

THE CAVE OF THE DEAD.

That August evening last year so well remembered in the Midland town of Standon, Mrs. Clark was late in starting for home. She had been spending the day with an old friend in the town, and it was between nine and ten before she said "good-bye" and set out on her solitary walk to Abbey Cottage. She was a widow, living on a small annuity which she eked out by letting out lodgings. At that period the inhabitants of Abbey Cottage were Mrs. Clark, a dear old servant, Jane, and Mr. Thomas Harding—a young artist who rented two rooms in the cottage.

As Mrs. Clark drew near her door the night was pitch dark and without a sound, save the ripple of the river which washed the rear wall of Abbey Cottage. The widow was pleased to see the light in her kitchen. No other habitation stood within half a mile, and she felt relieved to think of getting in out of this blind darkness and this weird silence. Mr. Harding's light she could not see, for his sitting-room and studio, both in one, was at the back, directly over the deep Black Pool.

Mrs. Clark opened her door with a latch-key, and found old deaf Jane dozing over the kitchen fire.

"Any one been here?" the mistress asked loudly in the servant's ear.

"Only young Mr. Wilson that's now with Mr. Harding."

"Young Mr. Wilson to see Mr. Harding?" muttered Mrs. Clark in surprise. "I didn't know they had made it up. I thought they were sworn enemies over Nellie Reynolds. Hark! Here he is going, and there is no light in the passage. I'll show him out."

She hurried off with the lamp, and was just reaching the passage as Wilson came abreast the kitchen.

"Mrs. Clark?" he cried in a voice of surprise and alarm; "I thought there was no one but the old servant in the place."

"And you took me for a ghost?" said she, smiling at his confusion and startled air.

"Ghost!" cried he, starting forward and looking over his shoulder with a glance of terror, which, however, the widow did not catch. "What nonsense you talk!" he said hastily, with a sickly smile.

"And how did you leave Mr. Harding?"

"I have been away all day. I feel that I have been neglecting him."

"Oh! he's all right. Busy on some work for one of the illustrated papers. By the way, he turned me out, and said he hadn't a minute to spare, and wouldn't trouble you or the servant for anything to-night. Yes, he said he was in such a hurry that he'd fasten his door."

And having rattled out this speech in a breathless, gasping manner, Wilson opened the door and darted away.

"What on earth is the matter with that young man?" thought the widow as she stood in the passage with the lamp in her hand.

"He's floundering usually; to-night he's pale as death. Mr. Harding looking his door! And sending word that he is not to be disturbed! Mr. Harding is too polite not to come himself with such a message. I don't understand it all, and I don't like any of it, and I'll go see for myself."

She walked down to the end of the passage with the lamp in her hand, and knocked at the sitting-room door. There was no answer.

She knocked again, and more loudly.

"Mr. Harding, it is I! May I come in?"

She rattled the handle, turned it and pushed. The door moved inward. It was not fastened on the inside! She opened it.

The room was in darkness.

"Fading this lamp high she entered. The room was deserted. By the open window lay an overturned easel, a chair on its back, and fragments of glass.

"There has been a fight," thought Mrs. Clark, "and Wilson has flung him into the Black Pool! Mercy!" she cried, "he is drowned—drowned in the Black Pool, which never gives up its dead!"

Between eight and nine o'clock that evening John Wilson had called on Tom Harding. Wilson was a large, powerful, red-faced, blustering man of nine-and-twenty. Harding was of the middle height, slight, olive-complexioned, quiet in manner, and two years the junior of Wilson.

Up to a month ago they had been friends during Harding's summer visit to Standon, whither he had come to paint some of the picturesque scenes on the river. In July they quarrelled about Nellie Reynolds, daughter of old Reynolds, the bookseller, and the prettiest girl in the town.

"This is quite unexpected," said Harding coldly when Wilson walked into his room that evening.

"Half-an-hour ago I heard Mrs. C. was in town, and I thought I'd come and have a talk with you when there was no chance of being interrupted or overheard by that gossiping woman."

