

Blue Dress

By Lila Lennon

WNU Features

MISS LACEY was a quiet little woman. She was something of an enigma to her coworkers in the dress section. At first there had been much speculation about her. She was a frustrated old maid; she had an invalid mother; she had been disappointed in love.

Miss Lacey needed her job, no one knew how badly. Certainly, Bailey, the department head, didn't know it. Only that morning she had spoken sharply: "Really, Lacey, your sales record should be better. After all, we're here to make money."

All day those words had haunted Miss Lacey. She felt the unspoken threat . . . sell or else. It was only a half hour before closing time, and she still had to make her quota. Miss Lacey had just about given up when she saw two customers. The woman wore a shabby, shiny print and the young girl was wearing a skirt too short and a sweater too long.

The woman settled her hat in a tired gesture. "We're looking for a formal for Ruthie."

Ruthie stood staring at a blue mousseline de soie with a bouffant skirt. It was a ballerina model, and the price tag was \$19.95.

Ruthie came up with the blue dress.

"Mother, can I try this one on?" she asked, breathlessly. Ruthie's mother said, "I don't know. . . I thought this white one."

Miss Lacey said, quietly, "Let's try them both. This way, please." Miss Lacey slipped the white pique over Ruthie's head. The harsh ma-



Miss Lacey said, quickly, "Let's try them both."

terial stood away from her slender body and her bony shoulders stuck out like a pair of undeveloped wings.

"It's a nice dress," her mother said, tentatively. Ruthie didn't answer, and Miss Lacey thought, "It's a terrible dress, for her."

Miss Lacey put the blue dress on Ruthie and stooped to settle the folds. She heard a small gasp as the girl looked at herself in the mirror. Ruthie had caught her dark hair in her hands and piled it on the top of her head.

Ruthie looked down and smoothed the soft blue folds. To Miss Lacey she said, "Is there a big mirror I could see myself in?"

"Yes," Miss Lacey said. "There's a triple mirror outside."

The girl went out. Miss Lacey knew the question was coming.

"What do you think?" the woman asked. She added, "The dress is lovely, but it seems such an extravagance. For just one night, and it's only a school dance. . . Her voice trailed off, uncertainly."

Miss Lacey sat down on the other chair, she was very tired. "Twenty dollars isn't much to give for your daughter. A first dress and a first dance are important, especially when you're young. Dreams fade soon enough, then you're old and nothing is left."

Ruthie's mother didn't speak. Miss Lacey felt a little desperate. The sale of the blue dress would fill her quota, but she couldn't think of anything to say. Unless . . . unless she dared to say what she was thinking. She said, hesitatingly, "Your daughter reminds me of my little girl. She was about Ruthie's age when I bought her first formal. It was pink net . . . she was so pretty . . . so gay."

Miss Lacey stared straight ahead, her eyes were dark with remembering. "She'll never dance again."

