MC 2035

POOR DOCUMENT

"Sunkist" Seedless Navel Oranges In Premium-Bringing Wrappers

Juicy navel oranges with a charming tree-ripened flavor are now for sale at your dealer's. They are pleasingly economical and, in addition, the dining table can be furnished with beautiful silverware by saving the wrappers and sending them to us with a few stamps to partly pay charges, packing, etc.

The *genuine* come in tissue wrappers marked "Sunkist." Your dealer will supply you at extremely reasonable prices.

Tree-Ripened—Picked With Gloves

Only the very finest oranges from the best California groves are packed under the name "Sunkist." Each orange is allowed to ripen *on the tree*, thus producing the wonderful "Sunkist" flavor. At maturity they are carefully picked and packed by *gloved hands*.

Seedless and Solid

Every "Sunkist" is *perfect*. Each is solid meat—seedless and juicy. Most delicious and healthful of fruits. Most wholesome fruit for children—better than sweets. Tones digestion and satisfies "sweet tooth."

Begin Saving Valuable Wrappers Today

Be sure to say "Sunkist"—not merely "oranges." You will know "Sunkist" by their handsome appearance and by the printed wrappers.

This Is Your Beautiful Orange Spoon

Save 12 "Sunkist" orange wrappers, or trademarks cut from wrappers, and send them to us, with 12c to help pay charges, packing, etc., and we will send you this genuine Rogers' silver orange spoon. For each additional spoon send 12 wrappers or trademarks and 12c.

In remitting, please send cash when amount is less than 20c; on amounts above 20c we prefer postal note, money order, express order or bank draft.

14 "Sunkist" Premiums

Send for full description, number of wrappers and amount of cash necessary to secure each article.

Table Knife	Coffee Spoon	Fruit Knife
Table Fork	Salad Fork	Teaspoon
Dessert Spoon	Oyster Fork	Tablespoon
Child's Knife	Child's Fork	Butter Spreader
Bouillon Spoon	Orange Spoon	

California Fruit Growers' Exchange
105 King St. East, Corner Church St.
TORONTO, ONT.

Trademark Registered

January

Clearance Sale

At great reduction in price such an opportunity as this does not occur every day and especially in so seasonable a time. The reason we have made such a marked-down reduction sale is that we find we have too much of our winter stock left, and rather than keep it over for next year, we have decided to clear it out at cost or under. So there is the only chance for you to save your money.

MEN'S OVERCOATS, with Presto collar, regular price, $17.50, sale price, $10.98.

MEN'S OVERCOATS, regular price, $11.50, sale price, $6.50.

MEN'S OVERCOATS, regular price, $9.00, sale price, $4.98.

We have also got a few sheepskin coats left, which we will sacrifice.

MEN'S SWEATER COATS regular price, $1.25, now only 89c.

MEN'S WOOLEN UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR, regular price, $1.00 a garment, sale price, 69c.

Hundreds of other items which this small space does not allow will be slaughtered at your own prices.

Don't miss this opportunity. Be sure and be early, as such opportunities are rare.

S. JACOBSON
32 Mill Street

RECENT DEATHS

Edward Callahan is dead in Brooklyn. He was formerly of this city and was a well-known stevedore. He was in the 79th year of his age. He is survived by four sisters, Mrs. James Thornton and Mrs. Bridget Boden of Brooklyn; Mrs. Mary Connelly and Mrs. David Colgan, of this city.

Mrs. James F. Robertson delivered a lecture on Seville and its Cathedral in the Natural History Society rooms yesterday. The lecture was illustrated with lantern slides.

KIDNEY REMEDY THAT ACTS LIKE MAGIC

I have been a terrible sufferer for a number of years with kidney and liver trouble, also nervous prostration and health generally poor, constitution entirely run down until life became a burden. I tried physicians and every available remedy but found no relief. Was induced to give Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root a trial, which acted like magic, and am happy to say that I believe I am entirely cured and now as good a man as ever.

I believe it my duty to make this public statement that I may help others who may be suffering from the same trouble. Swamp-Root is without question the greatest remedy in the world. Anyone in doubt of this statement or the authenticity can address me as below.

Yours very truly,
Yours very truly
M. H. McCOY,
Van Wert, Ohio.

State of Ohio,
Van Wert County
ss.

The foregoing statement sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 18th day of July, 1909, by the said M. H. McCoy.

A. C. GILPIN, Notary Public.

Letter to
Dr. Kilmer & Co.,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing be sure and mention the St. John Evening Times. Regular 75 and $1.25 size bottles for sale at all drug stores in Canada.

