About the ....House

SOIL FOR HOUSE PLANTS.

If the soil is in proper condition many thiogs are possible with certain tender plants, especially flowers, that are out of the question with poor or indifferent soil, writes Mr. John C. Chamberlain. In my garden I have shade conditions to overcome and for a time could not make a success of anything except spring bulbs, which blossomed ahead of the shade of the trees. Lately I have filled the soil full of half-rotted manure in the fall or spring and put it on the surface in summer. It will not do to feed too heavily or to use fresh manure where small-seeded annuals are to be raised, as they do not like the ammonia that is liberated so freely by it.

It is useless to plant flowers without using considerable fertilizer of some kind and stable manure is of the best, as it keeps the soil in good texture. A well-nurtured plant will winter almost without special care, but in poor soil less hardy perennials disappear over winter. Such feeders as roses and dahlias will grow in poor soil, but seldom repay the trouble, besides roses, or any plants having insect enemies, are much less subject to their ravages when in vigorous condition. The best method of fighting insects is with the water hose. Set it strong and fire everything living off when too small to return. A big syringe will answer where water pressure is not to be had.

Does anybody have trouble with pot plants? Plant raisers seldom awake to the fact that when a plant is doing poorly it is because the soil needs changing. This is easily proved by taking the plant out of the pot when it will usually be found that there is a lot of soil with no roots, in which case the soil is very often sour. When a plant stands still, even for rest, after vigorous flowering, there is always danger of losing the small roots and few plants will start them over again. Far better keep the pots root bound, especially as so many plants will blossom best in that condition. I have kept certain plants several years without repotting by applying surface fertilizer, but this could only be done where the pot is rather small for the plant.

GOOD RECIPES.

An Emergency Discovery.— When Irish potatoes are not at hand and bread making is, boil two tablespoons of rice in a quart of water until the grains are soft. Use this, water and all, instead of potatoes. The bread will be every bit as nice and some prefer it to potatoes. This was an emergency discovery one bread day when no potatoes were available.

Cocoa Fudge.—One-fourth cup milk, 1½ tablespoons butter, 1¼ ounces powdered sugar, 9 teaspoons cocoa, a pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Melt the butter with milk in a saucepan. Add sugar, cocoa and salt, cook and stir until the mixsure strings (about eight minutes.) Set in a pan of cold water, and add vanilla. Beat very gently and the instant it begins to thicken pour into buttered dishes. When hard cut in squares. Have a care not to beat it too much.

Mince Meat.—Take a beef tongue weighing 2½ lbs. and boil briskly 1½ hours. Prepare 2 lb. beef suet, 4½ lbs. chopped apples, 2 lbs. seeded raisins, 2 lbs. currants, 1½ lbs. citron, shredded, 1 glass quince jelly, 1 pt. cooking molasses, 2 qts. sweet cider, the juice and grated rind of 2 oranges, the juice and grated rind of 2 lemons, 1 oz. cinnamon, ½ oz. nutmeg, ½ oz. cloves, ¼ oz. mace and 1 lb. sugar. Chop the beef and suet fine, removing all strings and shreds. Mix all ingredients and let stand 24 hours before using.

A Wholesome Sweet.—Remove the stones from good, clean, fresh dates, and fill the cavity with shelled, fresh, brittle peanuts. Roll the dates in pulverized or confectioners' sugar and pack in prettily decorated candy boxes—some of which you may have saved through the year as being too pretty and dainty to destroy or throw away. How handy these will come in now, to fill and bestow on some little child's heart at the holiday time! Any kind of nut meats may be used in place of the peanuts, or chopped raisins and nut meats combined into a sort of paste, make an excellent filling for the dates. The best thing about these goodies, is that they are fresh, pure and wholesome.

Pretzels.—Put large tablespoon yeast into ½ pt. warm milk. Stir in 1½ lbs. flour and beat well. In another dish put ½ lb. butter and beat it to a cream; add 2 ozs. sifted white sugar, 3 well beaten eggs, another tablespoon yeast and a little salt. Into this put the dough and beat until well blended and perfectly smooth. Cut off pieces the size of an agg and roll them into round bars six to eight inches long and tapering at the ends. Place them on buttered tins, curving them in half circles, new moons, or any odd shapes, leaving a little space between. Set them to rise where the heat is even, not too warm; when light brush over with beaten egg, dust with sugar and bake a light brown.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

When papering where the plaster is broken or gone, paste oil cloth over the spots. This gives a smooth surface on which to hang the wall paper.

