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re always a number aid Mr. Nash, "and on s may perhaps have as mandred, mostly foreigne. They seem to apprecions more than others. Pout all over the world a back and tell you of things they have seen, where

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THE GARDEN SERIAL STORY

WOMEN'S SECTION ※※※※※

PATTERN SERVICE

Raggs' Weekly Letter

My Dear Toronto-Onters:

"Naturally," said Mr. Sherlock Holmes gravely, and with graveness. "Last night was unusually warm for

April, I believe?"

"Yes, sir; out the bathing stockings? What has that to do with my bathing stockings? Oh, Mr. Holmes—Sherlock—they were heirlooms, and—""A pawnbroker's business is carried on mostly in the evenings, I believe?" asked Mr. Sherlock Holmes, as he smiled a dry smile.

I rose to my feet, placing my revolver inconspicuously in the toe of my left shoe.

His smile at this grew so dry that I hastily slipped a flask of brown fluid in the toe of my other shoe. "Perhaps we shall be glad of it," I cried, in self-justification, as it were "You may not be aware of the fact that the fish are jumping, the porcupines are out, and that some large and particularly horrible water snakes at least six feet long, were seen writhing beneath the boathouse wharf this morning."

at least six feet long, were seen writhing beneath the boathouse wharf this morning."

At this moment there approached from the northeast a yellow cance, bearing over the bounding waters a sad-faced man, with a shiny silk hat, an aggressively respectable frock coat, tennis shoes, and a red tie.

"Ah, Watson!" said Mr. Sherlock Hoimes, "here you are," and, turning pleasantly to me, "unless my eyes deceive me, here is it! Watsoh, my good friend, did I not tell you yesterday or last week, or sometime, that a considerable crime was in contemplation in the neighborhood? Miss Raggs, let me introduce, or make you acquainted with, Dr. Watson, who is to be our companion in the Adventure of the Recovery of the Disappearing Bathing Stockings, and who, as you may be well aware (and had orter, if you ain't), has, in the past, been the humble and footling chronicler of my brilliantly simple investigations."

"Well, Holmes," said Dr. Watson, quite cheerily, for a man wearing a red tie, "this looks to me like a common or garden vulgar intrigue. A pair of lady's hose disappear mysteriously in the night I shall sell it to The Smart Set. Vulgar, that's wot I calls it!"

"Sir," said I.

I calls it!"
"Sir." said I.
"Shush!" said Sherlock.
Mr. Sherlock Holmes turned to me
with a deferential air. "The stock-

with a deferential air. "The stockings were—"
"White," I answered promptly,
"with red and blue polka dots."
"Of—" said Mr. Sherlock Holmes.
"One and one half inches diameter.
one and five-sevenths circumference."
Dr. Watson queried, pencil poiscd:
"The stocking or the polka dot?"
I deigned not to answer.
At this exciting point our Aberdeen terrier waddled and humped himself around the corner of the boathouse.

"His name?" queried Mr. Sherlock "Is Peter," I completed the sentence for him, and added: "Your questions are simple, but be sure to tell me if I am not quite plain."
"You are unusually and undoubtedly so," said the great detective, seating himself cross-legged upon the extreme edge of the wharf.
Taking his rare old fiddle from an inside pocket, he remarked frankly.

Taking his rare old fiddle from an inside pocket, he remarked frankly: "I must ask you not to speak to me for three and a quarter minutes." A silence as of the dead wrapt us around, broken only by the wailing notes of the violin in "Every Little Clue Has a Meaning of Its Own." The stated interval having passed, he wrapped the precious instrument in a moist towel, which was lying inadvertently upon the wharf, and replaced it in his pistol pocket.

"And now," said Mr. Sherlock Holmes, as a bloodhoundish light appeared in his left eye, chased itself into the right, and so to and fro, to and fro, "it is time that we arranged our little plans. I believe that I may say, without fear of successful or unsuccessful contradiction, that, within quarter of an hour this little matter will be, so to speak, cleared up."

"Miss Raggs, will you be so kind

cleared up."

"Miss Raggs, will you be so kind as to lead me by the hand to the bathing suit which you are wont to

I led him to it, and he retired be-hind an adjacent island. Perhaps you think it was not a shock to me to see, in less time than it takes to write these words, a replica of myself swimming towards us thru the (naturally enough) water. Perhaps you think it wasn't—but it

There I was, in the same bathing suit, the same bandana knotted coyly over my ears, swimming with the same wadding side stroke which peole come miles to sec. In a musical, the breathless, voice

which might have been mine, so elever was the imitation, Sherlock Holmes (for, indeed, it was he) cried: "Peter. Peter!" as, with seallike, Raggs-like heaves, he humped himself onto the wharf. Peter ran jeyous'y to us with that heavy trot (half-way between a lope

NONE-SO-EASY



Kawaba, Muskoka, Aug. 1, 1913. | and a canter), which characterizes the

and a canter), which characterizes the Aberdeen pup.

"Hide behind that paddle." spoke Mr. Holmes sharply to me.

I promptly did so. In fact I may say that, like all Mr. Sherlock Holmes' assistants, I was nothing if not prompt. My double stood upon the wharf. Peter gave one look at his long thin legs, another at the assembled-company, remarked blushingly, "Hooroo," and, covered with confusion, dived beneath the boat-house.

Mr. Sherlock Holmes noiselessly stood on his head in the water. This generally reserved gentleman waved his heels and wiggled his toes with excitement!

