

MONEY AND BUSINESS.

SAFE SURE RELIABLE
British American Assurance Co.
All Classes of Fire Insurance Written.

LOAN TO LOAN IN LARGE OR
small sums, at low rates of interest
on city and country property.

ARCHITECTS.
HENRY P. SMITH, ARCHITECT,
etc., Anchor Building, Market
Square, Phone 245.

POWER & SON, ARCHITECT, MER-
chants Bank Building, corner Brock
and Wellington streets. Phone 212

ARTHUR ELIJS, ARCHITECT, Of-
fice of New Drill Hall, near cor-
ner of Queen and Montreal Streets.

EDUCATIONAL.
School of Art
Evening classes, Tuesday and Thurs-
days, 7:30 to 9:30. These classes are
especially for mechanics and instruction
is given industrially to suit all trades.

KINGSTON BUSINESS COLLEGE
KINGSTON,
TORONTO BUSINESS COLLEGE
TORONTO.

TO-LET.
STORAGE FOR FURNITURE, ALSO
dwellings, stores and offices, Mc-
Cowan's Real Estate Office, 51 Brock
Street.

COMFORTABLE ROOMS AND BEST
table board, if desired. Can be had
at 189 Earl Street. Modern conven-
iences.

LARGE SHOP, 42 AND 44 PRINCESS
Street, also dwelling, and stone sta-
ble. Rent low. A desirable ten-
ant. Apply 249 Brock Street.

FINE STORE, 165 PRINCESS
Street. Possession Dec. 1st. Altera-
tions to suit desirable tenant. Ap-
ply to C. H. Fowell, 103 Haglan
Road.

ON APRIL, FIRST, 1904, THAT DE-
sirable Store at present occupied by
Taylor & Hamilton, as Tinmiths
and Plumbers, on Wellington Street
with large workshop in the rear.
Apply to Felix Shaw, 115 Bagot St.

Have You Wood
and Coal to Burn?
Here are the two most economical
fuel investments we know of:

Hard Coal! Hard Wood!
Whether it's Wood or Coal we deliver,
we employ careful teamsters, who know
their business too well to do it in an
untidy way. No extra charge for the
cleanliness—but it's worth something to you.

BOOTH & CO.
Phone 133. Foot of West St.

CANNEL COAL
FOR
YOUR GRATE.
It lasts all night. Try it.

P. WALSH
55-57 Barrack Street.

Nothing Finer
Than a Box of
CANONC'S
Canadian Chocolates..
For Christmas.
Call and see them at
A. J. REES', Princess St.

FOR 2 DAYS ONLY
GREAT BARGAIN SALE OF SHEET MUSIC
We have hanging in our store 500
Songs and Piano Nos., at 50c each and
over. Your choice of these as follows:
10 pieces, including the new 75c Sacred
Song, by R. King, Beautiful Home of
Paradise, for \$1.50; 6 pieces, including
same, \$1; 5 pieces, including same,
50c. 1 piece, 25c.
SINGLETON'S UP-TO-DATE MUSIC STORE
256 Princess Street, Kingston, Ont.
Mendelssohn Pianos.

SKATES
Properly Ground with Special
Machine and Fitted to Boots.
Sewing Machines, Typewriters
FOR SALE.
J. R. C. DOBBS & CO.,
171 Wellington Street.

CAN MAKE MEN SOUND
AND STRONG.

Dr. S. Goldberg,
The Possessor of 14 Diplomas and Certificates
Who Wants No Money That He Does
Not Earn.



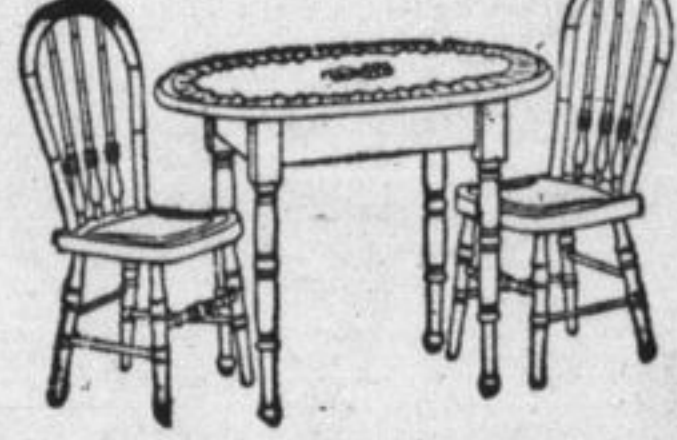
Dr. S. Goldberg,
The Possessor of 14 Diplomas and Certificates
Who Wants No Money That He Does
Not Earn.



