

Social and Personal

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

Mrs. Everard Cotes was entertained this week by the Woman's Press Club of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cockshutt and family are in residence at their summer home, Lyndore.

Mrs. Creighton entertained at the tea hour Thursday, in honor of her guest, Mrs. Crease, of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sarley of Buffalo are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Dawson, 51 Mohawk Street.

Miss Jessie Hope is the hostess of a week-end party of six guests from Toronto, who are at the Kerby.

Mrs. David Waterous held a successful talent tea Thursday, in behalf of the Ladies' Aid of Zion Church.

Mr. and Mrs. George Baker, and the guests of Mrs. James Cockshutt and will leave soon for England.

Miss Taylor, who was the guest of Miss Jessie Hope, at the Kerby, returned this week to St. Catharines.

Mrs. Herbert Yates, Wynarden, gave an enjoyable little luncheon Tuesday in honor of Mrs. A. H. Murray.

Mrs. Ashton Cutcliffe, entertained at the tea hour Tuesday in honor of her guest, Mrs. A. H. Murray of Niagara Falls.

Mrs. Wellington Hunt has gone to Muskoka to spend the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Duckworth, at her summer home.

Mr and Mrs W. Metcalf, Brantford, announce the engagement of their second daughter, Nellie Edith, to Mr. Wilfrid Wilson, son of Mr and Mrs J. J. Wilson, Waterford. The marriage will take place quietly early in August.

A vote for Brewster or a vote for Westbrooke is a vote to endorse prison reform.

1914 May Picked Japan Tea Always the Best! NOW ON SALE AT VANSTONE'S GROCERY

Builder's Hardware HOWIE & FEELY Temple Building - Dalhousie Street

Sutherland's CHOICE WEDDING GIFTS If, during June, you require one or two wedding gifts come and see us. We think you can get from us what you want. J. L. SUTHERLAND

WOULD STARVE FOR CAUSE.



MISS E. SYLVIA PANKHURST

Sylvia Pankhurst, the militant woman suffragette of England, won a victory for "the cause" when she threatened a hunger strike on the steps of the House of Commons unless the Premier consented to receive a delegation of women to discuss the equal franchise question with them. The Premier capitulated.

The marriage of Miss Kathleen Chipman Sweeney, daughter of the Lord Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweeney, to Mr. Cecil Ueblich, of Montreal took place in the Cathedral of St. Albans the Martyr last week. The ceremony was performed by the Lord Bishop, assisted by Canon MacNab. The Cathedral was beautiful with floral decorations of peonies, syringa and palms. The bride entered the church with her uncle, Mr. George Sweeney, who gave her away. She wore a handsome gown of white satin draped with broadened chiffon. The corsage was of fine Limerick lace, and her veil was also Limerick, having belonged to her grand-mother. It was arranged in a cap with a coronet of orange blossoms. It was caught at the neck with pearls, then draped to one shoulder and over the gown to the end of the train. Mrs. Edmunds was matron of honor, and wore a chic gown of rose satin and lace; her hat was black with pink roses, and her bouquet was of pale roses. The bridesmaids were: Miss Ethel Barber and Miss Marjorie Bell, who were gowned in pale pink flowered voile with white lace and apple green sashes. They wore small black tulle hats, and carried pink roses and marguerites. The groomsmen were Mr. Boulden, of Port Hope. After the ceremony, a reception was held at the See House. Mr. Sweeney received the guests in the beautiful drawing-room, and wore a gown of mauve flowered chiffon and hat to match. After the usual toasts, Mr. and Mrs. Liebich left for Muskoka, and on their return will reside in Quebec.

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Were Successful In Music Exams

The result of the examinations in music of the University of Toronto were announced this morning.

Miss E. I. Senn has completed the practical examination for the diploma of licentiate in singing with second-class honors.

