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The Sealed Valley

By HULBERT FOOTNER

Author of "Jack Chanty" (Copyright)

(From Saturday's Daily)
CHAPTER XXI.
The Return to the Valley
 The Indians of the valley were engaged at their morning tasks in front of the teepees, the women making and mending clothes and St. Jean Bateese, showing the boys how to wind the grip of a bow, when, without warning, the haggard white man and white woman rose over the edge of the green slope.
 The Indians dropped their work and broke into loud exclamations, which brought Nahnya quickly out of one of the teepees.
 She silenced them peremptorily. Nahnya herself betrayed nothing. She approached Ralph and Kitty with a hard and accusing face and waited for their explanation.
 Despair made Ralph as callous-seeming and as laconic as Nahnya herself.
 "The white men know about this place," he said abruptly. "Joe Mixer and his party. They are on their way here. I came to warn you."
 Nahnya's mask was unbroken. "How many?" she asked.
 "Three white men and a native."
 "Who told them?" she asked acerbically.
 Ralph looked away.
 "It was I told them," cried Kitty quickly and tremulously. She felt as if she were being ground to pieces between this stony pair.
 "They tortured him to get it out of him! Look at him! He can scarcely stand. You would have told them yourself."
 "He tell you?" asked Nahnya remorselessly.
 Kitty's voice began to escape from her control.
 "He was out of his head," she said. "It was when he first came, I told you that. He told me in his fever. He didn't know what he was saying."
 Nahnya turned on Kitty.
 "I didn't bring you here to defend me," he said harshly.
 This was the last straw. Kitty turned from them and wept bitterly. Neither Nahnya nor Ralph regarded her.
 Nahnya said dully: "What matter who tell? It come, anyway. Always I know that."
 There was a silence, broken only by Kitty struggling to master her sobs. Nahnya studied the ground with a line between her brows, and Ralph looked at Nahnya.
 "What are you going to do?" he asked finally.
 Nahnya flung up her head.
 "Fight!" she said.
 Ralph's dull eyes brightened.
 "We pulled the bridge over to this side of the hole after we crossed it," he said eagerly.
 She nodded brief approval.
 "It will take them time to bring logs to make another. I will think all to do. You take some rest."
 Nahnya issued her orders, and Ahahwah took Kitty in charge. St. Jean Bateese led Ralph to his teepee and Marya came and dressed his shoulder, and made a sling for his arm.
 They left him to sleep, but Ralph lay watching through the teepee opening, and when he saw Nahnya start off in the direction of the cave with a rifle under her arm, he followed.
 Nahnya ordered him to return. "They not come long time yet; maybe not till to-morrow. Anyway, you can't fire a gun. Get your sleep."
 "There's no use talking about it," Ralph said stubbornly.
 Nahnya shrugged and went on.
 Kitty was likewise on the watch. She followed a little way after Ralph. Nahnya frowned, but said nothing.
 Nahnya took up her post on the rocks above the entrance to the cave. She told Ralph coldly that she had decided to make her stand here. He approved it; her enemies must issue one by one into the daylight below.
 She had armed St. Jean Bateese and Charley with rifles, she said, and the two boys had their bows and arrows. They were all coming directly with blankets, food, and ammunition sufficient for a siege, if required.
 They prepared for a long wait.
 Ralph sat down in the grass a little removed from Nahnya and bowed his head on his knees. By and by he fell over like an inanimate object and slept as he lay. Kitty sat still further away, like an humble dependent.
 She nursed her knees and stared over the valley with tear-stained, look-juster eyes.
 Ralph was awakened by a sharp exclamation from Nahnya. She had raised and pointed the gun, but held her fire. Kitty knelt in the grass with her hands pressed over her ears, terrified in prospect of the expected shot.
 Ralph ran to the edge of the Rocks and looked over. Philippe Boisvert had just issued out of the cave. He held his hands over his head and came climbing up the rocks in that attitude.
 Arrived within a dozen yards, the half-breed began to speak eagerly in Cree. His eyes burned on Nahnya strangely. At the sound of his voice surprise broke through the mask of her face.
 "Philippe!" she murmured.
 A flame of jealousy made Ralph's cold breast alive again. He had thought he was past all feeling.
 "What is he saying?" he demanded to know.
 Nahnya's eyes were troubled.
 "I know him," she murmured. "From a long time ago. He is the boy I talk with at the mission school."
 The half-breed continued his impassioned plea, and Nahnya was clearly not unmoved by it. Philippe was a handsome young creature, and the fire of his feelings was seemingly an honest fire.
 Ralph ground his teeth. Kitty creeping closer and searching Ralph's face, betrayed a reflection of his jealousy in her own.
 Nahnya soon recovered from her surprise.
 "Speak English," she commanded Philippe coldly.
 Ralph's heart was lightened. The half-breed bent an offensive frown on him and his lips curved into a sneer. Ralph's returning look was identical.
 Philippe told his tale with a swagger.
 "Joe Mixer hire me at the Portage to make a trip. I don't know what for. I don't care. I go for fun, 'cause he got plenty whisky. Bam-bye he say he after Nahnya Crossfox. I lak to kill him then, but I say noting for 'cause I want to know where Nahnya Crossfox is. Seven year I look for her. She is promise to me."
 "Promised?" cried Ralph, turning to Nahnya with stormy brows.
 "It was a child's promise," she said coolly. "He soon forget it, and I soon forget it."
 Philippe launched into Cree again, protesting energetically Nahnya interrupted him in the same language. Her eyes flashed. Under the last of her tongue the young man quailed.
 "Now speak English," she said imperiously.
 "I help Joe to chase the doctor," Philippe went on sulkily. "because the doctor know where Nahnya is. Last night I find out where she is and I am through with Joe, but I bring him down the river to sell him good. I hate all white men. When we come to the other side of the mountain I say to Joe: 'You wait here, and I go spy out the way. I come back soon.' Joe say: 'All right.'"
 "He think I am his friend. He is a fat fool. He want to kill us all to get the gold himself. He think I not see it in his eyes. He is a fool!"
 "You say you fool him," said Nahnya. "Maybe you fool me, too."
 Philippe protested passionately in his native tongue. More than once Ralph heard the word moon-lays, which he knew was Cree for white man.
 "How did you get across the hole?" asked Nahnya.
 "I leaped it," said Philippe with a swagger.
 "Are the others behind you?"
 "Could the fat man leap it," said Philippe, "or the little scared one or Crazy Crusoe?"
 "No, but maybe you put the bridge back for them," said Nahnya.
 "The my hands!" cried Philippe passionately, "and if they come kill me!"
 "Come here," said Nahnya coolly. "Hold up your hands."
 Philippe obeyed, his eyes fixed anxiously on Nahnya.
 "See if he have a gun," Nahnya said to Ralph.
 Philippe scowled furiously at the indignity—but kept his hands up. Ralph quickly satisfied himself that the other was unarmed.
 "Good!" said Nahnya with an in-

