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The York Herald

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THE YORK HERALD

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J. H. SANDERSON,

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EXCELSIOR PUMP.

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

ON TRIAL FOR ONE MONTH.

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.

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EDWARD PLAYTER, M.D.,

(Medalist, 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. 764-1f

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FOR LILLIE'S SAKE.

When papa drinks he's cross to you, I know, my kindest moan, And sometimes cross, and cruel, too, To me and little brother.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

My days had been as roses fair Ere I became his wife, 'Till then I never knew a care, No shadow crossed my life.

HAMMERING IT THROUGH.

BY R. P. ALLEE.

PART I.—THE TWO FRIENDS.

Ever since the pronounced decree that "by the sweat of a man's brow shall he eat," there has been an un-suspended effort by the majority of mankind to shirk the responsibility upon the shoulders of other people.

It was this desire—born, as he believed—that led Matthew Bernard to abandon the half-pay of a merchant's clerk, and seek for wealth in the earth; to become an agriculturist in reality, a farmer in deed.

"Well, Mat, I hear that you have thrown up your position in Yardstick's store," remarked Harry Thomas to Bernard, on the street.

"Yes, I have done so, and am now looking out for a chance at something quite different," answered Matthew.

"What in particular have you in view?" was the smiling answer.

"Ha, ha! that's good; decidedly the best thing I've heard this long time. What! Mat Bernard, the good looking, white handed measurer of calico, going to farming!"

"You may laugh as much as you please, Harry, but that is the conclusion I have reached," answered Bernard; and the look of determination on his face convinced Harry there was more truth than fiction in his friend's decisive words.

"Well, if that be so, then I must say that I wish you much content and pleasure dolving through the summer's heat and winter's snow. But Mat—pardon me if I speak plainly—I can't help thinking you are making a fool of yourself."

"No apology, Harry. I know well enough you mean right if you do indulge in terse terms; and as for being a fool, I think that I have sense enough to see that I can do better at twenty dollars per month on a farm than I can at twenty-five in a store."

"Probably so," answered Thomas, rather doubtfully; "possibly not. In mercantile business one has a chance of advancement; but a farmer's man is only a clog-hopper all his life."

"Think you that Horsford or Everson are clog-hoppers?" asked Mat, as a smile passed over his countenance.

"Oh, no! they are rich and hire all their work done. They spend their time as gentlemen, making farming a mere pastime."

"And yet I heard Everson say, a few days since, that he commenced as a boy at five dollars a month and worked his way up," calmly answered Bernard.

"Then your mind is set on that line of business, while mine is bent on going through the one I am now in. Perhaps I may have to stand at the counter all my life; but we will see about that some other time," said Thomas.

"When?" asked Mat.

"If we both live, meet me in five years to compare notes," answered Harry.

"Well, five years hence we will

cast the balance, but remain friends as of old, in the interim."

"Certainly; good day."

"Good day," answered Bernard. And the two friends entered upon their diverging roads to wealth, each with a hope and desire to excel the other's balance sheet.

PART II.—HARRY THOMAS' FIVE YEARS.

The days lengthened into weeks the weeks ran through months; and Thomas steadily applied himself to the never-ceasing round of a clerk's or salesman's duties. Yards of muslins, silks, prints, threads, needles and all the thousand articles usually kept in a prosperous country store, passed through his hand with monotonous round. Smirks for the gaudily-dressed customers and hurrying off with the more humble. Uniform courtesy to all won the good opinions of the many, until it became a general remark that Harry Thomas was the best salesman in the small country village of Linton.

Many offers of easier employment and better wages were held out to Thomas, with a view to induce him to change his then situation, but all in vain. "I am satisfied as it is," was his sole reply. And so the months rolled into years; yet he kept plodding on, with some apparent object in view that he alone knew of.

Yet in all these years the confidence his employer had of his upright and steady attention to business was never mentioned to any one. Closely had he watched the ways of his clerk, and while he saw many things that did not suit the fastidious tastes of an elderly man, he would quietly declare in his mind that "boys will be boys," and so seldom intruded advice to the one who sorely needed it. However, there was one thing he did that showed in more than words the business opinion he entertained of Harry's tact in being the best salesman in the town—he gradually increased his wages until they were sufficient for every needful want, leaving a margin for savings.

Four years had passed away since the two friends, Harry and Mat, had agreed to compare notes at the end of the fifth, and in all this time Harry had not lost sight of his desire to out rival his friend. The years had not accumulated much, although there was a balance in the hands of his employer. So, sitting upon the counter one stormy day, when but few customers called, he became absorbed in a column of figures that he had pencilled upon some wrapping paper. So intent was he, that he did not notice the entrance of his employer, who stood with his back to the stove, closely watching Harry; but he soon advanced to Harry, saying:—"Thomas, how long have you been in my employ?"

"About five years, sir," was the quiet answer, as he looked up from his calculations.

