

## CHRISTMAS WITH TWO MOLLIES

What I had for Christmas  
Oh, a few nickels and a doll,  
A watch, an apron, a ring, and a  
Doll for my Mollie.  
But I wanted a grand piano, I  
Don't see the use of this,  
And I wanted a diamond necklace,  
Wouldn't that have been bliss?  
The diamonds are ever so creamy,  
They know I don't like that kind,  
And the doll isn't anything extra.  
They said it was the best they could find  
Oh, Christmas is always so kind!  
I never get what I expect,  
And then I must wait a year longer,  
And again have my hopes all wrecked!

## MOLLIE SMITH SELKS

What did I have for Christmas  
Oh, a few nickels and a doll,  
And this beautiful new china dolly,  
With dress and apron complete,  
And I had two sticks of candy, lemon  
And peppermint,  
And a splendid long lead pencil,  
And a pretty new dress of print  
Oh, Christmas is always so kind!  
I never expect a thing,  
And then I get presents and presents,  
Till I feel as rich as a king!

Youth's Companion.

## CHRISTMAS EVE

Three happy children were looking out of the window. Within the room it was warm and bright, but outside the streets were filled with snow. Night was drawing near, and the people that walked rapidly through the streets drew up their coats and wraps, for it was very cold. Baby was fretful, and mamma brought him to the window, too.

"See, mamma, that little boy selling his papers," said May, "how cold he looks."

"And he's crying," said Kittie, "And it's Christmas Eve," said mamma.

"Oh, mamma! Let me go down and buy his papers so he can go home," said May.

"I'll buy some with my Christmas dollars," said Johnnie, who had spoken before.

Mamma was quite willing, and she sent her maid to call the boy to the door.

The children took their money and went down stairs. The shivering boy, with the tears almost frozen on his cheeks, was glad to get into the nice warm hall. The children bought all his papers, and cook gave him a plate of hot soup, and mamma found out where he lived; and what a nice Christmas basket she sent there!

"What's all this?" said papa, coming in just as they were gathering up the papers.

"Why, it's Christmas Eve," said Johnnie.

"And we've bought his papers," said May, "with our Christmas money, so he could go home."

There was a special tenderness in papa's kiss that night. He felt that his little ones were beginning to understand the meaning of the Christmas festival.

## HARRY'S CHRISTMAS TREE

Harry Lenox had a bright, new silver dollar his Uncle John had given him on his eighth birthday.

"Now," said Harry, "I will get that sled down at Dick's," and off he posted to invest his money. It was a few days before Christmas, and the shops were so full of toys that he could not decide what to get. While his attention was divided between the sled and a steam engine, he saw his little sister Josie stop at the window.

"I wish I had a doll for Mamie," she said to the little girl by her side.

"Can't your mamma get her one?"

"No; don't you know that there are six of us besides mamma, and not one of us can earn anything?"

Josie went on, but Harry's peace of mind was gone. He was all the boy in the family, and it did seem mean to use all that dollar for himself.

"Will you take the sled, my boy?" asked the shopman.

"Yes—no; I'll take the doll instead," stammered Harry. "It is for my little sister."

"All right!" was the man's reply.

"How much are the Christmas trees?" asked Harry, in a low voice.

"See here, my little man, you stay with me to day, and make yourself useful, and I will give you that little tree."

Harry was well pleased with the offer, and that night he spent a happy hour fixing his tree for tomorrow's surprise. Besides the doll for poor sick Mamie, there was a little keepsake for each of the younger children. Mamma's present was a nice warm pair of gloves. Of course they were cheap ones, but they were much better than her old ones, and coming from her little boy, they were highly prized.

## THE LITTLE HOUSE

It was only two days before Christmas. Fred Brown and Johnny Williams were talking it over, as boys always do. They were not rich boys with warm clothes and overshoes. Fred's shoes were ragged, and Johnny's jacket needed many patches.

"Wish I had some skates," said Fred. Then he looked at his shoes and added, "and oh, so many things I would like, but mother said she could not get much for us this year."

"My mother went to heaven last summer," said Johnny, "so I do not think I will get anything for Christmas, unless my teacher gives me something."

"My mother told me last night that the new family that lived at the foot of the hill was very poor. The father is dead and the mother is sick, and there are three little children. Mother says they will have no wood by Christmas day, and Charlie, the little boy, said he never had a whole apple before when mother gave him one yesterday."

"Oh, isn't it too bad!" said Johnny. "Now, if we were not so poor we could do something for them. Wouldn't it be jolly if we could make them happy?"

"But what can two little boys do that won't have anything themselves?"

"If I get an apple I will give it to that little boy Charlie."

"Oh, yes," said Fred. "I know what we can do. Let us tell all the boys at school to-morrow."

So the next day the boys in twos and threes and larger groups seemed to be very much interested in talking about something. And the night before Christmas boys came from all directions, and all went down the hill towards the little house, each with his pockets looking as though they held something. Every boy carried one, some two, sticks of wood.

And on Christmas Day the little house at the foot of the hill contained a bushel of apples, and wood enough to last several days.

And little jackets contained more happy boyish hearts than for many days. They had set music to the words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

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Chas. Fish, Methodist Minister, 192 Dunn Ave., Toronto.

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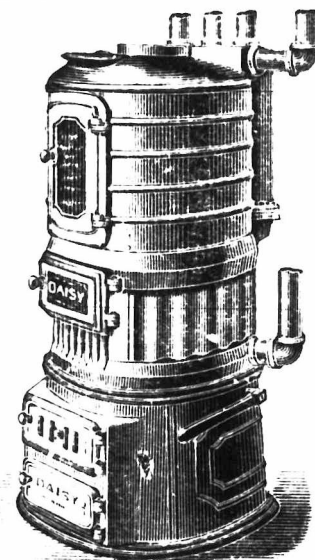
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