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FARM.

wife and I had given much thought the question of house and rent, and had ided that we should not be justified in reeding £120 a year, but we hoped to Steamship a pretty little place in the country at "Give me a well-cooked chop glass of sherry, and I can rough it said the intending traveler. We wanted a thoroughly pleasant house thin easy access of a country town where was good society, a really good garden, Oregon, 29th Cominion, 6th 0c able and coach house, and a few fields. had looked at many houses, when one after a morning of disappointment, we charming one standing some little di ace from the road, and a notice informed that it was to be let. We went to see it. was simply perfect, and was surrounded a garden which I loyed at first sight. It meltered from every cold wind, open

every benign influence, and full of the beautiful old-fashioned flowers, all maing as if they had been at home there .viais. A single glance showed me that which I had long been vainly trying miltivate were flourishing here with happy difference to human care. My wife was ighted with the house—so was I,—but it the garden which completely carried me 13y. It was not very large, but there DUNHAY wide open walks, and pretty, secluded Page Co., Illinois and rose and fruit trees, a lawn, and on C. & N.-W. R'7.

Prices low for qua ity of stock, and "Its pretty, sir," said the housekeeper. serving how lovingly my eyes dilated. A many pretty flowers grows here. They mow of their own accord like, for the garener has little trouble with them." "The gardener!' I exclaimed ; "I never

expeople of that kind run riot among my "() lor, sir; well to be sure! But there always been a gardener here. That's his ottage there, behind the trees." And she pinted out a pretty red cottage across the

WIL. Little was visible but the tops of

ome dormer windows, for a high trellis covged with roses screened it from view. "What's the rent of Fairlawn?" I asked sudden fear, for the little bit I saw of the ardener's cottage was so well built that it

"One hundred and sixty pounds, sir." My wife's countenance fell. With prompt ecision she took off her spectacles and put mem carefully in their case, and stowed has been mad gem away in her bag as no longer needed. "One hundred and sixty pounds," I reeated sadly.

"Yes, my dear, that settles it," said my sloved wife; but she had no idea what reget I was feeling.

"I suppose it's no use thinking of it," 23 York street aid I, with a sigh, "but I never saw flowis do so well in any garden before."

"Come, John," said my wife. "It's only ring ourse ves for no purpose—we had beter go. You know as well as I do that we aght not to saddle ourselves with such a

"Stop! I have an idea," said I, joyously. We might reduce the rent by letting that

"So you might, sir," interposed the housseeper. "It has six good rooms and a atchen; it was let a little while back to the mate. It's only the last year or two the ardener has had it."

We went to the cottage, and when I saw that an excellent house it was I decided to ake Fairlawn. I settled the matter at once, and in ten days began to move in. I gave he cottage a name likely to inflame ardent ad poetical minds, called it Eglatine cotage, and advertised it freely. It had a Franda e vered with roses, and a pretty ttle garden of its own in front, sloping own to the high road. We had established arselves at Fairlawn, brought our only ear daughter home from school, and rearned most of the calls made on us by the assident gentry, before we had an applicacon for the cottage. At last a gentleman ame-a man of 35, with bushy, brown hair. sten, it pairing, gray eyes, and a singularly Atelligent face. His name was Shute. He and studied for the bar, but was forced to he in the country on account of his wife's salth, and now devoted himself to art. bey mad no children, and did not object to is in reat, though I myself had feared that

was rather too much. All was soon seted, provided the references he gave me were satisfactory. They were most satisfactory. Each of the To responsible and well to-do gentlemen to

soom I wrote had the greatest pleasure in testifying to the high character of the gendeman who wished to be my tenant, and sach concluded by saying that such testimony on his part was almost unnecessary seeing that the said gentleman was one of the Shutes of Sheffield. I read this, and traightway a fine flavor of respectability attached itself to my tenant—he was one of the Shutes of Sheffield, This being the ise, I dedicated to his enjoyment the larger part of a large number of fine ferns which 13d been sent to me from Cumberland, and Went and planted them myself in telling pots. That done. I tied up his roses so that his wife might have the full benefit of heir beauty. And now all care was over, and we were really happy at Fairlawn. My wife had her pony carriage and explored the

seighborhood, and I had my garden and my ocx of books from the library. Mr. Shute's arniture began to arrive, and Mr. Shute aimself came to see all made ready for his lelicate wife. He staid with us, but he was tusy that we did not see much of him. He was however, a very pleasant fellow, and we liked him.

