

CABS
g Cars
Country

POLTER
STREET

"We meet all trains."

LAND'S

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On!

Mahogany Trays—
okers' Sets—Brass
Papers—Ivory Man-
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suitable for Xmas

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TATIONER

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Public Health Service and
Guard branches of the Treas-
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**Real "War
Bread"** must contain the
re wheat grain—not the
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eat Biscuit** is the real
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tains no yeast, baking
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of any kind. Food con-
ation begins with Shred-
Wheat Biscuit for break-
and ends with Shredded
eat Biscuit for supper.
icious with sliced bananas,
ries, or other fruits.
Made in Canada.

By Wellington

HAD'YA MEAN,
WITHOUT 'NY
SUPPORT?



The Sealed Valley

By HULBERT FOOTNER

Author of "Jack Chanty" (Copyright)

(From Wednesday's Daily.)
"Oh, for God's sake let me go and forget me!" he cried brokenly.
"Ye came to her sick and starv-
ing!" cried Jim accusingly; "she took ye in and fed ye, and nursed ye back to life again! What does she get for it? I found her—Oh, it drives me mad to think on! I could kill ye; but that would only break her heart. Ye miserable Jack-a-dandy! What she can see in ye beats me!"
"What can I do?" cried Ralph despairingly. "It's not my fault! Tell me what to do and I'll do it!"
"Stay here," said Jim. "Give up this insane chase and make good here."
Ralph shrugged helplessly. It's impossible," he said sullenly. "I'd be no good to Kitty if my heart was down the river."
"Your heart!" echoed Jim disgustedly. He raised his clinched fists. "Grant me patience."
He was interrupted by the sound of Kitty's voice calling him. In the hollow where Ralph was building his raft they were invisible both from the trail and from the camping-place on the point. Jim answered the hail sulkily.
Presently Kitty, white-faced and wide-eyed, came pushing through the bushes.
"What are you doing here?" she demanded to know of her father.
Thus to be addressed by one of his children brought the skies tumbling about the old-fashioned father's head. He gaped at her stupidly. "That's a nice way to speak to me!" he cried, pulling out his cheeks.
It had no effect on her now. The gentle Kitty was transformed. "I believe you were trying to persuade him to stay here!" she cried with flashing eyes.
"Well—well," stammered Jim, thoroughly confounded. "I was doing it for your sake."
A little cry of helpless anger escaped her. "How can you shame me so!" she murmured.
"Shame you?" said poor Jim. "If you want a thing you've got to fight for it, ain't you?"
"I don't want him!" she cried. "Let him go! The sooner he goes the better I'll be pleased! Understand, both of you, he is repulsive to me! I never want to see him again as long as I live!"
It was the third time that day that Ralph had been denounced. He was only human. His self-love was wounded.
"What's the matter with you all?" he cried. "I'm neither a leper nor a crook! Why should I be blamed for what nobody could help?"
"Come back to the house," said Kitty imperiously to her father.
Ralph followed her as if he had been whipped. "God save the wumman!" he muttered. "Blest if I know what she wants!"
Ralph returned to his work with a savage zest, and wholly unmindful of the pain in his shoulder.
It was an impossible situation; there was nothing he could do; therefore no use thinking about it. The only thing was to get away as soon as he could. He bored holes in the ends of his four logs, and cutting two crosspieces, bored them, and fastened the whole frame together with stout wooden pegs.
By the time it was done the afternoon was far advanced. He floated his craft out into the river and, pulling it up on the sand, took the auger and the ax back to the work-shack.
"Will you sell me food and a gun and a blanket?" asked Ralph stiffly.
"It's waiting for you in the kitchen," was the harsh answer. "No dog shall starve at the front. The two men went to the kitchen. The stuff was lying on the table: gun, ammunition-belt, double blanket,

and packet of food. Kitty was not visible.
"Pay me what you like," said Jim carelessly.
"It's worth fifty dollars," Ralph said, counting out the money.
"Here's something else that belongs to you," said Jim, holding out the necklace with a sneer.
Ralph pocketed it without comment. Gathering the slender outfit in his arms, he left the shack. There were no good-bys.
Everything was now clear for his departure, and as he set foot on the trail to the river he breathed more freely. He bitterly regretted what had happened; but, since he could not mend it, there was relief in putting it behind him.
Down the river was Nahnya! Half-way to the camping-place he stopped and stood fast to listen with a horrible sinking of the heart. He thought he heard men's voices ahead of him. He thought he recognized the voices.
He heard them again, and could no longer doubt.
The worst had happened. He paused, frantically debating what to do. His way was cut off in front; they were already in possession of the raft that had caused him such pains to make.
Behind him was the grim and angry father—no help there! While Ralph hung in agonized indecision Joe Mixer hove in sight in the trail ahead and, seeing him, set up a loud shout.
Ralph cast the blanket and the bag of food from him and, hanging on to the rifle and ammunition, started out to the woods. Joe Mixer, shouting the news over his shoulder, came plunging after him.
The other three men caught up Joe's cries and crashed into the underbrush. The surprised forest rang like the halls of bedlam with shouts and crashes on every hand.
Ralph pressed his elbows against his ribs and ran, breathing deep for endurance.
He headed east into the thicket of the woods, meaning to strike back to the river if he could distance them a little. He judged from the sounds that they had spread out fanwise behind him. None of them caught sight of him again. He ran with despair in his heart, for there was no escape ahead.
Suppose he did outdistance them, there was no place to run to and nothing to do. He could not build another raft with his bare hands.
The sounds behind him suddenly fell away a little, and Ralph turned sharply to the left. Breaking out of the woods, he scrambled down the bank almost in the same spot where he had found Nahnya's tracks earlier.
At the bottom he came face to face with Philippe Boisvert, crouching in wait behind a boulder.
Ralph almost collided with him. Before he could lift his arms, he was locked in the half-breed's sinewy embrace. He struggled with the strength of despair without being able to break it.
Meanwhile Philippe shouted vociferously. Joe Mixer leaped down the bank and fell on Ralph from behind. Crusoe Campbell and Stack appeared, each ready to lend a hand. It was useless for Ralph to struggle further.
"Tie his hands!" shouted Joe.
It was done with the thongs from the half-breed's moccasins. Ralph was half led, half dragged along the bank, back to the camping-place. Whenever he stumbled Joe with foul oaths struck him in the face with his fist.
Joe was not susceptible to any sentiments of generosity toward a helpless enemy. Crusoe Campbell ruffawed and Stack snickered. Ralph set his teeth and held his tongue. A cold hate distilled itself drop by drop in his heart.
Jim Sholto, attracted by the noise

