

SOCIETY

BLUE AND WHITE VOILE.

We trust that somehow good
Shall be the final goal of ill,
For pangs of nature, sins of guile,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood.
That nothing walks with aimless feet
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as useless to the wind,
When God shall make his pile com-
plete.
—Tennyson.

Miss May Beme, Peterboro, is the guest of Miss M. Ballachey, Brant Avenue.

Mr and Mrs James Sutherland, Dufferin Avenue, spent Wednesday in Toronto.

Mrs John Hope and Miss Jessie Hope of Toronto, are guests at the Kerby for a few days.

Mr and Mrs Bruce Wallace of London, were holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Wallace, Nelson St.

Mr. F. Cockshutt and Mr. E. L. Gould, were in Toronto, part of the week, investigating in behalf of the parks department in town.

During his stay in town, Mr. Adams, head of the park and road planning company in London, Eng., was a guest at the Kerby.

The ladies of the Brantford Golf Club have accepted an invitation from the Galt Ladies Golf Club to play a match on their links on June 10th.

Mrs. David Waterous entertained informally at the tea hour on Wednesday, when a few intimate friends of the bride-to-be, Miss Elsie Cockshutt were in evidence in her honor.

Mrs H. McKenzie Wilson and Miss Nelles are in Toronto the guests of their sister, Mrs. Sydney Sykes. They attended the Royal garden party at Craigleigh Thursday afternoon.

The hostess at the Golf Club tea this afternoon are Mesdames T. S. Wade, J. E. Waterous, C. H. Waterous, D. J. Waterous, C. A. Waterous, Misses H. Waterous, L. O. Watt, M. Watts.

Mr. J. Castle Hopkins, F.S.S., in connection with his varied writings upon Imperial and Canadian topics, has recently been advised of his election as a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

The bridesmaids at the Baker-Cockshutt wedding next Wednesday will be, Miss Greta Moffat (Calgary), maid of honor; the Misses Lillian Allan, Willa Gage, Edythe Stanley, Beth Fudger, all of Toronto.

Mrs. S. W. Steadman entertained on Thursday afternoon, when Miss Elsie Cockshutt was the raison d'être of a pleasant little verandah party. Tea and chatter and groups of girls in smart gowns made a pretty picture all of a summer day, when all too soon the time passed when one had to say good bye to the kind hostess.

All creeds and classes unite in contemplating the Venerable Archdeacon Mackenzie on the thirty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate, which will occur to-morrow. Full of years and happiness, with the esteem of a congregation, who fully appreciate his worth, and with the affection of a devoted family. It is the sincere wish of every one that he (and Mrs. Mackenzie) may long be spared to adorn the walk in life they so worthily fill.

Mrs. C. C. Fissette, Darling street, in a pretty blue silk gown, was the hostess at the tea hour Friday, in honor of the bride-elect Miss Elsie Cockshutt. The pretty rooms were thronged with many visitors, and were attractively arranged with lilies and lilacs, quantities of roses being used on the tea table, where Mrs. F. C. Ramsay and Mrs. E. C. Ashton, presided, assisted by The Misses Lillian Wisner, Marion Yeigh, Helen Waterous, May Wilson, Norah Wallale, Nan Powell, Dorothy Wilkes.

Friday was an ideal day for a jaunt in the country. Away went a merry party by motor, up the tree-lined pathway, with nature at her prettiest, and soon they reached Myrtle Grove Farm, the hospitable home of Miss Fanny and Miss Ethel Good, who cordially welcomed the party to a high tea in honor of Miss Norah Frank the bride-to-be. The rooms were prettily arranged with quantities of wild flowers, lilacs and lily-of-the-valley. The motor ride home through the balmy air of night finished a delightful party.

You will like the rich strength and full flavor.

Red Rose Tea "is good tea"



This airy summer frock is most simply made, the three-piece skirt hangs straight and undraped and over this is worn a bodice and tunic of striped blue and white voile, the skirt being of the plain blue. The blouse is in kimono style with surplice closing and has a narrow stand-away collar of white batiste. The little gathered tunic is bordered by a wide ruche of the plain blue voile—a similar ruche trimming the elbow sleeve. Character is given the frock by the use of old blue silk as a girde, a large rosette of the same being placed to the right of the front.

Mrs. A. T. Duncan, Brant Avenue, has returned from a visit to Toronto.

Mrs. Walter Hatley of New York is the guest of Mrs. George Hatley, Albion street.

Miss Gregory and Miss MacPherson, Toronto, were week-end visitors of Mrs. E. C. Ashton.

Mr and Mrs Cairns of Hamilton were week-end visitors of Mrs. Chas. Leeming, Brant Avenue.

Mr Burton Wilkes has returned to the parental home from his Alma Mater McGill, in Montreal.

Mr and Mrs. Chester Harris will sail on June 3rd by the S.S. Alsatian from Quebec to Liverpool.

Mrs. Caspers of Calcutta is at present in London, England, and expects to visit friends in town in July.

Mr. Hugh Mackenzie, general manager B.B.N.A., Montreal, is a week end visitor at the rectory, Albion St.

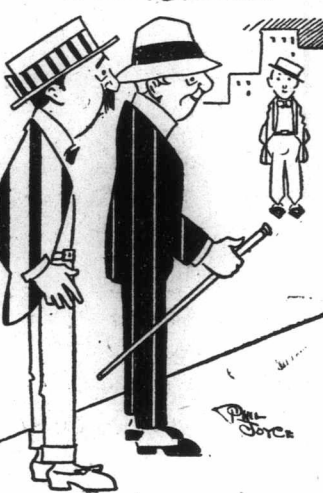
Mrs. Thompson of Quebec, who was the guest of Mrs. Cummings Nelles, Albion street, left town on Monday.

