

About the House

SELECTED RECIPES.

Dried Fruit.—Put fruit in granite pan, cover with water in the morning. In the evening wash thoroughly and turn water off. Cover again with fresh water and let stand over night. In the morning sweeten and set in oven to cook while you prepare breakfast. This saves fuel, as from fifteen to twenty minutes is all that is required to make the fruit tender.

Tutti Frutti for Invalids.—For invalids who are allowed to eat fruit there is nothing more dainty and refreshing than the following: Take one box blackberries, one-half pound cherries, peel and cut up four bananas; powder with sugar to taste and mix thoroughly. Do this early in the morning and set on the ice to get cold.

Refreshed Cookies.—Place the stale cookies in a paper sack. Sprinkle with a few drops of water and heat in a warm oven.

"Heated Over" Biscuits.—Put the "day before" biscuits in the oven for about ten minutes, with a pan of boiling water beside them.

Velvet Sponge Cake.—Beat four eggs and two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, and lemon flavoring; finish with two-thirds of a cup of boiling water, just as it is ready for the oven.

Cheese Fingers.—Mix one cup of flour, quarter teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne, a half teaspoonful of baking powder. Rub into this two table-spoonfuls of butter, a half cupful of grated cheese and mix to a dough with ice water. Roll out in a thin sheet; cut in half inch strips with a jiggling iron; bake pale brown in a moderate oven.

"Hurry Up" Dinner.—Take six slices of bacon or ham, sliced about one-quarter inch thick, six potatoes, and one onion. Cut this up in squares, about one-quarter inch and put in a stew kettle with salt, pepper, and enough water to cover. Let stew, slowly, for two hours, when it will be ready to serve with toast.

Vegetable Pudding.—Four ears of green corn, cut from cob; two eggs, well beaten; one teacup sweet milk; one tablespoonful of sugar; one piece of butter, the size of a walnut; salt and pepper to taste. Put all in a baking dish and bake in a moderate oven until a nice brown on top. Canned corn may be used with equally good results.

Cup Custard.—Break into a large sized cup one egg, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, and grated nutmeg. Beat well. Fill up the cup with sweet milk; turn into another cup, well buttered; put in a pan of water boiling hot and reaching nearly to the top. Set in hot oven and when the custard hardens it is done.

Chicken Tea.—Cut in small pieces a chicken from which the skin and fat have been removed. Boil the pieces for twenty minutes in one quart of water, to which a little salt has been added. The tea should be poured from the chicken before the meat is cold.

String Bean Pickles.—Prepare as for table use. Boil in salt water till done, then drain, pack in jars, and seal. Two-thirds cup sugar, two teaspoons each white mustard and celery seed to each pint of vinegar. Heat, pour over beans; cover top with horseradish leaves and seal.

Bride's Cake.—One and a quarter cups sugar, three-quarter cup butter, cream together; then beat in eight eggs, whites only, well beaten, one-half cup sweet milk, two and one-half cups sifted flour, one teaspoon cream tartar in eggs when half beaten; one-half teaspoon soda in flour, sift three times. Beat all together hard. Do not grease or paper pan. Invert when taken from oven and leave until cool.

Novel Veal Salad.—Cut the remains of a veal roast into small cubes, adding an onion finely grated, so only its flavor is imparted. Add one green pepper, cut in tiny pieces; cubes of celery, and white grapes with skin and seeds removed. Moisten with a thick mayonnaise, and serve on curly lettuce leaves or in mangoes, with the pulp removed. Many prefer this to chicken salad, and it is less expensive.

Deep Pie Crust.—Bake crust on outside of the pie tin and you will never be troubled with a puffed pie crust.

Corn Bread.—One cup of meal, one cup of flour, one cup of sweet milk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls sugar, two tablespoonfuls lard, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, salt to taste.

USEFUL HINTS.

Melted butter is a very good substitute for olive oil in salad dressing. Many prefer the butter to oil.
Sour milk should be added to the water with which linoleum and oil-

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If you need flesh and strength use
Scott's Emulsion
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cloths are washed, and this will make them look new.

Discolored cups and dishes used for baking can be made as new by rubbing the brown stains with a flannel dipped into whiting.

