St. Mary of the Angels;

OR, HIS FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

CHAPTER IV.

Hardy's nature never had been a gentle Don't you-" one, and there certainly had been nothing softening in the experiences which had come to him during his three years of life on the frontier; being now stirred to its very depths, a burning passion had been aroused in him, in which every turbulent element in his being was involved. As he strode backward and forward through the length of the two small rooms, he closed and opened his hands, his breath came hot and short, his eyes shone dangerously, on his face was a dark flush. He remembered the touch of Mary's hand on his shoulder that morning. Had Barwood happened to come into the station just then, he certainly would have shot him on sight.

At last the hour of waiting was ended. Hardy shivered a little as he returned his watch to his pocket-during the final minutes he had held it in his handand went out into the quivering heat. In all the time that he had known her, in the old days, he had not even kissed her, he thought,

as he walked along.

A little below the point at which the railroad crossed it, the river bent sharply, and beyond this turn was the bluff on which stood the town. Hardy walked toward the railroad bridge, but on the side of the emand tank. In case any wakeful person Barwood at the pump -the steady beating the cud of most bitter thoughts. of which sounded regularly through the hot air. A footpath, the shortest way between Barwood's house and the pump, ran along I'm so very, very unhappy, John. And unthe valley, parallel with the stream, through thickets of nopales and mesquite, and follow- 1 Tell me thet you didn't mean it, John." ing this, Hardy came in a few minutes to the spot where he had bidden Mary meet him. She was waiting for him in the path. As he caught sight of her-a look of eagerness on her face as she heard the sound of his footsteps, the sunlight sparkling in her hair, her round white arm showing, as she self to speak. For a moment a dizziness came over him, and he put his hand to his forehead as though in pain.

Nourished by +1 near-by water, the mesquite had es hereabouts were grown to be uttle trees, which formed a grove, screening the face of the bluff. A faintly marked path, worn by the goats, led crookedly through this grove to a narrow open space, above which rose the bluff, trending outward. He drew her along this path, and seated her on a fallen stone in the shadowy nook formed by the rocky overhang. Here they were hidden completely; but above the bushes they could see down the valley, and out across the great sun-beaten plain, that far away rose in long slopes to the flanks of the gray-blue mountains which girded it in. slow current of air-dry, hot, stimulatingset up the valley. The only sound that broke the almost palpable stillness was the low throbbing of the pump. To them both this upon his breast. sound brought back vividly the memory of that Sunday afternoon in the Wyoming Val-

ley, three years before. Hardy seated himself beside her and drew her toward him.

"Oh, John-you mustn't," she said, speak ing in a low, frightened voice. Bit sa made no effort to loose herself from his grasp.

He did not answer, but he settled her head against his shoulder and drew her still more closely to him. The flush on his face you!" had deepened. Suddenly she gave a short, quick sob, and

her head drooped forward until it rested on his breast. Then she began to cry, softly, as a child cries while being comforted. "It all has been so dreadful," she moaned. "Your-your curse came true, John."

He did not answer for a moment, but his arm clasped her less closely and more tenand left him very pale.

know; and I mean to do it." .

And then slowly, bit by bit, she told him | Mary had screamed when she heard her moodiness and coldness, the case that she come. Slowly she raised her head. made out against Barwood was a black one "Now, Mr. Hardy," Barwood said, "if indeed.

"Will was wild and cruel, and got drunk just at present. Is it a go?" in those other places; but here he is mixed up think about. There is smuggling going on fall slowly. all the time, and they all are robbers, and I know that he was with them when that it is horrible, horrible!" "And this Mexican woman?"

Mary's face grew crimson, and then pale. go back t' th' house."

For a little time they both were silent. The flush had come back to Hardy's face and his hold upon her had tightened. She could feel the strong beating of his heart. His voice was unsteady, and had a strange sound in it when he spoke.

troubled, frightened tone.

stand that I love you—that I must have you?

