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CHOCOLATE SUNDAE PUDDING

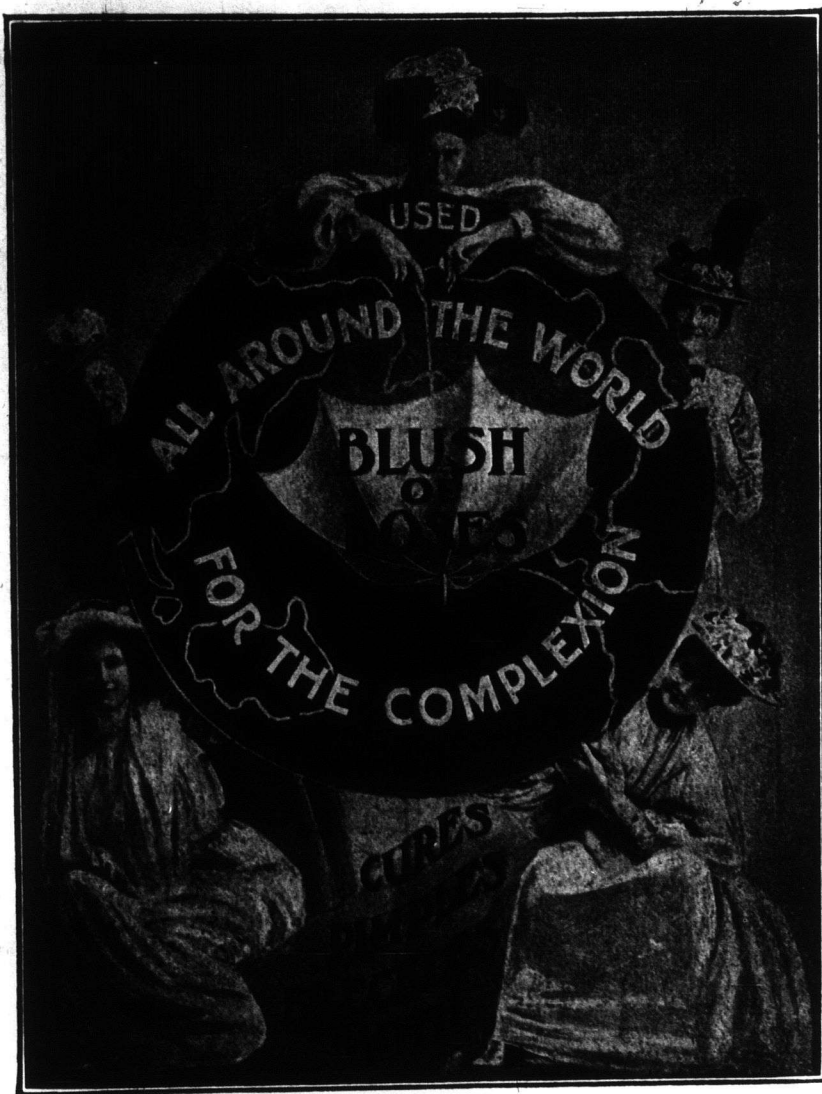
Add the contents of a package of Chocolate Pudding to a pint of milk and make a smooth paste. Add this mixture to one pint boiling milk (previously prepared) and boil five minutes. Pour in a mould and set away to cool. Serve with whipped cream.

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ively Highland community, the rate of development was slower than in a Lowland settlement. But, mix them, and no one showed more adaptability in facing and overcoming new conditions and hardships than the Highlander. On the other hand, travellers through Canada strongly advised people of the same habits, customs, language and locality to club together, as it engendered greater peace and contentment than in a mixed society. The advice was, "Go not to Glengarry, if thou be not a Highland man."

During the early days of immigration, the Scots spread over so wide an area as to exercise profound influence in the national development. From these Scottish pioneers have sprung men of commanding influence and character. In the recorded events of Canadian history, the Scot, and especially the Highlander, has played a leading role in every walk of Canadian life and thought, altogether disproportionate to their number. What is equally striking is the influence Canada exercised upon Celtic character. The Highlander was not entirely free in Scotland; he was dominated by a landlord with the power

of eviction in his hands. In the wilds of Canada, he became a free man, a member of a democratic community, exercising the rights of citizenship in a system of responsible government. From bondage to conditions he could not influence to the freedom of the new life, aroused latent powers which made the humble crofters of Highland solitudes men of action, of enterprise and vision. The basis of the present Canadian development may be traced, at least in part, to these latent Highland qualities, that responded and unfolded so rapidly in the warm breezes of Canadian liberty and assured prosperity.

Their defects were those of their qualities and the results of local conditions. Lumber camps, and the utter lack of social amenities, inseparable from bush life, do not encourage refinements in morals or habits. The years brought their transformations; the expedients and crudities of the infancy of things were reduced to a system; prosperity gave time for mental and spiritual development, and the humble settlers of pioneering days became in time, the leaders and legislators of Canada.

