Something for Husbands.

We have before us a letter in which the following question is asked: "At it is a settled thing that husbands and wires ought to have no secrets from such other, should a man open and read his vife's letters before giving them to her?" We are glad that our correspondent does to give us his own opinion in the case, else ve might not have the patience to answer is question.

not give us his own opinion in the case, else we might not have the patience to answer his question. If it were ''s settled thing that husbands and wives ought to have no secrets," it might be well snough for wives, after read-ing their letters, to show them to their hus-hands, and for husbands to do precisely the same thing with their letters. But the pry-ing, impertinent curiosity, or the suspicion and petty jealousy, which would induce a husband to open an level bis wide's scaled or unscale letters, Let she should have a secret in hor keeping, would wreck any mirriage, with whatevor favorable condi-tions it might be surrounded. The man who has not authient confidence in his wife to entrast her with her own private letters must have a very bad wife, or must be avery bad husband. Of such petty suspicions are divorce case born. But saide from all this, our correspondent con asfoty write it in his hat for ready reference, that ne gentleman ever opens a letter, sealed or uns-aled, which is addressed to any other person, without express authority, except under same thing. Bat in giving this matter a place here, we

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The Burial of the Poet BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

"Whar was the 'cockney' then I" asked one ; and Hugh grew more uncomfortable than before. He stole a look from under the rim of his sombroro at the speaker, and inwardly blessed the Far Western custom of wearing the head covered with a well-abuched hat upon all possible ozza-sions. echo even to answer his cry of desolanor echo even to answer his cry of desola-tion. Grast Hearen 1 what was that object ly-ing there-there, harely hidden by the un-dergrowth, not half-adozen steps away! A pair of boots, a heap of mouldy-looking ragged clokes, and within the regs a ghast-ly skeleton ! Door remnant of morthity, ly skeleton ! Door remnant of morthity, laws, hally ao, if a frightful fracture of the frontal bones might be taken as evidences of an end quicker ortainly, yet sacredy less horrible. Carefelly, though with a shrinking loath ing, Hegh examined about the waist and in the pockets of the poor unknown, but fount no treasare-if any bad ever been there, the seen. Two days ago he would have shrunk in abhormene from and relies ; now he de voured them ravenously. A few stops far-ther on, he awa faak upon the ground ; it wa fall of brandy, and be drank a portied of the samely is, come hone seviered is hought thugh, differ and thugh had passed out it if ill much had passed out of 'gidt. Oa went this fugive, as bristly as his

hat being the place of honour accorded the sick "man. The landlord's bed was of ourse the bar. Ere setting finally for the light High leaned for an instant on his ol-ow, to steal a glance at his foe across the ourset forms about him. Seth, too, restaning on his elbow to look towards ligh. The glances of the two men pet i

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Mr. and Mrs. Connaught. er Interesting Facts abou Princely Pair Just United.

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(From Macmillar's M'gasine.) Catania has had a long and an eventful history. In no age, save perhaps a vary lake one, does it stand out in the front of Sicilian history like Syraouse and Paleramo, like Messina and Taormina. But it has had its full share in the revolutions of the ialand ; it has been lost and wor it has changed its rulers and its inhabitants, like other Sicilian oities; it has been the birth-place or the dwelling place of some of the most famous names of Sicilian history. Bat before all things it is the city at the foot of Etna. As we draw mear to Catania we come across a phenomenon to which we are unused alse-<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

Catania, Sicily.