TIMELY TOPICS By Barbara Baines FOR WOMEN

WHEN SHORT ENGAGEMENTS ARE THE RULE

"Marry in haste, repent at leisure," is an old saying that perhaps contains more truth than fiction. But what are the young people of today to do? Handsome Romeo in khaki or blue meets pretty Juliet. They fall in love. Naturally they want to get married. There is no time for a conventional engagement if they are to have more than a brief. honeymoon together. But after a whirlwind courtship of a few weeks do they really know each other well enough to marry?

Any boy who is adult enough to go to war, and any girl adult enough to do her job at home, knows that if marriage is to be as satisfying an experience as it should be, there are other things to take into consideration besides a mutual infatuation. Few people ever marry without feeling a strong physical attraction for each other. Nature sees to that. But I believe that if a couple are to look forward to long years of companionship, understanding and real happiness together the fundamental hasis on which their marriage must be built is a SIMILAR STANDARD OF CONDUCT FOR BOTH.

Nothing can cause greater heartbreak when the honeymoon is over than for husband and wife to find they have conflicting goals in life . . . for a high-principled man who is the soul of integrity, honour and trustworthiness to find himself married to a pretty woman in whom all sense of honour, veracity and responsibility is lacking . . . for a sensitive, refined woman to whom culture is not just a word in the dictionary, but a way of living, to be married to a man who is crude and uncouth and lacking delicacy . . . for an intelligent, well-educated man ever in quest of greater knowledge to have for his life companion a woman who never reads anything more informative than the funny papers . . . or for a leyal, steadfast woman to find she has a husband with itching feet, ever on the trail of some new face.

There is indeed no need for young people planning marriage to agree as to the kind of ice-cream they like best, or as to which is their favourite radio programme, but they should agree on fundametnals. They should have similar ideals, and similar standards of conduct, moral, spiritual, cultural and intellectual.

But how are young, inexperienced girls and boys to judge in a few short weeks whether they are falling for a handsome scalawag or a cornely little trollop with appealing ways, or whether their loved one has those virtues of character which are so necessary to happiness. If they have been brought up together in the same community there is no problem.

They know each other well, and each other's family and background. But when a boy and girl meet at a camp dance, or on a blind date, and become seriously interested in each other it is pretty hard for either of them to be sure they are not-being blinded by the excitement, glamour and romance of a wartime love affair. On the other hand if they are really meant for each other it is a pity for them to waste precious moments of happiness when separation is imminent.

Yet how can they tell? Well, first of all there is intuition, that sixth sense that tells us when things are right and warns us when things are wrong. If there is the slightest doubt, it is time to do some tactful checking up. And I am old fashioned enough to believe this can best be done by the parents. A boy's father, (or his commanding officer or padre) will know discreet ways of inquiring about a girl's past life. And a girl's father will be equally anxious to be sure his daughter is marrying a man who can give a good account of himself, a man whom she can respect as well as love.

Marriage is indeed an affair of the heart more truly than of the head, but when head and heart agree the chances of a marriage "sticking" is infinitely greater.

SPARE A BLANKET

The people of Canada are being asked to "spare a blanket" to the Canadian Red Cross which has launched its second big appeal to

provide these necessities for air-raid sufferers. In the last campaign Canada sent 138,137 blankets and 101,234 quilts overseas and many expressions of gratitude were received from bomb victims, military hospitals, merchant seamen and others among whom they were distributed.

The need for more blankets and quilts is most urgent, but blankets must be new or "as good as new." Send your contribution to your local Red Cross. If you can't spare a blanket a \$2 donation will buy a single

There is a shortage of turtle-necked sweaters for our airmen and sailors. It takes a lot of knitting to make even one of these sweaters, but the directions are easy to follow and when it is finished you have the satisfaction of knowing it is what our men need most. So all you knitters get busy.

A friend had an unusual request this week from a Canadian soldier overseas. He wanted a set of postcards showing Canadian scenes and places of prominence in the Dominion. He says, "A lot of the fellows have cards showing places of interest back home, and I've seen a lot from different places in England and Scotland too, and I don't want to be outdone. I've been doing some bragging about Canada, and there are a few people, particularly a family I spent my leave with, that I'd like to show I wasn't exaggerating."

