Syroas, Caristan 'races have for generations held the whip-hand over their Moslem foes.

"Hassan!" I cried. A figure gli led through the open door. My room was dark. Fear of mosquitoes had caused the damp to be put out. A few stars peeped through the lattee, but the crescent moon had sank. "Ferrie mie" I began, in the debased Cypriote Gre k—trying in my pain to recollect the words, ead, of course, forget ting them—"ferrie mie udor, 'instead' fine local word "aero." In a tender voice, slimots hike the cooing of a Sister of Mercy, the dark figures stooj et ant. whispered, "Pa's Italiand" I gud sts heard the "older began in the debased men in the man's favour. Water was brought and carried to my lips by means of a straw; for I was lying on my back, unable to either move my neck or raise my head. All through the night that fellow waited on me, bringing me—with a silent service only to have beeu expected in a wife, or nurse—limes, sugar, straws, water. Light he was too wise a man to introduce. He stood in a corpar of the room, quiet and watchfut; only when I wished him to speak, he spoke. His words were soft and full of hope. Every in ", he told me, had these mishaps. He had been thrown himself a socre of times. Buring his am, he showed me where his wrist had been broken, his elbow crushed, and his shoulder put out. All injures that man ean suffer from mules and ponies he had gone through, but the pain was only for a day; a little rest, a little shade, with plenty of good water and he was on his legs again. By lying stil and rubbing in some lotion, the sign ir would soon be right.

Nower.

I have been trie ng to find out for the last forty years st what time of life a man in the nost phoolish, and just an an an I find out will let yu kno.

The hardest man to convince in the one who agrees to everything you say.

Listowel



Standard.

VOL. I.-NO. 47.

LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH, DECEMBER 20, 1878.

MEMORY OF DONA MER QUEEN OF SPAIN.

"BILENCE AND TEARS."

"silence and teams."

It may be speech can ease the troubled heart;
ifing the ore re-houghts no words can e'er express
I boughts drowned in tears and steeped in bitt
ness.

That of our immost being form a part,
yet are unutterable. When the strings start
And support the strings that the strings and the strings are th

Shepherds All and Maidens Fair.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

CLEAR SKY LAND.

Our readers may ask, Where is Aradia, and of clear skies? We reply, Wherever the pluck and energy of the Anglo-Sixon race have made a new home far away from the Old World. Let us begin, then with morning in Clear Sky Land. The sun has crossed the sea all over the way from smoky Liverpool; the rain was beginn ng when he left that city, so that he sank into the ocean making athwart the turbid sky murky rainbows, bleared by the smoke, which had one foot in Birkenhead and the other over Aigburth. He went at his usual pace, having no occasion to hurry, straight across the North Atlantic, regardless of a gale of wind and storn of driving cloud. They were right in his teeth, too, all the way, so that he never saw, except at bird intervals, any of the great mai-steamers, facing the wind as a boldy as himself, and as resolutely making steady way in the teeth of those great waves which swept at their will adown the opan decks. Nor did he see—which was a pity for them—the passengers making themselves as comfortable as circumstances at sea permit, in the deck salion, rolled in wraps, propped up and jammed between table and wall, reading, telling yains, smoking, bajving cards, or even singing songs; while outside, the officers, holding on to the rope-fithat rau along the bulwarks, plashed about in rreat boots, keeping one eye night and day always fixed on the compass, which huig midmast-high aft, to keep the good ship on her course. Beneath the sun lay an endless grey bank of cloud which nover litted for two thousand miles and more, and beneath the cloud lay a boad grey soa, which never brightened, for lack of the gun hing a but kett on rolling ambas.

The steamer groans, and backs, and plunges, and finally brings up alongside of a little wooden pier. All may get out, and let us make the best way we can to Dee Bank, where the exhibition of this year is to be held.

Eank, where the exhibition of this year is to be held.

