

1st Notice of *Shut*
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ALEX. SCOTT,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR OF
"THE YORK HERALD."
TERMS: \$1 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
Keep Book and Job Printing Establishment.
OFFICE—YONGE ST., RICHMOND HILL.
VOL. XVI. NO. 46.

The York Herald.

RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO, CANADA. FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1875.

THE YORK HERALD
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE
YONGE ST., RICHMOND HILL.
Issued Weekly on Friday Morning.
Terms—One Dollar per Annum in Advance.
ALEX. SCOTT, PROPRIETOR.

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.
All letters addressed to the editors must be post-paid.

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Three inches, one year, 3 00
Advertisements for a shorter period than one year, by special arrangement, 50
Each subsequent insertion, 0 25
22 inches to be considered one column.
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Printers for any of the undermentioned description of
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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.

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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, 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 quality.
Richmond Hill, Jan 25, '72 705

THOMAS CARR,
Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Groceries, Wines, and Liquors, Thornhill. By Royal Letters Patent has been appointed Licensor of Marriage Licenses.

DENTISTRY.
A. ROBINSON'S, L. D. S.
New method of extracting teeth without pain, by the use of the 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 operate at the following places prepared to extract teeth with his new apparatus. All office operations in Dentistry performed in a workmanlike manner:
Aurora, 1st, 3rd, 16th and 22d of each month
Newmarket, " " " " 2d " "
Richmond Hill, 9th and 24th " " " "
Mt. Albert, " " " " 15th " "
Thornhill, " " " " 23rd " "
Maple, " " " " 26th " "
Burkwick, " " " " 28th " "
Kleinburg, " " " " 29th " "
Nobleton, " " " " 30th " "
Nitrous Oxide Gas always on hand at Aurora.
Aurora, April 28, 1870 615-4f

W. H. & R. PUGSLEY,
(SUCCESSORS TO W. W. COX.)
DUTCHERS, RICHMOND HILL, HAVE
Always on hand the best of Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork, Sausages, &c., and sell at the lowest prices for Cash, which should be noted.
Also, Corned and Spiced Beef, Smoked and Dried Ham.
The highest market price given for Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, &c.
Richmond Hill, Oct. 24, '72 745-1y

FARMERS' BOOT AND SHOE STORE
JOHN BARRON, manufacturer and dealer
in all kinds of boots and shoes, 35 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

ADAM H. MEYERS, JR.,
(Late of Duggan & Meyers.)
BARRISTER AT-LAW,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, CONVEYANCER, &c., &c.
OFFICE—No. 12 York Chambers, South-east Corner of Toronto and Court Streets, Toronto, Ont.
January 15, 1873. 756-1y

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 practicing 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, 1873. 607

PATENT MEDICINES. PROCLAMATION.

MUSTARD'S Catarrh Specific Cures Acute and Chronic cases of Catarrh, Neuralgia, Headache, Colds, Coughs, Grou, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. It is also a good Soothing Syrup.
MUSTARD'S Pills are the best pills you can get for Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Bileousness, Liver, Kidney Complaints, &c.
HAVE your 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 to expel worms. Try it. 700-y

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. 700-1y

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

He Bet Because the Odds Were Great.

A son of the Funderland went into Barney Galligan's saloon the other day and called for a drink. Barney observed how blooming he was with the "rosy" already, and shook his head, saying, "You have had enough." "Enough of what, I guess?" asked the Funderland. "Enough to drink!" "Who is running my machine, you or I?" "You are, and you are running it into the ground."
"I bade you ten dollars that I am a liar," said he, slamming his hand down on the bar.
"There is no bet there?" said Barney, laughing.
"Give us a drink."
"No, you are drunk now."
"I bade you not."
"Well, I'll bet you fifty dollars to one that you are drunk," said Barney, while quite a number gathered round to see the fun.
"Good enough, I bade you," said he, pulling out enough fractional currency to make a dollar. "Now who will you leave it mid?"
"I'll leave it to yourself. Are you not drunk?"
"Yes, by jingoos, I am," said he mournfully. "Take der dollar."
A friend of his happened to be in the crowd and upbraided him for deciding against himself.
"But it was der drudh."
"Well, supposing it was, what did you want to bet for, then?" "I could not help it—der odds was so great," he replied, turning away more in sorrow than in anger.

Gems of Thought.

