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Cotton Canines

By LELIA JAKES

"It's a fool's errand," I growled as I went up the front walk. "Why in tarnation should we try to get the agency for a few homemade stuffed dogs?"

I rang several times before anyone appeared. "Judson, of Rhodes-Abler Wholesalers," I introduced myself. "May I speak to Mrs. Martin?"

"I'm Mrs. Martin," came the soft refined English tones. "So you like my Liza-Lees?" she asked eagerly when I had stated my purpose. "Tell me, will they sell all over?"

"Of course," I replied as I half-admired the rolypoly tan cloth dog in her hand. Its ears hung comically long, the wide mouth with its red tongue smiled up at me. A pert red bow tried to make a sissy out of it. No wonder the buyer of a large department store was wiring Pappy Rhodes for them.

"Why bother to sell them all over?" I asked. "We have one customer who wants your entire output."

"But I won't sell that way, Mr. Judson," she said with queer determination. "You see, I don't really need your help. I can make a few dozen and market them myself."

"You'll be wasting production time," I argued. "You make 'em — we'll sell 'em."

"Only on my own terms," she persisted. "A dozen to one store in each town." Her calm statement amazed me. Who ever heard of doing business that way? Why, one store was demanding all that she could make! "I'm sorry," she told me finally, "but there's so much to do. Good-by."

Pappy Rhodes had said to get that contract, and he was even more determined than little Mrs. Martin. "All right, you win," I said.

It was a little library work-room into which she led me. Parts of Liza-Lees littered the table. Some already finished grinned up at me. In their midst was a lovely picture of a child about two in an old silver frame.

"My daughter, the first Liza-Lee," Mrs. Martin said, motioning me to a chair.

I departed with two dozen tan dogs for company. Pappy Rhodes hailed me triumphantly, even with the screwy contract. But in less than a week I was back. Shows all over wanted dozens of Liza-Lees. Couldn't we have more?

My visits to Mrs. Martin weren't over by any means. "Mrs. Martin," I pleaded, "our customers want rose and blue and green dogs to match their bedspreads. Mothers are asking for them in pastels for nurseries. Let's have them and use up that old brown stuff later on."

I smiled at Liza-Lee's picture. Mrs. Martin's eyes followed mine and her smile vanished. Our contract says, "exactly like the model," she told me. "That was tan." I found myself headed back the very next day with definite orders to amend that blooming contract. Mrs. Martin wasn't home. The photograph was missing, too. All that her helpers knew was that there had been a letter. Mrs. Martin had run out with the picture and a finished dog.

Day after day I haunted the house. At last the telegram came. "Coming home tonight. Have cab at 8:30 train."

The cab with me in it was there. I squared my shoulders and strode forward. "Mrs. Martin—" I started hurriedly.

"I want you to meet my daughter, Liza-Lee Martin," she said.

She was the little girl of the photograph grown up—a lovely blonde. Her brown eyes smiled happily. And clutched against her woods-green suit was a tan Liza-Lee dog.

Some moments later I thought of my errand. "Mr. Rhodes is furious," I began uncertainly. "He says we've got to have dogs to match bedspreads and nursery color schemes."

Liza-Lee Martin smiled. "Why not? They would be lovely. We'll start production as soon as you can get the cloth to us."

"Poor boy," laughed Mrs. Martin. "You're still out in the cold. Liza-Lee, do tell him."

"Mother was trying to locate me," Liza-Lee explained. "An old nurse kidnaped me soon after Father died and left no trace. Just last year mother discovered the pattern for these dogs among some old papers and remembered that I had taken a tan one with me. That was why she insisted on only one dozen to a town. She wanted to spread them as far as possible, hoping I would see one, recognize it and get her address from the store. I don't suppose you know there is an address slip in each box."

"It wasn't one of your big shops that found me, either," chided Liza-Lee. "It was a little store over in the western part of the state which wouldn't have had any dogs if you'd had your way."

Mrs. Martin hastened to add, "We'll make all colors for you now and you can sell them where you please."

It was going to be fun handling Liza-Lees now, I thought.

Joan Chester Wins \$50 Music Festival Scholarship

Announcement of the winners of the \$50 scholarships to entrants in the Halton Music Festival is of special interest. Miss Joan Chester, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Graydon Chester, R. R. 1, Norval, was awarded the scholarship for girls. Douglas Keen of Burlington was given the boys' scholarship.

Two scholarships had been offered by another organization in the County and, while the committee appreciated the offer and was pleased at the interest in the musical training of the children, nevertheless it was felt that it would be in the best interests of the Festival for the association to make its own awards. The scholarship winners were chosen by the adjudicator as showing the most natural musical ability.

Miss Chester, a student at Georgetown High School was first prizewinner in the girls' solo class at the festival and was a member of the double trio, which won first prize both at Milton and at the Peel Music Festival at Port Credit. Her only vocal training has been at school under the direction of Mr. W. E. Capps of Brampton. The scholarship will be used for a series of private lessons from Mr. Capps.

Miss Chester is also an accomplished pianist, being a pupil of Mrs. J. L. Seif of Norval. She is a member of Norval Presbyterian Church choir and an active member of the Norval Juniors.

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Baptism Service For Mother's Day At Union

Baptism of several children of the congregation featured the Mother's Day service on Sunday morning at Union Presbyterian Church. Rev. J. L. Seif's sermon on "Home Life" stressed the unity of the home as an institution.

Children baptized were: George Terrence Leslie, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Leslie, Lynda Allan Leslie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Leslie, Mary Louise Andrews, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Andrews; Leslie William Bishop, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Bishop; Edith Janet McDonald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. McDonald.

