HEALTH DISTRICTS ARE SUGGESTED

Dr. Bell Asks Hospital Aids To Help Fight Tuberculosis.

The Ontario Hospital Aids convention, recently concluded in Galt, was characterized by interesting sessions. according to Mrs. F. J. Greenaway of this city, who has just returned from the convention. Mrs. Greenaway is convener of the Victoria Hospital Women's Auxiliary, and acted as convener of the press committee during the convention

A number of interesting speakers featured on the program, giving valuable suggestions for work in both rural and urban communities.

gestions made came from Dr. Bell of the provincial health department, Toronto.

Dr. Bell believed that it would be a good thing to divide the province into sanatorium areas, making each one responsible for educating and instructing the people as to proper methods of dealing with persons who methods of dealing with persons who have symptoms of tubercular trouble. There were nine sanatoriums in Ontario attempting to cope with the disease, he said. The great problem was how to deal with those people who had been exposed to the disease but were not down with it. Those

were the ones they must get after.

Dr. Bell also referred to the value
of outpost hospitals. He pointed out many hardships attended those who looked after such hospitals, and that an effort should be made to make things as comfortable and congenial as possible for them. They must not be allowed to become discouraged give up their very necessary

Miss Grace Fairley of London was another interesting speaker of the convention, telling of her experiences while attending the world conference of hospital workers at Helsingfors. Finland. She was impressed with the fact that hospitals the world over were practically similar. In pointwere practically similar. In pointing out what the hospital aids of Ontario might do. Miss Fairley suggested propaganda along the line of educating the people in the care of the sick and seeing that the nurses of the future get a propagatory and the get a propagatory and the future get a propagatory and the future get a propagatory and the future get a propagatory and the get a propagatory and t

of the future get a proper training.

Mrs. F. J. Greenaway, Mrs. A. T.

Edwards and Miss Grace Fairley represented the Victoria Hospital Women's Auxiliary at the convention while Mrs. Arthur Smith represented the Children's Hospital committee,
Mrs. A. P. Gundry of Galt auto

matically becomes the president of the Ontario Hospital Aids associafor the coming year, with Mrs. M. Henderson, also of Galt, as

CENOTAPH COMMITTEE.

The meeting of the cenotaph committee, which was scheduled for tonight in the city hall, has been cancelled. The special committee met
yesterday to discuss different plans
for the memorial and cuitable learn for the memorial and suitable loca-tions. Nothing definite, however, has been decided as yet. A meeting of the cenotaph committee will be held, however, on October 27, according to an announcement made yesterday by Mrs. George MacDonald, the con-

Don't Squeeze Blackheads—Dissolve Them.

Squeezing and pinching out blackheads make the pores large and cause heads make the pores large and cause the pores in the standard of the pores in the skin, and there is only one safe and sare way and one that never fails to get rid of themasimple way, too—that is to dissolve them. Just get from any drug store about two ounces of peroxine powder—sprinkle a little on a hot, wet cloth—rub over the blackheads briskly for a few seconds—wash off, and you'll be surprised to see that every blackhead has disappeared, and the skin will be left soft and the pores in their natural condition.—Adyt.

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SPINDRIFT

An Adventure of the Great Lakes

By HAROLD TITUS

sharply.

'If you don't, I'll stay here.

there is on the peninsula if you'll come to live in it with me."

her clasped hands propping her chin

ooked away from him almost indif-

"There's no use, Val." She rose. "I

He was on his feet, too, breathing

"Why not? You'll have to answer

changed you?"

The girl looked down into his face

you've asked me such plain questions. I don't want this to go on and maybe if I tell you why it'll clear things

up between us.
"I did used to like you, Val. a lot

"Marquette!" The word burst from

the man as though the idea excited him. "Why, what's Marquette got to

"First, you decided to quit the fish

that driving, the way you did it, con-

His posture was tense, but the girl,

INSTALMENT 9. On one of these August evenings Goodheart had stayed out longer than usual and was smoking aione on the dock.

