

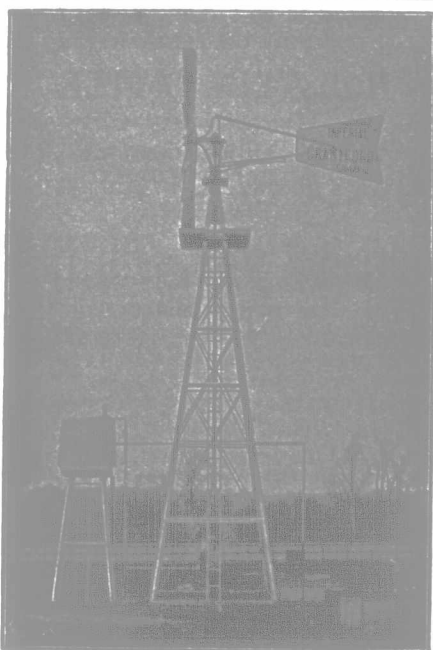
Would Start Up At Every Noise.

Had Dizzy Feeling, Was Easily
Tired and Could Not Sleep
—Nerves Restored by

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

Mrs. M. Simpson, 48 Edward Street, Toronto, states: "I believe Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to be a splendid nerve restorer, and speak from personal experience. My nerves were very weak and exhausted; I was easily fatigued, and would start up nervously at any unusual noise. I could not sleep at nights, and during the daytime dizzy feelings would come over me, and I would feel as though I were going to faint. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done for me what other medicines failed to do. It has strengthened and steadied my nerves so that I sleep and rest well, and have not had a dizzy spell for some time. I feel healthy now, thanks to this food cure."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous recipe-book author, are on every box.



CUT OF "IMPERIAL" PUMPING WINDMILL

Outfit which won the CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD against 21 American, British and Canadian manufacturers, after a two months' thorough trial. Made by

GOOLD, SHAPLEY & MUIR CO., Limited,
Brantford, Canada.



DUNDAS AXES

are made in Canada by Canadian workmen who are paid Canadian money and buy Canadian produce, and there are no better made anywhere.

Ask for them where you deal or write us for booklet.

THE DUNDAS
AXE WORKS,
Dundas, Ont.

\$2.50 CHINA SILK WAIST DIRECT FROM OUR FACTORY.

Supplied in any shade. It's a regular \$4.00 waist, is lined, has a box pleat in centre and a box pleat on each side, small tucks between, tucked back, new sleeve, collar and cuffs. Waist trimmed in fancy buttons. Same waist in Black Taffeta Silk \$2.95

All other shades, \$3.50; all shades Lustre, \$4.50; all shades French Flannel, \$1.75; Black Satin 95c. Add 10 cents for Postage. Give Bust Size. Sent to-day.

SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., LONDON, CANADA.
12 Market Lane.
Above waist in any shade of velvet, \$1.95.



A New Competition.

Again we are to have a competition, and, since it is such a long time since we have given a competition over to the housekeeping "matrons and misses," this one will be wholly for them. Three prizes will be given for the three most helpful letters in regard to any department of housekeeping. There is latitude enough for you, surely! Don't be afraid because you have never written for the press before, nor because, possibly, you have got a little out of practice in writing and spelling. If you have good ideas, and can give bits of personal experience, practical and helpful, we shall be satisfied. So just forget all about the press, and imagine you are writing to a friend about just those little homelike things that have helped you most of all in your housekeeping. You may help, not only hundreds, but thousands, by your suggestions, for our readers number many thousands, and, you know, the things that seem very common to you may be very new indeed to many others. So do your best, and run your chance of winning one of our prizes. We have just got in a supply of new books, which have been selected with the utmost care, and I am sure we shall be able to send you something you will enjoy. Even if you do not win a prize, so long as your letter is helpful it will be published, for in this competition we shall reserve the right to publish any or all of the letters received. Trusting, then, to find a generous response to this competition, which will close on the twentieth of November.

Yours sincerely,
DAME DURDEN.

