

THE GARDEN SERIAL STORY

THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF MERRIE ENGLAND

BY RAGGS

So many stock phrases—"bromides," as our gossip friend, Gillette Burgess, would call them—are to us so utterly meaningless that it is difficult sometimes to believe that they have not originated in satire.

A young Canadian of more than usual affection for their motherland (which he had never seen), recently took his wife and his savings to "Merrie England" for a holiday for which the vacationers had been waiting for some time. The trip seemed to them a life-time.

The trusting and loyal pair rented a "shooting-box" (it sounded well in home letters), for one month, and prepared to be utterly happy and utterly quite English.

On the twenty-ninth day of the month it was still raining.

Wife stood by the window shivering, peering thru the steady drizzle. Her husband endeavored to mend the fire with sodden chips. He thought of Toronto Island on a sunny day, and of Scarborough Beach. Then he thought of Muskoka, but might have been had he not been saving, always saving, for this visit to the dear old "home-land."

A wild and ferocious expression took possession of his once mild, sane, and bank-clerkish countenance. Seizing his wife perfectly awestruck, he dashed out into the stormy night.

"John," cried his wife, "you can't shoot in the rain! Where are you going with that gun?"

"To find the man who called this 'Merrie England!'"

No doubt the poet Byron, sensitive lover of beauty, felt very much as "John" when, according to history, after a prolonged absence in Europe, he returned to his native country to be greeted by the elevating spectacle of a woman being whipped thru the streets at the cart's tail.

And those were the good old days of "Merrie England!"

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were one hundred and forty-five offences for which the decreed penalty was death.

Women and children were hanged for shoplifting to the value of a pocket handkerchief. Black Monday, opposite to the "Black Friday" at Newgate, was not their best description.

Can you conceive of a civilization so brutalizing that men, women and children by the thousands, held in festal about the scaffolds for their fellowmen perished?

The British government's vision grew little clearer; the nineteenth century progressed.

In 1786 the jails were so crowded and the hangings so many, that it became necessary to ship the prisoners off somewhere. The lords of the treasury were really most annoyed and disgraced by the cost of the prisoners, which put a stop to the yearly revenue of £50,000, for which they had sold offenders as white slaves to the plantations.

That market being closed, prisoners were more than ever a drug on the market. The experiment was tried of sending the poor creatures to the fever coast of Africa. They practically died there. This was merely cheating the scaffold, which was hardly fair.

Then, too, unless the convicted became colonists, hanging was really economical—cheaper.

In the humane men of the day studied the question according to their lights and the spirit of the times. Their suggestions included a philanthropic proposal to hang the convicted (shoplifters, etc.), over to the slave-dealers of Morocco!!!

In the meantime jail fever broke but through English prisons, and once more the scaffold was cheated right and left. All of which was most distressing to the hangmen.

So the humane men of 1787, published a book on the history of New South Wales. He suggested the Botany Bay scheme of colonization. To give some idea of the government's attitude I quote from the preface:

"Criminals, when their lives or liberties are forfeited to justice (1) have always been regarded as fair subjects of hazardous experiments. If there be any terrors in the prospect before the wretch who is banished to New South Wales, they are no more than he has a right to expect; if the danger of a foreign climate are nearly equivalent to death, the devoted convict, naturally, reflects on the subject in considering him to the inhospitable shores of New Holland does not mean, thereby, to scold him for life on a bed of roses."

Such a "devoted convict" had any such idea he was a much-mistaken man.

William Eden was a man of ideas. He added: "The more enormous offenders might be sent to Tunis, Algiers, and other Mohammedan ports. Others might be committed to dangerous expeditions."

So the penal settlements of New South Wales were founded, and the convict ship Success, among others, built and launched in 1790, at Moulmein, Bournemouth, in British India—by the name of the convict ship.

The history of this floating mill is a disgrace to humanity. British India regarded this first specimen of a convict ship with pride. Australia in later years looked upon it and its record with such a feeling of horror and loyalty to the mother country was not almost to the breaking point.