An empty saw mill, newly built over a stream of rushing wat r. Beyond the mill a wooden bridge; above the bridge a fall of water over moss grown boulders—did I explain that it is a land of falls as well as of clear skies and sunny lakes?—above the fall forests, labynithine, many-co.oured; a tright hand, forest; at left hand, forest; before and behind, forest.—on every side but one, and on that sine is the settlement of Dee Bank. There is a township of half a dozen houses; they are frame houses, built of wo d, standing round an irregular sort of the school. There is one large meadow wholly cleared, and there are fields beyond, where the black stumps are thick upon the ground. There are not many fields, because Dee Bunk is a small settlement; there are many stumps, because it is a new settlement.

where the black stumps are thick upon the ground. There are not many felds, because D.-B. Bink is a small settlement; there are many stumps, because it is a new settlement. No doubt if we visit De-Bank again in twenty years, we shall find a population of as many thousands as there are now hundreds. There will be hall a dozen churches; there will be a daily paper; there will be great hotels. At present this territory is laying the foundations of its future. She has her lakes, her rivers, her falls, her unrivalled beauty; she has already her scanty population of hardy and thrifty yeomen. She is to be the mother of many, and the producer of much; she should be represented like Diana of the Ephesians, many-breasted. At present it must be owned that the black stumps give the country an unfinished look, as if the people had just moved in, or had been having a universal washingday, so that they had had no time to tiry up and fix things neat.

The big lumber-mill was turned into an exhibition-house. On the ground floor you look out upon the waters of the river, which are da-hing themselves about among the poles in a great rage at the prospect of having to do real steady work when this mill begins. On the first floor are the exhibits arranged in seemly order, while the judges go round to assign the prizes. There are butter, cheese, and breat; there is maple sugar; there are preserves; there is work in knitting, sewing, and spinning; there are vegetables—enormous pumpkins, great wealth of carrots, potatoes, and turnips; there are barrels of great tomatos—things which no Areadian can resist, whether raw or cooked; and there are barrels upon barrels of grain.

The judges go round with anxious face; this is real business; the land is, as it were, on trial. Shall Red River boast because of her grain? Look here—and here. Saw man ever tiner vegetables, bigger pumpkins, more beautiful tomatose? Can the whole world produce better apples? 5 to to.

The ladies follow, judging the household work. Net only the land, but the house al

rent. It is like a scene of fairy-land. When the Prince Simplice, in the story, retired from his father's court, and lived in a glade, where he learned it he speech of insect, ourd, beast, and tree, it was here he came, min that metropolis almost strided by the nouses, the here he met the Naiad of his fate. You have never seen any theatrical scene, even at Drary Lane, half so sweet, half so touching in the green brightness of its colouring, as the forest that broders the lake. See, again, the steamer has left the latter, and turned her bows up a river where the trees come down to the edge of the bank. We go very slowly, and, but for the dip or the wheels, silently—on either side the gleaming forest. You think, perhaps, that you have seen nature elsewhere at her best as a colourist; you have recollections of tropical sunrises, of Italian evenings, of Alrian sties, of Atlantic sunset; year remember the peaks of the Tyrol, the passes of the Alps; well, own that this forest surpasses all. The under-wood is green and bright with a sunshine which must be wholly due to the imaginary tint of the tree; but above, the maple leaves have changed, their colour, and are transformed. They are crimmon, they are carled, And how the sun litts his heat above the maple leaves have changed, their colour, and are transformed. They are crimmon, they are correspond to the tree; but above, the maple leaves have changed, their colour, and are transformed. They are crimmon, they are correspond to the colour and are transformed. They are remained to the story of printer has connecived, or the hand of nature exceuted. And how the sun litts his heat alove the opposite bank, and they are a few first and life, like a statue touched by the finger of a good.

The steamer groans, and backs, and plunges, and finally brings ap alonged to fail the was a first of a little wooden pier. All many get the was not single and the control of the subject of the land of the story. The house is built and life, like a statue touched by the finger of a good.

