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Coroner for the County of York. Residence—Opposite D. Hoykin's Store, Cor. Yonge and Parliament Sts. Richmond Hill. March 12, 1873. 764-4f

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The Deputy Reeve of Erin informs the Guelph Mercury that on his farm, on Wednesday, Mr. Aaron Wheeler cradled a field of oats, measuring seven acres, in ten hours. Let the young men beat that if they can.

PADDY'S WOOLING.

BY SAMUEL W. PEARCE. "Och! Paddy McKay, Be still I say, An' can't ye now be aisy; I do declare, You've musel' my hair— Sure are ye growin' crazy?"

"Now, Biddy, my dear, Don't have a fear, For, troth, I have a loikin' To take a kiss; So, hit or miss— But would ye me be striking?"

"Indade I would, How could—how could— You dare to kiss me here, sir? I have a mind, The way to find, To make it cost you dear, sir!"

"Whisht, Biddy, now, I truly vow, By the great toe of St. Peter, Of all the girls That'er worth curle, You are the sweetest curthar."

"Sure, now, I say, The only way, To end it to my pleasure, Is to be mine, An' I'll be thine— Say, will you be my treasure?"

"Well, I declare, I don't know where I'er saw such a teazer; But, since you must, 'Tis you I'll thrust, If that will only please yer."

"DARKNESS," OR ONE MORE CHANCE.

BY H. V. OSBORNE. I.

It was a grand affair—the new organ of Christ's church—and I felt myself only second in importance, in being elected organist. "Mine," I said, as I jingled the keys, and stood looking up at the immense gilt pipes, "mine, to educate as I choose; mine; it must have no will of its own; it must speak my thoughts, interpret my ideas, adopt my moods; rejoice when I rejoice, and weeping when I weep. Mine: its soul is in my keeping; but," addressing it, "you'll find me very gentle with you, very tender of you; you shall never lack appreciation; you shall never want caresses; and then the old spirit returning, "you are mine, mine, nevertheless." Sliding on the bench, and pulling the stops, I pressed the keys. "Talk," said I, "talk gloriously! Talk with enthusiasm, sing your own praises, if you choose—and sing mine." It was only in compliance with a sudden impulse that I sat down to play that morning, for it had not been my intention—I had only stolen in for a look, and had provided no blower. I forgot this, however, as in my eagerness I pressed the keys, and listened expectantly for the burst of music. But there was no sound, and pulling more stops, I changed the chord.

"He! he!" laughed a cracked little voice, and the great church, forgetting its dignity, echoed, "He! he!"

I turned, and encountered two lights shining out like beacons from a dreary coast; next I observed that there wasn't much coast, and what there was lay low. It moved a little nearer, and then I saw a cavern in this dreary place, full of bones, bleached and gleaming; I noticed, too, a peculiar kind of sea-weed, crisp and brown, growing on the highest cliff. And just here I was a bit startled, for I observed the whole landscape was undergoing changes. I saw, also, in the uncertain light of the church, that the distance between us was growing less. "Can I be moving?" I asked myself, and my eyes wandered to the organ; there it was, grand as ever, and I—only a little less grand—was there, too, with my hands on the keys. I turned again to review this strange scene. How I had been sold! I must have been "nervous" that morning, as my wife says in explaining any little timidity that she has manifested, for within hand's reach of me stood—coast and all—a veritable little negro, oh so diminutive, oh so black.

"Out of broff," said Ebony. "Can't sing, can't talk! He! he! Your organ, mar's? Yours?"

"Mine."

"Spect mar's berry smart wid his fingers?" inquiringly.

"Oh, so so," complacently.

"But," imitating the manner of playing, "so so don't make music," and he chuckled to himself. "P'or little Dark," looking down at his odd-shaped hands, "one finger done gone; one 'int ain't nowhere; two cuts, two smash, but no 'so so.' P'or little Dark," deprecatingly, but with a twinkle in his eye; "Mar's I spect dis darkey dunno siffin much; I spect nobody'd buy dis yer ole hide if dey could, but mar's, his face all aglow, 'shall dese yer hands, dese p'or ole shabby pickers make do music come?" and he laughed again.

"Your organ—my breff—eh, mar's?"

"He had the advantage of me, and he knew it. I changed the subject.

"What's your name, sir?" pleasantly.

"Darkness, mar's," with a grin and a bow.

"Your father's name?"

most done forgot," said he, starting for the door.

"Hold on, Darkness; you're an awful little fellow," musingly. "Are you strong?"

"Oh, berry, mar's berry!"

"How much will you sell your breath for by the year?"

