About the House

RECIPES FOR THE HOME TABLE.

"Sunday Tea" Eggs.—Take one-half dozen eggs and boil twenty minutes. Remove and let cool; peel and set in ice box. Saturday night, when ready to serve, drop in thick cream sauce for ten minutes. Before placing on table sprinkle parsley over them.

Meringues.—The whites of three eggs, beaten for five minutes; add slowly one cup of granulated sugar. Drop the mixture in little molds, the size of a small egg, on light brown paper, and put three peanuts broken in halves on the top of each meringue. Bake in slow oven until a delicate brown. These meringues will keep a week in a dry place, and are nice served with ice cream.

Whipped Cream.—When cream seems too thin to be whipped place it in a bowl of cold water for a few minutes, then place in a bowl of hot water for a few minutes, and again in a bowl of cold water. It will then whip like magic.

Steak and Mushrooms. Prepare mushrooms and place them in a spider with butter enough to cook them, stirring around a little when nearly done. Rake to each side of the skillet and lay in a thick, juicy sirloin steak. Do not season until it has been turned, then add salt and pepper. Take up on a warm platter and place the mushrooms over and around the steak, which will have the delicious flavor of mushrooms.

Tapioca Pudding.—Soak one large cup of pearl tapioca in one pint of water over night. Use a quart can of peaches, or fresh fruit if you have it; put a layer of peaches in your pudding dish, then a layer of the tapioca, sprinkling generously with sugar; continue filling your dish in this way till you have used all; bake slowly for two or three hours and serve with cream.

Mock Maple Syrup.—Hickory bark, boiled with confectioner's sugar and water, makes delicious maple syrup, superior to the product which comes in cans.

Luncheon Dish.—Take one-fourth part pork and three-fourths parts veal and beef. Put through a meat chopper. Mix into it one egg; half a cup bread crumbs or crackers; season with salt and pepper to taste. Take two or three hard boiled eggs, remove shells, and scatter them whole through the meat loaf, when molding it into shape. Put the loaf in the roasting pan and cook as an ordinary roast.

Independence Cake.—Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, the yolks of two eggs; stir in quickly one cupful of warm water, two and one-half cupfuls of flour. Beat for five minutes. Add two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in three layers. Put together with boiled frosting, coloring it with red fruit coloring.

Banberry Tarts.—Two cups sugar, one pound of seeded raisins, two lemons, grated rind and juice; four large soda crackers, rolled fine, two eggs, and one cup of English currants. Put the raisins through a chopper and beat eggs well. Mix the raisins, currants, sugar, and eggs. Beat them well, adding cracker, lemon rind and juice. Do not cook this mixture. Make a rich puff paste; take a large saucer or pie plate and cut out the shape. Take a large tablespoonful of this mixture, put on one-half of puff paste, turn over the other half, and press the edges around with a silver fork. Bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

Banana Pie.—Take two large bananas, peel and run through the colander; one level teaspoon salt, one saltspoon of mace, one teaspoon cinnamon, one beaten egg; mix well and add one cup of boiling cream and one cup of boiling milk; beat until perfectly mixed and pour into a rich pie crust and bake; no top crust. Banana pie can be made after any good pumpkin pie recipe, using bananas instead of pumpkin.

"Left Over" Dish.—If creamed new potatoes, left over from dinner, are sliced or diced and put in a hot, smooth skillet to brown, then turned with a cake turner and browned on the other side, one may serve a toothsome and attractive dish for luncheons or supper.

Silver Spring Cake.—One and one-half cup sugar; one scant half cup butter, whites of six eggs; one-half cup milk; two cups flour; one heaping teaspoon baking powder. Do not beat the whites of eggs.

Float.—Four eggs; one teacup granulated sugar; one quart milk. Put milk on stove and let come to boil. Beat yolk of eggs and sugar together, add the scalded milk. Take off and let cool a little, adding beaten white of eggs last. Flavor.

MANY NEW IDEAS.

Fly Paper.—Coat plain white paper with turpentine varnish, then oil, to keep it from sticking.

Fastening Sash Curtains.—If wire is used to fasten sash curtains, double back the end of the wire two or three inches, and wire will run in smoothly. Picture wire is excellent and curtains will not sag.

