

Bakery  
Bakery Goods

OYSTERS

We are fully stocked with a  
selling at close prices.

GROCERIES, Cook-  
ays on Hand

CONFECTIONER  
AND GROCER...  
Durham

LE GIFTS!

Active and Sensible  
Are Always Needed

The various kinds we  
rank high as useful  
s. We invite you to in-  
et and judge whether you  
anywhere buy to better  
antage or have greater  
ety to choose from.

ppers for Men  
omen and Children

from 25c up to \$3.00

SS FOOTWEAR

in artistic Footwear. We have  
pen of individuality and gives a  
ell in quality, fit and style and

lock of Skating Shoes  
ighting Hitch," the most up-to-  
est in style and workmanship.

OR EGGS  
McRGATH

s Coming  
rs something worth while

on store between now and  
ND OF THE OLD FASHION-  
ONST.  
s as cheap as they can be  
es during the time will be  
oods, Ready-made Clothing,  
Christmas and the choicest of

GARABRAKA ST.  
DURHAM

& COOPER

Bakery Goods  
d Oysters.....

maile Taffy. We have a  
-all kinds of hot drinks,  
ot coffee and cocoa. Don't  
a good hot drink like this

at all hours

& COOPER

Boys Are Boys & Girls Are Girls  
It takes a lot of Sho-s to  
do them till they are out of their  
teens. We try to keep in stock  
not only good looking Shoes,  
but good wearers at moder-  
ate prices. Next time you  
boy or girl requires a pair  
try ours. We have Ladies'  
and Men's in many styles and  
prices, as well as Ladies'  
Misses' and Children's Card-  
igans in stock. Overshoes and  
Blizzard Overs for ladies and  
men. Kant Krack Brand  
Lumbermen's Robbers for  
men and boys. Hosiery for  
all classes and prices moderate

L. 58, L. 75. Trunks, Valises, etc., in stock

Custom Work and Re-  
pairing as usual at C.  
Durham's Largest Shoe Store

FARMERS ATTENTION !

We Have a Large Stock of Oat  
Dust on Hand That We Are  
Offering at \$15.00 per  
Ton in Ton Lots

If you need any feed for cattle or hogs this is  
the cheapest feed you can buy, and it will pay you  
to buy it now, for as soon as the demand for it  
starts in the Maritime Provinces after New Years,  
the price will be advanced to \$20.00 per ton.

Buy Now and Save  
Five Dollars Per Ton

The McGOWAN MILLING Co.  
Oatmeal Millers - - Durham, Ont.

Beautiful Arm Rocking Chairs  
GIVEN AWAY

With every purchase of \$30.00 we will give away  
FREE a handsome Solid Oak Rocking Chair, finished in  
Mission style. These Rockers are the very newest design.

New Williams Sewing Machines

We are sole agents for the New Williams Sewing  
Machine, and have the very latest models of this cele-  
brated make, which we are selling at rock bottom prices.

RUGS AND FLOOR OILCLOTHS

We are carrying a very large stock of Rugs and  
Floor Oilcloths, which we are selling at very close prices.

Come in and see our stock before buying, and we  
will save you money.

EDWARD KRESS  
Special attention to Undertaking

Furniture and Upholstering  
Show-rooms next door to Post Office

Matthews & Latimer

For Four  
Feed Seed  
Fresh Groceries  
New Fruit and Nuts  
Choice Confectionery  
Pure Spices and Vinegars  
No. 1 Family and Pure Manitoba Flours  
Fine Salt. Farmers Produce Wanted

The Durham Grocery

For Groceries of all kinds, Provisions, Fruit  
Confectionery, Crockery, Glassware, etc., also

