

TRAVELLING.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS

Western Canada and Return

Tuesday, July 23rd, and every second Tuesday thereafter until Sept. 17th. Tickets good for 60 days.

The Grand Trunk Pacific is the shortest and quickest route between Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Edmonton, with smooth road-bed, running through the newest, most picturesque and most rapidly developing section of Western Canada.

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KINGSTON & PEMBROKE RAILWAY

IN CONNECTION WITH CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Civic Holiday, July 29th ROUND TRIP TICKETS AT SINGLE FARE FROM KINGSTON.

Good going Saturday and Monday, July 27th and 29th. Good to return until July 30th, 1912.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta

Tuesday, July 23rd, and every second Tuesday thereafter until Sept. 17th. Tickets good for 60 days.

ALLAN LINE Royal Mail Steamers

St. Lawrence Season MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL. T.S.S. "Victorian" and "Virginian."

MONTREAL TO GLASGOW. T.S.S. "Scandinavian" and "Prætoria."

MONTREAL TO HAVRE AND LONDON. Service of moderate priced ONE-CLASS CABIN (11) steamers.

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SS. North King & SS. Caspian 1,000 ISLANDS—ROCHESTER.

Commencing July 2nd steamers leave at 10.15 a.m. daily for Alexandria Bay, 1,000 Islands and Gananoque.

Returning leave at 5 p.m. for Rochester, N.Y., via Bay of Quinte, calling at Picton, Deseronto and Belleville.

Freight handled with despatch at reasonable rates. J. P. HANLEY, Ticket agent. JAB. SWIFT & Co., Freight Agents. E. E. HORSEY, General Manager.

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"Toronto" and "Kingston" DAILY SERVICE. Eastbound leaves Kingston 6.00 a.m. Westbound leaves Kingston 6.00 p.m.

Between Toronto, Rochester, Kingston, 1,000 Islands and Gananoque. Montreal, Quebec and Saguenay River.

Steamer "Belleville" Eastbound leaves Kingston 6.00 p.m. Westbound leaves Kingston 6.00 a.m.

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Summer Cruises in Cool Latitudes. SS. "Cascadia," 1,900 tons, with all modern comforts.

SALES FROM MONTREAL ON THURSDAY, July 19th, 1912, and 25th August; and from Quebec the following day at noon for Montreal, N.S., calling at Gaspe, Miramichi, Bay Verte, Summerside, P.E.I., and Charlottetown, P.E.I.

New York From Quebec. Via the far-famed River Saguenay, calling at Gaspe, Charlottetown and Halifax. SS. "Trinidad," 2,000 tons, sail from Quebec at 8 p.m. 26th July, 9th and 23rd August.

New York to Bermuda. Summer Excursions by the Twin Screw SS. "Bermudian," 10,518 tons displacement, sailing from New York at 2 p.m. 24th July, 1912, and 24th August, and every few days thereafter. Temperature cooled by sea breeze, seldom rises above 80 degrees.

The finest trips of the season for health and comfort. For tickets and statements apply to J. P. HANLEY, or E. S. KIRKPATRICK, Ticket Agents, Kingston, Ont. QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY, QUEBEC.

DOCTORS SAID IT WAS HEART FAILURE

And Gave Me Up—But "Fruit-a-lives" Cured Me

MOORFIELD, ONT., MARCH 25th: 1910. "I suffered from severe indigestion and dyspepsia for nearly two years. I could not take food without fearful distress. Two doctors thought my disease was heart failure and incurable, and I expected to die in a short time. My son asked me to try 'Fruit-a-lives'. From the onset, I was better and gradually this fruit medicine completely cured me. I took perhaps a dozen boxes—now I am cured and have gained over 30 pounds in weight."

HENRY SPEERS (Justice of Peace) "Fruit-a-lives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

NEW SHOE REPAIRING BUSINESS

ROBERT PAYNTER has taken over the business of the late J. S. Davis at the old stand, 369 PRINCE STREET. All kinds of shoe repairing promptly done. All work guaranteed.

THE ROYAL LINE

CANADIAN NORTHERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY, LIMITED. The Finest and Fastest Steamships on the Canadian Route. HOLDING ALL RECORDS.