LIONS HOLD ANNUAL LADIES NIGHT AT LIMEHOUSE

Members of the Georgetown Lions Club entertained their wives at an annual Ladies Night last Wednesday. This year the event was held in Limehouse Community Hall, where the ladies of the Limehouse W.I. catered for a delicious chicken supper.

Leon Ab Toet was chairman and the toast list included a toast to the ladies, proposed by Ken McMillan and responded to by Mrs. Jack Watson, and a toast to the club proposed by Dick Licata.

Impromptu entertainment was provided by Riley Brethour as master-of-ceremonies, who evened up the score with Tall Twister Lorne Peters and had several novel stunts for those present. A song-song was led by Ray Whitmee, Walter Blehn at the piano and Sam Glsby entertained with a couple of Harry Lauder songs.

BURGESS-EDWARDS MARRIAGE VOWS IN TORONTO

The marriage of Miss Grace Caroline Edwards, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. Roy Edwards, Toronto, to Mr. John Bruce Burgess, son of Mr. J. W. Burgess and the late Mrs. Burgess, Bala, took place in St. Jude's Anglican Church, with Rev. R. J. Shires, officiating, on Saturday, May 10. The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a suit of French blue crepe with matching hat, and carried a cascade of Joanna Hill roses. Mrs. C. J. Tricker of Ottawa attended her sister, wearing a suit of dove grey crepe, matching hat, and carrying a cascade of pink roses. The groomsmen was

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DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME

To TORONTO	To LONDON
a 6.49 a.m.	5.04 p.m.
b 8.04 a.m.	6.44 p.m.
9.34 a.m.	9.24 p.m.
12.09 p.m.	11.29 p.m.
	10.20 a.m.
	x 11.25 a.m.
	2.35 p.m.
	y 4.55 p.m.
	7.15 p.m.
	b 8.20 p.m.
	xa 9.05 p.m.
	x 11.10 p.m.

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a — except Sun. and Hal.
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Mr. John G. Epley of Bala, and the ushers were Mr. William C. Edwards, Toronto, and Mr. S. J. Brust, Bala. A reception followed at the home of the bride's parents. The couple will live in Bala. The bride was at one time a resident of Georgetown with her parents.

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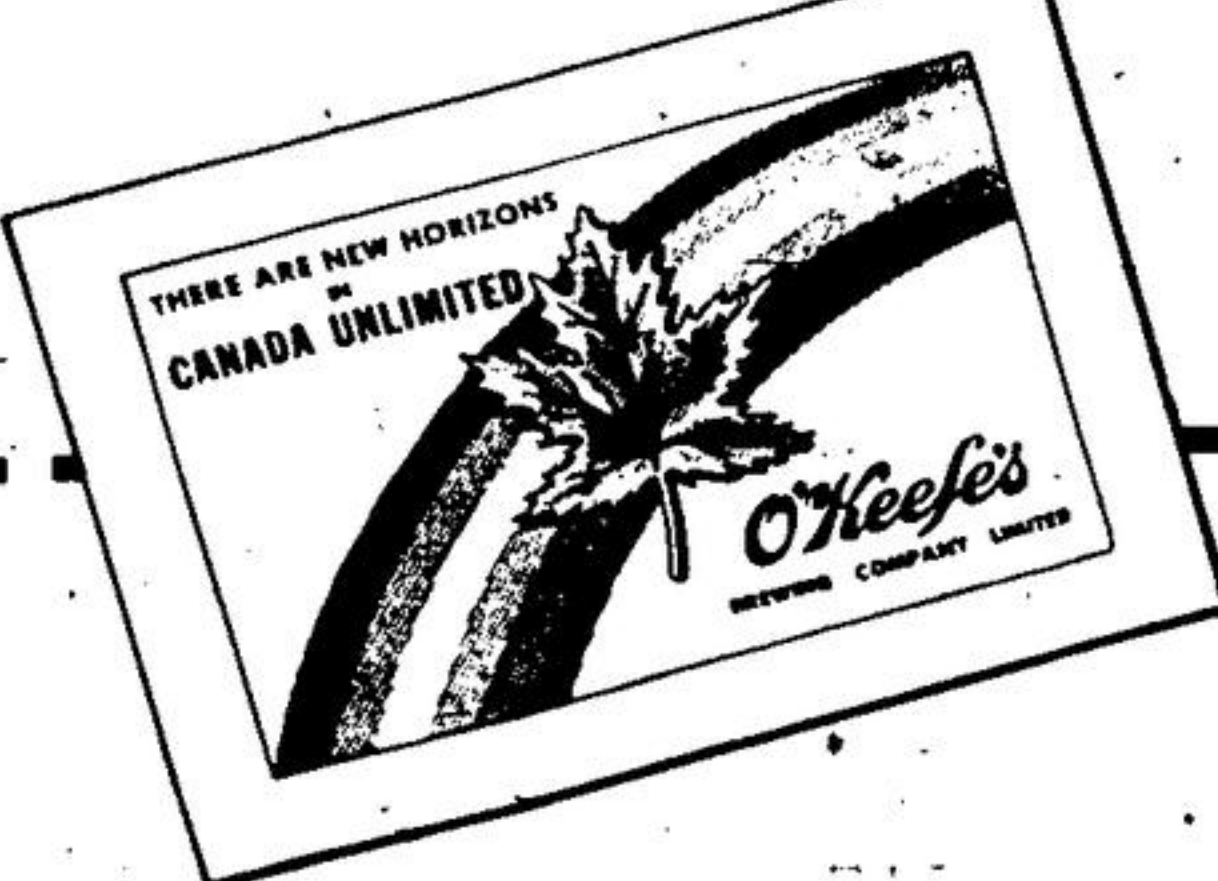
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