About the ....House

WITH RHUBARB.

Stewed Rhubard.—When very young and fresh the skin is thin and tender, so that occasionally peeling is unnecessary. At the base of each stalk, as it is pulled from the root, is a tough, white end from one to two inches long; this should be discarded as it is quite bitter. The lower half is frequently flecked with a reddish color; where the skin can be retained, this pretty tinge is imparted to the sauce, giving a pleasant change in appearance. As the stalks become older they must be peeled; this is best done by loosening the skin at the lower end and pulling it off in long, thin strips. Cut the prepared stalks in inch pieces and it is ready for use. At least one cupful of sugar will be needed for each quart of cut fruit—frequently this may prove insufficient. The use of soda has been recommended by some economically inclined housewives, but we cannot indorse the suggestion. Put fruit and sugar in an agate or porcelain-lined saucepan, add about a teaspoon of water to start the syrup, cover and stand over a slow fire until the sugar is dissolved and the fruit tender, but not broken. Hard boiling will quickly disintegrate the rhubarb, giving a stringy mush, which is by no means as inviting to the eye or palate as the tender pieces in a clear syrup.

Rhubarb Tapioca.—Cook one heaping quart of prepared rhubarb and two scant cupfuls of sugar in a double boiler until the fruit is tender, then skim it out into a serving dish. To the syrup in the kettle, add sufficient boiling water to make a quart altogether. When boiling, sprinkle in two-thirds of a cupful of fine tapioca and stir frequently until it has swollen; then cover and cook until clear. Pour this over the fruit, chill and serve plain or with sweetened cream. A variation of this receipt can be made by skimming the fruit into a baking dish. When the tapioca is cooked, pour it over the rhubarb; drop over the top a tablespoonful of butter, cut into bits and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. Serve with a foamy sauce.

Rhubarb Bread—Prepare two quarts of rhubarb and cook slowly, cutting it in half-inch pieces, so as to avoid stringiness. Stew with one pint of sugar, adding more if too tart. When very soft rub through a sieve and return to the fire until at the boiling point. Have ready a number of slices of two-day old bread, buttered generously. Spread them on a platter and pour over sufficient of the hot sauce thoroughly to soak them. Add another layer of bread, cover with the remainder of the sauce. Set aside until cold and serve with cream and sugar. A simple, but very good dessert. Prepare and cook two quarts of rhubarb. Boil one cupful of rice in a large kettle of salted water for ten minutes, then drain and turn into a double boiler. Add from time to time as much of the syrup from the fruit as it will absorb, cooking until very tender. Mix lightly with it the drained pieces of fruit and mold in cups. Serve cold, using any syrup which remains as a sauce; or a custard sauce may be substituted.

Rhubarb Slump—Peel and cook together until tender two quarts of rhubarb and two cupfuls of sugar. Mix together one point of flour, one half of a teaspoonful of salt and two scant teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Rub in one tablespoonful of butter and mix to a soft dough with sweet milk. Roll out in a thick sheet the size, of the saucepan. Lay it in over the fruit, cover closely and keep the saucepan where the fruit will boil very gently. Do not uncover for three quarters of an hour. Turn out on a platter, pour the fruit over the crust and serve with it a foamy sauce.

Baked Rhubarb.—Prepare in the same way as for stewed rhubarb. Put fruit and sugar in layers in an earthen dish, cover closely and place in a moderate oven until the fruit is tender.

Old-fashioned Rhubarb Fritters—Beat together two eggs, add one cupful of milk. Mix together three cupfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, one half teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Stir into this the egg mixture, one pint of chopped rhubarb, one tablespoonful of melted butter and more milk, if necessary, to make a thick drop batter. Fry in small, thick cakes in a frying pan, turning when one side is nicely browned. Serve with plenty of butter and grated maple sugar.

Mother's Ear

A WORD IN MOTHER'S EAR: WHEN NURSING AN INFANT, AND IN THE MONTHS THAT COME BEFORE THAT TIME,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

SUPPLIES THE EXTRA STRENGTH AND NOURISHMENT SO NECESSARY FOR THE HEALTH OF BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario.

50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

USEFUL HINTS.

Cisterns should be thoroughly cleaned out periodically.

Grease spots on leather can be removed with the white of an egg and dry in the sun.

Thickening should be poured into gravy when the saucepan is off the fire or gas, otherwise it becomes lumpy.

Clean paint by using a small quantity of whiting on a damp rag.

In using a mould keep it full of cold water until the moment it is required.

When washing lace add a teaspoonful of ammonia to every quart of water used.

To clean white fur procure some plaster of paris, finely powdered; rub it gently but thoroughly into the fur, and then shake out thoroughly and brush with a soft, perfectly clean brush.

