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is year there was
1,351 members;
Since 1855 the
net gain of over
total of 382,289.

ON PUZZLE.

ele forcibly illus-
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Y STROKE.

James Barker. He
about to ask a favor
ot be granted. Mr.
his face at the pump-
head long enough
way. "What do you
go to the academy
you will have to

ceeded Mrs. Barker,
ad. You know he
can at the school-
bench says that he is
ar. "Can't help it,"
"There'll be school-
clothes to buy,
e money."

James sat down to
His father, kind
his disappointment,
some way to help.
I've got the job of
his wood-lot. You
ork with the men;
ough before school
your schooling and
your time and
e at school. You
g enough to chop,
pretty hard. Most
out, but you can

ames found it. One
d to give up. He
ge tree, upon whose
rienced blows made
ired and discouraz-
a log to rest. "It
difully. "What's
d wood-chopper, just
me to try to cut
ook! my boy, you
p at it. Stroke by
in the biggest tree
don't expect to cut
low. Remember

A SUGAR-BOILING SCRAPE.

When I was a boy we lived in the
country, where I think all boys ought
to live for a few years, and we didn't
get coddled as you youngsters do, nor
have so many things to play, nor such
schools and books, and other helps to
learning and fun, as you have. But
we had plenty of good times in coasting,
skating, riding, fishing, hunting and
trapping. And in the Spring we always
had a special "lark" when they made
maple sugar.

Father used to let us go to the woods
with the men when we were quite little
shavers, and we would bring dry brush
for the fire, and watch the big kettle
when the sap was boiling, so as to call
the men or throw in a piece of pork or
some cold sap, to keep it from boiling
over. I can almost smell the sweet
steam now, and see the little pieces of
pork bobbing around in the kettle, and
remember how my eyes watered when
the smoke blew in them, and how good
the first taste of the sugar was when
they began to cool it on snow, to see
if it was done.

But the "sugaring off" was the
greatest fun. When the sap was boiled
down into clear, sweet syrup, they
would put four or five pailfuls in the
kettle and cook it slowly and carefully
till it was done enough to "cake" into
sugar. And then we would wax some
on snow, and stir some in saucers until
it cooled, and eat it warm and cold un-
til we couldn't hold any more—and a
long while after father wondered how
we could hold so much.

Well, one time, when we were about
twelve or fourteen years old, we thought
the sugar would taste a good deal
sweeter if we could get it in some sly
and mischievous way. That's the way
with foolish boys and men in other
things. Stolen sweets makes half the
trouble in the world. And so we went
around to half-a-dozen of the neighbors'
boys, asking them to a sugar bee in our
woods the next night, but telling them
not to let anybody know it. We knew
there was a churn full and two big jugs
of syrup waiting to be "sugared off"
down in our bush, and we thought we'd
steal a march on the men, and show
'em a trick or two. So after the chores
were done, we asked mother if we could
go and see the boys, and she said yes,
if we would be back by nine o'clock.

We "saw" the boys, but it was in
the lane leading to the woods, where
they were waiting, whilst as mice. It
was growing dark fast, and we cut for
the woods as fast as we could go. There
was a big bed of coals, snugly covered
with ashes, and we snugly had it raked
out, put new wood on, and made a
blazing fire. Then we all took hold of
the long pole and swung the big kettle
over it. How to get the syrup in was
the next question, as we couldn't lift
the big jugs up. But I found the dip-
per, and we dipped it out of the churn
used to store it in, until there was a
pailful or more in the kettle, and it be-
gan to boil up, as yellow and sweet as
could be.

By this time it was dark as a pocket.
The fire lighted up the woods for a
little ways, but it seemed all the blacker
in the shadows beyond. We had never
been out alone before, and the strange
stillness began to make us feel very
queerly. Our shadow, thrown by the
firelight across the little clearing, looked
like big, black giants, and there wasn't
much fun in our laughs as we watched
them. One of the little boys vowed he
saw somebody hiding behind a tree,
and another thought he heard some
animal stepping in the brush a little
way off. You see we knew we weren't
doing right, and that makes boys—and
men, too—very uneasy.

But we kept close to the fire, and
talked as bravely as we could, until
the boy who was stirring the sugar
said: "It hairs!—it must be done!
Who'll try it first?"

