

Housekeeping, Nursery, Gardening and News of Interest to Women

WINTER, BEGONE! SAYS WEATHERMAN

Mild to the West of Us, Warm to the North of Us.

POOR MAN WINS OUT

Business Will Suffer When Sun Shines Again in a Few Days.

There was joy in the hearts of the Toronto clothiers yesterday, on account of the cold snap which held the city in its grip. And well they might be joyful, for they had the delightful satisfaction of seeing their stores crowded practically all day with shivering humanity, in quest of those heavy overcoats, heavy underwear and other articles of clothing intended to make the wearer forget that the thermometer registers below freezing point. These had neglected to purchase earlier in the fall, hoping that the weather man would continue to favor them with the delightfully warm weather which they enjoyed during the month of November.

During the past few weeks the countenances of the merchants of Toronto have been overclouded and they were inclined to be decidedly pessimistic regarding the outlook for a good fall and winter business. When interviewed by a World reporter yesterday, however, there was a gleam of gloom in their bearing, but, imagining that at last winter had come to stay, they were decidedly optimistic and agreed that already their business had taken a new lease of life and that their winter trade in heavy clothing would still be saved.

Poor Man Wins

There is another class of citizens to be considered, namely, the working class. The advance of winter is never welcomed by them, owing to the hardships and problems associated with it. The joys of winter, so often spoken of, are not for them, because there is always that problem of making both ends meet. A problem always difficult of solution, starting them in the face. "Where is the money coming from the pay for the supply of coal to tide us over the winter? How are we going to buy warm clothing for the children and meet the other expenses incidental to winter?" These are some of the questions that are of vital importance to the working man, and it is the answer to these questions that causes so much hardship during the cold weather, and robs the winter of the joys which it affords those more fortunate. The poor man does not do, not welcome the cold weather, because and healthy as it is. The merchant rejoices while customers shiver. The merchants hope that this cold snap will continue. The customer hopes that it will not. Which one is to have his wish?

According to advice received from the meteorological office, it is to be the latter. The cold weather will last only a couple of days and then we will have a continuation of the milder weather which characterized November. Such is the verdict of the weather man. Yesterday's cold wave was general only in the eastern part of the Dominion, being especially violent in Quebec and the Maritime provinces. It had its origin over Lake Superior on Saturday night and since that time it has swept eastward over the great lakes and Ontario to the Atlantic coast.

Mild in the West. West of Lake Superior the weather is abnormally mild for this season of the year, the thermometer registering an average of 45 degrees above zero in Alberta. Heavy gales swept the great lakes on Saturday night and Sunday, and for the second time since the first of November, storm signals were displayed. The wind which blew all day yesterday will have died before the night is past and today will be somewhat colder, but without wind. The storm signals were taken down last night. There has been very little change in the relative positions of the high and low during the past week. The weather in the north is still comparatively mild, and till this condition changes, Toronto will not experience a continuation of severely cold weather.

Cold as it was yesterday, the weather is abnormally mild for this time of the year, when the thermometer usually registers in the neighborhood of zero, and as the cold snap has passed, Toronto should again experience a respite into the mild weather of the past few weeks for an indefinite period.

AUTHOR OF BLUE BIRD GOOD AMATEUR BOXER

PARIS, Dec. 8.—(Can. Press.)—The Paris correspondent of the London Mail has had a long interview with Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian author, on the subject of boxing. Maeterlinck concluded his remarks by donning the gloves and giving the correspondent a lively free round. Maeterlinck ridiculed the idea that boxing was degrading, saying: "It is the discipline of violence; it is violence civilized by conventions that are almost courteous. The boxer is never a coward. On the contrary, his knowledge gives him a confidence combative instincts are an integral part of his nature. The man who lacks them lacks mental energy."

NOVA SCOTIA FOR DOMESTICS.

The Salvation Army's last conducted party for domestics for Canada sailed for Nova Scotia in December. Commissioner Lamb is of the opinion that this maritime province should have its attractions for women settlers from Great Britain. The Salvation Army lodges for women in situated in Halifax, the chief and reliable situations are guaranteed directly upon arrival. In view of the time of the year, special privileges such as the settled community of Nova Scotia has to offer may attract the girl who would like to go to Canada, but dreads the isolation of life in a western prairie farm.

