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Kingston Ladies' College,

CHURCH SCHOOL, under the Patronage of His Grace the Archbishop and the Very Rev. the Dean of the Cathedral.

"FAIRLAWN," JOHNSTON ST. Classes will be resumed after Christmas holidays on Wednesday, January 10th.

The best educational advantages, with the most comfortable and convenient surroundings. Terms, Course and First Prize. For full information apply to MRS. CORNWALL, M. A., Principal.

ORGAN LESSONS ON 3 MANUAL ORGAN, Water Power, Warm Room.

PIANO and HARMONY

VOICE CULTURE, BY...

TWO 1AS SINGLETON, Organist at St Andrew's, Kingston, Ont

251 Brock Street.

CADEMY OF MUSIC.

ARCHITECTURAL.

RTHUR ELLIS, ARCHITECT, OFFICE: Site of new Drill Hall, near corner of Queen and Montreal Streets.

DOWER & SON, ARCHITECTS, MERchants Bank Building, corner Brock and Wellington streets. Phone 212.

M. STOREY, ARCHITECT, HAS OPENED an Architect's Office over Greenwood & Gillen's, Wellington Street, where all Plans, Designs, Appraisals, Etc., will be neatly and promptly attended to. Satisfaction guaranteed.

TO BE LET.

HOUSE IN VAUGHN TERRACE, No. 5, P. session at once if wanted. Apply at No. 6, or at Whig office.

No. 178 BARRIE STREET. A FIRST-CLASS, up-to-date house. Possession at any time. Apply to MILLS & CUNNINGHAM.

FURNISHED HOUSE FOR THE WINTER, with every modern convenience in best locality in city. Apply to 119 Earl St.

THE HOUSE ON KING STREET AT PRESENT occupied by Col. Montagu Bert. For particulars apply to Walkem & Walkem.

HOUSE 208 WILLIAM ST., NEAR CLEGGY. Furnace, bath, etc., good yard and stable attached, rent very moderate. STRACY & STRACY.

FROM MAY NEXT, THE HANDSOME store now occupied by the H. D. Bibby Co. and formerly the Whig Office. Apply to EDW. J. B. PENNE.

OFFICE, CORNER OF KING AND BROCK Streets, over Wade's Drug Store, with fire proof safe accommodation. Apply to J. B. R. MCLEAN, 222 King St.

A THREE-STORY BRICK HOUSE, MODERN and convenient, situated 241 Johnson Street (Corner of Barrie, opposite Bishop's Palace) apply to R. CRAWFORD, foot of Queen Street.

LOREBURN FORMERLY THE RESIDENCE of Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick, beautifully situated, opposite Macdonald Park. Apply to KIRKPATRICK & ROGERS, Ontario Bldg.

COMFORTABLE BRICK HOUSE, SEVEN rooms, pleasantly situated; furnace, gas, cooking, electric light, thoroughly sanitary; rent moderate. Apply at 317 Earl Street.

FOR SALE.

FINE LOT OF GERMAN BOLLER canary birds, 209 Bagot St., near William Street.

BILLIARD TABLE, ALMOST NEW; OF good make. Easy terms. Apply at Whig Office.

FOR SALE.

THE LION'S CLAW. Terms. May be seen at Ontario Street.

A GOOD SQUARE GRAND piano to H. G. Bryant, teacher of music, 222 King St., or leave address.

GRAND ROOMY HOUSE WITH bath on the corner of Main and Queen streets, in the thriving village of Bay. The house is newly new and well located in the best business part in the village, is well adapted for a tailoring business or a grocery store. There is also a good vegetable gas plant in the building. For terms, etc., apply to E. E. GONALONS, Sweeney's Bay.

BOARD.

FURNISHED ROOMS WITH BOARD, centrally located; gas, hot water heating and all modern conveniences. Apply at 332 Barrie Street, next to Y.M.C.A.

For Sale, To Let, Or Exchange.

THE UNDERIGNED WILL SELL, Exchange for other city property, or lease for not less than five years, his present residence. Possession 1st May, 1900.

THOMAS MILLS, (Mills & Cunningham), Kingston, Dec. 4th, 1899.

BROADBRIM'S LETTER.

Buying Presents For Christmas Gifts.

NO JOY IN MANY A HOME.

BORROWING FOR THE BRITISH DEAD IN AFRICA.

The Sacred Bonds Between Britain and The United States growing stronger—Alliances to be performed by Our Children.

(Special Co. correspondence, Letter No. 1, 80.)

New York, Dec. 29.—Wonderful! wonderful! most wonderful! The happy faces, the eager, bustling crowds, the visions of dazzling beauty, which greet you on all the grand avenues of this mighty city, never before in my memory have the splendors of art been so manifest in all of our great bazaars as they are at this present Christmas time. Large as the immense stores are—and filled as they are with the most magnificent creations of genius from the equator to the poles—the most wonderful is the trilling sum at which photographic duplicates can be procured of the priceless works of art with which genius has enriched the world. The magnitude and volume of business done by these polyglot establishments almost exceeds belief, and if it were not for their great leaders, their history might be deemed a romantic tale fit to be classed with "Sinbad, the Sailor" or "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp."

