

Trial by Error

By LOIS FOSTER

(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

RALPH strolled toward his cabin—his and Myron's. What a night! He'd been walking for hours along the cliffs by the water. The pungent smell of sea and sage—

Ralph glanced at his watch. Two A. M. "I'll creep in quietly and not disturb him," he thought. Second cabin from the right; he could see it through the trees, the door ajar.

Now he was at the door, pushing it gently. Nary a squeak. Good. He removed his shoes and went in. Myron was a shapeless mound upon the farther cot—breathing regularly. He could just discern him by the light that filtered in. Tiptoe around the bags—what a break that he'd remembered where they were. Pajamas? He patted around the foot of the bed—nothing doing—well.

The bedside chair—so far—so good. He pulled off his clothes and slid into the empty cot.

Dawn was breaking when he became conscious of a weight against his chest. "Say—how many beds do you need?" he growled, throwing off the other's outflung arm. The next moment he drew back his hand as though he'd burned it. Barely six inches away, was the prettiest girl he'd ever seen—and she was about to scream! In a flash he had her in a grip of steel, one hand pressed against her mouth. Helpless—she glared at him.

"Don't be frightened," he whispered fiercely. "I thought I was getting into my own cabin, with my brother. He's sick and I came in quietly so's not to wake him. If you yell, we'll be thrown out tonight; they won't wait for an explanation. Try to understand. Now if you believe me and won't scream—nod your head twice." She did as he asked, though her eyes were bulging.

Then, abruptly, he released her and ducked wildly beneath his covers. "If you'll get into that closet," he suggested faintly. "I'll get out. I couldn't find my pajamas last night."

Now the girl was sitting up, slipping on a kimono. She gave him one withering glance as she made for the closet and he dressed to the tune of her scornful laughter. Finally, stung by it: "I've been on my knees to you, darn you; just the same, your door was open."

Once outside, he looked around. There it was, three down. A natural mistake. They all looked alike—"With luck I can still make it with out waking Myron." But Myron was very much awake, and in fine fettle.

Soft lights—sweet music, and Nancy in his arms. "Did you ever see a dream walking?" She was a dream, dancing. When she was with someone else—he stood by, content to watch and wait. He couldn't bear to break the spell. Let's take a walk," he managed finally.

"You looked so funny when you scrunched down under the covers," she said, as though continuing an unbroken conversation. "But that was a dirty crack—about my door being open."

"I thought it would stop you laughing otherwise you'd have roused the whole camp," he explained.

"Right—but you might have been gentler. I'm all bruised where you grabbed me."

"I'll remember that in future," he grinned. "You bruise easily." Suddenly a stinging blow caught him on the left cheek.

"See if you bruise easily," she snapped, turning back. He stood there, stunned with anger.

Before he could catch his breath, she was back. "I shouldn't have done that," she said, in a low, shamed voice, "you were nice about it all this morning when we were introduced. No wise cracks; no smirking. But I couldn't bear it if you took what happened lightly. You didn't really—did you?"

"Say," he cried, "hit me again! Of all the unmitigated asses, I'm the world's champion. And I think you're the most glorious girl in all the world."

Suddenly she was in his arms. After a while, she pushed him away and looked at him, her large eyes probing. "We haven't known one another very long—have we?"

"All our lives," he assured her. "Why, the minute I laid eyes on you I knew you were the one and only."

"Liar," she laughed, "you were too frightened to even look at me."

"Oh, was I," he snorted. "You had on the snappiest pink pajamas I ever saw—but you might have been gentler," mockingly. "I'm black and blue where you socked me (kiss it and make it well) and while we're about it, how soon could we be married? I've a good job and a few assets."

"Silly, wait till we're acquainted." "We've two weeks here, haven't we? And all eternity after that. Goodness, it hurts where you—mum, that's better."

Interesting News for Women



If we're eating in the kitchen again it's because modern kitchens are planned to make cooking, serving and eating a comfortable, pleasurable process.

Breakfast nook, dinette, snackbar— attractive terms for the revival of a pleasant custom—mean that the honorable practice of eating in the kitchen is coming into its own again, says the Canadian Institute of Plumbing and Heating.

