

VOL. XVI. NO. 29.

RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO, CANADA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1875.

WHOLE NO. 858.

THE YORK HERALD

Every Friday Morning.

And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails or other conveyances, as 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.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad (e.g., One inch, one year), Rate (\$4.00).

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.

AUCTIONEERS.

FRANCIS BUTTON, JR., Licensed Auctioneer for the County of York. Sales on commission at the shortest notice and at reasonable rates. P. O. address, Buttonville. Markham, July 24, 1868. 497

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, Perfumery, Chemicals, Oils, Toilet Soaps, Medicines, Varieties, 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, '75. 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. ROBESON'S, L. D. S. New method of extracting teeth without pain, by the use of Ether Spray, which affects the teeth and the surrounding tissues, rendering them insensible to the external agency, when the tooth can be extracted with ease and without endangering the life, as in the use of Chloroform. Dr. Robeson will be at the following places prepared to extract teeth with his new apparatus. All office operations in Dentistry performed in a workmanlike manner:

Table with 2 columns: Location (e.g., Aurora, 1st, 3rd, 16th and 22d), Date/Time.

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.

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. 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.

J. SEGSWORTH,

DEALER IN FINE GOLD AND SILVER Watches, Jewelry, &c., 113 Yonge Street, Toronto. September 1, 1871. 654

ADAM H. MEYERS, JR.,

(Late of Duggan & Meyers,) BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c., &c. OFFICE—No. 15 York Chambers, South-east Corner of Toronto and Court Streets, Toronto, Ont. January 18, 1872. 754-ly

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. I 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 of 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. 719-4f

W.M. MALLOY,

BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor-in-Chief, 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,

GIMNEY SWEEP, AND DEALER IN old iron, rags, &c., &c. Richmond Hill. Orders promptly attended to. 747-4f

Suicide by a Somnambulist.

An extraordinary case of suicide has lately occurred in Paris. In this country a nice legal point might occur as to whether it was a suicide at all. At all events, the remarkable circumstances of the case are to be investigated by the Academy of Sciences in Paris. They are as follows:—A young man of the name of Goupil, living with his wife and mother, kept a jeweller's shop in the Rue Langier, where they all lived comfortably and prosperously together. Six months ago M. Goupil lost his young wife, to whom he was tenderly attached. Her death, it is supposed, affected his brain; at all events for the first time in his life he took to sleep walking, this practice arising from a peculiar, and, indeed, affecting cause. He was in the habit of putting around his neck a gold link neck-lace, of which his wife was very fond. Every day he declared that this neck-lace became smaller and smaller, and eventually it would strangle him, a consummation he devoutly wished. No one regarded these forebodings, as they were considered merely the offspring of a mind diseased. He used, however, under the influence of somnambulism, to rise in the middle of the night and go to his work table. There he cut off one of the links of the chain and joined those that were separated, and was seen doing so by his mother, who for superstitious fears did not like to interfere. The other morning he was found dead in his room. He had cut off so many links that he could only buckle the chain round his throat by unnaturally compressing it. When the throat returned to its normal size the chain strangled him.

Poor Mother.

A blow aimed at the child must strike through the very heart of the mother. Imagine, then, the agony endured by the heroine of the subjoined incident: A little girl, while playing on a railroad track, got her foot so wedged in a frog that she was held fast. Her mother saw the predicament, and heard an approaching train. She ran to the rescue of her child, but could not extricate the foot. The train came on, and although the engineer applied the brakes, it was clear enough that it could not be stopped quick enough. The mother, finding that the girl could not be less than maimed, held her as far off the track as she could while the cars went by. A foot was crushed, but a life was saved.

According to the Academy, Damascus is quite severely injured by the success of the Suez canal, through the loss of a large amount of trade that was formerly carried on with the Moslem pilgrims who halted there to recruit their strength, and to obtain what provisions they wanted for their journey over the desert.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

I ask one little boon Of the New Year: May I through all his days Carry some cheer To those who sit in gloom. Weeping for lost To hours that slowly break Under a cross.

I who have left my dead, Who have wept alone, Facing despair, Would gladly sweeten lives, And make them dear— This little boon I ask Of the New Year.

A SECOND LORLEI.

Unfortunately for myself and everybody who ever saw me, I am very beautiful. It is not egotism to make that remark, for I have had plenty of mishaps on account of my looks, and every ill that can befall a family has been laid to the score of "Frank's terrible appearance." When I was a child everything went wrong. Once on a ferry-boat a young and lovely lady, petting and talking to me, became so interested that she quietly backed off the edge, and only the presence of mind and daring of her husband rescued her in a very damp and choking condition. Nurse scolded, mamma raised her hands in horror, and the lady gave me the name of "Lorlei," which I have ever since retained.

