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"THE YORK HERALD."
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Cheap Book and Job Printing Establishment.
OFFICE—YONGE ST., RICHMOND HILL.

VOL. XVII. NO. 48.

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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Corner of Young and Centre streets East, have constantly on hand a good assortment of Drugs, Paints, Perfumery, Chemicals, etc.

THE YORK HERALD
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A. ROBINSON'S, L. D. S.

New method of extracting teeth without pain, by the use of Ether Spray, which affords the most perfect and safe method of extracting the tooth, and is not attended with any of the usual dangers of the external agency, when the tooth can be extracted with no pain and without endangering the life, as in the use of Chloroform.

Robinson will be at the following places prepared to extract teeth with his new apparatus. All office operations in Dentistry performed in a workmanlike manner:

Aurora, 1st, 3rd, 10th and 22d of each month
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Richmond Hill, 9th and 24th
Mt. Albert..... 15th
Thornhill..... 23rd
Maple..... 26th
Barkwith..... 28th
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Nitrous Oxide Gas always on hand at Aurora, April 28, 1870 615-4f

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.

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.

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July 8, 1873. 755

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,
VETERINARY SURGEON, Graduate of Toronto Veterinary College, corner of Yonge and Centre Sts. East, Richmond Hill, Ont.

PATENT MEDICINES.
PROCLAMATION.

MUSTARD'S Catarrh Specific Cures Acute and Chronic cases of Catarrh, Neuritis, Glandular, Headache, Colds, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., it is also a good Soothing Syrup.

MUSTARD'S Pills are the best pills you can get for Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Bilemness, Liver, Kidney Complaints, &c. 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.

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

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Office:—No. 6 Royal Insurance Buildings, Toronto, Dec. 2, 1859. 594

J. SEGSWORTH,
DEALER IN FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, Jewellery, &c., 113 Yonge Street, Toronto.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.
"The Boys."

BY OLIVER WENDEL HOLMES.
Are we the boys that used to make the tables ring with noisy follies? Whose deep-tongued laughter would shake the walls of the school-house?

"The boys" we knew—but who are they? Whose needs might serve for Plutarch's sage, Or hermit of the dismal ages?

"The boys" we knew—can these be those? Their cheeks with morning blush were painted; Where are the Harrys, Jims and Aques, With whom we were once acquainted?

If we are they, we're not the same! Do tell us neighbor, what's your name? Do tell us neighbor, what's your name? Do tell us neighbor, what's your name?

There you are, yourself—there you are, yourself! I know you're not the boys of old, but you're the boys of new.

The other day a bold, bad boy, who lives on King William street, went home from school with a very angry expression.

He went in to see his mother, and she said to him, "What's the matter with you?" "I'm in a very bad way," he said.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked. "I'm in a very bad way," he said.

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MNEMOSYNE: A SONNET.
BY JOHN S. SANX.

Of love I thought, my love, on thee, And all the dear delights that I have known, Love-crowns, since first I loved thee for thy own.

That, my dear Kate's adverse decree (Not mine, nor thine, for that can never be) I never should hear thy voice's dulcet tone,

Nor kiss nor clasp, nor see thy smiling face, Comptained still by sad Mnemosyne— To her I cry: "O goddess, who hast power To bring again my darling to my sight, And from the past evoke each banished hour."

"This blessed day or glorious night, I may not see thee more," she said to me: "Who ne'er possessed the treasure I have lost!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

TO MY LOVE.
O, tell me again that you love me, As oft you have told me before, And turn to me fondly, my darling, The same tender love of yore.

O, whisper so softly, my own love, And tell me you never forget; Ah! tell me so softly once more, love, My darling is true to me yet.

MIRK ABBEY.
CHAPTER I.
"ONLY 'TIL THE HEART."

Ignorant of the ruin it had wrought, the full voice of the stranger still rang forth, manifestly to the admiration of the confidential maid, since her nimble tongue failed to interrupt its melody.

She was not displeased that her lady too was listening with such unbroken attention, and probably also looking out upon the singer; for Mr. Derrick was a very "proper man" at all events in external appearance—and had shown himself in the servants-hall a while ago by no means unbecomingly of the person of a Mistress Forest, which, although mature, were still by no means despicable.

A few years younger than my lady herself, Mary had been treated by Time at least with equal courtesy; her figure was plump, her eyes were bright, her voice, which, if not absolutely musical, could reach some very high notes, and upon occasion, was clear and cheery.