She broke away from him and sprang to her feet. She was far from being a majestic women under ordinary circumstances, but there certainly was an air of majesty about her now. Hardy stood up, facing her. "How dare you?" she panted. "Be-

cause my husband is-because my husband has hurt me so, is that any reason why you should hurt me still more? You are as bad as he is. You are worse than he is. Isn't there such a thing as one single honorable path. man in the world?" Then the heroic tones died out of her voice, and her comanding Barwood said briskly: pose changed to a look of fear and weakness, 'Oh, John, John!" she said, "I thought that you really would help me. I never thought of anything like this." She sank down on the stone again, and buried her face in her hands and began to cry.

Hardy felt, and looked a little, like a dog that had received a deserved beating. Mary's piteous appeal, even more than her indignant protest, had made him realize how bitterly cruel he had been; how, if he had deliberately set himself to make the horror of her life greater he could not have done it more effectually. Of course she would not trust him any more; he could not blame her; bankment farthest from the engine-house and so his purpose—an honest and manly purpose now—to help-her could do no good. chanced to see him, the natural inference For a long while he stood in silence, looking would be that he was on his way to join away from her out over the plain, chewing

> At last Mary spoke: "John, tell me that you didn't mean it. I'm sure you didn't. less you help me I don't see any hope at all

There was an infinite pathos in her words; a despairing pathos—for that she still should appeal to him for help showed how desperate her plight must be. But for him there was comfort in this appeal, since it made clear the way for his atonement. "I can tell you from the very core of my heart that I don't mean it shaded her eyes from the sun-his now, Mary," he said, "Please God, I really heart gave a bound. He did not trust him- will be an honest friend to you now, and I will get you out of this honestly, and home safely to the States. I guess I must have | John Smith, came into this office this mornbeen crazy, Mary; but I'm not crazy any longer, and you can trust me right straight for publication:

she said. "Oh, John, you nearly killed me | ing, will apply to - she can have the a little while ago; but you must have been | by paying for this notice." crazy, just as you said; and now you are much of what they call backbone. But I have your strength now, John, and things will all come right, I'm sure. You'll get me home safe, won't you, John?"

She came close to him, eagerly, and took his hand. As a father might have done, he put his arm around her and drew her head

"But you must be very careful, John," she went on. "Will is such a masterful sort of a man! If he finds out anything I know that he'll kill us."

Hardy smiled confidently. "I guess if there's any killing going around I won't get | him that handsome legacy he is-" left," he said. "I don't want to kill your husband, of course, but if it's got to be done I'll do it all the same."

"But maybe not while he's got the drop on

Hardy turned quickly. Barwood was standing in the path not ten feet away, holding aside the mesquite branches with his left hand, while in his right hand, leveled at Hardy's head was a cocked revol

"ards," he said coolly.

Had Hardy been a tenderfoot he would derly, while the flush on his face slowly faded | have made an effort to draw his pistol—and would have been shot instantly. Having "My poor little girl," he said. "Tell me had the benefit of three years' experience of all that has happened. I can help you, you Southwestern manners and customs, he stood perfectly still and awaited developments.

the same story that Barwood had told him- husband's voice and saw him standing before may I ask you "-(producing the materials but from the point of view not of the her, grimly threatening; and then she had from adjacent writing table)-"to-ahwrong-doer, but of the wronged. It did sunk cowering down, with her face bent close put it on paper! I shall feel safer!' not seem to occur to her that she had to her knees, and her hands pressed tightly in anywise contributed to her own sorrow; to her ears to deaden the sound of the pistoland, without the mitigating facts of her own shot. To her surprise, this sound did not

you'll give me your word of honor that "And it is worse here in Santa Maria you'll be on the square, as I promise you I'll has been your experience!" than it has been at all, John," she went on. be with you, we won't have any shootin' "Yes," Hardy answered.

with these dreadful Mexicans in all sorts of "No monkey tricks, on your word of wicked things which make me shiver to honor?" Barwood said, letting his revolver

"On my word of honor."

"All right, then. Maybe one of us'll have ranch was raided and those poor men were 't' be used as th' beginnin' of an American killed." Mary shuddered violently. "Oh, graveyard in these parts before we get through with each other, but th' percession needn't start just yet. Here, you fool Mary,

She tried to draw away from him, trembling. | Hardy quivered as this order was given, Then in a voice scarcely above a whisper, but Mary-used to orders thus tersely wordshe said, "That-that is the very worst of ed-rose quietly to obey it. She stood for a moment looking at the two men as they confronted each other.

