

THE YORK HERALD

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Office at WILLOWDALE, Yonge Street, in the Township of York. July 8, 1873. 755

PATENT MEDICINES.

PROCLAMATION.

MUSTARD'S Catarrh Specific Cures Acute and Chronic cases of Catarrh, Neuralgia, Headache, Colds, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., it is also a good Soothing Syrup.

MUSTARD'S Pills are the best pills you can get for Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Biliaryness, Liver, Kidney Complaints, &c.

THE KING OF OILS. Stands permanently above every other Remedy now in use. It is invaluable.

LSO, the Pain Victor is Infallible for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Flux, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Pain and Cramp in the Stomach and Bowels, &c.

J. H. SANDERSON, VETERINARY SURGEON, Graduate of Toronto University College, corner of Yonge and Centre Sts. East, Richmond Hill, begs to announce to the public that he is now practicing with H. Sanderson, of the same place, where they may be consulted personally or by letter, on all diseases of horses, cattle, &c.

Excelsior Pump. The date was that of the civil war between the Parliament and King Charles I. The two parties had taken up arms, and were vigorously carrying on the conflict.

Change of Business. THE EXCELSIOR PUMP IS NOW manufactured by Mr. Peter Phillips, who has recommenced business in Richmond Hill, in the old place, and who is now prepared to fill all orders promptly.

WARRANTED TWO YEARS. Or if they are not preferred to any other pump they may be returned, and the money will be refunded.

These pumps are suitable for all depths, from a cistern to a well of 150 feet. They are not liable to get out of repair, being double-valved, and the joints are all turned in a lathe; consequently there is no leakage at the joints, which is invariably the case with the common pump made by hand.

Also manufactures a pump for cisterns and shallow wells. Price, \$5, complete for cistern not exceeding 8 feet. Churn pumps for cisterns, \$3 each.

Well digging done on the shortest notice. Address, stating depth of well, PETER PHILLIPS, Richmond Hill 743-ly

MORGAN & THORNE, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, NOTARIES, &c. Office—Court Street, Toronto. Branch Office—Division Court Clerk's Office, Richmond Hill.

S. JAMES, (LATE JAMES & FOWLER.) ARCHITECT, CIVIL ENGINEER, AND Surveyor, Trust and Loan Buildings, corner of Adelaide and Toronto streets, Toronto. 719-1f

J. SEGSWORTH, DEALER IN FINE GOLD AND SILVER Watches, Jewelry, &c., 113 Yonge Street, Toronto. 684

ADAM H. MEYERS, JR., (Late of Duggan & Meyers.) BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c., &c. Office:—No. 12 York Chambers, South-east Corner of Toronto and Court Streets, Toronto, Ont. 750-ly

WM. MALLOY, BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor-in-Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office—No. 6 Royal Insurance Buildings, Toronto street. Toronto, Dec. 2, 1859. 594

EDWARD PLAYTER, M.D., (Medalist, Toronto University,) PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. Coroner for the County of York. Residence—Opposite D. Hopkin's Store, Cor. Yonge and Parliament Sts. Richmond Hill. March 12, 1873. 764-1f

D. C. O'BRIEN, ACCOUNTANT, Book-keeper, Conveyancer, and Commission Agent for the sale or purchase of lands, farm stock, &c., also for the collection of rents, notes and accounts. Charges Moderate. Office—Richmond street, Richmond Hill 700-ly

F. WHITLOCK, CHIMNEY SWEEP, AND DEALER IN Old iron, rags, &c., &c., Richmond Hill. All orders promptly attended to. November 12, 1872. 747-1f

It has been found that Cincinnati whiskey contains ammonia, pyridine, picoline, colidine, formic, acetic, propionic, butyric, valerianic and carbonic acids, creosote and strychnine. At any rate, it is said that tobacco contains all these things except strychnine, and Cincinnati whiskey contains tobacco.

A Man with an Aim.

Give me a man with an aim, Whatever that aim may be, Whether it's wealth or whether it's fame, It matters not to me. Let him walk in the path of right, And keep his aim in sight, And work and pray in faith away, With his eye on the glittering height.

Give me a man who says, "I will do something well, And make the fleeting days A story of labor told, Though the aim he has is small, It is better than none at all; With something to do the whole year through, He will not stumble or fall.

But Satan weaves a snare For the feet of those who stray, With never a thought or care Where the path may lead away. The man who hath no aim Not only leaves no name When this life's done, but ten to one He leaves a record of shame.

Give me a man whose heart Is filled with ambition's fire; Who sets his mark in the start, And moves it higher and higher. Better to die in the strife, The hands with labor rife, Than to glide with the stream in an idle dream, And live a purposeless life.