"Oh, mar's, if you only would." The entire expression of his face changed; I saw there was a shower rising on the coast, and therefore spoke hurriedly:

"All right, Darkness, Saturday night at half-past seven; good bye."

"Good bye, mar's, I spect de ole man's chilo am berry happy," and unable to say another word, he darted away, while I closed the organ, looked the church door, and walked silently homewards, thinking how little it requires to make some natures happy.

II.

It was Saturday morning. I sat in the office of the Daily Pioneer, scribbling editorials for said newspaper, and wondering, when the present idea should be registered, where I should obtain another, when the office door was suddenly thrown open, admitting Deacon Simmons, a prominent member of Christ Church, who, after accosting me with a "How d'ye do, Harry," took off his hat, wiped the perspiration from his brow, crowded himself into an arm-chair, and began to look around the room, as though that were the chief purpose for which he came. I completed my editorial by abridging it; carried it to the youngest of capacious lungs, who had several times that morning shouted copy; returned to my desk, and busied myself in arranging the papers scattered upon it.

"Well, Deacon," said I, "how does the world use you, and what's the news down your way? How's Uncle Bates?"

"He's middlin', Harry, middlin'," responded the Deacon, to my last inquiry. "We're all pretty well, sir, and the world goes fairly—she goes fairly, Harry."

To the old gentlemen in X—, who knew me when I was a boy, I'm never anything but "Harry"; they never look upon me as any other but a stripling, and though at that time I was boss of the Pioneer, and received a salary quite sufficient for all my needs, I was taught to regard it simply as a streak of good luck, than as the result of real worth, and often reminded that my success as an editor, was owing not to my brains—quality or quantity—but simply to the wonderful confidence I possessed in my own ability to do that work. I don't mind the "Harry," of course; but it vexes Min so—she's my wife—to hear every one addressing me thus familiarly. She never speaks to me or of me, in company, without the "Mister." She is a would be reformer, while I remain, nevertheless, "Harry."

I had a vague idea of the Deacon's errand to my office that morning. Several times during the week I had almost repented my sudden engagement of Darkness, for I had not heard the best information regarding him; and a number of small boys, aspirants for the position, and not a few larger ones, my associates, had spoken to me of his misdemeanors, and warned me the look out. Indeed, when my attention was called to it, I remember having written several Pioneer items a few weeks before, concerning this disturber of the public peace, though then he went under the sobriquet of Dixie. I feared that the Deacon's call had something to do with this young scapegrace, and as I had not fully made up my mind what to do, I felt that his visit was most inopportune.

"I'm," said the Deacon, batting with his oaken stick a scrap of paper that lay upon the floor, "I suppose, Harry, you'll take a turn at the new organ to-morrow—a pretty fine instrument, Harry—pretty fine, and no mistake. You will—"

"Yes sir," I broke in, "I consider the Odells as superior builders. By the way, Deacon, our troops did galant service day before yesterday; General R— is a brave man."

"No sir, this is the only one. I suppose you've heard about the murder in Lake County. Sad, isn't it? Shocking condition of morals. Awful tornado out west, Deacon, three people killed outright—a church blown down—"

"Speaking of churches and blowing, Harry, reminds me—"

"Yes sir, Deacon, it would remind any one that 'in the midst of life we are in death; 'I'm right, am I not?' I exclaimed.

"In regard to most everything, Harry; yes, in most everything your judgment is pretty good—but—"

"Of course we are all likely to err at times—you refer, of course to that editorial of mine in Thursday's paper made quite a furor didn't it? Why, bless your heart, Deacon, I never intended to be personal in the least; had no more idea of aiming a blow at Mr. Willard than I have of blowing you this minute."

"By the way, Harry, that reminds me—you'll be wanting a blower for

the organ, I suppose—have you got a reg'lar blower, Harry?" and the Deacon looked into my face somewhat anxiously.

I saw it was no use to avoid the question any longer. I also saw a whole host of people arrayed against a miscreant colored boy—and I resolved to espouse the cause of Darkness.

"Well—yes—a sort of a one, Deacon," I replied; "I don't know, of course, how he will suit, but I promised to give him a trial."

"Very likely he won't suit at all!" replied the Deacon, "just as likely as not! What's his name—is he strong? It takes a deal o' muscle, that instrument, a deal o' muscle, Harry."