A man falling into dark waters seeks a momentary footing even on sliding stones.
Leisure is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing.
It is seldom that the miser can help regarding their misery as a wrong inflicted by those who are less miserably.
The block of granite which was an obstacle in the path of the weak becomes a stepping-stone in the path of the strong.
Compared with woman, who may be said to be an iron rod painted like a reed, man is but a reed, painted to pass for iron.
Every man's work, pursued steadily, tends to become an end in itself, so as to bridge over the loveless chasms of his life.
Depend upon it, the most fatal idleness is that of the heart. And the man who feels weary of life may be sure that he does not love his fellow beings.

Fifty-three years ago the brig *Spanish Main* was lost off Meagher's Head, N.S., having on board a quantity of gold and silver. A Prospect man has recently been diving for the treasure, and has succeeded in getting a number of doubloons, and is in hopes of finding more. When he gets through that job he ought to start on the *sunken Planter*, which was lost off point Lepreaux with a freight of silver dollars.

Philadelphia is going to borrow \$700,000 to extend water facilities to the Centennial Grounds. The chief engineer, however, says the extension will cost \$1,125,000.

A LOVE STORY.

O, lay that dreary book away, And list to me—O, list to me! While waxes the purple of the day, A story I will tell to thee. Lay not thy book away in rath, With longing look or feigned sighs: You know you'd rather read the truth Within the iris of my eyes.

The swift air murmured silver clear, A moment since, "She comes to thee." Your pulses told you I was near, So don't pretend you do not see. My brief, brief story, never rare, Is only sweet as it is true: O, don't pretend you do not care, When all the while you know you do.

For from the winy warmth of spring A fancy flashed in ruby gleam—"You'd teach my heart a deeper thing—Than I had ever dreamed in dreams. Well, I have learned your lesson now, Have learned it all—O, look and see! The brief of sweet lesson in your eye, You said your heart would teach to me."

Man, eager in his quest for power, For fame, to live for evermore, Will always use a wretched hour: To teach a woman love's dear lore; For, after all, the prize is rare, A claim that pierces also or dome. He never dear as voices are, That tell him he is loved at home.

'Tis hardly worth your while to-day To look so very, very wise; You'll lay that dull old book away To read the story in my eyes. To list the story on my tongue, The one you wish to hear from me, The story sweet it said or sung—"I love but thee, I love but thee."

IN AN ELEVATOR.

"Mrs. James Alsop, at home on the Thursdays of December from 2 to 5 p. m. Hotel Kellerman, West Roylston Street."

It was the last Thursday of December, and quite a little throng of fashionable people had assembled at the Hotel Kellerman in response to this card. The preceding Thursdays had been wet and stormy; this was a model winter's day, crisp with frost and sparkling with sun. Carriages drew up before the door in long, double rows; a mob waited on the sidewalk to watch the ladies going in; the elevator was on the wing continually, bearing gorgeous dames aloft to the third story. It was a busy afternoon for the porter and the elevator boy; but as that functionary, as you know, is not a man of much consequence, he was not to be seen. He was, however, in the house, especially such a stunner as this one. Gorry! ain't she a beauty neither? I'd like to be a-takin' of her up all day!

Estella Blodgett had always been called a beauty. Why, was not so easy to say, for, as she herself once candidly remarked, "When you come to look at me I'm not so very pretty—in fact no prettier than other people." This was quite true. Beauty often consists in a certain nameless charm; brightness, unexpectedness, tact and sweetness combined, and these Estella had. For the rest, there were dark hair and eyes, a clear brilliant skin, a dimple, a white slender hand; but, as I said, she was no prettier than American girls are apt to be, only people persisted in thinking her so. She wore these unmerited laurels gracefully enough; success did not spoil her; her list of friends numbered as many women as men which is always a test to the quality of a beauty. But never, people agreed, had Estella Blodgett been sweeter, more unaffectedly cordial and fascinating, than was Estella Alsop that afternoon, as she glided about her pretty new rooms, welcoming, greeting, making every one feel at home.

