

FIRE AND SWORD:

A Tale of the Massacre of Glencoe

CHAPTER VI. LOST ON THE HILLS.

The pursued man had the start of Malcolm by about a minute, but that brief snatch of time had economized to the utmost advantage.

A deep and tortuous glen, full of diverging gullies and great masses of obstraining rock lay, about a quarter of a mile ahead, and just as Malcolm gained the extreme brow of the cliff overhanging the "Well" he saw, for a second, the figure of a man disappearing within the cover of the deep glen ahead.

Bounding across the intervening space at a prodigious rate of speed, he gained the entrance to the glen in an almost momentary space of time, and disappearing within its shadow, was presently fighting his way through its intricate and tortuous depths—the rustling of the gorse and heather as he swept them aside alone disturbing the deep solitude of the place.

Pausing for a moment within the shadow of the gorge wherein he now found himself, he looked about to discover, if possible, a sight of the missing man; but not a solitary trace of him was to be found. A flight of disturbed birds angrily overhead, and returning as often as they diverged from sight, was the only evidence Malcolm had of the escaped man's recent passage through the ravine, who had disappeared from sight and hearing like magic.

Malcolm listened intently for a moment but not the echo of a single footfall, nor the rustle of a solitary leaf, nor the motion of an undulating wind disturbed the deep and impressive quietude of the spot.

The pursued man, whoever he might turn out to be, was unquestionably a mountaineer, and a man of agility and strength. Had he been aught less his escape would have been uncertain. But it was obviously Highlander to Highlander, and the advantage lay with the unknown fugitive, who had got the start, and had evidently made the most of it.

The gorge, or ravine, in which he found himself, was not an extensive one, but, short as it was, he judged that the escaped man could not possibly have reached and passed through the upper end of it. He must, therefore, still be in hiding somewhere at hand, or have diverged from sight into one of the many gullies which diverged from either side of it.

Convinced of this, Malcolm cast a searching gaze around, and presently thought he descried through the descending dusk a movement amongst the thick covering of brake and fern which clothed from top to bottom the almost precipitous sides of an opening to the right.

A moment after the movement was supplemented by a crashing noise and a general disturbance of the motionless silence of the glen, which was explained by the sight of a large displaced stone rolling down the brae-face into the hollow wherein he stood.

Looking up in the direction of the disturbance he saw for a moment the figure of a man on all fours scrambling in haste away up on the far side of the gully.

Immediately afterwards the whole glen resounded from end to end with the crashing flight of a startled herd of deer, whose deep repose the presence of the pursued man, along with the falling mass of rock he had loosened by his retreating footsteps, had thus suddenly disturbed.

Standing right in the track of their flight, Malcolm found himself in danger of being run down and overthrown by the flying herd.

Quick as thought he sheltered himself behind a large boulder, and saw the frightened deer sweep furiously past him like a rushing blast of wind.

In the twinkling of an eye they were gone from sight, and a silence seemingly profounder than before succeeded on their flight.

Getting to his feet again, he hastened towards the head of the gully whence he had noticed the fugitive escape.

Once there he strained his eyes in all directions, but was unable to discern a single human object.

Darkness was fast settling down, and he was astonished and somewhat alarmed to find that a storm of wind and rain was driving furiously towards him, and that already it was raining and darkening around him.

Pursuit and further search after the fugitive he now concluded was useless. The amplitude and variety of a hill and crag and dale which everywhere lay around afforded abundant opportunities of safe hiding, and Malcolm concluded that the fugitive had foreseen that his true safety lay in obscurity and not in flight, and was already very probably safe in the vicinity, or snugly hid from sight in some fern-clad hollow of the hill.

turn at once to the "Well?" Pausing irresolute for a moment, a sudden peal of thunder overhead, followed immediately by a precipitate downpour of rain, decided his instant return.

All at once a thick darkness had blotched out the grey of the gloaming, and the storm which an hour before had arisen out of the western ocean was now fast descending like a great black pall on the Argyleshire hills, and already the lofty peaks of Corry Van and Chonual were wrapped from view in a heavy mist of rain. Further south the "Peak of the Pab," with "Fingal's Hills," and the long, lofty, corrugated track called the "Path of Distress," were each momentarily lapsing out of view.

Malcolm started. He knew well what a storm among the hills meant.

