

Christmas Yours

er good, the turkey th the right kind of the things you most e should, the most

n & Co. STORE, Durham.

ou about the our Silverware

put before you the eluding the following :

- Christmas Novelties
- Sterling Silver, French Gray Finish
- Pearl and Diamond Set Locket
- 10K and 14K
- Gold Chains
- Links, Buttons, Gold Necklet, of all sorts.
- Masonic & Emblem Rings
- Pins and Locket.

get mail orders from all over the ed States. So much confidence is out catalogue with Cuts in them.

to hand-in-hand. The best and all times.

er, Jeweller and Optician



THIS JOURNAL

has three classes of readers. First, those who are already customers of ours and, those who are not our customers but should be; third, the few left from the above.

To you all we extend a hearty Christmas Greeting, and may the year be the most successful that ever been.

W. BLACK

Big Millinery Sale

is not a usual thing to reduce the price of millinery so early in the season. However we want to clear every thing up, and during the next 3 weeks we will give you bargains in Millinery. We don't want to carry one hat over, and in order to get rid of our stock, we have cut the prices of this early season.

Miss Dick.

**DARLING'S DRUG STORE**

**HOLIDAY GOODS**

New Stock New Styles New Prices

**Leather Goods**

Hand Bags, Purses, Wallets, Letter Cases, Card Cases, Portfolios, Music Rolls, Toilet Rolls, Brush Cases, &c, &c.

**Ebony Goods**

Toilet Sets, Travelling Sets, Manicure Sets, Shaving Sets, Hair Brushes, Cloth Brushes, Hat Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Shaving Brushes, Military Brushes, Manicure Sets, Mirrors.

**Perfume and Toilet Articles**

The largest stock of perfumes in town. Imported and Domestic Perfumes in Buck and Fancy Cases—Perfumes in dainty cut glass—Perfumes at all prices. A new stock of Perfume Atomizer.

**Dolls, Dolls, Dolls, Dolls at Half Price**

For our own Customers we have put in a line of nice dolls—price cut in half.

MUSICAL GOODS—Autoharps, Violins, mandolins, Mouth Organs.

**Stewart's Confectionery**

Acknowledged to be the best in market.

**Smoker's Supplies**

Cased Pipes, Meershaum Pipes, Briar Pipes, Cigar Holders, Cigar Cases, Smoker's Sets, all kinds tobacco.

**Prime Cigars**

Domestic and imported in Boxes of 10, 25, 50, and 100.

GOOD VALUES—We back up our advertising by doing what we say.

**DARLINGS, The People's Druggists.**

**Deering Harvesters And Farm Machinery.**

The best in their line as we handle only the best.

We can give only a mere list of our goods, but in quality and adaptability to the needs of South Grey we are not excelled: Deering Harrows, Wilkinson Ploughs, Heney's Harness, Palmerston Buggies. Renowned articles, fair prices

SOMETHING NEW IN WASHERS: The Perforated Drum, only in the Idea Also Wilhelm's Wringers, all made by Watson of Ayr.

Raymond's Sewing Machines. McClary Stoves for Coal or Wood Agent for the Dillon Hinge Stay Fence.

**John Clark.** A few doors South of the Middaugh House.

**Grand Mogul Pure Tea**

Grand Mogul is not exposed to store dust or microbes. The clean, air-tight packages are the housekeeper's protection against inferiority and dirt.

It comes to you free from adulteration—the nicest possible blend of the finest teas of Ceylon—and affords you double the satisfaction of "just as good" teas that are sold in bulk, or packed in poisonous lead. Grand Mogul appeals to the palate and tones up the nerves. Not a mere substitute for bitters.

**Grand Mogul Tea**

Sold at 25c, 30c, 40c and 50c per pound, black, green or mixed. Advertising appropriation is divided with buyers of Grand Mogul Tea through premium coupons in the packages.

**PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED**  
We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Inventors and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Inventor's Advice sent upon request. Marston & Marston, Inc., New York Life Bldg., Montreal and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

**Do you want to know where to buy ?**

- 150 Acres above Durham, well improved, \$4000
  - 250 Acres above Durham, well built, well fenced, well watered, good land, for \$7500
  - 125 Acres near Durham, well improved and located, less than \$5000.
- Richmond Farm near Allan Park, 150 acres, offered very cheap.
- A large number of other properties for sale in Durham Town and surrounding Townships. Insurances placed, debts collected, writings drawn, C. F. R. Tickets for Sale.
- ALWAYS PROMPT, NEVER NEGLECT.

**H. H. Miller,** THE HANOVER CONVEYANCER.

**Christmas is Coming**

And we are prepared to give the best of everything in Groceries, Fruits and Confectionery Full line of Flour and Feed



and the Celebrated CLYDESDALE STOCK FOOD and remedies always on hand.

**Matthews & Latimer**

**A Dream's Fulfillment**

The Rector's Christmas Charity and What Came of It.

By SALLY CHAMBERLIN

(Copyright, 1904, by Sally Chamberlin.)

**B**ANG! Bang! Bang! John Hare jumped from his warm bed into his dressing gown and slippers, switched on the electric light and was on the lower floor swinging wide the heavy, massive door before his eyes were fairly open. Through the blackness of the outer night peered the hard and forbidding faces of two roughly clad men. The taller man stated in gruff tones that his baby was dying and his wife wanted the child baptized.

In less than five minutes the young rector was dressed and back to the men, whom he had left sitting in the hall, and the three started out. The trip to the outskirts of the city through dark and strange streets was anything but pleasant. Finally reaching a little low cottage, set quite apart



IN HER PLACE SAT A GIRLISH FIGURE.

from any other dwellings and lighted by one small lamp which sent its rays through the narrow window, he followed the men through the door into a barely furnished room. On a cot in the corner lay a child, small and wasted, marked with death's stamp, and beside her sat the weeping mother. Some strange mystery haunted the room. What were these poverty-stricken people trying to conceal? The clergyman shook off the feeling and opened his prayer book at the baptismal service.

Having performed his mission, accompanied by the two men, he was passing a clump of trees on his way home when one of them stopped suddenly and, pulling a long bladed knife from his pocket, flashed it before the young rector's face and instantly pointed it toward his heart. He uttered a piercing shriek.

"Ugh!" said John Hare as the sound of his own voice awakened him and he sat up in bed. "What an ugly nightmare!" Then, with a look at his watch, "It is high time I was up anyway, with fifty parochial visits before me. I must make sure that not a single family has a cheerless Christmas tomorrow."

His eye caught the picture of a girl's face, gentle eyed, yet cheery, hanging in a frame on his wall. "And if there's any persuasion in John Hare's poor eloquence he won't have a cheerless nor a lonely Christmas the next 25th of December."

This young rector had come to Spotsfield, a rising manufacturing city, three years before, after serving as curate in a large city parish. He had transformed his new congregation from a disgruntled, quarrelling community composed of a few rich and many poor to a great family interested in each other and respecting his Christian principles. And incidentally his strict resolution for a busy bachelorhood had been somewhat disturbed by a pair of interested, laughing eyes which belonged to the daughter of a factory owner.

This energetic, but rather shy, young woman was famed and loved among the poor and sick of Spotsfield for her gentle and unpretentious way of helping when and where she was needed. Though of different faiths, she and John Hare met often while on the excursions of mercy. He had seen her, too, at her father's home, where he was popular as a dinner guest because of his appreciation of a good cigar and his broad, forceful views on Christianity.

As he dressed that morning before the festive holiday he realized that the human heart cannot be denied its sympathies—one beating in touch and sympathy with it—and that one fair girl had woven her charms about him so completely that he could no longer refrain from telling her of it, even though of late she had rather seemed to avoid him when he crossed her path and was even chary of her conversation during the long busy day she was constantly brought to his mind in the homes he visited. A forlorn old woman told of the coming of Miss Ruth with yarn for the next year's knitting and a box of sweets. A grateful mother told of the nights Miss Ruth had

**THE DURHAM REVIEW**

stayed and nursed the baby back to life. In the poorer homes he heard of the baskets of Christmas goodies she had brought, with toys and warm mittens for the children.

