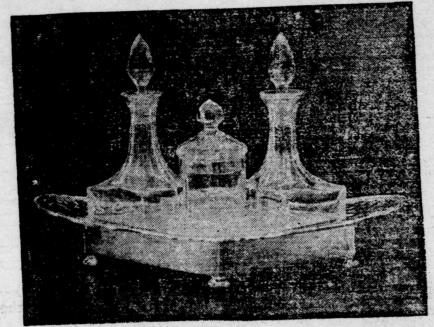
The advertiser, London, ontario The advertiser, London, ontario





A Heart-Shaped Bit for the Monogram





upon a civilized table. These shears are supposed to cut right through the bone, and so the old-time necessity for hunting for the joints is done away with. This, perhaps, would not be a recommendation to the happy bridegroom who has only to think of his best-beloved (so says the old superstition) in order to find the joint.

Pearl-handled knives are very much in vogue, but the pearl-handled forks seem to find little favor, and this season we have borrowed from our English cousins the idea of ivory handled knives and forks, elaborately carved, for the fish course.

If you don't want to give the bride in whom you are specially interested anything for her house there are innumerable charming things of a more personal nature. Silver picture frames, once considered particularly adapted as Christmas presents, now take prominent place in the list of gifts for brides.

The simpler the frame the better its style this year, and the smooth, flat frames, delicately etched or engraved and in panel or oval shapes, are most often chosen.

Silver toilet articles vary but little from year to year. Shoehorns are monstrosities in size in some of the new sets, looking far more like sugar scoops than anything else; but the other pieces remain about the same. The French gray tinting is still liked, but the very newest thing is the silver in its natural color "hand engraved."

The silver clocks are a delight; but, alas! they are beyond the reach of any

save the rich. They come in a variety of shapes—grandfather clocks less than a foot high, dainty little sedan chairs, and one tiny vision presents a face that suggests nothing so much as an aqua-

suggests nothing so much as an aquamarine.

Jewelry the bride is supposed to receive from those who are her nearest
and dearest; and here again there is a
wide choice. Bracelets grow in popularity day by day. There is the plain round
band of gold, of which we never tire; the
flat bands of chain or open work, with
settings of precious stones, in a dozen
different patterns, and in the antique,
Roman or rose finish. One special bracelet looked like nothing so much as a
huge finger ring. It was a round band,
with the old, dull finish that has a suggestion of green in its tinting, and had
an immense amethyst imbedded on one
side.

Neckloses are as much worn as ever,

an immense amethyst imbedded on one side.

Necklaces are as much worn as ever, but those in the festoon styles and those with pendants are the most popular. Flat collar effects, pearl bands and strings of pearls hold sway; and if we may believe the evidence of our eyes, the long fine chain, which has been popular for so long, is dead.

Rings are elaborate as to setting prooches either look like those that our grandmother wore, with blg stone centres, surrounded with smaller stones of flat gold bands, or else are floral designs in enamel and precious stones. Chatelaines in the most fantastic designs are shown, and—but the list is endless. Truly, the bride of the fall of 1906 is a much favored mortal!



The Popular

Approach to Old Time Casters

The Nearest

For Salted Nuls

delightful, and the effect is like exdelightful, and the effect is like exquisite mosaic work.

Vases, decanters, bottles and jugs
ef many kinds are made of Austrian,
iridescent, lattice and crystal glass,
and ornamented in this fashion. Even
more apt to touch the heart of the
domestic bride are the fascinating
little coffee sets in Brown Betty pottery and white Lenox ware, whose
glossy beauties are brought out vividly by the contrast with the silver.
One tiny squatty set in white Lenox
was pretty enough to start the onlooker on the road to shoplifting and
ruin. Tiny little silver butter plates, with a fine threadwork about the edges, will never come amiss with any bride, and the oval silver breadtrays, a little flatter than in seasons past, still hold their own

hold their own.

Hors d'oeuvres are "relish dishes"
with a glass tray, boasting three compartments, to hold your choice of pickles, etc., which is set into a framework of silver. This framework has a silver handle for convenience in passing, it is presumed. Once more the wheel has turned and salt cellars are to the fore. The once-popular shaker must take a back seat

Grape Design and the new cellar boasts of greater depth than its predecessor of years back, and has also the "pierced" edge to prove that it is of the 1906 variety.

Individual castors, tiny affairs that are merely miniatures of the atrocities that adorned the centre of the table in grandmother's day, are also shown. The little castor is of silver, of course, and holds three bottles, for black, white and red pepper, or paprika.