One would have said she would have been too talkative to have suited my lady's grave and quiet ways; but this was not so. Her ladyship had that blessed gift of being able not to listen unless it pleased her to do so, which enables so many conscientious persons to speak favorably of sermons; and all the avalanche of her maid's disquisitions upon the merits of the latter, she pursued her own meditations at the easy tribute of an appreciating nod when all was ended.

Even had been much more inconvenienced by the *debris* of words, her tormentor would have been freely forgiven. The affection to which the maid was deep and genuine, and had extended over more than half her lifetime.

Mary Forest was the daughter of a fisherman at Coventon, the village on whose sandy beach Sir Richard had made his home. To old Jacob Forest's cottage the human fetsam and jettam had been conveyed, and upon Mary, then almost a child, had come the tending at first devolved. The kindly little nurse, who had been with her from birth, and in that emigrant ship had contained all that were near or dear to her on earth, and ready as a babe to clasp the tendrils of love about her neck, she had been the latter of course rose with those of the former, and of all the household at Mirk Abbey there was none in higher trust than Mary Forest, nor more certain of the envied position she held, since the affection of my lady set her above the machinations of that Nemesis in favor of the Domestic Cabal.

Those natural enemies, the butler and the cook, had even shaken hands together for the purpose of compassing Mary's downfall; but their kind endeavors had only obtained for a reward her sovereign's reproof, and (I am afraid I must add) contempt.

In a word, Mary Forest was as happy in her circumstances as any woman of her time of life could expect to be whose title of "maid" could make her name. She had subjugated many other male folks beside the butler (the ancient coachman, for example, with the back view of whose broad shoulders and no neck the Ligiard family had been familiar for half a century), but such victories had not at all been owing to her charms. By them, hitherto, Man had been an unaccounted animal, and this was the knot in the otherwise smooth surface of Mary's destiny which no amount of planning (within her philosophy) could make it more so.

She had been brought up in a simple, unassuming, and of course, what woman of twocore, according to her own account, has not), but hitherto the suitors had not been eligible, or her own ideas had been too ambitious. The time had now arrived when the Domestic Cabal begins to be expedient, and high expectations abate. Matrimonial opportunities at the Abbey were few and far between. She had not received such marked attention from anybody for stranger, as she had from her own means as the *Ligiard Arms*, had paid her that very night in the servants-hall. No wonder, then, that while he sang, she should for once be content to be a listener.

Over the bill and of the vale Each king being present, Wise men go a child to hail, Monarchs seek to please; And at a star in front, Over rocks and rivers lead, Shines with beams incessant, Therefore onward still, Ford the stream and climb the hill—*Love makes all things possible.*

"There, now, I call that very pretty, my lady," exclaimed Mistress Forest, as the last cadence died away; "and a very pretty sentiment at the end—'Love makes all things possible'—although, for my part, I know nothing about that, thank heaven, I prefer to be my own mistress—that is, with the exception of your Ladyship, to obey whom is a labor of love. I am sure there are few husbands for whom I would give up such a service as yours, my lady. I wish Mr. What's-his-name—dear me, how stupid of me—ab, Derrick! It's rather a pretty name too; don't you think so, my lady? I wish this Mr. Derrick would sing us another song. He has a very beautiful voice, and I am sure we should be delighted to hear him sing."

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white and cold as the snow without, voiceless and almost breathless as he madd found her upon venturing to draw aside the heavy damask folds between them, such a look of agonized apprehension yet shot from her eyes as if she had been the possessor of a putting her design with respect to the bell into effect; nay, more, having assisted my lady to the sofa, she rightly interpreted a second glance in the direction of the door, to mean "Lock it," and this she did even without arranging the case that ought to have been the first action with most persons of her class, Mary Forrest, although a babbling was no fool, and she perceived immediately that the distress which was agitating her beloved mistress was at least as much mental as physical. Once before, and only once, she had known my lady to be what females call "overcome"—that was upon the eve of her marriage with Sir Robert; there was such similarity between the two attacks, but the present was far more violent. In the first instance, she had been told by her ladyship that it was owing to "the heart," which was fitting enough under her circumstances—but now when there was no brooding melancholy, and when the lady did seem singular certainly. Doubtless her mistress would speak presently, and afford the fullest information; in the meantime there was nothing for it but silence and self-control.

My lady's eyes are closed, and her features pale and still as marble, but her lips are a little parted. With her white hands this crosswise over her bosom, she looks, there is such an expression in her face, so humble, so unegotistic, so grateful. It was evident that she had plenty of natural good spirits, and every faculty for enjoyment, if she only dared exhibit them. Her very accomplishments, which were numerous, were timely concealed, and ceased forth and forth, as if most, as it seemed, by compulsion. She might have had left Mirk, for instance, without a soul knowing of her taste for ecclesiastical decoration, if it had not been for a first appearance that morning at Ligiard, intending the Christmas ornaments in the chancel.

