

The Sealed Valley

By HULBERT FOOTNER

Author of "Jack Chanty"

(From Thursday's Daily)

Finally, about three o'clock, nobody else being disposed to "buy," although Wes provided several good openings, the captain and the passengers made their final farewells and went aboard.

The little Tewkesbury backed out of the mud and turned her nose upstream with a heave and a snort at every stroke of the piston and a great kick-up astern. The little group on the shore adjourned again to Maroney's for something to pick them up against the flat feeling that oppresses those who are left behind.

On board the Tewkesbury, the white men gathered on the forward deck around the capstan and continued their talk.

There was Wes' Trickett and Matthews, his engineer; Joe Mixer and Pete Staley, who were taking up an outfit to Gisborne portage to start a store and Ralph. Meanwhile the half-breed crew ran the boat.

The warmth of the sun, the peace of the river, and the late potatoes at Maroney's joined to produce a lulling effect on the group. Conversation became fitful. Joe Mixer fell asleep with his back against the capstan.

The Tewkesbury was not exactly a river greyhound; six miles an hour was her rate; and since the current ran four, her net progress upstream was about two.

On the banks of the river, where the deep water ran swiftly under the bank on the wide side of the arc, it was nip and tuck between the little Tewkesbury and the river. No one on board expressed any impatience. "You got to go either forward or back," said Wes' philosophically; "and if you ain't goin' back, you're bound to arrive some time."

"Let her puff," said Pete Staley comfortably. "Tain't comin' out of our lungs."

Ralph was rarely happy. The weight of weeks of boredom was lifted from his breast. After all, life was a sporting affair. He never tired of watching the moving brown flood spotted with foam, endlessly and serenely opposing their progress, ever yielding under the vessel's fore-foot, without giving back.

From the water he lifted his eyes to the clean, pine-clad hills insolently slanting themselves in the path of the river and forcing it to go around.

The afternoon sun was lavishly sliding the southerly slopes. Overhead the sky was an inverted bowl of palest turquoise. Ralph naturally kept these poetic comparisons to himself.

Wes' Trickett, Matthews' Mixer, and Staley were a hard-headed, scornful tobacco-chewing quartet.

The deck-house was a rough shanty, with a wide sliding door at each side and one in front. From where he sat near the capstan, Ralph could see Nahya within, sitting on a box by one of the side doors, with her hands in her lap and her eyes on the river.

Her quiet and self-contained air stimulated his curiosity.

He wondered what she was thinking about. The fact that she had hidden him to approach her on the boat kept his desire to do so, ever fresh. He cast around in his mind for some way to get around her prohibition.

She had removed the ridiculous hat to her lap, and her bare head, bound round with a thick, black braid of hair, was wholly beautiful and graceful against the light.

"Where did she get that proud look from?" thought Ralph. "All she needs is a diadem and an emerald cloak."

Ralph was not the only man on board who had remarked the good-looking passenger. By and by Joe Mixer woke up and blinked at her sideways from between his thick lids.

"Good-looking gal, Joe," said Pete Staley.

Joe granted by way of affirmation. Joe Mixer was a well-known character up and down the Campbell.

Good Night in Storas

By Maudie Storas

THANKS

Mamma handed Linda a nice slice of bread and jelly.

"Thank you, mamma, dear," said Linda, who was a very polite little girl.

"You're entirely welcome, dear, but there's some one else we should thank," replied her mamma, and she went about her work leaving Linda thinking over what she had said.

"I have it!" exclaimed Linda, after she had eaten the bread, "mamma means the grocer!"

Away Linda ran down the street to the grocery store.

"I've come to thank you for the lovely bread you sent us," said Linda.

"So it was good!" smiled the grocer. "Then I'm sure it's the baker, you want to see, for it was he who baked the lovely loaves."

Linda ran over the hill until she came to the bakery shop and asked if he had made the bread the grocer had sold her mamma.

"Yes, indeed," replied the jolly baker, "but if it hadn't been for the fine white flour the miller gave me, the miller I never could have baked the bread."

Linda inquired where the miller lived and when the baker told her Linda trotted down the road to the old flour mill.

The wheels were humming and the miller was very busy, but when he saw Linda's wistful eyes, he stopped the wheels and invited her inside.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, with a smile.

