

## THE GARDEN SERIAL STORY

### ELL TIE UP THE THAW ESTATE THRU THAT SON OF MINE--EVELYN

"I'll Make All the Trouble I Know How for the Inhuman Way They Have Treated Me," Says Harry Thaw's Wife, Now on London Stage--Will Apply for Annulment of Marriage.

Special Cable to The World. Copyrighted by The Toronto World and N. Y. World. LONDON, July 15.—Evelyn Thaw is proving a great drawing card at the Hippodrome.

When a World staff correspondent saw her in her dressing room last evening he noticed that she looked tired and thinner. If she really has increased in height it undoubtedly is due to her dancing practice, especially the swinging act. She never looked better, yet there is a haunted look about her eyes. When she finishes her engagement here she is booked for Paris, Vienna, Berlin and Copenhagen. If her agent arranges satisfactorily she hopes to appear in New York in about six months.

Being asked if she thinks she would be unfavorably received in New York she answered:

"Why should I? I am going altogether on my merits as an artist. If I wished to trade on my former trouble I should have kept the name of Thaw, but I have resumed my own name, Nesbit. The Thaws cut off my income, refusing to further support me, with the intention and hope that I would go to the dogs. But I am showing them that I can support myself and my boy by my work."

She pointed to the boy's picture on her dressing table, remarking:

"There is his picture. You have seen his father, Harry Thaw, often and if you look at that picture you will see whose son the boy is."

Undoubtedly the child strongly resembles Thaw.

The correspondent asked if the report is true that the child was born in Hamburg.

"No," she replied. "That is entirely wrong. No one except myself knows where the child was born. He's going to be with me all the time and when the proper time comes will make trouble for the Thaws all I know how for the inhuman way they've treated me. That son of mine I'll tie up their estate. They'll find they can't do anything without consulting me. Mrs. Thaw is the only one who hasn't denied his legitimacy. All she said was that she didn't know where he was born."

"The father of that child is Harry K. Thaw and when the right moment comes everything about his birth will be made clear and his right to that name will be fully established."

The correspondent asked if she intends to divorce Thaw.

"Under the laws of New York State I can't divorce him on the ground of adultery because he's adjudged insane," she said, "but I can secure annulment of the marriage. That's my plan, but I haven't decided yet when to begin proceedings. I've too much to do at present."

"When did you last see Thaw?" The World correspondent asked.

"I saw him a year ago at White Plains," she answered, "at a hearing in court."

"Did you speak to him?"

"No. We didn't speak as we passed by."

Evelyn is now living with Miss Tedie Gerard, a former Casino girl, who also is playing at the Hippodrome.

### FASHION FEARS THE MOB AT THE RACES

Peekaboo Skirts Worn Are of a Modified Kind, So as Not to Provoke Jeers.

Special Cable to The World. Copyrighted by The Toronto World and N. Y. World. PARIS, July 15.—The Grand Prix rarely brings out any very startling fashions, because the modistes fear that the crowd, which is less exclusive than the fashionable events at Chantilly or for the grand steeplechase, will ridicule and kill any sensational mode.

The split and peekaboo skirts worn this week on Grand Prix day were all of a modified kind, and the only novelties were hats decorated by miniature tennis racquets, and stockings embroidered just below the knee, with butterflies or with cockroaches—insects valued by the French as a sign of good luck. These stockings are only for wear with the split skirt.

The smart set always welcomes new and bizarre fashions even if it does not imitate them. It is astonishing how quickly eccentric modes started by women outside the pale of society are adopted by the most exclusive ladies, who began by condemning such things as vulgar.

The heavy velvet hats of a few years ago seem about to have another spell of popularity, a great number being seen at the races this week.

### ENJOY THE COOL ATLANTIC SEA BREEZES.

Those contemplating a seaside trip should bear in mind the excellent train service offered by the Canadian Pacific. Fast express trains leave Montreal 9:15 p.m. daily and 9 a.m. daily except Sunday, for Portland and other Maine Coast Resorts.

Connecting trains leave Toronto 9 a.m. and 10:30 p.m. daily. Day train carries dining car and parlor car and night train standard sleepers to Montreal.

Through standard sleepers for St. Andrews, N.B., leave Montreal 7:25 p.m. daily. Connecting train leaves Toronto 8 a.m. daily.

The Canadian Pacific is the only line operating through parlor and sleeping cars between Montreal, Old Orchard Beach, Biddeford, Saco, Kennebunk and Rockport.

Full particulars from any Canadian Pacific agent, or write: M. G. Murphy, Pacific agent, Toronto, Ont. J15,18,19,21,23



Garden Pests—Remedies

Leaf bug of the dahlia.

This is a wicked witch that brings disaster, disaster and death to our healthiest dahlia plants.