The winter ices and ice creams may be much richer than those made for summer desserts. One that is simple, rich and nourishing is frozen whipped cream. Flavor, sweeten and whip pure cream. Remove the paddles from the freezer, pack in ice and salt in the freezer, and let stand four hours. It is not to be stirred.

Ice-cream freezers that freeze too rapidly are not desirable. It takes from twenty to forty minutes to produce a smooth, evenly frozen ice cream, and the ripening process should be allowed for.

Winter beets are an appetizing dish when boiled till tender and served with a white sauce. They require long cooking.

The reason why fried oysters and other shell fish are in the frying pan by preference are so often indigestible is, we are told, because of the action of the cooked butter on them, which is bad for indigestion. Olive oil is much preferable.

What to eat gives a rule for determining the purity of coffee. When purchasing, gather a little in the palm of the hand and press firmly. If it sticks together in a ball or lump it is adulterated. Pure coffee falls apart when the hand is opened.

DON'TS IN DRESS.

Don't sacrifice fitness to fashion.

Don't spoil the gown for a yard of stuff.

Don't sacrifice neatness to artistic effect.

Don't neglect quality for the sake of quantity.

Don't dress more fashionable than becomingly.

Don't imagine beauty will atone for untidiness.

Don't dress to startle people's eyes, but to satisfy them.

Don't look a frump because you cannot look especially smart.

Don't dress your head at the expense of your hands and feet.

Don't buy foolishly and then blame your limited income for your shoddy appearance.

Don't wear vertically striped material if you are tall.

Don't expect great bargains to turn out great savings.

Don't wear big sleeves and big hats if you are short.

Don't jump into your clothes and expect to look dressed.

Don't put cost before cut. Corded silk won't cover a poor fit.

Don't forget that dress was made for woman, not woman for dress.

Don't put all your allowance outside. A shabby petticoat kills the smartest gown.

BRANDING SWANS.

The Men Who Do the Work Find it no Holiday Pastime.

On Western ranches men brand cattle, in England men brand swans. A writer tells of the queer ceremony of marking the young swans or cygnets on the Thames. Above Richmond the swans are one of the attractions of the river. Some belong to the crown, and the rest to two of the ancient river companies.

To distinguish the swans the young ones are marked every year before they lose their identity by separating from their parents, which are already marked. The Thames swans are vicious and powerful birds, and people who have felt their beaks do not trouble them a second time. So the swan-markers have a lively task.

They wear white flannels, and can be told apart by their different colored jerseys. Those of the king's men are scarlet, those of the Dyers' Company navy blue, and those of the Vintners' Company blue and white. The markers embark in half a dozen skiffs, at the stern of which flies either the king's flag—a white field with a crown and the royal cipher, "E. R."—or one of the bannerets of the two companies.

The party sets out from Molesey lock, and after that things are active enough, for the operation of marking swans, even young swans, is no holiday pastime. The birds fight like furies. They are surprisingly strong, too, and every once in a while one of the markers has an arm or leg broken by a vicious blow from a cygnet's wing.

The birds are caught by means of a hook on the end of a long pole, and they are branded on that beak—either with the royal monogram or that of one of the companies. Usually the man who does the branding deprives the swan marked by him of one of its feathers, which he sticks in his cap as a trophy.

"What do you mean, sir," roared the irate father, "by bringing your portmanteau to my house and ordering a room?" "I'm adopted as one of the family," cooly answered the young man. "Your daughter said she would be a sister to me."

Heroic measures are often misfits.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

AN INTERESTING CHAT WITH REV. R. HATCHETT.

He Asserts People Should Speak Plainly When Their Words Will Benefit Others.

From the Recorder, Brockville, Ont.

Rev. R. Hackett, general agent of the African Methodist Church in Canada, spent several days in Brockville recently in the interest of the church work. Talking with a reporter he said he always liked to visit Brockville, because he found so many of its citizens in hearty sympathy with the church work he represents. "And besides, said Mr. Hatchett, I have what may be called a sentimental reason for liking Brockville. It is the home of a medicine that has done me much good and has done much good to other members of my family. I refer to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." "Would you mind," asked the reporter, "giving your experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" "Not at all," said Mr. Hatchett, "I always say a good word for this medicine whenever the opportunity offers. I know some people object to speaking in public about medicines they use, but I think this is a narrow view to take. When one finds something really good and really helpful in relieving human ills, it seems to me it is a duty we owe other sufferers to put them in way of obtaining new health. You can say from me therefor that I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a very superior medicine —I know of no other so good. My work, as you may judge, is by no means light, I have to travel a great deal in the interest of our church work, and it is no wonder that often I find myself much run down, and afflicted almost with a general prostration. It is on occasions of this kind that I resort to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I can say in all sincerity that they have never failed me. The pills have also been used in my family, and among my friends, and the results have always been satisfactory. You may just say from me that I think those who are afflicted with any of the ills for which this medicine is recommended will make no mistake in giving Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial."

