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SHOE STORE

## ROSS ELECTED IN KINGSTON

(Continued from Page 3.)

Mr. Campbell stated that on a straight vote of the citizens, the Liberal party would have won. The military hospitals and the permanent force had been a big factor in the victory for the Conservatives. In a good fair fight the Liberals would have won.

Mr. Campbell stated that the Liberal party had reduced a Conservative majority of 4,000 in 1917, to one of 256 in this contest, and this certainly showed the feeling of the people.

Mr. Campbell warmly thanked all the ladies and gentlemen who had voted and worked for him.

During his short speech from the Whig office Mr. Campbell was also loudly cheered. He thanked all who had helped him in the fight and pointed out that the majority given Dr. Ross at the military hospital had cut down his majority. These were votes over which the Liberals could get no control.

Michael Sullivan, one of the old war horses of the Liberal party, also gave an address.

"We were a little unfortunate," said Mr. Sullivan, but we are still in the ring," and his remark was greeted with loud applause.

Mr. Sullivan spoke of the close fight between the two parties, and pointed out the great need for organization. Just a few more votes secured in each subdivision would have turned a victory over for the Liberals.

Mr. Sullivan severely criticized the powers-that-be for making so many changes among the returning officers and poll clerks. A change had been made in one of the officials as late as 10 o'clock on Monday night.

He also said that he had seen many a political battle, but that in this one his party had not been given half a chance. There had been hitting below the belt and the Liberal party had been hard hit in this respect on Tuesday.

At the Standard Office.

The returns were tabulated at the Standard office after they began to arrive at 6.30 p.m. The room was crowded with workers and there was little about the returns to raise a cheer. Right up to the last nobody knew who had the majority. A lull came at 7 p.m. with eight polls to hear from and for half an hour the result was still in doubt. Finally, Mr. Gliven called up the Whig and checked off all the returns. He announced that Dr. Ross then had a majority of 175. All broke into cheering and Dr. Ross went to the window and announced the result to the crowd in the street. He was greeted with cheers and called upon for a speech. Mounting a chair in the room he said:

"Gentlemen, I want to thank you and the workers for this victory for this is the biggest victory we have ever won. We were up against the biggest organization. I cannot say anything more, but I want to thank you all."

It was a drab victory, for taking away the vote from the government institutions it was evident that the city of Kingston went for the citizens' candidate, John M. Campbell.



NEW MARQUIS OF TOWNSEND is only five years of age. The late marquis was one of the most wealthy of the English aristocracy and his little son acquired a great fortune, as well as the title.

There was some cheering for Dr. Ross but it ended there as the returns from the country continued to tell the story of a government defeat.

Notes of the Campaign.

Well, the conflict is now over and the ladies will be given a chance to do their Christmas shopping.

Ross' biggest majority at one poll was secured at Rideau No. 19 C where he had a margin of fifty-eight over his Liberal opponent.

Campbell's largest majority at a poll was in Cataract 2 A where his majority was fifty over his Conservative opponent.

Ross led in forty-three polling subdivisions and Campbell at twenty-nine. Campbell won in four of the seven city wards.

Cataract and Frontenac wards gave Campbell over 200 majority. This represents a workingman's majority.

Ross' majority of 240 represents only about 100 majority in an election ten years ago or before the women were given the franchise. It is really a small margin for a man so well known as Dr. Ross to secure over Mr. Campbell, who is such a retiring citizen.

The Conservative managers have nothing to crow over to-day. They feel pretty down in the mouth.

Lawyers who were shouting two thousand majority for Ross are likewise eating humble pie to-day.

The Whig office was filled by Liberal stalwarts while the returns were coming in. Some of them had been coming to the Whig for election returns for fifty years. There were a number of prominent ladies among the Whig's visitors. One was Mrs. Campbell, the wife of the Liberal candidate, and who was warmly received. She took the defeat of her esteemed husband with as good grace as the candidate himself, and it was remarked that never before had a defeated Liberal candidate accepted the verdict of the people with a broader smile than did John M. Campbell, who mounted a chair with a beaming countenance to address the crowd. The Liberals had a votary candidate and they feel proud of him.

It wouldn't do to mention names, but a young woman who took a very active part in the campaign for Dr. Ross learned a thing or two on election day. The first three voters she brought into a poll voted for Mr. Campbell, and the workers for the Liberal candidate just could not help giving this lassie what is called the "Haw, Haw."

Well it was a grand election anyway, but the people now realize that it would be better if Dr. Ross had been allowed to remain member of the Ontario legislature and that J. Campbell had been elected to the commons to press for the big harbor improvements for Kingston.

Yes, the harbor improvements. What is to become of them now? Beginning to think about them, eh? Well, dear people, if more of you had listened to the Whig you would have had a member now on the government side. You have made your choice, so please don't squawk. The hard winter is still ahead.

Some women sold themselves yesterday for a ton of coal and groceries for groceries. But these are hard times and one must live.

