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PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR OF
"THE YORK HERALD."

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The York Herald.

THE YORK HERALD
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE
YONGE ST., RICHMOND HILL.

Issued Weekly on Friday Morning.

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ALEX. SCOTT, PROPRIETOR.

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THE YORK HERALD
IS PUBLISHED
Every Friday Morning,

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Markham, July 24, 1868 497

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PROPRIETORS OF THE
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Richmond Hill, Jan 25, '72 705

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Thornhill 23rd	"	"
Maple 26th	"	"
Burwick 28th	"	"
Kleinburg 29th	"	"
Nobleton 30th	"	"

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

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(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

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

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Toronto, Dec 3, 1867.

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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, 1875 785

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DEALER IN FINE GOLD AND SILVER Watches, Jewelry, &c., 113 Yonge Street, Toronto.
September 1, 1871. 684

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January 15, 1875. 785-1y

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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.

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HAVE you Rheumatism, Wounds, Bruises, Old Sores, Cuts, Burns, Frost Bites, Piles, Painful Swellings, White Swellings, and every conceivable wound upon man or beast?

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Directions with each bottle and box.

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

WM. MALLOY,

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

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Toronto, Dec. 2, 1859. 594

D. C. O'BRIEN,

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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

Brutality at Denbigh.

Yesterday, at Denbigh, John Jones, labourer, was charged with drunkenness and assaulting Edward Roberts. The defendant was drunk in the public streets, and without any provocation he rushed at a respectable woman and kicked her violently. Subsequently he attacked Roberts, knocked him on the ground, fell on him, and afterwards kicked him. He seized Robert's fingers in his mouth, and tore the flesh off them shockingly. He then seized one of the fingers of the other hand, and refused to loose it, his only response to complainant's request to do so being that he "roared like a mad bull." He would not let go his hold till Robert's brother kicked him violently in the ribs and chest, and another man wrenched the hand from his mouth, during which one of defendant's teeth was broken, so firmly was it embedded in the flesh. Defendant after that was well thrashed by complainant's brother. In consideration that he had received such punishment, he was let off by paying £2 and costs, the magistrate saying he was more like a mad dog than a man.—*Liverpool Mercury, Dec.* 5.

Happy are the families where the government of parents is the reign of affection, and the obedience of the children the submission of love.

The law in Minnesota won't allow a father to thrash a child over sixteen years old, but he can maul his dear wife from morn till night.

A Georgia man started an egg farm, and has eight hundred hens. His last season was a hard one, but with a yield of 27,700 eggs he was enabled to pullet through.

If a pretty poulteress marries a pill-monger, why may she be said to have made a bad bargain of it? Because she lets him have a duck, and gets nothing but a quack in return.

About half of the Maine ice crop remains unsold, and will be all ready for another season. All the ice harvested in that State was of excellent quality, especially that from the Kennebec river.

An editor in New Jersey brings delinquent subscribers to his counter in lively order by publishing obituary notices of them. When they have paid up arrears he contradicts the report of their deaths by saying they were only "dead beats."

In Hartford, Conn., there is an old servant-woman, over sixty, who has worked all her life for a dollar a week and her board. She has spent hardly anything of her earnings, and her savings put into the bank amount now to between $6,000 and $7,000. She has always refused to make a will, alleging that she would be sure to die if she made such evident preparations.

LABOR.

Some think it a hardship to work for their bread,
Although for our good it was meant;
Those who won't work have no right to be fed;
The idle are never content.

Honest employment brings pleasure and gain,
Which makes us our trouble forget;
Those who work hard have no time to complain;
'Tis better to labor than fret.

If we had riches, they could not procure
A happy and peaceable mind:
Rich people have trouble as well as the poor,
Although of a different kind.

It signifies not what our stations may be,
Or whether we have little or great;
For pleasure lies in the temper within,
And not in the outward estate.

We only need labor as hard as we can,
For all that our bodies do need;
Still doing our duty to God and to man.
Then we shall be happy indeed.

