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DELUTIS - WILSON WEDDING

Rev. J. Hodgson officiated at the marriage in Cheltenham United Church, of Arlene Margaret Rose Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archer Wilson, to John C. Delutis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Carman Delutis. Mrs. W. Wilkinson played the wedding music. Given away by her father, the bride wore a white embroidered sheer - marquisette gown. Her floor length embroidered sheer net veil was caught to an orange blossom coronet and a carried red roses. The maid of honour was Miss Ann Walker, of Kitchener, wearing gold eyes with braided headpiece and carrying a nosegay of yellow roses, with Violet Findlay, of Brampton, and Betty Williamson, bridesmaids. They wore cornflower blue tulle and net, and tulle headpiece and they carried nosegays of yellow roses. Best man was John Wilson, Dean, Keg and Kenzie Poser were ushers. The couple will live in Cheltenham.

BUSY BEES MEETING

Mainly items of business were on the agenda when the Nassagaweya Busy Bees Women's Institute held their October meeting at the home of Mrs. Stephen Cox, St. Helena. Roll call was answered by an exchange of bulbs. The Institute was asked to sponsor a project for Halton Recreation Park at Lowville. Members were reminded of the Leader's training school held at Milton the latter part of the month and officers and conveners were asked to attend a rally on "Aids to effective speaking" at Limehouse in November. Concessions for the X-ray Clinic at Brookville on October 27th planned the areas they were to cover and two members volunteered to assist at the hall that day. Christmas and convalescent cards were ordered to be sold to members and at a bazaar. The date for the bazaar was set for an afternoon early in December, and afternoon tea will also be served. A new price was set for quilting. Mrs. E. Dredge won the lucky draw for the day. Mrs. Leonard Cox and Mrs. George Smilie assisted the hostess in serving tea and the president, Mrs. Peter McLean, thanked her for her hospitality and spoke of how she had been missed at meetings during the past summer.

Notice to Creditors

In the Estate of Margaret Young, late of the Town of Georgetown, in the County of Halton, Spinster, deceased.

The creditors of Margaret Young, late of the Town of Georgetown, in the County of Halton, Spinster, deceased, who died on or about the 25th day of August, 1948, and all others having claims against her estate are hereby notified to send by post, prepaid or otherwise to deliver to Messrs. Langdon and Aylsworth, Georgetown, Ontario, solicitors for the undersigned executors of the Estate of the said Margaret Young, spinster, deceased, on or before the 1st December, 1948, their names, addresses, descriptions and full particulars of their claims and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them and that immediately after the first day of December, 1948, the Executors will proceed to distribute the estate of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which the Executors shall then have notice.

DATED this 22nd day of October, 1948.

William James Young,
Ross Leitch, Executors,
by Langdon and Aylsworth, Their
Solicitors,
Georgetown, Ont. 1-10



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SHORT STORY

Wonderful Woman

By RUTH K. KENT

ANN STANTON watched her husband's newspaper for signs of annoyance after she told him. Yes, he was lowering it slowly... his handsome face frowning. "What did you do that for?"

"Ann bittered her toast. "Why not I always took Elsie Olson to lunch when she was your secretary." Harry gulped his coffee. "But Elsie was... well..."

Ann leaned back in her chair. Yes, Elsie was 38 and wore cotton stockings. Tess Barclay, the new secretary, was 26 and Harry could tuck her in his pocket. Ann, resigned and the boss hired Tess for Harry. "Sunny little girl taking Elsie's place," he'd announced. "No bigger than a minute."

"Pretty," she asked. "He'd shrugged. "Didn't notice," and that was when Ann took warning.

Harry was 30, and after seven years of marriage maybe he was getting a little tired... maybe of her. Ann had seen the little new girl one day when she stopped in the office to see Harry.

It was a few days later when she announced at breakfast, "I'm taking Miss Barclay to lunch today."

ANN walked into the Mayfair ahead of time. She sat studying the wall paper. Yes... things were working out right. That young lady would have to answer some questions. Nice subtle questions, of course.

Tess came right on time. Ann held out her hand. "Sit down, Tess," she smiled. "Everyone calls you that, don't they?"

Tess sat primly. "Yes, Mrs. Stanton."

"It was good of you to come," Ann said. "I'm sure you had something more interesting to do."

Tess picked up a fork and turned it over and over. "I... was supposed to do something else," she said. "But... I'm glad you asked me. I've... been wondering how I could talk to you."

Ann's senses pricked up. "You did? Was there something special you wanted to say?"

Tess twisted her napkin. "I... don't know how to begin. Mrs. Stanton, I... I want to talk about Mr. Stanton. But... maybe you won't understand."

Ann braced herself. "I'll try to understand."

The big blue eyes looked into Ann's. "Is... does Mr. Stanton have good health?"

WELL! So now Ann knew. And this innocent-looking youngster had figured all the angles. Even to Harry's health. No doubt Harry seemed pretty old to her and she



The new secretary was 26 and Harry could tuck her in his pocket.

wanted to be sure he wouldn't turn senile the minute she caught him. Ann's voice was cold. "He's perfectly healthy."