It was 10 o'clock before the rector had finished the day's task, and when he reached home he threw himself, quite worn out, on the couch in the library. Not ten minutes seemed to have elapsed when the sound "Br-r-r-r" through his sleep awakened him suddenly to the realization that some one was ringing the bell with the evident intention of rousing the entire household, and as he stepped into the hall to shape the door he was amazed to see the hands on the old fashioned clock pointing to 1.

"Sir, we've come to get Mr. Hare. The baby's dying, and my wife wants a minister," announced one of the men who stood on the step facing the tired rector.

The memory of his vivid nightmare had not recurred to him since the morning, but at the words "baby's dying" it all flashed before his mind, and he hesitated an instant with some misgivings. Quickly pulling himself together and throwing off the vision, he exclaimed: "I'm Mr. Hare. Where is your baby?" In a harsh voice the larger of the two men mentioned the outskirts of the city, where the houses were small and low and widely scattered.

Again pushing aside the warning of his apparition, the rector incased himself in warm overcoat and arctics and, locking the door behind him, bade the men lead the way. For several blocks an occasional house showed lights from top to bottom or a stray light in the second story gave evidence that an eager youngster was awake examining Santa Claus' gifts. Then the houses became dark, and the three men trudged on through the gently falling snow.

Hare's questions received but curt, abrupt answers, while the memory of his gruesome dream grew clearer with each step of the long dark walk till he reached the identical cottage of his nightmare, with one light shining through the window. A suggestion of cold perspiration stood on his forehead and a shiver ran down his spine as he thought of the sinister group and the suspicious and foreboding glances of the men in that dim scene which he had passed through before so largely unheeded.

Entering the house behind the larger man, he looked instantly toward the corner for the cot and the child. They were there! The thin face of the child showed the same pallor of death, but the mother was not in the chair beside the bed. In her place sat a girlish figure, holding a vial in her delicate fingers.

"Thank you so much for coming," said a soft voice, and the Ruth of his dream lifted her eyes to his with a wistful, shy glance of comfort and relief. "The mother never would have been consoled for her neglect in not having had her child baptized, and I felt so sure you would come, even though it was at this late hour."

So the dying baby received the blessing of the church, and as the sun rose between two distant hills the child passed into its Saviour's arms. Two hearts were peaceful from a sense of finished duty. Unconsciously radiant with joy at being together, the man and the girl passed from the low roofed cottage into the clear frosty air of the blue canopied earth with its fresh carpeting of pure white snow. A Christmas happiness such as they had never known before illuminated the world for these two alone in the snow clad woods.

It was some time before the young rector felt inclined to speak, and then it was to recount his nightmare with its realistic reproduction up to the point where he had found her beside the dying child.

"And the knife aimed at your heart—that must have been a dreadful dream!" John Hare paused, holding her with his strong magnetic gaze.

"The knife is in your hand. If you cannot love me, your 'No' will be the deathblow to my hopes and ambitions." She smiled up into his eyes and held out both hands.

"See—there is no knife." Eight Millions For Toys. The real amount of cash money paid out in the United States alone for toys that on Christmas morning gadden the hearts of American children is conservatively estimated at \$8,000,000. This means about 60 cents apiece for the something like 13,000,000 of five to twelve year old children. The children of no other country on the globe have anything like so lavish an average amount of money expended for toys for them, not even the children of Germany—Germany, the home of toy-making and toy giving. Verily, indeed, the lot of the American child has been cast in the richest sort of clover when it comes to toy getting and not a few other things in the bargain—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Jumping at a Conclusion. Tommy—Santa Claus is coming to dinner tonight. Elsie—Oh! How do you know? Tommy—Ma told me a white haired old gentleman was coming and we'd have to be very good.

Christmas the Real Turkey Day. Christmas, not Thanksgiving, is the real turkey day. Last Christmas Uncle Sam's nephews and nieces took care of about 1,500,000 more turkeys than they did on Thanksgiving.

