

THE GARDEN SERIAL STORY

Daily World Pattern Service.



9583



SOME GARDEN TRICKS

Do you know that you can have your rose bushes covered with flowers long after the blooming season of the rose itself has passed?

And this is the way it may be done. Plant, just beneath the rose bush, and about two inches from the main stem, a plant of nicotina. Everyone knows how tall and straggly the long slim willow flower-stems of nicotina grow. These long shoots will shoot up between the branches of the rosebush, which will serve as a firm support for the nicotina stems.

Your rosebush will afford a constant harvest of blossoms and perfume all thru the long hot summer. Try this plan.

Another good plan is to plant those large fringed californica petunias, among the rosebushes, one plant beneath each rosebush. The firm support afforded the petunias, by the strong branches, will induce speedy growth, and also, the fair amount of shade gained from the shelter of the rose branches, will give a delicacy to these flowers gained in no other way.

Other plants that may be treated in this way, are verbenas. These also do well when planted "under the rose." Do not be afraid that this way of affording support to the straggly flower stems of the above-mentioned flowers will in any way injure the roses. They are not affected in the least. On the other hand the constant spraying necessary for the satisfactory growth of these plants, will be of great benefit to their companions.

Why not allow your clematis vines to climb up the trunk of any tall tree on your lawn? If the tree is trimmed high, sufficient sun will be obtained by the clematis, to afford splendid growth. The tree will not be injured by affording support to the vine. If you have an elm the rough bark will serve excellently for the clinging tendrils to fasten securely to.

There are many little tricks an observant gardener may make use of, such as these mentioned, all of which will save many an odd moment's work, and enhance the beauty and comfort of his home. He needs but to look around him, and study how to make use of the things at his hand.

A Piano at 50 Cents a Week.

You only need to pay 50 cents a week in order to obtain a square piano, guaranteed and in good condition, from Ye Olde Firme, Heintzman & Co., Limited, 193, 195, 197 Yonge street.

Garden. I don't think I can ever be so thrilled again. There was something magnetic in the air and the stillnesses were almost terrifying when I was singing.

One critic proclaims his singing in "Plegiac" one of the most sublime treats the human ear can ever have luxuriated in.

Caruso was nervous and overwrought before the performance ended.

CARUSO'S SINGING A SUBLIME TREAT

Artist was Nervous and Overwrought Before London Performance Ended.

Special Cable to The World.

LONDON, May 27.—(Copyright.)—

"In all my operatic experience I have never been thrilled," said Caruso today, "as I was by the enthusiasm of last night's audience at Covent



Roast Beef Accompaniments.

SOME excellent vegetables to accompany or garnish the roast of beef or a fine sirloin are here given.

Corn Fritters.—Use sweet corn or canned corn, to a cup and a half of the cooked, chopped corn, add two beaten eggs, one teaspoon of butter and one of salt, a dash of pepper and enough flour to bind the mixture. Bake on a griddle, exactly as with breakfast cakes, only smaller. Garnish the sirloin, having one cake overlap the other.

Corn croquettes are used for roasts. Cut the corn as directed above and add as much finely mashed potatoes as you have corn. Season and form in short cylinders, dip in egg and in crumbs and fry in deep fat. Sprinkle with parsley.

Horse radish cream sauce is excellent with this combination. Heat a half-pint of rich cream to the scalding point, enrich with a tablespoon of butter. Pour this hot cream on one beaten egg-yolk. Return to the saucepan and add one teaspoon of sugar, one-half a grated nutmeg and four tablespoons of grated fresh horse radish.

Carrots and peas for garnishing. Use a ball cutter and cut the balls from carrots that are not pithy, blanch in boiling water five minutes, then cook ten minutes in stock or in fresh salted water. When quite tender lift the little balls into a frying pan containing hot butter. Sprinkle a little sugar over them and brown evenly.

Heat the peas in butter, season to suit taste and mix with the carrots gently, so as not to break the balls.

Another fine garnish for the meat course is fried celery. This is an unusual dish and offers a good way to use the large coarse ends of the big bunches.

Cut the celery in strips about two inches long and a half an inch wide. Have fat very hot. Dip the celery in an egg and milk batter and fry a fine, rich brown. Pile on each end of the meat platter log-cabin style.

Chicory is seldom used in the best ways by the Canadian Cook, but it offers as many possibilities as spinach or any "greens." Wash well in several waters and cut off the very dark leaves. Boil in salted water, drain and chop and dress with a very rich cream sauce.

Serve this in a vegetable dish. Souffled sweet potatoes make a fine second vegetable to serve with the succulent greens.

Boiled beef is considered a dainty when cooked with a jardiniere of vegetables. This homely, delicious old combination dinner is only for the family table, or for such guests as you know to be fond of it.

