

ALEX. SCOTT, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR OF "THE YORK HERALD." TERMS: \$1 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. Cheap Book and Job Printing Establishment. OFFICE—YONGE ST., RICHMOND HILL.

# The York Herald

THE YORK HERALD PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE YONGE ST., RICHMOND HILL. Issued Weekly on Friday Morning. Terms.—One Dollar per Annum in Advance. ALEX. SCOTT, PROPRIETOR.

VOJ. CXXY. NO. 2 RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO, CANADA. FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1873 WHOLE NO. 777.

## THE YORK HERALD

Every Friday Morning, An-I dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails or other conveyances, when so desired. The YORK HERALD will always be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Local 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. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; and parties refusing papers without paying up will be held accountable for the subscription.

ADVERTISING RATES. PER LINE. One inch, one year, \$4 00. Two inches, one year, 5 00. Three inches, one year, 6 00.

THE HERALD BOOK & JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT. Orders for any of the undermentioned description of

Plain & Colored Job Work will be promptly attended to: Fancy Bills, Business Cards, Circulars, Law Forms, Bill Heads, Blank Checks, Drafts, Bank Orders, Receipts, Letter Heads, Fancy Cards, Pamphlets, Large and Small Posters, and every other kind of Letter-Press Printing.

AUCTIONEERS. HENRY SMELSOR, Licensed Auctioneer for the Counties of York and Peel, Collector of Notes, Accounts, &c. Small charges and plenty to do. LaSalle, March 2, 1853. 539-ly.

FRANCIS BUTTS, JR., Licensed Auctioneer for the County of York. Sales attended to on the shortest notice and at reasonable rates. P. O. address, Buttonville. Markham, July 4, 1869. 457.

JOHN CARTER, Licensed Auctioneer for the Counties of York, Peel and Ontario. Residing in Markham. Sales attended to on the shortest notice and at reasonable rates. Orders left at the Herald office for Mr. Carter's service will be promptly attended to. June 27, 1867.

DRUGGISTS. H. SANDERSON & SON, PROPRIETORS OF THE RICHMOND HILL DRUG STORE, Corner of Young and Centre streets East, have constantly on hand a good assortment of Drugs, Paints, Perfumery, Chemicals, Oils, Toilet Soaps, Medicines, Varnishes, Fancy Articles, Dry Goods, Patent Medicines and all other articles kept by druggists generally. Our stock of Medicines warranted genuine, and of the best qualities. Richmond Hill, Jan 25, '72. 705.

THOMAS CARR, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Groceries, Wines, and Liquors, Thornhill. By Royal Letters Patent has been appointed Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

DENTISTRY. A. RODRIGUES, L. D. S. Now method of extracting teeth without pain, by the use of Ether Spray, which affects the teeth only. The tooth and gum surrounding becomes insensible with the external agency, when the tooth can be extracted with no pain and without endangering the life, and the use of Chloroform. Dr. Robinson will be at the following places prepared to extract teeth with his new apparatus. All office operations in Dentistry performed in a workmanlike manner:

Aurora, 1st, 3rd, 16th and 22d of each month. Newmarket, 2d, 9th, 16th, 23d, 30th. Richmond Hill, 9th and 24th. Mt. Albert, 15th. Thornhill, 23d. Barwick, 18th. Humberston, 25th. Nobleton, 30th. Nitrous Oxide Gas always on hand at Aurora. Aurora, April 28, 1870. 615-4f.

W. H. & R. PUGSLEY, (successors to W. W. Cox.) BUTCHERS, RICHMOND HILL, HAVE always on hand the best of Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork, Sausages, &c., and sell at the lowest prices for Cash.

Also, Corned and Spiced Beef, Smoked and Dried Hams. The highest market price given for Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, &c. Richmond Hill, Oct. 24, '72. 745-ly.

FARMERS' BOOT AND SHOE STORE. JOHN HARRON, manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of boots and shoes, 28 West Market Square, Toronto. Boots and shoes made to measure, of the best material and workmanship, at the lowest remunerative prices. Toronto, Dec. 3, 1867.

PETER S. GIBSON, PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR, Civil Engineer and Draughtsman. Orders by letter should state the Concession, Lot and character of Survey, the subscriber having the old Field Notes of the late D. Gibson and other surveys, which should be consulted in many cases as to original monuments, &c., previous to commencing work. 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, Coughs, 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, Biliousness, Liver, Kidney Complaints, &c. HAVE you Rheumatism, Wounds, Bruises, Old Sores, Cuts, Burns, Frost Bites, Piles, Painful Swellings, White Swellings, and every conceivable wound upon man or beast?