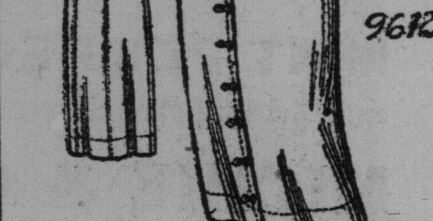
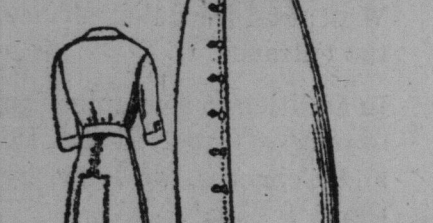
The Success is now on her way around the world on exhibition. She is the only felon ship afloat, and while intensely interesting, leaves an impression of justifying horror upon the mind of the onlooker.

This historical craft lies at anchor in the Hudson River, visited daily by hundreds of people who stand aghast before the instruments of torture, the cells where prisoners were herded like pigs; or they nervously joke about the horrible craft, because they dare not take it too seriously, for fear of realizing its horrors!

It is calculated that 165,000 convicts left English ports for Botany Bay on the Success, and her sister ships. It is impossible to say how many reached Australia alive.

(To Be Continued.)

Daily World Pattern Service.



A Charming Summer Frock, Composed of Ladies' Waist Pattern 9611 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 9612.

Blue eponge with trimming of faille silk, in a darker shade, and fancy buttons for decoration, is here shown. The waist fronts have small vest pockets set above the rounded waist.

The skirt also is unique in its shaping. The model combines exquisite style and charming simplicity, and will lend itself readily for development in any of this season's dress fabrics.

The waist pattern is cut in five sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure. The skirt pattern is cut in five sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 52-4 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size, for the entire dress.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to, any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

Daily World Pattern Coupon.

Send Pattern No.

Name

Address

Size

Fill out this coupon and mail with 15 cents to The Toronto World, Pattern Dept., Toronto, and pattern will be mailed to you. Write plainly and be sure to give size desired.

BELGIUM GETS MARTIAL FEVER

Huge Sum to Cover Army Expenditures Will Be Borrowed.

BRUSSELS, Belgium, June 11.—(Can. Press.)—The Belgian premier announced in the senate today the intention of the government to borrow \$62,800,000 to cover military expenditures. He said:

"We do not doubt the loyalty of the nation which guarantees our neutrality, but we do not intend meekly to supply again a battle ground for Europe. In the event of the breaking out of a war, which has been often suggested, it will find Antwerp an impregnable fortress."

A Week-End Trip to Bobcaygeon. An excellent opportunity to spend the week-end at one of the many attractive points on the Kawartha Lakes, is offered to patrons of the Canadian Pacific Railway, taking advantage of the "Week-End Special" leaving Toronto Saturdays only at 1:30 p.m., arriving Burlington Junction 3:05, Nestleton 3:15, Lindsay 3:45, and Bobcaygeon 4:20 p.m. Returning leave Bobcaygeon 8 p.m. Sundays only, arriving Burlington Junction 9:15 and Toronto 10:40 p.m. This service will be especially appreciated by those desirous of visiting this beautiful district, where fishing and boating is unequalled, but who find it necessary to return to the city on Monday. Ask for booklet "Short Trips From Toronto," giving week-end rates to Kawartha Lakes and many other points. Full information from any C.P.R. agent, or write M. G. Murphy, D.P.A., C.P.R., Toronto.

ILLINOIS FOR WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE. SPRINGFIELD, Ill., June 11.—(Can. Press.)—The woman's suffrage bill which passed the Illinois senate recently, this afternoon was passed by the lower branch of the legislature by a vote of 77 yeas, a bare constitutional majority.

THE TRIPLE TIE

BY A. H. C. MITCHELL

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(Continued From Yesterday.)

Bill Smith grinned. Ever since he broke into the game he had been pestered, off and on, by all sorts of "bugs," but this was about the worst case he ever experienced. Here was a young man who confessed he never saw a game of ball, yet was positive he had the makings in him of a player that would surpass two of the greatest diamond stars the game ever produced. The idea was as absurd as if a street sweeper came in and said that while he didn't know anything about the oil business, he was sure he could make more money in it than John D. Rockefeller. The whole thing was so ridiculous, it was really funny.

Bill Smith's grin broke into a hearty laugh. But Gordon Kelly didn't laugh. He was never more serious in his life. The manager noticed the expression on the young man's face and his laughter ceased.