> "Oh, what have I done, what have done," she moaned, "that I should be the cause of such dreadful things?"

"What have you done?" Barwood answered. "Well, I'll tell you what you've done. "Mary, will you let me talk you out of all From first t' last in all you've had t' say or do with me an' Hardy here, you've made "What do you mean?" she asked, in a an' everlastin' infernal fool of yourself an' of us too. Fust of all, you said you'd "I mean, will you come away with me marry me; an' I went off in good faith from this brute and let me take care of you? t' make a comfortable home for you. An' Don't push me away. Don't answer yet"- then what did you do? Why, you coaxhe held her closely, and spoke rapidly in or- ed Hardy along into fallin' in love with der to check her rising words. "You know you! An' then, instead of shakin' me how I loved you in the old times, Mary. and marryin' him-which would 'a' been You were everything in life to me. And tough on me, but at least would 'a' had now I love you more, greatly more, than sense in it—for th' fool that you are you even I did then. This man has no right shook him an' married me! An' then, to you; he has thrown away his right to when you'd made my life so d-n mean t' you—he has thrown it away, I tell you! me that I took t' knockin' around with th' Think of what his life has been-of what boys, just t' try t' forget how mis'rable I pie." it is now—of the insult he has put upon | was, up you goes on your ear an' says that you here in your own home. He has no I'm a drunken brute, an' that you was a right to you, Mary. And I have a right | martyr! An' now, after you've been rowin' to you because I love you so. I will take me off an' on for six months an' more because such good care of you, Mary; I will spend I've got a Mexican lady friend who's not all all my life in making you happy once moods an' stuck-upness, an' who's got a heart more—in trying to make you forget how in her body, I can't go t' my work an' come unhappy you have been. Don't -don't back agen without findin' you an' another go away from me, Mary-what have I man in th' thick of a huggin' match ! There's done to make you angry? Don't you under no consistency anywheres about you. There's thin.

nothin' about you, good or bad, for a man t' | | [] take hold of an' tie to. You're just a foola ferlorn, useless fool !"

Barwood delivered this extended opinion in a tone of sincere conviction and utter contempt. He was so deeply moved that he HOW even forgot to interpolate into his discourse his customary larding of heavy, mouth-filling oaths. Hardy listened with a white face; and he was the more stirred, perhaps, by an uneasy consciousness that Barwood was cutting terribly close to the truth. Mary scarcely grasped the sense of a single word. She was too stunned and shaken to understand anything just then. She waited, with the stolid bearing beneath abuse that had become habitual with her, until her husband had finished; and then, walking in a dazed, uncertain way that made Hardy long to go to her support, she went slowly along the

As the mesquite bushes closed behind her,

matter right out now, an'get that graveyard business settled onct for all."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pedestrianism.

Mrs. C.-Just think of it. Poor Mrs. Blank has died, and her youngest child is not able to walk. that the disconsolate widower will make it

an excuse for marrying again that the child

A Broad Hint.

needs a step-mother right off.

cigarettes and blowing rings-Mr. Dolly-Why?

finger of my left hand through one of the rings

A Mind-Reader.

thought I was a fool, eh?" Stranger-" Why, no; you can't be snch a fool, after all. Your remark shows that you read a man's thoughts at a glance.

How He Compromised With Conscience.

A man, who it were base flattery to call ing and offered the following advertisement

Mary looked up at him gladly. "Those | forty years of age who lost a pocketbook conare the best words I've heard in three years," | taining \$14.55, on Spadina avenue this morn-

He explained that he had seen the woman giving me hope that is worth living for. | drop the pocketbook, but that he was anx-Somehow, alone as I've been, I haven't had I jous to keep the contents, and he was of the the strength to try to break away and get opinion that no woman for as small a sum as home. I've been afraid. I guess I haven't | \$14.55 would ever answer to the advertisement as he had written it

The Objection Removed.

that spider-legged dude of a Hankinson and two blankets, started out for nearly two are in for a good time. First there may be a hanging about the house. Does he come to months of "sugaring." Upon reaching the tug-of-war, with snow-balls, in which the see one of our girls? Is it possible any of them rock the first thing in order was a fire, but girls take an active part, and an Ontario, would encourage the idiot?"