Bone, roll up and skewer a rump of beef. Boil twenty-five minutes for every pound of meat. When two-thirds done add the vegetables lifted in a net or bag. These vegetables may be turnips, carrots, celery, a small parsnip, one onion, or a leek, pared and cut in uniform shapes.

Blanch a head of cabbage in a separate kettle of boiling water, drain and cut in small pieces; finish cooking in some of the stock taken from the boiling beef.

When the meat is done drain it well and glaze a few moments in a hot oven. Place on a large platter, at each end put the drained cabbage. Lift the net of vegetables from the kettle and drain well. Arrange them around the meat in clusters. Between each cluster place a mound of steamed, buttered potatoes. Stuffed baked peppers may be added to the garnish. Serve with a hot, sharp sauce.

This is the modern form of the boiled New England dinner.

WOMEN'S SECTION

PATTERN SERVICE NEWS FOR WOMEN

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AS THEY SEE ONE ANOTHER

Men and Women Quick to Prescribe the Remedy

If you ever get to asking yourself if life is worth living, if work ever gets to pressing a little too hard, if the electric flare at night ever gets to seeming a bit garish, and the day-time light a bit flat, just turn your field glasses upon the events which testify to the dexterity of the one sex in pinning responsibility upon the other. You will have to laugh, no matter how you feel.

For instance, in a mid-western state, not so long ago, it was seriously proposed that, as the two great discernible factors in the social evil were "married men and the way women dress," a bill should be introduced for the legislature which, steering blind-eyed past the married men, should regulate women's dress!

And again for instance, in this baneful year for the birds, one woman's club after another is passing resolutions approving of the drastic proposal to prohibit absolutely the importation of all plumes, skins, or feathers of wild birds, and condemning the commercial greed of men which fattens on the anguish of the songsters of the forests. And birds of paradise are hobnobbing on some of the women's hats as the resolutions go thru, with a thrill of pity!

SHORT COATS AND PARASOLS

2 Some Summery Costumes for the Summer Resorts

The short coat has really made headway. It is trying and many women will not wear it, but this year the ranks of the converts have increased. This is probably because rather unusual conceits have been developed in the way of modified Etons and in jaunty jackets with postilion backs.

In the drawing is shown a short jacket of white serge, worn with a coppery green creation, with kilted underskirt. The other picture shows a cretonne blouse edged with satin bands. The vest and sleeves are of net, the skirt of plain eponge.

That indispensable accessory of the summer toilet, the parasol, is featured this spring with a turned-back edge, and again with fullness gathered into the edge, illustrations of both fancies being given in the pictures.

THE NEW SWEATERS

Very attractive are the double sweaters, that is the sweaters of worsted, two colors. The outside of the sweater is usually ribbed and is in white, but the lining is plain, and in some cases the color serving for the collar, cuffs and patch pockets. The finest of Shetland wool is used, and the effect is altogether dainty.

Another unusual sweater is the one of white with collar and cuffs and pockets if the sweater has patch pockets—of wool embroidery. A sweater is the one of shaded worsted, the lighter shades appearing at the top and gradually working into a deep shade at the bottom of the garment, whatever its length.

NO OTHER WAY

25 25 By GORDON HOLMES 25 25

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"Allow me to write it for you," said Steingall, with equal nonchalance, and, after scribbling the name of a firm beneath his own, he wrote on the upper space, "To introduce Mr. Claude G. Waverton."

"I fancy you will be able to read this scrawl," he went on, "the writing in a train is an art I do not excel in." The other took the card again. "It is quite legible," he said, after a slight pause. "I am very much obliged to you, I shall order some of these cigars tomorrow."

Steingall felt as a master-at-arms might feel when his deadliest stroke had been deftly turned aside by a stranger's rapier. He almost sighed in his disappointment, because now he was compelled to adopt cruder methods.

"So you intend to remain in New York, Mr. Waverton?" he said.

"I am going to my home in the Adirondacks tomorrow."

"Since you know who I am, have you any objections to answering a few questions?"

"Knowing who you are, need they be put? I don't wish to appear unkind, especially after you have given me such a first-class Havana; but I assume that you followed me from New York, and have—what shall I say?—kept in touch with me all day, so that you are as well posted in my movements as I am myself."

Steingall was fully aware that he was being played with in this duel of words, and his blue eyes glinted with some of the fire that sparkled in the steel-gray ones that met his gaze unflinchingly.