"I won't trouble you with my furniture. arranging difficulties, my dear Mr. and Mrs. everill," said he, "but there is one little

lavor I would like to ask of you. Would I'm mind having that trellis lowered a litile? It would be such a treat to my poor wife to have just a glimpse of your exquisite garden from her sofa. She is so unfortunate as to be almost a confirmed invalid." I shall be very glad—" I began.

"Thank you! Thank you! I felt sure you would be kind. Shall I give orders to cave the trellis removed or will you?" "Removed?" I had imagined that he

said "lowered!" Now I like to throw off my coat and waistcoat when I am in my garden—but one can't behave ill to a deliate woman.

ne. "there is no time to lose."

I had not the courage to plead for its only are so fond of fresh vegetation, may I go and | grass, all of which he was copying from

being lowered, and now the windows of Eglantine cottage raked my happy huntinggrounds where I had hithert; been so full of liberty, and so alone. My heart ached for the poor roses which had been thrown down with the trellis. Mr. Shute began to pluck them, and said he would put them in water to help make the house gay for his wife. Then he threw them down, exclaiming: "After all, she won't be here till to morrow. I'm sure you will give me a handful of fresh ones in the morning."

"You have roses of your own," said I impatiently, for he had flung down all those he had just gathered—and it infuriates me to see flowers ill-treated.

"I know I have," said he calmly; "but I don't want to touch mine." I looked at him in astonishment; and unable to answer

him, turned away, and so the matter ended. In due course his wife arrived. She was a till, pale, languid sort of woman, with fair hair-which was not, however, her ownand dull blue eyes. She was, Mr. Shute informel us, one of the Wilmotts of Taunton, and was a "creature of impression," and spent most of her time on the so'a.

"How I wish that we had a little balcony to our house," said Mr. Shute to my wife, one day, "if it were ever so small. My wife never gets out ; she can't sit in our garden, for it is too near the road; and being so much in the house is very dull."

Having said this, he looked anxiously into her eyes to see how much Caristian charity she possessed.

surprise, and replied: "I wish Mrs. Shute would use our garden sometimes-when my husband is not working in it, I mean, for, when he is busy he likes to be careless about appearances."

"Oh! thank you. How truly kind!" exclaimed Mr. Shute. "Then we shall have a key made. You know there is a door from our back-yard into your garden, and we will have a key made at once, unless you have one you can lend us."

And now my poor wife knew what she had done, for, of course, it was out of the question for an invalid like Mrs. Shute to walk all the way around by the lane to the proper entrance, and yet, if she had a key and could come and go when she liked, all my pleasure in my garden would be gone. "You won't go when my husband is at work?" she said in desperation to Mrs. Shute, and then trusted to her delcacy. What a poor weak thing to trust to!

They got the key-they used it. Mrs. Shute who was not strong enough to go around to the proper entrance, meandered for miles along our gravel paths and lawn. I could always trace her presence. For she plucked every flower she fancied, and flung it as quickly away, and I saw my slaughtered innocents lying bruised and withered in the sun, and could have slain her in turn. Mrs. Shute might be a creature of impression, but the flowers were the creatures of impression, too. and bore the marks of her ridiculous high-heeled shoes as she crushed them down in her indifference and passed

Some little time she respected my feelings and never entered the garden when I was at work. Soon, however, she came when she chose; and frequently I, hard at work in my grey flannel shirt, would see a sylphlike form arrayed in spotless white glide towards me, and seemed determined to enter into a prolonged conversation. If I moved away Mrs. Shute was certain to follow me. It was best to try not to mind her being there, and let her sit admiring her pretty feet and open-worked stockings, and uttering weak little remarks.