When vegetables cook dry and scorch or burn, set the vessel at once in a little cold water, and they will taste very little, if any, of the scorching.

Fish that is to be fried should be ordered to be sent early, as it cooks much better if previously rolled some time in a clean cloth to ensure perfect dryness. Constant blacking is likely to injure the leather of boots before very long, but this evil may be guarded against by occasionally (about once in three weeks) washing off all the blacking and rubbing oil into the leather.

For disposing of frying-pans, etc., take an ordinary piece of wood the length of the side of the gas stove, about three inches wide and one inch thick. Nail this at the side of the wall near the gas stove, fasten it in either nails or screw eyes, and you have an excellent strip on which to hang the tinware; it is out of sight and space is saved.

When ironing, the best thing with which to rub the irons is a fairly large pad of folded brown paper. This will also serve to test their heat. Besides this a cloth should be kept at hand on which to wipe off any flakes of soot or dirt. A small piece of wax is excellent for producing a gloss when rubbed on the iron, and paraffin has the same effect.

CORRECT SAUCES FOR MEATS.

Here are the rules for serving correct sauces for meats as laid down by an experienced chef:

With roast beef, grated horseradish. With roast veal, tomato or horseradish sauce.

Roast mutton, currant jelly. Roast pork, apple sauce.

Roast lamb, mint sauce. Roast turkey, chestnut dressing, cranberry jelly.

Roast venison, black currant jelly or grape jelly. Roast goose, tart apple sauce.

Roast canvas back, black currant jelly. Roast quail, currant jelly, celery sauce.

Roast chicken, bread sauce. Fried chicken, cream gravy, corn fritters.

Roast duck, orange salad. Cold boiled tongue, sauce tartare or olives stuffed with peppers.

Corned beef, mustard. Lobster cutlet, sauce tartare.

Sweet bread cutlet, sauce bechamel. Cold broiled fish, sauce piquante.

Broiled steak, maitre d'hotel butter or mushrooms. Tripe, fried bacon and apple rings.

Broiled fresh mackerel, stewed gooseberries. Fried salmon, cream sauce and green peas.

OPIUM HABIT CURED.

Remarkable Discovery by Young Chinaman Reported.

In a report the American consul-general at Singapore gives interesting information on the new Malay opium cure. He states that the plant from which the cure is brewed, *combretum sundanicum*, is a climber of no hitherto known use. It was discovered by a young Chinaman, who had been told by one of his friends to boil the leaf of a certain plant growing in the jungle and drink the brew it yielded. He did so and found he could break off the opium habit.

This marvelous discovery was not long hidden. The landlord was told about it, and set his coolies to collect the plant. The Chinese preachers and young men enthusiastically took up the matter, and the medicine was prepared at the mission hall. Hundreds came every day for the marvelous remedy, finding it banished the gloom and depression caused by an abstinence from the awful drug, until the mission hall and street outside became blocked with people. The demand was more than the supply, and two coolies were engaged to help to prepare the medicine.

The eager way in which the poor victims pleaded for help, children begging for the cure for their fathers, and wives for their husbands, was very touching, the report states. Meanwhile the government sales of opium are decreasing at the rate of 25 checks per month, a striking proof of the efficiency of the new remedy. The employers of labor in Malacca are delighted, as under the new state of things their employes are becoming strong and healthy. A period of about two weeks is necessary for the cure, and there is afterwards no craving for the drug, and no need felt to continue the antidote once the cure is effected.

THE GRIMMEST EPITAPH.

What is the most terrible epitaph in existence. One of the grimmest is surely that on a stone which was set up a few years ago in the cemetery of Debresen, Eastern Hungary. It reads as follows: "Here rest in the Lord Joseph Moritz, senior, who died in his 62nd year. He was shot by his son, Frau Joseph Moritz, who died in her 17th year. She was shot by her daughter, Elizabeth Moritz, who died by her own hand in her 17th year, after shooting her mother. Joseph Moritz, who died in prison, age 27. He had shot his father. May eternal mercy have pity on their poor, sinful souls!" This memorial was erected by a local literary association, to which, it is said, the last of the ill-starred family left a sum of \$5,000 for the purpose.

SKETCH OF ABDUL AZIZ

DUAL PERSONALITY OF THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

Loved and Hated by His Subjects—
Romantic and Charming, But
Unstable.