I was a continual source of anxiety lest I should be kidnapped by some childless people, and made into a circus-rider or an heiress. My life was miserable, with the guard set around me, to say nothing of a dozen or two toilets a day, my hair to be combed and brushed incessantly, and myself kissed and fondled like a lap-dog. It grew no better, later. My sisters happened to be very plain, and I couldn't help it. I got all the invitations, bouquets, and proposals, and they received none. To make it worse, one of my admirers died of heart disease, and left me the large fortune that should have gone to his sisters; and then they loved me excessively, of course!

I combed my hair in the most horrible way I could invent, wore stiff collars up to my ears, plain dresses of sober color, made faces at myself in the glass by the hour, and all to no purpose. My hair would turn into the cunningest little ringlets about my forehead, and fall down in a golden mass of curls just at the wrong time. The neck above the ugly linen no amount of sun could make other than white and well-turned; and the clumsy dress hid a form of the most perfect mould—stately, smooth and rounded as only a healthy English girl can ever hope to be.

I couldn't have any girl-friends, for, without meaning it, I captured their lovers; they grew jealous and called me names; and the attachment usually ended in a storm of tears and reproaches on the one part, dismayed repentance on the other. I couldn't have a gentleman friend, for, if single, he proposed in a month, and if married, the wife came to the rescue, and I got the worst of it. I tried one plan, and you shall have the result: I cut my hair off nearly close, and mercy me!—I had done the business. I was handsomer than before! I looked a very picture of mischief, my hair curled tighter than ever, and my eyes would dance, spite of all the sober books I read, and all the sad things I tried to think of. I took Aunt Hetty into my confidence, one day when she came to the city to buy some furniture for her country house, and promised that I would as her sons started for school, I would be with her to spend the summer. I made my preparations secretly, and only on the day of my departure asked and received permission to go unwatched and alone. Used to my freaks, mamma asked no questions, but gave me some advice—"to wear a thick veil in the cars, not to take my gloves off, and not to wink at any one." As though I ever knowingly did wink!

My own sisters would not have known the little brown mouse of a girl that sat so demurely in the car on its way to Rockbridge. I had ordered a wig made of bright red hair, and it was a very marvel in its way. Short, crisp, fiery curls covered my head closely, fell down on the neck, and twined lovingly around my ears. A dress of waterproof of the most ungraceful cut and make, green glasses, shoes and gloves two sizes too big, and with the exception of mouth and complexion, I was hideous. Auntie would not believe that it was myself, until I had shown her my eyes, and spoken to her several times.

There was not a soul on the place that had ever seen me, except aunt and uncle; and as they called me "Lorlei," the servants never suspected that I was the Frank Morrison they had heard so much of from the young masters. There were few neighbors and I rather avoided them. For the first time in my life I was ugly, and consequently happy. I rode the horses, sat on the barnyard fence during the milking, fed the chickens, ate apples and new butter, took long walks in the woods, and my big feet and scarlet hair never invited a second glance from any one I passed. What happy, jolly days they were to me, only those who are blessed with too much beauty and long to flee from the consequences can imagine.

One morning I took a book, and going through the orchard, followed the stream to a favorite nook, lay down, and laughed the pretty, musical laugh that was at once a pleasure and a bane. I laughed to think of myself in this rig in an open-box; and, looking at the water, I said, "Why not be a real 'Lorlei' for a while?" No sooner thought than done. Off came the clumsy shoes and knitted stockings, and holding my dress up I went splashing in the shallow waters. I stepped on a big stone; it rolled with me, and I sat down cozily in the middle of the brook, wet to my waist, and my dismay finished by the heartiest laugh you can imagine. Looking at a part of the bank that I had not before noticed, I saw a gentleman, in sporting dress, holding a fishing-rod in one hand and waving the other at me in the most genial and pleasant manner. It might have been that my eyes did not match my hair; at any rate, I fancied that he stopped laughing rather suddenly, and coming close down to the water stood eyeing me inquiringly. I had been angry at first; but my usual sense of humor came to my aid, and sitting there, with the lapping water full about me, I held my sides, and laughed with him until I was tired, and my cheeks glowed like two roses.

"Well," he finally said, stopping to laugh at every word or two, "you have succeeded in your loudly expressed wish, and made a veritable 'Lorlei' of yourself."

"Did you hear me?" I asked, feeling for the first time a little shy, and rising slowly to my feet. He saw that I could not come out of the water in my bare feet, and laughing still, he answered:

"Yes. But I fear you will continue a water-nymph until I am gone; so good-bye." And as suddenly as he had come, he disappeared.

I put on my shoes, and made the best of my way back to the house. Aunt Hetty laughed at me when I told her of my adventure, but stared when I described the man.

