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...with a big load of... presents for all, cen-... all kinds Work Boxes... Glove and Hank Boxes... Shell Boxes... Mouth organs... Toy Watches... Purses... Silk Hankerchiefs... Motor Scarfs... Woolly Collars... Fancy Shawls... Nuts &c... OP EARLY AND... ET YOUR PICK... H. BEAN... man she never sends the... slippers. But these ghost-... have taught me a lesson... I'll be a better man. I'll... nounce a Chanticleer hat in-... the usual pair of gloves, and... at time she'll give me a gift... T. SAPP.

CUPID MAKES A CHRISTMAS CALL

SHE had written to him: "It will seem quite like old times to have you with us again at Christmas. It seems much longer than four years since you were here, but I am sure things will appear quite as usual to you. We make no change in our yearly program for Christmas. It is really the children's day, as it was when you and I first spent it together. (I hesitated when I went to write how many years ago. I must be eighteen.) But I think father and mother—and I—take quite as much interest in it as grown people do in the circus—quite for the children's sake, of course. "I would ask you to dinner immediately on your arrival Christmas eve, but if I dared to suggest the presence of an outsider there would be a hub-bub among the powers that rule the nursery and—at this season—the entire household. I simply dare not say anything save that we should like to have you come at 9 precisely, so that we may have a little chat before the arrival of our other guests. "And indeed as he walked up the avenue with his long prairie stride Christmas eve he was depressed to find everything so little changed from the night four years since, when he had left New York for the west to make over his life in a new pattern of work and usefulness. "Here was the familiar door and the old bronze doorknob which had once been on a level with his eyes. And the old butler, whom the Stantons had had for twenty years, opened the door to him and answered his greeting with a respectful "Good evening, Mr. Burnside," giving him his Christian name as if he had called only the evening before. But the hall was hidden in a mass of evergreen and holly, and the electric bulbs glowed in their shades like huge berries in the greenery. And here he seemed suddenly a stranger, coming now on the old Christmas spirit to which his absence had made him an alien. It bewildered him; it saddened him. "He entered the front drawing room and saw the hem of a skirt disappear through the portieres which hung between that and the second drawing room behind it. Some one was placing a Christmas wreath in the middle window, a woman's figure. He did not know her. She turned to greet him with an eager "Why, Burnside, I am so glad to see you!" and grasped his brown fingers with a warm clasp of a white hand. "She was not of that girlish fragility which he had remembered. She was the elder sister of her old self, but in the excitement and pleasure of seeing him her voice and manner were those of the girl whom he had loved—and lost—four years before. He smiled at her sadly. "How you have grown!" he said. "She arched her eyebrows at him. "And you?" she laughed. "Why, you're as broad and brown as a soldier. I shouldn't have known you. You have changed!" "Have I?" He caught at it eagerly. "She saw the trouble in his eyes. "They'll all be delighted to see you looking so well"—she avoided it—"so big and strong." "He saw the picture of himself which she carried in her memory of him, and it pained him. He had thought that his letters would have told her. "She held the wreath up to him. "I was pretending to hang it in the window," she confessed, "so that I should be the first to see you. And I didn't know you when you passed." "He smiled again, and they sat down together. "How are they all?" "As well as ever," she said and began to tell him of them—how the children had been growing; how her mother was aging. "And father," she whispered, "is so deaf. You mustn't

