

The Sealed Valley

By HULBERT FOOTNER

Author of "Jack Chanly"

(From Friday's Daily.)

The opening was about two feet across. Buttressed by the fallen trees below and screened by the living ones, it was shrewdly hidden. Ralph wondered by what chance it had been first discovered. He lit a match and dropped it in. It burned until it struck the bottom. It was about fifteen feet deep. There was the trunk of a young pine standing upright within it, reaching to within a foot of the top. Obviously this was used to climb in and out by.

It was like an invitation to enter, but Ralph hesitated. Notwithstanding the reassuring light of day and the solid earth of rocks and trees, the feeling of something uncanny, something more than natural, would not quiet down.

When he laughed this way there remained very human fears.

"Who knows what may be down there?" he thought. "And what kind of a conception will I receive? Finally there were compunctions of delicacy.

"It's hardly fair to break in on the secrets behind their backs," he thought. Recollection of his own injuries wiped this out. "They weren't so careful of my feelings," he told himself.

In the end, perhaps because he was afraid, Ralph was obliged to descend. As he went down he could not take a dare from himself. Swinging his legs over the edge, he felt for the top branch of the pine tree.

At the bottom of the hole he struck another match. There were several pine-knot torches lying at his feet. Picking up the longest, he lighted it.

He was in a narrow cleft in the rock extending obliquely and downward into the mountain. It was necessary to recline partly on his back and inch himself along, holding the spluttering torch at arm's length before him. It was an awkward posture in which to meet danger. But Charley could come through he could he thought.

After only a few yards of this he issued suddenly into a much larger chamber, where he was able to stand freely on his feet.

It was a kind of spacious corridor running off to the right and left and floored with pebbles and sand. Mainly a stream had once flowed over it, but at present the floor was dry.

The thrilling impressions of a cave brought Ralph's boyhood winging back to him.

Thinking of grizzly bears and mountain lions none too comfortably, he was unarmed, he sniffed the air delicately. There was no suggestion of animal effluvia. Anyway, Charley had just passed through.

The torch made an extraordinary dancing light on the walls of the rock, reminding him of a certain flaring gas-light in the cellar at home. The cave was not like a tunnel with arching roof, as he had always imagined caves, but was still a fissure in the rock, both sides leaning obliquely in the same direction.

Overhead the split gradually narrowed; the light of his torch did not penetrate to the top of it.

Ralph was faced by the choice of turning right or left in the corridor. He lighted the torch to look for footstep. In the patches of sand they were plainly discernable, many of them almost a beaten path leading off to the right.

Besides Charley's, Ralph readily distinguished the prints of his own small, straight feet, and another foot, evidently her mother's.

The sight of all these footprints had the effect of allaying Ralph's fears and of strongly stimulating his excitement. Up to this moment he had kept in view the possibility that

(this cave might be a private affair of Charley's.)

Now he could no longer doubt that Nahya's secret, whatever it was, lay at the end of this path.

He followed it, feeling himself on the brink of an amazing discovery. Nothing could have turned him back now. "With all her pains to keep me in the dark, I have been a little too clever for her!" he thought vainly.

Sometimes the corridor was ten feet wide, sometimes it narrowed down to four. The air had that extraordinary dead quality only to be found in deep caves; but it was quite pure, because the torch burned clearly. The stillness pressed on his ear-drums.

The quietest room; the quietest night out of doors was vibrant and musical by comparison. His own breathing sounded hoarse and laborious in his ears.

Holding the torch high over his head, he made his way swiftly over the smooth floor, wrought up to the highest possible pitch.

Rounding a corner of the rock, the flickering light fell on a human figure standing motionless before him. He stopped short with a horrid shock of fright.

The torch dropped from his nervous hand and was extinguished. He slowly screwed down the clamps of self-control and schooling, his voice, halted the creature. The sound shattered the dark stillness with an incredible, unnatural ring.

The sound of his own voice in that place terrified him. The silence that followed upon it was terrible.

There was no answer.

