

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 and nuts. When creamy pour in buttered pan.

Butter Fondant

4 cups granulated sugar
1 cup corn syrup
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 tall tin Borden's St. Charles Milk
1 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.

Cream Peppermint Drops

1/4 cup Borden's St. Charles Milk
3 1/2 tablespoonfuls water
2 cups granulated sugar
1/4 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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SUN TELLS STORY OF HOW THE FIRST ICE CREAM CONE WAS MADE

(New York Sun)

"In the year 1908," said the teacher, "I found myself viewing seriously from an advanced state, having been enrolled that year in a primary school. Compared with kindergarten it was a serious business, because time was now taken up with headwork, whereas previously there had been nothing more strenuous than handwork. There were no parties now, not even time for crackers and milk. Life was dull enough that fall and winter, but the spring brought the first great revelation of my existence.

"It was a warm sunshiny day and as we came through the school yard at noon I heard someone shout, 'He's here, the hokey-pokey man.' It was news to me and I rushed along, a short, chunky, red-headed Columbus, hell-bent on discovery. A bell that was no school bell, but an old-fashioned cow-bell rang, and it had a magic effect. I may have been a female, young and ignorant, but at that stage of the game I suffered no inferiority complex (always having been known as Miss Huyler--fresh every hour), and so I joined the crowd and pushed and wriggled until I was finally on the front line right in front of the hokey-pokey man.

The Original Cone

"He was neither orange nor pea green and he spoke the English language. Although a bit disappointed at this I stood by the cart thrilled and fascinated. Here was ice cream, the dream of my life; ice cream, which I had always considered the outcome of a party or some huge event or holiday, procurable on the street corner, and not to be eaten off a plate, slowly and by small spoonfuls, but to be licked and licked as fast or as slowly as you liked.

"In my excitement I stood as close to the cart as I could get and studied each purchase. At first the sandwiches appealed to me--the mere idea of a sandwich that was desirable was a surprise and the swift manner in which the hokey-pokey man smoothed off the ice cream and clapped on the top cracker was certainly alluring. However, I finally concluded that sandwiches were far too perilous. There were four open sides and you could only lick one, leaving three possible sources of leakage. I made up my mind then and there that my first adventure would be a fool-proof one.

"Suddenly I heard a voice say, 'Here, little girl, you've been waiting a long time, what do you want, sandwich or cone, chocolate or vanilla?' He wiped his dirty hands on his dirtier apron and looked straight at me. I froze in my tracks, for I realized in utter degradation that I was in no position to take up the offer. I rushed off at top speed, but that afternoon I had my first cone.

"The value of a cone, an ice cream cone, was the only piece of concrete information I learned that term, at least the only piece of information that stayed with me.

Paper Cup Age

"It was a hot day in the summer of 1918. I was taking my club children on a trip to the museum and although they had enjoyed seeing pictures and the statues and had been impressed with the huge, dimly lighted rooms they were now tired out and becoming a bit bored. My first trip I was bound to keep out of the flivver class, so I announced as we started on the last leg of the journey, a four-block hike across the town. We'll have to stop at the first place we come to for an ice cream cone and cool off.

"The little girls looked amused and one of them said to me confidentially: 'Aw, gee, teacher, you don't get cones, you get cups.' Sure enough, when we reached the 1918 edition of my hokey-pokey man, a soda and pop stand, white paper cups it was. The old standby or vanilla or chocolate ice cream had turned into water ice, orange, raspberry, or lemon, and it would have been quite as intelligent to ask for a sugar plum as an ice cream cone. The water ice was too murderous for me, I resorted to a bottle of pop.

The Sundae Arrives

"During the spring of 1928 my business has frequently taken me to a building which is directly opposite a school. At 12 o'clock the other day I was trying to hurry through the crowd of children playing ball, tag and hopscotch. Just in front of me strolled two little girls, the equivalents of myself in 1908--one was even red-headed. She remarked to the other, 'I want something to eat.' 'Aw right' said the friend, 'let's get a banana split.' 'Nothin' doin', an anola sundae for me.'

"And on they went and I went."

FROM RAGS TO RICHES RUNS LIFE STORY OF ENGLISH BIOGRAPHER

(New York Sun)

Once upon a time there was a girl born in the lowest slum district of London. She spent her childhood helping her mother support four brothers and sister and an invalid father, delivering, washing, working in a stewed eel shop, helping the barmaid at the corner pub, standing for hours in line to buy cheap bread.

And then pretty soon she got a regular job in a factory and worked her way up in the world. In fact, she went so far up that she is today known on both sides of the Atlantic as a young writer, whose wealth of personal experience has fitted her eminently for the job of telling the world how the other half lives.

Her name is Kathleen Woodward, the same Kathleen Woodward who two years ago wrote the official biography of Queen Mary of England. After having told the lower half how royalty conducts itself in private life, Miss Woodward has now written for the upper half the story of her own childhood in a London slum, "Tipping Street."

To her it only became a matter of family pride as well as of grim necessity to earn a little money to give her mother. Before she was twelve she had filled a dozen small jobs. She pulled a protesting caddy out of a public house at a certain hour every morning and started him off in his cab; she waxed shoes for a consumptive shoemaker; she went to the country on a truck in the summer and picked hops and strawberries.

Her education was brief and inter-

rupted. Chiefly, she attended the London equivalent of our grade public schools. A broken-down actress, who lived in the neighborhood, first helped her to read and lent her books. Together they cried over "Little Women" and "East Lynne." The actress also read her passages from Shakespeare in a voice slightly thickened with gin.

An old basketmaker, for whom she soaked and cut reeds, taught her the meaning of long elegant-sounding words like "ubiquitous" and "proximity" and "soliloquize." By the time she was fourteen she was reading voraciously and had begun to collect a shelf of fly-specked volumes purchased for a penny or two-pence apiece from the bins outside the second-hand bookshops.

Meanwhile her working life began in earnest, soon after she was twelve, when she started as an errand girl at five shillings a week. When she was fourteen she put up her hair and applied for a job as machine operator in a collar factory. Two years later she led the factory women in an unsuccessful strike, which did win for her, however, the friendship of Mary MacArthur, famous labor organizer. For a time she became tub thumper and mascot in Miss MacArthur's group.

Her opportunity came when someone introduced her to the editor of the Daily Express and she became his secretary. A few days of her services, convinced him that she would make a better journalist than secretary. In the end, she became one of

the most brilliant and reliable reporters on the paper.

Through her friend, Mary MacArthur, she became interested in Queen Mary and with the official consent of the crown wrote the biography. Of her own experience she says: "All my life I have been haunted, possessed and pursued by a sense of the injustice of life as it is lived in the slums of London.

"The conditions of life there are cruel and vicious, and I have wanted to shed a little more light on them ever since I can remember.

"There is so much poetry of the spirit of the slums, so little opportunity to express it. Poverty is wicked and ugly, and as such should be wiped out for the ordinary man and woman. The super-man or woman has always been able to escape it, but only those who have fought that grim battle and won it can realize how hopeless it is for the average man or woman to escape."

Hyde--Your wife is very systematic; isn't she?

Parke--Yes, very. She works on the theory that you can find what ever you want when you don't want it by looking where it wouldn't be if you did want it.

Passer-By (to motorist)--Need any help mister?

Motorist (busily repairing damage)--Yes. Keep the rest of the motorists from asking me if I need any help.

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- 25 Brunswick and Westmorland Sts.
- 26 Charlotte and Westmorland Sts.
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