

UN SOUND FOODS.

Points For Young Housekeepers
About Shellfish.

HOW TO DETECT BAD MEATS.

If the Caterer For a Family Knows the Difference Between Fresh and Stale Foodstuffs Potomains Poisoning and Other Serious Ills May Be Avoided.

Smoked meats and fish are bad when they are flabby to the touch and have a rancid, sour smell.

Glassed meat products are bad when they have a rancid, sour smell and when the color differs from the fresh product.

Good fresh pork is solid, has pure white fat and pink flesh. Do not buy pork that is soft and yellow.

Remember that lamb or mutton should be firm, close grained and light red in color, with fat that is white and hard.

Beef should be of a rosy red color, with cream colored, firm, elastic fat and scarcely moist when touched with the finger. Do not buy wet, flabby beef that is pale and purple.

All shellfish should smell fresh, and the shells should close firmly when put into water or touched with the finger. Shellfish should be alive when cooked.

Fresh veal is pale red (unless milk fed, when it is light), with firm, white fat between the muscles and surrounding tissues and scarcely moist to the touch. Bad veal is soft, mushy, sticky and has a very red tinge, while the fat has a grayish lead color.

Fresh fish should have red gills, moist, bright scales and clear eyes, and should be firm and rigid when handled. Stale fish is flabby, has dull scales, the eyes are sunken and covered with a film, the gills are pale or of greenish color, and the fish has a bad odor. All lumpy fish should be rejected as the growth may be cancer.

To detect decomposing meats in cans before opening inspect the ends of the can and if they bulge, discard the can. This bulging is due to accumulated gases of decomposition that push the ends outward by force of pressure. Leaking and rusty cans should also be discarded. Canned meats should be free from mold. The odor of such meats should be the same as when freshly prepared. If the meat is putrid exposure to heat will make it possible to detect the foul odor.

FOR COOL DAYS.

The 'Grazz For Stripes Has Girdled Even This School Child.
These cozy new sweaters come in two shades of old rose, brown and tan; two shades of blue and black with gay



ZEBRA UP TO DATE.
contrasts. The one pictured has patch pockets, a belt flap and roll collar and comes in a light weight.

Penuchi.

Two cupsful of brown sugar, one cupful of white, three-quarters cupful of milk, butter size of walnut and vanilla to flavor. Cook sugar and milk over moderate blaze until it forms a soft ball in water. Remove from stove, add butter and vanilla. Beat until creamy and place in buttered pan. Be sure and do not cook too long. Remove from stove as soon as it forms a soft ball in water. It burns very easily, so stir quite often, but not continuously.

Carrot Pie.

One cupful of sour cream, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of grated carrot, the yolks of two eggs, salt, cinnamon and nutmeg to taste. Bake in one crust and cover with meringue, using the whites of two eggs and four table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar.

HOME CIRCLE COLUMN

Pleasant Evening Reveries dedicated to tired Mothers as they Join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH.

Go back in history of cities and communities as far as you like, and you will find that harmony was the keynote of success. Nothing has ever been achieved by adverse criticism and sectional disputes. You may not like the cut of my coat and I may not like your hat, but there is no reason why we can't work together without picking and nagging each other.

Some of the sweetest dispositioned children have been irredeemably spoiled by continual fault-finding. Probably there are some people with considerable tact who can tell us of our glaring faults without getting our ill-will, but such are few and far between.

More can be done for this community by upbuilding it than trying to tear down the existing structures, even if you don't like the color of the paint, or as old sailors say, the "cut of his jib."

We all want this town to succeed.

We want more permanent residents and more live boosters. Those who are here are doing all they can, but we always welcome new blood and new ideas.

We may not be able to get all we want, but one thing is certain, that if we don't go after things, they will never come after us. Working in harmony, we can accomplish great things. We do not need to attend the same church or vote the same ticket to be at unity in doing things for our home town.

YOUR BOY.

Under the above heading, Leslies one of the greatest magazines, says, "This is a good time to think of your boy. If you do not look after him in the right way, someone will do it in the wrong way. Begin now."

Teach your boys to follow in the footsteps of his father, to respect the law, to obey his parents, to regard the rights of all men, to honor virtue, to respect womanhood and to depend upon no one but himself for his advancement.

Teach him that the golden rule of life will be found in the ten commandments. They are short. They have survived the ages. They stand to-day unchanged and unchallenged.

They comprise the first great written law given by God to man. Before these few commandments all man-made laws fade into insignificance. Teach them to your boy. There is danger ahead if you do not.

The universal drift of mankind is toward decadence. Heredity pays its premium and also exacts its discount. The son of a good father and an affectionate mother, brought up in an atmosphere of parental regard, never will disgrace the family.

