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RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO, CANADA—FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1873

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THE YORK HERALD

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FRANCIS BUTTON, JR., Licensed Auctioneer for the County of York. Sales attended to on the shortest notice and at reasonable rates.

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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, Poisons, Remedies, Chemicals, Oils, Toilet Soaps, Medicines, Varieties, Fancy Articles, Dye Stuffs, Patent Medicines and all other articles kept by druggists generally.

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

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A. ROBINSON, L. D. S. New method of extracting teeth without pain, by the use of Ether Spray, which affects the teeth only.

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

FARMERS' BOOT AND SHOE STORE JOHN BARRON, manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of boots and shoes, 38 West Market Square, Toronto.

PETER S. GIBSON, PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR, Civil Engineer and Draughtsman.

ADAM H. MEYERS, JR., (Late of Duggan & Meyers), BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c., &c.

WM. MALLOY, BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor-in-Chancery, Conveyancer, &c., &c.

EDWARD PLATTEAU, M.D., (Medicinal, Toronto University), PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

D. C. O'BRIEN, ACCOUNTANT, Book-keeper, Conveyancer, and Commission Agent for the sale or purchase of lands, farms, stock, &c., also for the collection of rents, notes and accounts. Charges Moderate.

F. WHITLOCK, (HIMNEY SWEEP, AND DEALER IN Old iron, rags, &c., &c., Richmond Hill. All orders promptly attended to.

PATENT MEDICINES.

PROCLAMATION.

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

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, Flux, Cholera, 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 practising 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.

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

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.

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MORGAN & THORNE, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, NOTARIES, &c.

S. JAMES, (LATE JAMES & FOWLER), ARCHITECT, CIVIL ENGINEER, AND SURVEYOR, Trust and Loan Buildings, corner Adelaide and Toronto streets, 719-41 Toronto.

J. SEGSWORTH,

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

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It was an Irish coroner who when asked how he accounted for an extraordinary mortality in Limerick, replied sadly, "I can not tell. There are people dying this year that never died before."

SUBMISSION.

We went home from the forest, My bitter thoughts and I, To the shadowy wood where silence stood Till the gray squirrel rustled by.

A mighty wind was blowing Among the hemlock tops— A free, wild breeze that shook the trees And whistled through the copse.

Far—far o'er dale and hill The last year's dead leaves fly, And loose, white clouds, like Nature's shrouds, Go drifting down the sky.

Oh! wind that crushes forests Beneath thy footsteps' feet, Thou mayest shake but canst not break The wild-flower at my feet!

Why is the wild-flower growing? Where oaks uprooted cast Their branches wide on every side? It bendeth to the blast.

The wisdom of submission The blossom knew full well, And at my feet in accents sweet Its simple tale would tell.

We came back from the forest, My happy thoughts and I, From the shadowy wood where silence stood Till the gray squirrel rustled by.

That Rooster.

IT IS THE CAUSE OF ALL THE REV. PINKNEY'S TROUBLES.

(From the Danbury News.)

The Rev. Mr. Pinkney, of Slawson, bought a game rooster from a Danbury dealer, Saturday. Mr. Pinkney informs us that he was not aware the fowl was of the game species; he bought it because of its shapely appearance.

At the time the trouble commenced, Mr. Pinkney was engaged in arranging his neck-tie preparatory to putting on his coat and vest.

Mr. Pinkney was inexpressibly shocked. It was Sunday morning; the homes of two of his deacons and several of his most prominent members were in sight, and here were those roosters carrying on like mad, and a parcel of wicked and profane boys shouting their approval, and noisefully betting on the result.

"Hurry up, baldy (Mr. Pinkney is a little bald), or you'll miss the fun."

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There is far too much of this pitiful case spirit among women. Certain kinds of work they regard as honorable, and certain kinds of workers they deem worthy of respect, but the fact of laboring for pay, in many cases, they regard as a fact to be apologized for.

The Erie Railroad.

