

# The Sealed Valley

By HULBERT FOOTNER

Author of "Jack Chaney"

(From Wednesday's Daily)  
 Caesar spoke up from his side of the fire. "Him say him tell story now," said St. Jean Bateese. And the boy went on with fire in his eye and shrewd gesticulation intimating from his mater, St. Jean translated sotto voce for Ralph.

"Little Spider happened to be traveling along alone in a certain place, they say. He go alone through the forest eating. Him come to a river and stand on the edge. Him want to go across very bad, but there is no way.

"They say Spider say: 'Here I stand all tam thinking. Oh! how I want sit on the other side! Then something big come swimming up against the current. But only his long horns are showing. Spider say again: 'Here I set all tam thinking. Oh! how I want to sit on the other side!'

"Then the beast with long horns, him stop there and say to him: 'Ho! friend! I will take you across this water, but you mus' do something for me.'

"Spider say: 'Come, my young brother, I all tam do what you tell me.'

"So he say to him: 'I all tam swim in the water with my head not out. So you mus' sit and watch for me.' Then I will double up and go back to deep water."

"Then Spider say: 'Wah! my young brother, what will I do when you double up and go back to deep water?'

"Long-Horn say: 'When you tell me and I double up and go back to deep water.'

"Long-Horn say: 'When you tell me and I double up and run away, you will fall beside the shore. When you say to me your grandfather is coming, that means the thunders roar.'

"So Spider was going along in the water, sitting on the horn. When he was going along in the water near the other shore black clouds came. So Spider say: 'Wah, my young brother, your grandfather is coming!'

"Wah! Wah! Towasasuak! All around the water is jump and roar, and so white! And where Spider goes he not remember at all. Long tam he not remember nothing. By and by when him get his sense back he is lying half on the land and half in the water. Him look and all the water is muddy, and him not see this thing with long horns any more, and he hear thunders roaring.

After that they say Spider travel like anybody else. Ahmek remembers only this far.

The group around the fire broke up without Ralph's having had a chance to get into communication with Nahya. She baffled every attempt he made. When he saw her leading her mother into the teepee his heart went down like a stone, thinking he would not see her again until morning.

"Nahya!" he cried. "Aren't you going to speak to me? You promised!"

She turned with her inscrutable face. "I am coming back," she said. "Wait for me." She paused for an instant and added: "St. Jean, you stay up, too. We three will talk."

Ralph angrily bit his lip. So it appeared she was still bent on keeping him at arm's length.

He wanted no third at their talk.

CHAPTER IX.  
 Nahya's Story.

St. Jean Bateese, Nahya, and Ralph sat by the fire. The flames threw strong, changeable lights up into the three unlike faces; the first brown, the second ruddy white, the third ruddy white. The fire held each pair of eyes steadily; it was too disconcerting to look at each other.

Nahya, in the middle, sat on her heels, with her head a little lowered and her hands clasped loosely in her lap. Ralph was reminded, with a little pain at his heart, of a picture of Mary Magdalene that he had seen. Throughout the telling of her long story she scarcely ever changed her position.

There was a long silence before anybody spoke. When it became oppressive St. Jean started to tell the story of the making of the world, but Nahya silenced him.

"St. Jean," she said, "I have been thinking much what to do. Now I know. Often the doctor was angry against me because I did not tell him all about me. Now I will tell him. I think he is not so greedy for gold as other white men. I think when I tell him all he will go away and forget what he has seen."

It sounded like a death-warrant to Ralph.

"Nahya—" he began.

"Wait till I have told you," she said.

She was silent for a space, looking down at her hands and searching, it would seem, for the right words to begin. She told her story in a low-pitched, toneless voice that concealing all, suggested all.

When in certain parts of the story her voice threatened to shake; she paused until she could control it. Nahya had no fine English phrases; therein lay the power of her talk; its bare crudeness went deeper than paths.

"When I was a little girl," she began, "I go to the mission school at Cariboo Lake. The nun's school. I am there four winters.