McGowan Milling Co.'s  
Rolled Oats and Oatmeal

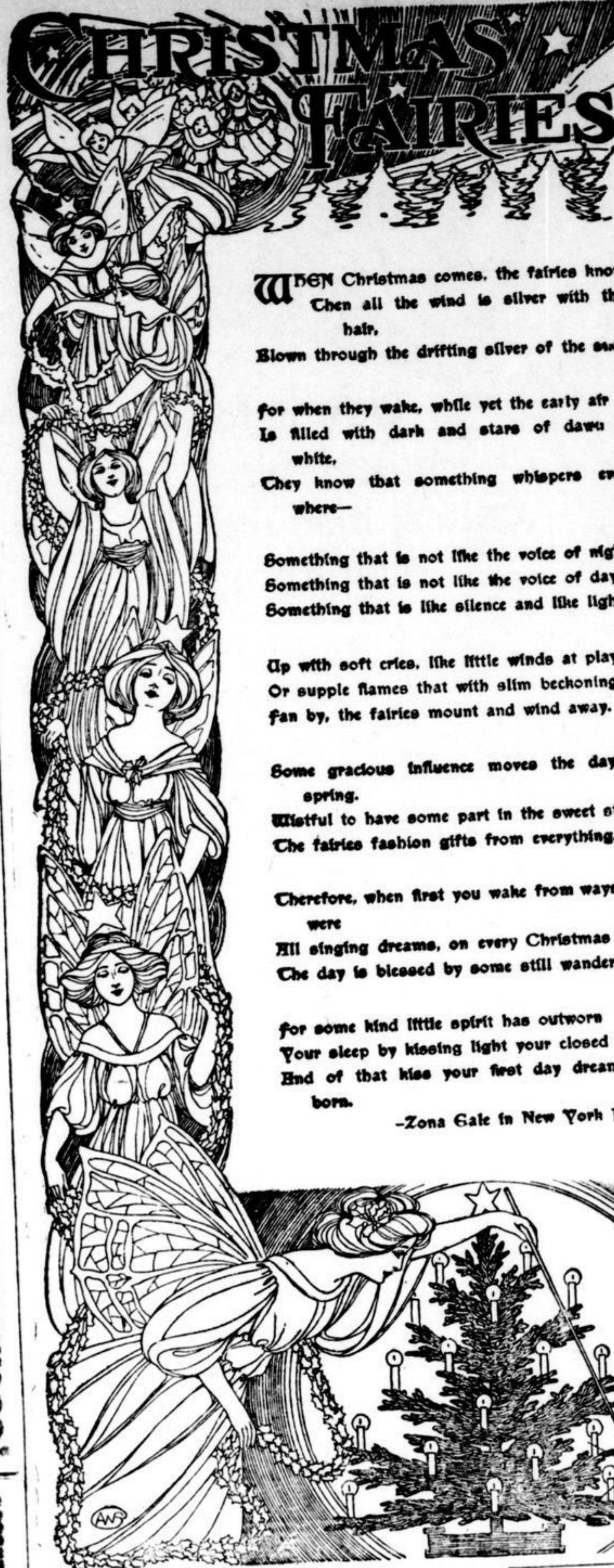
FRESH AND HOT FROM THE PAN

ALEX. McLACHLAN  
PATRONIZE OUR HOME INDUSTRY

Important Notice

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—As Mr. W. A. Glass has decided  
to withdraw from the heretofore subsisting partnership of Sternal  
& Glass, I beg respectfully to give notice to the public that I have  
purchased his interest in the business, and will continue to cater to  
the requirements of all patrons in PLUMBING, STEAM-FITTING  
and GENERAL TINSMITHING. Thanking our former patrons  
for the liberal patronage, and wishing all a Merry Christmas and  
Happy and Prosperous New Year, I am yours for business.

N. H. STERNALL



WHEN Christmas comes, the fairies know.  
Then all the wind is silver with their  
hair,  
Blown through the drifting silver of the snow.

For when they wake, while yet the early air  
Is filled with dark and stars of dawn are  
white,  
They know that something whispers every-  
where—

Something that is not like the voice of night;  
Something that is not like the voice of day;  
Something that is like silence and like light.

Up with soft cries, like little winds at play  
Or supple flames that with slim beckoning  
fan by, the fairies mount and wind away.

Some gracious influence moves the day like  
spring,  
Wistful to have some part in the sweet stir,  
The fairies fashion gifts from everything.

Therefore, when first you wake from ways that  
were  
All singing dreams, on every Christmas morn  
The day is blessed by some still wanderer.

For some kind little spirit has outworn  
Your sleep by kissing light your closed eyes,  
And of that kiss your feet day dreams are  
born.

—Zona Gale in New York Mail.

SANTA CLAUS AT SEA.

Gifts on Christmas Tree For Passen-  
gers on Ocean Liners.

Don't imagine that just because a  
person is at sea when Christmas ar-  
rives he gets no Yuletide cheer. Christ-  
mas on one of the big ocean liners is  
observed religiously, which is to say  
that the day is fully appreciated by  
both officers and passengers.

