About the ....House

WAYS OF USING APPLES.

The necessity of fruit, all the year round, as part of the daily diet, is generally acknowledged. Among fruits the apple is given the first place. Eaten raw, there is no better stimulant for a sluggish liver, and the liver is as important in the scheme of living as the ten commandments. Be bilious and be a villain—one is the natural sequence of the other. Eat apples, and you will be both happy and good—you can't possibly help it. Think of Eve as the exception that proved the rule. A lover of the delicious spheres, biting into the spicy heart of a fine one, sees a very brilliant silver lining to the cloud his Snakeship cast over Paradise, at all events.

Without apples—one shudders to think of the howling waste! With apples—one can answer satisfactorily at any season, the vexing old conundrum—"what shall we have to eat?"

Apples fried in butter or pork fat are nice for breakfast, or with a roast of pork for dinner.

Red ones of a size, scooped out neatly, make pretty cups for a salad. These applecups may be filled with a mixture of cold, chopped meat and bread crumbs, seasoned to taste, soften with melted butter, and baked.

Tart apples, combined with celery and walnuts make a salad fit for the gods, and beside which their ambrosia would be insipid.

The very nicest way to bake them is to select the sweet ones, core them and fill with a mixture of sugar, butter and chopped nuts, flavored with cinnamon. Pour a little water around and bake carefully. To make 'porcupine apples' just stick them full of shredded and blanced almonds.

The "apfel juchen" of our German sisters—well, you never tasted anything better. Try this recipe.

Mix a good tablespoonful of butter into two cups of flour, in which you have sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt. Beat well one egg, and fill up the cup with milk. Grease a large, shallow pan, and spread the dough about half an inch thick have pared, cored and quartered apples ready, and press them into the dough in close, even rows. Sprinkle well with sugar and cinnamon, and bake in a moderate oven half an hour. This is excellent for the little folks, and good hot or cold.

If you are looking for an Indian apple pudding, let your quest end right here. Take one half of a cup of molasses, one quart of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, three scant cups of pared and sliced apples, to which you will add a quarter of a teaspoonful of ginger and cinnamon.

When the milk boils in the double boiler, pour it slowly on the meal. Cook half an hour in the boiler, stirring often. Now add the other ingredients; pour into a deep, well greased pudding dish and bake slowly. Eat with cream or apple syrup.

Apples are delicious stewed in a rich syrup and when cold covered with a meringue, sprinkled with nutmeats and slightly browned. Gelatine previously dissolved, may be added to the syrup while still warm. Turn into a ring mould. At serving time fill the centre with sweetened whipped cream, with or without nuts. These jellied apples should be served ice cold. Evaporated apples stewed are improved by adding raisins in the proportion of half a cup of raisins to a half pound of apples. Flavor with lemon.

A pie not like that his mother used to make, and perhaps not even to his way of thinking, an improvement, is built as follows:

Line the pie-plate with the best crust you can make and fill with pared apples, cut in eights. Sweeten well and dredge with cinnamon and flour. Pour over all one-half cup of rich cream, or the same amount of made custard. Top off Hubby's dinner with a quarter section of this pie, and see how quickly the wherewithall for your new hat will be forthcoming. Bake with a top crust or heat with meringue or whipped cream, as you prefer.

HINTS FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

Mothers should remember that it is of great importance to look well to a child's first teeth, as well as to his second set. The second are likely to be infected by decay of the Frst set, and dentists fully recognise the necessity of looking well to the early teeth. A tooth grows from a little sac or pocket in the gum, and, the second teeth being developed close to the first ones, it is only natural to believe that the milk teeth will have a good chance of affecting their successors.

During warm weather milk for children should always be boiled before using. To do this, heat to about 170 deg. Fahrenheit, and keep at this temperature for about thirty minutes. This precaution is especially necessary when an epidemic of any kind is prevalent, as infection is carried more quickly by milk than in almost any other way.

Babies are generally very thirsty when teething, but do not constantly give them milk to drink. Cold boiled water is much better for quenching the thirst, and, as a rule, babies are not given nearly enough. Milk is a food, not by any means a thirst quencher.

A doctor, writing to the 'Lancet,' advocates the use of sleeping sacks for children, with arms and a button at the neck, instead of a nightdress. The child could not walk about in a sack, and, therefore, could not get to a fire and ignite its clothes, for it would be naked. One defect of ordinary nightdresses is that a restless child kicks off the bedclothes and rolls up the nightdress under its arms, leaving its legs and half its body exposed.

