and friendless. She, poor soul, ome good feeling about the d now and then a spare plate eside. Mean as he was, he had vever ite brought himself to say to her, "You all not have a guest," though he prosed way by the hour about the "terrible ex

weither could he quite prevent a deed of charity now and then the gift of a loaf, or an old gown, or a bag of flour. The unor an old gown, or a bag of flour. The unhappy woman's kind heart would have its as at times, for Richard Rock's parsimony was not induced by poverty, but by a miserly soul. He had only been a very economical young man when she first knew him, but the greed of gold grew with every were though there had no children to the skies. He attack that he works he had so the skies. He attack that he works he had so the skies. He attack that he works he was the rainbow fades from the skies. He attack that he works he was the skies. He attack that we have the works he works he was the skies. He attack that we have the works he was the skies. He attack that we have the works he was the skies. He attack that we have the works he was the skies. He attack that we have the works he was the skies who will use it for the poor," said the spirit, "and blot out the long, selfish years by one of uttergenerating the skies."

year, though they had no children to the skies. He strove to clutch her robe but it eluded from his grasp, and he tell fainting to the floor.

From that hour Richard Rock was a changed man. His gifts to the poor were countless, and the will he made full of wise Mrs. Rock died suddenly. A little better living, a few luxuries, the use of a carriage in wet weather, and, above all, a little more love and tenderness, might have

saved her life. Perhaps old Rook did not guess it. When she was gone he felt her loss as he had never dreamed he would. Her placid face and mild blue eye haunted him. The neatness which she had kept within the displated home, the skill with which she had prepared the coarse viants, the quiet way in which she had ministered before she was taken from him. More wretched than he had been in all his life before, it is shown in the great better arm house and lived there like a beggar. No guest entered his door. No one ever pused here for charity. With its closed shutters and naked door-yard, where one the rife's giraple flowers and

where once the wife's simple flowers and herbs grew, it was as desolate a place as one could dream of.

herbs grew, it was as desolate a place as one could deam of.

It was winter now, and the snow lay piled all about it—was heaped upon the fences, in the window ledges, and upon the chimney-pots. Long icicles hung from the broken water-spout and the edges of the great rain-tub; and within, a little wiretched fire of sticks and branches burned in one small fireplace, over which rich Richard Rock shivered and shuddered as though he had been the poorest creature in the town.

It was nine o'clock and a Saturday night. Few lights burned in the village, but the lecture room of the church was all aglow. There they held a fair, the proceeds of which were to be bestowed in alms upon the poor of the town, who had suffered much through the hard winter. Some rich men had given considerable sums in in aid of the object, and one enterprising individual, bolder than the rest, had appealed to Richard Rock with no success whatever. He had, indeed, hinted that he himself stood in need of aid, property was bringing in so little, and the charitable beggar fled affrighted. They talked him over at some of the tables that night, and said how, if Mrs. Rock had been alive, at least one five-dollar bill would have been found somehow for se good a purpose. When people are talking ill of one, they say the ears burn. Richard Rock's should have been to the enough that night, were this the case; but, instead, they were cold, old have been hot enough that night, were this the case; but, instead, they were cold, cold as ice—cold as was the rest of his person, from head to foot; not with quite a natural coldness either. He was not used to much fire, and he had an old blanket about his

"It is from a model."

"A model! How under the canopy solution and he had an old blanket about his shoulders, over his ragged greatcoat. It was a chill that seemed to come from the heart, and made him shiver fearfully. The first shiver seized him when the clock struck 9. It was such a deadly, curdling chill that it frightened Richard Rock woefully; and before it had passed away, a knock at the door sent him shivering again. It was not a lond, fierce knock—just a timid, tremulous rap or two; but none the less did his heart leap into his mouth at the sound.