"Mrs. Clark is my friend, and I must ask you to say what you have to say without disrespectful reference to her," said Harding severely, as he motioned the other to a seat by the table, and took a chair himself with his back to the wide-open window.

"Very well," said Wilson shortly. It nettled him to feel the other man had gained a point in that brief encounter. "I have just a rumor that you are engaged to Miss Reynolds. May I ask it is true?"

His brows lowered, the color of his face deepened, he clenched his hands and leant forward.

Harding's face grew a shade paler. He leant back in his chair, and eyed the other calmly.

"And may I ask you what right you have to information about my affairs?" he said.

"Your affairs!" cried Wilson hotly. "Miss Reynolds was my affair before you ever saw her, before you ever showed your nose in this town."

"Twice you proposed, and twice you were rejected before I came to Standon. When I arrived here Miss Reynolds was as much your affair as she was an affair of the man in the moon. She is now, as rumor has informed you, engaged to me, and I do not desire to say any more on the subject."

He rose and bowed, and kept his head bent to indicate that he regarded the interview as at an end. He stood with his back to the open window.

Wilson got up trembling with disappointment, hate, and rage.

"You insolent pauper!" cried he, getting up, too, and shaking his fist at the artist. "A nice life she will have with you."

son. He went abroad, and has remained abroad ever since.

FAMILY ODDITIES.

The Remarkable Family Gathering of the Smiths.

One of the most remarkable family gatherings ever held was that of a particular branch of the great and widely spread Smiths. In the early days of the seventeenth century a certain Peter Smith left Holland and settled in New Jersey, where he prospered and became the ancestor of a flourishing colony of Smiths. Every year, for the last 250 years, his descendants have held at the old homestead, where the head of the family resides, an ever larger union.

On the last recorded occasion of this "meet" no fewer than 5,647 Smiths put in an appearance, every one of whom was a descendant of "Old Peter."

At ten o'clock in the morning the order was given for "every Smith to shake hands with every other Smith," and, considering the numbers, it may well be supposed that there was some pretty lively action until the process of salutation was over and done with. It took until one o'clock, and even then, no doubt, there were a good many of the possible combinations left over uncompleted, when the dinner-hour was sounded and the active party sat down to dinner at long tables set up in the apple orchard. Everybody had to call his neighbor by his first name, seeing all possessed the same world-famous surname. The oldest Smith was ninety-six, and the youngest four months, and all, young and old, made a point of passing, through the old home and pausing for a moment by "Old Peter's" chair, still kept in its place by the corner of the great fireplace.

A very curious bit of family history is that told of the daughter of Sir Stephen Fox, grandfather of the famous Charles James Fox, involving the fact at first impossible statement that two sisters should die at a distance of 170 years from each other, neither of whom lived to an incredible age. Yet this statement contains no catch in figures, but is literally true of the ladies in question. Sir Stephen married first in 1654, and the following year a little girl was born, who died in the same year, 1655. He had other children, who grew up and married, but most of these unions proving childless, and Sir Stephen being unwilling that his great estate should pass out of his family, he married again, and his last daughter was born in 1727. She lived to the age of ninety-eight, and died in 1825, no fewer than 170 years after the death of her eldest sister. That a lady who may have seen Queen Victoria should have had a sister who might have been looked at by Oliver Cromwell, who is one of those curiosities of the register office which, though an actual fact, would seem far too daring for the boldest romancer to venture to make use of.

It is stated that, in Vienna, twins were once registered as having been born in different years. The first was born on 31st December, 1892, and the second on 1st January, 1893. A curious result is that, as they both happened to be boys, they will have to do their military service in two different years, as the one will be considered to have reached the age of twenty in 1912, and the other in 1913.