THE WOES OF MRS. NEWLYWED



"Seems to me I am forever cleaning this stove," tearfully complained Mrs. Newlywed.

The Old Songs and the New

Stephen Foster and Ragtime Music.

The modern ragtime music—so-called—may be considered but a temporary aberration. A few years ago the popular airs were taken from the light comic operas, or from the sketchy music of the vaudeville artists. These have given way to variations on the plaintive negro airs of the old south and will in turn lead to something else that happens to catch the popular fancy.

But the simple songs of the past—the beautiful music and the heart-stirring words—will again come into their own. And when they do the great balladist, Stephen Foster, will be recognized as one who, perhaps more than any other, caught the spirit of his time, and rendered it into music and words that were sung by millions of his country men and women.

Foster was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, July 4, 1826, and received his education in the public schools. When only 16 years of age, he wrote his first song, while clerking in a little store in Cincinnati. It was called "Open the Lattice, Love," and soon followed.

Then came "O, Susanna"—popular with the minstrel troupes—and for which he received a hundred dollars. His "Old Folks at Home" was published in 1850—and brought him \$500 from the then famous Christy Minstrels. For copyrights of this song he received, first and last, nearly \$15,000.

During his life Foster composed the words and music to about one hundred and thirty ballads—many of which were translated and sung in foreign countries—and which proved him to be by far the most popular of American song composers. He died in New York City in 1864, after an eventful and somewhat adventurous career.

Among his most popular productions were "Old Black Joe," "Way Down South," "Nelle Was a Lady," "Old Dog Tray," "Old Kentucky Home," "Old Folks at Home" and "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming." These touching and beautiful compositions are all to be found in "Heart Songs"—that wonderful song collection now being offered by this paper for six coupons and the cost of distribution. We believe this to be one of the most remarkable presentations ever offered to our readers—and it has our hearty endorsement back of it. A reference to the coupon printed in this issue will give information as to the terms upon which it may be had.

H. K. CASKEY'S MOTHER ILL.

A letter has been received from H. K. Caskey, secretary of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, who is in Rockford, Ill., on account of his mother being seriously ill, stating that she is gradually falling.

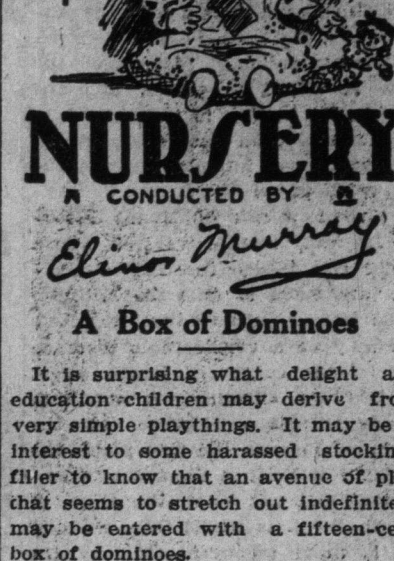
GOOPS



JOSEPH REESE
At climbing oaks
and apple trees,
No one is smarter
than Joe Reese;
But Oh, the awful
holes he tears
in every pair
of pants he wears!
And Joe, who is
a Goop, most times
Has his best clothes on
when he climbs!

Don't Be A Goop!

The Wise Goose Says



A law ought to be passed to prevent theatre fires, as only last night she overheard her father say that the papers roasted the new show at the playhouse, and wasn't it terrible to read of such things every day!

A DAILY STORY FOR CHILDREN

The Black Crow

Once upon a time there was a black crow. Now, this crow didn't have feathers, and it couldn't fly, as other crows could, but it had to stay in one place all the time. It was made out of wood and painted black and had a long stiff piece of wire in its mouth, and every time the wind blew it would turn the way the wind blew the hardest, and it would hear someone say: "The wind is west today, or it's east, and we may have rain."

When the children went by they would look up and say there's the crow, and little tots would ask what's that up there, how did it get there? They would want it to play with, but the crow couldn't come down to play with anyone, it had work to do up there.

Once in a while it would be taken down and given a new coat of black paint. Then it would look quite fine for a while, but after a while the paint would grow shabby again, for it had to be out in all kinds of weather. Some times it would grow tired of turning round and round, and wished the wind would rest still just a minute and let it rest, but it never did.

