

Social and Personal

The Courier is always pleased to use items of personal interest. Phone 1781

Miss Boddy is visiting friends in Ridgeway.

Mrs. A. T. White has returned from a three months' trip to England.

Miss Bunnell left yesterday by the S.S. Scotia from Montreal for France.

Mrs. Nichols of New York City is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wilkes.

Mrs. Lloyd Harris and Miss Bertha Blackmore were visitors in Toronto on Friday.

Mr. Cameron Wilson is a week end guest at the parental home, Dufferin avenue.

Miss Margaret Cockshutt has returned from Montreal for the summer holidays.

Mr. Cummings of Toronto, is the weekend guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Boddy.

Miss Ballache, Brantford, left on Friday on a short visit with friends in Toronto.

Friends will be sorry to learn that Mrs. Chas. J. Watt, Lorne Crescent, is on the sick list.

Mr. E. L. Cockshutt, who has been abroad for some time, will return home by S. S. Mauretania.

Mrs. George Dunstan entertained a few friends at bridge on Thursday afternoon in honor of her guest, Miss Chapin.

Mr. and Mrs. Verner, Chatham St. were the hostesses of a theatre party to Hamilton last week.

Mrs. Chas. Watts of Cayuga street has returned home from a pleasant visit with her son, Mr. George Watts of 11 Yorkville avenue, Toronto.

Miss Effie Bunnell left on Thursday evening for Montreal, where she will spend a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Hugh B. Mackenzie before sailing to spend the summer in France.

Josh Boynton has now got the reputation as Brantford's star angler. The other day he, with a common ordinary 10c fishing pole, journeyed up to Wilkes' Dam and caught the largest mess of bass ever yet got by a single man with a common 10c fishing pole. Josh refuses to state how many he caught but he will admit that no larger bass were ever hauled out of the Grand River.

The Ladies Aid of Wesley Methodist church held a talent tea on Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Litch, Cockshutt road. A pleasing feature of the afternoon was a presentation to Mrs. Liddy of a beautiful hand-painted vase. An address was read by Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Donaldson made the presentation. Music was furnished during the afternoon by Master Jim Wedlake, Leslie Brown and Miss Dorothy Brown.

A jolly and most successful dance was held at the Brantford Golf and Country Club on Thursday evening. Some 60 or 70 members participated. The married people present included the president, Mr. Fitton, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Waterous, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Mahon, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Van Westrum, Mr. and Mrs. Logan Waterous. Hot coffee and light refreshments were served at 10.15 and the return to town was made shortly after 11 by radial and motor. Ove and above expenses, \$15.85 was cleared, leaving a total still to be raised for the range fund, of \$15.30—and the dance itself proved a most enjoyable affair.

Commencing to-day a new innovation will be started at the Brantford Golf and Country club, a 50c club dinner only will then be furnished the members who wish to remain out for the evening meal following the weekly tea at the popular resort, thus doing away with the promiscuous catering which has heretofore so handicapped the stewardess on Saturdays. This will be a welcome change to as through the week meals will be served as formerly, each member giving their individual order for the meal desired and club dinners being served only on Saturdays at present, until one sees how the experiment works out.

Nuptial Notes

HARTLEY—LAKE

A quiet but pretty wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon, at the residence of Mr. James Lake, 119 Albion street, when his eldest daughter, Ada Mande was united in marriage to Samuel Hartley of this city. The bride was given away by her father entering the parlor to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march played by the bride's sister, Miss Olive Lake. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Brown and took place in front of an arch of evergreens and orange blossoms. After the ceremony the guests sat down to a dainty luncheon. Beautiful presents were received by the bride showing the esteem in which the bride and groom were held by their many friends.

The happy couple will reside at 135 Terrace Hill street on their return from their honeymoon.

CRAIGIE—MACKAY
PARIS, June 19.—A quiet wedding

took place yesterday afternoon at the Presbyterian manse at 5 o'clock, when Rev. Mr. MacBeth united in marriage Miss Anna MacKay, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. MacKay of Durham, Ont., to Mr. Herbert (Bert) Craigie, youngest son of Mrs. Craigie of this town. The bride was married in her travelling hat of tan whip cord with a chic hat to match. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Craigie left on the 5.40 train for Buffalo and Toronto, where their wedding trip will be spent. Mr. and Mrs. Craigie will reside in Paris.

Shortly before leaving at the close of work on Wednesday afternoon, the fellow employees of Miss Anna MacKay in No. 3 finishing room, Peapack, Limited, presented that young lady with a handsome embroidered table cloth and a dozen table napkins as a mark of their esteem and good wishes. The following address will explain itself:

Miss Anna MacKay, Paris:
Dear Anna.—Having learned that you are about to leave us, we feel that we cannot allow you to go without some small gift of remembrance and ask you to accept this linen hoping that it will remind you of the time spent with us. We also wish you happiness and prosperity wherever you may be.