Tie Held in Place.—To prevent a man's tie from slipping up sew two ordinary dress hooks on the lower edge about two inches each side of the middle and they will hook under the lower edge of the collar.

Remove a Glass Stopper.—Place the stopper in the hinged part of a door, holding the bottle in one hand, closing the door till it grasps the stopper; then carefully turn the bottle. The cork is loosened easily with no danger of breaking.

Screen Door Patch.—Take a piece of screen the size of patch required, allowing a quarter of an inch for seams, which you fray out. Turn up the points, place the patch on the hole in the door, then press the points down on the inside.

To Drive Away Flies.—Have you ever noticed the absence of flies from where you would expect to see them congregate—the soda fountain? The secret is that the druggist scatters about a small quantity of the essence of sassafras. Try this and the flies will not bother you.

Alcove Curtains.—Recesses in bedrooms may be utilized by tacking a thin strip of wood at wall, either side. Upon this tack cretonne or harmonizing pattern, not sewing width together. This will avoid trouble in raising curtain, always making it easy to reach any part of recess without lifting the whole curtain.

White Window Shades.—These can be made at home, cheaper, more durable, and kept cleaner than those bought ready made, out of Indian Head linen at 10 or 12½ cents a yard. Buy the bare rollers if you have no old ones, tack the material on perfectly straight, hem one end, and insert the stick. You can take them down when they become soiled.

About Rugs.—If a rug is inclined to curl at the corners the difficulty may be remedied with a thin piece of lead such as is used at the department stores. Make a small pocket, shaped at the corners, and insert the lead, which will weight the corners sufficiently to keep them in place. Occasionally the whole side of a rug will curl up. In this case a strip long enough to run the entire length should be put in.

A simple and inexpensive shade for the summer porch, or for a window, may be made by using Japanese matting, cut in the required length, and bound at each end with a piece of strong cotton goods. To roll the screen up, take two pieces of heavy string or cord about three times as long as the matting; tack the end of each string about two inches above the shade and about a foot from the edge; let the string come down behind the matting and up in front of it, and draw through an ordinary matting tack placed just beside the first one. This simple device will keep the porch cool, and serve to darken any especially sunny window in the house. Good matting for this purpose may be bought for 10 or 12 cents a yard.

Disease takes no summer vacation.

If you need flesh and strength use

Scott's Emulsion

summer as in winter.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario.

50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

CHEERFUL MR. SAUGGINTUM.

He Finds This a Very Pleasant World to Live in, Even Without Great Wealth.

"I haven't much money," said Mr. Sauggintum, "but, thank Heaven, I have a cheerful disposition, and I don't know but what I get more fun out of life than I would if I had to hire a man, steady, to keep my coupon shears sharpened.

"As it is I don't have to worry for fear I'm going to lose my wealth, for I haven't any to lose. I don't have to fret and lie awake nights for fear the short crops will cut off railroad freights and depress stocks and reduce dividends, because I haven't any stocks.

"When my house burns down I never am the least bit afraid that I won't get the insurance, because I haven't any house. Banks may burst, but no financial cataclysm upsets me. My automobile never blows up and leaves me stranded on the road; my steam yacht doesn't break down and keep me rolling in a seaway till a clumsy tug comes along to tow me in.

"My valuable horses don't pick up nails, my butler doesn't run away with the silver, and finally I don't have to regulate my life by the lives of others, and I don't know but what that last is the best thing of all.

"I don't have to follow the fastidious and so I don't have to worry myself for fear that I may be a little bit off in some detail, while my friends are putting me to shame by being absolutely correct. And I don't fret because Jones, being richer, has a bigger, finer, more luxuriously furnished house than mine, and so I am not a bit ashamed, as I might be if I pretended to wealth, when our friends came from Jones's house into mine.

"Our crockery may be from Stonechinaville instead of Serves, but we don't worry over that. Which is to say that we don't worry the least little bit because we're not in the procession, but on the contrary we are glad we're not in it.

"We don't have to put on a shining uniform and have it all just so, and then be satisfied with, and see only, just the part we play in it, no. We can stand in the street and see the whole procession go by, see it all, and really I'd rather be spectator than player.

"So we don't worry because we're not rich and in it, not a bit. No sir, I wouldn't want to be dreadful rich, anyway; and I find the world a very pleasant place to live in, even as I'm fixed."