And no wonder!

I was the first to grasp that he was signaling to us in the deaf and dumb language—with his toes.

"No doubt you thought me mad." I spelled out, "but look! Look Watson. look!"

We all looked.

Peter emerged from the water, worrying tomething in his teeth.

Yes—you've guessed it!

I cried, "How on earth did you do it?"

Sherlock emerged. "Your description of the hose and the horrible snakes under the wharf somewhat tallied. Of course it was the simplest thing in the world to take advantage of the well-known and generally recognized modesty of the Aberdeen. He saw. as he thought the unprotected limbs of a female, and dived for the remedy!"

You reasoned it out beautifully." I exclamied in unfeigned admiration. "It is so long a chain, and every link rings on the key."

"Ah, speaking of keys." he murmur-

"Ah. speaking of keys." he murmured, and snapped the hand-cuffs upon Peter's front paws.

The great Sherlock yawned. "Another incident closed." he said. "It saved me from ennui. Alas! Already I feel it closing in upon me. My life is spent in one long effort to escape the commonplaces of existence."

"Ah. so not say, my benefactor!" I cried.

He shrugged his shoulders thereby

cried.

He shrugged his shoulders, thereby splitting my bathing-suit rather badly at the seams, "Well, perhaps, after all. I am a benefactor to Humanity, but"—and he yawned egain—" "homme c'est rien—l'oeuvre c'est tout'!"—and Peter bit him.

A Writer Girl.

A girl I know received a cheque for seven hundred dollars t'other day—

A W. Austin and Walter J. Barr.

her first royalty upon her first successful book. She took the magical piece of paper to the bank where she had a deposit of some twenty-three dollars, and cashed the thing.

"How will you have it?" said the bovine young man in the cage.

"In silver," said my writer pal. sweetly, "and small bills."

Half an hour later she sat on the floor of her tiny study, literally surrounded by money.

She counted it gurgled, chuckled, and counted it again. She threw the bills up in the air, and then collected them, and putted them all back to the bank and deposited them with her twenty-three cold. clammy plunks!

You see, she just naturally had to make sure that there was so much money in the bank—and in the world!

Some Half-Humans.

Do you know the woman who sneers? I don't refer to her of high ideals and large ideas who, quite naturally and humanly rages occasionally at things small and mean, but to the woman who is so infinitesimal mentally that she is incapable of understanding or, appreciating a high ideal in another, and sneers at all ambition to be other than commonplace.

She, herself, is commonplace, the woman who sneers, altho she is often a woman of birth and supposed breeding—to be explicit, she is generally a woman of that small-city aristocracy which must tickle the sense of humor of humanity's creator—and that creator, my friends, must be possessed of a sense of humor, else why should he create her kind?

Are you one of the sneering kind? If so, I would like you to hear the tale of one of your elk whom I met abroad ecently, a woman who, thru the offices of a jocular fate had married into humanity's true aristocracy—a chosen people of brains and true breeding.

Probably the poor dear sneered a few cheap sneers when she first lost herself among these real humans, but when I met her, she had reached the point where she saw herself for a fool—and she suffered.

I wonder where, when they die, an all-wise and just floor men and women who coldly, cruelly, sap the courage of youth, destroy the conviction of a high i

Daily Fashion Talks

BY MAY MANTON

A FASHIONABLE FROCK IN SIMPLE STYLE

E Norfolk suggestion found in this frock renders it exceedingly smart. In the picture, it is made of blue linen serge with collar and cuffs of white and it is worn with a black patent leather belt and black tie and it is worn with a black patent leather belt and black tie and the series of the s nd black tie and it makes a really perfect costume for summer mornings, for golfing, for tennis, for boating and all occasions of the kind. The blouse is just a simple one but the straps, or applied box plaits, render it novel and distinctive. The skirt is cut in four



ple summer cos-tume. It could be made of any pre-ferred kind of linen or it would be pretty of galatea or even of chambray and, if the outing is to be taken on the mountain top where it is likely to cool, such a frock of light weight serge will be satisfactory. One can hardly imagine long sleeves and high neck for the midsummer costume but there may be girls who prefer them. Colored linen, colored cotton poplin are being used for dresses of this kind. A charming effect charming effect could be obtained by copying this model in pink or blue with h collar and cuffs scalloped with white with a thread of black outlining them, for touches of black are extremely a mark tremely smart. For the 16 year For the 16 year size, the dress will require 6½ yards of material 27, 4½ yards 36 or 3½ yards 44 inches wide, with 3½ yard 27 for the collar, elegate facings and

distinctive. The skirt is cut in four

pieces. The lines are in the height of style and the dress is treated with just

sleeve facings and shield. The May Manton.

7657 Semi-Princesse Norfolk Dress for Misses and Small
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receipt of 15 cents.

Six days should be allowed for the delivery of the patterns.

SALT



Some Replies to Queries

Mrs. J. M—s: We are sorry that it took so long to come round to your turn, but you must remember, we have just only so much space.

Mary M—p: Too late now, to plant your clematis is a victim to the "borer." We have written a number of times about him, and we have come to the conclusion that very few people are acquainted with him. From the street car the other day, no less than five splendid purple clematis vines were noticed to be afflicted with him. When your leaves turn black in a day, after wilting very suddenly, and finally shrivel up, it is a case of "good-bye clematis," unless you get right down on your knees, on the ground and hunt for the bug. There

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(To Be Continued.)

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