



# GOOD HEALTH WEEK!

Make a Practice of Eating at Least Three Oranges a Day  
They Are a Real Health Insurance

## "Sunkist" Oranges at Special Prices

All Dealers Are Supplied

Good Health Week Sale Begins Monday, MARCH 28TH

Tone up your system—it needs it. Your physician will tell you to eat oranges—lots of them at this time of the year. This entire community—every man, woman and child—should participate in this health celebration. Oranges are the trademark of good health. "Sunkist" is the name of the choicest oranges in the world.

Remember the date. Because oranges are purveyors of good health we are going to make Good Health Week the occasion for the greatest sale of oranges in history.

### "Sunkist" Navel Oranges Are Seedless

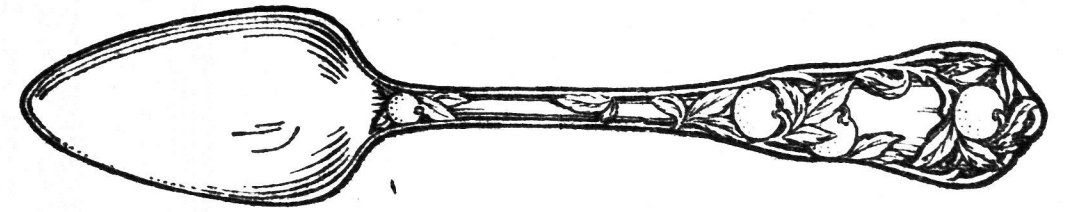
"Sunkist" oranges are so lusciously fresh, juicy and delicious that you enjoy their medicinal qualities. Morning, noon and night is orange eating time. A "Sunkist" orange or two is delicious dessert after each meal and at the same time your "spring fever" is vanishing under the general toning up process aided by the orange juices.

That "Sunkist" wrapper is the guarantee of the choicest oranges that California produces. It is the voucher of thousands of fruit farmers that "Sunkist" is absolutely the best that careful cultivation can produce.

### Get the Orange Habit

Here is the height of orange perfection. You never tasted another orange like "Sunkist." Tree-ripened, seedless, thin-skinned, exquisitely rich in delicious orange juices—these are a few "Sunkist" orange qualities. All these are health aids and you should take advantage of them. Get the Orange Habit and note your improvement in health. You will put your stamp of approval on Good Health week and "Sunkist" oranges.

"Sunkist" Oranges for Health  
All Next Week



Rogers' Orange Spoon Free  
For "Sunkist" Wrappers

Insist that your dealer gives you none but "Sunkist" oranges and lemons—in "Sunkist" wrappers. 12 of these wrappers and six 2-cent stamps to cover mailing, etc., entitles you to a handsome Rogers' Orange Spoon Free.

The same number of stamps and wrappers for each additional spoon. These spoons are Rogers full standard plate. You can easily get a full table set in a short time. Send wrappers and stamps to

California Fruit Growers' Exchange  
32 Church Street TORONTO, ONTARIO



### "Sunkist" Lemons

possess the same high merits that have made "Sunkist" oranges famous. They are firm, full of snap, lemon juice. They, too, are choicest of all the lemons in the 5,000 groves of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange. That is why they bear the "Sunkist" wrapper.

### A LIFE'S DEVOTION

BY  
FRANK H. SHAW.

Author of "A Daughter of the Storm," "First at the Pole," etc. (Copyright in U. S. America. All Rights Reserved.)

"I can't do that, Papa. Isn't what you might call a tolerant man, Harold, and he represents anything that looks like interference in his own private concerns. Perhaps I am mistaken; I hope so. And yet—well, never mind. What were we talking of before?"

