

THE GARDEN SERIAL STORY

BERRIES WERE CHEAP NINE CENTS A BOX

Thirteen Cents Was Roof Price For the Popular Fruit.

BIG DEMAND FOR THEM

Canadian Cherries Were Also Sold on Fruit Market Yesterday.

Approximately 2000 packages of strawberries, each containing from 24 to 27 boxes, arrived on the Toronto fruit market yesterday, and by six o'clock many of the wholesale dealers had not a box left. The 50,000 odd boxes, broken up into small lots, had been carried uptown to the small stores and to the restaurants, where "berries and cream" and "strawberry shortcake" are as regular signs of June as the wedding photographs in the Sunday papers.

Thirteen cents was the roof price for berries yesterday, some selling as cheap as 9 cents. They will not go much cheaper for a few days, unless continued hot weather lifts the market.

There are some grimly hot-house tomatoes on sale this week, bringing 15 to 20c a pound. The Texas sun-ripened variety sell at \$1.25 to \$1.50 the crate.

Canadian cherries are now appearing alongside those from California. The native fruit is quoted at 50c the small basket, \$1 the large basket. Canadian cabbage is scarce and better, and not over-planted. The market for asparagus has fallen away and the price is down. Cauliflower sells at \$2.25 a case.

Some Quotations.
Yesterday's fruit and vegetable quotations are as follows: Strawberries, 15 to 20c; cherries, 50c and \$1.25 per basket; asparagus, \$1 to \$1.40 a basket; beets, 40c to 50c a dozen; carrots, 20c a dozen; cauliflower, \$2.25 a case; cabbage, \$3.50 a case; cucumbers (from the southern states), \$2.25 a case; Florida pineapples, \$3.50 to \$4.75; U. S. potatoes, \$3.25 a barrel; Texas tomatoes, \$1.25 to \$1.50 a case; Texas onions, \$1.65 a case; imported green peas, \$1.50 per hamper; California fruit—cherries, \$2.25 to \$2; peaches, \$2 to \$2.50; plums, \$2 to \$2.75; apricots, 2; cantaloupes (ponies, small crate containing 54), \$6.25; (standard 8 1/2, larger, crate containing 45), \$7 to \$7.50.

Music for the Summer Home.
A special display of Victorias is being made by Ye Old Firm of Heintzman & Co., Limited, in their handsome Victoria parlors, 133, 135, 137 Yonge street. This instrument lends itself admirably to the summer cottage or country home, adding greatly to the pleasures of the outing. You can buy at many different prices. Thousands of Victorias records on hand from which to select.

BISLEY MEN LEAVE.
Sergeant Arthur G. Bullock of the Queen's Own Rifles and Private A. Hawkins of the 48th Highlanders, the two Toronto marksmen chosen for the Canadian Bisley team will leave today for Montreal, sailing Friday with the team. Both these men have figured well in every aggregate match and have proved themselves the best marksmen in their regiments.

EFFICIENT HOUSEKEEPING BY HENRIETTA D. GRAUEL DOMESTIC SCIENCE LECTURER

Canning Cherries

A HIGHLY prized way of canning cherries is to stone them late in the afternoon and let them stand over night in a crock or porcelain kettle. In the morning pour off the juice and add sugar as needed. The quantity of cherry and ripeness of fruit must determine this. Fill the jars and place the cherries in them until they are two-thirds full. Pour on the boiling syrup and put on the covers, but do not fasten very tightly.

Have the wash boiler, or canner, partly filled with boiling water, set the jars in and let them stand all night. The heat of the boiling water and the boiling water around them will be sufficient to cook them without further heat. Their color and flavor will be that of fresh, uncooked cherries.

Canning only differs from preserving in the quantity of sugar used. A quarter of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit is the usual rule for canning small fruits, but no sugar need be used if sterilization by heat is complete. However, it is my opinion that fruits which need sugar when eaten fresh should have the same proportion added when they are canned.

Preserved cherries, the Morella, or short-stemmed red cherry, or any tart variety, make rich, satisfying preserves. Stone the cherries and save every drop of juice. Measure or weigh the fruit and allow an equal quantity of sugar. Put fruit, sugar and juice in a porcelain kettle in alternate layers. Boil gently until the syrup is quite thick.

A cherry stoner is a practical help in cherry time, as it removes the stones from the fruit many times more rapidly than one's fingers can. Besides, it lasts for many years and does not crush the fruit.

There is often a superfluity of juice from cherries and this may be bottled, while hot, for many uses. It is excellent for fruit cakes, pies and for winter and summer beverages, and makes a fine fruit sauce for puddings and dumplings.

