CLOTHING

FOR THE COLD WEATHER.

The cold weather is coming on and we are prepared to sell the right kind of clothing to meet the conditions. We have an extra line of Heavy Tweeds for suitings, a full line of Ready-made suits, a large as-sortment of Heavy Woollen Socks and Mitts, etc., etc. Just the things you want outside in the cold.

BLANKETS

We also carry the best Blankets that money can buy, and Woollen Yarn in all grades and colors.

TRY US FOR GROCERIES of all kinds. They're always fresh. Teas a specialty here. Try them.

Cash or Produce taken in Exchange.

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Farm, the Home and the Dairy.

The Sherlock Organs.

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Reliable Watches

The very best Watches manufactured are show: in our assortment. does not signify high To Watch pur prices. chasers we personall guarantee satisfaction i the fullest sense of the term Cali in.

A. GORDON

Watchmaker, Jeweller. Optician DURHAM, ONT.

The Big 4

CALDER BLOCK.

He Sells Cheap.

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	Pure-wool blankets 64x84\$3.50 a pair 66x84\$4.20\$4.75
	White and grey flannelette blankets large 11-4 size
	Bed comforters well filled with all pure white filling. Size 54x72
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	Fur ruffs from \$1.50 up
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A good line of men's knit top shirts and un-

derwear form 50c. up. This Season's Pure Honey.

Call and see us.

A THANKSGIVING OF THE PAST

An old time, rambling farmhouse, set Far back among the trees. A broad walk leading up to it,

A door which opes with ease. A snow haired couple just inside. To grasp your willing hand. A merry welcome from a large And ever growing band.

The slow and solemn service, led By father's trembling voice, And hymns which stir the soul and make The weary heart rejoice.

The festal board round which we meet In joyous, happy throng, The stories of the year just past, The jest and laugh and song,

The glorious old fireplace, filled With crackling, glowing flame, The roasted apples, cider, nuts-Do others taste the same?-

The quiet nook upon the stairs, With only room for two,

The downcast eyes, the sweet, soft voice That opened heav'n to you-

Did ever modern Thanksgiving Contain such joy and bliss? Can theater or football game Bring happiness like this?

THANKSGIVING FOR

The Widow Wilson's farm had seen better and more prosperous days, and now was traveling backward. It began at the top of Brindle Hill, where it was bounded by the county road, and straggled down to the lake shore, its hundred acres or so wandering over hills and dipping into hollows, until they terminated at the bay, with its rim of white and

glistening sand. One of the most picturesque spots of earth, and right in the center of it, crowning a rounded knoll, surrounded with stalwart oaks and butternuts, squat-

ted the house of its owner. It was always a difficult spot to reach in winter, when the drifting snows piled high their white billows against the loweaved structure and hid the windows of all kinds for the from the outer world. But in summer it was a delight, this moss-brown dwelling beneath the oaks, and at one time had been a home around whose hearthstone had gathered sons and daughters. Now it was desolate. The passing stranger

would have but added it to the category of deserted farms. No sign of life was visible this bright Thanksgiving morning; from its wide, paneled chimney no curl of smoke invaded the crisp and frosty air; the light fall of snow that had covered the ground the night before showed no trace of footstep leading from the weather-beaten door. And yet there was a stir of life in the farm yard, in the hollow among the trees, where the old barn tottered, ready for its fall. There a flock of fowl and turkeys wandered disconsolately about. In the adjacent stall an old horse stamped impatiently for his breakfast, and a forlorn cow chafed restlessly at her stanchions. Except for these, the old farm was as silent as when its first owner carved it from the virgin wilderness. A rustling of the shrubbery that fringed the tall, stiffranked pines on the hill beyond the barn told that a visitor was coming to Lonely Farm. A human head appeared in sight. It was crowned by a woolen cap, from beneath which peered a pair of black, bright eyes. Their owner took off the cap and mopped his brow. He was a rugged country lad of 18, well knit and sturdy, with a pair of ruddy cheeks,

droop of sadness. New England, always hard to her children, had taken from this boy the home and mother that make Thanksgiving. even as is had taken from the widow all but the wretched framework of what had once been home.

white teeth and lips rosy, but with a

"House looks like mother's used to after she got so she couldn't get about." soliloquized the boy, staring at the smokeless chimney. "I'll bet there ain't been nobody near the widder in a week, and I'll bet, while I'm a bettin', that she needs somebody. Guess I'll find out what's the matter.'

