SOCIETY

So work along in our chosen niche
With a starry purpose to nerve you,
Let nothing men say who pass your way.
Relax your courage or swerve you.
The idle will flock by the Temple of Art
For just the pleasure of gazing,
But climb to the top and do not stop,
though they may not all be praising.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Mr. Frank Cockshutt left on Wednesday for the West on a business trip.

Mrs. W. Orr, Dufferin avenue, is a guest at the parental home in Woodstock.

Miss Mair of Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. Walter Mair, Dufferin avenue.

Mrs. A. T. Duncan, Brant Ave., is a week end visitor at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mrs. H. Mackenzie Wilson is expected to return Monday from a visit to Toronto.

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell of Labrador is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. McAdoo in Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Scarfe, who have been abroad for some time are expected home to-morrow.

Mrs. Huron Nelles is entertaining at a children's party this afternoon at her home on Palace street.

Miss Grace Breedon from Detroit has returned to town to attend her sister, Miss Fanny's, wedding, next week.

Man friends will be glad to hear that Miss Margaret Brown, Nelson street, who has been ill is now convalescing.

During her stay in town Mrs. Forbes, Hespeler, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Hugh Howie, Chestnut avenue.

The Lord Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweene will give a garden party at the Sea House on Wednesday, June 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Harris left on Wednesday and sailed this week by the S.S. Isatian from Quebec to Liverpool.

Mr. and Mrs. Adrian VanWestrum of New Mork, arrived to-day and are guests of Mrs. L. VanWestrum, Langley Park.

Mrs. Batcheler and her daughter, Miss Dorothy, who have been guests at the Kerby, left on Thursday evening for Nanaimo, B.C.

Sarah Bernhardt, the famous tragedienne, is seriously ill in Belgium. It is understood that her propesed tour has been cancelled.

Mr. Huns and Mr. Walker, inspectors, of the Bank British North America, who were in town this week haev returned to Montreal.

Mr. Reginald Scarge announces the engagement of his sister, Edith Gertrude, to Mr. W. Hastings Webling. The marriage will take place quietly at Zion church, Brantford, early in July.

The marriage of Mr. George Gordon Caudwell to Miss Beatrice Marion McMaugh, will take place at the parental home of the bride, St. Catharines on Wednesda, June 17th at 3.30 o'clock.

The Golf Tournment in Hamilton has attracted a number of Toronto players, Miss Joce Hutton, Miss Cosb and Miss Irene Gage are there. Miss Muriel Dick of Coburg, and Miss ate Fuller of Woodstock, are taking part.

Mr. Harvey Cockshutt was the host of a delightful dinner-dance given at the Pannaac club, Ancaster on Tuesday evening in honor of the bridesmaids, ushers and house guests at his sister's, Mrs. Baker's wedding. The new club house is well appointed and an easy motor run from town, which makes it a charming resort for an outing for summer tourists.

Mrs. Hugh Howie was the hostess on Thursday of a delightful little informal tea in honor of her sister, Mrs. Forbes of Hespeler. The pretty rooms were bright and fragrant with flowers. Quantities of American beauty roses being used on the tea table, which was presided over by Mrs. Forbes who wore a most becoming gown of light silk and old lace.

SILK FROCK

A light weight taffeta combined with Roman striped ribbon makes a pretty frock for "dress up" wear in summer. The novel draping of the skirt in this design makes for attractiveness. The blouse shows wide revers bordered with a band of the taffeta and falling off from the shoulders far enough to allow for the insertion of a fold of self-tone chiffon under the edge of the blouse portion. The neck is filled with a flaring collar of white batiste. Navy blue taffeta was the material of the frock, while the Roman silk was striped in blue, red and yellow.

Mrs. Lloyd Harris will entertain at luncheon next Wednesday in honor of Miss Gertrude Scarfe.

Miss Simpson, Wellington street, has returned to her home after spending the winter with friends in Guelph.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henry and family will be in residence next week at their summer home "Glencliffe" on Lake Huron, Goderich.