HOTEL EMPIRE,

Broadway and 63rd Street, N.Y. City.
Telephone in Every Room
Rooms \$1 per Day and Upwards.

W. Johnson Quinn, Prop.



FOR THE CHILDREN

Cheap and Useful
Children's 3-Piece Toy Sets,
Red or Blue.
Children's Wood or Rattan
Rockers.
Children's High Chairs, with
Tray.
Also anything one could sug-
gest in Furniture line; Suitable
presents for young and old.
Our Christmas delivery promises
to be the largest yet.

JAMES REID,

254 Princess Street.
Mail orders promptly attended
to.

THE OLD TIME
YULE LOG

OR UP-TO-DATE
Cannel Coal
For the Christmas Fire.
On sale
At Anglin's.

Corner Bay and Wellington Streets.

BROADBRIEN'S

Letter From Greater New
York.

TWO CITIES ONE
A FEW THOUGHTS UPON THE
IMAGINATION.

Christmas Mysteries are no Non-
sense—New York Ripped Up—
Hanging Over Government to
an Opposite Political Party.

Christmas Mysteries are no Non-
sense—New York Ripped Up—
Hanging Over Government to
an Opposite Political Party.

Christmas Mysteries are no Non-
sense—New York Ripped Up—
Hanging Over Government to
an Opposite Political Party.

Christmas Mysteries are no Non-
sense—New York Ripped Up—
Hanging Over Government to
an Opposite Political Party.

Christmas Mysteries are no Non-
sense—New York Ripped Up—
Hanging Over Government to
an Opposite Political Party.

Christmas Mysteries are no Non-
sense—New York Ripped Up—
Hanging Over Government to
an Opposite Political Party.

Christmas Mysteries are no Non-
sense—New York Ripped Up—
Hanging Over Government to
an Opposite Political Party.

Christmas Mysteries are no Non-
sense—New York Ripped Up—
Hanging Over Government to
an Opposite Political Party.

queens and lords, fortunes roll in up-
on us in untold millions and the only
sorrow we feel is when we wake and
leave behind the gilded life of which
Santa Claus is only a part. Oh, yes,
my friend, the pleasure of imagin-
ation, when away, would make life
seem an uninhabited desert. Take a
stroll with me through the stores, and
the beautiful creations with which
they are filled would seem to have ex-
hausted the genius of the world. Look
at the gorgeous productions that lie
on the counters or hang from the
walls on every side. Think you they
were born amid the sorrows and dis-
appointments of every day life? No,
no. They arose, in their beauty and
majesty, in the bosom of a peaceful
night, in that guarded empire, where
the practical never enters, where sor-
row never comes, where grief is the
word of an unknown language and has
no interpretation, where sickness was
never heard of, where the heart never
beats, where we, but where peace,
love and joy eternal reign forever.
The practical in life is a hard load
to carry, the pleasure is when we can
forget it, so, in this frosty season,
with its suffering, its ice and snow,
let us walk with our friends and let
the future take care of itself? I'll
tell you why, my good brother. Al-
mighty God has planted in His image
on earth a spirit of unrest which will
not be satisfied with its present sur-
roundings, but keeps reaching out for
that "something" which the eye of man
has never seen and the imagination
can never dream of in all its glory
till it has passed the veil. There are
many true apostles in this city who
spread this gospel of light, and who
dedicate their lives not to themselves,
but to leading the unthinking out of
the darkness into the brilliant glory
of an eternal day.