John, to be a very worthy young man. He held the "punk" near the flint-hammer and young man for whom she has no admiration comes to see Bessie, and since his aunt left caught a spark. This he nursed, and soon than when she tries to "shoo a hen" off

means business I've no objection. I didn't go out until of no further use. At once the eat sugar with a spoon in the woods want him to come here trifling-that's all." | old troughs were looked up, an ugly gash was would be regarded as a violation of all the

Didn't Like The Teacher.

"Are you still taking painting lessons, Mamie ?" "No; I left off yesterday. don't like my teacher." "Why not?" "He has such a disagreeable way of talking. told me that if I kept on for some time long-"It may be your ante; but I've got the er I might be able to whitewash a fence.

"Litera Scripta."

Wooer-"O Miss-O Lavinia! may I not still hope? —or is your cruel rejection of my suit final and irrevoc-"Spinster (firmly)-"Yes, Mr. Brown, I seriously desire you will regard it so." Wooer-"Then, dearest,

A Leading Question.

a fool ?" asked Idioticus.

A Survival of Paganism.

The Judge-What is your Christian name Johnson? Mr. Johnsing-Hain't got none, sah. M fust name am Jupiter.

The Epicure.

said Snubley.

Always So Perplexing!

assure you I'll do my best to make you good husband." She (in the agitation of the moment, perhaps, forgetting that "the woman who hesitates is lost")-" Oh !-I've stone, but the material easiest at command. no doubt your intention is excellent; but good husbands are not easily made. If you come and go; the "sugar place" is near-by stole the deck fittings, sails, and gear, and, home; the wife or daughter at noontime with hatchets and crowbars destroyed a large brings up the dimensional control of the deck fittings, sails, and gear, and, so the dimensional control of the dimensional control of the deck fittings, sails, and gear, and, so the dimensional control of the deck fittings, sails, and gear, and so the dimensional control of the dimensional control of the dimensional control of the dimensional control of the deck fittings, sails, and gear, and so the dimensional control of the deck fittings, sails, and gear, and the deck fittings are described by the dimensional control of the deck fittings are described by the dimensional control of the deck fittings. one-" [Note.-As he could not conscientiously give her the suggested assurance. shefinally consented to marry him on the cus-

And Didn't Pa Catch It?

into the kitchen? They're making such a in coarse woolens, may not be pleasant; but jolly lot of mince pies." Tommy's Maternal could they see that girl with her dinner-pail been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Belle Isle, either been lost in the straits of Be Grandmother-"I, my dear ? Bless my soul, or "waxing sugar" with honest, hardy men, no! Your mamma and cook will see to they would realize that there is such a thing them." Tommy-" Oh, but pa told ma to- in life as enjoyment. Ofttimes it is found day that you wanted to have a finger in every necessary to boil sap all night in order to

Should be Engaged.

Agnes-"I should think these long tunnels | sleep Mabel-"They are, if you are not engaged."

Canucks Made Maple Syrup in the Past and How it is Made at Present.

Progress in Its Manufacture Has Kept the biggest men in town. At the present time the farmer is not content with less than 1,000 trees, and he holds them as present

the Farmers' Carnival Month-Sugar Parties in the Woods-The Old and Young Make Merry. About this season of the year the young

