

AFTER HARVEST.

After the harvest and toil is o'er,
Rest for the weary and joy once more!
Thanks for the joy which the toiler wins
When the bright fires blaze and the dance begins,
And there's time in silence or song to wait
For the kiss of your sweetheart at the gate!

After the harvest—the hay stacked high
Under the stars of cold, clear sky,
And away to the woodlands the wagon whirled,
And we're out for a ride with the rosy girls!
After the harvest the bright eyes glance
And love makes the music and leads the dance!
—Atlanta Constitution.

A TIGER EPISODE.

Remember it? What a question! It's ten years gone, and more, yet I wake in the night with the cold sweat pouring from me and the echo of that last awful cry ringing in my ears. Forget it? I wish to God that I could, but—well, this is the story. We were stationed at Nassirabad, the hottest and slowest hole in the whole Indian Empire. The only thing to break the awful monotony was hunting, and after two years there I was naturally something of an expert. Game, outside round the Ajmere hills, was pretty thick—that is, deer, neigahai and such like—while well up Chandi way there were lots of tigers to be had for the potting.

Now, when one of the officers goes off a-hunting he generally picks on one of us "Tommys" who knows the ropes and takes us along. As there's generally tidy good picking for Tommy, the job is well liked; so when young Sampson—our latest sub.—asked me to go along and show him around, why, I naturally jumps at it, and packs my kit before I knew where we were bound. When I heard no other place than Chandi jungle was to be our stamping ground I kind of squirmed a little, 'course I'd been there before, and knew the particular kind of hell it was. It's full of tigers, and they're always hungry. Why, when the locomotive is plugging up the hill at night the stokers have to throw open the fire box door and let out the light, so as to scare the brutes off with the glare, on the outside of that little patch of jungle; and half a dozen Parsee firemen have been clawed off the tender by the brutes as the engine grunted past. The hill is so steep there that you can't make more than 12 miles an hour with those old rattletrap locomotives anyway.

Of course I wasn't frightened; but taking a beginner out to a place like that isn't fun. There's no telling what a fellow'll do when stacked up against big game for the first time; the finest shots in the world will go to pieces at their first sniff of a tiger or a bathi—not that elephants are particularly dangerous—but when your first geon and target shots tremble so they can't hit a deer at 50 yards, it's no joke to take a beginner up to the woods at Chandi. I tried to hold him, but he wouldn't hear of it; told me as how he had promised a skin to a young lady back home for her birthday, and a skin he was going to have. So we started.

We took the night express and dropped off early in the morning at Chandi village, where I got the stuff for our camp, a bundle of bamboos, some stout cord and a young kid for bait. We then struck across country, keeping well in the open, for the Chandi River, a little half-dried up stream that quenches the thirst of more tigers in a week than all the other rivers in a month. We crossed the stream about three in the afternoon, and at the edge of the jungle I found a young banyan tree, up which I scrambled with the help of the youngster, and in a short time had hacked a space clear to fix my bamboos, which I nailed and lashed into a kind of platform, strong and roomy enough to hold us both comfortably. Then I slipped down by a knotted rope which was to serve us as a ladder.

Next we drove a stake down in the bank of the stream, and tied the kid to it, scratching its hind leg with a knife so it would bleat; and having chucked our grub, blankets and rifles up, we shinned up the rope ourselves, and made everything comfortable. Then I began to breathe a little easier; for it would take a pretty clever tiger to get at us up there.

We made a hearty meal and had a good slug of brandy to keep the chills off; then we lay smoking and talking in whispers, lying flat on our bellies, with our eyes and our Martini sighted on the vague form of the kid that was dimly visible in the gloom.

I think maybe I got a trifle drowsy; anyway, my eyes were so misty that I lost sight of the tip of the gun and the kid together. Then there was a loud rustle, and I was back in Chandi jungle with a jump that fetched my heart into my mouth. But it wasn't a tiger, just a ring buck; but say, what a buck! In all my hunting days in India I never clapped my eyes on his equal. He stood for a moment snifting kind of suspicious, then walked up to the kid and began nosing it. I felt Simpson stir in the shadow where he lay, and the next moment his Martini spoke and the buck dropped—a fine shot, yes; but he had such good light he couldn't miss it. So far it was all right, but what next?

"Jones," says he, "keeps a good watch out; I must have that skin before a tiger spoils it. I never saw such a fine one in all my life, and I wouldn't miss it for a fortune."

An' he up's to go down the tree. Well,

s'well'p m'you might have knocked me down with a feather. That blasted kid had been howling for a tiger to come and eat him for an hour an' more; and now this crack-brained idiot must go and add himself to the brute's supper.