The nursery should be the sunniest room in the house, but do not choose a top room unless it is absolutely unavoidable, as the ceilings are generally lower than in other rooms, and being close to the tiles are terribly hot in summer. Children are like flowers: unless they get plenty of air and sunlight they cannot be really healthy, and, as microbes flourish in dark rooms, this is an additional reason that the children's domain should be flooded with light.

CONTINUE

Those who are gaining flesh and strength by regular treatment with

Scott's Emulsion

should continue the treatment in hot weather; smaller dose and a little cool milk with it will do away with any objection which is attached to fatty products during the heated season.

Send for free sample.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
Toronto, Ontario.
50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

A FIGHT TO THE FINISH

BATTLE BETWEEN BIG RED ANT AND SPIDER.

The Ant Overcomes Great Difficulties and Earns His Dinner.

I was confined to my bed in Manila Phillipine Islands, with dengue fever, writes a traveller. Through my mosquito bar I watched the red ants explore the crazy old Spanish floor with its gaping seams which the heat of the dry season in the Philippines had opened up.

Every morning an army of the little scavengers came briskly out from their nest of clay built up somewhere behind the partition and deployed over the floor in search of anything dead or alive that might serve them as food.

At first as I watched them they seemed to work at random.

Then one afternoan when the sunlight was exceptionally bright I noticed an ant considerably larger and longer limbed than his fellows moving leisurely across the floor and pausing frequently to look about him. During one of these pauses two ants hurried up to him from opposite directions.

The three seemed to hold a consultation, and presently the two retired as if to carry out the orders of their commander.

For fully a half hour the big ant continued to move leisurely about, inspecting here a body of ants as they toiled at a bit of chicken that had fallen from my plate, there a couple that were devising some scheme to get a kernel of rice across a crack that stretched like a great canon between them and their fortress behind the partition, and in still another quarter a trio tugging at a green bug that was not yet dead and that clung tenaciously to

A BAMBOO SPLINTER.

In every instance the little fellows redoubled their efforts at the approach of their commander, but in the case of the green bug with no satisfactory results.

For fully a minute the big ant watched the efforts of his fellows, and then, as if in disgust at their puniness dashed upon the prey, scattering the three toilers in as many directions, and seizing the bug by a wing quickly jerked it from its position and started off across the floor at a great rate of speed.

Presently the big ant, with his now feebly struggling captive, reached the widest crack in the floor; to the other ants a yawning gulf, to cross which they were obliged to make a detour of half the length of the room. But the captain had no idea of squandering his time in this way.

Approaching the brink, he suddenly swung himself round with a whirling motion that threw his hind legs high in air, and as they descended they just touched the further side and his feet took a firm hold. As the bug dropped out of sight it looked for a moment as if the ant would be drawn after it, but the hind feet held fast, and presently the captain emerged triumphant with his booty, starting off in a bee line for the clay house behind the partition.

All went well till he came to within two feet of a pool of water that the servant had spilled upon the floor when filling the empty tomato cans under the legs of the dresser—a necessary precaution to keep the ants from climbing up and taking possession. The captain scented the water from afar, rose up and inspected it till he was satisfied that it was impassable, and then began a

WIDE DETOUR TO THE RIGHT.

This movement took aim beyond the range of my vision, and a moment later I was surprised to see him beating a hasty retreat, tugging frantically at the bug, much as defeated soldiers tug at a field piece to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy.

Suddenly the ant stopped and sprang round defiantly in front of the bug, and the next moment I saw a gray spider (the variety which usually travels with huge bounds like a flea) approaching warily. It shot forward a few inches, paused, shot forward again, and then seemed to debate the advisability of attempting to capture the bug from his fellow marauder.

The debate lasted only a moment. The ant's courage evidently failed him at the near approach of his big antagonist, and in a sudden panic of fear he retreated behind the bug.

Like a flash the spider leaped upon the choice morsel, and hurrying away with it to one of the tomato cans under a leg of the dresser mounted to the edge and began leisurely to devour his prize.

For a time the ant seemed frantic with grief and rage. He dashed aimlessly about looking for the bug, as if he could not believe that he had really been robbed.

As the fruitless search continued he seemed to become more and more excited, chasing about in big, zigzag loops as if demented. Then of a sudden he paused on the very spot where he had been robbed, and after what seemed to be a moment's reflection started off on the

TRAIL OF THE ROBBER.

The spider recognized its enemy from afar, and dropping the partly devoured bug into the water, ran around to the farther edge of the tin.

The ant seemed quite to have regained his self-possession now, and reaching the can climbed deliberately up, and raising his head cautiously over the edge located the object of his visit. Quick as thought the spider was upon him, and for a moment there was a confused blur of shifting gray and red, as the two fought desperately on the jagged edge of the can.