A few desserts that must not be missed in cherry time are made from cooked cherries, so leave a bowl of cherry preserve in the refrigerator for this use.

Cherry tapioca is truly delicious. Cook the tapioca as usual, but add a cup of fresh-cooked cherries at the last. Cool and when very cold serve with cream.

Moulded cherries: Add a pint of cherries that have just been cooked in a thick syrup to a tablespoon of dissolved gelatine. Cool this in a border mould and when firm invert it on a low glass platter. Fill the centre with dipped cherries that have been chilled and dredge well with powdered sugar. Heap whipped cream over all. Serve very cold.

Cherry shortcake is as much a delicacy as strawberry shortcake. Make this way: Stone the cherries and add them to a cake mixture made as for simple cup cake. Bake in square or round tins or in cup-cake tins and eat hot with cream or cherry sauce.

The cake for this dessert may be made over this simple recipe: Two and a half cups flour, one cup sugar, three teaspoons baking powder, a pinch of salt. Sift all these together and work a tablespoon of butter in. Add one egg beaten very light and half a cup of milk. Drain the cherries well before adding them.



A Successful Border.

Here is the plan of a border that has given us line after line of brilliant flowers, since the first warm days in March. So delightful has been the succession of bloom that others may find pleasure in following out the plan of it, for next year.

The border runs along the south side of the veranda and brick wall of the house. Such a situation gives the maximum of air, heat, sun and light, as well as protection from north winds. From the east, as well as the west, a clean sweep of air is obtained.

The surface is raised some ten inches above the surrounding earth. When making the bed, the soil was taken out to a depth of about two feet; a deep bed of fresh stable manure, containing plenty of hay and straw, was spread to the depth of ten or twelve inches in the bottom of the hole; the soil was then replaced, after being well broken up, and made fairly fine; a little sand and ashes was mixed in; a top layer of black loam—two inches only, since loam is scarce—was laid spread over, and our border was ready for the plants.

Do you see what a splendid storehouse of constantly generating heat this under-bed of loose material became? Also, what a constant storehouse of all moisture that came from above. What an incentive for the young roots—to stretch downwards into that nice warm, moist, steaming bed! The growth has, of course, been simply enormous.

At the back of the border, climbing up on the brick wall, and supported also against the wooden pillars of the veranda, the following vines are planted—have been growing for some years—and, let me tell you, the making of the bed without disturbing the permanent roots of these old climbers was by no means an easy matter. The greatest care possible had to be taken. But it was accomplished, at last.

Veranda.
1. Nicotiana, lemon and Madonna lilies alternately. June and July.
2. Sweet William, June and July.
3. Purple iris, May and June.
4. Gladiolus, June, July and August.
5. Ten week's stock, White, July and August.
6. Campanula, pyramidalis, Blue, July, and until frost.
7. Lily-of-the-valley, April, May, June and until frost.
8. Dianthus (Chinese pinks) June, and until frost.
9. Larkspur, Blue. (Seedlings) July, and on.
10. Dianthus, As above.
11. Forget-me-not, May, until frost.
12. Phlox subulata, Purplish pink, April.
13. Purple aubretia, March.
14. Arabis, Double white, March.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

WOMEN'S SECTION

Daily Fashion Talks BY MAY MANTON

A SMART AND GRACEFUL COAT



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

78 to Long Coat, Small 34 or 36, Medium 38 or 40, Large 42 or 44 bust.

THIS is pre-eminently a season of coats for they are worn upon a great many occasions and made from a great many different materials. This one is charming for general wear, for traveling, for motoring and indeed for almost every occasion. In this instance, the material is light weight serge with trimming of satin, the coat being a very useful and practical one. It is excellent for pongee and linen, however, if something lighter is wanted and it makes up most attractively in silk. Silk serge with trimming of pongee would be handsome or light weight wool éponge could be used for the coat with trimming of ribbed silk or satin and again a great many cotton fabrics are being used for coats this season. Brocade cotton éponge would make a most fascinating wrap of the kind and one in the height of style. The sleeves are cut in one with the upper portion in conformity with the latest models and the back forms a panel.

For the medium size, the coat will require 6 yards of material, 27, 3 1/2 yards, 44, 3 yards, 54 inches wide, with 3/4 yard 27 inches wide for the collar and cuffs.

The May Manton pattern of the coat 7810 is cut in three sizes, small 34 or 36, medium 38 or 40, large 42 or 44 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of 15 cents.