Linda told him she had come to thank him for making the lovely white flour the baker had put into a loaf of bread which he had sold to the grocer.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" laughed the miller. "It is wonderful for the beautiful wheat fields giving me their grain. I never would have been able to grind such lovely flour."

"I never knew before how many people owe me a thank for just a slice of bread," said Linda, and she followed the road until she came to a beautiful wheat field waving in the breeze.

"Beautiful wheat field!" exclaimed Linda. "At last I've found the lovely grain you gave to the miller."

And Linda told the wheat field how far she had come to thank him for the right one to thank for the lovely slice of bread her mamma had given her.

"Well, dear little girl," replied the wheat field, "we are certainly glad you are pleased with our golden grain. But has it never occurred to you whom you must thank for our lovely grain?"

"Linda shook her head.

"No, tell me," she cried.

"It's the great ruler who makes these over us all day after day. He makes the sunshine which gives us life. He sends the cool rains to quench our thirst and to make us grow. It is he whom you must thank for our golden grain," replied the wheat field.

Linda slowly went back home.

"Why, dear, where've you been?" asked mamma.

Linda told her all about her trip.

"But, mamma, dear, whom did the wheat field mean?" questioned Linda, with a puzzled look on her face.

"That ruler, dear, is God, the Great Power we call God," replied mamma, kissing her little girl.

Linda closed her eyes and bowed her head in silent prayer of thanks to God the Giver of all good.

build you a shack."

"I think about it," she said.

"Dominion Day there's going to be a whole of a lot at the Fort," Joe went on. "Raiding and firing and dancing and free eats for everybody. Like that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you come down to my place ahead of time, and we'll float down to the Fort on a raft."

"Thank you," she said.

Joe, overjoyed at the progress he was making, drew his box closer and laid a hand on one of the slender brown ones. Ralph, observing the move, ground his teeth fiercely.

"You're all right!" said Joe unctuously. "You and me'll be good friends. I'm a liberal feller, I am. A good-lookin' gal can get what she likes out of me."

The girl drew away. "They see you outside," she said warningly.

Joe laughed thickly. "You're shy, eh? That's all right, sis. I like 'em a little bashful at first. Me and you'll have a talk later on when there ain't nobody around."

When Joe returned to the others, it was with the air of a conqueror. Ralph's eyes, fit instinctively, doubled at the sight of his fat complacency, but for the present he had to content himself with picking out the spots where he would like to plant it.

"She's all right," said Joe patronizingly. "Nice little gal."

"What's her name?" Where does she live?" asked Staley.

Joe repeated what she had told him. Ralph breathed more freely.

"She's living," said Staley coolly. "I traded at McIlwraith Lake six weeks off an' on. I ought to know. She never come of Sikkanna stock; they're an under-sized people and narrow-eyed."

"Well, she's half white, maybe," said Joe.

"She never showed her face on McIlwraith Lake when I was there," said Staley. "I know them all. There's no hunter in the tribe called Scarface Jack Black. She was strimling you."

"I don't care," said Joe. "It don't hurt her looks any."

(Continued in Saturday's Issue.)

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SIDE TALKS

By RUTH CAMERON

What Would You Do It—?

I wonder if there is ever anyone however practical who does not sometimes indulge in delicious day dreams of what he would do if some one should die and leave him some money.

Except perhaps the very rich. Or do rich people find as much excitement in planning what they would do if someone left them a hundred million? I wonder.

I Never Plan on More Than Fifty Thousand.

Anyhow I am sure they cannot find half the fun in it that I do when I put off getting up in the morning for a stolen ten minutes or drift off into dreamland at night, while I plan what I would do if someone should leave me ten or twenty-five or fifty thousand dollars. Strangely enough I seldom plan on more than that. Perhaps it is foolish when I might have all I care to take out of imagination's golden store. But somehow I seem to like better to plan on the smaller sums.

Perhaps the limitations, the being obliged to select and choose, give the dreams reality.

That Painless Generosity.

Sometimes I plan my house, again my trip abroad again my charities. How generous one always is with such windfalls and how one enjoys one's own generosity and glow over it! It's so painless.

