

late that has for a centre a large maraschino cherry is considered the best of its kind, even by members of the trade. Another manufacturer who specializes in old time homemade candies at a uniform price, calls his factory a "studio" and prides himself on each piece of candy being turned out entirely by hand. St. Stephen, N.B., is on the map for many people, because the really fine candy made there was the first in Canada to carry the initials of the proprietor, while a Montreal firm that caters almost exclusively to the wealthy, has branches in all the larger cities that are the Mecca of the ultra smart.

Probably the only "one man" factory in the world is at Victoria, B.C. The owner of this unique establishment might well sing:

"Oh, I'm the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
The midshipmite and the bo'sun tight,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

For he combines in his person the roles of proprietor, candy-maker, salesman and general handyman of the establishment, which is run solely by himself and his wife.

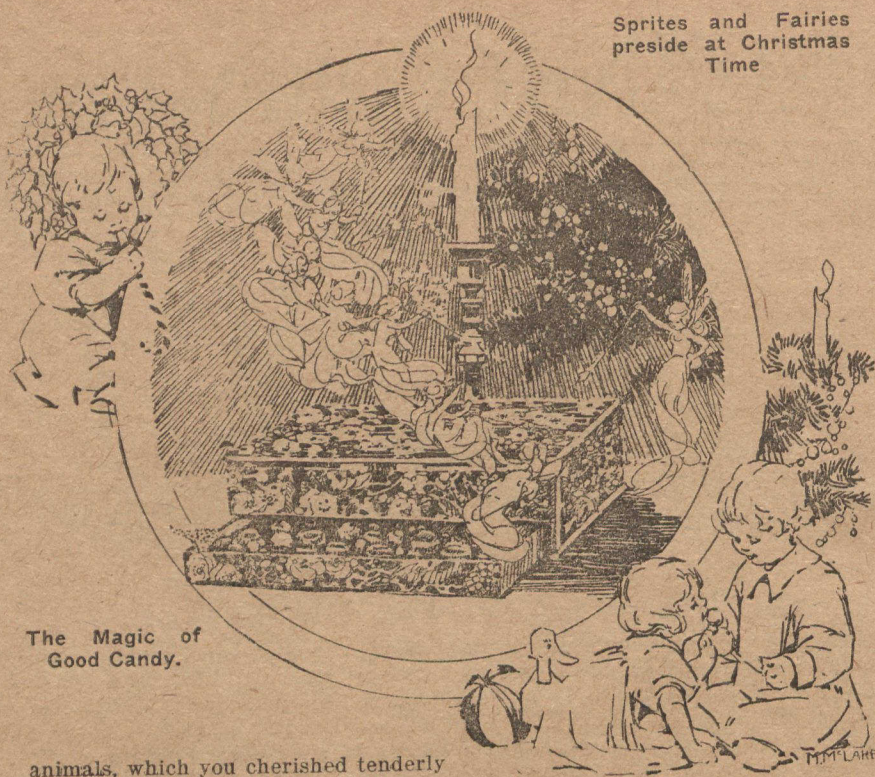
Equipped with a few years' experience in a British Columbia lumber camp, he came to Victoria while quite a young man, and opened a fruit shop on what is now the city's principal business street. It did not prove a brilliant success; and the sight of some dubious looking candy in the window of a rival establishment led him to try his hand at this branch of confectionery. His first attempts earned him a visit from a candid if not candied friend who, with the freedom of the West, hastened to enquire, "What in H— is that bum looking stuff?" However, he persisted, and the pot of syrup that refused to become candy one day was boiled down again the next until he got a product that could be both eaten and sold. From this humble beginning there grew a candy manufactory whose fame has spread from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Even blase New York adds a shipment of his chocolates to its Christmas display; while no visitor to Victoria would think of failing to buy a box, if only out of curiosity.