He heard the thrumming of Janet's guitar as she drifted in her skiff, heard her clear voice lifted in a heard her clear voice lifted in a song. Later he saw her rowing ashore, her white little craft gleaming in the light of a laggerd moon which turned the wriggling water of the lake into a pool of molten bronze.

After a time he walked up the dock slowly, finishing his pipe on the way content with his lot.

speculatively as she stood on the top step, as if debating with herself just how to reply. Then she said: "Perhaps it's a good thing that The girl's laugh, as she stepped out The girl's laugh, as she stepped out was one of combined remonstrance and embarrassment. She picked up her guitar and faced the east.

"The old moon's a wonder tonight, lent be?" isn't he?' better than I do nov. You were dif-ferent from the other men I knew. You were quite attractive to me, I'll admit. But all the time I fel: that

"I don't know."
"Don't know?"
Haines shook his head. "I can't look at the moon or anything else when you're around."

Janet sighed "Are we going to have that over

"I expect we are." muttered the man, as he began moving beside her into the shadow of the cedars. into the shadow of the cedars.

They walked in silence to the big gray house, and when Janet reached for the knob of the screen door.

Haines said briefly: "Don't."

"Why not? Won't you come in?"

"Not tonight. I want to talk to

"Not tonight. I want to talk to you. I can talk better out here.
Maybe you'll enjoy it more, having
the moon to look at." She put down her guitar and faced

him with a little laugh.
"Val Haines, I sha'n't talk to you "Val Haines, I sha'n't talk to you at all if you're going to sulk! I'd like ever so much to talk to you a lot if we could only talk about something besides me. I've told you time after time that it's no use. Can't you understand that?"

"I can't understand that and wouldn't stop talking about you if I could understand it" he said dog-

wouldn't stop talking about you if I could understand it," he said, dog-Janet folded her hands meekly and sat down. "All right, go ahead and talk about

The man stirred irritably.
"Give a fellow a lot of encourage-

"Not a bit!"—lightly, with a tilting gesture of her head.
"Tm here to swear you don't"—in a mutter. Then, swinging his face close to hers: "But you can't stop me by trying to poke fun at me! I'll

tell you that!"
"No? Then tell me how I can!" "There isn't any way. . . No way in the world you can stop a man talking to you about you when you stir him the way you do me!"

He spoke thickly and reached out

clasped hands with a posses-The girl drew away and the lightess went from her. ness went from her.
"Val, I wish you wouldn't. I've like!"

Help me be the sort of man you'd like!"

His voice became gentle with that, and his evidently profound emotion

Why, I'm young, I've only started to "You've had your education, you've had your teaching—three years of it. What more do you want? Or don't you expect you're ever going to be

interested in any man?"

She was most grave when she re-"Some day I hope I am going to be

so much interested in a man that I can't think of anything or anybody but him, that I'm going to want to

affected the girl. His face was in shadow and she could not see the craft in his eyes.
"That flatters me, Val," she said,

slowly. "But I've---"
Quickly he put his hands on her "Don't say the other!" he pleaded.

Pon't say it again, Janet. I love you. I want you. I want to work for you, to do things for you, and I She did not draw away at once.
She permitted his hands to rest on her shoulders as he stood, on the step ner snoulders as he stood, on the step below her, looking up into her face. They did not hear the scuff of feet coming around the corner of the house. In Val Haines' ears blood was

finish the season for the United, Janet; I'll have my own rig by spring; I'll build a better house than soaring and Janet was absorbed by the debate that went swiftly on in her heart, a debate centering about the measure of honesty in this plea.

"I love you," he said again, voice higher, and then turned his face John Goodheart stood there beside

He had checked himself abruptly at those words and his eyes held on the two. can't sit here and let you make me uncomfortable. I don't want to marry you and I don't want to live in held on the two.

For just an instant the three retained their pose and then Haines slowly withdrew his hands from the girl's body with a breathless ejacula-

of irritation It was embarrassing for John, annoying for Val Haines, but Janet's face, revealed in the moonlight, showme that! There was a time when you seemed glad to have me make love to you. That was not so long ago. When did I change and what

ed only composure.