Gossips have no use for people who refuse to supply them with raw material.

NARROW ESCAPES AT SEA

QUICK WORK THAT SAVED MEN FROM DROWNING.

Thrilling Incidents Showing the Dangers of a Life on the Ocean Wave.

Escapes from drowning at sea are not uncommon from the nature of a sea life, but the circumstances attending them differ materially and therein lies the interest of each narrative. I will tell of three instances, writes R. G. F. Candage in the Boston Globe. The first occurred in the Atlantic, east of the Grand Banks, in the month of February, while on the passage from London to New York. The ship was running with square yards before an eastern gale, making 12 knots under double-reefed topsails. The sea was rough, the ship rolled heavily, and I, as officer of the deck that afternoon, ordered the jib to be loosed and set to steady her from rolling.

I sent one of the sailors out to loose the sail and stood just abaft the break of the forecastle watching him. He cast off the gasket and was in the act of making it up, when by a heavy roll of the ship to starboard, the sail slipped from the boom, struck him and knocked him from the footrope overboard! I saw him fall, heard the cry of "Man overboard!" and ran as swiftly as possible aft for the taffrail.

Upon each quarter were kept wheel relieving tackles, and my thought was that if I could reach one of those tackle falls before the ship sailed past the man I might throw it to him

AND PERHAPS SAVE HIM.

There were four steps of a ladder to ascend in order to reach the poopdeck, and before I could ascend them and reach the tackles the man at the wheel, with the same thought, left his station, took up the tackle fall and luckily threw it over the man's head and shoulders just as the ship was passing him. He seized it with both hands and with his teeth and held on for his life. At that instant I reached the scene, and together the helmsman and I pulled the sailor out of the water.

The rest of the watch was soon on hand, a bowline was slipped under the man's arms, he was pulled on deck and was saved. During that time the ship had kept on her course with no one at the wheel.

The noise and bustle on deck brought up the captain and the pasengers from the cabin to ascertain what it meant, and they were astonished when told that a sailor had fallen overboard from the jib-boom and had been rescued in the manner here described.

The sailor was nervous but uninjured; the captain gave him a glass of brandy; he went forward and changed his clothes and came back on deck and stood the rest of his watch. It was a close call and almost a miraculous rescue.

The second occurrence took place in the autumn of the same year as the first, in the Pacific, on the passage from New York to San Francisco upon another ship of which I was chief officer.

The ship was in the southeast trades, running down to the equator, with square yards, studding sails set alow and aloft, and making five or six knots. All hands were busy refitting ship and in tarring down the rigging, weather fine and ship steady, except a gradual rolling from side to side.

A sailor lad was sent aloft to ride down the foreroyal stay in a boatswain chair and tar the stay, and when he had nearly completed his job he slipped from the chair overboard. The cry of

"A MAN OVERBOARD"

was raised, the wheel was put down, the ship came to the wind and aback without starting tack or sheet and laid quiet.

By that time the boy was a mile to the windward, swimming and floating lightly on the water, as could be seen with the spyglass from the poop.

Upon the ship's main hatch a light boat was stowed bottom up, which in a few moments was lifted over the side and lowered to the water, into which two sailors and the writer descended and pulled away to the rescue. The boy had seen that the ship had hove aback, was a good swimmer and kept up his courage. We could see him when he and the boat rose upon waves, and we were able to make our way directly to the place where he was.

We rowed up to the spot, pulled him into our boat, still in fresh condition, and started back for the ship. On the way I jokingly said to him, "You young lubber, what were you overboard here for?" He answered meekly and seriously, as though he had committed a crime against the discipline of the ship, "I couldn't help it, sir." I did not think that he could, although he had been more or less careless.

He was taken back to the ship, the boat was hoisted in on deck, the yards were filled away and the ship kept upon her course again as though nothing unusual had taken place. Upon arrival at San Francisco the boy left the ship with the rest of the crew, and I never heard from him or of him thereafter, but that he never forgot the experience of that occasion it is fair to presume.

The third occurrence about to be related happened in the Atlantic in the month of January, on the passage from Mobile to Liverpool upon the last voyage I made at sea. We were between the Grand Banks and Cape Clear when a furious easterly gale was encountered, which backed to north and north-west with

A VERY BAD CROSS-SEA.

