A little book entitled the "Private Life of King Victor Emmanuel" is having a great ale in Haly. It is written by a man of ability, who hides himself under the pseudonym of Fauto. He seems to have been any a fenny story about him.

Victor Emmanuel was accustomed to rise at four o'clock a.m., and his life was as regular as a clock. He had fixed hours for receptions, walking, private audiences, for theatres, which he often visited, though he did not like music, and for reading, which he often did not like music, and for reading, which and horses were his favourites. He dimed at midnight dime and horses were his favourites. He dimed at midnight dime and horses were his favourites. He died at midnight before going to bed, and it was often his only meal. He wore the same clothes winter and summer. When he was seen with an overcoat on, he was sick. He detested a dress coat, and looked upon it as a democratic invention to confound master and servants in the same garb. He also disliked new hats, and only on the left hand. He was never seen with an umbrella, and rode in an open carriage, whether it snowed or rained. He was accustomed to go to the theatres in a loose coat, and preferred the popular theatres, where he could smoke, for he was only comfortable when with a cigar in his mouth.

The evening, when he e t red his private box, he was told that the Empress of Russia was in the theatre. "What can I do?" said the king; "I am not dressed, and I cannot go back to the place; but I must visit the empress." All at once an idea struck him. He pulled off his sack coat and put on the dress coat of the Marquis de Baginsso, who was in the banc in his his wind, and perceiving that the cravat of the valet who guarded the royal b bx was not the leid of his ack coat and put on the dress coat of the Marquis de Baginsso, who was in the same time, "I think mow I look enough like a king of Italy."

Another time, a by the same time, "I think mow I look enough like a king of Italy."

Another time, a like a king of Italy."

Another time

Listowel 2



Standard.

VOL. I.-NO. 27.

LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH, AUGUST 2, 1878.

HAWKINS & KELLS,

THE SADNESS OF SUMMER. rye,
And warm on thy meadows hes, fold upon fold,
The mostle that glimmers with ruby and gold.

O beautiful Summer! thy roses are free, And toss in the bloom like the foam of the sea; They are crimson like wine, they are white like t snow, And the breath of their cups is of censers aghow. The lillies are pure, and all poully they stand, Unchallenced and their library to the publish that they have the control of the slow and the slow and the slow and the slow and the slow at the slow at the slow attaining over the swift-waking morn.

We are losing the strength of the days the We are losing the strength of the confidence of

And all in rebition we turn from the good Thou offerest now. In perversens a of mood We cry to thee, "Come not with smile nor with gift, The cloud of our darkness thy beams shall not rift, Laugh on with thy lilies, and garland the hours it in influte turing of exquasic ff were; Sixed, were let the winds in their glammes yo by. For its there is maught but to sorrow and die."

There is partened with thee, though so, compilar;

Thy heart is the mother's. The mother knows best When to let the grieved child just lie close to he breast,

With soft arms to clasp it, with kisses to cheer,

With a calm word to southedt, "My love and mother. Walt only, the trouble will pass with the day. We hear the sweet whisper, wo're fain to obey

DAISY MILLER: A STU .Y

PART I.

| The content of the

you eat three lumps of sugar, your mother will certainly slap you," he said.

"She's got to give me some candy, then," rejoined his young interlocutor. "I can't get any candy here—any American candy. American candy's the best candy.

"And are American little boys the best little boys!" asked Winterbourne.
"I don't know. I'm an American boy," said the child.
"I see you are one of the best!" laughed Winterbourne.

said the child.

"I see you are one of the best!" laughed Winterbourne.

"Are you an American man?" pursued this vivacious infant. And then, on Winterbourne's affirmative reply—"American men are the best," he declared.

His companion thanked him for the compliment; and the child, whor had now got astride of his alpenatock, stood looking about him, while he attacked a second lump of sugar. Winterbourne wondered if he himself had been like this in his infancy, for he had been brought to Europe about this age.

