

The Sealed Valley

By HULBERT FOOTNER

Author of "Jack Chaney"

(From Wednesday's Daily.)

"Sholto, think how you answer!" he cried. "You and I have our differences, but you're an honest man. You've got nothing to do with this vermin! Look in their faces; it's written plain enough there. They can't look in a man's eyes, the mean and cowardly—"

Joe Mixer turned purple, and springing toward Ralph struck him violently across the mouth with the back of his hand. "Shut your head!" he cried with an oath.

Ralph wiped the blood from his lips on his shoulder. "Mean and cowardly blackguards, without decency or manliness!" he cried defiantly.

Joe made to strike him again, but big Jim held his arm. "The man is bound," he said laconically. "Then let him keep a clean tongue in his head," muttered Joe, turning away.

"For God's sake, think it over before you join in with them!" Ralph begged of Jim.

"I see no reason why I should not answer a civil question," said Jim judicially.

Jim thought he was being fair and disinterested, while he was being swayed by his feelings no less than an angry woman. "If the girl is straight she has nothing to fear from anybody. She was here this morning."

"Ah!" cried Joe delightedly.

Ralph groaned. "You'll be sorry for this!" he muttered.

"Where does she hang out?" Joe asked eagerly.

"I don't know," said Jim. "She went down the river."

"We'll get her!" cried Joe.

"What do you want with her," asked Jim curiously, "and him there?"

Joe looked disconcerted. His thick wits had no answer ready.

Stack spoke up. "Robbery," he said smoothly. "They broke into Mr. Mixer's store. There are no police in the country, so we have to bring them to justice ourselves."

"It's a lie!" cried Ralph scornfully. "That little licksplittle confessed to me that he had trailed me all the way from the coast, because he thought I'd made a strike here in the country."

"Stack's eyes bolted; his little body writhed, and a curious, painful smile distorted his ashen face.

Jim shrugged and turned away. "It's nothing to me," he said. "Fight it out among yourselves."

As soon as Jim was safely out of hearing Joe turned to Ralph with an evil smile.

"Now I've got you where I want you!" he said triumphantly. He drew a significant line across his throat. "I can string you up to the tree over your head if I want, and go scot free for it!"

"Setting a traveller's boat adrift is worse than murder up here! And I got three witnesses to swear to it. No jury in this country would convict. They'd thank me for strangling a coyote!"

Ralph proudly held his tongue. His air of unconcern infuriated the ex-butcher. "Damn you! I'll lower your proud stomach!" he cried. "I'll give the night to it. I've been saving up for this! Before

morning you'll be crawling and whining for mercy!"

A blow accompanied this. Ralph instinctively jerked away his head and it fell on his sore shoulder. As a result of his exertions with the ax, it was now puffed up, throbbing, and exquisitely painful. When Joe Mixer's fist descended on it, Ralph caught his breath with the pain of it.

Joe chuckled. "So that's the sore place, eh?"

He struck him again. Ralph took it with set teeth.

"Are you going to tell me where the girl is hidden, and the gold?" asked Joe.

Ralph kept silent.

"Answer me!" shouted Joe.

"That's a fool's question!" said Ralph.

Joe dug his knuckles into Ralph's shoulder and, leaning the weight of his body on his arm, kneaded the throbbing place. Ralph had never conceived of pain like this.

It turned him sick; cold perspiration sprang out all over him. He felt consciousness beginning to slip. He bit his lip to keep from betraying any sound.

The other men began to remonstrate.

"You'll do for him," said Stack, "and we won't learn anything."

Joe left off with a shrug. "I have all night," he said; "but the next thing I do to him will make him tell!"

CHAPTER XX.

The Secret Escapes.

It was only in Ralph's presence that Kitty's pride sufficed to bear her up.

When she and Jim returned to the shack she collapsed again, and Jim had no difficulty in reasserting his parental authority. When the sudden hue and cry was raised after Ralph, Jim ordered her to remain behind locked doors while he went to investigate. She dared not disobey him.

She awaited his return in a state bordering on distraction, her quick imagination running ahead to picture horrors overtaking the man she loved.

On his coming in she read in his face that the worst had not happened—but less than the worst was bad enough.