Very slowly he forced himself to pick up the torch, to light a match, and to ignite it again. He held it there. The figure was still there, motionless. Ralph went forward very gingerly, and saw that it was not human, after all, but merely a kind of scarecrow; a stick planted in the sand with a cross-piece on which was hung a coat and hat.

Evidently some of Charley's work placed there for what purpose Ralph could not conceive. He sat down, wiped his face, and allowed his shagging nerves to quiet down.

Proceeding, he heard a murmur which later resolved itself into the sound of running water. Ralph wondered uneasily if there were times when a torrent swept between these rocky walls; he pictured himself swept helplessly upon it, and his skin prickled.

In such a place he would not have been surprised by anything. The scarecrow reassured him partly.

Plainly it had been set up to stand more than an hour or two. Keeping on, he satisfied himself that the water was not coming toward him. The sound increased only in the ratio of his progress toward it.

Soon it was close ahead, not a loud sound, but the musical voice of a rapid, smooth stream. Holding the torch high, its light was reflected in pale gleams up the corridor. The water was coming straight toward him, to be suddenly and mysteriously diverted.

A few steps farther and he had the explanation.

A yawning hole in the floor of the cave received the stream entire with out a sound. It simply slipped over the lip of rock and ceased to be. The absence of any sound of a fall below was uncanny.

Ralph tossed a little stone in the hole—and heard nothing. Not until he lay at full length and stuck his head over the edge of the chasm could he hear above the soft hiss of the descending water the distant, muffled crash of its fall.

The height suggested by the sound staggered the senses. Ralph received a new and awful conception of

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH SEYMOUR CAMERON

THAT TERRIBLE FAVORITE STORY!

Once upon a time when I was talking with a husband and wife, the husband started to tell a story in illustration of some point. "Henry," said his wife, with a queer little gesture and a tone of calm desperation that made what she said indescribably funny, "if you tell that story again I know I shall scream."

"But my dear," protested her husband (he is one of those rare people who have enough of humor to smile even at themselves) "she hasn't heard it."

She Stepped Aside While He Told It.

We compromised finally by deciding that she should step aside for a few minutes while I listened to the story. It was really worth listening to. Quite amusing in fact. But not so amusing as her protest.

She expressed so earnestly what every wife (and husband) has felt a hundred times.

Almost every individual has certain stories of one sort or another that he likes to relate whenever he sees (or can pry) an opening in the conversation. There's his favorite funny stories, and his most exciting adventures, and the queerest thing that ever happened to him, and the most interesting coincidences, etc., etc.

So long as he knows how to tell a story and doesn't tell the same story over again to the same people, the fact that he is

repeating himself doesn't matter. That is, if he is a bachelor (or she a bachelor maid). But when he (or she) undertakes to carry an audience of one about with him every where he goes, that complicates affairs.

No Man or Woman Wants to Play Only for an Audience of One.

It would be asking too much of man or woman to expect them to play only for that single audience and neglect the gallery the rest of their lives. We all enjoy the gallery's applause, however clear an importance is the audience of one.

If I were asked to put up a prescription for the situation I should suggest a very simple one—three glasses toleration plus two of separation.

Close the Ears of Your Mind

When you've heard a story so many times that you feel like screaming when you hear it coming, just learn to close your ears and think of something else when it comes. Doubtless your partner is doing the same thing for you.

And if you find that things like your partner's production of wine the same experience, and don't be afraid to give both of you a little rest from each other in any way possible.

"Yoke" used to be a favorite simile for matrimony. "Partnership" is more commonly used and it nowadays. It is an excellent change.

the goodly old phrase—the bowels on the earth.

He hastened toward it, feeling an unbounded relief. He had been prepared to face—he did not know what—some shape of mystery or terror in the darkness. And here was honest daylight.

An insupportable curiosity filled him, forcing him to run and to leap as if but a minute or two of daylight remained.

Arrived in the opening, he flung the remains of his torch in the water. The bearded bright stars over his head once more. Until as saw it he did not realize how heavily he had been oppressed by underground terrors.

