

TIMELY TOPICS FOR WOMEN

By Barbara Baines

WAR MARRIAGES ARE COURAGEOUS

"All war marriages are a mistake." "They are risky." "They are immoral." "I have no patience with them." "They always turn out badly."

And so are raised a chorus of voices whenever war marriages are discussed, especially if the bride is very young and pretty, and the groom still has his stripes to win.

And who are these persons who are so complacently sure that war marriages are all wrong. Nine times out of ten you will find that they are men

months before the war broke out. They were engaged when the war broke out. The girl was twenty and the boy a little her senior.

"But think of the risks!" says the Killjoy. Well, think of them, and face them . . . the endless dread and anxiety, the possibility that your loved one may come home a cripple . . . or may not come home.

Let me tell you of one war marriage that is already ended. They were engaged when the war broke out. The girl was twenty and the boy a little her senior.

"O lost hours and days In which I might have been happy!"

It is impossible, of course, to generalize over most things of importance. But one thing is sure. When happiness comes along no one can afford to hesitate in its acceptance . . . or, like the visitation of the angel, we may only know it was there when it is gone.

SERVE BY CONSERVING

A campaign aimed at eliminating waste of fruits and vegetables was launched recently by the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

and vegetables have been reduced to save exchange. As a result a shortage of canned fruits and vegetables this year is quite possible.

Therefore householders will have to depend on home-canning to a much larger extent than usual for their winter's supply.

He also points out that increased household preserving will tend to keep prices stable during the winter months.

THAT REMINDS ME

It is not by what you try to get out of the world that your life will be enriched; it is by what you give to the world.

BOOK REVIEWS

"I Met Some Little People" By Anne Sutherland Brooks (Ryerson, 55pp., \$1.00)

Anne Sutherland Brooks has just published a charming book of verse, "I Met Some Little People."

"Uniform of Glory" By P. C. Wren (Longman's, 296 pp., \$2.00)

"Uniform of Glory" is another story of the French Foreign Legion by the author of "Beau Geste," a story that will give you several hours of entertaining reading.

FROZEN FRUIT SALAD

Did you know that your electric refrigerator can be used for making frozen salads as well as frozen desserts. Try this frozen fruit salad sometime when you want something cool, quick and easy.

INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM Sunday School LESSON

PAUL PREACHES FAITH IN CHRIST SUNDAY, AUGUST 3, 1941

GOLDEN TEXT: "As it is written, The just shall live by faith." Romans 1: 17.

LESSON PASSAGE: Romans 3: 21-31; 5: 1, 2.

I heard the voice of Jesus say, "I am this dark world's light; Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

Living by Law, 21 - 23

To do right through love of right is a great release from both compulsion and fear. It is as though a citizen, persecuted by the secret police in a dictator country, should step into the freedom of a democracy.

Forgiveness, 24 - 26

Christ said that those who are forgiven much love much. Experience of forgiveness does not usually come to those who have a sense of sin.

Peace, 1

For long years John Bunyan was tormented by fears and self-accusations. He feared that he had committed the sin against the Holy Spirit and was doomed to live his life under the condemnation of God.

Grace, 2

In the Bible and in Christian biography we are told of strong leaders who have had moral transformation through spiritual rebirth. Is this the privilege of a limited few or is it the possible heritage of everyone?

CARROLL'S

Salmon 1/2-lb. tin 15c, SARDINES tin 5c, SWEET CHERKIN 32c, DO-NUTS 15c, ANGEL CAKE 20c, COLORED STRAWS 10c, PAPER NAPKINS 15c, CATSUP 12c, SUGAR 10 lbs. 78c, ENERGY 1-lb. pkg. 15c, JEWEL 32-oz. jar 39c, MUSTARD 10c

Lynn Valley PEACHES 15-oz. tin 10c, PICKLES 27-oz. jar 27c, BISCUITS lb. 18c

Gold Soap 5 for 22c, Ivory Flakes 23c, Chipso 9, 23, 51, 2 in 1 White 14c, Fly-Ded 15c, Fly Coils 3 for 5c, Fly Pads 3 pkgs. 25c, LIPTON'S TEA, CORN STARCH, CORN SYRUP, Certo, Jar Rubbers, Parowax, Jelly Maker, CORNFLAKES

APPLE JUICE 2 20-oz. 15c, Stuart's Orange and Grapefruit MARMALADE 32-oz. jar 22c, SWEET JUICY-Good Size ORANGES doz. 27c, CALIFORNIA GRAPEFRUIT 5 for 25c, NO. 1 NEW POTATOES 10 lb. 19c, DUCHESS APPLES 5 lb. 17c

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Hospitality at Hunter's Inn

By Raymond Arthur Davies In Farmer's Magazine, July, 1941

"Mmmm . . . these are good pickles!" "Sure. You bet! But you ought to taste some I had at the Hunter's Inn in Georgetown, Canada."