MONTREAL QUEBEC BRISTOL. Montreal. Steamer. Bristol. Wednesday. Steamer. Wednesday. July 24. Royal George. Aug. 21. Aug. 7. Royal Edward. Aug. 21. Aug. 21. Royal George. Sept. 13. Sept. 4. Royal Edward. Sept. 13. Sept. 13. Royal George. Oct. 5. Oct. 16. Royal Edward. Oct. 16. Oct. 16. Royal George. Oct. 16. And fortnightly thereafter. Write or call. C. S. KIRKPATRICK, 42 Clarence St. J. P. HANLEY, Grand Trunk Ry. F. CONWAY, K. & P. Ry. or CANADIAN NORTHERN S. S. LIMITED, 228 St. James Street, Montreal.

WHITE STAR DOMINION LARGEST STEAMERS CANADA

MONTREAL—QUEBEC LIVERPOOL. SAILING EVERY SATURDAY by the "LAURENTIC" AND "MEGANTIC" Fitted with every up-to-date device for comfort and safety. Elevators. Odorous carpets.

"TEUTONIC" & "CANADA" One Class Cabin (11) 50c and 50c Third class passages berth in closed rooms only.

THE ST. LAWRENCE IS THE SHORTEST ROUTE TO EUROPE ONLY 4 DAYS AT SEA.

LOCAL AGENTS. J. P. Hanley and C. S. Kirkpatrick, Company's Office—Toronto.

Fancy Vest Sale

Every Vest at Half-price

The most reasonable Vests at unseasonable prices. These are all excellent values at full prices.

In fact we have 22 Vests in silk that we cannot buy at the prices we are now selling them for, and these with all others go in at half-price.

These will be on sale Friday and Saturday only.

Straw Hats at Half-price

These include all the latest pencil brims in split and Senate Milan Sailors in soft rim French Palms for older men, and the balance of our Sailors.

Children's Sailors at 17c and 45c

Men's Panamas at \$4.50

Don't forget we sell Holeproof Sox, guaranteed for 6 months.

Bargains for all interested buyers.

E. P. JENKINS CLOTHING CO.

THE JEWS OF LONDON

THE YIDDISH QUARTER IS HOME OF A RACE APART.

The Wealthy Hebrew Sober Enters In to English Ways. But the Everyday Inhabitant of the Ghetto Does All His Chaffering on the Streets and Lives a Primitive Oriental Sort of Existence.

The London Ghetto is a world of its own. If you would know how Jews work and play, and pray and read and drink, marry, and rear children—dozens of children—it is in the near East, between Algate and Stepney, Leman street and Brick lane you must linger. Hereabouts live all the real workaday Jews; in Maida Vale and Park lane and Piccadilly there are but the simulacra.

The Jews has not yet learnt to be both a good Jew and a man of substance, with a stake in the country, all at once, though the Jew of Park lane and him of Petticoat lane have a connecting link in their common physiognomy and their common language, for Yiddish still remains a "lingua franca" among all Jews. However wealthy and exalted his station, every Jew understands the meaning, though he may have lost the wit to practice Jewish "chime."

Wentworth street, running from Middlesex street to Commercial street, is the shopping centre of the district. Here will be found such delicacies as pickled herrings and Dutch pickled cucumbers, olives, "stuffed monkeys," bolus, and the inevitable stacks of cold fried fish. The Ghetto thrives seems mainly relieved by lemons; at least, every "Greener" who can find no immediate trade starts life by selling "vine lemons, dree a penny," is the Lane.

There is nothing depressing, externally, at all events, about the Ghetto. The main thoroughfares, Whitechapel, Mile End road, Commercial road are fine, broad avenues, some flanked with trees, and even the narrow streets are gay with most poor districts, because poor Jews delight in the outdoor life. Like all simple primitive peoples, the Jews exalt their daily provisioning and work—in so far as the modern factory system permits it—into a sort of festival. There is no fun in telephoning to your fishmonger to send the best salmon in the shop. But the Jewish matron, with three pence to spend on a piece of haddock, can pass from one barrow to another probing with skilled finger the freshness of the article, chaffering with the vendor about the price and quality of his wares. You will see her in Wentworth street wringing her eyebrows with scorn when her fish is bad and dear, her pupils dilating in joy when she gets a bargain.

By going into the open market you can one day bring home little octagonal Russian rolls, or a loaf with its twist and poppy seeds, or rye-bread, or sweetbread, as the fancy takes you, or sweetbread, as the fancy takes you. 'Tis a pleasant two hours, whilst you have had gossip with your neighbor you have got the best of a hardened coster and you have provided a jolly good dinner for the children returning home from school.