Suddenly there was a tiny splash, and a moment later I saw the two struggling in the water. The spider made spasmodic efforts to climb up the smooth side of the can, but the ant, far more active in the water, always dragged it back. In a few moments the spider doubled up convulsively and lay, a still gray ball, upon the surface of the water.

The ant, with the dogged persistency of his race, fished out of the water what remained of the green bug, dropped it over the side of the can, and descending leisurely, carried it away to his clay house behind the partition.

A SPRING TONIC.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Makes Strength for Summer.

Every man and woman in Canada needs a tonic medicine at this season of the year. They must have new, rich blood to build them up to bear the trying heat of summer. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest spring tonic in the whole world. Every dose makes new, rich blood—new vigorous life. They transform weak, weary, anaemic girls into healthy, graceful, well-developed women. They make debilitated men strong lusty and energetic. They give worn, despondent women new health and comfort. They do this every time—they cannot fail. After a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, every man and woman can withstand the summer's heat free from backache and headaches, weakness and despondency. Mrs. M. A. White, Seal Cove, Que., says: "I cannot praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills too highly. They have not only made a new person of myself, but have been of inestimable value in my family. I always keep the pills in my home and the result is I have no doctor's bills; nor have I any delicate boys or girls, as the pills keep them strong and healthy. I constantly recommend the pills to my friends, and I always hear good words from those who use them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not act upon the bowels; they do not bother with the mere symptoms of disease; they simply make new rich, red blood, and thus cure all the common ailments of life. But you must get the genuine with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all dealers everywhere or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE RAINY DAY HAD COME.

Mark Twain tells a story of a fellow-worker who was recently in receipt of a letter from a man who has regularly made it a practice to borrow money from him.

In this letter the writer surprised his correspondent by saying: "This time I have decided to reverse the usual order of things, and, instead of borrowing from you, I enclose herewith £5, which I am going to ask that you will lay aside for me for a rainy day."

But the recipient of the letter couldn't find any remittance. He searched for it on the floor, under the table—in fact, everywhere he thought he might have dropped it. Then quite accidentally he turned over the sheet on which the letter was written and discovered this postscript: "I've just looked out of the window, and find it's raining like the very dickens!"

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Tea Combines them All.

Sold only in sealed lead packets. By all Grocers. Black, mixed or green. Highest Award St. Louis 1904

TRICKS OF SMUGGLERS

HAVE MANY CLEVER DEVICES FOR HIDING GOODS.

Pasteboard Cannon Balls Filled With Brandy—Dogs Carriers of Laces.

Smuggling effectively is one of those fine arts that have decayed, at least in England, where, as we have duties on little else than tobacco, tea and spirits, and where we have a seaboard closely watched, it cannot be carried out to any extent successfully.

Now and then the revenue men are outwitted, but rarely on a large scale, and never can a contraband trade be carried on for long undetected. It is not at the present day worth men's while to apply their minds to the overreaching of the coast guard, says Chamber's Journal, and consequently the art is in its dotage and decline.

Attempts are made occasionally to outwit the preventive officers, as when a vessel came into the Colme some years ago with its cordage of twisted tobacco, but it was found out. Oil cans are made, or were made, with an interior consisting of an inverted funnel of tin. Then the officers put a stick through the neck and turn it about they draw it out and find that the rod has been in oil. But the upper bulging sides of the can contain smuggled spirits.

An old woman died lately at Causand who for long hoodwinked the coast guard by carrying about a baby. This was actually a bottle or jar of brandy, which she drew off from a hidden receptacle of the smugglers. "You've a very quiet child there; I never hear it cry," said one of the guards to her. "That may be," replied Nanny, "but I warrant you he's got a deal o' spirit in him."

AND HE LET HER PASS.

In Gower, at Llangenneth, the runners of smuggled goods had contrived a most ingenious cache. A little stream falls in cascades from the mountain above. They diverted the stream, formed a cellar under the spot where the water splashed down, well covered with broad slates above, on which they cast torrent rubble and in this hid their kegs. But a storm brought the stream down with such violence that one night it tore away the roof and revealed the concealed run goods.

When Joseph Bonaparte was King of Spain a good many individuals, even those highly placed, enriched themselves at the expense of the revenue.

One day a contrabandista met a Brigadier at Segovia, about to return with empty caissons to Madrid.