"Bless me, child," she said, "it is Walter Gray, who lives on the next farm, or rather owns it, and lives in New York. I did not know he was at home."

The days flew by on golden wings; every one seemed more happy than the last. I took an apronful of peaches and a book, and lay down in the hammock under the elm for a lazy time one morning. I was scarcely settled when I heard auntie calling me, and then steps coming near to me. I raised myself, and who should be with her but that Walter Gray! He laughed heartily on recognizing in my aunt's niece the "water-nymph," but soon made me feel at ease by his courteous and merry manner. He had come over to see if he could buy a cow of uncle, and over the merits of butter and milk we grew quite friendly. Auntie would have him to stay to lunch, and I tried to enact the country girl, and be as awkward as possible. Two or three times I almost betrayed myself by some unguarded remark; but by dropping my fork, upsetting my milk, and knocking my chair over when I rose, I managed to seem ill-bred enough to suit my course frock, absent collar, and tumbled hair.

To my utter astonishment, Mr. Gray asked me to go to a picnic at the school-house the next day. While I was staring, first at him, and then at myself in the glass, Aunt Hetty quietly said, "She will go with pleasure." I was ready to beat her, but beyond a few muttered words, I said nothing until he was gone. Then I made a few remarks to her which made her look so sorry, that I kissed her and promised to go peacefully.

I made myself look as countifess as possible next morning, and my looking glass told me that I was no longer even passable. Mr. Gray made no remark about my appearance, except to ask if the glasses were absolutely necessary, and on my gravely assuring him that they were, he helped me into the carriage, and away we went. How I enjoyed the glances the girls gave me, and their evident contempt for my dress and manner! I found myself alone with Mr. Gray, toward the end of the afternoon, and we sat down on the moss at the foot of a tree for what I called a good talk. His manner had been perfectly kind and courteous, and he had done everything in his power to make me forget the difference between myself and the pretty country girls I had met. After a little I forgot my part, and letting the glasses fall unheeded in my lap, I pulled off the yellow cotton gloves I had worn all day, and lying backward, clasped my hands above my head, contentedly. After a minute he said:

"Maggie Thorne is entirely thrown away on that old man. What a life for a bright, fair woman to live, shut away in that quiet house."

Following his glance toward the house on the other side of the road, I lazily answered:

"Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away. Miss Lorlei, what are you? Hideous and lovely at the same time; an uneducated country girl firing Shakespeare at me in that style. You wear these green-glasses all the time, and yet I have noticed you can see much farther and better without them. You have the most exquisite hand I have ever seen, and your feet are large enough for a man. You bow like an empress, and tumble over your dress the next minute. I can't understand you."

I kept my face through all his speech, and then gave him answer, pulling on my gloves:

"I don't know what you mean by Shakespeare, and you need not insult my feet; I can't help their size. What made you bring me, if only to tease? And without further ceremony I left him, more mystified than ever.

I saw him very often in the next two months, and learned to like him very much for his kindness to my awkward self. How much I liked him I scarcely knew, until a letter from mamma came, saying that summer was long over and people were growing very curious as to my whereabouts. With a cold, sick feeling in my heart, I took the letter in my hand, and went through the orchard to the place where I had played "Lorlei" for the benefit of Walter Gray. Bitterly I regretted my masquerade, for I thought he could never be brought to like the red-haired, clumsy girl he had pitied and been kind to.

Very soon after he married, Jones, who is very fond of a cigar after dinner, and likes to smoke it while lying on the sofa, asked his wife if she minded it. Mrs. Jones, with a smile, said, "Never mind me, dear, smoke."

"I do mind you, dear," replied Jones. "Tell me, will it annoy you?"

Mrs. Jones then confessed that the smell of a cigar had such an effect on her that she was always "laid up for days afterward." Jones doesn't smoke in the house. Mrs. Jones told Jones that he mustn't give up his club because he married; she wouldn't hear of such a thing; he must enjoy himself and be as free as ever. Jones rather liked this, but when after a week or two of married life he proposed visiting the club, he found that to do so would endanger Mrs. Jones' sanity, if not her life. She didn't mind him going, but she had never stayed alone in the house by herself. She couldn't call the servant in to sit with her, that would never do; but it didn't matter, Jones must go, only he must promise that he wouldn't be frightened if he found her in a fit when he returned; she didn't know that she would have a fit, but she might have one.

Jones gave up the club. Now Jones, co-operatively with Mrs. Jones is raising quite a large family; he has four children. The other day Jones remarked that he should be obliged to get a new business suit, as the clothes he wore were looking seedy. Mrs. Jones said by all means Jones should have a new suit of clothes, and she begged he would not bother himself because she had no spring dress, and the carpet in the front room was not fit to be seen, and Harry and George both wanted new suits and new boots; they could go without these things, "papa must have his nice new clothes."