The New York Times of Oct. 8 says—"The report of the meeting of the shareholders in the Erie Railway is published in the London papers brought by the Java. It appears that Mr. Watson endeavored to invite the unfortunate foreign stockholder to invest more money in the road, assuring him that all the money he had previously invested had been misappropriated. We agree with him in his statement, but he might have added that any further money put into the enterprise would be thrown away. He assured the meeting that when he came into office he found the road in possession of officers who had grown rich by it. Of course he could not have referred to S. L. M. Barlow, Esq., 'to replace this staff,' who wrote from the London Times, 'by men who could be depended on as a very difficult matter. Such men were not to be found in America.' This was complimentary to 'America,' and encouraging to the capitalists who were invited to invest another forty-four millions in the road. But 'able counsel'—presumably the aforesaid S. L. M. Barlow—had assisted the new Directors, and now the work of 'reclamation' was going on. The road was 'rescued from Wall street.' The traffic had increased in the first six months of the year by \$891,298, 'as to the expenses, Mr. Watson judiciously held his peace. A Mr. Cronk said that the 'success of Erie was due to Messrs. Bischoffheim and McHenry, aided by the support of the Times.' This is certainly a very curious statement for the Times to publish, and when the public discover the true condition of the Erie Road, it may be worth recalling. We should have hesitated to declare of our own knowledge that the London Times is in any way responsible for the 'success' of the Erie swindles in England; and we do not believe that the managers of that great journal would knowingly allow their columns to be used in support of an insolvent condition."

Home Love.

Some men may sneer at family affection if the sentiment be paramount to all earthly considerations—if business losses or gains are forgotten in seasons of family affliction or rejoicing. But these are not among earth's noblest sons—they are simply money-making automatons, whose places can be filled an hour after they have vacated them; men who live only in the minds of their kinsmen—not in their hearts. The great lever by which the world is moved should be called love; it is the basis of true excellence—of all exalted thought. Where a family of children are taught from childhood to be kind and loving to one another, and see the daily exhibition of such kindness and love between the parents, and from the parents to them, there we see strong manhood and noble womanhood. Affection does not beget weakness, nor is it effeminate for a brother to be tenderly attached to his sisters. That boy will make the noblest and bravest man. Under the protection of men who cherish mother and sisters with tender care, women are always safe. That young man who was accustomed to kiss his sweet, innocent, loving sister, night and morning as they met, shows his influence upon him, and he will never forget it; and when he shall take some one to his heart as his wife, she shall reap the golden fruit thereof. The young man who was in the habit of giving his arm to his sister as they walked to and from church, will never leave his wife to find her way as best she can. The young man who has been taught to see that his sister had a seat before he sought his, will never mortify a neglected wife in the presence of strangers. And that man who always handed to his sister his chair at the table, will never have to blush as he sees some gentleman extend to his wife the courtesy she knows is due from him.

"The parson knows how to do it," said the one-eyed man, gleefully.

"I'll give you \$5 on the widder," said the rough man, earnestly winking at the clergyman.

"Take him, Pinkney, take him, Pinkney," chorused the crowd of ragamuffins.

"My friends," protested the minister, in a voice of agony, "I cannot, I cannot!"

"I'll back you, sir," said an enthusiastic man with a fish-pole. "I'll put up for you, and you can let me have it from your donation."

The clergyman groaned.

"Catch the widder," shouted the rough man to Mr. Pinkney, indicating the lady's bird by a motion of his finger.

Mr. Pinkney clutched it, dropping on his knees as he did so. At the time, the rough man, by a dexterous move, caught the clergyman's bird, and also dropped on his knees, opposite.

Just then Mr. Pinkney looked up,

Simplicity In Living.

To live simply, to master and contract expenditure, is a sore need in all classes. The influences which surround the habits which we fall into as a second nature, all sway us in the same direction. Every family and every class seems to have caught hold of the skirts of the one above it, and to be desperately holding on. Well, as Mr. Golden Smith says, the best thing they can do is to let go—the only thing which will give themselves any comfort, or make their lives of real use in their generation. The moment they will do so, and begin resolutely to live without regard to what their neighbor on the right spends in carriages, or their neighbor on the left in upholstery, they will find themselves rich for all good purposes. From that moment it can no longer be said of us with truth, and that we dare not trust our wits to make our houses pleasant to our friends, and so we buy ice-cream. And this most needed of all reforms is just the one which every soul of us can carry through for himself or herself. We cannot sweep our whole streets. No doubt. But every one of us can sweep our own door-step, and if he will do it quietly and regularly, anon his right-hand neighbor follows, and before long the whole street will be swept. And in this way, and by this means, can almost all these social tangles we have been glancing at casually, this evening, be set right. Simple living! To it even the great household question, at once the most ridiculous and the most harassing of social troubles, will in the end yield, will begin at once to look not wholly insoluble and hopeless. Speaking of this sore question in the Nation the other day, one of the wittiest of American essayists took up the cudgels for Bridget against her numerous accusers. "My good friends," he urged, "what right have you anything else to look for? The things which American life and manners preach to her are not patience, sober-mindedness, faithfulness, diligence and honesty; but self-assertion, discontent, hatred and superiority of all kinds, and eagerness of physical enjoyment; and the words come home, I fear, with singular force, to us islanders even in these days. Let us hope that the picture of the good coming time which he goes on to draw may prove true to us also. 'Whenever the sound of the new gospel which is to win the nations back to the ancient ways is heard in the land, it is fair to expect that it will not find her ears wholly closed; and that when the altar of duty is again set up by her employers, she will lay on it attractive beef-stakes, potatoes done to a turn, made libations of soup, display remarkable fertility in sweets, an extreme fondness for washing, and learn to grow old in one family.'—Thomas Hughes.