The Rev. Mr. Hatchett's home is in Hamilton, Ont., where he is known to most of the citizens and greatly esteemed by those who know him.

Now Has Its Place In Nearly Every Home

Because of its Extraordinary Curative Powers There is an Unprecedented Demand for

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

Being composed of the simple, yet potent elements which Nature seems to have intended as a cure for throat and lung troubles, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has won the confidence of thinking people.

On account of its simple composition and pleasant taste it is peculiarly suited to the needs of childhood.

Because of its extraordinary control over diseases of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs it can be absolutely relied upon.

Nothing short of unusual merit could place Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in so many thousands of homes as the one medicine to be relied upon in case of emergency.

Croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, throat irritation, coughs, colds, asthma and pneumonia are quickly relieved and cured by this treatment. Consumption and other dreadful lung troubles are prevented.

Mr. D. Graham, 45 Calendar Street, Toronto, states:— "My boy, aged six years, was developing all the symptoms of pneumonia when we commenced giving him this valuable remedy. It very quickly checked the advance of the disease and in a few days he was as well as ever and at school again."

Mrs. A. A. Vanbuskirk, Robinson Street, Moncton, N. B., writes:— "For years I have used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for my children when they have colds in the winter. I first used it with my daughter who suffered from a severe form of asthma. The least exposure to cold would lay her up and she would nearly suffocate for want of breath. I must say I found it to be a most satisfactory treatment and it has entirely cured her. It seemed to go direct to the diseased parts and bring the desired relief."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine 25 cents a bottle, family size (three times as much) 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every bottle.

CITY OF VIADIVOSTOK

SQUALID IMITATION OF ST. PETERSBURG.

A Russian City, With Its Gaily-Dressed People, Seems Out of the World.

Sitting in front of the Cafe Turc, on the main street of Vladivostock, which is called "The World's Street," and watching the current of strange humanity which goes dashing by, one has a distinct feeling that he is on the outermost limit of Asia, not only geographically, but in a social and fashionable sense. A few squares away there is a railway station, where one can take the train to Paris—a pleasant thought and an impressive one, too, for the truth has at last come about that the Okhotsk sea and Kamchatka and other regions hitherto unbelieved in save by a few credulous schoolboys are actually within reach by rail of the Champs Elysees, writes a correspondent.

But there are ten thousand miles of travel between them, and many weary days (sixteen of them) must be passed in Siberia, with its eternally flat and monotonous plains, before Moscow burst upon one with the force of great contrast. From Moscow to the cities of Europe is a mere step, and thus it happens that there is a trace of the boulevards of Berlin and Vienna and Paris in the bonnets and gowns and coats upon this remote Asiatic highway. "The World's Street"—a street which runs close to and parallel with the shores of the Sea of Japan. You surely cannot get much further from Europe than this, but just as surely you cannot get away from Europe on this street.

STOLID RUSSIAN FACES.

It is exasperating now-a-days to find yourself in a modern and bustling city where hardly a soul can speak a word of English or French or German or Japanese. One after another I tried these languages with the coachmen and the policemen of Vladivostock, only to see the stolid Russian faces look at me more stolidly. Meanwhile the sun was shining, the droskies were tearing by, the army officers in them were saluting, the tall horses were speaking to each other, the belted coachmen, with scarlet sleeves and women's dresses on them, were making remarks with the cracks of their whips—everyone was exchanging thoughts or words, while, I, in the midst of this busy scene and in the mid-day sub, was benighted—shut in from all the life about me as if by a high wall. It was a disagreeable and uncanny situation, and one from which no yellow-bearded coachman was concerned to relieve me.

The proprietor of the Cafe Turc observed my helplessness, and spoke to me in French. Had I been a little bolder, and addressed some of the tall military men, they, too, would have answered me in French. Later an acquaintance with them and a bold attack on the Russian language of the streets made me able to get an inkling of what the people about me were thinking of. But this growing intelligence on my part did not extend to the Chinese and Coreans who infest the water front of Vladivostok, or to the queer Siberians from Saghalien—ex-convicts thrown on the mercies of the town. All these ragged and unkempt swarms remained riddles to me (very dirty riddles, too), so far as my powers of communicating with them were concerned.

DIRT EVERYWHERE.