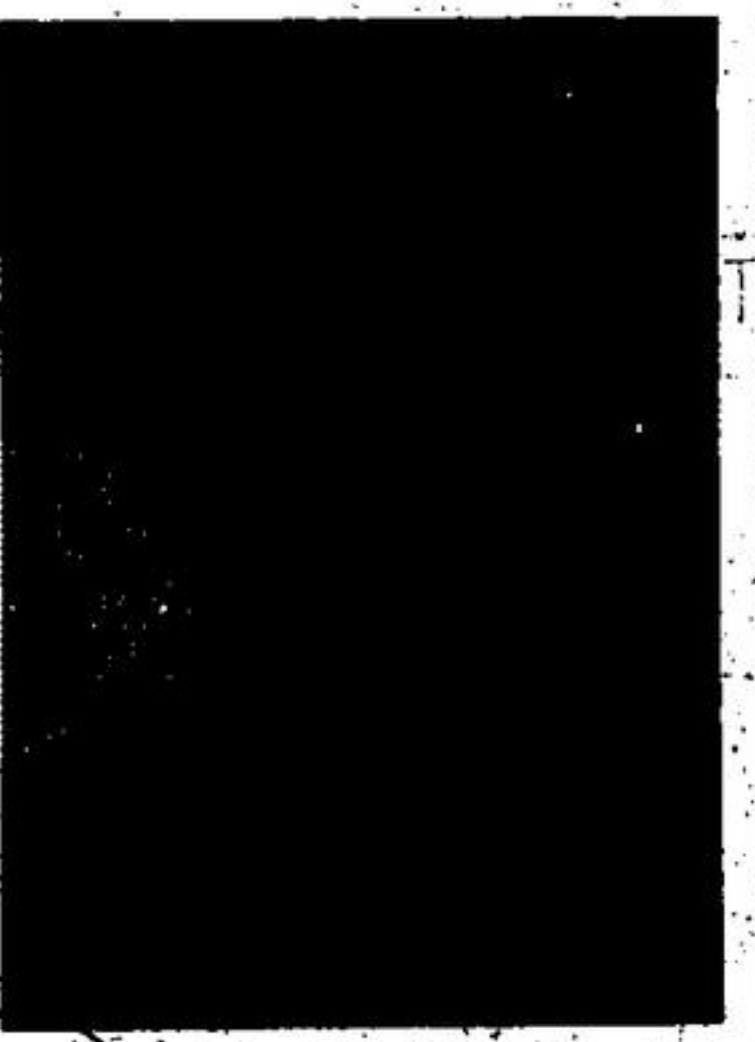
Ruthie's mother gasped, and Miss Lacey looked at her. Suddenly, the words tumbled out. "What if I had to go without a few lunches and sodas, and had to patch my slips? It was worth it!"

Miss Lacey found that she was trembling. Never before had she spoken so . . . to anyone. Ruthie came back into the room. Her mother smiled and said, "Ruthie, we'll take the blue one." The girl stared at her mother a moment and cried, "Oh, mother, you're wonderful!"

The closing bell rang loudly, and Miss Lacey watched her customers leave. She felt better; somehow she wasn't so tired anymore.

Bailey smiled. "I was in the second booth, straightening up, and I heard your sales talk. It was a hard angle, but did you have to do it on an odd?"

Miss Lacey looked at Bailey. "The dress was sold," she said,



FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY IN A RECENT CAMERA POSE

ASHGROVE

The September W. I. meeting was held on Tuesday afternoon the 16th at the home of Mrs. Leslie Giffen with a good attendance. The president, Mrs. R. Oupingham opened in the usual way and Roll Call was answered with "Short Cuts for preparing for threshers." Mrs. W. Brownridge gave a report of the first day at the Area Convention in Guelph and Mrs. Cecil Wilson reported the second day, after which Mrs. Horace Barnes introduced Mrs. L. L. Skuce of Milton who spoke on the broad topic of agriculture. She made us all feel proud to be farmers as she loves the farm and was born and raised on one. She told us of her trip last year down thru the northern States and home by the western provinces and the different ways of farming being carried on in these places. She ended by saying the way of happiness is in your thinking. Miss Gladys Ruddle favoured with a musical selection "On Wings of Song" and the National Anthem closed the meeting.

Mrs. Stanley Gowland of Georgetown spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilson.

Mrs. C. B. Dick entertained a few friends at her home on Monday afternoon with a birthday party in honor of her mother, Mrs. Horn of Streetsville.

We are sorry to hear of the poor health of W. J. Alexander and hope he will soon be feeling better.

Last Saturday afternoon Miss Betty Ruddle was bridesmaid at the wedding of her cousin Miss Isabel Coyne of Toronto who was married to George Henderson of Georgetown in High Park United Church. Her sister, Mrs. Harney Anderson, was soloist.

Next Sunday is Rally Day and the service will commence at eleven a.m. Standard Time.

BALLINAFAD

We hope Mr Alex Irvine will be much improved after receiving treatments in Guelph Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Binnie and Sandra spent Sunday with Miss B. Hillis.

Rev. O. E. Windall attended Emmanuel College Alumnae conference in Toronto last week.