And now may all womankind call down blessings upon the head of the man—if man it was—who invented silver holders for catsup and sauce bottles, cheese jars and boxes and other

such paraphernalia, whose disposition has long tried the soul of the beauty-loving housewife. loving housewife.

No longer must you remove your sardines from the box at the risk of dismembering them, or else present to the view of your family and friends a gilt-lettered assurance that these sardines are put up in the finest oil and by the most approved methods! A sardine box of rock crystal glass and possessed of a silver top is now on sale, and this perplexing article of food is turned into a thing of beauty.

Simplicity is the keynote of the new silver, yet there are pretty things in the

so-called Baltimore repousse work, and no bride but who would be pleased at receiving a chest full of small silver, decorated with orange blossoms or

bride roses.

Silver-handled carving sets are liked for wedding presents, and, by the way, the sizes and kinds of carving sets that are now being shown are practically unlimited. Of course, there is the regulation set for joints and roasts, and then the smaller size, for steaks, and the tiny sets for squabs.

Fowl shears are on the market—instruments that look as if their place was in a surgeon's case, rather than

in the frothed whites. Drop the mix-ture from a tablespoon into boiling fat and fry as you would doughnuts. Peanut Drop Cakes. OAST a cupful of peanuts, and

Note they are hot, rub between your hands to get off all the skins that will come away. Blow these off and crush the nuts with a rolling-pin. Cream a half cupful of butter with a heaping cupful of sugar, add three yolks, beaten smooth, and the crushed peanuts. Lastly, stir in lightly the frothed whites of the eggs, alternately with three scant cupfuls of sifted flour. Drop the dough by the spoonful upon a floured pan, pat into shape with the fingers, and bake quickly.

They are very good. They are very good.

Almond "Hermits."

Almond "Hermits."

One cupful of butter, worked to a cream with two cupfuls of sugar; two eggs; three even cupfuls of flour sifted twice with a teaspoonful of baking powder; half a teaspoonful of ground mace; three dozen almonds, blanched, dried and split in half.

Having creamed the butter and sugar, work in the beaten whites the spice, then the frothed whites and the flour alternately. The dough must be just soft enough to roll out. Make the rolled sheet less than half an inch thick; cut round; wash lightly with white of egg. press half an almond into the heart of each cake, and sift granulated sugar on top.

on top. Bake in quick oven.

Old-Fashioned "Ginger Cakes." Old-Fashioned "Ginger Cakes."

Warm two cupfuls of molasses (not syrup!) until it is a little more than tepid; take from the fire and stir for three minutes; beat into it a great spoonful of warmed butter, a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon and two of ground ginger.

When you have stirred the mixture until it is several shades lighter than it was when you began, add three cupfuls of flour sifted twice with half a teaspoonful of baking soda. The dough must be stiff enough to be rolled into a sheet. Cut round, wash the top with molasses and bake quickly.

Yorkshire Fried Cakes. Yorkshire Fried Cakes.

Measure a heaping cupful of flour, and sift into it half a teaspoonful of baking powder. Scald a cupful of milk, and, without removing from the fire, stir in the prepared flour. Now stir into the batter—which should be so stiff that the spoon will stand in it—a tablespoonful of butter, and set aside to cool. When cold, beat into it the yolks of three eggs, one by one, mixing in each well

eggs, one by one, mixing in each well before adding the next. Finally, whip

Cream Cucumber Sauce.

Lay two cucumbers of fair size on the ice until chilled through. Pare, then, and mince with a keen knife. Drain in a colander without pressing. Turn into a chilled bowlich has been rubbed with a split clove of garlic. Season with a dressing of pepper, salt, a tablespoonful of lemon juice and a tablespoonful of onion juice. Have ready in another chilled dish a cupful of whipped cream, into which has been beaten a pinch of soda. Mix this lightly with a silver fork into the cucumbers.

Cream Cucumber Sauce.

Tomato Sauce. Pare and cut up eight fine tomatoes. Cook soft and run through your vegetable press. Pour into a saucepan and season with salt, pepper, sugar and a teaspoonful of onion juice. Simmer for five minutes, stir in a tablespoonful of butter cooked to a "roux" with one of flour. Simmer for a minute and serve.

This is one of the most convenient of sauces, suitable for both meat and

of sauces, suitable for both meat and Mint Sauce.

Mince a handful of green mint, and stir into six tablespoonfuls of vinegar, previously seasoned with two tablespoonfuls of white sugar and a little white pepper.

Bearnaise Sauce.

Bearnaise Sauce.