THE TRIPLE TIE BY A. H. C. MITCHELL

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"Hey, Hypo!" he shouted to his camera man, "come here." And when that individual rushed up he whispered hoarsely: "Snap that fellow in twenty different poses—standing up, lying down, roll over, cut loose, play dead and everything on the calendar; catching the ball, running the bases and at bat—especially at bat. Hustle now and we'll spring a good one in the late editions of The Georgian this afternoon."

"Do you hit all the pitchers like that, kid?" laughed Brady, as Kelly raced over the plate. "I don't know," replied Kelly, pleased at the question. "You see I never faced a good pitcher in my life. What I mean by that, Mr. Brady," he added hastily, running out to the box in fear his answer had been misconstrued, "is that I never played a game of ball in my life and what I will be able to do with your pitching when you get in condition and cut loose is something I know nothing about. I'm afraid I will fall down hard. You see all you did was to toss up a slow straight ball."

"Can that stuff?" "That's all right, kid," said Brady. "No one ever made such a long hit at me before, and if you can meet the fast ones and the curves the way you did that one they will go just as far—further if you pickie a curve ball. Stick around, kid, stick around."

Kelly thanked him for his encouraging words and walked away. "How fast can you run, Gordon?" asked Brady. "I have done a hundred in nine and four-fifths," replied the recruit, with a laugh. "Not fast enough for me, but I can stand. You see I timed myself."

"You timed yourself?" queried the manager in surprise. "Yes, sir."

Bill Smith looked at his "phenom" long and earnestly. He said at last: "Can that stuff, boy? Can that stuff? If you don't you'll drive me bughouse."

CHAPTER XI.

It is to be presumed a ball player would not start to sleep to the home of a fellow player, and the following from the prologue to "Pagliacci":

"E voi, prutto che le onstre poveri gabbaie d'istroni, le nostre anime considerate, poche noi siamo uomini di carne e d'ossa, e che di questo mondo non parli di voi, e di questo mondo non parli di voi, e di questo mondo non parli di voi."

He would doubtless appear equally foolish if he sang the same words in English: "Ah, think then, sweet people, when you look upon us, clad in our motley and our painted faces."

Ours are human hearts, beating with passion. We are but men like you, for gladness or sorrow.

'Tis the same broad Heaven above us. The same wide lonely world before us. There might be some scattering applause, but a vast majority of the unfeeling crowd would yell: "Cut it out!"

Yet ball players are men. They are human beings, a fact often lost sight of by those who pay to see them perform. Frequently they are jeered and humiliated by men of a low order of intelligence in the crowd; men who would not dare say the same things to the players, if they met them face to face on the street.

Five Men Among Players.
There are those who say the life of a ballplayer is degrading; that baseball is a trivial profession. Yet the Governor of Pennsylvania was a professional ballplayer. So was "Billy" Sunday, the revivalist. So was A. J. Spaulding, millionaire and near-senator from California. So was Edward Hanlon, one of Baltimore's most successful real estate operators. So was Ted Lewis, a professor at Amherst College. So were hundreds of men who are now successful in other walks of life.

Things happen in baseball which never reach the ears of the public. There are tragedies and sorrows, joys and happiness in the national game that the outside world knows not of. All of which in this roundabout way leads up to the introduction to the reader of Thomas P. Morrow, a familiarly known by the sobriquet of "Long Tom."

For fifteen years Long Tom caught behind the bat in the big leagues. In his prime he was reckoned among the best men that ever wore a mask. One year he caught 148 games, handling the delivery of all kinds of pitchers—those that were as wild as saws, and those that had fine control; the ones that had "everything" and the ones that had nothing but a prayer; the curve balls and the treacherous "spitballs." But Long Tom had seen his best days, and he was now down in the minor leagues, with only a brief baseball life before him. His fingers were gnarled and distorted. His right arm was no longer the terror of base-stealers. His legs had gone back on him.

Bill Smith, manager of the Atlanta club, had taken a chance and signed Long Tom to a contract. He had put him principally to coach the young pitchers on his staff, and he had an idea that the hot southern climate might boil the old fellow out and put him into some thing like his real form. Long Tom was had just turned thirty-five, but in baseball youth must be served.

Made Him Jealous.
Long Tom reported for practice the first day. He arrived in the clubhouse just as the others began their practice on the field. He slowly undressed and put on a uniform, and, picking up his mitt, mask, chest protector and shin guards, walked through the runway that led to the field. He came on the scene at the very moment that Gordon Kelly was standing at the plate waiting for Brady to pitch to him, and when Kelly made that tremendous drive he stood stock still and watched the ball in its flight far into right field. Then he turned his eyes on the young man, and followed the tall, powerful, like-limbed figure as it sped around the bases. Something in the sight of the youth filled the veteran with rage and jealousy.

