

How Biscuits are Made

Those great warehouses down by the railways and wharves in this city, as every other, are full of a splendid interest which we are slow to discover, because they make no show. The outsides, dusty, bale-piled and grim, neither invite us nor suggest the wonderful things within. Only the manufacturers and perhaps the buyers know.

Sometimes a busy journalist in his searchings for copy wanders in, and straightway realizes how much there is of real entertainment hidden behind our factory walls, waiting only a pen to tell it. Eyes are better than a pen, one look is worth a thousand words. But since eyes cannot be everywhere, the pen of the writer must be spectacles for thousands.

It happened one day this month that we took a little journey through the Toronto Biscuit & Confectionery Co., and for the first time saw how biscuits are made—not the soft, hot biscuits of the home oven, but those crisp affairs of every variety that are sent out by boxes in tens of thousands all through the country.

Soda, tea, arrowroot, abernethy, crack-nells, oyster, fruit biscuits, gems and sweet fancy biscuits in every variety—we saw them being turned out in pansful, until white bins heaped to overflow with their crisp hot fragrance.

The kitchen of the company is a most interesting place, a little torrid, perhaps, by reason of the big oven, and noisy with wheels, but spotlessly clean and fragrant.

Here biscuit making is carried out just as the bread making is in the housewife's kitchen, only machinery takes the place of hands, and everything is on an enormous scale.

Here are half a dozen wooden mixing bowls, with the creamy, yellow sponge slowly rising—very important stage is this "setting the sponge," so the chef tells us; the biscuits are made or marred here. The bowls are as large as deep, wooden bath-tubs in which several little folks could splash about. They are of unpainted white wood, and spotless as scouring can make them. "The flour-dusted mass of sponge looks delightfully comfortable within them, somehow.

Near at hand are the mixing or kneading machines. Human fists, however willing, could never work such masses, so here are revolving beaters that work and toss the dough about right heartily.

Not far away are other machines, huge rolling pins, that revolve and roll the dough out, as rapidly and as thick as desired, and beside it—part of it, indeed—is a cutter which cuts the rolled pastry into biscuit shape and stamps them. Rather a remarkable and intricate machine this—the dough en masse at one end, passing smoothly over rollers, under cutters, brush, and stamper, and coming out

at the other end, a tray of stamped biscuits, ready to pop in the big oven and joining.

It takes several men to assist that dough on its various stages through the machine. Being soft and sticky it is apt to cling.

How hot it is beside the oven—such an oven. Picture a ferris wheel, with great trays in the place of boxes, and a huge, open coal fire far down beneath. Picture this wheel closely encased in a brick house of its own with one long, open slit for window, and you have the oven in this biscuit kitchen. The fire glows, the wheel moves round, each tray stops a moment at the window, receives its quota of trays full of biscuits, then resumes its slow, even way. One revolution about this thrilling, glowing coal and the biscuits are done. It is a fascination to watch it.

As tray after tray is lifted off they are tossed into big baskets, or boxes, and carried by sliding elevator away up to an upper storey, and there we presently followed them.

This is the packing room: elevated bins piled with the soda biscuits, warm from the oven, crisp and deliciously fragrant, run lengthwise down the room, while a score of young girls stand at tables rapidly packing them into boxes. It gives some idea of the demand for sodas to know that in this factory alone twenty barrels of flour per day is used for soda biscuits.

We have said no word concerning the sweet fancy biscuits, yet their manner of making is of especial interest also. Smaller machines are used for these—one like an automatic press, that presses the dough down from a cylinder into dies of varied shapes. Then sharp iron teeth, wired together, come swiftly along and cut off the jumbles, ladies' fingers, bars, or whatever shape is designed.

The more expensive biscuits, such as those with icing, jelly, or marsh mallow, are each finished separately by girls whose special work it is. In the "corderoy," for instance, a new variety of sweet biscuit at present popular, the surface is first covered with jam, then lines of soft marsh mallow are traced down by light-pouring from a spoon, and last, while yet soft, it is strewn with shredded cocoanut.

This individual work, of course, adds materially to the cost of the biscuit.

After our visit to the biscuit department we visited others where candies and jams are made—but that is another story.

COMMON SENSE APPLIED TO BICYCLE TIRES.

Common sense is a much talked of quality and as the old saw says, gets its name by a paradox because it is so "uncommon." It is really astonishing that some people are lacking in the common sense or practical judgment which would enable them to distinguish between different things and choose the one which gives most benefit. Take bicycle tires—the vital part of wheeling comfort, and you will find people who travel around on tires of such a wonderful and peculiar construction that, in order to be prepared for possible accidents or contingencies on the road, they must carry a bag full of implements as well as a book of instruction; for the tools are so many and their uses so involved, that life is almost too short for any one but a skilled mechanic to understand them thoroughly. And yet these people think they are having a good time! Well, "Ignorance may be bliss," but surely only of a negative and poor variety in such a case.

In contrast, Dunlop tires appeal to your best common sense in every detail. The principle on which they are made is so simple and natural that it takes your fancy at once. There is nothing involved or complicated, you understand the whole thing at a glance, and the perfect ease with which these tires may be handled in taking them off a wheel for repairs, or replacing them, appeals forcibly to any one who has ever tried to wrestle with other tires.

No other tools than the hands are needed to repair a puncture, any body's hands, even those of the daintiest lady can accomplish it speedily and successfully. Think of the comfort gained by being able to ride along freely, unhindered by any burdensome tools and yet secure in the knowledge that if the sometimes inevitable puncture should occur, a halt of a very few minutes will be enough for you to make everything right. Add to this the fact that Dunlop tires are unequalled for resilience and durability, and it is easy to see why they are the popular favorites all over the world. They cost a little more than some others, but are worth the difference many times over because of their genuine worth and durability.

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