"Love, and other things. But mostly love. Oh, yes, about Scroggs. I want to tell you something else about him—it only happened a fortnight or so ago. It was after the hall was sold to him. He called to see me in town, and I found out my address from my agents, and he put the thing to me point blank. He'd heard I was wishing to get married, he said, and that I was held back for want of cash. He put it awfully decently. Said he liked to make people happy when he could, and offered me a loan, a pretty big one at that; on condition that I said not a word about it, and married the girl of my choice. Well, I've broken my promise. I said I wouldn't say a word in any case, though of course I couldn't accept his offer. But that's the sort of chap he is; and since I can't stand by and see my old home in a parvenu's hands. Oh! I'm fickle, I know. I'm going to a place where I can shake off the shackles of good form and all the rest of it, and work with my hands. I'm off to Canada, Marion; there's a chance there. The money I got for the hall will be enough to start me after paying up the debts. There's a chance for a man over there; a chance to forget. He hardly breathed the last words, but Marion heard them, as he had intended her to hear them. She wondered whether she was doing a thing in sending this man away from his home because of his love for her; for she well knew that it was mainly on her account that he was going. If her heart could have governed her head, she would have held out her round young arms and bade him stay, but unfortunately Marion Seymour's heart was an organ all to itself, and would not brook interference. And there was a little something dimly present all the time in her mind. Fortescue had been her friend ever since she was a little girl and he a very big boy. He had carried her on his back when her legs were tired; he had been a willing subject to her childish tyranny. But as he grew into manhood he had shown a certain amount of disregard for one or two of the decencies of life. He had neglected his obligations; he had frittered away his money carelessly, intent on seeing "life." And later on, when debts pressed thickly about him, he had, to a certain extent, ignored them.

He had made no voluntary offer to sell the hall and clear his liabilities. It had been forced upon him by his creditors; they had practically compelled him to put the place in the market. And Marion named this for something nearly approaching dishonor. To her somewhat narrow view on the one subject that she felt deepest on, evasion of responsibility was very nearly akin to dishonesty. Had Fortescue been the man she would have had him, he would have come forward boldly

and sacrificed everything for the sake of those dependent on him. His creditors would have been paid in full long before; but here they had been obliged to wait until some more daring or less patient than the rest, had taken forcible steps to regain that which was rightfully theirs. And the fact that Fortescue had emerged from the depths with something to his credit, did not mean that his so-called dishonor was the less marked. But whatever credit there had been in the entire transaction belonged to—whom? To whom but Mr. Scroggs, the hopeless parvenu? A warm glow of admiration came to her as she thought of him then.

"Harold, wish I could, but I can't. Things easy for the man who's done so much for me, won't you?" said Fortescue. They had been in the old library for some time, and he had grown very dark. But Marion raked the coals together on the hearth, and a glow of light lit up the sombre room. "Yes, I'll do my best for him," said the girl. She had a great respect for his exertions, perhaps her thoughts of Scroggs had colored her fancies too brightly. At all events, she spoke very earnestly, with a little falter, as she said:

"You can leave that to me," she said. "I think Mr. Scroggs is worthy of all admiration." He stooped forward and caught her roughly by the shoulders, turning her face up to his. Under his intent gaze she colored slightly, and because of something wholly disconcerting that was stirring in her heart, strove to free herself. But the crimson tide spread more face to her forehead, and her eyes could not meet Fortescue's fairly.

"I suppose," he said a little bitterly, "I suppose you don't happen to be in love with him yet, do you?" She tried to deny the imputation, but for a moment her lips were sealed. With what sounded very like an oath Fortescue rose to his feet, and disappeared from the room.

### CHAPTER V.

#### Father and Daughter.

That night Marion Seymour slept but ill. She tossed and turned restlessly in her bed, and her brain revolved a series of complicated problems until it seemed her head must split, so intense was the ache. She wondered what strange thing it was that had caused her flush and speechlessness when accused of caring for Scroggs. Shame and confusion beset her when Fortescue spoke, but why? Why? The question reiterated madly through her brain; no solution was forthcoming. It remained unanswered. Was it—what was it?

