

VOL. XVI. NO. 1.

RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO, CANADA, FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1874

WHOLE NO. 830.

THE YORK HERALD

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.

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

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.

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, 5th Concession, P. O. address, Unionville. Sales attended to on the shortest notice and at reasonable rates. 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 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. 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. ROBINSON'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:

Anora, 1st, 3rd, 16th and 22d of each month
Newmarket, 21st of " "
Richmond Hill, 9th and 24th " "
Mt. Albert, 15th " "
Thornhill, 23rd " "
Maple, 26th " "
Burwick, 28th " "
Kleinburg, 29th " "
Nobleton, 30th " "
Nitrous Oxide Gas always on hand at Anora.
Anora, April 28, 1870 615-ft

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-ly

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 remunerative 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 surveys, 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

J. SEGSWORTH,
DEALER IN FINE GOLD AND SILVER Watches, Jewelry, &c., 113 Yonge Street, Toronto.
September 1, 1871. 694

PATENT MEDICINES.

PROCLAMATION.

MUSTARD'S Catarrh Specific Cures Acute and Chronic cases of Catarrh, Nephritis, Headache, Colds, 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, Worms, 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 Item dy now in use. It is invaluable.

A LISO, the Pain Victor is Infallible for A. 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

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

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-ly

WM. MALLOY,
BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor-in-Chancery, Conveyancer, &c.
OFFICE—No. 6 Royal Insurance Buildings, Toronto street,
Toronto, Dec. 2, 1859. 594

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-ly

F. WHITLOCK,
CHIMNEY SWEEP, AND DEALER IN Old iron, rags, &c., &c., Richmond Hill. All orders promptly attended to.
November 12, 1872. 747-ft

Benefit of Light.

Don't shut the sun out—let plenty of light enter your rooms even if the carpets suffer a little; better faded carpets than enfeebled constitutions. The light exercises a far greater influence upon our well being than we think. Plenty of it is as necessary for people as for plants. The diseased fat livers of geese, which are considered such a delicacy by some epicures, are only produced by keeping the animals in a dark cellar during the necessary cranning process, animals waste in muscular strength, as do plants, when kept in the dark. Sunlight is a tonic. Miners and workmen employed in ill-lighted shops, are found to be especially liable to catarrh in the mucous membranes, flaccidity of the soft parts of the body, swellings and distortions of the bony system, and an undue preponderance of the lymphatic system. The eye, which is the most sensitive part of the body to the action of light, becomes enfeebled and diseased by long seclusion in the dark, and sudden change from a dark place to a strong light is dangerous. The glare of the snow is very trying to the eyes, and the reflection from white walls in a sun-lighted room is also to be avoided. There is nothing in this world which may not become injurious in excess, but the goodness is not disproved by the harm thus caused.

Singular Dispute.

Two women in Chili fought under strange circumstances: One of them, who had lately given birth to an infant, having to make a journey to Rancagua, left the child under the care of a neighbor, who had a child about the same age. A few days afterward the mother who had gone on the journey returned home, and was told that her child had died in her absence. She insisted that the surviving infant was hers. She said she knew the child to be hers, and was not going to be deceived by the stratagems of her neighbor. The other called all the saints in heaven to witness that her child was the living one. The dispute finally ended in blows and the intervention of the police. The case has gone to the tribunals, and another question like that decided by King Solomon is now before the judges of Rancagua.

Thomas A. Pike, who has been on trial at Portland, several days, for the murder of his wife, last winter, by throwing her violently upon a sofa, and breaking a blood-vessel, has been convicted of manslaughter.

BEAUTIFUL ONE.

Beautiful one! beautiful one!
Of modest grace yet queenly air,
And dark blue eyes and golden hair.

With sylph-like form and beaming smile,
And soul all truth where dwells no guile.

Beautiful one! beautiful one!
In homage deep I worship thee.

Beautiful one! my peerless one!
With ruby lips and cheek of dawn,
And voice that breathe'st e'en music's tone.

Of heart so warm with passion's glow,
Yet hush pure as unstained snow.

Beautiful one! my peerless one!
Oh, say, hast thou no smile for me!

