

Rain Positively Rolls Off



THE NEW WATERPROOF COAT IS THE "SALUTAQUA."

It contains No Rubber Solution of any kind, yet is Absolutely Water-Resisting, Air-Free & Odourless.

These Coats are now being sold all over the world by CURZON BROS., the Great International Tailors.

However heavy the rain, it never penetrates "Salutaqua" garments.

Let us supply you with one of these Coats, which are invaluable for driving, riding, fishing, shooting, motoring, as well as for town wear.

Price \$12 to Measure.
(Duty and Carriage Paid.)

If you are dissatisfied we return your money.

Send post card for a set of the "Salutaqua" patterns, fashion-plates, and simple self-measurement system, by which a fit is assured, no matter where you live.

LONDON OR NEW YORK STYLES.
Ask for the "Salutaqua" Fabrics when writing.

Curzon's Range of prices for Suits to Measure (Carriage and Duty Paid), \$8.60, \$10, \$11.50, \$13, \$14.50, \$17.10.

Every quality has been valued by our Canadian friends at double our prices.

Write for Patterns—NOW—and get your Suit or "Salutaqua" Coat in good time.

We dispatch your order within seven days.

Address:—CURZON BROS. (Dept. 103),
449, Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

CURZON BROS.
Go to Curzon

The World's Measure Tailors,
60/62, CITY ROAD,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

Please mention this paper.

VICTIMS OF THE DRINK HABIT

no matter how long standing their case can be safely and perfectly cured

in THREE DAYS by the

NEAL TREATMENT

No man, who is an habitual drinker or subject to periodical cravings for alcoholic stimulants, can hope to overcome this degrading habit by the exercise of his own powers.

The craving for Drink arises from alcoholic poisoning of the system, and the poison must first be removed before the craving will cease.

The **NEAL TREATMENT** is safe and harmless, leaving no after effects and in three days entirely removes all taste and craving for liquor. Our drug treatment effective for all time. There are no hypodermic injections included in the Neal Treatment.

Write today for full particulars. All correspondence strictly confidential. If you are a victim of the awful curse of Drink, a three days sojourn at our Institute, will send you forth a sane, sound man, absolutely freed from its enslaving influence.

THE NEAL INSTITUTE COMPANY Ltd.

405 Broadway
Winnipeg, Man.

2244 Smith St.
Regina, Sask.

820 Thirteenth Ave. W.
Calgary, Alta.

A GREAT SPECIFIC FOR WEAK MEN.

All men suffering from Varicocele, Weakening Drains, Nervous Debility, Depression, Brain Fag, Neurasthenia, Bladder Weakness, and all forms of Seminal Weakness or Premature Decline of the Vital Powers, etc., should test the unique Restorative properties of

VARICOLIUM ELIXIR.

the great Scientific Specific for these ailments. Varicolum will cure you quickly; it will cure you completely; it will cure you permanently. You do not have to wait for months, but experience improvement in a few days. Weakening drains gradually cease; the relaxed veins return to their normal healthy state; a restoration of the whole Nervous System takes place, a return of the Vital Powers with full capacity and fitness is assured. Send 5 cents in stamps for Advice Form and Booklet on "Creative Vital Force," which explains fully all about Varicolum Elixir. It is a work of special interest to men on Seminal Weakness, Varicocele, Loss of Energy, Kidney Disease, Bladder Weakness, Gleet, Discharges, Urinary Troubles, Debility, and Premature Decline of the Vital Powers. (Read Booklet for cases cured similar to yours.) ADVICE FREE.

Address: **BUCHANAN & CO.,** 1, Cransmore Avenue, Tong Rd., Armley, Leeds, England



thought the less he gasped, and suddenly an idea struck him.

It was the old one of Mahomet and the Mountain.

What was there to prevent his taking board at the house next door and bringing all these things to pass?

His bashfulness.

Already he was gasping again.

But in time he grew accustomed even to this idea. It occurred to him that he had been forced to change boarding-places once or twice before, and while the experiences had been trying, he had lived through them, and never before had he any such inducement as this. He resolved to do it.

Once having made up his mind it took him only about a week, in which he passed the house fourteen times, to muster up sufficient courage to ring the bell and to interview the landlady. Yes, she had a nice room that he could have Monday, so Bodley paid a week's board in advance and took it. But when it came to announcing to Mrs. Prendergast his intention of leaving the house where he had lived so long, Bodley almost wished he had been less precipitate. But he made some confused remarks about going to a place where he had a friend, blushed violently, wrung her hand, and fled from her presence.

Monday came and Bodley moved. He dodged up to his room, peering about,

ready to flee if he should but catch a glimpse of a golden head, and his agitation when the dinner-bell rang would have been something painful to see if there had been anyone to witness it.