Personally his appearance is very striking, yet he is not a tall man, but rather short, short-necked and approaching dangerously near to embonpoint. But he has such dignity and distinction, such an air of imperial yet genial pride, such instinctive command, that he would be recognized in a crowd as one born in the purple and accustomed to homage.

Moreover, in spite of his monastic retirement and seclusion, and the frowniness of those to whom he meets from outside, he never descends to familiarity with his intimates, never allows them to forget that he is "My Lord the Sultan," and they his servants or subjects. But for all the duality of him is most striking.

MOUTH IS WEAK.

The Beloved covers his head in the Moorish fashion, but the concealing folds that encircle his head do not hide away the beautiful modelling of his brows or the delicate outline of the eyebrows and nose. The eyes are large, long and luminous, filled with that melancholy anticipation we see in Van Dyck's portrait of King Charles—the foreknowledge of suffering, and who knows what else? The upper portion of his face is wholly poetical, scholarly and aristocratic. The falling off comes with the mouth, loose lipped and thick, with a weak, vacillating chin and a feeble jaw with a forward droop.

IS CURIOUS CONTRADICTION.

A man weak and unstable, who depends for his impressions on another stronger than himself, too weak to resist, too indolent to resent. Shut off as he is by his advisers from all contact save what they carefully choose in the world, how can he be otherwise than a succession of reflections, mirrorlike in the transience? At once foolish and determined, strong and feeble, good and bad, and without a very brave man, who has had the courage to fight against the instincts of his race and family and attempt to rule in an enlightened, modern fashion over those subjects of his, who belong to the age of Genesis.

"Yes," says Abdul Aziz now, when the Nazir talk of reform, "but the time is not yet. Haste is of the devil!" Yet he is the same man who was persuaded into a new system of taxation that left the Moors in a condition of absolute want, and who by the same influence was urged to drag forth an assassin from the shrine of Mulai Idrees, the hitherto inviolable sanctuary of Morocco and the holiest mosque, and put him forthwith to death. The man deserved death, but not according to his lights and those of Abdul Aziz; and it is that fact, and not all the other things in him offensive to his people that has turned them against the Sultan.

CHARMING PERSONALITY.

Yet, despite all, Abdul Aziz is the most charming, the most polished and delightful of romantic personalities. His voice and speech are very beautiful, and remain with one long. Even when he is bored to death he is still courteous and well bred and thoughtful of others' feelings. Those who love him best are these who have known him longest. His never fails to inspire affection and respect, but never awe or gratitude—and seldom faithfulness. He is before his day—and after it. He is a brave coward; a devoted follower of a religion he has flouted; his subjects love him, and long for his death or his abdication.

ANEMIA CURED.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Bring Back the
Glow of Health by Making New Blood.

To bud into perfect womanhood the growing girl must carefully guard her health. Unless the blood is kept rich and pure, headaches, backaches and frequent dizzy spells will trouble her. She will always be ailing and may slip into a deadly decline. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a never failing remedy in building up the blood. Just a short time ago the reporter of L'Avvenir du Nord had the following cases brought to his notice. In the town of St. Jerome, Que., there is an orphan asylum under the care of those zealous workers—the Grey Nuns. In this home Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are constantly used. For some months two of the young girls in the home were afflicted with anemia. The symptoms in both cases were very much alike. They were both pale, lost all energy and were subject to headaches and dizziness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were taken and soon there was an improvement in their condition. The color returned to their cheeks; their appetite improved; headaches ceased and soon good health took the place of despondency. What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for these two orphans—Marie Lavoie and Dosina Brooks—they will do for others.

The secret of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in curing anemia, lies in their power to make new, rich, red blood. That is why they strike straight at the root of all common ailments like headaches, sideaches and backaches, rheumatism, neuralgia, indigestion, anemia, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis and the special ailments that afflict almost every woman and growing girl. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

EYES AND CHARACTER.

Cheerfulness Brightens the Eyes—Anxiety and Worry Bedim Them.

To be able to read a person's character at first sight is, indeed, very important. And, when we consider that by merely committing a few rules to memory we may possess the knowledge of a useful art, no one need be excused. From the eyes alone one can read the character of a person.