To polish a stove, place a quantity of stove-polish into a dish; add equal parts water and turpentine, and a few drops of varnish; mix this well together; apply with a small paint-brush. Let the polish dry, and then rub briskly with a stove-brush.

Stewed apples are healthy eating. When peeled, place the fruit in cold water. Add sugar and lemon-rind to taste. Stew gently in an open saucepan for about forty minutes. Serve cold with jelly or chopped almonds.

To clean a mattress, remove all the hair from the tick. Turn the tick inside out and wash thoroughly, dry, and mangle. Place the horsehair in a tub of warm, soapy water, and souse it up and down for some minutes, then rinse in cold water and dry on sheets of paper in the sun.

WHEN IN THE KITCHEN.

"Why do women wear such ugly clothes in their kitchens?" lamented an artistic young woman. "They wear out their old things, and the colors of their aprons are ugly because those colors do not wash out," responded her practical friend. "That's the melancholy part about it." was the sad reply, "but if a woman has to spend half her life in the kitchen, why doesn't she put a little thought on what she wears there, instead of saving every penny and every stitch for her afternoon frock and wearing any old thing in the morning? When I am married I shall wear the perkiest sweeping caps I can devise instead of doing my head up in a towel. My husband shall admire his kitchen wife as much as his sitting-room wife." The practical friend, roused by this, responded, "A kitchen wife is known by her cooking, and the skill with which she boils and broils and bastes and bakes is more important than the way she looks when she does it." "A man's stomach is not the only way to his heart," protested the theoriser. "His eyes must be feasted also. There are cheap and practical kitchen gown materials which are pretty as well, so I shall wear pretty frocks, and I know that their becomingness will not cause my meats to burn nor my cakes to fail."

SHOWING LOVE AT HOME.

Love shows itself in our willingness to do little or big things that will please our loved ones. A man may not care for violets, but he shows his love for his wife if he will for her sake go down on his knees in the grass, and gather a bunch just for her. He may think that they ought to know he loves them dearly, because every day of his life he is working for them. But his love is not all that it might be until it leads him to do the things that are especially pleasing to his family.

Numerous cares, deep thought, an absorbing life work, a crowded day, free no man from the duty of showing his love at home in ways which are wholly of his wife's or his children's choosing. The man who complains of the useless demands his family makes upon him had better right about face, and ask himself how much he is doing to make such loving claims seem no longer like demands, and all this is equally true of the wives and children.

ALL THROUGH THAT PIN.

"Johnny Samkins," said the school teacher impatiently, "what is it you are fidgeting with?"

Johnny did not reply, but the class sneak was ready, as usual, with information.

"Please, teacher," he said, "it's a pin he's got."

"Take it away from him, and bring it here," was the next command. And the offending pin was accordingly brought.

There was no more trouble from Johnny until his turn came to read, and then, instead of standing up, the poor little fellow made no sign, except that two big tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Why, don't you go on with the reading?" cried his much-tried mentor. "If you don't behave better, young man, I shall have to make an example of you!"

"P-please, mum," whimpered Johnny, "I—I can't stand up! That pin you took ke-keeps me trousers up!"

AUSTRALIAN OPALS.

The finest opal known in Australia is obtained at White Cliffs, near Wilcannia, in the colony of New South Wales, where about 800 miners are in constant work. The best quality of these stones realizes occasionally as much at $350 an ounce. To the end of 1904 $4,000,000 worth of opals had been exported from New South Wales.

STEEL CARS.

Their Effect on Passengers When Trains Collide.

The "Railway and Locomotive Engineering" asks:—What is a railway collision? It is the violent coming together of two trains, either moving in opposite directions, or moving in the same direction, or one moving and the other not moving. The results are, as a rule, the same: destruction of life or of property or of both. There is one thing, however, that a collision is not the result of. It is not, and never will be, the result of locomotive or car construction. It is in every case the result of a failure in train operation.

Our friends of the daily press are very rightly insisting that something must be done to reduce the loss of life in railway collisions. They point to the results of such an accident in which heavy Pullmans, steel cars and wooden vehicles are involved, and from the fact that wooden cars are generally badly crushed, they are advocating the adoption of steel cars as an antidote to the collision evil.

It is true that if collisions are one of the inevitable conditions of modern railroading, it is far safer for passengers to ride in Pullmans or steel cars. As things go now, the fact that such cars are safer than wooden ones rests on their ability to crash into and to wreck weaker ones. If all the cars in two violently colliding trains were equally strong what would happen to the passengers?

