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The Sealed Valley

By HULBERT FOOTNER

Author of "Jack Chaney"

"He makes me sick!" he said suddenly, genuine hatred making his pale eyes snap. "He thinks himself such a wonder! Treats me like dirt. He does. I wish I could bring him down a peg!"

Joe leaned over the table and extended his hand.

"Put it there, pardner," he said thickly. "It does my heart good to hear you say it. Lord! I hate him till it's like an indigestion in my stomach that won't give me no rest. To think of a smooth-face kid like him getting the best of Joe Mixer drives me wild. I won't never rest easy till I do for him!"

One more drink and they were sworn allies.

"What are you going to do?" asked Stack.

"I got a couple of fellows hanging round my place," said Joe, "fellows as 'll stop at nothing—a white man and a breed. I'm going to take them and follow him back to the girl. I don't know where's he's left her. Then"—Joe rubbed his greasy hands together—"the three of us 'll manage to give young medico a shivaree. I guess!"

Stack, pursing up his lips, thought quickly.

The situation was becoming complicated. It was clear Joe knew nothing about any gold. Perhaps, he Stack, could keep that knowledge to himself, and still play off Joe against Ralph. The size of Joe's party did not please Stack; still it offered him the only chance he was likely to get of following Ralph into the country. That was all important.

"Take me along with you," said Stack breathlessly.

"Eh?" said Joe, partly sobered. He looked the little man up and down and laughed brutally. "What good would you be?"

"I ain't much on fighting," said Stack. "But I can advise you good. I got a head on me. I got legal training."

"To— with legal training!" said Joe. He looked at Stack cunningly. "You'll have to pay your way," he said. "I don't carry no passengers gratis."

"How much?" asked Stack anxiously.

Joe fixed him with eyes like pin-heads. "Oh, well, make it a round sum for the trip," he said. "Make it two hundred and fifty."

Stack swallowed hard. "All right," he said.

Joe looked disconcerted. "Maybe it'll be more," he growled.

"A bargain's a bargain!" began Stack excitedly.

"Oh, all right! Done!" said Joe. They shook hands on it.

"Do we have to take so many men with us?" suggested Stack cautiously.

"We got to have the half-breed to steer," said Joe. "The other fell'ow 'll cook. I don't travel without my cook!"

"A large party makes so much talk," murmured Stack.

"I want a lot of talk!" said Joe. "Just so's the fellow ain't warned beforehand. I want there should be talk. I want everybody to know that no man can put one over on Joe Mixer and get away with it!"

CHAPTER XIV. The Journey In.

Next afternoon the Tewkesbury

left for Gisborne portage again, with Ralph, Joe Mixer, and Stack for passengers. Stack had said to Ralph:

"I'll just make the trip up and back on her. It's a chance for a tenderfoot like me to see the country." This seemed natural enough. Perfect amity prevailed during the trip.

Stack affected a great admiration for Ralph; Joe Mixer was friendly.

Ralph himself held to the role of reticent good nature that he had assumed. Privately he was a good deal bothered, in the light of the story he had told at the fort as to how he was going to make a getaway at the portage.

They arrived at the same time as on the previous trip and Ralph as before was invited to spend the night in the bunkhouse.

"Thanks," he said easily. "I think I'll put up a tent. I've got the craze for sleeping out of doors."

"I'll sleep out with you," said Stack.

"The mosquitoes will eat you up," said Ralph coolly. "I've got only a one-man shelter."

He pitched his tent on the edge of the river bank, across a little muskeg from Mixer and Staley's buildings. He ostentatiously went to bed at an early hour.

As soon as everything was quiet he crept out, and hoisting the bundle which contained his boat to his back, started to climb the portage trail.

At two o'clock he returned. Making all the rest of his baggage into a pack, he got away again before the dawn began to break. At five he was on the shore of the lake with all his belongings. At six he had his boat set up and packed, and was setting off.

All these movements were reported to Joe Mixer later.

Ralph, thrusting his paddle into the water which would eventually bear him back to Nahnya, felt like an exile coming into his own country again. The world and its business which obtruded irritatingly on his dreams, was all behind him, and when he stepped into his boat, he had likewise left his matter-of-fact self on the shore.

Here, alone on the opalescent lake under the all-embracing sky he was at home with his dreams.

This was Nahnya's land. With the keenest satisfaction he gazed around him, letting the scene photograph itself on his brain. Ralph never forgot anything that he had once looked at squarely.

Seeing the quaint islands, he smiled. "Nature's shop-window," he thought, "setting out her spring line."

Entering the little river the reeds and the lily-pads presented familiar faces, and every bend recalled the previous journey, evoking the presence of Nahnya so strongly that he had an actual physical consciousness of her sitting behind him, seeing all that he saw.

He played with the idea, forbearing to turn his head that he might not dispel the comforting illusion.

He had intended stopping at each place where they had spelled on the first journey, but this he found was impracticable no matter how hard he worked. His tubby craft could

Start Tomorrow and Keep It Up Every Morning

Get in the habit of drinking a glass of hot water before breakfast.

We're not here long, so let's make our stay agreeable. Let us live well, eat well, digest well, work well, sleep well and look well. What a glorious condition to attain and yet how very easy it is if one will only adopt the morning inside bath.

Folks who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when they arise, splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, can, instead, feel as fresh as a daisy by opening the sluices of the system each morning and flushing out the whole of the internal poisonous stagnant matter.

Everyone whether ailing or sick or well, should each morning, before breakfast, drink a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver and bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal, before putting more food into the stomach, the action of hot water and limestone phosphate on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity, and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast. While you are enjoying your breakfast, the water and phosphate is quietly extracting a large volume of water from the blood and getting ready for a thorough flushing of all the inside organs.