CLEARING AUCTION SALE

OF FARM STOCK, TRACTOR, IMPLEMENTS, ETC.

The undersigned has been instructed by

JAMES BREEN

to sell by public auction at Lot 29, 2nd Line, Esquimaux, 1/2 mile south of Acton, on highway on

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1947 at 1:30 p.m.

Cattle—Holstein cow, 3 yrs, fresh; Holstein cow, 3 years, fresh; Holstein cow, 3 years, bred Mar. 15th; Jersey cow, 6 years, bred April 17th; Grade Shorthorn cow, 8 years, bred Mar. 22nd; Holstein heifer, due in Oct.; Holstein heifer, due in Oct.; Holstein heifer, due in Jan.; Holstein heifer, due in Jan.; Holstein heifer, bred in July; Holstein heifer, 18 months; Holstein and Jersey heifer, 14 months; 2 Holstein heifer calves; Holstein bull calf.

IMPLEMENTS—International W-4 tractor on steel, in extra good condition, new in 1942; International 2-furrow tractor plow; Bigsall tractor Disc; International cutting box with pipes; 120 ft. Endless Drive Belt; Set of Distributing Pipes; International corn Binder; Int. 6 ft. grain Binder; corn Scuffer, 2 horse; Wagon axle, new; Circular saw with alking frame; Platform scale; 60-gallon steel oil drum; gas pump with hose.

This is a good line of implements. Quantity of scrap iron; building on skids, suitable for a Brooder house; Field of good standing corn. Positively no reserve as Mr. Breen is giving up farming.

TERMS—CASH

FRANK FITCH, Auctioneer

A. W. Shuman, Clerk.

LOVE WANTED.

By E. Sheppard

WNU Features

NAN KENNEDY peeped through the muslin curtains, looking anxiously down the street. There wasn't a sign of Lester coming yet, and she didn't know whether she was relieved or sorry.

After all, she was doing something very unorthodox, asking Professor Lester. Thompson to call. What would he think? Regularly twice a month for two years, he had asked her to the movies, and those were red letter days highlighting the dullness of these past lonely years—10 of them—of school teaching.

She had merely said, when she had passed him in the hall of their school, that she had a peculiar problem, and could he—would he—that is, did he think he could call around this evening at about 8 o'clock, and give her some advice?

From her window Nan caught sight of Lester walking, with his usual dignified stride, through the gateway, and flew downstairs to intercept him, before her fellow lodgers came out of their rooms to peer at him, and, later, behind their closed doors, conjecture. She nervously conveyed him upstairs.

"Lester," she said determinedly, "Do you ever read the personal columns of the paper?"

"Sometimes. Why, Nan?"

"Well, I came across an advertisement I thought I would answer. But I wanted your advice, first."

"Advertisement? Are you a long-lost relative? By all means, an-



Lester was a fairly youthful edition of the proverbial absent-minded aloof professor.

swer; you might come into a fortune. Frankly, I envy you—you don't know what it's like to be poor all the time."

She thrust a newspaper under his nose. He took it, rustled it into proper folds and read aloud: "Middle-aged man of means would like to meet respectable lady, 30-40, for companionship and ultimately marriage, if suitable. No triflers."

Lester jumped to his feet. "Nan!" he exclaimed. "Do look out; don't do it; he might be anything. You never know. It might be a racket."

"But, Lester, he might be sincere. It probably isn't a dignified way to get married—"

"I don't know what to say," Lester said, running his fingers through his hair. "Maybe you'd better take the chance."

Nan said nothing. Lester looked up suddenly. "How about Parker? That widower who is always taking you out? I thought you two, well, maybe—"

"Mr. Parker," said Nan firmly, "is a catch. There is also a catch to his proposal. Yes, he's an eligible widower, Lester, but he has four children. He likes me all right, but a wife is a lot less expensive than hiring a housekeeper. I've been too busy earning my own and my family's living for years, and now when I find time to have beaux, there just aren't any. What do I do?"