AN OLD GIRL'S ROMANCE.

"I would not marry *him*," said Victoire, saucily, laughing and displaying all her white teeth.

"And I would not marry her," replied Fred. "My wife shall be a brunette, not one of those washy white girls, I can tell you."

"Oh, indeed!"

The subject of discussion was this,—Captain Abraham Crocker was to marry Deborah Scrid on that very day. While these sharp young critics expressed their opinions, the following conversation occured in a comfortable white house on the main street.

"I guess you've missed it for once," said Uncle Asa.

"Yes, and folks can't say that the captain's lost by the bargain, neither," added mother, querulously. "Deborah's a sight younger than you be, Abby. You're thirty next July, if you're a day."

Abby Fowler, school-mistress, stood before the glass in the sitting room tying her yellow bonnet-strings, but she possessed sufficient dignity to make no reply. The face reflected in the glass flushed painfull, yet she said nothing. Mrs. Fowler, inserting work-stiffened fingers into a pair of new gloves, looked askanse at her daughter to see how she took it. She married respectably in her youth: why should not Abby, when a good opportunity had offered, too? Whims, fancies! Do not talk to a New England matron about girlish fancies, if you please.

Grandmother came in from the kitchen—a little old woman, with a nut-brown false-front and a black cap of unknown antiquity, disposed to take a gloomy view of life since her bit of money, put by in the bank, had been stolen by robbers, and apt to consider her old age a burden to others unless she worked her way.

"Abby's got on her best fixings, if she ain't the bride," said grandmother, in her thin, piping voice.

Poor Abby! Even grandmother proved a broken reed on the day of the Captain's wedding.

"You be the first old maid in our family," observed the old lady, pulling down her spectacle from the false front to the bridge of the sharp old nose. "If I only had my money back, I could leave it to ye. I dare say you'll need it yet. Deary me, them thieves!"

Passing along the village street, the school-mistress ran the gauntlet of public comment. "Abby looks mighty solemn over the weddin', Guess she's sorry," commented Rockybeach with one voice.

Yes, Captain Crocker was going to be married, and the event naturally created a sensation. He was burly in form, forty-five years of age, and not altogether a God-fearing man; for in his maturity he carried out a boast of early youth *not* to go to meeting three times on Sunday, and to sail chip boats in the cove instead if he chose. The village confessed all this with many shakes of the head; but then the captain was rich, and returning from his last voyage, had built the large house on the hill, with cupola and greenhouse. Gossip dwelt rapturously on the velvet carpets, curtains, and china therein contained, wondering who would be mistress of the new mansion. Lo! the captain cast a favorable eye on Abby Fowler, and in his choice evinced excellent judgment, as Rockybeach boasted not of her superior.

"I would rather work my fingers to the bone, or be a galley-slave," she said indignantly. "A woman can always go out to service if everything else fails, I suppose."

Then the rich man in his wrath wooed and won pretty Deborah, the milliner's daughter. Belle of the dry-goods' clerks was Deborah, fond of finery, and impatient of the snubs of older girls, who never lost an opportunity of putting her down. Might she not hold her head high as Mrs. Crocker, instead of measuring off ribbons for other people to wear behind her mother's counter?

"Mrs. Scrid's parlor over the shop was opened for the grand occasion, and thither flocked the guests. The room smelled of varnish, being used only for funerals and weddings. A portrait of the late Mr. Scrid seemed to stare down in round-eyed surprise at the unusual proceedings from the wall, and a little stove erected for the day blazed spitefully, blushing red on one side, and emitting a strong odor of blacking from the other. Flower-pots from the captain's conservatory were disposed about a gilt-looking glass. Mrs. Scrid and the neighbors who assisted her skurried about with flushed faces, and whispered nervously together in corners.