"The man who spends his life on  
board a big passenger ship sees about  
as many different kinds of Christmases  
as anybody, I guess," said the captain  
of one of the great transatlantic steam-  
ships as he sat in his cabin the other  
day preparing for a holiday voyage to  
the Mediterranean. "Some Christmas  
days I have spent on the north At-  
lantic, others while in the China trade  
and still others in the south Pacific  
and the Mediterranean.

"The fact is that I have spent only  
one Christmas day at home since I  
was married—and I haven't been a  
bachelor for a good many years. Now  
we sail from New York very soon and  
will touch at Gibraltar, Genoa and other  
ports, and before we reach here  
again Christmas will have been  
passed.

"When your ship is running on a voy-  
age to the Mediterranean, with a  
crowd of jolly passengers aboard who  
are off on a trip to enjoy themselves,  
Christmas is a day to be remembered.  
Friends and relatives send gifts on  
ahead, so that they may be handed to  
passengers at the right time, and of  
course this personal remembrance  
from home makes more enjoyable the  
celebration which is always prepared  
on board the ship itself.

"The 24th of December passes about  
as do other days until dinner time ar-  
rives, and then the chefs and stewards  
outdo themselves in providing an  
elaborate menu and in table decora-  
tions. If the weather is fine, and it is  
likely to be, the passengers are in high  
spirits, for the Christmas feeling is  
infectious, no matter where you go.

"Toward the end of the dinner  
speeches are made, songs are rendered,  
stories are told and toasts are given,  
and when this is completed all go to  
the main saloon, and the Christmas  
tree is revealed, standing there in the  
middle under the big skylight. It is a  
big tree, too—just as big as can be ob-  
tained and put in place—and on it are  
hung gifts from the ship for every pas-  
senger, not costly at all, but remem-  
brances that are likely to be long pre-  
served as souvenirs of a pleasant oc-  
casion.

"Then, if the sea is not high, the  
candles are lighted, and the tree bursts  
into beautiful illumination.

"After a distribution of gifts from

the tree a concert is given if the  
weather is bad. But whenever Christ-  
mas eve is pleasant and the latitude is  
suitable the passengers go on deck,  
which they find to be shielded from  
the wind by canvas, brilliantly lighted  
and decorated with flags and bunting.  
And, I tell you, on a moonlight night,  
with a calm sea and soft, pleasant air,  
in the Mediterranean, for example, a  
Christmas eve ball aboard a great ship  
is something for most passengers to  
remember.

"I'm sure I can't imagine anything  
more charming for those who enjoy  
dancing. The romance, the poetry of  
it all, must be delightful to the pas-  
sengers."—Boston Globe.

CHRISTMAS CARD'S FATHER.

British Artist Originated This Form of  
Greeting in 1844.

Some day surely a grateful monu-  
ment will be erected to the memory of  
W. A. Dobson, the parent of the Christ-  
mas card, for he was a true herald of  
peace and good will to the world and  
no small benefactor to commerce, says  
a writer in THE BITS.

In 1844 Mr. Dobson, who later be-  
came a famous member of the Royal  
academy, was a young man earning a  
modest income as master of the gov-  
ernment School of Design at Birming-  
ham. One evening his usual letter of  
stead of writing to a friend it  
occurred to him to substitute a pic-  
torial greeting, and, taking a piece of  
card about twice as large as a modern  
postcard, he began to draw on it. In  
the center of the three panels into  
which he divided his design he sketch-  
ed a family group raising glasses to  
the health of distant friends amid a  
seasonable environment of holly and  
mistletoe, while on each side of this  
festal scene he drew a picture of a  
deed of charity.

This card Mr. Dobson dispatched to  
his friend, giving it no further thought.  
The friend, however, was delighted  
with his novel and artistic Christmas  
greeting and showed it everywhere  
with his pride, to the equal admiration of his  
acquaintances. Everybody begged for  
a similar card, and in the following  
year he had several imitators, and the  
Christmas card was at last launched  
on the tide of popular favor, although  
even then if Mr. Dobson had been told  
that his modest card of 1844 would  
have 40,000,000 descendants sixty-five  
years later in Great Britain alone he  
would probably have thrown up his  
hands in amazement and incredulity.

