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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, etc., and sell at the lowest prices for Cash.

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PETER S. GIBSON, PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR, Civil Engineer and Draughtsman. Orders by letter should state the Concession, 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, etc., previous to commencing work.

ADAM H. MEYERS, JR., (Late of Duggan & Meyers.) BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-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, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 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.

PATENT MEDICINES. MUSTARD'S Catarrh Specific Cures Acute and Chronic cases of Catarrh, Neuralgia, Headache, Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., it is also a good Soothing Syrup.

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WM. MALLOY, BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, Solicitor-in-Chief, Conveyancer, &c. Office—No. 6 Royal Insurance Buildings, 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.

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

Cheating an Innocent Old Man. [From the Vicksburg Herald.] One day last month when trade was dull, a Vicksburg grocery clerk procured a piece of sole leather from a shoemaker, painted it black, and laid it aside for future use. In a few days an old man came back in the country and inquired for a plug of chewing tobacco. The piece of sole leather was tied up, paid for, and the purchaser started for home. At the end of the sixth day he returned, looking downcast and dejected, and walking into the store, he inquired of the clerk:

"Member that tobacco I got here the other day?" "Well, was that a new brand?" "No—same old brand." "Regular plug tobacco, was it?" "Well, then, it's me; it's right here in my jaw," sadly replied the old man. "I know I was gittin' purty old, but I was altho I had on bitin' plug. I never seed a plug that I couldn't tear to pieces at one chew. I set my teeth on to one, and bit and pulled and twisted like a dog at a root, and I've kept bitin' and pullin' for six days, and thar she am now, the same as the day you sold her to me."

"Seems to be a good plug," remarked the clerk, as he benefited the old man. "She's all right; it's me that's failin'," exclaimed the old man. "Pass me out some more, and I'll go home and deed the farm to the boys, and get ready for the grave!"

A CHIEF'S tiger is roaming around Brazil, Ind., and men who never stayed at home an evening since they can remember are now to be found in the bosom of their families.

A BICYCLE race of fifty miles for the Championship of England and France took place at Ardennes, Belgium, and resulted in the victory of the Briton by one yard. The narrow race over so long a course has never been recorded.

OTT of the £100,000 worth of dollars sunk in the ill-fated *Scheller*, no less than £40,000 have been already recovered. This is the more meritorious as such is the condition of the vessel that much of its iron-work has to be supported by chains while the intrepid divers go about their work beneath it.

ANOTHER husband and wife were celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding, and when quite a little circle were gathered about them, the husband, with not a little self-conceit, said: "Here my wife and I have been married for twenty-five years, and in all that time neither of us have ever spoken to the other an excited or unkind word." "Thunder," said the witty Dr. M., "what a stupid time you must have had of it!"

LAVENDER. How proud we are to hide and hoard Each little token love has stored, To tell of happy hours, We're soiled with tenderness, A lettered book, a curl of hair, A bunch of faded flowers.

When Death has led with pale hands Our darling to the silent land, While we sit here, But time goes on; when we rise, Our dead being buried from our eyes, We gather what is left.

The books they loved, the songs they sung, The little bits whose music rang, No cheerier of life, The pictures we have watched them paint, The last plucked flower with odor faint, That fell from fingers cold.

We smooth and fold with reverent care The robes they wore, and with us wear: And in our hearts, As o'er the relics of our dead, We bid the tears we spread, Pale, purple lavender.

And when we come in after years, With only tender April tears, On cheeks once white with care, To look at treasures long away, Despairing, on that far-off day, A subtle scent is there.

Dew-wet and fresh we gathered them, Those fragrant flowers—now every stem Is bare of all its bloom, Tear-wet and sweet we strewed them here, To lend our robes sacred, dear, The purple perfume.

NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL! A TALK FOR "TIGHT TIMES," BY JOHN ROSS DIX. CHAPTER I. THE LOSS. There never was—there never can be, so happy a fellow as myself. What more have I to wish for? Mary adores me; I adore Mary. To be sure—she is at New York—detained there; but I hear from her almost daily, and we are to be united for life in a fortnight. Then again, Jack Appleby—my old school-fellow—I don't believe there's anything in the world he wouldn't do for me. I know there's no living being he loves half as much!

And you, too, I continued, to my dog, who lay on the carpet at my feet; old Bo'son, ain't you the best and handsomest Newfoundland in the world? Bo'son, finding himself addressed, wags leisurely from his slumbers, and fixed his eyes on mine with an affirmative expression, then rubbed his head against my hand and sunk into repose.