Little by little she wormed out of him all that he had learned.

Jim affected to make light of the matter, insisting that Ralph was getting no more than his due. Kitty's truer instinct warned her that the young man was in the hands of deadly and unscrupulous enemies, who would stop at nothing, so they thought themselves safe.

Supper in the shack was a ghastly pretense for her. Her hands shook so that she could scarcely lift the dishes.

Her distracted eyes saw nothing they were turned on, all her faculties being concentrated on listening for sounds from the point. Jim, exasperated beyond bearing by the sight of her distress, lost his temper and stormed at her with inconsistency worse than that he accused her of.

Fortunately for her it was Jim's habit to turn in almost immediately after eating.

Not even the extraordinary sequence of events this day could keep

him up an hour longer than his time. He refused to return to the point, from a secret fear perhaps of learning something that would shake the philosophic stand he had taken.

He returned to his bunk in the kitchen and Kitty locked herself in her room.

Here she was at least free to listen without being sworn at. She flung herself across her bed with her head on the window-sill. The night was absolutely still except for the tireless voice of the brook. Its senseless chatter and brawl drove her wild.

She could hear nothing above it. To be obliged to wait and listen, practically a prisoner with only her imagination free to create the worst—real madness lay that way. If they were going to carry him off bound and helpless, she knew she must follow or die.

She rose and listened at the door. Jim was snoring like an exhausted pipe. "He can sleep!" she thought, amazed. Catching up a shawl, she slipped out of the window the way Nahnya had gone.

Her flying moccasined feet fell noiselessly on the earth.

She ran around the house and down the trail toward the river. It was not yet dark. Fearful of being seen, she struck off the trail and ran doubled up under the willow-branches like a partridge in cover.

Every few seconds she stopped short, holding her breath in the effort to hear.

The turmoil of the brook still drowned all other sounds. A suggestion of men's voices and coarse laughter only tantalized her ears. Yesterday if anybody had told Kitty she would be spying on a camp of rough men to-day and listening to their talk she would have covered her head in shame.

She never thought of shame now. She came closer and closer by little runs until no more than twenty yards separated her from their camp. She could see the light of their fire reflected on the high branches overhead. Here she crouched down behind a thick screen of leaves prepared to spend the night if need be.

For a while she could hear nothing. She began to fear that they must have gone, after all, taking him. Suddenly a disembodied voice sounded:

"He's come to," it said. "Try him again."

Kitty's heart stood still at the picture this called up. There was a pause; then another voice said brutally:

"Will you tell?"

She had no clue to the scene of her previous knowledge, but her intuition told her what was taking place. Another pause, and a soft, torn groan reached Kitty's ears. She sprang up electrified.

Gone were all maidenly modesties and shrinkings. Flery-eyed and self-forgetful as a mother-animal whose young are threatened, she crashed through the branches and stood among the men crying:

"Let him alone, you cowards!"

Joe Mixer, Stack, and Crusee Campbell fell back dumfounded. The half-breed, who slept by the fire, woke up and partly raised himself, blinking at her stupidly.

(Continued in Friday's Daily.)

MOUNT ZION

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davy and family, spent Sunday in Brantford. Mrs. Wm. Clement spent over Sunday in Hatchley the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Lorne Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Swears and children, and Mr. and Mrs. Percy Clement and children spent Sunday at Mr. C. H. Radford's.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Read, spent Monday in Burford. Mrs. M. Secord has returned home after a week's visit in Harley. Mr. and Mrs. John Swears of Burford, are visiting their daughter Mrs. Charles Radford.

Mrs. Wm. Coakley has returned home after a visit in Brantford. We are sorry to report Mrs. John Read on the sick list. Mrs. Joe Dawes spent over Sunday in Brantford.

BURFORD

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Mr. J. Hall has been on the sick list. Mr. E. Wingrove has purchased the Griffith Farm north of the village.

Mr. Gilbert French is building a house on his place west of the village. Mrs. J. Shellington of Burgessville is visiting friends here.

Miss Lundy of Mt. Pleasant spent the week-end with Mrs. Jos. Elvidge. Mrs. Ruthford of Brantford is visiting relatives here.