"How happy she looks," observed Mrs. Dalrymple.
"Well, who wouldn't be happy with the loveliest French tresseau that ever was made, and such a nice husband as hers is?" asked Constance Ferris.
Two or three people laughed at the unconscious warmth of Constance's tone.
"For my part," put in Alice Ordway, "I never could quite see that James Alsop was so charming. He shuts me right up; I don't get on with him at all. Estella used to feel so, too, and I never understood how she came to like him at the last."
"Ah, you never tried him in an elevator, said Mrs. Dalrymple, looking funny.
"In an elevator! What do you mean?"
"Oh, thereby hangs a tale."
"Who is that lady in gray that has just come in?" inquired Constance. "See, Estella is speaking to her now."
"How pleased Mrs. Alsop looks!"
Estella was looking more than pleased. She had kissed the lady in gray twice as they met, and now she stood holding her hands and speaking rapidly.
"You brought your bag, Ernest? You are going to stay? I've set my heart on having you christen our spare room."
"Yes, the bag is outside. Never mind it now, or me. We shall have time for all that by-and-by, and you have your other friends to see to."
They are beginning to go. It is almost five. Run into my bedroom, Ernest; the one next this one, and take off your bonnet."
"The elevator!—do tell me what you mean," persisted Alice Ordway, detaining Mrs. Dalrymple.
"Come around for five o'clock tea

to-morrow, and you shall have the full, true, and particular history," promised that lady. "It is too late for story-telling now. I must go."
The last guest had departed, and Estella ran back into the drawing-room.

"Now, Ernest, dear old Ernest, I have you to myself at last. Come and get settled, and make believe you have lived here always. See, this is your room. Isn't it cosy?"
It is charming—looking about dainty chamber, with its walls and carpet of pale gray touched with blue and its fresh chintzes and gay little fire. "I never saw anything prettier or more complete. How do you like living on a flat, Stella?"
"Oh, very much. I don't know about flats in general; but this is delightful, quiet, convenient, and I am so high up that we really have something like a view. James and I are very proud of our view. But we began with pleasant associations, you know. The Peytons used to live here. Such nice people! And here it was that it all began!"
"Yes, our *if*. Dear old stupid, you know what I mean; our engagement, no, not our engagement—that came later—but our finding each other out, the preliminary emotions, and all that."
"I want to hear about 'all that,'" said Ernestine, as they returned to the drawing-room and settled themselves before the fire. "I missed the letter you wrote at the time of your engagement, you remember, and I really know almost nothing, except that here you are."
"So you did. Well"—looking at the clock—"there's a good hour before dinner, and James will be late to-day, because he has gone to a faculty meeting. You know, of course, that he's a professor, and excessively wise and learned."
"Yes; I know so much."
"I used to be dreadfully afraid of him," went on Estella, with a little laugh. "He isn't a society man at all and doesn't know how to get on with young ladies. He used to talk to me sometimes at parties, but I was always stiff and silent. He made me feel shy and ignorant and light-minded, somehow, the only man that ever did, and I quite thought that I disliked him. In fact, I used to say so. Several of the girls felt the same."
"The Peytons lived in these rooms last winter. Dear me! it is only last winter? It seems as if it must have been years ago, so much has happened since. They were lovely people, gay and kind, always giving the nicest little parties. They've gone to Europe now, or I should want you to know them. Well, they were going to have a little dinner on Mrs. Peyton's birthday, the 2nd of December—just the Dalrymples and the Sargents; and Mrs. Peyton was to ask a gentleman to match me: eight of us there were to be. Harry Allen was to be the gentleman. He was a great ally of mine, and we all agreed that it would prove quite a perfect little affair."
"The very day before I had a note from Mrs. Peyton to say that Harry Allen's stepmother was dead, and she must get some one else. Who would I like? I wrote back that it didn't matter much; Leslie Clark would be nice if he were disengaged. But though I said so I did care a good deal. You know it makes a difference who takes you in at one of those little dinners. Your evening is pleasant or stupid according to whether the person next you is nice or not; so I hoped Leslie Clark would be available; for though he doesn't amount to very much, he is always chatty and agreeable *et homme du monde*.
"Somehow I had a feeling that the evening was going to be important! Isn't it strange how such impressions seize upon you? I never took much pains in my toilette for any party and my dress was lovely, though I say it—one of those cream-white Chinese stuffs made up over pale yellow; and I had a splendid great velvet rose with all the smell of summer in it, for the *corsage*, and a set of brown crystals. I really looked remarkably nice, and set out in the highest spirits. So you can imagine my feelings when, just as I was getting out of my carriage, another drew up, and James Alsop stepped out in dress coat and gloves, evidently bound for the dinner. Leslie Clark had proved engaged, and Mrs. Peyton, casting about for a substitute, lighted upon James. She hadn't the least idea, of course, that I disliked him."
"It makes me laugh to recollect how cross I felt. And he looked equally dissatisfied. He confessed now that he was a good deal put out. My shyness and avoidance had rebuffed him, and he made up his mind that I was frivolous, and that he would let me alone in future.
"With a vague hope that he might be bound for the first store or the second, I remarked, 'Good-evening, Mrs. Alsop. Are you both en route for Mrs. Peyton's?'
"For Mrs. Peyton's," he replied, with a stiff little bow. Then we took our place in the elevator as gloomily as though we were going to funeral instead of a dinner party. Dear me! how funny it was! The