Who could it be, at that time of night? Richard Rock crept to the door, and unbarred it as, he asked the question. A figure, all draped in gray, a shawl or a mantle over the head, dropping down to the feet, stood without. It turned its face toward Richard Rock and clasped its

toward Richard Rock and clasped its hands, and said, in a voice that set him "I'm cold to-night, very cold, and I have no shelter. Let me in and give me a crust to eat, and let me lie anywhere and

God will bless you."

Richard Rock shrank away. 'I never encourage beggars," he said, and shut the door and fastened it; but before he had 'e-hed the fireplace the knocking came

A ain he opened the door, and repulsed the bergar with harsh words; but the being—han, woman or child, whichever it was—ne er stirred from the spot. It stood just where he had first seen it, and called just where he had first seen it, and called just where he had first seen it. him to the door eleven times. On the eleventh he yielded, and said: "Come in,

elevent he yielded, and said: "Come in, then." The figure advanced and approached the fireplace. There were two chairs always standing beside it. One was Mrs. Rock's. Into that it dropped.

The gray drapery hid its face, but a pair of strange, bright eyes gleamed through the shadow upon Richard Rock's face. They frightened him again. In fear, rather than pity, he went to the table, and brought to it a piece of bread and a cup of milk. The singular guest took them, and ate and drank. Then it sat looking at the old man steadfastly. To break the spell which seemed to be falling upon him, Richard Rock spoke:

"You're a stranger here, I reckon."

"I come from far away," said the beggar, not showing him more of the face than he had yet seen.

"You chose a bad time to travel," said Richard.

"I had work to do," said the stranger.
"For whom?" asked Richard. "For the poor," said the stranger.
"You look poor enough yourself," said

"But there are poorer than I," said the stranger. "Out in the village yonder many will die if they have neither fire nor food. I want a gitt for them, Richard

"You," cried Richard. "Good heavens!
This is a trick, then, of that confounded deacon with the subscription paper.

I'm—"
The strange figure lifted its hand:
"A year ago there was a woman here,"
it said. Richard started.
"She sat in this chair knitting," said the
voice under the grey hood. "I think you
loved her a little; was it so?"
"Surely, I did," said Richard Rock.

"Surely, Fand," said Richard Rock.
"You married her when she was a blithe young girl," said the figure, "and you made her an old woman before her time. She toiled wearily from morning until night. She lived on coarse and common

"So did I," said Richard.
"She knew it," said the being. "She hardly blamed you. She loved you. You miss her now, sometimes?"
"God knows I do," said Richard.
"Yet you thought wine too dear to buy, and let her die for want of it," said the

and let her die for want of it, said the stranger.

"No, no!" cried Richard. "Who told you that? If I had thought that I—"

"It is true," said the stranger. "Yet she died loving you. If she could come from heaven now, and ask a boon of you, would you grant it?"

"God knows I would," said Richard.
"But the dead never return." And then so he afterward averred—the figure arose slowly, and all the gray drapery

her girlhood, and with a shining halo round her head, his wife herself, and no other. He could not speak. She looked upon him with a gentle smile.

"They said you would not entertain me; but I made you," she said, softly. "I know you better than they. Promise me, before I leave you, to do just what I

Richard could only gasp : "I will."
"A year from this night you will die,"
said the spirit, "You can take nothing
with you whither you must go. There are "I will."

and charitable bequests. The houseless learned that under his roof they might find food and rest.

He died, as the spirit had foretold, a year

from the night of its visitation, and on his death-bed revealed the story to the venerable clergyman on whose authority it is repeated. A HELPING HAND.

Rural Exchanges. From the Chicago News. peck of string beans from our esteemed fellow-townsman, \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. \_\_\_\_ Mr. \_\_\_\_ knows how to make the editor feel good.

Come again, —...
Our thanks are due to the ladies of the church for a comp. to their strawberry festival next—night. We will be there with our wife.

All my acrobatic studies are from nature Critic-But that picture of a circus man tanding on his head?

"It is from a model."
"A model! How under the canopy

on an excursion train.

