

GOOD THINGS FOR CHRISTMAS SEASON

No one is ever too old for the cookie, and I believe with most of us, one of our dearest recollections of childhood is just that wonderful, always well-filled crock, and the plum pudding, and the candies. We ate what we could of them all with little thought of the morrow, being willing, in the joy of the day, to let the morrow take care of itself. Here are some recipes for genuine Christmas cookies. They are rich and most delicious, and are as good in a few weeks as the day they are made, so can be baked when convenient.

Quite a soft dough may develop into very crisp cookies if thoroughly chilled first before rolling. The crispest, richest cookies, however, contain no liquid whatever, depending on the shortening and the eggs to make them soft enough to roll.

When more convenient to do so, one cookie recipe, instead of several may be used, dividing the dough into parts and changing the varieties of cookies by adding chocolate to one, nuts to another, fruits to another, and so forth.

Rich Almond Cookies.
Mix together lightly with the finger-tips until well blended, a pound of butter, substitute, and a pound of flour. Add half a cup of sugar, whole eggs and one additional egg-yolk, one half cupful of milk and a teaspoonful of almond extract. Chill, then roll very thin, brush with the white of egg, and

sprinkle with sugar and minced nuts—preferably almonds. Bake in a quick oven. (This makes about one hundred and twenty very rich and delicious cookies, especially suitable for the Christmas season and the gift box.)

Nut Cakes.
One tablespoon butter, 1 cup powdered sugar, 2 eggs (well beaten), 2½ cups rolled oats, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, few drops vanilla. Drop the batter on baking tins, about a teaspoon to a cake and bake in a slow oven to a light brown.

Sugar Cookies.
One egg, 1½ cups sugar, 1 cup shortening, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon nutmeg. Flour to thicken so as to roll out thin. Bake in quick oven.

Mocha Jumbles.
Three tablespoons butter, 1 cup of sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons of solid coffee, 1½ oz. chocolate, melted in 1 tablespoon of butter, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, 1½ to 2 cups flour. Roll to one-third of an inch in thickness, cut with doughnut cutter, sprinkle with sugar and bake.

To Rejuvenate an Elderly Fowl.
The secret of cooking the fowl is to steam it, closely covered, for several hours before putting it into the oven to brown. Boiling will have the same effect so far as making it tender is

concerned, but much of the flavor and nutriment will be lost in the water. The stuffing is made in the regular manner of stale bread crumbs seasoned with sage, thyme, onion, salt and pepper.

Browned Salmon and Rice.
Melt two tablespoons butter substitute, add 4 tablespoons flour, pepper and salt, and stir smooth, letting it cook until it bubbles. Then add one and one-third cups hot milk very slowly, stirring continually, and cook until smooth. Mix together one and one-third cups salmon with two cups boiled rice, and stir into the cream. Turn the mixture onto a hot well-greased frying pan and stir and cook for about ten minutes, then shape into a mound, put frying pan into a hot oven and bake brown. Take out onto a platter, and serve at once.

Hot Supper Dish.
½ lb. liver.
½ lb. bacon.
2 potatoes.
1 large onion.
¼ teaspoon salt.
½ teaspoon pepper.
½ pint water.

Boil potatoes for three minutes, then slice. Cut liver in thin slices, and bacon into one-half inch strips. Put potatoes, liver, bacon, and chopped onion into baking dish alternate layers, having potatoes on top, pour

in the water, and bake for one and a half hours.

Scrambled Eggs With Oatmeal.
Put a little lard or fat in a pan, and when it is very hot, add one cupful of cold cooked oatmeal. Stir for a few minutes, then add one-half dozen eggs, some salt and pepper and a little butter. Scramble thoroughly and serve. No one could possibly tell that oatmeal had been added, and the six eggs, cooked in this way, will not only be far more nourishing than without the oatmeal, but will go as far as twelve.—D. M. C., Perth, Ont.

Toad-in-the-Hole.
Take about a quart of cold, cooked potatoes, chop in small pieces. Then add from one to two cupfuls of cold cooked beef, cut as if for stewing, or if preferred it may be put through the food chopper. Season well with pepper and salt. Have ready some well seasoned onion gravy and pour it over the meat and potatoes. (A little bread crumbs may be added if desired.) Stir well and bake about half an hour.

This is a good way to use up the left over pieces of meat and we all like it. The quantity of meat may be regulated to suit the taste.—Miss S. J. M., Forest Rock, Ont.

Waldorf Salad.
Mix together 1 cup each sour apples, celery and chopped fine. Mix with salad dressing and serve on lettuce leaves.

Story of A Christmas Poem

Doubtless there is no more unique or felicitous Christmas celebration than the one held in honor of the memory of Clement C. Moore, whose joyous Christmas poem, "A Visit From St. Nicholas," has spread the Santa Claus legend throughout the world.

