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.

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THE YORK HERALD
IS PUBLISHED
Every Friday Morning,

And 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.

All letters addressed to the editors must be post-paid.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	PER INCH
One inch, one year	$1 00
Two inches, one year	3 50
Three inches, one year	3 00
Advertisements for a shorter period than one year, insertion	0 50
Each subsequent insertion	0 25

22 inches to be considered one column.

Advertisements without written direction inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

All transitory advertisements from regular or irregular customers, must be paid for when handed in for insertion.

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, Blank Orders, Receipts, Letter Heads, Fancy Cards, Pamphlets, Large and Small Posters, and every other kind of Letter-Press Printing.

Having made large additions to the printing material, we are better prepared than ever to do the neatest and most beautiful printing of every description.

AUCTIONEERS.

HENRY SMELSOR,

Licensed Auctioneer for the Counties of York and Peel, Collector of Notes, Accounts, &c. Small charges and plenty to do.
Laskay, March 2, 1865 539-1y

FRANCIS BUTTON, 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 24, 1868 497

JOHN CARTER,

Licensed Auctioneer for the Counties of York, Peel and Ontario. Residence—Lot 7, 6th Con., Markham: P. O. address, Unionville. Sales attended to on the shortshortest notice and on reasonable terms. 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 Yonge and Centre streets East, have constantly on hand a good assortment of Drugs, Paints, Perfumery, Chemicals, Oils, Toilet Soaps, Medicines, Varnishes, Fancy Articles, Dye Stuffs, 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. ROBIESON'S, L. D. S.

New 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, as in 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	" "
Richmond Hill, 9th and 24th		" "
Mt. Albert	15th	" "
Thornhill	22rd	" "
Maple	23th	" "
Burwick	28th	" "
Kleinburg	29th	" "
Nobleton	30th	" "

Nitrous Oxide Gas always on hand at Aurora.
Aurora, April 28, 1870 615-tf

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. 745-1y

FARMERS' BOOT AND SHOE STORE

JOHN BARRON, manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of boots and shoes, 38 West Market Square, Toronto.

Boots and shoes made to measure, of the best material and workmanship, at the lowest remunerating 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 surveyors, 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.
Jan'y 8, 1873. 755

PATENT MEDICINES.

PROCLAMATION-

MUSTARD'S Catarrh Specific Cures Acute and Chronic cases of Catarrh, Neuralgia, Headache, Colds, 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, Flox, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Pain 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 practising 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 recommenced business in Richmond Hill, in the old place, and who is now prepared to fill all orders promptly.

This Pump is Easiest Worked, Most Durable, and Neatest Made in the Dominion.

It is so constructed with the castings of the handle as to make it all tight, therefore preventing children from putting anything into it.

The Subscriber would respectfully announce that he is prepared to put in this Pump

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.

Price: $5 above platform, and 40 cents per foot below.

Also manufactures a pump for cisterns and shallow wells. Price, $6, complete for cistern not exceeding 8 feet. Churn pumps for cisterns, $3 each.

Well digging done on the shortest notice.

Address, stating depth of well,
PETER PHILLIPS,
Richmond Hill.
Oct. 14, '72. 743-1y

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. tt

S. JAMES,

(LATE JAMES & FOWLER,)

ARCHITECT, CIVIL ENGINEER, AND Surveyor, Trust and Loan Buildings, corner of Adelaide and Toronto streets, Toronto. 719-tf

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 Duggan & Meyers,)

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c., &c.

OFFICE;—No. 12 York Chambers, Southeast Corner of Toronto and Court Streets, Toronto, Ont.
January 15, 1873. 756-1y

WM. MALLOY,

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

OFFICE—No. 6 Royal Insurance Buildings, Toronto street.
Toronto, Dec. 2, 1859. 594

EDWARD PLAYTER, M.D.,

(Medalist, Toronto University,)

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c.

Coroner for the County of York.

