With a gesture of soorn and

lostning at her own momentary

and fied-better physical death a

save their mother !

Shiels MacPhail was leaning against

friendly tree, while the blessed

a little child put some money in

and brightness into their home.

when she sees all we've earned,

In an anguish of love and tears the woman listened, then swiftly and

sflently she crossed the street and began

to make her way home as fast as she

save my babies and me?"

Why were rich !"

kness, Shiela MacPhail turned

(Conoladed).

ell my afternoon papers, and then I'l come back and see what I can do about that cart. If I could find with an old box; they would give me one at the grocery."

" Do you think you oduld on me on your back, Dave ?"

" Fraid not, Duffy-you're prett

beavy, you know."

ont somehow. Yes. You must one of the bridges that spanned the

burrying and jostling crowd. Want a paper? All the news ney stack of the St. Rollsux Ohemi that's fit to print. Want a pa per?" cal works, a conspicuous landmark the window. Surely his Guardian mas, she had been summarily disvoice sounded in his ear.

terested in the boy, they began to had said; he would see to it that no

can take your brother ou? the elder money to go el-ewhere. lady asked. She had seen the

father has not come back yet." as it's marked 'Express,' and will end to struggle, misery and despair. salve my conscience about these Her children would get over her heavy bage. Come inside, child, loss, as children do, and no doubt and you and Duffy shall have the the good Sisters would take them cart for a Crhistmas present."

Ten minutes later the kindly lad- such time as David would be old ies had burried away to finish their enough to care for them both. shopping, after first taking down The bridge was becoming desert-David's address and promising to ed now, and it was dark, with the come and see him the day after first darkness of a moonless night.

" We are staying just out of bustle, warm b, happiness; but Glasgow, and only for a week," these things were not for her; she pretty Miss Polly had said," but had come to the end of all. we will come and see you, David, But stay, there was one other way and do what we can to find some out; and the templer, unwilling to better work for your mother. give her up, whispered it in her ear,

David never knew how he got Only one word, and money, ease, home with that wonderful cart, even loxary would be here; it mat-Although strong and well made it tered not, whispered the tempter, was light and not too heavy for him that beyond lay moral and spiritual to lift, so he easily carried it up death; everything to charm and stairs, bursting in on the astonished gratify the senses would be bers, and delighted Daffy, with all its red | And so the battle that is lost and varnished splendour held in front won a bundred times each day ragof him, so that he himself was al- ed in the woman's heart, and with

"Get me my coat," said Duffy, that death it must be; the death of "and my cap and mitte? On, Dave, the body or of the soul.

Dave, to think we've really got the Restlessly she began to walk, and It was growing dusk when two for a few moments she would get excited little boys stopped at the first sway from the dark, silent temphouse in the handsome residential tation of the river. On and on she part of the city near the river, and walked, her bood pulled close over commenced their Christmas songs, her tragic brown eyes and lovely, From house to house they went, drooping mouth. How cold it was singing for pure joy the beautiful and she had eaten nothing since carole that heralded the coming of early morning. She had quickenthe Prince of Peace. Sitting up ed her step. Should she go to the right in his little cart his strong man who had told her where she little hands grasping the sides, could find him at any time, day or Duffy sang mangolficently, and bis night? She glanced up at the house brother standing close to him was opposite, then with a start she renot far behind with his own sweet, cognized the street and number. but less powerful tones, and those Yes-how strange |--- was here who saw the lovely face of the crip- that he lived pled child, and heard the pure liquid Her hand was on the beautiful notes, each one so sweet and true, wrought-iron railing that led up to that carolled forth from his strong the front door; and, even as she little chest and throat, were moved placed one foot on the lowest step with divine compassion, so that the unbappy weman paused; long when David passed his little cap or, forgotten memories of her childhood timidly ringing a door bell, asked and girlhood returned to her; she for an alms, the money was freely saw again her bome in the far off woman hearing that beautiful voice. Daffy often sang alone, his brother joining in the chorus-would pause and dresm and think of some Christmas of long ago and of some nearly forgotten episode of their own childhood-and one and all felt the hope and inspiration that the coming of the Babe of Bethle. hem had brought to a sorrow and sio weary world. And none knew that during those few swits bours tragedy had stalked near the child