A High Standard. "Better than a Cobb or Speaker, eh? Well, I don't mind saying, Mr. Kelly, you have set a pretty high standard for yourself. Now, then, what do you want me to do, sign you up at Ty Cobb's salary?"

Gordon Kelly shifted his chair so that he faced the manager. "Nothing like that, Mr. Smith," he said soberly. "Here's my proposition. The Southern League championship season opens on April 10, about six weeks from now. What I want you to do is this: Give me permission to practice here with you and your players until the season opens. If by that time I haven't demonstrated my worth to you as a ball player, just say so, and we will part the best of friends as far as I am concerned. If, on the other hand, I do demonstrate to you that I am entitled to a place on your team, I will ask that you sign me up at whatever salary you care to pay me. There's nothing unfair, or unreasonable in that, is there?"

Bill Smith took three or four puffs of his cigar before replying to this direct question. "What a proposition! You are dealing with me, Mr. Kelly, as if I were a simpleton. What an extraordinary baseball base-bug!"

"But, Mr. Smith, I am not a simpleton," said Kelly. "I am a baseball player, and I am entitled to a place on your team. I will ask that you sign me up at whatever salary you care to pay me. There's nothing unfair, or unreasonable in that, is there?"

The manager gave the applicant a long look. He was a tall, thin, gray-eyed man of about thirty, with a straight nose and a firm mouth. He had a certain air of authority about him, and he was not a baseball expert, but an alienist.

"You are a very peculiar man," said the manager. "I have never seen anyone like you before. You are a very peculiar man, and I am not a baseball expert, but an alienist."

"I am a very peculiar man," said Kelly. "I am a baseball player, and I am entitled to a place on your team. I will ask that you sign me up at whatever salary you care to pay me. There's nothing unfair, or unreasonable in that, is there?"

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The Question of "Watering"

The watering of the garden is sometimes a serious question to consider. Before laying out one's beds and borders, the matter should be very carefully considered. In towns and cities where the water facilities, permit the use of hydrants, it is apparently an easy matter to keep one's plants, shrubs and vegetables in a good condition.

But even when the garden hose is at hand to use daily, night and morning, the business of watering is very complicated. In a large percentage of cases the garden is watered for the night, and not watered at all. "Do we know what we are talking about?" we hear some exclaim. "What sort of contradiction is that to make?"

Let us explain, then. The ordinary garden hose can only convey just so much water in a given time, and no more. With the full humming, whizzing spray turned on, full force, it may seem to the one watering the hose that a most copious drenching is being given—the earth is thoroughly soaked—that the plants are almost drowned out—and so on. But not so. There seems to be a great quantity of water flowing from that hose, but, after all, there is nothing like the quantity that one imagines. After standing for an hour or so, the water has evaporated, and the earth is barely wet, half an inch below the surface. The roots have never been reached. Where has all the water gone to?

The true test of the quantity of water pouring from the hose will be found out by filling a pail, from the end of the hose, and timing it. How long does it take to fill one single pail? It will surprise you. Try it! And how far does one pailful go, if one were forced to carry the water by pailfuls? Not very far, indeed.

And often the water from the spray has never reached the ground at all, but has been scattered on the leaves. A splendid plan, especially where there are many old, strong roots, thickly covered with foliage, such, for instance, as peonies, Canterbury bells, and such like. As to first spray the upper part of the plant, so that the leaves may be gratefully refreshed after the heat and dust of the day, then remove the nozzle, and, placing the end of the hose close to the roots, let the water simply well into the ground for the length of time that it would take to fill three or four pails full. If this plan is followed at least twice a week, really efficient watering is not needed, and the leaves washed off quickly every evening, with a short refreshing drink before the sun is hot, you will find your heavy roots improve wonderfully. The ordinary careless spraying, night after night, does not begin to touch these deep roots.

Nor can a garden of any size be gone over thoroughly every night. True, it may be "sprayed," but that is not watering.

Take one portion of the garden every evening for a thorough watering, and in this way the whole place can be gone over at least once a week.

\$2.00 BUFFALO AND RETURN \$2.00 Canadian Pacific Railway 1.15 p.m. Train, Saturday, June 14th.