Residence—Opposite D. Hopkin's Store, Cor. Yonge and Parliament Sts. Richmond Hill.
March 12, 1873. 76-

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. 700-1y

F. WHITLOCK,

CHIMNEY SWEEP, AND DEALER IN old iron, rags, &c., &c., Richmond Hill. All orders promptly attended to.
November 12, 1872. 747-tf

Fact stands between many people like a double-woven screen: the threads which make the bright pattern on one side form the dark background on the other.

NIGHT WINDS.

Gently, gently, night winds,
Whispereth the sea,
Gently, gently, night winds,
Waft my love to me.
Softly, softly, night winds,
Speed him on his way;
Quickly, quickly, night winds,
Fill the listless sail;
Guide him stars of heaven,
Ever pure and pale;
Spirit of the ocean,
Still the threatening foam;
On the glassy bosom,
Bear the absent home!

Ah! last night, when sleeping,
Visions dread to see;
Cruel powers were keeping
My beloved from me;
Rocks rose high between us,
Clouds obscured the sky,
In the leaden murkiness,
Naught could I descry;
But a voice resounded
Through the rocky wall,
And my hushed heart bounded
At the well-known call,
Ringing clear and holy
Through the sombre air;
Gloom exorcised, vanished,
He I loved was near.
Clouds were quickly fleeting,
Stars to cheer us came;
And I woke repeating
His beloved name.

JOHN'S PROMISE.

Sumner was a mushroom city which had sprung up on the banks of a ravine that cut through the western bluffs of the Missouri. In a thicket of saplings, high up on the side of one of those bluffs, stood a hastily-built house, sided with rough, unright, cottonwood boards, as are many of its western neighbors—a rusty stovepipe sticking through the roof; a small window, curtained by a scalloped-edged newspaper, and a white door taken from a sunken steamboat, whose nicely finished panels contrasted very strangely with its surroundings, completed the exterior.

One pleasant May evening, just as the shrill whistle of a steamboat echoed among the hills, this door was opened by a pleasant young woman, who was followed by a crying child.

"Oh, Sammy, quit your noise; that's pappy's little man; see the great big boat 'way yonder;" lifting him up: "don't you see? look right sharp now, close ag'in the bank. Does Sammy want to go down town and see the big boat, and see pappy?" The willing feet toddled down the path; but the mother called: "Wait a bit, and mammy'll pack Sammy;" and tying on a pink sun-bonnet, she took him in her arms, and started down the steep, crooked path.

It was a picturesque scene that lay before her. The sunlighted sifted through trees that covered the western hills, glinted the windows here and there, and reached, like a golden bar, just across the top of the low eastern shore. Scattered through the hollows and up the sides of the bluffs, were divers houses, from the pretentious gothic dwelling on the northern hill and the brick business houses down street, to log cabins and cottonwood shanties; while the road that wound up the bed of the ravine was lined with a long, white train of Denver bound wagons.

She reached the steep main street to find it filled with wagons that had been turned crosswise of the street, to rest the teams. But edging her way close to the clay bank, she reached the river just as the steamer was leaving the wharf. The snorting of the engine and the shouting of the deck-hands, together with the puffing of the mill near by, was too much for baby-bravery, and Sammy's lips began to quiver. Catching him in her arms, his mother sat down on a saw-log, "There, there, honey, don't be afeared, be pappy's man now."

The tide-waves of the receding boat sank lower and lower on the sand; the gay crowd that leaned over the guards grew indistinct, and she peered more and more eagerly in among the tall cotton-wood trees on the opposite shore. At length four men came out of the woods, and entering a skiff, started across the river. She watched the skiff anxiously, for it frequently disappeared between the waves which were raised by the strong south winds—such winds belong as proverbially to Kansas springs, as whooping-cough to children or gapes to chickens.

Four rough-looking men, in red woollen shirts—for lumbermen did not pretend to wear coats—except in the coldest weather—jumped out of the skiff, and with boisterous laughter and jude jests, entered the mill. Presently one of them spied her and came toward her, saying boisterously, "Hoorah for you, Nancy! Whatever brought you 'uns down 'ere this time of evenin'? Mighty fine doins, when you oughter be to home gettin' your old man a bit o' supper! Packed that young'un down, too, I'll bet! Reckon you'd better get back right quick, now!" He snatched the baby from her and tossed him on his shoulder, shouting, "Hoorah for pappy's man! Peertest boy in this'ere town! Mighty proud to see his pap!" Poor Nancy! Her husband was drunk again.

