

THE GARDEN SERIAL STORY

WOMEN'S SECTION

PATTERN SERVICE CHILDREN'S STORY

MRS. BELMONT GOES TO PARIS

Critic Says She Loves Personal Comfort More Than "Cause."

MILITANTS ASSAILED

They're Either Fanatics or Criminals, Says Miss Gladys Pott.

(Special Cable to The World.)
LONDON, May 1.—(Copyright.)—Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont left for Paris today, after a disagreeable visit. She was "detected" in the purchase of some candy and found new reason for resenting the joking enquiries of her friends about her "self-denial ordinance."
After luncheon with the Duchess of Marlborough at Sunderland House Mrs. Belmont visited Mrs. Pankhurst, with whom she spent an hour discussing the raid on the Kingsway headquarters. The Duchess did not accompany her on this visit. Mrs. Belmont expects to see much of Christabel Pankhurst in Paris and will, it is said, invite her to spend at least a part of the summer with her at Deauville. Mrs. Belmont has bought great quantities of suffragette pictures here for her New York club house.
Miss Gladys Pott, one of the most active members of the league for opposing woman suffrage, which includes Mrs. Humphry Ward and a large number of distinguished women, made the following statement to The Toronto World correspondent regarding Mrs. Belmont's visit:
"Fanatics or Criminals."
"Militants are either fanatics or criminals. It seems to me that Mrs. Belmont's political principles have given way before her personal comfort. When Mrs. Belmont finds it most comfortable to spend the week in the Ritz Hotel, she spends it notwithstanding what she said."
"That does not seem to me to show that Mrs. Belmont's principles are very strong. Her statement comparing Mrs. Pankhurst to Joan of Arc is pure nonsense. Mrs. Belmont's opinions do not concern me, but any woman who supports the militant suffragettes will find her opinions carry no weight with the bulk of the people who are not so lenient with women who outrage public opinion than we are."
"Driven to Desperation."
"The World correspondent hears on the best of authority that Mrs. Pankhurst and her lieutenants have been confined for some time that the bolt of militancy has been shot. He decided, however, that any weakening on their part would bring about the collapse of the organization, and they have counselled increasingly drastic measures."
"They even believe that the concession of woman suffrage in any form would be postponed indefinitely, but they will continue their warfare, as their income—most of which comes from anonymous sources—bears a close relation to the degree of their activity."

POLICE MUST KEEP MILITANTS ON RUN

By So Doing Campaign of Violence Will End, Says Standard.

LONDON, May 1.—(Can. Press.)—The determined stand which the government appear to have taken against suffragette militancy, by the action of the Women's Social and Political Union, is commended by some of the London press. The Standard calls it "the doom of the militants" and believes that altho the movement may cause some small annoyance even after the loss of the leaders, the rank and file can do nothing effective. It continues:
"An attempt will probably be made to re-establish the Women's Social and Political Union elsewhere, probably under another name. If so, the police must make another raid and continue the process until the whole fabric of militancy is shattered. To keep the militants on the run is the sure way to extinguish their activity. The vitality of militancy, which has ceased to have any real connection with the vote and has lost the sympathy of the great mass of suffragists, cannot survive the destruction of its organization."

50c Places a Piano in Your Home.
The old firm of Heintzman & Co., Limited, 132, 134, 136, Yonge street, are making an immediate clearing of square pianos, guaranteed in good condition, on payment of just fifty cents a week. Piano range in price from \$60 to \$125.

Tip to Music Lovers.
Often the very best pianos made can be procured by a little watchfulness. Many people of cultured homes are exchanging their beautiful pianos for "players." Drop into any large music store on Yonge street such as Goulay, Winter & Leeming, next to Eaton's, and you will be surprised to find at the present time some of the world's very best pianos. Goulay, Knabe, Heintzman and others offered at greatly reduced prices.

FALL PROBABLY FATAL.
BRANFORD, May 1.—(Special.)—John Reid, an old sailor, resident in this town, was found dead this morning and seemed what probably was fatal illness.

