salva, and sometimes contrivent with appeted with a serviced to, in a comprehensive summary of theirty there years of existence. Yet which may be alread enough to go deep without the service of the ser | The content of the

Listowel



Standard.

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LISTOWEL, CO. PERT

AN IMPORTANT "AD."

less,
To pay your way hither, where kind Fortune
smiles
On all aristocracy. Title will carry you
Straight to Nob Hill, and papas will advise
Well-proportioned daughters to firt with and

drawl:
If you can manage it you'd better try and take
A valet along to discourse of the "Hall."
The ancestral manaion, the 'ounds and the 'ors
Lady This and Lord That, to the slaveys of

Do not be courteous. It is not the fashion
Of the nobles who visit this Western town;
Dine in Dine in the Western town;
Dine in Second thread; and, if you wo
mash tem
Beyond all recovery, act like a clown.
Wear number twelve boots—the custom's trational—
The two boots—the custom's traThe two boots—the custom's traThe two boots—the custom's traThe two boots—the two boots—the custom's traThe two boots—the t

e?"
"Oh!"
They had passed through a hall and dinipon, and suddenly stepped out of a windon a gravelled terrace. From this a fone steps descended to another terrace, hich trees and shrubs were growing, as, looking over the paraget, Ms. Clinch, so the throad some twenty feet below. It wastly our stays or the stays of the stays of

which trees and shrubs were growing, and yet, looking over the paraget, Ma Clinch condises the regard of the sail of the paraget, Ma Clinch and the sail of the paraget and the wall and the sail of the paraget and the wall and the sail of the paraget and the sail of the sail of

MARCH 5, 1880.

"Hate?" repeated Clinch mechanically,
"What he of the Mouse Tower."
"Aye, of the Mouse Tower," sneered the
Baron. "Oh, I see you know the story,"
"Why, am I like him?" asked Mr. Clinch in

amazement.

The Baron grinned. "He punished the Rhenish wine as thou dost, without judgment. He had——"

"The jim jams," said Mr. Clinch, mechanically agent.

A. ST. GEO. HAWKINS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

themselves 'Clinch.' but all claiming to have descended from Kolnische."

"But how?" sneered the Baron.
"Through James Kolnische and Wilheimina, his wife," returned Mr. Clinch, boldly." They engrated from Koln and Creteld to Philapelphia, where there is a quarter named Creteld. Mr. Clinch felt himself shaky as to his chronology, but wisely remembered that it was a chronology of the future to his hearers, and they could not detect any anachronism. With his eyes fixed on those of the gentle Wilhelmina, Mr. Clinch now proceeded to describe his return to his fatherland; but his astonishment at finding the very face of the country changed, and a city standing on those fields he had played in as a boy, and how he had wandered hopelessly on, until he had at last sat wearily down in a humble cottage built on the ruins of a lordly castle.
"So utterly travel worn and weak had I become," said Mr. Clinch, with admirable simulated pathos, "that a single glass of wine offered me by the simple cottage maiden affected me-like a prolonged debatch." A long-drawn anore was all that followed this affecting elimas. The Baron was asleep. The retainers were also asleep. Only one pair of eyes remained open, arch, luminons blue Wilhelmina's!

"There is a subterranean passage below us to Linn. Let us fly?" she whispered.

"But why?"

"These yalways do it in the legends," she answered modestly.

"But your father?"

"He sleeps. Do you not hear him?"

Certainly somebody was snoring. But oddly enough, it seemed to be Wilhelmina. Mr. Clinch, struck with the idea, stopped to consider. She was right. It certainly was himself.

With a struge'e he awoke. The sun was himine."

Mr. Clinch, struck with the idea, stopped to consider. She was right. It certainly was himself.

With a strugg'e he awoke. The sun was shining. The maiden was looking at him But the castle ?—the castle was gone!

"You have slept well," said the maiden, archly. "Everybody does after dinner at Sammtstadt. Father has just awakened and is coming."

Mr. Clinch stared at the window, at the terrace, at the sky, at the distant chimners of Sammtstadt, at the more distant Rhine, at the table before him, and finally at the tempty glass. The maiden smilled. "Tell me," said Mr. Clinch, looking in her eyes, "is shere a secret passage, underground, between this place and the castle of Linn?"

"An underground passage?"

"Aye, whence the daughter of the house fled with a stranger knight."

"They say there is," said the maiden, with a gentle blush.

"Can you show it to me?"

She hesitated. "Papa is coming I'll ask him!"

It is recomment that she did. At least the

A LONG PRAYER.