

The Sealed Valley

By HULBERT FOOTNER

Author of "Jack Chantly" (Copyright)

(From Tuesday's Daily.)
She gave him her hand over his shoulder. Greeting it, he pressed it hard to his cheek, and a single cry was wrung from him:
"Oh, Nahnya, my dear love!"
Gritting his teeth, he forced the rest back. "I will not whine!" he muttered to himself.
Nahnya sat behind him like a ghost woman, giving no sign.
Dawn broke over the river ahead of them, and the sun rose and shone straight through the noble pass. Charley awoke, and the three of them took paddles.
They left the principal mountain chain behind them, and thereafter the river pursued a circuitous course through wide flats, and around the bases of lesser heights. They breakfasted on an exposed stony bar, obtaining fuel from a fantastic jam of drift-logs left at high water.
As the sun approached the meridian Nahnya produced the bandage again. Her face expressed the old, wistful, inscrutable blank. Never was there such a woman for ignoring all that had passed.
"We going to land soon," she said. "I take it off then."
Ralph submitted.
They landed within sound of another rapid, a hollow, throaty roar. After a wait to unload the canoe, and pack their slender baggage on their backs, Ralph was led up the bank and, as his moccasined feet told him, put upon a well-beaten trail.
"Put your hand on Charley's shoulder and follow," Nahnya said. "It is a good trail. You will not fall."
After a few minutes Nahnya took off the bandage, and Ralph found that they were swallowed in the bush once more. But this was only a forest of thickly springing aspen saplings, with straight white stems, and twinkling, trembling bright leaves.
The trail wound ahead of them and behind like an endless brown ribbon. Centuries of moccasined travel, not to speak of the hoots and paws that used it surreptitiously, had packed the earth too hard for anything to grow.
Always looking out for any evidences of his white men, Ralph thought: "This must be a main route of travel."
Once climbing a hill, he had a glimpse of the river behind them. Thence up hill and down the trail led them over a rough and characterless country. The aspen trees were springing from the ashes of the original forest.
There were raw open spaces filled with the charred remains of the monarchs, matted with the purple bloom of the fire-weed.
Through the openings Ralph saw lesser mountain heights, green to the summit. He called it an unbeautiful land. As far as he could judge the general trend of the trail was northward, but the trail twisted continually, and he often lost the sun.
They had covered, he guessed, between twelve and fifteen miles, when Nahnya called a halt. They were in a little stretch of grass fringing a still streamlet.
"We stop here till midnight," she said. "All will sleep."
Ralph awoke about sunset to find that he and Charley were alone in camp. His heart winced, remembering the other times she had stolen away from camp and he had followed her.
This time he did not go.
Soon he saw her coming back in the trail with an ax upon her shoulder. He thought that her footsteps dragged and that her face betrayed an unutterable, sad weariness. Rising quickly, he found he was mistaken. It was the old, walled face that she showed him.
"We start in five hours," she said quietly. "Sleep some more." She lay down at a little distance.
It was very dark when they arose and made up their packs. Continuing on the trail they were obliged to keep close together. Presently they commenced to zigzag down a long hill where the trail was much broken and washed. Ralph putting his feet into holes, and catching his toes on exposed roots, made but rough going of it. They reached the bottom at last.

and the trail became good again, but Nahnya, who was leading, presently struck off from it, and they crossed a wide meadow, their moccasins swishing through the grass.
The sky was heavily overclouded. Ralph could barely make out Nahnya close ahead; everything else was swallowed up in the thick darkness. Nevertheless Nahnya seemed to know exactly where they were. At a certain point in the grass, without any distinguishing features that Ralph could see, she stopped, saying:
"We wait here till it is light. You can sleep if you want."
Dawn brought another dramatic surprise. They were resting almost at the edge of a steep declivity of earth, and two hundred feet below moved another great, smooth, swift stream, its edging surface gleaming in the gathering light like creased satin; or as if the water were flowing shallowly over a mirror.
It stretched away far to the left, confined deep between its dim barr heights, like a luminous ribbon. Down stream were several fairy-like islands half-revealed through the mist with their unreal foliage.
It was a kind of gigantic trough that confined the river. From the edge of the bank the land stretched back in gentle undulations. Behind them and off to the left as far as they could see rolled an unbroken sea of grass showing a strange, dark green in the half light.
To the right, about half a mile away, the wooded hills began, rising tier behind tier.
The river first appeared foaming from behind a spur of these hills. Behind him in the grass Ralph was astonished to discover two ancient log shacks with boarded windows and padlocked doors. They reminded him with a faint shock of the existence of fellow white men.
Nahnya was busy wrapping a pack within blankets.
After cording the bundle and tying it, she gave it to Charley, and with a laconic command, led the way down the precipitous slope. They scrambled and slid down to the water's edge, accompanied by miniature avalanches of gravel.
At the bottom, drawn upon the stones, there was a little raft made of four lengths of dead timber lashed together with a strong, light cord. A little paddle was stuck between the logs.
The cord was the same that had been used to bind him; a length of it was now around the pack that Charley carried.
Ralph recognized Nahnya's handiwork. This was what she had been doing with the ax during the previous afternoon, while he and Charley slept.
Nahnya and Charley pushed the raft into the water until only its forefoot remained resting on the stones.
Charley held it from floating away, while Nahnya, kneeling on the logs, tied the pack firmly to a cross-piece. Having done this she came ashore, and an awkward silence descended on the trio.
Ralph waited apathetically for her next order, but none was issued. The resourceful Nahnya for once was at a loss. Her back was turned to Ralph, Charley continued to kneel, holding the raft.
Ralph's mind dulled with pain and from insufficient sleep did not grasp the significance of these preparations. From the first, he had been used to leaving all details of the journey to Nahnya, and he took little notice of what they carried. It was he who broke the silence.
"This little thing is never big enough to carry the three of us," he said listlessly.
"Sure!" said Charley with a grin.
Nahnya said nothing. She kept her head averted from Ralph. She twisted her hands until the knuckles were white. Ralph remembered this later.
He stepped on board the raft to test its buoyancy. As he did so, Charley with a heave of his back launched it out on the current. Then Ralph understood. He spun around, a dreadful pain transfixing his breast. "Nahnya!" he cried in a voice wild with reproach.
Her back was stubbornly turned to him, her head sunk between her shoulders, her hands pressed over her ears. Charley still knelt on the stones, his dark face working oddly.
"Good-by, Moorahp!" he cried.
In the confusion of surprise, dismay, anger, and pain that shattered him, Ralph conveyed only one idea to his brain—Nahnya's hands pressed to her ears.
His essential stubbornness responded. "She'll hear no more," he said, and shut out the agonizing sight of her, receding on the shore, he flung himself down full length to bury his head in his arms. He took no notice of the instability of his craft. Boiling off the center, the logs sank under him, tipping him into the icy water.
Quickly as it happened he heard Nahnya's cry before he went under. It was no ordinary sound of terror, but a cry of agony exactly attuned to the pain in his own breast. Even as the water closed over his head he heard and understood and everything was changed.
His limbs rose to the surface again.
The raft relieved of its burden had righted, and still floated beside him. Man and raft were being carried down together in the current. Grasp-