The Daily Children's Story

By H. R. Garis

UNCLE WIGGILY TRIES TO GET OUT

(Copyright, 1913, by Howard R. Garis.)
Uncle Wiggily Longears, the old gentleman rabbit, did not sleep well that night in the pen, or cage, which the bad boy had made. There I go again! I say bad boy, but really perhaps he did not know any better than to catch rabbits. So we'll forgive him. Some day he may be good.
"Oh dear!" sighed Uncle Wiggily, as he looked around the pen. "I do wish I could get out! Here it is coming on night, and I am far from my nice comfortable home in the hollow stump. Oh, woe is me! Oh, sadness! Oh, unhappiness!" and he sighed such a big sigh that his breath blew his whiskers right out straight.
"My! My!" exclaimed the kind lightning-bug-firefly who had flown into the cage to keep Uncle Wiggily company. "You do certainly feel bad."

"I certainly do," spoke Uncle Wiggily.
"Well, don't worry," said the lightning-bug, kindly. "I will help you all I can. And I will now shine brightly for you, so you can see to eat your supper."
"But don't feel like eating," said Uncle Wiggily, sorrowful-like.
"Oh, you must eat," went on the lightning-bug, "or else you will not be strong enough to dig your way out of here."

"Oh, am I going to dig my way out?" the old rabbit gentleman asked.
"Indeed you are," replied the firefly. "In the end of his tail he made his lantern as bright as he could, until it shone quite bravely in the cage where Uncle Wiggily was a prisoner."

"You see he had been out riding in his saddle and the machine had broken because it needed a drink. Uncle Wiggily went to the well to get some water, and the boy caught him. Didn't I say bad boy that time, did I?"
"Well, it got darker and darker in the cage, and Uncle Wiggily felt more and more alone. Even the firefly showing its lantern could not make the old gentleman rabbit happy.
"If I were only home now," he said, "I could be playing Scotch checkers with Grandfather Goosey Gander, or Sammie and Susie Littletail would come in to visit me, or the Bushytail squirrel brothers might pass by, and I would be happy. But in this pen I cannot be. What shall I do?"
"Hush! Listen! Whisper!" spoke the lightning-bug. "When it gets a little darker I think I can help you to get away."

"How?" asked Uncle Wiggily.
"I'll think up a plan," promised the lightning-bug.
So he thought and he thought, shining brighter all the while, and he ate a little supper, and so did Uncle Wiggily.
Then, all of a sudden, looking thru the wire and seeing nothing, he ate a little supper, and so did Uncle Wiggily. "Come on!" softly called Uncle Wiggily to the firefly. "Come on!"
"Go ahead," said the lightning-bug. "Well, Uncle Wiggily started off, but all of a sudden he heard a dog barking, and by the sound he knew it was not a good dog, like old Percival, but a bad nipping, napping, yipping, yapping dog, who was coming after him. "Burr-r-r-r-r!" Wow-wow!" barked the dog. Then he saw the rabbit gentleman out of the pen, and the

came out with the lantern, and there were some other boys with him. And they looked in on Uncle Wiggily in the cage, and put their hands in and rubbed his fur the wrong way, and lifted him up by the ears and all that sort of thing. Just fancy! Uncle Wiggily had never been treated so in all his life before.

"I'll make him do some tricks tomorrow," said the boy who had caught the old gentleman rabbit. "I'll make him stand on his ears and peel a cabbage with one paw."
"The idea!" thought Uncle Wiggily. "The idea of doing tricks at my age!"
Then the boy went back into the house, after giving Uncle Wiggily some fresh water. I'll say this for that boy, he tried as well as he knew how to be kind. But he never stopped to think that birds and animals don't like to be shut up in cages any more than boys and girls like to be locked in dark closets.

"In a little while we will try to escape," said the lightning-bug, when the boys had gone. "We'll try to dig our way out. At least you may dig or bite thru the wire you can see."
"Good!" cried Uncle Wiggily, and he sharpened his paws on his ear, as a barber does a razor, so as to dig better. Then, when all was still and quiet in the house where the boy lived, Uncle Wiggily began to dig under the edge of his cage. The firefly, with his lantern, showed Uncle Wiggily a place where the boy had forgotten to put a piece of tin, since rabbits cannot dig or bite thru tin you know.

"This is the best place to get out," said the firefly. "You can make a hole under the edge of the box and slip away when no one knows it. Then do you think you can find your way home?"
"Oh, yes," said Uncle Wiggily. "I know where I left my auto in the wood, and I will go home in that. I won't mind the dark."