TRY THESE.

Dear Dame Durden,—I will write you up a few good, inexpensive recipes to-day, as I can think of nothing else just now, and these are really excellent for the "Farmer's Wife," or any other man's wife, if she likes something after the above-named order. Some of them are German dishes, but that renders them none the less relishable, for I have tried them and know.

Noodle Soup, or Strumph-Pennel.—To be boiled for fifteen or twenty minutes in beef stock or chicken broth: two eggs, half a cup of water, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful baking powder, enough flour to knead hard. Roll out thin, and put in sun to dry. When dried a little, not too hard, roll up, and cut in small layers and put in pot. A little celery or parsley adds to flavor.

Sponge Cake with Whipped Cream.—Two eggs, three tablespoonfuls melted butter, one small cup granulated sugar, well beaten together, nutmeg, one cup sweet milk, two cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. This also makes a good layer-cake.

Tomato Chow-chow.—Slice one peck green tomatoes, six green peppers and four onions; stir in a cupful of salt, and let them remain over night. Pour off the water. Put in a kettle with vinegar, enough to cover. Add one cup grated horse-raddish (if preferred), one tablespoonful each of cloves, allspice and cinnamon, one cupful sugar. Cook until soft.

DO-YOUR-BEST.

We thank "Do-Your-Best" heartily for sending her recipes. In regard to measuring out spoonfuls, it may be said that salt, pepper, etc., are invariably measured by the level spoonful, while in measuring baking powder, the powder should be rounded as far above the spoon as the bowl extends under. If "heaped" spoonful is specified, more than this may be taken on the spoon. "Do-Your-Best" forgot to tell us how the whipped cream is to be used with the sponge cake. Perhaps she will write again.

A LETTER FROM ALBERTA.

The following excellent letter, which has been published in our Western edition of the "Farmer's Advocate," in which recently appeared a series of articles on beautifying the Western home, is given here, not only because it may give eastern readers an idea of the plant life of the Great West, but because it serves to emphasize what Flora Fernleaf said not long ago regarding the planting of wild flowers in our gardens. Surely there can be no less expensive way of beautifying a home than this. I have just been thinking of the vines, too, the wild Virginia Creeper, the Bittersweet, and the beautiful wild Clematis with its panicles of dainty white blossoms, succeeded by no less beautiful panicles of silky down. Why should not our "easterners" make use of these, and transplant a few of them from the woods to their homes this fall? We cannot have too much beauty about us, and nothing adds more to the attractiveness of a house, be it brick, stone, frame or log, than a few vines clambering up the porches and about the windows. May Helmet-of-Resolution's letter be full of suggestions to our eastern as well as our Western readers.

"I have just been reading, with much interest, the articles on Beautifying the Western Home, and also your thought of the people who come from other lands, where flowers in the garden seem to grow of themselves; and, I thought to myself: 'She is right. We are not practical enough.'"

"Now, it is very often with others, as it is with me, they have a husband, who would be only too glad and willing to help buy the vines and flower seeds, and the shrubs, if he could; but sometimes it isn't the dollars that we have to count and lay by with anxious fore-sight to pay our debts and get the absolutely-needed articles, but the very cents themselves. And one simply hasn't the conscience to spend four or five dollars—for there is nothing that mounts up like the prices in a seed catalogue, unless it is an order to Eaton's—when it is imperative to get other things. What then to do? We do, all of us, enjoy having pretty things around us.