PRODUCTION AND MARKETS.

How is the war affecting the live stock industry of Canada? Can this country develop a profitable export trade in live stock products? If so, how would such a trade affect Canada and advantage will it yield to the Canadian farmer? What opportunities present themselves in the way of foreign business as a result of our participation in the war? Will more or better poultry, hogs, sheep, cattle, horses insure any profit or benefit to the man who owns and raises them? Will systematic or organized action in breeding, feeding and selling be of any service in making Canada henceforth a powerful factor in the world's product business? If anyone is interested, either in the town or on the farm, in the problems which each or all of these questions raise, he should see and read a copy of Pamphlet No. 19, "Production and Markets," written by the Live Stock Commissioner and the Assistant Live Stock Commissioner and recently issued by the Live Stock Branch of the Department of Agriculture. The pamphlet has the unique feature of dealing not only with the question of production, but as well, with the equally important problem of markets. We think that every farmer in Canada should at once carefully read a copy of this publication. It is issued at a moment when a careful study of the existing market situation should prove of great value to owners of breeding stock of all classes. Applications for copies should be made to the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

SUMMER HEAT HARD ON BABY

No season of the year is so dangerous to the life of little ones as is the summer. The excessive heat throws the little stomach out of order so quickly that unless prompt aid is at hand the baby may be beyond all human help before the mother realizes he is ill. Summer is the season when diarrhoea, cholera infantum, dysentery and colic are most prevalent. Any one of these troubles may prove deadly if not promptly treated. During the summer the mother's best friend is Baby's Own Tablets. They regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach and keep baby healthy. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Entente allies have raised the blockade against Greece.
Few smallpox cases are reported in Ontario and the measles epidemic is lessening.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The boys of to-day are to be the men of to-morrow. The destinies of the American people are to be in the hands of their sons. If the boys are taught respect for the law, both human and divine, obedience to authority, manly independence and the fear of God, this great nation will be a noble monument to man's capacity for self government and self control at a time when all the world is seething in a cauldron of unrest, unreason and disbelief.

Teach your boy to rule, but first to rule himself.

The home that possesses a cheerful wife and mother is not only a veritable haven of rest, but the safe harbor whose beacon light will guide her bread winners safely past all rocks and shoals with unfailing certainty. The woman whose cheerful spirit can take that brave attitude toward life that enables her to bear courageously the inevitable burdens of her life's environment; that strengthens her determination not to fret or worry those who, for her sake, are fighting the hard battles in the world, has reached that altitude that proclaims her price above rubies; and her influence and example are not felt only within the limits of the four walls she has made the unassailable bulwark of state and society, a happy home, but reach to those she knows not of.

Philosopher and poet are alike in the verdict that the safety and perpetuity of any nation lies in the homes of its people.

It is painful to read the particulars of the numerous divorce suits that fill the columns of the daily papers. Many of these sad events are from good homes and the interested parties stand high in social life, and not a few in church life. This separation between husband and wife is one of the sad scenes in human existence. Many times either would prefer death to this unhappy parting. For years they have lived together and their lives have been blended into one. They have learned by bitter experience, as the years have gone by that they are not suited to one another and finally, in a moment of discord or passion, the silken cord has broken and they separate forever. Let us hope that in the world to come, when they can all see things plainer than they do in this life they may be united again, but there is a probability that unhappy marriages, resulting from unsuited positions, will not result in union or happiness in this world or the one to come. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

The July issue of Rod and Gun is replete with material of interest to the sportsman, whether he be fisherman, hunter, dog fancier, gun crank or what not. Bonnycastle Dale contributes the leading article, "The Pursuit of the Maskinonge"; F. V. Williams gives a chapter in the adventurous life of a Seal Pup; Geo. H. Sarver relates an experience in which British Columbia sportsmen are attacked by grizzlies; Edward T. Martin describes a fight put up by a wild goose when attacked by a retriever. Other stories and articles, in addition to the regular department. The July issue is a good one to tuck into the outer's kit when setting forth on his vacation.

Wasted Talent.

The train robber suddenly appeared as many of the passengers were preparing to retire for the night.

"Come, shell out!" he demanded, as he stood towering above an eastern clergyman, who had just finished a devout prayer.

The minister looked at him sadly for a moment and then said: "If I had such energetic fellows as you to pass the plate now and then I might have something to give you."—Harper's Magazine.

The Modern Way.

Mary, a small but up-to-date maiden, had been to tea for the first time with the new neighbors next door. And, from all accounts, the little girl there had not been at all generous in permitting Mary to share her playthings.

"Well," said Mary's mother when she heard all about it, "if anybody had treated me like that when I was a little girl I would have come straight home." The girl of to-day shrugged her small shoulders as she answered: "Umph! Things have changed since your day, mother. I slapped her face and stayed."