"Oh, as to that," said the firefly, "I will fly along with you and make it light. Then you can see to steer your auto."

"That is very kind of you," spoke Uncle Wiggily as he began to dig. With his strong front feet he made the dirt fly, opening a hole under one edge of the box pen where the boy had forgotten to put any tin. Faster and faster dug Uncle Wiggily, and he was feeling quite happy, for he thought he would soon be out and back home with his friends.
The firefly held his queer little lantern, in the end of his tail, high up so the old rabbit gentleman could see. At last Uncle Wiggily had made a little hole. He could look thru it and see the stars shining.

"I'll soon have it big enough so I can crawl out," he said to the firefly.
"Good!" cried the lightning-bug. Then, all of a sudden Uncle Wiggily was out of the pen. Oh! how little to himself, and he laughed a little to himself, not out loud in church, you know, to think how the boy would be surprised not to see a rabbit in the pen in the morning.
"Come on!" softly called Uncle Wiggily to the firefly. "Come on!"
"Go ahead," said the lightning-bug. Well, Uncle Wiggily started off, but all of a sudden he heard a dog barking, and by the sound he knew it was not a good dog, like old Percival, but a bad nipping, napping, yipping, yapping dog, who was coming after him. "Burr-r-r-r-r!" Wow-wow!" barked the dog. Then he saw the rabbit gentleman out of the pen, and the



THE GARDEN CONDUCTED BY RACHEL R. TODD M.D.

The Woodbine (Loniceria Perly-menum.)
The unusual grace and beauty of nearly every member of the honeysuckle family add unmeasured value to the charm of any garden. The delightful pergola-shaded porch and restful arbor afford unlimited opportunities for the enterprising gardener who delights to revel in profusion of bloom and perfume.

The different varieties each have their own character of flowering, some quite early, some quite late, so that it is an easy matter to have an unbroken succession of bloom month after month from honeysuckles alone. A pergola planted with these vines only, will produce an effect that cannot be equalled for harmony of outline, practical screening and unvaried profusion of bloom. Even an ordinary everyday wire or iron fence offers splendid opportunities for experimenting with the different varieties, providing, as it does, plenty of fresh air, abundance of sun and adequate support.

Yesterday we studied the trumpet or coral honeysuckle, some quite early, some quite late, so that it is an easy matter to have an unbroken succession of bloom month after month from honeysuckles alone. A pergola planted with these vines only, will produce an effect that cannot be equalled for harmony of outline, practical screening and unvaried profusion of bloom. Even an ordinary everyday wire or iron fence offers splendid opportunities for experimenting with the different varieties, providing, as it does, plenty of fresh air, abundance of sun and adequate support.

The yellow honeysuckle (L. flava) is a splendid climber or tender, from fifteen to twenty feet long. Leaves bright green above, almost white below, producing a queer twinkling effect when the wind and dancing crimson of the bright golden yellow, very fragrant, and appear the first of all the honeysuckles, quite early in the spring. The yellow honeysuckle will thrive in almost any kind of soil, but should have plenty of fresh air and sun. Enrich the earth as freely as possible, year in and year out. Give often a good dose of liquid manure to the roots of the plant. The whole vine frequently with the fine sprinkler, for no other purpose than to give the leaves a refreshing drink. Plant thick screen, fragrant shades and beautiful pictures.

dog, who belonged to the boy, rushed at Uncle Wiggily, calling out "Get back there! Get back in the pen! Get back!"
"What shall I do?" cried Uncle Wiggily.
"You had better go back in the cage and the dog can't get you," said the lightning-bug, who was safe under a big leaf. And the lightning-bug wanted very much to run to his auto and ride back home, still he thought it best to do as the bug said.

"Back into the cage he hurried, stuffing up with some of the ground he had dug up, and the dog scratched around and barked like anything, but he couldn't get Uncle Wiggily, nor the lightning-bug, either, for they were safe inside.

And so the old gentleman rabbit was back in the pen again, not having had a good chance to escape, but still didn't worry. I shall find a way to get him out, even if it breaks my type-writer. And tomorrow night, in case the rain should come, the ground is again, and stand in the rain, and the dog's paws can't go to sleep. I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily getting away.