THE KING OF OILS. Stands permanently above every other Remedy now in use. It is invaluable. ALSO, the Pain Victor is Infallible for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Hain and Cramp in the Stomach and Bowels, &c.

Directions with each bottle and box. Manufactured by H. MUSTARD, Proprietor, Ingersoll. Sold by Druggists generally. The Dominion Worm Candy is the medicine to expel worms. Try it. 700-y.

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. All orders from a distance promptly attended to, and medicine sent to any part of the Province. Horses examined as to soundness, and also bought and sold on commission. Richmond Hill, Jan. 25, 1872. 507.

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

ON TRIAL FOR ONE MONTH, And if accepted, 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 \$3, complete for cistern not exceeding 5000. Cistern pumps for cisterns, \$3 each. Well digging done on the shortest notice. Address, stating depth of well, PETER PHILLIPS, Richmond Hill Oct. 14, '72. 743-ly.

MORGAN & THORNE, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, Notaries, &c. Office—Court Street, Toronto. Branch Office—Division Court Clerk's Office, Richmond Hill. THOS. K. MORGAN. HORACE THORNE. Toronto, April 25, 1872. 71.

S. JAMES, (LATE JAMES & FOWLER,) ARCHITECT, CIVIL ENGINEER, AND Surveyor, Trust and Loan Buildings, corner of Adelaide and Toronto streets, Toronto. 710-4f.

J. SEGSWORTH, DEALER IN FINE GOLD AND SILVER Watches, Jewelry, &c., 113 Yonge Street, Toronto. September 1, 1871. 684.

ADAM H. MEYERS, JR., (Late of Dugan & Meyers,) BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c. Office—No. 12 York Chambers, South-east Corner of Toronto and Court Streets, Toronto, Ont. January 15, 1873. 786-ly.

WM. MALLOY, BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor-in-Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office—No. 6 Royal Insurance Buildings, Toronto street. Toronto, Dec. 2, 1869. 694.

EDWARD PLAYTER, M.D., (Medialist, Toronto University,) PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. Coroner for the County of York. Residence—Opposite D. Hopkins's Store, Cor. Yonge and Parliament Sts. Richmond Hill. March 12, 1873. 764-4f.

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. 747-4f.

An Irishman who got laughed at for making faces over some peevish, retorted thusly: "Ye may grin, you muton-headed idiots! but I can lather the soul out of ye man that split vinegar over thim plums."

## THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life. If we would only stop to take it. And many a tone from the better land, And the querulous heart would make it: To the sunny soul that is full of hope, And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth, The grass is green and the flowers are bright, Though the winter storm prevaileth.

Better to hope though the cloud's hang low, And to keep the eyes still lifted; For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through, When the ominous clouds are rifted! There was never a night without a day, Or an evening without a morning; And the darkest hour as the proverb goes, Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life, Which we pass in our idle pleasure, That is richer far than the jeweled crown, Or the miser's hoarded treasure; It may be the love of a little child, Or a mother's prayer to heaven, Or only a beggar's grateful thanks, For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life, A bright and golden filling, And to do God's will with a ready heart, And hands that are ready and willing, Than to snap the delicate, minute threads Of our curious lives asunder, And then blame heaven for the tangled ends, And sit and grieve, and wail.

THE POWER OF A SMILE. BY WILL S. DALE. Beautiful, indeed, did Irene Dayton look in her costly silks and glittering diamonds, as she received the many guests who were continually arriving at her father's mansion, although it was yet an early hour; for, be it understood, this was the birthday of the lovely and aristocratic belle, Irene Dayton, only daughter of Judge Dayton, the most prominent and wealthy citizen of Walton; and, in honor of the event, he had planned a grand ball, and this was the cause of so many hurrying toward the judge's residence, eager to pay homage and do honor to the lovely and acknowledged belle of Walton.

Among the first of the many young men of the place who had been honored by an invitation to the celebration of the birthday of the judge's daughter, was Walter Chester, a young and promising lawyer, who had just been admitted to the bar, and who gave promise of being one of the best lawyers of the State. He had opened an office in Walton for the practice of his profession, and was fast building the foundation of a thriving business. In addition to his being talented and educated, he was social and pleasant, and, although not possessed of a superfluous amount of that article familiarly known as "filthy lucre," yet, with his ability and moral graces, it was an easy matter for him to enter into the higher classes of society.

