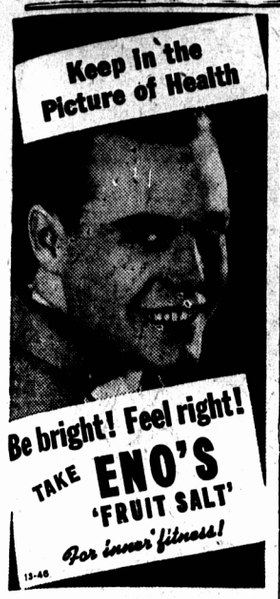


DEMAND INCREASES

There is an increasing demand for services of private duty nurses, Nan Landon of Ottawa said, at a panel discussion at the meeting of the Registered Nurses' Association of Ontario, in Toronto.

Miss Landon said the demand for this type of nursing service posed a problem of meeting it because of a shortage of nurses.

Dainty flower-spray brooches picked out in tiny, colored beads can be bought inexpensively, and two of them fixed in your hair will give you a jewelled top-knot for dances and parties.

STARTS WORK IN 2 SECONDS
ASPIRIN
EASES NEURITIC NEURALGIC PAIN
GENUINE ASPIRIN IS MARKED THIS WAY

ESCAPE

By Royal Brown

"I—I guess he must have just wanted to see if I was here," Jonesey said.

"I'll say he did. What have you been doing to him? Met him in Maine, I suppose."

"He—he was a guest at the Inn and—" Jonesey could get no further.

"And you spilt soup down his neck and he's looking for revenge, I suppose," Maggie gibed.

Jonesey didn't know what to say. "He —wanted to marry me," she confessed. Then her eyes filled. "I—I can't bear to talk about it," she added piteously. "Please don't ask me."

It was a quarter past four when Jonesey joined Tony Sorrento waiting in his car outside, but her immediate financial problems had been attended to, anyway. "Oh, I'll see that you pay me back—don't worry," Maggie assured her airily. "Shylock never had anything on me when it comes to collecting."

CHAPTER XV

Been driving all night?" Ricky asked.

Bing nodded. But it wasn't just that, she knew. She had never seen him so utterly washed out.

"Want to go to bed?" she suggested.

A few minutes before, Bing had hoped he might sleep. But now he knew better. He felt as if he could never sleep again. But how could he explain to Ricky?

There was no need to. It was as if she had guessed what was in his mind, anticipated his answer, his apprehension and his need.

"The house is full of guests," she told him. "You'd better not stay here. Go down to the boathouse and wait for me there. I'll be with you just as soon as I can change. I can see you're all in, and I'm going to look out for you. Trust Ricky."

Trust Ricky! He knew that he could.

He waited for her down at the boathouse. When she appeared, a footman followed her, bearing a hamper. She turned, smiled at the footman and pointed toward a runabout in the slip.

"Please put the hamper there," she said, and thanked him when he did.

The runabout was one of several available for the use of family and guests. This particular one, fashioned of gleaming mahogany and fitted with chrome plate, was thirty-two feet long, a sea skiff that could do an easy forty miles an hour.

Ricky took her place behind the wheel.

"Where are we going?" demanded Bing then, as he slipped into the seat beside her.

"Away from it all, to a place where you won't have to talk to a single soul, not even me."

She touched the starter, the engine roared. They passed slowly through the craft at anchor until clear of the fairway, then Ricky released the power.

He did not open his eyes until the engine slackened; he glanced around. Then: "You are a peach," he told Ricky huskily.

They were in a little cove with a crescent of sand ahead, where nature still preserved a perfect serenity. The bow of the runabout touched the shelving sands.

"Think you can manage to get ashore dry shod with the hamper?" asked Ricky.

Bing glanced at her. Some vitality had flowed back into him. "But what are you going to do about the boat? You can't leave it here. The tide is ebbing and it will strand," he said.

"Don't worry. I have my bathing suit on. I'll anchor the boat in deep water and swim ashore," she explained. "Then when it's time to go home I'll swim out and get it. Go on, walk the plank, Mister."

Once ashore he stood and watched her back off, drop anchor and then dive. She trudgeoned ashore competently, once there promptly knelt before the hamper.

"I don't know about you, but I've had no breakfast and I'm hungry," she remarked. "I've brought enough for two—six, for that matter—if you can stay awake long enough to join me."

"I don't feel as if I could sleep," said Bing.

