

GRANT THEATRE
 Following Special Features
ACK PICKFORD
LOUISE HUFF
 IN
The Ghost House
 Three Armstrongs'
 Comedy Offering
MOLLIE KING
 IN
The Seven Pearls
 The News of the World
ROY GRIFFIN
 The Popular Singer
 Coming Monday, Tuesday
 and Wednesday
 His first appearance to
 Brant patrons
WM. S. HART
 in the thrilling Western Story
The Narrow Trail

PERA HOUSE

Matinee on
 30th, Dec. 1st.
TOUR
 The Company
 Great Success now in its
 Attendance
RY COMEDY

"Leave"

FROHAM
 A shaft from a search-
 sublime humor as well
 sm That Startles
UGHS—200
 \$100, \$150.
 ee Prices—Fifty Cents
BOLES DRUG STORE
 NOW.
 ss Pat."

ONDAY, Dec. 3rd

HERBERT'S

WASHING
TRIC TRIUMPH
CESS TAT

\$1.00, \$1.50.
BOLES DRUG STORE

PHOTO FRAMES

the new Pedestal Swing
 Photo Frames in our window.
 also carry the largest and
 complete stock of mould-
 frames, unframed and
 and pictures ever shown in
 Brantford.

**Make Your Xmas giv-
 ing this year pictures.**
**There is nothing more
 lasting and appro-
 priate.**

Market St. Book Store
 72 MARKET STREET

HATCHLEY

versary services will be held
 Hatchley Baptist church on
 December 2nd. Rev. Mr.
 Scotland, will preach at 11
 and 7.30 p.m.
 Misses Stokley, of Mt. Elgin,
 relatives here on Sunday.
 of comforts is being sent by
 ties of the neighborhood to the
 terans' home, Brantford.
 munity Christmas tree and
 will be held in the church
 20th.
 regret that Mr. Lloyd Beck-
 as injured by a horse last
 Mission Circle will meet at
 ne of Mrs. J. C. Silverthorne
 Friday.
 New Durham young people
 shower to Mr. and Mrs. By-
 rtis last week.
 Charlie Powell, of Brantford,
 ing friends here.
 Harold Morris has gone to Chi-
 here he will be engaged in the
 cture of aeroplanes.

The Sealed Valley

By **HULBERT FOOTNER**

Author of "Jack Chaney"

(From Wednesday's Daily)
 "Always I think if I could be
 friends with a white woman, we
 could talk. And to-day the river
 bring you to me, so I think it is like
 magic! And my tongue, she shoot
 the rapids of talk! I am sorry I
 scare you!"

"You don't scare me a bit!" pro-
 tested Kitty. "I like to have you
 talk to me. I'll talk to you, too.
 Tell me about the white man," she
 said shyly, "the one you liked."

Nahnya was startled. For an in-
 stant the old walled look darkened
 her face.
 "I not say I like any white man,"
 she said quickly. "I not want any
 man."

Kitty hung her head a little.
 "That's what we say," she mur-
 mured with a burst of shy candor:
 "but how true is it?"

The dark fled out of Nahnya's
 face. She turned a pair of won-
 drously soft eyes on Kitty. "You
 are lonely up here!" she said. "I
 know what lonely is!"

Kitty's eyes grew large and bright
 with tears. She nodded.

"I wanted a friend, too," she said
 very low. "Some one to talk to, like
 you. The boys are good to me, but
 they treat me like a baby. I wanted
 a woman friend. I haven't talked to
 a woman in a year and a half!"

Nahnya sprang to her knees, and
 unconsciously clasping her hands to
 her breast, leaned toward Kitty. "I
 will be your friend—always!" she
 said with trembling eagerness. "If
 you want me!" she added with wist-
 ful humility.

Kitty's answer was to fling her
 arms around Nahnya's neck.
 Nahnya recoiled in a kind of ter-
 ror. "You—you kissed me!" she
 faltered. "Me!"