She hurried up the street, pinning her sun-bonnet more closely about her face, that the passers might not see the tears that would come. He had kept sober so long that she had hoped he would come home sober again. She had anticipated so much pleasure on meeting him, after his week's absence. How often she had thought of it in those long, lonely nights, when she had only her child and her thoughts for company!

It took but a few minutes to put supper on the table. Then she sat down on the doorstep to watch for her husband, worrying all the time lest he let something happen to Sammy. When at last he came, the effects of the liquor were wearing off, and he ate his supper and smoked his pipe in sullen silence. She could not eat a mouthful, but she dared not let the tears come, for fear it would make him angry. So she fed Sammy, laying her face on his little head once in awhile, to force back the choking lump that kept rising in her throat. Then she hastened to rock him asleep, lest his fretfulness disturb his father.

The first peep of dawn found her busily preparing breakfast, for she knew that John wanted an early start. The sound of the coffee-mill woke him from his heavy sleep, and he lay quietly watching her by the light of the dim grease lamp, as she moved quickly back and forth from table to stove; from thence to the little row of shelves, in lieu of a cupboard, setting on the dishes, watching the bacon, and taking the crisp corn-dodger from the oven. "She is a dear, good wife," thought he; "what a scoundrel I was to make her feel so badly!" He knew that he had been rough to her the night before. He wished that he could remember what he said. Of course he never got dead drunk, but he wished that he ever could let whiskey alone.

His breakfast was just to his liking, and his wife as cheerful as if he was the best man in the world. He wanted to say something pleasant to break the awkward silence, but he did not know how to begin. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he ought to beg her pardon; but, being a man, of course he did not condescend to that. At length he began, by saying: "You was right peert about your breakfast this morning, Nancy."

"Oh, I allowed most likely you'd want to get off soon!" she answered.

"Yes, Jones wants us there ag'in' sun-up. It's only a fifty-log raft; reckon we can get it down to Leavenworth ag'in' the night train starts, and I'll get right on, and be back to Atchison afore day. Don't catch me foolin' away another day 'round that old fort.

"Oh, John! I'm so proud"—she paused abruptly, for his eyes dropped with a look of conscious shame. What mood was he in? Would it do to speak then? He had soved back from the table, and there was a serious, far-away look in his eyes, but nothing sullen or forbidding. She went around, and dropping on her knees beside him, slipped her arms about his neck, saying: "Oh, John, I wish you'd promise me you'd never drink no more whisky!"

"That's most too hard on a fellow; but I'll promise not to—not drink too much ag'in'," he answered.

"But I am afeared that wouldn't do no good."

"You talk like you thought I hadn't sense enough to stop when I've got enough, if I try," he exclaimed.

"Oh, John, don't talk so! You know you promised me that nigh onto a year ago; but you think you'll just take one dram, and then just one more, and afore you know, it's too much. If you'd only promise now that you'd never taste nary drop ag'in."

Still he kept his eyes steadily turned away from hers.

"Don't you mind now," she went on, "how your mother said one time, 'I reckon, Nancy, you count John a mighty rough chap, but he's all right at the core;' and don't you mind how she used to pray for you in them old times? Don't you mind the evenin' we heard her prayin' down by the old spring? If she's watching you among the stars, how proud she'd be to hear you promise! And, John," she continued, dropping her voice to a whisper, "I pray, too, sometimes. I have never told you, but I've been feeling right serious here of late. I've taken to readin' my Bible, and I've just made up my mind to live better'n I used to; and pray for you, too, and it seems like God hears me." And she laid her head on his shoulder to hide her tears.

His arms slipped around her, but he still kept his eyes turned stubbornly away from hers. At last laying his face against hers, he spoke earnestly, "Yes, Nancy, I promise."

Presently, starting up, he exclaimed, "If I haven't stayed till plum daylight!"

