

The Sealed Valley

By HULBERT FOOTNER

Author of "Jack Chanty"

(From Monday's Daily.)
Philippe, with a startled side look at Ralph, remonstrated with her anxiously.

"I tell you speak English," said Nahnya calmly. "He is my friend as much as you."

Ralph's sore and humbled heart took what comfort it might from this.

"Well, it's easy," said Philippe with a shrug of bravado. "One is fat and one is scrawny and one is crazy. There was no man in our boat but me."

"Suppose you kill them," said Nahnya. "What we do after?"

He answered in Cree. "You will stay here with me after?" she repeated.

Ralph's face flushed. "Nahnya—" he began hotly.

She ignored him. "There is no place here for you," she said to Philippe, cold and accusatory as a high priestess. "You are half white; you are bad like a white man and a red man together! I hear them talk of you around the country."

"You make yourself crazy with whisky and fight for nothing at all. Because you are strong you do what you like. You make trouble all ways where you go."

"You say you hate white men, but you can't stay away from them because they have whisky. You are not white, you are not red, you are nothing. There is no place for you here."

All this was balm to Ralph's jealousy. He looked on the ground to keep from showing any triumph over the discomfited young bravo.

After debating with herself Nahnya said to Philippe, pointing down the slope: "You go down there." To Ralph: "You wait here, I go by myself and think what to do."

While Ralph and the half-breed glowered at each other from twenty paces distance, and the heavy-eyed, dispirited Kitty crouched at Ralph's elbow, disregarded by all, Nahnya went away and sat on the edge of the rocks, doubling her back and digging her knuckles into her cheeks while she struggled with her problem.

St. Jean Bateese, Charley Crossford, Ahmek, and Myeengun approached over the meadow laden with the weapons, food, and blankets that Nahnya had ordered them to bring.

Arriving at the foot of the slope where the stream entered its rocky gulch, they cast down their packs and, with a glance at the sun, instinctively set about building a fire and preparing a meal. They looked with curious side glances at the new stranger who had found his way into their domain.

After a long time Nahnya arose. Ralph read in her face that her mind was made up. He hastened to meet her, and Philippe likewise came bounding up the slope. However, Nahnya was not yet ready to divulge her plans. All she said was:

"Let us eat."

Her look was unfathomable. They were obliged to contain their impatience as best they could.

All sat in the grass at the foot of the hill. It was a strangely assorted company: Kitty, Ralph, Nahnya, and Philippe sat on one side of the fire, with the four Indians facing them from the other. Nahnya's face was smooth and composed, Philippe looked sullen, Ralph reckless and despairing, while Kitty's lips trembled, and her eyes continually filled.

The Indian lady stared at the strangers with beady black eyes, expressing a mixture of animal curiosity and human unconcern. No one of the company had any disposition to talk except St. Jean Bateese, who, with his native politeness, felt that it was incumbent upon him to tide

the meal over pleasantly. He mended on in his soft and depressing voice, illustrating his simple remarks with quaint reticulation. It disturbed him not at all when no one listened.

"There is a yellow ring around the sun to-day. To-morrow will be much rain at night. It is good. The berries will ripen good. This is a year of plenty for the people. When come the leaves fall the heartfolk will be fat and tender of the berries, with much-thick warm coats. I think."

"The bear he is lak a man, him lak to mak' fun when him feel good. One tam I see a bear play beside a stream. He is alone. He think nobody see him. He feel ver' good. He run and dance and fall down and laugh and turn his head because he feel so good. I laugh me till my ribs are sore."

When Nahnya arose from the grass they all followed suit. Without any preamble she said quietly: "Now I will tell you what I have thought."

All hung on her words except the two younger boys, who knew no English.

She darted an inexplicable look on Ralph, and said with odd abruptness: "Ralph and Kitty will go out to Jim Sholto."

Ralph flushed painfully. "I will not go!" he cried. "Send her! I know I've no right to dictate to you; I brought all this on you. But that gives a right to stay here and help you out of it as much as I can. Afterward I'll not trouble you. You needn't fear that. I'll go."

Nahnya lowered her head. "I sorry," she murmured. "You mus' go!"

Ralph argued desperately against his own convictions. He had had such proof of Nahnya's foresight, that he could not but believe she was right now, as she had been before.

"I know I can't hold a gun," he cried. "But I can advise you. There are other things—If there is any risk to be taken it is my right. What is life worth to me?"

Nahnya turned from him sharply. She issued a quick order in Cree, and Ralph was seized by the three Indian youths and Philippe. He was helpless in their hands. At the sight of his pain-distorted face Kitty screamed.

Nahnya spoke peremptorily, and thereafter they handled him more gently. Nahnya herself kept her back turned to him. They wound a rope loosely about Ralph's body, pinning both his arms. Ralph drained the dregs of his bitter cup.

He did not speak again.

"You take them out to Jim Sholto," Nahnya said in English to Philippe. "You tell Jim Sholto not to let him loose till he tak' him away from here, so he not make trouble."