He strode down to the house and knocked. There was no response. Only the crow in the oak tree was disturbed by the unwonted noise and flew away. with a caw of alarm. A second knock starded the fowl in the barnyard, who greeted him with a suppressed chuckle; but there was no answer from within. "Guess I might's well go in." He pushed open the crazy door and entered the room which served as kitchen and sitting room, all in one. A table stood in the center of it, covered with a snowy cloth and set as if for supper. A tall clock ticked in the corner under the stairs, but its rhythmic beats only seemed to make the silence audible. "It seems kinder creepy, that's a fact. Hope there ain't nothin' happened to her. Wonder where she is! P'raps she's asleep."

He rapped loudly and then put his ear down to the key-hole, listening intently. At first there was no response. Then he thought he heard a faint, quavering

"Its me-Jem Hastings. I've come to see if you need anybody." "Come in." The feeble voice struggled with a cough, then: "Yes, I'm so glad you've come. I was taken faint yesterday and had just strength enough to crawl

to bed. Perhaps-' "What, an' you aint had nothin' to

"No." with a feeble smile. "Well, if you'll let me try, I'll make

a cup of tea." Jem closed the door, set his gun in a corner and looked around for the place in which the widow kept her stores. The dressers ranged against the wall were bright with old-fashioned pewter platters and china. Here he found a caddy of tea, and then set about making a fire. A huge fireplace yawned at one side of the room, hung with a black iron crane from which suspended a tea kettle. The wood pile was outside, near the back door, and brushing off the snow, Jem soon had some dry wood with which he made a roaring blaze. It was not long before he had the satisfaction of seeing the kettle send forth a volume of steam, and a few minutes later he tapped at the bedroom door with a tray, on it a tempting cup of tea and two well buttered slices of bread. The bread had been intended for his

who paid for his services in "keep."-New England wages. Wrapped in a shawl of Canton silk. the heirloom of a grandmother whose father once sailed from Salem to the Indies, the widow sank back into her comfortable armchair with a deep sigh of content,. She closed her eyes from sheer weakness, while Jem tiptoed about the room "setting things to rights" and preparing the table for a prospective meal.

luncheon, the gift of the farmer's wife

in her days of affluence. them lighting the gray hair of the gambolled about her in the summer he had never seen a woman who ap- to the availability of any of the fat gobpeared so "ladylike" and how young she blers for a Thanksgiving dinner. looked. He paused a moment to regard Thus the seasons succeeded one another her and she opened her eyes. He retreated with their measure of content. Each in confusion a step or two. the red found the widow more and more dependent blush staining his honest open face.

very thankful." Thanksgivin'."

It's the first time I've forgotten it-ever. I must be growing old." Jem grew bolder.

help you fix a turkey dinner."

the barn. Some sticks of hard wood were soon

glowing but bashful appreciation. by a steaming brown turkey, with all of New England's orphans. sick New England lad.

boy," she said to him, as he cleared away most as the air he breathed. But now the dishes and brought out the dessert, there must be young life there. A pair of fragrant quince preserves.

how the dreadful, gloomy morning has been turned to such bright sunshine by a wedding next Thanksgiving in the lityour coming!"

some tears that would perist in squeezing themselves out of his eyes. "I wish she wouldn't be so sentimental," said fellow though he was, could not take he to himself, quite wrathfully. But to the widow he said: "Why, ma'am, I



ain't done nothin' great; no more'n you'd have done for me, I'll bet. I ain't enjoyed a dinner so, myself, sence I can remember. I wish I could jest stay here

A new light came into the woman's faded gray eyes, born of a thought that had been struggling for expression for an hour or more. "And why can't you stay, Jem?"

"I could, ma'am, if I could come as-

It was out at last, the boy's yearning for something as his own and the chance I d'no's I blame her. The last four years he saw upon the widow's farm. "I could fix things up," he went on eagerly "and make the chickens lay eggs and the cow give milk and-and-"

Jem stopped, but the widow's respectful attention led him on.

"I could earn my board in saving things that's goin' to waste. When came through your wood-lot this mornin' I noticed cords an' cords of dead trees that ought to be cut an' made firewood of. An' as for timber, there's more'n a hundred dollars' wuth there that'll all be spiled if it ain't cut an' sold pretty

The boy hesitated, amazed at his audacity; but the widow nodded her head and smiled approval. "That is true Jem. The farm is running down for the lack of some one to oversee out of doors. So,

then, it is a bargain." And so this strange partnership began. The first winter Jem spent in thinning out the superfluous wood in the neglected lots, stacking up behind the house enough fuel to satisfy even the cravings of that yawning fire-place for years to come, and selling to the saw mill on the pond timber for shipping that came to quite \$500.

As the spring opened he was soon afield, continuing the good work of provement, and "planting time" found the farm with more and earlier labor performed than it had ever before experlenced. In front of the western door he threw out a platform, protected by a lattice work covering, and here widow passed all the spare time could snatch from her indoor duties. It had never occurred to any one before that farm work might be made attractive. The widow had only looked upon the beauties of her farm around her through the kitchen window, or during a hasty trip to the well or farm yard. The latticed porch was a revelation to her, and a haven of rest where she sat and mused during the long twilight of summer.