She was always affable. "I see, Mr. Peveril, you are quite au bout des doigts with all your flowers!" said she one day,

most kindly. "H'm," replied. "Yes, I like flowers. "So do I; I worship them! I even admire a lot of ugly ferns we have in our own garden." Thus, did the creature of impression speak of the lovely raid ferns which I had sacrificed to the tenants who were to

help me pay my rent. "Don't you like ferns?" I said, half inclined to make an effort to get them back

"Well, yes, in the woods; but I like Pelar-r-rgoniums in gardens; nothing looks better. It I had money I'd just put hundreds of them in front of our house. What a thing money is, Mr. Peveril! and there are actually some people so crowded with it that they don't know what to do with it but make an ostentation of it."

"I am very sure I should know what to do with mine, if I had a little more," was my thought-for I was forced to endure this lady's company for a miserable £40 a

She perhaps found me unusually dull, for she said she would "stroll about a bit," and, hastily knotting up a "guinea switch of hair" which was rolling down her back, she swept away. Presently she returned with the Grosvenor book which I was looking forward to the treat of reading when my work was done. She had obtained it by thrusting in her arm at the open window and removing it from the table where it was lying awaiting my return. She and her husband, too, were extremely fond of possessing themselves of whatever they happened to want. She borrowed a book in this nefarious way. He came in a panichis wife was ill; would we let him have a half dezen bottles of old port? Or he was suddenly seized with admiration of one of our water-colors. We had three good ones, but he was not satisfied with anything less than our Turner, and asked if we would allow him to take it to the cottage for an hour or two, and place it on a easel near his wife's sofa-it would help to while away the weary

hours, and she was the-Rather than hear him say that she was the creature of impression I hastened away to get the picture from him. His wife did not care for pictures; why did he borrow them for her? She did not care for books, either. She was entirely uneducated; and though possibly a Wilmott of Taunton, she certainly was not a lady. She wished to be pleasant, though, and was very fond of sympathising with me whenever she happened to observe certain small green insects which she called "nasty afrites" on my roses. Had she been reading "The Persian and Turkish tales?" I wished an ill-disposed afrite would carry her off-but nothing ever did carry her away from my side but the sight of the gardener going toward the "Sne is coming home to-morrow," said kitchen garden. Then she said in a mo-

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ask that man to cut off some little trifle for the cottage?" and I, rejoicing at this momentary good fortune, always said, "Oh, pray do." And she went and commanded him to convey to her abode cauliflowers and peas, lettuces, apricots, or whatever else was agreeable to the palate of a creature of impression. For my part, I should not have cared what went to the cottage so long as nothing came from it—to sit by my side I mean. But my wife said too much went! They had new-laid eggs, milk, cream, and more butter than we could well spare, and they did not pay as they got it, but let the accounts run on.

"Be patient," said I; "don't complain and don't ofiend them. We should have been very hard up without the Shutes, for I have spent more than 1 ought on the house and garden, and it is an immense comfort to have such rich tenants. They must be rich, for those pictures on their walls are worth thousands. Don't let us think of the Shutes. Let us enjoy our happiness."

Our dear daughter had got a lover—not a declared one, but one who was evident'y in earnest. He was a thoroughly conscientious, upright man, and had a small estate which had been in his family for a couple of centuries. Our joy about this made us tolerant of the Shutes. The young folks met constantly, and the more we saw of Mr. Ducle the more we liked him. Perhaps it was a lucky thing that Mrs. Shutes liked sitting on my lawn better than driving with my wife, for if she had used our pony car-My wife, poor dear woman, was taken by riage my daughter would have had to stay at home, and Mr. Ducle would have had fewer opportunities of seeing her.