As a rule dahlias are remarkably free from these troubles. However, they will be attacked occasionally by mildew, especially when their surroundings are not satisfactory and when they have received a setback from some unfavorable condition. A copious spraying with copper solution will deal successfully with this. Apply twice a week for two or three weeks, or until all signs of the trouble disappear.

If they are very badly affected, and do not readily yield to treatment, cut them down to within a foot or so of the ground and encourage an entirely new growth.

Green fly (aphis) will often attack the plants if their vitality is lowered from some cause. They will be found on the under side of the leaves. A liberal use of tobacco water, or spraying with tobacco water, will soon destroy them. Keep at this treatment as long as a single sign of these vermin remains.

The aster bug and cucumber beetle will attack dahlias if they are prevalent in your region. As a rule, however, these pests appear in small numbers so that they may be picked off by hand.

In all dahlias growing be careful to watch for any signs of outcrops when the luxuriant young shoots are coming up from the root. At this time, above all others, the light green stalks are deliciously succulent to bugs, beetles, and such like.

A liberal sprinkling of lime, slacked in the open air, will usually prove sufficiently discouraging to all such as had intended enjoying a feast. Even if some of the shoots have been eaten up, they will develop again below the surface, conditions being encouraging.

In our own minds we have always depended a deal on the help of the hose spray.

Careful and copious spraying, with an observant eye on the alert to see that the spray is more too strong on tender young shoots, and also carefully directed towards the under sides of the foliage—this is our one dependable remedy. Insects cannot get much headway if they are swept out of existence every morning with a fine, cool spray.

### M. YOHE'S EX-HUSBAND SEES HER ON THE STAGE

But Actress in "Come Over Here" Takes Pains Not to Look Toward Lord Francis' Box.

Special Cable to The World. Copyrighted by The Toronto World and N. Y. World. LONDON, July 14.—Since May Yohe has been appearing in the London Opera House, reys "Come Over Here," Lord Francis Hope, once her husband, has twice taken a box with friends to see her performance.

The second time Lord Francis came Miss Yohe was informed he was in the house and his box was pointed out to her, but she studiously avoided looking in his direction while on the stage. Her former husband made no attempt to communicate with her.

The Revue is still running with unabated success and remains easily the most attractive show of its kind in London. The one hundredth performance was celebrated this week by the wedding of J. Rosamond Johnson, the composer of most of the songs and music, and Nora Floyd, from Saxonville, Fla. She is an accomplished musician who has collaborated with Johnson in the composition of most of his songs, notably with the great success, "Take Me in Your Arms."

Miss Floyd arrived in England last week with her mother, the wife of Capt. I. W. Floyd, and was married to Johnson at a registry office on Thursday. It is said to be the first marriage of two colored persons that has ever taken place in London.

### SIR WILFRID HAS BRONCHITIS

OTTAWA, July 15.—(Can. Press.)—Sir Wilfrid Laurier is ill of an attack of bronchitis, which is not considered serious by his physicians. He is subject to such attacks and this one followed his Montreal visit of last week.

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## WOMEN'S SEC

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### Daily Fashion Talk's BY MAY MANTON

#### A SMART SUIT OF STRIPED RATINE

THE striped suitings are very charming this summer and they have the great advantage of trimming themselves. Here is a costume made from one of the new ratines with the collar and bands showing bits of the bright color that is still noticeable. The coat has the Empire effect that is found in the smartest models and the skirt is made in just three pieces, the front edges being lapped onto a novel panel.

This panel meets the vest of the coat to give the lines that are so essentially becoming. Altogether, the suit is one of the prettiest and most practical that could be devised. It would be just as attractive, however, made of one of the fashionable silk suitings, and if linen is preferred to the ratine, it can easily be substituted.

The bandings, although they are pretty, are not at all necessary, but just the stitched edges are in every way correct. Among silk suitings the very thin chiffon is liked and it would be exceedingly beautiful with the vest of the coat and the panel of the skirt of plain silk.

Shantung would make up beautifully in this way, too, and according to the latest news from across the sea, Shantung is one of the smartest of all things for mid-summer wear. It is always both attractive and comfortable in the natural color and the natural color is beautiful with the collar and cuffs of the fancy silk illustrated and without the little banding, the panel and vest being made of white.

The coat is just slightly full above the belt, but the peplum, while it is slightly full at the back, is perfectly smooth-fitting at the front. If the three-quarter length ones are not liked, long ones can be substituted but for mid-summer, the shorter length is apt to be preferred.