"Five years is about as long as I would like to keep one clerk."

"Sir?" queried Harry, while a shadow passed over his face as though a dread communication had been given him.

"I said five years was long enough for one person to clerk in this house," coldly answered Binning, the merchant.

"Then you do not wish my services longer, I understand you to say?" queried Harry, with a tremor in his voice.

"No, I did not exactly say that. I wish to know if you have saved more of your wages than are now in my hands."

"No apology, Harry. I know well enough you mean right if you do indulge in terse terms; and as for being a fool, I think that I have sense enough to see that I can do better at twenty dollars per month on a farm than I can at twenty-five in a store."

"Probably so," answered Thomas, rather doubtfully; "possibly not. In mercantile business one has a chance of advancement; but a farmer's man is only a clog-hopper all his life."

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"Invest in some business, and go on in your own responsibility."

"Nine hundred will not go far after paying the necessary expense of fitting up," modestly replied Harry.

"Exactly so; and yet I think I can see an easy way for you. There is a small country store at the Point, seeking a purchaser, and I believe your nine hundred will enable you to effect a purchase. If you can do so, I am willing to aid you somewhat in getting started."

"I will consider the subject, sir," was Harry's quiet answer as the merchant turned away.

"Consider it" he did, and the result was he purchased the stock and goodwill of the establishment his employer had referred to, and with the assistance of Binning he was enabled to replenish his stock so thoroughly that he had no just reason to complain about his setting up, although being some encumbered with liabilities.

Thus far, all had been pleasant sailing with Harry Thomas. His Cup of Plenty seemed not to cease flowing.

Irish Poplins.

In Dublin I first visited shops on the other side of the water, and the very first thing that strikes an American is the promptness with which he is served, the civility with which he is treated, immense assortment and variety of goods and the effort of the salesman to do everything to accommodate the purchaser. They seem to say, by their actions, "we are put here to attend to buyers' wants; to serve them, to wait upon them, to make the goods and the establishment attractive, to sell goods, and we want to sell goods."

The debt of Jan is set forth at \$104,000,000, and the resigning Finance Minister says a national finance collapse may be looked for at any moment.

A fatal accident occurred on the Midland railway, about eleven miles south of Lindsay, Ont., on Wednesday last; one man reported killed and another seriously injured.

Mayor Cassidy, of Montreal, is dead. He was elected to the local representation of Montreal West at the last election, and also chosen Mayor of the City of Montreal for the present year.

The two most precious things this side the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other.

"We can deliver it to you in eight or ten days."

"O, I shall be in London, then," said the lady.

"That makes no difference, madam. We will deliver it to you anywhere in London, carriage free." And so, indeed it was delivered. The order was left, sent to the factory by the shopman, and at the appointed time delivered in London, the lady paying on delivery the same rate as charged for similar qualities of goods at the store in Dublin, and having the enviable satisfaction of showing the double poplin that was "made expressly to order"—one dress pattern—in Dublin.

A curious discipline is enforced at revival meetings, where the reverend preachers notify to the speakers in the beginning: "If any man attempts to make a long speech, he will be sung down on the spot."

A French lady, on her arrival in this country, was careful to eat only such dishes as she was acquainted with; and being pressed to partake of a dish new to her, she politely replied: "No, I thank you; I eat only my acquaintance."

A young man asked a young lady her age, and she replied: "Six times seven and seven times three added to my age will exceed six times nine and four, as double my age exceeds twenty." The young man said he thought she looked much older.

A Ministerial crisis has occurred in Japan. The Ministry has resigned, and as there are serious complaints of excessive taxation, in consequence of the introduction of new schemes by the Government, the unfortunate Cabinet may probably receive orders to commit haru kari.

Mr. T. N. Gibbs has been sworn in member of the Privy Council and Postmaster-General, and Hon. Alexander Campbell, ex-Postmaster-General, has been appointed to the Bureau of Minister of the Interior. It is now definitely understood that Mr. Masson, of Terrebonne, will be Minister of Militia.

CONDEMNED SERMON.—The late Dr. Cleland, an eminent statistical writer, of Glasgow, related that a criminal, after attentively listening to the condemned sermon which proceeded his execution, turned to a companion and remarked, in Dr. Cleland's hearing, "A very good sermon, but rather too personal."

The Basis of Union laid down by the St. John, N. B. Conference has been adopted by the Canadian Presbyterian Assembly.

Heads of religious orders have formally protested against the Bill for Suppression of Religious Corporations in Rome. The protest does not seem of much use.

News Items.

The Emperor William is indisposed. The Ex-Empress Eugene is reported to be in Paris.

British cities are competing for a visit from the Shah.

Gen. Chanzy has been appointed governor of Algeria.

Danish immigrants are arriving in New Brunswick.

A quarter of a million fire has occurred at Toledo, Ohio.

Victoria Woodhull is reported in a very critical state of health.

