

## No Room.

Footsore and weary, Mary tried  
Some rest to seek, but was denied,  
"There is no room," the blind one  
cried.

Meekly the Virgin turned away,  
No voice entreating her to stay;  
There was no room for God that day.

No room for her, round whose tired  
feet  
Angels are bowed in transport sweet,  
The mother of their God to greet.

No room for Him, in whose small  
hand  
The troubled sea and mighty land  
Lie cradled like a grain of sand;

No room; Oh! Babe Divine, for  
Thee  
That Christmas night; and even we  
Dare shut our hearts and turn the  
key.

In vain Thy pleading baby cry  
Strikes our deaf souls; we pass  
Thee by  
Unheeded 'neath the wintry sky.

No room for God; oh! Christ, that  
we  
Should bar our doors, nor even see  
Our Saviour waiting patiently.

Fling wide the doors; dear Christ,  
turn back  
The ashes on my heart; lie black—  
Of light and warmth a total lack.

How cap I bid Thee enter here  
Amid the desolation drear  
Of lukewarm love and craven fear?

What bleaker shelter can there be  
Than my old heart's tepidity—  
Chilled, wind-tossed, as the winter's  
sea?

Dear Lord, I shrink from Thy pure  
eye;  
No home to offer Thee have I;  
Yet in Thy mercy pass not by.

## A Christmas Evangelist

"Shall I select the things for the  
hospital and the Orphan's Home this  
morning?" asked Mrs. Lee, the  
housekeeper, as Mr. Morris sat down  
to his well-appointed breakfast table.  
He hesitated while unfolding his  
napkin, then said coldly:

"No; we will omit them this  
year."  
"I didn't think it was as bad as  
that," thought Mrs. Lee, as she  
poured out the coffee; and after a  
short silence she added aloud:

"Then I suppose, sir, it isn't  
worth while to speak about Mrs.  
Ross, the widow of the engineer who  
was killed?"

Morris didn't look up, but frowned,  
and his face hardened visibly as he  
answered:

"No, it isn't worth while to speak  
about any of that sort of people;  
they will just have to get out and  
hustle for a living, as I do."

"Oh, dear, it must be worse than  
I thought. I wonder if he is going  
to break up and go to boarding?"  
And during the remainder of the  
silent meal the good woman's mind  
was occupied with provisional plans  
for establishing herself in a boarding  
house.

Mr. Benjamin Morris was one of  
his town's leading capitalists, or had  
recently been. He had inherited "a  
start in life" and a taste for making  
money, and had never "pursued  
anything else. It had been an ab-  
sorbing game with him, despite his  
monotonous success. He loved the  
excitement afforded by the chase  
after the dollar and the power and  
prestige success gave more than he  
did the more tangible results. But  
the long lane had taken a turn at  
last; his "wings had been clipped."  
Of course, there were many who  
said, "I always told you it would be  
so," and most of them might have  
added, "I always hoped it would be  
so."

Though as immovable as bed-  
rock where a bad investment was  
concerned, Morris had never been  
parsimonious. Lavish with himself,  
he had given with some liberality,  
sometimes to get rid of an importu-  
nent solicitor sometimes from an im-  
pulsive sympathy; never from a  
sense of moral obligation, and never  
(as his enemies said) without getting  
full credit before the public.

But disaster was working a change  
in him; it was bringing home to  
him the evanescent character of  
prestige, and making overwhim-  
ingly prominent the bare value of  
money; and the soul of the man was  
shrinking and shriveling.

Had his good angel made no pro-  
vision against this?

On Christmas eve Morris sat  
alone; the house was lighted as  
usual, but the hum of good fellow-  
ship was lacking. He wanted no  
company, and had invited none, and  
the omission was so marked that  
none of his familiars felt disposed to  
drop in on him. As he smoked and  
brooded there came a light tap on  
the door, and in response to an un-  
gracious "Come in" a small face,  
framed in curls and crowned by a  
crimson hood, peeped in. For-  
getting in his surprise all thought of  
hospitality, the host asked brus-  
quely:

"What do you want?"

"I don't want anything; I just  
came to bring you a Christmas pre-  
sent," said the child, advancing into  
the room with a bright confidence  
born of her benevolent purpose.

"Humph! That means a dona-  
tion, of course," thought Morris, re-

## Itching Skin

Distress by day and night—  
That's the complaint of those who  
are so unfortunate as to be afflicted  
with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and out-  
ward applications do not cure.  
They can't.

The source of the trouble is in the  
blood—make that pure and this scal-  
ding, burning, itching skin disease will  
disappear.

"I was taken with an itching on my  
arms which proved very disagreeable. I  
concluded it was salt rheum and bought a  
bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days  
after I began taking it I felt better and it  
was not long before I was cured. Have  
never had any skin disease since." Mrs.  
J. E. Ward, Cove Point, Md.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

rides the blood of all impurities and  
cures all eruptions.

solving not to be wheedled out of a  
penny; but aloud he asked:

"What is your name?"

