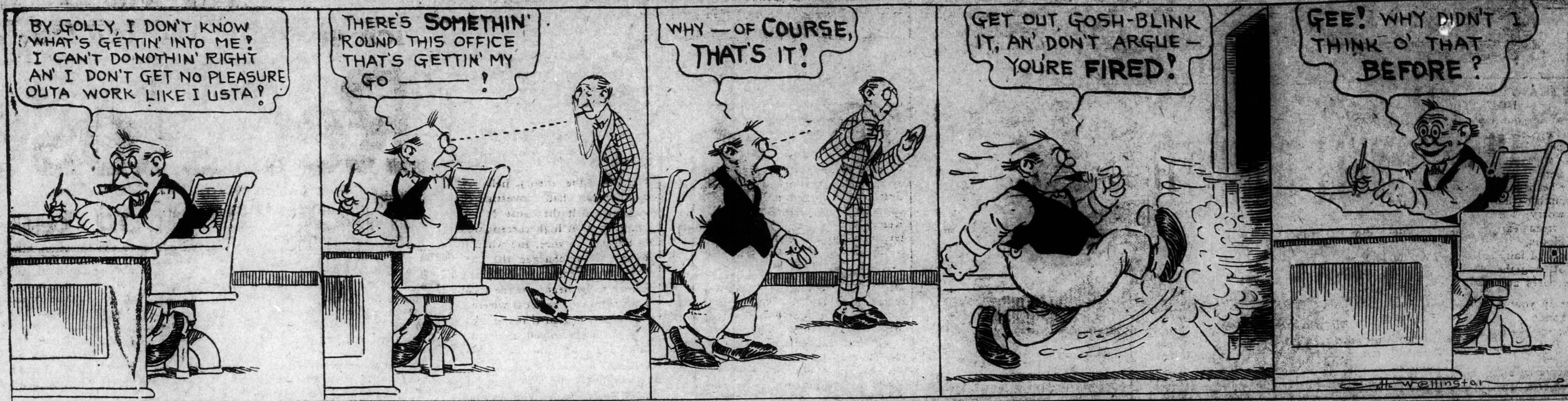


That Son-in-Law of Pa's—By Wellington

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Boy Knight Notes

A most successful social was held at the Boy Knight Armories on Thursday evening.

Despite the disagreeable nature of the weather the building was well filled with the appreciative and attentive audience.

The social was under the auspices of the Boy Knights and the Good Templars. Prof. Hunt acted as chairman, and a very attractive and interesting program was presented. A number of young ladies under the direction of Miss Goodson rendered several choruses with good effect. A Dialogue, "Three Little Mothers," was very effective and caused much laughter. Mr. Earl Matthews contributed a solo, which was sung with much expression. Miss Goodson sang in her usual pleasing manner. Many fine recitations were given, encores being the rule in all cases, these were by Mr. Weaver, Mr. Bennett, Miss Callender, Beatrice Kendrick, Mr. John Hawke and Lillian Clarke.

Miss Hamilton sang a dialect song that was well received.

Mr. James Hawke, on behalf of the Good Templars, made a splendid address setting forth the aim and object of the society and the work that they were doing. He also commented most favorably on the work of the boy knights and their steady and progressive growth, and the

good work that they were doing. It was the intention of the trustees to try and furnish every boy belonging with suitable recreation and amusement.

They would therefore take a leading part in such sports as it was possible for them, and participate in. At the conclusion of the program the Boy Knights distributed the Cup Lancers etc., and served coffee while the girl companions served the cake in their usual pleasing manner.

Cricket

The Brantford City League Schedule has been drawn up and the dates set as follows:

May 23rd—Grace Church at St. Georges.

June 13th—St. Georges at Paris.

June 20th—Paris at Grace Church.

July 11th—Grace Church at Paris.

July 25th—Paris at St. Georges.

Aug. 1st—St. Georges at Grace Church.

Only three teams have entered so far, but it is hoped more entries will come to hand before the closing date which is May 4th. If not, the executive will, in all possibility, arrange for a double schedule with the three teams already entered.