SUPPORT UNION GOVERNMENT

Women of Canada: "Be True to the Boys At the Front"

Sir Robert Borden in his manifesto says: "The franchise will be extended to women, not chiefly in recognition of devoted and capable service in the war, but as a measure of justice too long delayed. If men die, women suffer; if they are wounded, women heal; if they are maimed, women labor."

The franchise is extended to the women relatives of fighting Canadians, in order that they may help hasten Victory and bring the boys back from the trenches covered with the glory they have won.

A Vote for a Unionist Candidate Is a Vote for Reinforcements

The Union Government is pledged to carry on its work of raising the 100,000 reinforcements so urgently needed to support the Canadians at the front. Laurier and his adherents would stop this work, take a referendum, and experiment with voluntary enlistment, the possibilities of which have been exhausted. The most clear-headed, right-minded Liberals have gladly and without coercion helped to form the Union Government; they have weighed the pros and cons, they have not allowed politics to interfere with their patriotism, or their promise to our brave boys in France to "see them through."

WOMEN WHO CAN 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. 20th, 1917.

Such women should vote for the Unionist Candidate to ensure prompt reinforcements at the front.

Every ounce of strength in Canada should be exerted to help right a monstrous wrong the Prussian hierarchy would inflict upon the world. That is why the vote is placed in the hands of those most dear to our soldiers, trusting that the wifely love, and motherly devotion, and sisterly care, will vote as the boys would vote to carry on the work begun, and so far continued in the heroic spirit of self-sacrifice.

Unionist Party Publicity Committee

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

LADY'S SKIRT

By Anabel Worthington

No smarter skirt has been designed this season than No. 8414. It has the new barrel drapery, at the sides, giving the latest silhouette, which is so fashionable. The panel effect at front and back is formed by groups of side plaits, which are stitched to hip depth and pressed very flat. The graceful draperies at the sides conceal deep pockets. The skirt is attached to the slightly raised waistline and a narrow sash is tied loosely at the front.
The skirt pattern No. 8414 is cut in sizes 24 to 30 inches waist measure. Width at the lower edge is 2 1/2 yards. The 24 inch size requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material, with 2 1/2 yards of velvet ribbon for sash.
To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents to The Courier, Brantford. Any two patterns for 25 cents.



of the chase, was at the camping-place when they got there.
Seeing Ralph's plight, he grimly smiled. Ralph was slood back against a tree, and a stout line wound about his body and knotted behind the trunk.
Meanwhile Joe Mixer blustered up to shake hands with Jim. "You know me," he cried; "Mixer, of Gispore Portage. These three gentlemen are friends of mine. From your smile I take it you've had a sample of this young crook's quality."
Jim was not at all charmed by Joe's effusiveness, but he was enraged against Ralph more. "I know nothing of his good," he said grimly.
"Let me tell you what he did to us," said Joe. "Landed below our camp in the night, when we was asleep, and set our boat adrift. We might have starved in the woods for him!"
Ralph despaired to answer this impudent charge.
"Where was this?" asked Jim. "Thirty miles above the Grand Forks."
"You've been a long time coming down."
"We had a little business up the Stanley," said Joe.
Ralph had at least the satisfac-

Rippling Rhymes

CONSERVING FOOD.

With eloquence unposed, I stir men's admiration, by telling how I boast the plan of conservation. "I'm a helpful dub," I say, in tones that gulver: "I've cut out all such grub as onions and fried liver." I proudly make the boast that I'm no war-time glutton; and then I buy a roast of pork or beef or mutton. I chase along the street, until my feet have banions, denouncing those who eat beef liver fried with onions. It is a mess I hate, hate worse at every trial; so cheerfully I prate about my self denial. It fills me with disgust, with ire too great to utter, to see you take a crust and spread it thick with butter. I'm helping Uncle Sam by cutting out the grasses; with marmalade and jam I spread my loaves in pieces. Grasses always gives me boils and strews my face with pimples, and my complexion spoils; so I must dope with simples. So butters I refuse, with strict abstinence, and then I spread the news how I boost conservation. The grub that I detest with scorn I'm daily treating, and fill up with the

WANT MURPHY TO STICK

By Courier Leased Wire
Montreal, Dec. 4.—The owners of the Toronto Hockey Club have notified Jimmy Murphy, who is ill and wants to resign the management of the team, to hang on to his job and get an assistant. A. G. B. Claxton, one of the club owners, left here last night to try and straighten out the situation.

HUTS FOR JEWISH WORSHIP

By Courier Leased Wire
Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 4.—Representatives of the Jewish Union of rabbis from all parts of the United States and Canada, meeting here last night, decided to erect huts in the war zones of Europe for worship for Jewish soldiers.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