"Why, don't you know me, Mr.  
Morris? I am Alma, Mrs. Ross's  
little girl. I know you because you  
were one of the men on the train  
when my papa was killed, and you  
gave money to finish paying for our  
home. I see you often when you  
pass by our kindergarten. Do you  
ever feel when you go by that some-

body is just think—think—think-  
ing you with all her heart and  
mind? She was leaning now on the  
arm of his chair with the familiarity  
of a child accustomed to nothing but  
kindness. The upturned face was  
attractive in its sparkling earnest-  
ness, as he said regretfully:

"No, I don't know that I do."  
Then, with returning suspicion, he  
asked:

"Did your mother send you  
here?"

Alma laughed and jumped about  
on one foot as she exclaimed:

"That's the very best part of it;  
Mamma doesn't know a word about  
it. Because that would be letting  
your left hand know what your right  
one does. Do you know what that  
means?"

"No."

"Why, it means to do anybody a  
kindness and then brag about it.  
Now, you wouldn't like me to bring  
you a Christmas present and then  
go and brag about it, would you?"

"No, certainly not." And Alma's  
beet relaxed into a smile for the first  
time.

"I thought you wouldn't, so I  
told my teacher I had a friend I  
wanted to make a Christmas present  
for, and she asked if it was a lady or  
a gentleman, and I said a gentleman,  
and then she asked if you shaved.

"Oh, my!" But Alma's hands went  
over her mouth, while her eyes  
danced with glee.

"What's the matter?" asked Mor-  
ris.

"Why, I nearly told you what  
your Christmas present is; but you  
don't know yet, do you?"

"No," he said, assuming a puzzled  
air; but you are going to show it to  
me, aren't you?"

"Why, no; that would spoil all  
the fun. But I'm going to give it  
to you if you will cross your heart  
and body that you won't look at it  
till in the morning, will you?"

"I promise," said Morris, making  
the required sign as if it came back  
to him out of the mists of childhood.  
Alma unbuttoned her cloak and pro-  
duced a flat paper parcel. Morris  
was thoroughly in her humor now,  
and eyed it with great curiosity.

"My, but it does smell nice," said  
he. "I wonder what it can be?"

"I'm going to look it up, so I won't  
be tempted to break my promise,  
and so the burglars can't find it  
should they get in." He watched  
the keen delight on her face as he  
looked up the precious package;  
then coming back to his chair he

passed his hand over the brown curls  
as he asked:

"But what made you think of  
bringing me a present?"

"Well, mamma read in the paper  
that you had lost your money, and  
said it would be a sad Christmas for  
you, and I got to thinking about you  
all by yourself, so sad and lonely,  
and I felt I must just do something  
to make you happy. Now we—we  
are rich this Christmas; rather than  
we have been since papa died. Since  
mamma got work to do, she's get-  
ting so much and we have fine  
times. We are going to have turkey  
for dinner to-morrow. We haven't  
had any meat for a month, so now we  
money to pay for it, but that will  
make it taste all the better, you  
know. Then at the kindergarten I  
can get all the cardboard and wool.  
There! I nearly told you again. I  
just know I'm the funniest girl! But  
you don't know yet, do you?" Mor-  
ris reassured her, and she continued  
gravely:

"We are so much better off than  
the Jenkinses. Do you know, Mr.  
Jenkins drinks up all the money he  
makes, and they nearly starve? Oh,  
dear! I've forgotten all about  
Teddy, and I know he's nearly frozen.  
Teddy is my little brother, and I left  
him waiting at the door," she ex-  
plained hastily.

"Well, bring him in and let's  
thaw him out," Morris said, getting  
up to open the door for her. Alma  
disappeared and returned a few  
moments later dragging a sturdy  
little chap a size smaller than her-  
self.

"This is Teddy, Mr. Morris. Speak  
to Mr. Morris, Teddy," she com-  
manded, halting her charge.  
Without looking round, Teddy uttered  
a grunt which Morris accepted as a  
greeting, and returned cordially.

"You'll have to excuse Teddy's  
bad manners, Mr. Morris. Mamma  
says he'll outgrow 'em after a while,"  
Alma apologized as she steered her  
brother to a hassock near the fire  
and rubbed his hands in motherly  
fashion.

"I'm awful glad I'm not one of  
the Jenkins children," she resumed,  
coming back to the arm of Morris's  
chair. "Mamma says it's better to  
have a good papa in heaven than a  
bad one here; and I think so, too,  
don't you? Now, Mamma and I  
are going to take the Jenkinses one  
of our dinner, and I'm going to give  
them part of all that Santa Claus  
brings me."

"That's good for the Jenkinses,  
but bad for you," said Morris.  
"Why, no; it isn't bad for us  
either. It's good for us, because  
what's the use of living if you don't  
make somebody happy?" Morris  
felt himself unable to combat this,  
and she continued:

"What do you think, Mr. Morris?  
Teddy says he won't give the Jen-  
kinses any of his dinner, and he  
won't divide anything Santa brings  
him."