At a certain set hour on the afternoon of the day before Christmas, one thousand children congregate at the Church of the Intercession (New York City), to participate in an annual festival service consisting of the singing of Christmas hymns by the children, and the preaching of a sermon specially prepared by the rector for the occasion. After the service at dusk, they proceed in a picturesque procession to Trinity Cemetery, to the grave of the beloved Christmas poet, Dr. Moore. The children, singing as they go, carry colored lanterns, which greatly enhance the beauty of the joyous scene. Upon reaching the grave, the children turn place on a floral offering, as a tribute to the memory of the man who gave to the children of many generations a most delightful Christmas gift.

In his Christmas poem, "A Visit From St. Nicholas," Clement C. Moore, son of the second Bishop of New York, was born in 1797 and educated in New York City. In early life he was known as a large place of property—now known as the Chelsea District, in the heart of New York—then, a vast estate with beautiful lawns and groves surrounding a stately mansion which was the late poet's home until a short time before his death.

Dr. Moore was a profound scholar and the founder of the present theological seminary, in Chelsea District. Besides giving the city block for this college, he gave his services free for thirty years as professor. He compiled a ponderous dictionary, wrote a volume of poems, and several learned books. He lived to the age of 84—a long life full of good deeds—a life of unselfishness, marked by a disregard for all material things.

"All the year round his life seems to have kept Christmas, for his was a spirit that loved to give."

It is nearly a century ago since Dr. Moore wrote the poem whose story is recounted by every childish heart. He wrote it for his own little daughters in honor of the Christmas season in the year 1822. On Christmas eve, in the beautiful old Chelsea home, in a room fittingly decorated with evergreens and lighted candles, and the glowing rule log in the old fashioned fireplace, he read it to the little girls, who listened with delight to their father's Christmas story.

It is said that this legend of Santa Claus was told to Dr. Moore in his boyhood days—by a jolly fat old Dutchman (who himself resembled Santa Claus). This story told by the quaint person remained with him and he expressed his happy memories of the poem which became popular from the moment it appeared in print. And it is interesting to learn how it came to the press, all unknown to the good doctor. A young woman friend of the family who was visiting at the Moore home, read the poem in an album, copied it and sent it to a certain paper. So the following Christmas—one year after it was written—it was given to the world, and proved to be a rare Christmas gift.

Needless to say, Dr. Moore was somewhat surprised to see it in print, but nevertheless delighted to know that it gave each pleasure to old and young alike.

One of the little girls to whom he read the poem on that memorable Christmas eve so long ago—died not many years ago at a great old age. To her was given the pleasure of seeing how her father's Christmas poem was appreciated and loved.

That this poem is truly a Christmas gift in every sense of the word, is recognized by the fact that not a cent in royalties would Dr. Moore ever accept from any publisher who chose to print it.

It has spread gladness in foreign countries, as well as in our own, for it has been translated into many languages, to the delight of those little ones in faraway lands.

And so, though Dr. Moore's wonderful dictionary and learned writings are forgotten, his simple little Christmas poem lives and will ever remain a joy to the children of all generations.

CHRISTMAS SCENES IN BETHLEHEM.

Although much has been written upon the subject of Christmas in Bethlehem, and we have had glowing accounts of its gorgeous processions and ceremonies, no one appears to have been bold enough to tell the world of the distressing scenes which may be witnessed in the one spot on earth where man would expect peace to reign at that glad season of the year. Christmas is a long business at Bethlehem. First come the Latin ceremonies, which take place on Dec. 25, followed 13 days later by the Greek services, while 13 days later comes the Armenian Christmas feast. The services are held in the Church of the Nativity, one of the most remarkable edifices in the world. The Holy of Holies of the church is the grotto or manger. It is a small underground chamber said to be the actual site of the stable where the Savior was born. Just in front of the altar is a silver star let into the marble floor, said to mark the exact spot of the Nativity. In the various ceremonies the bitter rivalry exists between the various sects, and even during the ordinary services, Turkish soldiers have to be on guard day and night in the church to prevent strife. On special occasions, such as Christmas time, an extra force of soldiers is necessary if the place is to be maintained. It is during Christmas festivities that the church is cleaned. To prevent quarrels among the rival priests, the authorities many years ago set down de-

UNTO US A SON IS GIVEN.

By Alice Meynell.
Given, not lent,
And not withdrawn—once sent.
This infant of mankind, this One,
Is still the little welcome Son.

New every year,
New born and newly dear,
He comes with tidings and a song,
The ages long, the ages long;

Even as the cold
Keen winter grows not old,
As childhood is so fresh, so green,
And spring in the familiar green.

Sudden as sweet
Come the expected feet.
All joy is young, and new all art,
And He, too, whom we have by heart.

Little rules as to what portion of
the walls, pillars, floors, etc., this or that
body may clean or sweep. Despite
these elaborate precautions, however,
trouble often arises. During the
Christmas festivities of 1913 a deplorable
accident was witnessed in the sacred
building. Two sects disputed the
rights to clean a certain portion of
the church. They went to the Governor
of Bethlehem and he decided a
certain sect possessed the right to do
the work. When they started to sweep
however the rival priests flew at them
and soldiers had to hold one sect
back while the other did the sweeping.