Here is an excellent opportunity to visit Buffalo with the Hillcrest Athletic Club Excursion. Fast time and finest equipment, including Parlor Car. Tickets good going on 1.15 p.m. Canadian Pacific train, Saturday, June 14th, round trip. Good to return Saturday, Sunday or Monday following date of issue. Tickets at Toronto City Ticket Office, King St., Union Station, and Sunnyside.

NEWLANDS-HUDON. KINGSTON, June 11.—(Special.)—Miss Lulu Blanche, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. J. A. Hudon, was married today to John Newlands, second son of William Newlands, architect.

Upper Lakes Navigation via Canadian Pacific Steamships. The Canadian Pacific operate Great Lakes Steamship Express trains between Toronto and Port McNicoll on the following schedule, with first-class coach and parlor car running through without local stops.

Northbound—Leaves Toronto 12:45 p.m.; arrive Port McNicoll 4 p.m. each Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, connecting with the P. R. Upper Lakes Steamships leaving Port McNicoll on above days for Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur and Fort William.

Southbound—Leave Port McNicoll each Sunday and Thursday at 8:45 a.m., arriving Toronto 12 noon, and leaving Port McNicoll Mondays, Tuesdays and Saturdays at 11:45 a.m., arriving Toronto 2:15 p.m.

Full particulars from any C. P. R. agent, or write M. G. Murphy, district passenger agent, Toronto.

Via the Intercolonial Railway. Facts and figures regarding vacation tours are always interesting to those who are on travel bent, and these may be found in the booklet, "Summer Excursion Fares," just issued by the Intercolonial Railway. The details of special round trips through eastern Quebec and the Maritime Provinces are given, routes are defined and rates quoted in a systematic and comprehensive manner. The booklet will be mailed free to all who write the general passenger department, Moncton, N. B.

NO OTHER WAY

By GORDON HOLMES

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"Mr. Claude regrets, sir, that he cannot put you up at 'The Dene.' 'Not put me up! What nonsense! He is alone, and the place is a regular hotel. I have heard something of his new whim; so I must come and see for myself what is the matter with him.'"

"You will not be admitted, sir," said Rice respectfully, but signing to the porter that his assistance would not be needed.

Then John Stratton Tearle condescended to give a series of ear-rings to the porter. "What the deuce are you talking about?" he demanded fiercely.

"Mr. Waverton's orders, sir." Then Rice played his trump card, and dropped his voice to a confidential note. "I don't mind telling you, sir, as the hocus is hextra, and Mr. Claude's wife will probably make up their little differences, and he is turnin' 'is back on all his hold friends, just to please her."

"The shot went home, as Rice meant that it should. The red-faced Tearle grew purple; but he managed to splutter, 'You are talking nonsense, man!'"

"No, sir. It's the truth. Mrs. Waverton kem 'ere 'erself last Monday, and she may be in residence any day now."

Tearle was aware of Doris's departure from Narragansett Pier early the previous Sunday, and not all his diplomacy had extracted from Mrs. Daunt any information as to her whereabouts. He himself had been summoned to New York on Wednesday by Mrs. Delamar; so Rice's statement, backed by the extraordinary instructions the valet had evidently received from Waverton, rang unpleasantly truthful.

And what was the man saying—that he had better go on to Plattsburg? He looked savagely, and re-entered the train.

"Tell your master," he said, speaking with forced composure, "tell him that I am sorry he regards me as an unwelcome guest. Tell him, too, that he will have cause to regret his action. Will you do that?"

"Certainly, sir. Good-morning. Nice day for a train journey—bright; but not too hot."

There was no glint of sarcasm in Rice's eyes nor ought save the utmost respect in his voice when he spoke. The furious Tearle was whisked away from the station by the train, and the valet tipped the porter a quarter, which was contrary to his habit, being a prudent man with his money save where horses were concerned.

As a preparation for the curiously sensational developments that now began to cluster round the adjoined inquest, Clancy paid another visit to Narragansett Pier. After close and careful weighing of the facts garnered from so many directions, Steingall and he had concluded to take Doris Waverton partly into their confidence. It was a bold step, but essential to any real progress. Judges and juries do not encourage guesswork by the police; that is, when causes are actually being tried. It would be hopeless to expect any legal tribunal to deal with Waverton as an impostor if a woman of Mrs. Waverton's position and intelligence (and this was really the case) was deputed to regard him as her divorced husband; so Clancy was deputed to try and persuade her to obtain another interview with the suspected man, but under such conditions that any further mistake as to his identity would be impossible.

