MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

A PICTURESQUE SCENE IN THE FOREST PRIMEVAL.

How the Gentle Grangers Live Amid Nature's Surroundings on Luiz Mountain-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. A sugar refinery is a trying place both to the nerves and stomach of anyone possessing a sweet tooth; but it is not to be mentioned in the same breath with a maple sugar camp. Just pay a visit to one when it is in full blast, and if you can ever even hear "bird's eye maple" or even "rock maple" wood mentioned again without experiencing a slight feeling of nausea you must be like Oscar Wilde, who had such a dislike to the word "stomach" that he "never admitted the existence of such an organ."

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; so that for comfort you should really drive out of town in a wagon and take a sleigh at the edge of the woods to continue the journey; but as that is scarcely practicable you choose your party with a due regard to the aphorism that the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat.

Those who are weighed in your mental balance and found wanting in sweetnessand bone-you strike off your list; and having finally gathered your flock together you leave town and mud behind you, going at a funereal pace and displaying a marked preference for the side of the road nearest the ditch until well out of town, when the till beyond the trotting park the road beof their own accord and you are fairly off.

The sugar camps around Moneton are and a visit to the sugar camps is usually described briefly as "Going out to the

mountain itself, the sleighing is good, but the progress necessarily slow, for the woodroads 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. I suppose the weight of a load of wood would naturally keep a sled down, especially if it were a bobsled, but I know that with the ordinary sleigh or pung, sometimes on one runner and sometimes on the other, but very seldom on both at the same time, and when there are ladies in the party, the journey is apt to be enlivened by a series of little squeals of apprehension every time one side goes up and the other goes down. If you are at all properly constituted, you invariably lose your presence of mind on such occasions, and in the face of a danger so near and so terrible, you yield to the instinct of the strong to protect the weak and make a frantic clutch for the ladies nearest you, and apologize humbly the moment your frail bark rights itself, explaining that you were afraid "we really were going] over that time.'

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 toneliness, which I find makes you cling very literally to the fellow-creature who happens to be in the closest proximity to you. In short, it makes you feel very romantic. I can't explain why, but if you have ever been in the woods on a day when the birds are beginning to wake up and call, in an inquiring tone, to each other, and the world is filled with vague sounds of awakening life, you will understand what I mean.

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. I have paid visits to sugar camps in days gone by, when each sleigh had a couple of hand- thoroughly washed out.—Ex. sleds attached at the back, so that when the party disembarked and travelled on foot, the gentlemen could drag their fair triends over the remaining distance on a hand-sled, and so spare them the slightest fatigue. But that was a long time ago, and I think we were more chivalrous in those times; so on the present occasion we all walked.

A nobbly 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 NEW FADS IN FASHION till they resembled the desks in a primary

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. I also observed that the boy did not use a pocket handkerchief, that superfluous luxury of an effeminate civilization being replaced by his own right

had, which did more than double duty. We had timed our visit so as to reach the camp at the candying stage of the sapboiling, 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. The more we saw of the process, the less we seemed to hanker after the product.

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

However, the last kettle had reached the the very verge of boiling over, and we crowded eagerly round to witness the final incantations. We soon wished we hadn't. for this is what they consisted of:

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 will gather on moles. Moles are supposed "spaddle." Then, to our speechless to be a mark of beauty, but once they horror, he filled his mouth with the tallow, and as the candy boiled above a certain high water-or want of water-mark on the ally ceases to appreciate their charms. kettle, he spat the tallow into the bubbling mixture and thus kept both hands free for mistakeable though slight mustache shading use in an unexpected emergency.

that all these men used tobacco; and then and what would be a delight to her young brown patches grow less and less frequent, try to picture our feelings and not be sur- brother is a terror to her. prised that we one and all refused to listen | To all questions on the subject I am gins to stretch out before you in compara- to the voice of the charmer when he offered sorry to say that I must give the one antive whiteness, the horses break into a trot to put up any number of barks of candy swer. I have never yet heard of any for us at seductively low rates. There thoroughly efficacious, and at the same wasn't one among that party who had ever almost all situated in the Lutz Mountains, 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 Once off the main road, and on the 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. The flock was small, but zealous, and by dint of sewing circles, tea meetings, and so forth, had contrived in a thoroughly feminine manner to gather together enough of the "root of all evil" to build a larger and better church.

