



The New Central Criminal Court, known as the "New Bailey."

The Government is taking a big share in the great work of reconstruction. The magnificent new War Office frowns over Whitehall, making the old palace of Charles I. look quite insignificant. The Home and Local Government offices now in course of completion will add considerably to the stately appearance of Parliament Street. A new Post Office is also building, and will take up a site of half-an-acre. By the way, the old War Office in Pall Mall is now to be the headquarters of the Automobile Club. Further west, the new Victoria and Albert Museum is now almost ready for occupation.

The City of London has improved out of all appearance of its old conservative self. Its finest

new building is the Central Criminal Court. Its predecessor was always known as the Old Bailey, but Londoners are still disputing as to what the nickname of the present building ought to be. "New Old Bailey" seems a contradiction of terms, and though the name "Old Bailey" still clings to the memory, it will probably have to give place to "New Bailey."

Citizens are beginning to ask, how long will it be before the rebuilding of the Bank of England is put in hand? The Bank as a building has certainly lost prestige in contact with the new erections all round it, and even the exterior of the Mansion House begins to look dingy and insignificant. The site of

the Liverpool, London & Globe Insurance Company's new offices, which frown over the Mansion House, cost five million dollars. Indeed, \$350 per square foot is reckoned as the average rate for land in the vicinity of the Bank of England. One fine morning before long, Londoners coming into the city to begin their day's work will rub their eyes to see the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street"—as they love to call the Bank of England—and the hoary old Mansion House in the hands of the house-breakers. And why not? This is an intensely utilitarian age, when we gloat over the sight of time-honoured and weather-worn walls giving place to new ones with all their history and service in front of them.



Some of London's Older Buildings

The Bank of England (on the left) and the Royal Exchange with an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington in the front of the latter.

# Making Maple Sugar

A Reminiscence of Days too Sweet to Last

By L. J. GILLELAND



When the Sap runs

THE greatest fun that the boy had on the old farm came at the close of winter. It was an occasion long to be remembered. What a pleasure it gives him now to think of the sugaring-off in the days gone by. The dull bubbling of the sap kettles comes faintly to the ear as the picture of the curling smoke and the bare, waving arms of the giant trees rises like a mirage before the mind.

We boys loved mystery in those by-gone days. The glam-

our of freemasonry would have just suited us. On one particular day of the long ago, mystery was present in our every act. The glances which were exchanged at the supper table betokened that there existed some secret of great import known to but two of us. We spoke very little, so heavily did the matter weigh on our minds. After supper all our chores were hurriedly performed. When the animals were all fed and bedded in clean straw, we ran into the barn and hastily snatched up the loaf of bread, the paper of salt, and the basket of eggs which had been hidden in the hay-mow during the day; then out we rushed and away like mad, as though Old Harry himself were after us. We headed across the fields to Prout's bush where Sime was boiling sap. He had promised to sugar off for us if we would not tell the "old folk" and would bring a lunch with us. The bright reflection of the

fire could be seen a long distance through the trees, and as we neared the place, dark shadows could be seen passing and re-passing in front of the blaze.

The sugar camp was located on a sandy knoll overlooking a spring creek. Two forked posts were firmly fixed in the ground about ten feet apart. A long, stout pole lay across the forks. From this hung the kettles. To the large end was attached a heavy weight of stones. When the kettles were to be removed from the fire, the small end was raised and swung to one side, the operation being assisted by the weight of stones fixed to the long, heavy end. Standing around the camp were large barrels and old milk cans used for holding the sap as it was gathered from the troughs. At one side stood a shack of rough boards where Sime took an occasional sleep when doing night duty. Once the boiling began, the fire was kept going steadily except on Sunday. The heat had thawed the snow for some yards around the camp. The ground was quite dry. To sit on the dry, warm sand was a foretaste of summer. The short logs prepared for fuel were dragged over near the blaze to make a support for our backs as we sat with feet stretched out toward the warmth, and elbows resting on the logs behind. While watching the sparkling flames and the bubbling kettles, we listened eagerly to the reminiscences of the old log school-house and of the hunting in the bush. Almost every man likes to tell of himself as being the hero of some boyish prank at school or of a successful hunting expedition and these old boys in the sugar bush were no exceptions to the rule.

When at the camp the boy stuck close to the fire. He took care not to get outside the circle of bright light from the flames. He could not be hired to go out alone into the dark woods. Any snapping of twigs, or rustling in the branches, or cracking of the trees due to a sharp night's frost, made his hair rise and his courage sink. Most lads have experienced this uncontrollable feeling. A visit to the

sugar bush by daylight made everything look different. There was no sign of anyone having been around except the man who gathered the sap.



Tapping the Trees