queens and lords, fortunes roll in up-
on us in untold millions and the only
sorrow we feel is when we wake and
leave behind the gilded life of which
Santa Claus is only a part. Oh, yes,
my friend, the pleasure of imagin-
ation, when away, would make life
seem an uninhabited desert. Take a
stroll with me through the stores, and
the beautiful creations with which
they are filled would seem to have ex-
hausted the genius of the world. Look
at the gorgeous productions that lie
on the counters or hang from the
walls on every side. Think you they
were born amid the sorrows and dis-
appointments of every day life? No,
no. They arose, in their beauty and
majesty, in the bosom of a peaceful
night, in that guarded empire, where
the practical never enters, where sor-
row never comes, where grief is the
word of an unknown language and has
no interpretation, where sickness was
never heard of, where the heart never
beats, where we, but where peace,
love and joy eternal reign forever.
The practical in life is a hard load
to carry, the pleasure is when we can
forget it, so, in this frosty season,
with its suffering, its ice and snow,
let us walk with our friends and let
the future take care of itself? I'll
tell you why, my good brother. Al-
mighty God has planted in His image
on earth a spirit of unrest which will
not be satisfied with its present sur-
roundings, but keeps reaching out for
that "something" which the eye of man
has never seen and the imagination
can never dream of in all its glory
till it has passed the veil. There are
many true apostles in this city who
spread this gospel of light, and who
dedicate their lives not to themselves,
but to leading the unthinking out of
the darkness into the brilliant glory
of an eternal day.

queens and lords, fortunes roll in up-
on us in untold millions and the only
sorrow we feel is when we wake and
leave behind the gilded life of which
Santa Claus is only a part. Oh, yes,
my friend, the pleasure of imagin-
ation, when away, would make life
seem an uninhabited desert. Take a
stroll with me through the stores, and
the beautiful creations with which
they are filled would seem to have ex-
hausted the genius of the world. Look
at the gorgeous productions that lie
on the counters or hang from the
walls on every side. Think you they
were born amid the sorrows and dis-
appointments of every day life? No,
no. They arose, in their beauty and
majesty, in the bosom of a peaceful
night, in that guarded empire, where
the practical never enters, where sor-
row never comes, where grief is the
word of an unknown language and has
no interpretation, where sickness was
never heard of, where the heart never
beats, where we, but where peace,
love and joy eternal reign forever.
The practical in life is a hard load
to carry, the pleasure is when we can
forget it, so, in this frosty season,
with its suffering, its ice and snow,
let us walk with our friends and let
the future take care of itself? I'll
tell you why, my good brother. Al-
mighty God has planted in His image
on earth a spirit of unrest which will
not be satisfied with its present sur-
roundings, but keeps reaching out for
that "something" which the eye of man
has never seen and the imagination
can never dream of in all its glory
till it has passed the veil. There are
many true apostles in this city who
spread this gospel of light, and who
dedicate their lives not to themselves,
but to leading the unthinking out of
the darkness into the brilliant glory
of an eternal day.

queens and lords, fortunes roll in up-
on us in untold millions and the only
sorrow we feel is when we wake and
leave behind the gilded life of which
Santa Claus is only a part. Oh, yes,
my friend, the pleasure of imagin-
ation, when away, would make life
seem an uninhabited desert. Take a
stroll with me through the stores, and
the beautiful creations with which
they are filled would seem to have ex-
hausted the genius of the world. Look
at the gorgeous productions that lie
on the counters or hang from the
walls on every side. Think you they
were born amid the sorrows and dis-
appointments of every day life? No,
no. They arose, in their beauty and
majesty, in the bosom of a peaceful
night, in that guarded empire, where
the practical never enters, where sor-
row never comes, where grief is the
word of an unknown language and has
no interpretation, where sickness was
never heard of, where the heart never
beats, where we, but where peace,
love and joy eternal reign forever.
The practical in life is a hard load
to carry, the pleasure is when we can
forget it, so, in this frosty season,
with its suffering, its ice and snow,
let us walk with our friends and let
the future take care of itself? I'll
tell you why, my good brother. Al-
mighty God has planted in His image
on earth a spirit of unrest which will
not be satisfied with its present sur-
roundings, but keeps reaching out for
that "something" which the eye of man
has never seen and the imagination
can never dream of in all its glory
till it has passed the veil. There are
many true apostles in this city who
spread this gospel of light, and who
dedicate their lives not to themselves,
but to leading the unthinking out of
the darkness into the brilliant glory
of an eternal day.