At first nothing else was visible to him but the sky and terraces of rock on either side between which the little stream came tumbling down into the hole.

Ralph was up over the rocks like an ape. At the top there was lush green grass starred with flowers. Trees below still obstructed his view.

He ran on up the slope of grass until the side prospect opened to his eye. There he flung himself down to gaze his fill.

He was not disappointed. It surpassed his brightest imaginings. The first glimpse amply repaid him for the trip underground.

It was lovelier than any sight he had ever beheld—lovelier than any scene he had visited in his dreams. It was itself, and it was new. The artist in him experienced the rich, rare satisfaction of beholding a perfect thing.

He had to enlarge his conception of beauty to take it in.

(Continued in Monday's Issue.)

WAR KITCHENS IN COMMON USE

Public Establishment Provide Food for Large Part of German People

Amsterdam, Nov. 2.—(Correspondence)—The public kitchens established throughout the German empire since the beginning of the war world now are able to supply food for about 50 per cent of the population, according to a statement published by the German war office. It would appear from this statement that there were 2200 such establishments in the empire, and that the ordinary capacity amounted to the production in a recent month of 2,500,000 quarts of food.

There are in the German empire 563 common dining rooms, or restaurants, each of about 50 of these now are without public kitchens. The majority of towns report establishments providing mid-day dinners for all, although all the kitchens are equipped for supplying at least two meals daily.

In Berlin there are now 66 public kitchens, and in other towns who obtain food from the government in a remarkable manner. In recent weeks the number of participants has averaged about 170,000 daily.

Rippling Rhymes

HEARTRENDING.

It must be trying to the soul to do at home one's part of the stunt, and hear each day the query droll, "Aren't you fighting at the front?" Perhaps the stay-at-home can spring a reason why he spills no gore, but that reason 'o'er and 'o'er. The matrons view him with disdain, as for the soldier boys they knit; their glances say, "Your life is vain—why don't you try to do your bit?" The blooming damsels, too, gaze upon the friendless, outcast wight, and say, "We'll have no truck with jays who stay at home when brave men fight." The children see him pass their school and cry aloud a ribald horde, "The corkscrew is this slacker's tool, while other young men ply the sword." He may have reasons good as wheat for staying home and being busy, while martial neighbors go to meet the Prussians in the fray; but who will listen while he tells the reason why he doesn't go? Men say, "If you'd be wiser, you ought to swat your country's foe."

WATERFORD

(From Our Own Correspondent).

Waterford, Nov. 1.—Squaw weather is here with snow and cold weather. After this spell is over probably we will have our Indian summer.

Messrs. Leonard Harrison and T. C. Savage left on Tuesday afternoon for the deer hunting in the Northern country. They will be absent for a couple of weeks.

Rev. Frank Anderson is spending a couple of weeks in Winnipeg. Saturday evening was the night of nights here, with very early in the evening some appeared on the streets in their fancy costume. A number of blackened faces were seen among the boys. One would have thought this was a negro settlement. No harm was done. Everywhere there was a party this year. The Rebekahs held one at Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Merritt's, the B.Y.P.U. and Miss Church also entertained. The Methodist Sunday School held a social evening at the Methodist parsonage. All were masked parties and much enjoyment was found in guessing who your neighbor happened to be.

Mr. George Pitman, of Madison, Wisconsin, spent a few days with his sister, Mrs. James J. Church. Two American troop trains passed

Good Night Stories

By Elizabeth Stone

POLLY'S WHIZZEN-POOF

"Every night just after the sun goes down, he comes out from his cave in the mountains and sits at the edge of the road," explained Polly.

Doty and David huddled closer to her on the step.

"Did you ever see him?" asked Doty, her voice filled with wonder.

"Sure," replied Polly. "And one night when it was very, very dark he came and sat down right there, away up the road. All I could see was his great big red eye, blinking and winking at me like a beautiful big ruby."

"You are not afraid of anything, are you, Polly?" exclaimed David.

Polly shook her head.

