

Cured of Drunkenness

How a Montreal lady cured her husband of drunkenness with a secret home remedy.



"I want to tell you that tasteless Samaria Prescription has entirely cured my husband of drunkenness so quickly and simply that I am astonished. How glad I am that I confided in you, and wrote for your free sample package. The sample tablets I got from you checked his drinking, and before I had used the full treatment he was permanently cured. I gave him the remedy in his tea, and as it had no taste or smell, he never knew he was taking it. I want others to know; so you can use this letter, but please not my name yet. I may say that my husband's health is better in every way than for years."

Free Package and pamphlet giving full particulars, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Address: **THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 112 Jordan Chambers, Jordan St., Toronto, Canada.**

CASH

for your farm, home, business, or other property, no matter where it is, or what it is worth.

IF YOU WANT A QUICK, CASH SALE

send description and price of the property you want to sell, then we will write you, explaining how and why we can sell it. Our plan of selling costs nothing and may be of great value to you.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY a property or a business of any kind anywhere, write for our free catalogue of bargains.

NORTHWESTERN BUSINESS AGENCY,
Desk 5 Bank of Commerce Building, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

There's Many A Slip

in the making of ordinary coffee. Sometimes it's made too early—more often it's made too late. Sometimes there's too little of it—more often there's too much. These slips don't happen when using

CAMP COFFEE

Ask for it at your Store.
R. Patterson & Sons,
Coffee Specialists,
Glasgow.

341 MAIN STREET.

NORTHERN PACIFIC

Canada Permanent Block.

YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

CALIFORNIA TOURIST CARS

Nov. 20 and Dec. 4.

Winnipeg to Los Angeles without change via Portland and San Francisco.

LOWEST RATES.

Reserve Berths at once.

Through tourist cars will leave Winnipeg every two weeks thereafter.

Full Particulars from
H. SWINFORD, General Agent,
W. H. COLLUM, Ticket Agent,
341 Main Street, WINNIPEG.

ABSORBINE

Cures Strained Puffy Ankles, Lymphangitis, Bruises and Swellings, Lameness and Aches. Pain Quickly without Effort. Removes the hair, or softens it. Pleasant to use.

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 428 Victoria St.,
Canadian Agents: L. C. Y. & Co.

rising, his arms swinging wildly about his head. Kerrigan, looking from him to the stage, saw the sorrowful, uneasy line of little children turning back toward the tree, now fully lighted, and guessed their dismay at the interruption. He turned to the exhorter once more, and leaped into the fray.

"Let the little naygur g'wan!" he called roughly.

A sea of angry eyes flashed upon him, but he heeded it not.

"G'wan little tiger lily!" he roared. "G'wan wid your words!" And with the instinct of implicit obedience to the voice of the white man, the child ran glibly through her quotation, and the line filed from the stage.

Marching off, with eyes upon the tree, a heedless boy ran into the frail upright supporting an elaborate arch of paper roses, which, falling on the candles, ignited, and then dropped in a serpent of fire among the children and flamed up toward the roof along the uprights still standing.

Instantly the house was in a wild panic, sweeping toward the door and windows; but Kerrigan saw only the child that he had bidden speak. The last of the line, the blazing wreaths enwrapped her and fired her flimsy white dress. He leaped to his feet, but was borne backward by the mad-dened rush of screaming creatures making toward the windows behind him.

It was only for an instant. "Catching at the back of a seat and bracing himself, he lowered his head, and with a roar like that of an angry bull plowed his way through the frenzied mob and fell sprawling across the stage. The next moment he sprang through the blazing streamers, caught up the child, and holding her face against his breast, smothered the flames or beat them out with his hands.

Another blazing streamer fell across his own shoulders before he had extinguished the burning dress of the child, firing his coat and scorching his cheek; but not until the child was safe did he fling it off impatiently, pull down the remaining uprights, and stamp out the flames. Then, blackened with soot, and scorched, still holding the sobbing child against his breast, he turned and roared:

"Come back! Come back, ye! Ain't yez gown to give the childer their prints?"

They crept into their seats presently, excited and hysterical; and not till then did Kerrigan leave the stage with the child, sobbing with fright, but little hurt. Going down to his shipmates, he stood the child before them:

"Tis Christmas eve, an' a little girl in trouble," he said, "hand out yer ducats!"

Smiling they did as they were bidden, while the audience crowded about them, watching. Kerrigan took their bills with a dissatisfied frown.

"Ivry cint, ye thavun' sailormin! Is it av yerselves ye'd be thinkun' whin a little child's in trouble? Empty yer pockets, as I've done me-self," he ordered.

When he was certain that not a cent was left to the four, he tied the collection in his neckerchief and put it in the hand of the bewildered child.

"Tis for a new dhrress, an' a dolly, an' pink ice-crame, an' whatever," he told her; "an' a merry Christmas to ye!"

Then he turned to the wildly applauding audience with a deprecatory wave of the hand.

"G'wan wid ye!" he said good-naturedly, and with the first touch of diffidence mortal had ever seen on his face. "Don't ye know the childer is a-waitun' for their prints?"

The tree was stripped, the last song sung, a prayer of thanksgiving and gratitude to Kerrigan spoken by the pastor, and the audience was making ready to depart, when the superintendent stepped upon the platform, lifted his hand, and said:

"Foh we depah, we desiah to

our appreciations of the

age of our visitant among

the gen'rosity dis

gemman and da balumps of 'em have individualized." He bowed, and a male quartet marched solemnly upon the stage, sang "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," and then, as an encore, bowing to Kerrigan, with spirit sang "The Wearing of the Green."