and there saw two of his deacons and several of the members staring down upon the scene with an expression of intense pain, the unhappy man dropped Mrs. Rathburn's fowl, and started into the house.

As soon as he recovered from his mishap, he sent in his resignation, but a critical examination had been made in the meantime, and it transpired that, as far as the worthy man was concerned, there was not the least blame. The resignation was not accepted.

Not in Society.

We asked a lady of our acquaintance one day, whether she had ever known another lady, also of our acquaintance. She hesitated, reflected, and finally thought not. As we happened to be aware that both ladies had been born and brought up in a little rural village in houses within a stone's throw of each other, we persisted in bringing up reminiscences of the forgotten one. Finally our friend said with an indescribable air of scorn, "Ah! you mean —, I suppose. Of course I remember her, but she is not in society."

What is society? Webster defines it as "a number of persons associated for any temporary or permanent object; an association for mutual profit, pleasure or usefulness, as the persons collectively considered who live in any region or at any period; any community of individuals who are united together by any common bond of nearness or intercourse, those who recognize each other as associates, friends, or acquaintances; specifically the more cultivated portion of any community in its social relations and influences, etc., etc."

Now, taking this definition as a measurably correct one of that floating, changing, and most intangible thing that we mean when we talk about "society," these ladies were both in it. They had fished in the brook together with a stick and a crooked pin, they had played school together and taken imaginary tea with acorn cups and saucers and oat-leaves on the flat rock behind the district school, and they had had splendid times over mud pies in the democratic days of childhood. Then one had gone away to an expensive young ladies' school, and returning had presently floated to the altar, all tulle and orange blossoms, making what "society" calls a brilliant marriage. The other had learned the she could in the little red school-house, had staid at home darning the stockings and helping on baking dishes; and when her younger brother wanted to go to college had become sales-woman in a store in the nearest town that she might assist in paying his bills. She was not in society in the sense in which society is looked upon as a mere state of paying and receiving visits, but because of her, of her quiet doing of duty and unconscious self-respect society was enriched though it may not have known it.

There is far too much of this pitiful case spirit among women. Certain kinds of work they regard as honorable, and certain kinds of workers they deem worthy of respect, but the fact of laboring for pay, in many cases, they regard as a fact to be apologized for. The better and braver among women should give a loftier tone to society's opinions on this subject.—Heath and Home.

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An Ohio editor publishes marriages under the head of "Attachment Notices."

Mrs. Charles Sumner has taken her maiden name. Skipping two husbands, she now calls herself Alice Mason.

There isn't a woman in Milwaukee who can cook a healthy meal of victuals. One of the papers there says so.

The San Jose (Cal.) Farmers' Club is considering the advisability of importing girls from the East for servants.

The Chicago butchers, grocers and market men have formed a Protective Association against folks who don't pay their bills.

The remains of Commodore Matthew F. Maury have been taken to Richmond, Va., and last week were reinterred in Hollywood Cemetery.

A very cheerful-looking man in Dubuque, Iowa, was pointed out as a person who once narrowly escaped marriage with Susan B. Anthony.

The day before the failure of Jay Cooke he entertained President Grant at his palatial residence at Chilton Hill, near Philadelphia.

The desk in the Salem Custom House which Nathaniel Hawthorne used has been placed in the Essex Institute, in that city, for safe-keeping as a relic.

Ida Lewis, the heroine, says the Detroit Free Press, goes about with an old wrapper trailing behind her, hair down, and slippers out at the toes.

A Terre Haute man announces that he has "almost" lit upon a plan to "harness gravitation," which, when quite complete, will give him perpetual motion.

Prof. Fisher made a balloon ascension from Youkers, N. Y., last week, and landed in the middle of the Hudson River. He was rescued by boats, and saved his balloon.

A lady from St. Paul, Minnesota, Miss Elizabeth K. Boswell, has written to the faculty of the Troy Polytechnic Institute, asking to be admitted to the course of study of engineering.