"Whizzen-Poofs won't hurt you. They're sent out to warn folks that there's danger ahead. You know Whizzen-poofs only have one eye and it's so bright you can't see where his tail and head begin. All you see is just one great, big, red eye, winking and blinking at you from away down the road," said Polly.

"I'd like to see a Whizzen-poof, all right," laughed David. "I wouldn't be afraid of him."

"Then you want to watch this road, for he's likely to come out most any evening," replied Polly.

"That night after the lights were out, and David was quite sure Polly and Doty were sound asleep, he softly stole out of bed and climbed on a chair to look out of the window. Away up the road—right where Polly had pointed—there winked and blinked a tiny red eye.

At one time he saw a baby Whizzen-poof. He thought what a great thing it would be to capture a baby Whizzen-poof and have it all for his own! So, taking his popgun, David stole out of the house and quickly ran down the road. The tiny red eye began to grow larger and larger as David neared its hiding place.

"It's not a baby Whizzen-poof, so it's a good thing I brought my popgun," said David to himself, and he stepped to load in the cork.

"Course it won't hurt him, but I'll scare him all right! Then I'll tie a string around his neck and take him home with me!"

"David, David, David," shouted a voice behind him, and David turned and saw Polly dragging Doty by the hand, running up the road towards him.

"Where in the world are you going?" cried Polly as she caught up with David. David pointed to the big red eye.

"I'm going to capture that Whizzen-poof," he replied. Doty held tightly to Polly's hand, and then she burst out laughing.

"He knows me, so you both close your eyes and don't open them until I say ready," laughed Polly, and she led the children right up to the big red eye.

"Ready!" cried Polly, and the two children opened their eyes.

There in front of them stood a great pile of logs, and at one end hung a lantern with a red chimney.

"They always put a red light on things like that, so folks won't run into them after dark. That's my Whizzen-poof!"

David and Doty sat down and had a good laugh over Polly's Whizzen-poof with the great red eye. Then Polly took David and Doty home and once more tucked them in bed.

through here, going east, Wednesday afternoon. The boys were hanging out the windows, giving a smile to the ones who chanced to see them.

Mrs. James Slack spent the weekend with Mrs. A. J. Walker at Paris.

Mr. Bruce Burns has accepted a position with the A. Talbot and Co., London, and left this week to commence work.

B.Y.P.U. Rally.

The B.Y.P.U. rally on Monday was not favored by the weather man as it rained hard all day and during the evening. Only a few delegates braved the storm, but they enjoyed a treat which the rest missed.

Rev. E. R. Fitch delivered an address in the afternoon on "Organization," and discussed the power, purpose and fundamental principles of organization. In the evening Rev. E. G. Dale gave an interesting address on "The Value of the Soul." After showing the various estimates, the different peoples place upon the value of the soul, he told that God's estimate meant the sacrifice of his son, Rev. H. H. Bingham, B.A., of Talbot Street, Baptist Church, London, Ont., delivered a lecture both afternoon and evening. The afternoon lecture was on "Have Baptists Still a Distinctive Message?" and the evening address was the "Value and Power of the Personal Touch." He unfolded the rare privileges of one who does personal work and told of many incidents which had happened in his life.

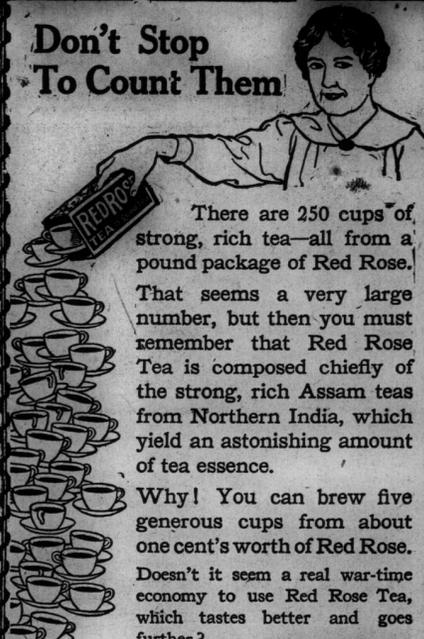
The new officers were installed during the evening meeting, and are as follows: President, Rev. S. H. Lamb, Villa Nova; first vice-president, Mr. Lorne D. Culver, Waterford; second vice-president, Rev. E. G. Dale, Boston; secretary-treasurer, Miss Maude Fleming, Simcoe; superintendent of junior work, Mrs. H. Crabbe, Simcoe; superintendent of culture courses, Miss Clara Fellyer, B.A., Waterford; councillors, Mr. Wallace Haviland, Mr. Archie Cook, Mr. McMahon.