The Torn Curtain. The date was that of the civil war between the Parliament and King Charles I. The two parties had taken up arms, and were vigorously carrying on the conflict.

Sir Nicholas Newcaste was one of those judges. He was a man of austere manner, but without fanaticism; his devotion to the new government was well known, and Cromwell had a special esteem for him.

"It is my birth-day," said he, "and I wish to finish merrily the supper which I have begun. Give refreshments to this cavalier and the guards. At present I would be his host, in an hour I will act as his judge."

The soldiers thanked him, and sat down at the table near the prisoner, who did not appear to be much affected by his position, and fell to on the provisions set before him with as good an appetite as any of them.

Sir Nicholas returned to his place at the head of the large table and resumed what had been interrupted by the arrival of the soldiers with the prisoner.

"Well, I was telling you," he continued, "that at the age of fifteen I was still so weak and puny that every one scorned my feebleness and took advantage of it to ill-use me. First, I had to endure the bad treatment of a step-mother, then that of my school-fellows. Courage in boys is only the consciousness of their strength. My weakness made me a coward, and far from hardening me, the roughness and harshness to which I was exposed made me only more shrinking and sensitive to pain. I lived in a continual state of fear, but above all I feared the master's cane. Twice I had suffered this cruel punishment, and I had preserved such an accurate remembrance of the pain, that the very thought of a third infliction made me tremble all over. I was at Westminster school, as I have already told you. The forms were taught in a large room together, and were separated one from another by a curtain, which we were expressly forbidden to touch. One Summer day drowsiness had overcome me for a moment in the middle of a Greek lesson; and a slight noise starting me out of my nap, I only saved myself from falling off my seat by catching at the curtain, which was close beside me. It gave way at my grasp, and to my horror I saw that I had made in it a tear big enough to see the next class through. The two masters turned round at the noise, and at once perceived the damage that had been done. The blame appeared to lie between me and the boy next to the curtain on the other side; but my confusion soon pointed me out as the culprit, and my master angrily ordered me to come and have a dozen blows of the cane. I got up, staggering like a drunken man; I tried to speak to ask pardon, but fear had glued my tongue to my mouth; my knees trembled under me; a cold perspiration broke out of my face. The instrument of punishment was already raised over me, when I heard some one say:

"Do not punish him. It was my fault."

"It was the boy on the other side of the curtain. He was at once called forward and received the dozen blows. My first impulse was to prevent this unjust punishment by confessing the truth; but I could not summon courage

enough to do it, and when the first blow had been given I was ashamed to speak. When the flogging was over the boy passed near me with bleeding hands, and whispered to me with a smile that I shall never forget:

"Do not meddle with the curtain again, youngster. The cane hurts."

"I sank down in a fit of sobbing, and they had to send me out of the room. Since that day I have been disgusted with my cowardice, and have done all I can to overcome it. I hope I have not been altogether unsuccessful."

"And do you know this generous fellow?" asked one of the guests—"Have you ever seen him again?"

"Never, unfortunately. He was not in any form, and left the school soon afterward. Ah! God knows that I have often wished to meet with the gallant fellow, who suffered so much for me, and I would give years of my life to be able to shake hands with him at this moment."

At that moment a glass was held out toward Sir Nicholas, who lifted his eyes in astonishment. It was the royalist prisoner, who laughingly proposed a toast.

"To the memory of the torn curtain at Westminster! But upon my word, Sir Nicholas, your memory is not so accurate as mine. It was not twelve blows that I received, but twice twelve—for having exposed another to punishment, and not at once declaring myself to be blame."

"You are right; now I remember! but in what a situation! in what a service!" exclaimed the judge.

"In the service of my king, Sir Nicholas. I was not going to be the first of my family who had died the traitor. My father had already died in arms, and I expect no better fate. Never mind; I only ask one thing: 'God save the King!'"

With those words the royalist returned to his place among the soldiers and continued his repast.

That very night, after having given orders that the prisoner was to be well treated, he left home without saying where he was going, and was gone three days. On the fourth day he arrived, and ordered the royalist officer to be brought before him.

"Are you going to settle my affair at length?" asked he coolly. "It is time to do so were it only for humanity's sake. They treat me so well at your house, Sir Nicholas, that before long I shall come to wish to retain my life."

"My friend," said the judge, with a grave face, but in a voice trembling with emotion, "twenty years ago you said to me, 'Do not meddle with the curtain, youngster, for the cane hurts! Here is your pardon, signed by the Lord Protector; but in my turn I say to you, 'Do not take up arms against the Parliament, for Cromwell is not easy to deal with.'"