SUMMER BARGAINS IN PIANOS

An Opportunity to Secure a Piano for the Summer Cottage.
The greatly reduced prices at which The Old Firm of Heintzman & Co., Limited, 132-134-136, Yonge street, are selling a surplus of square pianos, upright and square pianos, make it an easy matter for anyone to place a piano in their summer cottage. The list includes pianos of Mason, Richards, Gerhard Heintzman, Weber, Bell, Newcombe, Chickering and others, including two or three of the finest quality, used, of the firm's own manufacture. Prices are nearly one-half regular price, and small amount down and a small sum monthly or quarterly is sufficient to buy one of these pianos.

DAVID REID DEAD.

WEBSTER, Mass., May 1.—(Special.)—David Reid, the superintendent of J. B. Prescott & Sons' foundries, one of the most widely known workmen in Massachusetts, died today in his home in Negus street, aged 42 years. He came to Webster three years ago from Toronto and was a member of Webster Lodge, A. F. & A. M.

Whitby Hayden Shore Park.

This park is fast becoming the leading picnic grounds and summer resort of the Canadian people. It is beautifully situated, overlooking the lovely, clear waters of Lake Ontario. It contains seventeen acres of elevated land, dotted with four hundred flourishing young shade trees, large pavilion costing two thousand dollars, with dinner hall and kitchen, with hot and cold water on first floor, concert and dancing hall on second floor; piano furnished for picnic parties. The water is ideal for bathing and bathing; lovely sand beach, suitable grounds for ball playing and croquet, and a fine view of the city and harbor. Seats and swings are arranged along the avenue leading to a number of summer cottages. There is also the new Deacons' Fresh Air Cottage. Grand Trunk trains run direct to park. Caretaker in attendance. Information as to rates at Grand Trunk City Ticket Office in northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4202.

Daily World Pattern Service.



9563-A Middy Suit for the Young Miss-Girls' Middy Blouse with Skirt.
Blue and white striped tub silk was used for the blouse and blue serge for the skirt. The blouse may be worn with high neck closing, or open at the throat, the collar being arranged to form a facing and flat collar. The sleeve is finished with a pointed cuff. The skirt is a five-gore model, with inverted plait at the centre back. The design is suitable for flannel, Eden cloth, pique, corduroy, galatea, gingham, serge, or silk. White serge, with red or white trimmings, would make a pretty suit. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. It requires three yards of 37-inch material for the blouse and 2 1/2 yards for the skirt, for the 12-year size.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

Daily World Pattern Coupon.

Send Pattern No.
Name
Address
Size

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

BAY OF QUINTE LINE GIVES POOR SERVICE

Complaints Lodged Before Railway Board at Belleville Sitting.

BELLEVILLE, May 1.—(Special.)—A number of important matters were brought before the board of railway commissioners at the two sittings held in this city today. The raising of the grade of the C.N.R. thru the city, so as to provide a railway on the lower part of Front street, and the raising of the railway bridge, will be considered by the board. Gates were ordered to be placed on the level crossings just east and west of the city.

The petition of J. A. Lane, M. E. Gilbert, H. E. Stinson and about 65 other commercial men, relative to the proposed extension of the C.N.R. Railway, and the complaint of W. J. Paul, M.P., respecting alleged unsatisfactory mail service along the line of the C.N.R. Railway, between Toronto, Nanawana and Tamworth, Ont., will be looked into.

Those who take pleasure in the growing of annual shrubs in the garden will take advantage of the sale of Rose Trees, Rhododendrons, Climbing Plants, Fruit Trees, and shrubs, now being held by Messrs. C. J. Townsend & Co., 72 Queen's Park, Toronto.

This specially selected consignment was secured from Holland, and includes some of the finest varieties obtainable. In selecting shrubs for the garden one should buy discriminately, and for years this company has been offering at this season of the year imported plants of a very high quality, which have given the purchasers every satisfaction.

You will take personal pride in your garden if you plant some of the Holland shrubs. The sale is now on.

WHEAT ACREAGE NO LARGER.

Reports From West Show Farmers Are Cautious.