The migration of a Spanish gentleman who having made his fortune in America, recently returned to Barcelona to spend the evening of his days in his native land, resembled nothing so much as the setting out of Jacob and all his family for Egypt. For this modern patriarch, aged ninety-three, has sixteen daughters, twenty-three sons, thirty-four grand-daughters, forty-seven grandsons, forty-five great-grand-daughters, thirty-nine great-grandsons, three great-great-grandsons, and seventy-two step sons and daughters, and the whole family, totalling 280 persons, took their departure for Barcelona together, travelling in a steamer specially chartered for the great occasion, and commanded by one of the grandsons.

The total number of the descendants of a woman in Lewistown, Illinois, who has just celebrated her 105th birthday, is not exactly known, but so far the figures, which are taken to be approximately correct, certainly deserve a brief record. She has thirteen children, 102 grandchildren, 228 great-grandchildren, and twenty-six great-great-grandchildren—making up the remarkable total of 369 descendants.

At a marriage in Elizabeth, New Jersey, recently, the friends of the bridegroom present included his father and mother, grandfather and grandmother, and great-grandfather and great-grandmother, while a little niece, daughter of the bridegroom's sister, represented the fifth generation.

An extraordinary chain of relationship was that of Harriet Viscountess Midleton, who recently died at the age of eighty-nine. She had been nearly related to no fewer than six Lords Midleton. She was grand-daughter of the third Lord, daughter of the fourth, sister of the fifth, first cousin of the sixth, first cousin and wife of the seventh, and mother of the eighth and present holder of the title.

It would be difficult to beat the family complications of a case reported from Glamorganshire, when a married woman, the fourth wife of her husband, was stated to have been previously the widow of three married men, and has issue from each marriage. Result—in one house the children are of seven different parentages.

From Indianapolis there comes a story of a remarkable matrimonial career. A farmer and his wife were lovers in youth, were early married, but failing to agree, were divorced. After a few years they came together and were re-married. A gain they were divorced and re-married, and once again secured a divorce, this time they declare, finally and with fixed intent to separate no more. An American paper tells of a gentleman who has just been married for the sixth time. On this occasion he married again the woman he first married, just forty-one years from the

first wedding. Since his divorce from her he has been the husband of two Canadian and two Ohio women.

DOES ITS WORK IN SIX HOURS.

A Medicine That Will Relieve Distressing Kidney and Bladder Disease in Six Hours Deserves Your Attention.

Those who suffer from kidney trouble suffer acutely. Where some kinds of sickness can be borne with fortitude, it is no easy matter to exercise this virtue when one is a sufferer from kidney trouble. Hope may sustain a person when a medicine is being used that doctors say will eventually effect a cure. But who wants to continue an agonizing course of treatment when a medicine like South American Kidney Cure is within the reach of everyone and that is so speedy as well as certain in its effects? This new remedy has been thoroughly tested by learned physicians, and stands to-day ahead of any medicine used for this purpose. It does not pretend to cure anything else, but it does cure kidney disease.

Pathetic Telephone Incident

It was a young lady who rung up. She wanted to communicate with the family physician, as her mother had been taken suddenly ill. After several attempts I informed the girl that I could raise the physician. "Never mind, now," came the reply in a voice choked with sobs, "she is dead." I will never forget the pain and sorrow there was in that young voice.

A New Hamburg Citizen Released From Four Months' Imprisonment.

Mr. John Koch, Hotel-keeper, New Hamburg, Ont.: "I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism. The last attack commenced last October, and kept me in the house for four months, when two bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure completely cured me. Had I secured the remedy when I first contracted rheumatism it would have saved me months of pain and suffering."

Was it a Proposal?

Mistress (a widow): "Well, Johnson, I'm sorry you are going to leave us, but you're very fortunate in having this money left you." (Pleasantly) "I suppose you'll be looking out for a wife now?"

Johnson (the putter): "Well, really, mam, I feel very much honored by your proposal, but I'm engaged to a young woman already."

Heart Disease of Five Years' Standing Absolutely Cured by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—The Great Life-Saving Remedy Gives Relief in 30 Minutes.