"Good evening, John," she said.

That broke down the first barrier of constraint and Goodheart moved past them.

"I'm sorry," he muttered, thickly, as he went into the house.

They heard his footsteps ascending the stairs and then Haines drew closer to the grl, putting his arms about her, the impulse in him overriding the outward gentleness that he had demonstrated a moment ago.
"Don't!" the girl cried, trying to the girl cried, trying to

"I will! I'll make you listen! I'll drive these fool whims out of your head or-"Val. let me "o! I'm warning you

there was something in you that none of us knew about, a streak of hard-ness, perhaps, but I used to tell mynow. Let me go!"
She shoved with her palms against self that such a thing couldn't be or else it would come out, and I'd never seen it. I just felt it. his breast but could not break his clasp. His breath was hot on her cheek, a cheek chilled by fright now, for the man who held her was no "And then-three years wasn't it?—you got restless. You went away and when you came back you were a changed person. I remember now! It was after you went longer a petitioning suitor; he was a destroyer, unreasonable, and without nonor or mercy. with my father after the Wanderer-"I'll have you!" he snarled. after you came back from Mar

push him away.

have you or—"
"Father! Fa—"
His hand clapped over his mouth to cut off that warning cry, and he swung her down from the steps, holding her in his arms, glaring into her ace, his lips seeking her lips.

They did not hear the drum of teps on the stairs inside and

steps on the stairs inside and Haines, holding the girl's body close to his, was drawing her resisting head upward, face closer to his face. when the door burst open and John Goodheart was standing beside them.
"I heard you call," he said quietly.

ing; then you came back and took the North Star. It was your first tug, the first rig you'd ever run, and "Is there anything I can do?"
With a grunt of disgust Haines released the girl. Goodheart did not leased the girl. Goodheart did not look at him. His eyes, seeming large and dark in the moonlight against a face which showed a decided pallor you went about it, not as the sort of young man I'd like, but as an old and hardened driver!" "Men've got to be driven. How'd despite its sumburn, held on the girl. Janet was erect, one unsteady hand pushing disarranged hair back into "I understand that argument. But

that driving, the way you did it, convinced me that there was a part of you, Val, that is almost—well, cruel. That's why I can't let you make love to me. That's the change that's taken place in you!"

"Cruel?" he repeated. "You think I'm that? You're wrong, Janet. I've lived no easy life. I've grown up on the lake. I've had to fight the lake ever since I was a little kid. It won't let you be soft and easy, the lake, but if I had something to balance

ever since I was a little kid. It won to let you be soft and easy, the lake, but if I had something to balance it maybe I'd be the sort you'd like theter. It's you I've needed, Janet, to help me be the sort of man you'd like!"

go.

"Who'!l make me?"

Instead of answering that John turned to the girl. He tilted his head toward Haines.

"Do you want him to go?" he asked, "I do, but I don't want to get you in the state of the sort of man you'd like!"

With one step John was close to

Peter Rabbit decides to pay a call on all his friends before winter

By THORNTON W. BURGESS. When Flitter the Bat bade Peter Rabbit good-bye and started for the Rabbit good-bye and stated to Sunny South, it set Peter to thinking. shut him, that I'm going to want, shut the whole world out for him.

But that time hasn't come, Val. I'm

-I'm—Oh, I don't know. I'm not ready for it. I guess that's the answer.

We would be think once in a while. "I won't see Flitter again until next spring, yet somewhere he'll be flying about every evening all winter long just as he had flown about here all wer.

The moonlight fell across her face, revealing the fine profile against the shadowed corner of the house.

"Not ready for it!" the man said, tensely. "Not ready for it, with a face like that? Don't you know that it's your face that does just those things to me? Makes me think of you and nothing else?"

She stirred uneasily and drew sharp breath.
"I'm sorry," she said.
"So am I, sometimes. But I can't to have. I suppose everybody has sharp breath.