Port Byron is manufacturing paper four barrels. They are cylindrical in shape, claimed to be stronger than wood, but have wooden heads. It is proposed to substitute paper for the heads in time.

A practical-looking craft has been seen flying up and down the waters of Lake Champlain lately, selling liquor to whoever would buy along the shore, and bidding defiance to the Vermont prohibitory law.

A Des Moines editor expended all his energies the other day, in fishing, and looking rather disconsolate as he trudged homeward, but brightened up when he reflected that he wouldn't have to clean the fish.

A special from Chillicothe says:—"Willie Naff, a boy fourteen years old, was killed instantly last week in that city by being accidentally struck in the stomach by the elbow of a boy with whom he was playing."

Sarah Jane DeFoe said, the other day, that she would be married in her Kentucky home in spite of her father, and some men tied him to a sofa, and the crowd walked in, and while he gnashed his teeth Sarah Jane was wed.

The Chicago Times heads a big article with the words, "What is Truth?" but the St. Louis Journal declines to answer, "knowing the uselessness of an attempt to convey the right idea to the Chicago journalistic mind."

One by one all our cherished delusions are dissipated; and now comes Mr. Harvey, the Russian traveler, who tells us that the Caucasian women are not beautiful—thus blowing away a mirage which has long hung like a rosy cloud over the universal mind.

A well-known broker, speaking about Vanderbilt's wealth, says that "he is known to own \$15,000,000 of Western Union Telegraph Company, and that six months ago he drew interest on \$45,000,000 of New York Central, Lake Shore and Harlem stock."

A Maine clergyman recently mailed a postal card with a dollar bill sewed to it. On the card he wrote—"Tied to this card is one dollar, and if any one steals it, it will be after it has left the honest old town of Kittery." It reached its destination, notwithstanding his own violation of the Post Office regulations.

Congressman Waddell is credited by North Carolina papers with an attempt to compile, "from the most authentic sources," a lecture or essay on the early history of his State, in which he intends to establish, beyond the possibility of doubt, the existence there of a civilized colony of the Caucasian race at least 2,000 years before the birth of Columbus.

Somebody has discovered down in Maine, says the Shakers at Alfred, an old lady named Lucy Langdon Nowell, who, as alleged, was born on the 4th of July, 1776. "She has never been in a railroad car, and is in excellent health," and it is proposed to send her, in a Pullman car, should she live, to Philadelphia, on the occasion of the centennial celebration.

There are experts on all manner of subjects in these days of litigation.—A woman testified the other day in a turkey case, and declared that she knew "these turkeys by their walk, their countenance, and their manner of roosting."

News Items.

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How Gunpowder was Made.

A HOUSE WHERE MEN NEVER LAUGH.

How do you think you would like to live fearing every moment to be blown up, none daring to speak aloud to jar anything for fear of starting an explosion that would send you in an instant to the other world?

You don't think it would be very pleasant? Well, it isn't, yet hundreds of men live in just that state—work receive pay, and live year after year in the very sight of death, as it were—all that the world may have gunpowder. You can easily guess that these men go about quietly and never laugh.

You know that gunpowder is very dangerous in a gun or near a fire, but perhaps you don't know that it is equally dangerous all through the simple process of making. A powder-mill is a fearful place to visit, and strangers are very seldom allowed to go into one. They are built far from any town, in the woods, and each branch of the work is done in a separate building. These houses are quite a distance from each other, so that if one blows up it won't blow the rest. Then the lower parts of the buildings are made very strong, while the roofs are very lightly set on, so that if it explodes only the roof will suffer. But, in spite of every care, sometimes a whole settlement of the powder-mills will go off in an instant, and every vestige of the toil of years will be swept away in a cloud.

But though you feel like holding your breath to look it is really a very interesting process to see. It is made, perhaps you know, of charcoal, saltpetre, and brimstone. Each of these articles is prepared in a house by itself, but the house where they are mixed is the first terrible one. In this building is an immense millstone, rolling round and round in an iron bed, and under the stone are put the three fearful ingredients of gunpowder. They are thoroughly mixed and ground together. This is a very dangerous operation, because if the stone comes in contact with its iron bed it is very apt to strike fire, and the merest suspicion of a spark would set off the whole. The materials are spread three or four inches deep in the bed; the wheel, which goes by water-power, is started, and every minute the place. The door is shut, and the machine is left to do its terrible work alone. When it has run long enough, the mill is stopped, and the men come back. This operation leaves the powder in hard lumps or cakes.

The next house is where the cakes are broken up into grains, and of course it is quite as dangerous as the last one. But the men can't go away from this. They are obliged to attend to it every moment