The Western Ontario Cricket League is meeting to-day in Galt, the Brantford representatives being Messrs. J. F. Bryden and Charles Smith.

Various Pennant Chances

In a trifle over a month's time the Canadian league pennant chasers will be off on their four months' fight for the championship of the J. P. Fitzgerald circuit and the gonfalon that goes with the highest honors. To attempt to pick out the winner would be suicide, for the personnel of the clubs is not yet decided on, and in the case of at least four of the eight cities very few of last year's squad remains. Of course Frank Shaughnessy with his 103 stars who hogged the honors of combat, is conceded the usual first place position by the dyed in the wool fans, but Shaq will have to improve that pitching corps materially if he expects to make it three straight championships, also New York Giants and others of big league calibre. Kane, Kluhat, Donovan and a few other pick-ups, who so far have been mentioned as the Senator's heavy lifting, will not do, and probably no person realizes this better than Mr. Shaughnessy. So much for Ottawa. They will be up there fighting as usual, but their pitchers will hardly do. Look out for several changes in that department.

In the case of London, one has to depend on Doc Reising's ability to produce. The former Washington twirler has good financial backing and the chance to go the limit to give the Cockneys a winner, and if he does any better than Ruben Deaneau when the reuben was in charge of affairs up west, he will have accomplished some feat. London appears to be the second choice in the winter books, although their squad is still an unknown quantity. The same applies to Brantford, Erie, Toronto and Peterboro. St. Thomas, with its refusal to bid high for ball tossers, will enter the fight with practically the same club as last year. In Midge Craven the Saints have a hustling pilot who never stops fighting till the game is over and the decision announced. They'll be somewhere in the vicinity when the laurels are being distributed.

Now for Hamilton. All this city has up to date is a muddy, improvement needing ball park on Barton street; four or five of last year's stalwarts would can be testified to, and a number of new aspirants who will not show their wares till April 8. However, to counteract this lack of evidence, Hamiltonians have unbounded enthusiasm in the ability of Manager Bob Yates the Philadelphia lad, to come through with a first division club, and the fans are hoping and praying that the new manager's connection with Connie Mack will result in several likely looking recruits from the Athletics and Baltimore Orioles coming this way. The whole city is behind Yates, and he will be encouraged.

This is the situation. When the local squad arrives for spring practice one can talk more intelligently of their abilities and failings, and in this way get a correct line on their chances in the hunt for honors.

Baseball nearly dead in Galt, for several years, promises resurrection at a meeting to organize a semi-professional baseball team to be entered in the Western Ontario League, tomorrow evening. The league will be composed of six teams—Stratford, Berlin, Woodstock, Guelph, Galt and Brantford. Those behind the movement to have a team in Galt say the prospects are exceptionally good and lines have been secured on five players. At present a big baseball campaign is on in Galt. Four teams will constitute a town league and a strong team will enter the county league.

That mysterious figure 13. On the 13th of May last year "Wild Bill" Baker, the big St. Thomas hurler, held Berlin hitless, and on August 13 Kirby, of Guelph, held the Saints without a bingle. The only other no-hit game was registered against Peterboro, Baker doing the trick on May 17. Baker was the most talented of men in the league that week. Well, and if you look up the records you will probably see that Brantford released this fellow Baker on the thirteenth.

Tarzan of The Apes

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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CHAPTER XIII. The Jungle Trail.

EARLY the following morning Tarzan awoke, and the first thought of the new day, as the last of yesterday, was of the wonderful writing which lay hidden in his quiver.

Hurriedly he brought it forth, hoping against hope that he could read what the beautiful white girl had written there the preceding evening. At the first glance he suffered the bitter disappointment of his whole life. He was baffled by strange, uncouth characters the like of which he had never seen before! Why, they even tipped in the opposite direction from all that he had ever examined either in printed books or the difficult script of the few letters he had found.

For twenty minutes he pored over them, when suddenly they commenced to "take familiar" thoughts distorted shapes. Ah, they were his old friends, but badly crippled! Then he began to make out a word here and a word there. His heart leaped for joy. He could read it, and he would.

