

## ONE HEART.

I sometimes linger o'er the list  
Of friends I lost in other days,  
And still the question with me stays—  
"When I am gone shall I be missed?"

I doubt it if others think the same,  
Or even wish to share my thought—  
That man were foolish who has sought  
To leave an ever-dying name.

When though hast run thine earthly race,  
Though wilt not "leave a world in tears,"  
Nor will man come in after years  
To view thine earthly resting place.

Thy poor remains will rest as well,  
Thy spirit will be no less free,  
Although it is not thine to be  
A Milton or a Raphael.

Fret not thyself but Heaven thank  
If all the good that thou canst do,  
May be so done that only few  
Need ever know thy place is blank.

Be thankful if one true heart  
Shall feel for thee the moment's pain—  
Ere it can say "we meet again"—  
Of knowing what it is to part.

One loving heart thou mayest crave,  
Lest all though carest for on earth  
Should seem to have no lasting worth  
And end for ever in the grave.

One faithful heart beneath the sky,  
In which to leave a seed of love,  
To blossom in a world above,  
And bear a fruit which shall not die.

—C. J. Boden.

## IN A TIGER'S JAWS.

It is years since the following tale was related to the writer by "Bob" Barry, cousin of the principal actor in this thrilling adventure, and the recorder's memory may play him false in some of the minor details; but the main facts are a narrative of what actually happened.

Barry was a tea-planter in the tea districts of India—Cachar, I think—and had been bothered much by the depredations of the man-eating tiger that was literally making a preserve of his garden. Night after night the huge beast had prowled about right up to his very door. More than one coolie had gone down in a crumpled heap, crushed to a jelly under those cruel, merciless paws.

Barry resolved to get a shot at the beast if possible. He got a neighboring planter to join him and his assistant in sitting up for a few nights in the hope of bagging Mr. Stripes. From the pugs in the soil about the bungalow, Barry felt sure that he would get a shot at him from his veranda. So he and his two chums, after disposing of a good dinner, drew out their long chairs, and with rifles handy proceeded to make themselves comfortable for a long wait for the tiger. Cheroots were barred, as their lights would be sure to disclose their presence to the big chap. Conversation must be limited, too, and be carried on in a low tone, if they were to have a crack at the visitor. Small wonder that the time passed slowly and that as the hours dragged their length along the heavy, sensuous air of the Indian night made the tired watchers nod in brief snatches of slumber.

With a jerk that nearly dislocated his neck Grant woke up from one of these fitful sleeps and leaning over, touched Barry on the arm, "I say, old man," he whispered, "if you and Blain don't mind I will go in and smoke a cheroot. I'm dead beat for sleep and can't keep my eyes open."

Barry nodded and Grant went quietly in through the big diningroom and into Barry's room.

It was two o'clock, and no sound but the drowsy droning of the tree crickets came up out of the wall of gloom that spread like a pall over the whole outside world.

Half-past two, and still Grant remained inside. Blain had nodded and pinched his leg to keep himself awake. "What is Grant up to inside?" he whispered.

"Gone in to have a smoke," replied Barry. "You had better go in and have a peg and cheroot yourself and stir Grant up. I believe we are playing the goat anyway, sitting here, for 'old stripes' has given us the slip this time. I shall find out in the morning that the magpy brute has killed a cow somewhere about the garden while we have been waiting here for him. Better a cow than a coolie, though, for he takes the men often enough."

"No, I don't want to smoke," replied Blain, "but I should like deuced much a cold tub. I believe it would keep me awake for the balance of the night."

"All right. Go and have one and stir Grant up when you go in; he has fallen asleep on his cheroot."

On his way in Blain shook up Grant and left him blinking and trying to realize where he was. But he was too sleepy to locate himself, and muttering about Blain's stupidity in waking him, he once more subsided into a heavy sleep.

