

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

A PICTURESQUE SCENE IN THE FOREST PRIMEVAL.

How the Gentle Grangers Live Amid Nature's Surroundings on Luz Mount—Their Simple and Primitive Ways of Doing their Work.

If you are at all fond of either maple sugar or maple candy and have never visited a sugar camp, I would strongly advise to refrain from doing so as long as you live, unless you wish to lose all relish for maple confections of every description.

For my own part I think that for some years to come the mere sight of our patriotic maple wreath will be enough to give me an unsettled feeling in the region of my vest.

To begin at the very beginning of a trip to the maple woods, you generally think more of weight than even congeniality in selecting your travelling companions, because by the time the sap is running and all other things are in readiness for the boiling and "sugaring off," the sleighing has gone—except in the woods—and the wheeling has not yet begun.

Those who are weighed in your mental balance and found wanting in sweetness—and bone—you strike off your list; and having finally gathered your flock together you leave town and mud behind you, going at a funeral pace and displaying a marked preference for the side of the road nearest the ditch until well out of town, when the brown patches grow less and less frequent.

The sugar camps around Moncton are almost all situated in the Lutz Mountains, and a visit to the sugar camps is usually described briefly as "going out to the Mountain."

Once off the main road, and on the mountain itself, the sleighing is good, but the progress necessarily slow, for the wood-roads that intersect the mountain in every direction are narrow and rough in the extreme, so that only single teams can get through them with any comfort.

There is something about a spring day in the woods that is different from anything else in the world. The silence, the peacefulness, the feeling of loneliness, which I find makes you cling very literally to the fellow-creature who happens to be in the closest proximity to you.

But this is not getting to the sugar camp, which, once reached, takes any feeling of romance out of you in less time than it takes to write the work.

By and by the path grows steeper, and at last so narrow that you are obliged to leave your steeds tied to trees and walk the rest of the way. And a steep climb it is, steep and rough, too.

A nobly and uneven tramp of ten minutes brought us to the camp, which consisted of two or three tumble-down huts and a large collection of gigantic iron pots and three-legged stools, the former all in various degrees of uncleanli-

ness, and the latter whittled and chipped till they resembled the desks in a primary school.

There were two men in attendance, and a boy. The men both wore beards and fur caps, and they both used tobacco to a very obvious extent.

We had timed our visit so as to reach the camp at the candying stage of the sap-boiling, and we contemplated going home laden down with toothsome spoils; but somehow, after we had been in the camp a few minutes, our appetites for the product of the maple tree grew smaller by degrees and beautifully less.

In the first place, as I have already said, the kettles were grimy, and the attendants matched; in the second, they manifested an appalling indifference about the direction in which they expectorated, and as they all used tobacco and the surrounding landscape was lavishly decorated with amber sheets of recently poured out candy, the sensations one experienced were of a very complex nature and altogether lacking in the one essential of confidence in one's fellow creatures.

However, the last kettle had reached the critical point just before candying and on the very verge of boiling over, and we crowded eagerly round to witness the final incantations.

The master of ceremonies stood in readiness to "pour out" the instant the candy reached the proper consistency, while the boy stood by with a plate of tallow, which he held much as an acolyte holds the incense censor, and the man at the wheel stirred vigorously with a long wooden "spaddle."

Kindly keep the fact before your eyes that all these men used tobacco; and then try to picture our feelings and not be surprised that we one and all refused to listen to the voice of the charmer when he offered to put up any number of barks of candy for us at seductively low rates.

There wasn't one among that party who had ever in their lives been able to endure the sight of a piece of maple candy, and to do them justice I don't think any of them will ever be able to endure it again, at least "Till lethe shall quench life's burning stream."

So we came home madder, wiser and much better off than we had anticipated.

HIS TEXT SUITED.

The Words of Ezekiel Had a Special Fitness for the Occasion.

In the northern quarter of a Nova Scotia town there stood, not long ago, a small church, of which the congregation was chiefly women.

Now the pastor's name was Thomas, called by the Caledonian portion of the congregation, "Tammuz." One day when the arrangements for commencing the Rev. church were about completed the Rev. "Tammuz" went on a journey to another town not far distant to preach.

On the following Sunday they secured the services of the Rev. Dr. Mc— to preach. After the preliminary prayer and psalm the good doctor gave out the text which struck most of the congregation as being highly appropriate and to the point.

According to all the symptoms spring will not only be an open one but will be thoroughly washed out.—Ex.

WILL NEVER BE DRIED.