The minister came with his book; then the bride, conscious of her blue silk gown; then the bridegroom in a white waistcoat. Talk about the worldliness of city life! Condemn the European *mariage de convenance!* Verily, a trifle of the leaven must have crept into our country homes when young Deborah stood there in her blue gown willing to wed bottle-nosed Captain Crocker for the house on the hill. The minister made them man and wife, and Deacon Bangs overturned one of the flower-pots by way of conclusion to the ceremony. Perhaps the roses of Deborah's girlhood were then crushed forever. She enjoyed her hour of triumph. Rockybeach was very respectful to Mrs. Abraham Crocker. Uncle Asa cracked his joke with the happy couple. Cake was served, and lumpy ice-cream, congealed by Mrs. Scrid in a reluctant freezer. Rockybeach did not taste ice-cream every day. Returning home, the walk of the would-be spinster Abby was enlivened by doleful sighs on the part of her mother and occasional sniffs from Uncle Asa, more eloquent than words.

Grandmother piped over the dough she was kneading, "So Deborah's gone, eh? and we've got our Abby agin."

"You don't seem very grateful for the blessing," said Abby, grimly. And indeed it is small wonder if the poor soul *was* grim about that time.

She sought her own chamber, and took a band-box from the cupboard. A faded deguerreotype and packet of letters were enshrined in this homely receptacle. Ah me! little consolation even here. These relics belonged to Albert Marshall, lover of her youth, who had jilted her. At least she could be faithful to the memory of her dead love.

It is unpleasant to be no longer young, and still more unpleasant to be sharply reminded of the fact. While the captain and his bride were jaunting away in the stage coach on their wedding journey, Abby Fowler was fighting her own battle in her little room. She sat with her elbows on the sill of the window, through which her longing eyes had searched hungrily for a wider horizon many years. She was trying to face her future bravely; but strive as she would to paint it in vivid colors, she could find only pale neutral tints on the palette of her imagination. It looked blank enough, certainly. The first bloom of youth, which glorifies the plainest face, had vanished forever. The captain, in all his repulsive ugliness, was her last chance of having a home and family of her own. She was to join the army of the old girls. Fears came to her eyes as she pictured herself the unwilling recruit to swell the ranks.

"God help us all!" she ejaculated. "Why could there not be a war for women, to restore the balance? I suppose there's the heart of a robbed mate bleeding somewhere for every soldier sleeping on our battle-fields." If there was work for her to do in the world, she was willing to do it: the puzzle was to discover in which direction it lay. Her spirit rebelled against believing that the path of duty led only to the brick school house. She longed for a wider sphere; there was all the dormant energy in her nature which had carried her brothers to sea to perish in its storms.

"They died like brave men," said Abby, proudly.

Jane White could teach the academy. But she—what could she *not* do if she tried, with enthusiasm enough to learn? Here she made a mistake. No school-marm taught the young idea of Rockybeach as well as herself, especially in the matter of geography. This was the key of her ambition. She wished to see the world, and so described countries geographically to the children, in a way that could not fail to interest them. To be principal of the academy had once been her highest aim.

At the age of four her small feet had carried her up the hill to the fountain held sacred in all New England homes—the school-house—to receive her initiation into the mysteries of the alphabet. In those days a master reigned over the boys and girls—a master of the dry, reticent, learned type, wearing a wig, and addicted to snuff.

Later a girl of twelve, tall, thin, and freckled, with a limp sun-bonnet under her arm, stood before his table to hear the master dissect her first Greek translation. This girl was Abby Fowler. How he pierced it with little sarcasms and quotations! How he revealed the faulty construction of sentences! With a smile curving his thin lips, the master, having demonstrated that a larger crop of errors could not have flourished on the straggling page, gave it back. The girl received the paper in silence, but there was a warning glitter in her eye. If there was true metal in her, it would endure discouragement, the master reflected. There was metal, although he did not dream of the form into which fusion, from the fire of his severe rebuff, would shape it. Her pride was stung by this public exhibition of ignorance.