"It's almost like my predicament," Lester said thoughtfully. "Only I suppose it is different for a man, socially, that is. But I have supported and still do, quite a few elderly relatives. If I didn't, and if they didn't live with me, their old age pensions wouldn't be enough—you get the idea?"

She nodded in sympathy.

"I'm telling you all this," he said, glaring at her. "So you'll know why I can't propose."

"You," she breathed.

"Yes, me," he said belligerently. "Why not?" He got to his feet; she got to hers, and, without any further effort, they were in one another's arms. Finally she pushed him back, still breathless, and laughing. "Why, Lester," she said, "that was wonderful!"

"Let's try it again?" said Lester, and did.

Presently Nan said, "You know, I'll bet you put that ad in the paper yourself!"

"It was a good idea," said Lester, "but not mine."

"Can we afford to marry?" said Nan.

"Of course," said Lester, blissfully. "We will, anyway."

Nan didn't protest at the reversal of his arguments; it was wonderful what one kiss would do—one kiss, and one inexpensive ad, and a little courage, and a great deal of luck. It was worth everything she had put into it.

IN THE MAIL BAG

September 23, 1947

Dear Sir: St. George's Church was decorated from the entrance to the altar on Sunday, September 21 and a Harvest Thanksgiving service was held.

The church was filled with worshippers, and a full choir led by the Junior choir entered singing "O Worship the King." The service was conducted by Major Rev. O. G. Eakins, who said he had not conducted a Harvest Thanksgiving for seven years but had attended them.

He took his text from Gen. 43: the famine "in Canaan; and emphasized the great need of bread. No matter what luxuries one has, one must have bread. God never allows a famine all over the world, because that would bring about the extinction of the human race.

Bread sustains the body. Our Lord offered His body as the bread of life to sustain the soul, and how important it is for us to attend church for this greatest of all sacraments.

We cannot progress spiritually without spiritual sustenance. Major Eakins spoke of the rush of young people to find amusement. He said they were feeding their souls on luxuries and forgetting the need of the Bread of Life, and just as much as the body needs bread, so the soul needs the Bread of Life to sustain it.

The service of morning prayer was used, and the choir certainly was in excellent form and the congregational singing was joyful.

When we enjoy these services so much we should ask ourselves why we do not attend more often.

— Churchgoer

Plan New Type Beauty Contest at Streetsville

Celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of Streetsville Fair will be held on Saturday, October 4 with many, many new attractions to entertain young and old. All Public School children are being admitted free. Widely known as one of the finest shows, this year's Fair is expected to attract many more thousands than usual.

A highlight of the Centennial Fair will be a novel Beauty Contest. Prizes totalling \$225 will be presented to the winners. The "Beauties" will be judged in street clothes rather than in bathing suits, owing to the lateness of the season. The competition is open to girls anywhere within \$100 in cash as first prize. The second prize is a two weeks' vacation for two persons at Hotel Algonquin in Algonquin Park with all expenses paid and, the third prize is \$25 in cash. Entries should be made immediately. Miss Margaret Marshall of Toronto, "Miss Canada," has been invited to act as a judge.

A stage show featuring several prominent vaudeville artists is being provided. This new feature is bound to be popular with those who do not care to see the many agricultural