HIS methods of selling are as original as the recipes which he has evolved by years of experimenting. On one occasion when his stock was sold out two days before Christmas, and a number of patrons were yet unprovided, he put a notice on the door that there would be a fresh supply by ten o'clock Christmas morning. Then he closed the shop for twenty-four hours, and proceeded to make good his promise. By the appointed hour there was a line-up of customers that extended for several blocks, but by rigidly restricting the sale to one pound for each buyer he managed to eke out the supply. All his candy is the same price, one dollar a pound; and in spite of his independent "take it or leave it" attitude its vogue has been sufficient to make him a wealthy man. Within the last few months he has reoccupied the site of his first shop, which three years ago was valued at sixty thousand dollars.

Despite the large output of expensive candies that cater to the taste of older people, the abnormal business activity since the war is chiefly in the cheaper confections produced for youthful Canada. This is easy to understand. The working classes were never more prosperous. Scarcity of workmen, the resultant higher wages, together with the greater employment of women, has meant more coppers for the small child. Like the old choice of the barrel of candy and the barrel of gold, the little candy shop is usually more attractive than the

penny bank. As to what they buy, it is much the same class of sweets that beguiled their grandparents. Candy

must be ordered from six to eight months ahead, and bought in large quantities. Some things are having



The Magic of Good Candy.

animals, which you cherished tenderly until the cravings of the ubiquitous sweet-tooth gave rise to the thought that the removal of a horn, a tail, or even one leg out of four, would be a scarcely noticeable defect, are still a favourite purchase. The mouse whose marshmallow body and string tail were coated with alleged chocolate, has been superseded by a more hygienic one of maple cream. But an impregnable digestion is the long suit of the average child, so paraffine wax, which used to be sold in the form of heart-shaped white gum, is still on the market made up into Kewpies. While conversation lozenges, the result of a machine for printing on candy produced by David G. Chase in 1816, now masquerade under the name "Cupid Whispers."

Apart from the sale to and for soldiers, and the greater spending facilities of the working class, several manufacturers advanced another interesting reason for the increased demand. It is prohibition. This suggestion gains colour from the fact that since the abolition of vodka, Russia, one of the great sugar producing countries, has used up all her surplus. It is said that candy eaters are rarely drunkards; and also that candy is one of the best sedatives for the craving for alcohol.

For the benefit of those sad souls who cannot enjoy anything good to eat for fear it wasn't made with clean hands, I might say that the bulk of candy isn't. The reason being that it is largely machine made. At the same time, a visitor to Toronto's foremost factories cannot fail to be impressed with the neatness that prevails throughout these huge buildings, and the clean, wholesome appearance of the employees. Uniforms for the workers, and careful supervision of the care of their hands, are rules of the modern factory; while frequent rest periods, large, airy lunch rooms provided with player pianos and moving picture machines, tend to attract the better class of labour.

It would not do to close this sketch with the impression that Canadian candy makers are rolling in wealth as a result of the undoubted increased demand for their wares. True, for the first time in history, we are on the verge of a candy famine, and factories are working to the utmost of their capacity. But the other side of the shield shows increased expense for labour and for every kind of material, from nuts, fruit, sugar, etc., to wax paper and paste board. Owing to difficulties of transportation, supplies

Sprites and Fairies preside at Christmas Time

to be replaced by substitutes. The lace paper on the candy boxes, though made in England, used to be designed by Belgian women before the war. With cocoa butter imported largely

PICKING APPLES AT NIGHT.

A Word From Nova Scotia.

By Norman Ritcey.

IT is said that in one of his public addresses, Prof. Thomas H. Huxley said that "there was a time when man walked on all fours." A wag remarked that "no doubt the lecturer referred to the time when as a boy he crawled into his neighbour's cucumber patch." In a similar way, when we hear people talk about picking apples at night, we are apt to recall some boyish depredations in connection with a certain apple tree in the corner of a field—the work being done at night. But the title of this article suggests something real serious. Fruit growers in the Annapolis Valley are beginning to think that the picking of apples at night might go far toward solving some of the problems in connection with the successful preservation and marketing of apples.