For a few days preceding Christmas all the great bazaars were crammed to suffocation and the wild war of polyglot tongues might have challenged the tower of Babel. It seemed as if it rained money. Everybody had some story everybody seemed wild to spend it. It did not appear to matter much what they got, where everything was beautiful. Everything on the counters was a prize; there were no blanks, whatever you got it was worth twice as much as you paid for it. The only difference between them was that one was a benediction and the other a revelation; but which was the revelation when they were placed together? The choice was more difficult than ever; if you took the benediction you regretted that you had not chosen the revelation; you grabbed both, hung down the change, and went away with a good conscience, satisfied that you were the luckiest woman in the world.

The Yule-tide of to-day has but little that reminds you of the grand old Christmas of a hundred years ago, around whose mighty Yule-log the joyous company gathered, and there, with fun and frolic, they chased the fleeting hours and dull care away till the light of cold January dawned.

On great store or bazaar in the borough of Brooklyn has 480 delivery waggons and has on its payroll 4,500 men and women. But the strangest of all paradoxes connected with the celebration of this sacred holiday is that while one-half of the world celebrates the birth of the Prince of Peace with the "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," on the battlefields of the dark continent mighty armies are locked in the terrible embrace of death and the pillars of the mightiest nation on the globe tremble like an aspen in a wintry storm, the arbiters of life and death to a hundred millions of human beings.

On this day, two thousand years ago, a life began in a stable at Bethlehem, in Judea. Born in poverty and sorrow, sorrow and poverty were His life's heritage. His life and His shameful death on Calvary was the most fearful tragedy ever recorded. The sacrifice was thirty years of labor, but it was also the ransom of countless millions of souls whose sins were as scarlet, but the blood of the Lamb had made them white as wool. Looking back almost two thousand years I can see a little party at almost night, wending their way toward Bethlehem, where they expected to rest. That little party, weary and worn, was Joseph and his girlish bride. They were wending their way up the rugged hills of Judea to pay their tribute of worship. Humble as they were, they were on their way to Jerusalem to celebrate the feast of the passover, the greatest of all the Jewish festivals, for on that night, hundreds of years before, the ancient of the Lord sent forth his Master, struck down the first-born in every Egyptian home and passed the homes of the Hebrews, who were there in captivity, finding the doorsteps sprinkled with the blood of the lamb and he passed over the Hebrews' homes, leaving their sons unharmed. Passing in by the eastern gate the weary travelers found the city crowded and apparently no shelter from the cold winds that sweep over those Judean hills at night. They found a stable which at least gave them shelter, if nothing more, and there in the manger where the animals were fed, Christ the Saviour of mankind, was born. The Alpha began at Bethlehem, the Omega ended on the summit of Calvary. "There the dust returned to the earth as it was and the spirit to the God who gave it."

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This will enable them to sell iron and steel at a lower rate than any other country on the face of the earth at the present time, and Sir Joseph Kittington, at the annual meeting of the world's great engineers, held five years ago in the city of New York, declared that should the fact—that if iron and steel could be manufactured at a reduction of a half penny on the pound, the human race, the roll of whose drums follows the sun in its course and never ceases to announce the coming day, for darkness flies before it and so will it continue till the trumpet of the great archangel announces that time has passed away and an eternity begins that shall never end.

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But in this busy world of to-day, if we pause for a moment, pondering on the sorrowful dream of the past, the world sweeps by us and we are soon forgotten in the "wondrous revelations of the present. With our foot upon the earth we drag from this mighty giant the secrets buried ten thousand fathoms deep, which tell the wondrous story of millions of years and trace the steps of the globe's creation as far as man can know them on this side of the mystic veil, and which a philosopher, the wisest of his day and generation, calls the unknowable, but though unknowable on this side of the veil, in the bright and holy beyond we hope to see, hear and understand the story of the revelation. But the present, which is now heavy with the burden of years, what of the night watchman? What of the night? Sorrowful enough. In British homes and in British possessions far away in Australia, New Zealand, British India, Canada, West Indies, and where children have made a home on the Pacific's golden shore, many a heartstone hath no Yule-log to-night, no holly, with its bright green leaves and crimson berries, as necessary looms up before them pictures of the olden time. No joy comes to them to-night—sorrow and tears for their consecrated fathers, brothers, husbands and sons, who have given their lives for the cause of human freedom. In many a home among all Scotch mountains kaun's sorrow sits like the besom of desolation, and no joyous anthem welcomes the joyful notes that ring forth to the world on this Yule-night. In the homes of the Gordon clan scalding tears are dropping for the eight hundred of her valiant sons of clan Gordon that lie beneath Africa's rugged hills, there to lie in the sleep of death which will know no waking here on earth till the summons on the judgment morning.

The war which is now being fought through the African door and Britain's native colonies is exciting an interest throughout our own land, never felt for a foreign nation before. Yet I can hardly call the nation foreign that gives us our language, our religion and our law. Twice we have met her in battle and each time when the strife was ended we were brothers and sons once more. Each passing year the sacred bonds between us grow stronger and more binding, and an Englishman, one of the greatest of his age and generation, said: "If England and the United States were banded together as a single power, no earthly power could stand against a thought of would be strong enough to stand their joint attack." The greatest nations of the earth are now paying us tribute. Russia, much as she glorifies herself in her progress of the mechanic arts, has sent us an order for a hundred locomotives. A combination of two of the greatest capitalists of the age proposes to expend a hundred million of dollars in the erection of three of the most gigantic machine establishments in different parts of the land which at present affords them advantages in the cheapness of first-class ore and the facility afforded by fuel and lime manufacture.

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