

The Sealed Valley

By HULBERT FOOTNER

Author of "Jack Chapin"

(From Thursday's Daily.)

The sky was of the color of the first forget-me-nots of spring, with the exquisite limpid clarity that is the north's special beauty. A breeze came from across the lake, darkening the pale surface of the lake to corn-flower color, bluer than blue.

After some talk in Cree, between Nahnya and Charley, they landed on the point of a promontory half-way down the lake. There was searching of tracks along the shore, and more discussion mystifying to Ralph; it was not yet time to prepare for another meal.

Suddenly Charley snatched up his gun and set off into the woods. Instantly Ralph's heart leaped into his throat, and the blood began to pound against his temples. He was left alone with her!

"Where has he gone?" he asked, affecting a careless air.

"Moose-tracks," she said, pointing. "Moose come down here to drink. We want fresh meat."

"Will he be long?" asked Ralph. She shrugged as at a foolish question. "How can I tell what the moose will do!"

Nahnya with provoking coolness procured a piece of moose-hide from her stores in the dug-out, and taking a pair of Charley's old moccasins, sat down on a boulder to fessle them. Ralph, struggling to hide the fire that was consuming him, watched her with sidelong, burning eyes.

The lake, with its strip of stony beach, was at their feet; the forest climbed a stony hill behind them.

Nahnya's attitude, bending over her work, was like all her attitudes, instinctive with an unconscious wild grace. She was all woman. Ralph felt like a desert traveller compelled to sit down outside the oasis.

The quality of deep wastefulness in her face tugged at his breast. It was there even when she laughed, and most there when she sat as now, occupied and still.

Her calm business raised a wall between them. How to rouse her! How to make her feel what he felt! Like every passionate lover, he could not but believe that she must be susceptible to his torments.

"She's only acting, with her cool and indifferent airs," he thought, persuaded of the truth of it by his own feverish desire. "Girls are like that. They have to make out they don't care. She is waiting for me to make a move. Maybe she sent Charley away to give me a chance."

But his tongue was still tied, and his arms paralyzed by the specter of the deft needle.

"Nahnya," he said shakily at last, "can't you talk to me about yourself?"

She smiled without looking up. "I not much for talking," she said. "What about?"

"You," he said.

"Me!" she said. "That's nothing."

"You said when you knew me better you'd tell me about yourself."

The needle paused. She looked disconcerted and frowned.

"I can't talk," she said slowly, "just to be talking. Talking is foolish. It makes trouble. You never can tell what will be said before you are through talking."

Ralph in his right mind would have laughed and commended her sound sense. Now he wavered it aside.

"You said you'd tell me about yourself," he repeated.

She pointed toward the dug-out. "Your paddle is rough," she said. "Take a knife and make the end smooth to fit the hand. Working is good sense."

"I won't be put off like this," cried Ralph hotly.

Temper was never an effective weapon to use with Nahnya. She looked at him, scornful and disinter-

ested as a child. "Put off? What's that matter with you?"

"Passion could not withstand that look, open and cold as a deep spring. Ralph scowled and muttered, and dug up stones with his toe.

After a while he returned to the charge with a more ingratiating manner.

"I want to know something about you so that we can be friends," he said.

"What do you mean by friends?" she asked, with another direct look. Once more he had the feeling of the ground being cut from under him.

"Oh, friends!" he said vaguely. "Friends like to be together and tell each other everything and help each other out."

"Can a white man be friends with a girl—like me?" she asked quietly.

"I never saw that."

The unexpected implied truth floored Ralph on the raw. He had no recourse but to lose his temper. "What have other men and girls got to do with you and me?" he asked hotly. "Am I the same to you as Joe Mixer and that lot?"

"Joe Mixer is always the same," she said. "He is easy to understand."

Ralph chose to see coquetry in this.

"Is that the sort of man you like?" he cried.

"No," she said; "but I know what to expect from him."

Her admirable good sense and directness were lost on him. Passion found its voice. "Nahnya, do you want to drive me mad? You know what I'm feeling! I couldn't sleep a wink last night for listening to you breathe so softly inside your tent. I want you! I want with wanting you!"

She sprang up and warily put the rock between them. The quiet eyes fired up with surprising suddenness.

"Stop it!" she cried. "You talk foolishly. You are crazy. I think!"

"You drove me crazy!" he cried.

"You're so beautiful! What did you expect? Nahnya, it's summer-time! You're no snow-woman, with those carnations in your cheeks, those lips! Come to me, Nahnya! Don't fight me any more!"

Anger made lightning in her eyes.

"Stop it!" she cried, stamping her foot. Her voice rang like steel.

"What do you know about me—what I am?"

"I don't care what you are!" he muttered. "I want you!"

"Don't touch me!" she cried warningly.

He had already sprung toward her. She gave back one step, and swung her flexed arm swift as a cat's paw. There was a resounding smack and Ralph's cheeks whitened and crimsoned.

"I stopped in his tracks. In his eyes blank surprise was succeeded by red fury. For an instant they stood thus at gaze, with heaving breasts and stormy eyes.

"Keep away!" she said through her teeth.

"You devil!" he muttered.

She turned and sped up the hill. Ralph clutched at her, but her flying skirts only teased his finger-tips. He leaped after her, passion and an outrageous anger lending springs to his heels.

