HERE'S A HEARTY HAND SHAKE

and our best wishes that whatever you have of value may be kept safe and added to; that all you do not desire may grow less and disappear; that you and yours may have the happiest Christmas of your lives and the brightest New Year the sun ever shone upon.

Delaware, Lackawana and Western

Celebrated Scranton Coal

The Standard Anthracite

CRAWFORD

FOOT OF QUEEN STREET. Phone 9.

COSTLY CRACKERS

Christmas crackers have been made in some extraordinary sizes. A north of England baronet once had a huge one built in his ballroom. It was over thirty feet high.

A special device arranged for the customary explosion at the proper moment, and at the same time illuminated the cracker with innumerable electric lights. Inside were hidden attendants, who handed out gifts for youngsters and grown-ups.

Perhaps the most costly cracker was one made for a generous if eccentric donor. Its design was that of a sheaf of wheat; its material solid gold; its contents a ring set with pearls. The goldsmith who made it took six months over the task.

Why not give the ice man a Christmas present? Something for scraping mud off his feet would be nice.

And there's the grocer. He's human and enjoys Christmas. Give him a nice payment on your grocery bill.

Well, it's settled that Christmas is coming. And everybody seems about as surprised as usual.

The Golden Lion Grocery

The big store at your service with a tremendous stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries for Christmas. Prices are very low, quality very high and service excellent.

New Peels

Fancy Citron Peel.
Fancy Orange Peel.
Fancy Lemon Peel.
Fancy Mixed Peel.

Crosse and Blackwell's Pickles.

Crosse and Blackwell's Marmalade in 7 lb. tins, 4 lb. tins, 1 lb. glass.

New Goods--1923 Crop

Sultana Raisins.

California Blue Muscatels—fat and juicy.

California Seeded Raisins.

California Seedless Raisins.

Cluster Table Raisins in 1 pound cartons.

Cluster Table Raisins in 5 pound boxes.

Canned Fruits

THE BETTER GRADE OF GOODS.
1922 PACK.

Strawberries, Raspberries, Peaches, Plums, Pears. Special prices in quantities.

Maraschino Cherries in bottles.

Canned Vegetables

1923 PACK

Tomatoes, Corn, Peas, Wax Beans, Refugee Beans, Spinach—all high class goods and a guarantee with every tin.

IMPORTED FRENCH PEAS.
IMPORTED FRENCH MUSHROOMS.
IMPORTED ASPARAGUS TIPS

Olive Oil

THE FINEST BRAND OF IMPORTED OLIVE OIL

1 gallon tins, ½ gallon tins. Quart tins. Pint tins. ½ pint tins.

Table Fruit

Navel Oranges — all sizes, just arrived.

Malaga Grapes, Grape Fruit, new Golden Dates, Fancy Layer Figs, Fancy Olives (stuffed or plain), in all sizes.

Coffee

NOTHING BETTER TO BE HAD!

Start the morning with a cup of our delicious Mocha and Java Coffee.

Ground by electricity while you wait, so that you are sure to have it fresh.

Teas

We carry a tremendous stock of Tea and can suit the most particular person in quality and price.

The Golden Lion Grocery

Corner of Brock and Wellington Streets

Kingston Has About Thirteen Miles Of Permanently Paved Roadways

More in Proportion to Any Other City of Its Size in Canada—What City Engineer Dick's Tabulated Statement Shows.

Kingston is indeed fortunate in having more improved streets than any other city of the same size in the province. Up until about fifteen years ago macadam roads were the chief thoroughfares in the city, but several aldermen thought that the time was ripe to carry out an extensive and permanent road building scheme. After much consideration it was decided to build a few blocks of asphalt block pavement and this proved such a success that the following year more pavement of the same type was constructed.

As time went on it was decided that sheet asphalt pavement similar to what would be used in Toronto and other large cities would be very satisfactory for Kingston's needs and when tried out it proved so successful that this class of pavement has been used.

The work of building pavements in Kingston is done a great deal cheaper than in other cities, owing to the fact that the city owns its own plant and the work is done directly under the engineer's department.