The thought of Helen Cameron left alone in Glenacholais at such a time roused a feeling of alarm in his mind, and with a quick step he hurried back in the direction of the "Well."

The intervening distance was not great, but he had hardly traversed the half of it when a flash of lightning—vivid and startling—followed by a sharp crash of thunder, lit up the thick darkness of the sky.

Light of foot, Malcolm sprang over the slippery boulders, and brushed aside the wet masses of brake and fern which thickly stowed his path. Reaching the declivity, at the foot of which half an hour before he had left Helen Cameron by the betrothal "Well," he was both surprised and alarmed to find that she had gone.

He looked everywhere about but saw no trace of her. He called on her by name, but she answered him not. He "halloed" at the top of his voice, but she responded not to the summons. Already the blackness of the storm had descended on hill and valley with more than the blackness of night; the wind was rushing by with a maniac fury, and the rain was pouring relentlessly down.

An anxious first as to Helen Cameron's safety, he now became truly alarmed. True, she was a Highland maid, and accustomed to exposure and mountain climbing; but she was a comparative stranger in Glencoe; a thunder storm had descended on the hills; she was unaided and alone; and the spot where he had left her was fully two miles from the main road leading to the Craigs.

Her absence from the spot, he concluded, could only be accounted for in one way. She had doubtless attempted to follow him, on finding his return unduly prolonged, and in the descending darkness they had obviously missed each other as he made the return journey.

Convinced of this, he immediately hastened back in the direction whence he had just come, "halloing" and shouting at the top of his voice, as he sprang eager-footed over the wet and spongy ground; but the hiss and pour of the wind and rain completely drowned the sound of his voice.

Once more reaching the brow of the rising ground whence shortly before he had plunged into the ravine below in hot pursuit of the unknown fugitive, he passed and strained his gaze in every direction but could discern no sign of the missing maiden. Even were she about, the darkness was so thick that it would have been a matter of difficulty and chance to have espied her.

Again he shouted her name, but the winds flung back his voice, and there was no answering response. His summons, indeed, was every moment becoming less likely to be heard; for already the hill streamlets were swollen into foaming volu-upte with the deluge of rain which had suddenly drenched hill and valley, and were falling in masses of brown foam from every precipitous crag and cliff wherever a channel could form.

Gazing intently forward through the blackness of the storm, he thought he descried a shadow moving across the plain where he now stood. Hurrying up towards it, the shadow resolved itself into a thin column of driving rain-mist. The discovery was disheartening; but a moment afterwards he noticed, with a slight cry of joy, a veritable figure moving toward him. Approaching it with quickened step, he was disappointed to find that it was only a blackfaced sheep, which had been overtaken by the storm high up on the hills, and was now returning to the shelter of the "pen."

Irresolute how to further act, a harrowing fear of the maiden's safety began to agitate his breast. What if, in the darkness and confusion of the moment, she had missed her footing and fallen over some cliff, or into some yawning chasm, or had fatally stumbled into some bog marsh, or, like her still, overcome with excitement and fatigue had become unconscious and fallen by the way?

Imaginations of that kind—each of which were individually possible—with suppositions of a still more imprudent type, took possession of him in turn, and agitated his breast with a thousand nameless fears and misgivings.

There was certainly a just cause of alarm. The thunder storm was increasing in intensity, and the hills were so flooded with rain that the "tracks" were already lost, and in some parts all but impassable.

For himself, who knew every detour of the hills, and who was strong of body and agile of limb beyond the common, the situation was of comparatively trifling moment; but the bare thought of Helen Cameron, remaining on the hills alone, and exposed, it might be, for hours to the fury and danger of a thunder storm, tortured his mind with conflicting emotions of regret and alarm. At a loss to know how to further act for the best.

To lose time by remaining any longer where he was seemed useless, as Helen had either met with an accident or had left the locality; and to prosecute unaided a further search into the glens and corries of the storm-darkened hills seemed to augur anything but a successful issue.

Revolving the situation in his mind, he feared that some untoward accident had befallen the maiden, and he finally resolved on going back for assistance to the nearest shepherd's mountain hut, that a search might the more effectually be undertaken.

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If, on the other hand, no mishap had happened her, and she had gone for shelter in the direction of the main road, he would, perhaps, overtake her on the way.