The Brantford results were: Junior theory—Pass—1, Miss F. M. Hand; 2, Miss R. Y. Clawsey; 3, Miss M. A. Secord; 4, Miss M. Vardon. Elementary piano—Class II—1, Miss E. M. Penny. Pass—1, Miss E. G. Barber and Miss E. M. Deeny; 2, Wedlake; 4, R. L. Brown. Primary piano—Class II—1, Miss D. E. Small. Pass—1, Miss A. Crooker; 2, Miss M. Ingley and Miss G. McIntosh; 4, Miss R. Y. Clawsey; 5, Miss F. Tomlinson and Miss L. M. Hicks. Junior piano—Pass—1, Miss M. Vardon; 2, Miss M. A. Secord; 3, Miss L. Witmer. Intermediate piano—Class II—1, Miss Z. J. Perry; 2, Miss G. L. Chavé. Pass—1, Miss B. Bingham and Miss F. E. Dixon; 3, Miss R. L. Wood; 4, Miss O. C. Lake; 5, Miss A. L. Edmondson. Junior singing—Class II—1, W. M. Carpenter; 2, Miss M. H. Appleby. Pass—1, Miss H. Mulligan; 2, Miss H. J. Doeringer. Intermediate singing—Class II—1, C. Darwen; 2, Miss E. Phipps; 3, Miss C. E. Chave and Miss O. Graham. Pass—Miss K. M. Keen; 2, Miss C. Wright; 3, Miss C. M. Frain.

Engagements

Miss Otto Fleming, daughter of Mr. W. W. Fleming of Portage la Prairie, and Mr. Alexander McKinney of Campbellford. Marriage in Campbellford in July.

Miss Hazel Amelia Bigger, daughter of Mr. C. A. Bigger of Ottawa, and Mr. John Alexander Dawson, son of the late Mr. Dawson of Toronto.

Miss Marguerite Frest, daughter of Sir Rodolphe Forget, Montreal, and Mr. Alexander Martin of Montreal.

Miss Marion MacLeod, daughter of Mr. John H. MacLeod, of Toronto, and Mr. Frederick S. Crisswell of Edmonton. The marriage, in Lethbridge in July.

Miss Kate Isobel Baird, daughter of Mr. H. Baxton Baird, Toronto, and Mr. Wendell Burpee Ferris of Vancouver, son of Hon. L. P. Ferris of New Brunswick. Marriage in July.

Misses Gladys and Mildred Sanderson will leave on a Tuesday next for Britannia Hotel, Muskoka, where they will spend the summer.

A vote for Brewster or a vote for Westbrooke is a vote to endorse Hydro Electric.

A vote for Brewster or a vote for Westbrooke is a vote to endorse the abolition of prison labor competing with free labor.

DAILY FASHION HINT.



No. 6,651, Miss' Dress.

For dressy occasions, such as graduation and party wear, this model is suitable and dressy. There is a one piece body lining and the outer bodies has body and sleeve in one. The surplus crossing idea is used in the back as well as in the front. The two piece skirt is trimmed with a ruffle which may be omitted.

The dress pattern, No. 6,651, is cut in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Medium size requires 4 1/2 yards of 45 inch bordered woods, 3/4 yd of 40 inch net for body lining, 1 1/4 yards of ribbon for girder; or 3/4 yards of 4 inch plain tan riat.

This 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

Form for pattern order with fields for name, address, and street.

THE RETURN OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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With a single leap he cleared length of the chamber and threw himself against the ancient door. But here he stopped. The mighty bars upon the other side were proof even against such muscles as his. It needed but a moment's effort to convince him of the futility of endeavoring to force that impregnable barrier. There was but one other way, and that led back through the long tunnels to the bowlder a mile beyond the city's walls and then back across the open as he had come to the city first with his Waziri. He realized that to retrace his steps and enter the city from above would mean that he would be too late to save the girl if it were indeed she who lay upon the sacrificial altar above him. But there seemed no other way, and so he turned and ran swiftly back into the passageway beyond the broken wall. At the well he heard again the monotonous voice of the high priestess, and as he glanced aloft the opening, twenty feet above, seemed so near that he was tempted to leap for it in a mad endeavor to reach the inner courtyard that lay so near.