> One day, after irritating me by calling my penstemons antirrhinums, when I should have liked to hear her bestow such an appellation on my snap-dragons, she, who knew nothing of our secret hopes, suddenly exclaimed: "Mr. Peveril, don't you think that Mr. Ducle who comes to your house is a very charming young man? We have asked him to the cottage, and he is coming ! There are a great many nice young men in this neighborhood! I am going to invite my sister to come and stay with me-she is

such a nice girl, and so beautiful !!" I could see the connection of ideas. She was going to invite her sister to the cottage in the hope of her fascinating some onemost probably our Mr. Ducle? This was fatal, for if Mrs. Shute made up her mind to deprive us of anything which seemed good in our eyes, nothing remained to us but to

resign ourselves to letting her have it. My poor Dorothea? I sighed heavily! That marriage on which we had set our hearts was not to be. Mrs. Shute's sister, a Wilmot of Taunton, and probably also a creature of impression, would come and win away Mr. Ducle's affections from my daughter, and my wife and I would be such fools that even we would allow ourselves to be drawn into doing our part toward producing that result. I was silent for some time; I was afraid she would notice it; I did not want her to know how we felt about Mr. Ducle, so I said: "I suppose your husband is hard at work this fine morning?"

"Yes, he is busy copying—painting, I mean," she said in confusion.

"Copying nature, I suppose," said I; but it occurred to me considering he was a landscape painter, Mr. Shute staid a great deal indoors.

Miss Wilmott came. She was as bright and rosy as Mrs. Shute was pale, and hardly had she arrived than the Shutes began to borrow our pony-carriage freely, and asked us to lend them our lawn for a tennis party they wished to give, to introluce her.

"They want to invite Mr. Ducle!" I exclaimed, when my wife told me this. "It is too much! It is like seething a kid in its mother's milk!" .

"And we shall have to supply the strawberries, and the cream, and lend the teacups and teaspoons, and a couple of servants. And she wants to borrow our long diningtable to place under a tree on the lawn, and has not got a table-cloth long enough to cover it, but is sure we have, and won't mind lending it, and-"

"Say no more," said I, decidedly. "We must draw the line somewhere, and draw it at giving up Mr. Ducle to them."

He was there even while we were speaking; he told us of his visit afterward, and said he thought Miss Wilmott a very charming girl, though it was easy to see that, like the fat boy in "Pickwick," "he knew a nicer;" but how long would he continue to put Dorothea in the first place if those Shutes began to angle for him in earnest? Our experience was that they always managed to get what they wanted. He began to go to the cottage a great deal more than I liked. My wife said it was because from the Sautes' windows he could sometimes see Dorothea walking in our garden. I did not know. Why did he come to us?

He did come to us, and sometimes asked Dorothea to stroll with him to the garden, but no sooner did they go out than Mrs. Shute and Miss. Wilmot joined them. I called the latter "the Abominable, that uninvited came," but how could the mind revert to poetry in the midst of such vexation as this?

While everything was in this wretchedly uncomfortable state I received a letter from my uncle -the uncle I did not want to offend. It was rather cold, and it ended thus: "I think, John, you must now see that I have every reason to warn you against taking that foolishly expensive house of yours, but you need not have sold your 'Turner,' and you ought to have had at least another hundred for it. Besides, I would infinitely rather have lent you some money myself than have that exquisite drawing go out of the fami-

It had not gone out of the family-I had not sold it, and never meant to do so! It had been an act of great self-sacrifice to let it go to the cottage for a few days, but now I had got it back an would keep it. My uncle's letter made me feel inclined to go and look at the drawing. I took it down to enjoy it thoroughly. It had been taken out of its frame. Why had that been done? I at once went to the cottage to ask the question. The ladies were out. They had hired a carriage and gone to spend the day with Mr. Ducle's mother. They were evidently in terrible earnest about that affair, and it was a most significant feature that they had hired a carriage, instead of insisting on having ours. .

