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The smooth delicious flavor and delicate aroma of Red Rose Tea are very satisfying. It is worth your while to try a package of Red Rose Tea today, and see how really good it is.

RED ROSE TEA

"IS GOOD TEA"

Your Grocer will recommend it.

**Half a Chance**

The Great New Serial Story of Adventure by

FREDERICK S. ISHAM

Author of "Under the Rose," "The Striders," etc.

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"Let me at him, ye—!" he cried in a low, hoarse voice, when John Steele suddenly called him, by name, said something in that same dialect of pickpurses and their ilk.

Whatever the words or their portent, the effect was startling. Steele's bulky assailant paused, remained stockstill, his purpose arrested, all his anger gone out of him.

"How the—? Who—?" the man began.

"Call off your fellows!" John Steele's voice seemed to thrill, a fierce gleam shone from his glance. "I want to talk with you, I'll be more worth your while than fifty priggings or bagging you've ever done."

"Well, I'm blowed!" The man's tone was puzzled, surprise, suspicion, gleamed from the bloodshot eyes. "How should a swell gent like you know—?"

"And you want to talk with me? Here's a gamey cove!"

"I tell you I must talk with you! And it will be better for you, my man—!" a sharp intangible click told that the speaker had turned the key in the lock behind him—"to step in here with me. You needn't be afraid I'm going to nab you; I've got a lay better than looking you for the clock. As for the others, they can go, for all of me."

"Oh, they can!" The big man's face expressed varying feelings—vague wonder; at the same time he began to edge cautiously away. "That would be a nice plant, wouldn't it? Let's out of this, blokes!" suddenly. "This cove knows too much, and—"

"Wait!" Steele stepped slightly towards him. "I want you, Tom Rogers, and I'm going to have you. I'll be quick in your pocket, and not Newgate!"

"Slope for it, mates!" The big man's voice rang out; around the corner in the direction of the Thames the burly figure of a policeman appeared in the dim light. "That's his little game!" and turned.

But John Steele sprang savagely forward. "You fool! You'll not get away so easily," he exclaimed, when one of the others put out a foot. It caught the pursuing man fairly, and tripped him. John Steele went down hard; his head struck the stone curb violently.

For some moments he lay still, when at length he did move, to lift himself on his elbow, as through a mist he made out the broad and solicitous face of a policeman bending over him.

"That was a nasty fall you got, sir," "Fall?" John Steele arose, stood swaying. "That man—must not escape—Do you hear? Must not!" As he spoke he made as if to rush forward; the other laid steady fingers on his arm.

"Hold hard a bit, sir," he said. "Not quite yourself; besides they're well out of sight now. No use running after. Steele moved, grasped the railing leading up the front step, his brow throbbed; a thousand darting pains shot through his brain. But for the moment these physical pangs were nothing; disappointment, self-reproach moved him. To have allowed himself to go down like that; to have been caught by such a simple trick! Clumsy cove!—and at a moment when—He laughed fiercely; from his head the blood flowed; he did not feel that hurt now.

The officer regarded the strong, noble figure, moving just a little to and fro, the lips set ironically, the dark eyes that gleamed in the night as with sardonic derision.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, in a brisker tone, "but hadn't we better go in? This, I take it, is your house; you can look after yourself somewhat, and afterwards describe your assailant. Then we'll start out to find and arrest him, if possible."

"Arrest?" John Steele looked at the man. "I surely can lay hands on him—I must! I will!"

CHAPTER VIII. A change of Front.

He found the task no easy one, however, although he went at it with his characteristic vigor and energy. Few men knew the seamy side of London better than John Steele. Its darksome streets and foul alleys, its hovels and various habitations. His knowledge he utilized to the best advantage. Always to find that his efforts came to naught. The snare he set before possible hiding-places proved abortive; the artifices he employed to uncover the quarry in maze or labyrinth were fruitless. The man had appeared like a vision from the past, and vanished. Whither? Out of the country once more? Over the seas? Had he taken quick alarm at Steele's words, and effected a hasty retreat from the scenes

of his graceless and nefarious career? Reluctantly John Steele found himself forced to entertain the possibility of this being so; otherwise the facilities at his command were such that he should most likely, ere this, have been able to attain his end, find what he sought. Soberly, he attracted no very marked attention in the slums—breeding spots of the criminal classes; the denizens knew John Steele; he had been there often before.

He had, on occasion, assisted some of them with stern good advice or more substantial services. He was acquainted with these men and women; had, perhaps, a larger charity for them than most people find it expedient to cherish. His glance had always seemed to read them through and through, with uncompromising realization of their infirmities, weaknesses of the flesh and inherited moral imperfections. His very fearlessness had ever commended him to that lower world; it was the harshness of his better to cast about in divers directions.

To hear nothing, to learn nothing, at least very little! One man had seen the object of Steele's solitude, and to this person, a weakened little "undesirable," the red-headed giant had confided that London was pretty hot and he thought of decamping from it.

After all, this thing has come by," he says to the bitter-like, "to think a man can't come back to 'is native home without being spied on for what ought long ago to be dead and forgot! Fifty-five shillings, to lay 'ands on 'im, to put 'im in the pen, gov'ner?"