and old of many portions of Canada realize that sugar season is at hand and the long looked for picnic is within their grasp. The " Now, Hardy, you an' me'll talk this butternuts have nearly all been cracked, a good portion of the cider has filled its mission, although there is always a reservation made for haying. But to "sugar." In this like all others, things are not as they used to be. An age ago the farmer and his boys, in the fall of the year when the harvest was ended, would take their axes and hie to some hard-wooded locality well stocked with maples and lay out for a spring cam-Mrs. D-Not able to walk! I dare say paign. Headquarters would be established near some mammoth rock; ofttimes this was so located that it furnished shelter in time of storm and gave a bed for the night. A plan of operations was then decided upon. Young trees about one and one-half feet in diameter were cut down, cut up about two Mr. Dolly-Jack and I sat there smoking feet in length, and then dug out, making troughs holding not far from four or five i house of seventy years ago. In this well. Miss Oldgirl—How I wish I had been there. gallons. When 200 or 300 of these had floored room are stored the buckets been manufactured large maples were Miss Oldgirl-So I could have run the third | selected and by the side of each was placed one of these troughs. Then a cord or two of wood was gathered and piled up against a rock, two big logscalled back-logs—were placed in position to Dudely—"You look at me as if you support the kettle, and some large tree near a gathering sled, on which is a tub hold. by was cut down and that dug out into one immense trough for storage. This work would use up the best part of a week, one of the number going home at night to look after the stock and bring back in the morn-

BROWN BREAD, PORK, AND BEANS.

staff of life and an age ago there was no dyspepsia, chronic complaints, or loss of ap- carded. The evaporator is of malleable iron "Notice.—If the homely woman about petite among the average Canadian farmers. To be sure they sometimes died, but died head of the arch, meanders across the pan a

pail kittle" was unearthed; the hand-sled | This is carefully set aside until "sugaringwhich had been doing service all winter off day" comes, when it is cooked still more was ordered up; pork, beans, a few pota- and is ready for the tub or caking. toes, and several loaves of home-made bread, with a few dozen of eggs, were gathered to- sugar bush has a sugaring-off party. First gether, placed on the sled, and the kettle all the old folks for miles around come in on turned over them; and two young men, with ox-sleds and on foot, and a good old-fash. snow-shoes, an ax, two or three pails, the ioned time is enjoyed. No one seems to family flint-look, some powder and shot, and realize that they are growing old. Later on a good supply of "punk"-an article found : the coming generation are on hand and in decayed wood, which is about as ccm- buxom girls, hopeful young men, maidens, Mr. Billus-" Maria, I don't like to have bustible as tissue-paper or young oratory- nd boys gather at the sugar-house. They there were no matches then, so the old mus- | girl can throw a snow-ball with hitting ef-Mrs. Billus-"Mr. Hankinson seems to me, ket was brought into service. One man fect. She uses more precision firing at a had shavings from a shingle ablaze, and the garden patch. When the war is over Mr. Billus (greatly mollified)—"Oh, if he later a big fire, which was never allowed to the manufacture of paddles is in order. To made in a fine maple, then " gouged," rules of etiquet. So the young man takes and a spout was driven in to carry his "best girl" one side, and selecting a the sap to the trough, and when sofa—usually a large log, or if lighter the sun shone sufficiently the tree gave forth furniture is required two buckets are inits sweetness. Then the manufacturers of verted—they sit down and commence work sugar saddled their neck-yokes and gathered on their paddles. The paddles being made, in the sap, ofttimes walking one-half a mile down to the sugarhouse they go secure a pint to secure two pailfuls, which made about or more of the syrup, and start for a snowone-half of a pound of sugar, such as it was. | bank upon which they pour it. This at once An early breakfast, dinner as near meridian | hardens and furnishes a sugar repast that as the eye and stomach could judge, and | can not be excelled. For a quarter of a mile "tea" when work was done comforted the about the sugar-house you will see these inner man. For Java or Mocha syrup was a substitute, for sirloin of beef a fine slice of pork or the best of ham broiled on coals, and an ample supply of brown bread and roasted potatoes made up a repast that would do the stomach of royalty good. For dinner a few boiled eggs broke the monotony and "at tea" most anything that was left was eaten. There is