Surely a more fascinating nymph never inhabited the mountains, woods or stream than the light, graceful, handsome, young woman that set off with Elmer Shepard to whip the roving brook that tumbled past the bungalow in these Georgia mountains. Mildred not only knew how to wear dry goods, as Elmer had great figure to embellish anything she put on. And her charm of manner, her great good nature—no wonder Gordon Kelly dreamed of her and no wonder Forrest Caldwell waited for her to pass.

Mildred Deery was thinking of them both as she started off with her youthful companion. Cain occupied her thoughts for only an instant, however, she dismissed him with a "troubled little frown. But in Gordon Kelly's thoughts he lingered long and earnestly. The newspaper she had read that morning said he had left the sports and come home away, promptly to join the Red Sox. What a queer name for a ball club, thought Mildred. Her reading of the newspaper was interrupted by the sound of turning at once to the sporting pages and finding the item or two that was of interest to her.

"What do you know about baseball?" suddenly asked Elmer just as they reached the book.

"Nothing at all," replied Mildred. "Why?"

"You notice you don't read anything but the sports, and not much of that," was the lad's answer.

"You are very observing, young man," said Mildred with a blush. "A day before I came here I saw a baseball game in Atlanta and there was an accident and one of the players was hurt and—"

"Oh, I know," exclaimed Elmer, jumping up and down. "And you rushed out on the field to help Gordon Kelly. Oh, I know now, I read all about it, but you know how to play baseball?"

"Gee, I wish I was a ball player like him!" Mildred blushed furiously. She tried to change the subject by easy stages.

"Do you know how to play baseball?" she asked.

"Of course I do. Every boy plays ball. Before Dad had to come up here I was captain of a school team in Chattanooga."

"Your position did you play in the outfield?"

"I guess not; we only put the club players in the outfield on school teams. The captain of a school team either plays first base or pitcher. I played first base."

"Up the stream."

"It must be great fun to play baseball. I wish I were a boy."

"Ha, ha," laughed Elmer. "That's what all the boys say. But I don't wish you were a boy. I like you just as you are, Mildred."

"That's very sweet of you, Elmer. Now let's go to work," she replied. Elmer drew the conversation to other channels as was customary with him.

(To Be Continued.)

### THE TRIPLE TIE BY A. H. C. MITCHELL

(Continued From Saturday.)

"All right, dad, I will find him. Is Mrs. Blake in a serious condition?" He told her none particular and said in conclusion: "Now hurry and get hold of Forrest."

Within five minutes Mildred was on her way, with Elmer for a companion. He was not at all sure that Elmer should not go with him. Half way up to where Mr. Shepard was supposed to be located, the trunk was well kept in the main thoroughfare. It led off thru two large granite pillars and was soon lost in the woods.

"I wonder where that road leads to?" said Mildred. "It looks like the entrance to some big private estate."

Cain Met on Road.

"I don't know," replied Elmer. "I have never been this far up the main road before."

"Neither have I. We must investigate some day."

A mile further along they met Cain in his car. He was on his way to see Mildred. They recognized each other at a distance and came to a stop close together.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," cried Cain, pleasantly. "Whither away so early in the morning?"

"I was looking for you," replied Mildred, and then she told him of her errand. It was decided that Elmer should return with Cain to his shack, while he packed a suit case and got his man, George, Mildred was to return home and wait for them, after which they would all drive to New Creek station and then Mildred would return with Elmer to her house and look after the car during Cain's absence.

Mildred turned the car and started back, as she came upon the road she branched off to the west she slowed down and gazed curiously at the granite posts.

"What is the most curious thing in the world," she said to herself. "Away off here in the mountains someone has put the large granite gateposts. I wonder where? I must ask Mr. Shepard about it."

But Shepard could throw no light on the subject.

"Haven't been here long enough to find out, Miss Deery," he said. "I have been so busy with the property around that I haven't been north of us at all."

A Fishing Trip.

With Cain of the way Mildred began to enjoy life once more. The days, happily passed, were all too short. Two weeks went by. Her mother had written regularly. Mrs. Blake had early been taken to a private hospital and Mrs. Deery had taken charge of her old schoolmate's household. For several days Mrs. Blake's life hung in the balance, but finally the crisis was passed and she began to mend.

Cain told Mildred that he was coming up to the mountains again in a day or two. She wrinkled her brow at this and then resolved to have one more good day's fun before Cain made his appearance and spoiled all.

"Elmer," she called, "I propose that you and I make a day of it tomorrow. Get your fishing tackle all ready and we will fish up the brook, instead of going down stream as we have always done before. We will take our lunch with us and we won't come back until we have filled our creels. What do you say?"

"You know me, Mildred," replied the lad.

Mildred made a charming picture when she was arrayed for her little excursion next morning. With feminine eyes for the fitness of things she had, with the assistance of her maid, altered her shirt suit so that it looked as though it had come from the hands of a ladies' tailor when she finished with it. The trim-fitting skirt could just below the knees and she wore tan-colored, leather, waterproof leggings-boots, with straps on the sides. She drew on a pair of tan gloves and pronounced herself ready.