As soon as the air gets a little warm in this rather dampish country, at nearly every door an old lady, her days for marketing over, will be found seated on the step blinking in the sun, holding the skirts of her young grandchild and shrieking to those a year or so older to come off the roadway. Whenever possible the Jew prefers to transact his business in the street; not only in the Ghetto will you see him buying and selling, haggling, talking and gesticulating on the pavement; he carries this trait to the higher life of a diamond merchant in Hatton Garden or a broker in Throgmorton street.

The standing offence to the orthodox, fresh from Russia, is the palatial building in Middlesex street, the Jewish Board of Guardians, established in 1859 in Devonshire square to give relief to the "strange poor" by the granting of loans.

"In this board," says the income of over \$350,000; its activities are set up into a large number of committees; there are loan committees and distress committees, apprenticeship committees, sanitary committees. And yet to the poor real Jew it is as heartrending to apply to "The Board" for help as is elsewhere an appeal to the workhouse.

Not that the poor Jew has any silly scruples about accepting money from richer people. That he confidently regards as their business; the Jewish beggar, the "Schnorrer," is an institution, as readers of Mr. Zangwill's books will know.

The following anecdote is a typical instance of the combined wit and impudence of the Jewish beggar; a Schnorrer demanded of a rich Jew the money for a visit to Ostend, the doctor having told him that sea baths would do him good. The wealthy man rather demurred. Ostend was an expensive place; could not he go somewhere a little cheaper? "Sir," replied the Schnorrer with dignity, "where my health is concerned I never consider the expense."

The Jew does not understand class distinction; one man is rich and another is poor, God has so ordained it. But wealth does not give a man a better understanding of the Talmud or a better heart. The poor Jew expects the rich one to eat better—and more—and his wife and children to have finer clothes, jewels—that is a sensible and proper way to spend the money.

But at "the Board" the poor Jew is made to feel that he is of another class. Fresh from Russia, foodless, suffering, he begs at the Board in the name of God for meat and succour. He is repulsed by a gorgeously uniformed porter, and told that formal application must be made. Visitors came to investigate his case. Does the man deserve charity? Are the children hungry, enough? the man sick enough?

Mrs. Joseph Braetenas, Lawrence, Mass., received \$2,199 for the death of her husband in a factory. She is the first woman of that state to receive compensation under the workmen's compensation act.

A FINLAND MARKET.

The Emotional Drama of the Sale of a Bunch of Carrots.

In Finland the people still cling to some of the old customs—the old market days, for instance, and the market places, such as were familiar to English life a hundred years ago. There is little chance there for the middleman to make a profit in the transfer of produce from the producer to the consumer. A typical market scene is given by Paul Waineman in his book, "A Summer Tour in Finland."

The market is a veritable delight to the eye of the visitor, it is so delightfully primitive and old-fashioned. There are lines upon lines of quaint booths and rows of sprigless two-wheeled market carts, with patient little Finnish horses standing as motionless as if they had been made of the same gingerbread that a smiling market woman offered to me as I wended my way through their midst.

"Dainty ladies picked up their skirts as they threaded their way here, there and everywhere, inspecting minutely the goods on the various stalls, always followed by a red-cheeked handmaid bearing a huge old world wicker basket, from which a very varied assortment of edibles peeped out. 'At the market you can buy everything—meat, poultry, fruit, vegetables, milk, butter, flowers, even to the humble wild lilies. The hum of voices is astonishing. There are apparently no fixed prices, and a tragedy of renunciation may be observed in the surrender of a handful of vegetables to a customer who has bargained too hard."

"One especial bunch of carrots caught my attention. They appeared to me to be very ordinary carrots, but their owner, an old man, bent them tenderly from the corner of his eye. The would-be purchaser was an elderly woman with sharp, greedy eyes. I could see from the first that it would go badly with that old man."

"The scene that took place between them was tragic. Every emotion of which a human countenance is capable was portrayed in turn upon both faces—polite inquiry, astonishment, contempt, incredulity, wounded pride, determination, hesitation, avarice, finishing up at last with triumph on the one side and resignation on the other as the bunch of carrots was carried off by the woman."

Hardly a Parallel. Many stories are told of the wit of Sir H. Beecham Tree, and one of the best is related by Miss Constance Collier. The incident happened while she was rehearsing for the part of the heroine in a production at His Majesty's Theatre. The author of the play was there, making various suggestions.