"I'll do it again!" cried Kitty.
 "And again! And again! I think
 you are just sweet!"

With an odd little cry the dark
 girl hid her face on Kitty's shoulder
 and clung to her, and broke into a
 silent, shaken weeping. Broken
 whispers of confession reached the
 white woman's ear.

"I never have a friend—Always
 inside of me I am alone. I think I
 am marked out to be alone—My
 heart hurt me like any woman's
 heart— But always I must make
 out I don't care about anything!"

An hour later they heard a hail
 from far up the river. Kitty leaped
 up in great excitement. Nahnya an-
 swered the hail. She had the river-
 man's trick of sending the voice to a
 distance.

Bye and bye they came flying
 around the bend, father and sons
 paddling like men possessed, and
 momentarily raising hoarse, anxious
 cries. Nahnya tore off a branch of
 leaves and, putting it into Kitty's
 hands, urged her down to the beach
 to wave it.

At the sight of her safe on dry
 land the three men sent up tremen-
 dous shouts of joy and relief. Nah-
 nya retired up on the bank.

They landed, and Kitty was in-
 stantly locked in her father's arms.
 Dick collapsed in the boat, while
 Bill's legs caved under him on the
 beach. Both boys wept unashamed.
 "We heard the rapids," Bill blub-
 bered. "We thought we were just
 too late!"

They quickly recovered.
 Kitty had presently to submit to
 their bear-hugs, and again to her
 father's embrace. All four talked at
 once, and foolishly laughed. Kitty
 was abashed by their transports.
 Never had she seen her men so
 stirred.

Afterward questions began to fly.
 "How did you drift off without
 knowing it?"

"Why didn't you scramble ashore
 and let the boat go?"

"How did you get ashore here
 without a paddle or anything?"

"Who is with you?"

"Why, she's gone!" cried Bill
 suddenly.

It was true.
 They looked around in vain. Dur-
 ing the excitement of the men's
 landing the dark girl had stolen un-
 observed to the other dugout. It
 lay a little down-stream, and partly
 screened by some bushes.

Putting off and keeping close to
 the shore, she was soon lost to their
 sight.

Kitty's face fell like a child's.
 "Without a word of good-bye!"
 she said.

"She's taken our best boat," said
 Jim Sholto, frowning.

"She lost her own in the rapids
 saving me," said Kitty with quick
 indignation.

Jim hastened to mollify her.
 "That's all right," he said. "But to
 steal away like this!"

"It's just like them," said Dick:
 "always mysterious."

"You're not very grateful," said
 Kitty at the point of tears. "I tell
 you she saved my life."

"You haven't told us anything
 yet," said her father. "Who is
 she?"

"Annie Crossfox."

"I had a look at her," said Bill.
 "She's mighty good-looking. Don't
 see why she couldn't wait to receive
 our thanks."

Kitty, looking at him sharply, saw
 the untoward eager light in his dark
 eyes and became suddenly thought-
 ful. A reason for Nahnya's abrupt
 departure occurred to her.

"She will bring the boat back to
 our camp," she said quietly. "Just
 as soon as she can get her own boat.

She promised me."
 "But Dick and I will be gone
 then," grumbled Bill. "If we've got
 such a good-looking neighbor I
 want—"

Kitty interrupted him. "She saved
 my life," she repeated with a direct
 look. "She is my friend."

"What of it?" said Bill, begin-
 ning a great parade of innocence.
 He caught his little sister's eye and
 saw something new there—knowl-
 edge. He had the grace to drop his
 own gaze and blush a little.

Bill was an honest youth.

CHAPTER XVII.
The Greatest Prayer.

Kitty was ironing clothes in the
 kitchen of the living shack. She and
 her father had been alone in camp
 for four days. It had rained in the
 interim and the greens of Milburn
 gulch were freshly polished and
 gilded.

