

Christmas Candies

for good little boys and girls

The genial smile of old St. Nick apparently has a psychological connection with our sweet tooth. No sooner do we see his genial smile, or hear his jolly laugh, than we think of candy canes, lollipops, sugared animals, and many other sweets that are found in the Christmas stocking.

During the holiday season nothing is more pleasing to the children, and I will include the grown-ups, too, than to have a handful of candy to munch while enjoying their Christmas stories.

These recipes for home-made candy you will find to be accepted in high favor.

FONDANT.

1 1/4 lbs. sugar, 3/4 cup water, 1/2 tsp. cream tartar, flavoring.

Cook sugar and water slowly and stir until the sugar is dissolved. When boiling, add cream of tartar and cease stirring. When syrup forms soft ball in cold water, pour onto a moistened platter. When cool, stir with a knife until creamy. Form into a large ball and place in earthen jar and cover with damp cloth. This will keep a long time. When ready to use, work in the desired flavoring, coloring and nut meats, or candied fruit, and mold into small pieces.

COCOA CARAMELS.

Two cups sugar, 1 cup molasses, 2

tbl. butter, 1/2 cup cocoa, 1 tsp. vanilla. Cook all together except flavoring, until the hard ball stage is reached. Do not stir after sugar is dissolved. Add flavoring and pour into buttered pans. When cold, cut in cubes and wrap in waxed paper.

LOLLIPOPS.

One cup sugar, 3/4 cup light corn syrup, 1/4 cup water, 8 drops oil of cinnamon, coloring.

Cook sugar, syrup and water, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Then continue cooking until very brittle when dropped in cold water. Add flavoring and coloring, stirring as little as possible. Pour into greased molds and when the lollipops begin to harden, insert the sticks.

CHOCOLATE DIVINITY.

2-3 cups sugar, 2-3 cup light corn syrup, 1/2 cup water, 1 tsp. salt, 2 egg whites, 1-3 cup cocoa, 1 cup nut meats, 1/2 tsp. vanilla.

Cook the sugar, syrup, salt and water, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Then cook to the soft ball stage. Gradually pour the syrup over the egg whites, which have been beaten stiff, stirring constantly. Add cocoa and beat until candy will hold its shape. Add vanilla and nuts and drop by teaspoonfuls on waxed paper.

"Why, I could make a hundred such myself!"

Nevertheless, she took it home with her, feeling that there must be some meaning in it.

When she had told her parents of her adventure, they laughed very scornfully.

"The old man was mad!" said her father. "Throw away the snowball, child!"

But Marie would not do so, and, crossing over to the fireside, melted the snowball on the hob.

Suddenly she gave a cry, and picked up from amid the melting snow a tiny seed.

"See! The old man's gift was not worthless!" she cried.

"A seed!" laughed her mother. "And what use is that to you?"

"I will plant it!" cried little Marie, not heeding their laughter, and she planted the little seed just outside the cottage.

ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Then very sadly she went to bed, for it was Christmas Eve; but it was no use hanging up her stocking. Santa Claus never came to their cottage.

But the next morning, when Marie went to her window and looked out, she gave a cry, and, running downstairs, called her parents outside the cottage.

There, on the very spot where she had planted the seed the evening before, had grown a tall, beautiful tree, hung with all sorts of toys, gifts, and lovely things to eat and wear!

"This is magic!" cried her father, as they gazed at the wonderful tree. They had never seen a Christmas tree before.

"Isn't it beautiful?" cried Marie joyously. "You see, the old man was not mad after all. This is his gift to me. Why, perhaps he was even Santa Claus himself in disguise!"

