

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.

"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 sleep in 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.

The fact that Mrs. Belmont is the mother of the Duchess of Marlborough will influence few except the militants themselves. I am quite certain that American people would not be more 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 behind their warfare, as decided, however, that any weakening on their part would bring about the collapse of the organization, and that he counseled 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.

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.

"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, you must eat," went on the lightning-bug, "or else you will not be strong enough to dig your way out of here."

"Well, I am going to dig my way out!" the old rabbit gentleman asked.

"Indeed you are," replied the lightning-bug, "but on 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 auto, and the machine had stopped because it needed a drink. Uncle Wiggily went to the well to get some water, and the boy caught him."

"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 mesh to the pen, he saw a little dog, who belonged to the boy, rushed at Uncle Wiggily, calling out to him."

"Get back there! Get back in the pen! Get back!"

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 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 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 and I'll hold up my lantern so 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 woods, and I will go home in that. I won't mind the lightning bug."

"Oh, as to that," said the firefly, "it 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.



The Woodbine (Loncera 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 individuality, some quite early, some quite late, so that it is an easy matter to have an unbroken succession of bloom month after month from honeysuckle alone. A pergola planted with these vines only will produce an effect that cannot be equalled for harmony of outline, practical screening and unrivalled profusion of bloom.

Even an ordinary every-day 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. Today let us look at the woodbine, Loncera Perly-menum. This variety is native to this country with great success. The flower heads are much more remarkable, having from ten to fifteen flowers on one head alone. The "Horns of Plenty" are yellowish within and purple or very dark red outside, not to be compared with the roots of Europe.

The yellow honeysuckle (L. flava) is a splendid climber, stems from fifteen to twenty feet long. The leaves are green above, almost white below, producing a queer twinkling effect when bright and untroubled by frost.

The flowers are bright golden yellow, very fragrant, and appear the first of all the honeysuckles, quite early in the spring. The leaves are thick and fleshy, and 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 free dose of liquid manure to the roots.

Spray the whole vine frequently with the fine sprinkler, for no other purpose than to give the leaves a refreshing drink. Plant in a sunny or sunny-ish place, a thick screen, fragrant shades and beautiful pictures.

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.

Send Pattern No. Name Address Size

Daily World Pattern Service.



9563-A Middy Suit for the Young Miss-Girl's 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, gingham, corduroy, gaiters, 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 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.

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 delay on the part of the Ontario, Nipawin and Tamworth, Ont., will be looked into.

NO OTHER WAY

By GORDON HOLMES

(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, why?" "Because—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 the choice of several sitting-rooms and bedrooms on the first floor at the southeast corner, and thereby marked himself as one who could not only discriminate but also somewhat when he learned his guest's name.

Nothing was said, however, and Waverton went off to the sunshine, leaving his man to make the rooms habitable. Filled with a sudden longing to renew an old love for the clear, cold, steel-gray Atlantic, which drifts, coldly, from the lazy ocean that laps Florida sand dunes as the prairie differs from a tundra in the sea, he made straight for the sea front.

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 liveliest fashion.

Something caused one of the women to turn her head as the sloop, a great rocks that rise 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.

WINGS

WINGS

10c week

\$50, \$60, or \$70, good condition. And

\$138

re Piano, in hand-made case, 7 1/2 octaves, overstrung scale, beautiful shape, tone

\$140

AND SONS, Boston Grand, in fine case, 7 1/2 octaves, overstrung scale, beautiful shape, tone

\$142

AND SONS, Boston Grand, in fine case, 7 1/2 octaves, overstrung scale, beautiful shape, tone

\$145

AND SONS, Boston Grand, in fine case, 7 1/2 octaves, overstrung scale, beautiful shape, tone

\$150

AND SONS, Boston Grand, in fine case, 7 1/2 octaves, overstrung scale, beautiful shape, tone

\$150

AND SONS, Boston Grand, in fine case, 7 1/2 octaves, overstrung scale, beautiful shape, tone

\$150

AND SONS, Boston Grand, in fine case, 7 1/2 octaves, overstrung scale, beautiful shape, tone

\$150

AND SONS, Boston Grand, in fine case, 7 1/2 octaves, overstrung scale, beautiful shape, tone

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 militant suffragettes, beginning with the raid yesterday upon the headquarters of the Women's Social and Political Union, with the arrest of six leaders, 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 surest 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, 138, 137, Yonge Street, are making an immediate clearing of square pianos, guaranteed in good condition, on payment of just fifty cents a week. Plan change in price from \$60 to \$125.

YOUR DOCTOR

doesn't know your stomach as well as you do—he hasn't lived with it as long as you have—but he will tell you that a well-cooked cereal eaten every morning for breakfast will strengthen the digestive organs and keep the bowels healthy and active. And if he is wise he will recommend



for this purpose because it is the whole wheat made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. Make your "meat" Shredded Wheat.

For breakfast heat the Biscuit in the oven a few moments to restore crispness; then pour hot milk over it, adding a little cream; salt or sweeten to suit the taste. It is deliciously nourishing and wholesome for any meal with stewed prunes, baked apples, sliced bananas, preserved peaches, pineapple or other fruits. At your grocer's.

MADE IN CANADA A CANADIAN FOOD FOR CANADIANS The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd. Niagara Falls Ont. Toronto Office: 49 Wellington St. East

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 Heyden Shore Park.

This park is fast becoming the leading picnic grounds and summer resort of the Whitby district. It is beautifully situated, overlooking the lovely, clear waters of Lake Ontario. It contains seventeen acres of elevated ground, dotted with four hundred flourishing young shrubs and large pavilion costing two thousand dollars, with dinner hall and kitchen, with hot and cold water on first floor, and a grand trunk train direct to the shore; piano furnished to picnic parties. The water is ideal for bathing and bathing; lovely sand beach, suitable grounds for ball playing and concert and dancing hall on the second ground. 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, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4209.

THE UNITED PHOTO STORES LIMITED

OPEN BRANCH STORE

We have opened branch store in the HAROLD A. WILSON BLDG., 297 YONGE ST.

where we shall carry a full line of ENSIGN CAMERAS AND FILMS, PHOTO SUPPLIES, DEVELOPING, PRINTING, ENLARGING AND FRAMING. We shall be glad to welcome you at our new address. THE UNITED PHOTO STORES, LIMITED. 15 Adelaide St. East, Toronto. Branch Store, 297 Yonge St., Toronto.