"In this scene," he said, "the hero should pick you up, Miss Collier, and carry you off the stage across his shoulder." Miss Collier objected, but the author insisted, till Sir Herbert came to the rescue.

"I saw a play in Italy once," said the hero, "which the hero caught hold of the heroine by the legs and banged her head on the floor." "Splendid!" exclaimed the author. "What was the play?" "Punch and Judy," was the actor's retort.

While We Sleep. "God bestows his gifts during the night," says the old German proverb. Sleep itself is a great blessing, and while we sleep the clouds are storing their supplies of moisture, the rivers are performing their ministry of labor on our behalf, the seeds are swelling in the earth, the grain is springing in the fields, the fruits are ripening on the trees, the harvest is gathering golden in the mellow darkness of the autumn night, for, in truth, if we are wise and diligent, nature is on our side, and all God's world is busy preparing our bread.—Henry van Dyke.

Glad to Meet Him. King Humbert once visited Florence and at a reception of the aristocracy inquired of each noble presented what his occupation was. "Nothing, majesty," was the uniform reply until it came the turn of the Marquis Ginori, who had lost caste somewhat because of his manufacture of pottery. "I am a potter, majesty—a maker of majolica," said the marquis in response to the king's question. "Thank heaven!" cried the king, "there is one noble in Florence who does something."

Napoleon Before the Convention. When Barras introduced Napoleon to the convention as a fit man to be intrusted with the command the president asked: "Are you willing to undertake the defence of the convention?" "Yes," was the reply. "After a time the president continued, 'Are you aware of the magnitude of the undertaking?'" "Perfectly," replied Napoleon, fixing his eyes upon his questioner, "and I am in the habit of accomplishing that which I undertake."

Always. "What is the proper thing for a man to do when his wife asks him for money and he hasn't any?" queried Newed. "Oh, there isn't any proper thing to do in those circumstances," replied Oldwed. "Anything he does will be wrong."

Criticising the Critic. "Criticize my essay," said De Riter's friend, "and he insists that you're beyond your depth." "Ah," replied De Riter, "I thought he would." "You did? Then you know what he means?" "Yes," he means simply that I am beyond his depth."

DIAMONDS SET IN SHOES.

Golden Soles, Too, Were Worn by Dames of Ancient Rome.

The boots of Roman emperors were enriched with pearls and diamonds, and the wealthier Romans sported the like decorations. There were Roman women who ornamented their low shoes with pearls and embroideries, gold and amber. There were many whose boots were set with massive gold.

Pliny, speaking of his own time, says: "Our ladies are not content to adorn their walking shoes alone with precious stones and jewels, but even the slippers which they wear in their private apartments are decorated. Precious stones do not suffice. They must, to be in fashion, tread on pearls and crowd their feet with ornaments like kings." Julius Caesar wore high boots worked in gold and ornamented with pearls.

Heliogabalus, who never wore a pair of boots more than once, as he never wore the same ring twice, had precious stones set in them, and even cameos, which excited the laughter of the populace because no one could see distinctly the cunning work of famous artists. But his mother, who presided over a senate of women, forbade women to wear shoes adorned with precious stones, as she prescribed the dresses that should be worn, yet she was a woman of wildly free life, in comparison with whom the Empress Messalina was a timid prude.

Alcibiades invented a boot that was named after him and became a great favorite, but we are not told whether it were luxuriously foppish. What were the Sicyonian shoes that Cicero refused to wear, thinking them effeminate, although he admitted they were comfortable? Anglo-Saxon princes and dignitaries of the church wore shoes set off with gold. Charlemagne on state occasions donned shoes adorned with gems. The shoes of Henry VI. of Sicily and his queen, Constance, were of cloth of gold and bejeweled, while the soles of cork were covered with cloth of gold.

Philip Stubbes in 1588 inveighed against the "soaked shoes, pusses, pantoes and slippers, some of them of black velvet, some of white, some of green and some of yellow, some of Spanish leather and some of English, stitched with silk and embroidered with gold and silver all over the foot with geogaws innumerable."

An Unexpected Testimonial. Little Bilderson prided himself upon his good appetite and his capacity for amusing. He was dining with a friend a few nights ago and did his best to keep his host and hostess, with their six-year-old daughter, amused and at the same time managed to do ample justice to the good things provided.