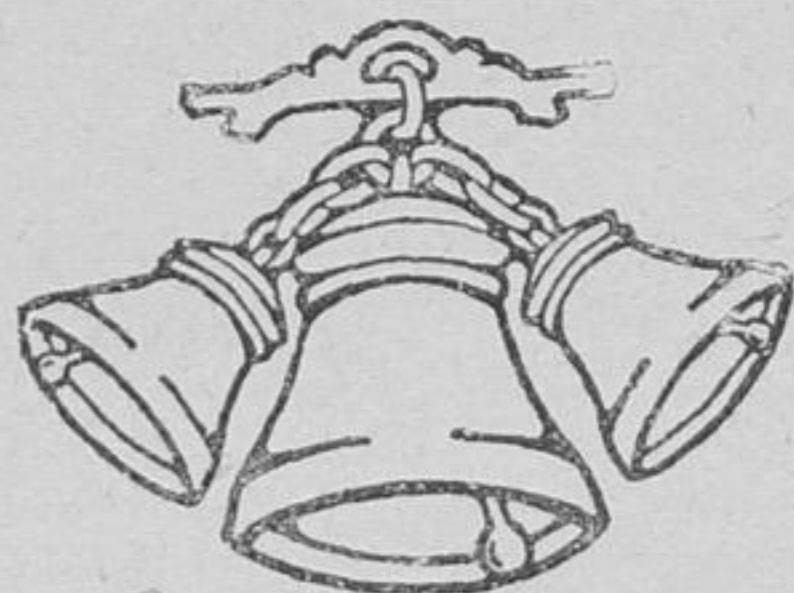
And I shouldn't wonder if he was!

Friendship.

The season whose apex is reached with Christmas and the New Year is valued especially for the emphasis it puts on friendship. In the year that elapsed since the last festival perhaps some among us had forgotten the influence of intense and genial feeling which the Yuletide brings with it, even as we forget the spring, so that each new May is a green miracle and a fresh wonderment.

There are many things for which to give thanks at the threshold of 1925, and for nothing should we be more grateful than for friends. We are not poor till we have lost them. The loss of his throne to a king, or the loss of his fortune to a millionaire, or the loss of health to one who rejoiced in his physical well-being, is not so great an affliction as the loss of a friend to one who greatly cares for those who share the human scene with him.

Friendship is imperishable even on



THE QUEEN OF ALL CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS

BY CULLEN CAIN.

It seemed to me that I had never seen so many people on a city street before. I tried in vain for a long time to get from my office to the street car stop, but the close-packed throngs held me to a snail's shuffle all the way. And, mind you, it was after 7 o'clock in the evening, and it was a cold and miserable winter night.

Most of the men and women who jammed this street were workers who had to shop after their regular hours. They were tired and supperless, but they were also good-natured and patient with each other as they struggled for progress. Finally I escaped from the press and forced my way into the crowded street car.

And in the seat across the aisle from me I saw the Queen of all Christmas Shoppers. I wish I could tell you.

She was a woman of middle age and her cloak and hat were of a fashion years gone by. Her face was kindly still, in spite of the lines traced there by an unkind world. Somehow, it seemed to me that she must have been a beautiful young woman only a few years ago. She was so tired she drooped forward in her seat.

She had with her a little cheap, frail, brightly painted toy wagon; just a two-wheeled wagon, and she held the little old swigging wheels close between her feet, and her bare hand held the crooked and pathetically small tongue of this vehicle close to her knees.

This wagon was her sole purchase of the day. She bore no other bundle, carried no other merchandise, had no other package, purchase or present.

All the way westward to my destination I sat there and looked at that shopper with fascinated and thoughtful interest. And I wove a little story about her. I was sure she was a widow and that she worked for a living, and that she had one small son. She had stopped downtown after her work was done and had sought through the department stores for something she could afford

to buy to make a Christmas for that boy. She was just as poor as poor could be. That was easy to see from her frayed and sadly worn apparel, and that her work was very hard could not be doubted by any who saw the weary droop of her body and the exhaustion that showed so plainly in her face and eyes.

But try as I would I could not make a sad and pathetic picture of this woman, and about her I cannot weave a sad tale.

For I was sure that, in spite of her poverty and misfortune and weariness she was happy. I cannot tell you why I knew, but I did. She had a grand and gorgeous present for that little boy at home. He would have a fine Christmas with that little red wagon, with its slewed wheels and tongue already askew.

Say, it seemed to me that that boy was the luckiest kid in town. Honest! Did he not have a mother who had spent more for that little wagon than any magnate or matron in Ontario would ever spend for the finest, fastest automobile in the world? It would ruin a capitalist to spend as much of his visible working capital as she had spent for a Christmas present.

She was a queen in her own right, this tired, middle-aged woman with only traces of youth and beauty, for she was taking a splendid gift home to her boy who had waited all day alone for her coming. He will have a great Christmas, that boy. Who knows but he may hitch that toy wagon to a star and ascend to great heights? I say, who knows! The children of such a woman as this reach every state that mortals desire. Yea, but it is so. This lad's heritage of that mother and that little red wagon is a thing not to be lightly considered.