Miss Hazel Elliott spent over Sabbath at the parental home. Mrs. Benson Ruthford is visiting her mother, Mrs. Burgess in London.

Mrs. Burgess has returned home after spending a few months in Toronto. The death occurred at the home of Dr. Johnston on Saturday when the Doctor's sister-in-law, Wealthy Rounds passed away. Miss Rounds had spent all of her life in or near Burford and was loved by all her friends. She was a member and faithful attendant of the Methodist church, and for years helped in the Missionary Society and Ladies' Aid. She leaves to mourn her three sisters, Mrs. Pearce and Miss Ada Rounds of Brantford, and Mrs. Cameron in Saskatoon. The funeral took place on Monday, at 2 p.m. interment in the Congregational Cemetery.

A quiet wedding took place at the parsonage Tuesday morning when Miss Gladys Swears was united in marriage to Mr. Donald Riggleworth. The happy young couple left for points west on the 11 a.m. train.

The boys at the front are busy. Vote for Cockshutt and help keep the munition factories busy to help them.



Your pity for these

The chubby babies—the hard-working wives—the feeble old folk of the British or Canadian sailor—what can he do for them when he himself is broken or maimed, drowned or blown up, at his perilous calling?

Nothing. His wage is pitifully meagre. His life hard. There are no pensions or "allowances" as in the army.

One hundred and forty five British ships sunk without a trace—"spurlos versenkt" is the infamous phrase—and thousands of other sunken ships have taken their toll of brave sailor men—

Yet never a British sailor has refused to sign on for another ship. They know of the thousands and thousands of tons of supplies that must be kept moving to the boys at the front. They know that cessation of British sea traffic would be the cutting of the jugular vein of our war.

We who sleep safely at night from the Hun because of the heroic work of the Sailor amidst hidden mines and slinking murderous submarines—will we not be generous on

Sailors' Day Dec. 8th

when the Daughters of the Empire will ask for our subscriptions for the sailors of the British Navy and the Mercantile Marine. Canada's gift last year of \$700,000 "for the relief of British and Canadian Sailors and their dependents, for Sailors' Homes, Institutes and Hospitals in Canada and throughout the British Empire" and for the work of the Navy League—will surely be surpassed.

The Sailor gives his strength, his life, his all for us. What shall we do for him?

Help the Sailors

Objects of the Navy League of Canada

ONTARIO BRANCH

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The Navy League of Canada is the Canadian Branch of the Navy League of the British Empire, and is an association of voluntary members formed to carry out the following objects—

1. A thoroughly organized educational campaign in matters pertaining to the Navy and Mercantile Marine.
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2. To raise funds for the relief of British and Canadian Sailors and their dependents for Sailors' Homes, Institutes and Hospitals in Canada and throughout the Empire.
3. To encourage volunteer Naval Brigades for boys and young men in which they can receive practical and theoretical instructions in seamanship to prepare them for service in our Mercantile Marine.

It shall be a fundamental principle of the League that its objects, membership, management and conduct shall be absolutely unconnected with and free from all party politics and from every organization connected with party politics.

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If the Convoyer misses you, please send your subscription to the Secretary of the Ontario Branch of the Navy League of Canada, Lieut. Col. GIBLIE, 9, WILKINS, 34 King Street West, Toronto.

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LADY'S DRESS.

By Anabel Worthington.



The fact that there is neither waist gathers nor inside belt to bother with is a very good reason for choosing this simple but very smart little dress, No. 8442. The upper section hangs straight from the shoulder to where the skirt joins it, and the closing is at centre front. The newest thing in collars—one of the narrow roll kind—is very chic, and it may be carried out in black satin to give a touch of contrast. A narrow sash of the same is very effective. The sleeves are long and close fitting, and they are trimmed with deep cuffs of satin to match the other trimmings. The skirt is very simple, for it has but three pieces, and is gathered and joined to the upper part with a cord.

The lady's dress pattern, No. 8442, is cut in sizes 36 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 1/2 yards 36 inch material, 3/4 yard 36 inch contrasting goods and 2 yards 30 inch satin.

To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents to The Courier, Brantford. Any two patterns for 25 cents.



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