"I never thought I should take such comfort here," she said. "Before you came I was more than willing to give up the farm and go away. But now. Jem, I want to live here the rest of my

life, I would not leave it for the world. "That's so, ma'am. It would have been a great mistake to leave the old place. Why, there ain't a prettler view in all the world than this from your front door. If there is, then it is right there, down in the woods where great trees meet overhead, the brook sings a soft song of rest and the ferncovered banks stretch down to the pond. I never traveled any yet, but I don't want to; this suits me" And he returned to his work with a cheery whistle that cent a thrill of satisfaction through the widow's heart. A wonderful change had been effected by the time another year had rolled another Thanksgiving into the calendar. The roof of the old house

To be sure, there was very little in sight, no longer leaked; the barn had been but he had faith that there might be raised from its attitude of deep dejection, something in the cellar and in the cup- and its m. were crowde to musting boards, for the widow was known in the with hay and grain. The old norse spent township to have been a "good pervider" his days chiefly in the pasture while a younger and more vi rorous animal did Through the narrow-paned southern the work, assisted by a yoke of big and window an advance guard of the outside handsome oxen. The solitary cow now sunbeams came streaming in, one of had plenty of company and frisky calves woman with a silvery halo. Jem thought time. There was no longer any doubt as

upon her stalwart helper. She clung to "You've made me very happy Jem; him as she might have clung to the son of whom she had been deprived in the "Well, ma'am, I'm glad of it. It's springtime of her wifehood. As her tottering footsteps were supported down the "What! Really Thankisgiving Day? aisle of the village church on a Sunday few of the congregation knew that the handsome young man who watched over her so assiduously was not in fact her "There's a turkey out in the barnyard. own son. Those who were cognizant of He ain't very fat, but if you say so l'll the relations between the two, shook their heads knowingly, saying to them-The widow urged no objections, and selves and to each other "Lucky, boy, both fascinated at the prospect of a that; stepped right into the farm just as Thanksgiving dinner with themselves as the old lady was about to leave it. He host and hostess, the boy trudged out to knows the side of his bread that has the butter on it."

But it is doubtful if Jem had ever piled on the fire, and by the time Sir given that a thought. So happy and con-Turkey was ready for the oven the widow tent was he that the merely material had peeled the vegetables and dropped conditions of his life had never troubled them into the mysterious depths of the his consciousness. Only one thing steaming kettles, Jem looking on with troubled his thoughts of late. He was deeply stirred by the soft brown eyes of A snowy cloth over a round table, with pretty Susie Jones, a chorister in the two seats opposite each other, is always church; Susie, who lived as he had done, an inspiriting sight, and when topped with friends for board and keep, another

the "fixings" of a turkey dinner, the He never mentioned his daring specufeast is one to melt hearts harder than lation, not even to the widow; but her that of the lonely widow and the home- eyes, though growing dim, were acute enough to penetrate his honest soul. His "It is the happiest Thanksgiving din- whole life lay centered in the farm, ner I have had in many a year, my which had become as essential to it alof brown eyes persisted in dancing before

"May God bless you! And to think his face, in woodpile, in field, in garden. And so it came to pass that there was tle cottage now pretty with vines and Jem turned to the window to hide cheery within. Susie was glad of so pleasant a place for the troth which she was to plight with Jem, while he, lucky time to travel to Susie's home, far away over the rough, hilly roads. "A wife's a good thing," he soliloquized to the widow the evening before his marriage, "but there's cows to be looked after and hens to be fed-more'n you could 'tend to alone "

"That's so, Jem," said the widow, smiling brightly, "and thanks to you for

Uunder branches of autumn leaves from the last redding trees, Jem and Susie promised all things of the simple marriage service. Then came the country wedding supper.

When the last guest had gone, driven away in the farm wagons that had clustered around the door all afternoon, the widow turned to Jem and Susie, sitting bashfully in the firelight.

"You're my children now, both of you," she said. "Call me mother, just once, Jem and Susie." "Mother!" cried Jem, taking the feeble

hands together and kissing them tenderly, "my darling mother, dearest friend I ever had." She returned his loving glance, linger-

ingly, gratefully, as they led her to the door of her room. Next morning Jem knocked again at the Widow Wilson's door, just as he had done on that lonely Thanksgiving Day

four years ago. This time not even a feeble voice answered his repeated calls. Three days later, as the neighbors struggled back from the little cemteery on the hill, Squire Lothrop drew Jem