Beautiful one! my noble one!
Of high resolve and thought's own brow,
Where genius burns with loving glow,
And beams the light of cultured mind,
By virtue crowned, by truth refined.

Beautiful one! my noble one!
To thee on benedict knee I bow.

Beautiful one! my gentle one!
So sweetly pure in hallowed thought,
And soul so kind with feeling fraught.

Even sorrow flies thy soothing care,
And hope beams bright where loom'd despair.

Beautiful one! my gentle one!
Thy heart, thy love, on me bestow.

Beautiful one! earth's fairest one!
In youth's first bloom like blushing flower,
All gemmed with dew at morning hour,
Here low I kneel at thy fair shrine,
And breathe the prayer, "Wilt thou be mine?"

Beautiful one! earth's fairest one!
Wilt thou be mine—for ay be mine?

Beautiful one! my plighted one!
With fond caress and murmur low,
Thy lips on mine have sealed the vow,
And spoke the words of bliss divine,
That blends my soul for ay with thine.

Beautiful one! my plighted one!
With thine for ay—for ay with thine.

TRUST AND FAITH.

BY TAMAR ANNE KEEMOBY.

If we trust as we ought,
In the Heavenly Father's care,
Looked to him in tranquil thought
For an answer to each prayer,
Then sweet peace would come and dwell
In our hearts and every duty
Would seem light beneath its spell,
Touched with calm and simple beauty.

If we trusted we would know
Words of promise often spoken,
Like a river's onward flow,
Gifts of God, just not be broken.

We would see through mist and gloom,
Would forget our doubt and blindness;
Faith's sweet flowers for us would bloom,
We would rest in loving kindness.

If we trusted we would feel
All joy content can give;
In humility would kneel,
Grateful for each day we live.

We would meekly bear our cross,
Thinking little of our loss,
We would find eternal gain.

TO A DRUNKARD.

BY THE LATE SIR JOHN BOWRING.

Drink! drink! What are you drinking?
For a moment hold your breath;
But for a moment, just not thinking
That you are drinking, drinking DEATH!

Drink! drink! your wife is sighing;
See her in rags and tatters go;
Drink! but hear your children crying—
What are you drinking? Woe! woe! woe!

Take the pledge—it may save you wholly,
Save you from wretchedness and sin,
And, from the deep of his pain and folly,
Bring you PLEASURE AND PEACE within.

BLANCHE DE LOUVOIS.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH WAR.

BY SIDNEY BERNAL.

The pointed towers of the Chateau des Hironnelles rise among the woodlands that crown the sunny hills of Normandy. Rich fields and pastures lie at its feet, through which a little stream ripples noisily over the pebbles, or deepens into placid pools under the willows that skirt its course. Knee deep in the water stand the cattle, lazily brushing the flies from their flanks with their tails, and at the end of the valley the mill whirrs busily, half-embowered in tall chestnut trees. The trees are in full bloom with their plumes of yellow tassels, and the stream foams and roars as it rushes from its pent-up prison at the mill, and escapes in a leaping waterfall that plunges forth into a mossy chasm of rocks and gnarled roots below, then winds on through wood and meadow to join the river miles away. The floating clouds cast soft, undulating shadows over the valley, and the summer winds sigh through the tree-tops, and sway the tall grass like the ground-swell on the ocean. Altogether it is a very pretty landscape that one sees from the chateau this warm June day.

Within, Fifiue, the maid, is busy preparing dinner, and Jacques, the gardener's boy, is having his little bit of gossip in the kitchen, before donning his apron to wait upon Madame. For Madame must have her show of state, even though the coffers of Louvois are well nigh empty and pretty Mademoiselle almost without a "dot."