City Engineer Howard Dick has prepared the following tabulated statement of the number of miles of different kinds of roads in the city:

Mileage of Streets 1919

Class of Roadway	Number of Miles
Asphalt block	1.083
Asphaltic concrete	0.545
Sheet asphalt	0.663
Asphalt macadam	2.700
Asphalt macadam (macadam base)	0.964
Macadam roads	32.290
Unimproved	4.000
Total	42.245

Pavements Laid in 1920.

Asphalt Macadam	1.000
Asphalt macadam (macadam base)	0.379
Sheet asphalt	0.638
Total	2.017

Mileage of Streets to End of 1920.

Asphalt block	1.083
Asphaltic concrete	0.545
Sheet asphalt	1.301
Asphalt macadam (macadam base)	1.343
Asphalt macadam	3.700
Macadam roads	30,273
Unimproved roads	4.000
Total	42.245

Pavements Laid in 1921.

Sheet asphalt	1.173
Sheet asphalt (macadam base)	0.441
Total	1.614

Mileage of Streets to End of 1921.

Asphalt block	1.083
Asphaltic concrete	0.545
Sheet asphalt	2.474
Sheet asphalt (macadam base)	0.441
Asphalt macadam	3.700
Asphalt macadam (macadam base)	1.343
Macadam roads	28.659
Unimproved roads	4.000
Total	42.245

Pavements Laid in 1922.

Sheet asphalt	1.079
Sandstone Block	0.104
Total	1.183

Mileage of Streets to End of 1922.

Asphalt block	1.083
Sandstone block	0.104
Asphaltic concrete	0.545
Sheet asphalt	3.553
Sheet asphalt (macadam base)	0.441
Asphalt macadam	3.700
Asphalt macadam (macadam base)	1.343
Macadam roads	27.476
Unimproved roads	4.000
Total	42.245

Pavements Laid in 1923.

Sheet asphalt	1.734
Sheet asphalt (macadam base)	0.189
Total	1.923

Mileage of Streets to End of 1923.

Asphalt block	1.083
Sandstone block	0.104
Asphaltic concrete	0.545
Sheet Asphalt	5.287
Sheet Asphalt (macadam base)	0.630
Asphalt macadam	3.700
Asphalt macadam (macadam base)	1.343
Macadam roads	25.553
Unimproved roads	4.000
Total	42.245

SOME CHRISTMAS JOLLITY

Rubbing It In.

An American visited a menagerie and, pausing before a particularly ugly monkey, exclaimed, "What a resemblance to Mr. So-and-So!"

The words were scarcely spoken, when he turned and saw the man whom he had "complimented" standing at his side.

"I beg your pardon," said the American. "I would not have made the remark if I had known you were so near, and I am ready to make the most humble apology. But——" looking at the man and then at the monkey, "I'm hanged if I know whether I ought to apologize to you or to the monkey!"

The Parson's Dilemma.

A clergyman decided to take up golf. He got a caddie to go along with him, and they teed up for a drive-off. Mentally, the good man ran over the instructions on driving, and then took a mighty swing at the ball. He missed it.

Again and again he swung, until his ribs ached. Then, taking particular care, he swung again.

"Crack!" went the ball, and it darted over the fence into a field beyond the railway line.

The clergyman gasped and grew red in the face.

"Well, I've got to give it up," he said. "The strain is too great."

"Give up golf?" asked the caddy.

"No. The ministry."

Politics and Potatoes.

At a dinner party a well-known cabinet minister was seated next to a strong-minded woman who personified the expressive, if somewhat vulgar, adage of having "more jaw than judgment."

After badgering him beyond the limit of his patience about several political questions, she remarked: "And there is the Eastern question Why does not the cabinet adopt a more vigorous policy there? What, for example, are you waiting for just now?"

"At the present moment, madam," replied the statesman quietly, "I am waiting for the potatoes."

Dodging the Dog.

At Christmas the children of a certain school tried to collect money by going from house to house singing carols and snatches of hymns. Complaints reached the rector's ears of bands of youngsters scampering through the first verse of, "While Shepherds Watched," and then violently ringing the doorbell. He instituted inquiries when he visited the school.

"Why is it," he asked, "that instead of singing the hymn in a reverent manner, you scamper through one verse and then ring the bell?"

A shrill voice from a small boy at the back of the room was heard in explanation: "Please, sir, it's 'cause they always lets the dog loose at the second verse."

