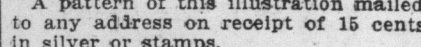


SOCIETY HOUSEKEEPING

Daily World Pattern Service.

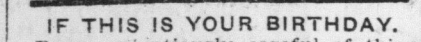
Liquor Habit



BABY'S BATTLES



MAY



Those born to-day should be trained to entire self-dependence, for although they will have remarkable talents, these will be made to serve the advantage of others unless the talented ones are capable of some management of their own affairs.

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No other paper in Canada has so many exclusive features to interest women as The Toronto Sunday World.

A staff of clever writers and illustrators is providing every week attractive stories and pictures which have placed this paper on a pinnacle of its own.

Kit contributes a column of chatty comment on things that are passing before the view. An attractive design for needleworkers which can be transferred occupies half a page of the Magazine Section, which also contains intimate sketches of prominent female personalities in Toronto; an installment of a series of short stories by the late Ferber; a page of gossip of interest to musical people; a page about little people; and ink drawing by Nell Brinkley, the foremost woman illustrator in America today; a medical article by Dr. Gordon Bates; a story by Lillian Leveridge for the little folks, and several other attractive features.

Another section carries the words and music of a popular song, a page for new citizens from across the sea, society gossip, news of the stage, motoring and horse departments, and Mr. Albert Berry's efforts to exceed the efforts of the C. B. C. Gals, and a page of editorials with an appropriate cartoon by Sam Hunter. Lou Skuce illustrates the Traffic Policeman, with an explanatory article on the duties of these officers in London, England. The page also contains a hostile opinion from a British paper on the home secretary, Reginald McKenna.

In the illustrated Section there is a page of snapshots of well-known society people at the Horse Show. Another page of winning horses and other features of the show, while the miscellaneous pictures illustrate some of the latest fashions at the Longchamp Racecourse, Paris; the New York Surf Parade, National Council of Women at Montreal and other timely pictures.



More About Insecticides

Always keep a good supply of insecticides on hand. Or if not the actual solutions themselves, keep the formulae and the proper materials for the preparation of these common medicated sprays. Plant enemies and pests have increased to such a very great extent these last few years, that comparatively few flowers are free from a pest of some kind or other.

The rose has always been a prey to countless pests. But now we find the Dahlia, the Clematis, and even the good old Aster affected, and all plants are becoming more and more difficult to raise for this very reason.

The rose is in need of almost hourly care and watching, from the time the first wee bud begins to swell, until the end of the season. One of its most dreaded fungous diseases is the "black spot," which must be given thoro treatment from the beginning, even before the leaves start in the spring, especially if the bush was de-affected the previous season. Use Bordeaux mixture, and repeat at least once of twice a week during the growing season.

cosmos, dahlia, aster and clematis. The preventive is a teaspoonful of Paris green to three gallons of water, poured around the base of the plant, using sufficient to wet the earth to a depth of at least six inches. The Borers seldom goes deeper than six inches, in fact seldom deeper than four inches, but it is always best to be on the safe side. Begin when the plant is a foot

Another pest is the Black Beetle, who loves to feast on the asters, eating the young "transplantlings," the buds, and if left in uninterrupted possession, will soon infest the whole bed. This beetle looks very much like the common "Blister Beetle," but is rather smaller, and of a deeper jet black. It is very easily killed by knocking the branch over a dish of water diluted with kerosene mixture.

To catch this villain, watch for him

early in the morning, when he is very sleepy or sluggish, and can easily be captured in this manner. However, in these days it seems as if the proper thing to do is to spray all ones plants very early in their lives, and thus make sure that any young insects have been well dosed. It is worse than useless to wait until bud blossom and leaves have been attacked.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 65, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

Mrs. W. J. Gage and Miss Irene Gage have returned from abroad.

NO OTHER WAY

By Gordon Holmes

"Show 'em Clancy in, Rice."

Now the old Clande Waverton would surely have exclaimed, "What in—does the idiot want?" and—perhaps—have striven to get the discomfition of the detective bureau in general and "Mr. C. F. Clancy" in particular. But Rice, who was a man might well betoken a real sense of the seriousness, if not the active anxiety, which the case had put upon him as a personage. But Rice, hurried and doubting, was only too glad to receive the visitor. He led him into the detective in the room with due ceremony.

"Perhaps I have not made too early a call, sir," said Clancy, openly recognizing the fact that Waverton was in his element.

"I don't care a red cent so long as you have not come to arrest me!" was the answer, and a stare.

"Arrest you! Good gracious! what for?"

"That is for you to say. If it is about that baby—about Kathleen—I didn't push her into the sea. She fell in, and I don't know where she is. I can call a dozen witnesses." Including a man with a telescope.

"Yes. The manager of the hotel told me that some fellow was watching me as I strolled down the pier, and he said he would get him."

"How very interesting! It reminds me of an incident that occurred on the Maine coast some years ago. A small lighthouse that was cut off from the mainland by a causeway covered at low tide. The keeper was talking to the lighthouse keeper's wife when her despairing cries at seeing her husband drowned before her eyes in an instant came from the shore through a breaking sea."

"Gee whizz! Did he tho? Glad this person with the telescope didn't have a shot at you. Have you any more from New York, Mr. Clancy? Will you have some breakfast?"

"No, thank you. This morning train I have been killing time by loafing and eating. My errand is simple enough—but first let me congratulate you on your escape. I am glad to be freed at Narragansett Pier. The newspapers are full of it."

"I assure you I was not by the means of my escape. It was the slightest notion that Mrs. Waverton was staying there, or I should certainly have been in the place long before my rest cure. Well, why are you here? Is there a woman in the case of course."

"Yes, sir—the woman."

"Mrs. Delamar's real name is Josephine."

ine Kyrie. The man who was found dead in an open boat, drifting about the sea some miles from Atlantic City, was her husband.

"I guessed as much."

"Did you know?"

"I have," said he, betrayed the slightest curiosity as to the existence, or fate, of the late Mr. Delamar, or Kyrie."

"Do you know that some such person existed?"

Waverton waited a second or two before he answered. "Not until my man, the waiter, read the paragraph in the newspapers yesterday morning. Even then it was a surmise, a guess, as I have put it."

"When did you last see Mrs. Delamar?"

Again Waverton paused, but this time his hesitancy might be explained by the fact that his memory "I think I am right in saying that I met her at an appointment a week ago last Friday."

"In New York?"

Now, for some reason, it was the detective who abandoned the quick thrust and parry of question and answer, but his amazingly bright and piercing black eyes dwelt inquiringly on Waverton's steel-gray eyes, and Waverton laughed angrily.

"You, I suppose, like the rest of the world, are aware that I have lived the life of a first-rate fool during the last few years," he went on, suddenly

thrusting aside the breakfast tray and taking a pipe from the mantelpiece. "I don't know what has happened here," he said, "but I have the impression if I tell you that the knock on the head I got on the rocks at Palm Beach has done me any harm, I shall be pleased to clear them in others. Have you ever heard that experienced hypnotists can cause cataplectic subjects to simulate a variety of emotions, thereby pressing on certain nerve centres? That is just my case. Those rocks pressed my nerves, and I have been afflicted with affected certain convulsions of my brain permanently. At any rate, I came to this conclusion, when I realised that I was not a morose man, but the less I saw of Mrs. Delamar in the future the better it would be for me."

"Did the—er—lady take the suggestion kindly?" said Clancy, when the doctor gave his attention to filling the pipe.

(To Be Continued.



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