Yet, there are not many Canadians who have heard of Hunter's Inn. There is no other place in the whole Dominion like it.

"How did these two enterprising women come to establish the Inn?" Let Rita tell the story. "Have you ever been so broke that you didn't know what to do? Taxes, bills, step-father out of work, ill health, all around—everything stacked against you, no property worth anything—all that was left was this little house and two and a half acres of land—and a bit of insurance . . . ."

"Well, things got to be so bad, they couldn't get any worse. So we talked things over. Mother wasn't making much at the mill. My pay did not come to a great deal either. We decided to chance it. The insurance policy was our only reserve. We borrowed on it. Made the veranda into a small store. Invested the \$100 that was left in groceries and stock for the kitchen. Mr. Hunter made all the tables himself. We collected old chairs from everywhere. Old packing cases made up the counter. We were all set to start serving meals."

As we listened to Rita's story we could hardly believe that the cosy downstairs dining room of the Hunter's home which also serves as one of the two rooms of the Inn was but a make-shift affair. From the outside, the Inn, located just a half-mile off the Georgetown-Toronto highway, looks like any modest residence. The only distinguishing mark is the sign. Inside there are flowers everywhere. A spirit of good cheer and friendliness prevails. The tables are set for some thirty people and we have seen the place completely filled. On "Thanksgiving" day more than one hundred were served and twenty-five turned away.

"At first things were terrible," Aunt Maggie continued, as she took over Rita's recital when Rita was called into the other room to serve. "Lunches to truck drivers, occasional meals to leaders from the Y.M.C.A. camp at Norval. Teas to ladies. Not that we did not like this trade. It was fine, but there was so little of it. I don't know how we got through. For the first tea party we had to borrow dishes from the neighbors. But then things began to pick up. Strangers began to find their way to us. It was lots of work, of course. But fun too!"

"Where did you learn to cook," we asked Aunt Maggie as we gorged ourselves on the wonderful roast duck. "Stranger, if you've never eaten at the Hunter's Inn, you can hardly appreciate our question. Sherbet, soup, roast duck, or goose, or turkey or t-bone steak . . . and then the special . . . not since pre-Confederation days have Canadians eaten anything like this! Spiced peaches, apples, plums, cherries! Pickled watermelons! Ebed potatoes and a score of other delicious side dishes whose names this casual eater can not even remember! More than one thousand containers of fruits

and vegetables are put up by the Hunters during the summer to satisfy their winter trade. The fruit juices are home made. Even the fresh raspberries and strawberries served as Christmas have been frozen at home. Where indeed would Mrs. Hunter learn to cook like this? Rita provided the answer. "We used to have all many as thirty people at the house for week ends. Everyone knew mother's cooking. Sometimes we worked all night long preparing the food or washing the dishes after our guests had gone. A few years of that and anyone can learn to cook!"

Business is good now. People have beaten a track to the doors of the Inn. Everyone admires these two modest, and obliging women who have made their way in the world. The world and its neighbor come to eat there now. One day, we were told, a rather corpulent individual came to dinner. Then he returned again and again. "You know, sister," he told Aunt Maggie on one occasion. "I am a restaurant man myself. I know when food is good." Some time later Mrs. Hunter found out that he was the head of one of Canada's largest restaurant chains.

No one ever leaves Hunter's Inn dissatisfied. Two helpings, even three, or four if you can stand it, are yours for the asking. Our own experience is a case in point. We ate at the Inn on Christmas Day. Fruit salad, soup, roast turkey, with all the trimmings, salads, side dishes, etc. "What about a second helping?" Rita asked us. We refused. But the girl was so sure that we acquiesced. . . . In came another plate this time of roast goose. We struggled through it as best as we could. Then dessert. . . . Finally, unable to swallow another bite, we decamped ingloriously while Rita and Aunt Maggie were in the kitchen. No sooner did we reach the home of some friends at the Glen than the phone rang. It was Rita's anxious voice. Would we come back and have some baked apples with almonds! The secret of the Hunters' success? There isn't any. The women had a job to do. They dared to do it and they did it well.

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