What I Saw. It is early in the morning, before the gay and fashionable people of the great city are astir, so there are strange, odd faces that crowd into the street. We watch them, with a sad, wondering curiosity. It is hard to believe that they and we are companions on the same journey—children of the one Father daily drawing nearer the same silent land, where we shall all meet together at the last.

That man in the corner,—can it be there are possibilities of good yet hidden in the depths of his soul? A miserable, sullen face; not dejected, but stupid and mean,—battered by the bad stuff whose sickening odor overflows now and then is wafted towards us, defiling the sweet fragrance of morning.

And that boy next,—can we ever bring ourselves to think of him as a little, pure infant, over whom prayers were breathed and other-love untroubledly watched? All traces of glad boyhood have faded out of his face, grown old and hardened, as it were, by petty crimes,—red and repulsive, its stolidity seems to say, "I am my own master, and will go on in my own way,—nothing can turn me." His ceaseless rolling from side to side of the black mottle that gives him a sort of grim pleasure fills us with amazement, and we start back in disgust as he spits it out, careless whom it reaches.

Then that woman by his side, with her hard, unwomanly face, coarse-featured and ugly, without a glimpse of soul-light shining out of her eyes! Can she ever be kind and gentle, loving even in roughness? We think not. There is no sweet ministrations about her, no promise of help; only the added harshness of a soured nature—a woman nature, turned aside from its rightful channel. Perhaps the boy had such a mother, who left him alone, to grow up at the rude mercy of the world, untaught and unloved.

There is more in that than we dream of; a d surely the merciful Father, who judges every man according to the light that he has to guide him through this lower darkness, looks upon the boy with pity, and will one day raise him up by the eternal law of compensation, to a higher place than he can find here.

But, alas! what can we say for this man, whose bold unblushing wickedness quails even before the most high God? He is eminently respectable in

my downward course. But to-day, thanks be to God, I stand a free man, and would warn all young ladies against the practice of tempting young men with strong drink. Ever have before you the words of living light, "that whatsoever you would that others do unto you, do ye even so unto them," and thus you will live to a good and noble purpose; the memory of the past will be pleasant, and your future glorious.

The Man whom the Crank Turns. BY REV. H. CLAY TRUMBULL.

In my dining room over the furnace register, there is a pasteboard figure of a man grinding at a hand mill. He seems an earnest worker. With coat off, both hands grasping the crank, his form swaying too and fro, as the crank, with a fan wheel above it, goes round and round, his every motion is that of an intelligent and industrious toiler. His are no humdrum ways. At times he grinds patiently as if for continuous hours of effort. Again he springs to his task as if for his life, every nerve seeming strained, and his whole soul in the endeavor. Then he appears overworked, almost ready to drop. He starts the crank, but it comes back on him. He tries once more but vainly. Pushing it slowly forward, he carries it by the centre almost round the circle, but he cannot complete the circuit. As he rests there all in a quiver, unable to perform his task, one is tempted to pity him for the burden he bears; and it seems cruel to intimate that he is making no effort, having no thought.

Yet it is true that, even mechanically, that man in no sense moves the crank. On the contrary, the crank moves the man. The current of ascending hot air starts the fan-wheel above. The fan-wheel turns the crank below. The crank moves the man, in whose hands it is securely fastened. The varying motions, the fitfulness, the halting, or the plodding, are all those of the mill, not of the grinder. Indeed the power of man is hardly essential to the idea of such varied activity at the crank; for when a monkey's figure is put up in the place of the man, he seems quite as competent and as active as the other.—The Hive.

A Good Recipe. I have a recipe to offer. It is a compound, being composed of several ingredients. It is an excellent remedy, and, when properly applied, has an amazing good effect upon farmers' boys, keeping them at home in the evening when they ought to be there, and making them love home better than any other place on earth. Here are the ingredients:

1. Treat them as partners with you. Give them to understand that they are interested in the success of the farming operations as much as you are yourself.

2. Converse freely with them. Get their opinions, and give them yours. If at all prudent, make use of their plans, and when you think your own best, explain to them why you do not adopt theirs. Don't keep them altogether in the dark with reference to your plans for the future.

3. Don't require them to stay at home in the evenings all the time. When there is any meeting or entertainment from which they might receive benefit, be sure to let them go.

4. Provide them with plenty of good books and papers; especially referring to agriculture. Let them be well posted in their business—farming.

5. Never scold them because they don't do their work or attend to the business of the farm as well as you do. Encourage them.

6. Give them a holiday now and then. They look for it, and they need it; and it will be better for you and them to let them have it.

Farmers, try my recipe, it acts like a charm.