The Real Thing.

According to Andy Mack, who is by way of being an Irishman himself, a funeral was just emerging from a flat in the upper West Side of New York when a truck driver, passing by, halted his team and called down in a husky whisper to one of the pallbearers, whom he knew:

"Say, Larry, whose funeral is that?" "Dugan's," answered Larry; "little Hugh Dugan's."

"And is Dugan dead?" demanded the surprised truckman. "Say!" demanded Larry hoarsely. "What do you think this is—a rehearsal?"

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

MUSIC IN MEXICO.

Every Little Hamlet Has a Band Stand of Its Own.

A HELP IN THE GAME OF LOVE.

To the Strains of Melody the Youths and Maidens "Play Bear," a Peculiar National Diversion That is the Correct Road to Matrimony.

Music plays a very prominent part in the social life of Mexico, not alone in the capital and other larger cities, but all over that picturesque land. A Mexican who can play no musical instrument is nothing less than a curiosity. There is no hamlet so insignificant that it has no band. Eight or ten men get together and decide to form a band. Having reached that decision, they go to the jefe politico, or mayor.

"All right," he will tell them. "You are to play Wednesday evenings from 6 to 9 and Sunday mornings from 9 to 12," and a record is made.

And during these hours, rain or shine, hot or cold, through famine, war and pestilence, as long as those men are alive and in the town, the band is in the band stand playing for such as choose to linger in the plaza, or public square.

About the evening concerts much of the social and domestic life of Mexico centers. It is at the concerts that many a youth and maiden first meet and begin to "play bear," a game indigenous and peculiar to Mexico, without which no self respecting Mexican couple adventures on matrimony.

The general plan of every plaza is much the same. In the center is the band stand. Immediately surrounding the band stand is an open paved space. Then there are flower-bordered walks with plenty of benches.

Round the edge of the plaza, outside the trees and flowers, is another broad paved walk. Upon this outer walk are grouped the poorer Mexicans, the peasants. On the benches sit the fathers, the mothers, the older folk, of the better classes. Round the walk that surrounds the band stand saunter tirelessly the youths and maidens of the same class.

The women circle to the left on the outside, the men in the opposite direction, on the inside. Thus every one sees every one else innumerable times during the evening. And in this melodious circling a youth sets eyes on a maiden who strikes his fancy—the game of "playing bear" has begun. He looks steadily at his charmer every time they pass, and she, if she is pleased, glances at him in return. After they have passed each other ten or a dozen times he is at the edge of the procession in which he walks, and she has moved to the edge of the column of young women.

Then the young man, with a friend, withdraws to some cantina, or cafe, and writes an ardent note. On the next round his friend in passing slips it into the hand of her companion. Then they continue their strolling until the concert is at an end.

On the next concert evening the performance is repeated, only this time the young lady is the one who presents the note, which she has written in her home. If she rejects her suitor's advances he persists or desists, according as he is faint hearted or not.

If he meets with success he begins the next phase of the game. Each evening he will be seen opposite his lady's house, passing back and forth like a sentry walking his post. Even during business hours he will rise and deny from his stool, seize his hat and rush frantically to his accustomed beat and for several minutes walk up and down, gazing reproachfully at the barred windows across the way.

As time goes on, after six weeks or two months, say, have passed, the girl is at last to be seen seated in the window. Then ensues another period of from two weeks to a month. The young man's walks gradually shorten, and one evening he is to be seen underneath the window, gazing mournfully upward for hours, much to the discomfort of passersby. But no one grumbles. All the world loves a lover—especially in Mexico.

After this stage father and son call formally on the father of the young lady and make a proposal of marriage.

When all the arrangements have been made the young man for the first time calls at the home of his affianced wife and meets her face to face, but never except in the company of a third person—mother, father or aunt—Youth's Companion.

When Solid Iron Floats.

Experiments have shown that if a ball of solid iron be lowered into a mass of liquid iron by means of a metal fork the ball at first sinks to the bottom with the fork, but that in a few seconds it will leave the prongs and rise to the surface, where it continues to float until it melts. The rising is explained by the expansion of the ball, due to heating, whereby it becomes, bulk for bulk, less dense than the molten metal.

Friendly Criticism.

Pennibs—Two of my latest poems appeared in the last issue of McDuff's Magazine. Inkerton—Yes; I noticed them. Pennibs—Would you mind giving me your opinion of them? Inkerton—Well, to be candid, I thought the one was awfully simple and the other simply awful.

Method makes men win. Thus is success reduced to the science of correct calculation.

Sandwich Fillings.

