#### THE GARDEN SERIAL STORY

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KIND," SAYS WENTZ.

## WESTERN WOMAN TO

Local Institutional Workers Favor the Appointment of Miss Ravenhill, British Columbia.

Supporters of practical methods for the reduction of wice in Toronto realize that the health nursing branch of the that the health nursing branch of the civic department of health is taking the lead in the most effective work heing done, and is receiving the best assistance from university settlement work and the institutional work of the churches. This admirable band of workers for the reduction of vice is very desirous of having the services in form of Miss Ravenhill of British columbia, and are hoping that the board of education will arrange for appointment to the position vaher appointment to the position va-cated by Miss Lina L. Rogers, R.N. who has been superintendent of nurses of the public schools since the depart-ment of medical inspection was in-

ment of inspection was inaugurated. Miss Rogers resigned recently and is to marry Dr. Struthers, chief medical inspector.

Miss Ravenhiii is exceptionally trained and gifted for the work of public health nursing, and her appointment as superintendent of the pointment as superintendent of the nurses of the public schools would strengthen considerably the policy of the civic department of health in the

BABY'S OWN TABLETS HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

bighly recommended as is Baby's Own Tablets. They are guaranteed by a government analyst to be absolutely safe and besides that thousands of mothers throughout the land praise them as the only sure cure for thildhood ailments. Concerning them the Mrs. Edward McDonald, Douglastown, Que., says: "I can highly regommend Baby's Own Tablets to any nother who has a baby suffering from constipation or teething trou The Tablets are sold by meditine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



Some Answers to Anxious Queries.

PURPLE IRIS. We have at last come to the con-closion that the iris is a most diffiscult plant to kill. We have arrived at this conclusion from the manner in which our own supply will continue to educrease. Setting out our plants in the spring this year we decided to put in each root singly. So every clump was broken up. Each large fat bulb from the end of every "toe" (I do not know what else to cal. them), was cut off and planted in the row that was to be our "show row." Just for an experiment every single joint of the old root was cut off so that we had some fifty or more oblong bulb-like roots with no signs of a sprout anywhere to be seen (because the sprouted ends we had already disposed of you remember), and we placed everyone of these dead looking chunks about an inch deep in a very moist spot. This spot which our own supply will continue to deed looking chunks about an inch deep in a very moist spot. This spot was kept so wet as to be almost swampy in the hope that some green might show up. Well, you should see the great sturdy plants, some ready to send out buds, we feel sure by the look of them.

taking off all the choice ends, and then selecting the best and hardest of the unsprouted joints, there yet remained some doubtfur tooking pieces. We planted them. They sprouted weeks ago. Next year we know they will flower.

Still more: we threw away all the "left-overs." those that we felt we could not possibly hope for sprouts from. Being like the old woman who hated to see anything go to waste, and game of ball. Everybody is calling me hated to see anything go to waste, and a good bit of shade. The other day, while doing a few minutes cultivating we went to this shady spot to get a handful of fresh earth. Some little green spikes were lying around forlornly—no place for their wee roots to enter the cool, sheltering earth. So they were trying to call our attention by sending out feeble green spikes. they were trying to call our attention by sending out feeble green spikes.

We planted them Are they growing? Well. They will flower next year. Of that we are sure. So that out of one clump of iris roots we succeeded in obtaining three different grades of roots. We intend to experiment further with these roots.

ther with these roots. Connie M., Scotch Pink, and Martha:
All three of you have asked the very
same questions. We intended answering today, but purple iris required so
much space that we will replied much space that we will reply to your

Tobacco Habit

Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price \$2.00.

Liquor Habit Marvellous results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. Safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections; no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a cure guaranteed. Address or consult Dr. McTaggalt. 75 Youre Street, Toronto, Canada.

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

Continued From Yesterday.)

"He's a Nice Boy."

"Love affairs, child," cried Mrs. Derry;
"I hope you haven't—"

"Oh, I don't know, mother," said Mildred, daintily nibbling at a salted almond;
"Gordon Kelly is a very nice boy."

Alone in his room that night Gordon Kelly once more reviewed the events of the day. The more he saw of Mildred Deery the less pleasing the career of a ball player appeared to him. Her charming ways, her winsome manner, her gracious personality, her good comradeship, the attractiveness of her face and figure, appealed to him more at that moment than anything had ever before appealed to him in the 21 years of his life.