It was a choice whether he would direct his steps to the farm-steady lying west of Invercoe or strike westward in the direction of Balachulish. The distance was about equal.

To gain either point he had several miles to cover; but the advantage perhaps lay in the choice of Balachulish, the more so that it was a less hilly and broken road thereto, and in consequence of that advantage could be much more easily and speedily got over.

Once resolved, he prepared for a speedy descent. There was, indeed, not a moment to lose. Every succeeding crash of thunder seemed more terrible than its immediate predecessor, and the landmarks of the hill—nay, even the mighty hills themselves were obscured from the sight in the inky blackness of the atmosphere. The lofty "Peak of the Pab" and the adjoining hills of the "Path of Distress" were now completely blotted out of view, and the cloven shoulders of the more adjacent Corry-Van and Chonual were obscured from sight in dark masses of driving cloud and rain-mist.

His mind finally made up, he drew his knitted worsted bonnet well down on his brows, and swift of foot set off in the direction of Balachulish for help.

The condition of woman during the Homeric period was comparatively elevated. But after the change to democracy we almost lost sight of them, until we are ready to believe the Greeks had some other method of continuing their race, and that the Greek nation were the real Phoenix which they claimed to be, springing from the ground, ready-made. Women were kept in the utmost seclusion. "The best woman," says Thucydides, is she of whom least is said, either in the way of good or harm. Tragic theatre proclaimed silence to be the greatest ornament of woman. "The wife abroad," cried the comic theatre, "a death and fairies? What doest thou from home?" The owl, a muzzle and a pair of reins were the fittest emblems on sepulchre of the accomplished housewife.

Owl, emblem of her watchfulness; muzzle, of her silence; and reins, of the skill with which she managed her servants.

When one is conscious of having taken cold, measures should be taken as soon as possible to equalize the temperature of the body and to throw off the effete matters which, in consequence of the inflammation caused by the cold, have settled on some one or more parts of the body—always the weakest part. A hot foot-bath accompanied by hot drinks and a warm, even temperature, will, if taken in season, often avert most serious consequences. Sub-acid fruits eaten in connection with this mode of treatment are very useful. The aim should be to open all the natural excretories of the body, that of its own motion it may remove the foreign matters that clog its membranes and tissues. Hot lemonade, hot sage-tea, and any drinks that promote perspiration, are good. Cold in the head is an inflammation of the lining membrane of the region, and is likely unless checked to extend down till it reaches the throat and bronchial tubes, inducing cough and lung trouble. The quickest way of checking this trouble is to keep in an unvarying temperature until nature cures itself, meantime abstaining from food or eating only acid fruits. When the lungs become affected, hot foot-baths, and mustard plasters applied over the lungs, either on the chest or between the shoulders, will draw the blood to the extremities and surface and give immediate relief. Mustard plasters applied to the soles of the feet or to the ankles and wrists have the same effect. Cloths wrung from hot soda or saleratus water and fastened about the chest, and covered with flannel to exclude the air and retain the moisture, give relief. One can sleep in those nights with advantage. All these devices are within the reach of every housekeeper, and if resorted to in season will often prevent the necessity of calling in a physician. And then, when it can be done, it is better to apply remedies to the outside of the body than to the inside, and leave the wondrous interior mechanism to regulate itself without any aid from poisonous drugs. We need to remember that pneumonia, bronchitis, pleurisy, quick consumption, all begin with slight colds; colds so slight that the patients think they are "not worth minding"; they'll wear off in a few days. One of our brightest and most promising scientists died a few days since of a neglected cold. If we take care of the beginnings of disease we shall find the task easy. If we neglect them medical skill may be powerless to aid us.

Why don't you heave the lead? "Is it to heave the lead, your honor? Where to?" "Overboard, you blockhead! The Irishman snatched up one of the pigs of lead and threw it overboard; the mate, in endeavoring to prevent him, lost his balance and fell into the river. The Captain, running to the edge of the deck, asked:

"Why don't you heave the lead and sing out how much water there is?" "The lead is heaved, your honor, and the mate has gone down to see how much water there is," responded Pat.