Mrs. Harris Popplewell was the hostess Monday evening at a delightfu high tea and bridge in honor of Miss Gertrude Scarfe and Miss Elsie Cockshutt. The small tables were prettily decorated with pink carnations and daisies. Miss Blackmore and Miss Gertrude Scarfe were highest score.

A card from Miss Gertrude Leonard tells that she and party have been enjoying the sights and mysteries of historic old Rome. Now in Florence with its art galleries an1 alluring scenery. The river Arno flows in front of their hotel, which was formerly an old palace of the 14th century.

The marriage will be quietly solemnized next Tuesday, the 9th at 5 o'clock of Miss Annie VanWestrum, only daughter of Mrs. VanWestrum of Langley ark to Mr Baldauf of Germany. The popular bride-to-be made many friends during her stay at Langley Park recently. The good wishes of numerous friends will follow Mr. and Mrs. Baldauf to their new home near Pasadena, Cal., where the will be in residence, on a beautiful orange and olive farm.

The marriage was quietly celebrated at two o'clock this afternoon of Mr. William Ingrtm Mair of Buffalo to Miss Norah Frank, who looked charming in a travelling costume of navy blue, with pale, blue hat and carried a boquet of roses and lilies of the valley. Miss Meg Ballachey the bridesmaid, wore a becoming gown of grey crepe and carried pink roses. The best man was Mr. Coppins of Buffalo. Venerable Archdeacon Mackenzie was the officiating clergyman. The church and chancel were effectively decorated with marguerites and palms. Many good wishes will follow the popular bride to her new home in Buffao.

Miss Dorothy Leeming, Dufferin Ave., left Wednesday to visit friends in Chicago.

Mrs. A. S. Towers, Jarvis street is away on a few week's visit to relatives in Sarnia and Chicago.

The many friends of Dr. Leslie G. Pearce will be glad to learn that in the examinations at McGill University, Montreal, he obtained the final prize. This is awarded to the man who stands the highest in the graduating class. Dr. Pearce also obtained first place in the special subjects of Ophthalmology and Oto-Laryngology. Dr. Pearce is engaged in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, He will leave shortly for New York, where he will pursue his studies in the New York post graduate school.

Our little city has been kept lively this week. Dan Cupid must have been the busiest little god in town ringing his wedding bells, dispensing white favors, presents and what not, "Ding dong, ding dong, we gallop along, for 'tis our wedding morning" in his motto to be sure. Everything was auspicious for the happy occasions. Nature smiling a benediction, from the bluest of sunny skies, and scattering roses along the pathway of the brides. May their pathway be unclodded to the end, is the dictum of many, many friends, who will follow with the best of wishes the brides to their new homes

It is another ideal day for a jaunt to the links, where sunny glints from stream and shore greets one, where kind hostesses welcome one to chat on the verandah, and meet strangers at the tea hour, when the players come in for a cup of tea, talking of their luck, etc., it makes a very pleasant atmosphere to be sure. The bridge given yesterday by the members of the match committee, was well attended, and good results followed, which means that soon a new electric range in the kitchen will be a joy to the housekeeper. To-day's hostesses are: Mesdames L. Waterous, T. Watt, G. D. Watt, C. J. Watt, G. H. Wilkes, Misses Wisner and Wilson.

The sea tragedy flashes its shadows when one reads in a relatives letter of the loss of a friend, who said when leaving, "I wish I could cancel my passage on the Empress of Ireland. I cannot tell why.' Her body was picked up on the shore at Rimouski. Again from Boderish we hear "The O'Haras were very popular when they summered here last season." They were on the Empress of Ireland. Mr. O'Hara perished. The history of individual self-sacrifice, the story of a people's sorrow, the singing of hymns at the last awful moments by the Salvation Army. The passing of Lawrence Irving, whom we remember here recently, and the prophesy that he would be not less great than his father. The curtain has rung down with terrible woe on this side. With our weak earth land eyes and dark glass, we only see the under side of the picture Turn it over, how wonderful the colors and the pattern is designed by the Great artist. How peaceful the dream faces look that crossed the bar with such sudden swiftness. The sea is there but no Death can come near it. The quiet waters are restful and the bathers emerge with their white garments, not even wet, tradition tells us. We look through the mists; see the rosy sunburst; all traces of the sharp quick voyage eliminated. "At evening time there shall be light."