"What do you think of this plan: Taking the common prairie flowers, and transplanting them in any suitable place in the door-yard? Crocuses would transplant well, I should say. By crocus, I mean the anemone that grows in places in Alberta, but be sure to give them an admixture of sand, if possible. Then, violets transplant well, I know by experience; and wild roses soon assume a decidedly improved appearance, if they are given just the least bit of care by digging and watering. I had one this year that grew over two feet, and put out a great deal of new wood, just with a wee touch now and again as I passed. Wild honeysuckle transplants beautifully, and would be very pretty, I should think. It has long yellow, and, occasionally, pinkish flowers in clusters, seeming to grow out of a leaf, and climbs. You will find it in warm, moist woods. Then there are the common field daisies, the white Marquerites, or ox-eyed daisies, and the Rudbeckia, or arnica plant, which has a whorl of yellow petals around a reddish-brown center. It might work in as a clumping mass, as it grows from two to three feet tall. Then for a mass of brightness in the fall, what could one get prettier than the wild sunflowers? They have a black center, and around that a whorl of clear yellow leaves. Asters might be used, if one were fond of purple.

Then, for shrubs. I have long coveted a rose hedge, and one of snowberry. The latter grows from two to three feet high, and has little pink, sweet-scented blossoms in the spring and early summer, bearing afterwards white berries, which I was told, in my early youth, were

poisonous, but which I have never put to the test. There is also a tall shrub with grayish green leaves that grows with willow on dry ground, and has the most exquisitely-scented flowers I have ever smelled. It reminds one of carnations and roses and lilies and mignonette and everything sweet. I don't know its name, but you will know it, if ever you smell it. The flowers are not conspicuous. You will find them in the axils of the leaves—small and yellow. We must not forget the Saskatoon, or service-berry, and the chokecherry. In some places the cranberry tree grows. In the spring, it has beautiful bunches of white flowers. Then, for lovely foliage in the autumn, I don't think anything could be much more gorgeous than the moose-berry, or high-bush cranberry. The berries are a lovely clear red, too.

"But if you can spend four or five dollars, please do it. Poppies—Iceland, Shirleys, and Mikados—I know, by experience, bloom and bloom again, until frost comes. But be sure to give them the south side of the house, with a little shelter in the hottest part of the day, and plenty of water. Mignonette grows very strong and sweet; and pansies are perfection. All the hardy flowers do well: love-in-a-mist, asters, and, oh, yes, lilacs. We have a Persian honeysuckle here that was planted several years ago, and in the spring it was a mass of pink bloom.

"Now, these are only suggestions, and, after all, deal with only the outside of a home, and often, very often, we have to remember that we housewives have only a limited amount of strength and time; and it seems sometimes as though one has all she can do to cook and wash and bake and iron, and keep the inside of the house neat. Still, by doing a little now, and a little again, things gather and count up much, as the figures did in the seed catalogue: for, after all, two and two always make four.

"Now, just a parting bit of advice, and I am done. Old-rotted sods make the very best sort of ground for plants. And be sure to put your plants into soil as nearly resembling that of their native home as possible."

HELMET-OF-RESOLUTION.

A Boy's Plan.

During his boyhood at school, Bishop Barry in his first term was allowed \$10 as spending money. His mother, on giving it to him, requested an exact account of his daily expenditures. He tried to keep his word, but sometimes forgetting to post the items for days together, it was difficult to recall them, and he invented an abbreviation corresponding very nearly to sundries, which appeared pretty regularly throughout his account. When Mrs. Barry first looked over her boy's account-book on his return, she was much pleased at the most frequently recurring item of expense, and inquired how he had been led to take so strong an interest in the cause of missions. Astonished in his turn, he declared he had not given a penny to missions.

"But surely," exclaimed Mrs. Barry, "the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel is missionary work, and I find that more than half your money has been given in small sums to S. P. G."

"S. P. G., mother," confessed the future dignitary of the church, "does not mean Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. When I could not remember what I spent my money for, I put down S. P. G.—'Something, probably grub.'"

Many years ago, before the production of grain was equal to the demand, wages of farm hands were high, but as production increased, the prices lowered faster than the rate of wages.

A farmer employed an industrious Irishman for five years, at the rate of fifty dollars a month "and found"—board, lodging, washing and mending. At the end of the term, he said to his man:

"I can't afford to pay you the wages I have been paying. You have saved money, and I have saved nothing. At this rate you will soon own my farm."

"Then I'll hire you to work for me," said the other, "and you can get your farm back again!"

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.