Walter Chester was strictly temperate, and, upon several occasions, had met the lovely Irene at balls, soirees, &c., and on every occasion had kindly but firmly refused the proffered wine which she extended to him. She felt quite pained and chagrined at the result, and had secretly determined to make him, on this occasion, bow submissively to her will, if it was in the power of woman to accomplish it. She had "always indulged in the use of wine, and could see no harm in a single glass of it," she said; but Walter Chester knew his hereditary weakness, and had resolved to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, that the incarnate feud—King Alcohol—might not bind him with his strong and unrelenting fetters, as they had the father before him.

Many there were in that vast throng who sought eagerly after the smiles, and requested the hand of the quonely beauty in "the next dance." While she treated all kindly and pleasantly, she was partial to Walter in the bestowal of her sweetest smiles, and, to most, she was engaged "for the next dance" but to Walter, never; and he felt highly elated, and improved his every opportunity to be by her side and engage her attention, and upon the announcement of supper, it was with feelings of pleasure and triumph that he escorted her to the spacious dining-hall, amid the displeasure of a number of unlucky applicants for the honor.

Wine flowed freely, and everything went "merry as a marriage bell," until some one proposed a toast to the belle of the evening. Every glass was raised with one single exception—Walter Chester's remained untouched. Many eyes were turned towards him, and they also noticed the embarrassed look upon Irene's face. Walter noticed it as well; and as he glanced at her, she cast such a look of reproach and entreaty upon him, that for a moment he was irresolute, and his hand mechanically sought the cup; he half raised it, but was about to set it down again, when Irene cast such a smile of approbation and pleasure upon him, that he became completely un-manned, and, with more of an air of desperation than of willingness, he raised the cup to his lips and drained it of its contents.

Irene Dayton was victorious; and with a feeling of triumph, she entered with more earnestness and zest into the pleasure of the evening.

But, oh! what a victory was hers! And how much more complete than she could have anticipated! Instantaneously with the drinking of the wine the color suffused the cheeks of Walter and mounted to his blue veined temples with an electric force. The flash of his eye was more powerful and perceptible—the demon within him was aroused, and Walter Chester's power was gone; and, when Irene's victim left her father's mansion, he was carried out by friends—dishonored—disgraced—drunk—lost to his friends, lost to society, and lost to himself.

Five years have passed and gone since we last visited the romantic little town of Walton. Five years have wrought many changes in the history of those who have been presented to the gentle reader in this real life sketch.

'Tis a beautiful spring day as the narrator alights from the train at the little railway station in Walton. Beautiful spring—the harbinger of returning joy and blessings—has not failed to return in her annual visit, laden with all that makes life pleasant and enjoyable.

Proceeding along the only street leading to the quiet village, we meet many familiar objects, the sight of which recalls pleasant memories; we faintly dwell upon them, but our rovery is suddenly disturbed by the approach of a carriage, drawn by two fiery horses, which the driver is vainly endeavoring to control. But madly they rush by, heedless of the strenuous exertions made to restrain them, and threatening the lives of both the driver and a fair young lady who is holding on the side of the vehicle, fear and despair marked upon the pale, terror-stricken face. Suddenly the carriage gives a lurch, and the driver, from his high seat, is precipitated with violence to the ground. The horses, reeling themselves freed from the strain upon their bits, dash onward with renewed speed. As the fair occupant of the carriage discovers her helpless condition, she gives one long, agonizing cry of despair, and sinks back upon the velvet cushions in a semi-unconscious condition.

Suddenly the horses are checked in their wild flight, and a man is holding them by their bit. Wildly they plunge, and try to break away; but though trampled upon and breasted by the man, he holds fast the grasp until help arrives, and then he sinks to the ground, a bleeding and bruised mass.

Tenderly we raised the heroic man from the ground. We start back with astonishment; how familiar, despite the matted and clotted hair, his features look! Is it possible? Yes, 'tis he—Walter Chester—but how changed! Can this ill-clad, bloated and bruised form be the fashionable and erect Walter Chester we knew five years ago.

At sight of him, memory takes us back to the last evening on which we saw him, when he was borne from Judge Dayton's residence, intoxicated; and dwelling upon the scenes of that evening, the mystery is not so deep, and partially clears away, and our imagination leads along the downward path of the unfortunate man, until we find him drinking almost the very dregs of degradation.