The millions of people who are bothered with constipation, bilious spells, stomach trouble; others who have scallow skins, blood disorders and sickly complexions are urged to get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from the drug store. This will cost very little, but is sufficient to make anyone a pronounced crank on the subject of inside bathing before breakfast.

never make the headway of the slender duxot, and his paddle lacked the skill of Nahnya's.

In the rapids he was soon in trouble, but here the elastic sides of his coracle proved an advantage.

She bounced off the rounded boulders without taking any harm. When she ran high and dry it was no great matter to step out into the shallow stream and guide her to the channel.

Though he paddled until near dark he had to go ashore several miles short of their first camping-place.

It was on a grassy point in the middle of a quiet reach of the river that he chose to spend his first night alone in the silence. Solitude, stillness, and darkness other than all created things are terrific to us new creatures with nervous systems.

Very few of us know them really. In an inhabited land at any hour of any season there is no such thing as silence. Ralph sat beside his fire thrilling in the presence of the ancient sisters.

He was weighed down, overwhelmed, intimidated. He felt as if he and his little fire existed like an island in an infinite void.

All this was changed by the cheery sun. He continued his journey downstream joyfully. These two days that he spent entirely cut off from his kind ever afterwards lingered in Ralph's mind with a flavor distinct from all the other days of his life.

Cut off from the distracting business of life, nor tugged opposing ways by human associations, it was as if he came face to face with his own self for the first time. It seemed as if the fetters of the flesh were a little loosened, enabling him to feel more keenly and to think with a greater lucidity.

This increased sensibility was for evil as well as good.

While the river seemed even lovelier if possible than upon the previous journey, side by side with the pleasure he had in it, a premonition of evil entered Ralph's breast.

"Something is going to happen," a voice whispered to him. He sought to laugh it away, but it stuck. He could not but remember the stories that are told in the north of how men living alone in the woods, become gifted with a prescience of what is to come.

(Continued in Wednesday's Issue.)

Courier Daily: Pattern Service

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

LADY'S HOUSE DRESS.

By Anabel Worthington.

A nifty little house dress, goes on and off like a coat dress, is shown in No. 8487. The waist is made in the usual semi-tailored shirt waist style, gathered at the shoulders and closing at centre front. A graceful and becoming round collar of striped material makes a pretty finish at the neck. The sleeves may be long or short—whichever you prefer for a house dress. The three-pored skirt is gathered slightly all around to the raised waistline, and a narrow belt of the striped material gives a neat finish. The large pockets, trimmed with the stripe, are a convenient addition to this type of dress.

The lady's house dress pattern No. 8487 is cut in five sizes—36 to 44 inches bust measure. Width at lower edge of skirt is 2 1/4 yards. The 36 inch size requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material, with 5/8 yard of 36 inch contrasting goods.

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



Good Night Stories

THE MERRY LITTLE DUST BOYS.

One day last summer West Wind stopped to chat with the little Dust Boys that lived in the middle of the big road. They were glad to see him and danced in glee, and begged him to stay and play with them all ways.

"I can't. I'm on my way to the town," replied West Wind.

"Then take us with you," cried the Dust Boys. "Some of our brothers jumped on a machine that passed yesterday and away they went toward the town, and they must be having a good time, for they never came back."

"Let's run away. Surely some one in that great big town will know our worth. Meadow folks don't seem to think us at all important. Please take us with you," begged a second little Dust Boy.

"I'd better try to be content right here, for the middle of the road is the best place for Dust Boys," replied West Wind.

But they begged so hard that at



A PLAIN DUTY.

"WELL, GOOD-BYE, OLD CHAP, AND GOOD LUCK! I'M GOING IN HERE TO DO MY BIT, THE BEST I CAN. THE MORE EVERYBODY SCRAPES TOGETHER FOR THE WAR LOAN, THE SOONER YOU'LL BE BACK FROM THE TRENCHES." —Adapted from Punch.

Canada's Victory Loan

\$150,000,000 5 1/2% Gold Bonds

offered in three maturities

- 5 year Bonds due December 1st, 1922
10 year Bonds due December 1st, 1927
20 year Bonds due December 1st, 1937

Interest payable without charge, half yearly, 1st June and 1st December, at any branch in Canada of any Chartered Bank.

Bonds may be registered.

Denominations \$50, \$100, \$500 and \$1000.

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Payment to be made as follows:

- 10% on December 1st, 1917
10% on January 2nd, 1918
20% on February 1st, 1918
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20% on April 1st, 1918
20% on May 1st, 1918

A full half year's interest will be paid on 1st June, 1918

The Bonds therefore give a net yield to the investor of about:

- 5.61% on the 20 year Bonds
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The proceeds of the Loan will be used for War Purposes only, and will be spent wholly in Canada.

Forms of Application may be obtained from any branch in Canada of any Chartered Bank, or from any Victory Loan Committee, or member thereof.

The greatest immediate service you can render to Canada is Buy Victory Bonds

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada

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last West Wind consented and gathered them up and whisked them toward the town. They came to a pretty little cottage, and the little Dust Boys coaxed West Wind to let them peep into the window.

They danced on the beautiful dressing table top as merry as could be until the door opened and a second girl entered and with a weary sigh she mopped the little Dust Boys into a rag and shook them out the window.

"You can leave us now, for I'm sure we'll be appreciated in my home," cried the foolish Dust Boys. West Wind, with a weary sigh, blew away and left them.

When they reached the little girl's house her mamma made her brush the Dust Boys off her clothes before she came inside, and the little Dust Boys tumbled over themselves in their haste to get away from the terrible broom that threatened to crush them. They jumped to the porch and ran over in the corner.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA