

TIMELY TOPICS FOR WOMEN . . .

By **Barbara Baines**

WHEN THE TOURISTS COME TO RURAL QUEBEC

I just returned this week from a grand holiday among the Laurentians. Our camp is on Lac du Sabie near Notre Dame du Laus, a tiny village on the Lievre River in Quebec. We have been going a number of years now, and are beginning to feel quite at home among the French Canadian families in the district. But our particular friend is Monsieur Valquette who lives on the nearest farm—if farm you can call it. From the lake it looks like a series of rolling, well-wooded mountains with two or three tiny, cleared garden plots nestling on the sides.

At one time the fields were larger, but some years ago two great dams were built on the Lievre to provide electric power. The whole valley was flooded and the farmers had to move back to higher land. They were well-paid for their lost acres, but their new farms have less soil suitable for cultivation, the money was soon gone, and many of them now find it hard to feed their large families.

Mons. Valquette is more progressive than some. He has four cows; two horses; seven sheep; three large pigs, and some chickens, and his family fare well. He has five lovely children. The newest "garçon" arrived while we were at camp with the help only of a midwife (which my husband had to go for in a hurry). The nearest doctor is at Mont Laurier fifty-five miles away, and he charges more than they can afford to pay.

But Mons. Valquette is good to his family. Don't they get clothes "out of the catalogue," (printed in French), and last year didn't they get some "store furniture," and a radio for Christmas; things few of their neighbours have.

Mons. Valquette is very proud that he is one quarter Irish, and proud also of his uncertain English. His favourite expression in English is "Ho! Japers. Yes," spoken with great emphasis. One day he made us smile when he said "It is going to rain to-night. The sky she sick all day."

Madame Valquette does not speak English, but she bakes wonderful bread. I like to watch her as she kneads and punches it with great gusto in a wooden trough attached to the wall. She often goes around in her bare feet but her kitchen is clean. She has screens now to keep out the flies, and has water piped from a nearby spring to her sink. There is no need to worry about elevation for the spring comes down the mountain side.

The same spring is the cooling system for her "refrigerator" . . . an earthen hut built into the side of the hill, with a cement trough down the centre, through which flows cold, crystal-clear, spring water. Milk and perishable foods are set right in the water, and are kept cold on the hottest day in summer. Other foods, potatoes and vegetables are piled high along the sides and kept fresh and crisp in summer, and do not freeze even in below zero weather.

In winter, Mons. Valquette gets out logs, and gets good pay for himself and his two horses. He told us they use a "crazy-wheel" to keep the logs from coming too fast down the mountain sides, but just how it works I am not sure. The logs are drawn to the Lievre and floated down to the Ottawa where they are sorted and taken to the mills. It is quite exciting to see the rivermen take them down.

Things are very different for the Valquettes since the tourists came. They sell wood, ice, milk and cream, home-made bread and buns, and garden vegetables to all the camps where we are. But Mons. Valquette is most pleased when the "rich Americans" come because that means some profitable days of guiding. The country is a fisherman's paradise. On one trip into a newly discovered lake my husband and a party of his friends caught 195 red trout. They are very similar to our speckled trout except that the fins are red and the flesh pink. They are delicious fried in butter for breakfast. That was of course a red-letter day, but lakes abound everywhere and there are an abundance of bass, yellow pickerel and great northern pike. And one day while we were there a man from Ottawa caught a 34-pound and grey trout. Mons. Valquette's proudest possession is a leather belt gaily ornamented with nail heads and coloured stones which an American sent him in appreciation of his fine catch. All "les jeunes hommes" of the village want to buy it from him.

Mons. Valquette is very ambitious for his family. He wants them to get a good education though he himself went to school only two or three months and can neither read nor write. But it is not easy. Picture, if you can, Lowell, age nine, and Valida, age seven, accompanied by their collie dog crossing the lake by row-boat, and then walking one and one-half miles through the bush in which there is plenty of deer, beaver, foxes, porcupines, and sometimes bear, to a little clearing where there is a school.