In another half hour he was progressing rapidly, and, but for an exceptional word now and again he found it very plain sailing.

Here is what he read:

West coast of Africa, about 10 degrees south latitude. (So Mr. Clayton says.) Dearest Hazel—It seems foolish to write you a letter that you may never see, but I simply must tell somebody of our awful experiences since we sailed from Europe on the ill-fated Arrow.

If we never return to civilization, as now seems only too likely, this will at least prove a brief record of the events which led up to our fate, whatever it may be. As you know, we were supposed to have set out upon a scientific expedition to the Congo. Papa was presumed to entertain some wonderful theory of an unbreakable ancient civilization, the remains of which lay buried somewhere in the Congo valley. But after we were well upon the trail, he came out.

It seems that an old bookworm who has a book and curio shop in Baltimore discovered some old leaves of a very old Spanish manuscript a letter written in 1550, detailing the adventures of a crew of mutineers of a Spanish galleon bound from Spain to South America with a vast treasure of "doubletons" and "pieces of eight." I suppose, for they certainly sound weird as yet.

The writer had been one of the crew, and the letter was to his son, who was at the time the letter was written master of a Spanish merchantman.

Many years had elapsed since the events the letter narrated had transpired, and the old man had become a respected citizen of an obscure Spanish town, but the love of gold was still so strong upon him that he risked all to attain his son with the means of acquiring fabulous wealth for them both.

The writer told how when but a week out from Spain the crew had mutinied and murdered every officer and man who opposed them. They defeated their own ends by this very act, for there was none left competent to navigate a ship at sea.

They were blown hither and thither for two months until, sick and dying of scurvy, starvation and thirst, they had been wrecked on a small islet. The galleon was washed high upon the beach, where she went to pieces, but not before the survivors, who numbered but ten souls, had rescued one of the great chests of treasure. This they buried well upon the island, and for three years they lived there in constant hope of being rescued.

One by one they died until only one man was left, the writer of the letter. The men had built a boat from the wreckage of the galleon; but, having no idea where the island was located, they had dared not to put to sea. When all were dead except himself, however, the awful loneliness so weighed upon the mind of the sole survivor that he could endure it no longer, and, choosing to risk death upon a few odds rather than madness on the lonely isle, he set sail in his little boat after nearly a year of solitude.

Fortunately he sailed due north and within a week was in the track of the Spanish merchantmen plying between the West Indies and Spain and was picked up by one of these vessels homeward bound.

When papa explained the real nature of the expedition my heart sank, for I know so well how visionary and impractical the poor dear has always been that I feared that he had again been duped, especially when he told me that he had paid a thousand dollars for the letter and map.

To add to my distress I learned that he had borrowed \$10,000 more from Robert Canler and had given his notes for the amount.

Mr. Canler had asked for no security, and you know, dearie, what that will mean for me if papa cannot meet them. Oh, how I detest that man!

We all tried to look on the bright side of this, but Philander and Mr. Clayton—he joined us in London just for the adventure—both felt as skeptical as I.

To make a long story always been that I feared that he had again been duped, especially when he told me that he had paid a thousand dollars for the letter and map.

It was simply filled with gold coin and was so heavy that four men bent beneath its weight.

The horrid thing seems to bring nothing but murder and misfortune to those who have to do with it, for three days after we sailed from the Cape Verde islands our own crew mutinied and killed every one of our officers.

It was the most terrifying experience one could imagine. I cannot even write of it.

They were going to kill us, too, but one of them, the leader, a man named King, would not let them, and so they sailed south along the coast of Africa, and here they landed and left us.

They sailed away with the treasure gold, but Mr. Clayton says they will meet with a fate similar to the mutineers of the ancient galleon, because King, the only man aboard who knew anything of navigation, was murdered on the beach by one of the men of the day we landed.

I wish you could know Mr. Clayton. He is the dearest fellow imaginable, and, unless I am mistaken, he has fallen very much in love with poor little me.

He is the only son of Lord Greystoke and some day will inherit the title and estates. In addition, he is wealthy in his own right. But the fact that he is going to be an English lord makes me very sad.