The position of the eyes as regards the brain will enable you to estimate the individual's intellectual capacities—namely, by the manner in which they are set in their sockets.

There is more shrewdness and keenness of observation with deep-set eyes than with prominent ones. Whatever we perceive is conveyed to the brain by means of the optic nerve; thus the deeper the eyes are set in the head, the closer they are to the brain. The nerve being shorter accounts for a quicker transmission of sensation and sight.

A projecting eye more readily receives impressions from surrounding objects; it indicates ready and universal observation, but a lack of close scrutiny and perception of individual things.

People with deep-set eyes receive more definite and accurate impressions, but they are less readily impressed and less discursive in their views. Round-eyed persons see much and live much in the senses, but think less.

Narrow-eyed persons see less, but think more and feel more intensely. The larger the pupil of the eye, the clearer the intellect and the quicker the powers of comprehension.

People who show the whites above and below the pupils the generally very restless and half simple. You will never find this kind of eye in clever or sensible people; it is generally known as the stupid eye.

The color of the eyes is caused by fluids of various tints or shades, the darker the more condensed in quality; consequently dark eyes indicate power, and light ones delicacy. There is no such thing as black eyes, although they are often mentioned both in writing and speaking. The darkness is caused simply by a condensation of the pigment or colored matter, which, if dissolved in spirit or acid, would be of the palest tint of yellow. There are many characteristics attributed to the color of the eyes, but there is no anatomical basis for them. There is certainly more passion and intensity in dark eyes, whereas grey and light blue are calculating, cool, and more precise. Hazel eyes are said to be indicative of intellect, agreeableness, fickleness, love, and hastiness of temper.

Prominence or fullness under the eyes indicates large language; and persons with prominent eyes have a great command of words, being ready speakers and writers.

The organ of language, or eloquence, as it ought more properly to be called, lies in the brain behind the ball of the eye at the top; and when large it pushes the eye outward and downward, causing prominence or anterior projection.

Eyes that are much employed in the keen examination of objects are bright and glistening, whereas the eyes of the purely intellectual and not requiring much ocular discernment, are somewhat dull.

Rolling of the eyeballs indicates unsteadiness of character; the pupil should hold a steady central position and not move about from right to left and up and down. Honest people with good intent always look up and straight before them.

Pleasant emotions enlarge the eyeball as well as the pupil. That is why eyes appear larger in youth than in old age. When hope is small and the disposition becomes anxious and fretful the eyes shrink and elderly people's eyes are often very shrunken because they have lost hope at an early age.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Nodd—"I met your wife this morning."

Todd—"Did you?"

Nodd—"Yes. Now, I don't want to unnecessarily alarm you, old man, but she isn't looking as well as usual."

Todd—"Didn't you think so?"

Nodd—"No. In fact, she looked miserable. Her face had an unnatural paleness. She looked worn and tired."

Todd—"Great Scott! I hadn't noticed it."

Nodd—"That's because you see her so constantly. I hesitated to speak to you about it at first, but thought I ought to do it as a friend."

Todd—"Well, I'm glad you did. I'll send her round to the doctor."

Nodd—"Don't you do anything of the sort."

Todd—"Why not?"

Nodd—"What good will he do her. Give her a tonic, and in the end she'll be much worse off. No, sir, what she wants is good, pure air and out-of-door exercise."

Todd—"That's so. I suppose that's the best thing."

Nodd—"Have you ever thought of getting her a bicycle?"

Todd—"Not seriously."

Nodd—"Well, sir, that's what you ought to do, and you don't want to waste any time about it."

Todd—"I think so."

Nodd—"I know it. I tell you her condition is serious. First thing you know you'll have an invalid on your hands."

Todd—"I don't know but what you are right."

Nodd—"I know I am. Now, don't let me lay this off on you, will you? I think a great deal of you and your wife, and I should hate to see her ill just because a friend hesitated to speak."

Todd—"By Jove! So would I. That's a good idea. I'll go at it right away. By the way, what kind of wheel would you recommend?"

Nodd—"I'd recommend the one my wife has. Let you have it for one-half of what it cost me."

MAKE AND MEND CLOTHES

HOW BRITISH JACK TAR SPENDS HIS HALF-HOLIDAY.

Thursday Afternoon Is Spent in Other Ways Than by the "Making and Mending" of Clothes.