What Girls May Do.

"To-day is the day of the special worker. It is better to be a first-class bookkeeper than a second-class stenographer and bookkeeper combined. Your employer does not want to have to teach you; he wants you to be expert in what you are paid to do. If you do some one thing better than most other people can do it, you are going to make a success of your lives, be it growing pumpkins or selling samples."

"That's what he said, and it is what we women need to take to heart. Too many girls, when asked what they can do, will reply, "Anything at all." That usually means nothing else than incompetency, and the incompetent are going to find life an increasing difficult problem.

There's one danger to be guarded against in specializing and that is not to grow narrow. You've got to keep a broad outlook on the world of work, on business methods and experiments; you've got to be open to new ideas; you won't want to stiffen in your job. But use all you learn, all you observe, in your own ilne. Relate everything to that.

Treat your job with enthusiasm, believe that it's worth the best efforts you can give it, and it will pay you back a hunderdfold. Never think you know it all, for that is the beginning of a slump. Being a specialist in anything is not easy, but it is interesting, and it's the one royal road to sucess.

Do not be troubled over too many things and leave not enough leisure for common every day sunshine. It is just an evil habit, which, not counteracted at the beginning, presently obtains full mastery. The Marthas make too much of a burden of duty. The duty of cheerfulness is surely a necessary one, and one cannot be cheerful if tired to distraction. Undoubtedly a good deal of the detail with which women overload their lives is unnecessary and has become a mere habit. How often do we see, as we go through life, the absolute futility of human life, and how the biggest castles we have raised with almost superhuman effort | topple over to the ground, precisely as if they had no foundation.

After all, it is not the material things that matter so much. It is astonishing how little it is possible to live upon, and how pleasantly life can run along on the simplest Spartan lines. Unless we are bankrupt in faith and love and hope for the life which is to come.

"Consider the lilies," said the Master, "They toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

DAILY FASHION HINT.

No. 6,632, Infant's Set.

This very complete set of infant's clothing comprises a coat, cap, dress, flannel petticoat, nightgown, kimono sack and white petticoat, also a shirt.

To make the garments will require for the flannel petticoat, No. 1, 1¼ yards of 36 inch goods for waist and 1½ yards of 27 inch flannel for skirt. For cap, ½ yard of 36 inch material and ⅝ yard of edging; for kimono, No. 3, 2 yards of 27 or 36 inch material and 4 yards of ribbon to bind; for dress, No. 4, 2 yards of 36 or 40 inch material and 1½ yards of edging; for dress, No. 5, 2⅞ yards of 27 inch material or 1⅝ yards of 45 inch; for petticoat, No. 6, 1⅞ yards of 36 inch material, with 2 yards of edging; for shirt, No. 7, ⅜ yards of 27 or 36 inch material, and for gown or slip, No. 8, 2 yards of 36 or 40 inch goods and 1¼ yards of edging.

The above pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this paper.

Eight days must be allowed for receipt of pattern.

PATTERN ORDER

Cut this out, fill in with your name and address, number and description. Enclose 10c. and mail to the Pattern Department of the Brantford Courier.

No.....Size.....

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

THE RETURN OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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With the quickness of thought his spear arm flew back, and then shot forward with all the force of the sinewy muscles that rolled beneath the shimmering ebon hide. True to its mark the iron shod weapon flew, transfixing Sabor's sleek carcass from the right groin to beneath the left shoulder. With a hideous scream of rage and pain the brute turned again upon the black. A dozen paces he had gone when Tarzan's rope brought him to a stand once more. Then he wheeled again upon the ape-man, only to feel the painful prick of a barbed arrow as it sank half its length in his quivering flesh. Again he stopped, and by this time Tarzan had run twice around the stem of a great tree with his rope and made the end fast.