Tory ward heeler have been disputing among themselves as to where the campaign funds really all went. When they begin to quarrel, perhaps we will hear if a fair division was made.

The Ross side had many more vehicles for theyoters than the Liberals, but that did not avail them much.

Is it any wonder that St. Andrew's chimed a fit on Tuesday night and went out of striking order when they learned that some of the kirk's leading men had worked to defeat John M. Campbell, a strong Scotch kirk member.

It is a cold day, brethren, for the platform spiclers who last week called Mackenzie King all the unkind names they could think of.

Kingston should have been in the winning column. "If the Whig had only been in the fight one week earlier," remarked one of Campbell's workers, "we would have beaten their heads off. However, the Whig certainly did its bit."

No wonder the sun shone more brightly than usual Wednesday.

December 6th was a great day as it marked the settlement of the Irish question; also the "settlement" of the Tory party in Canada.

The Conservative committee left the Standard office for Ontario Hall after the returns from the city were in, and received the bulletins announcing the defeat of the government.

The meeting was a very mournful one, and never a cheer was heard. W. M. Nickle gave out the reports, and as they continued to tell of the reverses of the Tory party, the election over the victory in Kingston gave place to consternation. At 10 p.m. an argument arose in a certain section of the audience, which the chairman could not stop. It threatened to become a commotion, and the chairman announced that no more bulletins would be given out, and the crowd dispersed.

# Christmas Slippers

Children's Warm Slippers in Pink, Blue, Red and Rose colors.

Ladies' Boudoir Slippers in Pinks, Blues, Rose, Grey, Purple, Green, Brown and Black.

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# Abernethy's Shoe Store

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## Good Night Stories

By Blanche Snow

It Pays to Advertise.  
"Oh, dear!" sighed a little brown seed as she tumbled out of her little pod bed and fell on the ground under the mother plant. "What's to become of me?"

"My goodness!" laughed a squeaky voice. "You're just at the beginning! Why begin to complain? Why not get busy and grow?"

"I've been growing all summer long," snapped the cross little seed. "I suppose I'm down here to—"

"You're down here to grow again!" laughed Mr. Angeworm, "and I'm going to help you."

He began to plod back and forth around the little seed, each time getting a little nearer her. Then, all of a sudden, he pushed her into a tiny hole and threw the soft dirt over her.

It seemed so good and quiet and such a lovely soft bed, after the rough swaying she had gone through all summer, that the tiny brown seed began to grow sleepy, and by the time Mr. Angeworm found her again she had gone to sleep. He awakened her and told her she must send out tiny telephone lines to see what her other friends were doing. He spent days breaking the soil so she could run her tiny root lines out through the earth, and up where she could smile at the fleecy clouds again.

Of course, the tiny brown seed didn't know it, but she had slept all through the long winter months, and now spring smiled over the meadows.

Mr. Angeworm called in his friend

rs. Hoppy Toad. While she kept the destructive bugs away from the tender green leaves above the ground, Mr. Angeworm ploughed the earth around the little brown seed.

The first thing she knew the tiny little brown seed boasted beautiful green leaves.

"I'd be happy and content now if I only had some way of making my living," sighed the little plant. "Here I am, healthy and strong, and ready to make friends with the bees and the butterflies, and not one of them even notices me when they pass by my door."

"But, you see, my dear, they go where they are paid to go," said Mr. Angeworm. "Now, if you had rich juices in your cellar like your neighbor—"

"Like my neighbor!" laughed the little plant. "Why, the nectar in my cellar far surpasses my neighbor's, let same tell you," and she brought up a sample, and gave some to Mr. Angeworm and Mam' Hoppy Toad.

"It's positively delicious!" croaked Mrs. Hoppy Toad. "I tell you what you should do—advertise! Hang out



"I'm Going to Help You."

a blossom sign like your neighbors have swinging at their doorways.

Little Plant had never thought of and the butterflies all that day and she saw for herself that they stopped longest at the homes where the blossoms were the brightest and most fragrant.

She telephoned down to her little underground workers—the roots—and they sent the proper nourishment from the ground. Before many days the lonesome little plant had a beautiful golden blossoms above her nectar well.

That day visitors swarmed around her, and before another day dawned several blossoms nodded on her stems, and she had all she could do taking care of the nectar she freely gave them. She paid Mr. Angeworm and Mrs. Hoppy Toad for their services, and still had plenty to offer her guests. And the little brown seed that thought she had fallen on the ground to die, lived to bear other seed children, and was the most fragrant blossom castle in the whole meadow. She had found the way to happiness through service.

Used Cars.  
Perhaps you have an attractive one that you do not want to keep. There is no reasonable reason why you should not find a buyer—make a satisfactory sale. That is, there is no reason unless you don't use the classified ads to tell about your car—all of its good points.

It's so much pleasanter to congratulate a man on his success than it is to sympathize with him in his misfortune.

A lot of valuable time is wasted by trying to make people over into what you think they should be, instead of taking them just as they are. Some men consider not getting caught a better policy than honesty.