After the other had gone Barry found the stillness more oppressive than ever—their presence had been so much life in the great dead wall of solitude. He, too, was soon nodding, catching the monotonous "Plunk! Plunk! Plunk!" of a night bird that had joined the crickets in their drowsy lullaby, faintly, very faintly as he partly roused himself from his nap. The splashing of the water, as Blain poured it over his head, came to his ear as the leaping of the brook at home in far-off Ireland; for he was there in his slumber car, and a tender voice was whispering words of love and welcome to him.

Fair on the chest is the chin, and closed the eyes, else surely they had seen that huge,

lithe form gradually taking shape and silhouetting itself against the dusty roadway, made over the distant hills. Stealthily it works its way closer and closer to the steps leading up to the veranda, just at the top of which he sits. Now the fiendish gleam of two baleful eyes upon him. Heavens! Will he not waken in time! The form is still flattened out against the dark earth, only, like the swaying of a cobra's head, with a wicked swish, moves the quivering tail.

But Barry still dreams of home, and the leaping of the brook is still in his ear, for Blain is pouring cold water over his head, and Grant a slumbering, too.

A fierce rush—a blood-curdling snarl, as when a cat pounced upon its prey—a scream of terror from the dreamer, as he awakens to find himself thrown, crushed and bleeding, over the back of the tiger and borne swiftly away.

Strong and brave as Barry is, his head swims, and he swoons for a second or two. Then the terrible pain in his arm brings him to, and he realizes that the beast has gripped him by the arm and is carrying him off.

Clear and loud he calls: "This way, Grant! Follow up, boys! Don't shoot me! Head him off!"

And behind, like two madmen, were tearing along his friends, rifle in hand, kept on the track of his calls.

"He's making for cover," panted Grant, as the cries sounded up a hill, on the far east side of which grew some rather thick jungle. "If we can catch up before he gets there, we may make him drop, Barry; if not God help the poor fellow!"

Side by side they ran in the dark, and on in front bounded the fierce brute, with Barry trying to keep him back all he could.

"Gaining!" gasped Blain, as the cries from Barry sounded nearer, and they quickened their pace as they breasted the hill.

Like a blacker line, not far ahead, loomed the jungle, but they were close on the tiger now, for they could hear him crashing along.

"Don't shoot till he drops me," called Barry; "I'm on his back."

Up on top of the hill it was lighter; they could see now, and as they rushed along they suddenly saw the tiger stop and face around. He dropped his victim, and evidently meant to charge them.

Torn and bleeding as he was, Barry had presence of mind enough to lie still. He knew that the slightest move on his part might draw the fierce brute's attention to him again, and perhaps this time he might take his neck in the great powerful jaws, one snap of which would cause his death.

The moon was clear of the trees now, and by its light Grant and Blain could make out quite the position of the tiger and also Barry's form on the ground, almost in front of him.

"Give it to him, Blain," hissed Grant through his clenched teeth, "and as he charges I will give him another."

Sharp and clear rang out the report of the rifle, and like a vivid flash of lightning leapt forth a streak of red flame; then another report rang out, and there was a rustling noise, as a great body came hurtling through the air, striking Blain, and carrying him off his feet and half way down the hill. But it passed, and when he picked himself up, bruised and battered, he realized that the tiger had just missed catching him with tooth or claw, and only the body had struck him.

Grant was bending over Barry, who lay still and motionless enough now, with his white ghastly face, looking in the pale moonlight like that of a dead man. Coolies were running here and there with torches and lamps, shouting and beating their hands to frighten away the man-eater. By calling to them, Grant got a few to come, and with their help Barry was carried down to the bungalow.

Next day they found the tiger so badly wounded that he was quite easily put beyond any more harm.

Barry recovered after a long, hard fight of it in which his splendid constitution won, but one arm was gone, and his side was so badly hurt that he never became strong again.—Detroit Free Press.

## Completely Knocked Out.

"I was so much run down I had to give up work, and I felt as if life was not worth living," writes Wm. W. Thompson, Zephyr, Ont. "I took Scott's Sarsaparilla and am now feeling as I did years ago." Scott's Sarsaparilla tones up the entire system, purifies the blood, and eradicates rheumatic and scrofulous poisons. Ask for Scott's and get it.

