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A SWEET COURTSHIP.

Sam Simpson placed the sap buckets against the trees, adjusting them carefully so that none of the sweet liquid might be lost when the morning sun set it running. Everything in his sugar camp was prepared for the next day's work, but though tired and hungry Sam did not go home at once. He leaned his arms upon the top rail of the fence and gazed solemnly down upon the little house in the clearing below him. The sun was setting, leaving long red streaks in the sky against which the boles of the trees stood straight and black. The red faded into pink and pale green and finally deepened again into the blue above, where a little pale silver crescent hung among the dark tree-tops. The white snow patches gleamed from the woods, the air was clear and still and laden with the sweet spring scents of the forest.

But Sam was not lingering to admire the beauty of the evening. He looked long at the trim little house, with its cheerful column of smoke mounting straight into the air. A light shone from the window, and the shadow which ever and anon flitted between it and the outer darkness was the loadstar which attracted Sam's inquisitive gaze and quickened his sluggish pulses with the fire of an all-consuming love.

It was none other than that of Miss Sarah Ellen Robinson, to the possession of whose fair hand Sam had silently aspired for nigh on to a decade. Inwardly and silently, indeed, for although the love-lorn swain had languished and sighed for so many hopeless years, he had never once during that lapse of time been able to bring his courage up to the sticking point. Albeit, on this particular evening, he had unilaterally determined upon his course of action. He roused himself from his lounging attitude, pulled himself together, carefully adjusted his red and yellow cravat and started for the smart little gateway with the fixed intention to "do or die."

Having arrived there he hung with one leg over, in an agony of indecision. The position illustrated well Sam's mental attitude during his ten years' silent adoration of Miss Sarah Ellen Robinson. The result was the same this night as usual. Sam climbed down upon the losing side and plodded wearily homeward over the crunching patches of snow, equally divided between a feeling of despair over his unsuccessful suit and a sense of relief at having escaped Miss Sarah Ellen's wrath.

So poor Sam's thoughts did not turn lightly to thoughts of love in this springtime when he reflected that though both he and his lady love were upon the shady side of thirty he had so far not succeeded in even making her aware of his adoration.

But there was one bright spot in the darkness. Sam had resolved to make up by stratagem what he lacked in moral courage, and had that very day hit upon a brilliant plan for storming the enemy's forces. Believing that position is half the battle, he had moved his sugar camp from the hollow in the woods and hung his big kettle right upon the edge of the maple grove which bordered Miss Sarah Ellen's back yard. This bold stroke would at least bring the besieged into sight for Miss Robinson was certain to come out and complain of the smoke, and there was some hope to be gained from a parley.

Fortune favored the scheme beyond his wildest dreams, for when Sam came over the brow of the hill the next morning, and peeped through the trees, there was Miss Sarah Ellen herself, stirring a pot of boiling lye just on the other side of the fence. Sam's courage almost failed him at the sight. He had a wild idea of packing up his whole camp equipment and retreating there and then. But second thoughts brought a wiser decision. He stealthily lit his pipe, and when the cigarette smoke began to curl up among the trees, he dodged tremblingly behind the cedars to watch the effect upon his charmer. Miss Sarah Ellen paid no attention whatever to the neighboring fire. She treated the whole affair, as she had always treated Sam with supreme indifference. She carried water and wood, poked the fire, stirred the lye and seemed altogether too busy to notice such an insignificant fact as the proximity of Sam Simpson's sugar camp. At least it seemed so to poor Sam, but on the whole he felt encouraged when he found he was not to be ordered off and set to work with renewed hope. They toiled away the whole day with no sign of yielding on the part of the besieged; an not one word could Sam bring to his aid. He would have given half his farm to have gone over and carried water for her, but he would as soon have walked up to a cannon's mouth. He worked himself half to death trying to keep from looking upon the fence and late in the afternoon one kettleful of sugar was cooling upon the snow.