queens and lords, fortunes roll in up-
on us in untold millions and the only
sorrow we feel is when we wake and
leave behind the gilded life of which
Santa Claus is only a part. Oh, yes,
my friend, the pleasure of imagin-
ation, when away, would make life
seem an uninhabited desert. Take a
stroll with me through the stores, and
the beautiful creations with which
they are filled would seem to have ex-
hausted the genius of the world. Look
at the gorgeous productions that lie
on the counters or hang from the
walls on every side. Think you they
were born amid the sorrows and dis-
appointments of every day life? No,
no. They arose, in their beauty and
majesty, in the bosom of a peaceful
night, in that guarded empire, where
the practical never enters, where sor-
row never comes, where grief is the
word of an unknown language and has
no interpretation, where sickness was
never heard of, where the heart never
beats, where we, but where peace,
love and joy eternal reign forever.
The practical in life is a hard load
to carry, the pleasure is when we can
forget it, so, in this frosty season,
with its suffering, its ice and snow,
let us walk with our friends and let
the future take care of itself? I'll
tell you why, my good brother. Al-
mighty God has planted in His image
on earth a spirit of unrest which will
not be satisfied with its present sur-
roundings, but keeps reaching out for
that "something" which the eye of man
has never seen and the imagination
can never dream of in all its glory
till it has passed the veil. There are
many true apostles in this city who
spread this gospel of light, and who
dedicate their lives not to themselves,
but to leading the unthinking out of
the darkness into the brilliant glory
of an eternal day.

queens and lords, fortunes roll in up-
on us in untold millions and the only
sorrow we feel is when we wake and
leave behind the gilded life of which
Santa Claus is only a part. Oh, yes,
my friend, the pleasure of imagin-
ation, when away, would make life
seem an uninhabited desert. Take a
stroll with me through the stores, and
the beautiful creations with which
they are filled would seem to have ex-
hausted the genius of the world. Look
at the gorgeous productions that lie
on the counters or hang from the
walls on every side. Think you they
were born amid the sorrows and dis-
appointments of every day life? No,
no. They arose, in their beauty and
majesty, in the bosom of a peaceful
night, in that guarded empire, where
the practical never enters, where sor-
row never comes, where grief is the
word of an unknown language and has
no interpretation, where sickness was
never heard of, where the heart never
beats, where we, but where peace,
love and joy eternal reign forever.
The practical in life is a hard load
to carry, the pleasure is when we can
forget it, so, in this frosty season,
with its suffering, its ice and snow,
let us walk with our friends and let
the future take care of itself? I'll
tell you why, my good brother. Al-
mighty God has planted in His image
on earth a spirit of unrest which will
not be satisfied with its present sur-
roundings, but keeps reaching out for
that "something" which the eye of man
has never seen and the imagination
can never dream of in all its glory
till it has passed the veil. There are
many true apostles in this city who
spread this gospel of light, and who
dedicate their lives not to themselves,
but to leading the unthinking out of
the darkness into the brilliant glory
of an eternal day.

queens and lords, fortunes roll in up-
on us in untold millions and the only
sorrow we feel is when we wake and
leave behind the gilded life of which
Santa Claus is only a part. Oh, yes,
my friend, the pleasure of imagin-
ation, when away, would make life
seem an uninhabited desert. Take a
stroll with me through the stores, and
the beautiful creations with which
they are filled would seem to have ex-
hausted the genius of the world. Look
at the gorgeous productions that lie
on the counters or hang from the
walls on every side. Think you they
were born amid the sorrows and dis-
appointments of every day life? No,
no. They arose, in their beauty and
majesty, in the bosom of a peaceful
night, in that guarded empire, where
the practical never enters, where sor-
row never comes, where grief is the
word of an unknown language and has
no interpretation, where sickness was
never heard of, where the heart never
beats, where we, but where peace,
love and joy eternal reign forever.
The practical in life is a hard load
to carry, the pleasure is when we can
forget it, so, in this frosty season,
with its suffering, its ice and snow,
let us walk with our friends and let
the future take care of itself? I'll
tell you why, my good brother. Al-
mighty God has planted in His image
on earth a spirit of unrest which will
not be satisfied with its present sur-
roundings, but keeps reaching out for
that "something" which the eye of man
has never seen and the imagination
can never dream of in all its glory
till it has passed the veil. There are
many true apostles in this city who
spread this gospel of light, and who
dedicate their lives not to themselves,
but to leading the unthinking out of
the darkness into the brilliant glory
of an eternal day.

