

The Sealed Valley

By HULBERT FOOTNER

Author of "Jack Chaney"

(From Monday's Daily.)
To see the gentle Kitty fighting to save her pride was infinitely more pitiable than she had broken down. Nahnya turned away her head; at the sound of Kitty's voice she shuddered. Ralph gazed at Kitty in incredulous amazement.

He possessed no key to her behavior. Kitty got her breath, and went on to Nahnya clearly: "Of course there was nothing between us! I only did what one would do for anybody."

Once more the silence fell on them. They stood each on his point of the triangle, each struggling with emotions that foundered speech. Once Nahnya looked imploringly at Kitty; out of the wreck she longed to save her friend.

Kitty's eyes merely glittered, and Nahnya's face turned into a stony again. Ralph began to suspect the true state of affairs, and dismay widened his eyes.

It was Kitty who broke the silence. "I have something for you," she said to Nahnya, moving toward her own room.

She was gone but a second. Nahnya and Ralph did not look at each other. Retreating, Kitty extended her hand to Nahnya with the necklace lying upon the palm.

"He brought it to you."
She made to drop it into Nahnya's hand, but the dark girl quickly put her hands behind her. The royal hauberk dropped to the floor. It glittered there, disregarded by all three.

"Oh, Kitty!" murmured Ralph, confused and bewildered still amazed. "I never thought of this—I never thought—"

"Never thought of what?" asked Kitty quickly.
"That you—that! You're so good and gentle! Oh, it's horrible!"

Everything that was said, made matters worse. "You're talking nonsense," she said quickly. "There's nothing the matter with me!"

"What are we to do?" muttered Ralph helplessly.
Nahnya's voice was harsh and hard.

"Do you think every woman is in love with you?" she cried. "You are nothing to me! I tell you that before. I tell you that now! Keep away from me! I want to see you again!"

Ralph's eyes flamed up; he instantly forgot Kitty. "Will you see about that?" he cried. "You're mine! I'll never give you up!"

He moved toward Nahnya. Turning, she darted into Kitty's room, slamming the door behind her. By the time Ralph got it open she was out through the window, carrying the mosquito netting with her. It seemed a miracle that the tiny sash could have passed her body. It was out of the window to the front door, and flinging it open, ran around the house to intercept her.

Left alone in the cabin, Kitty walked with a curious quietness to the table under the front window. She dipped a cup into the pall of water that stood there and conveyed it to her lips, spilling much of the water on the floor and on herself without noticing it.

She returned with the air of a sleep-walker, still carrying the cup, and picked up the emerald, and put it away in a corner of the shelves.

With the same uncanny self-possession she seated herself in a chair near by. She sighed, and fell a little forward and sideways against the wall. Her hand fell limply to her side and the cup slipping from it, was broken on the floor.

Thus her father found her when he came in.
CHAPTER XIX
New Actors on the Scene.
When Ralph got around the house Nahnya was nowhere to be seen.

He was not enough of a woodsman to find her tracks in the dead leaves and the pine-needles.

The river was her natural means of escape; cutting back to the trail, he ran to the point.

There was no sign of her. Drawn up on the beach and tied to a branch he saw the dugout she had brought. There were no tracks in the sand to show she had returned, nor any impression of another boat having been pushed off.

Ralph rushed up and down the shore looking for her or for her tracks.

"She must go by the river," he told himself; "the forest is impenetrable."

With every minute his heart sank; he knew he was no match for Nahnya in the wilderness.

Making a longer sally downstream, he finally found her tracks where she had leaped over the bank and had set off down the beach.

He followed after with renewed hope. After running a quarter of a mile he suddenly pulled himself up.

"I'll never catch her this way," he thought. "She must have a boat down here to cross. She'll only leave me stranded on the shore. She's got to go home. I must follow her there by water."

He made his way back to the point and thence to the work-shack, where he borrowed an ax and an auger, without meeting any one.

Returning to the mouth of the creek he searched until he found a great, dry trunk, that had been thrown high by a freshet. He set to work to chop it into four lengths to make a raft.

His right arm was still far from fit to swing an ax, but an indomitable resolution kept him at work. Progress was slow; the minutes escaped him maddeningly.

"Never mind," he told himself. "I'll go straight to the Bowl of the Mountains. She does not know that I can find my way there!"

By and by Jim Sholto pushed his way through the bushes and, descending the bank, sat down on a boulder.

Ralph, with a glance, went on with his work. Jim made a business of searching for a suitable twig at his feet. He started to peel it, pushing up his lips in a noiseless whistle.

