

AFTER THE SMALL-AND-EARLY.

My lady sees her guests depart,
And breathes a sigh with thankful heart
To know that it is over.
Her well-kept house is almost wrecked,
But little else could she expect.
And Oh, 'twas such a bore!

The fragments of a shattered vase,
Some sadly mangled real old lace,
Almost compel a sob;
While coffee stains on treasured rug
Persistent at her heart-strings tug
And cause her head to throb.

A macaroon on Wilton mashed,
Some Punch on her rare damask splashed—
Perpetual the stain;
And some one there has spilled an ice
Upon a book that knows no price—
Each glance around gives pain.

"Had such a lovely time, you know!"
"So glad you came!" "What, must you go?"
A ringing in her head.
One group of petty debts is paid,
Were all included? She's afraid—
So lies awake in bed.

—Wood Levetie Wilson.

HUNTING WILD HOGS.

Dangerous Adventure in the San Joaquin River Bottoms.

For years past a select lot of knowing hunters have been having exciting sport knocking wild hogs in certain sections of the San Joaquin river bottoms. It isn't every day, though, that the venturesome hunters are almost killed by the cornered hogs. The fate, however, nearly befell William Douglass recently, says the San Francisco Call. If Jim Pope, with a trusty Winchester, hadn't been standing near by Douglass wouldn't be telling the exciting story he does about the old "tusker" that had him down in a rush. The country they hunted in is a wild and densely covered with an almost impenetrable tangle of vines, low brush and occasional trees. All old residents along the lower San Joaquin valley know just such territory along the bottom lands, where the water overflows in the spring. Hundreds of wild hogs inhabit some of them.

It was in just such a jungle, near Lathrop, where young Douglas went to bag some wild hogs, and it was in this same jungle that "Old Man" Tyler hid after killing Deputy Sheriff Buzzell on Thanksgiving eve, 1895. To this wilderness of willows and underbrush Williams and Schlagel fled last September after attempting to wreck and rob the south-bound New Orleans express.

Nearly every traveller in California knows of Lathrop, in the banner wheat county of this state, but very few of the passengers who dine at the station daily know that less than five miles away there is this wild spot, where boar hunting can be followed that is every bit as exciting as the famous hunts in India. There can be no "pig sticking," to be sure, for the hunter who wishes to bag a wild porker in the San Joaquin underbrush must rely on his rifle and enough nerve and strength to carry him on hands and knees beneath the network of vines and bushes.

The land thereabouts abounds in coons, and coon hunting is a favorite pastime with the sportsmen of San Joaquin county. Occasionally when running down one of those ring-tailed despoilers of hen roosts, the hunters run across one of the droves of wild hogs that sometimes venture out into the open places on the river bottom. The hunters, however, rarely venture into the thickets on the old Trahern ranch and in the underbrush, where the wild hogs root out a living. It is a dangerous venture unless one is prepared to meet a roving, vicious old "tusker." Williams, the train wrecker, now serving a life sentence in the Folsom state prison, knew this wild section well, and told the authorities that he crawled all night long through this tract on the evening of the Morano hold-up. He was looking for a hiding place, where it would take the officers weeks to find him, and he was in just the right kind of country to find such a place. He might still be at large had not hunger and curiosity forced him to leave the haunts of the wild hogs.

"Those robbers will have plenty of hog meat to keep them alive," was what a number of old-timers said when they heard that the train wreckers had taken to the brush. This is what fired hunters with a desire to possess a pair of wild boar's tusks.

"Pope and I had heard," said Douglas, in telling his adventure, "that there were lots of wild hogs in the underbrush near the river. I heard this story when I first came to the country, but paid no attention to it, for whenever I had a chance to go hunting I was after ducks or doves. After the newspapers printed so much about that Williams and Schlagel affair, and told of the wild country they were supposed to be in, I suggested to Jim—that's Pope—that we go down into it some day and see if we could get one of those wild boars. Jim is always ready for anything of that kind, and has a fine Winchester to help him out. I had no gun, so I borrowed a single-barrelled magazine shotgun, like that crack shot of the Reliance Club uses in breaking blue rock. We fitted out for a three days' stay, and hired a skiff to go up as far as San Joaquin City. I did not know much about the country, but Jim had lived in the country all his life, and knew the lay of the land.

"When we reached San Joaquin City it was early in the afternoon, and Jim enquired if there were any woodchoppers' camps near by. Just as soon as we learned in what

direction we could find one, we started for it. Maybe you don't think it was work getting there. That's the toughest country I ever expect to travel through. There is nothing but tangled willows, blackberry vines, hazel bushes and underbrush, and you have to crawl on the ground or climb over it or cut your way through. It was nearly night when we reached the clearing where the wood-chopper's cabin is. No one would ever find it in fourteen years without proper directions.

"The woodchopper routed us out at four o'clock next morning to get outside of some coffee, bacon and a teal duck apiece. The old chap made us eat a tremendous breakfast, for, as he put it, 'If you don't feel full you'll never have the sand to hunt long in that brush.' We were mighty glad afterward that we fed well, for when we struck the brush we found that it took nearly an hour to go a mile.