"Here comes my sister!" cried-the child, in a moment. "She's an American girl." Winterbourne looked along the path and saw a beautiful young lady advancing. "American girls are the best girls," he said cheerfully, to his young companion.

"My sister ain't the best!" the child declared. "She's always blowing at me."

"I imagine that is your fault, not her's," said Winterbourne. The young lady mean-while had drawn near. She was dressed in white muslin, with a hundred frills and flounces, and knots of pale-coloured ribbon. She was bare-headed; but she balanced in her hand a large parasol, with a deep border of embroidery, and she was strikingly, admirably pretty. "How pretty they are!" thought Winterbourne, straightening himself in his seat, as if he were prepared to rise.

The young lady paused in front of his

of a little.
"Randolph," said the young lady, "what re you doing?"
"I'm going up the Alps," replied Randph. "This is the way!" And he gave nother little jump, scattering the probles yout Winterbourne's cattering the way they come down," said interbourne.

about Winterbourne's ears.

"That's the way they come down," said Winterbourne.

"He's an American man!" cried Randolph, in his little hard voice.

The young lady gave no heed to this announcement, but looked straight at her brother. "Well, I guess you had better be quiet," she simply observed.

It seemed to Winterbourne that he had been in a manner presented. He got up and stepped slowly towards the young girl, throwing away his cigarette. "This little boy and I have made acquaintance," he said, with great civility. In Geneva, as he land been perfectly aware, a young man was not at liberty to speak to a young unmarried I aly except under certain rarely-occurring conditions could be better that these "—a pretty American girl coming and standing in front of you in a garden. This pretty American girl, however, on hearing Winterbourne's observation, simply glanced at him: she then turned her head and hooked over the parapet, at the lake and the opposite mountains. He wondered whether he had gone too far: but he decided that he must advance farther, rather than retreat. While he was thinking of something else to say, the young lady turned to the lit be by again.
"I should like to know where you got that pole, "she said.
"I bought it!" responded Randolph.
"You don't mean to say you're going to take it to Italy."
"Yes, I am going to take it to Italy!" the child declared.
The young glanced over the front of her dress, and smoothed out a knot or two of ribbon. Then she rested her eyes upon the prospect again. "Well, I guess you had better leave it somewhere," she said, after a moment.
"Are you going to Italy? "Winterbourne inouired, in a tone of great resucct."

A Street, and the street of th

GES. McBean has just died in England. His carcer has often been quoted as a remarkable exemple of promotion in the British army. From a drummer in the Ninety-third Regiment he rose step by step until atter more than forty-five years of service he attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in command of the regiment in which he had spent his life. In October last he was made a Major-General.

Henry VII., Prince Reuss, hitherto German Ambassador in Constantinople, is going in the same capacity to Vienna. Ha high rank, his military antecedents, and his sports manlike tastes are likely to render him a favourite at the Austrian Court. The Princes is the eldest daughter of the reigning Duke of Sax-Weimar-Eisenach, and through her the Ambassador is related to several branches of the great family of European sovereigns.

There are more well-dressed ladies to be seen on the streets of Vienna than in any other city in Europe. In Paris respectable ladies nearly always appear on the streets in plain black dresses, asi's striving to avoid no a situation of the content of the streets in plain black dresses, asi's striving to avoid no a situation of the streets in the streets of the great mather of the reigning Duke of Sax-Weimar and they generally display it great neatness and good taste in their cuttis. They are lively and vivacious, as much so as the French, and are remarkable for fine forms and graceful movement.

"MILE. STELLA FAUSTIMA "(Miss Mary Brown), of Boston, is soon to appear in London Figure says: "This young lady's corer has been a curious one. Born in the United States, she has been educated at Brussells by an Austrian professor at the expense of the Queen of Holland; she is engaged by an Moldavian, who has subcontracted her-firstly to an Italian, and afterward to an Englishman. And yet some people deny that art is cosmopolitan."

If the newspapers are to be believed, women are the coming journalists of the country. The leading editorial writer of the Englishman. And yet some people deny that art is cosmopolitan.

The Hottest Yet