west?" she asked in another voice, frowning busily with the wreath. He shook his head. "Not that I remember." "How did you spend last Christmas?" "In a railroad train. I had to make a trip to Frisco." He spoke abstractedly. "I haven't had a real Christmas since I went away. I felt like—I don't know what—when I saw the old hall." "She caught her breath at his tone. "Oh, did you?" she said sympathetically. "We fixed it in the old way just for you—to make it seem like old times." She had come back to him, distressed by his manner. She looked down at him helplessly. "That was just it," he said. "Nothing has changed." "She guessed what he had left unsaid. He needed encouragement, consolation, the assurance that his life in the west had cleaned the blot from his escutcheon. She began to busy herself about the room, pinning sprigs of Christmas green on the hangings. "Do you remember how we used to decorate together?" she asked him. "Do I?" he said. "Don't you let the servants do it yet?" "No," she laughed. "It'd spoil the fun. I have to do it alone now." "Oh, I beg your pardon," he apologized, coming over to her eagerly. "Can I help you?" "Well," she said, "if you haven't forgotten how—" "Forgotten!" he exclaimed. "I remember the proper place for every berry." "Get the holly, then," she ordered. "We'll have to hurry. They'll be in of us in a few minutes." "He brought the branches to her and they went to work together, putting twigs of it among the bric-a-brac and in the vases, drooping clusters over the tops of the pictures and twining them in the chandeliers and electric brackets. She saw him smile with something of his old boyishness and was encouraged. "They stood in the center of the room at last and looked around at their work. "I have one sprig left," he said. "Where can I put it?" "There's not a corner left," she said, searching the walls with a most innocent eye. He could see none either. "Why," she exclaimed, "there's the old place over the mantel." "He looked up at the carving. "I can't reach it without a ladder, even yet." "She measured his height with a glance. "Stand on the arm of a chair." "With my weight?" he laughed. "She studied the situation. "I'll do it if you'll steady—the chair." "He drew over a corpulent chair of puffed upholstery, with an arm as broad as a cushioned window seat. She hopped into the ample seat of it with a show of dainty slippers and put her hand on his shoulder. "You will have to catch me if I fall," she smiled down on him. "He reached up and took her hand. "Be careful," he said and closed a firm grasp on her fingers, which were trembling despite herself. "She stepped up, swaying, on the arm; he held the chair with his knee and handed a sprig of holly to her. He had forgotten the four years that had passed. "She straightened up slowly. "Oh, I can't," she said and fell back to him again. "I'm afraid you can't hold me." "He came around to the other side of her. "Put your hand on my shoulder," he directed. It was the way they had done it before, and he longed for the old touch. When she stood up on the arm of the chair he put his arm about her and held her there. She reached the branch of holly into its place in the carving slowly and then lowered her hand to his shoulder. "There were tears in his eyes. He took her fingers and put them to his lips. "Thanks," he said huskily. "She slipped down to him in a sudden wave of weakness. "Oh, Burnside," she whispered, "how—how you frightened me!" "She was such a little thing in his arms. The blood choked in his throat. "Have you forgiven me?" he asked quickly. "Her hand stole up, trembling to flutter a touch of pity on his brown cheek. "Forgive you?" she whispered. "I forgive you the day you went away and cried all night for you to come back." "He gazed into eyes that were swimming in tenderness. "God bless you," he said to them—"dearest," to her lips. "The butler coughed in the hall. "The mistletoe has come, Miss Frances," he announced. "Bring it in," she cried. "We'll have some on the chandelier." "And a piece over the mantel," Burnside suggested slyly. "She looked at him with a sidelong smile.—New York Commercial Advertiser.



SOME ONE WAS PLACING A CHRISTMAS WREATH IN THE WINDOW.

tion, the assurance that his life in the west had cleaned the blot from his escutcheon. She began to busy herself about the room, pinning sprigs of Christmas green on the hangings. "Do you remember how we used to decorate together?" she asked him. "Do I?" he said. "Don't you let the servants do it yet?" "No," she laughed. "It'd spoil the fun. I have to do it alone now." "Oh, I beg your pardon," he apologized, coming over to her eagerly. "Can I help you?" "Well," she said, "if you haven't forgotten how—" "Forgotten!" he exclaimed. "I remember the proper place for every berry." "Get the holly, then," she ordered. "We'll have to hurry. They'll be in of us in a few minutes." "He brought the branches to her and they went to work together, putting twigs of it among the bric-a-brac and in the vases, drooping clusters over the tops of the pictures and twining them in the chandeliers and electric brackets. She saw him smile with something of his old boyishness and was encouraged. "They stood in the center of the room at last and looked around at their work. "I have one sprig left," he said. "Where can I put it?" "There's not a corner left," she said, searching the walls with a most innocent eye. He could see none either. "Why," she exclaimed, "there's the old place over the mantel." "He looked up at the carving. "I can't reach it without a ladder, even yet." "She measured his height with a glance. "Stand on the arm of a chair." "With my weight?" he laughed. "She studied the situation. "I'll do it if you'll steady—the chair." "He drew over a corpulent chair of puffed upholstery, with an arm as broad as a cushioned window seat. She hopped into the ample seat of it with a show of dainty slippers and put her hand on his shoulder. "You will have to catch me if I fall," she smiled down on him. "He reached up and took her hand. "Be careful," he said and closed a firm grasp on her fingers, which were trembling despite herself. "She stepped up, swaying, on the arm; he held the chair with his knee and handed a sprig of holly to her. He had forgotten the four years that had passed. "She straightened up slowly. "Oh, I can't," she said and fell back to him again. "I'm afraid you can't hold me." "He came around to the other side of her. "Put your hand on my shoulder," he directed. It was the way they had done it before, and he longed for the old touch. When she stood up on the arm of the chair he put his arm about her and held her there. She reached the branch of holly into its place in the carving slowly and then lowered her hand to his shoulder. "There were tears in his eyes. He took her fingers and put them to his lips. "Thanks," he said huskily. "She slipped down to him in a sudden wave of weakness. "Oh, Burnside," she whispered, "how—how you frightened me!" "She was such a little thing in his arms. The blood choked in his throat. "Have you forgiven me?" he asked quickly. "Her hand stole up, trembling to flutter a touch of pity on his brown cheek. "Forgive you?" she whispered. "I forgive you the day you went away and cried all night for you to come back." "He gazed into eyes that were swimming in tenderness. "God bless you," he said to them—"dearest," to her lips. "The butler coughed in the hall. "The mistletoe has come, Miss Frances," he announced. "Bring it in," she cried. "We'll have some on the chandelier." "And a piece over the mantel," Burnside suggested slyly. "She looked at him with a sidelong smile.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Did you meet any nice girls out