FOR FALLING HAIR

You Cannot Lose When You Use This Remedy

I promise you if your hair is falling out, and you have not let it go too far, you can prevent baldness and get a new growth of hair, if you will use Rexall "93" Hair Tonic, with persistency and regularity, for a reasonable length of time.

It is a scientific, cleansing, antiseptic, germicidal preparation. It destroys microbes, stimulates good circulation around the hair roots, and thus promotes hair nourishment, removes dandruff and restores hair health. It is as pleasant to use as pure water, and is delicately perfumed. It is a real toilet necessity.

I want you to try Rexall "93" Hair Tonic with my promise that it will cost you nothing unless you are perfectly satisfied with its use. It comes in two sizes, prices 50c. and $1.00. Remember, you can obtain Rexall Remedies in this community only at my store—The Rexall Store, Chas. R. Wasson, 100 King street.

Daily Hints For the Cook

MOCK CHERRY PIE.

Take two cups cranberries, cut in halves and soak one-half hour in cold water to remove seeds. Stir one tablespoon cornstarch in a little cold water, mix it with one cup of boiling water and boil until thick. Remove from fire and add the cranberries, a cup of seeded raisins, a tablespoon of butter, a pinch of salt, a cup of sugar, and two teaspoons of vanilla. Line a pie tin with pastry, pour in the filling, cover with crust and bake.

USES FOR SOUR CREAM.

Whip the cream and add to it your salad dressing. It is as good as the sweet cream. It makes good pudding sauce, whipped slightly, sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

Filling for sour cream pie—One cup sugar, one cup chopped raisins, half cup sour cream whipped, one egg, vanilla. Put between layers of any white cake.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the world over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

IN THE CHURCHES

The reports to the annual meeting of the Leinster street Baptist church show 225 members in the Sunday school, an increase of fifty. The Baraca class has forty-eight, a gain of twenty. The church treasurer shows a balance of $151.50. H. D. Everett has been elected treasurer; A. A. Wilson, K.C., clerk; A. W. Sulis, financial secretary; A. E. Everett, treasurer of denominational funds; J. J. Gillies, treasurer of communion fund; Kenneth Gillies, treasurer of pew rents.

The Queen Square Methodist Sunday school last night elected R. D. Smith, superintendent; T. J. Gunn, T. H. Bullock and C. M. Lingley, assistants; Miss Betts, superintendent of the home department; Miss Minnie Thompson, assistant; Mrs. Gaetz, superintendent of cradle roll; R. S. Stephenson, secretary; R. D. Robertson, assistant; A. B. Gilmour, treasurer; A. T. B. Howard, assistant; C. M. Lingley and L. V. Lingley, librarians. The reports were encouraging. The ladies served supper.

Rev. A. F. Newcombe, traveling secretary of the Canadian Bible Society for the maritime provinces and Newfoundland, with headquarters here, returned yesterday from Halifax. He has completed a trip covering 1,500 miles in the three provinces and has addressed seventeen meetings. In Halifax he and Rev. W. B. Cooper, general secretary for Canada, attended the annual meeting of the branch of the Canadian Bible Society there.

In St. Luke's church last evening, W. A. Steiper presided at a missionary luncheon. The speakers were: Rev. C. W. Nichols, of St. Stephen; D. H. Nase and A. Mowrie, and musical selections were given by E. S. Peacock, W. H. Smith and T. Armour.

HIS FATHER'S MESSAGE.

The village constable was disturbed in his dinner by a loud rapping at the door, and on going to find the cause he found a small youth, who said breathlessly, "My father sent me doon tae ask if ye would come up an' walk up an' doon the front walk for half an hour. It's new gravelled, an' he's broken the roller."

La MARQUISE de FONTENOY

Lord and Lady Decies Rent Home Near Dublin—A Drama and Tragedy of English Social Life

(Copyright, 1912, by the Brentwood Company.)

Lord Decies and his wife, who was Miss Vivien Gould of New York, have rented from Lord Annaly (popularly nicknamed "Sloper"), the latter's beautiful country seat, known as Luttrellstown. It takes its name from the Luttrell family, of which the Earl of Carhampton was the chief, and which had owned the place since the reign of Henry VI. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the Liffey, about six miles from the city of Dublin. Among its most famous occupants have been the "wicked" Earl Carhampton, who was reputed to have sold his soul to the Devil; and Colonel Luttrell, the opponent of Wilkes at the memorable Middlesex election some hundred years ago.

