

THEATRE

Ontario's Foremost... Special Super-... Attractions... TUESDAY... WEDNESDAY... Wallace Reid in 'THE HOSTAGE'...

Roscoe Arbuckle... 'Oh, Doctor'...

McAllister in 'Children Count'...

Bell and Her Novelty... 'Her Peace and Justice'...

FRIDAY... SATURDAY... 'LITTLE ELLIOTT'... 'FIGHTING ODDS'...

COMING SOON... 'The Greatest Serial'... 'SEVEN PEARLS'...

Molly King and Creighton Hale...

THEATRE

DEMAND... 'Belles'...

ENTITLED... 'LDBERG'...

ATURING... 'Carvey Preston, Cannon Face Eddie'...

oy, and Will... 'These Come'...

IN... 'TH'...

FILM COMEDY... 'A NEW BILL'...

TRANSIT'...

ystone Comedy... 'Saturday Night, 7-9'...

Service Station... 'EET'...

on all Overland and... 'CHARGE'...

LDING... 't County'...

The Sealed Valley

By HULBERT FOOTNER

Author of "Jack Chanty"

(From Saturday's Daily) He was keenly distressed by the mental picture of Nahya sitting alone, fighting sleep, and awaiting the approach of danger...

He crossed the plank to the boat's deck. He knew he could not open either of the two closed doors without causing a screech sufficient to awaken the entire party...

There was a narrow deck all the way around outside the house. He made for the open doorway, but stopped before showing himself...

With a fast-beating heart he looked in. She was sleeping on the deck in the middle of an open space between the piles of freight forward and the boiler...

To a beam over her head she had fastened the engineer's lantern, and Ralph, instantly comprehending, had to approve both her courage and her good sense...

She had spread a piece of canvas on the deck, and lay wrapped in a gray blanket, her head pillowed on her out-flung arm...

Her face, slightly turned up, was revealed under the light, calm and partly smiling in sleep. The hard, watchful look that had so recently plussed him during the day had disappeared...

Once again he was compelled to rearrange all his impressions of her. "She's only a kid," he thought tenderly. He had not presumed to take the protective attitude toward her before...

Her long, curved lashes swept her dusky cheeks; her lips were a little parted as if expecting to be kissed. The hand that was flung out toward him lay palm upward, the fingers bent, as if mutely asking for a comrade hand...

Abandoned to sleep as she lay, there was something at once appealing and holy in her aspect; something that made his whole being yearn over her and that caused him to draw back outside the door...

He could not bear to look at her. A feeling he could not have named made him return to the forward deck. He turned up his face to the night sky and let his heart quiet down. The essence of the poetry of womanhood had been shown to him, and the starchy night thrilled with the wonder of it...

In a flash there was revealed to him a new understanding of all the love-poems he had ever read, and perhaps secretly despised. "She sleeps like a lily on the water," he murmured to himself without the least shame...

By and by, prose reasserting itself, he began to reflect upon what he should do next. "If I go back to the fire I'll surely fall asleep," he thought. "If I lie down here nobody can disturb her without waking me first..."

Procuring his blankets from beside the fire, he made his bed on the deck in such a position that any one seeking the open door must step over his body...

There he waited for sleep, dwelling with rapt tenderness on the sight he had seen, gazing it lovingly on his subconsciousness for a shrines that he might revisit as long as consciousness endured. He drifted away to the accompaniment of the distant drumming of a partridge in the woods...

Suddenly he found himself wide awake without being able to tell what had aroused him. The camp-fire was now black out and nothing but a blacker shadow was visible toward the shore. He waited a little breathlessly for confirmation of the alarm he had received. Finally the plank to the shore creaked under a heavy weight, and Ralph became aware of a looming figure...

The figure stopped at the edge of the deck. "Who's there?" came in Joe Mixer's thick voice, quick with alarm. "Cowdray!" said Ralph coolly. "What are you doing here?"

Ralph sprang up, kicking his legs free of the entangling blanket. "What are you after?" he retorted. "I don't have to account to you," snarled Joe.

