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BEAUTIFUL

# The Sealed Valley

By HULBERT FOOTNER

Author of "Jack Chantley"

**CHAPTER I**  
**Romance.**

One of the fairest paintings of nature was at that point among the mountains of the Canadian province of Cariboo, where the Campbell River takes the Boardman to its bosom and swings south on its pilgrimage to the Pacific.

Like all of nature's more dramatic compositions, by reason of its very effectiveness it was predestined to be smudged by a town, and the collection of shacks and tents known as Fort Edward was already begun. It was conceded that Fort Edward was bound to be a great city when the new trans-continental passed through.

To be sure, railroad was still beyond the mountains, a matter of two or three years' construction; but the noise of the town's greatness-to-be had been industriously drummed up by real estate operators outside, and many optimists had struggled up the three hundred miles of the Campbell Valley to be on hand in plenty of time.

On a day in June of the year when the "rush" began the settlement looked sodden and raw after much rain.

The two prevailing styles of dwellings were wet "A" tents with rusty stovepipes projecting, and new pine shacks of a crass yellow, having roofs of tar-paper studded with tin headed tacks as big as half dollars. A single two-story building loomed up in the middle like a packing-case among soap-boxes.

This was the Fort Edward Hotel, better known as Maroney's. The other habitations reached out on either hand in an irregular double row.

The space within the double row was going to be "the main artery of traffic" some day, but where the optimists (and the real-estate operators) fondly foresaw automobiles and trolley-cars rolling up and down, at present there was nothing but a parade of jagged stumps, among which muddy paths threaded their devious ways.

Below the hotel a tiny stern-wheeler of quaint, lubberly design lay with her nose tucked in the mud of the river-bank. At eleven in the morning there were few humans in sight, because the black flies were in murderous fettle, and, anyway, the principal industry of the place was—waiting for the railway.

One had only to raise one's eyes to receive a totally different impression of the scene.

Where man's work looked sodden nature's was deliciously refreshed. The world wore that honest look it shows after rain before the sun comes out, that calm openness under the pure light that casts no shadows.

The pine-clad mountains loomed near and clean and dark. The cloud-wrack pressed down close on their heads, giving the valley a confined and intimate look like a room. There were already rents in the ceiling, revealing a tender blue black-cloth.

The air was as sweet in the nose as the spring water in a parched throat.

Farthest from the hotel on the Campbell River side was a shack more of the dimensions of a chicken house than a residence for humans. Beside the door was nailed a little sign, obviously painted by an unprofessional hand, reading: "Ralph Conroy, M.D."

Within in the first of the two closets the shack comprised, sat the doctor and his friend, Dan Keach, the telegraph operator, the one with his heels cocked on the packing-cases that served him for a desk, the other with his lower extremities supported by the window-sill. From each ascended a column of smoke.

The only other furniture in the room was a little stand of pine shelves in the corner, bearing the doctor's slender library and phar-

## Courier Daily Recipe Column

**Plain Muffins.**  
 One cup H. O. or Quaker oats, ¼ cup sugar, ¼ cup molasses, 1 even tablespoonful lard, ½ teaspoonful soda, 1 teaspoonful salt; pour 2 cups boiling water over whole; cool and add ½ compressed yeast cake and about ¼ cup bread flour to make stiff enough to mould.

**White Bread.**  
 Three cups flour, 3 teaspoonfuls Rumford baking powder, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 tablespoonful butter, 3 tablespoonfuls sugar; more sugar can be used if liked sweeter; sift flour, baking powder, salt, sugar together; stir well; cut butter in small bits; add to flour; use enough milk or water to make a dough which will just keep its shape when put in muffin pans stir lightly; just enough to mix; have pans hot; bake in a good hot oven about 20 minutes.

**Brown Bread.**  
 One cup Indian meal, 1 cup rye meal, 1 cup Graham flour, 1 cup milk, ¼ cup water, ¼ cup molasses, 2 even teaspoonfuls soda, 1 even teaspoonful salt, steam 4 hours.

centical stock, books, and bottles, as new as the doctor's office and the doctor himself.

The two men mustered forty-nine years between them, with the odd year on the telegrapher's side.

The doctor was a youth of middle height, with a strong, well-knit frame, and a comely head broadest over the ears, with a luxuriant thatch of dark brown. His face was strongly molded, almost too heavy in its lines for his years, but oddly redeemed by a pair of dreamy brown eyes.

There was an interesting contradiction here; nose, mouth and chin suggested a commendable hardihood, an honest obstinacy, while the eyes seemed to see through what they were turned on. Like all resolute young men, Ralph regarded the softer side of his character as a weakness and hid it close.