Meals in the kitchen were for a long time a dreaded make-shift procedure, made necessary when the housewife had a late afternoon's shopping or a meeting of the bridge club. Aversion to eating in the kitchen was probably well founded, suggests the Institute, because of the unharmonious appearance and awkward arrangement of kitchen equipment of former days.

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saving devices and contributed an attractive unit to the evolution of the modern planned kitchen. By adding spacious wall and base cabinets, linking the refrigerator, modern streamlined sink, and range in a continuous working unit, kitchen designers were able to eliminate the kitchen table as a work centre for preparing meals. And the resulting compact space-saving arrangement of kitchen equipment has made it possible for a separate individual corner of the kitchen to be devoted to easy comfortable eating quarters.

It takes a minimum of six feet for two people to sit opposite each other and partake comfortably and gracefully of food, and four people can be accommodated in a space six by four. Even a small kitchen can be planned to allow this much more space. Whether the nook is merely an open wall space or a corner of the kitchen proper, it can be decorated in a harmonizing colour scheme and add

an attractive, intimate homey touch to the modern housewife's kitchen. A modern washable wallpaper, for example in grey with a simple quaint all-over design of green ivy hanging from rust flower pots makes an attractive background for a glistening white enameled sink with chromium fittings, matching wall and base cabinets, white range and white refrigerator. The floor may be a cream or green linoleum, and kitchen table and chairs of tubular metal, with green, washable leather seats and backs on the chairs, and a shiny black top, impervious to water, on the table.

An experienced plumbing contractor can offer numerous suggestions for modernizing a kitchen and arrangements for easy financing are still available from any branch bank or authorized lending institution, under the terms of the Home Improvement Plan.

desired than an excitement that is transient. To quote Professor Hocking: "No religion, then, is a true religion, which is not able to make men tingle, yes, even to their physical nerve tips, with the sense of an infinite hazard, a wrath to come, a Heavenly City to be gained or lost, in the process of time, and by the use of our freedom."

Questions for Discussion
1. Our church is always asking for money. Why? Why not?
2. What do you get in return for a receipted tax bill?
3. If you were making your will, how would you bequeath your money?
4. Do you give through attraction or extraction?
5. What greater offering can you give than your money?

(Lesson Outlines copyrighted by the International Council of Religious Education. Used by permission.)

STRAWBERRIES COME FIRST
By Katharine Baker
After the sugar shortage scare just after the start of the war last fall, women will be digging right into the job of preserving fruits from the very beginning of the season. Not that we expect a repetition of that scare but we realized then how important and necessary our supply of jams and jellies is to the running of a home. There are so many uses for jams and jellies besides that of spreading it on the breakfast toast. Blanc Mange and other puddings, frostings for cakes and hot biscuits are all improved and made more colorful and tasty with a dash of jam or jelly. Strawberries will be ready to corral their lovely flavour and colour for future use.

Crushed Strawberry Jam
4 cups (2 lbs.) prepared fruit
7 cups (3 lbs.) sugar
1/2 bottle fruit pectin
To prepare fruit, grind about two quarts fully ripe berries, or crush completely one layer at a time so that each berry is reduced to a pulp. Measure sugar and prepared fruit into large kettle, mix well, and bring to a full rolling boil—over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard 2 minutes. Remove from fire and stir in pectin. Then stir and skim by turns for 5 minutes to cool slightly, to prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly. Paraffin and cover at once. Makes about 10 glasses (8 fluid ounces each).

Strawberry Jelly
4 cups (2 lbs.) berry juice
2 tablespoons lemon juice
8 cups (3 1/2 lbs.) sugar
1 bottle fruit pectin
To prepare juice, crush thoroughly or grind about 3 quarts fully ripe berries. Place in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice. Squeeze and strain juice from 1 medium lemon. Measure sugar and juice into a large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over hot fire and at once add pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard 1/2 minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin and cover at once. Makes about 12 glasses (8 fluid ounces each).

