

The Sealed Valley

By HULBERT FOOTNER

Author of "Jack Chanty" (Copyright)

(From Friday's Daily.)
Kitty timidly raised her eyes to Ralph's. The scorn that blazed on her shriveled up her soul. She wondered how she could go on living after it.

"How do I know you ain't lying?" Joe asked her. "How did he come to tell you about the other woman?" "I'll say no more," murmured Kitty.

Joe made a move toward Ralph's arm, and she sprang to her knees with a cry. "I'll tell you! It is true! I swear it! He was out of his head when he came—for two days. He told me in his fever. Over and over he told me. I wrote it down. I thought it was just fancies until Annie came to-day, and then I knew it was true. Now let him go!"

Hope died within Ralph's breast. His head fell forward. "Nahnya foresaw this," he thought. "She is always right. I have ruined everything. What is there left for me?"

Joe looked at Stack. It was clear that he came to lean on the little man's evil perspicacity.

"It's true all right," said Stack. "He'd have kept his mouth shut if it was a lie."

"Now let him go," said Kitty again. "Hold your horses," said Joe. "I didn't say—"

"You promised!" cried Kitty wildly. "I'll keep to my promise," said Joe—"in my own time. I'd be a fool to let him loose now to make trouble for us. We're going to start off at dawn. I'll leave him tied to the tree, and as soon as we're gone you can come and cut him loose."

"He'll not us from the shore!" Stack piped up excitedly. "He'll not raise a gun with that arm inside a month," said Joe, grinning. "Run back to your bed," he said to Kitty.

"No, you don't!" said Joe. "And have your father down on us like a mad moose directly! You run along, or I'll go up to the shack myself and fetch him back to bring you."

The threat was effective. Kitty turned abruptly and ran back over the trail.

She ran until she was sure her footfalls had passed out of ear-shot. Then she stopped and listened to make sure she was not followed.

Satisfied of this, she crept into the underbrush and began to make her way back, feeling her way with infinite patience over treacherous twigs and dry leaves, doubling and circling to find a way through the thickly springing stems, drawing her skirts close around her and insinuating her body softly through the leaves.

Kitty had never hunted nor practised woodcraft; it was pure instinct that enabled her to make her way through the undergrowth as noiselessly as a lynx. These soft natures have a boldness of their own.

She proceeded until, through the interstices of the leaves, she could watch every move of the four men around their fire, and watch Ralph, that they did him no further injury.

The half-breed had already laid himself down to sleep again. After the manner of his race, he held himself aloof, affecting a stolid unconcern with white men's matters.

The three white men talked together low-voiced. It was as if the

very magnitude of their good fortune had sobered them. Joe Mixer clapped his thigh and cried softly:

"Bowl of the Mountains! We're made for life! Millionaires, big-bugs, second to none! This means living like a lord, the real thing; steam-yachts, private cars, horses, automobiles, jeweled women! And eating and drinking of the best as much as one can hold—if it's handled right!"

He licked his lips greedily and shot a contemptuous and furtive glance at his two companions the one weak-minded, the other a physical weakling. The look boded them no good.

Even in the prospect of such riches men must sleep, and one by one they wrapped themselves in their blankets and lay down. In time they lay all four in a row, feet to the fire, looking in their wrappings like four corpses ready for burial in the sea.

Kitty drew even closer, the better to see how it was with Ralph. He hung for support on the ropes that bound him, his head fallen forward on his breast. A fresh terror attacked her at the sight of his limpness; she crept toward him until she could see his eyes wink in the firelight and knew that he was at least conscious.

Her heart was wrung by the sight. In reality Ralph had passed the extremity of pain, both physical and mental, and was sunk in a kind of lethargy. The effect of what had happened was to fill him with the same hopeless fatalism that Nahnya had.

What would happen was bound to happen. The powers were against them, and it was useless to struggle. The brook made no noise where it emptied into the river, and in the stillness of the forest the breathing of the four sleepers became clearly audible to Kitty. It gave her an idea that caused her heart to set up a beating like a frightened bird's.

She listened and found she could distinguish the sounds made by all four—the stertorous snoring of the full-blooded butcher, the quick, gasping breaths of the ferretman, the wooden snores of the wittiner, even the deep, slow breathing of the half-breed youth who did not snore.

It was unquestionable that they were all sleeping deeply. Kitty's tongue clave to her palate, and she nearly died with fright at what she was about to do; but she never hesitated. With infinite caution she made her way around through the bush to Ralph's tree, approaching it from behind.

The beating of her heart was the most sound she made, and she could not control that.

Arrived at the tree at last, she crouched behind it, not daring to speak to him. Rising to her feet at last, she softly touched his elbow. Ralph started violently, but betrayed no sound. Kitty attacked the knots with shaking fingers.

Ordinarily, she could never have loosened them, but there was no question of falling now; it had to be done. In the end it was done. Ralph steadied himself against the tree, while she lowered the loosened coil to his feet.

Ralph sank to his knees. Instantly, aided by one hand, he started to drag himself toward the edge of the bank. The other hand

The Issue in this Election!

Shall Canada continue to Fight, or shall she slink from the field?

This Election is the most awful crisis in our history:—

Are we going to retain the honor of Canada, or are we to be known to the world as a nation of quitters?

Are we going to retain our place in the world's markets, or are we to lose both foreign credit and trade?

Are we going to place ourselves under the domination of the French Canadians, who, by spurning their duty in this war, made Conscription necessary?