Yesterday afternoon their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, held a garden party for children, from four to six o'clock.

The Golf club was en fête Thursday evening, when Miss Jean and Miss Annette Burt were the hostesses at one of the hostesses, at one of the jolliest dances of the season at the popular resort. Musgrave and his enchanting strains delighted the music lovers, and the new dances were to the fore in their alluring attractiveness. Later a dainty supper was served, when a few extra dances finished the enjoyable evening.

Many friends welcome to town Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeanette Duncan), the distinguished Canadian writer, whom we claim with admiration not unmingled with pride as a native of our little city. Mrs. Cotes story, "His Royal Happiness" is running in serial in the Ladies' Home Journal, and is beautifully illustrated. It is perhaps the author's most popular novel, and is to be dramatized in the near future.

(Additional Social on Page 2)



PLEASANT WORK.
Brown has a nice little business of his own now.
Oh, has he? What kind?
He's looking after his new wife's property.

THE RETURN OF TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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When the yacht had passed the man resumed the conversation that her appearance had broken off.

"Yes," he said. "I like America very much. I met some very delightful people while I was there. I recall one family from your own city, Miss Strong, whom I liked particularly—Professor Porter and his daughter."

"Jane Porter?" exclaimed the girl. "Do you mean to tell me that you know Jane Porter? Why, she is the very best friend I have in the world. We are as dear to each other as sisters, and now that I am going to lose her I am almost heartbroken."

"Going to lose her?" exclaimed Tarzan. "Why, what do you mean? Oh, yes, I understand. You mean that now that she is married and living in England you will seldom, if ever, see her."

"Yes," replied the girl. "And the saddest part of it all is that she is not marrying the man she loves. Oh, it is terrible! Marrying from a sense of duty! I think it is perfectly wicked, and I told her so. But Jane Porter has convinced herself that she is doing the only honorable thing that she can do, and nothing in the world will prevent her from marrying Lord Greystoke except Greystoke himself or death."

"I am sorry for her," said Tarzan. "And I am sorry for the man she loves," said the girl. "For he loves her, I never met him, but from what Jane tells me he must be a very wonderful person. It seems that he was born in an African jungle and brought up by fierce, anthropoid apes. He had never seen a white man or woman until Professor Porter and his party were marooned on the coast right at the threshold of his tiny cabin. He saved them from all manner of terrible beasts and accomplished the most wonderful feats imaginable, and then to cap the climax he fell in love with Jane and she with him, though she never really knew it for sure until she had promised herself to Lord Greystoke."

"Most remarkable," murmured Tarzan, "cudgeling his brain for some pretext upon which to turn the subject. He delighted in hearing Hazel Strong talk of Jane, but when he was the subject of the conversation he was bored and embarrassed. But he was given a respite, for the girl's mother joined them and the talk became general."

The next few days passed uneventfully. The sea was quiet. The sky was clear. The steamer plowed steadily on toward the south without pause.

One of the first things that Tarzan noticed in conversation with a stranger, a man he had not seen on board before, as he approached the couple the man bowed to the girl and turned to walk away. "Wait, M. Thurman," said Miss Strong. "You must meet Mr. Caldwell. We are all fellow passengers and should be acquainted."

The two men shook hands. As Tarzan looked into the eyes of M. Thurman he was struck by the strange familiarity of their expression.

M. Thurman appeared ill at ease. Tarzan paid little heed to the conversation that ensued—he was attempting to recall where he had met M. Thurman before. That it had been under peculiar circumstances he was positive. Presently the sun reached them and the girl asked M. Thurman to move her chair further back into the shade. Tarzan happened to be watching the man at the time and noticed the awkward manner in which he handled the chair—his left wrist was stiff. That clasp was sufficient—a sudden train of associated ideas did the rest.

M. Thurman had been trying to find an answer to a question that had been asked him in the conversation following the moving of their position gave him an opportunity to make his excuses. Bowing low to Miss Strong and inclining his head to Tarzan, he turned to leave them.

Just a moment," said Tarzan. "If Miss Strong will pardon me I will accompany you. I shall return in a moment, Miss Strong."

M. Thurman looked uncomfortable. When the two men had passed out of the girl's sight, Tarzan stopped, laying a heavy hand on the other's shoulder.

"What is your game now, Roko?" he asked.

"I am leaving France as I promised you," replied the other in a surly voice. "I see you are," said Tarzan, "but I know you so well that I can scarcely believe that your being on the same boat with me is purely a coincidence. If I could believe it the fact that you are in disguise would immediately disabuse my mind of any such idea."

"Well," growled Roko with a shrug. "I cannot see what you are going to do about it. The vessel flies the English flag. I have as much right on board her as you, and from the fact that you are booked under an assumed name I imagine that I have more right."

"We will not discuss it, Roko. All I wanted to say to you is that you must keep away from Miss Strong—she is a decent woman."

Roko turned scarlet. "If you don't I shall pitch you overboard," continued Tarzan. "Do not forget that I am just waiting for some excuse." Then he turned on his heel and left Roko standing there trembling with suppressed rage. He did not see the man again for days, but Roko was not idle. In his stateroom with Paulvitch he fumed

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20 only Beautiful White Embroidered Dresses, in Crepe, Voiles, in many styles, some with double skirt and finished with silk and satin girdle. Sale price... **\$8.50, \$10.00, \$12.00 to \$18.50**

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4 pieces Cotton Ratine, 27 in. wide, colors helio, pink, sky and white. Regular 50c. Sale price, yard..... **39c**
40 in. Ratine, rough weave, colors Helio, Sky, Tan, Delft Blue and White. Regular 65c. Sale price..... **49c**
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