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ALEX. SCOTT, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR OF "THE YORK HERALD."

The York Herald

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To Imitate an Echo. The ear is about as easily deceived as the eye, and one by a little practice can change his voice as to make it appear as if proceeding from some distant object.

To produce a mountain echo turn your back to the listeners; whistle loud several short, quick notes, just as if you were whistling to a dog; then as quickly as possible utter the last note, and as softly and subdued as possible to be heard, whistle about a third the number of notes but it must be in the same note or pitch; this will cause the last whistle to appear just like an echo at a great distance.

The same thing may be done by shouting any sentence, such as "Hallo, you there!" "Ship ahoy!" Let your voice be formed close to the lips; then quickly, in the same pitch or tone, speak the same words very subdued, and formed at the back of the mouth. This is very simple, but effective.

What is the greatest feat in the eating line ever known? That recorded of a man who commenced by bolting a door, after which he threw up a window and then sat down and swallowed a whole story.

The stringency in the egg market is painful. There has been a large falling off in deposits of late, many of the hens have entirely suspended, while others are holding on to their reserves.

The Proctor Review says that a lady teacher in one of the public schools was amazed the other day by seeing a perfect forest of juvenile hands fly up in the air and shake and gesticulate in violent agitation.

"Seventy-eight newsways of Indianapolis were on Christmas presented by some staid old citizens with savings bank pass books, each one having a small account opened. The day after Christmas those seventy-eight accounts were drawn, those seventy-eight pass books sold for old paper, and seventy-eight newsways might have been seen on the theatre on the proceeds."

DO NOT FORGET ME. "Don't forget me!"—Sweet and sad, Were the whispered words of thine; Like the voice of flowers at eve, When they fold each leaf half, And to sleep their life resign, Till the Sun awakes them glad.

Bright and gentle, pure and good, Ever in mine eyes thou art, Far too good and pure for me— I can only worship thee! Keeping thee within my heart, Godless of my soulmate.

A LOSS TO THE PROFESSION. "How good, how kind you are?" cried the poor little mother. "I shall tell mamma how God sent you to me and baby when we needed you so much."

"I never saw a face," repeated Mr. Sherwood, "that was such an index to character in my life. The fact is some women are like angels in a sick-room, and some are like—ahem!"

Hester's life had hitherto been barren of caressing love of any kind. What wonder that it metamorphosed the quiet, prim old maid. The still, white collars might hurt baby, and were laid aside; instead, a little soft lace was ruffled around the necks of her dresses.

One morning the doctor bade them look at the pale pretty face of his patient, and asked them if they could discern any fever there.

"You may rest easy as far as the infection is concerned," he said. "If there was any, Mrs. Sherwood did not take it. All she wants now is to recuperate."

The pretty young widow, Mrs. Barrett, had now been domiciled at the doctor's as house-keeper for over a fortnight. She had for reasons of her own, exerted herself to the utmost to keep up the cheerful and altogether perfect arrangement of everything under control, even contriving to rival Hester in concocting new dainties for this Sybarite of a doctor.

"Well, did I ever see the beat!" ejaculated the landlady. "Inviting Hester over to tea! In her own house, where she's been brought up, and so that story by that was like Mrs. Anderson's own daughter! Well, that goes ahead! Pineapple jelly for a surprise, when there ain't Hester's beat for preserves and pastry in the hall of Rivington! Well, really, that's too much. The good Lord knows what'll come next. Mary Jane'll be inviting me, as a kind of pleasant surprise, to see the looks and eyes on to that new dress o' hers."

"But if the doctor's going to marry her—" interposed Mrs. Sherwood. "For the land's sake," cried Mrs. Ketchum, "let him have her! Let him have her, I say!" she repeated, looking so savagely over at Mr. Sherwood that he hastened to declare that he hadn't the least intention of forbidding the bans. "Let him have her," repeated Mrs. Ketchum; "and if she won't lead him a pretty dance, then my name ain't Jerusha Ketchum! He's old enough to know better. But 'one fool makes many, and an old fool's worse'n any!'"