If he could but get one end of his grass rope caught upon some projection at the top of that tantalizing aperture! In the instant's pause and thought an idea occurred to him. He would attempt it. Turning back to the tumbled wall he seized one of the large, flat slabs that had composed it. Hastily making one end of his rope fast to the piece of granite, he returned to the shaft, and, coiling the balance of the rope on the floor beside him, the ape-man took the heavy slab in both hands, and swinging it several times to get the swiftness and the direction fixed, he let the weight fly up at a slight angle, so that instead of falling straight back into the shaft again it grazed the far edge, tumbling over into the court beyond.

Tarzan dragged for a moment upon the slack end of the rope until he felt that the stone was lodged with fair security at the shaft's top, then he swung out over the black depths beneath. The moment his full weight came upon the rope he felt it slip from above. He dropped it a few inches, and it dropped in little jerks, inch by inch. The stone was being dragged up the outside of the masonry surrounding the top of the shaft—would it catch at the very edge or would his weight drag it over to fall upon him as he hurried into the unknown depths below?

For a brief, sickening moment Tarzan felt the slipping of the rope to which he clung and heard the scraping of the block of stone against the masonry above. Then, of a sudden, the rope was still—the stone had caught at the very edge. Gingerly the ape-man clambered up the frail rope. In a moment his head was above the edge of the shaft. The court was empty. The inhabitants of Opar were nowhere to be seen. Tarzan could hear the voice of La from the nearby sacrificial court. The dance had ceased. It must be almost time for the knife to fall, but even as he thought these things he was running rapidly toward the sound of the high priestess' voice.

Fate guided him to the very doorway of the great roofless chamber. Between him and the altar was the long row of priests and priestesses awaiting with their golden cups the spilling of the warm blood of their victim. La's hand was descending slowly toward the bosom of the frail, quiet figure that lay stretched upon the hard stone. Tarzan gave a gasp that was almost a sob as he recognized the features of the girl he loved. Then, then the scar upon his forehead turned to a flaming band of scarlet, a red mist floated before his eyes, and with the awful roar of the bull ape gone mad he sprang like a huge lion into the midst of the votaries.

Seizing the chieftain from the nearest priestess he laid about him like a veritable demon as he forced his way toward the altar. The hand of La had paused at the first noise of interruption. When she saw who the author of it was she went white. She had never been able to fathom the secret of the strange white man's escape from the dungeon in which she had locked him. She had not intended that he should ever leave Opar, for she had looked upon his giant frame and handsome face with the eyes of a woman and not those of a priestess.

In her clever mind she had concocted a story of wonderful revelation from the lips of the flaming god himself, in which she had been ordered to receive this white stranger as a messenger from him to his people on earth. That would satisfy the people of Opar, she knew. The man would be satisfied, she was sure, to remain and be her husband rather than to return to the sacrificial altar.

But when she had gone to explain her plan to him he had disappeared, though the door had been tight locked as she had left it, and now he had returned—mattered from this thin man—and was killing her priests and priestesses as he had been sheep. For the moment she forgot her victim, and before she could gather her wits together again the huge white man was standing before her, the woman who had lain upon the altar in his arms.

"One side, La," he cried. "You saved me once, and so I would not harm you, but do not interfere or attempt to follow, or I shall have to kill you also."

As he spoke he stepped past her toward the entrance to the subterranean vaults. "Who is she?" asked the high priestess, pointing at the unconscious woman. "She is mine," said Tarzan of the Apes.

For a moment the girl of Opar stood wide eyed and staring. Then a look of hopeless misery suffused her eyes. Tears welled into them, and with a little cry, she sank to the cold floor just as a swarm of frightful men dashed past her to leap upon the ape-man.