## Don'ts For Girls.

Don't think loud laughing and talking on the street, in public places, or, indeed, anywhere, will cause people to notice you certainly it will, but not in a way that is flattering to you.

Don't tell Tom or Dick or any of your boy friends that you will meet him down town or at the post-office. If you are going out with him, let him call for you at your home.

Don't have any friends you cannot ask to your home and introduce to your family.

Don't write silly letters to anyone. You can never tell who will see them.

## A NATURAL BEAUTIFIER.

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the blood and gives a clear and beautiful complexion. Sold by Garden Bros.

Marlenwerder, in Prussia, has dealt severely with its Tamsen. The Warden of the prison celebrated a prisoner's birthday by throwing open the cells and treating the prisoners to beer and tobacco. At the trial the prisoners were acquitted, as they had only obeyed the Warden's orders, but the Warden was sentenced to two years and a half in jail for relaxing discipline.

## SKIN DISEASES!

One Remedy Which has Never Failed—  
Tried and Tested Ointment.

Because other alleged remedies for piles, scrofula, eczematous eruptions, scald head, chafing, black heads, salt rheum and skin diseases generally have proved useless, don't condemn Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has never been known to fail. For instance, Nelson Simmons, Meyersburg, Ont., writes:

"I used Dr. Chase's Ointment for Itching Piles, and can recommend it highly. Since using it I have had perfect freedom from the disease." Peter Vanallen, L'Amable, Que., had the eczema for three years. He tried three doctors, but received no benefit. One box of Dr. Chase's Ointment and three boxes of Dr. Chase's Pills cured him completely. Large scales covered his legs and body, but the Ointment soon removed them. He will swear to these facts.

Chase's Ointment may be had from any dealer or from the manufacturers Edmanson, Bates & Co., 45 Lombard street, Toronto. Price 60 cents.

Mother's greatest remedy for coughs, colds, bronchial and lung affections is Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. The medicinal taste is wholly disguised making it pleasant to take. Large bottle 25 cents.

I have Just Received from  
Wm. Ewing & Co., Seed Merchants, Montreal:

Yellow Aberdeen Turnip,  
Champion Swede "  
Intermediate Carrot,  
Long Green Cucumber,  
White Spine "  
Squash and Pumpkin,  
Beans, Peas, &c.

SEEDS

Which I will be pleased to forward to any address, postage prepaid, upon receipt of retail prices. I also have the following commission seeds, viz.

Dunlap's Vegetable and Flower Seeds, D. M. Ferry's Seeds, Fisher's Seeds, Steele, Briggs & Marcon's Seeds, in 5 cent packages. All of the above are new, fresh and reliable.

Wm. E. Thistle,  
DRUGGIST.

Hartland Drug Store, April 18.

## NOTICE OF SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at the Post Office at Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, on Thursday, the 16th day of July next, at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title, interest, property, claim and demand whatsoever, either at law or in equity of David Elliott of, in, to, out of or upon the following described lands and premises, viz.

All that tract or tract situate in the parish of Wilmet, in the County of Carleton, in the Province of New Brunswick, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post standing on the eastern side of a reserved road, at the southwest angle of the western half of lot number twenty-six (26) granted to Adolphus Estey in Tier six Williams-town Settlement, thence running by the magnet south eighty-seven degrees east twenty-five (25) chains to another post, thence south three degrees west forty chains and fifty links to a cedar tree standing on the northern side of another reserved road thence along the same north eighty-seven degrees west twenty-five chains to the eastern side of the first aforesaid reserved road, and thence along the same north three degrees east forty chains and fifty links to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less and distinguished as the western parts of lots number twenty-seven and twenty-eight in tier six, Wilmetstown Settlement.

The same having been seized and taken under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Supreme Court of the Province of New Brunswick at the suit of John Fisher against the said David Elliott.

W. D. BALLOCH, Sheriff Carleton County.

Sheriff's office Woodstock Dec. 30, 1895.