"I... I thought maybe he was sick. That would excuse him. I mean... Mr. Stanton's a nice man but... Tess looked almost frightened. "He's so impatient. I simply can't work for him any more. I make... mistakes, and he... really Mrs. Stanton he makes me work at noon to fix them. Oh dear, I hope you aren't hurt."

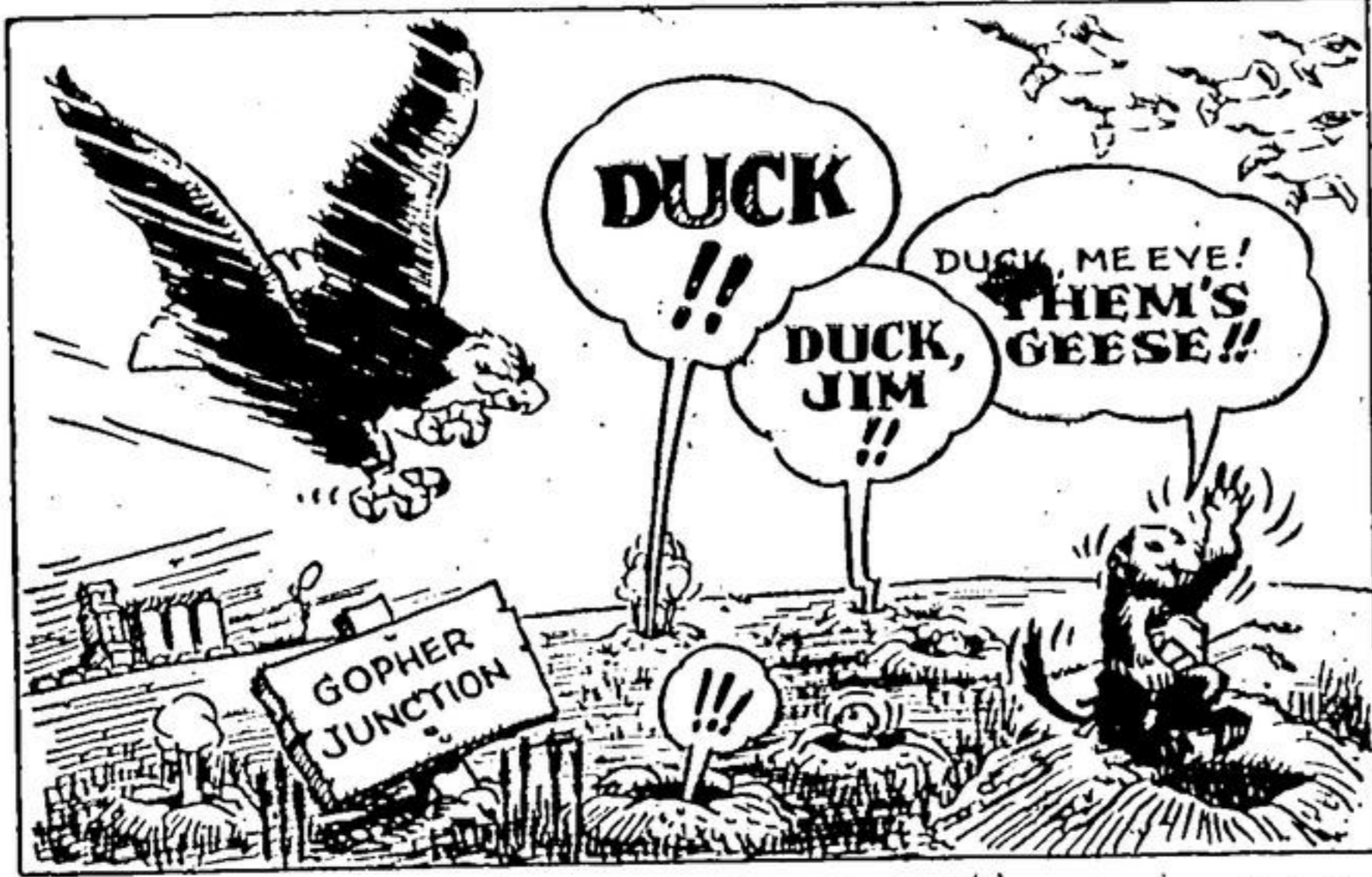
"Hurt?" All the buds on the wall paper seemed to burst into bloom for Ann. She could almost smell their fragrance. Impulsively she put her hand over the small one drumming nervously on the table. "Of course I'm not hurt, my dear. You mustn't be either. Harry's been accustomed to Miss Olson... she was there years and years and was sort of a machine. Don't quit, Tess." Ann found herself begging. "You can take it. And you'll have a good position. I'll walk back to the office with you when we finish."

Harry was puzzling over some invoices when Ann and Tess came into the office, arm in arm. "Here's your secretary to do that," Ann smiled.

She slipped out and smiled at the girls in the outer office, but was almost ashamed to face them. Ann knew they would say, "That Mrs. Stanton is such a wonderful woman. Not the least bit jealous of Mr. Stanton's secretaries."

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