"That's the kind that is putting us veterans out of the business," he muttered. He sauntered up to the group that stood around the home plate, and was cordially greeted by those who knew him of old. He was then made acquainted with the young players, who, of course, while they knew him by reputation had never met him on the field. Included in the latter was Gordon Kelly, who shook Long Tom's warped hand and gave the customary greeting. Morrow eyed the other critically and remarked:

"You're the fence buster of the South-east League, I hear it."

"Nothing like that," laughed Kelly, "but I'd like to be."

"I guess you would, all right," returned Long Tom.

It wasn't what he said, but the half-sneering way he said it, that caused Kelly to look up quickly.

"You must be that correspondence school guy I read about in the paper. I see another paper calls you a 'millionaire leader.' Well, that's where you belong. I'm a-thinking."

(To Be Continued.)

Miss Gladys Mason had started to walk from New York City to San Francisco with the idea of demonstrating that a physical culture life is the best for a young woman. While on the way she will refrain from eating meat or drinking tea or coffee.

PATTERN SERVICE NEWS FOR WOMEN

NO OTHER WAY

By GORDON HOLMES

(Continued From Yesterday.)

CHAPTER XIV. Mrs. Delamar's Ordeal.

Mrs. Delamar had dispensed with the veil she usually affected when in the neighborhood of Absecon or in any part of New Jersey where she might be known as Mrs. Kyrie. The wearing black, she could hardly be said to be in mourning. The "smart" coat and skirt, an imported hat, a lace blouse, a pair of suede gloves, conveyed an artistic suggestion of widowhood without any loss of elegance or charm. She was really a strikingly handsome woman, and when she stood in the witness box against a somewhat harsh background of drab-painted wall, she looked like a Morland portrait divested of its frame.

Even the coroner was impressed, and his voice grew almost sympathetic while he explained that, as a supplement to her testimony given previously, the police wished enlightenment on other matters that had come to their knowledge.

She bowed silently. She had guessed already the nature of the ordeal she would be called on to endure, and she meant to go through it as creditably as might be. It was useless to struggle, and a complete readiness to answer questions might soften the heart of that four-faced descendant of some Scottish Covenanter who represented the district attorney.

Forbes, observing the fiction of working thru the local prosecutor, was already on his feet and glancing thru some papers. Suddenly he raised his eyes and shot out his first question: "Even he was elaborately polite, and his manner gave no hint of the coming storm."

"I have read thru the testimony you gave at the opening of this enquiry," he said. "And I find you stated that you left Absecon for New York on the Tuesday of the week in which your husband died. Is that correct?"

"Yes, in a sense."

"May I take it that it is also incorrect, in a sense?"

"I left Absecon on that day; but did not travel direct to New York."

"Ah, where did you sleep on the Tuesday night?"

"In the Boardwalk Hotel, Atlantic City."

"You came to Atlantic City, took a room at the Boardwalk Hotel, went out, returned late at night, and travelled to New York early next day—is that an accurate summary of your movements?"

"Now, will you kindly tell the court why you acted this way, and what you did during a two hours' visit to Absecon, not to your own house, and during your later absence from the Atlantic City?"

Forbes was an adroit lawyer, and the very form taken by this question told the mystified Traherne that he wished to keep the witness clear of involuntary pitfalls. Lest she might be tempted to prevaricate, he revealed his hand clearly, and put forth a confident display of knowledge of her comings and goings on the day Kyrie was last seen alive, which was intended to warn her not to attempt to mislead the authorities. Traherne, who, of course, had received no definite instructions, realized that the district attorney would not follow this line unless he was very sure of his ground, and moreover, only leading up to matters of very much greater importance. He watched his client closely for any signal of distress when he would intervene on one point or another, and, at any rate, gain time for her to collect her thoughts; but she was quite self-possessed, tho very pale, and did not take her eyes off

the grim, sharp-faced, tho smooth-spoken, lawyer who shared the secrets of the police.

Clancy, alert as a jack-rabbit, admitted to himself at this juncture that he was puzzled by Waverton's behavior. The latter was watching Mrs. Delamar with curious interest. He might have been a man who now saw her and heard her voice for the first time. His attitude was wholly detached and impersonal. Once his glance fitted to the rows of absorbed people in court, and he smiled. Clancy literally put his thought into words.

"You honest Atlantic City tradesmen," he was musing, "are giving your undivided attention to a matter that you will never understand. There are issues in this case not to be decided by the combined wits of the coroner and your good selves."

Clancy nodded his head in frank agreement, and Steingall whispered: "What is it?"

"Nothing," said Clancy. "Is that why you nodded?"

"Yes."