Thomas Petry, Esq., Aylmer, Que.: "I have been troubled for about five years with severe heart complaint. At times the pain was so severe that I was unable to attend to business. The slightest exertion proved very fatiguing and necessitated taking rest. I tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and obtained immediate relief. I have now taken four bottles of the remedy, and am entirely free from every symptom of heart disease. I hope this statement may induce others troubled as I was to give this most valuable remedy a trial."

Witty and Wise.

In a school the other day a class of little girls was asked by the teacher to write a short composition on the North Pole.

Many of the statements made by the young writers were highly amusing.

The one that provoked the broadest smile on the part of the schoolmistress was contained in a very precocious dissertation by a little miss, which ran as follows:

"The Arctic regions are used exclusively for exploring purposes."

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO CONGREGATIONALISM.

This Church Gave to the World a Beecher—Hear Also What the Rev. S. Nichols, a Prominent Toronto Congregational Minister, Has to Say on an Important Subject.

Henry Ward Beecher believed man's religious faith was colored largely by the condition of his health. He had said from the pulpit that no man could hold right views on religion when his stomach was out of order. It is quite certain that no preacher can preach with effect if his head is stuffed up with cold, or if he is a sufferer from catarrh. It is not surprising, therefore, that we find the leading clergymen of Canada speaking so highly of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, for cold in the head or catarrh. They know the necessity thereof that anyone else is relieved of this trouble. Rev. S. Nichols of Olivet Congregational Church, Toronto, is one who has used this medicine, and over his own signature has borne testimony to its beneficial character.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. Sixty cents.

Sample free for two 3 cent stamps.

S. G. DETCHON,
44 Church St., Toronto.

BORN.

Halifax, April 20, to the wife of A. N. Bayne, a son.

Lakeville, April, to the wife of Fred Wood, a son.

St. John, April 9, to the wife of J. Worden, a son.

Hillsboro, April 10, to the wife of Gilbert Johab, a son.

Harvey, N. B., April 1, to the wife of L. F. West, a son.

Hampton, April 25, to the wife of T. W. Barnes, a son.

Annapolis, April 8, to the wife of Griffin O'Dell, a son.

Oxford, April 10, to the wife of Joseph Thornwaite, a son.

Halifax, April 14, to the wife of Charles H. Melvin, a son.

Halifax, April 14, to the wife of H. H. Hubley, a son.

Mt. Denison, March 26, to the wife of Robert Stairs, a son.

St. John, April 16, to the wife of John F. Morrison, a son.

Carleton, April 17, to the wife of William J. Watson, a son.

Amnapolis, April 7, to the wife of Herbert Nelson, a daughter.

Halifax, April 17, to the wife of G. A. Gauvin, a daughter.

St. John, April 19, to the wife of W. G. Lawton, a daughter.

Hantsport, March 29, to the wife of Wm. Wilson, a daughter.

Halifax, April 17, to the wife of H. C. W. Powell, a daughter.

Carleton, April 9, to the wife of Fred T. Perry, a daughter.

Aylesford, April 9, to the wife of Isaac Selridge, a daughter.

New Glasgow, to the wife of Rev. W. I. Croft, a daughter.

St. John, April 15, to the wife of James S. Ford, a daughter.

Corwallis, April 19, to the wife of Geo. Griffin, a daughter.

Fredericton, April 14 to the wife of W. H. Carten, a daughter.

Nappan, April 12, to the wife of Harry Blenkhorn, a daughter.

Amherst, April 12, to the wife of Winfred Fowler, a daughter.

St. John, April 19, to the wife of conductor Lefebvre, a daughter.

New Glasgow, April 20, to the wife of George Ryan, a daughter.

Hantsport, March 28, to the wife of Judson Fuller, a son.

Carleton, April 1, to the wife of Capt. David M. Foot, a son.

Waterford, N. B., April 3, to the wife of Minor Whitman, a son.

St. John, April 18, to the wife of Dr. Walter W. White, a son.

Windsor, April 15, to the wife of Wm. Grant Goudge, a son.

Moncton, April 12, to the wife of conductor James Sweetman, a son.