"That dog is a philosopher!" said I; he never says a word more than is necessary. Then, again, not only blessed in love and in my dog—but what luck it was to sell, in these war times, two, those old, lumbering houses of my father's for so many thousands of dollars, and to have the money paid down the very day I bargained was concluded!

By the way, though I had forgot, thought I I may as well write to Messrs. Bang & Slamer about that money, and request them to hand over to me the five thousand dollars on the following morning. Then I returned to Bo'son, as usual, keeping watch at my chamber door.

"Here am I, left all alone, just in the middle of the busiest time, and with such an accumulation of business; it is most perplexing. It was so inconsiderate of Mr. Bang!"

Worried beyond bearing; incapable of listening any longer to the lamentations of Mr. Slamer, and perceiving that he was too much engrossed by the perplexities of his own case to yield any attention to my distresses, I seized my hat and hastily departed to seek elsewhere for the advice and consolation I required.

"I'll go to Jack Appleby," I exclaimed. "He's always sensible, always right, always kind and sympathizing. He'll feel for me, at all events; he'll suggest what steps had better be taken in this painful emergency."

"With this miserable pun the coxcomb moved off; he made my misfortune the subject of a joke. "It will not be so with you, Jack Appleby," I muttered, as I tapped at his door.

"Where has he gone?" "Where is he gone? Oh! he's had it's not myself can tell, anyhow!" "Is his servant in the way?" "Faith, no, sir; he's gone, as well he might, at his master's bidding."

"How did they go?" "How did they go, is it? Why, in for a coach and pair, to be sure; he was sent for in a hurry."

"Start airy? Shure, no; you went very late, and as soon as Mr. Appleby came home from dining in Boston—" "Boston? Why the deuce should Jack have dined in Boston?" "Shure, I dunno, sir; but he came home two hours before his servant expected him, and ordered the horses directly."

"Indeed! what has happened?" "Indeed, it has happened, sir, and Mister Appleby's man told what happened, said the girl. "My master's great friend, Mr. Travers, is clanc mused; his lawyer cleared out with all his money."

ment, to execute summary justice, I drew a pistol and ordered him to take to the water, in order to shoot him as he swam. But he refused to obey me.

"My impatience would brook no delay. I was in no humor to be thwarted. Standing up, I endeavored to throw Bo'son overboard. My purpose failed; my balance was lost, and in a moment I was struggling in the water. Dear me! all the horrors seemed near and certain. I could not swim. But poor Bo'son swam to my rescue, and sustaining my head above water, he bore me to the boat."

Once seated there and saved, my conscience became penetrated with the bitterest feelings of remorse and shame. I felt like one who had in intention committed murder, and as a benefactor. I felt sorrow now—no anger. As soon as I got on shore I got into a carriage with my dog.

The first object that met my eye was a letter from Mary. With a desperate effort I opened it and read— "Boston, May— "DEAREST CHARLES—I did not write yesterday, because my aunt unexpectedly decided to visit Boston. We are now here, at the Revere House. Come to us directly; or if this wicked thief of Mr. Bangs—which, by the way, will I consent to name no more, a quieter, and therefore a happier home, than we should otherwise have had—obliges you to be among bad people, come to dinner at four, or at all events, be with us this evening. I love you, dearest Charles, your ever affectionate— "MARY."

And she was after all really true. My own wicked suspicions only were at fault. In five minutes I was descending the stairs to obey her summons. A carriage suddenly stopped before the door, and a gentleman, who I knew to be the man who had been in the room the day before, got out, and, after a brief conversation with the driver, he entered the house. I saw him enter, and he was after him."

"What do you mean? Beat who?" "Thatascal, Bang, to be sure. Did they not tell you I got scent of his starting, and was after him?"

"No, indeed, Jack, they never told me that!" "Well, never mind, I overtook him, got my money, and here it is; take more care of it, please!" "If I had been humbled and ashamed of myself before, I felt doubly so now. Taking my friend by the arm, and calling Bo'son, I said: "By-and-by, Jack, you shall hear it all, and be thanked as you ought to be. This world is a good world—the women are true—the friends are faithful."

"I can't understand what you're driving at, Charles." "You're presently," I said. And in the course of half an hour all was told. Of course I am married now, and with Mary for a wife, Jack for a friend, and Bo'son for an attached companion. I am superlatively happy, and believe that the world is "not so bad after all!"