We can give some answer to this question by referring to a newspaper cutting lately sent to us by one of our readers, in which it was said that a train going fifty miles an hour had been stopped by its engineer in four rail lengths. Fifty miles an hour is at the rate of 76.6 feet per second. Four rail lengths is 120 feet. If the train was not stopping, it would pass over the four rail lengths in less than two seconds. It is, of course, obvious that this newspaper statement is incorrect, but what about the loose passengers in a train so stopped? They would be thrown with excessive violence against the ends and the interior furnishings of the car, and severe injury to them would result.

If two non-telescopable, indestructible steel car trains came together at high speed the stopping of each train would take place in considerably less than four rail lengths, and some of the cars would be up-ended or violently wrenched to one side, or one or both of the trains would rebound with considerable force. The passengers in these cars not being fixtures and having at the time of collision the velocity of the moving trains, would be thrown about with a degree of violence only measured by the speed of the trains and the staying qualities of the cars.

We do not say that steel passenger cars are not a most desirable form of railway vehicle construction. They would be most valuable in such contingencies as derailments or such like wrecks, for they would stand an enormous amount of side wiping against tunnel walls or the slopes of rock cuts where they had space to stop in. When it comes to the violent straight-away collision, something must give, and the success of the heavy Pullman or the all-steel car has so far depended, almost entirely, on the presence in the trains of cars that can be crushed or broken to fragments.

POOR, WATERY BLOOD.

The Cause of Pimples and all Disfiguring Eruptions—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Only Cure.

Poor, watery blood—pale blood—is the cause of every pale complexion Bad blood—blood filled with poisonous impurities—is the cause of every bad complexion. Bad blood is responsible for eruptions, and pimples, and torturing, burning, itching eczema. These troubles can only be cured through the blood, and the only medicine that actually makes new blood—rich, pure health giving blood—is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The new blood which these pills make reaches every organ and part of the body. It clears the complexion, banishes pimples and eruptions, and brings health, strength and happiness. Miss Lizzie Lobsinger, Carlsruhe, Ont., says: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the best medicine I know of for cleaning the blood of impurities. My blood was in a bad condition, and as a result I was not only weak and run down, but was troubled with pimples and eruptions. I tried several medicines, but they did not help me. Then I was advised to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and these soon relieved me of all my troubles. I can recommend the pills to anyone suffering from bad blood."

Bad blood is the cause of nearly every disease that afflicts humanity. It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich red blood that they cure such troubles as anaemia, heart palpitation, headaches and backaches, rheumatism, neuralgia, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, and ailments of girlhood and womanhood. But you must get the genuine pills with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

For the Sake of Good Health Drink

"SALADA"

It's the purest tea in the world.

Sold only in lead packets. By all Grocers. Black, Mixed or Green. Highest award St. Louis, 1904.

OF MARS AND ITS PEOPLE

THE GREAT FRENCH ASTRONOMER'S VIEWS.

M. Flammarion Says They Enjoy a Mild Climate With No Violent Changes.

On the top floor of an apartment house near the Observatoire, I had the good fortune to find M. Camille Flammarion, the eminent French astronomer, and one of the most remarkable men in France, writes the London Chronicle's correspondent.

On being ushered into his study, a rather short man, with a leonine head and dreamy eyes, rose to greet me, and in a simple, unaffected manner bade me welcome. He then introduced me to his wife, who assists him in all his work, and acts as his secretary. The walls of his apartment are all windows, and a broad balcony runs round the whole flat, on which is mounted an astronomical telescope.

Naturally enough, one of the first questions I asked such an authority referred to the planet Mars.

"Ah, the planet Mars," he replied. "I have been studying that planet closely for 30 years, and I have prepared a regular map of it with all its canals. I think I am more interested in this than anything, for one reason, that I am certain it is inhabited, and probably by people much more advanced than we are.

SEES THE SNOW MELT.

"A thing which is particularly interesting to us at the Juvisy Observatory, which I founded, is that we can watch the snow melting at the Poles in the spring, and, in fact, they nearly disappear in the summer. This, mind you, in spite of the fact that the year in Mars is twice as long as ours, that is to say, that it really consists of 730 days, so that, naturally, the winter is longer. With regard to the inhabitants, I think they are very light in weight; for instance, a man who weighs 140 pounds on the earth, if he could be suddenly transported to Mars, would only weigh 52 pounds.

"The public at large does not really know the precision of some of our astronomical observations. Thus we know the length of the day in Mars by diurnal rotation to the 100th part of a second, and from observations, which have now extended over 100 years, we find the length of the day on the planet is 24 hours 37 minutes 22 seconds. The climate of the Martians is very mild, there are no gales, while the atmosphere is very light, with scarcely any clouds. The inhabitants enjoy fine weather, the climate being something like that of Davos Platz, dry and clear. We know the globe of Mars perfectly, in fact, far better than the earth.