"I will learn enough to fill your place yet—see if I do not!" Thus spake the flashing eyes as they shattered rays of indignation on the back of the master's wig. Night and day the busy young brain toiled, stimulated by this aim. The pages swam before her eyes, her dreams became nightmares of unconquerable verbs and Sphinx-like problems. She worried herself into a fever, and out of it again, thanks to a strong constitution. The town came to speak of her as a "likely gal." Albert Marshall, young and enthusiastic, said, "Good for you!" Hopeful Marshall laughed indolently, while twining violets in her dark tresses, using the brook for a mirror. "What's the use of a woman's knowing so much?"

The solid structure of Abby's education, founded on a broad mathematical basis, had also domes and pinnacles of Greek, Latin and Hebrew, although she had no familiarity with modern languages, or music beyond the boundaries of psalm tunes. The old master was superannuated, and Abby duly installed, for Rockybeach held a unanimous opinion that a girl who could read the Scriptures in Hebrew, instead of plain English, was capable of reigning over the academy. But her spirit was progressive. She was infected with the indefinable restlessness which stirs all the nerve currents of a nation still young, with a vast inheritance of territory to cultivate, and a destiny to fulfill. Had she been a man, she would have gone to sea, or founded a home in the Rocky Mountains, whither she would have taken her household gods, her Longfellow and Whittier, her patent mowing-machine, her faith in brown-bread and cod-fish.

A tap on the door disturbed her meditations, and a pale, thin woman entered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Shah in London.

The following evening the theatre was visited. "They had sent expressly to Paris, and had called from thence Patti, who is one of the renowned songstresses of Firangistan (England). She sang most exquisitely. She accepted a fabulous sum of money and came to London. There was another also, Albani by name, from Canada, in America, who sang extremely well and performed some wonderful feats. At last we rose and went home." In connection with Drury Lane we have this memorandum:—"There was a young woman, a celebrated singer of the name of Nilsson from Sweden, whom the Heir Apparent caused to be sent up, and with whom some conversation was had. She goes every year to the theatres of the New World, St. Petersburg, &c., and makes a large income. She is now married to a Frenchman of the name of Gouseau" (Rouzand). It is unnecessary to follow the Shah through the round of receptions with which he was honored in London and other leading cities of England. Some of his notes touching prominent men are characteristic. Of "Lord Radcliffe," (the Right Honorable Lord Viscount de Redcliffe), he says:—According to one's recollections of the times," referring to some prominent events in his career, "he must be nearly eighty-five years old. He suffers from gout. Were he not so afflicted, I am of opinion that he is still in possession of the judgment, intellect and stamina for the English Government to confide important missions to him." Of general notes on the manners and customs of the English there are the following: "The beggars of Firangistan, instead of asking for alms, play on musical instruments, as guitars or violins, but never beg. If some one gives them money they take it; if not they go on playing. * * * There are multitudes of pigeons in Firangistan, as in Persia, pigeon flyers send them up. Especially in Belgium did we see many of them. * * * They place sucklings and little children in small carriages, and during the daytime wheel them about by hand in the avenues and on the lawns, in a very pretty manner; and the children go to sleep in the carriages." For the paucity of these observations the Shah tenders this naive apology:—"Well, had we the wish to write as they deserve all the particulars of the city of London, or of all England, we should have to write a voluminous history of England; but during a stay of only eighteen days in London it really has not been possible to write more than we have done. In justice we can but say that demeanor of the English and everything of theirs is extremely well regulated and governed and admirable. In respect to populousness, the wealth of the people the commerce, the arts, business, and *dole fariniente*, they are the greatest of all nations.

Early Rising.

"He who will thrive must rise at five." So says the proverb, but there is more rhyme than reason in it, for if

He who would thrive must rise at five,

it must follow, *a fortiori*,

He who'd thrive more must rise at four;

and it will insure a *fortissimo* that

He who'd still more thriving be
Must leave his bed at turn of three,
And who this latter would outdo
Will rouse him at the stroke of two.

and, by way of climax to the whole, it should hold good that

Who would never be outdone
Must ever rise as soon as one.

But the best illustration would be thus:

He who'd flourish best of all
Should never go to bed at all

A French Financier.

