

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

A PICTURESQUE SCENE IN THE FOREST PRIMEVAL.

How the Gentle Grangers Live Amid Nature's Surroundings on Lutz Mountains—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; 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 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, till beyond the trotting park the road begins to stretch out before you in comparative whiteness, the horses break into a trot of their own accord and you are fairly off.

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. I suppose the weight of a load of wood would naturally keep a sled down, especially if it were a bob-sled, 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 squalls 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 loneliness, 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.

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 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 hand, which did more than double duty.

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. 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 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. 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 "spaddle." Then, to our speechless horror, he filled his mouth with the tallow, and as the candy boiled above a certain high water—our want of water—mark on the kettle, he spat the tallow into the bubbling mixture and thus kept both hands free for use in an unexpected emergency.

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. 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 Tammuz." SYDNEY NOEL WORTH.

NEW FADS IN FASHION.

AN INSIDIOUS ATTEMPT TO PUT BLACK ROSE ASIDE.

Some English Styles that will Cause Wonder in Canadian Society—Superfuous 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, 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 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 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 the other side.

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. Then when a brunette discovers an unmistakable though slight mustache shading her upper lip she feels more interested in getting rid of it than in watching its growth, and what would be a delight to her young brother is a terror to her.

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. 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 yet needs must, etc.

And now about walking, girls! How many of you 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! and not one of the girls I am addressing. Yet it is 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 as each step, and then forget that you have feet 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 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 LL. means, good appearance, living somewhat retired and quiet, solicits a wife, a working woman, with full particulars are given. Tidings not answered. Address 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 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.

"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 go 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 blowing 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 dreading what I've got to watch," the color-sergeant said. For they're hanging Danny Deever, you can hear the "Dead March" play. The regiment's in "allow 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 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 'ated Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the ground; An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin', shootin' round— O, they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!"

"'Is cot was right—'an' 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' 'is 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're done with Danny Deever, you can't see the quickest 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'."

Garden Seeds. PRICES LOW. Our Spring Stock of Garden and Field Seeds JUST RECEIVED. ALL ORDERS BY MAIL, for Garden Seeds in Packages, sent POSTAGE FREE. OF FIELD TURNIP SEEDS we have purchased a large stock, and will sell at a small advance on cost. F. E. GRAIBE & CO., Druggists and Apothecaries, 35 KING STREET.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

JUST RECEIVED: A LARGE LOT OF READY-MADE CLOTHING,

CONSISTING OF MEN'S, YOUTHS' AND BOYS' SUITS AND SPRING OVERCOATS; also, 500 PAIRS OF PANTS AND 300 ODD COATS.

The above named goods, in addition to our already large stock, makes it a desirable one for intending purchasers to select from.

OUR PRICES ARE LOWER THAN THE LOWEST. ALSO: A fine assortment of SCOTCH, ENGLISH and CANADIAN TWEEDS, DIAGONALS, CORKSCREWS, CHEVIOTS, SERGES, YACHT CLOTHS, and a variety of other goods for Custom work.

Special lines in SPRING, OVERCOATINGS. A perfect fit guaranteed. GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS in great variety.

T. YOUNGCLAUS, - CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL, 51 CHARLOTTE STREET.



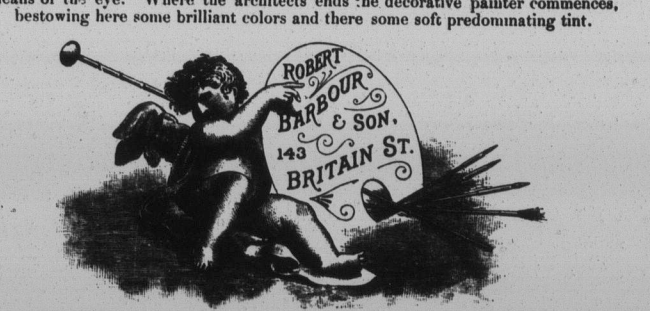
The sages call economy The surest road to wealth. With Wire Gauze Doors economy Seems too the path of health. For as with them the juices Remain within the meat, More food and much the better Is left for us to eat. IF YOU WANT THE BEST, BUY THE CHARTER OAK, WITH THE WIRE GAUZE OVEN DOORS.