The American Departments at the Vienna Exposition are now open.

The Carlists have begun to levy taxes on towns in their possession.

The Pope has completely recovered from his indisposition.

John Camden Hotten, the English publisher, is dead.

"Josh Billings" is said to have already made \$11,000 clear of all debts, by his humor.

A Jersey paper describes a man as being "as sociable as a batch of candidates two weeks before election."

The health of Emperor William continues very precarious, and absolute quiet will be required to effect a restoration.

Frederick Ludwig George Von Kanmer, the eminent German historian, has died at the advanced age of 92 years.

Arrangements have been made by which money orders can be issued between the Dominion and British Indian Islands.

The Sultan of Zanzibar has signed a treaty with Great Britain for the suppression of the slave trade, which was negotiated by Sir Bartle Erero.

"I'd rather not take a horn with you," said a loafer to a mad bull; but the bull insisted on treating him to two, and the loafer got quite high.

Gaulph purposes asking the Governor-General and Lieutenant-Governor Howland to be present at the opening of their exhibition on the 16th of Sept. next.

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One Idea of Justice.

Irish claim originality in about everything, and certainly their notions of justice are odd enough. At Ballinakill quarter sessions, a short time ago, a woman named Ellen Moore, was indicted for having stolen a shawl. Evidence having been given in support of the charge, the jury retired to consider their verdict. After a considerable lapse of time one of the jurors was observed to emerge from the room in which they were confined, and to be about leaving the court. He was immediately stopped by the deputy clerk of the peace, who asked him where he was going? "Ah, begor," replied the juror, "I wouldn't stay there, they're all boxin' and fightin' inside." Notwithstanding this painful state of affairs, the juror was ordered back to the room and a constable placed at the door to prevent the escape of any of the survivors of the fray. At last the prisoner was found guilty, and the verdict being delivered the jury were discharged, when one of them was heard to remark, "Only I threatened to 'lick' him he'd never agree." The only objection to the system of jury men thrashing each other into harmony is that skill in the noble art of self-defence will of course give immense advantage to any jurymen who may possess it, and that weight and muscular development will also have considerable influence over their deliberations. Besides, there is the risk that after a long period of deliberation nothing may be left of them but a few bones.

Punctuality.

We admire punctuality, and we can have but little patience with those persons who are so regardless of it, even in little things, as to continually break their word, under the impression that "It is of no consequence, it will all be understood and amount to the same thing in the end," as many often say, to excuse their overlasting habit of being false to their word. There are some people who seldom or never do as they promise. They lubricate themselves to promise anything and everything, without the least thought of fulfilment. We could name some persons of this sort, who in other respects are worthy people; but they cannot command confidence, because their word is not regarded. We can mention young men of promise who are constantly losing ground by being inattentive to their obligations and promises in little things. A man will soon ruin himself in this way. In all business transactions, in all intercourse with friends, in all engagements, let all do exactly as they say—be punctual at the minute. That is the way to make other people so, and to make them trust us.

Dropping a Pop.

Mr. W. C. of Elliott City, a con-ceited snob, was so fond of fine clothing that he revelled in them by day and dreamed of them by night. One evening he visited a lady, and as he removed his overcoat, etc., in the hall preparatory to entering the parlor, the lady overheard him utter the following words. Taking his overcoat and hanging it up, he said: "Hang there, you fifty dollar overcoat!" Pulling off his gloves, and laying them on the table: "Lie there, you five dollar gloves!" Placing his hat on the rack: "Hang there, you ten dollar hat!" Putting his cane in the corner: "Stand there, you fifteen dollar cane!" Then entering the parlor, he was about to sit down, when the lady pulled the chair from under him, and as she left the room said: "Lie there, you two cent fool!" He has not been seen round that hour since.

The Danbury News wants to know if you ever saw a man fish around in the bottom of a tub of water for a piece of soap. At the first he simply reaches down upon it to pick it right up, and is very much surprised to find that he hasn't got it. Then he approaches it more cautiously, put his hand over it, and then comes down noiselessly till he gets every finger about it, and then squeezes it tight, and—misses it. He looks at it for a moment before making another effort, and fills up the interval with a few remarks. The third attempt is a sort of semi-circus, described with a great deal of sagacity, but is a failure. Other remarks follow. Then he makes a succession of dives and slops the water over his clothes, and drenches the carpet, and catches hold of the soap several times, and lets go of it again, and screams at the top of his voice, and finally, in perfect despair, sits down on the floor and actually howls.

From Achley, Iowa, last week absconded Charles Reink, merchant. He took \$1,000 with him, but he left also a good deal behind him in the shape of a wife, two children, and debts to the amount of \$5,000. He has kindly written from Kansas City to say that his wife need not give herself the slightest uneasiness, as it is his intention never to return, so that matters may be considered settled if the debts are not. These he requests his father-in-law to pay out of his own pocket, which is about the coolest proposition ever made to a father.