Pretty she certainly is, as any one may see who takes the trouble to look out at the window that "gives" upon the garden. She is trying to reach the branch of a Noisetete rose that shades the stone bench where she and Madame La Comtesse have been passing this warm day. Her graceful head is thrown back: one can see the round moulding of throat and chin; the small white teeth between the parted lips; the fair arm disclosed by

the falling sleeve; the slight "soelte" figure; the arched foot. A fair chataine, in sooth, is Mademoiselle Blanche de St. Hilary de Louvois. The dark, soft melting eyes show the strain of Italian blood that intermingles with the Norman, and gives her beauty a peculiar charm, in their contrast with her golden hair and the peach-like bloom of her complexion. Those sunny tresses, too, ripple in such pretty waves over her small head, and dance upon the alabaster whiteness of her throat, and curl around her delicate finger as she leans upon them. Her soft, white muslin dress suits her beauty, too, so well!—so pure, so delicate, so refined! The lace at her throat is fastened by a silver brooch—her only ornament. Indeed so fair is she, that simplicity suits her best. Her beauty is as jewels rich and rare. But having gained her roses, she lays them on her face, inhaling their rich fragrance, then fastens them at her throat, saying, "See, dear maman! I have paid you the compliment, to-day, of dining with you *en costume de bal*; do you like me?"

Madame La Comtesse, for reply, kisses the white brow of her daughter, her heart too full to speak, as she looks upon her loveliness; for was not the twin-brother far away in battle with the foe? and no news, save disastrous, reached them from the field. True it was that Victor had as yet escaped unharmed; but oh! the terrible long lists of slain that each bulletin brings, and the daily agony of their perusal, trembling lest the next name should be Louvois!

Widowed, and now past middle-age, Madame is now a perfect type of her class. Her little figure, erect as in the days of her first youth, her dress always black, of some soft, noiseless material; the rich lace she wears, over and over again mended by the deft hands of her daughter. The silvery hair, too, is in contrast with the large, dark eyes, so like her daughter's, but unlike hers, shaded by the wearing of many a tear track, and the memory of sorrows long since subdued. If Blanche is beautiful, so too is the stately little mother; stately in spite of her want of stature, and impressing one by her every movement, with a sense of wonderful dignity and grace.

The going sounds. Mademoiselle Blanche is now the book that has fallen to the ground, gives her arm to her mother, bends her quick step to a slower measure, to suit that of her companion, and they enter the house. While they are dining we will walk around the garden.

There is a high wall running around two sides of it, against which are trained apricots, plums and peaches; the chateau forms the third, and on the fourth side a low railing surmounts a perpendicular parapet that hangs over the valley. The road, dusty and white, runs by the side of the stream, crossing it once by an arched bridge of stone. Over this bridge comes the clattering sound of horses' hoofs, and a party of cavaliers dash up the road, leaving a cloud of dust behind them. They slacken their speed where the path leads to the castle, and turn their horses thitherward. Now the old gardener sees them, and calls Fifiue to look.

"Bah! les Prussiens! betes! he hisses between his teeth. "What shall we do? Shall we bar the gates! Shall we scald them with hot water? Shall we fire the arquesbus? Sacre!" and he vents his rage in grinding his teeth, and shaking his fist at the unconscious horsemen.

"How shall we tell madame? We cannot interrupt her!" says Fifiue.

"Ah, les brigands! they will tell her soon enough, the robbers! Dost thou think they will respect the repose of Madame La Comtesse? They will billet themselves here; they will eat the larder bare—they will insult mademoiselle! Ah! the renegades!"

Even as he spoke, a loud knocking sounded at the barred gateway, and, in spite of his hatred, Francois is compelled by fear to open to the intruders.

Five or six horsemen are outside the gate, and one, advancing, says: "I have orders to wait upon Madame de Louvois to entreat her hospitality for our general, who lies at S., dangerously wounded. Can I communicate with madame?"

"I will see," said Francois, and shuts the gate.

"Marvellously polite he is, I will say, for a Prussian! Usually they say, 'Look here, now! we want something to eat, and be quick about it, too!' But, polite or not polite, he will be a sorry guest to madame, and that I know very well." So, grumbling as he goes, he bends his steps to the saloon where the two ladies are dining. He delivers his message with folded arms, and head deeply bowed as he retires.

"Maman!" cried Blanche, "they cannot come! They must not!"

"Holas! my dear child, what can we do? Recollect how defenceless we are: they have the power, and it only wonderful that they have shown us this courtesy. Yes, we must submit. Jacques, I will receive the messenger. Bid him come to me in the grand saloon."