"Who! Who!" said a loud voice
out of the darkness of the woods.

Every boy started up as if a panther
had come upon us. Jim dropped his
stirring stick into the fire. Harry tip-
ped over the pans of snow on the bench.
Charlie stumbled over a root and fell
head first into a sap-bucket; and then
we all held our breaths and hearkened.
"Who! Who!" said the voice again,
loud and solemn.

shouted Frank, the boldest boy in the
party—"and what-ye doing in this
sugar-bush, this time of night?"
No answer came.

"Let's smoke him out!" said Frank,
grabbing a blazing stick from the fire
and starting for the brush, using it as
a torch. He hadn't gone many yards
before a great white owl flew from its
perch in a tree calling "Who-wh-o-o-o
To-whit-to-who-o!"

And then we all laughed at our
scare, and turned to the sugar just as
a dreadful smoke and smell began to
come out of the kettle. While we had
been "owling it" the sugar had burned!
We had just got the kettle swung off
from the fire when another voice sound-
ed close behind us, and this time it
wasn't an owl, but father himself, who
had seen the light of the fire, and come
down to find out what it all meant.

"So, so," he said, "very industrious
boys, I see!—like to work nights! Well
we can't have anything wasted. You
can just go at that beautiful sugar
you have made and eat it up." And he
was a man that meant business, and no
fooling, when he spoke.

Well, we tried it on snow, and tried
it warm, but couldn't tell which way it
tasted the worst. Burnt sugar is about
the bitterest stuff I ever got hold of,
and a few mouthfuls of it were enough
to set us all to begging. Father let us
upon the eating, but made us scrape and
wash the kettle and dishes, and bank up
the fire again. And then he put me
ahead, and made Will take hold of my
coat-tail and the next boy hold of Will's
and so on to the end, and marched us
all single file through the woods up to
the house, a giggling, but rather sheep-
ish procession.

Mother said she didn't think we were
a very happy looking set for boys who
had been off for such a sweet time; and
—well, we didn't do any more sly
sugaring off after that. There didn't
seem to be much fun in it, you know.
—Golden Rule.

HANS AND PETER.

Hans and Peter met one fine morning
on the way to market. Hans was large
and stout; the world always went easy
with him; he churned himself as little
as possible about the cares of life, and
seemed to grow plumper every day.
Peter, on the other hand, was thin
and slim. He was continually wor-
rying himself about some trifle, and
his face grew more and more care worn
every day.

"Good morning, friend Peter," said
plump Hans, in a hearty tone of cheer.
"Good day neighbor!" answered
Peter, solemnly.
"Why are you so downcast?" asked
Hans.
"Downcast? Have you no troubles,"
retorted Peter, "that you can not un-
derstand why people look downcast?"
"I?" said jovial Hans. "I've only
one trouble in the world, and that does
not trouble me. My wife complains I
have become so stout."
"Happy man!" exclaimed Peter. "My
friends complain because I am so thin."
"My friends say it makes me move
too slowly," said Hans.
"My wife upbraids me," returned
Peter, "because I move so very quick-
ly."
"Suppose we change bodies!" said
they both in a breath.
And they changed.

Again, in a few months, Hans and
Peter met one fine morning; and Hans
was again large and stout while Peter
had become thin and slim.
"What have you done to my body?"
asked Hans.
"What have you done to my body?"
asked Peter.

"I was puzzled at first," said Hans,
"to know whether I was Hans or Peter;
but it soon came right."
"At first," returned Peter, "I knew
not whether I was Peter or Hans, but
as you say, it soon came right."
"Then the difference," remarked
Hans, "is not my body."
"Nor m' body," put in Peter.
"But," said they both, "ourselves!"

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JOS. L. BLACK, Sackville,
Executors to Estate.
Sackville, N.B., 24th April, 1878.
may 4—3m

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Loup, St. John and Intermediate
Stations.
At 8.00 p.m. (Express) from St. John and
Intermediate Stations.
At 9.15 a.m. (Accommodation) from Truro
and Way Stations.
At 3.00 p.m. (Express) from Pictou and
Way Stations.
Moncton, 25th April, 1878. may 4

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