Whip the yolks of two eggs to a smooth cream, and turn them into a saucepan set in a vessel of boiling water. Put over the fire, and, when the water begins to boil anew, stir into the eggs—drop by drop—three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, beating as you stir. Then, as deliberately, three tablespoonfuls of boiling water, one tablespoonful of boiling water, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, a pinch of cayenne and salt.

A popular and convenient sauce, since it goes well with chops, cutlets, steak and various kinds of fish.

Creamed Horseradish Sauce. Make a cupful of good drawn butter, and whip into it with a silver fork, gradually, two heaping tablespoonfuls of hoseradish, freshly grated, and a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Heat to a light cream and eat with beef, roast or corned, and with steak.

looker on the road to shophitting and ruin. Silver dishes always make acceptable gifts, and the fashions this year run either to the staid and solid with hittle decoration, or to what the lewelers term "pierced work"—a name that really carries its own explanation with it. Flat silver fruit or salad bowis, flaring about the edges and with those same flares pierced into fantastic designs, are among the new things shown. THE HOUSEMOTHERS IN WEEKLY CONFERENCE

AM not a "housemother." Within the last miserable hour I have doubted if I shall ever be a housewife, or, for that matter, any sort of a wife.

May I tell you my story? I am so wretched I must taik it out to somebody—or, go crazy—or die! You see, I have no mother of my own. I haven't had since I was 10, years old. I have had a stepmother ever since I was 11, but she doesn't dount. I don't think stepmothers often do count for anything that could make the first wife's children better or happier. I know mine didn't—ever! When I was 16, she put me into an office. I say she did, because my fainte and office. I say she did, because my fainte and office. I say she did, because my fainte and office. I say she did, because my fainte and office. I say she did, because my fainte and office. I say she did, because my fainte and office. I say she did, because my fainte and office. I say she did, because my fainte and office. I say she did, because my fainte and office. I say she did, because my fainte and office. I say she did, because my fainte and office. I say she did, because my fainte and office. I say she did, because my fainte and office. I say she did, because my fainte and office. I say she did, because my fainte and office. I say she did, because my fainte and out I loved to she made and out I loved to study and to read. She drilled, me herself, all the time I could spare from my lessons when I was out of school; and you may be sure she worked me hard. By the time I was graduated she had got a fine position for me in the office where she used to work. I could not have got it at my age, had she not gone my browned in the office where she used to work. I could not have got it at my age, had she not gone my proficiency and steadiness. I will say for her that she prepared me thoroughly for the place. I have held it now six years, and given satisfaction to my embloyers. I went in on a salary of 55 per love, and I am getting \$16 now. When I told the senior partner last week that I exident the she was an and be took it f

The Usual Yase in an Unusual Mounting

a lament, year by year,

shape of bridal offerings, has

room for such a plaint this sea-The shops are fairly overflowing with new and delightful ideas, and the opportunity for charm and variety in gifts is only limited by

the giver's purse strings.
Should something absolutely new be desired, turn your attention to the glass and china upon which silver has been deposited. This, by the way, is by no means the same thing as the silver mountings which have been in

vogue for several years, but is made by first covering the ware with certain chemicals, which enable it to stand the onslaught, and then projecting the molten silver into it by means of a battery. The patterns are delightful, and the effect is like ex-

there is nothing new in the

CHE who is accustomed to utter-

of course, he didn't relish being put in Of course, he didn't relish being put in the wrong. No man does. So at it we went, he insisting that "a boarding house in not a home, and that it is part of a woman's profession to learn how to keep husband's house," and so much more of that sort of old-fashioned twaddle that I leat patience and was provoked into telling less patience and was provoked into telling lim the story of the man who couldn't aftered to keep a wife and hire a cook, too, to be settled the matter by marrying his lessel. I said, too, that I hoped he had been me because he believed I would help

him grow in mind and in taste for higher things than kitchen drudgery. I certainly gave him credit for more refined ambitions than most mechanics have, and with him and for his sake, and the world, had being and studies him rise in the world, had being him rise in the world him rise in

mortifications urged me on in the en-deavor to make the path they must tread less thorny for them than it had been for my tender feet. Coming down to your own case, I admit freely that it is not possible for every woman to love housework or housekeeping. Nor is it equally easy to all children to learn to read. With one child study of books is a joy. With her deskmate, it is drudgery. Does the dull child's parent instruct the teacher to give over the work of instruction? I have lived many years, and learned something new in every day of each year. I tell you now, as if you were, indeed, my daughter, that a knowledge of practical cookery is as necessary a part of an American girl's education as the alphabet, the primer, the copy book, an ithmetic and geography.