At this moment another inspiration hit the hopeful lover. He took a carefully cut piece of paper in which he had carried his dinner, and when his divinity of the soap-kettle had her back turned, he sent it flying over the fence where it fell at her feet. Sam ducked down among the raspberry bushes against at his own temerity. Miss Sarah Ellen started back for an instant, then gave the offering a contemptuous kick and resumed her work. Sam went back to his boiling in despair, but when next he looked through the bushes his spirits rose higher than the tallest pine tree. The sugar had disappeared. That first gift was the forerunner of many such missiles, and never did Cupid's arrows fly with surer purpose. The amount of sweetness that shot over that fence would have sugared a much more acid disposition than Miss

Sarah Ellen's. But the ambitious lover was not content with sending maple sugar and hunks of sticky taffy. He ransacked the barn that night, and the next morning with the earliest sunbeams, came apples, butter-nuts, carefully cracked, and even a small package of conversation lozenges. And at last, brilliant idea among love's winged messengers he sent a white chip ingeniously carved in the shape of a heart, upon which were inscribed the words:

"Can I come and see you?"
Sam allowed the pot to boil over in his perturbation over this bold stroke, and the bombardment of Miss Sarah Ellen's affections ceased for that day.

The next morning he received his reward, for hanging from the cedars at the edge of the wood was a strip of birch bark upon which was written, in meaning, laconic, but redolent of meaning:

"Not much."
Somehow this discouraging epistle failed to dampen Sam's ardor. He was wise enough to read between the words, so over the fence went another message:

"Why?"
And "Because!" was telegraphed back, upon a coquettish looking little chip, which made Sam squirm with delight.

This unique correspondence was carried on for the whole day when almost at sunset the last chip informed him that the soap was all made. Sam took the hint with reverent joy, and now no longer in fear, but still trembling he crossed his Rubicon.

The clear twilight of a frosty spring evening was descending, the woods looked dark and sombre against the clear sky. The smoke from the dying fire ascended lazily. Miss Sarah Ellen was cutting the soap into cubes with elaborate care. Sam poked the fire for a few moments in silence and then ventured:

"Sarah Ellen, my mother ister say soap an' sugar was a splendid drawin' mixture."
And Miss Sarah Ellen said she believed it was.

LIKE FATHER LIKE SON

Men Who Are Following in Footsteps of Famous Parents.

It is remarkable what a number of prominent men have sons who are closely following in their footsteps.

Many striking instances are to be found among statesmen. The Marquis of Salisbury's fifth son, Lord Hugh Richard Heathcote Cecil, is a veritable "chip of the old block," and he will be a prominent personage in the politics of the future. Even now he is one of the best listened-to members of the House, and being a no mean orator, he will undoubtedly go far. Moreover, he started his political career in an excellent school, that of private secretary to the present Prime Minister.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone has for many years assiduously followed the high example set by his late father. He held office when his famous parent was Premier for the last time, and in the next Liberal Administration he will probably be found in the Cabinet.

The Colonial Secretary has reason to be proud of his son, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, M.P. Not only are father and son prominent in politics, but both are almost identical in form and figure. Of the same height, they dress exactly alike, and each wears an eyeglass, and exhibits

A WEAKNESS FOR ORCHIDS.

A few years back there was a pleasant episode in the House, on the occasion of Mr. Austen Chamberlain delivering his maiden speech.

After it was over Mr. Gladstone crossed over to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and congratulated him on his son's success, and in his subsequent speech the deceased statesman remarked that such an event as the first Parliamentary address of a son must be very dear to a father's heart. Mr. Chamberlain's face glowed with pleasure at these words.

Mr. Goschen's son, the member for East Grinstead, has been able to write "P.P." after his name since 1896, and those who know him intimately bear witness to the possession of much of the ability that distinguishes his parent. Mr. Goschen, jr., has not yet done any great things, but he is slowly, yet surely carving out a position for himself and will be one of the leading lights of the Conservative party in the coming century.

There can be no doubt whatever that one of the most tragic events in contemporary politics was the death of Lord Randolph Churchill, just at the zenith of his power. It is therefore all the more pleasant to reflect that his son, Mr. Winston Churchill, seems destined to take up his father's mantle. Not long ago he made his first speech on a political platform, which he delivered in a way many "old" Parliamentary hands could not surpass. In another walk which his father followed slightly—that of authorship—the son has followed him intimately, bearing witness to the possession of much of the ability that distinguishes his parent.

Among actors, many have sons who are in "the" profession. Sir Henry Irving has two sons who are believed to have a great histrionic future. Sir Squire Bancroft, too, has a son who is winning his spurs on the stage, and has blossomed out as a dramatist of ability. Mr. George Grossmith has a son and a brother, each of whom has taken their cue from him. Mr. George writes his own musical pieces, and

Mr. George, jr.'s first musical comedy has just been published. Ever since a preacher, sons often take to the pulpit. A typical instance is afforded by the offspring of the late celebrated C. H. Spurgeon. His twin sons are both preachers, one being the pastor of the church his father made famous.