The Assize Court of the Seine, writes the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, has just condemned to five years' imprisonment a man named Mussot, well known in financial circles. Mussot has led during the last twenty years a curious life of adventure. When eighteen years of age he was a barber and hair-dresser; at twenty he was a soldier, and, after having served six years, established himself as a wig-maker. Soon afterward he married and emigrated to St. Petersburg, where he carried on a lucrative trade of selling *articles de Paris*. After he had been for a few years in Russia, he was seized with the very natural desire of returning to his own country. He came back with as many good recommendations as bank notes, and made such good use of the former that Baron Rothschild intrusted him with the care of his front door. He was a model porter and was held in great esteem by his employer, who took every opportunity of putting a job in his way. But this influential post was the origin of Mussot's ruin. Every day for many months he saw going past him an army of clerks, cashiers, discounters, bankers, wagons heavily laden with bullion, and an everlasting swarm of clients, who from morning till night came and went every moment. He caught the fever of speculation which reigned about him; he dreamed of that million of francs which is said to lead to a vast fortune; and one fine morning he left the check-string of the front door to set himself up as a financier. Mussot, who appears to have known how to make friends, immediately founded a banking and stock-broking house. In the short space of one year he was doing such a thriving business that he was able to establish seven branch houses in different quarters of Paris, employ a numerous staff of clerks, and attend to the interests of innumerable clients. Then when he had made the coveted million, and had but to stand still and let the golden tide fill his vaults with many more, his head became giddy with success, he took to gambling and led a fast life, entertaining everybody, keeping carriages and horses, and living in luxurious apartments. Mussot's million could not, of course, be expected to produce enough to pay for all these expenses. Mussot began by making debts, then spent the greater part of his capital and made more debts. When he found himself unable to pay these last, he did not hesitate to take out the securities which had been intrusted to him by his clients and to change these into money. This last financial operation was carried on until his clients had been despoiled of 480,250 francs and a warrant for his arrest had been obtained. Mussot fled to England on the 2nd of March, 1873, and shortly afterward, in virtue of the Extradition Treaty, he was handed over to the French Police.

Attempted Murder of a Son by a Father.

Yesterday, at the Rochester City Police Court, before a full bench of magistrates, a labourer named John Waters, residing at Northfleet, was charged with attempting to murder his son, George Waters, aged 24. About two o'clock on the previous Sunday morning, Police-sergeant Barnes was called to a house in Plough-yard, and upon entering it he found the prisoner's son insensible, and bleeding from a large wound in the throat. Medical aid was procured, and the wounded man was at once attended to. From inquiries made, the officer proceeded to the prisoner's house, and there charged him with attempting to murder his son. He was half delirious, as if recovering from the effects of drink, and a clasp-knife was found in one of his pockets, the blade of which was covered with blood, still wet. In answer to the charge he said he had been standing on his own defence, as his son had threatened to knock him on the head with a broom and throw him out of the house. Dr. Haynes certified that the injured man was too ill to appear, and the prisoner was remanded for a week. —*Times, Dec.* 2.

Destruction of Life in the Franco-Prussian War.

The loss on each side in the recent Franco-Prussian war was perfectly appalling. On the part of the Germans it was in killed 19,216, wounded 91,537, missing 6,195; total, 116,948. Of the French 89,000 were either killed in action or died of their wounds. This does not include the deaths among the civil population, caused by slaughter, famine, grief, &c. Nor does it include a large number of deaths resulting from wounds. Altogether it will be a low estimate to multiply the above number by four. In other words nearly half a million of lives were sacrificed on both sides in this war entered upon "with a light heart," as the French minister declared at the outset.

This statement in relation to the French, enables us to find the balance sheet of the empire under Louis Napoleon. Upwards of 120.000 Frenchmen are mouldering away in the Crimea. 40,000 died in Italy, 35,000 in Mexico, and 10,000 in sundry other distant expeditions. If we add to these the 89,000 men killed during the Franco Prussian war, we have a total of 294,000 victims, besides those outside of the army.