Kerrigan had nodded through the stripping of the tree, but he was thoroughly awake now. His head and foot kept time to the song, and as the last strain ceased he sprang to his feet.

"I niver made a spache in me life, b'ys,—an' the l'ave av yez,—barrun' some incidental remarks I might have intrajuced into a coort av justus the marnun' after, by raison av 'lookun' upon the wine whin ut was red, which is a fagure av spache, me dhrink beun' whisky, which some av ye may know is a horse av anither color, and not bad for the hilt, though betther lit alone, owun' to the carelissness av min in the use av high explosives; but I wan' to tell ye, in wan word, that I tak' ut kindly,—yer singun' a song in me honor, an' yer reception, an' the holy ruction ye gave us, whereby I worcked off me sadness av heart by raison av beun' in an inhospitable counthry. Now I wan' to say, we hope we're not intrudin'. We tho't ut was a show whin we perambulated in amongst ye, which ut was av a kind, an' as amusun' as a baskut av kittuns an' lively as a counthry



"Lastly an' finally."

fair in me ancestrhal kingdom, though not what we expicted.

"Now we've heard yer songs an' yer spaches, an' sane yer angel descind, which was marvelous, an' we've listhened to yer advice, which ut was as good as anny I've iver had to contind wid—an', by the same token, as harro to follow. For tho't the quare thng about advice; the betther ut is, the laste likely we are to hade ut, an' thim as nades ut laste hades ut most, an' vicy versy, which is Frinch for the road's no longer wan way t'ither way about.

"Likewise, ut's the nature av the good to be too good an' the bad to be worse nor they nade be, the which I learned by lookin' in me own heart an' makun' philosophical faces at me-self in me contrition. So wan thing I've learned—never to putt more sthrain upon me stren'th than ut will bear wid dacency.

"Lastly, an' finally, as the pr'achers say, I like yer singun' betther nor yer courage, which ye haven't anny; but in discretion ye're great. An' tho't's uts good points, too, for ut lades away from trouble, an' trouble's a bad neighbor. But ye sing marvelous, an' I say, Sing all ye can, for ut makes the road short an' the work aisy; an' ye niver can abstract a hin from uts roost whin a song's on yer lips, which is wan snare the less for the legs av thim tho't walk in darkness, if the trut's been told av ye. An' tho't's allegory.

"An' ye, little childer, always hon-

or yer faathers an' yer mithers, for

thot the Good Book tills ye; like-

wise, ut's common sinse; an' lastly

tin to wan ye'll be lathered if ye

don't, an' tho't hurts."

He ended abruptly, and turned

away from the laughing, goji-

natured throng, already on its slow

march to the door. An alarm had

been turned in at the first call of

fire, but the firemen had come and

gone without entering, and the police

had come no farther than the door.

It was a glimpse of their helmets at

the rear of the hall that had brought

Kerrigan to a sudden close. Now he

turned to the superintendent.

"Docthor," he whispered, "have ye a back dure? There was a little frindly ruction on the strate a little while praviuous, in which me frin's here participathed, an' me frin's the polace are yon. Ut's a harro lot they have, an' I'd spar' thim trouble willun'. If we shipped out un-beknownst—" He winked, and the superintendent bowed.

Back of them extended a little side addition, and into this the man led them, opening a window.

"It's no door," he began, but Kerrigan caught him up.

"Ut's all wan," he said, as he thrust a long leg through the opening; "dure or windy, ut's a hole for daliv'rance. I was niver wan to scorn the shmall neck av a bottle whin the bung was not contagious."

A moment later the four were swiftly following the directions of their adviser over a fence and across an open lot to a quiet street.

They traveled fast for a space, and then, easy in mind, went on more slowly toward the water-front by roundabout ways.

The New Englander, as was befitting one with inherited conscience, was the first to speak.

"Twas good advice," he said.

"The which?" asked Kerrigan.

Then another inherited tendency in the Yankee awoke—a sense of the humor of things.

"Any of it," he answered, grinning.

"That whisky was good for a man, but better let it alone; that it wasn't worth while being too good, or just as well not to be bad. Oh, you had a crumb of comfort for everyone, Kerrigan."

"An' why not—on Christmas eve, ye carpun' Yankee?" demanded Kerrigan. "Is ut a time for missions an' pinances?"

"Or for the fast?" asked Nicolao, nudging the New-Englander.

For once Kerrigan was silent, remembering his thirsty but peniless state. Then suddenly he smiled, recalling his triumphant oratory.

"Thomas Kerrigan," he said to himself, "if I'd 'a' caught ye airly, ut's a man I'd 'a' made av ye—bar-run' the thirst, which is a dethriment."

Then in silence he went on through the echoing streets, under the quiet stars, with his equally silent shipmates.

"Besom and Stane."

Welcome brithes a' to the 'Peg;

Come, help yerself with feast and keg,

And spiel an' curl an' swoop 'er up,

And win your town the trophy cup.

All those who come on pleasure bent

Can have it to their hearts' content.

For Scotia's noble game is rife,

An' free from aught but pleasant strife.

Hurl down your granites on the ice!

Tee high! In turn! Ah, that looks nice!

Lay up against that, but not too hard!

Hoots, mon, clean through! now gimme

a guard!

And so it goes, just as in life,

The game is played in eager strife,

There's good shots; them as goes right

through,

Dead hogs, long shots and accidents too.

But never a man makes just the shot

He figures on—but that's man's lot—

Just strive to do the best that lies

Within you, and all else defy!

So, boys, take care; keep well in hand.

'Twill give you more than fairies'

wand,

If you're a candidate for fame,

Take my advise and "play the game."

—J. Noble Simms, in Free Press