One of the most common questions asked by the housewife is, "Can you tell me a good sandwich filler?" Here are a few that have proved to be very satisfactory:

Meat thinly sliced or finely chopped and seasoned, or mixed with salad dressing.

Celery chopped fine and mixed with salad dressing.

Olives chopped fine and mixed with salad dressing (3c. to 4c. olives).

Celery, pimientos and nuts, chopped fine and mixed with salad dressing.

Cream cheese and nuts, or olives, or cream.

American cheese grated, seasoned with tomato.

Lettuce with mayonnaise.

Peanuts, pounded smooth, seasoned and moistened with cream.

Figs cooked to smooth paste, sugar, lemon juice and nuts added.

Dates and preserved ginger.

Dates and peanuts chopped fine, moistened with cream.

Raisins cooked to smooth paste, lemon juice and nuts added.

The bread should be 25 hours old and cut in thin, even slices. If fancy forms are desired, shape before spreading with butter. Cream the butter and spread evenly.

Following Instructions

Old Doctor Berry was long the sage and patriarch of the quaint old Indian town of Brockville, near Cincinnati. One of his most constant patients was Samuel Baker, who was always complaining, but who had really not much the matter with him. One day the old doctor lost his patience, and declined to give Samuel any medicine.

"You don't need it," said he.

"But how shall I get well, then?"

"Do you see that chicken out there scratching up the ground to get gravel to eat?"

"Yes," said Samuel, looking out of the office window.

"Well," said the doctor, "you just do as that chicken does, and you'll soon be all right."

A week later old Samuel appeared at the office again, looking far from well, and the doctor was really alarmed.

"I done as you told me, doctor," said the patient, "but you forgot to tell me how much gravel I was to eat. I wanted to get well fast, and I've eaten a good lot every day, but I've been in bed nearly all the time."

The Man Behind the Plow.

They sing about the glories of the man behind the gun, and the books are full of stories of the wonders he hath done.

There's something sort o' thrillin' in the flag that's wavin' high, and it makes you want to holler when the boys go marchin' by.

But when the shoutin' over and the fightin's done, somehow

We find we're still dependin' on the man behind the plow.

When Tuberculosis Threatens

get fresh air, sunshine and above all the cell-building, energy-producing properties of SCOTT'S EMULSION. Its prompt use often thwarts tuberculosis.

STRICKEN IN THE STREET

Completely Restored To Health By "Fruit-a-lives"

332 St. Valier St., MONTREAL.
"In 1912, I was taken suddenly ill with Acute Stomach Trouble and dropped in the street. I was treated by several physicians for nearly two years, and my weight dropped from 225 pounds to 160 pounds. Then several of my friends advised me to try 'Fruit-a-lives'. I began to improve almost with the first dose, and by using them, I recovered from the distressing Stomach Trouble—and all pain and Constipation were cured. Now I weigh 208 pounds. I cannot praise 'Fruit-a-lives' enough". H. WHITMAN.
50c. a box; 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

Six Years—Six Minutes

Six years ago, says the New York Independent, the British determined to build a battle-cruiser that should be bigger and swifter and stronger than any afloat. Hundreds of skilled workmen labored for years in her construction. Ten and a half million dollars were spent on her. She was protected with armor plate of the hardest steel nine inches thick. She was propelled by the most efficient of steam engines, the turbine. She was armed with ten 13.5-inch guns, which could discharge a 1,400 pound projectile every thirty seconds; also with sixteen 4-inch guns, twelve 6-inch guns and two torpedo tubes. A thousand men were put aboard of her and she went into action on the last day of May. The German warships opened fire and within six minutes the Queen Mary was torn asunder by a terrific explosion and sunk.

PIANO TUNING.

THE PIANO is a valuable instrument but unfortunately very sensitive to climatic conditions, hence the necessity of keeping it in tune. Do not let your Piano deteriorate for lack of tuning. Orders left at Neilson's Jewelry Store, or mailed direct will receive prompt attention.

H. A. HARFORD,
55 Spruce St., Ottawa

INSURANCE

Fire, Accident, Sickness, Plate Glass Guarantee and Liability Insurance.

All Old Established Companies.

W. H. ALLEN.

SEED CORN

Just received a Car of CHOICE SEED CORN

COMPTON EARLY
LONGFELLOW
NORTH DAKOTA

WHITE CAP YELLOW DENT
KING PHILIP
EARLY BAILEY
RED COB

MAMMOTH S. SWEET
WISCONSIN NO. 7
CANADA YELLOW
WHITE FLINT

This is all Choice Seed. Prices right.

C. F. BURGESS.

Counter Check Books For Merchants

We are in a position to supply every known need in Counter Check Books. This is a convenience many of our business people should appreciate. Samples of any style you want.

The Herald Office