CHRISTMAS DOES NOT STAND ALONE.

If Christmas stood alone it would be an idle mockery. But it does not stand alone. It is part of a year. Yet it is a peculiar part. It is that brief period in which the child rules the world.

It marks nowadays the culmination of a civilization which has had a leading principle. The selfish, the hard grasping and the unsparring are out and apart that one week from the great flowing tide of the development of the world's progress. The man or woman who does not know this or see it or feel it is alien to the Christian spirit and to all the products wrought by the Christ spirit in the twenty centuries last past.

Christmas day, then, brings a message. But it also sings a song of hope and calls about a prophecy. The message is that gentleness is far stronger than force and that the greatest power on earth is the compelling power of tenderness.

Every Christmas tree is lit with that light. The great flood of presents bears this as its message. The cheer and charity of the whole season are fed by this love.

If the result of this process is only a century flower, however, or one that blooms only once a year, then of what use is this more than that, this grotesque fact that that stranger plant? It is a serious phenomenon only, a brilliant spectacle and not an abiding food product.

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It was a lovely morning in the sun was shining as it on a newly created; the fields were white with buttercups; the air was the songs of pairing birds; and hedges were gay with glistening drops.

A young man and a girl were together in a light market cart driving rapidly towards Gros railway station, now less than distant.

In spite of the brightness, morning the young farmer's face was disquieted and gloomy. He even glanced at his companion, who had been in silence. Madge was a remarkably pretty girl, usually she was full of chatter and hearty laughter. Now, however, she was grave, partly in sympathy with the young man's mood, partly because this was an important day in her life's history. She was at Woodbine Cottage, where the maiden ladies who had brought up—Miss Richmond and Miss ex Widling—still lived, and was to launch her little craft in the sea of London life.

For the last twelve months she had been trying to persuade her aunt to let her go to London and start her own living; and now, at last, she was allowed to have her own way. "I suppose, Madge," said Browning, and "there's no chance of your changing your mind?" "No, Tom, I can't pretend there is. I like you very well, but I care in that way for you—not of the bit."

"It's all this silly nonsense about being independent, and living on one's own, and all that sort of thing," said Tom, and "I wish the and papers that put such strain your head were burnt up, and silly women that write them were along with 'em!"

"Tom, it's no earthly use going like that, you know—"

"Oh, I know that right enough," said Tom, and "the most and that girl in Berkshire is a good bit," and he gave a savage cut at imaginary flies over the mare's so that the high-strung, nervous animal started and nearly ran away.

"Tom," said Madge, obviously, he had quieted the mare, "you're mistaken. This is my own idea, own doing. You love the coast don't you, in a way I do, but so cooped up. I want to see the world in a wider, more interesting way than I am so tired of seeing the same roads, the same fields, and the same cows in the same fields and the same cows in the same fields."

"You would find differently to fields and the cows if they were own, Madge," said the young with a side glance at her. She was silent.

"I've got you to change, Madge," will let me know," said Tom, very ingenuously, as the cart entered the approach to the station.

"Oh, no, Tom. Don't build that. I shall never change, have told you a hundred times, you very well, but I should want to marry you, and I do hope before I see you again you will have fallen in love with some nice girl, who will make you happy."

"Don't talk like that, Madge," said almost roughly. "You know enough there's only one girl in the world for me, and if she won't me, I shan't wed at all."

But Madge laughed as she stepped lightly out of the cart, and looked mischievously in her companion's face.

"How many men have talked that and felt like that, too; and many have married somebody else before the year was out!"

Tom did not answer. He had got someone to mind the mare, then he had to get Madge's ticket, Paddington, and see to her luggage. The train was almost due. Madge was standing at the door of a first class compartment, with her hands, as it rested on the window ledge, and a great lump in the throat.

"Christmas!" he was saying, "by you will be back before then."

"Perhaps for a few days in just," said the girl; "but I can't. Please don't look so miserably at me, Tom. People will notice. Tom called up a heavy frown, rested on his countenance till guard's whistle sounded.

"Do look a bit pleasant, Tom," the last, pleaded Madge, and the on his honest face relaxed into a mischievous grin.

"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

It was over; and Tom found himself staring at a fluttering white handkerchief, which stood for all that heart held dear.

Long before Christmas—before not even—Madge was back at Woodbine Cottage. She had come to nurse her aunt, who had been cured with sympathy through drinking polluted water.

For more than a week she was with untiring care, often to her, though perhaps unasked, repeating herself for having left them. Her toil and watching were in the two kind-hearted old maids one on Tuesday, the other early Thursday morning; and Madge left alone.

Young Browning saw scarcely thing of her during those sorrowful days, though he called daily at the cottage to inquire for her patient. He knew that she had no leisure spare for him, and that in any it was no time for love-making. After the funeral he was not much in his attempts to see Madge alone; but he collected house and thought that he would get his chance to ask her to spend a few days at the Hill Farm later.

The cottage was readily let to other tenants; Madge disposed of furniture and went back to London. She felt very lonely—more so