"Indeed?" responded the young gentleman addressed, very much concerned to know what a unicyclist might be, but very much afraid of exposing his western rawness by asking.

rawness by asking.

From a Boston young man on the train it was learned that "papa" imparted the desire impetus to a wheelbarrow used in connection with city improvements.

General Lew Wallace, who has jus arrived in New York for a two-months visit, said to a representative of the Sur on Monday in reference to the Turkish on Monday in reference to the Turkish women; "They are the most beautiful women in Europe or anywhere else, excepting, perhaps, in the Turkish heaven. Yes, I will except the American if you want me to, but only through pure patriotism. Now, as to whether or not they are intellectual, I can tsay. I have been three years in Turkey, and I have never spoke to a Turkish women in my life. I should not have done so even were I able to sneak not have done so even were I able to speak their language, which I am not. It is im-possible for an infidel to speak to a Turkish lady and observe the convenances. When any man tells you how he has been in harems just you listen with interest, and don't you believe him."

A Lightning Bug Kills a Child. A strange death of a little girl by accilentally swallowing a lightning bug is reported from Concord. The child was playing in the yard with a number of other hildren, at her parents' house and while laughing and romping about a lightning bug flew into her mouth and made its way down her throat. The little girl became suddenly ill, and though physicians did everything to relieve her sufferings, she died within a few hours afterwards. This is the first death from such a cause on

A Surprised Youth. "Do you keep 'Late Hours,' young man?" sked an aged lady, entering a music store, and addressing one of the elerks. "Well-no, not generally," stammered the surprised clerk, who immediately re-

cognized in the customer the mother of one of his lady friends.
"My daughter asked me to call in here and ask you," continued the lady, turning o go. "Your daughter wanted to know?" ex claimed the young man with pointed shoes, turning as red as a fashionable para-

Yes; my daughter heard some on sing it the other evening and she wanted to get it."

It wasn't until then that the young man realized that "Late Hours" was the name of a recently published song.

Had a Choice.
"Hello, Bill," said a thief to a former oal, "what are you doing now?"

"Trying to make a support." "What are you doing?"
"Living honest,"
"Oh, come off."

"It's so, and you ought to try it."
"Not much. You've got a monopoly on it, and as between being a monopolist and being what I am, I guess I'll keep my present job."

She Asked Him Gently.

From the Philadelphia Call.

Young Wife—"My dear, you were troke our at college, weren't you?"

Young Husband—"Yes, love."

"And a very prominent member of the gymnastic class?"
"I was the leader."
"And quite a hand at all athletic con-

""Quite a hand?" My gracious! I was the champion walker, the best runner the head man at lifting heavy weights, and as for carrying! why I could shoulder a barrel of flour and." "Well, love just please carry the baby a couple of hours; I'm tired." "Isn't that Mrs. Holmes? I though

"She is well." After the doctors gave up her case she tried Dr. Pieve's Havorite Prescription' and began to get better right away. I heard her say not long ago, that she hadn't felt so well in twenty years. She does her own work and says that life seems worth living, at last "Why,' said she, I rel as if I had been raised from the dead, almost." Thus do thousands attest the marvelous efficacy of the Gadgien remedy for female weakness, prolapsus, ulceration, leneorthes, morning sickness, weakness of stomach, teldency to cancerous disease, nervous prestration, general debility and kindred affections.

A Bad Case of "Yeller" Fever.

From the Somerville Journal.

"Your sweetheast always bores on with her singing, I understand, when you call on her," said a Somerville young man "She is well." After the doctors gave u

call on her," said a Somerville young man to a friend the other day. "She does," was the mournful reply

"she does; she sings all the time. It wouldn't be so bad if she had a good voice, but it's a regular screech." "A sort of vocal mania she's got, I sup-"Well, you may call it a vocal mania i you like, but I call it a sort of yeller fever.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon treatment. for catarrh. Out of 2000 patients treate during the past six months, fully ninety per cent have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patient medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished, the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple Uncle—— has cut his grass and laid by his corn. He reports all the crops looking up.