FOR OUR SCRAP BOOK

The consciousness of being loved softens the keenest pang, even at the moment of parting; yea, even the eternal farewell is robbed of half its bitterness when vitered in accents that breathe love to the last sigh. —Addison—

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

"THE VENABLES"

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

(McLelland and Stewart, 462pp., \$3.00)

The Venables are a typical middle class family living in San Francisco. Willie was married when she was twenty-three and had little time for anything but child-bearing and dusting. When her husband died she was left with a feeling of utter helplessness and loss, six children, and an insurance policy that through mismanagement fell far short of their needs.

And so upon the courageous, red-headed Flo falls the responsibility of looking after the welfare of the whole family which includes the Grand mother and two aunts who are quite unable to find employment suitable to their station. Her sister Lily, beautiful but empty-headed, marries a man who is jealous and unscrupulous, and her life is miserable. Virgie-Lou, Georgie, Spencer and Weeny each have their own problems to solve as young people will. But the story is at its best when telling of Flo, her dauntless spirit, her ambitions, her determination not to be cheated, her trip to Europe, and her budding love affair.

You will like the Venables as you share their joys and sorrows, for in stories of family life no author can top Kathleen Norris.

PRIZE MEAT LOAF

- In answer to our request for recipes for an economical meat loaf, Mrs. M. R., of Tottenham, has sent us the recipe we are publishing today. I have chosen it because it is simple to make, inexpensive and very satisfying and tasty.
 - 4 cups minced meat, cooked 1 teaspoon onion, chopped
 - 1 teaspoon parsley, chopped
 - i teaspoon celery, chopped 2 teaspoons Worchestershire

Berve with Tomato or Spanish Sauce.

I egg, well-beaten 2 tablespoons melted butter 1 teaspoon salt 14 teaspoon poultry dressing

1 cup stale bread crumbs

Left-over gravy, stock or Mix ingredients in order given. Add stock or milk to make mixture moist enough to hold together. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees F.) for forty minutes. Baste with a mixture of butter or dripping and hot water.

Have you decided what to serve for Hallowe'en yet? Cider and doughnuts, popcorn balls and taffy apples, or just plain buttered popcorn and crisp, rosy apples . . . big, round cookies with Jack-o-lantern faces made with raisins . . . boys and girls love them all. But if you would like something unusual for dessert try this. Fill ice-cream cones with orange ice-cream and invert them over large cookies to make witches' hats. Black candles stuck in tiny ple pumpkins make an attractive table decoration.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Barbara Baines welcomes letters. Have you an exceptionally good recipe for an economical luncheon or supper dish that you would like to share with readers of the column. Address all communications in care of this newspaper.

IMPROVED. UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL CUNDAY JCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Denn of The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for November 2

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SIN AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

LESSON TEXT-Galatians 6:7, 8; I John GOLDEN TEXT-If we confess our sins, ie is faithful and just to forgive us our gins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousdess.-I John 1:9.

Sin is an appalling reality, hideous and horrible in itself, and bearing with it the gravest consequences both in this life and in the life to come. Man does not find it pleasant to face that fact, and so he makes ight of sin and even may go so far is to deny its existence. Obviously such an expedient does nothing to solve the difficulty or to meet the gnawing distress of a heart facing and fearing the judgment of God.

Far better to meet the reality of then." it, admit its awfulness, and seek God's way of full deliverance. Sin, I slight hesitation. "There are, unman listened to Satan and disobeyed God in the Garden of Eden, has gone on to mar and to mark all mankind. We note that

I. Sin Brings Corruption (Gal. 6:

7. 8). Seedtime is followed by harvest. This is the law of nature, the law of God. The farmer who sowed wheat in the spring looked for wheat when the harvest time came. The same principle holds in the spiritual realm. Just as the one who sows to the Spirit reaps eternal life, the one who sows to the flesh reaps corruption, and death. ---

A life of self-indulgence (which is sowing to the flesh) brings moral decay. The weakened will yields to desire, and it "bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death" (James 1:14, 15). This death is spiritual, bringing separation from God, a loss of fellowship and communion with Him. Spiritual death as well as physical death came upon mankind through Adam's sin.

II. Sin Loves Darkness (I John 1:5-7).

There is not a bit of darkness in God. He is light. When Jesus came into the world. He came as the Light of the World. But "men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved" (John 3.17-21).

The corollary of that truth is that a man who says he has fellowship with God, but continues to walk in darkness, brands himself a liar (v. 6) Compare Revelation 21:27-28 for what God thinks of liars.

