

**THEATRE**  
 ing Super Features  
 ord's Favorite Star  
**Line Frederick**  
 ase, dramatic picture  
 e same author as  
 "The Cheat"  
**Double Crossed"**  
 Four Sultans  
 sy singing offering  
**McAllister in**  
**Children Count"**  
 al Screen Magazine  
**NG THURSDAY,**  
**AY, SATURDAY**  
**Y PICKFORD**  
 IN  
**eca of Sunny-**  
**rook Farm"**

**TRE**  
 ENT RESORT  
**EDNESDAY**  
**S**  
**D LASSIES**  
**ING REVUE**

**HUNS"**  
 the terrible Result  
 ess  
**COMEDY**

**URDAY**  
**E'VALDOS**  
**Y — BURLESQUE**  
**ELUSIONS**

**AIL"**  
**TURES**

**USE**  
**oney's**  
**xi Cabs**  
 ne 730

**r 98c**  
 l frame your city of  
**Volunteers' Honor**  
 regular \$1.25 to \$1.50  
 complete with wire  
 eyes; all ready for  
 and in addition will  
 absolutely free a pic-  
 as will be made up  
 ends of mouldings  
 supply being limited,  
 act quickly.  
**St. Book Store**  
**ARKET STREET**

# The Sealed Valley

By HULBERT FOOTNER

Author of "Jack Chanty" (Copyright)

(From Saturday's Daily)  
**CHAPTER V.**  
 The Rice River.

On the first day of the journey Ralph, according to the immemorial instinct of travellers, started a diary, and illustrated it with rough day-to-day maps.

He wrote it up by the camp-fire during the long twilights or while they basked in the sun at the noon spell, Charley never noticed it, but whenever the little black book was produced Nahnya looked curious, and oddly annoyed.

But she could not very well order Ralph to give it up.

On the afternoon of the day following Ralph's outbreak and their midnight reconciliation her curiosity finally found vent in speech. Passing down the largest of the lakes a strong head wind had blown up, and after struggling against it for a couple of hours and thoroughly wetting themselves and their baggage without making much progress, Nahnya had ordered a landing.

They now lay in rustling grass on a point of land, blown upon by the strong, fresh wind and deliciously warmed by the sun. Charley had fallen asleep. When Ralph brought out the diary Nahnya said:

"What do you write in your little book?"

"Just what we see every day," said Ralph.

Nahnya frowned a little. "You promise me you never tell what you see?" she said.

"I never will," said Ralph quickly. "No one but myself shall ever read this."

"Maybe some one find it," said Nahnya. "What good is your promise, then?"

"It is written in shorthand," he said, exhibiting it. "No one can read it but me."

She was mollified. "It is like the Cree writing that the missionaries teach," she said. "Read it to me," she added with a kind of shy boldness.

Ralph was nothing loath.

It was his first self that guided the pencil. "Estimate it seventy-five miles from Hat Lake to Beaver Lake," he began. "Probably less than half that in a straight line, because the river is as crooked as a corkscrew. Called the second lake Beaver Lake because of the hills to the west; a medium-sized hill for the head, a big one for the body, and a long, low hill for the tail."

"That is a good name," interrupted Nahnya.

"Couldn't see the whole of Beaver Lake at once, but you head straight down the lake from point to point; then about twenty miles more of river to Breches Lake. It's shaped like a pair of breeches.

"As you start down a long, thin point facing you, almost dividing it in two. Nothing doing in the left leg; the right leg goes through. The water of all the lakes is amber colored, but black as onyx when you look straight down. It's great to see the shores without a tree chopped down or a house to spoil the natural effect."

"The river is full of mother wild ducks and their newly hatched families. Comical little puff-balls trouble when we come along. Old Mis' Duck she plays every trick she knows to lead us away from the family, and the babies they just keep on diving till they are too tired to wiggle their tails any more."

Nahnya laughed.

"Can't tell which way you're going in the river, but all the lakes stretch north and south, so I figure we're travelling due north. Charley went a piece of tin like a trolling- spoon and caught a thumping salmon trout. They call it sapl. Best fish I ever tasted."

"I call the fourth lake Sword Lake; it's long and narrow and



## Good Night Stories

By H. B. Swanton

### WISE MAMMA BOOTS

Mamma Boots was quite proud of her little family of fluffy kittens as they romped over the kitchen floor.

"Surely there never was a cat so lucky as I am," she told Dover, the big, black dog. "Four lovely children and a nice home to bring them up in."

Dover sighed and snarled over to the fire to take a nooze, but a kitten, seeing his tail flop on the floor, made a dash at it and stuck in its little sharp claws. This was too much for Dover and he snapped at the kitten.

"I'll not have them jumping at my tail that way, unless you teach them to cover up their claws," growled Dover.

Mamma Boots began at once to teach them to cover up their claws when playing, and only to use them when they needed them to protect themselves, and Dover promised not to snap at them any more.

That afternoon as Dover was snoozing before the fireplace the mistress and master came in.

"I tell you five cats are too many," said the master. "We'll keep Boots, because she's a good mouzer."

"And the little white fellow, because he's so beautiful," cried the mistress, gathering up the little white ball of fur.