"It must have been nearly three hours before we got a sign of a wild hog. Jim caught a glimpse of him in a bit of clearing. We crawled through the tangled blackberry vines in front and got a good view of him. He was an old boar, just like the pictures you have seen. Near him was a sow and three fairly grown pigs. They were too far off for a good dead shot, so we moved about to get a little nearer. I went to the left and Jim to the right.

"The old rascal must have scented us, for he lifted his snout and started for the brush directly in front of where I was standing. I stepped out, and in the excitement shot too soon, for he was over 75 yards off. The shot never touched him, and he made straight for me.

"I did not think there was any danger, for I knew all I had to do to get another and better shot was to pump another cartridge into the magazine. I tried to work the gun. The cartridge stuck. I pumped it for all I was worth, but it would not budge.

"I was on one knee, using every muscle to dislodge the shell, and the boar was coming head on like a limited express.

"I saw he'd reach me before I could jump anywhere for safety, so I clubbed the gun and made a smash at him. But I slipped on the soggy ground, and he was at me when I heard Jim's Winchester crack. The boar looked as big as an elephant to me for an instant. I'm sure that his tusks looked bigger than a mastodon's.

"He was right over me, and one of his tusks grazed my duck coat and Jim caught him between the shoulders. I laid flat on the ground, reaching for my knife, as the boar toppled over.

"That's the closest shave I ever had. Catch me fooling with those magazine shotguns any more. 'Trombone,' that's what the crack Reliance man calls himself, may break blue rocks with them, but I'll take a rifle and a 44-calibre Colt's beside when I go after wild hogs again.

What we should have had was a lot of good dogs. Then there would have been a pretty fight. I'll bet the old boar would have made it warm for the best dogs in the country.

"When Jim fired the boar fell directly across my body, and I couldn't get out from under him till Jim ran up and helped to roll him over. He did not look quite so big when he was stretched out as he did when standing over me with his head ready for a gouge, but he was a vicious-looking rascal just the same. We each have one of the big tusks as souvenirs of that fight.

"On the way home we bowled over another. An old sow and two pigs were rooting acorns under an oak. This time we had a 'cinch,' for we were right on them, and while I put a load of buckshot into one of pigs Jim caught the sow right under the left shoulder. Then our troubles began again. How to get them out through the brush was the next question. We finally decided to take the pig and let the old woodchopper take the sow out if he wanted her.

"That night we had a feast in his cabin. He dressed the pig, did the cooking and we did the rest. I tell you, we were hungry."

Several other hunters are contemplating a trip into the bottoms for a boar hunt, but they intend to take along several good coon dogs to see what sort of a fight one of the big boars will make.

Oscar Marshall of the Stockton police force is an old-time market hunter. He declares that there are hundreds of wild hogs along that portion of the San Joaquin west and south of the railroad bridge. He hunted there over twenty years ago, and at that time it was a common thing for the market hunters to knock over a wild hog when they wanted fresh pork.

HAILED DEATH WITH JOY.

Awful Heart Suffering Made Life a Burden
—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart
Lifted the Load.

This is but one of the thousand testimonies which can be substantiated as to this great heart cure. Mrs. Margaret Smith, of Brussels, Ont., writes: "For over two years I suffered intensely from acute form of heart trouble. At times the distress was so great I would have welcomed death with joy. I took four bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and was completely cured. Relief came within half an hour after the first dose."

CONSUMPTION CURED

"I continued to exist (can hardly say I lived) until the fall of 1892, when a lady (Mrs. Alex. Kidd, of Warsaw, Ont.) who had been cured of hemorrhage of the lungs by your Consumption cure, Cannabis Sativa, urged me to try it. Accordingly I got a package and took it, but something had for a long time been working in my system which prevented this package from taking hold as it should have done. This 'something' developed into Nervous Neuritis, and for seven weeks held me in torment. I immediately got two more packages of the Remedy and began taking it, upon which there ensued a regular battle between the Cannabis Sativa and the Nervous Neuritis, and I verily believe that were it not for the Remedy, I would have inevitably succumbed to that disease. The results are incalculable. It is over a year since I have taken any of the medicine; but since then I have not had the slightest touch of Asthma, Catarrh, Inflammation, Bronchitis or Congestion. I have had an attack of neuralgia, but it was comparatively light; my spirits have revived, my body has become robust (I now weigh about 140 lbs.), my system is stronger, my color brighter and fresher, dyspepsia has little or no power over me. I am happy, working hard every day. All of these blessed results I attribute, under God, to the efficacy of the Cannabis Sativa, or East India Consumption Cure. I know of other cures that it has wrought, but consider none so marvellous as mine."

Rev. WM. H. STEVENS, Paisley, Ont.

"I cannot tell you what a change one package of Cannabis Sativa wrought in me. I had a terrible cough, was low spirited, and had no strength; my skin was dry and covered with dark brown spots. My friends had no hope that I would get better. They said it was no use sending for the Remedy; but I had been cured of Catarrh by it, and recommended it to others who had been benefited by it. I commenced improving as soon as I began taking the Remedy and when it was gone my cough was nearly gone, and in a few weeks I was able to work as well as ever. The spots left my skin and have not returned."

