

**Hardware and Furniture**

**CHRISTMAS GIFTS**

**Furniture**

**Lenahan and Company**

# MILLINERY Price = Cutting Bargain Sale!

**A Splendid Showing of Handsome New Hats**

We have made special preparation for the Christmas trade. Holiday time brings visitors, students and a host of every ladies' friends. We will make a special effort to cater to and please each and all in suitable Millinery. Bring your piece of fur and we will make you a smart fur hat.

We have 35 stylish Felt Street Hats we are clearing out at a low price, regular \$3.75, \$4.25, \$4.50, sale price \$1.98. We also have a number of Misses' and Children's Trimmed Hats for 98c.

The following are a list of what we have in our immense stock:—

23 Black hats, felt shape, small and large velvet toques, and plain covered large velvet hats, all good quality, trimmed with ribbon, wings, fancy mounts and ostrich feathers, reg. \$3.50 up to \$10, sale price \$1.98, 2.98, 3.98, 4.98.

25 Navy Blue hats in felt and velvet. A larger assortment than we have had all season. All new and fresh from our workroom. Some deep-er toques among the list, sale price \$1.50, 1.75, 1.98, 2.25 and up.

9 Brown hats in felt and velvet. Some drop turbans in velvet, trimmed with wings, flowers and sprays, sale price \$1.19, 1.98, 2.01.

Some beautiful Green hats, also in grey, red, old rose, in many styles. Baby bonnets and children's hats.

1,000 yards of beautiful Taffeta and Satin Ribbon for hair bows, sashes and millinery bows. All bows made free of charge.

We are trimming new hats every day and such value giving was never heard of. Trimmed hats of the best quality at very low prices.

# MISS DICK

Lambton Street -- -- DURHAM



MARY AND THE INFANT JESUS.

## SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS

BY REV. SAMUEL W. PURVIS, D.D.

### SHADOWS.

Text: "They that dwell in the land of the shadow."—Isaiah ix, 2.

Was it Burke who said: "What shadows we are! What shadows we pursue?" He might have added, "By what shadows are we pursued." We Americans are called very materialistic people, supposed not to take stock in anything unless we can see it and feel it. Don't you believe it. We are as sensitive to shadows as a groundhog in February. Shadows are mighty real sometimes. At least they seem so. The engineer flying along through tunnels and around curves dreads the shadow across the track. It may be a man; it may be a tie spiked there. The treasurer of the lodge hurries homeward along the deserted street; stops; grips the canvas money bag in his pocket a little tighter. What's that near the corner? Footpad? Thank goodness, only a shadow! The money was taken from the employer's desk. Your son was the last one seen at the drawer. He telephones, "Father, come quickly." Heavens, your own boy under the shadow of suspicion! To the person concerned the shadow is as full of portent as the substance itself.

### Living in Shadows.

In the quaint little story of "The Land of the Shadow People" Elaine found that the people walked and worked with their backs to the sun. In the morning they faced west; in the afternoon they faced east. A strong, husky man groaned because he was so dark and thin. He was looking at his shadow. A beautiful girl moaned as she looked at the ground because she was so shrunken and deformed. But she was looking at her shadow. "Oh," said Elaine, "turn your faces to the sun and you won't see those ugly shadows." Sister Black was an "awful" good Christian, conscientious, exacting. Her keynote was the old hymn "And Am I Born to Die?" No one doubted her goodness. But, my, you wouldn't want to live in the same house. Gloomy? She was doleful as a deaf mute at a funeral. She kept in the narrow way all right, but she walked on the shady side. To dress neatly and attractively was a sin. Her hair wasn't bad, but she considered it vanity to learn "the sweet deceit of a woman's art." She lived in the shadows. Brother Chance and his wife were "hanted" by superstitions. He didn't dare walk under a ladder, sit at the table with thirteen or attend business on Friday. She went to the fortune tellers to get a lucky charm to ward off the spooky effect of breaking a looking glass. When her baby came its life and hers were made miserable by dread of what was "unlucky." The same faith toward their God would have kept them in sunshine, but they lived and suffered in shadow land.

### Pursued by Shadows.

"Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence!" cries Macbeth when the ghost of Banquo flits across the boards of his mental stage. Only a shadow, of course. Such shadows are awful things though. You can bar the windows and barricade the doors against the burglar and the thief, but you can't bar out such shadows. They will creep in through cracks and crevices which do not exist. What dungeon is so black, what jailer is so merciless? Many a lash in the dark does he give. The lie told to a trusting mother. The blow struck at a kind father. Dr. Johnson may stand in the market place at Litchfield in his bare head in the pelting rain, but it doesn't bring back the cutting taunt to his old father on that spot years before. Shadows! Jacob's sons sinned greatly against their brother Joseph, and twenty years after the ghost of their foul doings rose out of Egypt like a shadow. Ahab put Naboth to death cruelly and falsely slew him. He forgot his deed for many a year, when lo! he trembles before the ghost of his bloody crime. Belshazzar, with terror in eye and fear writ on every feature, sees the shadow creep along the wall and the fingers of a man's hand write on his doom. Shadows, shadows, shadows of a crooked past! Shadows of sins unsatisfied! Shadows of death and the dark valley!

### The Shadows We Cast.

"Coming events cast their shadows before them." So do men, and behind them too. Life doesn't begin at the cradle, nor end at the grave. Luke tells us in the Acts of the Apostles that one day when Peter passed along the street the people brought out their sick "that the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them" and heal them. That makes one think. Coal throws off heat, violets give perfume, fruit gives refreshment and this mysterious bundle of forces called man carries a shadow for good or ill. It goes with us wherever we go. If we don't like our house we can move into the next street, or the next town, but not from our shadow. It's the projection of one's own self. It is so powerful. Needn't say, "There is no God." Just live as if it were so. Needn't cry, "Crucify him!" Just stay away. Toward evening the shadow ought to grow longer. It may be sung across the grave. Dwight L. Moody's shadow is still here. So is Ingersoll's. "Pilgrim's Progress" is Bunyan's shadow. The "Age of Reason" is Paine's. Surely we are the people of Shadow Land. Morning, noon, evening of our little day comes, sunset and evening star, then—shadows! Afraid? Of what? Night? No. Our God standeth in the shadow.

