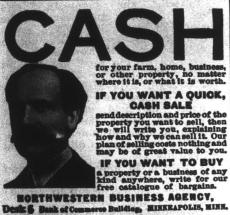
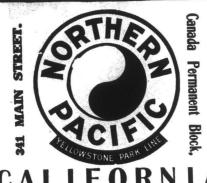
Cured of Drunkenness How a Montreal lady cured her husband of

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 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 rinking, and before I had sed the full treatment he d price sent in plain se pondence sacredly co IR SAMARIA REME







## CALIFORNIA TOURIST CARS

Nov. 20 and Dec. 4.

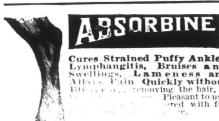
Winnipeg to Los Angeles without change via Portland and San Francisco.

LOWEST RATES.

Reserve Berths at once.

Through tourist cars will leave Winnipeg every two weeks thereafter.

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



W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F. 138 Manta at 1 Canadian Agents: LTM Vi.

his head. Kerrigan, looking from him to the stage, saw the sorrowful, uneasy line of little childen 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 worrds!" 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 maddened rush of screaming creatures making toward the windows behind

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

Another blazing streamer 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

"Come back! Come back, yez! Ain't yez goun to give the childer their prisints?"

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 ave, an' a little girl in throuble," he said, "hand out yer ducuts!"

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

"Iv'ry cint, ye thavun' sailormin! Is it av yersilves ye'd be thinkun' whin a little child's in throuble? Empty yer pockets, as I've done mehe 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 dhress, an' a whatdolly, an' pink ice-crame, an' what-iver," 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 prisints?"

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, fted his hand, and said:

foh we depaht, we desiah to our appreciations of the r'age of our visitant among

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 inthrojuced 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, whch some av ye may know is a horse av anither color, and not bad for the hilth, though betther lit alone, owun' to the carelissniss av min in the use av high explosives; but I wan' to tell ye, in wan worrd, that I tak' ut kindly—yer singun' a song in me honor, an' yer reciption, an' the holy ruction ye gave us, whereby I worrked off me sadness av heart by raison av beun' in an inhospithable ut was a show whin we perambu-

counthry. Now I wan' to say, we hope we're not inthrudin'. We tho't lathed in amongst ye, which ut was av a kind, an' as amusun' as a baskut av kittuns an' lively as a counthry



fair in me ancesthral kingdom,

though not what we ixpicted. 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 harrd to follow. For thot's 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 mesilf in me conthrition. So wan thing I've learned—never to putt more sthrain upon me stren'th than ut will bear wid dacency.

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

gory. "An' ye, little childer, alwiys hon-

gemman and da balumps of 'em have or yer faathers an' yer mithers, for thot the Good Book tills ye; like-wise, ut's common sinse; an' lasthly tin to wan ye'll be lathered if ye don't, an' thot hurts."

He ended abruptly, and turned away from the laughing, good-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
yez a back dure? There was a little fri'ndly ruction on the strate a little while pravious, in which me frin's here participathed, an' me frin's the polace are yon. Ut's a harrd lot they have, an' I'd spar' thim throuble willun'. If we shlipped out unbeknownst—" 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 open-

'dure or windy, ut's a hole for ing; "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 contaguous.'

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 befit-

ting 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 ave, 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 penniless state. Then suddenly he smiled, re-

calling his triumphant "Thomas Kerrigan," he said to himself, "if I'd 'a' caught ye airly, ut's a man I'd 'a' made av ye—barrun' the thirst, which is a dethri-

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

"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

able ligio ligio a lit

Oı

place

the

mak Chr Sto char chai I h Wh Chr tion mak to T

> OWI the the sup pes. pro (Go but san res the the

> > as apt

ing

tal daı

hap

in

OW wh aw yez the ter sei ab ist