T

man.

It is half-past twelve. There is a general movement, with a universal look of increased serious sess, in the direction of one of the houses in the township. It means dinner, at this ordinary all dine together, taking turns in batches one atter the other. There is no datinction of rank to observe—there are no masters and no servants, because all are in the same kind of yo men. Dinner of roat beef, with huckbeberry pie, and apple pie; dinner for five hundred men, all true Englis born, with the extraordinary and amazing fact there was no beer. Imagine a collection of hungry Englishmen contented, ly atting down, to a dunner without beer! Instead they had tea, or milk, or water; but mostly tea. Actually nothing to drink at Dee Bank at all; and not a single enterprising publican to run up a booth, and make men stupid with fiery whiskey and adulterate l beer! Not a place within ten miles where a drop of anything can be got. It seems sad to us, dwellers in a foggy climate, but we need not waste our pity. They want in Clear Sky Land neither sympathy nor b. er. The sharp and bracing air; the plenty and perfection of their food; the habit, whout the pledge of temperance—all these together make them contented, though they never see wine or whiskey. And for appetites—but watch the gnests if you would understand what feeding mens. Quick, neat-handed Phillis, another plateful here, as large a slice as the ox can boast; more totatoes—saw one ever mealer ones? —more cabbages and more beans for Tom, who is looking about him with wistful eyes; another square foot or so of fat and lean for Jack; a cubic six inches, or thereaburs, who is looking about him with wistful eyes; another square foot or so of fat and lean for Jack; a cubic six inches, or thereaburs, who is looking about him with wistful eyes; another square foot or so of fat and lean for Jack; a cubic six inches, or thereaburs, who is looking about him with wistful eyes; and the remarks of the fat of

hotly. In the syour duty, my son. I shall give you papers sent to me six or seven years ago, which will establish in his mind the fact he was made a dupe, by a wicked man, of his own suspicious. You will give them to him when you tell him who you

Thoughts About Books.

was not, and I am not now!"

"What do you mean, mother?" The young man's face hardened a little, and she abrauk for a moment.

"E-sy, lad," said Stephen. "Let her say it out."

"We quarrelled, my husband and I," she went on. "What we quarrelled about do so not matter. I have tried all these years to presuade myself that it was my fault: but! cannot, John, I cannot. We quarrelled about do so not matter. I have tried all these years to presuade myself that it was my fault: but! cannot, John, I cannot. We quarrelled as badly that we separated—only for a time, I thought. But he came after me, a week later, and he said the most cruel, the most unfounded, the most wicked things." Here she broke down.

"Stand by your mother, boy," murmured Stephen.

"And told him that nothing, nothing should everbring me back to his roof again. I left him. I went home to Stephen. I heard nothing more from my husband, and sive monthaltater you were born. And then we came away. He never knew, he does not know that he has a wife living. He has left have toll you the story. Tell me, my dear, this you believe in your mother's innocence."

"It is for your own sake, John, that I have toll you the story. Tell me, my dear, this you believe in your mother's innocence."

"It must try as well," he said, after a pane, "to forgive my father."

"The time is come," she said, "when you make cross over and tell. He has left the old place, and is living now in London, and he is reputed to be weatthy. In your own interests, you ought to see him."

"It do not want his money," said John, hoty.

"And it is your duty, my son. I shall give you papers sent to me aix or seven years ago, which will establish in his mint the fact he was made a dupe, by a wicked man, of his own suspicious. You will give you papers sent to me aix or seven years ago, which will establish in his mint the fact he was made a dupe, by a wicked man, of his own suspicious. You will give them to him when you sell."

John got up and walked about the room.

HAWKINS & KELLS,

Philosophy of Position in Repose.

The book many of the control of the

Thoughts About Books.

The same of the control in Repose.

There is a reason for everything, if we can be control to the book making and the beginning of literary engliqueness and the semination of the control to the

Brian Doolan's Boots.

Brian Br