"Mr. Shute is in the studio, sir; will you walk up stairs?" said the servant.

I walked up stairs but he was not there. On the tables and easels I saw a number of ment: "Dear Mr. Peveril. Edward and I | water-color drawing in various stages of pro-

others. Mr. Shute copied Torner drawings and sold them as originals! I saw it in a moment. And he had copied mine! Or he had, perhaps, sold the original and sent me back the copy? Then the drawings on his walls were copies, too, and I had not such a well to do tenant after all, for those Turner's on the wall had been my sheet-anchor of safety. Perhaps the rent of this cottage, for which I had sacrificed so much, would never be paid, and my cream and new-laid eggs, my fruit, my vegetables, my peace of mind, even my hopes for the future, were all to be as nothing. Letters with foreign stamps, service. lay on the table, doubtless orders from the antipodes for valuable drawings, which my clever tenant had no difficulty in supplying, and even now his wife and her sister twining 75 persons killed and 100 injured.

I looked up suddenly, and saw from the Shutes' window my Dorothea and Mr. Ducle walking in the garden below, hand in hand. Joy took possession of my heart. He had | King Alfonso's reception in Paris ended. fled from the two Wilmott sirens in search

of my Dorothea. We never saw the Shutes again. The same evening they left Eglatine cottage. Next morning two emissaries of the law took possession of it. Mr. Shute was deeply in debt, but he had taken away nearly been holding meetings and voting against the everything that was valuable. All that had remained to satisfy his creditors was a certain amount of Indian matting, two pairs of | should be necessary. flimsy curtains. a few rush-bottomed chairs, empty picture frames, and some furniture too heavy to be moved. The china plates which had looked so imposing were cracked in every direction and neatly mended. Not of some ancient race. The discovery has one of them was worth a shilling. Everything else was much the same. This little paradise of atheticism had faded away in a hour or two.

My wife and I were so happy, that we did not grieve over our lost rent. My uncle lent me £100, and three months atterward came to Dorothea's wedding, on which occasion he satisfied himself, and me, too, that my Turner was still on my walls, and that the estimable Mr. Shute, of Sheffield, had contented himself with making a copy.

A Wise Tailor.

tailor knock off five dollars on the price of the suit before I ordered it, I thought it better not to owe so much money, and I guess he finally came to look at it in a similar light. He doubtless made up his mind that it would be better to lose \$45 than \$50, which was where his head was level."

Victor Hugo has been taking an outing at the Hotel Byron, on Lake Leman, near Villeneuve.

When off the stage Salvini impresses one as entirely lacking in that subtlety which so distinguishes him on the boards. Neither his conversation nor his tace suggests in the slightest degree the delicate and fine intellectual resources of his interpretation of Conrad or Othello. Great as an actor, as a man he seems ordinary, save for his 8'z2.

The body of a man has been floating in th Niagara river opposite Queenstown. It was entirely nude excepting a bluish grey wool sick on one foot. It was that of a young man apparently about 29 years of age, 5 feet 8 or 9 inches in height, light brown hair cut Office at the fact that the German colony a deep gash about two inches long over the | coast of Africa, is in the habit of selling amright brow, running downwards and out | munition to the natives, while two British beneath the chin.

FIVE MINUTES SELECT READING.

Summary of Foreign, Domestic and War Items-Concise, Pithy, and Pointed. Preparations are being made in Montreal for the holding of a winter carnival similar

to that of last year. Gen. Campion, French Minister of War, has declared himself in favor of forcing throughout France a three-years' military

A despatch from Govi Kanuka, Japan, states that the threatre at that place was burned during a performance. There were

The Paris Temps says that owing to the resignation of the Spanish Minstry France now considers the difficulty arising from