After a pause she went on: "After you go to Joe Mixer, you tell him it is too late to come in to-night. Tell him come to-morrow. Tell him Annie Crossford will not fight."

Philippe started to protest. "It is my plan," said Nahnya coolly. "I tell you all when it is time. You mus' stay in Joe Mixer's camp to-night. Soon as light comes you mus' get up. You mus' leave their camp without wake them up. You mus' go up the gulch past the hole in the rock and around the bend. I wait for you there."

"Start now," she went on. "Take a blanket and plenty ammunition and dry moose meat. Cache it by the hole in the rock when you go out. Bring it in the morning. You are going on a long trip."

Philippe muttered sullenly in Cree. "I tell you in the morning," said Nahnya coolly. "You don't have to go unless you want."

Philippe shrugged. He turned to make ready. "I have a blanket at

Courier Daily: Pattern Service

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GIRL'S ONE-PIECE YOKE DRESS.

By Anabel Worthington.



Mothers of school girls will find that the terrors of the "awkward age" are entirely obliterated when a frock like No. 8500 is selected to conceal the angles.

Blue serge is of course the material that one immediately thinks of, and a patent leather belt, to say nothing of white orandy or embroidered linen collar and cuffs, will leave very little to be desired.

The upper part of the dress is a yoke while the lower part is gathered to it and the line from yoke to hem is unbroken save for the belt, which holds the dress in the least bit at the waistline. The side or Russian, closing is a new feature. The use of the pockets is optional. Either the long or the short sleeves may be used.

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Joe Mixer's camp," he said. "Take mine," said Nahnya. "Leave your blanket lie there when you get up, so they not know right away that you go away."

Nahnya sent Ahmek back to the mouth of the creek for a double handful of gold-dust to give Philippe.

The preparations were quickly made. All this while Ralph stood still and silent, looking straight before him. There was something proud in his abasement.

His face was composed except for the eyes, which glowed with a kind of exaltation of pain.

He was thinking with a somber satisfaction of the bottomless black hole that yawned in the stream bed. "A step off the bridge ends it," he said to himself, and was impatient to get there.

As they turned to start down beside the stream, Nahnya, alarmed by Ralph's silence, stole a look into his face. To her foreseeing eyes his intention was written there as clearly as if he had proclaimed it. She became deathly pale.

"Wait!" she said faintly. "I—I will go with you through the cave. Wait for me inside." To Ralph she said without looking at him: "I want

to speak with you."

A spasm of reawakened hope, doubt, pain convulsed his face. It was the pain that a man peacefully dead of asphyxiation feels when the reviving oxygen is forced into his lungs, dragging him back over the border. Nevertheless, Nahnya saw that he had given up his grim intention.

Philippe, Ralph, and Kitty disappeared inside the cave. Nahnya drew St. Jean Bateese a little way to the slope apart from the boys, and made him sit beside her at the edge of the rocks. "St. Jean," she said quietly, "I go away now. I not come back."

The old man turned horrified eyes on her. He began to protest breathlessly. As he looked in her quiet, resolute face the uselessness of it was borne on him, and his quavering voice died away.

"It is the best to do," Nahnya went on. "I think it all out. I am half white. I not belong here. In this place we want begin a new race, strong and free."

(Continued in Wednesday's issue.)

Save Canada from Russia's Disgrace!

INDIVIDUALLY, the people of Russia are loyal to their country, but woefully misguided. The army, weakened by lack of support, simply 'quit' fighting; and in its contempt for Russia's present attitude, the world is rapidly forgetting the marvellous achievements of Russia earlier in the war.

Be True to Our Boys They Ask Your Help

In a diary taken from a captured German officer was found: "There are no deserters among the Canadians." There are none among Canadians at the front.

Desert the boys who have fought and died for us? Never! They ask for reinforcements and they shall have them—in the only possible way—by the return of Union Government. Laurier offers a referendum—in the course of time—then a further appeal for volunteers. Rot! All the volunteers who could go have enlisted.

Support Union Government

Union Government is pledged to the immediate raising of reinforcements under the Military Service Act, 1917. Only under the leadership of Union Government will Canada remain a useful, honorable factor in the defence of civilization and liberty. You are coming to the cross-roads. Will you take the road to dishonor and disillusionment, or will you support the men in khaki on the road to Victory? Your vote demands a decision!

The Franchise is Extended to Women

Every woman may vote who is a British subject, 21 years of age, resident in Canada one year, and in the constituency 30 days, who is the mother, wife, widow, daughter, sister or half-sister of any person, male or female, living or dead, who is serving or has served without Canada in any of the Military

forces, or within or without Canada in any of the Naval forces of Canada or of Great Britain in the present war, or who has been honorably discharged from such services, and the date of whose enlistment was prior to September 20th, 1917.

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GIVE TO RELIEF OF HALIFAX. At Elm Avenue Sunday school. This offering will be taken on Sunday afternoon Dec. 23rd.

J. L. Barnes, to the scholars that in place of the Christmas Tree and other presents, the money be sent to the "Halifax Relief Committee" which was heartily approved of by all present. This offering will be taken on Sunday afternoon Dec. 23rd.