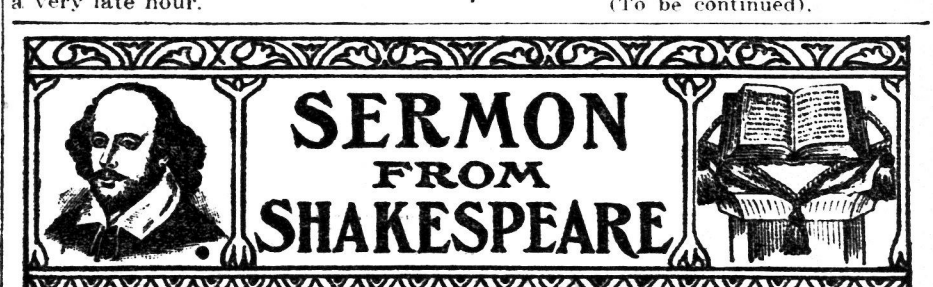
Undoubtedly she admired the man, parvenu though he was. She was too liberal-minded to look down on him because of his association with trade, and she had spoken truthfully when she said that his presence was like a draught of bracing air. He had a personality that compelled attention; he could not remain for long unnoticed, no matter what his surroundings were. Of course, it was folly to imagine that there was a vestige of truth in Fortescue's half-suggestion, and yet—why did she feel differently with regard to Scroggs from what she had ever felt towards any of the many men who had come at various times into her life?

Suddenly she sat up, cold and afraid. A thought had struck her so forcibly that it might almost have been an actual blow. "Whatever is the matter with me," she whispered fearfully. "I must not show it. Horrors! They'd say that I was angling for him because of his wealth. We're poor, he's rich; there's

only one conclusion to be drawn. I won't think of him, I won't." It was easier said than done. She closed her eyes and resorted to every known device to win sleep; but it would not come, not even though she counted innumerable sheep passing through imaginary gates, not though she counted until her tongue refused to speak further. Scroggs was obsessing her brain to the exclusion of everything else, and when she arose and told him she did so with a feeling of weariness that almost made her throw up the sponge and submit unconditionally to woman's weakness—a sick headache. She was the first to reach the breakfast room, and she was glad, for she had no inclination to meet her relatives. But presently her father appeared; he merely nodded carelessly, and bustled himself at the sideboard. Looking at him she saw his face betrayed extreme weariness; he seemed to glance furtively over his shoulder at the door, and the book he held an unconscious hint in performing a very simple operation. She remembered that he had been informed Mr. Munster was waiting immediately downstairs before she had heard him go to his room at a very late hour.

"Business worry you, papa?" she queried. He started violently, and let the plate he was carrying to the table almost fall to the floor. "No, nothing to speak of," he said. His voice was a little tremulous. "I set up too late with Munster. A talkative man, my dear. Well, Marion, have you slept over your championship of this Mr. Scroggs? I had the whole story in gross and in detail from Geraldine. Of course, we can understand a little youthful quixotry, but it must stop now, once and for all. "But, papa, you surely wouldn't have me such a dreadful snub as to snub Mr. Scroggs—or Mrs. Scroggs either, for that matter?"

He made an impatient gesture. "Don't quibble, I beseech you. But for that man's lucky strokes of business at various times—I gather he has a veritable Midas touch—he would, in all probability, now be behind a counter retailing this kind of thing." He pointed with his knife to the liberal plate of ham he had carved. "Well, isn't the ham good?" asked his daughter spiritedly, wondering why without her own volition, she was constantly thrust into a championship of the absent subject of discussion. (To be continued.)



Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I, Scene I.

The Elizabethan age was an age of action. Before this time Englishmen had lived in a narrow world, but then the whole earth became their stage. The voyages of Drake and Raleigh inflamed the imagination of old and young alike, and the little island kingdom began that career of conquest and exploration that was to make her master of the high seas and controller of the destinies of nations—that was to plant her colonies, and nations within an empire, in a circle girdling the earth. The learning of the Greeks and Latins; the culture, the art, the music of the continent, were all appealing to the minds of Englishmen. English fathers were sending their sons abroad "to seek preferment out," some "to discover islands far away." In Shakespeare's time to any man of standing it

of the ancient princes and merchants. The pictures of Raphael, the statuary of Michael Angelo have been reproduced in copies and prints and scattered to the ends of the earth. Learned volumes have been published on the art of these intellectual giants. To fully appreciate their power it is necessary to visit the churches and galleries of Europe. Who can comprehend from books the glories of the western plains with their innumerable herds and their miles, and miles of golden grain, or the awful sublimity of the Rockies? Travel is necessary for a proper understanding of the external world and the world of art.