According to all the symptoms spring will not only be an open one but will be thoroughly washed out.—Ex.

BISMARCK: A SONNET.

The boy-king, boy-like, fretful of control; Turns from the man to whom he owes his state; Not even for the few years can he wait, Till death shall leave him ruler free and sole.

A German of the Germans, his one dream Was still to see his country great and strong; I praise not all his actions; some may seem Mistaken, some severe, and others wrong; But all were to one end, unchanged, supreme.

NEW FADS IN FASHION.

AN INSIDIOUS ATTEMPT TO PUT BLACK HOSE ASIDE.

Some English Styles that will Cause Wonder in Canadian Society—Superfluous Hair—Some Good Pointers for Girls who Want to Walk Well.

One of the newest fashionable fads is to have the dress, petticoat and stockings all to match. I don't know I am sure what amount of popularity this fashion is destined to obtain; not a large amount, I should think, for it will take an absolute earthquake to dislodge black hose from the position they have held so long; and as to returning to white, even with white dresses, the mere idea makes one shudder.

This is the season of the year when spring millinery seems to take up more attention than any other form of vanity, it is the dull season in some ways for dressmakers, but the milliners are very wide awake.

I am very often asked if there is no way of removing superfluous hair. Those aggressive little patches, for instance, that will gather on moles. Moles are supposed to be a mark of beauty, but once they break forth into little oases of verdure on a smooth desert of cheek, their owner naturally ceases to appreciate their charms.

To all questions on the subject I am sorry to say that I must give the one answer. I have never yet heard of any thoroughly efficacious, and at the same time reliable depilatory. Electricity is the one remedy, and that is a tedious and expensive process; the electric needle must be applied to the root of each separate hair, and worse still, the least mistake in directing the current will leave an ineffaceable scar, which will be much worse than the hair it supplanted.

And now about walking, girls! How many of us do you suppose in a town the size of St. John and Moncton walk really well? I don't know, I am sure, myself, and viewed simply as a conundrum I give it up altogether. Sit in a window overlooking a crowded thoroughfare for an hour, kind reader, and watch the girls going by, and if you don't feel ashamed of your sex at the end of that time, why you must be a man, that's all!

Concentrate your whole attention on your chest and shoulders and the victory is yours, if your chest is lifted at every step, and your lungs kept full of air you must walk lightly, look at the birds who are all chest and lungs, and who can fly miles with greater ease than you can walk a square.

Try it the next time you go down town! Keep your head up straight and level with your back, don't poke it forward, draw in your chin and square your shoulders always, as I said before, keeping your chest lifted. Hold yourself up like a queen, don't slouch along as if you were of no account in the world, neither help yourself along by working your elbows, as so many of you do, step from the hip as much as you can and see if you find yourself less tired than usual when you come home.

There is a clever and charming little woman who writes for the Toronto Daily Mail—I say a little woman because somehow I imagine she must be small, she is so altogether delightful—who signs herself "Kit," and when I read her remarks on the art of walking last week, I wanted to shake hands with her. This is what she says:

Matrimony.

HIGHLY RESPECTABLE TRADESMAN, with means, good appearance, living somewhat retired and quiet, solicits a wife, a working woman, with some means; age, 25 to 45. No notice taken unless full particulars are given. Triflers not answered. Address "H.," care P. O. Box 474, St. John, N. B. Letters addressed to mere initials will not be delivered at the P. O., unless addressed in care of some P. O. Box, or some resident's name.

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"Throwing the weight on the heels when walking is very wrong, as every step jars the vertebrae of the spine and produces backache and headache. . . . Correct walking consists in stepping so that the heel should fall upon the ground at nearly the same time as the toe, but with the weight of the body falling on the ball of the foot, and the chest leading so prominently that a line dropped from thence to the toe would fall upon the toe, while a line dropped from the chest of a person walking incorrectly would strike the instep." True! every word of it, and one great fault of the high heeled boot is that it forces the heel to strike the ground first.

I never wore a "common sense" boot in my life, and I never mean to do so. They are too overwhelmingly ugly, and I do love pretty boots and shoes, but I never have my heels made much over an inch in height, and I don't let them slant under my instep. I have box toes so as to give the digits within the boots plenty of room, and I have the soles made thick, except in summer, when my soul loves a moderately thin-soled Oxford tie shoe.

