

BRANT THEATRE

The Home of Features WM. S. HART is First Appearance to our Patrons in a Gripping Western Drama The Narrow Trail Mizpah Selbini & Company Sensational Novelty The Sea Crawler 3rd Episode Who is Number One Roy Griffin The Popular Singer

Coming Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. MADGE KENNEDY the Big Joyous Photoplay NEARLY MARRIED Super Goldwyn Production

TONIGHT

HERBERT'S WASHING TUBS TITIC TRIUMPH "CESS IAT" \$1.00, \$1.50. GROCERIES DRUG STORE

LAND'S

opping On!

Mahogany Trays—Crockers' Sets—Brass Papers—Ivory Manicuring Cases—Club Games—Mesh Games—Dolls and Dollies—Desk Blotter suitable for Xmas

therland

TATIONER

they had decided to cancel the event, whereby it sold seven tickets for 25 cents and henceforth a cash fare of five cents. The matter in a conference with street car company officials last night resulted in six tickets for 25 cents but while city experts investigated need of increased fares.



ATTENDING with time to spare or to spare while waiting on duty are at their

The Sealed Valley

By HULBERT FOOTNER

Author of "Jack Chaney" (Copyright)

(Continued from Saturday's Daily) "I've been living in a dream the last few days! All the time, he teases me, and I love it, because I know he is kind! All the time we laugh, and the hours go by like minutes!" Once the opening was found Kitty was not to be stopped from pouring out the whole of her simple heart to her friend. Nahnya held her close and listened, and her dark head drooped. Kitty, raising her face at last, was arrested by Nahnya's brooding look upon her. Kitty had never seen eyes so kind and so sad. Their look was as deep as the sea. "Annie!" she said sharply. "What's the matter? Aren't you glad?" Nahnya pressed the girl convulsively. "I am glad," she murmured, bestirring herself. "I love you. I am glad if you are happy." "You were not looking glad," said Kitty. "It is foolishness," said Nahnya. "Only—I think of my young man. I want to be happy too!" "You will be!" cried Kitty. Nahnya smiled, with those eyes that will never, never come to me!" she murmured. "Why not?" Kitty demanded to know. Nahnya laughed away the brooding look. "Foolish!" she cried. "I am just jealous! Tell me more! How did he come here?" Kitty, like every lover, was a little selfish in her happiness. She allowed herself to be reassured by Nahnya's laughter. "He was travelling down the river all alone," she went on eagerly, and he lost his boat and everything he had in the Stanley rapids, and dislocated his shoulder besides. The pain of it drove him out of his wits. "For days he wandered in the bush. Providence directed his footsteps to us, dad says. He pitched headfirst through the doorway there while I was working. Never in my life was I so frightened!" Nahnya had succeeded in putting her own sadness out of mind. "You have not told me what he looks like," she said, warm with sympathy. "He'll be here directly," said Kitty, blushing. "You shall see for yourself." Springing up, Kitty ran to the door to look up the trail. He was not yet in sight. As she turned back into the room Nahnya asked: "What is his name?" "Ralph Cowdray," said Kitty shyly. There was silence in the cabin. The brook outside seemed suddenly to increase its brawling. Kitty, in her shyness, turned away her head when she spoke the name; therefore she did not see how Nahnya took it. Kitty waited for Nahnya to speak. The silence became like a weight on them both. "Don't you think it's a pretty name?" murmured Kitty. There was no answer. Kitty looked at her friend in surprise. Nahnya had not moved. She still sat quiet in the chair, her hands loose in her lap. But her head had fallen forward on her breast. The oblique glimpse that Kitty caught of her cheeks caused her to run to her friend and fling an arm around her, and force her head up with the other hand, that she might see into her face. Nahnya kept her eyes obstinately veiled, but she could not disguise the snocking grayness that had crept into her curved cheeks. "Annie! What's the matter!" she cried in distress. "You're sick! Why didn't you tell me? Come lie on my bed. Oh, how selfish I have been!" Nahnya got up, steadying herself on the back of the chair. Her eyes were blank and piteous. "I am not sick," she said, measuring her words syllable by syllable. "I am all right. I will go now." "You'll do nothing of the kind!" cried Kitty indignantly. "In such a state! Come lie down, and let me take care of you!" Nahnya stolidly resisted Kitty's effort to urge her toward the bedroom. Her measured voice began to shake in spite of her will. "You must let me go," she cried. "What nonsense!" cried Kitty, clinging to her. Nahnya's voice came sharp and urgent. "You must let me go or it will be bad for all of us." Kitty fell back a step. "Bad for all of us!" She echoed in innocent perplexity. "What do you mean?" Nahnya passed the limit of endurance. Her hands went suddenly to her head. A low, wild cry broke from her. "I am a cursed woman!" she cried. "Always I know it. Where I go I bring sorrow and evil. There is no place for me! There is nothing! All I ask for was a friend." Kitty thought she was out of her senses. "There, it's all right!" she said, soothing her. "You have me! You will always have me! I'm so glad you came here. I will take care of you and make you well again!" Nahnya made believe to submit to her caresses. "I am cold," she murmured with a shy glance. "Get me a coat, a shawl." Kitty flew into the bedroom. No sooner had she passed the doorway than Nahnya softly glided toward the outer door. She was too late. Before she reached it it was filled

The boys at the front are busy. Vote for Cockshutt and help keep the munition factories busy to help them.