Not as Usual.

Common courtesy is often met with; but, for my part, I'd like to see a little *un*common courtesy. The sort of courtesy which refuses to snub children when it can be done as easily as not; which listens patiently to anybody's opinions, provided they are expressed with sincerity; which restores grandma's ball of "blue mixed" with as much alacrity as Miss Belle's dainty worsteds; which, in short, leads a man to treat others as well as himself—and a little better. Isn't that the everyday for "In honor *preferring* one another?" One does sometimes find it; and how beautiful is the personification! How quickly it puts us in good humor with ourselves, and consequently with the rest of the world! I know some persons who meet me with such sweet friendliness looking from their eyes, such heartfelt kindness radiating from every feature and thrilling through every tone of the voice, that, while thankful for a little, I am fain to wish there were more of the same stamp. The best courtesy is something independent of breeding, seeming rather to spring from native tact and delicacy. And courtesy pays. It is true there are some people who will requite kindness with contumely, but love begets love as a general thing. If, as men say, the world is hollow, our own tones ought to be gentle, if we would hear pleasant echoes.

Imitation Lace.

Irishwomen are skilled in the making of lace which is often mistaken for the genuine article. I have heard of a lady who purchased a quantity of what she believed to be old Roman point, in Italy, at a great expense. On bringing it home, she took it to her dressmaker in Dublin, and gave it to her as trimming for a dress, with many cautions against waste, and with repeated orders not to cut it unnecessarily. The woman smiled when she heard the discolored work called antique point. She got a magnifying-glass, and showed her customer that she had, in reality, bought Irish crotchet lace, which had been dipped in some yellowing fluid, in order to give it an appearance of great age. This clever expert was, moreover, able to tell from what part of the country it had originially been procured. Some ladies are very fond of purchasing sleeves and collars of this beautiful work, to wear at the *table d'hote* when travelling on the Continent, as it does not require what is technically termed doing up; when soiled, simple washing and drying will restore it to its pristine daintsness. Besides this, it is quite uninjured by any amount of pressing or crumpling.

Why Don't You Pray?

The *Congregationalist* of Boston has the following editorial item:—"Said a lady the other day who was visiting friends for a few weeks: 'Why don't you pray for the temperance cause? Neither on Sunday nor on week days, neither in the pulpit nor out of it, do I hear that great cause remembered in prayer.' And her question, we are afraid, might be asked with the same reason in many of our churches. A cause so identified with good order and the temporal, spiritual, and eternal interests of the family and the entire community, has too strong claims to be forgotten, and certainly no week ought to pass when the great issue involved in the temperance question are not remembered in prayer in the pulpit as well as the prayer-meeting."

Sound Common Sense.

If you are well let yourself alone. One of the greatest errors of the age is, we medicate the body too much, the mind too little. More persons are destroyed by eating too much than by drinking too much. Gluttony kills more than drunkenness in civilized society. The best gymnasium is a wood yard, a clearing, or a corn-field. A hearty laugh is known, the world over, to be a health promoter; it elevates the spirits, enlivens the circulation, and is marvellously contagious in a good sense. Bodily activity and bodily health are inseperable. If the bowels are loose, lie down in bed, remain there, and eat nothing until you are well. The three best medicines in the world are warmth, abstinence and repose.

Look Before You Leap.

Almost any error in life may be remedied save an error in marriage. If a man makes a mistake in one thing, he can rectify it by doing right about another; if one mine be unproductive, or one field barren, he can try for gold in a fresh direction—it is competent for him to turn up the sods of distant acres, and plant and reap there; but to find you have chosen wrong in marriage is as when a man discovers, just as his sun is close upon setting, that he has erred through life. There is no retracing either road. there is no getting rid either of the spent existence, or of the lawful wife; the day is gone, the decision is made beyond recall; and unhappy indeed is he who finds that he has taken the wrong turning.

Never trust with a secret a married man who loves his wife, for he will tell her, and she will tell her sister, and her sister will tell everybody.