

AN IMPORTANT AD.

(Respectfully dedicated to George D. Green, late of Hamilton.)

WANTED—By the Upper Tendon of San Francisco, California, half a dozen young British noblemen for... (text continues)

Young sons, noblemen, handsome and penniless. Sparring for grub through the fair British Isles... (text continues)

On all aristocracy. Title will carry you straight to Nob Hill, and papers will advise... (text continues)

Here is your outfit. A gray suit, a white waistcoat, some muttonchop whiskers, an agonized... (text continues)

If you can't manage you'd better bet and take a valise to go to the "Hall." The national... (text continues)

Master with man in this free land disconcerted—So beware all will reach the fair millionaire's... (text continues)

Do not be cautious. It is not the fashion of the nobles who visit this Western town... (text continues)

Beyond all recovery, act like a clown. Wear number twelve boots—the custom's tradition... (text continues)

Follow these rules and your fortune's before you. Let the wretched monopolists rotter alone... (text continues)

White hot boots and valise and whiskers you wish. For God's sake, don't startle us out here with... (text continues)

—D. O. C., in San Francisco Exchange.

THE LENTEN FAST.

Ash Wednesday is the beginning of Lent, the fast of 40 days immediately preceding Easter. Lent is observed in the Greek and other Oriental churches, as well as by Roman Catholics and Episcopalians. The word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon lesten, German leiz, spring, and lesten, to fast.

Therefore, if we purpose to mend our faults, it is not sufficient barely to confess them at all adventure; but we must let our confession lie in steppe in the time of meditation. Shrove Tuesday is so named because the shrouds were then wont to confess and be shriven, in order to fit them for the purification of the fast.

A MAN WITH A RECORD.

Mr. Ben F. Wilson, of New Haven, is now (Feb. 4th, 1880) 82 years of age. He has been magistrate twelve years in Nelson County. He fines every man \$1 for each time he uses a profane oath, and has receipts for payment of such oaths.

THE POINTS OF THE LAW.

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A LEGEND OF SAMMSTADT.

It was the sacred hour of noon at Sammststadt. Everybody was at dinner, and the serious Kellner of "Der wilde Mann" glanced in mild reproach at Mr. James Clinch, who, disregarding that fact and the inviting table d'hôte, stepped into the street.

He stepped from the silent building into the equally silent Kronprinzstrasse. Not a soul to be seen anywhere! Rows on rows of tall, gray-stained buildings that might be dwellings or might be offices, all showing some traces of feminine taste and supervision in a flower or a certain that belied the legend "Comptoir" or "Direction" over their portals.

Still, there was nothing to do but to walk down the formal rows of chestnuts that lined the broad avenue, and then walk back again. At the corner of the first cross street he was struck by the fact that two men who were standing in front of a dwelling house appeared to be as incoherent and as out of proportion to the silent houses as the actors on the stage were to the painted canvas thoroughfares before which they soliloquized.

Mr. Clinch usually and not fancifully had no eye for a woman's beauty, but this was a quaint or romantic district—only an *entree* for silks and velvets, and Mr. Clinch was here, not as a tourist, but as a purchaser. The guide books had ignored Sammststadt, and he was too good an American to waste time in visiting a place that was not mentioned in the books.

Mr. Clinch examined the bottle attentively. It had no cork; formed of some obsolete, almost opaque glass, its twisted neck was apparently hermetically sealed by the same material. The maiden smiled as she replied, "It is from my great-grandfather. It is old as the wall."

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nearly on a level with, and part of the second story of the house. Had an earthquake lifted the adjacent ground, had the house been thrown into a hill? Mr. Clinch turned to his companion, who was standing close beside him, breathing quite audibly, and leaving an impression on his senses as of a gentle and fragrant breeze.

He placed two bottles before him on the table. One, the traditional long-necked, amber-colored *Rheinische*; the other an odd, squat, discolored, amphora-patterned glass jug.

Mr. Clinch first paid his respects to the opened bottle—a better quality of Rude-herm. With his intellect thus clarified, he glanced at the other.

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up and down; it was clearly the same ditch, but with a flow of water, thirty feet wide, now so dry but from the other bank.

A single terrible idea now took possession of him. He had been done, taken in, sold, frightened. He saw it all. In a state of intoxication he had lost his way, had been dragged in some vile den, stripped of his money and valued and turned drift upon the quiet town in this shameful masquerade.

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hands followed this second speech, and the Baron with a wink at his retainers, prolonged the general mirth by saying, "By the mass, nephew, there's little doubt but there has been robbery somewhere."

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The Baron was curious. It was early in the afternoon, just after dinner. He might be bored.

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NIAGARA FALLS PARK.

Authorizing the Ontario Government to purchase the Ontario Park to be located on the Niagara River, and the following is the substance of a bill which has been introduced into the Legislative Assembly here by the Attorney-General:

The preamble states the desirability felt by the authorities of the State of New York and Ontario of restoring the scenery surrounding the Falls to its natural condition, and of making strenuous endeavors to prevent deterioration, as well as to afford to travelers and others facilities for seeing the different points of interest to the best advantage.