Of course, there was another witness to hand in Mrs. Delamar; but, for obvious reasons, she was not available. She had not only seen Waverton many times after the accident, but was only biding her time to use her own knowledge to the best advantage. But suppose she, like every other person, imagined that the Claude Waverton of today was really the man whose folly and extravagant life had been notorious in the past, what an embroil that would be!

"By Jove!" said Steingall dubiously, "we must sneak like cats before we are ready to spring; this business Clancy! When you come to think of it, we might almost as well try to question the ability of a bishop. At present, we have Waverton recognized and accepted by his wife, by the other woman, by his valet, who has been his constant attendant for some years, by a host of servants at 64th street, and in the Adirondacks, by the family lawyer, and by his bankers. It is no child's play to start breaking down a body of evidence like that. And what have we on the other side? A theory, a bit of melodrama, well fitted for the stage, but seldom of use in real life. We must go slow, my son, or the district attorney will laugh at us, and refuse to adopt the notion for a second."

"Ah, Leander, your namesake would never have swum the Hellespont if he had not possessed a stout heart!" smirked his colleague.

"I don't know," growled Steingall, who had been gazed by constant allusion into learning the true story of the hapless

prestress of Aphrodite and her lovers; the, in prosaic fact, he had been christened "Leander" because his mother's brother was skipper of a Norfolk schooner bearing that name.

"Not for daring to swim, but because a silly woman forgot to light a lamp," said Clancy.

"There are two silly women in this case," was the quick retort.

"They will nullify each other. Anyhow, James—I call you James to spare your feelings—you seem to forget that the first impression left on every person who has seen or spoken to this latest edition of the Tichborne claimant is one of change. 'How he has changed!' is the chorus. The all say yes, yet, so crass is human nature, the moment he says himself he is not the same man, in nature, they begin to disbelieve him. His only real difficulty was in the matter of handwriting; so he coolly maintains the fiction of a permanently injured wrist, whereas his right arm is perfectly sound. I noticed the deception within a minute after I saw him at Providence. He was so taken aback by the appearance of a bureau man that he forgot the preliminary deception within a minute after I asked him if he had ever lived in—the tropics. That startled him. That struck a pin deep into his thick skin, and within a minute he was handing me a cigar box with his left hand. He caught me grinning, too, and asked what was amusing me; so I had to tell him about my way of enjoying a cigar."

Steingall snorted. "Even you, the essence of New York officialdom, had a glimmering notion of the truth when you traveled with him from Narragansett Pier," went on Clancy blithely.

"For an instant you saw light; but the spark of genius was promptly doused by a bucketful of the balderdash you call commonsense."

"I'll not stay here to be insulted by a whipper-snapper like you!" said Steingall, rising and locking his desk. "Run away, little boy. I'm busy. While you are lazing to Palm Beach and mixing with the aristocracy, I have to keep this great city free of anarchists, because we are entertaining a real live prince incognito this week, and the federal government has sent of the jumps."

"At the Plaza?" enquired Clancy.

"No. His Serene Highness is the guest of an ex-ambassador. Now, one last word go easy with Mrs. Waverton. She must feel hurt after her trip to her old home."

"Oh, by the way, I was nearly forgetting. Give me Waverton's letter." "Why?"

"She must be convinced that he was lying when he said he meant to marry Mrs. Delamar."

"Dash it all! It's playing the game, rather low down."

"What? To convince a loving and forgiving wife that her husband isn't so bad as he paints himself?"

(To Be Continued.)

"Make Your Wedding Gift an Electric One—\$3 and Up."

Five Bridal Gift Suggestions



WITH the advent of orange blossoms, pealing chimes and strains of Mendelssohn comes the vexed and oft-recurring question, "What shall I give?"

What increases the difficulty is that you know that nearly everybody else will present the usual conventional things while you—well, you would like to express your good wishes, your affection, if you like, by giving something a little different—and possibly a little more practical.

Let us suggest something electrical. You know the latest idea of housewives is to have everything electrical.