Patriotic Canadians Carry On!

On December 17th these questions will be answered by the voters of Canada at home and overseas. The brave men and women in France who have sacrificed home comfort and loved ones for our liberty, the men and women at home who believe in Canada, believe in the cause, and in the maintenance of Canada's honor, will cast their votes to

Support Union Government

The representative men of the two great political parties came together in Union Government to make Canada's effort in the war most effective in the support of our men at the front with additional forces, and to direct and control the industrial and economic life of Canada to the one end of winning the war. An additional 100,000 reinforcements are urgently needed. Union Government will continue to raise the force quickly and impartially under the provisions of the Military Service Act, 1917. Laurier, Bourassa and Quebec think we have done enough, and are in favor of deserting our men, breaking our pledge, ruining the country's credit with our Allies, and trailing Canada's honor in the mud of world opinion. Quebec, having failed to do her duty, is now trying to bend the rest of Canada to her will.

Wives, Mothers, Daughters and Sisters—You Have a Vote

Every woman may vote who is a British subject, 21 years of age, resident in Canada one year, and in the constituency 30 days, who is the mother, wife, widow, daughter, sister or half-sister of any person, male or female, living or dead, who is serving, or has served without Canada in any of the Military forces, or within or without Canada in any of the Naval forces of Canada or of Great Britain in the present war, or who has been honorably discharged from such services, and the date of whose enlistment was prior to Sept. 20, 1917.

Unionist Party Publicity Committee

Courier Daily: Pattern Service

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

MISSSES' AND SMALL WOMEN'S DRESS.

By Anabel Worthington.

The girl who is ambitious to make her own clothes may well start with this simplest of simple patterns, No. 8498. In the first place there are no plackets to make, as the dress is to be slipped on over the head. The front of the waist is cut out in a very odd shape, and the oval is filled in with a tiny inset vest of white. The broad collar of white satin is girlish and pretty. The long sleeves are gathered into deep cuffs, which in turn have an interesting narrow cuff which flares over the hands. The dress is in one piece from shoulder to hem, but a casing is sewed at the waistline and a wide girder of the material is softly draped and tied like a sash at the back.

The misses' and small women's dress pattern No. 8498 is cut in four sizes, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Width at lower edge of skirt is 2 3/4 yards. As on the figure the 16 year size requires 5 1/2 yards 30 inch, with 3/4 yard 36 inch contrasting goods.

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



traded helplessly. Kitty tried to steer him in the other direction, but he shouldered her aside.

She was obliged to follow him. Once Joe Mixer's snore broke off short; he muttered in his sleep and changed position. Kitty's heart turned over in her breast.

Somehow they got down the bank to the sand below. Ralph made straight for his raft, which lay as he had left it; the paddle sticking between the logs.

Kitty put her lips to his ear. "What are you going to do?" she whispered, apprehending the worst.

"Warn Nahnya," he returned. "In two hours it will be light."

"You can't!" she began with rising excitement. "You're not fit to—"

Ralph clapped his good hand over her mouth. "How he hates me!" thought Kitty. Realizing the hopelessness of trying to dissuade him, she helped push the raft off the sand. Ralph climbed on board and Kitty followed.

"Go back," he whispered sharply. For answer she took the paddle out of his hand and shoved the raft into deeper water. "You can't travel

alone," she whispered. "You can't use the paddle. You'd only be carried down the rapids!"

He offered no further objection. Kitty propped the raft into the main current and laid the paddle down.

Thereafter they travelled without speaking. The raft was ceaselessly and slowly swung around and back in the eddies. The gigantic, shadowy mountain masses crouched and looked dumbly up at the stars, like gross, earthly creatures under the spell of fairy wands.

There was no air stirring, and the river was like oil stirred with a spoon. Occasionally the eddies burst beside them with a soft gush, immediately to reform again.

Though there was but an arm's length between them, the two on the raft were separated by a wall more impenetrable than stones and mortar. On one side of it sat the youth with his hooded despair; on the other side the girl nursed her unrequited love and her torturing jealousy.

Her quick mind ran ahead to picture the meeting with the other woman that she must witness.

She knew that Nahnya loved him. It was she, Kitty, who was the scorned outsider. Yet of the two the youth was the worst off; for under cover of the darkness she might weep and ease her heart.

It was she, Kitty, who was the scorned outsider. Yet of the two the youth was the worst off; for under cover of the darkness she might weep and ease her heart.

(Continued in Monday's Daily)

JOKER IN THE CLAUSE.

By Courier Special Wire. Dec. 5.—The text of the armistice agreement between the 67th Russian infantry division and the 31st German infantry division is printed by The Pravda. It does not contain a word concerning the non-transference of German troops to other fronts.

ELECTORAL REFORM BILL.

By Courier Special Wire. Dec. 7.—The electoral reform bill was introduced in the Lower House of the Prussian Diet yesterday by Imperial Chancellor von Hertling, according to a wireless dispatch from Berlin to The Maasbode. In urging the passage of the bill, the Chancellor said:

"I recognize that the proposals signify a turning point in the history of Prussia. This will evoke in wide circles painful feelings, and

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serious objections, but the task of true statesmanship is to take innovations in hand courageously when the people's need for development requires them. The present electoral system is now obsolete and you will do the fatherland a very great assistance if you consent to the proposals. The bill relating to the Upper House aims at bringing the House in closer touch with the national life of Prussia, which is no longer the agrarian state of the fifties."