"They teach me to speak English and French; to read and write and number; to sew and cook and keep house like white people. I am the smartest girl in the school, they say. I like to learn in books; the other children hate books.

"When visitors come the nuns send me to say my lessons in the parlor. I not like the other girls. They stupid and foolish, I think. They not like me, either. I different from them.

"At Cariboo Lake are plenty white people. I like them. I like how white people live with nice ways. I like to sit in a chair with meals and have a white cloth on the table and china dishes. All the time I think of the white people, their own country outside. I am crazy to go here and see all that is to be seen.

"There was a boy at that school two years more older than me. He is half white like me. He does not like books, but I look at him and know he feels the same like me inside. I would like to be friends with him. But the nuns do not let

## Courier Daily: Pattern Service

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### LADIES' BLOUSE.

By Anabel Worthington.



The trend of fashion in waists is toward the peplum blouse just at present, and No. 5385 is one of the simplest kind of designs that can be found. It is slashed at the front and is put on over the head. The side seams of the blouse are also slashed as far as the waistline, giving an opportunity to repeat the trimming note. A broad collar which extends to the edge of the shoulders is square in front and rounded at the back. The front and back of the waist are gathered at shoulder straps, giving a soft effect which is most becoming to the majority of women. The blouse is held in at the waistline by a broad elastic run through a casing. The small front view shows how the peplum may be cut off at the waistline so that a plain slip-on waist is the result.

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

the boys and the girls speak together.

"But I look at him and he look at me, and at night when all are asleep I go out of the dormitory as soft as a lynx, and he is wait for me in the vegetable garden. We talk together. He is like my brother. He tell me he is going to run away from that school and go outside. I feel bad. I want to go, too.

"When I come back in the house a nun wake up and catch me. They make awful trouble. They say I had girl. They lock me up and give me only bread and water.

"I am mad because they call me a bad and look sour at me. Because I think before that they did love me. I know I am not bad, but I will not say anything. They say I am hard-hearted. I am not hard. I am soft. All the time when I am alone I cry. But I will not let them see me cry.

"Long time I am locked up. It is near spring when I am let out. The boy is gone from the school. I am changed. I hate that school now. I want to run away.

"I act very good now, so I get a chance to run away. The nuns say I am reformed, and they smile again. They not know what is inside me. By and by they begin to let me go out by myself. Because I am one of

the biggest girls they send me to the store for tea and sugar.

"There is a white man in the French outfit store, and he is kind of old. He give me things for myself out of the store, and I think he is a good man. I tell him I want to go outside so bad, and he say he will take me when he goes in the summer.

"I am so glad I meet crazy. I not think any bad because he is an old man with gray hair, and he say he will take me to see his daughters that he got outside. Me, I am not yet sixteen years old.

"So when the ice go out of the lake and they say the first York boat will leave Grier's Point soon as it is light next morning, he tell me, and in the night I get out of my bed. There is a man sleeping beside the door, but I crawl under all the beds like a weasel and I get out.

"All the way I run to Grier's Point. It is five miles. Soon it is day, and they push off the boat. I am so excited, I am we-ti-go, crazy. But I am still.

"Soon I find I make a mistake. That white man is no good. There are many people going on the York boat, and with so many I am safe. (Continued in Friday's Issue.)

## SIDE TALKS

By RUTH YANNEY CAMERON

### WHY SOME MARRIED MEN ENVY BACHELORS.

How can women love "things" so much more than their husbands do, they will lash their husbands on as a heartless man lashes on his tired horse, just for the sake of things? Of course if a woman doesn't love her husband that's another situation altogether. But thousands of women who honestly think they love their husbands with all their hearts just do this.

Four Out of Five Wouldn't Marry Again

I heard an interesting and true story the other day of five married men who were off on a hunting trip and fell somehow to discussing whether, if they had to do it over again, they would marry and would marry the same woman. Four out of the five said they would not marry at all. And the reasons those four men gave were all variations on the theme I have brought up. One had a wife who wanted to get into society and who would not let him live the simple, natural life he loved. The wife of another was determined to bring up his children in a way which he hated—all ostentation and luxury and snobbishness. The other two simply shrunk from the constant struggle which wives determined to keep up appearances and have everything their neighbors had (and a little more) imposed upon them.