man below started us, and up we went. There wasn't any elevator boy then. That's an improvement since our accident."
"An accident! Did you have one?"
"Oh dear, yes—the most ridiculous possible. Half-way between the second floor and the third the elevator stuck. What was the matter exactly I have never been able to understand, though James has explained it several times; but I think the chain was clogged in some way, and wouldn't work either up or down. When it first stopped we thought it some mistake and waited patiently, but after a minute James grew uneasy. He twitched at the rope, but all to no purpose; then he began to call, hoping somebody below would hear us.
"We were so near the Peytons' floor that we could see the light shining through the glazed door at the top. The elevator had an open-work roof—criss-cross, you know, with quite large holes between the criss-crossings. It was not dark; we could see each other plainly. By-and-by we heard bells ringing below in a distracted way, feet running up the stairs, and voices; then the door at the top shot back and somebody called out:
"Miss Blodgett, are you there?"
"Yes," I said, "I wish I wasn't."
"What's the matter with the pulleys?" asked James.
"Oh, Alsop, you too? It isn't the pulleys, they say, it's something else. But it will be all right in a few minutes; they've sent for a man to come and fix it."
"Was there ever anything so provoking since the world began?" said Mrs. Peyton, whose profile we could just see through the open-work. "Don't catch cold, Estella, whatever you do. Keep your cloak tightly around you. You'll see that she's wrapped up, won't you, Mr. Alsop? It's such a comfort that you are there to take care of her."
"Are you warm enough?" asked James, in a formal voice.
"Yes, indeed," and I showed him that my wrap was lined with fur.
"That is well," he said; "there is always a draught in a shaft like this."
"Well, of course nobody could keep on being stiff under such circumstances—we got to talking. The dinner party arrived, the Dalrymples and Sargents. One by one they came to the glazed door to look down and pity us, and what between sympathy and the ludicrous nature of our fix, they laughed and we laughed, till we were in the merriest of moods. All this time confused sounds of saving and scraping came from below, but we remained immovable.
"Do go to dinner," I called out, for I knew Mrs. Peyton's cook must be on tenter-hooks. "We don't care for soup, do we, Mr. Alsop? We will come in for the fish."
"No, neither of us eats soup," echoed James. "Pray, begin without us, Mrs. Peyton. We'll make our appearance when you get to something we like."
"There were all sorts of polite demurs, of course, but at last they went and left us *te-te-te*.
"This is absurd enough," said James.
"Yes," I said, "but after all it might be worse. It is only to forget that we can't get out. Let's make believe as the children say, that we are at a party, and that this is a cosy little boudoir, into which we have come to rest ourselves and entertain each other, and it will be quite nice."
"I had no idea you were such a philosopher," said James. I could see that he was smiling behind his moustache. "A boudoir be it by all means, and we will entertain each other."
We did. What we talked about I couldn't pretend to say—everything in heaven and earth, I think—poetry, science, religion, gossip. James says it was the pleasantest evening he ever spent. He says I never looked so pretty in my life—I was only half visible, you know—and that the rose in my dress kept darting out delicious sudden smells which affected his head and cast him into a glamor. It is all nonsense, of course; but do you know, Ernest, I do think that he fell a little in love with me then and there, and I with him?
"Every little while someone would leave the table to condole with us, and report just how far the dinner had progressed. Now it was the game, now the salad, now the *biscuit glacé*. I began to grow hungry, and James became ravenous.
"I say," he called out to Mrs. Peyton. "If some sandwiches were cut very long and narrow, and judiciously lowered, I think we could entice them in through this network."
"I suppose we did look like chickens in a coop. Never was anything so absurd seen as Mr. Peyton and Mr. Dalrymple dangling morsels of bread and butter and chicken tied to long strings toward us, and James spearing them with the hook of his umbrella. They sent down fried oysters, one by one, wrapped in paper. They sent down macaroons and lady-biscuits. A good many things lodged on top of the elevator, but some came in, and we were very glad of them. They even attempted Champagne in a