WINNIPEG, May 1.—(Can. Press.)—According to reports received from over two hundred points in the Canadian prairie west, seeding is well on the way to general completion. At 114 points, over 75 per cent. of the wheat area is reported seeded. Taking into account the acreage of surrounding points which report a less amount seeded, it is reasonably safe to assume that fully 73 per cent. of the land intended for wheat this year has already been sown to that cereal.

Fifty-five points report the acreage seeded to be just about the same as in 1912; 35 points reported the acreage less than that of 1912, while 44 points reported an increase of acreage to take advantage of the high price of wheat. The last figure occurred but seldom, thus indicating that there probably is no increase in wheat acreage this year, and possibly a fractional decrease.

NO OTHER WAY

25 25 By GORDON HOLMES 25 25

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"Yes, of course, I may be a scamp; but I don't intend to let that infant. The child succeeds to everything, I take it, with a life interest for her mother."
"Exactly. You will not be angry with me if I say that you have a closer grasp of affairs now than—before your accident, Mr. Waverton." The actual fact is that my head is in a whirl. I forget things. I don't know my own belongings sometimes. I told you I was conscious of a change and, for the most part, it takes that shape, forgetfulness. At any rate, I am not bemused with drinking and that counts for something. Now, how soon can I escape from New York—a week, a fortnight?"
"I shall use all expedition. By the way, may I acquaint Mrs. Waverton's lawyers with your extraordinarily generous decision?"
"Why?"
"Candidly, I think she ought to know."

"Again, well. I must out with it—people who have been divorced have agreed to get married again. Such a thing is not unknown."

"Suppose she thinks of marrying some other man?" pressed the lawyer, who was persuaded that two lives were being wrecked needlessly.
"We shall deal with that development when it arises."

So there was nothing more to be said; but a good deal remained to be done, and it was the middle of July before Claude Waverton left his house on 64th street, and accompanied only by his English valet, took a train for Narragansett Pier.

He glanced casually thru recent entries in the hotel register before signing his own name. The hotel did not appear to be crowded, and he found that he could have the choice of several suites. He selected a sitting room and bedroom on the first floor at the southeast corner, and thereby marked himself as one who could not only discriminate, but also a somewhat cleverly seemed to hesitate somewhat when he learned his guest's name.

Nothing was said, however, and Waverton went into the sunbath, leaving his man to make the room habitable.

Filled with a sudden longing to renew an old love for the cold, steel-gray Atlantic, which differs as greatly from the lazy ocean that laps Florida sand dunes as the prairie differs from a tundra, he made straight for the sea from the pier, which was high, and a strong swell was breaking against the promenade; but there were boats out in plenty, and a few adventurous persons were bathing.

He started to walk along the shore, breathing in the clean, pure air. A great rock, that rose out of the sea, which, in a measure, take the place of the pier from which the resort got its name. The pier was destroyed some thirty years ago.

On the rocks were two women and a Normandy nurse, the latter holding in her arms a delightful little maid, who was much interested in watching the manoeuvres of a little sloop that was tacking back and forth in lively fashion.

Something caused one of the women to turn her head and the instant Waverton was passing, her face already highly colored, owing to the splendid breeze, grew crimson, and she uttered a gasp of amazement which brought her companion's eyes quickly round. One of them, it was never known which, moved involuntarily, and caught the nurse's arm with her elbow; but all that Waverton saw was the outward leap of the child, which fell into the sea.

Now, Claude Waverton might be a wicked man and a libertine, but he had the quick eye and sure judgment of one who had dwelt far from cities. Even while the first wild screams of all three women were ringing in his ears, he sped across the rocks and, with one moment of poise while he noted the whereabouts of the white rock in the depth of the churning water, had leaped twenty feet down into the sea.

He was so prompt and fearless in acting that, once in the water, he had no further difficulty. Altho practically one-armed, being hampered by bandages, he seized the child's frock in his teeth, thrust his left arm thru a buoy, and simply kicked out with his feet to keep away from the rocks until the men in a sloop came to the rescue.

It was near the hour when all of any Victoria Record You Want.

One of the large assortment of records on hand in the Victrola parlors of the old firm of Heintzman & Co., Limited, 132, 134, 136, Yonge street, you are sure of finding the record you want. The selection is never allowed to run down. Phone M. 587, or write if not convenient to call.

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