Downright Jim had no talent for dissimulation; perturbation, dismay, and anger were plainly visible struggling with his elaborate unconcern. He was keeping a tight hold on himself.

"So you're going to leave us," he said very offhand.
"I must," muttered Ralph.
"I should 'a' thought you'd had your lesson against travelling alone. You ain't in no shape to swing an ax or drive a paddle!"

"Can't help it," said Ralph.
"What'll you do for food, gun, blankets, to keep life in you?"

"I suppose you will sell me what I need. I've money."
"Money's no use to me here," said Jim grimly.
"Then I won't trouble you," said Ralph quickly.

Jim showed a certain compunction. "It ain't a question of money when you're short of necessities yourself!" he explained.

"Then the sooner you are quit of me the better," said Ralph.
"You couldn't stay here a while and work out your keep," said Jim craftily.

Ralph merely shook his head. They were silent. Jim's mesmericly transparently debating with himself how to open the subject again.

"Look here!" he said testily. "I can't talk to you while you're swinging the ax! Are you in such a rush you can't stop for five minutes?"

Ralph put down his ax with gone too good a grace and sat down on another stone beside the creek's bed. His face showed a sullenness that promised badly for the results of their talk.

Ralph had conceived a great liking for the bluff and simple Jim, but the situation was hopeless, and since he could not mend it he saw nothing but to brazen it out.

To protest his regrets he felt would be insincere, if not positively insulting to the Scotchman. Jim was humbling himself for Kitty's sake. He knew that the situation was too much for him, but he was obliged to try to mend it because there was no one else to help her.

"I took a fancy to you when you come," he said dully. "I can't see you go to make a fool of yourself, and keep my mouth shut."
Ralph's nostrils dilated ominously. "I might as well be working," he said shortly. "This does no good."
"Wait!" said Jim, with what was in him rare patience. "You're inexperienced. Any man that knows this country knows the fatal results of any connection between red and white."

Ralph rose abruptly. "That's enough!" he said, tight-lipped. "You have no call to interfere in my private affairs!"
Jim suddenly exploded.
"No call!" he shouted. "You talk like a fool! You're insane! I have a right to look you up until you come to your senses!"
"Better not try it on," said Ralph. "Insanity's the kindest name to put to it," stormed Jim. "There are uglier words—coming here like you did, and making a blind fury by the unjust, taunt, Ralph reached for his ax—but he could not fight Kitty's father. His arms dropped to his sides. (Continued in Wednesday's Issue.)

Book of Stories

DAVID, JACK FROST AND THE FLOWER FAIRIES

One evening late one fall David wandered through the garden. Most all the pretty flowers drooped on their stems and nothing David could say to them would make them raise their heads, for David knew every beautiful blossom held a tiny flower fairy. He loved them all.

"Hello, David," cried a tiny voice and a Fairy poked her head from the petals of a beautiful red dahlia and beckoned to David. "Did you escape Jack Frost, too?" she asked. "Yes, he came last night and decorated my window pane, but he didn't come inside the house, because Mamma says he doesn't like the blaze in the fire-place," replied David.

"I should say not Jack Frost has no love for the Fire Fairies," laughed Fairy Dahlia.

"But tell me, Fairy, what did he do to the other Fairies of Flowerland?" asked David, looking over the garden. "They won't any of them talk to me to-day."

"Certainly not. They're all asleep. You see, old Jack Frost came into the garden last night and the foolish flowers wanted him to tell them a story. He said he'd be glad to tell a story if they thought they could stay awake to listen. Of course they promised, for every flower Fairy in the garden loves his tales. But would you believe it, before he was half through every one of them were nodding, except the Chrysanthemum Fairies and my own set," whispered Fairy Dahlia.

"What did he do then?" questioned David.

"Oh, he just laughed and blew his cool breath on them and told them to sleep until Mistress Spring called them. Then he rode away on North Winds' back," laughed Fairy Dahlia.

"Do you suppose he'd put me to sleep if I stay to hear his story to-night?" asked David.

"The very idea! Jack Frost keeps little boys jumping," laughed Fairy Dahlia, and she held her magic wand over David's head and he found himself perched up beside Fairy Dahlia, no larger than a lady bug.

Fairy Dahlia handed him a beautiful velvet cover made from a petal of her blossom home, and warned him to keep covered up so Jack Frost wouldn't see him.

In a very few minutes David heard a great rustling among the dead leaves near the garden wall, and then a happy voice greeted the Flower Fairies that were still awake.

Now, David had never seen Jack Frost, so when he heard him ask if the Flower Fairies were ready for a story, he lifted his velvet cover and peeped out. Jack Frost happened to see him and reached out a long hand that felt colder than any snow as it neared David's feet.