A Hong Kong despatch says :- It is re-

with their allies, the Chinese Regulars, in the provinces of Yun Nan and Kwang Si. The cotton opeartives in Lancashire have

ported that the Black Flags have quarrelled

proposed reduction of ten per cent in wages, and also subscribing funds in case a strike Two quarry men report finding in a cave in a quarry at Capertown, Va., an old iron chest containing coins and tools, apparently

caused some excitement. An outburst of a land spring occurred recently on the Monmouth side of the tunnel under the river Severn, causing the work-

men to flee to the Gloucester side. The pumps failed to check the rising waters. Missionary Shaw stated before the Congregational Union that he wants redress for himself and the Madagascar churches rather

than compensation, Whatever France might do, she could not compensate them for their James P. Love, Danville, Va., angered bccause his father-in-law pulled the tail of "Yes," said the young man. "I made my Love's dog, shot his father-in-law, brother-

in-law, and his brother, Chas. Love, and a general fight ensued. All three will probably die. A Dublin despatch states that informer Lamie has been gaoled, it having been ascertained he was about leaving the country to evade giving testimony against his brother-

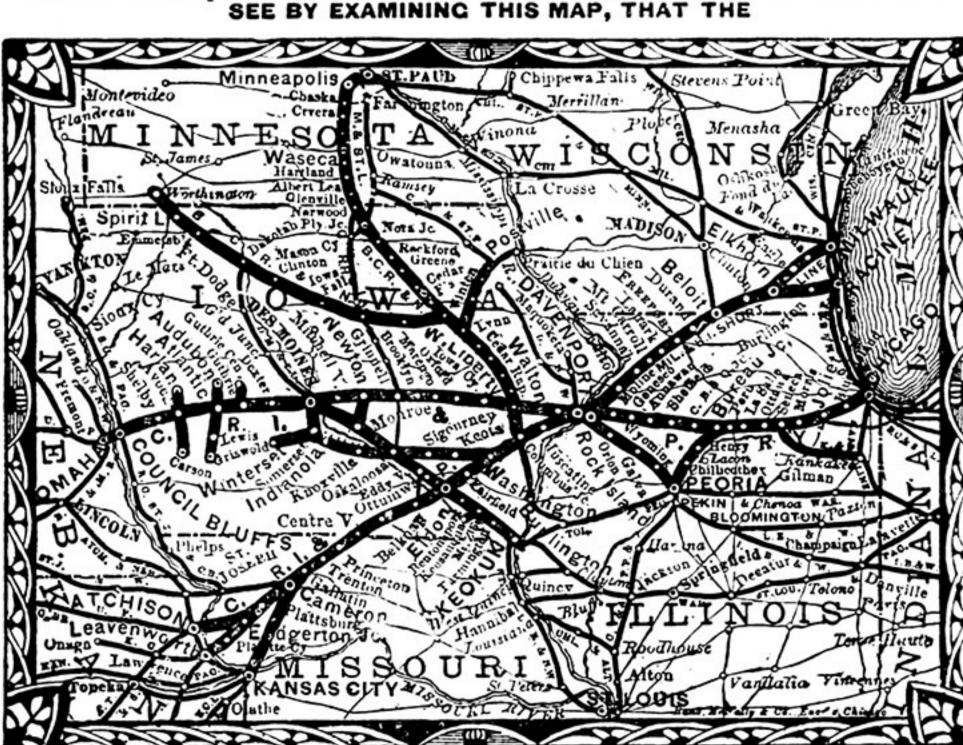
in-law, Poole, in the approaching trial of the

latter for the murder of Kenny. An unusual incident happened at Belleville recently. When the case of Lawrence v. Spencer was called, which was an action for breach of promise, it was stated to have been settled, and it transpired that a minister was actually engaged in marrying the par-

Lord Loftus, the Governor of New South Wales, in opening the annual session of Parliament, stated that delegates from all Australian colonies had agreed upon holding a conference in Sydney in the latter part of November, to consider confederation.

Much irritation is felt in the Foreign short, and light sandy moustache. There was on Angra Pejuena, a small bay on the west wards, also a deep cut one inch in length colonies situated on either side are not permitted to do so





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