He sighed deeply, and picking up a copy of a late edition of The Atlanta Georgian, began idly turning its leaves. His attention was suddenly arrested by almost a full page of pictures of himself, evidently taken that very morning. The pictures showed him at bat, running, jumping in the air to catch a ball, and in three or four other poses. There was nearly a column of type telling in most laudatory phrases of what he had done on the ball field that morning. There was nothing on that page except Gordon Kelly.

Gordon read every word of type, looked

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

to his feet.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated. "Now I've simply GOT to make good. I couldn't quit 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. If the next time they met she acted as she had always acted towards him, he would feel sure that he had not lost anything in her estimation. On the other hand, if her manner was in any way cold or distant, he would know she didn't approve. "All right, let it go at that," he cold or distant, he would know she didn't approve. "All right, let it go at that," he said to himself. "I'll know mighty quick which way the wind blows. If she can't stand for me as a ball player there's no time like the present to find it out."

He switched off the light and crawled into bed.

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

CHAPTER XIII.

The fame of Gordon Kelly spread thruout the country in a night. Thanks to the whole page devoted to him in The Georgian, the news association sent out laudatory despatches concerning his wonderful performance in practice, and next morning every baseball "fan" from Maine to California and from the great lakes to the gulf read about the "phenomenal ball player that has never played a game of ball."

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 any "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 in Kelly in all parts of the country, the Atlanta newspapers were forced in a measure, to "go to" him harder than ever. The result of all this newspaper praise was that Gordon Kelly suddenly found himself a popular idol. Small boys fol-The result of all this newspaper praise was 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 naturedly for a few days, but finally the whole thing got on his nerves. He refused to tell the reporters anything about his home 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. One reporter heard Bill Smith call him a "mysterioso," and from that time on the reporter referred to him as "Mysterioso Kelly."

Too Much Notorlety. Kelly began to receive hundred of "mash" notes from all parts of the country and not a few from Atlanta. Perhaps these were the result of Kelly's measurements some northern newspaper had guessed at (Kelly refusing to go under the tape), and which other newspapers had copied. Things came to such a pass that Kelly had to leave his hotel and find

that Kelly had to leave his noter and thing a quiet boarding place out near the ball grounds.

"I'm sorry to have to leave," he told Frank Jones, one of the propeletors. "I have enjoyed my stay here very much, but this notoriety is altogether too much for me."

was kept so wet as to be almost swampy in the hope that some green might show up. Well, you should see the great sturdy plants, some ready to send out 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 new to plant our iris bulbs singly wherever we desire flowers of "show size."

But we are not finished yet. After taking of all the choice ends, and then selecting the best and hardest of the unsprouted joint. The summates is altogether too much of me."

"I'm sorry to have you go," replied Jones, "but between ourselves perhaps to jones, "but between ourselves perhaps as things stand now, it is impossible to get a stroke of work out of a beliboy when you are around. And the waiters are 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 good-natured "joshing" at the hands of his teammates, but this didn't trouble him at all. It was the outside public that worried him, and he finally went to Bill Smith his tale of woe. The manager only, grinned.

Smith for the past few days, had been receiving an average of a dozen telegrams a day from managers of other clubs, asking if he cared to dispose of Gordon Kelly. To all these Smith replied: "Nothing doing on Kelly." As he had predicted to President Callaway be could have sold the recruit to any one of a hundred other clubs. But Smithimself saw the makings of a baseby star in Kelly, and he proposed to hang of to him until he had proved himself to be a star or had "blown up." as the saying is.

Newspapers are able to make and i make a lot of things. They had "made" Gordon Kelly in the twinkling of an evolution reculiar conditions surrounding hibrief baseball career made him a fine subject for exploitation. The public had easerly read every line printed about him Thinms had reached a stage where Kelly felt that he either had to make good or ump in the river with a grindstone tie

(To be Continued.)

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All the rage at the fashionable Summer resorts. Selling everywhere at \$3 and \$3.50.



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Misses' and Children's Oxfords and Strap Shoes

(On BARGAIN TABLES)

### OTHER

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"THE UPTOWN PIANO HOUSE."

By GORDON HOLMES

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"Yes," and the witness' tones were stronger now. "Did your friendship with him pro-vide the first cause of the quarrel between your husband and yourself?"

troduced Mr. Waverton to you?"