"Strong enough, goodness, yes! He's little, but he's as tough as a pine knot. His name is Darkness," said I, fondly hoping that by this name he was to Deacon a creature unknown. My hopes were in vain, however. The Deacon's face flushed; he set his cane down heavily upon the floor, and exclaimed:

"Its just what I might have expected; precisely what I might have looked for! Turn him away, Harry, turn him away. He will never do in the world—never in the world. Why, he's the very worst boy you could a got—the very worst. Hesn't been in town two months, and into all sorts o' muscos a'ready. Turned him out o' prayer meeting only last Sunday night—set all the boys to laughing, Harry—to laughing—think of that!" The Deacon paused, out of breath.

"Well, Deacon," said I, wishing to mollify him, if possible, yet bound not to yield, "I'm not obliged to keep him a moment after he proves himself unfit. I never thought of inquiring of the youth for his references—I merely questioned his strength." And then there came to mind the scene in the church; Darkness' face pleaded with me, and I heard, "Oh, mar's, if you only would," in that pathetic voice of his which would have touched any heart. All the words were a tremble. "Deacon," said I, "I've lots of sympathy for that boy; I don't know him, but the fact that he is friendless somehow excites my pity. The least, however, I can do is to give him a trial—and that I am bound to do, for a promise is a promise, no matter to whom it is made, and—I never break faith with a boy—especially with a bad boy; its the worst example one can set him. And a bad boy ought always to have more chances than a good one any way. They have on the contrary, less. No one takes any pains with a bad boy, nor has any patience with him. And, Deacon, it seems to me, different natures require different handling—different treatment." And all the while I saw Darkness looking up to me with the same "Oh mar's, if you only would," upon his lips. "Deacon, you'll give this boy a chance if I don't."

"The Lord only knows," responded the Deacon emphatically; "nobody, I should hope. He's a black sheep, a black sheep, depend on it. He'll cut up some shine or other that'll make you wish you'd headed my words. Well, good day to you, good day to you, Harry. Your mind is set, I see. I'll call again in a week or two—I'll call again," and the Deacon nodded at me curiously. "Pioneer's doing as well as usual, I suppose. Well, good day, Harry, good day." And the Deacon made his exit. But he did not leave me worried or perplexed. On the contrary, I felt buoyant and glad. The day to me seemed full of sunshine. I went to supper early. I sought out Darkness' address, and the boy, we walked up the hill to the church together, this reprobate and I; and as we talked, I never once regretted I had spoken to him encouragingly; never once repented that I had given him one more chance for good.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Hints.

Don't complain of the selfishness of the world. Deserve friends, and you will have them. The world is teeming with kind-hearted people, and you have only to carry a kind, sympathetic heart in your own bosom to call out goodness and friendliness from others. It is a mistake to expect to receive welcome, hospitality, words of cheer, and help over rugged and difficult passes in life, in return for cold selfishness, which cares for nothing in the world but self. Cultivate consideration for the feelings of other people, if you would never have your own injured. Those who complain most of ill-usage are the ones who abuse themselves and others the oftenest.

Old Sayings.

Proverbs embrace the wide sphere of human existence; they take all the colors of life; they are often exquisite strokes of genius; they delight by their airy sarcasm, by their caustic satire, the luxuriance of their humor, the playfulness of their imagery, and the tenderness of their sentiment. They give a deep insight into domestic life, and open for us the heart of man, in all the various states which he may occupy. A frequent review of proverbs should enter into our readings; and, although they are no longer the ornaments of conversation, they have not ceased to be the treasure of thought.

The Canada Life Assurance Company

The twenty-sixth annual meeting of the Canada Life Assurance Company was held at the head office in Hamilton, on Wednesday, August 5th. The chair was occupied by Mr. Sheriff Thomas, President of the Company, and among those present were Mr. F. W. Gates, Vice-President; Mr. A. G. Ramsay, Manager and Secretary; Hon. Samuel Mills, Dr. James Hamilton; Messrs. Tristram Bickle, Donald Melnes, John Brown, G. H. Gillespie, James Osborne, Denis Moore, Thomas Swinyard, Zimlins Irving, Adam Hope, W. R. Macdonald, John W. Bell, W. M. Ramsay (Montreal), John Ferris, George S. Papps, Charles A. Sadtler, Alex. Bruce, John Barry, Edward Martin, W. F. Findlay, R. Hills, J. W. Marling, Alex. &c.

After the chairman had called the meeting to order, the minutes of the annual general meeting of shareholders on the 6th August, 1872, were read and adopted.

The reading of the present annual report being next in order, the chairman suggested that it be taken as read, copies having been previously sent to all shareholders. This was agreed to, it having been first explained, in answer to a question put by Mr. Sadtler, that the dividend declared was ready when called for anytime after to-day.