At this Season of the Year,

When the ground receives its deposit of filth and animal matter accumulated during the winter, A "PEARL" WATER FILTER, attached to the Faucet or vessel from which your drinking water is drawn, WILL ENSURE ABSOLUTELY PURE WATER, AND PREVENT CHOLERA, TYPHOID, DYSENTERY and other diseases incident to the drinking of tainted or impure water. Sent by Mail on receipt of \$1.00. Adjustable Threads for Threadless Faucets, 35 cts. The Filter may be suited to any larger vessel. Send for circular. T. McAVITY & SONS, - St. John, N. B.

THE NEW CROCKERY STORE,

94 KING STREET. China Tea Sets. I have just received and am now showing the FINEST assortment of CHINA TEA SETS ever offered in this City. Prices as Low as ever. C. MASTERS. Ornament is not a luxury, but is one of the minds necessities, which is gratified by means of the eye. Where the architects ends the decorative painter commences, bestowing here some brilliant colors and there some soft predominating tint.



House Painters, Wall and Ceiling Decorators and Paper Hangers. ESTIMATES GIVEN.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CATALOGUE WORK. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. St. John, N.B. SAMPLES & PRICES FURNISHED, CHEERFULLY.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,

60 Prince William Street. Kindly remember us when you are selecting your purchases. We have a very varied stock, at prices to suit all, of FANCY GOODS, OUTLERY, PLATED WARE. We invite you to call and see our stock. 60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

Paints and Oils. CHAMPION SAFES!

A FULL LINE OF BRUSHES and PAINTERS' REQUISITES. J. HORNCastle & CO., Indian town. PURE PROOF: BURGULAR PROOF. LOWEST PRICES! BEST TERMS. Send for circular to E. B. ELLIOT, 139 Granville St., HALIFAX, N. S.

THE DEVI

It was midnight. I was seated in a cafe among six of his intimate young men of the w... accordance with an... he wished to bring his... ness to an end by form... ment to his former c... be married in three d... du Roule. The intere... de Lucay, a charmin... had many ardent suit... round, his friends h... him on his triumph. ... good fortune was the... station, until, at desce... begun to envy him. "Well, Fernand," guests, "I must say into the world you dr... the lottery of fortune. "Yes, indeed, betw... admit I have very lit... answered Fernand. Just as he had finis... bottle of champagne w... sparkled in the cryst... men, wholly intent... lent an ear to the exp... Paris when the great... into slumber. But j... of the waiters intere... a dainty little card. "A visit at this c... cafe," exclaimed the... accept the card with... "Tell the gentleman... self at my rooms on... to-morrow. If I be... happy to receive him... "But sir," one of... marked, "you have t... trouble to look at the... who send in his card... "Why, that's so," u... us see who is this f... queer visiting hours. Having pompously h... he held up the card... the name. He had... "There is some b... remarked, in a puzzl... life of me, I can't m... some of you may su... it," he continued, h... each of his friends s... The six of them st... and finally gave it u... The circumstances... excite the curiosi... mind than Fernand's... he was about to dim... moniously, now he h... to see him. "Tell the gentlem... said, addressing a w... In a moment the... approach a young m... below me, and he p... present with a grac... ant tone of voice. I... most approved fashi... and gloves, and wo... glass. His face wa... —a trifle too effem... perhaps, but it bore... quiet resolution that... for the absence of b... "Sir," said Fern... you have been com... in your card, and I... your name, but, tr... been able to read i... "Very well, sir, I... of telling it to you... the stranger, with a... "But, in the mea... inform me in what c... to speak to me?" "In that of cred... better retire to a... ment." "It is not neces... do not be at all en... out without the lea... gentlemen are very;... will not be at all s... have a few outstar... And now may I req... "Monsieur de Roc... ago, as you doubte... your entire for... of the Viscount de... of your father's b... paid a debt of 500... that your excessive... tiredly dependent. ... man like you, find... luxury, do on frind... priviled of all his m... ment on Louis-le-C... one evening a sho... wrote in large letter... I, the undersigned, d... my soul to Satan pro... years' riches. "The window c... that moment. The... of air. The wind s... paper, swept it thr... carried it to the de... drea." "How did you c... these things, sir?" "Allow me to be... please. From the... life was a run of go... to you. In rumma... old piece of furni... large roll of mone... it came there—... Having gone to B... the entire sum th... the wheel of fortun... With this capital y... road speculation... passed you found y... "All that is ver... "Just wait swi... need hardly tell you... quition of wealth