Spiritual Stewardship, 16-18.
Christ taught that it is more blessed to give than to receive. When he was crucified he left no legacy but his garment, his truth and his love. He became poor that through him many might be made rich. We may expect to accomplish far more by generosity than by acquisitiveness. No person can love a miser, but generous givers are usually attractive because glad in spirit, thinking of others more than of themselves. Above all others, Jesus Christ evokes the faith that prompts glad giving. His religion brings a seat that is permanent, much more to be

International Uniform Sunday School Lesson

Malachi Demands Honesty Toward God

SUNDAY, JUNE 23rd 1940.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Malachi 3:10.

LESSON PASSAGE: Malachi 3:7-18. Sing for the wide, wide fields. Sing for the wide, wide sky. Sing for the good, glad earth. Put the sun on hill tops high. Sing for the comrade true. Sing for the friendship sweet. Sing as together we swing along. With the turf beneath our feet.

Stewardship, 7.
The name Malachi means "my messenger." The author of the book bearing the name Malachi, was probably not a professional priest but a messenger of God from among the people. He spoke at a time when the Jewish nation was under Persian rule. The Temple had been rebuilt but the people had lost interest in religion. They were offering blemished beasts in sacrifices and were withholding tithes. The real reason was not stinginess but a loss of vital faith. It was necessary for them to return to their faith in God before they would find joy in religion. Frequently complaints are made about the cost of religion. The best answer is to get a statement comparing what is spent on religion with the amount spent for luxuries, indulgences and vices. Nations that spend more upon chewing gum than upon foreign missions need not complain about money sent out of the country for religion.

Social Stewardship, 8, 9.
We are all convinced that thrift is a personal virtue. Each person seeks to be self-supporting and to make provision for old age. Satisfaction is found in what Robert Burns called "the glorious privilege of being independent." There is just as much reason for social stewardship. The nation needs taxes wherewith to maintain public services and the Church needs gifts to support its work of education and evangelism. Yet many people who have their plans of a regular deposit in a savings account, or building up an estate through life insurance, grumble at their taxes and give but little to religious causes. They would be insulted if they were told that they are robbing God. We cannot live solely as individuals, either as citizens or as Christians. There are great collective projects made possible only by the co-operation and support of large numbers of people. "The condition of the world tells us that God can make more of us and do more with us. Somewhere in us the great sin is selfishness

Systematic Stewardship, 10-12.
There has been long discussion concerning the giving of one-tenth of his religious work. Some say that it is too high a proportion for a poor man and too low for a rich man. In the Jewish nation, a tenth covered both taxes and benevolences. Today the state takes more than a tenth from many taxpayers. In support of the religious agencies, the almost universal recommendation of the practice by those who have made it a habit throughout the years. They usually have money on hand when need arises. Tithers find a spiritual discipline in setting apart one-tenth of all their earnings for God. They also experience abiding joy in expending money from what they call "God's treasury." Usually they are eager to lead others to adopt the tithing habit. They urge such motives as the expression of gratitude, the ability to help others, the possibility of rebuilding the world by religious agencies. Many tithers deliberately state that they have prospered in business after adopting the habit. Church work would not be hampered for lack of funds. If even half the Church members regularly gave a tenth to the support of the Church.

Sacrificial Stewardship, 13-15.
One hilarious giver said that he gave until it hurt and kept on giving until it became joyful again. The real joy of generosity is known only when gifts are the fruit of sacrifice. Let tribute be paid to the generous and sacrificial givers who are supporting organizations ministering to the sick, the poor, the blind and the crippled. In large degree, the educational institutions of North America have been made possible by generous givers for progress. A multi-millionaire systematically planned to give away his fortune, saying that he would consider it a disgrace to die rich. John Wesley, who distributed gifts amounting to millions of dollars, left no tangible estate. A living religious leader says that if he has two cents unpaid for God when he dies, it will be a sin. Add to this honor roll the many humbled people who have not only denied themselves the luxuries, but the very necessities of life to aid their fellow-men. They joined the glorious company who can say, "What I saved, I lost; what I gave, I had."