"You will," she prophesied. Rummaging through the hamper she produced thermos bottles and jugs, china, silver and napkins, even a square of tablecloth. "You people do your guests well. Everything is ready except the bacon, I asked for that uncooked. If you can find a few bits of wood to make a fire I'll attend to that."

Presently they sat on the sand and ate. Bing discovered that he was hungry, and before he had finished lethargy had seized him. He could hardly keep his eyes open. Once when they popped shut he opened them to see Ricky smiling understandingly at him.

"I'm going to put you to bed," she announced. She took his coat, rolled it competently. "Now go bye-bye," she told him. "I'll look out for you."

"You're one girl in a million," he said gratefully. And glancing up at her added, "Trust Ricky."

It was no pillow of down his head touched, but he went instantly to sleep.

(To be continued)

DANCE TONIGHT

DON MESSER and HIS ISLANDERS
9:00 - 12:30
SPORTING CLUB

THERE WILL BE A SOCIAL at the BENEVOLENT IRISH SOCIETY HALL, FRIDAY, NOV. 15th AT 8 P.M.
(For members only)

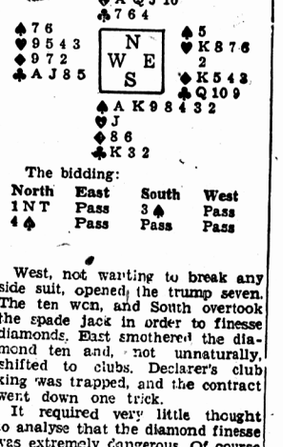
Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

AN OLD STORY

South's failure in today's deal was the old, old story of "the wrong finesse."

North dealer.
East-West vulnerable.



The bidding:

North	East	South	West
1 NT	Pass	3 ♠	Pass
4 ♠	Pass	Pass	Pass

West, not wanting to break any side suit, opened the trump seven. The ten won, and South overtook the spade jack in order to finesse diamonds. East smothered the diamond ten and, not unnaturally, shifted to clubs. Declarer's club king was trapped, and the contract went down one trick.

It required very little thought to analyse that the diamond finesse was extremely dangerous. Of course if there had not been any other play for the contract, that finesse would have had to be risked, but there was another play— decidedly! Moreover, this other play had just as much chance for immediate success, and no chance for eventual failure.

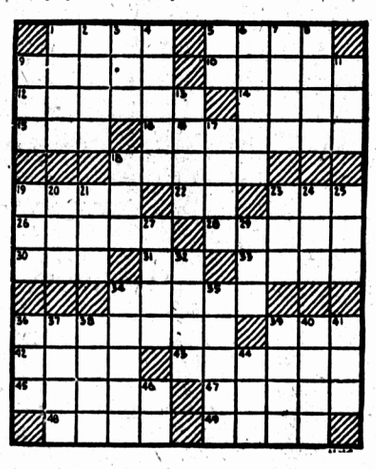
After drawing two rounds of trumps South should simply cash the heart ace and lead the heart queen through East. If the latter covers South ruffs, leads a diamond to the ace, throws his last diamond on the heart ten, then leads the diamond queen through East. If East covers South ruffs, goes to dummy with a trump and discards two clubs on the established diamonds.

If East fails to cover the heart queen or the diamond queen it does not bother South—he merely discards the diamond on the heart queen anyway, because he is quite willing to lose the trick to West, who cannot launch an attack on the club king. The same applies, of course, to the diamond queen if East does not cover—South merely discards clubs. At no time, it should be observed, is the contract in the slightest danger when this marked line of play is employed.

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS
1. Piece of earth
5. Expression
9. Darkness
10. Rude house
12. Ports of refuge
14. Coin (It.)
15. Simian
16. Staved off (colloq.)
18. Abounding in leaves
19. Quote
22. Gallium (sym.)
23. Polish
26. Apart
28. Lift
30. Travel to and fro
31. Radium (sym.)
33. March date
34. Conduit
36. A kind of light
39. To make choice
42. A state
43. Nickname for a New Englander
45. Score
47. Removed, as the center
48. Malt beverage
49. Snare

DOWN
1. Fellow
2. Wash
3. Poem
4. Thick
5. Expression
6. A Christmas plant
7. Wicked
8. A pool
9. Chinese silk
11. Youth
13. Male red deer
17. At a distance
18. Sign of the zodiac
19. Crown
20. Sick
21. Plaything
23. Free
24. Employ
25. God of pleasure (Egypt.)
27. Independent
29. Ventilate
32. Crooked
34. Woman's fur style
35. Perform
36. Fate
37. One of Israel's greatest kings
38. River (Afr.)
39. Gumbo
40. Cheep
41. Man's nickname
44. Conjunction
46. Year (abbr.)