queens and lords, fortunes roll in up-
on us in untold millions and the only
sorrow we feel is when we wake and
leave behind the gilded life of which
Santa Claus is only a part. Oh, yes,
my friend, the pleasure of imagin-
ation, when away, would make life
seem an uninhabited desert. Take a
stroll with me through the stores, and
the beautiful creations with which
they are filled would seem to have ex-
hausted the genius of the world. Look
at the gorgeous productions that lie
on the counters or hang from the
walls on every side. Think you they
were born amid the sorrows and dis-
appointments of every day life? No,
no. They arose, in their beauty and
majesty, in the bosom of a peaceful
night, in that guarded empire, where
the practical never enters, where sor-
row never comes, where grief is the
word of an unknown language and has
no interpretation, where sickness was
never heard of, where the heart never
beats, where we, but where peace,
love and joy eternal reign forever.
The practical in life is a hard load
to carry, the pleasure is when we can
forget it, so, in this frosty season,
with its suffering, its ice and snow,
let us walk with our friends and let
the future take care of itself? I'll
tell you why, my good brother. Al-
mighty God has planted in His image
on earth a spirit of unrest which will
not be satisfied with its present sur-
roundings, but keeps reaching out for
that "something" which the eye of man
has never seen and the imagination
can never dream of in all its glory
till it has passed the veil. There are
many true apostles in this city who
spread this gospel of light, and who
dedicate their lives not to themselves,
but to leading the unthinking out of
the darkness into the brilliant glory
of an eternal day.

queens and lords, fortunes roll in up-
on us in untold millions and the only
sorrow we feel is when we wake and
leave behind the gilded life of which
Santa Claus is only a part. Oh, yes,
my friend, the pleasure of imagin-
ation, when away, would make life
seem an uninhabited desert. Take a
stroll with me through the stores, and
the beautiful creations with which
they are filled would seem to have ex-
hausted the genius of the world. Look
at the gorgeous productions that lie
on the counters or hang from the
walls on every side. Think you they
were born amid the sorrows and dis-
appointments of every day life? No,
no. They arose, in their beauty and
majesty, in the bosom of a peaceful
night, in that guarded empire, where
the practical never enters, where sor-
row never comes, where grief is the
word of an unknown language and has
no interpretation, where sickness was
never heard of, where the heart never
beats, where we, but where peace,
love and joy eternal reign forever.
The practical in life is a hard load
to carry, the pleasure is when we can
forget it, so, in this frosty season,
with its suffering, its ice and snow,
let us walk with our friends and let
the future take care of itself? I'll
tell you why, my good brother. Al-
mighty God has planted in His image
on earth a spirit of unrest which will
not be satisfied with its present sur-
roundings, but keeps reaching out for
that "something" which the eye of man
has never seen and the imagination
can never dream of in all its glory
till it has passed the veil. There are
many true apostles in this city who
spread this gospel of light, and who
dedicate their lives not to themselves,
but to leading the unthinking out of
the darkness into the brilliant glory
of an eternal day.

NOT UNUSUAL
IS FATHERHOOD AT THE AGE
EIGHTY-TWO.

Several Instances Which May In-
spire Aged Marquis Of Donagel
With Hope—A Venerable Mother.

When the young American wife of
the eighty-two-year-old Marquis of
Donagel became the mother of an heir
to the great Donagel estates the other
day the historians at once presented
facts to show that fatherhood at
eighty-two was not extraordinary.
There are instances in fact, which
may inspire Lord Donagel with the
hope of a large family.

When the young American wife of
the eighty-two-year-old Marquis of
Donagel became the mother of an heir
to the great Donagel estates the other
day the historians at once presented
facts to show that fatherhood at
eighty-two was not extraordinary.
There are instances in fact, which
may inspire Lord Donagel with the
hope of a large family.

When the young American wife of
the eighty-two-year-old Marquis of
Donagel became the mother of an heir
to the great Donagel estates the other
day the historians at once presented
facts to show that fatherhood at
eighty-two was not extraordinary.
There are instances in fact, which
may inspire Lord Donagel with the
hope of a large family.

When the young American wife of
the eighty-two-year-old Marquis of
Donagel became the mother of an heir
to the great Donagel estates the other
day the historians at once presented
facts to show that fatherhood at
eighty-two was not extraordinary.
There are instances in fact, which
may inspire Lord Donagel with the
hope of a large family.

When the young American wife of
the eighty-two-year-old Marquis of
Donagel became the mother of an heir
to the great Donagel estates the other
day the historians at once presented
facts to show that fatherhood at
eighty-two was not extraordinary.
There are instances in fact, which
may inspire Lord Donagel with the
hope of a large family.