But Tarzan of the Apes was not there when they reached out to seize him. With a light bound he had disappeared into the passageway leading to the pits below, and when his pursuers came more cautiously after they found the chamber empty, but they laughed and jabbered to one another, for they knew that there was no exit from the pits other than the one through which the face of the cliffs before the Oparians could reach the summit and hurl rocks down upon them. And so it was that he was half a mile down the mountainside ere the fierce little men came panting to the edge.

With cries of rage and disappointment they raged along the cliff top, shaking their daggers and dancing up and down in a perfect passion of anger. But this time they did not pursue beyond the boundary of their own country. Whether it was because they recalled the futility of their former long and irksome search or after witnessing the ease with which the ape-man swung along before them and the last burst of speed they realized the utter hopelessness of further pursuit it is difficult to say, but as Tarzan reacted the woods that began at the base of the foothills which skirted the barrier cliffs they turned their faces once more toward Opar.

Just within the forest's edge, where he could yet watch the cliff tops, Tarzan laid his burden upon the grass and, going to the nearby rivulet, brought water with which he bathed his face and hands, but even this did not revive her, and, greatly worried, he gathered the girl into his strong arms once more and hurried on toward the west.

Late in the afternoon Jane Porter regained consciousness. She did not open her eyes at once. She was trying to recall the scenes that she had last witnessed. Ah! She remembered now. The altar, the terrible priestess, the descending knife. She gave a little shudder, for she thought that either this was death or that the knife had buried itself in her heart and she was experiencing the brief delirium preceding death.

And when finally she mustered courage to open her eyes the sight that met them confirmed her fears, for she saw that she was being borne through a leafy paradise in the arms of her dead love. "If this be death," she murmured, "thank God that I am dead!"

"You spoke, Jane!" cried Tarzan. "You are regaining consciousness!" "Yes, Tarzan of the Apes," she replied, and for the first time in months a smile of peace and happiness lighted her face.

"Thank God!" cried the ape-man, coming to the ground in a little grassy place.

By keeping the corpse between them and their pursuers Tarzan of the Apes managed to cover nearly a mile before the men of Opar rounded the granite sentinel and saw the fugitives before them. With loud cries of savage delight they broke into a mad run, thinking doubtless that they would soon overhaul the burdened runner, but they both underestimated the powers of the ape-man and overestimated the possibilities of their own short, crooked legs.

By maintaining an easy trot Tarzan kept the distance between them al-

Clean, pure and wholesome, a tea you will like.

Red Rose Tea "is good tea"

ways the same. Occasionally he would glance at the face so near his own. Had it not been for the faint beating of the heart pressed so close against his own he would not have known that she was alive, so white and drawn was the poor, tired face.

And thus they came to the flat topped mountain and the barrier cliffs. During the last mile Tarzan had let himself out, running like a deer that he might have ample time to descend the face of the cliffs before the Oparians could reach the summit and hurl rocks down upon them. And so it was that he was half a mile down the mountainside ere the fierce little men came panting to the edge.

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clearing beside the stream. "I was in time after all."

"In time? What do you mean?" she questioned. "In time to save you from death upon the altar, dear," he replied. "Do you not remember?"

"Save me from death!" she asked in a puzzled tone. "Are we not to defend, my Tarzan?"

He had placed her upon the grass by her back resting against the trunk of a huge tree. At her questioning he stepped back where he could the better see her face.

"Dead!" he repeated, and then he laughed. "You are not, Jane, and if you will return to the city of Opar and ask them who dwell there they will tell you that I was not dead a few short hours ago. No, dear, we are both very much alive."

"But both Hazel and M. Thurn told me that you had fallen into the ocean a hundred miles from land," she urged as though trying to convince him that he must indeed be dead. "They said that there was no question but that it must have been you and less that you could have survived or been picked up."

"How can I convince you that I am no spirit?" he asked, with a laugh. "It was I whom the delightful M. Thurn pushed overboard, but I did not drown—I will tell you all about it after awhile—and here I am very much the same wild man you first knew, Jane Porter."