"Well, yes, we'll keep him, but the others will have to go. I'll drop them on my way to market, Saturday," replied the master.

Dover had become quite fond of the kittens since they had learned to let his tail alone, and he hated to think of them cast out into the world, so he decided to find Mamma Boots and to tell her what the master had said.

"What shall I do?" cried Mamma Boots when Dover had told her.

"Why not try to teach them to catch mice. That's what the master likes about you," replied Dover.

"But they're so young to learn to work," answered Mamma Boots.

"Well, it'd be better to work here than to be cast out to make their own way I can tell you," said Dover.

Mamma Boots quickly ran into the house, where she found her babies fast asleep before the fire.

"Sleep on, little white ball, they'll purr you because you're pretty," purred Mamma Boots as she smoothed her soft white fur.

Then she awakened the others and took them out into the barn, where she spent the whole day trying to teach them that hunting mice was the greatest sport a kitten could have. It was a long tedious task, but Mamma Boots never tired; and when time came for the master to start for market Mamma Boots proudly led her three kittens into the kitchen, each holding a mouse in its mouth.

The master called the mistress. "Every one of those cats are going to make good mouzers," he cried. "That settles it. We'll keep them all. For if there's that many mice around the place we'll need all the cats we can get." So it was that Mamma Boots kept her babies.

She thanked Dover for suggesting the way that had saved her little ones to her.

"Don't thank me. It only goes to prove that if a cat makes herself useful it can always find a home," growled Dover, for he had grown to love the little kittens.

ST. GEORGE NEWS  
 (From our own Correspondent)  
 St. George, Oct. 27.—Mrs. Willis and Mrs. Chisholm of Milton are the guests of Mr. A. W. Green a few days of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wallley of Ingersoll are spending a few days with their daughter, Mrs. Firman Howell.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Kitchen spent last week in Toronto.

Mr. Wm. Keirle is spending a few days of this week in St. Thomas.

A large number of the village people, as well as many enthusiastic farmers from this community attended the provincial plowing match held at Bow Park this week.

### WOMEN ENGINE CLEANERS IN WEST TORONTO

A group of nine women have replaced the male engine cleaners in West Toronto C.P.R. roundhouse. Here are shown some of the workers.

"Oh, too professional."  
 "Some nurses are sweet."  
 "Never had any luck that way."  
 "What do you mean when you go out in New York?"

"Oh, hang round with the fellows and go to shows. I never had any money."  
 Nahnya very intent on her sewing. "Did you know any of the actresses?"  
 "Lord! No! Not my style at all."  
 "Didn't you know any girls in New York?"

"Nary a one."  
 "That is too bad. But at your other college you have fun?"  
 "McGill — yes, plenty doing there."  
 "Nice girls?"  
 "Rather! Plenty of them! Dear little things."

A pause here while Nahnya bit the thread with her sharp teeth and took up the other moccasin.

"What is plenty?" she said, with an air of scorn. "There is always one."  
 "Not for me," Ralph said. "I rushed the bunch."

"Where was your home, Ralph, where you were born?"  
 "At Millersville, in Ontario. One of those sleepy little burgs with a brook Odd-Fellows' Hall with blue shades, a Royal Hotel on the corner, and cracked cement sidewalks. They're all alike."

Nahnya had a score of questions to ask about his home and his family. Ralph, as his eyes softened with recollection, grew more and more facetious. Nahnya, glancing at him through her lashes, understood. Finally threading a needle with an elaborately careless air, she remarked: "I guess you liked the Millersville girls best."

"Print dresses and rosy cheeks," said Ralph dreamily. "Short on the clothes and long on health and good nature. Choir practise and school picnics and country dances—that was good! There was a girl there—"

"Ah!"  
 "Patty Lako her name was. We called her Pattycake. She was sweet. Always wore pink and had two fat, brown braids hanging down her back."

Some of the things they don't say. Certain scientists, as you doubtless know, can reconstruct a whole animal of the prehistoric periods from a few bones.

Now there is a similar sort of reconstruction which anyone who is at all versed in the science of social relations can often accomplish.

And that is to reconstruct from a single sentence a whole body of material that has been left unaided. Can't You Guess What Else She Told Her.

For instance, you are somewhat late to an appointment with a new and an old friend. Says the old friend, "I told Mrs. S. you probably would be a little late." Can't you get from that your old friend's graphic description to your new friend of your falling of punctuality. Can't you just hear her telling of the last time you were to meet her and how you were fifteen minutes late, and of that most unfortunate time when you made a mistake in the meeting place and kept her waiting an hour?

Again, a visitor comes into your house, her eyes rove about in the appraising way in which some women always eye their neighbor's houses. "Isn't it awfully hard to keep this white paint clean?" she finally says, and you don't need to be told that she has caught sight of the door where childish fingers have left their inevitable mark.

They Had Evidently Talked It Over. A woman who is the particular member of the group of my friends who usually acts as their spokesman when they want to find some-

### Courier Daily Recipe Column

**Cranberry Pie.**  
 One heaping cup cranberries cut in halves, one cup sugar, one tablespoon flour, one-half cup water, one teaspoonful vanilla; bake in two crusts.