One-half day each week—generally on Thursday afternoon—the swarthy quartermaster of the watch on a British warship makes his way along the upper-deck, pausing at each hatchway to shout, after a preliminary whistle of his silvery pipe: "Ha-a-rs make and mend clothes!" The occupants of the lower-deck—both bluejackets and Marines—raise a joyful cheer at the welcome tidings, and straightway proceed to make the best of the half-day's respite from the dreary, monotonous routine of a man-o-war. On any other afternoon the hands would "turn to" shortly after dinner-time, and drag out the hours by cleaning paintwork, polishing steel and brass rails which are already in a state of dazzling brilliance, splicing ropes, scraping microscopic grease-spots from off the deck, and in the pursuit of

OTHER TEDIOUS OCCUPATIONS.

Very few of the men take the "pipe" literally. They look upon Thursday afternoon as a holiday, rather than as a time set aside for the "making and mending" of clothes. All along the mess-deck men are stretched out in every conceivable attitude, the snoring snores of the sleepers proving how thoroughly they are enjoying the "make and mend." A sailor's life is neither easy nor entrancing, despite the many glowing eulogies which have been written of that existence. The bluejacket rises each morning—winter and summer alike—at five o'clock, precisely, working in instalments throughout the day until "Pipe down!"—10 p.m.—at which time the quartermaster gives a few sharp toots of his pipe down each hatchway. Even then Jack's time is not his own, for night watches have to be kept on deck, each man taking his turn at this fatiguing duty. The greater part of the sailor's work is of a domestic nature—such as scrubbing floors—or decks—tables, stools, etc.—and is particularly repulsive to a full-grown, sturdy British subject. Many of the occupations, too, are invented solely to

KEEP THE MEN EMPLOYED.

Often a dozen men will be employed on a small "flat" to polish bright work which one man could do singlehanded. In order, therefore, to keep each man employed, the "workers" have to polish the same little strip of steel or brass again and again, while state of affairs develops in the men a habit of "feigning work"—a proceeding which makes the sailor disgusted, sleepy, and bad-tempered. It is, then, a great relief to the bluejackets to pass the time just as he pleases.

Behind the guns, or in other alluring corners of the vessel, groups of men are to be seen engrossed in a quiet game of "nap," euchre, whist, or one of the many card games popular amongst seamen. Others, of a more elevated turn of mind, find sweet delation in a puzzling problem of chess or draughts. The noisier of the men seek recreation on the forecastle, playing darts, quoits, shooting with the air-rifle at a diminutive target, or in boxing and wrestling, and

OTHER STRENUOUS PASTIMES.

On this half-day there is always a sprinkling of men who seize the opportunity to write home to friends and kindred. Seated tailor-fashion on the snowy deck, his "ditty" box upon his knee as writing-desk, and an inkpot perched in a perilous position close by, the sailor struggles with his epistle, often spending the greater part of the afternoon in gnawing his pen.

Last, but by no means least, are the men who obey the pipe to the letter—that is, actually employ the precious hours of ease in fashioning new clothing or patching up the older or "rightly clothing" suits. The British blue-jacket is an adept with the needle and thread. Laying a length of Navy serge or white duck upon the deck, Jack chalks out the various patterns with the eye of a connoisseur, afterwards cutting around the chalk-marks and fashioning the garments as skillfully as many a professional tailor.—London Answers.

WITH THE GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN

The routine life on a mackerel schooner is not strenuous. The crew consists of fourteen men, a skipper and cook. Two men constitute a watch, one aloft as a lookout, the other at the wheel, so that each man has two hours on duty, and then twelve hours off. Before his turn comes around again. During his period he may be called on to shorten sail, wash the deck or to perform other work. Half of the crew have their banks forward with the cook, who is king of the forecastle, and the rest sleep aft with the captain. We were assigned to a double bunk aft, where we were not troubled by galley smells, but had to be on our good behavior. All the relics and revels were forward. The crew are in two shifts, the older men with the skipper.—The Travel Magazine.

SAME PLACE.

Alice: "Yes, Miss Octave is a very tidy girl. She always keeps her suite on the rack when she is not playing."

George: "And when she is playing?"

Alice: "She keeps her honors on the rack."