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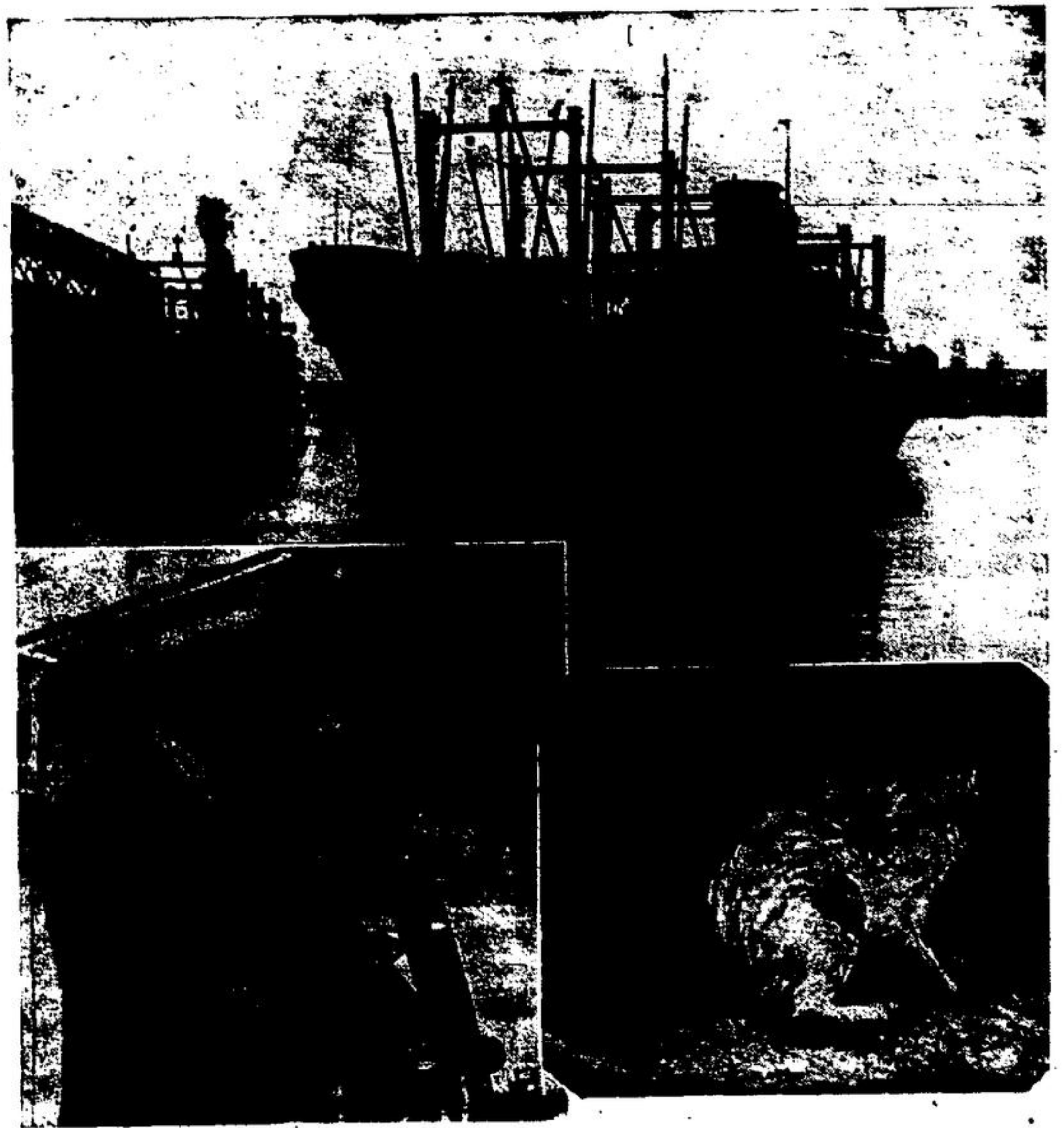
\$109.95

ERNIE'S RADIO

PHONE 465 MAIN STREET

and industrial displays. Prize money for horse races has been increased to \$200 and the finest sulks ratters in the province have indicated their intention of attending.

Agricultural and industrial exhibits will be at an all-time high, according to officials. Col. the Hon. T. L. Kennedy will officially open the Fair with the assistance of Gordon Graydon, M.P.



A kitten nearly stole the show from the Beaver Cove when the brand new Canadian Pacific cargo liner arrived at Montreal from Liverpool on her maiden voyage. The pussy, becoming excited, overstepped the dock and fell into the harbor just as the ship was coming alongside. The kitten is shown, lower right, with eight of its nine lives still intact but very wet after longshoremen succeeded in pulling it to safety on a rope to which it clung after falling overboard. Upper picture shows Beaver Cove coming alongside with her sister ship, Beaverglen, in background. At lower left, Capt. B. B. Grant, master of the Beaver Cove, is shown with George A. Walker, K.C., vice-president of the C.P.R., through the