"Can't you do it, my dear?" said Letty, a little peevish at the disappointment, and Sir Richard, who was so graciously filled by a London bred girl like Rose, was not so holly-berried except in the greengrocers' shops, or at the artificial florist's. "Now, do try, and Richard and Walter will both do."

"I will do my best, dear," this young lady had answered simply. And never had anything so beautiful been seen in the country, as the result of her efforts. So much was said of them that Letty had ventured to go to church that morning, despite her ailment, and was as earnestly praised as any girl in congregation. There was no such thing as jealousy in her composition, and the success of her friend was a genuine pleasure to her.

"O mamma, you have missed such a sight!" cried she, as Lady Ligiard made her no any appearance, and Letty from a table, looking a little grave and pale, but gracious and dignified as a queen in exile, as usual. "Not only the chancel, but the whole church a perfect bower of evergreens, the pillars, alternately ivy and laurel, and under the gallery, beautiful texts in holly-berries set in green. As for the wall at the back of the altar—the decorations there are such that it makes one cry to think they are ever to be forgotten. Oh, I don't know what to say! Besides, how can this gentleman among you, Sir Richard? He isn't come here to dispute the title, is he?"

"My lady kept her lips closed this time; but an anguish passed over her face that would have been easy to see, had not the eyes of those that had been otherwise engaged. Letty was looking at her friend, in hopes that she should get her to laugh at her high and mighty brother; Rose did not dare look up, for fear she should do so. Walter, his handsome lips slightly curled, was contemptuously watching the baronet, who stared, Sphinx-like, right before him, as was his custom when he was in one of his autocratic humors, as at present.

"I don't choose to have persons of that sort in the parish," said he with icy distinctness. "But, my dear Richard, you can't turn him out, unless you are willing to give an exhibition of her brother's pride before her school-friend beyond what had calculated upon." "He has a right to stop at the *Ligiard Arms* as long as he pleases.

"And I have a right to turn Steve out as a tenant!" "You have nothing of the kind, Richard," interrupted Walter quietly; "you have no more right than I—not even legal right, for the law is not yet yours, and as for moral right, Steve has more monstrous piece of territorial oppression ever heard of out of Poland. So long as the man behaves himself—"

"He does not behave himself," put in Sir Richard angrily. "He is a drunkard, and a bravo in church." "Gracious mercy! how you must be looking up *Burn's Justice*. But you will not be a magistrate, a *custos rotularum*, till you are of age, remember, so that he is safe for six months. The matter, certainly, means to stay here. He is good as to say he likes Mirk, I understand; and the village folks like him. He is a great addition to the choir; and I shall certainly ask him, in case he remains, to join our Mirk volunteers: Steve tells me he is most anxious about a rifle, and will do the corps' credit."

"This is all the worse," quoth Sir Richard violently; "he is only the more likely to be a poacher. We have more than enough of that sort already, and I beg that you will give none such your encouragement." "Encouragement?" returned Walter airily. "What patronage have I to offer? I am not Sir Richard, who can make a man happy with a word."

"Very well," continued the baronet with suppressed passion, "let him take care how he trespasses upon the Abbey-lands—that's all." "Nay, you'll see him at the Abbey itself," laughed Walter carelessly, "and that pretty often, unless I quite mistake the meaning of Forest's manner when she parted from him at the Lych Gate; I never saw two people more affectionate upon so short an acquaintance."

"A most ineligible suitor, I am sure," broke forth the baronet. "I trust Mary is not fool enough to disgrace herself at her time of life by any such alliance." "She is almost old enough to choose for herself," as indeed she was, and her selection of a husband for one's servant is scarcely the privilege of even a lord of the manor, and when the servant is not one's own."

"Believe, sir," interrupted Sir Richard hastily, "that I am only speaking the sentiments of her mistress, in whose hand, of course, the matter lies.—Mother, do you not agree with me that it would be very unwise to encourage any attachment between Mary Forest and this respectable stranger, Derrick?" "It was plain my lady had not recovered from her late ailment, of whatever nature the attack might have been; otherwise, she would have interfered between the brothers before a more serious attachment had been made by either of them, it being a rule with her never to place herself in an invalid position with respect to her children. To the astonishment of the baronet himself, however, Lady Ligiard now forced her pale face to utter deliberately enough: "I think it would be very unwise."