There was a silence. They stood with clenched fists, straining their eyes to take each other's measure in the dark. Evidently Joe thought better of his truculence, for when he spoke again it was in conciliatory tones. "Gad! You give me a start to see you rise up like that! I thought I had 'em. You shouldn't scare a man to death before you start to knock him down, doc."

Joe's greasy, obsequiousness was more offensive to Ralph than his anger. He remained silent. "When the fire went out I woke up cold," Joe went on plausibly. "I come aboard to get me a sweater out of my bag."

Ralph was not deceived. The thought that Joe's evil, swimming, little eyes should profane the picture of the sleeping girl made, by so much as looking at her, filled Ralph with a cold, unreasonable rage, and he was ready to go to any lengths to prevent it.

At the same time he reflected that it would serve her better to avoid a fight if he could, and he put his wits to work. "Take one of my blankets," he said. "I have more than I need."

Joe demurred. They argued the matter with sarcastic politeness on both sides. Each was aware that the other saw through his game. "You're ready to go just yet," answered Ralph. "I can't wait. I have to make a train, and away they went, leaving Doris behind."

Doris slowly gathered up her toys and put them away, tears running down her cheeks for she knew she had missed a treat in not being able to go with grandpa, for he always bought the children ice cream and candy.

"I've always found that the best thing to do is to gather up my things and to put them in place just as soon as I've finished with them then I'm always ready for whatever happens. You left your best doll in the middle of the floor and Fido has almost torn her to pieces and now grandpa goes and takes her away, all because you failed to gather up your toys when you were told to," said mamma.

"I'll never, never, again say 'in a second,'" sobbed Doris and mamma gathered her little girl in her arms and kissed her tear-stained face. "I know it, dear, and I'll help you to remember," mamma promised. But Doris never had to be reminded again, for just as soon as she had finished playing she gathered her things together and put them in their places. Doris had learned a lesson that she never forgot.

over the gangplank, swearing under his breath. CHAPTER III. On the Little River. The next day passed as if the scene of the night had not taken place. The question of the girl passenger did not become acute again, because all the men were too busy to pay her any attention.

When they arose to their breakfast Joe Mixer turned toward Ralph, as near as he could make it, unaltered from the day before. In this less open nature would have perceived something more dangerous than candid enmity, but it was characteristic of the easy-going Ralph to meet him half-way.

From sunup to dark they were engaged almost continuously in pulling the little Tewkesbury up the Gisborne rapids, crew and passengers pitching in together. After his weeks of inaction at Fort Edward, Ralph welcomed hard work and felt like a man again. The entire operation was novel and interesting to him.

A hawser was sent ashore in a boat, one end of which was fastened to a stout tree up-stream, and with eight men at a time bending their backs to the capstan, the little vessel hauled herself up hand over hands on the rope. Meanwhile her paddle-wheel was not idle either.

When the rope was all in another was sent ashore and the trick repeated. More than once the rope broke, and they lost all they had gained. It was nine o'clock before they got in enough water again, and night was falling when they finally tied up to the bank at Gisborne portage, below the new store of Mixer and Fowler.

Ralph himself had made no attempt to approach Nahya during the day. "I can't see her," he said. "I'll try to see her tomorrow." (Continued in Tuesday's issue.)

Good Night Stories

HOW DORIS LEARNED TO BE NEAT

Mamma had told Doris several times to gather up her toys when she was through with them, but Doris seemed never to learn. "You'd better put them away before you go out to play or Fido might get into the nursery and destroy your dolls," said mamma.

"In a second!" answered Doris as she left the room. A few minutes later mamma packed into the nursery. Doris had forgotten to come back, and the toys were scattered all over the nursery floor.

"Doris, you've forgotten to gather up your playthings," mamma called, but Doris was out in the yard and didn't hear.

"I am afraid I never do." One is always expecting some change of circumstances, to do away with all the annoyances, the vexations of existence. And one is always finding out that while the change may do away with one of annoyances, it is apt to bring others.