Senator W. B. Ross, one of the largest and wealthiest fruit-growers in the Annapolis Valley says:

"I believe that the time is coming when most of our apples will be picked in the night. The secret of keeping apples is a matter of preserving an even temperature. By ten o'clock at night, apples on the trees are cool, and if picked then and carefully warehoused, there is less chance of heating and spotting. If you keep apples at an absolutely even temperature the firmness and flavor can be maintained almost indefinitely. We have an electric lighting plant in Middleton, and I am going to have wires stretched and the orchard lighted. The expense is going to be trifling compared with the benefits."

Of course, electric light is not now easily available for all orchards, and that fact might lead many people to doubt the practicability of the Senator's scheme. But should the picking of apples at night prove of sufficient value for general adoption, some plan of a more extensive lighting of orchards would soon be devised. Worthy discoveries never were held up for any length of time for lack of appliances. The first thing to do in connection with Senator Ross' theory is to have it tested. Electricity is always the convenient servant of the community.

from Holland and Belgium; sun-dried coconut from Ceylon; preserved ginger from China; and the best grade currants, figs, dates, etc., from Turkey, a world at war interferes sadly with the candy business. Nevertheless, retail prices have not been advanced as yet, and will not be for this Christmas at least. After that—well if the worst comes to the worst, perhaps we can arrange to have our sweet-tooth extracted.

The other side of the candy question is the home-made article, which has always been at the basis of all conveniently made candy.

As the sweet-tooth culminates in the home in the palate of the consumer, so we must remember that it began long ago in the home in the making of candy by mother, sister or maiden aunt. It would be dangerous to judge the quality of conveniently made candy by the standard set up in the home. The home product may in many cases be quite as toothsome as that made in the factory. It can never be as elaborate or as fanciful. In this respect we cannot compare candy to bread, pickles or preserves, all of which some people claim to be able to make at home better than they can be made in a factory. Home-made candy has its own charming and irresistible characteristics, however, and much of it dates back to the good old days of the domestic taffy pull. What a delightful gamble—and gambol—that was! Our forbears never knew when Phoebe's mixture in the pan would come out right in the pull.

(Continued on page 33.)

SIMPLE STORIETTES

Culled From Here and There

By The Editor.

A PALLID-FACED passenger looked out of the car window with exceeding interest. Finally he turned to his seat mate. "You likely think I never rode in the cars before," he said, "but the fact is, pardner, I just got out of prison this mornin', and it does me good to look around. It is goin' to be mighty tough, though, facin' my old-time friends. I 'spose, though, you ain't got much idea how a man feels in a case like that." "Perhaps I have a better idea of your feelings than you think," said the other gentleman with a sad smile. "I am just getting home from Congress."

THE north-country policeman is usually not without humour of a kind, although perhaps his answers are occasionally unconsciously amusing. An English tourist was doing the Scottish Highlands, and, for-gathering with the village policeman in an out-of-the-way place, he said: "I suppose you have some pretty long tramps in this district, my man?" "Weel, I'm thinking," replied the worthy keeper of the peace, as he surveyed the lengthy stranger with somewhat sarcastic eyes, "you're the longest I've seen yet."

A TOWN COUNCIL of a Scotch community met to inspect a site for a new hall. They assembled at a chapel, and as it was a warm day a member suggested that they should leave their coats there. "Some one can stay behind and watch them," suggested another. "What for?" demanded a third. "If we are a'gagin' oot t'gether, whit need is there for any o' us tae watch th' clothes?"

R. MANSFIELD offered his seat in a car to a lady, who slid into it without a word. The actor raised his silk hat. "I beg your pardon," he said slowly. The woman looked up in surprise. "I didn't say anything," she volunteered. "Pardon me for my mistake," returned Mr. Mansfield in a kindly tone. "Pardon me, I thought you said 'Thank you!'"