When the young American wife of
the eighty-two-year-old Marquis of
Donagel became the mother of an heir
to the great Donagel estates the other
day the historians at once presented
facts to show that fatherhood at
eighty-two was not extraordinary.
There are instances in fact, which
may inspire Lord Donagel with the
hope of a large family.

When the young American wife of
the eighty-two-year-old Marquis of
Donagel became the mother of an heir
to the great Donagel estates the other
day the historians at once presented
facts to show that fatherhood at
eighty-two was not extraordinary.
There are instances in fact, which
may inspire Lord Donagel with the
hope of a large family.

When the young American wife of
the eighty-two-year-old Marquis of
Donagel became the mother of an heir
to the great Donagel estates the other
day the historians at once presented
facts to show that fatherhood at
eighty-two was not extraordinary.
There are instances in fact, which
may inspire Lord Donagel with the
hope of a large family.

CATARHIT
Is An Open Gateway for the
Great White Plague



because it is such a slowly progressive
disease and insidious in its nature,
that it is often overlooked until it has
reached a stage when it is almost
hopeless. It is in fact, the most
common cause of death in the world,
and it is the only disease which
spreads so rapidly and so widely.

because it is such a slowly progressive
disease and insidious in its nature,
that it is often overlooked until it has
reached a stage when it is almost
hopeless. It is in fact, the most
common cause of death in the world,
and it is the only disease which
spreads so rapidly and so widely.

because it is such a slowly progressive
disease and insidious in its nature,
that it is often overlooked until it has
reached a stage when it is almost
hopeless. It is in fact, the most
common cause of death in the world,
and it is the only disease which
spreads so rapidly and so widely.

because it is such a slowly progressive
disease and insidious in its nature,
that it is often overlooked until it has
reached a stage when it is almost
hopeless. It is in fact, the most
common cause of death in the world,
and it is the only disease which
spreads so rapidly and so widely.

because it is such a slowly progressive
disease and insidious in its nature,
that it is often overlooked until it has
reached a stage when it is almost
hopeless. It is in fact, the most
common cause of death in the world,
and it is the only disease which
spreads so rapidly and so widely.

because it is such a slowly progressive
disease and insidious in its nature,
that it is often overlooked until it has
reached a stage when it is almost
hopeless. It is in fact, the most
common cause of death in the world,
and it is the only disease which
spreads so rapidly and so widely.

because it is such a slowly progressive
disease and insidious in its nature,
that it is often overlooked until it has
reached a stage when it is almost
hopeless. It is in fact, the most
common cause of death in the world,
and it is the only disease which
spreads so rapidly and so widely.

USE
Better Quality



FIBRE WARE
Can be had in
TUBS, PAILS, WASH BASINS, ETC.
For sale by all first-class dealers.

LIKELIKE EDDY'S MATCHES.

CARPET SWEEPERS

A good one for \$2.50. A better one for \$2.75.
The best one for \$3.

CLOTHES WRINGERS

From \$2.50 to \$3.50.
Have your Christmas and New Year's Dinner
cooked on a "HAPPY HOME" Range, the largest
and most economical range on the market.

ELLIOTT BROS.

77 Princess Street.
Telephone 35.

LET ME HAVE YOUR SALE
And I will guarantee you satisfac-
tory results. We don't brag,
but perform the work. Nothing
sacrificed, but your best interest
studied.
W. J. MURRAY, The Auctioneer.

CITY PARCEL DELIVERY
PARCELS, TRUNKS, ETC., DE-
livered promptly to all parts of the
City and vicinity. Arrangements will be made
with merchants having no delivery.
Satisfaction guaranteed. Charge in-
cluded. Give us a trial. Telephone 94.
F. D. BRADLEY, 128 Barrie St.

BETTER THAN EVER
MYERS' CELEBRATED HOME-
Made Mince Meat, Pork Sausage, Tur-
key, Ham, or Head Cheese,
Made of Cooked Meats, Bacon and
Hams. All to be found at 60 Brock
St., Phone 870.

PRESSING AND REPAIRING.
A SPECIALTY, YOUR OWN CLOTH-
ing made into up-to-date suits. THOMAS
GALLOWAY, 121 Brock St., next Bil-
by's livery.