You know what my sentiments have always been relative to American girls who marry little fellows like you. Oh, it was only a plain American gentleman!

Then we have another weird neighbor, who printed a beautiful sign in English and tacked it on the door of his cabin, which we have been using, warning us to destroy none of his belongings and signing himself "Tarzan of the Apes."

We have never seen him, though we think he is about for one of the sailors who was going to shoot Mr. Clayton in the back received a spear in his shoulder from me when he was in the jungle.

The sailors left us but a meager supply of food, so, as we have only a single revolver with but three cartridges left in it, we do not know how we can procure meat, though Mr. Philander says that we can exist indefinitely on the wild fruit and nuts which abound in the jungle.

I am very tired now, so I shall go to my funny bed of grasses which Mr. Clayton gathered for me, but will arise again tomorrow, day to day as things happen. Lovingly, JANE PORTER.

To Hazel Strong, Baltimore, Maryland. Tarzan sat in a brown study for a long time after he finished reading the letter. It was filled with so many new and wonderful things that his brain was in a whirl as he attempted to digest them all.

So they did not know that he was Tarzan of the Apes. He would tell them. In his tree he had constructed a rude shelter of leaves and boughs, beneath which, protected from the rain, he had placed the few treasures brought from the cabin. Among these were some pencils.

He took one, and beneath Jane Porter's signature he wrote, "I am Tarzan of the Apes."

He thought that would be sufficient. Later he would return the letter to the cabin.

In the matter of food, thought Tarzan, they had no need to worry—he would provide, and he did.

The next morning Jane Porter found her missing letter in the exact spot from which it had disappeared two nights before. She was mystified, but when she saw the printed words beneath her signature she felt a chill run up her spine. She showed the letter, or rather the last sheet with the signature, to Clayton.

"Go, think," she said, "that uncanny thing was probably watching me all the time that I was writing—oh, it makes me shudder just to think of it."

"But he must be friendly," reassured Clayton, "for he has returned your letter, nor did he offer to harm you, and unless I am mistaken he left a very substantial memento of his friendship outside the cabin door last night, for I just found the carcass of a wild boar there as I came out."

From then on scarcely a day passed that did not bring its offering of game or other food. Sometimes it was a young deer, again a quantity of strange food, cassava cakes pilfered from the village of Ilbona, or a boar, or leopard, and once a lion.

Tarzan derived the greatest pleasure of his life in hunting meat for these strangers. It seemed to him that no pleasure on earth could compare with laboring for the welfare and protection of the beautiful white girl.

Some day he would venture into the camp in daylight and talk with these people through the medium of the little bugs which were familiar to them and to Tarzan.

But he found it difficult to overcome the timidity of the wild thing of the forest, and so day followed day without seeing a fulfillment of his good intentions.

The party in the camp, emboldened by familiarity, wandered farther and farther into the jungle in search of nuts and fruit.

Scarcely a day passed that did not find Professor Porter straying in his preoccupied indifference toward the laws of death. Mr. Samuel T. Philander, never what one might call robust, was worn to the shadow of a shadow through the ceaseless worry and mental distraction resultant from his herculean efforts to safeguard the professor.

A month passed. Tarzan had finally determined to visit the camp by daylight.

It was early afternoon. Clayton had wandered to the point at the harbor's mouth to look for passing vessels. Here he kept a great mass of wood which high piled ready to be ignited as a signal should a steamer or a sail top the far horizon.

Professor Porter was wandering along the beach south of the camp, with Mr. Philander at his elbow urging him to turn his steps back before the two became again the sport of some savage beast.

The others gone, Jane Porter and Esmeralda had wandered into the jungle to gather fruit and in their search were led farther and farther from the cabin.

Tarzan waited in silence before the door of the little house until they should return.

His thoughts were of the beautiful white girl. They were always of her now. He wondered if she would fear him, and the thought all but caused him to relinquish his plan.

While he waited he passed the time printing a message to her. Whether he intended giving it to her he himself could not have told, but he took infinite pleasure in seeing his thoughts expressed in print, in which he was not so uncivilized after all. He wrote:

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You are mine. We will live here together always in my house, and I will bring you the best fruits, the tenderest deer, the finest meats that roam the jungle.