Short Beach, March 30, to the wife of Charles Churchill, a son.

Salmon River, April 13, to the wife of William Whitman, a daughter.

Salmon River, April 13, to the wife of William E. Whitman, a daughter.

San Francisco, April 5, to the wife of W. H. Wilson, formerly of this city a daughter.

Montreal, April 14, to the wife of W. Chase Thompson, formerly of St. John, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

Truro, April 10, by Rev. H. F. Adams, James A. Milne to Maggie Watson.

Andover, April 18, by Rev. Scofield Neales, David Robinson to Maria B. Hill.

Berwick, April 4, by Rev. J. L. Read, John W. Robinson to Rose A. Parkes.

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Cape Breton, April 18, by Rev. A. F. Carr, William Copeland to Mary A. Damsan.

Salt-prings, N. B., April 4, by Rev. D. Fraser, Robert Smith to Lizzie A. Aiton.

Windsor, April 16, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Albert Johnson to Loreta Grace Bell.

Kentville, April 17, by Rev. E. O. Weeks, Thomas L. Smith to Bessie E. Sandford.

Hebron, April 11, by Rev. F. H. Beale, Stephen Porter to Loreta Grace Bell.

St. John, April 18, by Rev. George Bruce, D. D., Rev. L. G. MacNeil to Mary Gray Kennedy.

St. John, April 15, by Rev. J. Shenton, Byron E. Wood, to Sarah daughter of Andrew Bradley.

Cambridge, April 16, Ernest Blair, formerly of St. John, N. B., to Cassie Raine of Centreville.

Kingston, March 29, by Rev. W. Ryan, Norman T. Nulty to Alma J. daughter of Wallace J. Graves.

St. John, April 17, by Rev. L. G. MacNeil, A. F. Lockhart, of Woodstock, to Lizzie S. Read, of St. John.

Wicklow, N. B., April 10, Clarence Estey to Mary L. Squires.

Windsor, April 8, by Rev. J. A. Mosher, Wm. A. T. F. Farnboro, to Hattie Armstrong, of Chester, N. S.

Baie Verte, April 17, by Rev. W. B. Thomas, Walter F. Donil of Charlottetown, to Amy C. Thompson.

Margaretville, April 10, by Rev. J. L. Tingley, H. Barker, of Stronach, Mt., to Maud Harris, of East Margarettville.

Woodstock, April 12, by Rev. G. F. Currie, Samuel Gibson of Wicklow, to Mrs. Mary A. Sharp of Mars Hill Me.

Blackville, N. B., April 9, by the Rev. G. G. Johnson, Herman Hovey of Ludlow, to Cora A. Weaver of Blackville.

Campbellton, April 17, by Rev. Wm. A. Thompson, Mary Jane Court of Fleurons Point, to John W. Blair of St. John, N. B.

Auburn, N. B., April 8, by Rev. J. S. Coffin, James D. Jacques to Ermina E. daughter of the late Benjamin L. Palmer, of Auburn.

Digby, April, by Rev. J. W. Prestwood, Samuel Digby to Lucy Blanche, daughter of Capt. Wm. Ellis, of Point Prim Lighthouse.

Gregg Settlement, N. B., April 13, by Rev. G. F. Currie, Patrick Wiggins of Tracy Mills, to Mabel F. Leith of Carleton Place, N. B.

St. John, April 17, by Rev. Dr. Macrae D. D., George M. Robertson to Gertrude Alice young, daughter of the late Shadrach Holly.

Oakland, April 4, by Rev. W. Scott Whittier, Theodore A. Smith formerly of Halifax, to Addie May Robertson formerly of Cape Breton.

DIED.

Amherst, April 1, Mrs. Ward, 84.

Pictou, April 13, Colin Ferguson, 69.

Waterloo, April 8, Michael Wile, 87.

Norwood, April 14, Silas Durkee, 64.

Brighton, April 15, John H. Gare, 61.

Tusket, April 17, Raymond White, 26.

Seasonable

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