Inside the shack the cherry-color-
 ed embers glowed on the grate, and
 a blue gingham dress was falling
 into crisp and immaculate folds as
 it was turned on the ironing-board.

The door stood open and a single
 big fly buzzed in and out over the
 sill, as if he couldn't make up his
 mind whether he preferred sunshine
 or shadow.

While Kitty propelled the iron
 she thought a girl's thoughts, which
 alight on a subject as delicately as
 butterflies and as lightly sheer
 away. Since she had beheld the
 eager light in Bill's eyes at the sight
 of the dark girl a fluttering disquiet
 winged in Kitty's mind. She was
 thinking of men and women now.

"Annie knows much more"—thus
 it ran in her head. "I wish she
 would tell me. I ought to know.
 But why do I want to know what is
 ugly?"

"But it's neither ugly nor beauti-
 ful; it's mixed. Men are not angels.
 That's only silly dreaming that
 leaves you flat. I wouldn't want a
 man to be too good, really. Just a
 spice of danger and uncertainty."

Kitty blushed and looked around
 her guiltily, as if this dreadful
 thought might have been overheard.
 She applied herself to her ironing
 with prim lips.

"I am a fool!" she thought. "An-
 nie is wise. I wish she would come."
 Kitty's thoughts were broken in
 upon by the sound of a footstep out-
 side the shack. Something heavy
 and unfamiliar in the fall of it caus-
 ed her to call out sharply: "Is that
 you, dad?"

There was no answer.

She started around the ironing-
 board to investigate. At the same
 moment the doorway was darkened
 by the figure of a strange man—a
 piteous, ghastly, unkempt travesty
 of manhood.

For a moment he wavered there,
 then pitched headlong toward her
 feet. One arm reached toward her
 as in supplication; the other was
 grotesquely doubled under him.

Kitty screamed and stood rooted
 to the spot.

The man lay without moving. He
 had uttered no sound. Jim Sholto
 came running from the works with
 a blanched face. He all but fell over
 the body and stood like his daughter
 turned into stone with astonish-
 ment.

His admirable composure quickly
 asserted itself. He dropped on his
 knees.

"Help me to turn him over, lass,"
 he said quietly.

The face that was revealed, with
 its sunken, bearded cheeks and
 painfully drawn lips, seemed aged
 to Kitty. The eyes were closed. Jim
 lowered his head to listen at the
 man's breast.

"Fishes," said he succinctly.

"Dislocated shoulder—starvation.
 Give me your sharpest knife to cut
 away this sleeve. Get a pillow for his
 head. Put water on the stove."

Kitty flew to obey the various ord-
 ers.

"I'll put his shoulder in before he
 comes to," Jim went on grimly. "It
 is more merciful. It's a nasty job—
 after a week or more untended. Can
 you stand it?"

Kitty nodded.

"Then hold him as I bid you."

Jim Sholto at fifty was still more
 powerful than either of his sons. He
 needed all his strength for the cruel
 job in hand. The swollen, feverish
 flesh was dreadful to see.

Kitty closed her eyes and gritted
 her teeth and held on. Deep, soft
 groans broke from the unconscious
 man as Jim worked over him. Final-
 ly, with a dull click as of colliding
 billiard-balls, it was done. Jim
 stood up and wiped his face. Now
 that the most urgent service had
 been rendered, curiosity began to
 have way.

"Did you see him come?" he asked.

Kitty shook her head.

"H-m!" said Jim. "With all this
 vast empty land to choose from, he
 stumbles on us. Look, his moccasins
 are worn clean through!"
 (Continued in Friday's Daily)



400,000

400,000 fighting men have offered
 their lives for Canada.

400,000 Victory Bond buyers
 should stand behind them.

There should be a bond buyer
 behind every soldier.

Have you taken your place in the
 ranks? If not

"Fall In!"

Only Three Days More

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

CASTORIA
 For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
 Always bears
 the
 Signature of *Dr. H. H. Weston*