellent dinner, and left without saying 'chess' again.

"I have never had the pleasure of calling on the gentlemen since. I have thought I should like to see his wheat, to ascertain if he raised chess. I have seen him often since, but I never mentioned 'chess' to him, as I knew he felt a little grieved at his obstinacy in not believing me. I have been thus particular in making a long story out of a little matter, to try, if possible, to induce men to clean their seed, so that there may be no 'more wheat turning to chess'; but as long as chess is in your neighborhood, you are always liable to occasionally having a little. Your neighbors' cattle may get on your follows when they have been eating chaff with chess in it, or swine when they have been eating screenings of wheat with chess in it. You may in this way get chess from their droppings, but still that will only be a trifle.

"Now, brother farmers, I beg you will try blowing the chess out of your wheat for a few years, and I know you will never again say wheat produces chess. I wish you Messrs. Editors, would go up the Genesee Valley about seeding time, (I mean wheat sowing,) and see that they sow clean wheat. I know that some of the best wheat growers in the country believe wheat that is damaged by the treading of horses or cattle, or nibbled off close by sheep, or fowls produces chess. Now, I know they are mistaken. It is only because the wheat is killed, that the chess gets a better chance to grow. Those who sow chess, get chess; those who do not sow it, do not get it."

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