Morris looked at the stolid little  
embodiment of selfishness with more  
interest, and Alma continued with  
repressive gravity:

"And he says when he's a grown  
man and gets to be an engineer he's  
not going to stay on his engine and  
save the people like my papa did,  
but he's going to jump and let all the  
people be killed!"

"I'll tell you what he'll do when  
he's a man," said Morris with con-  
viction. "He'll wreck whole rail-  
roads, and he'll do it for money,  
too."

"Oh, dear me! You don't think  
Teddy'll be such an awful bad man  
as that, do you?" said Alma, regard-  
ing her brother with a look of mis-  
giving awe and reprobation.

"Looks mighty like it now."

But Alma's soul was full of Chris-  
mas good-will, and with a womanly  
little sigh she said:

"But it isn't fair to judge by  
looks, you know. Mamma says  
when he's grown he'll be just as good  
and brave as my papa." Morris  
could not find it in his heart to  
quench this kindly hopefulness, and  
to change the subject, said:

"You haven't told me yet what I  
must give you for a Christmas pre-  
sent."

"But how can you give me any  
present when all your money's  
gone?" said his guest, with a face  
sparkling with amused astonish-  
ment.

"That's so! I had forgotten all  
about that," said Morris solemnly.  
Alma's face became sympathetically  
grave as she said:

"That's one thing I can't under-  
stand, and neither can mamma—  
why you should have to lose your  
money when you were doing a  
much good in the world with it."  
Morris did not meet the frank young  
eyes lifted to his face. After gazing  
a few moments into the fire, he said:

"Perhaps I shall make some-  
more."

"Oh, I do hope you will! I  
hadn't thought of that. And won't  
it be nice? But are you going to  
have turkey for dinner to-morrow?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Because if you are not, mamma  
and I can divide again, I could  
bring you a nice plate before I eat  
my own dinner."

"A friend has invited me to dinner  
to-morrow, and if she doesn't have  
turkey she'll have something else  
good, besides, it hasn't been quite  
a month since I had any meat," said  
Morris, reassuringly.

"I'm glad of that," said Alma,  
with a look of relief. "And now we

## DOES YOUR HEAD

Feel As Though It Was Being  
Hammered?  
As Though It Would Crack Open?  
As Though A Million Sparks Were  
Flying Out of Your Eyes?  
Horrible Stickness of Your Stomach?  
Then You Have Sick Headache!

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able to work. I saw Burdock Blood Bitters  
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I got two bottles of it, and found it to be an  
excellent blood medicine. You may use my  
name as I think that others should know of the  
wonderful merits of Burdock Blood Bitters."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

A pretty Irish girl, fresh from  
the old country, sat in a trolley car  
looking at the strange American  
country with modest interest.

She had soft gray eyes, a face like  
roses and lilies, beautiful hair and  
white teeth.

"Your fare, miss," said the con-  
ductor, pausing before her lip.

She blushed and bit her lip.

"Your fare, miss," he repeated.

"Sure," said the girl, "an, what  
if I am? You must not be repeat-  
ing it like that before folks."

A box of Milburn's Rheumatic  
Pills will be sent free to any one who  
suffers from Rheumatism, Sciatica,  
Lumbago or Neuralgia if they have  
never tried these pills before. Send  
at stamp for postage to The T.  
Milburn's Co., Limited, Toronto,  
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Minard's Liniment cures  
Dandruff.

"Say," complained the man,  
"nearly all the buttons are off this  
shirt of mine."

"Yes?" replied his indolent wife,  
with a yawn. "It's supposed to be a  
negligé shirt, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, if all the buttons were on,  
you see, it wouldn't be nearly so  
negligé."

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piece of cake, Johnny."

Johnny: "Yes, an' please gimme  
the biggest piece."

Hostess: "Why, Johnny, I'm sur-  
prised!"

Johnny: "Well, ma, told me not  
to ask for a second piece."

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opium. They promptly cure Sick  
Headache, Neuralgia, Headache,  
Headache of Grippe, Headache of  
delicate ladies and Headache from  
any cause whatever. Price 10c. and  
25c.

"Yes," said the young writer,  
"I've got pretty deep into my new  
novel now."

"Ah!" remarked the friend, "the  
plot's thickening, eh?"

"Yes, perhaps that's it; at any rate  
I'm stuck."

Mary A. O'Connell, Middle  
Stewiacke, N. S., says: "I have  
used Laxa-Liver Pills for serious  
Liver Complaint and they have done  
me a world of good making me smart  
and healthy."

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UP  
AND  
TIED  
OUT

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every week in the year men  
and women and children feel all  
used up and tired out.

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care of home and social life  
and the task of study cause terrible suffer-  
ing from heart and nerve troubles.  
The efforts put forth to keep up to the modern  
"high pressure" mode of life in this age  
soon wears out the strongest system,  
shatters the nerves and weakens the heart.  
Thousands find a burden and others  
an early grave. The strain on the system  
causes nervousness, palpitation of the heart,  
nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faint  
and dizzy spells, skip beats, weak and  
irregular pulse, smothering and sinking  
apoplexy, etc. The blood becomes weak and  
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Pills

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necting lines in United States  
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