ren, and Azrael, the angel of death

Get the Most ran her little boat out into the sea, Out of Your Food and above this pioture their brooded You don't and can't if your stomach the sweet old face of her mother, the mother who had taught her that pority was above measure and It gets tired easily, and what it fails to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

had hovered not far from them, and both sorrow and death were driven away by those joyous carols, so full of hope and peace and good will, parried me about all the time, and Duffe's brave and happy little hear. In the darkness of that Christ-"Cheer up, Daff I'll get you mas Eve Shiels McPhail stood on

sing and you must see the shops river Clyde, gazing down at the for Ohristmas; they're just grand." wwifily rushing black waters below. In another moment David was For an hour she had stood there, racing down the street to the office battling between right and wrong. where he got the afternoon papers, She had seen the brilliant red winter and presently he was on Buchanan sunset disap ear behind the forest Street, pushing his way through the of funnels and maste in the harbor, had idly watched the smoke that "Want a paper ?" he shouled. belohed forth from the great chim-

The boy was a favorite with a for miles around; had lietened to number of regular customers, while the shrill whietles that proclaimed his bright face always appealed to the closing of the factories, and strangers; so in half an hour his once a bell from a Catholic Church papers were all sold. Starting back smote on her ear; half mechanically along Bachanan Street, he turned she crossed herself; even in that saide from the crowd to gaze for a boar habit was not easily forgotten. moment in the window of a toy In her heart all the bitterness of store where there was just such a the past year was giving place to little wagon as he wanted for Duffy despair; she had worked so hard, -the price four shillings and six Shiels, to support herself and her pence, could plainly be seen from children; and now, just at Christ-

Angel had led him there. A hand missed, and what added to her pain was laid on his shoulder and a sweet and despair was the knowledge that beyond a doubt she had been turned "Why, Gins, here's our little ex- away because she had repulsed the pressman. Those cross policemen attentions of the manager's son. The tempter had whispered in her ear The boy turned, astonishment and of love, money and ease; but in spite delight in his face, to see the fwo of her poverty and tragic loneliness the previous day. It was the borror and loathing. She was to younger one who had spoken. In pay dearly for scorn of him the man

The unhappy woman buried ber child's longing look before they had lace in her hands, then lifted it addressed him, and was putting two again, and once more fixed her "Ob, yes, Miss, but it costs an Duffe's in size and color, on the dark awiful lot. I want to save up for it, waters below. How silently and but mother needs all I make, and smoothly they flowed under the bridge, seeming to woo her to their "I'm going to buy that cart, unfathomable debths. For-yes-Polly. It will be quite appropriate, why not? Here was a swift, silent

mother love had driven all else from beart and brain.
Was it a miracle of the Christ Child that, as she reached the top of the long stairs and opened the door of her little home, she was met by all things she had meant to have ready for her children-love, warmth, brightness? For and keep them safe and warm until there was Tammes, ber husband, and now his arms are around her awaying figure. he has put her in a chair and is telling her of an accident, of months when he suffered from loss of memory and could not even remember his own name or where he lived. So, he had Yonder in the city there was light, never really deserted her, but loved her still, her Tammas, her man !

> derness born of love the man poured Pills. Pice a box 50c. ready, and brought it to her. "Shiela, my girl, don't ory so. W. are going away from here, you and the childred and I: for I've a good place, Shiela, and good wages; we

will have a little cottage and a bit of a garden; we'll all be happy again please God." Love and warmth and the gentle stimulus of the tes were having grim determination she told herself their effects, and gradually the woman's nerves were calmed and he head steadied, a she realized all tha

life yet held for her; that life she

now she is at the end of the bridge; had so nearly lost. For a quarter of an bour longer the husband and wife talked; and Tammas' brow grew dark as he heard of how his wife had to repay the five pounts out of her slender wages, and of her subsequent persecution. "I have he money here to repay the boss," he said "I never lost it it was in my pocket when the good people have been with found me and took me in, after my accident, Well I will go to the factory day after Christmas and make the boss sign a papers saying that the money is repaid, and

> friends I have, he won't refuseand then I'll deal with his villsinou "It is so wonderful," said the after night on a sleepless pillow, and do not close their eyes in the refreshing slumber that comes to those whose hears there are our children."