Yesterday's Answer

CRYPTOQUOTE—A cryptogram quotation

K G V M G T ' S F V T N L B M V Q J G L X S M M S D F J D O E L V D I F M S M S D K — W J F G J.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: HE WAS THE MARK AND GLASS, COPY AND BOOK, THAT FASHIONED OTHERS—SHAKESPEARE.

Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

ALMOST ANY WOMAN CAN WALK WELL

Almost any woman who halfway tries can walk sure-footedly and gracefully in flat-heeled shoes. But a spirited and graceful walk in high heels takes a bit of doing and enough room in shoes for toes to spread.

The more room for toes to extend themselves and give feet better grip, the better balance you get. Imprisoned in tight shoes, toes are powerless to support you.

You can give the impression that you're skimming smoothly in high heels, if you'll also make sure that shoes are properly fitted to your arches. Arches must be helped and not hindered in their function if you want to walk well.

Then, too, if you choose a type of shoes that grips your foot at the instep— an oxford or shoe with instep straps, for instance— you'll find walking easier because of better arch support. Pumps are usually the best choice of shoes for flattery but the poorest for gripping the foot and supporting the arch for prolonged walking.

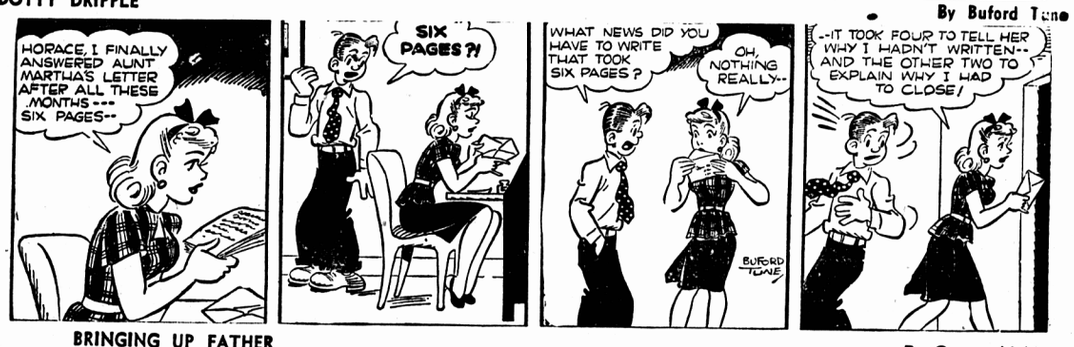
HIGH ENERGY TONIC
Great for All Ages!

Recommended for all ages
Helps tone up adult systems—helps children build sound teeth, strong bones.
IT'S GOOD-TASTING!
SCOTT'S EMULSION

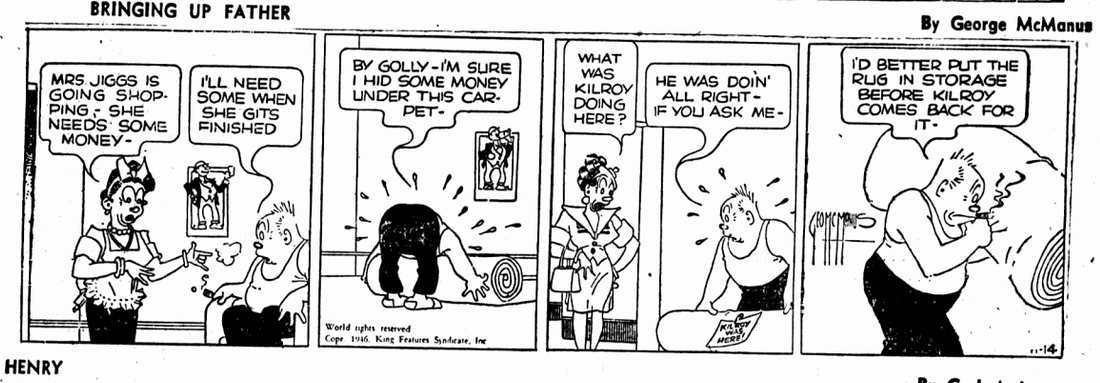
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED — By Zane Grey