But who is this fair creature whom he has saved by imperiling his own life? A singular coincidence—'tis she who has embittered the life, and destroyed the prospects, of the man now lying before her—her presenting form. She, too, has changed, but the change has only made her more beautiful and attractive. Five years of Paris life has only added to her many natural charms and graces. She has but recently returned from her extended sojourn in France, where she has been seeking health and pleasure. And thus they have met—the destroyer and destroyed—for the first time since that eventful night which proved our hero's ruin.

Great indeed was the astonishment which depicted itself upon Irene's face, at discovering, in this fallen and pitiable object before her, her former respectable acquaintance. As she gazed upon the inanimate and bruised form, she recalled the memory of that eventful night of her nineteenth birthday, and her heart smote her.

She saw the great error she had committed, and, at this late hour she resolved to atone as far as she was able for the great wrong she had done.

Gently, at her command, was the unconscious form of Walter Chester lifted up and placed beside her in the carriage, which was driven to the judge's residence. The most skilled physicians were employed, who pronounced his case a critical one. His nervous system had received a severe shock, they said; besides his constitution was broken by exposure and excessive debauchery. Careful nursing, perfect and quiet and tender watching, were things most needed to insure his recovery.

Earnestly did Irene apply herself to the task before her; but it was a laborious and wearied duty she had resolved to perform, and many were the tedious days, ay, weeks, she struggled through, watching with the

faithfulness of a mother the varied changes of her patient, as the little sparks of vitality within him struggled to gain ascendancy. But, by the indomitable perseverance and fortitude with which Irene was possessed and exercised, and by the help of a merciful Providence, the little spark of life was fanned into a flame, and he slowly began to recover.

But many weeks passed by before he was sufficiently convalescent to leave the home of her who had so kindly cared for and watched over him during his protracted illness. During the period of his convalescence, however, Irene had discovered what others failed to—that Walter Chester was not lost to the world—that the star of his genius would yet shine brightly; and with encouragement and help, he could yet arise from his obscurity, and live to honor the name he bore. Another fact made itself evident to Irene's mind; that was at first a duty, was now a pleasure to her; and that she entertained a deeper feeling of interest for her patient than a morbid desire to see him again a temperate and prosperous man. She would not confess to herself, at first, that this was the case, but, as the time drew nigh for Walter to leave the hospitable home of Judge Dayton, she was forced to listen to the pleading of her own heart, and she felt would have stayed the hour of his departure.

And how was it with our hero? Was he willing to leave the home of her who had done so much for him with only a feeling of gratitude and thankfulness? Ah, no! During his hours of anguish had she not smoothed his fevered brow, moistened his parched lips, and administered an hundred and one other little acts of love and sympathy? And now her mere touch had sent a thrill of ecstatic pleasure over him! When he arose from his bed of sickness, and was able to go about a little, and lounge under the inviting shade of a large maple which stood at the side of the old mansion, or recline in a hammock swung under the front porch, many were the hours he watched her, as she read to him, and thought how superbly blest would be the man who could call her wife. But as these thoughts rushed through his mind, he banished them, (or tried to, at least,) and thought of the "what might have been." But now such thoughts were absurd, and not to be encouraged for a moment, and he struggled to forget them; but, as he grew stronger, and began to realize that he must forget, soon leave her forever, and go—he knew not whither—he was obliged to acknowledge to himself that he loved her, and that the future, without her, would be blank and dreary to him.

Late one afternoon, as he was reclining on one of the rustic seats in the arbor, and thinking over the past and future, he murmured to himself— "How different it might have been!"

"And I alone am to blame," said a low voice. And Irene, who had approached unseen, stood in the doorway of the little arbor.

As the last rays of the setting sun penetrated through the thick vines of honeysuckle and woodbine, which festooned the little arbor fell upon Irene's face, expressive of sympathy and regret, Walter could not repress an exclamation of surprise and admiration; and gently drawing her to a seat, he hunched at her feet, and poured out his love with all the earnestness of a devoted heart.

Why need we dwell longer upon this scene? We will drop the curtain, and leave these two happy hearts to commune with each other unmolested. But, before taking leave of the gentle reader, let us entreat you, before placing the wine cup to your neighbor's lips, to consider the end.