Well, I raved and I prayed and I cursed at him; it wasn't a bit of good; his British blood was up, and, like thousands of other youngsters who make the backbone and glory of our army and navy, he didn't know what fear was, but just grinned. They're great dare-devil fighters, but they haven't got any more sense than a sucking calf. There's only two places on earth where they can be safely trusted—in bed and leading a forlorn hope. When I saw he was bent on it, I just gritted my teeth and pulled up my gun as he slid down the rope. In two minutes he had skipped over the stream and had his knife at work on the back, the kid meantime trying to pail up to him as if he was his mother.

Well, sir, I just lay there with the muzzle of my gun sighted for his head—when the thumping of my heart didn't shake it off. If the tiger would only try to sneak out on him—for I felt an awful certainty that he would come—I could save him; but if the brute sprang, God help him! Not a man in the empire could put a tiger on the jump, except by a fluke.

As he knelt there in the moonlight I saw him push back from his side the scabbard of an Indian tulwar—a present, I believe, from the Rajah of Ajmere—to prevent the blood from staining it. While I was admiring his coolness and cursing his cussedness, even at that moment there was the flash of a long black shadow across the moonlit space, the whirl of a flying body and a huge tigress flung herself on him.

She overshot the mark, and would have cleared his stooping form and given me a chance, but he must have felt, rather than seen, the danger. With one desperate wrench he drew the sword from its sheath in a long upward sweep that caught the brute fair in the middle, and clove it clean through flesh and muscle to the backbone.

There was a frightful cry of rage, and as the beast's great hind paw contracted in death agony it caught poor Simpson's skull, literally tearing it off. With an awful haunting cry he fell down across the back, and the three lay there dead, while the kid cowered away, bleating with fear.

Yes, I think I went mad then. Hunger at last drove me down from the tree two days after. How I got to the railroad track I don't know; but the express stopped, and the hands brought Simpson's body in. I lay in hospital with brain fever for nearly three months, then they shipped me home.

I'm a married man now and have little ones round me, and much of the horror has worn away; but the sight of the harvest moon brings on a fit of trembling that all the love of the wife can scarce quiet. —Aquila Kempter.

Well Dressed Children Where

Diamond Dyes are Used.

Mothers who wish to save money, and who are economical in home management, are not obliged to buy clothing for their children as frequently as some mothers do. This saving of money is due to the fact that the economical mothers are regular users of the wonderful Diamond Dyes that always make old things look as good as new.

The Diamond Dyes show such a variety of standard colors that mothers can now dye any of the fashionable colors and shades seen in the new autumn dress goods. At the very small cost of ten cents an old dress can be made stylish looking and serviceable for a long time.

If mothers would have success with home dyeing they must use the Diamond Dyes at all times. All imitations and mixtures of soap and coloring matter should be avoided with care, as they are ruinous to good materials. Diamond Dyes are the best in the world; they are pure, strong, brilliant and last forever.

The Old Man.

There is a member of the club who is young in years, but is already the active managing head of a large retail and wholesale hardware establishment. He was relating an experience the other day: "I was standing near two clerks, who did not see me. The younger asked the other—who was ten years older than myself—in regard to a special discourse. Said he in answer, 'I don't know. Ask the old man.'"

"I wondered whom he could mean. The clerk seemed to know, for he put straight to the office and asked for me.

"Was I offended? Not much. It was the proudest moment of my life. No man is ever 'the old man' about a store unless he is respected and liked. It means power, appreciation, respect. When a man of my age earns that title he ought to feel happy enough to go out and throw roses at himself."

—Hardware.

TO BE WATCHED.

Watch that the bowels act regularly. Never neglect constipation, especially as it can be promptly and permanently cured by BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. "During five years I suffered from constipation and loss of appetite which reduced me to a grave state; but two bottles of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS completely cured me of my terrible sufferings." GEORGINA PLANT, Letellier, Man.

THE COOL

And chilly airs of autumn are striking us, and you will be wanting a new fall dress soon. We have just received a large consignment of **Ladies' Heavy Dress Goods in Plain and Mixed Wool.** These are the Very Newest things on the market, and the prices are away down. **Fancy Braids, Boloras, and Expusite Trimmings of all kinds, Including Flouncing Silks.**

TO ARRIVE:

Several cases of **Ladies' Jackets in the Newest Shades and Patterns.** These goods are made in Germany and are such as are sure to meet with the approval of every woman who likes beautiful things to wear.

These new goods will positively be sold only to cover cost.

G. W. VANWART, KING ST.

WOODSTOCK.

FOR THE LADIES.

We make to order all kinds of Ladies' Coats, Capes, Ulsters, Mackintoshes and Outside Wraps, in the Latest Styles, and Perfect Fit guaranteed.