"And therefore," pursued Sir Richard, hastening to push his advantage, "it would be worse than unwise, it would be absolutely ruinous, since you do not intend to marry the fellow, that opportunities should be afforded her of meeting him under the same roof. I do not say that his office of bawling in church this morning is a sufficient ground of itself for forbidding him the house, although to most persons with any sense of decency it would be a serious misdemeanor; but would it not be well, under these peculiar circumstances to treat it so?"

"Yes," returned my lady, rising from the table, white as a ghost, "you are right, Richard; and yet he must have been a handsome fellow at one time.—Don't you think so, Miss Aynton?"

"I really scarcely looked at him," returned the young lady addressed. "I should hate to pass an opinion upon this distinguished person." "O Rose," interrupted Letty angrily; "how dare you!—Why, Walter, she told me herself, only five minutes ago, while we were taking off our bonnets, that she thought his expression 'magnificent'—that was her very word—and that she would like to take him in chinks."

"I must confess," said Rose, "without venturing to call it good-looking or otherwise, that his countenance, artistically speaking, seems to me very striking. He is just one of those wicked people, I fancy, in whom one feels a sort of interest in spite of one's self.—Now, don't you think so, Sir Richard?"

"My dear Miss Aynton," returned the baronet with an air of hauteur that neutralized the familiarity implied by his words, "if the person were not so distinguished, he is fortunate indeed; but I must say that I don't see that he deserves it. His beard, which is certainly a handsome one, has also as it seems to me—the advantage of obscuring half his countenance, and I think he looks to be a scoundrel of the first-water."

"That's what Rose means!" cried Letty, clapping her hands. "He's one of those dear handsome fellows who used to—ah, infest—Spanyish Main. How charmingly mysterious was the very place in which they carried on their profession! If it was not for sea-sickness, I should like to have had something to do in the profession. I have not the shadow of a doubt that this Mr. Derrick—"

"evidently an assumed name—What's the matter, dearest mother?" "My lady had uttered a low cry, such as is evoked by sudden and acute physical pain. "Nothing, my dear mother, I have had a passing spasm, nothing more. A tinge of my old rheumatism again, I fear, which is a sign of old age, and therefore a malady I do not wish to be taken notice of.—Now, don't distract me with your confessions. I have not with looks of genuine and affectionate anxiety, except Miss Aynton, who had rapidly poured out a glass of wine.—Thank you, Rose; that was all I wanted. Nobody offered me any more wine, and I don't know whether I could not obtain it medicinally. What were you saying, Letty, about this person?"

"I was merely remarking that he had probably been a buccaner, mamma." "I other words, he deserves hanging," observed Sir Richard gruffly. "I hope he will soon take himself, for we have got tippers enough in it already."

"Dear, dear," said Letty sedately; "to make don't suppose, oh, I don't know what you are craving for sherry. Besides, how can this gentleman among you, Sir Richard? He isn't come here to dispute the title, is he?"

"My lady kept her lips closed this time; but an anguish passed over her face that would have been easy to see, had not the eyes of those that had been otherwise engaged. Letty was looking at her friend, in hopes that she should get her to laugh at her high and mighty brother; Rose did not dare look up, for fear she should do so. Walter, his handsome lips slightly curled, was contemptuously watching the baronet, who stared, Sphinx-like, right before him, as was his custom when he was in one of his autocratic humors, as at present.

"I don't choose to have persons of that sort in the parish," said he with icy distinctness. "But, my dear Richard, you can't turn him out, unless you are willing to give an exhibition of her brother's pride before her school-friend beyond what had calculated upon." "He has a right to stop at the *Ligiard Arms* as long as he pleases.

"And I have a right to turn Steve out as a tenant!" "You have nothing of the kind, Richard," interrupted Walter quietly; "you have no more right than I—not even legal right, for the law is not yet yours, and as for moral right, Steve has more monstrous piece of territorial oppression ever heard of out of Poland. So long as the man behaves himself—"

"He does not behave himself," put in Sir Richard angrily. "He is a drunkard, and a bravo in church." "Gracious mercy! how you must be looking up *Burn's Justice*. But you will not be a magistrate, a *custos rotularum*, till you are of age, remember, so that he is safe for six months. The matter, certainly, means to stay here. He is good as to say he likes Mirk, I understand; and the village folks like him. He is a great addition to the choir; and I shall certainly ask him, in case he remains, to join our Mirk volunteers: Steve tells me he is most anxious about a rifle, and will do the corps' credit."

"This is all the worse," quoth Sir Richard violently; "he is only the more likely to be a poacher. We have more than enough of that sort already, and I beg that you will give none such your encouragement." "Encouragement?" returned Walter airily. "What patronage have I to offer? I am not Sir Richard, who can make a man happy with a word."