The newspapers of Edinburgh are first-class—particularly the *Review* and *Scotsman*. The former is carefully written and conducted, and combines with its ability a strong dash of New York *Herald* enterprise. Some time ago it put on a special morning train to carry its early edition to Glasgow. Its circulation is about 40,000 daily. Its gentlemanly manager kindly conducted me through the establishment. Elegant suits of rooms for editors and reporters; a telegraphic wire, connecting directly per special wire, with London; a stereotyping foundry, an army of compositors. But the great feature of the establishment is the press-room. Here may be seen by those who obtain admittance three of the celebrated Walter presses, the best and fastest in the world. This press is the invention and patent of Mr. Walter, of the *London Times*, and is the press which the *Times* uses.

The *Times* presses are as yet the only ones outside of London. It is a splendid sight to see the papers coming out at the rate of 200 per minute! It will run from 10,000 to 15,000 per hour; prints from an endless roll of dry paper, both sides of the paper at once; the paper is damped as well as cut in going through. The pressman informs me that the press is very simple, and seldom or never gets out of order.

An appeal in the *Nouvelles Mondes* libel suit is talked of.

The Shah of Persia had a distinguished reception at Berlin.

St. Catharines is fitting up a neat office for its Chief of Police.

Mr. J. White, of Picton, on his way to Napanee the other day, lost \$500 in Kingston.

The Catch in the Seal Fishery is called good, numbering nearly 500,000 seals.

Sawdust is floating down the Moira River in large quantities, notwithstanding the existing prohibitory law.

The question of the superiority of asphalt for pavement is being discussed at present with considerable interest in Halifax.

Passengers arrived in Quebec per steamship Palestine, Owens, Liverpool—Mr. Knox, Mrs. Knox, and 245 steerage passengers.

Harry Coulter, who, notwithstanding his defeat by Brown, at Halifax, still calls himself the champion sculler of America, has accepted the challenge of Wm. Scharf.

The Orleansists in the French Assembly not wishing to join the Legitimists of Bonapartis, asked the alliance of the Left Centre, but were refused.

A Public meeting was held in Quebec on Saturday p. m. to make arrangements for representing the city at Sir G. E. Cartier's funeral.

The statement is made by the Ottawa *Free Press* that Chief Justice Sir William Young will be appointed to succeed the late Lieutenant Governor Howe in Nova Scotia.

The Ottawa *Free Press* announces that the next full Cabinet meeting to be held will be held in Montreal after the funeral of the late Sir George Cartier.

The Captain and three men of the Government schooner "La Canadienne" were drowned at Grand River in the Lower St. Lawrence on Saturday through the capsizing of a boat.

The Cortes opened in Madrid on Saturday. President Figueras promised to secure the abolition of slavery in Cuba, as well as Porto Rico, and advocated the separation of Church and State.

Mark Twain, in speaking of cannibalism, grows serious for once, and solemnly declares that for his own part "he would go hungry for two days rather than eat an old personal friend."

"He took her fancy when he came; he took her hand, he took a kiss; he took no notice of the shame that glowed her happy cheek at this. He took to coming afterwards; he took an oath he'd ne'er deceive; he took her father's silver spoons, and after that he took his leave."

Here is a pleasant item for the ladies. It is said that the great French statesman, Thiers, not only takes pride in his wife, but, while speaking in public, draws inspirations from her presence. He looks at her always before commencing his speech, after rising. After all, these ladies are wonderful creatures.

A Sacramento lawyer remarked to the court: "It is my candid opinion, judge, you are an old fool." The judge allowed his mildly-beaming eye to fall on the lawyer a brief moment, then in a voice husky with suppressed tobacco juice and emotion, said, "It is my candid opinion that you are fined one hundred dollars."

The new section of the Victoria Square Garden, opposite Radegonde street, Montreal, with its thriving shrubs and carpet of turf, has become quite a lovely spot of greenery, and passers through it could almost imagine themselves transported at a bound from the midst of city life to one of nature's retreats.

A Pottsville man, who says he hasn't attended church for many years boasts that he can remember perfectly the preacher's text on the last occasion of a visit to the sanctuary. And this is the way he remembered it when asked what it was: "It is easier for a camel to enter a circus than for a man to eat a package of needles."

A gentleman whose morning dram had been a little too much for him, in saddling his horse got the saddle wrong end foremost. Just as he was about to mount, a German friend came up and called his attention to the mistake. The horse-man gazed for a moment at the intruder, as if in deep thought, and then said, "You let that saddle alone. How do you know which way I am going?" The gentleman from Germany passed on.

