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To our many Friends in Durham and South Grey we extend a Hearty Christmas Greeting. We invite you to do your Christmas shopping at our large and well-filled Store as it is

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J. & J. HUNTER

The Busy Store on the Busy Corner, Durham

On Christmas Eve

When Pa and Ma Their Vigils Keep, and Little Boys Should Be Asleep.

LAST night I had a dandy time. 'Twas night 'fore Christmas too. Ma put me early into bed, just like they always do. The night 'fore Christmas, an' I lay As still as I could keep. An' made my pa an' ma believe 'At I was fast asleep.



I SAID "BOO, MR. SANTY CLAUS!"

Well, by an' by I heard a noise, An' then I seen my pa, Who says to me, "Is he asleep?" "Uv course he is," says ma. An' then they fetched a lot uv stuff, A phonograph an' sled, An' skates an' things, an' put 'em all Beside my trundle bed.

An' then pa filled my stockin' full, An' then both tiptoe'd near, An' ma she tucked me in ag'in, An' said, "The little dear," An' then I set right up in bed, An' oh, I had such fun! I said "Boo, Mr. Santy Claus!" An' pa an' ma both run.

—Four Track News.

CHRISTMAS CANDIES.

Recipes Which the Amateur Confectioner May Find Useful.

Peanut Candy.—To make peanut candy, shell and break into small pieces with a rolling pin one quart of peanuts. Boil for ten minutes, stirring constantly, one pound of light brown sugar and six ounces of butter. Just before taking from the fire add the peanuts. Pour into flat, buttered tins and set away to cool.

Peppermint Creams.—Boil together, without stirring, two cups of sugar and half a cup of water. When thick enough to spin a thread remove the tin to a basin of cold water and beat the mixture rapidly until it becomes of a white, creamy consistency. Flavor with peppermint and squeeze through a pastry tube into quarter dollar sized drops on waxed paper.

Chocolate Peppermint Creams.—Make like the above, and when the drops are almost cooled dip into a pan of melted and sweetened chocolate. These are particularly delicious.

Hickory Nut Creams.—Boil sugar and water as for peppermint creams. Cool, beat, and when the mixture is white stir in one cup of hickory nut meats. Turn into a flat, warm tin and cut into squares.

At the Spanish Court.

Christmas in Spain begins with the midnight mass, when the king and queen mother, accompanied by the grandees of the court, magnificently attired, go in state procession to the chapel royal of the palace in Madrid. On Christmas morning the king and court again attend mass in state, after which the day is spent in merrymaking. In the afternoon the adoration of the manger takes place, when a representation of the scene in Bethlehem is unveiled in the great hall of the palace. There is also a Christmas tree, from which Alfonso distributes gifts. Throughout the ensuing twelve days the court is all benevolence and gaiety, and every great institution in Madrid shares in the royal almsgiving. The festival closes Jan. 6.

A Perpetual Christmastide.

The solution of the social question would be found in a perpetual Christmastide, provided our generous thoughtfulness were not confined merely to our own kith and kin. Let us be assured that when the world reaches up to the highest and holiest conception of relationship it will discover that there is but one family and that the human brotherhood cannot be divided into classes antagonistic to each other. The reign of the golden rule will be the true Christian millennium.

Looking For Capacity.

"What are you writing, little boy?" asked the old gentleman. "Christmas letters," responded the youngster. "One is to Santa Claus." "But you have two." "Oh, the other is to the fat lady in the museum, asking if she would loan me one of her stockings to hang up."

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

W. A. Dobson, R. A. It 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 at 1816. 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 1844. 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 Christmases 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 stop to realize what our feelings would be 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. 'Tis 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 suet 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 beards off two dozen oysters, add them and their liquor, strained, and lastly two eggs. Truss the bird, tie it in luted paper and then in a cloth. Place the turkey in a cask, 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 speeds disease sometimes." "Yes?" replied the sweet girl. "By the way, did you know I was vaccinated recently?"

What's In a Name?

Waggles—For heaven's sake, don't put any lighted candles on that Christmas tree! Mrs. Waggles—Why not, dear? Waggles—Don't you see it's one of those pu'nt noninflammable ones?

THE REVIEW and WEEKLY GLOBE: to January 1st, 1909, for \$1.25. What a better Christmas present could you give?



To all Readers and Patrons of THE DURHAM REVIEW

Elsewhere in this issue we echo the sentiment expressed above. The glad, joyous, festal time draws near. Christmas Greetings are greetings of Goodwill. They soften hard hearts, purify low desires, sweeten bitter thoughts and make every deed purer and holier; every wish kinder and tenderer. Bury the past, where it shows resentment; cherish the past where it has given you kindly feelings or more noble ambitions. That the Christmas of 1907 may be one to which you can always look back with pleasure and gratitude is the sincere wish of

C. RAMAGE, the Publisher.

The Little Canadian Boy.

The Wild Wind waited outside the door For the little Canadian Boy. With a whirling, whistling, wuthering roar And a whoop of wicked joy, He cried, "I will catch that lad at last! I will toss him out on the icy blast! I will drive him up into little shares For all my daughters, the wandering airs: A scrap for the South and a rag for the West. But most for the East for I love her the best— She is whurry and wicked and whoops with glee As she sings in a voice that resembles me."

The little Canadian Boy he wore A quiet determined look When he heard the racket outside the door.

And the roof and rafters shook. The mother grew pale and said, "my child!" But the little Canadian Boy, he smiled With moccasins made of reindeer skin With stockings, and mittens, and sash of red.

With a scurlet toque to cover his head, The little Canadian Boy went forth And met the wind from the frozen north.

The Wild Wind shrieked with a shrill "Oh ho!" "I've got you my boy at length!" But the little boy laughed, "That's only a blow: I'm anxious to try your strength. I'll run you a race and beat you hollow. He did and the North Wind had to follow "Come on, and we'll fight if you want to try it!"

They fought and fought till the Wind grew quiet, Then he said, "Be friends and we'll play together. I really like you, old Winter Weather, And you needn't think that bluster and noise Can frighten little Canadian Boys."

—Isabel Yeomans Brown in the Christmas Globe, Toronto.

This is the month, and this the happy morn, Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King, Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born, Our great redemption from above did bring. For so the holy angels once did sing, That he our deadly forfeit should release, And with his father work us a perpetual peace.

—Milton.

CHRISTMAS TREES.

From Time Immemorial Part of the Holiday Celebration.

From time immemorial a 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 preraphaelite 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 on the topmost branch, with a tinsel star at the end of a staff, like a pantomime 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. It was dedicated by Judas Maccabeus, and then, according to the Jewish legend, sufficient oil was found in the temple to last for the seven branched candlestick for seven days, and it would have taken seven days to prepare new oil. Accordingly the Jews went on the 25th of Kislev in every house to light a candle, on the next day two, and so on till on the seventh and last day of the feast seven candles twinkled in every house.

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 house in Bethlehem and Jerusalem was twinkling with lights. It is worthy of notice that the German name for Christmas is Weihnachts (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, Chanukah, by the Jews.—New York Mail and Express.

In this world the most beautiful thing is charity which gives without hope of reward or return, simply for the love of giving and for the love of other human beings.

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