The lady rose, and the daughter followed her into the adjoining apartment, biting her lips with vexation. As they entered by one door, the one

leading from the hall was thrown open, and a young officer entered. His sword rang on the marble pavement, and as the sound struck upon her ear, the girl's cheek flushed scarlet, and she turned her head away in contemptuous disdain. The countess stood to receive her unwelcome guest.

He was a young officer aged about twenty-five, tall, and very graceful. A heavy blonde moustache shaded the well-cut lips, and his bright blue eyes had a remarkably frank and winning expression. The uniform of a colonel of cavalry sat well upon his manly figure, and his handsome head lost none of its lofty bearing as he bowed low before the two beautiful women before him.

"I crave the pardon of Madame La Comtesse de Louvois, for breaking upon her privacy, but my general is lying dangerously wounded at S., where he cannot have the repose necessary to him, and his physician orders him to be brought here, with madame's permission."

"It is unusual for conquerors to ask favors of the conquered," replied the lady; for them to command is to be obeyed. Such a guest cannot be welcome to Les Hironnelles; but at least, by your courtesy, I may hope that my daughter and myself may be undisturbed while you remain. I therefore place myself under the protection of one who by his bearing proves that, though a foe, he is a gentleman, and respects the defenceless."

"Thanks, madame," replied the colonel; "while Herrmann Von Rupert is within these walls, none shall dare molest your peace."

Then, bowing low to both ladies, and with his glance still riveted on the face of the younger, the soldier departed from the room.

"A generous foeman, at least," said the countess; "and a proud a happy mother must she be who owns him for her son, whatever be her land."

"Generous!" cried Blanche. "Yes, generosity is easy in words. Fair speeches are easy gifts! Fair manners, and rude deeds! But, mother, do you trust the German?"

She was leaning on the sill of the window as she cried out the words in her indignation, and involuntarily looked down as she heard the clattering hoofs on the pavement. Von Rupert's eyes were raised to hers in reproachful yet respectful admiration, as he lifted his plumed helmet and galloped down the declivity.

"He is a good horseman, that one must allow," she said, inwardly, then turned quickly and left the window.

CHAPTER II.

So the Prussian general was brought in his litter to the French castle, and the young colonel left in charge. An unoccupied wing was allotted to their use, looking, unavoidably, upon the garden; but Von Rupert gave orders that no foot should disturb the privacy of the two ladies in that lovely spot, the only place where they could enjoy the air without the risk of meeting the soldiers left to guard their general.

There, day after day, behind his Venetian window, he watched the beautiful girl who had so captivated his fancy at his first interview with the countess, tending her flowers, feeding the swallows that gave their name to the chateau—busy in a thousand charming tasks, that showed to advantage every grace of face and figure. Was it wonderful, then, that in a few weeks he was passionately in love? The object of that passion was all unconscious of his adoration. Indeed, from the contemptuous words he had heard fall from her lips that sunny morning, she stood by the window of the great saloon, what hope could there be for him?—But, mother, do you trust the German?"

As he passes toward his own apartments, Jacques accosts him, bearing a folded note upon a silver salver. Breaking the seal, with its crest of a flying swallow, how his heart bounds within his breast! "Can it be from her?" Impossible! The very idea is folly, and only shows the current of his thoughts. But delight inexpressible glows in his face as he reads, and knows that to-morrow (blest to-morrow!) he will see her face, hear her speak his name, perhaps, indeed, touch her hand! All gloom is vanished; the air is rosy; the birds sing for him a new song; and with a light step he bounds up the stair, and gains his chamber to dream, and dream, and still repeat the dream, of Love!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Hairs of the White Elephant.

"It was my good fortune, says Sir John Browning, 'to present, in 1855, to the First King of Siam (the Siamese have two kings exercising supreme authority) presents with which I had been charged by my royal mistress. I received many presents in return; but the monarch placed in my hand a golden box, locked with a golden key, and he informed the box contained a gift more valuable than all the rest, and that was a few hairs of the white elephant."

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