Christmas

By Irving Allen

WE have reached the season of the year when, with a little variation as to the precise day, growing out of the differences between the old and new style, Christians of almost every name commemorate the birthday of their common Master.

"On Christmas Day, beginning at Jerusalem, in the Church of the Sepulchre of our Lord the Christmas Anthem has travelled with the star that stood above His cradle, from region to region, from communion to communion, and from tongue to tongue, till it has compassed the land and the sea, and returned to melt away upon the sides of Mount Zion."

In these eloquent words the Christmas-tide of 1860—fifty nine years ago—was welcomed by Edward Everett, most marvelous orator of his land and time.

So recently as fifty years ago, almost the sole exception to that general observance of Christmas of which Mr. Everett wrote, was found in his own New England, a remnant of the old Puritan prejudice which still hung darkly over the land of Winthrop, John Endicott and the Mathers—the witch and pope-hating Cotton and Increase. Able writers maintain that the abhorrence of the festivals of Christmas and Easter was but the natural result of certain tendencies in the English Church in the days of the Puritans to honor with undue and unscriptural observance the well-nigh innumerable saints' days in the Church's calendar. There was little enough in the poetic hopes and memories that cluster around these sacred seasons that appealed to the iron and granite of the Puritan character. A noteworthy exception to the rule appears in the immortal author of the grand "Hymn on the Nativity"—the Puritan poet, John Milton. It is only within very recent years that the anniversary of the Saviour's birth has attained to anything approaching general reverence and honor in the ancient home of the founders of New England. Within my own memory the day was scarcely regarded in the New England capital as worthy of especial notice.

The Roman Catholic and Episcopal Churches were, of course, open for the celebration of the appointed services for the day, and here and there some devout Catholic or churchman closed his office or place of business, but it was by no means then, as now, a legal or general holiday; nor was it even, as a rule, the happy occasion for the interchange of tokens of love and friendship, the season for that in my youthful days being the first of January—New Year's. In the neighborhood of Boston then the public schools were closed on the latter holiday and on the now obsolete festival, May Day, but never on Christmas, unless the day happened to fall on Sunday or within the period of a semi-annual or quarterly vacation.

Significant and happy indeed is the change! Not that it is at all the case that the New England of our fathers is in process of conversion—or, as they would have called it, perversion—to the doctrines or practices of ritualistic communion; it

is rather the natural and wholesome rebound from hereditary and cultivated prejudice into a region of healthier and more tolerant thought and action.

One of the most singular among the numerous puritanic antipathies—happily dissipated long before our day—was always an especial marvel to me—viz., the abhorrence of our saintly forbears for the succulent, though indigestible mince pie and the now obsolete English dainty known as plum porridge. The Puritans, says Hudibras:

"Quarrel with mince pie and dispare
Their best and dearest friend, plum porridge."

Referring to this couplet, Dr. Johnson—a sincere hater of puritanism and all its works and ways—remarks: "We have never been witness of the animosities excited by their use, nor seen with what abhorrence those who could eat them at all other times of the year would shrink from them in December. An old Puritan who was alive in my childhood, being at one of the feasts of the Church invited by a neighbor to partake of his cheer, told him that if he would treat him at an ale-house with beer brewed for all times and seasons he would accept his kindness, but would have none of his superstitious meats and drinks."

In a number of The World—an ancient and once popular English periodical—occurs this reference to the same venerable and pious prejudice:

"How greatly ought we to regret the neglect of mince-pies, which, besides the ideas of merry-making inseparable from them, were almost considered as the text of schismatics! How zealously were they swallowed by the orthodox to the utter confusion of all fanatical recusants! If any country gentleman should be so unfortunate in this age (1755) as to lie under the suspicion of heresy, where will he find so easy a method of acquitting himself as by the ordeal of plum-porridge?"

Among the few Christmas viands of "Merry England," which seem never to have fallen under the special ban of puritanic proscription, were the "baron of beef," consisting of two sirloins (a baron being, as an old writer tells us, "twice the dignity of a knight"), and that lordly dish, precious in the eyes and fragrant in the nostrils of our fathers—the boar's head.

That worthy old chronicler, Dugdale, describing ancient Christmas customs, says:

"Service in the church ended, the gentlemen presently repair into the hall to breakfast with brawn, mustard and Malmsey. At dinner, at the first course, is served a fair and large boar's head upon a silver platter, with minstrelsy." A later writer tells us that "Among the earliest books published in England was a collection of carols prepared to be sung as an accompaniment to the grand entree of the boar's head."

It is a melancholy truth that, in parting with ancient superstitions, we have also lost much that was beautiful and poetic. It was assuredly a superstition—albeit there was in it a quaint element of poetry—that ascribed a sentiment of reverence to the very cattle at Christmastide. Even