Section 6 provides for the absolute purchase of the lands for the compensation agreed upon or settled by the arbitrators, subject to no claim or encumbrance to be payable out of the compensation money paid by the Minister of Public Works.

Section 7 gives the Minister the right to abandon any proposed purchase within six months after the arbitrators' award has been made, but paying to the owner any reasonable charges incurred in the proceedings.

GIEN GOVE'S SINGING HEN.

(From the Gien Cove Gazette.) Gien Cove goes to the front with the "boss hen," not a mere ordinary egg laying hen, but a singing hen, a hen that sings "Hold the Fort" with all the union of a widow Van Cott at a camp meeting. This bird is the pet of a young lady of this village.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—Although British savings banks pay high interest, each year proves that the public prefer the more liberal and liberal government. —Two hundred families of Philadelphia Quakers will form a colony in Minnesota, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, next spring.

—A husband whose wife had joined the ranks of the crazy religious enthusiasts, Mr. Girling, in the south of England, stormed the camp last month, and after a fierce contest of fifty minutes, carried off the truant wife.

—A New York paper has published a romance to the effect that Cal Wagner is now drawing a salary of \$500 a week. In a good season, Cal Wagner is worth a full page of fifty minutes, carried off the truant wife.

—The Italian Government has repeated its warning against emigration to Algeria and Tunis, which is continuing in alarming proportions, despite privations there, leading some to commit crimes in order to get into prize money.

—By previous agreement, the keepers and frequenters of saloons of Albia, Iowa, pretended to be unconscious of the presence of the women who made a recent raid, but continued their diversions as though nothing were going on. The women held several prayer meetings, but at last got angry and went home.

—New Jersey is not regarded as a fur country, yet muskrat trapping is made a considerable business in the southwestern part of the State. These rodents burrow along the edges of creeks and ditches in great numbers, making a little over 1,400 pairs a year. Their hides are sold to the furriers at ten to fifteen cents each.

—There has been no creation of a peerage in Lord Beaconsfield's administration since Lord Norton's in 1878, nor of a baronetcy since Sir Andrew Buchanan's in 1876. There are now 577 peers or peeresses and 865 baronets, making a little over 1,400 pairs a year.

—A litigant at Owen, O., said to his counsel, "Abuse the defendant, and I'll take all the consequences." So the lawyer spoke of the enemy as a perjured, thieving, murderous villain, and got soundly whipped for it as soon as court adjourned. He has now under his client for damages, on the ground that the promised protection was not afforded.

—Chemists have found in the smoke of a cigar acetic, formic, lactic, valeric acid and carbonic acids, prussic acid, creosote and propionic acids, ammoniac, sulphurated hydrogen, pyridine, vivianite, picoline, indoline, colidine, pyrolytic, ceroid and rubidine. And yet a New York woman was fined \$10 and costs for assaulting a man who blew cigar smoke in her face.

—The Sultan recently ordered the dismissal of all the Englishmen serving in the Ottoman navy. Upon the Naval Minister begging to observe that the service would be discontinued by the loss of the engineers and artisans, most of whom were English, the Sultan demanded a list of the British naval employees, expressing at the same time his determination to dismiss, if not all, at least the greater part of them.

—A unique suggestion for aiding the Irish distress is made by *Industry*, a weekly organ of the manufacturing interests in London. It thinks that the governments should authorize the establishment of a lottery similar to that organized in France for the benefit of the poor. It says that the lottery would be organized by a million of money could easily be raised by such an expedient if some such authoritative body as the corporation of London were allowed to take it in hand. Something of the kind was hinted at after the collapse of the unfortunate Glasgow Bank, but the legal authorities set their foot on it.

THEIR RECONCILIATION.

As Inaugurated by a Newspaper Aborigine

(From the Kansas City Times.)

The Spragues and Conklings have made up, and the reconciliation was duly celebrated last week with all the pomp and solemnity of a formal dinner at the charming Kate Sprague's residence where Roscoe's wife was a great deal of. We can imagine some conversation as follows:

Kate—Why, my dear Mrs. Conkling, how do you do? It's been ever so long since I last saw you and Roscoe. Do take off your things. (They kiss.)

Conkling—Yes, it's been a long time, sure enough. I was dreadful sorry I couldn't go with Roscoe when he visited you last summer, but the dear boy was afraid I was not strong enough to bear the excitement. I heard you had a very lively season.

Kate—Perfectly delightful. I was so sorry Roscoe couldn't stay longer, but he seemed anxious to get back to New York. Husband went down to the depot to see him off.

Mrs. Conkling—Yes, now that I come to think of it, I believe I heard something about it at the time.

Conkling—Oh, yes; my husband thinks a great deal of Roscoe. He was very angry when Roscoe went away. He spoke about him very frequently after he left. The Professor and he were deep admirers of Roscoe.

Mrs. Conkling—The Professor, your husband? Yes; Prof. Link, our music teacher. He was—

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