Steingall had something sarcastic to say, but forbore, for Mrs. Delamar was speaking.

"I remained in Absecon because I had to wait two hours for a boat or train to Atlantic City," she said. "My husband did not wish my presence at 'The Rosery'; so I strolled to a farm where I was known. I bought some milk there. If necessary, I can give you the farmer's name."

"Not at all."

Forbes conveyed that he would not dream of doubting her word in this matter.

Mrs. Delamar signified her appreciation of his courtesy by an expressive glance. Thus far, they resembled antagonists engaged in the punnetto of a duel; but steel would grate on steel by and by.

"From Absecon," she said, "I went back to Atlantic City, and late at night returned again to Absecon, at my husband's wish, and received two packages from him. Altogether, I had a very wearying and apparently aimless day; but my husband was morose and eccentric, so I humored him. The packages were intended for the post, and, luckily, I remember the address."

One was addressed to Prof. Leon Anthony, M.A., Harvard University, and the other to a bank on Broadway, New York. Let me explain that my husband was a man of peculiar, almost fantastic, ideas, and he insisted on a sort of secrecy and want of purpose in my movements that day. We did not agree very well—in fact, during recent years we have lived apart—but he gave me to understand that he was going to Europe, as a member of an expedition to Morocco, and that his return was doubtful. He informed me that the packages contained a scientific diary and papers referring to his personal affairs, that he had described himself in his letters as already en route to the Cumberland pier at New York, and that he wished to convey the impression that 'The Rosery' had been practically closed since that morning. It was arranged between us, however, that he would really not go further afield than Paris, until—until each of us had obtained freedom thru the divorce court; and as I was most anxious to have my marriage dissolved, I agreed to humor him with regard to the broken journey of that day. Still, I could not help feeling a little doubtful about their oddity; so I took the precaution of registering the two packages at the Atlantic City postoffice next morning, and have carried the receipts in my purse ever since. Here they are!"

(To Be Continued.)



IRONING DAY COMFORT

WITH an Electric Flatiron you can do your ironing where it is coolest—out on the back porch—where the breeze invigorates you while you work. Add to this the comfort and economy of a

Electric Flatiron

which uses only about 10 cents' worth of electricity for doing the weekly ironing of an average sized family, and you have the reason why thousands of families throughout the country are using C.G.E. electric flatirons.

CALL FOR FLATIRONS

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Canadian General Electric Co., Limited

Head Office, Toronto

SEEKS TEACHERS FOR WESTERN INSTITUTION

A. M. Sanford the new principle of Columbia College, the Methodist institution situated at New Westminster, B.C., and the city yesterday on a trip to secure teachers for his college. Several applications for positions were seen yesterday, but Mr. Sanford left for Nanaimo and the Maritime Provinces early in the evening and has not yet decided upon his staff. The college needs five or six teachers and it is likely that all the positions will be filled by persons living in eastern Canada.

MAY APPOINT R. S. BURROWS.

Until the position of the chief license inspector for Toronto is filled Mr. R. S. Burrows will be acting chief, owing to the death of the late Mr. Joseph Johnston. It is considered likely that Mr. Burrows may be appointed, as there is no other applicant for the post.



TOASTS

A new book of Toasts, of a different nature from anything previously published. Toasts and Verses on PATRIOTISM, LOVE, FRIENDSHIP, WINE, and a dozen other subjects. Sent postpaid on receipt of

15 Cents in stamps

McLEOD & ALLEN, 42 Adelaide St. W. TORONTO

Stealing Newspapers

There is an epidemic of newspaper stealing at present. World newsdealers and subscribers are being robbed. The World Office promptly if their papers are not received World carriers are requested to deliver the paper in a letter box or other safe place if they exist. Readers can co-operate by providing safe receptacles, which will assist in a satisfactory delivery.

Telephone Main 5308 complaints of non-delivery.

Union of Power Services.

At a conference of the provincial and civil hydro commissioners it was decided to have a report upon the proposed uniting of the hydro and T. E. L. lines for emergency purposes. If the report is favorable, the proposition will then be taken up with the T. E. L. Co.



TOASTS

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McLEOD & ALLEN, 42 Adelaide St. W. TORONTO

Mrs. NEWLYWED said—"Hello! is this a new kind of salt we are using? It shakes all right, doesn't it?"

Mrs. NEWLYWED said—"Yes, it's WINDSOR SALT. The grocer told me about it—said it was the only kind his customers would have."

Mrs. NEWLYWED said—"Well, if he keeps such good salt, I guess everything else in his store must be good, so I would do all my wedding there, if I were you."

Mrs. NEWLYWED said—"I intend to."