Nevertheless Hester went over to tea. She felt instinctively that it would look more dignified to accept the invitation; she did so with a heavy heart.

March had ripened into April, and along the hedges pale primroses left their tiny heads. A languid breeze swept to and fro the long branches of the willow tree that waved before Dr. Anderson's door. How often had Hester watched the drooping switches put on and off their buds. How sadly she felt for the poor young maiden that once drew the long green switches through her hands, and wore with them many a fanciful wreath and many a fanciful dream.

"A detested pleasant voice," said Mr. Sherwood, as accompanying the doctor down the stairs they still heard the sweet refrain—"a confoundedly nice voice has your friend Miss Wright. It's a thousand pities to throw her services away upon an excellent rhinoceros like yourself, doctor. Fancy what a comfort she'd be to some poor devil of a valetudinarian—or in an orphan asylum! She's a terrible loss to the profession, doctor!"

The doctor did not reply, but went away on it, and deeply on the change wrought in his prim old Hester. When Mary Jane brought the news to the sick room, which she did on the first opportunity, Mrs. Sherwood refused at first to believe it; then remembered that the doctor was a little distant that morning, and wondered if that artful creature had wound herself into his good graces.

Hester turned very pale and felt a great pang of sorrow and a great pang of reproach. "I must go home," she said; "I promised his mother I'd take care of him."

Mrs. Sherwood laughed. "The great elephant!" she said. "As if he needed to be taken care of! Besides, if he's to be married, he won't want you any more, and I'll carry you off with me. Oh, I do hope he will marry for I've been breaking my heart thinking of parting with you."

Hester remained very still. As the years had rolled by she had kept her heart green and young, and this agony rent it sorely. "Not wanted any more!" Why, such a thing might be. After all, in the big, comfortable house yonder of the doctor's she had neither right nor title. To be sure, it was all the home she knew, or cared to know, in the great wide world.

"They say, Norman," she stammered, "that—that you are thinking of marriage. Tell me, it is true?"

"The doctor flushed up to the roots of his grizzled locks. "Why, how did you know?" he said, looking at her as if she were a witch.

Hester's heart sank within her at this confirmation of her fears. "Tell me," she repeated, "is it true?"

"Then the doctor replied in his old manly voice, "Well, yes, Hester, if the woman I love will have me."

"The baby cried, and Hester hurried back into the room. "Have him!" she replied, scornfully, to herself; "she'd only be too glad!"

It became pretty well known in Rivington that the widow Barrett was to be the doctor's wife. She neither denied nor confirmed the statement, but blushed and remained silent. One day there came a note to Hester from Mrs. Barrett, stating that Mrs. Ketchum would kindly take care of the doctor's patients the next day, and she would be glad of Hester's company to tea. It was the doctor's birthday, and she had made some beautiful pineapple jelly for a surprise.

"The fact is," he said, soothingly, "Mrs. Barrett says that it spoils the sweetest temper in the world to be an old maid."

"Another insult!" thought Hester, striving to get her hand from the strong grip of the doctor's.

"And I wouldn't be one, if I were you, any longer, Hester," he added. "I am delighted to afford you some amusement," said Hester. But a choking sensation came into her throat, and a few bitter tears rolled down her cheeks.

"You see, Hester," said the doctor, so interested in his subject that he did not notice her agitation, "it never came into my head to think of marriage at all till Mrs. Barrett came there. She's such a veritable woman, with her furbelows and foolery, that it set me to thinking; and besides, you were weary. Hester, you don't know what a difference it made—how I missed you," he added, tenderly.

"It was more than Hester could bear. "Oh, hush, Norman!" she said. "Marry Mrs. Barrett if you love her. I'll try to like her for your sake. But don't say any more to me to-night, I beg of you."

"Marry Mrs. Barrett!" he repeated. "Why, Norman," said poor Hester, "I've just told you I'll try to like her for your sake."

"Confound Mrs. Barrett!" roared the doctor. "If you don't want me yourself, don't try to push me off on a pestilence of hide-noddies and furbelows."