Mr. Smith of Chicago, was in town last Wednesday visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Smith. His sister, Miss Smith, will return with him to Chicago to visit her father's brother, Mr. Smith.

A Studio Secret.

A Studio Secret.

The Candid Truth. A youth sat silent and alone,
Nor heeded he the call,
Nor joined he in the mirth of these
Who reveled in the ball.
Why sits the youth disconsolate?
The truth I'll not disguise,
as atc him on a custard pie,
And cannot, dare not rise.

for their treatise on catarrh. - Montrea

-No injurious effects can follow the ise of Ayer's Ague Cure in the treats of malarial diseases. It contains, besides a specific and unfailing antiddte for masmatic poison, other remedial agents which unite to expel the poisonous humors, purify the system and leave it in a healthy reinvigorated conditi

The Only Way to Treat Tramps. "Can't you treat a man decent," said tramp to a gentleman the other day.

"Oh, yes," replied the gentleman, "I know how to treat them."

"How do you treat them?" said the tramp.

"I let them treat themselves," replied the gentleman.

—In no other medicinal preparation have the results of the most intelligent study and scientific inquiry been so steadily and pro-gressively utilized as in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, It leads the list as a truly scientific prepar ation for all blood diseases.

Minneapolis has had a Wagner concert, and now ask one of them how he likes Wagner's music, and he will reply: "Ah, Vaghner! Oh, Vaghner ist ganz bully." -Within the past ten years not a dol lar has been lost in purchasing lots in Toronto or its suburbs. On the contrary overy dollar so invested has doubled itself. in five years some in three. West To-ronto Junction is the rising suburb of the city and a few dollars invested in a lot there will soon double itself. Geo. Clarke of the Li-Quor Tea Co. is offering a few on terms that are acceptable to all: An entrance fee of \$10, and \$2 a week for 182. weeks will purchase a fine lot 50x150 at the Junction, including interest and taxes. Lightning struck a hall out in Minne-apolis where some of Wagner's music was being rendered, and the leader of the orckestra merely mentioned to the

British Board of Trade REPORT.

"The public cannot be misled if, when seeking an office in which to effect an in urance, they se-lect one which transacts its busi-ness at a small per centage of working cost."—British Board of

COMPANY has always based its claims to public patronage upon its careful economy in the administration of the funds committed to its care. No
company of its age shows so good a record in
this respect, in the official reports made upon
oath, to the different Insurance Commissioners and Superintends, from year to year.

The following is the record for 1833, the figures under the heading of "Working Expenses" showing the amount in dollars and
cents expended by each Company out of every
One Hundred Dollars of its Receipts, apart
from paying death losses, endowments, dividends, or taxes:

WORKING

NAME. Expenses

Etna Life Ins. Co.. Hartford ... \$10 34

Equitable Life, New York ... 14 85

New York Life, ... 16 20

Travellers' Life, Hartford ... 16 26

Union Mutual, of Portland, Me ... 25 20

United States, of New York ... 30 78

Canadian Companies—average about 27 00 Canadian Companies—average about 27 00
Other things being equal, the Company
which conducts its business with the greates
economy, will produce the best results in cheaj
and safe insurance, and in profitable dividend
to its policy holders. On all the Ætna's "with
profit" plans, the profits belong wholly to the

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to stimulate the stometh and produce a regular daily movement of the bowels. By their action on these organs, AVER'S PILLS divert the blood from the brain, and relieve and cure all forms of Congestive and Nervous Headache, Bilious Headache, and Sick Headache; and by keeping the bowels free, and preserving the system in a healthful condition, they insure immunity from future

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orchestra merely mentioned to the man at the big drum to hit it more gently in the Kingston Road Tramway, TIME TABLE. To take effect on and after May 26th, 1884

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It will destroy the roots of the hair, preserve the normal condition of the skin, soften and beautify the complexion.

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