"Oh, John! come and kiss baby afore you go—he looks so sweet. Sammy! Sammy! wake up, honey, and kiss pappy."

"Bless his sleepy eyes! Pappy's little man! I'll bring him some candy when I come home ag'in'."

All day Nancy went about with such a light, cheery heart as she had not carried in her bosom for many a day; singing snatches of old hymns, and thinking happy, hopeful thoughts of him who, all those long hours, was working his rudder against the strong current of the Missouri.

That evening the stars shone brightly down upon her, when she knelt by the little window, and asked God's blessings on her husband and his good resolutions.

But she was awakened, a few hours afterward, by a rush and confusion, a shower of glass and hail across her bed; and, catching her baby in her arms, she sprang up, frightened and bewildered. It was a terrible storm—one long to be remembered by all who felt its terrors. The deafening roar of the wind and hail almost drowned the loud thunder-claps. A blinding flash of lightning showed the trees almost bent to the ground, and the house rocked too and fro like a cradle. She suddenly felt a new, strange feeling, as if she was flying, floating through the air. She thought that she was dizzy, and caught hold of the bed. A terrible crash—she never knew how it happened! Her baby's cries aroused her. The wind and rain chilled her through. She started to spring up, but something held her down. A shock of pain darted over her, and putting out her hand, she felt a great beam lying heavily across her limbs. It seemed as though it was crushing her. Something struck her, then another, and another. How they stung! Oh! was her child unsheltered from that pitiless storm? His screams grew louder. Oh! she must reach him! She could see nothing through the thick darkness, but she knew that he was not far off. What if he, too, was fastened, crippled? She stretched her arms; every movement made her pain more excruciating. She strained every nerve; she could almost reach him. "Oh! Sammy! Sammy!" she called, "come to mammy." The child ceased crying. She heard him move. His warm body touched her hands that were groping in the darkness. She caught him in her arms and hugged him to her breast. She felt of his head, his arms, his feet; sound and whole. How thankful she was for that. But how those cruel hailstones must have bruised him. She rested him on the ground and crouched over him; she could move just enough for that. The frightened child ceased crying, and put his arm about her neck. If she could only find something to cover them from the storm. She reached around, but could touch only cold wall.

Oh! that terrible pain! She had almost forgotten it in her anxiety for her child. It grew more and more intolerable. It seemed as though the hailstones struck through into her brain. What if they killed her! Was she afraid to die? Visions of eternity, of the heaven of her faith, rose before her. Should she dwell with God and the angels forever? Was it possible that there would never be an end? No, she was not afraid of death. But her child, her husband, how could she leave them? Not yet! No, no, when life opened before her! she must live to help John keep his promise. God would spare her for that. How long it would be until morning. How could she bear the pain so long? Oh! it would be terrible if John should come and find her lying there, cold and stiff. John did love her, oh! so well. He had loved her so long. It seemed so many years since he first told her that he loved her; it was on the mountain side, in dear old Tennessee. How far away it seemed! How the sun shone and the birds sang! How dreamy and bewildered her thoughts were! How still the baby was! Yes, she could feel his heart beat. She no longer felt the pelting of the storm; had it ceased?

Her thought was answered by a rush of wind from a new direction. She felt the great weight lifting off from her. She was free! Then—something struck her.

The train was snorting into Winthrop just at daylight. John jumped off, and was the first to reach the ferry. He had never seen Atchison so quiet. With the exception of those who had crossed on the ferry, and a few early risers who were hurrying up the street, the town seemed asleep; but as he passed Commercial street, he saw a man who was riding a mule, coming down in great haste, who cried out, "How d'y, John!"

"Why, Jake," he replied, "Is that you? I allowed you was half way to Denver afore now."

"We started yesterday, but we had a powerful storm on the prairie out here last night. We chanced to be right near a house, and they let us in; but it sent our old wagons rolling over and over across the prairie, like a patch of tumble weeds, and our oxen all stampeded; I'm on the hunt of 'em."

"It don't look like it had reached Atchison."

"No, I reckon it just took a streak."