WOLVES IN CANADA.

Alarm Caused Among Settlers, Lumbermen and Hunters by Their Increase.

An enormous increase in the number of wolves is reported from many parts of Canada. The most common variety is the great gray wolf, and its reappearance in the lumber districts of the upper Ottawa has created a good deal of alarm among settlers and lumbermen in sparsely inhabited districts.

A number of wolves have been destroyed by poison and the skins and heads of several have been taken to Quebec. The only common poison found strong enough to kill them is strychnine. Acute, atropine and corrosive sublimate have all proved ineffective. About two grains of strychnine is mixed with a little tallow, forming a small ball, and covered with a coating of grease. This is left with a portion of a deer's carcass or something of that kind.

Various reasons are given for the present increase in the number of wolves. One is undoubtedly the abolition of the bounty on their heads, paid some time ago by the Government. In the Yukon, where they are just now a source of great annoyance to miners, the ferocious beasts have been apparently driven to follow the miners nearer to their camps than heretofore, by the decrease in the number of moose and caribou, which are being killed off by the newcomers, thus depriving the wolves of their customary food. So dangerous have they become in the Klondyke that the Government is now employing a part of its Northwest Mounted Police force in poisoning them. In other parts of the country it is said to be the abundance of game that is an-awful for the recent swarms of wolves in the neighborhood of civilization. The red deer, of which the wolves are particularly fond, and which fall an easy prey when overtaken by them, have multiplied exceedingly all over the province of Quebec within the last year or two, so that in many parts of the country they have become a positive injury to farmers by feeding upon their crops. This increase in the natural food of the wolves has doubtless had much to do with the augmentation of their own numbers. They follow the deer very frequently right out into the clearings, and unless they are destroyed will not take long to deplete the country of game. It is a well-known fact that much of the suffering and distress of the Montagnais Indians in the interior of Labrador and the consequent decrease in their number has been due to the great havoc wrought by wolves among the caribou upon which they feed.

A MASCULINE HABIT.

"Some men, nay, many men, have a most reprehensible habit of showing the notes and letters written them by girls not only to other men, but what is still worse, to women" says a bright girl. "Every woman knows that this is true. Doubtless there is not one of us who has not had submitted to her scrutinizing gaze an epistle written by some fair maid to a man whom she thoroughly trusted."

"Only a day or two ago this breach of confidence on the part of masculinity—for it is nothing else—was brought vividly to my notice by a man who handed me three letters, written to him by feminine friends, to read. I know that when he offered them to me I should, by all the laws of honor, have put my hands sternly behind me and said in stilted fashion, 'I refuse to take advantage of my sisters.'"

"But alas! I did nothing of the sort. Eve left me a full heritage of curiosity, and I was just wild to see what was in those notes. I was tempted, and I fell. I read them. I even criticised them, for, you see, I am interested in the man. I was altogether horrid and dishonorable, but one thing the incident did for me. I resolved instantly that never would that man get a scratch of a pen from me any more than an innocent. I will be pleased to have you, etc. He won't even get that if he can be reached by telephone. I was very much disappointed in him for these were loverish letters, you understand."

"Two other men whom I know don't hesitate to say that they read each other's mail. Indeed, one of them does most of the correspondence for the firm, and if his chum is busy makes a draft of an answer to the letter which it is necessary should be responded to immediately, the latter copying it docilely at his leisure. For three weeks in this way the one was writing to the other's fiancée, while she, poor girl, was pouring out her heart to her betrothed, innocent that the outpourings were read by this rank outsider, who, having no sympathy in the matter, must have had no end of amusement out of it."

"I tell you, it's a long-headed girl who never writes anything in a letter to a man that she doesn't mind a select coterie of his friends seeing—fiance or no fiance."

"There is a general idea that only very young men are addicted to this custom," but that is a mistake. I know men of 33, which is certainly an age of discretion, who have no more conscience about showing letters than a boy of 18. It's a shame, but it's true. I know because they show them to me."

All things come quicker to the man who meets them half way.

Newspaper Laws.

We call the specta' attention of Postmaster and subscribers to the following by-ops of the newspaper laws:

1. If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until payment is made.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for the pay.

3. If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post office. This proceeds upon he ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

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