I do not feel any pain in my lungs as I used to for years, and never since my childhood have I been through a winter without rheumatism until now; I have not had a touch of it this winter. I wish you every success, and ask God to bless you in the good work you are doing."
—J. J. LLOYD,
Richmond's Landing P.O., Ont.

Consumption can be cured; surely and permanently cured. Many cases are on record to prove this statement. Many cases that were given up as hopeless by eminent physicians have been cured by DR. STEVENS' CANNABIS SATIVA REMEDY—nature's specific for all ills of the throat and lungs. So much faith do I place in the efficacy of CANNABIS SATIVA REMEDY; so positive am I that it will cure Consumption, Catarrh, Asthma, and all diseases of the throat and lungs, that I will send a package sufficient for twelve days' treatment absolutely without cost, duty prepaid, to every sufferer who will send me an accurate statement of his or her case. I do not say that one package will effect a complete cure, but believe so much benefit will be derived from it that the treatment will be continued until a complete cure is brought about.

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How to Do It.

There are too many women who are careless about their home gowns. They imagine they are thrifty and economical because they put on from day to day a faded or dirty dress or skirt. Such women are neither economical nor wise; they are either misers or indifferent to the feelings of their family and friends when they act thus.

At an expense of from ten to twenty cents for one or two packages of Diamond Dyes any woman can make her faded gowns or skirts as good as new. This kind of home work is wisdom and true economy.

This spring thousands of wise and thrifty women are using the Diamond Dyes, giving new life to old and cast-off dresses and costumes fitting them for another seasons wear.

When you decide to dye, do not risk your materials with poor dyes or imitations of the Diamond Dyes; see that your dealer gives you the "Diamond" that work so easily and successfully.

Why She Was Indignant.

He suddenly stooped and kissed her—
She looked she turned made him quail.
But all that she said was: "Why didn't
You let me remove my veil?"

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Catarrh of Ten Years' Standing Cured by Dr. Chase.

I suffered from Catarrh for ten years and was treated by some of the best physicians in Canada. I was recommended by Mr. C. Thompson, druggist, Tilsonburg, to try Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and can state positively it cured my Catarrhal Sore Throat.

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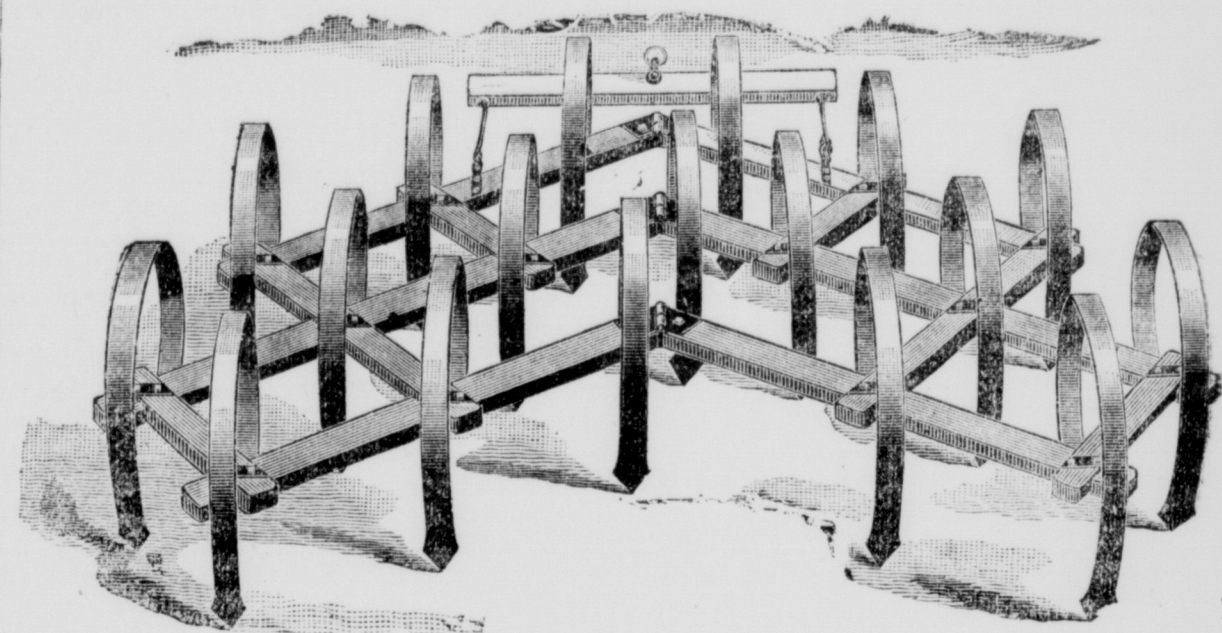
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SYRACUSE STEEL PLOW with a Steel or Chilled
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See if you will need a FULL DRESS SUIT or a NICE
BLACK 3-BUTTON CUT-AWAY FROCK SUIT to
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Suit made in the Latest Style either in a nice piece of
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Worsted of every description, Serges, Tweeds,
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