He pulled himself together at last and went down and was shown to his place. A hasty glance around showed him, to his infinite relief, that the girl who owed her life to him was not there; and he blessed the happy chance that had taken her somewhere else to dine that evening. It would give him time to accustom himself a little to his new environment before meeting her. He was sorry, however, not to see her at breakfast, and when she again failed to appear at dinner, he began to be alarmed, and when his new landlady asked him if he found his room satisfactory, he ventured to inquire if the young lady—with light hair—whom he had seen—occasionally—coming out of the house—were ill.

"Oh, the young lady who has been here for a month getting her trousseau ready? No. She went back to Detroit Sunday night to get married. Quite a romantic story, too. The gentleman saved her from drowning last summer at Fire Island. And she never knew who it was till somebody introduced them in the fall, after she'd gone home. That's her room you've got."

The Engineer's Christmas

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Vera Roberts

IT was Christmas eve, and all was peaceful and quiet around the little home of Engineer McBride.

His wife was busy preparing their supper, and little Hilda, their three-year-old daughter, was occupied with her playthings.

"Are you feeling any better now, Clyde?" asked his wife as she came to his bedside.

He had returned from his ride the day before, feeling ill, and today had seemed so much worse that he had received leave of absence and permission to stay at home.

"Not very much better—I am afraid it is a touch of pneumonia I have, but likely it will wear off by morning."

"Now, Clyde, I am going to run up town and have the doctor step in, and then we will know what to do for you. It's no use putting it off any longer, and I have been wanting to have him call all day."

"It isn't anything worth worrying over," he said. "I wouldn't bother to get him."

"Well, I will go and have him come. Keep your eye on supper and I won't be gone but a moment."

She pushed things back to the back of the range so they would not burn and, telling Hilda to stay and talk to papa, she threw on a few wraps and went away.

When she had gone, Hilda came and climbed up on the bed, and her papa began telling her about the pictures in the picture book she had been playing with.

While they were engaged thus, there came a hurried knock at the door. "Come in," called Mr. McBride, and the door opened, admitting one of the railroad men he worked with.

"Well, what's the matter," he asked taking off his cap on seeing Clyde lying on the bed.

"Oh! nothing much, I don't think, only a cold, but Nellie thought I had to have the doctor, and she went to get him. Have a chair."

"Haven't time," answered Johnson. "I was sent down to tell you that you were to take the special tonight as it was very important, and that you could have a holiday later to make up for it."

"But," said McBride, sitting up in bed, "I got leave of absence just this morning. What is the reason for this call?"

"Well the president of the road got a wire from his wife's people, saying she was not expected to live, and it is a special train they are taking from here for him. They expect him in now in about three quarters of an hour, and they want the special all ready to go. That is the order."

As the man finished speaking, Mrs.

McBride came in, also the doctor.

"Good evening, Mr. Johnson," she said. She was well acquainted with all Clyde's friends, for they often came to eat supper with them.

"Clyde is on the sick list," she explained, "and I went for Dr. Grayson. Won't you sit down?"

Johnson explained the case to her, and while they were talking the doctor had quietly taken off his coat and cap and warmed his hands, then had gone over to the bed.

He examined his patient very carefully and shook his head doubtfully. Mrs. McBride and Johnson came over to the bed, both eager to hear what the doctor was saying.

"He has been ordered to go on the road tonight," said Mrs. McBride. "I don't think he can go, can he, Dr. Grayson?"

"No indeed," said the doctor firmly. "He has too much fever to even think of such a thing. I would not answer for the consequences if he went," he continued.

"Now you see" she said, turning to Johnson, "You will have to tell them that Clyde is sick in bed himself, and they will find someone else to take his place."

"I will do my best," said Johnson, taking his departure.

The doctor left several different medicines and, as he had several other calls to make, he left orders as to his eating, etc., and then he left also. When he had gone, she finished supper, and fixed a tempting little supper for her husband also, and took it to him. Taking up little Hilda, she placed her in her high chair, and they were soon "quite busy," (as Clyde expressed it.) In the midst of their supper another knock sounded on the door.

"Who can it be this time, I wonder?" she said as she went to the door.

"Why! It's Mr. Johnson again!" and as he came in she knew he had a disagreeable errand on hand.

"I hate to bother you people," he blurted out, "but it is simply impossible to get another engineer to take the engine and I explained at headquarters how things were here, but they sent word that you must take the engine or lose your job."

When he had finished speaking, Clyde started to get out of bed, but his wife laid her hand on his shoulder and said, "No you must not go."

"I am sorry," said Johnson, "but I cannot help it, for I did my best to get some one else."

"That's all right, Jack," Clyde assured him. "Don't worry about it. But who is fireman?"

"Mrs. McBride's brother, Jim, is going