She Acquired a Maid—And New Troubles. I knew a woman who used to think her maid "perfectly happy" (that ever bebooming misrage) and she could have a maid and not have

TO BE NO LET-UP ON MURDER PLAN Germany Begins Onslaught Of Further Unrestricted Frightfulness IN ALL PHASES OF WAR Other Campaigns Planned Which Merely Await Signal for Action

London, Monday, Oct. 22.—Germany's efforts of the past 24 hours mark the beginning of probably months of a series of outrages of every description. The papers this morning carry three stories of German frightfulness, the Zeppelin raid, destruction of two British destroyers with nearly the entire crew neutral, and the sinking of a United States transport. These calamities have aroused more resentment than anything previously reported. The British public is able to stand the shock of losses with fortitude, but its ire knows no bounds when such reports are published of inhumanity at sea, while workmen are picking up the shattered bodies of civilians and innocent children killed by aerial torpedoes dropped upon London.

It was not a spectacular air raid such as has been expected after the aeroplane activity. Except for the dropping of bombs there was surprisingly little noise. Many thought it was a false alarm and came out into exposed places while the Zeppelins hung overhead, with engines shut off, hoping to escape attention for a time and then reconquer the bombardment. The ruse worked so well that it is surprising the casualties were only 27 killed with 52 injured.

There was some material damage to houses and business places. Only three bombs landed within the metropolitan area. Even at a considerable distance from the scene of one explosion the roar of the dropping bombs could be heard, sounding like a heavy train crossing a bridge. Those who had ventured out, tired from the roar of the hours, were the raid was over, until the roar of the missiles was heard. Then they ran for shelter, fairly diving into the underground. The flash of the explosion lit up the sky and shook the earth for a radius of several miles.

Germany is preparing an onslaught of unrestricted frightfulness in every phase of warfare. Although she paid heavily for last night's London raid, by losing four huge and costly airships, with the crews, nothing can make her withhold other campaigns which she has already prepared, and are merely awaiting the signal for action. The United States has had its first hint of what is coming against its line of communications.

These Zeppelins, it is believed were specially built for this sort of raiding. That their envelopes have been toughened and chemically treated so as to reduce the chances of setting the gas on fire, and that they carried fewer bombs or torpedoes built of greater explosive power than the old Zeppelins, there seems no doubt. Their engines also have been almost silenced, which could only be done by increased weight and a lessened high carrying capacity.

But, though less audibly, the ordinary ears, these are scientific apparatus which can magnify the sound so that the defenders can hear their approach as well as ever. At the same time they may have been fitted with new methods of "silent defence," which was tried in London on Friday night as well as considerable criticism of it.

If it may have been effective in driving the Zeppelins out and out of their course, but it left to the French the glory of getting the biggest single Zeppelin bag of the war.

SIDE TALKS

RUTH E. JOE CASSELL A PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY EXISTENCE

An acquaintance of mine who had grown very tired of keeping house stored most of her furniture and went to boarding.

"I am so tired of thinking what to have to eat," she said, "and of sweeping and dusting and marketing and paying bills and all the paraphernalia of housekeeping I'm going to get rid of it all."

It was plain that she expected to enter upon a perfectly satisfactory existence. That was four years ago. The other day I met her and she was hunting for an apartment.

She Found Boarding Not Ideal "Yes," she said, "I'm going back to housekeeping for a while anyway. I'm so sick of boarding-house cooking and living in two rooms and being tied to the dinner bell. I want some privacy and freedom."

One is always expecting some change of circumstances, to do away with all the annoyances, the vexations of existence. And one is always finding out that while the change may do away with one of annoyances, it is apt to bring others.

She Acquired a Maid—And New Troubles. I knew a woman who used to think her maid "perfectly happy" (that ever bebooming misrage) and she could have a maid and not have

to hurry home to get dinner and rise from the dinner table to a mess of dishes. She finally acquired a maid and found a new set of annoyances. She and her husband were fond of eating at irregular hours the maid, needless to say, was not. They loved to have friends drop in unannounced, the maid did not. The wife liked her dishes washed and drained in a certain neat and orderly way, the maid did not. And so on—I am sure you can fill out from your own experience.

People are always trying to make their lives more comfortable. I shall rid them of all untoward circumstances. It can't be done. The only way to get rid of annoyances is to teach oneself not to be annoyed by them.