The light still shines, and the one who is walking in darkness has only to step over into the light (v. 7) where he will find fellowship with all God's people and know the cleansing of the blood of the Son of

III. Sin Is an Undeniable Fact he said. (1 John 1:8-10) -

It seems impossible that a man who knows himself and knows the life he lives would ever deny sin, for it is one of the most evident of all facts. Yet men have denied it, or sought to explain it away, calling it error, or a "fall upward," or a step in man's development, or the evidence of man's self-consciousness and desire to learn.

There is no hope tor a man as long as he assumes such an attitude, for he not only lies himself, but he makes God a liar He denies the truth of God's Word about sin, makes meaningless or wicked God's dealings with sin, and reveals that God's Word is not in him. Those who make such statements declare that they do not belong to God and do not accept His Word It is evident that they ought never to be permitted to teach such things in the church, or in the name of Christianity.

IV. Sin Calls for a Saviour (John 2:1-6). Christ the propitiation, the mercy-

seat covering for our sins, is the only Saviour. He paid the price, and made it possible for God to be just and at the same, time a justifier of the ungodly The sinner needs such a Saviour.

Sin in the life of the believer also calls for a Saviour, one who will cleanse-us (1:9) and who will in His own blessed name plead our cause "if we sin." He is our Advocate (2:1) pleading His righteousness in our behalf when we do fall.

This does not mean that we may then become indifferent or careless about sin. If we say we know Him and do not keep His commandments, we lie about our professed relationship to Him. The mark of a true

child is a spirit of obedience. God's children prove their love to Him by keeping His commandments. Talking about our devotion to Him, giving our service for Him, or sacrificing for His cause mean nothing if we do not obey ence

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> WHU SERVICE O MACRAE SMITH

Lida Larrimore

., "Well, cer-Kate broke the s tathly no one is leaving tonight, she said practically. "It's after ten

o'clock now." Gay glanced at her in gratitude which held, as well, an element of

"You can draw straws in the morning," Kate continued, "Or perhaps one or the other of these-experiments will be completed by

which came into the world when fortunately, no hotel accommodations nearer than Machias."

"Of course," he said, after only a

"And that," Kate said cheerfully, "would. I think be carrying mat-

ters much too far ' preciatively at Kate. "There's a two years later, the cablegram ancot in the room I work in You can nouncing her return to America had have the larger room, there. I see arrived, glad, too, though he'd you've brought blankets and there watched the mail for weeks, that is linen, I think " He started toward the door. "I'll get my things out of the way."

"Don't bother," Kate said, starting with her tray toward the kitchnight."

They were ignoring her, Gay thought, making plans in which she had no voice. He was friendly enough with Kate. Gay resented that friendliness from which she was excluded. She felt. again, a compelling urge to attract and hold his atlention.

"John-" she said. He stopped at the door, turned. stood waiting for her to continue. Kate, at the kitchen door, glanced back over her shoulder.

Gay held herself very erect. "I will not be leaving tomorrow," she said, conscious of and regretting the arrogance in her voice. She would have liked to reach him through friendliness. Arrogance was too obvious and too petty an approach. But whatever he felt for her it was not friendliness. The glance he exchanged, now, with Kate impelled her to add, "Kate can do as she likes, of course. I shall stay."

"Which means-?" he asked. "That I will appreciate it if you'll remove your things from the room." He was silent for a moment.

Then, "Certainly." he said civilly. "Now, Gay-" Kate began with some asperity, paused, rolled her eyes upward, compressed her lips and went out into the kitchen. John remained standing in the opposite doorway. The slanting smile appeared as her eyes met his.

"The long arm of coincidence,"

"It is-incredible." "Not too incredible. You might have found me here any one of a number of times during the past

three years." "I had no thought of finding you." "I know that" -He had, she thought, interpreted the statement had, in all probability, a great deal as a rebuff. The smile vanished.

'I'm sorry to be a-complication. He was a complication. He had been a complication since the night they'd driven together through Central Park, before that, even, since the summer here at the lake. She realized, now, how largely he'd been responsible for her dissatisfaction. her restlessness her uncertainty concerning her approaching marriage to Todd. A complication? That was too unimportant a word. Looking at John, silent and unapproach-

able in the doorway, feeling his presence here in every tingling nerve. with every racing heartbeat, Gay knew she had found the answer to troubling questions. He was necessary to her, had always been since she was fifteen years old. Todd was not a necessity. It was as simple, as hopelessly, frighteningly involved as that.