Maybe I was dreaming all the way home that night, but I still affirm and declare unto you that I had the honor and the privilege to see at close hand and to ride with the Queen of All Christmas Shoppers.

personal rather than an architectural affair) and the training of a child.

Life is said to be, at best, a very lonesome business. We are reminded constantly of upreared walls through which there is no feeling and over which we cannot look, between one human being and another. But a true, deep friendship discovers to each of us surprisingly how near we may approach through all the barriers of sense and custom and our separate physical frames that are the temples of the indwelling spirit. It is not so much the separate embodiments of our beings as it is the spiritual differences that estrange and prevent our being friends.

Christmas Greetings.

A pretty and convenient way to display Christmas greeting cards is to fasten each one with small paper clips onto a cord or narrow ribbon stretched across a corner of the room. They look much prettier that way than on a tree.

May you have a stockingful of blessings to help brighten each cloudy day.

"Grown Up and Gone Away"

I went into the nursery to-day, The children have grown up and gone away—

Flung wide the blinds to let the sunlight in,

What merriment within that room has been!

What rollicking and quarreling and bliss!

What woes, so quickly solaced with a kiss.

What blessed noise . . . what silence, now to-day.

The children have grown up and gone away.

I stood beside each little quiet bed.

Where, years ago, had lain a restless head—

And where they knelt at night and morn to pray . . .

The children have grown up—and gone away.

'Tis Christmas eve—and hearts should be all gay.

The children have grown up, and gone away—

But I shall hang the stockings in a row,

Just as we did those happy years ago!

And set a little candle lighted tree

For Father Christmas, when he comes, to see,

A fire upon the hearth—a holly spray . . .

The children have grown up—and gone—away.

And oh, I'll bring the half forgotten toys—

They mind me so of all the childish joys . . .

The laughter, and the pranks they used to play . . .

The children have grown up, and gone away.

I'll fill the little stockings! P'raps 'twill seem

As if this dreadful silence—is a dream . . .

This one—was Jeanie's . . . This belonged to Ray . . .

The children—have grown up—and gone—away.

And this was Baby Larry's . . . Oh—my heart—

So long, the years . . . so far—so far apart!

Beside their empty beds I kneel . . . and pray—

God . . . send my children home . . . on Christmas Day!

—Barbara Young.

Give The Birds a Dinner.

Christmas is an ideal time to begin feeding the birds. While we are eating our own big holiday dinner, a pan of grain or table scraps set out on a low shed roof where it will be away from the reach of chickens or rodents will cheer many a hungry little friend. The birds will soon find it and you will be delighted to watch the feast. A box nailed to the side of a tree makes an excellent birds' cafeteria, or a platform with a few boards across a couple of limbs on the protected side of the trunk will do equally as well. It would be a good idea to make the feeding-grounds a short distance from the house, since some birds dislike too much publicity. In a very few days every species of bird in the neighborhood will be feeding at your lunch counter, and you will take great pleasure in studying their ways and becoming friends with them. By saving the birds now you will be doing a lot toward saving the crops next year. The birds will do their part then if you will help them now.

THE FIRST GIFT TREE

"How cold it is!" said little Marie, as she drew her thin shawl round her shoulders. The snow was very deep in the woods, and Marie had been gathering sticks for a fire.

Somehow the snow gave the little girl no joy this year, for her parents were very poor indeed, and Santa Claus would never visit so poor a cottage as theirs.

Suddenly Marie caught sight of an old man hobbling towards her in the distance, bent beneath the weight of a large bundle of faggots. He looked so tired and old that Marie ran forward to him.

"May I help you?" she said kindly. "That bundle must be very heavy!"

The old man smiled and allowed her to relieve him of his burden.

"You are very kind, little maiden!" was all he said.

They plodded along through the snow for a long while in complete silence. Every moment the bundle that Marie carried seemed to grow heavier, but she never once complained. At last they reached the outskirts of the forest.