"Why, Hester, he said, "I have loved you all my life. Do you think I could give your place to another? If you would rather let things be as they are I'll try to be content; but you seemed so womanly and sweet with your little babe that my heart yearned for you. Hester, Hester, I'd so much rather we were married!"

She put her hands in his, but words failed her. Perhaps he read in her face as dear an answer. Even in after years she did not tell him the romance of her life. The doctor was such a practical, hard working hero that she was afraid he could not understand her. Even when a new felicity was

added to her lot, and she became the mother of a splendid boy, she did not make her son the confidant of her girlish idolatry for his father. The way I came to know about it was that, besides being her daughter-in-law, I was the little seven-month baby that brought her such happiness when she was an old maid.

Mr. Beecher on the Whiskey War. Mr. Beecher remarked in his last Tuesday evening's Plymouth prayer meeting that he believed that constant, moderate, steadfast action is better in any cause; but at times whirlwinds of sentiment are valuable. The woman's temperance movement is a striking instance of the latter.

The history of the race does not show its parallel. There is no evil that cries aloud with more voices to Heaven for suppression than intemperance. While it is peculiarly deleterious in individuals, it is murrain and blight in families. It has defied legislation, and moral force has not overcome it; but now, in the Providence of God, there has risen this cyclone of influence. It is one of the fruits of the woman's rights agitation. He was first, middle, and last committed to the elevation of woman to equality with man, and he looked upon the accomplishment of her liberty as something certain of coming.

Miss Smiley is not allowed to preach in a Presbyterian church in Brooklyn; but it is not certain now but that woman's influence will make itself felt there in the onslaught on whiskey in a way that will demonstrate her power. The proper use of a candle is to light a room, but shall it not shine out of the window too? Is woman to stand still in an everlasting waiting. Her first sphere is home, undoubtedly; but when she feels that her domestic relations are affected has she no right to move? Has she no right to combine and exert her power? Is there any other than the iron rail that so spreads nets for her husband's and sons' feet? If Dante had lived in the present day he would picture a pure woman tempted into wedlock with a libidinous, drunken knave, who has a right to her society, her table, her couch. She must live in the presence of a total hog. No greater suffering can be conceived of. Have such women no right to rebel? May vipers crawl in and out of homes and nobody be allowed to treat on them?

He added that he was not attempting to speak critically of the movement, or saying in what channels it may run. He was only contending that no popular movement ever had a greater or more righteous cause, and was more deserving of prayer and countenance. Fanaticisms are to be believed in, at least those that are sweet, and not bitter. Their tendency, however, is to be excessive, and exhaust themselves. It is a great pity that the force of this woman's movement cannot be economized. It is probable that it will be like a prairie fire, that burns away a great amount of stubble and scotches a great many snakes, and then stops. A temperance revival is in danger of being short lived, because it has no solid organization to give it permanent effect. If this movement could be transferred to the churches it would gain a perpetuity.

The Slanderous Tongue. The tongue of slander is never tired. In one way or another it manages to keep itself in constant employment. Sometimes it drips honey and sometimes gall. It is bitter now, and then sweet. It insinuates or assails directly, according to the circumstances. It will hide a curse under a smooth word, and administer poison in the phrase of love. Like death, it "loves a shining mark." And it is never so available and eloquent as when it can blight the hopes of the noble-minded, soil the reputation of the pure, and break down or destroy the character of the brave and strong.

What pleasure man or woman can find in such work we have never been able to see. And yet there is pleasure of some sort in it to the multitudes, or they would not betake themselves to it. Some soul or body must be gratified by it. But no soul in high estate can take delight in it. It indicates lapse, tendency toward chaos, utter depravity. It proves that somewhere in the soul there is a weakness, waste, evil nature. Education and refinement are no proof against it. They often serve only to polish the slanderous tongue, increase its tact, and give it suppleness and strategy.