NO PLACE IN THE WORLD where you can cook beans which equals the "Which would you rather be, a knave or woods and this is how they used to be cooked in the sugar-bush : An old earthen pot "I don't know," replied Cynicus, "What well filled with beans, a good "hunk of pork" and some native molasses furnished the foundation. Almost beneath the kettle of boiling sap a pit was dug and the pot and contents were buried in it and in the morning out came a dish that no hotel or restuarant in all Canada can duplicate. At the end of six weeks, when the party took stock, they usually had all told, 200 pounds of sugar as black as Ethiopia and flavored with snow, rain, everything that could come off "Croquet is the deadest game I know," the trees, with now and then the body of a forlorn mouse or daring chipmunk who "Well, many people like their game pretty had ventured too near the trough. This was pure maple sugar something like 60 years

Another generation realized that the He (and he really meant' all he said)-"I world moved, and we find a shanty in some fine grove of maples filled with 300 or 400 buckets and sometimes more. Outside is an arch for the kettle, not built of cut This is not an isolated spot; people here brings up the dinner, and a good dinner it is; there is a small kettle at command and a "sugar off" is then in order and an hour's tomary terms, that is to say, on speculation.] sport that king, prince, or potentate might envy, but not covet. To the assuming daughter of papa, to say nothing of the complacent manipulator of the type-writer, the idea of a girl tramping a mile or two in Tommy - "Gran'ma, aren't you going the woods, carrying dinner for men dressed catch up with the flow of sap, and during a "big run" this sometimes lasts for a week. Then nearly the entire family moves to the bush. The head of the house gets a little would be very dangerous while traveling." children keep the kettle full and the fire large numbers to kill off the rabbits, and the "a humping." A "humping fire" is what rats, which have been food for the store the sugar-maker always enjoys. Offtimes and weasels in England, are increasing enor these sugar orchards are near each other, mously in some districts. There is talk of and family visits are in code.

play "high-low-jack," and watch the h In the old days a very respectable quality of sugar was made, but only a little nor than was necessary for home use, although 100 pounds or so was sometimes exhaust

for store-pay. The farmer who the con.

A SUGAR ORCHARD

1,000 trees, and he holds them as precious as the owner of an orange orchard does his fruit trees. Every young maple is carefully looked after. If there is a scrub oak, beed or birch near by to impede its growth it is cut into firewood. Many an orchard to day is so cleared of fallen timbers and mide brush that in the summer months one can drive over nearly every portion of it with horse and buggy. The small streams are bridged and good roads are found on all sides. If there be a cheerful spot on earth during the summer months it's the farmers sugar-place. Here are the finest songsten in the world and the squirrel is the prince of the field. Many farmers will not allow gun to be taken into a sugar-bush and oft. times in the spring they place in easy reach of the squirrels near the sugar-house a few ears of corn, because they enjoy the com. puny of the lively creatures, which often

To-day the maple sugar-bush is in every way truly home-like. Near the center of fifty or more acres of hardwood timber land -mostly maple, a few beech and birch-you find a commodious sugar-house, one room of which is much larger than the entire during the summer and in the spring. time it is used for kitchen, reception. room, parlor, or dance hall. In it you will see a fine brick arch, an evaporator, and ample storage-room for the sap, while outside is a thrifty pair of oxen yoked to ing from twenty-five to forty pails. Like the rest, the oxen take their dinner in the woods, and five or six "rounds" are considered a good day's work. Three hundred pails a day is called good work. The sapis

DRAWN TO THE SUGAR-HOUSE,

and from a long spout is conveyed to large In those days these articles constituted the storage-tubs, and thence to the evaporator, or pan, kettles having long since been dispartitioned off. The sap, entering at the dozen times or so, and on reaching the foot a About the middle of March the old "five- heavy, clear, and pure syrup is produced. About twice each week the owner of a

pairs cooling and eating maple sugar in its primitive state.

The pure Ontario maple syrup is an en tirely different article from that vended about the streets of large cities, which is mostly made of glucose and foreign sugars. Pure maple syrup to-day-readily brings \$1 a gallon in the woods, and when it reaches Toronto it is sold for 75 cents and often less. The first make of maple sugar sells for 15 cents a pound, and here you get it for 7 to 8-a reconstructed article but not improved.

Wreckers of Belle Isle.