Devonshire's Yule Log. In Devonshire the Yule log is known as the Ashton fagot. The fagot is composed of a bundle of ash sticks bound with nine bands of the same wood.

**Rocky Saugeen.**

We regret to hear Miss Carrie McKee is on the sick list this week but wish her a speedy recovery.

Rev. Mr. Bayne, London, occupied the pulpit here on Sunday last, and gave his hearers an excellent sermon.

The induction of the Rev. N. A. McDonald will take place at Durhooch this coming Thursday, a large number from around here expect to be present.

**Address and Presentation**

Wm Johnston, Jr, Esq.

Dear Sir & Brother,— The members of Court Durham No 111 I O F, recognising your worth your unselfish and untiring efforts to build up this Court till now it stands beyond dispute one of the best if not the best in Central Ontario; recognising also your enthusiastic and unflinching fidelity to the cause of Independent Forestry generally, taking an active part not only in your local court but always willing and ready to aid and assist in every effort of this grand and noble organization, which now stands without a peer pre-eminent throughout the world.

We therefore take this opportunity to express our appreciation of your valuable uncomplaining, and long continued services to the Court extending now over a period of twenty years, we ask you to accept this slight token of our respect and esteem and trust that you may be long spared to enjoy its solace.

Signed on behalf of the Court and the Committee. B. WILLIAMS.

**Mr Johnston's Reply.**

Chief Ranger, Officers and Brethren of Court Durham No 111, I O F, I would like to say a good deal to you to-night but I feel I can only say I sincerely thank you for your beautiful present and for the kind words accompanying it and for the in your touching address, as expressed good reason that I accept with gratitude your handsome present in the spirit in which it is tendered, not as in anywise payment for any services I may have rendered this court. I would prefer to be contented on that score and I shall use the beautiful pipe with pleasure and pride as a token of personal esteem and regard, having been connected with this court since its organization as you say in your very flattering address for nearly twenty years and during all that term I have been continually in office and during all that time my relations with the officers and members of this court have been of the most pleasant nature and have always looked forward to our meetings with pleasure.

My duties as Recording Secretary are particularly pleasant to me and I can assure that if spared I will continue to take as much interest in our court and the entire order in the future as in the past and I take this opportunity of congratulating the court on the great progress we have made in the face of extraordinary opposition and to-day we have good reason to be proud of our membership I will now conclude with thanking you again for the honor you have conferred upon me to-night.

Wm Johnston, Jr R. S. Court Durham, No 111 I O F.

**We Wish You A Merry Christmas**

We may not be able to greet all our customers and friends individually so we take this means of wishing you all the happiness that hovers round this festive season.

No doubt it is a message at the eleventh hour but if there is any one you have overlooked in your Christmas buying and wish to procure a present, a look over our goods would quickly put you in possession of what you want.

**FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS**

- Bags, Iron Banks
- Toys, Games, Drums
- Blocks, Picture Books
- Dolls' carriages and Cradles
- Dolls, all kinds and all ages, etc.

**FOR THE GROWN FOLKS**

- Shaving sets
- Gramophones
- Choice perfumes
- Well bound books
- Violins, Accordions
- Manicure sets, purses
- Brush and Comb Sets
- Fancy Goods, Fine China
- Card Cases, Parlor Lamps
- Ebony backed brushes & mirrors
- Celluloid Collar & Cuff boxes, etc

If you are not feeling in shape for your Christmas dinner—have no appetite or relish for food, don't delay getting a bottle of Our Iron Tonic Elixir

A few doses will give an appetite for Christmas turkey that will surprise you. Besides this, it will build up and invigorate the entire system. Price 50c per bottle

**MacFarlane & Co.** DRUGGISTS and Book-sellers.

**CHRISTMAS TREES.**

From time immemorial the Christmas tree has been a part of the Christmas celebration. It may be seen outside the traditional manglers in the missals and early paintings of the preaphaelite Italian school. In the tree or near it are seen angels in flowing robes singing out of a scroll of illuminated paper the "Peace on Earth and Good Will toward Men" or "Glory, Glory, Halleluiah!"