JOE PALOOKA — By HAM FISHER

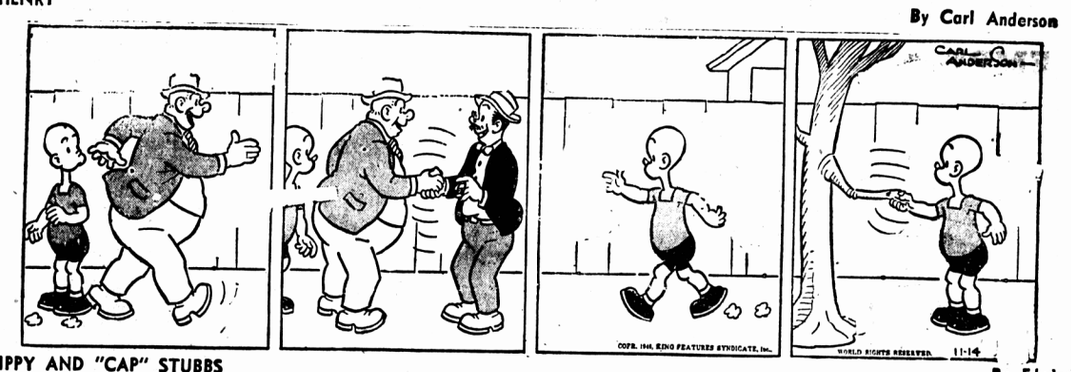
DOTTY DRIPPLE — By Buford Tune



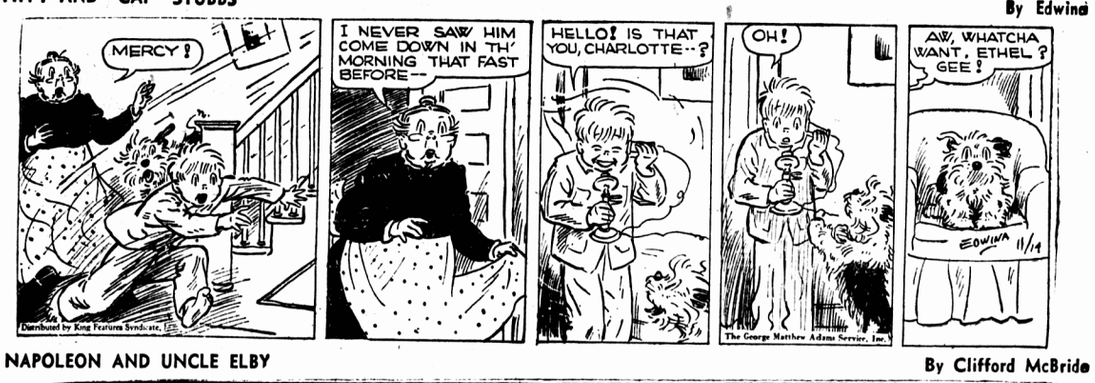
BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus



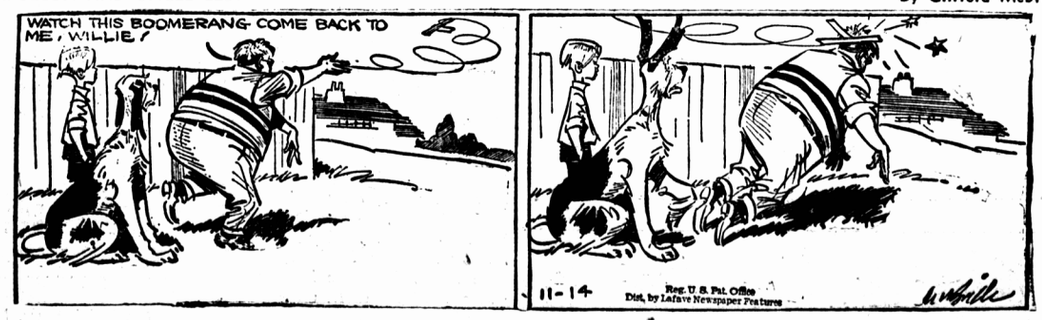
HENRY — By Carl Anderson



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS — By Edwina



NAPOLEON AND UNCLE ELBY — By Clifford McBride



OUT OUR WAY — By J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE — With Major Hoople

TILLIE THE TOILER — By Webster