Miss Eva Wilson of Vittoria sang a beautiful solo during the evening meeting.

The Waterford B.Y.P.U. served a substantial supper between sessions to the delegates in the basement of the church.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Don't Stop To Count Them



There are 250 cups of strong, rich tea—all from a pound package of Red Rose. That seems a very large number, but then you must remember that Red Rose Tea is composed chiefly of the strong, rich Assam teas from Northern India, which yield an astonishing amount of tea essence.

Why! You can brew five generous cups from about one cent's worth of Red Rose. Doesn't it seem a real war-time economy to use Red Rose Tea, which tastes better and goes further?

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Xmas Cards and Seals

To aid those who are now getting ready Xmas parcels for soldiers overseas we are making an advance showing of Xmas Gift Dressings—

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We would also mention "Stedman's Overseas Boxes"—the strongest made entainers for soldiers' comforts.

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You Would Shudder If You Saw This—

LITTLE Belgian children—their fathers fighting, dead, or in German bondage—thousands motherless, are slowly succumbing to insufficient feeding. A bowl of soup and a slice of bread is all they get each day. Think of it!

Their ray of hope is to be taken to Holland and there nursed back to health by Dutch authorities, the work being financed through public contributions to the Belgian Relief Fund.

Fate has protected you from actually SEEING these little waifs dying from slow starvation! Open your purse and help! Mark your contribution for the Belgian Children's Health Fund.

\$2.70 maintains a Belgian orphan for a month. This is for little children who are absolutely helpless and friendless. Alone in the world. Contributions to this cause should be marked "Belgian Orphan Fund."

Remember—your contribution goes entire, through the Belgian Minister of the Interior (in France) to the Dutch authorities, who administer the relief work under the approval of the British and Dutch Governments.

What will you do for the waifs of Belgium?

BELGIAN RELIEF FUND
Ontario Branch 80 King St. West, Toronto
J. W. Woods, Esq., Chairman of the Advisory Board
Mrs. Arthur Popple, Chairman of the Committee
Send contributions to Miss Isabelle L. George, Hon. Treasurer, or to Local Committee.
Make cheques payable to the Belgian Relief Fund.
Do not forget M. J. Adams, Canal Boat Fund, for work among Belgian refugees behind the allied lines in Flanders.

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Courier Daily: Pattern Service

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

LADIES' OR MISSES' SET OF GUIMPES.

By Anabel Worthington.

The girl or woman who is deft with her needle can save herself many pennies by making her own lady's guimpes. Guimpes come under the head of neckwear, and a good pattern for them is a very desirable thing to have. The new wide jumper dresses are popular. No. 8438 contains two distinct guimpe patterns and offers various ways of trimming each. No. 1 may be finished with a high neck and turnover or with V-neck and sailor collar, or it may have the collar with points in front and with a square or rounded back. The full is optional. No. 2 is sleeveless and has the back shirred edges extending over the front to give effect. It has a large pointed collar.

The guimpe pattern, No. 8438, is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. As on the figure, the 36 inch size requires 2 1/2 yards 3/8 inch material, 4 yards of insertion and 1/2 yard edging.

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



FIRE LOSS.
By Courier Lured Wire.
Toronto, Nov. 2.—The Monetary Times estimate of Canada's fire loss during October is \$704,605 as compared with the 202,768,115 for October of last year.

Loss of child life this month is again high, one-third of the fatalities being children either playing with matches or fire, quite a few adult cases arise from exploded oil stoves. This year to date 171 lives have been lost in fires.