Pause and Paws!

The hostess, an amiable bundle of recently-acquired wealth, was doing her utmost to hide the fact that she was not familiar with the intricate manipulation of a melon-fork. Following the principle, "When in doubt, keep still," she placed her large, fat, red hands across the front elevation of her expansive waist.

Suddenly there came a general lull in the chatter, and a bright youth turned to his hostess and muttered, sagaciously, "Awful pause, eh?"

The hostess, unhitching herself, as it were, and thrusting her enormous knuckles out of sight, blurted out: "Yes, and so would yours be if you'd had to work as hard as I did before the war!"

Nothing But Trouble.

The class was particularly alert that afternoon and Miss Scraggem beamed. But, as is often the case, when the teacher relaxed her iron rule the children began to get out of hand.

"Now, Willie," said Miss Scraggem, "if you had four pennies and Jamie had five, and you took his and put them to yours, what would that make?"

Willie glanced at Jamie, a big-boned, aggressive-chinned Scotch lad.

"Trouble!" he said, with conviction.

Misunderstood!

An author, looking for country types, managed to get into conversation with three garrulous women in the bar parlor of a village inn. The talk was uninteresting until the author spoke of husbands. All three women became simultaneously concerned.

Very proudly one declared, "Mine's a farm laborer, mine is," while the second snorted and huffed contemptuously, as she announced that her husband was a plowman.

The third woman gazed absently into the fire. The author turned to her and said: "And you, mother: what's yours?"

Without raising her eyes she murmured: "Oh, mine's a drop of gin, thank ye very much, sir."

Only Indigestion.

"Oh, Mr. Flipperly," she exclaimed, soulfully, "have you ever felt a dim, uneasy sense of oppression as if the mere weight of life were a burden too heavy to be borne by the chained spirit panting with psychic longing to be free?"

"I invariably have such a feeling at Christmastime," was the callous response, "but hitherto I have attributed it to pudding!"

A Zero Touch.

The prosperous-looking man asked to be shown a certain overcoat with fur attachments.

"How much?" he asked.

"Seventeen pounds," he was told.

"Take it away," said the man, firmly. "I'm hanged if I'm as cold as that."

Some Odds!

A wrestling contest was in progress between two ponderous colliers for three pounds a side. After some minutes one of the contestants turned to his chief supporter and said: in a stage whisper: "Get another dollar on, Sam; Ah've broken his finger."

NO NEWS FROM HOME

Christmas and no news from home! Amy Weatherill wearily sat down, on the only chair her lonely little room could boast of, and sighed. To say she was worried would be to put it very mildly indeed. Previously she had received at least one letter a week, and here it was but a few short hours till Christmas day, and not a single line even from—Oh! well, what's the use of worrying? She would put in the last few stitches on the set of dollies she was embroidering for the minister's daughter back home in Springhurst and then go to bed early in order to give her tired mind a rest. What was it one of the shop girls had said last Friday, when the big department store where she was employed was closed for the holidays? Amy recalled the vivid little scene. She had been putting her hat on preparing to go home when the girl beside her made a sudden gesture and said impulsively: "This Christmas will be exactly like the rest. The only pleasure it gives me is that I have a chance to rest myself before beginning to slave again!" Amy bitterly thought of the way in which she had tried to comfort the salesgirl, and now supposing the same words would apply to her and she, too, would be compelled to spend a lonely ten days without knowing what was going on back home where things were not at their best. She was not the kind of girl who became easily discouraged, but the days of worry and doubt had become too much for her. She had left home and come to New York in the hope of finding a position that would enable her to keep her widowed mother and young sister. True, sister Frances was struggling with the books of Quintonant's only real estate firm, but her services did not pay the company and she received very little salary.

Amy rose, wearily, and turned on the dim light. She then proceeded to make herself a cup of tea, and taking a box of soda biscuits from the small curtained recess behind the door, sat down to her slight repast. When she had finished she washed her cup and saucer in the cracked but scrupulously clean sink and put them away. The disheartened girl went softly to the door and opening it gazed into the badly plastered hall of her boarding house. Seeing no one around ,she closed it again and going to the table she buried her head in her hands and wept silently.