HERE HE SEEMED SUDDENLY A STRANGER. let him see you notice it. It was the grip last winter." As for herself, her life was the old round. "I keep it full. I ride—with a groom. It isn't as jolly as when we used to ride together. But you—you must be a famous horseman by this time!" "He remembered those rides. What a fool he had been to forfeit all that! "Yes," he said vaguely. "What an age I have been away!" "And what a lot you have done," she reminded him. "You don't know how proud we have been of you. I used to read your letters and Stewart's out to father as soon as they came." She had risen. She went over to the window to hang the wreath, with her back to him. "He used to watch for them almost as eagerly as I did." "Yes, you were all very good," he sighed. It was a kindly, though, for her to say such things when she meant nothing by them. "Did you meet any nice girls out

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XIII.—Fourth Quarter, For Dec. 25, 1910.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Luke ii, 6-20. Memory Verses, 13, 14—Golden Text, Luke ii, 11—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

As the review suggested for today is wholly concerning some events in the last week of His earthly sojourn. His death and His resurrection. We cannot do better than to take the Christmas lesson suggested, as He was made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law (Gal. iv, 4, 5). This was all in the fullness of time, and when another fullness of time shall have come He will come again to fulfill all that is written of His kingdom and glory as literally as at His first coming He fulfilled all that was written of His humiliation. All nations will be moved as far as need be to bring about the events connected with His return, as at the first Caesar was moved, he knew not why, to decree that all the world should be enrolled. A Jewish decree would require only the men to go (Ex. xliii, 17), but it is evident that the Roman decree required women as well as men. Had He been put to death by the Jews it would have been by stoning, but the prediction required crucifixion (Pa. xlii, 16), and the Romans were in power at His death as well as at His birth, that all Scripture might be fulfilled. Dr. Pierson says that "all history is His story," and it must be true that all events in all nations are working out the eternal purpose which has been purposed in Christ Jesus. Doubtless many a Jewish woman coveted to be the one of whom Isa. vii, 14, spoke, but it was reserved for this humble maiden of Nazareth to be thus honored. It had to be some one of the tribe of Judah, and the birth had to be in Bethlehem (Gen. xlii, 10; Mic. v, 2). This had been decreed centuries before—yes, before the world was. So they came to Bethlehem, to the same city to which Ruth came with Naomi and where David afterward kept his father's sheep. But the guest chamber was not ready; there was no room for them in the inn. These words "inn" and "guest chamber" (verse 7 and xlii, 11) are the same words and, I think, used only in these two places. (Look it up. I have no Greek concordance at hand.) Can you truly say "There is room in my heart, Lord Jesus, room for Thee?"