A Life Saving Present. Mr. M. E. Allison, Hutchinson, Kan., saved his life by a simple Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, for Consumption, which cured him to procure a large bottle, that completely cured him, when Doctors' change of climate and everything else had failed. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Severe Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, it is guaranteed to cure. Trial Bottles at J. Wilson's Drugstore. Large size \$1. (1)

A Riddle—Of one drier "FEARLESS" to any one sending the best four line rhyme on "FEARLESS," the remarkable little gem for the Teeth and Breath. Ask your druggist or address.

Cold And Colds. Cold is simply the absence of heat and a negative, however hard, it may be to believe it in the presence of a "Blizzard." The natural causes of cold are the absence of the sun, the diminution of the blanket of the atmosphere as we rise to high latitudes, and radiation through a clear air. For every mile we ascend in the air the mercury in the thermometer falls about 20°. It has been estimated that the absolute zero—the point where there would be no gaseous tension—is 458 Fahrenheit. The lowest temperature yet recorded is 220 F.

The normal temperature of the body, which in adults of the Caucasian race 98.6°, is maintained in defiance of external cold by the combustion within the body of heat-producing food. If the combustible materials are not furnished, or if oxygen be not supplied in sufficient quantity, the temperature will be depressed. Hence the vital importance of having pure air in addition to wholesome food. Persons habitually exposed to cold weather suffer far less from it than those who only occasionally leave their houses. Mail-carriers, physicians and others whose business takes them out of doors and keeps them there most of the time, rarely suffer from cold or colds. They make a point of having requisite clothing and suitable food, and as the open air keeps the blood pure, quickens the appetite and promotes digestion their internal heating apparatus is kept in good condition. The more persons "coddle" themselves the more susceptible to cold they become, and slighter exciting causes induce colds.

A cold bath every morning followed by vigorous rubbing lessens one's susceptibility to cold and diminishes the chances of indisposition from its effects. This bath may be very brief, and taken in a warm room if the person taking it is debilitated. The habit once formed during warm weather is easily kept up throughout the year, and with great advantage.

Except the Mayor. A severe repartee is recorded of Foote the comedian, who, traveling in the west of England, dined one day at an inn. When the cloth was removed the landlord asked him how he liked his fare.

"I have dined as well as any man in England."

"Except the Mayor," exclaimed the landlord.

"I don't except anybody, whatever," said he.

"But you must?" "I won't."

"You must!" At length the strife ended by the landlord (who was a petty magistrate) taking Foote before the mayor, who observed it had been customary in that town for a great number of years always to "except the mayor," and accordingly fined him a shilling for not conforming to the ancient custom. Upon this decision Foote paid the shilling, at the same time observing that he thought the landlord the greatest fool in Christendom—except the mayor.

Premises Fulfilled. Yesterday I purchased a box of Dr. Smith's Great German Worm Remedy, and, after giving one dose, and my testimony to the many others in its favor, and endorse it as a safe and sure remedy. J. W. SALZMANN, Bakery, Syracuse Street, Rondout, N. Y. Sold by James Wilson, Goderich, Ont.

The Agony of A Cough. Let any person with a fresh cough imagine it gaining on him day after day and year after year. Let him couple with it the dread of consumption, the long years of weakness, the months of acute suffering, the agonies of death. He will then hesitate to obtain the best cough remedies at the first appearance of this evidence of disease. Mr. H. G. Mann of Kingsly, P. Q., says, "I have been for several years alarmed by an affection of the lungs. After a time I obtained and used several bottles of Dr. Wilson's Pulmonary Cherry Balsam. Before the first was finished I raised a number of hard gluey globules and my troubles left me entirely."

The most frightful scourge of humanity is Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. Commencing with a little pain in the back it hurries the sufferer to a premature grave. DR. VAN BUREN'S KIDNEY CURE is the only known remedy that prevents the fatal result. Take it in time.

A Good Walker. ONCE when Daniel Webster was dining table d'hôte at the Astor House in the days when it was conducted on what we call the American plan, a servant came to him and said a man was waiting for him in the office to collect a bill.

"Is he a good waiter?" asked Webster. "I don't know," answered the servant. "Neither do I," said the waiter, "so we will have to ascertain. Tell him I'm at dinner—let him wait."

And Mr. Webster finished his dinner leisurely, the man having lost patience and departed prior to the conclusion.

