

considerable detour, on account of a ledge, some fifty feet in height, which obstructed the way; but this morning the father and son with one accord made straight for the obstruction. Not a word was spoken; their feelings were too deep for utterance; and, as though a word might start the first particle of that dreaded avalanche, they kept silent. As they neared the brink their eyes met, and each saw in the other's a brave determination to save the precious lives they had started to rescue, if it were possible. They well knew the terrible risk they were taking to leap from that great height, but they did not falter. Each quickly jumped and shot out of sight in the snow at the base of the cliff.

Alfred was the first to dig his way out again, and found one snow-shoe broken and useless. He made his way to the spot where his father had disappeared and found him crawling painfully to the surface as best he could.

Alfred acquainted him with the fact that he had broken a snow-shoe, and his father quickly volunteered the use of one of his to replace it, uttering no complaint as he did so, but charging his son to make all speed on his humane errand, an admonition he little needed, for he was making the race of his life.

Great beads of sweat stood on his forehead, his breath came in gasps, his knees tottered under him, and a less sturdy constitution would have succumbed to the great exertion.

It happened that Mrs. Brown saw the men leap from the ledge, and, much alarmed, quickly acquainted Agnes with the fact. They both came to the door to investigate. As Alfred saw them he waved frantically for them to come in his direction. Wondering what it all meant, but knowing full well that there was something of much importance under way, they quickly adjusted their snow-shoes and made the best speed possible in Alfred's direction, their only wraps being a light shawl and shoulder cape.

As the mountaineer attempted to extricate himself from the snow at the base of the cliff, after his terrible leap, he found he had broken his leg, and this was the reason he had so quickly surrendered his snow-shoe and bade his son rush into the very jaws of death, while he himself remained in comparative security.

He dared not mention his injury to Alfred, lest it might detain him on his errand of mercy; but the pain was very severe, and, coupled with minor bruises, was sufficient to cause him to lose consciousness as soon as Alfred had left him.

On regaining his reason, a terrified glance showed him the dreaded avalanche had done its work and that another chapter of that vision of the Christmas Eve was verified. His terror and anxiety may be imagined. He did not know how long he had been unconscious, but he feared it was only for a brief time, and he felt sure Alfred had not been able to reach the cabin and effect a rescue of its inmates.

In that case he had not only failed in his mission in obedience to the demand of the spirit from the other world and the dictates of humanity, but had sent Alfred to a horrible death as well. His thoughts spurred him to make a superhuman effort to crawl toward the fatal spot, as though he might yet be able to do something to atone for his past grievous mistakes, but he could not; and with an agonizing appeal to God that his life, too, might be taken, he again relapsed into unconsciousness.

the very edge of the path of the avalanche.

They were none too soon, for instantly they sank with exhaustion at its base, and tons of soft snow came over the brink, completely shutting them in, but fortunately not injuring them in the least, for the snow that came over the cliff was carried with such impetus that it cleared the base of the ledge, leaving a small open space.

To this circumstance the fugitives owed their lives. They encountered



RESIDENCE AND BARN OF JAS. McMULLEN, MOOSEMIN, ASSA.

As Alfred saw the women coming toward him his joy was unspeakable, but the smile that overspread his face quickly turned to a look of horror, for a low rumbling was heard, as though from deep in the earth, and it momentarily grew louder and louder. A glance up the mountain showed him the awe-inspiring spectacle of a mighty avalanche, from beneath which two defenceless women were fleeing for their lives; for now they, too, understood the summons that had called them forth, and, quickly appreciating the circumstance, they struck out in an oblique direction, which took them to the base of a high, steep ledge, at

very little difficulty in extricating themselves from their involuntary prison, and were soon on their way to the disabled mountaineer, whom they found, to their dismay, badly, though not fatally, hurt.

They lost no time in applying such restoratives as Nature provided, and in the use of which they were entirely conversant.

On again becoming conscious, the mountaineer felt the soft hand of Agnes on his head, as she bathed the wound in his temples, and opening his eyes, he saw assisting her the mother and Alfred.

But little more remains to be told.

The Brown women were homeless and almost penniless. The Smiths—father and son—needed just such help as the women could give, especially at this time; thus, perhaps, it was but natural that one party should co-operate with the other.

A few weeks later, as the circuit rider of that section came over the hills, Agnes and Alfred were united in marriage, and as the ceremony was completed the mountaineer, his face lit up with happiness and contentment, said:

"Waal, I guess bein's you're 'bout it, parson, yer might jest as well hitch up Mary an' me, as 'twill be quite a spell 'fore you're here ag'in."

Thus a double wedding resulted, and it was a union of hearts as well as hands. The descendants of their unions are numerous and often tell the story, sometimes laying stress on the fact that the Mrs. Smiths, when wishing to turn a laugh on their husbands, would say that the morning they saw the men leap from the ledge they thought they were in a hurry to get at the turkey then being prepared for dinner.

This is, as I was told, the story of "The Vision of the Mountain Valley."

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HOME AND BARNYARD OF J. BEATTY COLEMAN, ROSEISLE, MAN.

J. B. Coleman and family came to Manitoba in May, 1897, from the township of West Nisouri, ten miles from St. Mary's, Ont. He purchased the Roseisle farm, containing 320 acres, from Alex. Borg for \$3,800. At that time thirty-five acres were broken; now under cultivation 150 acres. He raised last year 2,500 bushels of wheat from 115 acres, for which 75c. a bushel was realized. Mr. Coleman breeds from the east three hives of bees; they have increased to seventy. This year the bees produced 3,000 lbs. of honey. The farm would now sell for \$7,000.