THE VETERAN'S  
CHRISTMAS TALE

NEVER think of Christmas but I  
think of the one I spent when on  
detached service down in Vir-  
ginia in '62. I was a captain  
then, and, being on special service, I  
happened to be temporarily attached  
to the command of General Cox at  
Gauley Bridge, Va. I was warmly  
welcomed as I arrived on Christmas  
eve and brought some letters to both  
officers and men, the first many of  
them had received for nine months.  
The command was the First Kentucky,  
and a fine lot of fellows they were.  
Captain Ralph Hunt invited me to  
share his tent, and as we sat smoking  
together after taps he threw me a  
letter, saying, "Read that."

Dear Ralph—I have sent you a turkey  
and some fixings and also some new ul-  
derwear, and I hope the box will reach  
you in time for Christmas.

"That's enough," he said, for there  
was a lot more in the letter, and it  
was signed Susie. "The box is under  
my bunk, and as you are to leave to-  
morrow night you are sure of a good  
dinner anyhow." So we turned in,  
and Christmas day dawned clear and  
cold, and when it came time for din-  
ner the captain's orderly had done  
himself proud by cooking that turkey  
in fine style.

"The pickets are driven in," said  
Captain Hunt as he stood in the tent  
opening with a turkey leg in one hand,  
and the next moment he was ordered  
to take his company, make a reconno-  
issance and report the strength of the  
enemy.

The country about Gauley bridge  
was thickly covered with scrubby



"THE PICKETS ARE DRIVEN IN."

pine and cedar. Pushing through this  
until he obtained a position com-  
manding the road by which the Con-  
federates must advance, the captain  
halted his men. He sent a few men  
in advance as scouts, and then he and  
I and a corporal went forward about  
twenty yards. The scouts, bewildered  
by the underbrush, got into our rear,  
and as soon as we heard men advanc-  
ing in our front Hunt at once said it  
was his scouts returning. "That tur-

key isn't cold yet, and we'll finish it  
when we get back."

In place of our scouts the advanc-  
ing party was the advance guard of  
Confederates. Hunt recognized the offi-  
cer in command as Captain Loughbor-  
ough, and the three of us jumped to  
cover. But Loughborough, who was  
in advance of Hunt, and, with a volley of  
oaths, he cried:

"Come out, you — Yankee, and be  
shot!" As he cried this he covered  
Hunt's hiding place with a long Mis-



THE CONFEDERATE DROPPED.

issippi rifle and fired. Hunt had  
grabbed the corporal's ordinary  
smooth bore musket and so quickly  
had he acted that both shots rang out  
at the same instant. I was looking  
out at the whole thing through the  
branches of a thick cedar, and the two  
men were not more than fifty yards  
apart. The Confederate dropped in  
his tracks and never moved, and at  
once a volley was poured into the cap-  
tain's bush, but not a bullet hit him.  
Hunt's men, supposing that the threat  
of us must have been killed, beat a  
retreat and made good their escape,  
and we were surrounded and cap-  
tured. At first the Confederates were  
for wreaking vengeance on Hunt for  
the death of a favorite officer, but the  
gallantry he displayed and his per-  
fect coolness while in their power  
finally won their regard. When asked  
to give his parole he refused, saying:  
"You fellows spoiled my Christmas  
dinner that I and my friends here  
had just sat down to, and I propose to  
get back and finish it if I can. You  
get no parole from me." I and the  
corporal gave our parole, but Captain  
Hunt was mad clear through. He  
was ironed and, after marching with  
our guard through several towns of  
Virginia, we brought up at Richmond  
and were thrown into Libby. We  
never heard who ate our Christmas  
turkey.—J. A. R. in Brooklyn Eagle.

The Christmas Story.

Oh, the bells, o'er hills and dells, ringing  
warm from heart to heart;  
Every stroke the story tells, every chiming  
proclaims its part.  
Pleading low with those in doubt,  
Sternly bidding those about  
To lose heart.

Oh, the bells, like living words, throbbing  
with the life they bear,  
Softly each the story tells, eager for the  
world to share.  
Thrilling hearts that have grown cold,  
Pleading with the young and old  
Everywhere.

—New York Herald.

THE FELINES' CHRISTMAS  
OUTING



Going to a Christmas Dinner



Discussing the Christmas Pudding



A Visit From the Doctor Next Morning