Scott's Emulsion

Far down the stairs a blithe voice was carolling and Tammas MacPhail started for the door, all the father given. Many an elderly man or Highlands, felt once more the wind love surging up in his beart. To Duffy, able to creep but not to walk and climbing slowly up stairs on hands and knees, there came a beloved well-rembered voice, and then
oh then—be was caught up in he
dear father—arms, carried up stairs

dition.

dition.

dition.

Mr. A. B. Martell, Rockids, N.S.,
writes—"I was troubled for a long time
with my heart, tad weak and dirry
spells, could not seep, and would have
to sit up the greater part of the night,
and it was impossible for me to lie on my dear father—arms, carried up stairs and deposited in mother's lap, while Tammas MacPhail ran down stairs again and half—way down met and lifted up in his strong arms his little son: and he too, was soon aloft, cart and all, and set down laughing and breathless by his mother's side.

When at last the happy father and to sit up the greater part of the might and they do my left side. At last I go a box of Milbium little to mid they did me so much good I got at they and after taking it I could lie on my left and after taking it I could lie on my left and after taking it I could lie on my left and after taking it I could lie on my left and after taking it I could lie on my left and after taking it I could lie on my left and after taking it I could lie on my left and after taking it I could lie on my left and all they are the best medicine I ever heard of for heart of nerve trouble.

They are the best medicine I ever heard of for heart of nerve trouble.

125. at all dealers or mailed direct to receipt of price by The I. I like the might and they did me on the price of the might and t has been the standard, mond wise treatment for consumption. All Drawsian

CAUGHT HEAVY COLD.

Left Throat and Lungs Very Sore.

ber, she almost ran through the

wide, handsome avenue. Sudden of the Norway pine tree, and is a pleasant, ly, like a clarion from on high, that it seemed like an angel's song

carol of love and hope and forgivesees and the Divine Child; and of sin that this Child had been sent to And now another voice joine in the er and higher in triumphant costsoy elling of the love and pity of the

Babe of Bethlehem, of the tiny "Dr. Wood's" is put up in se mounting up to the Mercy Seat With hands smiting her bresst

tears rained from her eyes, Did mother went out to do some Christmas shopping ere the stores closed, ever mother have such children ? She saw the house door open and struck his broad little chest, with a David's well-worn little cap, and in quaint gesture habital to him when

one lightning-like revelation she be had anything to say. We sang for the Christ Child and anderstood it all: afraid neither of for mother, Dave, and the, Christ earn some money for her, the moth | Child gave us ail I've been singing er, to bring the Christmas warmth for-happiness for mother, and that father would come home to his own "God forgive me!" said Shiels again "-The Rossry Magazine.

MacPhail " How dare I leave such children : how dare I doubt that "Why did you come way downtown to buy this when you could have bought it from your neighbor?," She beard David's clear little "I ve exhausted my oredit with him, and if I went in their and paid "I guess this is enough or tonight, cash for something be'd think I have We've done very well; now money and start to dun me."

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont. Byer so many, many pence, Dave, writes :- "My mother had a badly and one shilling and four six pences sprained arm. Nothing we used "Not a bit. I could just sing all got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it. night and all day; especially when I cured mother's arm in a few days.

"A man should not seek an election

could; she would have a fire in the stove, the kettle boiling, and love, 'And on he o her band, he'll be when they reached home; for herself hicked just the seme if he secumus it mattered not that she was cold, tired, almost ready to drop from physical and lates money with a view to getting mental exhaustion, the divine flame of into the senate."

> Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

> He-How shall I vexpress m S e-On paper, please. Then there can be no chance of your wri ggling out of it-New York Mail.

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> "Dad my coming out gown will ost an even handred. "I once knew a girl who made ber own gown at a cost of \$2 and thus won a busband." "I don't want a two dollar bus-

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boughtfully. He said the man didn't

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