Our ship was hove-to on the port tack and headed well up to the sea, and pitched bows under, carrying away jibboom, foretopgallant mast, started stem, sprung bowsprit and started bowchocks and topgallant forecastle deck.

Luckily the disaster happened after daylight in the morning, and all hands set to work to clear away the wreckage. The jibboom, with a tangled mass of rigging and sails, was under the lee bow with officers and crew trying to clear it when by a sudden lurch and pitch of the ship, the first mate was tossed overboard. I was near at hand with a part of the foretopgallant clewline in my grasp, which was thrown to him; he caught it and was hauled in on deck and his life was saved.

The water was icy cold and it was snowing at the time; he had on heavy clothing, and in all probability he would have been drowned had not the rope held in my hand been thrown to him.

He was much frightened, but not otherwise injured, and at Liverpool he left the ship and took passage home by steamer. The fright he received, in my opinion, caused him to do so.

In my sea experience I had seen men washed overboard and fall from aloft overboard to be drowned, fall from aloft to the deck to their death, but the three here mentioned were overboard and in great peril, and yet their lives were saved without injury to themselves in the remarkable manner narrated.

THE WORLD'S STAMPS.

Over 20,000 Varieties of Stamps Issued In the World.

One of the pastimes very popular with the younger generation at the present day is that of stamp collecting; and in thousands of homes, after school hours, youngsters may be seen pasting the small slips of water-marked paper into albums with solemn care.

This hobby is, at the same time, one which tends to promote a thoughtful turn of mind; and no doubt numbers of juvenile and other philatelic enthusiasts will be interested in the following information on the world's postage stamps.

The total number of all known varieties of postage stamps issued by all the Governments of the world up to the present time is 20,496, of which 6,153 are apportioned to the British-Empire, and 14,343 to the rest of the world. Europe has issued 4,361, Asia 3,856, Africa 4,469, America 4,688, the West Indies 1,637, and Oceania 1,485.

These figures comprise only standard varieties of postage-stamps, and do not include postcards, letter-cards, stamped envelopes, or wrappers.

THE WONDERS OF FARMING BY IRRIGATION.

While Wall Street has been busy watering stocks and breaking its clients, the West has been busy watering land and making farmers rich. Water is a mighty bad thing in stocks, and a mighty good thing in irrigation ditches, ready to turn on and off at will.

The average man who has never studied the subject thinks that the need of irrigation is a misfortune. The fact is, that the country where irrigation is possible is fortunate. Wherever irrigation is possible it is profitable. The Eastern farmer "fertilizes" his land. The Western farmer "irrigates" his. If the Eastern farmer could irrigate he would need to fertilize much less. But irrigation is possible only in a comparatively few favored localities. There are large irrigated tracts in California, Utah, Washington, Colorado and some other States. In Canada irrigation is successfully practised in the fertile valleys of British Columbia, and over a large area in Southern Alberta, where we have the greatest irrigation proposition of modern times.

The peculiar feature of our Canadian irrigation operations is that the sun furnishes the water. The supply is drawn from the main range of the Rocky Mountains. As the season advances, the snow melts higher and higher up the mountains, and thus a constant, unfailing supply of water is furnished to the rivers which fill the irrigation ditches during the spring and summer seasons, at the very time moisture is needed for the crops. Owing to the inexhaustible supply of water coming from the mountains it is unnecessary to build storage drains or reservoirs. The farmer on irrigated land is thus assured that in the very dryest season he will have all the water he cares to use, and as the ground is rich and the climate favorable he has no anxiety about his crops.

Irrigation is most favorable to intensive farming operations—getting the maximum of crops from the minimum of acreage. Although large irrigated farms, from a quarter section upwards, are now the order of the day, the tendency will doubtless be towards more limited holdings. As land becomes more valuable farmers will sell off part of their holdings at good profits and confine their efforts on a more intensified scale to smaller acreage. Such, at any rate, has been the history of irrigated farming in the United States, where there have sprung up closely settled and prosperous dairying, fruit-growing and mixed farming communities. These have become the natural centres for cheese, butter and condensed milk factories, beet sugar factories and other kindred industries, which naturally locate where the population is densest and the productive capacity of the land the greatest.