Jones did not buy any clothes, and he has a hole in his right boot which he strives to conceal by tucking his stockings when it shows through. Jones used not to go to church before he was married. He goes now twice every Sunday. Mrs. Jones said she could go alone well enough; she did not mind what all her friends and relatives would say if her husband did not accompany her; though she must confess that to hear her Albert spoken of as these people—"all good people in their way, but severe,"—would speak of him, would make her feel as if she never could lift up her head again.

Mrs. Jones is always ready to give in her will to her husband's. He has only to say in a minute. She does not mind suffering. If he wants to have the window open, she doesn't say he shan't, she only reminds him what a cold she caught two weeks ago through the window being opened, but after all it didn't last long and didn't matter.

Mrs. Jones is not the only submissive wife who manages by submitting to get her own way in everything. But still Jones is happy, and such a thing as a quarrel is a rarity in the Jones domicile. "Wives submit yourselves to your husbands. Take example by Mrs. Jones."

My first anxiety, when nurse brought me my little Fannie to look at, was whether she was pretty. I need not have troubled myself. Her nose is flat, her mouth is wide, and only her blue eyes and sunny temper keep her from positive plainness. She has relieved me from all fear of perpetrating the crime of "Lorlei."—From the Aldine for January.

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"You like yellow hair, don't you?" "Yes," he said, wondering at my eager look and manner.

"Turn your head away, and promise not to look," I said, turning his head so that he could not see me.

"I promise," came the voice I was waiting for. With trembling hands I took out the pins, unfastened the elastic which held my red wig and pulling it off, turned his face toward me. He looked as though he had seen a ghost, and stared at the red hair in my hand and the golden on my head, in mute astonishment.

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A Bold Thief.

The Parisian police recently arrested a man of Polish origin for endeavoring to pass off a quantity of Russian notes. He was about thirty years of age, and had been flitting rapidly through the towns and villages, accompanied only by a large mastiff, which never left him. When apprehended, he assumed an air of injured innocence, asserting that he was an honest dealer in imitation jewelry, producing a box of samples, and growing more and more defiant as the strict search of his personal apparel proceeded without bringing to light anything to incriminate him. At length his captors, fairly nonplussed, were on the point of dismissing him, when one of them observed that she mastiff, which had remained at the door, had on his neck a collar of unyielding thickness. On taking it off, it was found to be hollow, and stuffed with counterfeit notes to the amount of three hundred pounds. In the face of such proofs the man ceased to deny the fact imputed to him, but began to moralize on the unfairness of Providence in apportioning the prizes and blanks of his profession, whose chiefs and magnates invariably came off scot free and millionaires, whilst the toiling underlings and drudges like himself had the prison and hulks for their pains. He claimed that the world owed him a living. Unfortunately for his comfort, however, he was alone in his opinion, and the course of justice was not diverted from its legitimate channel.

Forgiveness.

The mantle of charity ought to be thrown around the faults of our fellow-beings. "Thy sins be forgiven thee" should be the answer for us to give to those who have sinned against us and wish to be taken back to our bosom and be as they once were, pure and sinless. Forgive and forget; memory will not let us forget, but it is in the power of exalted human benevolence. Saddening scenes will often press themselves upon our attention, even when we do the best to prevent them. So scenes of harmony between ourselves and our human relations will arise in the soul, notwithstanding the presence and influence of that principle of Christian charity which should inspire every human soul with divine effulgence. Yet memory, however faithful to her trust, will not prevent us from being lenient toward the faults and follies of others, and to forgive their departure from a true life.

The most popular of the thirteen periodicals published in Tokio has a circulation of 15,000 copies.

The Submissive Wife.

Figaro is responsible for the following:—

Mrs. Jones says she hates those women who are always crying out for their rights. She is happy and contented to submit her will to her husband's, as it is a wife's duty to do. She scorns the idea of not allowing a man to be master of his own house. She observes that "no man can accuse her of setting up her will in opposition to that of her husband." Jones acknowledges this, yet, somehow or other, he never seems to have his own way. He comforts himself that he might have it if he wanted to; and he says "there is nothing to prevent his doing so."

Very soon after he married, Jones, who is very fond of a cigar after dinner, and likes to smoke it while lying on the sofa, asked his wife if she minded it. Mrs. Jones, with a smile, said, "Never mind me, dear, smoke."

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Miscellaneous Items.

A Literary Society is being formed at St. Thomas.

A new Masonic Hall was dedicated at Smith's Falls on Friday, 11th inst.

On Tuesday last at Cowansville, Que., the thermometer fell to 31° below zero.

The new Wesleyan church at the village of McKellar was opened on Sunday last.