The girl rose slowly to her feet and came toward him. "I cannot even yet believe it," she murmured. "It cannot be that such happiness can be true after all the hideous things that I have passed through these awful months since the lady Alice went down."

She came close to him and laid a hand, soft and trembling, upon his arm.

(To Be Continued.) BORDEN'S BIRTHDAY. OTTAWA, June 26—Several telegrams from all parts of the Dominion, conveying good wishes were received yesterday by Sir Robert Borden on the occasion being his 60th birthday. The Premier was born in Grand Pré, N.S., June 26, 1954.

A vote for Brewster or a vote for Westbrooke is a vote to endorse Hydro Electric.

A vote for Brewster or a vote for Westbrooke is a vote to endorse cheaper school books.

A vote for Brewster or a vote for Westbrooke is a vote to endorse the abolition of prison labor competing with free labor.

Cooling Wash Stops That Itch

Yes—not in half an hour—not in ten minutes—but in 5 seconds. Just a few drops of that mild, soothing, cooling wash, the D. D. D. Prescription, the famous cure for Eczema, and the itch is gone. Your burning skin is instantly relieved and you have absolute protection from all summer skin troubles.

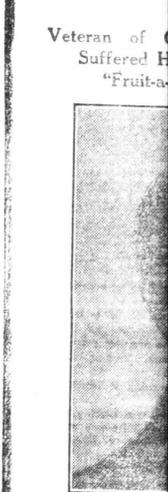
Don't fail to try this famous remedy for any kind of skin trouble—know D. D. D. will give you instant relief.

M. H. Robertson, Druggist, Brantford

For the Children's Sake when you treat them to ice cream, be sure to see that you get Brant Ice Cream. It is made in a model plant under strictly hygienic conditions. Then again, we get all our cream from dairy herds inspected regularly by strict and careful veterinary doctors. There is no danger to you or the children from eating cream produced by tuberculous cows. Nothing but the purest thick pasteurized cream, double distilled flavoring and refined cane sugar goes into Brant Ice Cream. You may serve it to the children without fear—the oftener the better for them. Nothing you can give them will do more good. Brant Ice Cream is fine for the whole family, grown-ups too. Serve it as dessert—they'll appreciate it. Delicate people and invalids will take it when they refuse everything else. One thing to be sure of—be particular that you get Brant Ice Cream; it's wonderfully good. Sold in bricks and in bulk. Ask your dealer for a supply to-day. N.B.—Brant Ice Cream bricks are carefully packed in improved sanitary cartons. Brant Creamery - - Brantford, Ont.

FOUGHT

Veteran of Suffered H "Fruit-



"I am a veteran of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police during the Boer War. I was wounded in the head by a bullet from a Kheismatist, so much so that I was unable to walk. My bowels were paralyzed and I was unable to move the bowels. As a result, the blood had to be removed, the blood had to be removed, the blood had to be removed. To-day, Mr. Walker is cured with Lord Roberts and his Possessions. He is as active as a young man. Try them, your dealers or from Fruit-Active."

Enquiry Today Into the D

QUEBEC, June 26—An enquiry into the conduct of the Dominion Government in the case of the wreck of the C.P.R. will begin this morning. The enquiry is expected to take place in the afternoon at 2 o'clock. K.C. LeBlond, C.P.R. will appear, which is expected to take place in the afternoon at 2 o'clock. An adjournment will be taken for the purpose of counsel for the government will be allowed to reply. Edmund LeBlond, who has conducted the Dominion's end of the enquiry, will be present. It has now been adjourned.

Children's CAS

The Kind You Had in Mind for your Children. All Countries, Experiments that Infants and Children.

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Castoria is a harmless, reliable and contains no other substance. Its use and will cure all the ailments of children. Diarrhoea, indigestion, assimilation, etc. The Children's Friend.

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