"Oh, dear, Mr. Bilderson," remarked the little one, "the guest's wit-tiest ally. 'I wish you'd come here to dinner every day.'" Bilderson positively beamed with satisfaction. "Do you, dear?" he smiled. "Why?" "Cause," he made the reply as the observant maiden glanced around the table—"I wish you'd come here to anything cold to eat the next day."

How Dew Forms. Dew was formerly supposed to fall softly from the heavens, and to this belief may be ascribed many current and poetical phrases, but dew does not fall in the exact meaning of the term. The condensation of watery vapor follows upon the chilling of the air. This is seen as the earth cools toward night, and it takes place most rapidly near the ground. Grass and other vegetation cool more rapidly than the air above them. The air in contact with plants is thus chilled and deposits its moisture upon the leaves of the plants in dew. When the chilling of the air proceeds further to a considerable height above the earth's surface, and it then becomes what we call fog.

A Cold, Hard Snub. "Excuse me, madam," he said, "but ah—you remember, in the restaurant after the theatre the other night, you were kind enough to notice me. I hope I am not mistaken in supposing that your interest was—ah—altogether?" "Oh, not at all. I remember now. I thought for a moment that you were the coachman my husband discharged a few weeks ago for trying to make love to the cook, and I wondered how you could afford to eat in such an expensive place."

A Soft Answer. "Tommy," exclaimed the mother, reproachfully, "you've been fighting again." "I couldn't help it, mamma. That Boby Jones insulted me," replied the boy. "That was no reason for fighting," said the mother. "You should have remembered that a soft answer turneth away wrath and given him a soft answer." "I did," replied the boy. "I hit him with a chunk of mud."

A Family Jar. A man and wife were having a little family discussion. You know the kind. "I didn't get much of a man when I married you," snarled the wife. "Well, you wouldn't expect a high class man to pick you out, would you?" was the gentleman's comeback. And then the furniture began to fly.

To Aid Digestion. "Be cheerful when you eat," said a doctor recently to an interviewer, "and you will be able to enjoy anything." The man who tackles a railway sandwich ought to approach it screaming with laughter.—Answers.

South Africa's Stamps. The South African possessions of England require 100,000,000 postage stamps per annum. Diego Marino, Italian, who killed his brother at Solway, N.Y., on July 3rd, succeeded by hanging in the Jamesville penitentiary on Saturday. George D. Lauger, of St. Mary's, has been appointed police magistrate.

Weather Probabilities:

Toronto, Ont., July 22nd, 1912. —Ottawa Valley and Upper St. Lawrence —Moderate north-westerly and northerly winds; fine, with much the same temperature to-day and on Tuesday.

LADIES' FANCY SUMMER HOSIERY. The Reign of Silk Hose is at Its Height. Low Shoes and Silk Hose are a Summer necessity. Time was when Silk Hose were considered a luxury, but that was before we decided every man and woman should be able to buy Silk Hose without being extravagant.

Ladies' Beautiful quality Silk Hose, with Lisle-Foot, 75c quality. Special Price 45c. Fine qualities French Silk Hose, exceptional values at 75c, \$1, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00 and 2.25.

Men's Silk Hose. Lisle Foot, all fashionable shades. 50c. At Kingston's Coolest Store.

STEACAY'S The Store of Satisfaction

We Are Headquarters for INGOT METALS—Large Stock, Prompt Deliveries. Ingot Copper, Pig Iron, Pig Lead, Sheet Lead, Aluminum, Zinc Spelter. The Canada METAL Co. Limited. TORONTO

The Empire's most delicious beverage LIPTON'S TEA. SOLD IN AIRTIGHT PACKAGES ONLY.

THE QUEEN MILLINERY SPECIALS FOR THIS WEEK. LADIES' AND MISSES' TRIMMED HATS. Regular \$5 to \$10. SALE PRICE \$3.00. WHITE FELT OUTING HATS. \$4.00. UNTRIMMED SHAPES in all colors. 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. WHITE LINEN, CRASH AND PIQUE HATS, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00. 174 WELLINGTON STREET

Let Your Feet Breathe. The pores in your feet are the largest and most active in your body—But if you wear improper shoes they become covered with dead skin and callous places and cannot breathe as nature intended. This condition is impossible if you wear a Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe. The built-in cushion sole absolutely prevents drawing and hugging of the uppers—and the friction that forms callouses and eventually corns is entirely eliminated. Try on a pair and prove these facts to your own satisfaction. For Men and Women. Sold only by REID & CHARLES