ing the logs he turned his head. An unforgettable picture was etched on his brain: Nahnya, waist-deep in the water, straining toward him, and Charley desperately arranging her back. There could be no mistaking that act, nor the cry preceding it. Everything was changed.
Life blossomed again.
He did not feel the paralyzing chill of the water. Pain winged out of his breast, giving place to a joy so keen it was still like pain. But he could gladly have died of this pain.
He knew for sure that she loved him.
(Continued in Thursday's Issue.)



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Bonds may be registered.
Denominations \$50, \$100, \$500 and \$1000.

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10% on December 1st, 1917 20% on March 1st, 1918
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Forms of Application may be obtained from any branch in Canada of any Chartered Bank, or from any Victory Loan Committee, or member thereof.

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APPEAL QUASHED.
By Courier Leased Wire.
Ottawa, Nov. 13.—The appeal of the attorney-general of Saskatchewan v. the Hudson Bay Company was quashed without costs in the Supreme Court to-day. Counsel for the appellant concurred.

SASKATOON VICTORY LOAN
By Courier Leased Wire.
Saskatoon, Nov. 13.—Returns for the first day's work for the victory loan in Saskatoon city yesterday totalled \$172,500.

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH YENNER CAMERON
BRING UNSPORTSMANLIKE ABOUT BILLS.

Some time ago I wrote about the way in which women use, abuse and misuse all the privileges the department stores vie with each other in giving them (I wonder if women realize that the extension of these privileges is one of the reasons that the department stores find it hard to pay their girls what they should. Surely if they did they would be willing to forego such costly rights as changing things so freely and having even the tinnest bundle sent.)

At that time I believe I said that men were more fair about matters pertaining to business dealing than women.

When Men and Women are Equally Unscrupulous

I have just had my attention drawn to one matter in which men and women are equally unscrupulous. And that is in their attitude to-

wardly ignores the dentist's bill. Why He Couldn't Send a Bill Collector

"Why don't you send a bill collector?" I asked.

"Couldn't do that," he said, "because I have several of his relatives for my patients and they would all leave me."

There's two examples of what I call a thoroughly unjust attitude toward business dealings on the part of men and women alike.

To retaliate against a perfectly just measure such as the merchant's asking for the two dollars or the dentist's sending a bill collector, by withdrawing one's trade, is downright mean and unfair.

Honor Ought to Keep You From Using Your Power

To be sure you have the power but honor ought to withhold you from using it.

A good sportsman would say, "I got what I richly deserved."

Suppose the people who paid your salary paid you that way. Where would you be? And these people have bills to pay just as you have. Letting bills run like that unless you are hard pushed (and even then you could surely plan to pay a cer-

tain proportion on them week by week) or unless there is some question of adjustment that you are not satisfied with, is an unsportsmanlike thing to do, and kicking when your creditors kick is still more so.

UNION, OR NOT?
By Courier Leased Wire.
Cassora, Sask., Nov. 13.—J. S. Reid of Cassora, was nominated as union candidate, at a meeting held here yesterday. The meeting was not held under the auspices of the Union Government committee of the province. The official and authorized meeting will be held on Thursday.

TWO UNIONISTS.
By Courier Leased Wire.
Calgary, Nov. 13.—Last night was Union celebration night when Major L. Rodman, and T. M. Tweedie, K.C., were nominated for East and West Calgary federal ridings.

VANCOUVER VICTORY LOAN.
Vancouver, Nov. 13.—As a result of the first day's drive approximately \$400,000 was subscribed in Vancouver to the victory loan.