Now the pastor's name was Thomas, called by the Caledonian portion of the congregation, "Tammuz." One day when the arrangements for commencing the new church were about completed the Rev. "Tammuz" went on a journey to another town not far distant to preach. While there he received a call, and considering it a change for the better he accepted. When the news of their pastor's desertion reached the little North End flock, there was weeping and wailing among the women. Because the Reverend Thomas had suited them exactly and his place would be hard to fill. Of what use would a new church be and no minister?

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. The Dr., however, was altogether unconscious of this, and it was not until his wife pointed it out to him after meeting that he realized the exceeding fitness of his choice, which was the fourteenth verse of the eighth chapter of Ezekiel. "Then he brought her to the door of the gate of the Lord's house, which was toward the north, and behold, there sat women weeping for SYDNEY NOEL WORTH.

Will Never Be Dried.

According to all the symptoms spring will not only be an open one but will be

BISMARCK: A SONNET.

The boy-king, boy-like, fretful of contro!, 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. And yet the great man's work is done, the goal Of his ambition reached; and scarce can fate Or blundering craft his work now uncreate, Or break what he hath welded in one whole.

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

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT. Benton, New Brunswick.

AN INSIDUOUS 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, petitcoat 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, but still, I suppose that if they should ever come in again we will think them all right.

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. Among the English fashions are some very strange when my soul loves a moderately thin ideas, at least to Canadian minds. Fancy, for instance, a leather hat, and tan colored leather too! decorated with a black bird solus, and another hat made of kid and trimmed with black lace! Queer does not express it! Another new idea is that ostrich feathers should be worn uncurled; this latter is a French fancy, and as the critical point just before candying and on French rarely err in matters of taste, their opinions are generally worth listening to, but still I think I should prefer not looking as if I had been out in a shower of rain, and as I have always heard that the ostriches themselves wear their feathers curled, there is a great deal to be said on

I am very often asked if there is no way try. of removing superfluous hair. Those aggressive little patches, for instance, that break forth into little oases of verdure on a smooth desert of cheek, their owner natur-Then when a brunette discovers an unher upper lip she feels more interested in Kindly keep the fact before your eyes getting rid of it than in watching its growth,

> 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. Pulling the hair out by the roots is effectual for the time being, but it will grow again, and besides that it takes a lot of time for one very small mole is capable of supporting an indefinite number of hairs, and vet needs must, etc.

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, myselt, 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! and not one of the girls I am addressing. Yet it not by any means difficult to learn to walk well, there are only a few rules to be observed, that's all, and one of the most important to my mind at least-is this: Think as little about your feet as possible-turn your toes out, don't bring your heels down as if you were trying to crush a spider a each step, and then forget that you have teet at all; they will take care of themselves. Think about your knees just enough to keep from bending them more than you can help; nothing looks worse than to walk from the knees downward.

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

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:

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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, 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 ASTRA.

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 "To turn you out, to turn you out," the color-ser

'What makes you look so white, so white?" said

Files-on parade. "I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the color-

> For they're hanging Danny Deever, you can hear the "Dead March" play. The regiment's in 'ollow square-they're

hanging him today; They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away. An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the

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

"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the color-sergean

What makes that front rank man fall down?" said 'A touch of sun, a touch of sun," the color-sergeant

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' hound-O, they're hangin' Danny Deever in the

'Is cot was right-'and cot to mine," said Files-on-'E's sleepin' out an' far geant said.

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

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

"What's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-onparade. "It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the color-sergeant

"What's that that wimpers over'ead?" said Files "It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the color-

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'li

want their beer today, After hangin Danny Deever in the mornin'.

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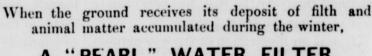
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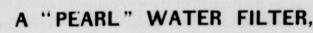
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