The following is the annual report by the Board of Directors:—

Upon the occasion of their twenty-sixth annual meeting, the Directors are gratified in being able to intimate to the Proprietors the continued and increasing success attending the Company's operations. They have, however, unhappily to deplore a great loss which the Institution has sustained by the death of one of its most valued and unexpected members, on 4th of March last, the late President, Mr. John Young. Having been one of the original founders of the Company in 1847, he shortly thereafter became its Vice-President, a position which he filled till his death in 1872. He was a man of such a large degree of practical ability, sound and wise judgment, as, combined with his extended business experience, and high personal character and tact, made his connection with the Company, of the utmost value to it. In grateful appreciation of Mr. Young's valuable services during the long period of twenty-six years, and as a mark of the Board's great respect and esteem, the Shareholders will be pleased to observe that the Directors were fortunately able to obtain the admirable portrait of their late President, which now adorns the walls of the Company's Board Room.

The office of President becoming vacant by Mr. Young's death, the Vice-President, Mr. Sheriff Thomas, was elected thereto, and Mr. F. W. Gates was elected Vice-President.

There is now laid before the shareholders the usual statement of the Company's Receipts and Payments, and a General Abstract of Assets and Liabilities, showing the transactions of the Company during its twenty-sixth year, and its position at the close thereof, upon 30th April last. From these documents it will be seen that the assets have been increased during the past year by the amount of \$200,442 13, and that the revenue from interest alone was \$110,720 20, a sum largely in excess of the claims by deaths, which amounted to \$81,800 under forty-seven policies, and \$17,400 under 102. The calculated expectation of claims by death during the year was \$243,700, an amount so much over what was actually experienced as affords an indication of the safety of the business transacted by the Company.

During the past year, 1,651 policies for assurance of \$2,267,013 50 were issued, giving the Company a new income for premiums amounting to \$75,306 58 per annum. There were also declined 198 applications for assurance of \$250,000, the lives not being up to that standard which it is the interest of the Company to maintain.

The total transactions in force at 30th April last, were for assurance of \$1,086,092 54 upon 6,631 lives, under 7,372 policies; two life annuities for \$648, and a deferred annuity for \$950.

A Dividend, payable forthwith at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock, is declared, leaving at this credit of the proprietors' account the sum of \$11,287 37.

In addition to the lamented death of Mr. John Young, already alluded to, the Board had also, during the past year, to regret the loss by death of other two Directors, Mr. T. C. Street, M. P., of Niagara Falls, and Mr. Richard Juson, of Shrewsbury, in England. The former of these gentlemen, by his high standing in the country, his extensive business ability, and the active interest he took in the Institution, had been of great service to it; and the latter during his residence in England for several years back, had proved a useful and energetic friend of the Company.

To fill the vacancies thus created, during the remainder of the current year till this time, the Board was fortunate in securing the services of Mr. C. S. Gzowski, of Toronto, and as well as the five Directors at the head of the list, Messrs. G. H. Gillespie, Rev. G. M. Innes, Dr. James Hamilton, John W. Bell, W. F. Findlay, &c., who, by rotation, are eligible for re-election. The vacancies at the Board, created by the deaths of Messrs. Juson and Young have been filled up by the election of Messrs. David Law of Montreal, and Adam Hope, of this city, who are also eligible for re-election.

(Signed), E. CARTWRIGHT THOMAS, President.

The Chairman, in moving the reception and adoption of the Annual Report, said it was a circumstance of great regret to himself that the late President was no longer with them in his old position, which he had so long and so well filled, with an ability which he (the present occupant of the chair) could not hope to equal, though in devotion to the Company's interests he should not be wanting. It was a pleasure to them, although one of a sad kind after all, to have on the wall before them a portrait of their late President, whose memory would not soon be forgotten, and it was with much satisfaction that he was able to say that Messrs. Hope and Swinyard would take their places on the Board of Directors. The report laid before them showed the continued and increasing success of the Company; and although he was not a man of figures himself, they had at hand the Manager, who was, and who could give any explanations desired. If the Board had erred, he thought it had been on the side of over-caution; where doubt had existed, they had taken the cautious side, and he felt sure that this was the policy which all interested in the Company would approve. In pursuance of this policy a large number of applications had been declined, the Board thinking it their duty to the interests in their charge thus to act. Referring to the death of Mr. Street in Canada, and Mr. Juson in England, Directors of the Company whose services as such, as well as their personal friendship, they had highly valued. He moved, in conclusion, the reception and adoption of the Annual Report.

Mr. T. W. Bickle seconded the motion, which was adopted nem. con.