But suppose, you say, one has no rich relatives who might leave one money. Oh, that does not matter much. To be sure it adds interest

to the game to have some distant relative who might by some miracle quarrel with all his natural heirs and leave you his money. But that is not at all necessary. Besides it has the drawback that when he ultimately does die and leave you not a sou marquis (what do you suppose that is, by the way) that fact intrudes itself on your future enjoyment of the game.

Did You Ever Play "Long Lost Uncle"?

No, one does not need rich relatives. All one needs is the eternal habit of hope. Anything is possible in this world. "Someone" might be a former suitor who has never married and who has cherished one's image in his heart. One reads such things in the paper every day. Or if that is impossible some undeclared suitor whose affection one never suspected. Or he may be that blessed fairy god father of one's childhood dreams, a long lost uncle. People do have long lost uncles. I really knew someone once who had an uncle whose existence he never knew of, turned up. To be sure the uncle borrowed money instead of leaving him any but what of that? That proves they do exist. And yours and mine I know will be rich and the first thing we will hear about him is when a lawyer comes to tell us that he has left us fifty thousand dollars.

Shall we start building the house of our dreams first or go abroad. Considering the present state of affairs I think it had better be the house.

SUTHERLAND'S

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Rippling Rhymes

The cool October is sad and sober, she makes me heave a tear; while leaves are falling she is recalling the passing of the year. I hear her saying: "The year's deceiving, the flowers are dead and gone, the rose and lily; the nights are chilly and frost is on the lawn." I hear her sighing: "The year is dying, and man must blow his roll, must make a payment on winter raiment and slate that's

nick-named coal." I hear her calling, "The rain is falling and freezing on the moor; cold winds are heading this way; the sliding will be tough for the poor." Her voice is dismal a grief abysmal is in her mildest tones, and, never resting, she keeps suggesting decay and mouldy bones. My life is sober; it's reached October, it's autumn soon will pass; the winds are saying white round me playing, "You're next! All flesh is grass!" My winter's coming when I'll quit thrumming a lyre for a reward; in all my fooling and festive drooling

Courier Daily Recipe Column

Corn Cake:
bread flour, ¼ teaspoonful salt, ¼ cup sugar, ½ teaspoonful soda, level teaspoonful cream tartar; melt butter half the size of an egg; mix thoroughly before adding milk; use enough milk to make medium batter; bake in shallow pan half hour in moderate oven.

Graham Bread.
One cup graham flour, ½ cup molasses, shortening size of an egg, a little salt mixed together; add 2 cups of boiling water; let cool; then add 1 quart wheat flour and ½ yeast cake dissolved in a little water; this makes 1 loaf and a sheet of biscuits.

Entire Wheat Bread.
Two cups milk, ¼ cup molasses or sugar, little salt, ½ yeast cake, 4½ cups entire wheat; mix at night; in morning beat it and turn in bread pans; let rise again not quite half as much; bake as wheat bread.

Milk Bread.
One pint milk scalded and cooled, 1 tablespoonful butter melted in the hot milk, 1 tablespoonful sugar, 1 teaspoonful salt, a compressed yeast cake, 6 or 7 cups flour; measure add 1 quart wheat flour and put it into the mixing bowl; add the butter, sugar and salt, and when cool, add the yeast dissolved in a little sugar water or milk; then stir in the flour, adding it gradually after 5 cups are in that it may not be too stiff; use just enough to knead it; knead till smooth and elastic; cover; let rise till light; cut it down; divide into 4 parts; shape into loaves; let rise again in the pans; bake 40 to 50 minutes.

SCIENTIST MURDERED

Associated Press
Batavia, Java, Oct. 19.—Professor Seitz, a well known Austrian scientist and explorer, has been murdered in the Dutch portion of New Guinea.

Courier Daily: Pattern Service

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

CHILD'S CREEPER.

By Anabel Worthington.



The tiniest member of the family is a very busy person when he first begins to explore his little domain, and he prefers to do it on his hands and knees a garment that will stand lots of wear and tear is the most sensible choice. The one piece romper or creeper, No. 8443, is just the thing for this purpose, for it is easy to make and easy to launder. The creeper is cut with short kimono sleeves and the square neck is slashed for a short distance at centre front, so that the garment can readily be slipped on over the head. It is fastened with buttons between the knees.

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