One day the wind would whisper in its ear and tell it about the things it had just seen. Other times it was crossed and would blow hard against the bird and it would wish the wind would blow until the poor thing begged it to stop and give it a minute's rest. One day the wind was so cross that he flew as hard as it could, and kept it up until the crow was all tired out. Then the wind was sorry and blew a lot of leaves to cover up the crow, so it wouldn't be cold and watched over there.

MIXED RECEPTION FOR LEADER OF MILITANTS

Cheers and Jeers Greeted Mrs. Pankhurst on Arrival in London.

LONDON, Dec. 8.—(Can. Press.)—Militant suffragettes gathered in force to welcome Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, their leader, on her arrival today from Exeter, where she had been released from jail last night. She was met by a large number of supporters, and a carriage in waiting, in which she was driven to a nursing home, following by a procession of taxicabs containing numbers of her cheering supporters.

The crowd of women at the station who cheered Mrs. Pankhurst were just about equal to the crowd of men and boys who jeered the leader.

An epoch in the history of Winnipeg will be commemorated on Wednesday, Dec. 10, when the magnificent City of Port Arthur, constructed and operated by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, will be formally opened with a grant given by the Order of Nurses. The Fort Garry is stands, and upon which was located the old Fort Garry of Indian days, was built by the Grand Trunk Pacific to care for its ever-increasing traffic between Winnipeg and the west.

Subscriptions to the Great Lakes Disaster Fund of Canada

Received by H. H. Gildersleeve, General Treasurer, Toronto.

DECEMBER 8.

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| Baptist Church, Simcoe, Ont. | \$9.25 |
| City of Stratford, Stratford, Ont. | 100.00 |
| Public subscription, Stratford, Ont. | 224.85 |
| Subscriptions, Owen Sound | 480.00 |
| Corporation of Penetanguishene | 1.00 |
| A. C. Osborne, Penetanguishene | 1.00 |
| The County of Simcoe, thru Treasurer's Office, Barrie | 200.00 |
| Municipality of Town of Sandwich | 100.00 |
| The Canadian Import Co., Montreal | 50.00 |
| A Friend, Toronto | 50.00 |
| Town of Paris, Ont. | 50.00 |
| John M. Patterson, Mayor, Paris | 10.00 |
| Scott Davidson, Paris | 1.00 |
| A Friend, Paris | 2.00 |
| Mrs. Hugh Finlayson, Paris | 1.00 |
| Petrolia, Ont., public subscription | 1.00 |
| Court Trafalgar, Sons of England Lodge, London, Ont. | 5.00 |
| Port Arthur, Ont., public subscription | 2289.55 |
| City of Port Arthur | 250.00 |
| St. Matthew's Church (Anglican), Toronto, Ont. | 32.53 |
| A Friend, Paris | 25.00 |
| Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto | 101.33 |
| Woodgreen Methodist Church, Toronto, additional contribution | 1.75 |
| Subscribers, thru branches of Royal Bank of Canada | 10.00 |

THE GARDEN



CONDUCTED BY RACHEL R. TODD, M.D.

The Homely "Wandering Jew."

What flower lover does not know this dear trailer, so frequent in pots of hanging plants, and all manner of flower receptacles, whose sole excuse for existence is the holding of trailing plants?

You know the tale of the "Wandering Jew." The legend runs that for some sin this unfortunate was cursed with eternal life, here on earth—at least, until he had suffered sufficiently that his sufferings would finally wipe out his sins. He could not die. Every period of one hundred years he re-entered a new life, with the unforgettable memories of his former lives forever before him. But he could not die—that was the awful penalty.

How this plant came to be named after the Wandering Jew is a mystery, unless one remembers this fact about it: It is almost an impossibility to kill that plant. Starve it to death, dry it up, put it away in some dark and forgotten corner for months—forget it entirely—it will not die. Some of the traces of life will be slumbering somewhere, deep within the hidden heart of the tiniest shred of that plant, and, when finally, the smallest hint of light and food and moisture is given it—behold, a resurrection!

It belongs to the Spiderwort family, a member of which was described early in the summer, namely, the Tradescantia Virginiana, whose heaven-blue flowers are so wonderful.