"I'm sorry," she said.
"So am I, sometimes. But I can't help it. I didn't start out to fall in love with you. I just did. It's the way things happen."

Janet shrugged. For a moment Haines eved her with his lips tightly

way things happen."

Janet shrugged. For a moment Haines eyed her with his lips tightly set, and then he asked:

"What's it about me that you can't like? Is it because I'm just a fisherman."

"Don't, be foolish. I'm the daughter of a fisherman."

"But hasn't that something to do with it?"—insistently. "Don't you want a little more than an ordinary fisherman could give his wife?" He took her silence for affirmation and leaning still closer, lowered his voice and went on: "Well, if that's what you want, maybe I'm not far off in promising that you can have those things!"

She turned her face toward him. Its expression was puzzled, but with that quality was something else which indicated that, perhaps, she was not pleased by such talk.

"Tve worked around these riss since I was a boy, except for a few years in Milwaukee and Chicago," he went on. "I haven't overlooked any bets. I've saved, I've let my seed any bets. I've saved, I've let my seed any bets. I've saved, I've let my seed for winter steady of winter. This is great weather for traveling. I believe I'll do it."

This is great weather for traveling. I believe I'll do it."

This was the beginning of Peter's idea, and he soon got so interested in that he could think of nothing else. He could hardly take time to eat properly, and when Peter neglects his stomach he is very much interested in that he could think of nothing else. He could hardly take time to eat properly, and when Peter neglects his on shape to it. You see, he had the properly, and when Peter neglects his on shape to it. You see, he had the properly as very beautiful month. It was just cool enough to make Peter feel good. He couldn't have been.

Yeter seampered after Striped Chipmunk think of sone in a while, but I shouldn't want to think of its all the your should be kind of fun just to got it."

"Let me see," said Peter. "Fitter that his head looked to be twice as things!"

Let me see," said Peter. "Fitter for traveling. It had a were looking head. There was no shape to it. You see, he had the p

since I was a boy, except for a few years in Milwaukee and Chicago," he went on. "I haven't overlooked any bets. I've saved, I've let my savings work for me. I'm not working for United Fisheries because I have to. I could quit tonight and be on my feet for myself as soon as I could find a man with a rig to sell."

"Val, you're boasting," Janet said, evenly. "You sound like a small boy."

"Don't you believe it?"

"Because you're here! I want to stay here until I can make you see that I'm not as bad as you may think I am. Then I'm ready to go away and—"

She laughed rather sharply and cut in: "Go away? Do you think I ever want to go away from here for good?"

wind think of once in a while, but I shouldn't want to think of it all the time. But that's Buster's way of getting ready for winter. Johnny Chouck is just like him, and Bobby Coon isn't much better. All those fellows can think of just now is stuffing themselves until it looks as if their coats must split. The Squirrel cousins think more of work than they do of eating. Still, I suppose they are really think ing of eating, only not all at once. I think I'll visit them first and find out, if I can, just what they do to get ready for winter and how they do it. Perhaps I might learn something. I'll begin with Striped Chipmunk."

So Peter started at once for a place where he knew that Striped Chipmunk?"

Striped Chipmunk "Do tell me what it is. I haven't han an idea for so long I wouln't know one if I should much think of its in just like him, and Bobby Coon isn't much better. All those fellows can think of just now is stuffing themsents and Bobby Coon isn't much better. All those fellows can think of just now is stuffing themsents of wouln't want to think of just now is stuffing themsents. Striped Chipmunk. "It is this, Striped Chipmunk." It is this, Striped Chipmunk. "It is this, Striped Chipmunk." It is this, Striped Chipmunk." It is this, Striped Chipmunk. "It is this, Industry want to suffin the tim. I haven't han an idea for on the time. The time of wouln't



Events Tomorrow

Trafalgar mothers' club at Trafalgar school, 8 o'clock. Girls' Friendly society rally at Cronyn hall, 8 o'clock.