He Works Like a Dog to Keep Up to Her Standards

I have a friend who is a professional man, his income of course depends entirely upon his exertions. If he had a wife who was content with a moderate way of living he

## Good Night Stories

By Mrs. M. J. G. S.

THE GARDEN OF THE SKY.  
 One day last summer Linda tied on her little blue bonnet and with Jrnie, her old rag doll, in her arms, went out into the meadow.

"Oh, you beautiful daisies! Where did you come from?" cried Linda, and she gathered her arms full of the beautiful white blossoms and sat down to make a chain.

A tiny laugh sounded at her foot and Linda saw a dear little Blossom Fairy smiling at her from a daisy cup.

"Don't you know where we come from?" asked Blossom Fairy, and Linda shook her head. "Then we'll have to show you," laughed Blossom Fairy. Out of every daisy cup there popped a Blossom Fairy, until the whole meadow seemed a sea of tiny faces and they sang:

Weave us a chain of daisies white  
 And away through the air we'll fly.

Into the hand were daisies bright  
 Bloom in the garden of the sky!

Linda laughed and, twining the daisy chain round her waist, she was gently lifted into the air by the Blossom Fairies and sailed up into the clouds.

Tiny Elf in artists with pallets and brushes were busily tinting the clouds the colors of the rainbow. Linda had often wondered how the clouds found their wonderful hues, and she was glad she had learned. Far ahead a tiny star peeped at them from over the hills, and out from behind the darkest cloud there floated a silver boat bearing a beautiful lady. Linda was told this was the Lady of the Moon. The boat drew near and Lady Moon invited Linda to take a sail.

"I'm going to take a look at my star blossoms," said Lady Moon, and Linda soon saw a beautiful garden filled with star blossoms.

Drifting along, they gathered the lovely silver blossoms until the silver boat could hold no more. Lady Moon steered over the meadow and with a merry laugh the Blossom Fairies tipped the silver boat, and the star daisies fell to the meadow below. They nodded and smiled as Linda tumbled down beside them.

Linda opened her eyes. Sure enough, the meadow was filled with beautiful white daisies that looked just like tiny stars. Over the hills peeped the sun, casting his light over all like a golden smile. A bird twittered in the tree nearby, and Linda jumped up and hunted everywhere for the Blossom Fairies. Even Lady Moon had dropped out of sight.

"Well, Jane, I guess the daisies must come from the Garden of the Sky and Lady Moon must be the 'Queen of Daisies,'" Linda whispered to her rag doll.

Gathering her arms full of daisies and twining the chain around her bonnet, Linda went home to tell mamma about her adventure in the skies in the wings of a happy dream.

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## Superstitious? no, indeed, but THAT SON-IN-LAW OF PA'S

WANTED—SHREWD CAPABLE MEN TO DEVOTE ALL, OR PART OF THEIR TIME TO A SECRET WORK FOR THE GOVERNMENT, WITHOUT COMPENSATION.

BY JINKS, THIS LOOKS LIKE A CHANCE PER ME 'T DO MY BIT!

OUR IS A PRIVATE ORGANIZATION, MR. SPLUTTERFUSS, THAT HAS VOLUNTEERED ITS SERVICES TO THE GOVERNMENT TO HELP UNCOVER AND STAMP OUT GERMAN PROPAGANDA IN THIS COUNTRY. WE WANT ONLY BRAVE MEN AS MEMBERS!

WELL—THAT'S ME, CHIEF?

WHO? ME? I SHOULD SAY NOT!

GOOD! YOU SEE OUR MEMBERS ARE KNOWN TO EACH OTHER ONLY BY NUMBERS, AND THE ONLY OPEN NUMBER ON OUR ROSTER IS—

THIRTEEN—BUT THERE I'M SURE YOU WILL BE MORE FORTUNATE THAN OUR LAST THREE AGENTS WHO WERE KNOWN BY THAT NUMBER!

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