

MacMILLAN'S

Family Owned & Operated for Over 25 Years

Specials from
September 6th to
September 19th

HWY. 7, 1 MILE WEST OF ACTON 519.853.0311 1(800) 387.4039
Go to our website and sign up to receive our store specials by email: www.macmillans.ca

**PUB HOUSE STYLE
BATTERED HADDOCK**
1lb. \$5.99 or 2lb. \$9.99



CHERRY PIE
2 x 8" (Reg. \$4.99 ea)
2 for \$6.99
While Supplis Last

WILD BLUEBERRIES
Reg. \$17.99
2 kg \$15.99
Product of Nova Scotia



1kg BROCCOLI \$3.99
Reg. \$4.49

1kg CAULIFLOWER \$3.99
Reg. \$4.49



ANGUS BEEF & VEG. MEAT PIE
Reg. 8.99
2x9 inch \$12.99



**ROASTED CHICKEN &
VEGETABLE CANNELONI**
Reg. \$10.49
1.36kg for \$7.99



Always Crisp
**STRAIGHT CUT
FRENCH FRIES**

2 lbs \$2.99
Reg. \$4.99



RASPBERRY DANISH
Thaw & serve, no limit

8 for \$3.49
Reg. \$4.99



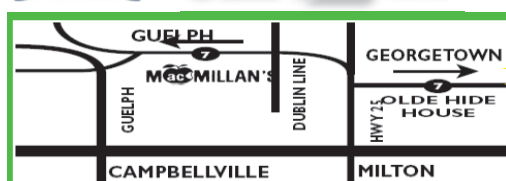
**LEADBETTERS FAMOUS
COWBOY STEAKS**
Reg. \$31.99

5 lbs. \$27.99



16" PREMIUM PIZZA'S
Reg. \$9.99 ea.

2 for \$10.99
Cheese, Meat Lovers or Deluxe



**SENIORS
10% OFF EVERY
WEDNESDAY
(REG. PRICED
MERCHANDISE)**

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

M-F 9am-7pm
Sat. 10am-6pm
Sun 10am-5pm
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*It's worth the drive to Acton
Serving Acton and Area*

Great Events at V!VA Mississauga.

Tai Chi Beginner Exercise Classes

September 12th, 19th & 26th, 2013 at 2:00 - 3:00pm

Join in on a complimentary Tai Chi class in our V!VAfit Studio.

Wine & Cheese Art Show Exhibit

September 20th, 2013 at 2:00 - 4:00pm

Fine wine, live entertainment and art by our Community Members.

Lunch & Learn: Independent Living

September 28th & 29th, 2013 at 11:00am - 1:30pm

Enjoy a wonderful lunch while discovering all the benefits of
Independent Living at V!VA.

Space is limited! Please RSVP to 905.566.4500.

2nd Anniversary Specials, offered for a limited time!



5575 Bonnie Street, Mississauga, ON

Call 905.566.4500 or visit www.vivalife.ca



A Ted Bit I'm the creator of a few culinary masterpieces

I may not be no Gerri or Lori, but I do know how to cook a few things.

I have a handful of tried and true recipes up my sleeve that are always a hit. Even The Sidekick admits I'm not the least bit lost in the kitchen.

I can cook a fabulous meatloaf and I have a good recipe for a rolled/stuffed pork roast. I also make a pretty good butternut squash soup and my Christ-mas turkey is always a hit.

One time when I made meatloaf, The Sidekick took a slab of it to work to enjoy for lunch. As she unwrapped it in preparation of heating it in the microwave, she inadvertently dropped it on the lunchroom floor.

I'm told the profan-ity could be heard 10 miles away as she threw it in the garbage. It was followed by a spell of grieving.

Then there's my salmon.

Without any exaggera-tion, I'm proud to say my pan-seared salmon has ac-tually converted one of my daughters from turning her nose up at salmon, to requesting it when she happens to be coming for dinner.

But my favourite culinary conco-cation is my beef stew. Okay, there's noth-ing really challeng-ing about making a stew, especially in a crock pot.

But my stew seems better than most, if I say so myself. And The Side-kick says it's the best— but she might be saying that just because any meal you don't have to prepare yourself is always 'the best'.

Labour Day Monday morning, as I stepped into the kitchen, I decided it was 'stew' day. I'd taken the stewing beef out of the freezer the night before and cut it up into little cubes to began assembly of my masterpiece.

It's a rule— I 'must' cook it in 'my' old crock pot (one of the really old ones, not the newer version that The Sidekick brought into the marriage.)

Of course, I had to find it first— The Sidekick has a storage deficiency in our kitchen, so my crock pot is stashed in the basement.

Armed with 'my' crock pot, I was ready to 'crock 'n roll.'

I put all my ingredients into it, set

it on 'high' and glanced at the clock— dinner would be ready in six hours.

Okay, fast forward to later that night— a crock pot triumph was consumed at dinner. I had two helpings, as did The Sidekick.

She was about to ladle out a serv-ing to cool down for Hamish the bor-der collie as he sat there mesmerized by the smells of the stew, his sorrowful eyes working their magic on The Side-kick's conscience.

I said it was a sacrilege to feed Hamish 'that' stew— it was too good for a dog.

She reluctantly agreed and Hamish had to settle for his usual kibble.

Next morning, The Side-kick left early, and I, too, had an early assignment— the first day of school.

I rushed out and forgot to fill a Tupperware container with some stew.

As lunchtime approached at the office, I was fixated on my stew and annoyed with myself that I hadn't brought some to work.

I decided to go home for lunch.

Once home, I walked into the kitch-en, my mouth salivating in anticipation of warming up that bowl of stew.

I opened the door to the refrig-erator— no stew.

I checked the basement refriger-ator— no stew.

I could only assume The Sidekick had packed her lunch and my stew was to be the main event at her office.

I texted her: 'No stew left?'

No response. Hmm, I figured she was the culprit and was ignoring my text message.

An hour or more later, after I was back at the office, having settled for a grilled cheese sandwich, a reply came back.

'I think it's still in the pot,' she tex-ted. 'I forgot to put it in the fridge last night...'

So, after sitting out all night and all day Tuesday— in the crock pot— well, suffice to say, Hamish got the lion's share of the stew after all.



**TED
BROWN**

*'I walked into the kitchen,
my mouth salivating for a
bowl of hot beef stew...'*

—Ted Brown can be reached at
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