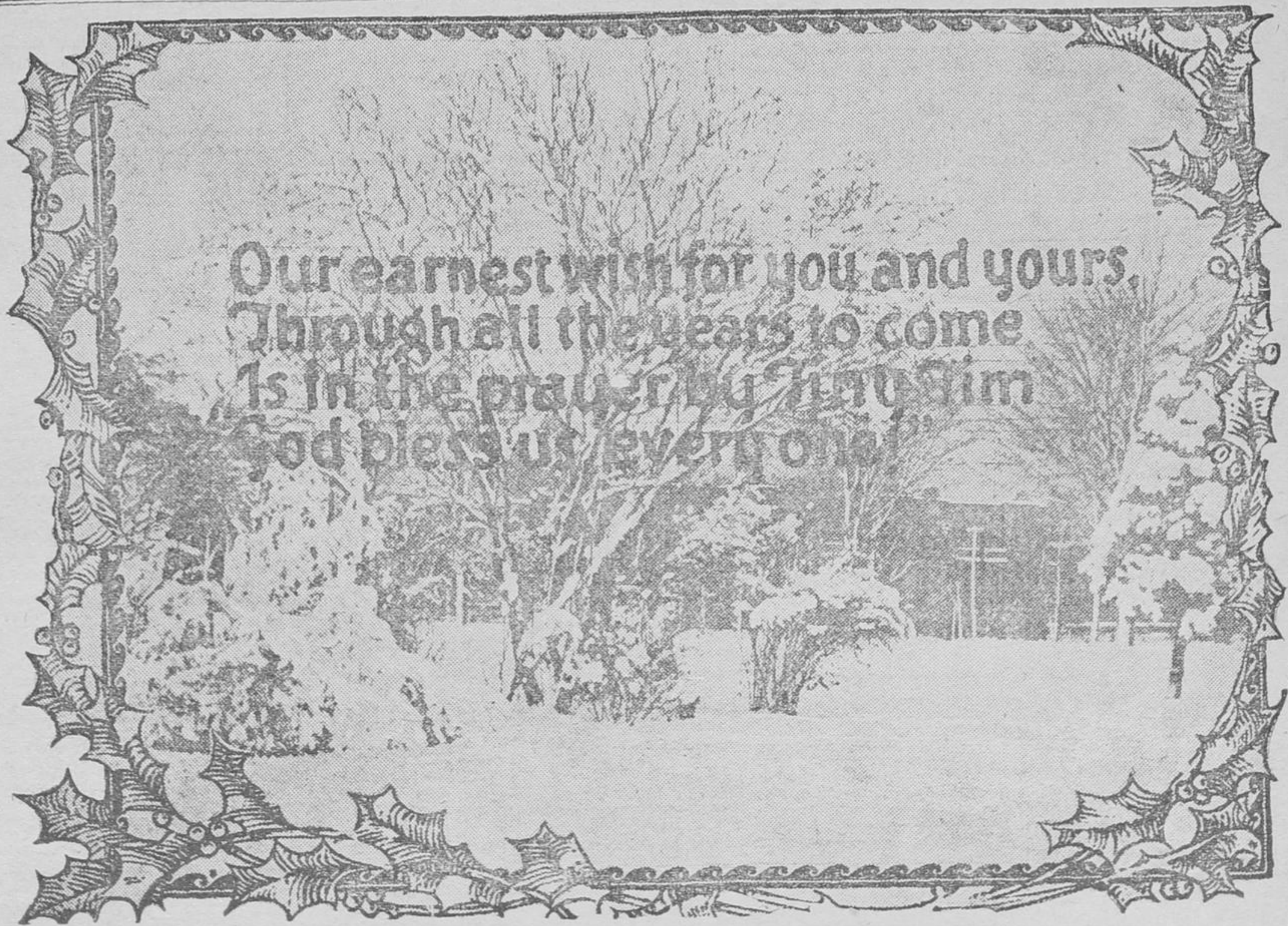
ONLY A SNOWBALL.

Here the old man stopped suddenly, and gathered up a handful of snow. He rolled it neatly into a small snowball, and handed it to little Marie, at the same time taking his bundle of sticks from her.

"Thank you, child!" he said. "Accept this gift from me in return for your kindness!"

Then he turned, and in a few moments was lost to sight, leaving Marie staring in astonishment at the snowball in her hand.

"What a strange gift!" she thought.



Our earnest wish for you and yours,
Through all the years to come
Is in the prayer by Jim
God bless us evermore!