Men's Long Boots,

" Heavy Boots,

" Light Boots,

" Heavy Shoes,

" Slippers.

Ladies' Button Boots,

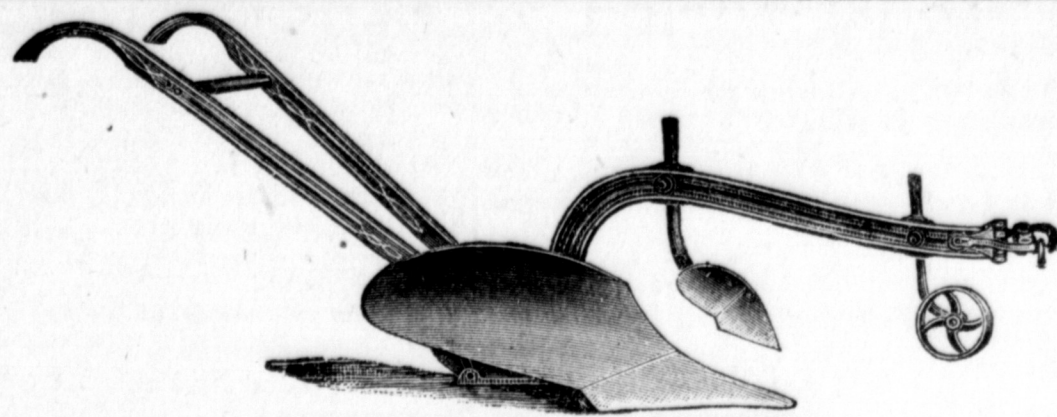
" Laced Boots,

Children's Boots &amp; Shoes.

All Sizes, Qualities and Styles of Men's,  
Women's and Children's Boots,  
Shoes and Slippers.

BAILEY BROS.

Harold G. Franke, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., a clerk, was on his way to make a deposit when he dropped \$800. He did not miss the money until he got to the bank. In the mean time several boot-blacks, who were standing on a corner, were astonished to see a flurry of \$10, \$20 and \$50 greenbacks flying about. The police then came upon the scene and recovered only \$590.



SYRACUSE

## STEEL : PLOW,

The Best in the Market.

We sold 120 of these Plows last season, and they are pronounced by everybody the BEST PLOW ever used in the County.

We have on hand and are manufacturing a full line of

## Chilled Plows,

Including our Celebrated No. 1; also,

## SPRING TOOTH HARROWS

Wood and Steel Frames and with Lever Attachment  
for Raising and Lowering the Teeth.

## Horse Hoes

With either Cast Iron or Steel Wings.

## CULTIVATORS

&amp;C., &amp;C.

## Prices Low to Suit the Times.

Give us a call before placing your orders.

## Connell Bros.,

Main Street, Woodstock, N. B.

## HARD

## WEAR

## SUITS

FOR \$2.75.

Greatest Wonder of the Age.

We have been trying to get a  
Suit for the working man that  
costs but a trifle and will stand  
the every day

## Wear and Tear

We have succeeded.

Come and see it.

—ALSO—

Men's All Wool Suits,  
From \$5.00 up.

Waterproof Cape Coats,

\$5.00 up,

Warranted Rain Proof.

R. B. JONES,

MANCHESTER HOUSE

## HARNESS

Made &amp; Repaired

GREAT VARIETY OF

HARNESS FITTINGS

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

P. V. MOOERS, Main Street,  
WOODSTOCK.

## DO YOU WANT

Tinware,

Stove Pipe,

Hot Air Furnaces,

Or anything of that kind. If so call on

C. B. Churchill

You will find him in WOODSTOCK at  
21 KING STREET,

—AND AT HIS—

New Store

HARTLAND

D. M. KINNEAR,

Contractor

—AND—

Builder.

I guarantee absolute correct estimates on  
everything in the building line.

Personal supervision of all work, and careful  
attention thereto.

I make a specialty of completing all contracts  
sharp on time. Will take contracts  
anywhere in Carleton County.