"Any charge that had its scene in New York since 9 o'clock this morning were preferred against you, Mr. Waverton, you would have in me a credible witness for proving an alibi," he said. "I am not nearly so interested in your actions today as in their motive. I think you would like me to speak plainly. A man with whom you must have some acquaintance, at least by repute if not personally, a Mr. Kyrie, of Absecon, has been found dead in peculiar circumstances. The

police are enquiring into the affair, seeing that Mr. Kyrie and his wife were not on the best of terms with each other, and it is only reasonable to suppose that we should wish to clear up the lady's movements during the few days prior to her husband's death. Next to her, naturally, we are interested in her associates. Of course, you may decline to assist me in the matter. I cannot demand your help, and if you look on my presence here as an intrusion, I shall transfer myself to another car."

"You seem to be rather vexed with me, Mr. Steingall," said Waverton calmly.

"No sir, not vexed; merely precise. You would have good cause to be annoyed with me if I had sought information under false pretences."

"Suppose I had retained my disguise, what would have happened?"

"Then, as you would not be Mr. Claude G. Waverton, but apparently a German violinist, I should have remained your casual acquaintance of a railway journey."

"That's none of my business," said Waverton. "Now, I have nothing to conceal. The worst is known already—the newspapers took care of that—and, as I told you, cordially, Mr. Steingall, with the exception of a brief meeting in New York, I have not seen or spoken to Mrs. Delamar since I quitted her house at Palm Beach. That statement is literally true. What else do you wish to know?"

"Why did you visit Narragansett Pier today?"

"Obviously, to see my wife; yet without her cognizance."

"Pray forgive me if I am treading on delicate ground—did you also expect to see Mr. John Stratton Teale?"

"No."

Steingall permitted himself to appear astonished. "But you dealt with him very promptly when he put in an appearance," he said.

"Knowing the man as I do, I was not long in forming an opinion as to the object of his presence; so I decided to free Mrs. Waverton and her sister from his attractive company during one afternoon at least."

"You succeeded admirably. Allow me to congratulate you on the means. Was it jiu jitsu, or the savate?"

"Neither. It was—the invention of the moment, I suppose."

Waverton seemed to catch his tongue in the very act of tripping, and the detective began instantly to speculate as to the nature of the missing word. He racked his brains for a solution all the way to New York, and when he told Clancy of that trivial hiatus the little man pounced on it as the event of the day. But he did not permit the conversation to languish on that account.

"You are aware, I take it, sir, that Mr. Teale and Mrs. Delamar are close acquaintances, to put it mildly?" he said.

"Oh, yes. He introduced me to the lady in the first place."

"You speak bitterly of him; yet he was your intimate friend."

Waverton's left hand brushed his eyes and forehead with the gesture of a man who tries to dispel a distasteful memory. "That has passed," he said wearily. "Since my accident, with its enforced seclusion—and proper diet—my mind seems to have entered into a new arena. To vary the metaphor, and adopt an older one, I have turned

over a new leaf. Some black marks still show thru the thin paper; but I am endeavoring to obliterate them. At any rate, Inspector, you gentlemen of the bureau need not waste your time in shadowing me. I am prepared now and always to give you every assistance that lies in my power. Unhappily, it is very slight. I know no more of Mr. Kyrie's death than the facts recorded in the press; while my knowledge of his wife's actions and whereabouts during the last two months is practically nil. I am a discredited man, and I ask nothing better than to be allowed to pass a year or more in the privacy of my home on Lake Champlain. But there is one thing I am intensely anxious about. Mrs. Waverton has been treated vilely, and I mean to save her from a repetition of the misery for which I hold myself solely responsible. So this creature Teale must be warned off. He is a rascal and blackguard, and I shall take all possible means to protect my one-time wife from him. If, in the course of your inquiries, you find that he remains deaf to the warning I shall give him personally, I hope it will not conflict with your official duties to let me know what is going on."

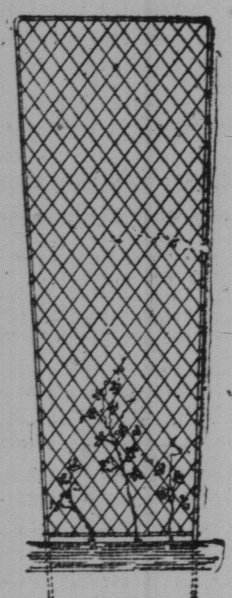
Steingall actually whistled. "We become allies, then?" he cried.

"Exactly. I have been the prey of a harpy. My—Mrs. Waverton must be protected from one."

The chief had a heart well adapted to the requirements of a generous frame. It was large, and sound, and full-blooded, and he would have staked his professional reputation now that this man had been more sinned against than sinner. He leaned forward, a hand on each firm and well-rounded knee. "I know a bit about the world, and human nature, and woman's nature in particular," he said gently. "Now, it seems to me that if you had only met Mrs. Waverton after you had rescued the child—if you even met her tomorrow, or next week—"

(To Be Continued.)

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