It is even more essential to the student of men and manners. The philosopher who said "Know thyself" was wise, but the only true way to do this is to learn about other selves. If men "sluggardize" at home they will never gain this knowledge. No greater truth was ever uttered than that. Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits. A man whose horizon is the fences of his farm, or the suburbs of his native town or city, or even the boundaries of his country, grows narrow in mind, his soul becomes dwarfed. Travel is the greatest of educators. It stores the mind, it sharpens the wits, it broadens the sympathies. "The proper study of mankind is man," sang Alexander Pope. How is a man going to study mankind by his own fireside? To enable him to take an intelligent part in the affairs of his country travel is an essential. The statesman and diplomats of the nations have been trained as much by travel as in the halls of learning.

Study and travel go hand in hand. Books tell you what to expect in the countries visited. Without this knowledge much is missed. There are thousands of travellers rushing over Europe at the present moment who have not made adequate preparation.

Eyes have they and they see not! The glories of the old world have little meaning to them. Whether or not a man is to benefit by travel depends largely on his intellectual and moral training. Unless his mind has been prepared, lordly castles and vast cathedrals are to him nothing but piles of benighted by foreign travel many men return to their country the worse for their sojourn abroad.

But there is vastly more good than harm done by foreign travel. England's greatness is due to the energy her sons have displayed in searching the corners of the earth and learning of all nations. In recent years Japan

has leaped into the front rank of the powers. Why? In the universities of Europe and America Japanese youths have been studying. In all countries citizens of Japan have been travelling. In the factories and shipyards they have been learning. Contact with other nations has broken down the barrier that insulated Japan from the rest of the world.

The stay-at-home must drop behind in the race. The wise traveller, who learns of all men, is best fitted to achieve greatness. His mind has been broadened by contact with other men and other manners. From a narrow village he becomes a citizen of the world. His soul grows cosmopolitan and his sympathies widen. Wherever men shut themselves up in institutions or communities a stunted spiritual life is to be found.

### SHAKESPEARE CLUB CONTEST CLOSES ON SATURDAY NEXT

Send in Your Entries Next Week—\$600 in Cash Prizes—Read the Shakespeare Sermons and Improve Your Mind.

Next week is the last in which you may enter the Shakespeare contest. No attention will be paid to entries reaching The Advertiser office after Saturday next, April 2. It costs nothing to enter this competition, and it will be to you a liberal education. Beginning next Saturday, a series of 52 sermons from Shakespeare will appear in 52 consecutive editions of the Saturday Advertiser. Entrants are required to read them all and answer ten questions which will be submitted at the close of the series. These questions will be based upon the 52 sermons, beginning next Saturday, and will not refer to those which appeared before that date. The sum of \$600 in cash will be divided among those who give the most satisfactory answers. The first prize will be \$100. The sermons have made a decided hit. Here are a few of the good things that have been said about them by some of the ablest men on the continent:

Hiram Corson, LL.D., Litt.D., Cornell University, one of the greatest living interpreters of Shakespeare's dramas, writes: "I have read with much pleasure the six excellent sermons sent me, based on texts from Shakespeare at the close of the series. These sermons are of a character that should go to the quick of every one that reads them. . . . If the high merit of those I have read, which I maintained in those which are to follow, they will, and must, do great good."

Rev. David Gregg, D.D., LL.D., president Western Theological Seminary: "A pulpit with Shakespeare in it is a pulpit of power. This is my impression as I finish the perusal of your Shakespeare sermon page."

Daniel M. Gordon, D.D., Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.: "In these 'Sermons from Shakespeare' he has enforced the moral teachings of the great dramatist with clearness, earnestness and literary grace, giving us helpful lessons in a very attractive form. If the sermons that are to follow maintain the standard of those that I have seen, they deserve to become popular, and I hope they may have a wide circulation."

Hon. G. W. Ross, senator, Dominion of Canada, ex-minister of education and ex-premier Province of Ontario: "The 'Sermons from Shakespeare' are excellent models of good English and good morals."

The reader has merely to fill in the following coupon and mail it to the Editor Shakespeare Club, Advertiser.

### Shakespeare Reading Scholarship

I have read the Sermon from Shakespeare published in  
The London Advertiser on .....  
.....1910, and intend to read the  
series of 52, beginning April 2, 1910.  
Name .....  
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