

PATTERN SERVICE NEWS FOR WOMEN

Continued From Yesterday.)

BABY'S OWN TABLETS
HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

Some Answers to Anxious

PURPLE IRIS.
We have at last come to the conclusion that the iris is a most difficult plant to kill. We have arrived at this conclusion from the manner in

our own supply will continue to grow. In the fall of 1961, when we were preparing this year's seed, we decided to put in each row singly. So every clump was broken up. Each large fat bulb from the previous year was put in a row by itself (what else to call them?). I do not know what plants in the row that was to be our "show row." Just for an experiment, I put a single joint of the old root was cut out of the soil. I put fifty or more oblong bulb-like roots with no signs of a sprout anywhere to be seen (because the sprouted ones we had). And we placed every one of the dead looking chunks about an inch deep in a very moist spot. This spot was in a very swampy area, but it was almost swampy in the hope that the roots might show up. Well, you should see the great sturdy plants, some ready to top the buds, we feel sure by the look of them.

The sprouted bulb-ends long ago sent up immense spikes three and four great lift heads, and the size of them! I never saw anything like the size. And the intense colorings! Well, we have decided now to plant our iris bulbs singly wherever we desire flowers of "show size."

But we are not finished yet. After taking off all the choice ends, and then selecting the best and hardest of the unsprouted joints, there yet remained some doubtful looking pieces. We planted them. They sprouted weeks ago. Next year we know they will flower.

[illegible]

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Continued From Yesterday.)

[illegible]

Gordon read every word of type, looked at every picture carefully, then threw the newspaper to the floor and jumped to his feet.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated. "Now I simply GOT to make good. I could not do it if I wanted to. When Mildred sees those pictures she—"

He stopped short. Yes, Mildred would be sure to see the pictures. They would settle him with her one way or the other.

he had always acted towards him, would feel sure that he had not lost an

and, if his manner was in any way bold or distant, he would know she did not like him. He would let it go at that, and allow it to himself. He knew, mysteriously, which way the wind blew. If she came for me as a ball player there's some like the present to find it out." "There's one thing about it, the light and crawling about it."

"There's one thing about it, tho," he declared: "when the editor of the Georgian newspaper wants to do anything, he knows how to do it."

CHAPTER XIII.

The fame of Gordon Kelly spread throughout the country in a night. Thanks to the whole page devoted to him in the Georgian, the news association set

Correspondents in Atlanta of northern newspapers were besieged for photographs of the young man. Sunday editors wired for special articles of him, especially requesting full details of his "romance" that might have entered into his career. And they wanted to know all about his home life, and particularly how and where he learned to play baseball. With tremendous interest shown locally in all parts of the country, the Atlanta newspapers were forced in a me-

as that Gordon Kelly suddenly found himself a popular idol. Small boys followed him wherever he went. He was besieged in his hotel at all hours of the day and night. An army of newspaper reporters was after him all the time, wanting answers to a thousand and one questions. Kelly took things good and

tell the reporters anything about his private life; wouldn't say where he came from or where he learned what he knew about the national game. That only made matters worse. He became known as the mysterious man of baseball. O

porter heard him say Smith "was a nice fellow" and from that time on, the reporter referred to him as "Mystic" Kelly.

Too Much Notoriety. Kelly began to receive hundreds of "mush" notes from all parts of the country and not a few from Atlanta. Perhaps he was a vegetable and could not understand some northern newspaper headlines (as Kelly refusing to go underground), and which other newspapers picked up and carried to such a point that Kelly had to leave his hotel and find a quiet boarding place out near the beach.

"I'm sorry to have to leave," he told Frank Jones, one of the proprietors. "I have enjoyed my stay at such a place, but the notoriety is altogether too much for me."

"I'm sorry to have you go," replied Jones. "I have enjoyed myself here. It is just as well, and in saying this I am paying you a compliment, because you are the only person who has been

then you are around. And the waiter is talking about you so much out in the kitchen they forget all about serving their orders to the guests." Kelly had to stand no end of goooood "joshing" at the hands of his teammates, but this didn't trouble him at all. It was the outside public that troubled him, and he finally went to the Smiths to tell the tale of woe. The man didn't only grinned.

"Don't pay any attention to 'em, kid," he advised. "The baseball public is mighty fickle. As long as you deliver the goods you will be a regular tin god. It is when you lose your grip they'll go

[illegible]

(To be Continued.)

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