The New Orleans *Times* is very earnest in condemning the "suicidal part of the authorities in Havana in their rigid and unnecessary quarantine regulations" against vessels from that port. It contends that under any circumstances quarantine is a barbarism that, though often tried, has never been of the slightest advantage to any port, and that it is absurd to attempt to wall out cholera from Havana by this means, and doubly absurd and ridiculous to quarantine against it "from a port where it does not exist."

Stock actors in theatres, when allowed a benefit, make the most of it. The actor whose regular salary may be from ten to twenty-five dollars per week, has, on this occasion, one half of the entire receipts of the house. He is supposed, through the influence of his friends, to increase those receipts to double what they usually are. To do this they must, unless they have a number, resort to expedients not usually recognized as legitimate. An actor in the West being given a benefit, issued a couple of thousand tickets entitling the bearer to "free admission to the boxes on his benefit night." These tickets were assiduously dropped at every cross road, tavern and grocery for some few miles in the vicinity of the night previous to the benefit. The bait took; and fellow sand their gals might have been seen advancing on the good old town "ero evening shows fell." The doors of the theatre were regularly besieged by the pleasure-seeking rustics. When the doors were opened and a stout policeman or two had been prudently picketed at the point of entrance, a rush was made in order to get the best seats in the house, as is always the case with your constitutional deadhead.

To portray the mingled phases of astonishment, anger, and honest indignation of the liberal patrons of the rustic drama when they were severally informed by the urbane and gentlemanly doorkeeper, that all those red tickets were frauds (and, indeed, as the reader knows his information was strictly true), is beyond the power of my feeble quill. As most of the young fellows were accompanied by their sisters and sweethearts (for the supply of gratuitous paste-board had been diffused on a most liberal scale), it would seem shabby to back out without seeing the show. So, with many a rueful expression while fumbling for evasive quarters, and many whispered solicitations for temporary accommodations, they filed in, pair after pair, and filled the little theatre to its utmost capacity.

To cap the climax of theatrical audacity, the beneficiary, himself, between the pieces, stepped in front of the curtain with a pack of the rejected tickets in his hand, and in a most eloquent speech, denounced the contemptible scoundrel or scoundrels who had attempted to injure him by such outrageous imposition on the public. In the whole course of his professional experience, whether in England, Australia, California or America, he had never been so grossly insulted, "and" continued he, warming to his work, "if the cowardly blackguard or blackguards are in front of this house to-night, I dare them to meet me at the door of the theatre, and I will give them each and all my satisfaction for the language I have used. Ay," he concluded, shaking his fist defiantly at a harmless medallion of Shakespeare that decorated the front of the second tier, "and at any time and in any way they may select."

This plucky demonstration won all hearts, and prolonged applause greeted the injured stranger as he proudly, demantly and slowly bowed himself out. That young man has been a financial success, and still lives "a prosperous gentleman."

Gourmandism. We occasionally read of some feat of gourmandism which strikes properly dumb, yet we must look across the water for championship in this particular. A Scotch paper tells of a Dumfries laborer who announced himself to eat twelve pies within twenty-five minutes; and in fact, when the delicate s were put before him in the shape of a six-pound pie, fourteen inches high, he consumed half a dozen in five minutes, and the next three at the end of eleven minutes, and the last three in six minutes more, having ended his repast eight minutes sooner than he designed—possibly owing to the pangs of hunger since he expressed a willingness to occupy the spare moments with devouring another half dozen pies. Close on this incident follows another concerning a supper eating by an Englishman, many years ago—for he lived to tell the tale. His first dish was two quarts of milk, thirty eggs, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, three penny loaves, a quantity of ginger and nutmeg, and an ounce of mustard, all boiled together; his second course was "a piece of cheese and a pound of bread to it," the third was half a pound of bacon, a penny loaf and a quart of ale, followed by threepeppies' worth of gingerbread and a pint of ale; his fourth dish was a custard of two pounds, an ounce of mustard, some black pepper, a pint of milk and three pints of ale to it. This banquet he finished in an hour. Another atrocious English glutton once undertook to eat as much trip as would make himself a jacket with sleeves, and was accordingly measured by a tailor who regularly cut out the materials, when, to general surprise, the voracious fellow ate up the whole in twenty minutes. Compared with these performances some of the current prodigies of gourmandism are as trifling in amount as they are tame and uninteresting in the character of their details.

THE YORK HERALD PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE YONGE ST., RICHMOND HILL. Issued Weekly on Friday Morning. Terms.—One Dollar per Annum in Advance. ALEX. SCOTT, PROPRIETOR.

WHOLE NO. 777.