Cologne bottle, but that upset, and rained down on my dress.
"What a pity!" cried James, sponging me with his handkerchief. "Your gown is ruined, I fear."
"Champagne improves everything," I said, and laughed it off. "I really didn't care. What the singularity of our adventure, and all the fun we had made, and was quite enjoying myself, and the gown seemed of no consequence. Dear old gown! I have it still. James says I am always to wear it on the anniversary of that evening."
"All this time I was lost in wonder that he should be so agreeable. I can't tell you, Ernest, how nice he was that night. All his scholarly stiffness melted away; he was easy, merry, and oh! so kind. I found myself talking to him of all sorts of trifles, which the day before I should as soon thought of confiding to the observatory. I even told him what I was going to wear to the charity ball. Think of that!
"It was ten o'clock before the elevator stirred. Then it gave a jerk, and before we could speak, down it fell with a dreadful smashing rapidity. The stupid people, in trying to mend matters, had let the chain slip off the wheel. Oh! it makes me shudder now to think of it. The sensation was sickening.
"Were you hurt?"
"No; never was such a miraculous escape. Do you know in the very middle of our descent I recollected having read somewhere that to rise on your tiptoes and come down again on the soles of your feet at the moment of touching would break such a fall. And I rose on mine.
"Wonderful! And were you really not hurt?"
"Hardly at all. I was jarred and bruised a little, and James a good deal more, for I hadn't time to tell him about the tiptoes, and he was intent holding me firm. Our friends from above rushed down, expecting to find us in little pieces, and were beside themselves with joy when we were drawn out almost unharmed. We all vowed that we should never venture again into an elevator, but, bless you, we have all broken the vow since. Such a house as this would be uninhabitable without one."
"I really don't think I shall," said Ernestine, looking quite pite. "It terrifies me to remember that only to-day I came up in this of yours."
"Oh, ours is the safest in the city now. You know the superstition about the cannon balls never entering twice at the same place. We have had our accident, and it is over. Besides, Mr. Kellerman had the apparatus entirely changed, and they say now that such a thing could not happen."
"So then and there your romance began," remarked her friend.
"Then and there. Of course James came to see me afterward, and kept coming, and I had quite got over being afraid of him, and so—and so—Ah, there he is at last," as the door opened. "James, dear, how late you are! Come here and be introduced to my Ernest."

Miscellaneous Items.

Why are the days in summer longer than the days in winter? Because it is hotter in summer, and heat expands.
What a severe critic is time! With what a ruthless hand he blots out the praise of mortals! How quietly he shuts down his extinguisher upon lights that the world said would never go out!

A somnambulist dry goods merchant out West recently rose from his couch, neatly out the bed-quilt in two with his pocket-scissors, and then asked his terrified wife if he couldn't show her something else.

Boston offers some prodigies in the way of cats. Five kittens were born in one of its suburbs recently, each of which was joined to another after the manner of the Siamese Twins. The owner, who had doubtless never heard of Barnum, had them all drowned. At the South End, the Boston Herald says, a lady has a kitten, now two months old, which has five heads—one in the usual place, and one at each knee-joint on both front and hind legs. The tail grows perpendicularly up from the back, and cannot be bent downward without causing the animal to cry.

Gaston Larche, upon being convicted of arson in a New Orleans court, dramatically swallowed the contents of a vial, and fell to the floor writhing and groaning. He was put on a sofa amid the intense excitement of the spectators, and a physician was hurriedly sent for. The physician who came did not use the stomach-pump which he brought along, but held ammonia under Larche's nose. The fellow tried hard to maintain a semblance of insensibility, but finally gave it up, and confessed that he had been shamming. He had hoped to be sent to the hospital, from which he might escape.

Silver mining news published in the *Algoma Pioneer*, of a late date, is as follows:—"The Silver Inlet mine has stopped paying the month until the 1st of June, with the exception of \$5 per month, which is allowed each man. The erection of the stamp works is proceeding very quickly. The Shuniah mine, with only four men at work, continues to take out from a barrel to a barrel and a half of very rich silver, and has done so for weeks. Thunder Bay is expected to start with renewed vigour upon the opening of navigation. A mine is also expected to start again, although nothing very definite is known regarding it as yet.