## A CHRISTMAS DRYAD.

By ADDISON HOWARD GIBSON.  
Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

It was Christmas day, and the sun shed a golden radiance over the Arizona desert, brown breasted and spotted with mesquite and cactus. As the cow pony bore Lela Warren over the indistinct trail she took deep breaths of the ozone of the foothills.

"This is living!" she cried, stretching her arms toward the trees which bordered the canyon. "It's grand to spend Christmas all alone by oneself out in this great desert.

"To see me now no one would think me thirty-five years old," she laughed, swinging lightly to a seat on a favoring branch of a live oak. "The west has given me back strength, youth and—well, in a degree forgetfulness of the past. The change has taught me a wonderful philosophy—not to keep trouble."

She took an apple from her lunch bag and ate it. Suddenly a stir in the manzanita bushes behind her attracted her attention. Peering through the leaves of her retreat Lela saw a tall, well built man in hunter's garb pinking his way through the chaparral directly toward her tree. He approached with the elastic tread of virile manhood, resting his rifle against the oak. Then he flung himself at its trunk and stretched his limbs upon the earth to rest.

For a minute she studied the intruder, debating in her mind the best means of acquainting him with her prior occupancy of that retreat. Suddenly a spirit of mischief overcame her, and she let fall an oak ball she had plucked from a nearby twig. The small green globe struck the man squarely on the head.

Instantly he sprang to his feet, caught up his rifle and began peering up through the live oak's branches.

"You can't challenge me that way, Mr. Squirrel," he said, pointing the rifle upward; "not with impunity."

Lela gave a little cough. "Don't shoot me, please," she called down. "I plead guilty."

She encountered a pair of surprised brown eyes looking up at her. Dropping his rifle to his side, the man lifted his hat politely.

"I never shoot dryads," he answered.

"I suppose," she said, a smile hovering on the lips, "that you are perfectly familiar with dryads."

"Hardly," he answered, smiling up at her. "I know very little except they are said to live in trees. Are the other live oaks in this canyon inhabited by your consins?"

A twinkle came into the dryad's blue eyes. "Possibly," she returned; "you know we have family trees."

"Do they all have turquoise eyes like this one?" he asked.

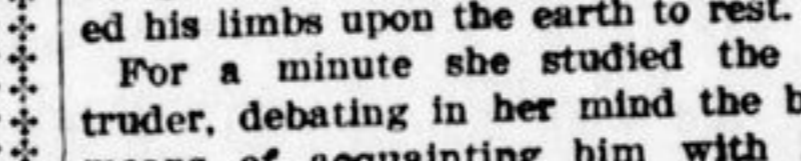
A frown crossed the dryad's face, but the man's good natured playing quickly banished it, and she said: "Oh, yes, and their color is berry," looking at her sage-green sweater.

"I don't believe," he pursued, "that the woods would reveal another just like you if one looked all day."

"Not likely," she replied, continuing the play, "I think all my kind turned into topsy when the forest became petrified."

The dryad, thinking the play had progressed quite far enough, made no answer. The man started toward the spring, whistling. Suddenly he wheeled about and called back:

"Miss Dryad, not being familiar with your code of etiquette, I hope you will



A TALL MAN IN HUNTER'S GARB.

met you before," he said abruptly, "but before you entered the dryad state. Are you from the east?"

"Formerly from Vermont," she answered, mastering the refractory mass of hair.

"Lela Warren!" he cried, his face glowing with gladness. "I wondered from the first if I hadn't met you in some acou long ago."

"Lela Warren!" he repeated, "and you are named John Fletcher?"

she returned, shaking hands. Then her eyes fell under the radiant light in his. "Your beard prevented my recognizing you before," she added.

"I was a mere stripling in those days and you a girl just through high school," he said. Then he asked with gentle reproof: "Why did you sell the old home, Lela, and go away without leaving one word for me? When I returned from Europe I searched everywhere for you, but no one knew where you had gone."

A shadow from the past crossed the woman's face.

"Of course you heard that my brother defaulted. Mother and I sold the old home to settle up for him," she explained. "Then we went to Chicago, where I taught school. After mother's death I came west. I am governess for the Evans family at Circle T ranch."

"Lela," he said tenderly, "I have never forgotten you. We are both still unmarried, thank God! Look!" he commanded, his boyish spirit returning, as he pointed to a cluster of mistletoe that hung to a branch of the oak just above her head. As she looked upward he kissed her, murmuring with endearing accents:

"My Christmas dryad"



"LELA WARREN" HE ORDERED.

# THE BIG STORE

We Are Prepared to Cater to The Wants of all Christmas Shoppers

A Full Line of Fancy Goods With the Prices to Suit Everybody's Pocket



## A Few Suggestions

The Alexandra Kid Gloves in all shades and sizes, every pair guaranteed, at 1.25 per pair. This makes a very suitable gift for old and young.

Ladies' Fancy Pure Linen Handkerchiefs at 60c each.

Ladies' Fur Ruffs and Muffs in Sable, Isabella, Fox and Black Lynx to sell away down to suit Christmas shoppers. This makes a good serviceable gift.

Also a Very Large Stock of Fancy Dishes, also sets and odd pieces.

A Good Fresh Stock of Christmas Groceries on hand

We wish all our customers a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year

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