In the meanwhile a young man with a jaunty step was hurrying down the street and came to an abrupt stop in front of a sign which read: "Light housekeeping rooms to let cheap." He cast a contemptuous glance at the badly printed sign and knocked at the door. A dishevelled maid appeared and asked him what he "might be wanting." "Why, to see Miss Weatherill, to be sure," said he, and the girl, after giving him a curious glance, went slowly up the rickety old stairs and knocked timidly at Amy's door. It took some minutes for the occupant to dry her eyes and straighten her hair before she called "come in!" The door opened, and Amy, seeing Tillie, the landlady's servant girl, asked her to come in. The girl stood shyly twisting her apron in her rough hands, and smiled up into Amy's tear-stained face. "Yes, Tillie?" said Amy, making a poor attempt to smile. "Please, miss," said Tillie, her eyes on the ruby ring which encircled the third finger of the elder girl's left hand, "there is a gentleman as is waitin' outside for ye, and as would like to know if ye would have the goodness to let him come upstairs."

Amy's eyes brightened, but only for a moment. "It can't possibly be Phil," she said to herself, but she gave her consent to the young man's coming upstairs, and going to the small table, which served as a bureau, she took up a brush and hastily patted her hair.

"Amy," cried a joyous voice, and in a moment she was in the hungry arms of the bright-faced youth who had just entered. "How are you, little girl? How happy I am to see you and— Why, what is the matter, dear? Why the tears?" "Oh, Phil!" cried she, "to think that a moment ago I was the most miserable girl in all the world, while now your dear face makes me the happiest except for just one thing!"

"And what is that, my own?" asked Phil, whose face had darkened considerably at the sight of his sweetheart's tears.

She led him to the bed, and he sat down still holding her close, and drawing her yielding form to his knee, he again anxiously inquired about her sudden weeping. The girl poured out her broken story to her sympathetic lover.

"Poor, dear mother and Frances are away back in Springhurst without me, and I haven't had a line all week saying they are well!"

"How could I forget " cried her lover at this unhappy conclusion. "But I know I was so delighted at seeing your sweet face again that I completely forgot my wonderful news which, thank God, will clear up your sorrow. You remember, don't you, dear, my Uncle Albert, the rich old miser who lives, or rather lived, up west? Well, he has died and left to his hard-working nephew a legacy of exactly $50,000 in Canadian notes. I attended his funeral and that, dearest girl, is my explanation for not writing to you, and as to your dear mother—I, of course, stopped at Springhurst on my way back to New York, and I have already made full arrangements for your little family to come straight to New York for our wedding ceremony which, if you are willing, will take place to-morrow, Christmas day. Now, my dear, you surely understand the excited strain we were all under and why we have not written to you? They are so busy preparing to leave Springhurst forever and come and live in a dear little cottage somewhere in the suburbs that they have been very, very busy. But first, are you willing to become my wife at so short a notice?"

"Look into my eyes, Phil boy, and see if to-morrow won't be the happiest day of all our lives!"

He did so, and what he saw brought tears of joy to his eyes. He tenderly kissed her.

A CHRISTMAS WARNING ON FIRE HAZARDS

People Should Not Invite Disaster at Yuletide Season.

The Ontario Fire Fighter has the following:

"Every year at Christmas time brings forth the same old and oft-repeated story of the child and children who have been burnt through the using of wax candles on the Christmas trees, as well as using too ready inflammable decorations on the tree.

"Let us try this year to overcome some of this hazard by bringing it to bear on the minds of ourselves and our friends that by placing wax candles on the tree we are only inviting disaster, for a wax candle is made to be lighted, and it is only an invitation to the youngsters to procure matches and set to work to light the candles. Even in the cases of grown-ups lighting the candles many a fire has originated which has spelt disaster.

"It should be impressed on every citizen that if they want to be on the safe side and a helper in reducing the annual toll taken by that monster Demon Fire, they will be better advised by using electric lights on the tree for illumination. Also after the celebration is completed to cut the tree up and burn it in the furnace, for in its dry state it is a ready meal for a spark to consume and grow into a fire of larger dimensions.

How about books for Christmas? Don't give dad a check book, or mother a cook book, or Bill a school book.

A cup of sugar would make a wonderful Christmas present for a neighbor who borrows too much stuff.