When it is windy and the lake is rough their father takes them across and meets them. In winter they cross on the ice, and in spring and fall when the ice isn't safe, or when it is too stormy they stay at the farm house nearest the school.

To get to the village six miles away to shop or go to church they go by boat as far as the dam and walk the other two miles. They have an outboard motor now, that they got from one of the "tourists." In the winter they go by-horse and sleigh on the ice, or by dog-team. The only way to get "out" to civilization then is by snow-mobile and it is very expensive.

Most of the families we met are quite happy and satisfied with their lot. Few speak any English, and fewer have ever been "out." They know nothing of geography and scarcely anything of the war. One man asked my husband if the fighting was bad where he came from.

They sometimes visit each other on Sundays and there is an occasional square dance in one of the larger rooms. Strange as it may seem they "call off" in English. But their priest and their church are by far the biggest things in their lives. When we all left this fall, however, Mons. Valquette said: "It is going to be lonesome to-morrow."

FOR OUR SCRAP BOOK

Be thrifty in keeping your health. Unlike a dollar, foolishly spent, it cannot easily be replaced by future savings. —A Reader—

BOOK REVIEW

"MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR" BY JUDITH KELLY
(Mussou Book Co., 359pp., \$3.00)

"Marriage is a Private Affair" is the absorbing story of the first uncertain years of a modern American marriage. It won the \$10,000 Harper Prize for 1941-42. Judith Kelly, the author, was born in Toronto. She is now the wife of a Boston lawyer and the mother of two young children, but admits that she is more interested in her writing than in cooking.

The heroine of the story is Theo, whose home life was unhappy in spite of all the wealth lavished upon her. Her mother was vain and selfish, and her father frustrated and worldly. And so when she and Tom West fell deeply in love with each other and were married, she made up her mind that nothing should ever happen to spoil their happiness.

She tried in every way possible to be the kind of a wife Tom wanted, but it was not long until she began to feel a vague feeling of disappointment. Tom seemed unduly wrapped up in his pet hobby, a model housing scheme, and seemed to show more warmth of feeling for his dead father, whom he idealized, and for his two children than for his wife. Nor did the marriages of their friends turn out better. All seemed to be searching for something it was impossible to find.

Then Theo met Lang Street. They were mutually attracted, and in a mistaken hope for romance, and warm companionship and fulfillment they became lovers. Tom's reaction when he found out about Theo's faithfulness, and Theo's attempt to make amends for her foolishness, you must read the book to find out.

"Marriage is a Private Affair" is an essentially human story, one which faces the problems of modern marriage with insight and honesty, but one which may be somewhat disillusioning to younger readers.

WHOLE GREEN TOMATO PICKLE

Food may yet be a decisive factor in winning the war. Here is a recipe for using up surplus green tomatoes . . . and the result a pickle that will add zest to the dulllest meal.

- 8 pounds small green tomatoes
- 1 quart vinegar
- 3 pounds white sugar
- 2 sticks cinnamon
- 1 tablespoon whole cloves

Peel tomatoes thinly, sprinkle with 1/2 cup salt and let stand over night. Scald with boiling water and keep simmering until able to pierce tomatoes with a fork. Pour off water and let drain until dry (about two hours). Make syrup of vinegar, sugar and spices. Bring to a boil, add tomatoes and simmer until transparent. May be kept in covered crock or bottled and sealed.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Letters from interested readers are welcome. Have you some time-saving hints you would like to pass along. Address all communications to Barbara Baines in care of this newspaper.

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INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM Sunday School LESSON

OVERCOMING THE ADVERSARY

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21st, 1941

GOLDEN TEXT: "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death." Revelation 12: 11.

LESSON PASSAGE: Revelation 12: 7-12; 15: 2-4.

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to weep.
Or knock the breast; no weakness or contempt.
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair.
And what may quiet us, in a death so noble.