**Mince Meat.**  
 Four pounds cooked beef chopped fine 1 pound sugar, 1 quart molasses, 4 quinces chopped fine or 2 glasses quince jelly, 3 pounds large seeded raisins, juice and rind 8 oranges, 1 tablespoonful each of cinnamon and mace, 2 pounds suet chopped fine, by measure twice to quantity of apple as of meat, 2 pints boiled cider, 1-2 pound citron cut fine 2 pounds currant, 2 lemons, juice and rind grated, 1 nutmeg, 2 tablespoonfuls salt.

**Raisin Pie.**  
 One heaping cup (coffee cup) raisins chopped fine or ground in chopper; one cup sugar, three-fourths cup water; cook together while making crust; when ready to fill pie, add two beaten eggs. This makes two pies.

**Snow Pudding.**  
 Whites of 3 eggs beaten stiff, 3 large spoonfuls cornstarch, 3 of white sugar and a pinch of salt mixed with a little water; add all ingredients to pint of boiling water.

**Sauce for Same.**  
 Yolks of 3 eggs, 4 tablespoonfuls sugar, 1 of cornstarch beaten together; then add to 1 pint boiling milk; flavor when cold.

## SIDE TALKS

By RUTH YOUNG CAMERON

THE THINGS THEY DON'T SAY.

Certain scientists, as you doubtless know, can reconstruct a whole animal of the prehistoric periods from a few bones.

Now there is a similar sort of reconstruction which anyone who is at all versed in the science of social relations can often accomplish.

And that is to reconstruct from a single sentence a whole body of material that has been left unaided. Can't You Guess What Else She Told Her.

For instance, you are somewhat late to an appointment with a new and an old friend. Says the old friend, "I told Mrs. S. you probably would be a little late." Can't you get from that your old friend's graphic description to your new friend of your falling of punctuality. Can't you just hear her telling of the last time you were to meet her and how you were fifteen minutes late, and of that most unfortunate time when you made a mistake in the meeting place and kept her waiting an hour?

Again, a visitor comes into your house, her eyes rove about in the appraising way in which some women always eye their neighbor's houses. "Isn't it awfully hard to keep this white paint clean?" she finally says, and you don't need to be told that she has caught sight of the door where childish fingers have left their inevitable mark.

### Courier Daily: Pattern Service

Valuable suggestions for the Handy Home-maker — Order any Pattern Through The Courier. State size.

### LADY'S SHIRTWAIST.

By Anabel Worthington.



A splendid suggestion for using remnants of white goods—for instance, voile and a bit of allover embroidery—is presented in No. 5467. Just to make the design vary a little from the usual type of shirt waist, it is given a narrow inset vest which forms a square neck at the upper edge. The collar of eyelet embroidery ends at the wrist and is cut square at the back, with a slight roll at the neck. Bishop sleeves are gathered into deep cuffs of the embroidery, the lower edges finished with or without the narrower turnover.

The lady's shirt waist pattern, No. 5467, is cut in sizes 36 to 42 inches bust measure. As on the figure, the 36 inch size requires 2 yards of 36 inch material, with 3/4 yard 36 inch contrasting goods.

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

### "Nothing But Leaves"

Not Tea Leaves intermixed with Dust, Dirt and Stems but all Virgin Leaves.

## "SALADA"

has the reputation of being the cleanest, and most perfect tea sold.

147  
 FACT, GREEN OR MIXED. SEALED PACKETS ONLY.

FOR  
**TAXI CABS**  
 and Touring Cars  
 For City and Country  
 TRY  
**HUNT & COLTER**  
 155 DALHOUSIE STREET  
 Bell Phones—45,46. Machine—45 "We meet all Trains"

**COAL** **CEMENT**  
**LIME** **BRICK**

323 Colborne Street  
 BELL 90 MACHINE 46

Twenty-First Year  
**CONSERVATORY**  
 of MUSIC  
 28-30 NELSON STREET, BRANTFORD  
 Affiliated with the Western University  
 One of the best equipped musical institutions in Canada.  
 Thoroughly qualified and experienced faculty

DEPARTMENTS  
 Vocal, Pianoforte, Organ, Violin, Harmony, Counterpoint  
 Musical Form, Composition, Etc.  
 Elocution, Dancing and Deportment, Art-Drawing, Sketching,  
 Oil and Water Colour Painting, China Painting, Wood  
 Carving, The Celebrated Montessori System.

Candidates prepared for all examinations.  
 Beautiful Recital Hall with excellent two manual pipe organ.  
 Information and Conservatory Year Book may be had on application  
 to the Secretary—Mrs. W. N. Andrews.

FRED, K. C. THOMAS, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.O.  
 Musical Director

**SUTHERLAND'S**  
 NOW IS THE TIME TO DO YOUR  
**FALL WALL**  
**PAPERING**  
 BEFORE IT IS TOO COLD

Lovely Papers at very moderate cost.  
 Patterns to suit all rooms. Some very special remnants away below regular price. (Bring size of your rooms).

**Jas. L. Sutherland**  
 Importer of Paperhangings, Room Mouldings  
 and Burials