The black saw the trick and grinned, but Tarzan knew that Sabor must be quickly finished before those mighty teeth had found and parted the slender cord that held him. It was a matter of but an instant to reach the black's side and drag his long knife from its scabbard. Then he signed the warrior to continue to shoot arrows into the great beast while he attempted to close in upon him with the knife, so as one tantalized upon one side the other sneaked cautiously in upon the other. Sabor was furious. He raised his voice in a perfect frenzy of shrieks, growls and hideous moans, the while he reared upon his hind legs in futile attempt to reach first one and then the other of his tormentors.

But at length the agile ape-man saw his chance and rushed in upon the beast's left side behind the mighty shoulder. A giant arm encircled the white throat and a long blade sank once, true as a die, into the fierce heart. Then Tarzan arose and the black man and the white looked into each other's eyes across the body of their kill, and the black made the sign of peace and friendship, and Tarzan of the Apes answered it in kind.

The noise of their battle with Sabor had drawn an excited horde of savages from the nearby village, and a moment after the tiger's death the two men were surrounded by lithe, ebon warriors, gesticulating and jabbering—a thousand questions that drowned each ventured reply.

And then the women came and the children—eager, curious, and at sight of Tarzan more questioning than ever. The ape-man's new friend finally succeeded in making himself heard, and when he had done talking the men and women of the village vied with one another in doing honor to the strange creature who had saved their fellow and battled single handed with fierce Sabor.

At last they led him back to their village, where they brought him gifts of fowl and goats and cooked food. When he pointed to their weapons the warriors hastened to fetch spear, shield, arrows and a bow. His friend of the encounter presented him with the knife with which he had killed Sabor. There was nothing in all the village he could not have had for the asking.

Tarzan's first night with the savages was devoted to a wild orgy in his honor. There was feasting, for the hunters had brought in an antelope and a zebra as trophies of their skill, and gallons of the weak native beer were consumed. As the warriors danced in the firelight Tarzan was again impressed by the symmetry of their figures and the regularity of their features—the flat noses and thick lips of the typical West Coast savage were entirely missing. In repose the faces of the men were intelligent and dignified, those of the women ofttimes prepossessing.

CHAPTER XVII.

From Ape to Savage.

IT was during this dance that the ape-man first noticed that some of the men and many of the women wore ornaments of gold, principally anklets and armlets of great weight, apparently beaten out of the solid metal. When he expressed a wish to examine one of these the owner removed it from her person and insisted through the medium of signs that Tarzan accept it as a gift. A close scrutiny of the bauble convinced the ape-man that the article was of virgin gold, and he was surprised, for it was the first time that he had ever seen golden ornaments among the savages of Africa, other than the trifling baubles those near the coast had purchased or stolen from Europeans. He tried to ask them from whence the metal came, but he could not make them understand.

Declining the savages' offer of a hut, Tarzan slept that night, as usual, in a treetop. The following day he accompanied a party of warriors to the nearby plains on a great hunt, and so dexterous did they find this white man with their own crude weapons that another bond of respect and admiration was thereby wrought.

For weeks Tarzan lived with his savage friends, hunting buffalo, antelope and zebra for meat and elephant for ivory. Quickly he learned their simple speech, their savage customs and the ethics of their wild, primitive, tribal life. He found that they were not cannibals—that they looked with loathing and contempt upon men who ate men.

Busuli, the warrior whom he had stalked to the village, told him many of the tribal legends—how many years before his people had come many long marches from the north, how once they had been a great and powerful tribe and how the slave raiders had wrought such havoc among them with their death dealing guns that they had been reduced to a mere remnant of their former numbers and power.