Recurring to my personal experience, let me say that I began housekeeping in a well-appointed home, with what was considered a staff of competent servants. At the end of the first crucial year I overheard an inquisielve visitor order we husbard how many servants we mit freely that it is not possible for year I overheard an inquisieive visitor ask my husband how many servants we

servants. At the end of the first crucial year I overheard an inquisieive visitor ask my husband how many servants we kept.

His answer was prompt: "Five, and one slave! The slave is my wife!"

My staff had, one and all, discovered that I was an ignoramus in my assumed profession, and taken advantage of the discovery. The captain did not know how to sail the ship.

The labor of fitting myself to teach and to control subordinates was less arduous because, as presently appeared, I had a genuine liking for culinary science and native aptitude for the practice of the art. If these had been wanting—as you say they are in you—the duty and the necessity would have remained the same. This is not professional jargon, but plain truth.

You may be right in affirming that there "is a lot of this sort of feeling among working—rls." Then let them be content to a nain working girls! There is no necess, y laid upon them by law or gospel to become wives. If the boarding house is your ideal of home, stay there! If you do not love the man you have promised to marry well enough to conquer, for his sake, your repugnance to household toil, tell him that you decline to become his partner, accept the \$20 "per" and let him find a homemaker elsewhere.

Am I hard upon you? Do I seem unfeeling and non-sympathetic? I beg you to believe that I could give you no better proof of motherly interest in you and affectionate desire for your real good than by this plandealing with your "hurt." What other women have done is possible to a bright, brave woman like yourself. Let me conclude my too-long lecture with a sentence from the letter of a literary woman, who married at 35, and at 40 was the model housekeeper of her neighborhood. "I am not naturally fond of household duties. If I have, as you are good enough to say, "reduced dusting to a fine art, mixing and baking to an exact science, it is not for love of art or science. I love my husband and my

home. To see him happy, and to enjoy the effect of clean, orderly rooms and well-served meals, I am willing to perform tasks for which I have no real liking. The game is worth the candleworth more, in fact, than any waxlights."

To Make Tea Properly A knot of us-all practical housekeepe have been discussing tea-making "over have been discussing tea-making "over the teacups."

The oldest member of the party laid it down as a truth that is not to be disputed that black tea is to be boiled, and green, or any "blend" that contains green tea, should be simply steeped in boiling water for ten minutes.

Another woman told of a new "wrinkle" in tea brewing she picked up last summer in camp. This is to put the tea over the fire in cold water, letting it come to a boil, then to take it off and pour it out.

Please let us know which of these methods commends itself to you as right and best.

S. F. W. (Columbus, Ohio).

Have you heard the story of the S. F. W. (Columbus, Onio).

Have you heard the story of the Irishman to whom was referred the question: "Which is correct—'eyther' or 'eether?"

"Faith," said Pat, "and sure it's nayther!"
No tea should ever be boiled—no

"Faith." said Pat, "and sure it's nayther!"

No tea should ever be boiled—no matter what its complexion. Nor should it steep for ten minutes. "Nayther" should it be put into cold water and brought to the boil. Each and every one of these methods extracts the tannic acid which is the one and only hurtful element in tea—green, black or mixed.

To make tea properly, scald the pot and put in the requisite quantity of the herb. Cover with a little boiling water; fit a "cozy" or other cap upon the pot; let it stand three minutes; fill up the pot with boiling water; slip on the cozy and leave it for two minutes more; then, pour out at once.

A Tale of Woe

Our Council table is such a valuable help that I must thank you and your helpers. I find two useful items of information in a number now before me.

But, will you ask "A Western Woman" to be a little more explicit upon one or two points? How much formaldehyde does she use, and how often? Can she sleep in the bed the same night after using it? And doesn't it hurt her eyes while she is applying it? Does she spray it on the bed-clothes, or apply it with a brush to the bed and springs—or both? If I can but rid my house of the horrid pests I will bless her and the Exchange as long as I live.

I have almost despaired, and wondered why it is such a disgrace to have bedbugs in one's house when it is so fearfully hard to exterminate them. By comparison flies, ants, moths, etc., are easy work.

Tell "B. B. W." If she will whip her cream until it will stand alone, sweeten abundantly, and add—gradually—a few tablespoonfuls of vinegar, she will have a delicious dressing for cabbage salad.

E. B. B. (Monmouth, III.).

The idea that the woman in whose house bedbugs are found is a "poor housekeeper" is too firmly implanted in the public mind to be uprooted by "B. S. B.'s" protest against the palpable in justice of the prejudice. Yet we all A Tale of Woe

know that the ways of the "beastie" know that the ways of the beaster are dark and his tricks mean beyond compare. He lurks in the walls of old houses and waits until every bed is clean, and every room in the apartment is swept and garnished by the family that has just moved in—people who, as they will tell you; never saw "a bug" in their impeccable lives. In the silent midnight watches the enemy issues from his fortress and descends in strength upon the sleepers, made savage by long fasting. Henceforward there is a ceaseless battle. Nothing short of a conflagration of the whole block will rout the bandits utterly, for they migrate from house to house with cheerful impartiality, being burdened by no belongings except their appetites.