The Courage to Live. We need not preach the courage to die—that is common enough—but the courage to live, to be honest in spite of poverty and neglect; to be true, though all is dark except where God shines in; to be faithful though heavens fall, and hearts break, and friendship turns to gall. Yes, we must teach men to dare to be unpopular, to be misapprehended, to be ahead of the times, to follow the voice of God, though it leads into the wilderness, to tell the evil to his very face that he lies, and also to give him his dues, an act which requires the supreme courage of a times.

I wouldn't give a farthing for the triumphant faith of the death hour, unless it comes from that triumphant faith that makes our life full of the noblest daring, that is ready to fling aside honor, wealth, the praise of friends, rather than impair for one moment the soul's integrity. Oh, for such a courage—the courage to think, to act, to tell the harsh truths, to overthrow splendid falsehoods, to disown sweet lies and to banish tenderest associations rather than check in the least free movement of the sovereign soul. We all must die with more or less equanimity, but we cannot live in the full splendor of our being except by courage and determined exertion. The coward, under certain circumstances, may die grandly, but never, under any circumstances, can he live grandly.

On Selecting Clothing. RULE II.—In choosing clothing for warmth, look first for that material which is the best non-conductor of heat—your chemistry will direct you in that respect, (ladies would do well to bestow double the amount of time usually devoted to it upon this most useful and much neglected study); and secondly, for the utmost lightness and fleeciness of texture attainable, two or three folds of which, crossed loosely over one another, being amply sufficient to rectify any deficiencies in the single thickness. In accordance with the same rule, give a loosely-woven, long-napped cloth, provided it be fine and light, the instant preference over one of greater weight, closer texture or shorter nap. Take for your guide the fur of animals inhabiting cold countries, of which the finest and lightest is always the warmest, and is consequently placed next to the skin, beneath the coarse outside hair, that serves only to protect the other, and to shed water.

RULE III.—Never let a garment of any weight be dependent upon the hip alone, but divide the weight very nearly evenly with the shoulder, by means of the proper supports. The disastrous effects of a contrary course have been so often and ably demonstrated, that it is hardly necessary in this connection to do more than bring the fact to mind. Heavy skirts, at all times, and under nearly all circumstances, are an intolerable and unnecessary burden, and a hygienic abomination, which should be dispensed with at once and for all.

RULE IV.—And last, but by no means least, never permit any garment to be so tight as to prevent a full breath being drawn with ease from the bottom of the chest, or to impede the circulation in any way. This rule ought to be written in large caps in every book or periodical devoted to the subject of health—engraved in letters of gold over every lady's toilet glass; ought to head every book of directions in dress-making; be impressed upon every intelligent mind; and, what is best of all, be acted upon by every woman in the land. Of course no sensible woman would think for a moment of squeezing her feet and hands into shoes and gloves a size or half a size too small for her; but ladies who are counted sensible in other respects, will oftentimes draw the laces of their shoes, or the straps of their skates, so tight that circulation in the feet is an impossibility, or wear gloves fastened so tightly around the wrist, as to leave a red mark when removed, without considering that these temporary derangements of the balance of circulation, trivial as they seem, will, if persisted in, lay the foundation of a more extensive and permanent derangement, with more serious consequences than cold feet, creased wrists, and numb fingers. The same caution applies also to garters, girdles, waistbands, and the like, which, if they cannot perform their office without being drawn uncomfortably tight, should be dispensed with, and some other contrivance made use of to secure the same result without this disadvantage; which, in most cases, can easily enough be done.—From the Science of Health.

LIBERALTY OF PHYSICIANS.—It has always been said that physicians would disparage any remedy, however valuable, which they did not originate themselves. This has been disproved by their liberal course towards Dr. J. C. AYER's preparations. They have adopted them into general use in their practice, which shows a willingness to countenance articles that have intrinsic merits which deserve their attention. This does the learned profession great credit, and effectually contradicts the prevalent erroneous notion that their opposition to proprietary remedies is based in their interest to discard them. We have always had confidence in the honorable motives of our medical men and are glad to find it sustained by the liberal welcome they accord to such remedies as AYER & Co.'s inimitable remedies, even though they are not ordered in the books, but are made known to the people through the newspapers.—New Orleans Delta

As when a child travels in his father's company all is paid for, but the father himself carries the purse, so the expenses of a Christian's warfare and journey to heaven are paid for and discharged for him by the Lord in every stage and condition.—Curtis.

John Hanley, the youthful hero of the Atlantic disaster, has visited the New York Stock Exchange, and received \$235.

Building in Hamilton will be unusually active this summer. The demands for house accommodation and enlarged manufacturing facilities have become so pressing that some are forced to build, while others are taking advantage of the opportunity to secure favourable investment of capital in house property.

Necktie socials have become old fashioned, the ladies of Brantford have instituted an apron fair.