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Mother Shipton's Prophecies

Because of the uncanny manner in which the prophecies of Mother Shipton have been coming to pass during recent years, considerable attention has been attracted to this strange creature of four centuries ago. Even those who have in the past scoffed at the weird predictions of this ancient "witch" are now stirred by curiosity to wonder what will next occur in this direction.

Mother Shipton, we are told, was born in Yorkshire, England, in July 1488, and died about 1559. In books of information she is described as a half-mythical English prophetess, baptized Ursula Southel, who later married Tony Shipton, a builder. According to traditions, she was the child of Agatha Shipton and the Devil. The following extracts from her amazing prophecies were taken from a scrap book made more than forty years ago and owned by a Rochester woman, says the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

"A house of glass shall come to pass. In merry England, but alas we will follow with the work. In the land of the bloody Turk. Gold shall be found in fierce strife. Shall struggle for each other's life. Carriages without horses shall go. And accidents fill the world with woe. In London, Primrose Hall shall be. And the center of a bishop's see. Around the world thoughts shall fly in the twinkling of an eye. Through the hills men shall ride. And neither horse or ass bestride. Under water men shall walk. Shall ride, shall sleep, shall also talk. Iron in the water shall float. As easily as a wooden boat. Gold shall be found and shown in a land that's now unknown. Fire and water shall wonders do. And England shall admit a Jew. Three times three shall lovely France be led to dance a bloody dance. Before her people shall be free. Tyrant rulers shall she see. Each springing from a different dynasty. And when the last great fight is won. England and France shall be as one. And now a word in uncouth rhyme. Of what shall be in latter time. In those wonderful far-off days. Women shall get a strange new craze. To dress like men and breeches wear. And cut off their beautiful locks of hair. And ride astride with brazen brow. As witches do on broomsticks now. Then love shall die and marriage cease. And babes and sucklings so decrease. That wives shall fondle cats and dogs. And men live much the same as hogs. In eighteen hundred and ninety-six. Build your houses of rotten sticks. For then shall mighty wars be planned. And fire and sword sweep through the land. And those who live the century thro'. In fear and trembling this will do. Fly to the mountains and to the glens. To hogs and forests and wild dens. For tempests will rage and oceans will foam. And Gabriel stand on sea and shore. And as he toots his wondrous horn. Old world shall die and new be born. In the air men shall be seen, In white, in black and also green, Now strange, but yet they shall be true. The world upside down shall be. And gold shall be found at the roots of a tree;

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The Children's Party!



It does not take a great deal of time to prepare for a successful children's party. The cost is small when compared to that expended on festivities for adults.

But it is necessary to choose the foods wisely. If the party is held in the afternoon, the children will probably eat a hearty dinner at home. If it is an early evening party, the hearty dinner has been eaten already. In either case the foods served should be light, easily digested, and in fairly moderate portions. Then the party will be an enjoyable affair, without any lamentable after effects.

Serve simple, light sandwiches, fruit juice or milk, a small portion of birthday cake and a light dessert. Devote to table decorations, games and attractively wrapped, inexpensive "mystery" prizes. Children react to attractive visible things. Boar this in mind as you plan.

Let the light dessert dish be the main dish. Something like a beautiful rennet-custard is ideal. It's easy to prepare in advance, healthful, easily digested and liked by all. The following recipe will furnish you with just what the

children want. No eggs are needed. No baking or boiling are necessary. In attractive orange baskets, and served with small animal or "design" cookies bearing the names of the guests, these desserts are a sure party "hit."

Chocolate Rennet-Custard in Orange Baskets

3 large oranges
1 pint milk (not canned) (if curd)
1 package chocolate rennet powder
Cut oranges carefully into halves in the usual way; squeeze the juice out, and remove membranes from shells. To make handles, cut a strip around the top of each half-attached for about 1/4 inch on opposite sides. Lift up the strips and tie together with a ribbon.

Warm milk slowly, stirring constantly. Test a drop on inside of wrist frequently. When COMFORTABLY WARM, (120° F.) set hot, remove at once from stove. Stir rennet powder into milk briskly until dissolved—do not stir. Pour into the orange baskets. Do not move until firm—about 15 minutes. Chill in refrigerator. Yield: 6 desserts.