From the story of Hagar in Gen. xvi all the way to Rev. xxii, 16, how fascinating is the record of heavenly ministry by those who hearken unto the voice of His word and do His pleasure (Pa. ciii, 20-21). How comforting the assurance of Heb. i, 14, that they are still ministering to us and have constant access to our Father in heaven (Matt. xviii, 10). In our last lesson, on his resurrection, I noticed (but, I think, did not write it) that He did not show Himself alike to the chief priests and to Pilate, but only to His own followers, who, as a rule, were the lowly ones of earth. So here the angels come, not to any great ones of earth, but to those who as to their occupation followed in the steps of Abel, Jacob, Moses, David and others. I often think of Zeph. iii, 12. "I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord," and also of Matt. v, 3, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." How precious are the "fear nots" of angels and of the Lord from Genesis to Revelation! But they are only precious as we appropriate them and in them hear His voice to us individually. Does the saying "good tidings of great joy" still hold good? If so, where are the joyful people who rejoice with joy unspeakable and live to make the tidings known to all people. Then hear the multitude of the heavenly host as they praise God and say, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men" (verse 14). Note that "glory to God" must be first always, whether it be church or missionary work or individual service. The Lord alone must be exalted. We must cry, as the seraphim and cherubim do, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts!" "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty" (Isa. vi, 3; Rev. iv, 8). That will sink our society, denomination or church completely out of sight if only the earth may be filled with His glory. All offerings, like those of the wise men, will then be unto Him rather than unto any particular work for the work's sake. All our service and even our eating and drinking should be to the end that God may in all things be glorified through Jesus Christ (1 Pet. iv, 11; 1 Cor. x, 31). The angels went away into heaven (verse 15). It sounds easy, but who can do it? Men are being honored by nations today if they can stay a few hours in the air and move from place to place. The shepherds unquestioningly believed the angels' message, went and found as they had said and then made it known abroad, glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen. The people wondered as they heard, but Mary kept all in her heart and pondered them. It is only as we keep in our hearts and ponder the things of God that we will be in any degree benefited. It is only as we muse that the fire will burn, and we will speak that we may be refreshed (Pa. xxxix, 2; Job xxxii, 20).

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For Men and Boys. Are You Ready for Xmas? HANDSOME AND SUITABLE XMAS GIFTS

We have all the nice things for Christmas giving. Don't wait until you have decided upon what you are going to give. You can decide here. We have put the prices just right to give you special Christmas Bargains. Just come and take a look at our stock of Gent's Furnishings, you may find something interesting.

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Gloves, a fine assortment; Sweaters, Sweater Coats, Vests, Boxed Braces, Cravats, Gauntlets, Tie Pins, cuff Buttons, Ties, handkerchiefs, caps, Shirts, Mitts, Gloves, Toques, a great variety.

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We want the women to do their Christmas shopping here. The place where a man would do his own shopping is very likely the place he would want you to shop for him. Come and look at our goods.

BUTTONS COVERED HERE

GEORGE S. BURNETT

Next to the New Standard Bank - Garafraxa Street, Durham

Although I am not going to move owing to the Standard Bank going to occupy the premises, still the sale goes on and bargains continue to be given.—C. L. GRANT

THE BELL DOESN'T RING.

The electric bell on the C. P. R. crossing at the Durham road has been exercising itself in some funny stunts recently. It took an ambitious streak the other day and began a campaign that lasted for forty-two times sixty seconds at a stretch, when it ran down. It was fixed by the electrician, but would not stay fixed, and is now altogether out of business. It evidently thought on the first attempt that it would ring the old year out, but got tangled up on its calculations, and now refuses to do anything.—Flesherton Advance.

The PILLAR OF LIGHT

Continued from page 8. The Lord saved me only to punish me. My heart will break. What shall I do? Where shall I hide? And her sobbing only ceased when the noise of ascending footsteps drove her into the company of sorrowful women who would nevertheless have forgotten some of their own woes did they but realize her greater anguish. To be continued. Canadian Bear grease is in Bear-grease, with other valuable agents, making it the best pomade. 50c. a jar.

FARM HOUSE BURNED.

While Mrs. Smyth, widow of the late William Smyth, of the suburbs, was in town Saturday evening, fire broke out in her residence consuming the same with contents. The aged lady has been living alone, a grand-daughter, Lizzie Sweeney, aged 12 years, staying with her for company. Lizzie was out doing the evening chores at the barn, between four and five o'clock, when she saw the roof ablaze. She ran to the neighbors for assistance, but on their arrival very little could be saved. The home coming a little later, was a sad one for the old lady.—Market Standard.

PINED FOR HARMING TREE. At the division court at Leamington, a case of public interest was heard, being the case of Miss Heatherton vs the Leamington Heat and Light Co. In stringing their wires, they had, as Miss Heatherton thought, mutilated a tree to an unreasonable extent, hence the action. The Judge, after hearing the evidence, and examining the tree, thought so too, and awarded her \$30 damages and costs. This should be a warning to light, telephone and telegraph companies in other towns, where they seem to think they own the whole municipality, and cut down trees to suit their own convenience and without asking anyone permission. Shade trees are too valuable to be destroyed.

Allen's Lung Balsam Contains no Opium. Is the one Safe and Effective Cough Remedy for general family use. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Montreal.

If You Have a Cough, Have Lung Troubles, Have Lost Flesh, Are Threatened with Consumption, Try The D.L. Emulsion (Trade Mark) Miss Clark, Supt. Grace Hospital, Toronto, writes they have used it with the best results. 50c. and \$1.00 Bottles. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Montreal.