National Unity Essential to VICTORY

To-day, Canada, like the other fighting nations, has Union Government. War has proved its absolute necessity. It is the ONLY way in which Canada can throw her whole strength into the business and finish the war victoriously. Party must give way to the supreme concern for the safety and continued existence of the state.
 Any opposition to national unity at such a time as this must, if it is not to plead guilty to a charge of utter disloyalty, arise from thoughtlessness, rank prejudice, or narrow party spirit. The following extract from de Tocqueville written half a century ago, condemns such opposition as is being launched by the Laurier-Bourassa faction—"For a generation which is manifestly called upon to witness the stern and terrible changes of the constitutions of the empires of the earth, the deadliest sin is thoughtlessness, the most noxious food is prejudice, and the most fatal disease is party spirit."

Patriots will Support Union Government

The fainthearts, the indifferent, and the quitters in the province of Quebec must NOT be permitted to interfere with the will of the people as represented in the leading men of both the great parties, brought together in Union Government. If Laurier prefers Bourassa to

the great Liberal leaders who have thrown in their strength and influence with the great Conservative leaders for the Winning of the War, Laurier must be prepared to lose his personal following while there is real work to be done.

The Vote is your Seal of Approval

Union Government is formed by the union of men who have sunk political differences in the hour of great national danger. It has come into existence in order that the whole moral power of Canada could be organized for victory. The task of getting these strong men together has been accomplished; all that remains is for the people to put their seal of approval on the best Government Canada has ever had.

Support and Reinforcement of our Fighting Forces Supremely Important

Union Government is pledged to supply reinforcements of men and money at the earliest possible moment. The rejection of Union Government and all it implies would be disastrous, and its effects far-reaching. This war is a test of civilian morale as well as of military efficiency. Behind the armies stand the people, if they break no valor in the field can avert defeat.

The Kaiser hopes the Laurier-Bourassa faction will accomplish in Canada what Lenine is achieving for him in Russia. Your interests and the Kaiser's are absolutely opposite—and it is YOU who have the vote.

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 September 20th, 1917.

Unionist Party Publicity Committee

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

CHILDREN'S YOKE DRESS.

By Anabel Worthington.



Children's clothes can be made so much more individual looking when the material, trimming and pattern are selected by the maker to suit the particular type of the little wearer. No. 8508 is a charming little frock, which might be made up in either challis or dimity. It has a plain bodice in bolero effect, and it buttons at the centre back. A tiny round collar, which is in two sections, gives the dress a quaint air. The waistline is straight across the back, but just for variety it is cut out in a semi-circle. The sleeves may be long or short. A one-piece skirt is gathered to the yoke.
 The children's yoke dress pattern No. 8508 is cut in three sizes—1, 3 and 5 years. The three-year size requires 2 yards of 36 inch material, with 1/4 yard of 27 inch contrasting material.
 To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents to The Courier, Brantford. Any two patterns for 25 cents.

scrutable face. She offered Philippe her hand. "We will be friends. Let us sit down and talk what to do."
 "Nahnya," cried Ralph jealously. She bent the same towering look on him that had crushed the half-breed. "Must I ask you when I
SCROFULA AND ALL HUMORS GIVE WAY
 There are many things learned from experience and observation that the older generation should impress upon the younger. Among them is the fact that scrofula and other humors, which produce eczema, boils, pimples and other eruptions, can be most successfully treated with Hood's Sarsaparilla.
 This great medicine is a peculiar combination of remarkably effective blood-purifying and health-giving roots, herbs and salts, which are gathered especially for it.
 Hood's Sarsaparilla has stood the test of forty years.
 Get a bottle today—now—from your nearest drug store. Always keep it on hand.
 "Good!" said Nahnya with an in-

scrawled, and handed it to Kitty. Reading it, she burst into tears again.
 "Let them two go," said Philippe, scowling at Ralph. "I take them back."
 "Suppose I let them go," said Nahnya inscrutably. "What we do after?"
 Philippe's eyes flashed and his white teeth were bared. He hissed a single sentence in Cree.
 "You say you kill Joe Mixer and his men?" said Nahnya coolly.
 (Continued in Tuesday's Issue)

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