SOLAR SPOTS.

"I am one of those rare Parisians," M. Flammarion continued, "who has never changed his abode. I have been here since the war of 1871, in fact I took the flat during the war, when I was a captain in the Genie, and I am surrounded by trees and foliage, as if I were in the country. Thus, in 1871, during the Commune, while all Paris was fighting, I turned from the study of men to that of nature, which to my mind, is far more interesting.

"I began to note the different phases of vegetation on the magnificent chestnut trees outside my windows, on the Avenue de l'Observatoire. These trees were planted by Napoleon the First in 1807, and I soon got to know them and their peculiarities. I numbered them, starting from the observatory, and noted the date at which each of them bore buds, then leaves, and ultimately flowers. Some of the trees are forward, while others are slow to put forth shoots. I then made a chart, marking the date of flowering on each. This I carried on for thirty years, and finally drawing a curved line through them, found they corresponded with the solar spots.

"I discovered the same thing with the return of the swallows, the first nightingale, and the song of the cuckoo, though all, of course, are modified by atmospheric conditions. I have, however, emphatically proved that the more solar spots there are the hotter the spring in Paris.

OTHER OBSERVATIONS.

"I do not, however, spend all my time here, as half the year I am at the observatory at Juvisy, which is only about twenty minutes from Paris. There we have two astronomers working constantly, principally occupied with the study of Mars, Jupiter and Venus; we also carefully observe and register the temperature of the air, the ground, the interior of the trees and underground streams, to study how the sun affects climatic conditions.

"We have, as well, different colored-glass houses for studying the effect of solar heat on the plants, and here we made the curious discovery that red glass hastens vegetation, while blue glass suppresses it. For instance, sensitive plants, like mimosa, grow fifteen times higher under red glass than under blue, and another curious thing we have succeeded in doing is to change both the shape and color of leaves like the coleus and geranium under different colored glasses."

I then asked M. Flammarion about some of the startling articles he had written on the end of the world.

"I have so often dealt with all the different hypotheses, but you and I need not bother about that, as it will not occur in our time," he replied drily. "The earth has really the 'embarras du choix' of deaths, but the most probable hypothesis is that the end will be intense cold."

On leaving M. Flammarion said—"They have named a cirque in the moon after me, but pray do not mention it, as the Budget Commission may want to tax it, as being landed property."

A MEDDLESOME GOVERNMENT.

In the old days, when commerce was carried on in wooden sailing vessels, the loss of life and the destruction of ships were far greater than at present. Along the Newfoundland coast, says a writer in Cornhill, every year, in the beginning of the last century, there were terrible wrecks, and in all the little settlements near by material from the lost vessels made a part of the house furnishing.

Nearly every good thing in the possession of these people came from the sea. One travelling clergyman, a good and gentle man, was holding service in a little village there, when he found his host eyeing him sharply. At last the old fisherman laid his hand on the parson's coat and smoothed it down.

"That's a mighty fine piece of cloth, sir," said he. "Never seed such a splendid bit of cloth in my life before. Get 'e out of a wrack, sir?"

Wreckage made greedy hearts. The writer at one time said to an Orkney pilot, "This must be a great place for wrecks."

"Wracks, mon!" he shouted, bringing his heavy fist down on the rail of the bridge. "There's mony a braw hoose, mony a braw farm in Orkney got out o' wracks; but the Breetish government has put a leethoose here and leethoose there, and yon," pointing to a double lighthouse, "yon's twa. There's no chance of wracks for a puir fisher body noo."

SAVED THE BABY;

"I was not a believer in advertised medicines," says Mrs. Chas. VanTassell, Digby, N.S., "until I began using Baby's Own Tablets. When my last baby was born we never hoped to raise her. She was weakly, did not have any flesh on her bones, and a bluish color. The doctor who attended her told me she would not live. After reading what other mothers said about Baby's Own Tablets I decided to try them, and I must now honestly say I never had such a valuable medicine in my home. It has changed my poor, sickly, fleshless baby into a lovely child, now as fat as a butter ball. Words fail to express my thanks for what the Tablets have done for my child, and I can only urge that other mothers do as I do now, keep the Tablets in the house always." Baby's Own Tablets positively cure all the minor ills of babyhood and childhood, and the mother has a guarantee that they contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The invalid called in his lawyer and said:— "I wish to explain again to you about willing my property—" The attorney held up his hand reassuringly. "There, there," said he, "leave that all to me!" The patient sighed resignedly. "I suppose I might as well," said he turning upon his pillow; "you'll get it any way!"

"What do you know about his past?" asked Mabel. "Just enough to make me a little suspicious about his present," said Maud, examining with a magnifying glass the diamond ring the young man had sent her.