BROWNING LOVE LETTERS

TO BE NATION'S PROPERTY

LONDON, Dec. 8.—(Can. Press.)—Browning lovers have succeeded in raising \$15,000 toward the purchase of the Browning love letters, which it is hoped will be acquired for the nation. There was a great outcry last May when the letters were sold at public auction and fell into the hands of a London dealer for about \$25,000. He was finally moved to propose selling them to a public institution at a ten per cent. advance on the price he paid. It is an attempt to meet his terms that has brought thus far the subscription of about half of the needed funds.

The case recalls the recent outcry over the sale of the Burns manuscripts, which are now being returned to Scotland as a gift from the purchaser.

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GIVING WHERE THERE IS NEED IS KEEPING CHRISTMAS WELL

The World Good Fellow Knows Where Your Gifts Will Count and is Anxious to Help You Spend a Real Christmas—Does That Appeal to You?

Has this cold snap reminded you that some children, this Christmas are going to shiver and be hungry, and without the things that make Christmas Day merry and bright? Have you thought of this, wanted to help, but could not think of the way to go about it? The World Good Fellow will put you in touch with the little boys and girls of the poor homes of this city, and advise you how best to play Santa Claus.

There is no hit or miss, long-distance philanthropy in this sort of Christmas cheer. You, yourself, give the things that the poor child we name needs to make its Christmas cheerful and bright, and you have all the happiness that comes of giving.

Send your name in as a Good Fellow—Get on the list, get in the game. Some lonely child is waiting for you; some little kiddie whose Christmas is going to be joyless and gray unless you come.

Yours, for the Kiddies,
THE WORLD GOOD FELLOW.

EFFICIENT HOUSEKEEPING

BY HENRIETTA D. GRAUEL, CO. DOMESTIC SCIENCE LECTURER.

Croquettes

ROQUETTES are any minced meat simply mixed with a thick sauce, then shaped, breaded and fried in deep fat," says the cook. Very plain, helpful directions are found for making them in the Century Cook Book: "Any kind of cooked meat, fish and some kinds of vegetables may be served as croquettes. They may be plain, using one kind of meat alone, or richer combinations may be made by adding mushrooms, brains or sweetbreads."

The rule for sauce, given below, is almost the same. The croquettes should be very creamy inside and fried a golden brown outside; they are served on a napkin and usually garnished with parsley or a little cream. Sauce for any croquette mixture: Scald one cup of milk, or cream, in a double boiler; rub a tablespoon of butter to a paste with two tablespoons of flour and add it to the hot milk. Cook until thick, season and remove from the fire. An egg may be added if desired, but may as well be omitted. To this amount of sauce add two cups of finely chopped or ground meat. Pour on a flat dish and set in cooler to harden. In about two hours it will be stiff enough to mold.

Now take a tablespoon of the mixture and roll it to a ball in the palms of the hands; have a plentiful supply of sifted bread crumbs at hand. Shape the ball into a cylindrical form and roll in the crumbs. Put to one side and so continue until all the croquettes are shaped; then dip each one in beaten egg and again roll in the crumbs. Every part must be entirely coated; if there is an opening the grease will creep in. If a smooth croquette is wanted cracker crumbs are used in place of bread crumbs.

Fish and lobster croquettes are usually stamped out with a cutter shaped like a chop and after they are fried a lobster claw is inserted in the pointed end for a garnish. I have been asked if it is possible to make croquettes without frying them in deep fat? It is, after a fashion. The bread crumbs must be mixed with melted butter and after the croquettes are rolled in them, and egg and rolled again, they are placed on a wire rack in a very hot oven for about 15 minutes, or until evenly browned.

Olive oil or any frying oil may be used in the place of butter. Croquettes baked in this way are much easier to digest than those fried. However, we have learned that articles immersed in deep, hot fat have a hard coating quickly formed on the outside that is impervious to the grease, so that the interior is not richer than food cooked by other means.

If the fat used is pure, fried foods are not injurious to well persons, providing the frying is done quickly and the food well drained. Brown sauce, tomato, cream, mushroom and Bechamel sauces are all used on croquettes.

Butter Rolls.

Sift a quart of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls baking powder together. Rub in a tablespoonful of butter, cold, then add one beaten egg, and pint of milk mix

soft as possible. Roll out half an inch thick and cut with biscuit cutter. Dip into melted butter, fold a third of the way over, press together and bake in quick oven for 15 minutes.

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