

THE YORK HERALD

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Corner of Young 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.

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

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.

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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.

THE KING OF OILS. Stands permanently above every other Remedy now in use. It is invaluable.

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 practicing with H. Sanderson, of the same place, where they may be consulted personally or by letter, on all diseases of horses, cattle, &c.

S. JAMES, (LATE JAMES & POWELL.) ARCHITECT, CIVIL ENGINEER, AND Surveyor, Trust and Loan Buildings, corner of Adelaide and Toronto streets, Toronto.

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WM. MALLOY, BARRISTER, Attorney-in-Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office—No. 6 Royal Insurance Buildings, Toronto street, Toronto, Dec. 2, 1859.

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.

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

No Time for Swearing. "Catch me using a profane word in the presence of ladies," said a talkative stripling, with a shade of down on his upper lip.

Japanese Dress. Men and women both wear a garment very much resembling the old Roman toga, which is fastened about the waist with a broad girdle.

Mr. Jenkins playfully remarked to his wife that in her he possessed five full. "Name them, my love," "You are beautiful, dutiful, youthful, faithful and an angel."

"THE HAPPY HOME."

TO THE TUNE—"LONG, LONG AGO." Is there for pilgrim a region of rest? Far, far away, far, far away. A happy repose for each pure painted breast, Far, far away, far, far away?

BETTER THINGS. Better to smell the violet cool, than sip the glowing wine; Better to bark a hidden brook, than watch a diamond shine.

BETTER TO LOVE IN LONELINESS, than bask in love all day; Better the fountain in the heart, than the fountain by the way.

BETTER TO WALK TO THE REALM UNSEEN, than watch the hour's event; Better the well-done at the last, than the air with shouting rent.

BETTER TO HAVE A QUIET GRIEF, than a hurrying delight; Better the twilight of the dawn than the noonday burning bright.

BETTER A DEATH WHEN WORK IS DONE, than earth's most favored birth; Better a child in God's great house, than the king of all the earth.

THE STORY OF JOCK WILLISTON. (From the Aldine for April.) [CONCLUDED]

Mabelle was as good as she was pretty. I used to tell them that all the young men on the coast just stood afar off and worshipped her.

"Go on, now, Jock—that's my good boy." He gave such a start that I was scared for a minute, then he put up his hand, and said, quite loud.

"All little children and brute beasts loved Mabelle at first sight, and it was no wonder that poor Jock took to her, too. She used to spend most all the pleasant days out-doors with her father.

"I know when I first set my eyes on him that he was dead. I must 'a' felt after they'd tried for hours to bring him to, and given up at last, something as Elisha did when the sons of the prophets came back from hunting' every-where for Elisha, and he told them, 'Said I unto you, Go not?'

"I couldn't answer her. I felt like a blasphemer, for 'twas my own thought she'd voiced. 'All of a sudden I heard a noise behind me, like some one runnin', and the crowd parted every way. I turned around, and for an instant, ma'am, I thought the sea'd given up the dead it swallowed two and twenty years ago!

"'Twas Mabelle that told them what to put on it. The old gentleman is dead, now, but Mabelle is married and lives in Boston, and every summer she comes down to the Island and brings her little boy, and when the afternoons are pleasant you can see them sittin' here in the graveyard on this very seat. She tells him over and over what I've been tellin' you, and he never gets tired of listenin'.

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"Ma'am Dawson, I dare to say that it's a cruel thing." "I couldn't answer her. I felt like a blasphemer, for 'twas my own thought she'd voiced.

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Embroidery Workers.

A writer in Chamber's Journal says: "The great centre of Swiss embroidery is at St. Gall, and the day on which the work is brought in a festival; early in the morning the young women arrive from all parts in their Sunday attire.

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