"Let me pinch him!" cried Jack Frost in a gruff voice, and no telling what might have happened, if North Wind hadn't come up at just that minute and shaken the blossom home so hard that David lost his balance and tumbled to the ground.

He heard the Flower Fairies laughing as he took to his heels and ran into the house. Of course his mamma said it was all a dream, but anyway the next morning when David went out into the garden the Chrysanthemum Fairies and Dahlia Fairies were all fast asleep and old North Wind was rocking their blossom homes and crooning his lullaby—"who! whee! who!"

CHAPTER XIX
New Actors on the Scene.
When Ralph got around the house Nahnya was nowhere to be seen.

Courier Daily: Pattern Service

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

LADIES' SHIRTWAIST.

By Anabel Worthington.

The adaptability of this shirt waist pattern makes it well worth having. It is not only suitable for a waist for general wear with a tailored skirt but the design might also be taken and combined with an appropriate skirt pattern to form an attractive afternoon dress. The waist is gathered across the back and fronts to a narrow shoulder yoke. There is an attractive vest which buttons down the centre front, and it has a rounded upper edge which makes a very becoming line. The smart sailor collar shows the new long, narrow line in front. The sleeve pattern allows for two styles, the long and the three-quarter length.

The ladies' shirt waist pattern No. 8484 is cut in four sizes—36 to 42 inches bust measure. As on the figure, the 36 inch size requires 3/4 yards of 36 inch material, with 1/2 yard 36 inch contrasting goods.

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



Help the Sailors!

The strong, right arm of human civilization—the unconquerable sailor of the British Navy and Mercantile Marine—

He stands before you and asks your help on Sailors' Day, December 8th. Why does he do this?

Because millions have been given to the Army by public and private subscriptions—worthily so—but practically nothing to the Navy and Mercantile Marine.

Think of the superb bravery of the men who defy the perils of mine-sown, submarine infested seas and, with songs on their lips, cheerfully give up their lives for the Great Cause.

So that the great arteries of the Empire—the High Seas—may be kept alive with British traffic—carrying food, munitions, aeroplanes, artillery and the thousand things our boys need at the front to fight the barbarous Hun.

What happens—think you—to those poor fellows, maimed at their calling, or to their humble loved ones when the breadwinner is killed or drowned?

No pensions—no "allowances"—cold charity and little of that.

Is this fair—is it just—is it RIGHT?

Let your answer be expressed in a generous contribution on SAILORS' DAY, DECEMBER 8th, through the Daughters of the Empire who are seeking to increase Canada's contribution 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 Empire" and for the full work of the Navy League. Won't you be generous on

SAILORS' DAY, Dec. 8th

Objects of the Navy League of Canada
ONTARIO BRANCH
Affiliated with the Navy League of the British Empire.

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.
- (a) By lectures. (b) By the circulation of literature. (c) By placing readers in public schools.
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.

Patrons—Their Excellencies the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, K.G., &c.; Col. Sir John Headrick, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; Hon. Pres.—Sir John C. Easton, K.B.S.S.D. Pres.—Commodore Aemilius Jarvis, S.S.D.

If the Convention convenes in Toronto, mail your subscription to the Secretary of the Ontario Branch of the Navy League of Canada, Limit—Col. CECIL G. WILLIAMS, 34 King Street West, Toronto.

THEATRE
Some of Features
M. S. HART
First Appearance to patrons in a Gripping Western Drama
Narrow Trail
Mah Selbini & Company
National Novelty
Sea Crawler
Third Episode
Number One
Griffin
Popular Singer
Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.
GE KENNEDY
The Joyous Photoplay
ELY MARRIED
Goldwyn Production

NOW SELLING
75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50
SPECIAL BARGAIN
25c and 50c

Musical
Written
The Prettiest Show with the Sweetest Melodious Music and Most Beautiful Girls Ever Assembled

RE
NG!

Book of stand-up also many new frames now? It of good work.

Second Floor.
BOOKSTORE
Colborne Street

TALKS
MERON

Had a Beautiful Hated a very grounded hate, a horse and buggy and labor whose business peruses, to advise me. I paid spend an afternoon look with me. He thereupon into buying a buggy paid seventy-five dol-ech was of such peculiar that I had to pay out bars during my eight ership for repairs. I al-dollars for storage and for ten.

Dog Loved Him
I lost my hate for I at he was deeply attach-er, and that (a greater son) my dog loved him. It unqualifiedly hate-er. a form of self indul-ge is no question but get a certain pleasure excitement to it. It is of mental stimulant. I stimulant could be or anyone. No person be efficient can af-to the habit of taking self respecting person