John hurried on down the river. The road ran so near the bank that the steady swash of of the water seemed under his feet. The birds were singing in the trees, and the sunshine came creeping down the bluffs overhead. How eager he was to get home that morning! His heart was full of new plans and new purposes. He could keep his promise, and he would; he would never make Nancy's heart ache again by breaking that promise. He stopped suddenly—had the storm reached Sumner? The tall buildings along the wharf were leaning roofless, one this way, another that; as if the wind, coming over the bluffs, reached just low enough to unroof them. He hastened around the foot of the hill; there lay the brick hotel, the boast of the town, in scattered fragments on the ground, like a wasp's nest scattered by the housekeeper's broom. He looked around; three-fourths of the town lay in ruins. How was it with his home? He ran up the street until he could see where it stood. Gone! Not a vestige of it left. And his family? Perhaps they had escaped before the storm; perhaps—. Scarce knowing what he did, he hurried to the nearest house that was yet standing, and without ceremony opened the door. There was no one in the room, but on a couch, in one corner, a white sheet "sunk to the still proportions" of two silent forms. Moved by some strange impulse, he turned back the covering that shrouded the faces—Nancy and the baby! Shocked, stunned, he sank on his knees and laid his face on that dear form. Who can describe, who can comprehend the utter desolation of that hour? None but those who have felt it. Oh! the thoughts and memories that crowded upon him—many of them bitter, regretful thoughts. But there was one memory for which he was thankful; that he had not listened to the tempter which had whispered to him yestermorn, that it would be weak and unmanly to yield to her request.

They found him there an hour afterward, but he asked no questions, made no reply to their attempt at consolation, and they left him alone with his dead.

There was "hurrying to and fro" in Sumner that day, for many were left homeless; many bruised and crippled by the storm. And the mourners who wended their way up the long hill to the burying ground, were as silent as though the silence had been broken by the tolling of solemn bells.

CANADIAN MANUFACTURES.

HAMILTON.

The Webster Sewing Machine.

Among sewing machines one of the latest candidates for public favor is the "Webster," which, though not much over six months in the market, has already made for itself a reputation that brings orders in faster than they can be filled. It is made by "The Canada Sewing Machine Company," which was organized in July, 1872, with a capital of £100,000. The building was commenced soon afterwards, and by the middle of October of that year a substantial stone structure, 106 x45, three stories, was ready to receive the machinery. By the end of February of the present year the machinery was in full operation, and the "Webster" sewing machine began to come into the market, and since then the orders received have been constantly in advance of the capacity of the works to supply. In accordance with the original plans, however, two sides more of a square, of which the present building forms only one side, will be put up early next year, and for this work the contracts will be let and the materials laid down on the ground the ensuing winter. When this has been done the Canada Company's establishment will be a very complete one, with every convenience on the premises.

On the lower floor stands all the heavy machinery, for punching, cutting, drilling, &c., the machines being in three rows along the length of the building, and resting on as many solid stone piers running from end to end of the shop. So well and so solidly are the machines placed on these piers—having a resting place altogether independent of the building which encloses them—that scarcely any vibration at all can be felt. All the machinery in use in this factory was specially ordered for the "Webster" works, having been obtained from the best shops in New England. No punching or shaping is done by hand guidance only, but every piece of metal to be punched or cut is firmly held in a steel matrix while being operated upon, so that the same sort of pieces are all mathematicelly alike, to the one hundred thousandth part of an inch. On this floor is also the engine-room; the tool shop, in which a number of men are kept busy making and resharpening the various tools in use; the office and board room in front, and the polishing room and the japanning room in the rear. It is on the first floor that all the various parts of the machine are cut out, shaped, punched, and polished, after which they are ready for the further process of putting together. This is done in the fitting room, on the second floor, on which are some 120 men and boys at four benches or rows of machinery. Beginning at one of the rows, the machine passes up one and down another, receiving this, that, and the other addition to its structure as it passes along, until at last it has all its running parts complete—the running of each part being tested at every step—besides which comes a final and carefully-conducted test of the running after all is completed. Here are made all the "attachments," of which the "Webster" has a full assortment, embracing all the latest improvements. On this floor is also the decorating room, where the gold leaf, bronze, inlaid work and other decoration which taste and fashion require are put on.