Subtracting the Chinese and Corean elements from the streets of Vladivostok, and also the large number of those white men I speak of with a look of the "submerged tenth" about them, the town remains in appearance a squalid imitation of St. Petersburg. There is dirt everywhere and upon every one, too, except the army and navy officers in their uniforms, and the Russian ladies. A close scrutiny of the latter's sisters in the lower classes reveals an indifference to untidiness which is rather appalling.

As for the men one meets on the streets, they appear to enjoy dirt. the ischvostchiks are caked with dirt; their large and furious yellow beards are full of it. Their tall horses are rusty with it; their vehicles have never been washed of it. Yet there is some excuse for all this, for Vladovostok during half the year, or when it is not frozen up, is a lake, a Venice of mud.

The Russians are too careless and too anxious to spend money on more showy things than street pavements, such as buildings, dockyards, tall horses, furs and uniforms, to pay any attention to the cleanliness of the city.

Their footgear deserves a chapter by itself. Tall boots are generally worn, and they use a variety of leather overshoes, some of them reaching half way up the calf, for wading across the streets. The big Russian military men have in reality slender and well shaped feet, but no one would guess it in Vladivostok. The only exception to the universal unconcern as to the size and ungainliness in foorgear is the Russian lady who takes a pretty pleasure in picking her way through this muddiest of towns with her feet clad in Parisian slippers.

GAY-LOOKING PEOPLE.

The colors that dot the street see like a remonstrance to the general monochrome of mud which threatens to absorb their brilliancy. There is no brighter scarlet than the shirtwaists to the coachmen, or brighter mangentas and pinks than the women of the poorer classes wear. The white dresses of the nurses, trimmed with gay embroideries, are as gay as butterflies. The streets are at all times dotted with the uniforms of the army and navy, including the picturesque costumes which belong to the Cossack cavalry and the Siberian troops. There is quick movement in the streets, which adds to the gayety. The army officers are generally driving, and always driving fast. Their lives are said to be of a fast pace, and the familiar tales of extravagance, official corruption, debt and dissipation which are whispered in every Russian city are heard in this remote spot of the realm. The officers look just as they do on the Nevsky Prospect of St. Petersburg.

There is a fine carelessness in the manner of Russians of distinction both men and women, and here it is on "The World's Street." One wonders if it has its root in some Slavonic strain of melancholy or some Asiatic trait of mind which feeds on the idea of the lack of importance of all human life. To the Russian temperament the idea of suicide is not so abhorrent as to us, and it did not seem extraordinary in Vladivostok to hear every week or two of some army officer who had deliberately taken his own life, after having with equal deliberation enjoyed a career of gaming, dissipation and debt to the point of insolvency.

GIVES "GO."

Food That Carries One Along.

It's nice to know of food that not only tastes delicious but that puts the snap and go into one and supplies staying power for the day.

A woman says: "I have taken enough medicine in my time to furnish a drug store, but in later and wiser years I have taken none, but have depended, for the health I now enjoy, on suitable and sustaining food of which I keep on hand a tested variety, plain but nourishing.

"Of these my main dependence is Grape-Nuts, especially if I have before me a day of unusual effort either mental or physical. In this case I fortify myself the first thing in the morning with about 4 teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts moistened with cream and not much else for breakfast and the amount of work I can then carry through successfully without fatigue or exhaustion is a wonder to those about me and even to myself.

"Grape-Nut food is certainly a wonderful strengthener, and is not a stimulant for there is no reaction afterwards but it is sustaining and strengthening as I have proved by long experience." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream will add more strength and carry one further than a plateful of coarse, heavy food that is nearly all waste. Grape-Nuts food is condensed, pre-digested and delicious. It contains the parts of the Wheat and Barley grains that supply the rebuilding parts for Brain and Nerve Centres.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS,

"I cannot praise Baby's Own Tablets too highly," writes Mrs. James S. Beach, Campbell's Bay, Que. "From the time my baby was born he was troubled with pains in the stomach and bowels and a rash on his skin which made him restless day and night. I got nothing to help him until I gave him Baby's Own Tablets, and under their use the trouble soon disappeared, and all my friends are now praising my baby he looks so healthy and well. I give him an occasional Tablet, and they keep him well. I can heartily recommend the Tablets to any mother who has a young baby."

Thousands of other mothers praise this medicine just as warmly, and keep it on hand in case of emergency. The Tablets cure all the minor ills of little ones, they act gently and speedily, and are absolutely safe. Sold by all druggists or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

PROOF.

"What makes you think he wears ready-made clothes?"

"Because he borrowed my overcoat two weeks ago and hasn't returned it."

DESCRIBED.

"How would you describe a college boy?"

"I'd call him a chap who might be a fine student if he had time to study."