—Sophocles—

Moral Religion, 7-9

A young man trained in a private school and a famous university looked upon religion as another subject. He memorized scripture, became familiar with the prayer-book and the ritual of worship and as soon as he left school promptly discarded all religious observances as unreal. Not until he was thirty years of age did he discover what he calls "moral religion." As soon as it became a daily experiment of choosing and doing the right, religion became life and life became religion. In the first instance it was his sense of sin that led to the discovery of the reality of God. So radical was the change in his life that he likens it to Newton seeing the apple fall and discerning the law of gravitation; to Watt watching the lid of a kettle bobbing and utilizing steam power; to Franklin with his kite taking the first step in harnessing electricity. What was this discovery of "moral religion"? Simply that the will of God when known and followed is a power, a moral and spiritual power as demonstrable as gravitation, steam or electricity.

A Glowing Faith, 10

Religion dies unless it is enthusiastic. Virtue vanishes unless it is intense. The New Testament beatitudes and benedictions have the glamour of positive convictions. Consider John's exulting praise in the verses: "Now is come salvation and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ." That is the good news of the gospel. That is the thrilling story we have to tell to the nations. A new power for right living has come to humanity through Christ. How may we have it? First of all we must set our minds to the discovery of our minds. That is the very devil within us. As long as we are full of accusations against our relatives, our neighbors and the government, the love of God cannot flow into our hearts. A miracle happens when we stop being clever at detecting the faults in other people and begin to show skill in recognizing sin in ourselves. Then we become humble concerning our own merits and forgiving about the failings of other members of the family. Christ came to the world not to condemn but to save. We cannot do much saving until we cease from accusing.

Victims Become Victors, 11, 12

How may we overcome the accusation sentiment in our minds? Many Christians say that the only way to victory is by constant fellowship with Christ, sharing of Christian experience and the surrender of self. The early Christian martyrs were victorious because they loved not their lives unto the death. They could be killed but no power on earth could make them untrue to Christ. Note well John's phrase "the blood of the Lamb." Our self-giving must have something of the sacrifice of the cross of Christ. "Quite evidently John has ceased to employ the name without any thought of its literal meaning. 'The Lamb' has come to be nothing else for him than a title or proper name in any context. It always carries with it, however, the idea of a sacrificial death. Christ had been the victim of Old Testament prophecy, led like a lamb to the slaughter. He had died at Passover, just at the moment when the lamb was slain. Jesus had died as an unresisting sufferer. Of His own will He had offered Himself on behalf of men."

The Harps of God, 2

The atmosphere of worship is found throughout the Book of Revelation. The images used are intended to visualize spiritual realities. The phrase "the harps of God" may be a memory of worship in the Temple at Jerusalem accompanied by the harp. Scoffers and literalists who ridicule the idea of spending eternity playing a harp only advertise the fact that they have missed understanding the significance of worship. There has to be deep thought and long experience before truth can be worthily expressed in song. Worship is the chief activity of the Church, the inspiration

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of all social service. It establishes a sense of dependence upon God and of brotherhood between men. John uses the symbols of white robes for character, incense for prayer, harps for worship but the spiritual realities far transcend the material symbols.

King of Saints, 3, 4
John saw great truths in a series of visions. A motion picture camera could not have filmed them but "it does not follow that the vision was worthless. Fanciful as it is, it expresses the confidence in another world, it gives embodiment to great convictions which lie deep in every

human soul. God has a purpose with the world's righteousness will in the end prevail: man is not merely a creature of this earth, but has part in a higher order, in the service of which he will find his true life." These convictions are needed today. In the strangest fashion history is repeating itself. We are learning anew the danger of any civilization divorced from spiritual ends. "John foretold that a greatness which was founded wholly on a worship of this world was doomed to perdition; and his meaning is now coming home to us. The forces that promised to regenerate us are only crushing us down. Science has been

harnessed to purposes of destruction; philosophy is devising new pretenses for tyranny; each refinement of culture has its outcome in some new moral disease. What will be the end of a civilization which is based on the worship of material things?"

Questions for Discussion
1. What does the adjective "Satanic" imply?
2. Definitely, what has Christ done for you?
3. Are there any martyrs in industry and science?
4. What are the highest purposes of music?
5. Will Jews and Christians ever be reconciled?



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