GIRLS! MAKE A BEAUTY LOTION WITH LEMONS At the cost of a small jar of ordinary cold cream one can prepare a full quart of the most wonderful lemon skin softener and complexion beautifier, by squeezing the juice of two fresh lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white. Care should be taken to strain the juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then mix with "Lotion" will keep fresh for months. "Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to bleach and remove such blemishes as sallowness, freckles and tan, and is the ideal skin softener, smoothener and beautifier." Just try it. Get three ounces of orchard white at any pharmacy and make up a quart of this sweet-scented lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands. It naturally should help to soften, freshen, bleach and bring out the roses and beauty of any skin. It is wonderful to smooth rough, red hands.

Referendum Would Leave Our Fighters in the Lurch!

Hon. N. W. Rowell said in Toronto—"On Dec. 17th you must choose a real Union Government, or you must choose a Government that will abolish conscription and leave our men in the lurch!"

IT is imperative that the Canadians at the front be reinforced at the earliest possible moment. Union Government asks for your support that it may continue raising the necessary 100,000 reinforcements from CLASS ONE.

Laurier and his adherents propose delaying the sending of those reinforcements about a year to tinker with a referendum. Modern warfare is a matter of hours and minutes. Armies cannot wait!

Support Union Government

Vote for the Unionist Candidate The Ballot is a Weapon in Your Hands

He represents a Union of those men in both great parties in Canada who place the winning of the war above all else; who are resolved that nothing shall interfere with Canada's participation and who realise that the future history of the Dominion is now being shaped.

Vote for the Unionist Candidate and thereby Defend the Men Who are Defending YOU!

Unionist Party Publicity Committee

Good Night Stories

YOUTH AND AGE Once upon a time, long, long ago, there lived an old woman who had two sons, Dicky and Thomas. Now every one loved Dicky because he was good and kind to every one, young or old. But Thomas was just the opposite. He was cross and ugly. Children bothered him with their merry laughter and old folks were freckles and tan, and is the ideal skin softener, smoothener and beautifier. Just try it. Get three ounces of orchard white at any pharmacy and make up a quart of this sweet-scented lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands. It naturally should help to soften, freshen, bleach and bring out the roses and beauty of any skin. It is wonderful to smooth rough, red hands.

the roadside sat an ugly old woman weeping. "What is the trouble Mother?" asked Dicky kindly. The old woman told him she had sprained her ankle and couldn't walk home. After inquiring where she lived, Dicky gathered her up in his arms and carried her to a little hut that stood in the centre of the woods. Here waited her sister, who was the very picture of youth. They both thanked Dicky for his help and begged him to remain and eat with them. Night being near, Dicky accepted their hospitality, and sat and chatted happily with the two sisters. Just before the lights were turned out the two sisters asked their guest which he liked better, old age or youth. "Both," exclaimed Dicky. "Youth for its joyous spirit and age for its wisdom." The sisters looked at each other. "That is what we love folks to say! I am Youth and I bestow on you the joyous happy nature of youth. It shall remain with you till your dying day and all shall love you for it," said the young sister. "And I give you long life and

wisdom," whispered the old woman. When morning came Dicky was awakened by the gentle snowflakes falling on his face as they silently floated to the ground. He jumped up and looked around. The hut and the two sisters were gone, but by his side there lay a bag of gold. Dicky returned home and when he told his mother and brother about his wonderful experience, Thomas became jealous and started that very day to seek his fortune. He refused to help the old woman, but nevertheless his feet seemed to lead him to the hut of their own will. When he arrived he was tired, and glad to accept the sister's invitation to dine and rest for the night. But when they asked him the question they asked Dicky, Thomas replied that he loved neither. "Youth is silly and Age is a nuisance and tiresome!" he growled. On the instant there was a blinding flash and Thomas knew nothing more until he was awakened to find that his hair was whiter than the snow that almost covered him, and by his side lay a bag of stones. Shivering in the cold, Thomas

strove to draw his coat closer about him, but it tore in his hands. He took a step and his clothes fell away in pieces. He had slept for years and years. Youth was gone from his heart, and Age was become for him just what he had said about Age. Shivering, stumbling, he fled into the woods. But all those years his little old mother and Thomas had lived happily together, for Youth in their heart made Age a happiness.

LETTERS OF COMMENDATION. Nothing that the C.P.R. has done in the direction of food conservation has resulted in so many letters of commendation as the footnotes printed on all menu cards on C.P.R. dining cars and hotels. This reads: "In the interest of food conservation, young lambs, little chickens, little pigs, and their by-products, are not used in the C.P.R. service." The editor of a prominent mining journal says in a leading article: "It must have required some grit, as well as a full sense of duty for an institution which includes such hotels and restaurants as are found on that railway, to put such a menu-

CAUSES OF DEATH. Causes of death in the city during November were: Old age, 3; still birth, 4; abscess of lungs, 1; septicæmia, 1; myocarditis, 2; pneumonia, 3; inanition, 1; cerebral hemorrhage, 1; senility, 2; meningitis, 1; hæmoptysis, 1; intestinal obstruction, 1; premature birth, 2; necrosis of foramen, 1; lymphatic leukæmia, 1; heart failure, 3; tuberculosis, 2; carcinoma, 2; nephritis, 1; heart disease, 2; drowning, 1; bronchitis, 1; morbus cereuleus, 1.