We make to order Ladies' Gaiters of all kinds to match costume. Ladies can furnish own cloth if they wish. Give us a call and get prices.

Hanson & Grady

Merchant Tailors,

HOULTON, MAINE.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effectual. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all Mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, \$1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, \$3 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two-cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. Nos. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

Sold in Woodstock and everywhere in Canada by all responsible druggists.

He Raised the Wind.

The ship had laid becalmed in the tropical sea for three days. Not a breath of air stirred the mirror-like surface of the sea or the limp sails that hung from the yards like drapery carved in stone.

The captain resolved to wait no longer. He piped up all hands on deck, and requested the passengers to also come forward.

"I must ask all of you," he said, "to give me every match you have." Wonderingly the passengers and crew obeyed.

The captain carefully arranged the matches in his hands as each man handed him his store, until all had been collected. Then he threw them all overboard but one, drew a cigar from his pocket, and striking the solitary match on the mainmast, endeavored to light it.

In an instant a furious gale swept over the deck, extinguished the match and filled the sails and the good ship Mary sped through the waves on her course. —Philadelphia Inquirer.

THOSE WORRYING PILES.

One application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment will give you comfort. Applied every night for three to six nights and a cure is effected in the most stubborn cases of blind, bleeding or itching piles. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures eczema and all itching and burning diseases. It acts like magic. 35 cents.—Sold by Garden Bros.

"There's Perkins—you know Perkins—entered into an agreement with his wife soon after their marriage, twenty years ago, that whenever either lost temper or stormed the other was to keep silence." "And the scheme worked?" "Admirably. Perkins has kept silence for twenty years."

I Wonder Why

Such crowds of people patronize Porter & Gibson's Tailoring Establishment—?

Because

They want good-fitting clothes.
They want clothes made in the latest style.
They want to select from the largest stock of English and Canadian Goods.
They want the best value for their money.
They want moderate prices.
They want to be sure of receiving gentlemanly attendance.
They want the privilege of knowing what they want themselves—and other reasons.

PORTER & GIBSON, Merchant Tailors,

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, QUEEN STREET.

BETTER THAN A BANK

After July 1st, '97, the Government Saving Banks of the Dominion will reduce the rate of interest on deposits to 3 per c.—You can get an Endowment Policy in the

Confederation Life Association,

which will net you more than 3 per c. besides carrying Life Insurance with it and the non-forfeiture provisions of the Policy admit of paid-up and extended Insurance after two years and a Cash Value or a loan after 5 years.

D. F. MERRITT, Agent.

G. W. PARKER, Gen. Agent.

G. A. TAYLOR, Merchants' Bank, Special Agent.

Something Wrong.

"This coffee does not seem quite right, dear," said young Mr. Hunnimon to the best little birdie in the world.

"I know it doesn't," replied his inexperienced little wife, with tears in her voice. "And I can't imagine what is the matter with it, either. It is the first time I ever made coffee, dear, and I'm afraid I've done something wrong. The seeds have been boiling quite half an hour, but they just won't get soft. What do you suppose is the matter?" —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

WEAK NERVES.

Nerve weakness accompanies heart trouble—both are curable by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, the successful tonic and invigorator. Those who use them praise them. Here is one. "My nerves were completely unstrung," says Mrs. H. Church, Caledonia, Ont.; "and palpitation, loss of memory and shortness of breath troubled me greatly. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills were beneficial from the first, and removed these troubles in a remarkable short time. They made me feel better in every way."

Boarding house mistress at Sunday dinner: Mr. Jones, why do you not eat some chickens? Mr. Jones, who has labored some fifteen minutes trying to carve a leg; Thanks; I never work on Sunday.

None So Excellent.

"I have been troubled with sick headache for over a year. Lately I have used Laxa-Liver Pills, and find that they help me more than any other medicine I have ever taken. They are an excellent pill, causing no pain or griping, and leaving no after ill effects."

MISS MARY ELLEN HICKS,
South Bay, Ont.

"What's a fishing-rod?" "It's a handsome jointed arrangement your father holds out over the water." "What's a fishing-pole?" "It's a long wooden stick your uncle Bill catches fish with."

Mother: "What did your father say when he saw his broken pipe?" Innocent: "Shall I leave out the wicked words, mamma?" Mother: "Certainly." Innocent: Then I don't believe there is anything to tell you, mamma."

Hagyard's Yellow Oil.

This great pain cure. Used externally cures rheumatism, swellings, sprains, bruises, stiffness, pain and soreness of every description. Internally used it cures croup, colds, sore throat, hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis, quinsy, etc. Price 15c., all druggists.

Mrs. A.: Is it true that your son holds the appointment of warden in a gaol? Mrs. B.: Yes; but only criminals of good families are imprisoned there.