Like other young men again, he paid his way through the world with the same change of a facetious manner, which reduces all to a common, comfortable level.

Ralph and Dan killed time with endless, jocular quarrelling. Their dependence on each other's society in this dull little settlement had brought about an unusual degree of intimacy in a few weeks.

In other words, they were almost honest with each other. At present Ralph's facetious manner only half concealed a very real grievance against life.

"Romance is extinct like the dodo," he announced.

Dan was a tall, lean young man, inclining to the saturnine type. "That requires examination," he said judicially. "First, define romance."

"Romance," said Ralph, throwing back his head and puffing a tall column of smoke toward the ceiling—the dreaminess of his eyes had full sway at that moment—"romance is every man's unrealized desire."

"You contradict yourself," said Dan, with provoking exactness. "How can a thing be dead which was never realized?"

The question was awkward, so Ralph serenely ignored it. "Ever since I went into long trousers I've been looking for it," he went on lightly. "Nothing doing!"

"Maybe that's the trouble," suggested Dan; "maybe romance begins at home."

"Did you ever find it?" challenged Ralph.

"Never looked," returned Dan calmly. "Oh, you've no imagination!"

Dan chuckled. "According to that, romance is only imaginary then. Got you again, doc?"

Naturally, these discussions never arrived anywhere. When you were stumped for an answer you hit out on a new line. The thing was to keep the ball in play by any device until the next meal created a diversion.

"I thought college would be romantic," Ralph went on. "I had fun of course, hilly fun—but just the ordinary college fun. There were girls, plenty of 'em, dear little things!—transparent as window-glass. Gad! a man longs to meet a woman who can fascinate him and stir him to the bottom and keep him guessing!"

"Well, let me see what we've got in Port Edward," said Dan. "To be keen with there's Biddy Maroney."

"Cut it out!" cried Ralph. "Fatal to thoughts of romance! After college there was the medical school and the hospitals." He went on. "They knocked the spots out of romance. Say, a city doctor loses faith in his fellow men. I decided I'd hang out my shingle in the woods, and I came up here because it was the beyondst place I could hear of."

"Thinking you'd surely find romance somewhere back of beyond?"



"Darkness . . . but look! In Heaven, a light,  
 And it's shining down . . . God's accolade!  
 Lift me up friends, I'm going to win—my cross!"

From "Tricolor," by Robert Service

To the sick and the wounded, the British Red Cross ministers according to the highest traditions of the Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

Small wonder, then, that their insignia dawn upon many a sufferer's returning consciousness as God's Accolade!

To Ontario is given the privilege of once more leading the Empire in aiding the work of the British Red Cross, by contributing generously to its cause.

## On "Our Day"—October 18 Let Your Gift Be Generous

**A Few Facts About the Work of the British Red Cross**

The British Red Cross Society is the only institution which carries voluntary aid to the Sick and Wounded of the British forces on land and sea in every region of the War.

Its work is therefore the concern of all classes of British subjects, whether living in the British Isles, in the Dominions and Colonies beyond the seas, or in foreign countries.

**IN GREAT BRITAIN**

\$100,000 for initial outlay in providing and equipping after-care institutions for totally disabled men.

\$100,000 for materials for Red Cross Working Parties.

40,000 books and magazines supplied weekly for the sick and wounded.

400 Motor Ambulances, Cars, etc. for Home Service.

28 Command Depots and Convalescent Camps regularly visited and supplied with Comforts and Games.

The home (London, Eng.) administration and management expenses (excluding hospital) for the year ended 29th October, 1916, represent 2.92 per cent. of the total expenditure, or less than 3 cents on the dollar. Audited accounts have been supplied to the Canadian Red Cross Society.

Red Cross work costs over \$30,000 per week or \$30 a minute.

Organization of Resources Committee, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

## Courier Daily: Valuable suggestions For the Handy Home-maker—Order any Pattern Through The Courier. State sizes.

**LADY'S WAIST.**  
 By Anabel Worthington.

From a material point of view white crepe de Chine, with collar and cuffs of pale blue satin, makes this waist more than attractive. The world of fashion approves, too, of its semi-tailored simplicity for everyday wear. The fronts are gathered to the edge of the back, which extends over its whole effect. The closing edges are rolled back to form long, narrow revers. A tiny round collar comes just to the turn of the revers. The one button fastening is a smart touch which adds distinction. The long sleeves are gathered into a deep cuff, and these in turn are trimmed with a roll of the color material.

The waist pattern, No. 8457, is cut in sizes 38 to 44 inches bust measure. The 38 inch size requires 2 ½ yards of 27 inch material, with ¼ yard 27 inch contrasting goods.

To obtain this pattern send 4¢ to the office of this publication.

(Continued in Wednesday's Issue)