CHAPTER III

He'd have to clear out. He'd have to clear out, now, tonight, before he saw her again. John walked, restless, in long plunging strides, along the rutted clay-shell road. The experiment was less important than what was certain to happen to him if he remained at the cabin. He'c fought that battle twice before, and he had no intention of exposing himself to the necessity of fighting it

But wasn't that necessity already upon him? He'd wondered how he would feel if by chance, he should meet her again. Chance, assis ed by Uncle John, had given him that knowledge. He felt as he'd felt when they parted six years ago. There was something between them which Him. We only pile evidence upon time and separation had not altered, evidence of our untruthfulness by more vital than it had been three making claims and doing things years, six years ago, because they which are negated by our disobedi- were more mature, now, more emotionally aware.

Not that he had. een emotionally aware of her that summer she'd spent at the cabin with Uncle John. He should have cleared out then. he told himself a trifle grimly, instead of prolonging what he had intended to be a week-end visit into a stay of three weeks.

He should have left before the day she'd turned her ankle walking with him through the woods and he'd carried her to the cabin in his arms. After that nothing could have induced him to leave. He remembered with a feeling of tenderness for the innocent ardor of their relationship which resentment could not efface, the week which had followed. He remembered saying good-by to her at the station in Machias, straining for a last glimpse of her face, young and defenseless in the transient grief of parting, tears glittering on her lashes, her wide sweetly curved mouth trembling in an effort to smile. "I'll see you soon, John," she'd said. clinging to his hand as they stood together in the vestibule of the train. I fading scent. A light burned in the And, sustained by his presence, too much in love with her to reason or question, "Yes, very soon," he'd replied.

But he had not seen her again until he'd gone with Uncle John to New York for her debutante party. Her mother had taken her abroad that fall after her summer here. She'd written to him at lengthening intervals during the first year, from Geneva where she was in school, from various points on the French Rivi- of the couch beside the hearth. She era when her vacations permitted opportunities for travel. He'd been relieved, when the letters stopped coming, glad that he had been on a "I agree with you." He smiled ap- canoe trip in Canada when, nearly she had not answered his formal note of apology and explanation. It had been easier, then, to close a door in his mind, for reason, during long hours of logical if rebel-"We can manage just for to- lious thought, had convinced him

that the door must be closed and locked and the key thrown away. The key? John turned, realizing that he had reached the village. Why had Uncle John made that gesture? he wondered, walking more slowly back toward the cabin. He'd known, of course, of that young attachment between himself and Gay. It probably hadn't been difficult for Uncle John to read his thoughts the morning after the party in New York when he, John, had insisted, stubbornly and not very considerately, that they return to Cambridge at once. And Uncle John loved Gay. He had for her a deeper affection, perhaps, than for anyone in the world except him.

But Uncle John should have foreseen, he thought irritably, that nothing of lasting value could come of that attachment He was romantic. idealistic, in the way of his generation, but he was neither sentimental nor impractical. He must have seen that he, John, and Gaoriella Graham lived in different worlds, that each would be a stranger in the atmosphere familiar to the other. Perhaps though, the thought continued. when you were dying, such things as wealth or a lack of it, the differences in viewpoint which wealth engendered, the distinctions and antagonisms it raised seemed relatively unimportant, Uncle John had known he hadn't long to live when they'd gone to New York. Perhaps during the following weeks, when his grasp on living had loosened, some wisdom had come to him which, by the. gesture, he had attempted to communicate to them.

Perhaps-But the wisdom which might come with death was, now, of no practical value. He and Gay of living to do. Their divergent courses were charted, had been determined, he supposed long before they met here at the lake. That meeting was accidental and had no influence upon the direction of their separate lives. He was going to Portland to take over Dr. Sargeant's practice for a year in payment for loans which had enabled him to complete his medical course at Harvard. After that, if he could manage to support himself he was going on with scientific research. There were before him years of work

which he loved, of loneliness which he accepted. Gay was to marry Todd Janeway-

He had not allowed himself to

think of that until now. His thoughts had moved warily, dodging that painful fact. But it must be faced. squarely and honestly. The fact must be accepted and removed from his mind. He'd known, of course, almost as soon as the engagement had been announced. He'd thought he had accepted it. He'd been able. during the summer, to look at camera poses of Gay and Todd Jane way with interest not too intolerably mixed with pain. There had been a great many of them. It would be an important wedding. Todd Janeway was connected with the private bank in New York of which his father was president. The Janeway estate on the Hudson adjoined "Dunedin," the Graham estate. I was all eminently suitable, he sup posed. He'd met young Janeway at Gay's party and had been im pressed with-his friendly manner and blond good looks. Oh yes, it was all eminently suitable, Gay's desti ny, determined at her birth, ar eventuality which no chance meet ing could alter or efface.