A strange elation too, formed part of the boiling mess in his brain. She chose to run, very well, then, let her take the penalty of capture.

Darting and twisting among the birch trees, chin up and elbows pressed close to her sides, Nahnya ran as if upon a hundred feet. Ralph, with the expenditure of three times the effort, was no match for her.

He could not twist his bulk among the trees so fleetly, nor leap so nimbly up from stone to stone. To be

SIDE TALKS

RUTH Y. CAMERON

THE WORM THAT DOESN'T TURN

People are often most unreasonably impatient with physical deafness. But even the most unreasonable person, if he stopped to think, could not maintain that the deaf person was to blame for his deafness.

Now there is also a deafness of the mind. Some people especially old folks, are to use an old term, "a little hard of hearing" in their brains. And there are many people who really blame their housemate for this sort of deafness.

For instance I know a man whose wife, while one of the sweetest women in the world and very far from stupid, is not "quick in the uptake." She cannot get things quickly. He has lived with her thirty years and about the only fact that by now and if he loves her (and he would certainly be ready to hit anyone who said he didn't) should have accommodated himself to it.

I don't see how she stands it. Instead, when she doesn't understand anything, sometimes he gets indignant and flies out irrationally. Again he laughs at her, at her derisive laugh that makes the blood come to my face just to hear it. How she can stand it I don't see. I'm sure I should have told him long ago that if he laughed at me that way again, I'd leave him.

Old people are very often treated this way by sons and daughters who think they love their parents. Of course there are cases of senility whose minds remain clear and quick

Good Night Stories

THREE LITTLE ACORNS

"Oh, dear," sighed the first little acorn. "I dread to think of winter coming, for North Wind tells me he will shake us from My Mother Oak and we'll drop to the ground, and I don't want to go."

"He can take me wherever he wishes!" exclaimed her sister. "For I'm tired of living here, and want to see the world and to have a good time. I'd like to peek into the house that stands at the foot of the hill, for they have jolly times."

"For shame!" cried the third little acorn. "Do you think there is nothing else to do, but play and enjoy yourself? Now's the time to look



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our eyes may have food. There is what can we do? Those who do not so little food compared with the need show actual signs of starvation must stand aside for those who do."

The scene thus described, which is now being repeated all over Belgium, explains why Mr. Hoover is making a special appeal to the people of this continent for increased subscriptions so as to be able to feed children even of normal weight.

"Yes, it is so," she said sadly. "We cannot feed so many little mouths with so little. If we have the food we could give it to them, but

FUTURE PROVISION FOR SICK SOLDIERS

Medical Attention Assured Men Who Suffer Relapse From War Injuries

The Government has made provision so that any man who suffers a recurrence of a disability due to army service can receive free treatment from a military medical officer. If his condition requires hospital care, he can be retested and replaced on pay and allowances, until he has been put in shape again.

The Military Hospitals Commission makes this statement to correct the impression which seems to have gained circulation, that a discharged soldier can go to a medical practitioner or enter a hospital as a civilian and then forward the bill to the government for payment.

The Commission will not be accountable for unauthorised accounts for medical service.

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NEW SHOES FOR FALL WEAR!

COMPULSORY SERVICE—VICE A SUCCESS

United States Favours Description in 1917 as in 1863

The United States was not only following the example of Great Britain, France, Italy and Russia in adopting compulsory service. She was profiting by her own experience in the Civil War.

For the first two years of the Civil War, the North depended for her men on voluntary enlistment, in 1863 under President Lincoln, without doubt one of the greatest statesmen this continent has produced, conscription became necessary if the North was to prevail. The law was passed and administered with firmness, even to the point of shooting a few who made determined resistance to the enforcement of the Act.

The success of compulsory service in the Civil War warranted its adoption by the United States in the present crisis, with exemplary success. Stern measures have been meted out to those who neglected to register. Every confidence is felt by those in authority that the administration of Canada's Military Service Act, will proceed smoothly and events to date are most encouraging.

THE FALL WEATHER HARD ON LITTLE ONE

Canadian fall weather is extremely hard on little ones. One day it is warm and bright and the next cold and cold. These sudden changes bring on colds, cramps and colic and unless baby's little stomach is kept right, the result may be serious. There is nothing to equal Baby's Own Tablets in keeping the little ones well. They sweeten the stomach, regulate the bowels, break up colds and make baby thrive. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Courier Daily:

Pattern Service

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

GIRL'S MILITARY DRESS

By Anabel Worthington.

Girls cannot fight, but there are many other ways of "doing their bit," and as everyone who is doing war work is wearing some sort of uniform, the school girl can serve best if she has an appropriate dress like No. 8441. The blouse hangs straight, but is given a trim appearance by the buckled belt which holds in the fullness at the waist line. The epaulettes and standing collar, give a true military air; a more comfortable low collar may be substituted for the latter, if preferred. Four patch pockets are stitched on the front of the coat. The four piece skirt is attached to an underwaist which buttons down the front. Khaki cloth is an inexpensive and serviceable material for this dress.

The dress pattern—No. 8441, is cut in sizes 8 to 14 years. The 8 year size requires 3 1/2 yards 36 inch material and 1/2 yard 36 inch lining.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents to The Courier, Brantford. Any two patterns for 25 cents.

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