"I s'pose you know the widder's left the farm to you? No? Sho! It's mighty strange she didn't tell you. She made her will more'n a year ago, and you're her only heir. She seemed to set a lot by you, the widder did, and (looking around approvingly over the snow-covered fields) hev been the peacefulest of her life, and

she's left her peace with you. for sure!" Early Thanksgiving Days. The first recorded Thanksgiving was the Hebrew feast of the tabernacles. There have been but two English Thanksgivings in this century. One was on Feb. 27, 1872, for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from illness; the other,

June 21, 1887, for the Queen's Jubilee. The New England Thanksgiving dates from 1632, when the Massachusetts Bay colony set apart a day for thankgiving. The first national Thanksgiving proclamations were appointed by Congress

during the Revolutionary war. The first great American Thanksgiving Day was in 1784 for the declaration o peace. There was one more national Thanksgiving in 1789, and no other till 1862, when President Lincoln issued a national proclamation for a day of Thanksgiving. Since that time the president has issued an annual proclamation. -St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Share Your Joy With Others. The pilgrim colonists shared the first Thanksgiving feast with Massasoit and his 90 Indians. We should invite to ours not only those near and dear to us, but some of those others who would eat it in solitude if we did not remember them. To many minds this will seem an almost unjustifiable sacrifice of the coziness of the family party. The blessedness of giving and of giving something more than of our material substance will compensate for it. Those who have never known what it is to be alone in the world or even temporarily divided from their own kindred cannot conceive what it is to the solitary one to be welcomed into a home. A far more substantial benefit would not give a tithe of the pleasure that is felt when its doors un- HANOVER. - ONTARIO. close to them .- Exchange.

Important to Our Festival. The importance of the Thanksgiving festival lies in the fact that on this day the people of Canada are called upon to attribute their happiness, peace and prosperity, not to the genuis of Washington or Brock, nor to the victories of Wolfe or the astute statesmanship of this or that great president or politician, but to the love and mercy and power of Almighty God. We regard the yearly appointent of a day of national thanksgiving as the happiest, the most dignified, the best method that a country could resort to in vindicating itself from the charge of irreligion and placing itself on the same plane with other Christian nationalities. - Churchman.

A Warning to the Gobbler. O Gobbler Turk, O Gobbler Turk, Why hold your head so high? Ere long there will be awful work-The axe and hour are nigh.

Machine Repairing.

wish to intimate to the public of Durham and vicinity that I am prepared to repair all kinds of Implements and Machinery. Farmers or others wishing Implements or Machinery repaired please notify me and I will be pleased to call. Will be found at Livingston's Show Rooms. Orders left in my absence will receive prompt attention.

TERMS: Strictly Cash.

J. S. Drysdale.

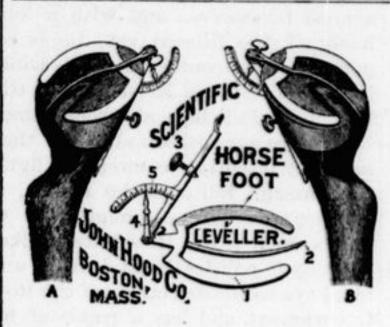
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BEG LEAVE TO INFORM MY CUS-TOMERS and the public in general that I am prepared to furnish

NEW PUMPS AND REPAIRS, DRILL CURB, RE-CURB, & PRESSCURB WELLS. All orders taken at the old stannear McGowan's Mill will be promptly at

ALL WORK GUARANTEED at "Live and let live" PRICES.

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Take Care of Your Horses Feet.

> NO MORE GUESS WORK, in levelling and balancing your horse's foot, I have the Scientific Horse Foot Leveller which is the latest A. and best contrivance for that purpose and will guarantee satisfaction.

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The Hanover Conveyancer,

Offers the Following: VILLAGE BLACKSMITH BUSINESS-No opposition-splendid trade done

-snap for good man. 100 Acres near Allan Park-Fair land -good timber-cheap. 200 Acres in a splendid settlement-

Normanby-owner sick-bargain offered. ACRES in Egremont-about 65 acres cleared, hardwood and swamp timber, good buildings, good soil, orchard, and well located, price \$8200 Will accept as low as \$500 down and

allow balance to run at 4%. Acres in Bentinck-Crawford P O .- good farm-owner invalid

and eager to sell. Acres in Egremont-near Holstein-fine 50-sell cheap or trade for larger farm.

ACRE-Durham-near the Cement Works.

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MONEY TO LOAN at low rates DEBTS COLLECTED - WRITINGS DRAWN. All kinds of "Square Deals" negotiated; everything confidential. Business established 1884.

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Ogilvy's ... **Best Flour**

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Choice Bread andConfections constantly on hand, and delivered to all parts of town daily.

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We want you to call and see if you do not believe us when we say we have the most complete line of goods on the market.

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In FLOUR we handle the Listowel, Hunt's Manitoba and McGowans'.

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