The correct German Christmas tree always has an angel or a Christkind at the topmost branch, with a star at the end of a staff. Like a pagan time fairy, and if the tree belongs to a very orthodox family there is usually at its foot a small toy group representing the Saviour's birth in the stable at Bethlehem.

The lights on the tree are said to be of Jewish origin. In the ninth month of the Jewish year, corresponding nearly to our December, and on the twenty-fifth day, the Jews celebrated the feast of dedication of their temple. It had been desecrated on that day by Antiochus, and was dedicated by Judas Maccabees, and then, according to the Jewish legend, subsequent to the Jewish house in Bethshalem and Jerusalem was twinkling with lights. It is worthy of notice that the German name for Christmas is Weihnacht (the night of dedication), as though it were associated with this feast. The Greeks also call Christmas the feast of lights, and, indeed, this was also the name given to the dedication festival, Chanuka, by the Jews—New York Mail and Express.

It is not easy to fix the exact date of the Nativity, but it fell most probably on the last day of Kislev, when every Jewish home in Bethshalem and Jerusalem was twinkling with lights. It is worthy of notice that the German name for Christmas is Weihnacht (the night of dedication), as though it were associated with this feast. The Greeks also call Christmas the feast of lights, and, indeed, this was also the name given to the dedication festival, Chanuka, by the Jews—New York Mail and Express.

CHRISTMAS CARDS. W. A. Dobson, R. A. H. is claimed. Was Their Originator. Until now most people who took an interest in the matter would have credited either the late Sir Henry Cole or J. C. Horsley, R. A., with the production of the first Christmas card, and they would have put the date down as 1843. But a new claimant is now put forward, the late W. A. Dobson, R. A., and his claim is supported with circumstantial detail.

The birth of the Christmas card is put back two years, to 1841. Mr. Dobson was a lonely young man, who one day conceived the idea of acknowledging the kindness of a friend by sending him a picture illustrative of the festive season—a cheerful family group surrounded by the familiar Christmas accessories.

The distant friend was delighted, showed it to other friends, and Mr. Dobson was encouraged the following year to secure the aid of the local lithographer. Then came imitators one after another until ten years later the business man stepped in to make money out of what was originally a work of love. But the ambitious Christmas cards of today are a long remove from the primitive Father Christmas and Robin Redbreasts of sixty years ago—London Chronicle.

Alone at Christmas. If in this age of organizations innumerable there is room for one more, it is for an organization which would bring together, especially on Christmas, those who are alone in the world, particularly women, says the Ladies' Home Journal. Many of us who have our kin closest to us on Christmas day do not feel as if they were not with us. It is so hard to imagine ourselves in a position other than the one we are in. We remember some poor family at Christmas, but at least it is a family. It is together. The one is company for the other even in poverty. We remember the sick, and God blesses those who do. Would that some of us might cast a look around and give a thought to those who are not sick, who are not perhaps poor as the world judges, yet who are alone—some girl, perhaps, alone; some woman, alone; some young man, some old man, alone! Alone at Christmas!

Boiled Turkey and Oyster Stuffing. Take a medium sized turkey and stuff it with the following ingredients: Chop four ounces of sweet very fine, mix it with six ounces of bread crumbs, the grated rind of half a lemon, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt, cayenne pepper and grated nutmeg to taste. Take the beads off two dozen oysters, add them and their liquor, strained, and lastly two eggs. Truss the bird, tie it in buttered paper and then in a cloth. Place the turkey breast downward, in boiling water; let it come again to boil, skim it well and simmer gently for an hour and a half or longer, according to the size of the bird. Serve with rich white sauce.

Immune. "You know, they say," remarked Mr. Sloman, gazing dubiously at the mistletoe above her head, "that kissing really spreads disease sometimes." "Yes?" replied the sweet girl. "By the way, did you know I was vaccinated recently?"

What's in a Name? Waggle's—For heaven's sake, don't put any lighted candles on that Christmas tree! Mrs. Waggle's—Why not, dear? Waggle's—Don't you see it's one of those patent non-inflammable ones?