Literal Specie Currency. Copper vessels, placed in the streams of the richer mining districts of Nevada, accumulate hundreds of dollars' worth of quicksilver, mingled with gold dust, upon their surfaces, in a few months. Owing to its infinite divisibility, quicksilver exists in such small particles as to be invisible to the eye and buoyant in water, and those particles contain still finer grains of gold.

"What comes after T?" asked a teacher of a small pupil, who was learning the alphabet. He received the bewildering reply, "you do, to see 'Liza."

Things Wise and Otherwise. Does a standing joke ever require a seat? It is very easy to say, Take things as they come; but suppose they don't come—what then? We are told that nothing is made in vain. But how is it about a pretty girl? Isn't she maid'n vain? The song of the women out in Ohio just now is, "Sweet spirits, hear our prayer." The manufacturer of kid-necks certainly deserves the title of neck-ro-mancer.

The Chicago papers never use the term "hotel," it is always "caravan-sary." A Milwaukee paper recently announced that "the like bushes are budding." "You like Satay," responded a matter-of-fact reader. A gentleman living near Cleveland, who is the father of seven grown up daughters, has named his residence, "The Home of the Seven Gabblers."

It is a significant fact that Paris issues twenty-three fashion journals and only seven religious newspapers. Manvates Paris! "Have you much fish in your bag?" asked a person of a fisherman who was returning home. "Yes, a good deal," was the slippery reply. "My daughter, you must never listen to flatterers." "But, pa, how can I tell that they are flattering unless I listen?"

To determine whether a man is drunk or not get him to say, "The scenery is truly rural." If he says, "rural rury," you may put him down as drunk. An exchange thinks it queer that blonde women should be regarded as frights in Russia. Well, we don't know; but there are some around here we are afraid of.

Western women are grumbling terribly because the managers of the agricultural fairs don't give at least a year's notice when they offer prizes for the fine-t babies. "How does your husband get along?" inquired a friend of an undertaker's wife. "Nothing to complain of, thank the Lord; he had twelve funerals yesterday."

A Plainman found the other day for the first time the story of David and Goliath, and he became so enthusiastic that he tossed his hat in the air and called out: "Bully for the fellow with the sling!" "Doctor," said a thick-headed youth to Agassiz, "you once said that fish is the proper food for men to eat who have brain work to perform. How much ought I to eat to tone me up properly?" "About two whales," was the reply.

A city carrier of a Missouri paper on publication day sends himself in the nearest saloon, and in the course of a few minutes delivers each subscriber his paper in person, thus saving time and shoe-leather. Boston is troubled. She pays \$142,000 a year for church music, and one out of every ten of her laboring population has nothing to do and nothing to eat. And the trouble seems to be organic.

"I thought you were born on the 1st of April," said a husband to his lovely wife, who had mentioned the 1st as her birthday. "Most people would think so, from the choice I made of a husband," she replied.

A young doctor in Norwalk spends his leisure hours in practising on the cornet, and passes-by, thinking that an amputation is going on inside, are deluded as to the number of the man's patients. Coleridge, when lecturing as a young man, was once violently hissed. He immediately retorted: "When a cold stream of truth is poured on red-hot prejudices, no wonder that they hiss."

Two little girls were comparing progress in Catechism study. "I've got to original sin," said one. "How far have you got?" "Me! Oh! I'm away beyond redemption," said the other.

The Houghton Gazette says that in the revival meetings in that place the minister addresses the unconverted after this fashion: "Come, come just one step nearer to the Lord; if you won't do that, then stay in your seats and be damned."

LAVISE.—Absent man of business—"O, Mr. (forgets his name), will you excuse me for one minute? Take a seat—pry take a chair—take a—," Meek client—"Thank you, I have one—," Man of business—"That's all right—take another!"

We have lately found a man who speaks well of his mother-in-law. She died recently, and left his wife five thousand dollars. If mothers-in-law would get into a habit of doing such things, how soon the prejudice against them would cease.

Your future husband is very exacting; he has been stipulating for all sorts of things," said a mother to her daughter, who was on the point of being married. "Never mind, mamma," said the affectionate girl, who was already dressed for the wedding, "these are his last wishes."