

Home made Candy

Treat the folks this Easter-time to candy of your own make! None tastes so delicious, none so perfectly satisfies, none so pure and good for all as the candy you make in your own kitchen. Use Borden's St. Charles when the recipe calls for milk—its creamy richness improves the flavor, adds to the food value of all candy. Here are a few tested recipes made with Borden's St. Charles—try them—they will delight you—

Three Layer Candy

PECAN FUDGE

2 cups granulated sugar
1 tablespoon butter
pinch soda
3/4 cup pecans (broken)
1 cup Borden's St. Charles Milk
1 teaspoonful vanilla
1 tablespoon corn syrup

Place sugar, milk, syrup, butter and soda on stove. Boil until it forms soft ball when tested in cold water. Remove, whip, add flavor, or and nuts. When creamy pour in buttered pan.

Cream Peppermint Drops

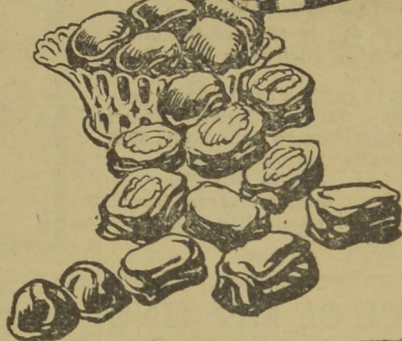
3/4 cup Borden's St. Charles Milk
3 1/2 tablespoons water
2 cups granulated sugar
1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar
2 drops oil of peppermint

Combine the first three ingredients in a saucepan and boil gently without stirring until a soft ball will form when a little is tried in cold water. Cool till tepid, then flavor, beat till creamy and quickly drop on oiled pans in small rounds from the tip of a teaspoon.

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MONTREAL

Butter Fondant

4 cups granulated sugar
1 cup corn syrup
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 tall tin Borden's St. Charles Milk
1/2 lb. butter
Mix sugar, milk, syrup and butter. Add salt. Place over slow flame, stir constantly and boil until it forms a soft ball when tested in ice cold water or 238 degrees with candy thermometer. Remove and pour on to a platter which has been slightly sprinkled with cold water. When cool to blood heat, beat with wooden ladle until the whole becomes creamy and firm.



Borden's ST. CHARLES MILK

AN AMERICAN GIRL WRITES OF A TRIP ON A RIVER BOAT FROM HONG KONG TO CANTON

By ISHBEL ROSS in
New York Herald Tribune

The battleships of the major powers lie in the muddy waters of the Pearl River these days and increase the feeling of adventure common to all travellers who go by boat from Hong-Kong to Canton.

For the last few years tourists have been permitted to go to Canton only at their own risk, but this spring all of the round-the-world cruises were able to add this bazaar corner of China to their itineraries. Special guards were provided to cover the route taken by the visitors in the narrow streets, and sullen looks were the only sign the Cantonese gave of their attitude to the unwelcome foreigner.

The boats that make the six-hour trip from Hongkong to Canton are a larger edition of the Hudson River boats, but with a limited number of staterooms. The bridge is heavily protected with barbed wire to prevent pirates from scaling it and dictating the boat's course to the captain.

Between the first and second class passengers and the steerage are steel grilles of the size and impregnability of safety vaults, since it is no novelty for the pirates to board the boats as passengers and then swarm over the decks at their leisure. A small door leads through the steel inclosure to the third class quarters and a few keys are doled out to officers of the ship. The door is always kept locked, except when tourists are permitted under escort to go sightseeing in the prescribed area.

The steerage passengers are virtually all Chinese, with a scattering of Malaysians. They use British steamer chairs, and sleep, smoke, or read in them. They rarely move about, but sit in expressionless passivity. In one section a doctor may be found holding forth.

He is selling small pots of magic paste. An English-speaking steward translates enough to make it clear that in the opinion of the "doctor" the paste can cure anything from colic to the plague, and is especially efficacious in warding off the devils—always an ingratiating argument with the Chinese.

The steward is scornful of such claptrap. He translates with a shadowy grin and taps his forehead. The doctor wears floppy trousers and the regulation blue jacket. It bears a symbol identifying the wearer as from a certain ward in Canton. He talks on by the hour, his gesticulations blurred now and then by the blue haze of tobacco smoke.

The boat is guarded by the bearded Sikhs, Britain's defenders in China as well as in India. There are usually four or five on duty, they are employed by the boat company. They are all armed with Winchester repeating rifles. One is proclaimed a sergeant, by his three stripes. They wear faded blue uniforms, evidently handed down from some military organization. Those in the third class appear to be negligently engaged in introspection; in reality they are alert to every move made by the passengers.