The tales of the trials of the neathanded dweller in city flats are harrowing to hear when the Cimex lectularius (a sounding name, cut down to an offensive monosyllable for everyday—and every night use) is discussed.

"The female deposits her eggs in summer in the crevices of furniture and of the walls of rooms"—an entomological treatise remarks coolly. That way madness lies. While the dainty housewife takes a much-needed vacation, the invaders are preparing for a new campaign. Hence the cloud of sorrowful epistles that darken my spirit at the season when householders have returned with fresh heart to renovated homes.

We look for the "creatures" in old and middle-aged buildings, as I have said. Yet the flercest battle I have ever waged with them was in a country cottage of which we were the first tenants. A veteran housekeeper told me then that the Cimex lectularius affects new wood as a harbor for her eggs and young, which, by the way, fare forth as soon as they are hatched, seeking their prey. are dark and his tricks mean beyond compare. He lurks in the walls of old

Send That Recipe Along Send That Recipe Along

I often receive help from your Exchange, but this is my first request: It is for two recipes that appeared (I think) in your Corner some time ago. I intended to save them, as I often do, but the paper was mislaid. The first recipe was for "Quick Nut Bread." I recollect but one item of it, and that is, it was made with baking powder. I made it once, and it was delicious.

The other recipe appeared in another issue, and was for cucumber sauce to be eaten with fish. There was cream in it and it sounded "good." Devil's Food Cake," made with sour cream instead of butter It is fine. I will send it to you if you would like to have it.

The recipe for cream cucumber. The recipe for cream cucumber sauce will appear in the recipe column. I do not recall that for "Quick Nut Bread" Will somebody who saved it let us have it in exchange for the sour cream cake our correspondent promises to send?

Marion Harland

Economy of Beauty in Furnishing

IN THE days when millionaires were not quite so plentiful as now, a certain man who had accumulated a large fortune by the work of his hands sent his son to be educated. The boy did not share his father's views concerning the desirability of this education, neither had he ability, and his tutor, having labored long and diligently, came to the parent with the plea that further effort was useless, since his pupil lacked capacity. ed capacity.
"Buy him one, then!" thundered the

"Buy him one, then!" thundered the irate father, "Buy him one! Don't you understand that I have money enough to buy my children anything they need?" Alas! he had not. Money will buy a great many things in this world, but ability is not one of them, and neither is taste. The most expensive homes are not

The most expensive homes are not always the most artistic. Elaborate furnishings do not necessarily produce the best effects. A can of paint and a piece of cretonne, used by a skilful hand, that is directed by an eye with a true sense of the beautiful, will bring about results far exceeding any accomplished by an unlimited purse in the grasp of a tyro.

Many a room that might have been limited purse in the grasp of a tyro.

Many a room that might have been charming is ruined by an overplus of decoration and furniture. Pictures are so crowded upon the walls that the individuality of each is lost, and you are merely conscious of a mingling of frames and a glare of color. Bric-a-brac is crammed upon mantelpiece and cabinets till they resemble nothing so much as the shownesses in shops. Chairs and tables

press against each other until crossing the room is a perilous feat; and the owner of this conglomeration gazes upon it with an air of resignation and wonders why her rooms have not the air of those of the woman across the street, who does not spend one-tenth as much in the course of a

year upon her house.

A few chairs, selected with an eye to

A few chairs, selected with an eve to comfort and arranged so that their very attitude is an unspoken invitation to come and rest a while, are in far better taste than innumerable spindle-leg and over-carved affairs, which are always avoided by the wary guest. Pictures selected to give pleasure to the people who look at them, and not because of the magnificence of their frames, and hung with regard to their possibilities, add far more to the beauty of a room than the attempt at an imitation of an art gallery, which some persons seem to affect.

Harmony in color is not expensive. Fitting your carpet and your furniture costs no more than buying a rug that sets your teeth on edge every time you see it in juxtaposition with the cover of your pet armchair; and a pile of superfluous ornaments and cabinets makes a hole in your pocketbook, spoils the temper of her who must do so much unnecessary dusting and ruins the effect of your room. It may not be possible for every woman to "live up to her blue china," but as far as lies within her she should make her surroundings harmonize with it.