Mrs. Tinnemonnay: "Your new saddle-horse seems to be a lively animal." Mrs. Partington: "Yes; it is so spiritous it always starts off in a decanter.'

TURKISH WOMAN'S DAY

REMOVES HER VEIL IN PUBLIC WHEN SHE WEDS.

Strangers are Admitted to the Ceremonies — After Which Dons Tcharchaf.

In the land of the Sultan many strange customs are to be found, but perhaps none so astonishing to English minds as the manner of celebrating the wedding day.

As is well known, Turkish women live in the greatest possible privacy. Their houses are guarded by stalwart men, lest any undesirables should possibly enter. In the long passages of the house lurk servants or governesses, in whom the owner of the house is able to repose the strictest confidence. Everything is done to prevent anyone in the outside world from seeing or holding intercourse with the ladies of the household.

When paying a visit the Turkish woman is veiled from head to foot, the veil over her face being double, and often three-fold, lest inquisitive eyes should pierce it. She appears a mere silhoutte, a black outline. She has "taken the tcharchaf."

WHEN SHE TAKES THE VEIL.

It is at the age of thirteen that she retires into this seclusion, and takes the veil that hides her evermore from the outside world. She herself may see others afterwards. She may go out into the streets in a shuttered carriage, may even go on the water and travel, and so see the life of town and country, but she must remain hidden, a black spectre among other black spectres.

But there is one day on which she emerges from that retirement. On her bridal day, when she is arrayed in the latest Parisian fashion, she goes from her father's house to meet her husband, without the tcharchaf, for once. In her hair she has twined long skeins of gold thread, orange blossom is sewn on her dress, and a young wife chosen from among her friends has placed the diamond tiara on her brow. This is called "crowning the bride with happiness," for the friend is chosen on account of her supposed happiness in her marriage.

The friend recites a short passage from the Koran, the Turkish Sacred Book, and, while expressing her wishes for the bride's happiness, crowns her with the tiara. Then down the long corridor the bride goes to bid farewell to her father.

FIRST SEES HER HUSBAND.

As she passes on to her carriage, servants hold up long strips of cloth so that casual passers-by may not see her. At the bridegroom's house servants again screen her while she passes into the hall, where he awaits her, and conducts her to a dais, on which is placed the bridal throne. Here she sits ready to receive her friends and hear their congratulations, having seen her husband for the first time.

Then follows the strangest part of the proceeding. The doors of the house are thrown open. Any woman who wishes to may enter, and many avail themselves of the privilege. A curious procession passes before the bride. Turkish women of all classes, old and young, rich and poor, come in to look at the girl who, for the first and last time since her thirteenth year, is to be seen by strangers without the tcharchaf.

European ladies come also, eager to see the strange ceremonies of other countries. Musicians play national airs behind thick curtains till the time comes for the wedding supper, when her friends and relatives toast the bride and then depart, leaving her to don the tcharchaf again and look out on the world, through shuttered carriage or latticed windows, but never face to face with humanity at large.

SUMMER AILMENTS.

Can Best be Banished by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

In summer your blood gets thin and watery. You feel simply wretched—tired, worn out, dull, your nerves are irritable, your whole system is out of gear. There is just one medicine can banish this summer feeling. Just one medicine that will give you strength and vim to endure the fag of even the hottest days—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have helped thousands. Perhaps your neighbors have already told you they have helped them. They're the medicine that makes that pure, rich, red blood that everyone needs for good health—they never fail to do that. Mrs. L. A. Carriere, the popular stewardess of the Jacques Cartier Club, Montreal, Que., says: "For two years I was a constant sufferer from general debility. The least work fatigued me and sometimes I could not work at all. I could not raise my hand above my head without feeling pains in all my muscles. I was very weak and sometimes became so dizzy that I would fall unless I could lean against something for support. While in this condition I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so and by the time I had taken ten boxes I was in perfect health and am now able to look after all my duties without the least fatigue. When I began taking the Pills I was a great sufferer—to-day I feel as if I never was ill—thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike right at the root of anaemia, debility, rheumatism, indigestion, the secret ills of women and growing girls, etc., when they make new blood—they do just that one thing, but they do it well—good blood always brings good health. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.