The boat moves slowly up the river, threading its way through the strangest assortment of river life to be found anywhere in the world. The junks of old China dwindle in the cafe-au-lait waters, rolling little boats with families that have lived all their lives in the huddled squalor of their decks. Tattered sails dip their ochre wings almost to the waters' edge. The river widens steadily until the shores are dimmed by distance. It is chilly, and the white-jacketed Chinese boys dart here and there serving drinks, in spite of the early hour. A junk piled high with lumber and with crazy sails askew drifts down stream, its half-naked crew taking a languid interest in the regular Canton boat.

The river narrows again and craft become more frequent—junks of all shapes and sizes drifting by. The scenery is not inspiring. There is not a tree in sight, and the bare hills show only microscopic vegetation. The hills are gnarled and of fantastic formation. But by and by verdant little islands come into view, like tufts of grass cast upon the river. Some of them are absurdly crowned with Chinese forts—old-fashioned affairs bristling with wooden cannons.

Boats of the Chinese navy—Nationalistic—come into view. They are gunboats, trim enough in gray paint, but with asthmatic machinery. The crews' laundry flaps on ropes strung between the foremast and the bow. It suggests the international code flags and is apt to wound the sensibilities of an orthodox naval man.

Tugs pass by. They are barricaded with barbed wire, and most of them have the sides latticed with iron netting like the wire cage of a cashier. This is for protection against pirates. Great lumbering junks with regular bungalows built on them and seemingly occupied by villages of Chinese—men, women and children all huddled together—appear in the tow of tugs making their way to and from Canton. The sides of the junks are criss-crossed with gay Chinese paintings, and all have the inevitable bulging eyes at the bow—so that the ship may see where it is going and keep a watchful lookout for any devils that may be lurking in the waves.

The river soon begins to curve and, rounding a point, one catches a glimpse of the massed rooftops of Canton. From then on the Canton river boat sails safely through an array of battleships—American cruisers with the gobs lined up on deck; Japanese boats a dark gray; British ships a lighter gray; French and Italian ships, in lesser numbers. The water front teems with life, and soldiers suddenly spring to attention as the boat veers into the wharf, and the voyage is ended.

Although some encyclopaedias attribute the formation of lightning to the coalescence of the drops of water forming a cloud, or to the friction between drops, present meteorological opinion is leaning very strongly toward another possibility. Simpson, Humphreys, Moore, and several others now maintain that lightning results from the disruption of the drops of water forming clouds.

FOREST FORCES STUDY LIGHTNING AS FIRE MENACE

By H. T. GRISBORNE

Northern Rocky Mountain Forest Experiment Station, United States Department of Agriculture.

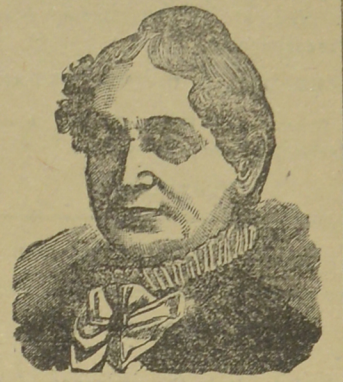
However a lightning flash may be formed, most of us are willing fully to admit the potency of one of those 500,000,000 horsepower performances, lasting only a fraction of a second, visible as a blinding light and audible as a tremendous crash. Steinmetz estimated that one of these bolts might be worth as much as 75 cents if any one could capture it and use it for lighting his house. But even though we cannot yet bend it to our will, our knowledge concerning lightning is increasing rapidly.

Knowledge of Bolts Increases
Before Franklin's kite experiment in 1751 man could only guess at the nature of lightning. Since then facts and theories concerning the electrical nature, the method of formation, the force and the duration of the flashes have accumulated rapidly. Men can already duplicate a small bolt in the laboratory.

G. C. Simpson, head of the British meteorological service, has offered an explanation of the probable method of formation of lightning which is now accepted as most plausible. It is well known by meteorologists and aviators that a strong vertical current of air is one of the most conspicuous features within a thunderstorm cloud. Simpson found that upon allowing drops of distilled water to fall through a vertical blast of air sufficient strength to produce some spray, the breaking of the drops of water was accompanied by the production of both positive and negative ions as positive were released.

Lowell fight fans are in for a big night when their fellow townies, Al Mello and Billy Murphy swap punches at Fenway Park. Naturally the rivalry is keen and two partisan sections of rooters will back their respective favorites. It looks like a great scrap unless Mr. O. K. Rain butts in.

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- 38 King and Regent Sts.
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- 46 Charlotte and St. John Sts.
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