Emigrants and travellers will find in Ayer's Sarsaparilla an effectual cure for the eruptions, boils, pimples, eczema, etc., that break out on the skin—the effects of disorder in the blood caused by bad diet and life on board ship. It is the best medicine for everyone in the spring.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancers, Piles, Chilblains, Corns, Tetter, Chapped Hands, and all Skin Eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance, or money refunded. 25c. per box. For sale by J. Wilson.

Millions Given Away. Millions of Bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have been given away as Trial Bottles of the large size. This enormous outlay would be disastrous to the proprietors, were it not for the rare merits possessed by this wonderful medicine. Call at Wilson's drug store, and get a Trial Bottle free, and try for yourself. It never fails to cure.

Perfect, Positive and Permanent cure of the cure effected by Dr. Van Buren's Kidney Cure. Relief in all cases of Kidney Disease is obtained after a few doses. See that your Druggist gives you Dr. Van Buren's Kidney Cure. Sold by J. Wilson, Goderich.

Never Give up. If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and health will be restored in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle, by Jas. Wilson.

Do Not Be Discouraged. In these times of quack medicine and "gratifications" everywhere, it is truly gratifying to find one remedy that is worthy of praise, and which really does as recommended. Electric Bitters are not only a true and reliable remedy, and one that will do as recommended. They invariably cure Stomach and Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Difficulties. We know whereof we speak, and can readily say, give them a trial. Sold at 50 cents a bottle, by Jas. Wilson.

True to Her Trust. Too much cannot be said of the ever faithful wife and mother, constantly watching and caring for her dear ones, never neglecting a single duty in their behalf. When they are assailed by disease, and the system should have a thorough cleansing, the stomach and bowels regulated, blood purified, and malarial poisons exterminated, she must know that Electric Bitters are the only sure remedy. They are the best and purest medicine in the world and only cost fifty cents. Sold by J. Wilson [4]

Why should a man whose blood is warm with it like his grandeur out in alabaster? Or let his hair grow rusty, scant and thin. When "CINGALESE RENEVER" will make it grow the faster. For sale by J. Wilson.

THE REMARKABLE SUSTAINING power so noticeable in Wheeler's Fixer of Phosphates and Calcium is of decided advantage when it comes expedient to maintain the nervous system at concert pitch for prolonged periods during any great mental or muscular exertion. It is especially adapted to create force from alcoholic stimulants. The increased energy being derived from the food elements in the preparation that are the source of nerve power, it prevents the excessive waste and exhaustion that result from over work.

AYER'S Hair Vigor restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light colored hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and the hair, though not always, cured. It causes the falling of the hair, and stimulates a new and healthy growth to vigor. It prevents and cures dandruff, and keeps the scalp cool and moist. It is a most valuable preparation for the hair, and is sold in bottles of 50 cents and \$1.00. It is sold by all druggists.

MR. ANGELO FAIRBANKS, leader of the celebrated Fairbank Family of Scottish Vocalists, writes from Boston, Mass., Feb. 6, 1893: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past few months, and I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and I am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been bald."

MR. A. A. PIERCE, writing from 18 Elm St., Charleston, S. C., April 14, 1892, says: "Two years ago my hair began to fall out, and I was troubled very rapidly, and I was fast growing bald. I used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past few months, and I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and I am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been bald."

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SNOW A Hard V

The winter membered for the 24th of Nov covered for there has been Earth. The go-by, a other at short of nature is in the Province several feet in all directions: Dwellers in once comparat forts and annu At the worst t out a few yard ation with th the ci good tracks. it is different, scattered, and the snow by h roads are clear dering the clea the heaviest a pantes, who i find their traff together, whi the lines oper

of the Grand gets the large the direction i to the full av the opening o one continual clear, the bes most improve stantly at wo ly only rende storm blocke On Wednes Knight, the Coderich mai the teeth of a was reached the trouble made, but a few hund then had to was given up and large gat 100, were set Saturday nig stored, and either direct So much l of the drifts determined looked, and the train for to Sebringvi mon was see to Seaforth, there was al on

varying in d through whi cut, just w pass through and grand c windows, st are frequen white wall discernible. FLOW and the an the difficult mated. T thaws have almost of i clearing it the same c rails has fi hbb exercis not being and plows which has the static been snou up, causi of movin a few mi complish the drifts but little

and the winter h annoyin more ab compan No pers of clear actually of snow ed field the wis in a fe has to difficult ventu wire I thought of ser they a seems fence been

Strat Code from

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