On the third floor is the adjusting and and inspecting room, where the completed machine passes its final examination, and the packing-room. Both inspection and packing will be done below when the intended additions are completed, and when also all waggons loaded up will be loaded within the walls and under cover. Castings are now kept, and varnishing of the wood-work done, in outhouses, and the wood-work itself is done outside by contract, but by some time early next year all operations will be completed on the premises. At present some 210 men and boys are employed, turning out 350 machines per week, but by 1st March next the works will be turning out 500 per week.

For the "Webster" machine the following points of excellence are claimed:—1. Complete absence of complication. 2. Greater simplicity than has yet been attained by any other machine. 3. Superiority of finish. 4. Most direct acting and easily regulated feed. 5. The most perfect shuttle in the world. 6. The total absence of gear wheels. 7. That for fine work it equals and excels most family machines, whilst for heavy work it has not an equal in the world. 8. That every part of the machine is made of the best material which can be produced, and it is put together by the most thorough and practical mechanics only. These comprise a formidable array of claims, but the "Webster" machine people say they are able to make these claims good.

Mr. Plummer Dewar is President of the Company; Mr. C. R. Smith, Manager; Mr. John F. Webster, Superintendent of the machinery shops; Mr. George Webster, junr., Superintendent of the fitting rooms, and Mr. James F. Webster, Purchasing Agent. The machine was invented by George and John F. Webster, by whose joint labors, continued over many years, it has been brought to its present perfection. The works are situated on Barton street, a little east of Christ Church, and sufficient ground has been secured to give plenty of room for whatever extension of the premises may be necessary in future time.

The manager of this Company tells the same story we have heard before from others in the same business, as to the very easy terms on which American sewing machines are admitted into Canada, as compared with the high duties by which Canadian machines are excluded from the American market. The Canadian duty on machines is fifteen per cent; but by undervaluation, so parties in the manufacture here affirm, it is regularly brought down to ten or twelve per cent, or even less. When Canadian machines are exported to the States, however, they have quite another way there of solving the problem of valuation. The custom-house officials there value Canadian machines, not at their price on this side, but at what their price would be if manufactured on the other side, and in this way the nominal American duty of fory-five per cent., (which is, on the face of it, three times as much as the Canadian duty) is brought up to fifty per cent., sixty per cent., or even a higher figure sometimes. It is stating the case very mildly, so it is affirmed, to say that while on the statute books the American duty appears to be just three times the Canadian duty, (a good deal of difference this, one would think), it is in practice from four to five times as much. Supposing machines of similar workmanship and value made on both sides of the border, then five American machines, or four at the very least, would pass the Canadian custom house for the same money that would be required to pass one Canadian machine at the American custom house. This is certainly a very one-sided arrangement, but the remedy for the injustice lies in our own hands, and if we do not apply it our neighbors may infer that we are satisfied with the odds of four or five to one against us in the matter of sewing machines.

An Anecdote of the Panic.

"How do you get along?" said a wife to her husband in the midst of the panic. "Oh, I shall weather the storm, but I wish I had only a few hundred dollars more." "Don't you wish you had married a rich wife?" said she, in a teasing way; then, going to her room, she returned with rather more than the amount required in United States bonds. "Why, where in the world did you get this?" said the husband. "Well, my dear, you went to a champagne supper seven years ago, and on your return, finding navigation around the room rather difficult, deposited hat, shoes, gloves and a large roll of bank bills on the carpet. I put the money away and waited three weeks for you to inquire if I had seen it, when finding you were ashamed to do so, I invested it, and here you have it." If he was a poor navigator, he chose a good mate and purser.—*Lafayette Argus.*

Punch has a pathetic picture of a young married couple on a calling trip. As they wait at the door where they have rung the bell, Augustus is thus cautioned. Augustus love, let me beg of you not to give way to any insane demonstrations of delight before the servant, if she says they're not at home.

A spiritual medium lately distinguished herself in Illinois by informing a patient that the rheumatism would soon leave his left limb, which happened to be a patent army leg presented to him by a grateful country.