"They hunted us down as one hunts a fierce beast," said Busuli. "There was no mercy in them. When it was not slaves they sought it was ivory, but usually it was both. Our men were killed and our women driven away like sheep. We fought against them for many years, but our arrows and spears could not prevail against the sticks which spit fire and lead and death to many times the distance that our mightiest warrior could place an arrow. At last, when my father was a young man, the Arabs came again, but our warriors saw them from a long way off, and Chowambi, who was chief then, told his people to gather up their belongings and come away with him—that he would lead them far to the south until they found a spot to which the Arab raiders did not come.

"And they did as he bid, carrying all their belongings, including many tusks of ivory. For months they wandered, suffering untold hardships and privations, for much of the way was through dense jungle and across mighty mountains, but finally they came to this spot, and, although they sent parties farther on to search for an even better location, none has ever been found."

"And the raiders have never found you here?" asked Tarzan.

"About a year ago a small party of Arabs and Manyuema stumbled upon us, but we drove them off, killing many. For days we followed them, stalking them for the wild beasts they are, picking them off one by one until but a handful remained, but these escaped us."

As Busuli talked he fingered a heavy gold armlet that encircled the glossy hide of his left arm. Tarzan's eyes replied Busuli. "He was a very young man then."

So that night Tarzan asked Waziri about it, and Waziri, who was now an old man, said that it was a long march, but that the way was not difficult to follow. He remembered it well.

"For ten days we followed this river which runs beside our village. Up toward its source we traveled until on the tenth day we came to a little spring far up upon the side of a lofty mountain range. In this little spring our river is born. The next day we crossed over the top of the mountain, and upon the other side we came to a tiny rivulet, which we followed down into a great forest. For many days we traveled along the winding banks of the rivulet that had now become a river, until we came to a greater river, into which it emptied and which ran down the center of a mighty valley. had been upon the ornament, but his thoughts were elsewhere. Presently he recalled the question he had tried to ask when he first came to the tribe—the question he could not at that time make them understand. For weeks he had forgotten so trivial a thing as gold, for he had been for the time a truly primeval man, with no thought beyond today. But of a sudden the sight of gold awakened the sleeping civilization that was in him, and with it came the lust for wealth. That lesson Tarzan had learned well in his brief experience of the ways of civilized man. He knew that gold meant power and pleasure. He pointed to the bauble.

"From whence came the yellow metal, Busuli," he asked.

The black pointed toward the southeast.

"A moon's march away — maybe more," he replied.

"Have you been there?" asked Tarzan.

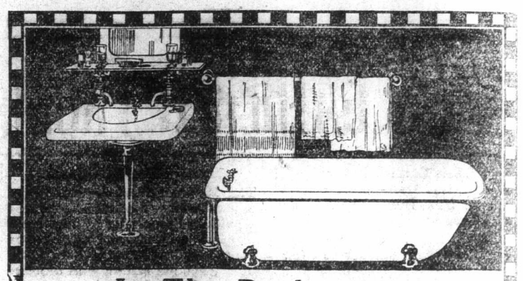
"No, but some of our people were there years ago, when my father was yet a young man. One of the parties that searched farther for a location for the tribe when first they settled here came upon a strange people who wore many ornaments of yellow metal. Their spears were tipped with it, as were their arrows, and they cooked in vessels made all of solid metal like my armlet.

"They lived in a great village in huts that were built of stone, and surrounded by a great wall. They were very fierce, rushing out and falling upon our warriors before ever they learned that their errand was a peaceful one. Our men were few in number, but they held their own at the top of a little rocky hill, until the fierce people went back at sunset into their wicked city. Then our warriors came down from their hill, and after taking many ornaments of yellow metal from the bodies of those they had slain they marched back out of the valley, nor have any of us ever returned.

"They are wicked people, neither white like you, or black like me, but covered with hair as is Bolgani, the gorilla. Waziri, our chief, was there."

(To be continued).

Kingston was selected as the place of meeting of next year's General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.



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