The report of the minister of marine and

fisheries, which was laid before Parliament at Ottawa on the 22nd inst., contains an extraordinary story, which indicates that the wrecker still exists and plies his calling along the shores of the gulf of St. Lawrence. In the fall of last year the steamship Montreal went ashore on the desolate rocks of Belle Isle. H. M. S. Emerald came along, and the reply of the master in the Montreal led the captain of the Emerald to believe that his services were not required, and he steamed away. This is what happened after he went away, and led to the master of the Montreal complaining of the desertion The following day some wreckers boarded the vessel and plundered her. Later on they came into the cove with their schooners and anchored, then made their boat fast alongside of the steamer and swarmed on board in large numbers. They intimidated the crew, portion of the decks in their endeavor to get at the cattle and sheep. Ropes were put down the opening and various articles of the cargo were secured and immediately removed from the steamer. The cattle and sheep which had previously been landed were hunted about the island, caught and killed, the carcasses dragged down the cliffs, where bosts were in readiness to receive them. Similar scenes have occurred whenever vessels have upon the Labrador or Newfoundland coasts. The commissioner who investigated the matter states that it is very difficult to discover and punish these pirates, but some attempts to do so will be made.

English stoats and weasels are being er while the wife or some of the ported to New Zealand from England in Faults are always thick where love is and family visits are in order and some love- movement to prevent the exportation of any making is indulged, in. Lads and lauses more nat destroyers.

ESTIO P.

tower Tells & erning Her l When I have a eractly what will ha esches home. He w front door, hang up through the sittingwith my head tied up

full minute without a finally remark :
"Didn't I tell you What ?" "You got your feel "Oh, no, Mr. Bows "Then you went o " been eating icehave dash."

balder the contrary

"Onreful." very ca, yes, you are a If a giant was to way you do he'd be de the doctor ?" " No." " That's it! Wan fever get hold of you, Dr. - s telephone numi

"Don't call a doctor

better than it was and "Well, if you are no and have you taken to no pity on any one who w the way you do. I was he theater to-night an find you flattened relop a case of yellow Mr. Bowser goes tran fault with his supper, the baby, with the furn thing else which he hap the evening is rendered

if I happen to be street when Mr. Bowser tell whether he has a he comes slumping along, a ves on the sidewalk, an or him he growls out : "Lemme git on to th "Why, what's the ma "I'm next door to deat

"Have you been hurt, "No. Got a headach w head is loose. I thin I help him off with his he lounge, pull off his ga nd then I can't help say "W-what?" "You've been careless

our office with your fe ow, or you held a chunk you stood in a puddle are feet, It's a wonder to ves to the age of thir "0-o-o-oh !" he groans "That's it! Got the bla siatic cholera hold of yo ing over to Mrs. Cato's essive euchre, but this sp ree doctors up after tea lance come at the same Then Mr. Bowser sheds at a brick for his feet, t head, send baby upst ck so that nothing may don't suppose that one d sets out to find fault just their way, you kno they feel that they mu y impressed on the min husband is ever to blan about the house. The instance, a water pi

ement burst the other d home just as I was ab Pipe busted! Who bust as he pulled off his over Why, no one." Yes, they did! Water hout help! Some of you!

on that pipe with a ham went down and show was at a point where i ibly reach it, but he rep Well, some of you are c That's the way—the 10 use something happens a plumber around here with a bill of forty or e back kitchen door had inges and planed off a l ing it Mr. Bowser got put one screw in the lov found the others and il

day, after he had got h oor fell askew, as might low, what have you d sowser to me as the coo I didn't break the do

ou didn't. Then who d ou didn't put the scre ehung it."
didn't. I'll bet you ter or the cook went delibe ook those screws out in o hing. It is a wonder would bur heads. Next time y own some of the partitio day a centre-piece on of ceilings fell to the flo thed until he came hom

is a nice state of af as he looked into hydidn't you knock all hat did I have to do with ren't you right here al I do it? Did baby do it ghbors come in and k crow-bar ?"

it was poor ell Mrs. Bowser, beca hole and went walking and find the house in r per goes even

Portion of the beau gramme he stood and gramment and then t vist less could have

mean, Mr. Bo You just hat fence