Signed on behalf of the girls, No. 3 Finishing Room.
Miss MacKay, while evidently taken by surprise, expressed her appreciation in a few neat words.

Women's Institute

Onondaga's Women's Institute held their June meeting at the home of Mrs. A. W. Vansickle on Wednesday June 17th. The day being fine, a large number were present. In the absence of the president, Mrs. M. N. Simpson, the vice-president, Mrs. Vansickle took the chair and asked to be relieved on account of hostess duties. Mrs. K. J. McMullen was asked to preside. The meeting opened by singing The Maple Leaf, after which the roll call was answered by "favorite quotations." The programme consisted of vocal music by Mrs. Thompson of Brantford, and instrumentals by Miss Vera Allan. These were much enjoyed by all. The delegate, Miss Emily, then gave a splendid talk on Home Nursing and also a demonstration of bandaging, which was very much appreciated. Then ladies decided to hold a strawberry festival on the 30th of June. The programme will be supplied by Mr. Eaton of Brantford, and Messrs. Greenwood and Sanderson of Brantford. A vote of thanks was tendered to the entertainers of the afternoon and also Mrs. Vansickle for the use of her home. The meeting closed with National Anthem after which dainty refreshments were served.

THE RETURN OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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Finally it occurred to him to look up, and there above him he saw through a round opening a tiny circular patch of starry sky. Feeling up along the sides of the shaft as far as he could reach, the ape-man discovered that so much of the wall as he could feel converged toward the center of the shaft as it rose. This fact precluded possibility of escape in that direction.

As he sat speculating on the nature and use of this strange passage and its terminal shaft the moon topped the opening above, letting a flood of soft, silvery light into the shadowy place. Instantly the nature of the shaft became apparent to Tarzan, for far below him he saw the shimmering surface of water. He had come upon an ancient well, the opening in the opposite wall. He wondered if this might not be the mouth of a passage leading to possible escape. It would be worth investigating at least, and this he determined to do.

Quickly returning to the wall he had demolished to explore what lay beyond it, he carried the stones into the passageway and replaced them, working from side. The deep deposits of dust which he had noticed upon the blocks as he had first removed them from the wall had convinced him that even if the present occupants of the ancient pile had known of this hidden passage they had made no use of it for perhaps generations.

The wall replaced, Tarzan returned to the shaft, which was some fifteen feet wide at this point. To leap across the intervening space was a small matter to the ape-man, and a moment later he was proceeding along a narrow, level, moving cautiously for fear of being precipitated into another shaft such as he had just crossed.

He had advanced some hundred feet when he came to a flight of steps leading downward into the Stygian gloom. Some of the steps were missing, the level of the tunnel recommenced, and shortly afterward his progress was stopped by a heavy wooden door, which was secured by massive wooden bars upon the side of Tarzan's approach. This fact suggested to the ape-man that he was not in a passageway leading to the outer world, but in a tunnel, barring progress from the opposite side, tended to substantiate this hypothesis unless it were merely a prison to which it led.

Along the tops of the bars were deep layers of dust, a further indication that the passage had been long unused. As he pushed the massive obstacle aside its great hinges shrieked out in weird protest against this unaccustomed disturbance. For a moment Tarzan paused to listen for any responsive note which might indicate that the unusual night noise had alarmed the inmates of the temple. But he heard nothing he advanced beyond the doorway.

Carefully feeling about, he found himself within a large chamber, along the walls of which and down the length of the floor were piled many tiers of metal ingots of an odd though uniform shape. To his groping hands they felt not unlike double-headed bootjacks. The ingots were quite heavy, and but for the enormous number of them he would have been positive that they were gold. But the thought of the fabulous wealth these thousands of pounds of metal would have represented were they in reality gold almost convinced him that they must be of some baser metal.

At the far end of the chamber he discovered another barred door and the hope was renewed that he was traversing an ancient and forgotten passageway to liberty. Beyond the door the passage ran straight as a war spear, and it soon became evident to the ape-man that it had already led him beyond the outer walls of the temple. If he but knew the direction it was leading him! If toward the west, then he must also be beyond the city's outer walls.

With increasing hopes he forged ahead as rapidly as he dared until at the end of half an hour he came to another flight of steps leading upward. At the bottom this flight was of concrete, but as he ascended his naked feet felt a sudden change in the substance they were treading. The steps of concrete had given place to steps of granite. Feeling with his hands, the ape-man discovered that these latter were evidently hewn from rock, for there was no crack to indicate a joint.