"Yery well. That ends this branch of the affair for the time being. Now, will you tell us why you got Mr. Wa-verton to buy crystals of nicotine at a Palm Beach drugstore?"
"My husband wrote and asked me to

procure the poison. He said that in New Jersey a layman could not obtain such a quantity without great diffi-culty, whereas the regulations in Flowere not so strict."

"As nearly as I can recollect, he was engaged in investigating the vegetable poison used by the opi men of the West Indies, and needed the nicotine to conduct certain experiments." "How did you forward it to him?"

"And did Claude G. Waverton bring it to you in person?" "Unquestionably. He laughed about it, and told me to retain my husband's

letter, because it was a rather strange commission.' "Have you that letter?"

"I believe so. Had I known that all this—all this dreadful expose—would be made today, I should have searched

For some reason best known to him-self. Forbes concluded his examination at a moment when the court's "Did he say why he wanted the sympathies were veering back to a woman who might have sinned, but

was certainly being persecuted by really intended for him, opened it, and

The coroner was evidently swayed by some such sentiment, since he asked, very gently, if the witness could suggest any motive for her husband's ments. Mrs. Waverton is now safe peculiar stipulations as to her movements on the fatal Tuesday.

"I hope it is not a cruel thing to say, but I am beginning to fear that he meant to kill himself that night, and was contriving matters in such a way that suspicion would be cast on me." Mrs. Delamar had soon recovered from the emotion that shook her utterance in responding to Forbes' con-cluding question, and she put forward a theory that was at least reasonable, in a voice that was firm, if not slightly

metallic. "No secret was made of the pur chase of the poison?" went on the cor-

"None whatever." "Did Mr. Waverton know your husband?"

"To the best of my belief, he had never seen him. I don't think he even knew his name." "Then Mr. Waverton could have no strong motive for concealing his share in the transaction at Palm Beachabout the poison, I mean?"

"I can imagine none."
"Will you endeavor to find the letter your husband wrote priorto Feb. 22?" "Certainly." The coroner thanked Mrs. Kyrie for the way in which she had given her

testimony, and she descended from the witness stand. Just then Waverton and Clancy were engaged in what might be described as an ocular duel. Each man knew that the whole scene in court had been arranged with the skill of a dramatist Waverton had been deliberately led to believe that the police attached the most grave significance to the buying of the poison; whereas the incident, the important, was now whittled down to a mere link in a chain of evidence which pointed to the suicide of Kyrle. Hence, the disquieting testimony given by Jose Vuilmo had been meant as a bait for Waverton, and he had swal-

lowed it, hook and all, like the veriest So his eyes dwelt fixedly on Clancy, and his frowning brow seemed to con-vey the thought, "It was you who conrived my present predicament, you little shrimp of a man! If I could wring your neck without fear of consequences I should do it cheerfully."

And Clancy had shot back the retort, You are feeling the lance now, my bold interloper; next time you will be impaled on it!"

Waverton suddenly abandoned the contest, and scribbled a note laboriously with his left hand, throwing it to Steingail, folded in such wise that it would carry across the table.

The chief of the bureau went thru a pantomime of surprised enquiry, and, on being assured that the paper was

Steingall pursed his lips over this

queer side issue; for it was passing strange that Claude Waverton should disregard his own dilemma, and pay heed only to the escape of his wife from further attention on the part of Tearle.

Almost ostentatiously he gave the slip of paper to Clancy, who read it, and looked again at Waverton. This time he smiled, and his geniality appeared to astonish the other man considerably. But Waverton's mind was diverted from this new channel by the coroner, who had completed his notes of Mrs. Kyrle's testimony, and now

called:

"Claude G. Waverton!"

"One could almost hear a pin drop in the court," wrote the enthusiastic reporter. "It was noticed that Waverton moved wearily, and used his left hand to steady himself in ascending the few steps to the witness stand."

"We have heard the eviden called:

CHAPTER XV. A Reshuffling of the Pack.
"You are Claude G. Waverton?" said lars?" the coroner, squaring several sheets of legal-looking foolscap on his desk, and evidently settling down for an-

NONE - 50 - EASY



"I am," came the confident reply.
"What address?"

"Saginaw, Lake Champlain, and East 64th street, New York." "You have heard the evidence of the previous witness. Do you contradict them in any important particu-

(To Be Continued.)

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