Don't use a hard pencil. At least that is the advice that a Hamilton benedict gives his friends. He explains thus: His wife desires him to write a note to a lady inviting her to meet a party of friends at their house. After "hubby" had done as his wife desired, and started to post the note, she saw on another piece of paper an impression of what he had written. It was: "Sweet Emma, Eliza desires your company on Wednesday, to meet the Wellers. Don't fail to come, and then, my darling, I shall have the happiness of a long walk home with you, and a sweet good-night kiss. I dare not see you often, or my all-consuming love would betray us both. But, Emma dear, don't fail to come." The wife paid "sweet Emma" a visit, and the result was that Emma didn't accept the kind invitation.

Of all the myths of the fairy ages, of its many legends and enchantments, true love seems to be the one great charm which has come down to us unchanged by time, untouched by steam engines, and unexplained by science. Revenge may still exist with its daggers and flashes, and melodramatic boots and teeth, but we feel little sympathy for it, and are glad to see it looking more and more clumsy and out of place, except indeed in a police court or on the boards of a Surrey theatre. Mystery is also somewhat old-fashioned, and its poor old veils are sadly torn about and darned, and its wonders and terrors exploded. High flown romance seems out of tune with our modern ideas, but true love is true love by whatever signs and language it is spoken—as long as hearts beat, as long as life exists, in whatever age, iron or golden, we may seek it.—*Miss Thackeray*.

One of the "biggest strikes," it is said, ever made in Utah, except that by which the English stockholders of the Emma Mine were struck, is that in the Neptune and Kempton in the Jordan and Galena mines in Bingham Canon. These discoveries consist of a true vein of copper ten feet wide, with well-defined foot and hanging walls. Native copper is discernible to the naked eye all through the immense vein, says a correspondent of the *Salt Lake Tribune*, for which it vouches. The Neptune and Kempton is now shipping ten tons per day, which average the Company \$75 per ton. In the Jordan and Galena the vein is of the same width, and has been uncovered for a distance of 90 feet. Shipments from the mine will begin at once. The ore is easily worked, and three men can take out an average of ten tons daily. These mines surpass anything ever discovered in the famous Lako Superior copper region, and will bring millions to the pockets of the lucky owners.

Useful Knowledge.

A man walks 4 miles an hour; a horse trots 7; steamboats run 18; sailing vessels 10; slow rivers flow 4; rapid rivers 7; a moderate wind blows 8; storm moves 26; hurricane 80; a rifle ball 1,000; sound 143; light 190,000; electricity, 280,000. A barrel of flour, 135 pounds; a barrel of pork, 200; barrel of rice, 600; barrel of powder 25; firkin of butter, 56; tub of butter, 84. Wheat, beans and clover seed, 60 pounds to the bushel; corn, rye and flax seed, 56; buckwheat 25; barley 48; oats, 35; bran 20; timothy seed 45; coarse salt, 85. Sixty drops make a drachm; 8 drachms an ounce, 4 ounces a gill, 16 gills a pint, 60 drops a teaspoonful, 4 teaspoonfuls a tablespoonful or half an ounce, 2 tablespoonfuls an ounce; 8 tablespoonfuls a gill, 2 gills a coffee or tumbler, 8 fluid ounces a teacupful. Four thousand eight hundred and forty square yards an acre; 640 acres a square mile. To measure an acre; 209 feet on either side making a square acre within an inch. There are 2,750 languages. Two persons die every second. A generation is 15 years, average of life, 13 years. The standing army in Prussia, war times, 1,200,000; France, 1,360,000; Russia, 1,000,000; Austria, 825,000; Italy, 2,000,000; Spain, 100,000; Belgium, 65,900; England, 75,000; United States, 24,000. Roman Catholics in United States, 5,000,000. Mails in New York city are 100 tons per day. New York consumes 600 beehives, 700 calves, 20,000 sheep, and 20,000 swine in winter.—*Journal of Health*.

The Falling Tear.

An old woman sat on a bench in the Grand Trunk depot, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, when a portly man, full of sympathy, said to another:
"Tis sad to see the falling tear, it always makes my heart ache to see an aged person in trouble."
Walking up to her he kindly asked:
"My good woman, why these tears—why do you weep?"
"I've got the wust cold in my head I've had for forty-six years."