I will hunt for you. I am the mightiest of the jungle fighters.

You are Jane Porter. I saw it in your letter. When you see this you will know that it is for you and that Tarzan of the Apes loves you.

As he stood, straight as a young Indian, by the door waiting, after he had finished the message, there came to his keen ears a familiar sound. It was the passing of a great ape through the lower branches of the forest.

For an instant he listened intently, and then from the jungle came the agonized scream of a woman, and Tarzan of the Apes, dropping his first joy letter upon the ground, shot like a panther into the forest.

Clayton also heard the scream, and Professor Porter and Mr. Philander, and in a few minutes they came panting to the cabin, calling out to each other as they approached a volley of excited questions. A glance within confirmed their worst fears.

Jane Porter and Esmeralda were not there.

Instantly Clayton, followed by the two old men, plunged into the jungle, calling the girl's name aloud. For half an hour they stumbled on until Clayton, by merest chance, came upon the prostrate form of Esmeralda.

He stooped beside her, feeling for her pulse and then listening for her heart beats. She lived. He shook her. "Esmeralda!" he shrieked in her ear. "Esmeralda! Where is Miss Porter? What has happened? Esmeralda!"

Slowly the black opened her eyes. She saw Clayton. She saw the jungle about her.

"Oh, Gabriel!" she screamed and fainted again.

By this time Professor Porter and Mr. Philander had come up. "What shall we do, Mr. Clayton?" asked the old professor. "Where shall we look? Heaven could not have been so cruel as to take my little girl away from the now."

"We must rouse Esmeralda first," replied Clayton. "She can tell us what has happened. Esmeralda!" he cried again, shaking the black woman roughly by the shoulder.

"Oh, Gabriel. Ah wants to die!" cried the poor woman, but with eyes fast closed. "Lemme die, but don't lemme see dat awful face again! Whafer de devil round after me?" Esmeralda? She ain't done nuffin' for nobody."

(To be Continued.)

POINTED PARAGRAPHS. But a girl who is an expert at making angel cake may have a demonic disposition.

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THE BEAUTIFUL LAND NOD.

Come, cuddle your head on my dear, dear, Your head like the gold And we will go sailing—here!

To the beautiful land of Away from life's hurry, and worry.

Away from earth's sh gloom, To a world of fair weather off together, Where roses are always

Just shut up your eyes and hands Your hands like the leaves And we will go sailing to lands, That never an atlas shows On the North and West bounded by rest,

On the South and East 'Tis the country ideal, who is real But everything only seems

Just drop down the curtain eyes, Those eyes like a bright And we will sail out unskies,

To the land where the f Down the river of sleep—shall sweep, Till it reaches that myst Which no man hath seen, all have been,

And there we will pau I will croon you a song along, To that shore that that is God,

Then, hot for that fair off for that rare land That beautiful land of N

Miss Ross, Embro is the Mrs. Orr Duferin avenue

Lady Mackenzie is in guest at the Chateau Laur

Dr. Charles Leeming has from a weeks sojourn in C

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. W day to spend a week in At

Mrs. George Andrews avenue, is a week-end visit onto.

Mrs. Charles Leeming, Dorothy Leeming are visit York—last Wednesday night

Mrs. Feldkamp, Sheridan Friday to visit her mother, of Buffalo.

Mrs. Whitelaw of Wood the guest of her sister, Mrs. ferin avenue.

Mrs. F. A. Popplewell, is removing next week to home on William street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H turned to town on Monday spending a few weeks in I

Mrs. Gordon Harris week-end visitor of Mrs. J returned to Toronto on

Mr. L. VanWestrum Park, will leave, this afternoon, sailing from Ne Monday the 6th.

Miss Donkin who has b her sister Mrs. E. J. Mab avenue, left Wednesday for en route to her home in

Dr. Dewar of Windsor, Mrs. Robert Henry, has house in England. He, and family sail in the ne spend the summer abroad

The house wedding of Louise Newman, to M Graves Billings, to M take place at the parent Mr. and Mrs. Newman o

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