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"True!" The visitor's tone changed. "If you can find Tom, give him this note; you'll be well paid—"

"I ain't askin' for that; you got me off easy once and gave me a lift, arter I was let out—"

"Well, well!" Steele made a brusque gesture. "We all need a helping hand, sometimes," he said, turning away.

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THEY KEEP THE BRAKES SET

AND SO CAN NEVER DO THEIR BEST.

Many men and more women, go through life like a train with the engine tugging, but the brakes hard on. They never get anywhere near top speed, because they are never really well.

Probably they do not own even to themselves that they are sick, but they scarcely know what it is to really "feel good." Always there is Headache, or that "dragged out feeling" which makes good work, either mental or physical, utterly impossible.

The most common trouble with all these people is that they have Constipation. Their systems are poisoned with the waste matter, which stays in the blood, instead of being promptly removed by the bowels. Harsh purgatives are worse than no treatment at all, because they weaken and irritate the bowels, instead of curing the trouble.

The natural and permanent cure for Constipation, is "Fruit-a-tives."

"Fruit-a-tives" combines the well-known laxative principles of apples, oranges, figs and prunes. So perfect is the combination, that "Fruit-a-tives" acts like the fresh fruit, by stimulating the sluggish liver to supply the proper amount of bile to move the bowels regularly.

The most stubborn cases of Constipation promptly yield to the curative and corrective effects of "Fruit-a-tives."

Fifty cents a box, six for \$2.50, or trial box, 25 cents—at dealers or from Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

CEMENT CONVENTION

WILL BE BIG AFFAIR

More Than 12,000 Invitations To

Be Sent Out, Says Secretary

A. M. Hunt.

Secretary Hunt is busy making arrangements for the big cement convention, which is to be held here in March in the Princess Rink. Mr. Hunt stated that he expects to be able to place 60 exhibitors in the building, and has already arranged for 20, notwithstanding that the arrangements for holding the convention here were only recently completed.

"It will be a big thing for the city," Mr. Hunt told The Advertiser this afternoon. "More than 12,000 invitations will be sent out."

The first authentic record of the use of reinforced concrete was at the World's Fair in Paris, 1889. At that time a small pavilion, built by Mr. Lambot, about fourteen feet long and constructed of cement mortar, one-half inch thick, reinforced by wire netting, was on exhibition. This pavilion was still in use at Mervat, France.

Since that time the use of reinforced concrete has become so important in building operations that a national exposition of concrete and reinforced concrete products is held each year by the Canadian Cement and Concrete Association.

Fire Losses.

More than six hundred million dollars is the toll exacted from the people of the new world annually by the fire orie products is held each year by the Canadian Cement and Concrete Association.

able, but it is a fact, and furnishes another illustration of our recklessness.

as an extravagant, thoughtless people. Foremost in almost every phase of commerce and manufacture, we are slow to realize, as Europeans have done, that the use of flimsy, inflammable materials in building construction inadequately meets the conditions of our present-day existence.

Cement Uses.

Architects and contractors are daily becoming more and more convinced that the use of concrete can reduce, if not eliminate, this annual loss, and in order to thoroughly establish the claims of cement concrete as an absolutely fireproof building material, the Canadian Cement and Concrete Association has decided upon the holding of an annual cement show, where, in the economical uses of cement will be demonstrated. Hundreds of delegates from all over the country will visit the show, and witness the practical illustrations of the many and varied uses of cement, which will be given daily, and to personally examine the hundreds of mechanical devices used in construction work.

The Princess Rink, London, from March 20 to April 1, inclusive, the period covered by the show, will be the rendezvous of the engineer, the contractor, the builder, the farmer and the prospective home builder, all of whom are deeply interested in what is now widely known as the building material of the age.

Admission to the show will be free.

A BOLD BURGLARY

Brooklyn Lady Fatally Slugged and Robbed in Daylight.

New York, Feb. 15.—A bold daylight burglary and brutal attack on a woman took place in Brooklyn yesterday. As a result Mrs. Isabelle Crosthwaite, a widow of 59 years, is dying.

Two well-dressed men gained admittance to Mrs. Crosthwaite's home by asking to see a furnished room. One of the men locked the door and the other attacked Mrs. Crosthwaite, striking her several blows with a blunt instrument of some description and

constituting a serious injury.

Constipation is the root of many forms of sickness and of an endless amount of human misery.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills,

thoroughly tested by over fifty years of use, have been proved a safe and certain cure for constipation and all kindred troubles. Try them—

25c. a box.

Feel Headachy?

It probably comes from the bile or some sick condition of the stomach or bowels. No matter which, put yourself right with

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 25 cents.

fortifying her skill. Setting the woman's purse, containing \$27, the men fled and have not been captured. The woman was taken to a hospital, where her death is expected.



THE SEAL THAT PROTECTS

It would be business suicide to put a trademark on poor goods, because everyone would know that such a trademark stood for inferior quality and would refuse to buy these goods.

A trademark is a badge of honor in business.

In Coffee, THE RED SEAL on

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee

is the only guarantee of satisfaction that anyone needs.

In 1 and 2 pound sealed tins—never in bulk—at your grocer's.

CHASE & SANBORN, Montreal.

Every Woman

is interested and should know the wonderful

MARVEL Whirling Spray

The new Vaginal Syringe. Best of all. It gives full relief.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont.

General Agents for Canada.