If I have not tired you girls, walked you to death as it were, just a few more words about walking. When you going to bed and after you have taken off your slippers, practise for a few minutes standing on your toes, first on both feet, then on each foot alternately; rise slowly till you can stand on your toes almost as rigidly as a ballet dancer, keeping your chest out and your shoulders back all the time. It will help you greatly. "Kit," of Toronto, says to bend at the waist till you can touch the floor with your finger tips without bending your knees, and I think "Kit" knows a great deal about it. So you had better try.

Danny Deever.

Rudgard Kipling, an English writer who is just beginning to attract attention on this side of the water, is the author of the following striking verses. The words are very "catchy," and it only needs to be set to the right kind of music to be as popular and more lasting than "McGinty":

"What are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on parade.

"To turn you out, to turn you out," the color-sergeant said.

"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on parade.

"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the color-sergeant said.

For they're hangin' Danny Deever, they can hear the "Dead March" play.

The regiment's in 'ollow square—they're hangin' him today;

They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away.

An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

"What makes the rear rank breathe so 'ard?" said Files-on parade.

"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the color-sergeant said.

"What makes that front rank man fall down?" said Files-on parade.

"A touch of sun, a touch of sun," the color-sergeant said.

They're hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin' of 'im 'round,

They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the ground;

An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin', shootin' 'ound—

O, they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

"'Is cot was right 'and cot to mine," said Files-on parade.

"'E's sleepin' out an' far tonight," the color-sergeant said.

"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said Files-on parade.

"'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the color-sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must mark 'im to 'is place.

For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you must look 'im in the face;

Nine 'undred of 'is country an' the regiment's disgrace.

While they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

"What's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on parade.

"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the color-sergeant said.

"What's that that wimpers over 'ead?" said Files-on parade.

"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the color-sergeant said.

For they've done with Danny Deever, you can 'ear the quickstep play,

The regiment's in column, an' they're marchin' us away;

Ho! the young recruits are shakin', they'll want their beer today,

After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

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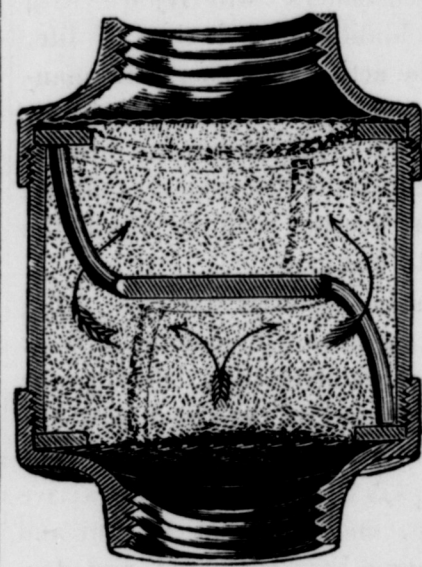
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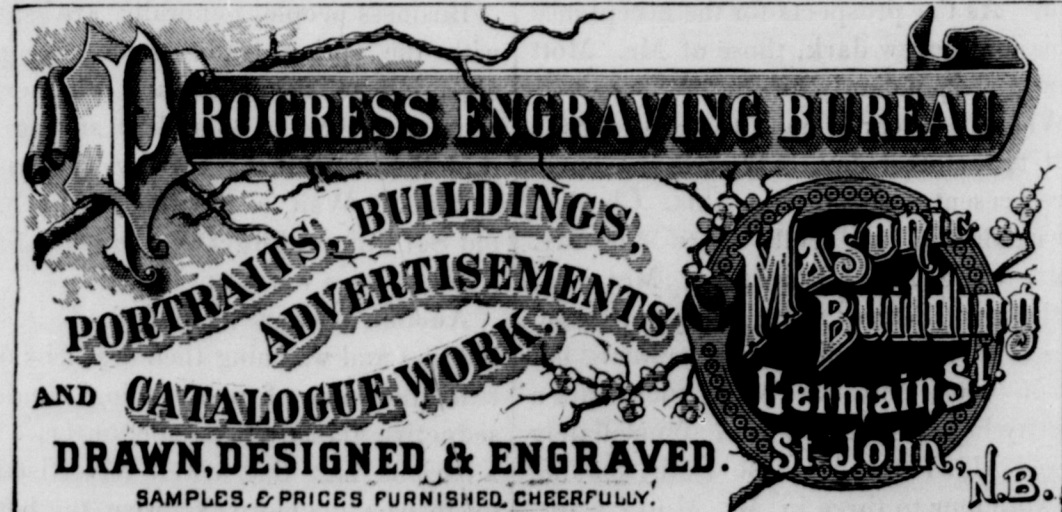
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