"Gee whizz, Mildred," exclaimed Elmer, who had a juvenile eye for beauty, "what chance have I got? When the fish see us coming they will all rush up and take to their heels. They won't have anything to do with me."

"Stop talking nonsense, Elmer, and get your rod," exclaimed Mildred, with a pretty smile.

"I heard dad tell me you knew how to wear dry goods, and I guess he's right," observed the lad.

"You are a top talking foolishness," replied Mildred over her shoulder. "I'll go off by myself and leave you behind. But her eyes twinkled as she said it."

A Fascinating Nymph.

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## PATTERN SERVICE NEWS FOR WOMEN

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## EFFICIENT HOUSEKEEPING BY HENRIETTA D. GRAUEL

DOMESTIC SCIENCE LECTURER

### MUTTON

HEEP are dainty creatures that will starve before they will eat food that is not fresh and pure. So their flesh is the cleanest of any animal's on our market.

Australian and English mutton ranked first in quality for years, but our home-raised article now compares favorably with all others.

The same advantages that have made this meat so popular abroad make it excellent for our use.

The bones are lighter and finer in proportion to the flesh than in veal or pork, while the meat wastes less in cooking.

The one-half the weight of mutton is fat, this only adds to the fuel value and richness of the meat, and is not lost, for clarified mutton makes one of the best frying fats. It is good for pastry crusts, for meat-pies, for dumplings and boiled puddings. Mixed with pork lard it gives a wholesome frying and shortening compound for any food.

This meat is excellent cooked in almost any style, but mutton stew has been the favorite since it was awarded a place in history by ancient chroniclers.

Rebecca seems to have simmered her meat in milk, thickened it with corn meal and seasoned it with herbs for Isaac and Jacob. Her recipe cannot be much improved upon. Madame de Maintenon helped to make the meat historical. Old Louis had many a twinge of gout until she found that mutton cutlets could be broiled quickly if wrapped in paper and not too rich for him.

The modern cookery book serves well for this mode of broiling. It is only necessary to oil the bag inside, lay in the trimmed cutlets and place the sealed bag on a rack in a hot oven. When the bag is very brown decrease the oven heat, but on no account touch the bag. After twenty minutes dish the cutlets on a hot platter and serve them with salt, pepper and their own gravy.

Napoleon is said to have almost met his Waterloo at Leipzig, where he indulged in a surfeit of his favorite dish: a leg of mutton with the bone removed and the hollow stuffed with onion dressing, peppered hot as Tophet!

Right along with this he should have had some delicious home-made mint sauce and peas, in rich cream sauce and French fried potatoes on the side. Then the "most selfish man in Europe" would indeed have forgotten that war dogs were barking.

Mutton stew with vegetables and dumplings is a fine article for the mid-day meal when the wind is chill and sharp.

Two pounds of mutton with the fat trimmed away will season a large quantity of vegetables. Cut it in small pieces and braise it in an iron pan with a small onion diced. When well seared place in a deep kettle and cover with boiling water. Add salt and pepper, one bay leaf, one clove, a sprig of parsley and a sprinkling of celery salt. Simmer two hours, add a can of peas and dumplings and finish cooking.

No meat is more accommodating than cold mutton, nor is there any meat more often thrown aside as useless by the improvident cook.

There are many appetizing ways of serving it the second time so that even the most discriminating family will not say, "Where, oh where, have I seen this face before?"

### TOOK DANCING IN A PROPER SPIRIT

Lady Constance Delighted With Reception Given Her in New York.

Special Cable to The World. Copyrighted by The Toronto World and N. Y. World. LONDON, July 15.—Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, who returned home on the Mauretania after her dancing engagement at Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre, New York, intends to take a rest at her home in Scotland until September, when she will return to America for a tour of forty weeks, under Maurice Guest's management.

Discussing her recent American visit, Lady Constance said:

"This was my first professional appearance in New York. My audiences at Hammerstein's were wonderful and could not have been kinder. It was under Maurice Guest's management. Discussing her recent American visit, Lady Constance said:

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to view dancing in the right spirit when a woman clad only in flimsy draperies, has one foot and leg.

Large Attendance at Funeral

From the headquarters of the Princes of the Jewish Benevolent Society yesterday afternoon, the funeral was held of Abraham Sorin, 150 Chalmers avenue, who died on Sunday. Over 400 members of the society attended.

Rabbi Kaplan and Rabbi Waldman conducted the service, after which the body was interred in the Jewish cemetery on Yonge street. Mr. Sorin leaves a widow and six children.

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