Municipal chapter, I. O. D. E., at Cronyn hall, 3:30 o'clock.

Wright W. C. T. U. at Knox church, 3 o'clock.

the other, head thrust a bit forward.
"Get out!" he said, sharply.
"To hell wi——" The word was cut short by the tinging crack of an open hand acros

"Get out, now, or-

Haines struck. John dodged and rushed. He pinned the man's arms to his sides with his own. He lifted him clear of the ground even as Haines had lifted Janet and, running swiftly, heedless of the writhings and the kicks of the man he held, he reached the gate, stepped through and sent Haines reeling into the road.

Val did not fall. He kept his balance, but when he faced about he did not offer to rush John, who stood within the gate, slowly brushing his sleeve as though filth had accumulated there

"I'll get you for this!" Haines said, slowly.

"Fair enough. So long as you stay away from Miss Janet that'll be all

right."

He turned and walked back up the path in long strides. The girl was waiting for him and came forward. "I'm so thankful, and I'm so sorry

He cut her short with a gesture. "That's all right," he said, in an odd tone. "I was glad to do it—only too glad."

He did not stop. He went on into the house and the girl thought that he reeled a bit as he mounted the porch steps. He seemed to be in a hurry to get indoors and she wondered, as she followed him, if he were fearful of the threat Haines had

rid of so easily.

He lay face down on his bed, breathing slowly, his heart in turmoil That one trifling incident of
coming on a man making love to a
woman had dissapated the tacit peace
that had been his. It brought home
to his consciousness a realization of to work; he might remain free to work for the rest of his life. He might go about the world, living almost anywhere, working as he chose, but the normal life of a normal man was depined him was depined him at any oterror in the Argentine, the

make honest love to no woman. He was not John Goodheart, a fisherman: he was Carl Garrison, murder

man; he was Carl Garrison, induced er, in the eyes of the worid!

He lay flat there for hours, suffering agonies. Until then Janet Needham had been only an adjunct in his life. She had cooked for him and her father; they had eaten at the same table; they had talked to each same table; they had talked to each other casually and naturally enough. True their relationship had been that of mere acquaintances, but tonight he was aware that even though he should desire her with an impul that ungratified would make life unendurable, he must hold it chained in

his heart. After hours he dropped into troubled slumber and dreamed that Janet came to him and with that fine frankness which was a characteris-tic took his hand and held it in both hers and asked him why he did not make love to her as Val Haines did. He awoke in a cold sweat and was glad that dawn was seeping across the lake.

At breakfast he was self-conscious but his eyes persisted in following Janet as she came and went between kitchen and dining-room, and about her he detected a charm of which he had never been aware before and. with its recognition, his sense of security, his determination to think and reason and try to remember jus why he was not a killer drained from

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

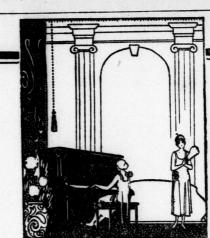
SEEN ON STREETS

Bolero Two-Piece Ensembles Add Bright Touch to Fall Wardrobe.

> By AILEEN LAMONT. Copyright.

New York, Oct. 12.-Amid all the flare of autumn colors, the combina-A trifle like that could not upset tion of black and white is being by John Goodheart. He had put Haines out of his mind when he flung him out of the cap'n's dooryard, but there sist of a black velvet coat trimmed was something else, another element in the situation that he could not be a frock of black and white velvet. Usually the accompanying hat is also of black velvet, its sombreness re

to his consciousness a realization of the woefully restricted liberty that he jacket of brick colored velvet with might claim until he could remember why he was no killer. He was free to work; he might remain free to



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but the normal life of a normal man was denied him.

At any hour an injudicious move, a stray word, might betray his standing in society; at any moment the law might stretch its hand for him. These hats have a wide brim with an ostrich feather of flaming color. The law might stretch its hand for him. He could have no home, he could neatest of small hats with the ostrich

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ations, \$1.50 value To clear Corsets

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To clear

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