Happiness Must Come From the Heart. All lasting serenity must have its roots in the heart and not in circumstances. Of course it is sensible to plan your life so as to minimize annoyances and discomforts but you can't eliminate them. You must supplement these plans with the habit of taking some annoyances for granted. You must realize that even if you could have things different there would still be other annoyances. You must train yourself to take untoward circumstances cheerfully and courageously. Make as little of them instead of as much as you can. The older I grow the more firmly I am convinced that so and so only can one be happy.

Chocolate Cake. One and one-half ounces or 1-2 squares chocolate scant 1-2 cup butter, 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 2-3 cup milk, 1-2 cups sifted flour, 1-2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 teaspoonful vanilla; melt chocolate in butter; sift flour, salt and baking powder; add sugar, milk and eggs not beaten; lastly, melted butter and chocolate and vanilla; beat thoroughly and pour into greased and floured tin. I always flour my cake tins and never have a cake stick on the bottom. This fine and very quickly and easily made.

Blueberry Shortcake. One and a half cups butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup sweet milk, 1-2 cups flour, 1-2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 pint berries, washed; if eaten hot, make a sauce of cream and sugar, or simply sugar over.

Sponge Cake. One cup sugar, 1 teaspoonful cream tartar, 2 eggs; beat all together; 1 cup flour, 1-2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, nutmeg, white of 1 egg. This makes 2 loaves.

Mamma's Cream Puffs. Put 1 cup boiling water in saucepan; stir in 1-2 cup butter and 1 good cup flour, turn in gradually then stir quickly and smoothly till it cleaves from the dish; set away to cool while 4 eggs are being beaten; stir into the mixture; drop from point of spoon and bake 1-2 hour exactly in hot oven. Makes 12 good sized cakes.

ARE YOU LOSING YOUR GRIP Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the remedy to restore your energy, and to rebuild health and vitality. If anyone who feels weak or languid, whose vitality has been lowered from any cause, whose nerves are overstrained or "jumpy," will take a course of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, he or she cannot fail to be astonished at the wonderful new health and vigour that will follow and follow quickly. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are an ideal brace-up. They strengthen the nervous system throughout, invigorate all the bodily functions, give "Spring" and "Grip" and fitness even to the weakest. And there is no dope in them.

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Rippling Rhymes THE DAT OF PEACE. The war will end some blessed day, some day the strife will cease; the kings will put their guns away, and boost the boon of peace. The caplans then will drop the tools which made the world's turmoil, and drive their teams of sorrel mules along the rows of corn. Walls still the tide of battle rolls, while still we hear

the din, it seems to countless weary souls that war has always been. Three years they say the strife has raged, across the mourning seas, but it would seem that war's been waged for three centuries. The days that reek of blood and tears pass slowly o'er the stage; to weary hearts three gory years become an endless age. We're looking forward to the day

when peace with honor comes, when kings will put their swords away, and soak their battle drums. I long to see the colobels drop their shining snickerees, and buckle down to raise a crop of beans and early peas. I long to see field marshalls hang their batons from a nail, and then get busy with the gang, to earn some bloodless hale.

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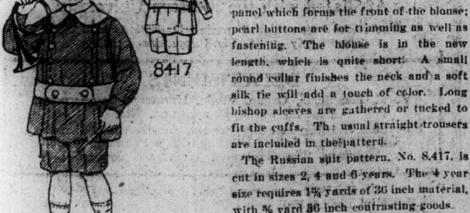
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BOY'S RUSSIAN SUIT.

By Anabel Worthington.



The junior member of the family will feel quite dignified and grown up if he has a real Russian suit like the one shown in No. 8417. There is a broad panel which forms the front of the blouse; pearl buttons are for trimming as well as fastening. The blouse is in the new length, which is quite short. A small round collar finishes the neck and a soft silk tie will add a touch of color. Long bishop sleeves are gathered or tucked to fit the cuffs. The usual straight trousers are included in the pattern.

The Russian suit pattern, No. 8417, is cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. The 4 year size requires 1 1/2 yards of 36 inch material, with 3/4 yard 80 inch contrasting goods. "To obtain this pattern send 15 cents to The Courier, Brantford. Any two patterns for 25 cents."

KILL CIVILIANS. London defenses says cars were driven off by machines drawn up ready