For 100 feet the steps wound spirally up, until at a sudden turning Tarzan came into a narrow cleft between two rocky walls. Above him shone the starry sky and before him a steep incline replaced the steps that had terminated at its foot. Up this pathway Tarzan hastened and at its upper end came out upon the rough top of a huge granite boulder.

A mile away lay the ruined city of Opar, its domes and towers bathed in the soft light of the crescent moon. Tarzan dropped his eyes to the ingot he had brought away with him. For a moment he examined it by the moon's bright rays, then he raised his head to look out upon the ancient piles of crumbling grandeur in the distance. "Opar," he murmured, "the enchanted city of a dead and forgotten past. The city of the beauties and the

beasts. City of horrors and deaths, but—city of fabulous riches." The ingot was of virgin gold.

The boulder on which Tarzan found himself lay well out in the plain between the city and the distant cliffs and his black warriors had sealed the morning previous. To descend its rough and precipitous face was a task of infinite labor and considerable peril even to the ape-man, but at last he felt the soft soil of the valley beneath his feet, and without a backward glance at Opar he turned his face toward the guardian cliffs and at a rapid trot set off across the valley.

The sun was just rising as he gained the summit of the flat mountain at the valley's western boundary. Far beneath him he saw smoke rising above the treetops of the forest at the base of the foothills.

"Man," he murmured, "and there were fifty warriors forth to track me down. Can it be they?"

Swiftly he descended the face of the cliff and, dropping into a narrow ravine which led down to the far forest, he hastened onward in the direction of the smoke. Striking the forest's edge about a quarter of a mile from the point at which the slender column arose into the still air, he took to the trees. Cautiously he approached until there suddenly burst upon his view a rude boma, in the center of which, squatted about their tiny fires, sat his fifty black Waziri. He called to them in their own tongue, "Arise, my children, and greet your king!"

With exclamations of surprise and fear the warriors leaped to their feet, scarcely knowing whether to flee or not. Then Tarzan dropped lightly from an overhanging branch into their midst. When they realized that it was indeed their chief in the flesh and no materialized spirit, they went mad with joy.

"We were cowards, oh, Waziri," cried Busuli. "We ran away and left you to your fate; but when our panic was over we swore to return and save you, or at least take revenge upon your murderers. We were but now preparing to scale the heights once more and cross the desolate valley to the terrible city."

"Have you seen fifty frightful men pass down from the cliffs into this forest, my children?" asked Tarzan.

"Yes, Waziri," replied Busuli. "They passed us late yesterday as we were about to turn back after you. They had no woodcraft. We heard them coming for a mile before we saw them, and as we had other business in hand we withdrew into the forest and let them pass. They were waddling rapidly along upon short legs, and were then one would go on all fours like Bolgani, the gorilla. They were indeed fifty frightful men, Waziri."

When Tarzan had related his adventures and told them of the yellow metal he had found not one demurred when he outlined a plan to return by

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night and bring away what they could carry of the vast treasure, and so it was that as dusk fell across the desolate valley of Opar fifty ebony warriors trailed at a smart trot over the dry and dusty ground toward the giant boulder that loomed before the city.

If it had seemed a difficult task to descend the face of the boulder Tarzan soon found that it would be next to impossible to get his fifty warriors to the summit. Finally the feat was accomplished by dint of Herculean efforts upon the part of the ape-man. Ten spears were fastened end to end, and with one end of this remarkable chain attached to his waist Tarzan at last succeeded in reaching the summit.

Once there he drew up one of his black, and in this way the entire party was finally landed in safety upon the boulder's top. Immediately Tarzan led them to the treasure chamber, where to each was allotted a load of two ingots, for each about eighty pounds.

By midnight the entire party stood once more at the foot of the boulder, but with their heavy loads it was mid-forenoon ere they reached the summit of the cliffs. From there on the homeward journey was slow, as these proud fighting men were unaccustomed to the duties of porters. But they bore their burdens uncomplainingly and at the end of thirty days entered their own country.

Here, instead of continuing on toward the northwest and their village, Tarzan guided them almost directly west until on the morning of the thirty-third day he bade them break camp and return to their own village, leaving the gold where they had stacked it the previous night.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears
Signature of *Chas. H. Wetherill*

"And you, Waziri?" they asked, "I shall remain here for a few days, my children," he replied. "Now make back to your wives and children."

When they had gone Tarzan gathered up two of the ingots and, springing into a tree, ran lightly above the tangled and impenetrable mass of undergrowth for a couple of hundred yards to emerge suddenly upon a circular clearing about which the giant of the jungle forest towered like a guardian host. In the center of this natural amphitheater was a little, flat topped mound of hard earth.

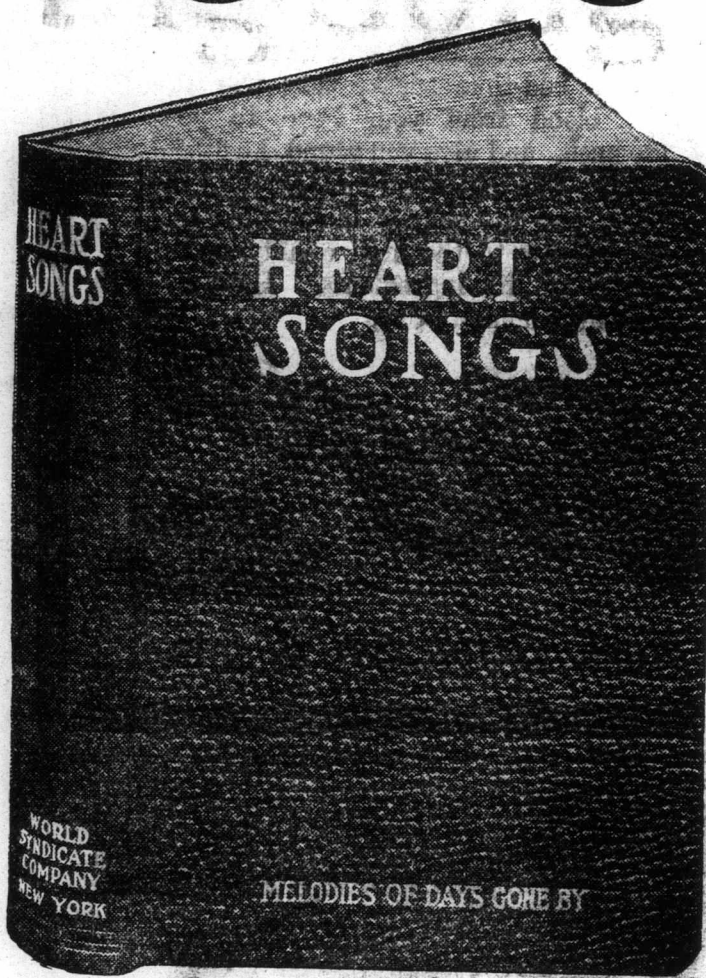
(To be continued.)

"SUWANEE RIVER" IN SONG BOOK

The popularity of "Suwanee River" dates back to the time when Christine Nilsson, the fair haired daughter of a farmer near Wexio, Sweden, surprised all who heard her with the sweetness and compass of her voice as she sang Foster's plaintive melody. She was an accomplished player on the flute and violin and she made her debut at the early age of 17 at Stockholm. Like many of the famous prima donnas, the opera chosen for her appearance was "La Traviata." She made a concert tour of the United States and sang many years in Italian opera. At her farewell concert given in London her voice was exquisite in its purity and sweetness and evenness of tone, having a compass of three octaves, an exceptional range. In America she will be known and long remembered for her singing of "Suwanee River" in the height of her success and operatic triumphs. She was the acknowledged incomparable artist of her times. This beautiful song, and many others sung by Nilsson, are to be found in "Heart Songs" now offered by The Courier who will find the terms given in the coupon published on another page of to-day's issue.

The Brantford Courier's
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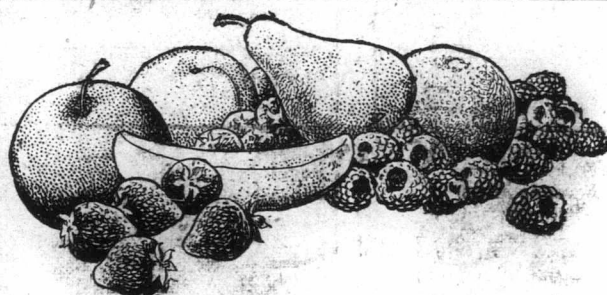
Think of it, the four hundred most enduring songs ever written, all collected and bound together between two covers. Scores of them have been out of print for years but never forgotten, and handed down from mother to child and then to the child's children. Many of them would not be in the book if someone had not preserved in the family Bible, or in the old scrap book, words and music clipped from some magazine or newspaper long since dead and brought forth yellow with age to lend their mite to making "HEART SONGS" the song book of the Canadian people. Alone and unaided you could not gather together the songs in "HEART SONGS" in a lifetime. It took four years and the contributions of 20,000 people to do it.

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Your guests will specially relish the frozen dessert if you take care to serve

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