"Look here, my friend," said he, "I want you to convey for me a quantity of cannon balls and shells to the capital as many as your horses can draw." Then he showed him piles of these munitions of war. The Brigadier demurred—the weight would be urodigious. "Bah!" replied the smuggler. "They are all of blackened pasteboard and are full of velvets, tobacco, brandy and liqueurs. Get them safe into the Prado and you shall be paid for your pains 75 louis d'or. They will let cannon balls pass the barriers without taxing them."

The Brigadier agreed, and managed to get them into the Prado at Madrid in the night; but as those in the plot were unloading the goods up rode an officer.

"Hello!" said he. "The very thing we want. I have orders to send a convoy of shot to Seville against those dogs of English." And he confiscated the lot; but, finding them remarkably light, broke one, and forth gushed

THE FINEST COGNAC.

In Paris for some time by an ingenious contrivance a good deal of wine and spirits was passed beyond the barriers without paying duty. A subterranean passage had been made from the village of Les Vertus, near St. Denis, in the house of a citizen, and it led into the cellar of a blacksmith near the Foire St. Laurent. The passage was lined with planks well greased, and kegs were sent rolling along it filled with every kind of merchandise that ought to pay toll at the octroi. At the blacksmith's there were extensive cellars in which these goods were stored. But one who was in the secret betrayed it, and the officers of the law came down suddenly on the blacksmith, penetrated to the cellars, and with the contents loaded seventeen wagons.

At the present day a great source of annoyance to the Spanish frontier guards is the extensive smuggling that goes on from Gibraltar, and dogs are trained as the mediums. They have laces and all kinds of English produce sewn around their bodies and are let loose. They know perfectly whither they are to go, and the guards fire on all such dogs that they see coursing over the country. In the same way in Perigord dogs are educated to peach truffles, which they dig up and hide in well known caches, where their masters can recover them.

On the Swiss and French frontier an Italian plied his trade. He had a bear and a monkey that sat on the back of bruin. Sometimes he was in France, sometimes in Switzerland. But actually the beast he travelled with was an ass. Tin receptacles had been formed, adapted to his sides and back, and these were filled with brandy, and the whole was covered over with

THE SKIN OF A HUGE BEAR.

As the showman with his beasts passed the frontier one day, as ill luck would have it, his bear gave voice.

"Hello!" said the Custom House officer, "what a very remarkable bruin, that brays like a donkey!" and so the trick was discovered.

There lived near the French frontier a learned ornithologist, who not only himself had a collection of rare stuffed birds, but he also was consulted by amateurs and by learned societies throughout Europe when collections were sought to be made up; and he undertook to procure the specimens that were desired in France or Germany or England. Consequently there was constantly going on a trade in ornithological specimens over the frontiers, and usually our savant accompanied these, as they were rare and valuable and liable to injury if roughly handled. Now, it so chanced that he bought a live parrot, with which it entertained him to converse. After a meal he would stand by the perch and say: "Poll, pretty poll When you are dead I will stuff you with laces," or else, "Poll, I will stuff you with eau de cologne." Now it fell out that once our naturalist was conveying a collection of specimens across the frontier, and unluckily he had his parrot with him. At the custom house, all at once it screamed out: "Pretty Poll! When you are dead I will stuff you with lace! Poll! Poll! When you are dead I will stuff you with eau de cologne!"

"I will trouble you," said the custom house officer, "to let me investigate your collection of stuffed birds."

"Aye!" said the ornithologist bitterly. "Pretty Poll! I shall wring your neck for telling secrets."

A MODERN MOTHER.

Children shudder at castor oil, and with good reason. Castor oil is a relic of old-time barbarism. Not only is it repulsive to the taste, but it gripes and tortures delicate children. Modern mothers use Baby's Own Tablets, a gentle laxative which does not gripe; a comforting medicine which may be given to a newborn babe without fear of harm. These Tablets cure all the minor ills of little ones, and promote natural sleep and repose. Mrs. R. H. James, Fenaghvale, Ont., says:—"I find great satisfaction in the use of Baby's Own Tablets, and do not know how I could get along without them. They make children well and keep them well." And you have a guarantee that there is not one particle of opiate or harmful drug in this medicine. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

STRONG IN DEATH.

In the line of absolute and abstract politeness nothing can quite reach the heights attained by a certain English baronet who became the High Sheriff of London. It was his invariable custom when hurrying along the street to salute any of his numerous acquaintances with a bow, a touch of the hat and the words "Sir, I wish you a very good morning!"

As High Sheriff of a county it once became his painful duty to attend the execution of a criminal, when, having seen that all the preliminary arrangements were complete, he bowed, touched his hat to the culprit, whose black cap was already over his face, and took his leave with his customary:—

"Sir, I wish you a very good morning!"