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS. It is said that 20,000 pairs of kid gloves were sold in Saratoga during race and regatta weeks.

"How sweet, but how bald for one so young," is what a nice young lady remarked about an infant.

It is a pleasant thing to see roses and lilies glowing upon a young lady's cheek, but a bad sign to see a man's face break out into blossoms.

There is no place like home. Fallacious. If your home be in a row of houses, it is probable that the homes of your neighbors will be like yours.

A SOUTHERN farmer said that carpets looked handsomer on a floor, but he couldn't afford to hire some one to carry carpet out doors every time he wanted to spit.

A MAN called on a dilatory debtor and politely said: "If you'll pay me the amount of your bill immediately, you'll oblige me; if not, I shall have to oblige you."

Mrs. SWIRHELM says that when she was a girl she could make every article a woman is ever expected to wear. So could Mrs. EVE, when she was a girl—and she never braggal about it, either.

We can hardly imagine the possible dignity and value of our lives, unless we consider their probable bearing on other lives. A word of cheer, an act of passing kindness, a trifling service, may be the means of a life required to give vitality and permanence to good resolves which lead to high endeavor and to generous action.

USEFUL RECEIPTS. To remove fruit stains from napkins, etc., wet the spots with chloroform water.

TO CLEAN a brown porcelain kettle, boil peeled potatoes in it. The porcelaine will be rendered nearly as white as when new.

AN INKSTAIN was turned over upon a white tablecloth; a servant threw over it a mixture of salt and percarbonate, and all traces of it disappeared.

GRAVES DRAWINGS.—There is a way of preserving graves drawings by floating over them a solution of singlass and warm water; the easiest and most effective way of setting them is to expose them to a dense steam, such as would come from the mouth of a large kettle of boiling water.

THREADEARE COATS.—When woollens are worn threadbare, as is often the case in the elbows, cuffs, sleeves, etc., of men's coats, the coat must be soaked in cold water for half an hour, then taken out of the water for half an hour, and the threadbare part of the cloth rubbed with a half worn hatter's "card," filled with fluffs, or with a prickly thistle, until a sufficient nap is raised. This will do the work, hang the coat up to dry, and with a hair-brush, lay the nap the right way. This is the method which is pursued by dealers in old clothes.

BRUSHS.—The best application for a brush, be it large or small, is moist warmth; therefore, a warm bread-and-water towel, laid in hot moist flannels, should be put on, as they supple the skin, and in the neighborhood of a joint it will be well to apply ten or a dozen leeches over the whole brush, and afterwards a poultice, but leeches should not be put on young children. If the brush part be in the knee or ankle, walking should be attempted till it can be performed without pain. Inattention to this point very often lays the foundation for serious mischief in these joints, especially in the case of serofulous persons.

How a Snake Charmed a Boy. [From the Reading Eagle.] For the last two weeks a son of Allen Rogers, aged eleven years, a wood-cutter on the Blue Mountains, about three miles from Hamburg, has been in the habit of leaving his father's house every morning about 9 o'clock, and not returning till noon. The parents of the boy have questioned him several times as to where he went, and he would reply, to play with a neighborly boy named Springer. On Friday last the father watched his son, and followed at a short distance, and when about a half a mile from the house, the boy entered a place of thick spruce land, in from the road about two hundred yards, where he seated himself upon a huge rock, and in less than ten minutes the father was horrified to see a monster black snake crawl upon the rock and sit upon the boy's lap.

A party of Texas herders were encamped on the North Platte River. They had a negro cook, and to care him one of the herders disguised himself as an Indian, caught him out of camp, and chased him until he fell in a ditch. To keep up the illusion another of the herders fired several shots over the head of the negro, who, though trying to kill him, and thus save the negro. After the fun was over, and the joke was being laughingly discussed, somebody said, "If one of those shots had been better aimed there would have been a tragedy."

Max Adler tells a new story, the gist of which is as follows: Bill Slocum was nominated for Mayor of Pender, and one day, in the year 1864, he was elected to the office of Mayor. He pronounced it, "I've got 'em, and old Mrs. Martin, overhearing it imperfectly, went around and reported that Mrs. Slocum had got twins. The boys at the school were so excited, that they might have marched out to his house with a banner playing "Hail to the Chief," several war-chiefs, clubs, fire companies, a group of white-dressed girls in a wagon, a lot of banners, and plenty of shouting and cheering, and the boys' shouting leader for the twins. When the truth prevailed, the assembly dispersed in disgust, and Bill was overwhelmingly defeated at the polls.