Mr. Denis Moore moved, seconded by W. F. Findlay, that a vote of thanks be tendered the Directors for their services during the past year. Carried.

Dr. James Hamilton, of West Flamboro', returned thanks. Having for some years had the honor of a seat at the Board, he felt pleased that the attention to the Company's business which he believed the Directors had always given was appreciated.

Hon. S. Mills moved that the sum of \$1,000 be set apart as a remuneration for the services of the respective Presidents; \$600 to be paid to the representatives of the late Mr. Young, and \$400 to our present President, to whom the thanks of the shareholders are due for the attention given in the discharge of the duties appertaining to that office. Seconded by Mr. W. R. Macdonald, and carried.

The Chairman acknowledged the compliment—a solid one he said it was. He was pleased to hear that his earnest efforts in their behalf were well thought of; what he could do for their interests would not be wanting. He had to move next: That the thanks of the shareholders be given to Mr. Ramsay for his zeal, attention and faithful services rendered to the Company as its Manager.

Mr. Ramsay, in reply, said it was certainly a great incentive to exertion to meet with such hearty approval, and to feel that he had the confidence, not only of the Directors themselves, but of the stockholders also, which good opinion it would be his endeavor always to deserve. He could not forget that he was his own executor, and that, something more was necessary for the success of the Company, and recognizing the value of the services rendered by others of the Company's officers, he would move a vote of thanks to Mr. Roland Hills, Assistant Secretary, and to the General Agent, mentioning among the latter the name of Mr. J. W. Marling, of Halifax, General Agent for the Eastern Provinces, who was there present.

Mr. Swinyard moved the appointment of Mr. George S. Papps and Mr. Charles A. Sadtler as scrutineers of votes for the election of Directors, and that a ballot be taken for the election of Directors in place of the five now retiring, as well as in place of those whose election is not yet determined by the shareholders; also the poll shall now open and be closed upon five minutes elapsing without a vote. In doing so he said he was glad to hear that his own name was quite acceptable to the Board.

While thoroughly approving of the admirable management under which the Company had prospered, he felt confident that it would in the future continue to prosper.

Dr. Hamilton seconded the motion, upon which Messrs. Papps and Sadtler proceeded to collect the ballots; and when this had been done, reported the following gentlemen duly elected to fill the vacancies referred to, viz:—

Mr. G. H. Gillespie, Rev. G. M. Innes, Messrs. Donald Melnes, John Ferris, F. W. Gates, C. S. Gzowski, Adam Hope and Thomas Swinyard.

On motion of Mr. Osborne, seconded by Mr. Gillespie, the President was invited to leave the chair, and Hon. Senator Mills to take the same.

It was moved by Mr. Tristram Bickle, seconded by Mr. Hope, that the thanks of the meeting be given to the President for his able conduct in the chair, which was carried, and the meeting then broke up.

Delicate Gratitude.

The New Albany Ledger-Standard tells of an incident which, if true, does much towards redeeming our race from the charge of selfishness. A gentleman had assisted another to start in business, whereby he had risen from poverty to wealth and distinction. Quite recently the daughter of the benefactor was married. Her father not having kept pace with his protegee in the race for wealth, was unable to bestow upon her any rich gift with which to commence life, but the gentleman who, years before, had profited by his benevolence, had not forgotten what he owed to him, and considering that it would be a delicate way of acknowledging his indebtedness to bestow a present upon the daughter, held many consultations with his family as to what it should be. Unable to decide, it was finally concluded to make the present in money, and let her invest it as she saw fit; and, while others brought gifts of plate and jewels, the grateful millionaire simply pressed in the hand of the bride a packet of money and departed. Imagine the exultant joy of the bride and her spouse when, on unrolling it, the package was found to contain a dollar greenback.

A Fierce Combat.

A CHILD SEIZED BY A PANTHER AND RESCUED BY A DOG.

A panther recently attempted to carry off a child in Nevada. The child, which was a little girl three years old, was playing before the open door, while its mother was sweeping. The panther, which crept near, suddenly leaped upon the child and seized her by the shoulder, and turned to face with her, when a powerful and ferocious mastiff that was sitting in the house near the open door, dashed out and seized the panther by the throat. The wild beast dropped the child, which was not hurt, and then a furious fight ensued between the panther and the mastiff. The dog tore open the panther's throat with his teeth, and the panther tore the flesh from the dog's sides with his claws. The mother of the child rushed out and rescued her darling from beneath the feet of the maddened combatants, carried her into the house, then seized a loaded rifle that was standing