The cigarette he had lit and neglected had burned his fingers. The smart of physical pain routed memories, brought him abruptly to his senses. What he'd been thinking

was madness. Unule John had intended them to have a stolen week together, hidden away in the woods. And he'd been presumptuous in assuming that Gay had any such thought or desire. Besides, there

was Miss Oliver-No, not too presumptuous, reverting to Gay's possible thought and desire. He'd seen the expression in her eyes when she'd looked at him through the lamplight. There was no sane middle-course of friendship for them. At a word, a gesture, the antagonism which was their safeguard would melt and with more far-reaching consequences, now, perhaps, than in the past, since now they met as a man and a woman

and would never meet again. His resolution wavered as he opened the door into the kitchen. Knowing that she was there seemed to give the door she had opened an especial significance. He felt her presence in the atmosphere of the kitchen and more materially in the perfume that filled the air with a living-room. He would not go in there. He passed the door with his .ace averted. And then he heard ner voice calling his name. He turned, disconcerted, incensed at having his resolution so unexpectedly frustrated, immensely and joyfully reheved.

"Hello," he said from the doorway "I thought you were asleep." "I am-almost." She sat curled against heaped cushions in a corner wore a soft white woolen robe fasened close up around her throat with long sleeves and a cord knoted about her waist. The light from the lamp fell upon her loosened mop of ra-brown hair, lay warmly against the curve of her cheek. She smiled up at him drowsily, an overture of friendliness in her long very

leep blue eyes. "You should be in bed." He walked to the fireplace in-which a og she had evidently placed there burned above a bed of embers. "Are you warm enough? It's cool here

at night." 'It's heavenly. New York has

veen a blazing furnace." "The papers report a heat wave." He bent over the log on the andiron. making a clattering noise with the

tongs. "It's been really dreadful,"

"So I've understood." She laughed suddenly, disarmingly. "Must we talk about the weath-

er?" she asked. He rose to a standing position, stood looking down at her, unable to resist the appeal of her smile. "You suggest a subject," he said. "I'm afraid I lugged in the heat-wave." The smile slowly vanished. "I've been thinking of Uncle John," she said. "I was terribly sorry not to

have come for his funeral." "It was pretty ghastly. The college turned out. You were fortu-

nate to have escaped it." "But I would have come. I was

in Bermuda." "Yes. I know." He walked to the side of the hearth opposite to the couch, rested his elbow on the low stone shelf, stood looking down at her through the smoke of his cigarette. "You wrote me."

"Dad cabled. I couldn't have made it." Her eyes moved slowly, little sadly around the room. "It's strange to be here without him."

"I've become accustomed to it. I've been here half a dozen times in the past three years.".

"Kate told me I shouldn't have assumed that he left me this." Reviving humor glinted between her thick dark lashes. "She pointed out a few things I'd overlooked, that there would have been a deed, a transfer of property, tax bills." . 'Uncle John's estate pays the

taxes. There has been a transfer of property. The estate-there's very little-is held in trust for my mother during her life-time. At her death it reverts to my sisters and 10 me." "Then I am-intruding?" she said

uncertainly. "The cabin is-yours?" "Not entirely, apparently. Not for an uncertain number of years."

"I've been wondering. That's why I waited up to talk to you. I'm afraid you've been bearing some expense which I should have shared. After all, my option-is that the word?-should entail responsibility as well as create privilege. Do I owe you anything?"

"Certainly not," he said a triffe brusquely. "But the expense of taxes and upkeep must cut into your mother's

income," she persisted. "There's a special fund for the maintenance of the property." "But that's hardly fair, is it?" she asked impulsively. , "That fund might be added to your mother's income if some other arrangement was made. Why can't I help? If Uncle John intended me to have the privilege of coming here whenever

I like, certainly you shouldn't object to my sharing the expense." "That's quite unnecessary," he said stiffly and saw her expression change. She had, he knew, interpreted the words, the tone of his voice, as a rebuff. And rightly, too, he thought in bitter self-reproach. Her offer had been fair and generous. Why couldn't he have socepted it in the spirit in which it was made? Why couldn't he make amends, now, instead of letting moments pass in stubborn silence until

the opportunity was gone. Presently, with a gesture which expressed some thought completed, some course of action determined, she dropped the fringed end of the cord. As he watched ber, still broods ingly silent, she rose from the couch. composed, lovely, remote,