The manner in which it came into the possession of the White family, of which Lord Annaly is the chief, is rather romantic. Lord Annaly's great-grandfather hailed from the Isle of Man, drifted over to Dublin, where he became the errand boy of a second-hand bookseller, and, being ambitious, started in business for himself in the same line. One day he found a lottery ticket in the pages of a second hand book which he had purchased with a job lot at a public sale. Fortunately for himself, he failed in his efforts to dispose of the ticket, and it was left on his hands, winning the prize of $100,000, which proved the foundation of his fortune.

He died a millionaire and a member of parliament, and while three of his sons had seats in the House of Commons, the fourth became Lord Annaly, and purchased from the last Lord Carhampton the estate of Luttrellstown.

Lord Annaly, who is the permanent lord in waiting to King George, and a favorite member of the latter's household, has lived but little at Luttrellstown, making his principal home at Holdenby House, his place in Northampton, where Queen Elizabeth used to stay, where James I. resided for months together, and where Charles I. was kept in durance after he surrendered to the Scottish army at Newcastle. Holdenby House, has been immortalized in Whyte Melville's most popular novel, "The Queen's Maries." Lord Annaly was for many years master of the Pytchley Hunt.

A Society Drama

The marriage of Colonel and Mrs. J. Laycock, who have just lost their eldest son, a remarkably handsome boy of eight, was preceded by one of those dramas of English society, of which only portions get into the courts.

Colonel Laycock, who was the best man of the Duke of Westminster on the occasion of the latter's marriage, is a man of very great wealth, and very popular. He was infatuated with a certain peeress of the realm, who has occupied the limelight in many different ways during the last quarter of a century. She is the wife of an earl. Noticing that Colonel Laycock's devotion to her was diminishing, she sought the cause, and found it in his infatuation for the exceptionally fascinating and beautiful Marchioness of Downshire, a woman nearly half her age.

The Marquis of Downshire remained in complete ignorance until the countess was led to induce Lord Downshire to force open a desk in which the marchioness' correspondence with Colonel Laycock was concealed. A divorce ensued, and as soon as the decree was made absolute the marchioness married Colonel Laycock.

While touring afterwards on the continent, they met with a terrible automobile accident, the colonel escaping relatively unhurt, while his wife was so badly injured, one of her feet being entirely wrenched off, that the leg had to be amputated. It was after this that the boy was born, in perfect health, and remained the idol of his parents, until his death on Christmas day.

This terrible automobile accident, as well as the manner in which Mrs. Laycock had been betrayed to her first husband by the countess to whom reference has been made, had the effect of exciting a good deal of sympathy for her by society, by which she was in course of time received virtually as of old, though she does not go to court. Public sympathy in her behalf is now revived once more, through the loss of her boy.

Mrs. Laycock is the daughter of the Hon. Hugh Hare, son of the second Earl of Listowell. The founder of the fortunes of her present husband was Joseph Laycock, who started life as a working blacksmith and of whom it was said that everything he touched turned to gold. Whether by native shrewdness or good luck or both, he made a large fortune, and the history of it, if written, would be a genuine romance of business.

One of his feats was the creation of the Blyth & Tyne Railroad, the only line ever owned, controlled and constructed by one man in the United Kingdom. Before his death he sold it to the North Eastern Railroad at an immense profit. He invested much of his money in the purchase of collieries and died some thirty years ago, leaving everything to his son, Robert, a Liberal member of parliament, and married to a daughter of Christian Allhusen, owned of immense alkali works on the Tyne.

Robert Laycock lived only a fortnight to enjoy his father's inheritance, and as Colonel Laycock was then a mere boy, the immense property coming to him from his father and grandfather, went on accumulating during his minority.

He served throughout the Boer war on the staff of General Sir John French and won the Distinguished Service Order. He is an enthusiastic motorist, riding in the car which won the first race from Paris to Berlin. He makes his home with his wife at Wiseton Hall, in Yorkshire, which he purchased from the late Lord Spencer. He is a member of the Royal Yacht squadron.

Lord Somers

Lord Somers, who has become so enthusiastic about Canada that he has not only started farming in the neighborhood of Toronto, but has induced his brother-in-law and sister, Lord and Lady Hyde, to follow his example, has recently resigned his commission of lieutenant in the First Life Guards, to devote himself more completely to his Canadian enterprises and home. He was one of the pages in attendance upon King Edward at his coronation, is still unmarried, and will inherit a good deal of property on the death of his kinswoman, Lady Henry Somerset.

The next heir to his peerage, and to the property coming to him from Lady Henry, is his uncle, the Rev. Henry Somers Cocks, rector of Edenbridge, in Kent, and married to a daughter of Llewelyn Haskell of Boston, Mass. The uncle's next brother, who is also in the line of succession to the Somers barony and property, is likewise married to an American girl, his wife being a daughter of Major Sabin of the United States army.

On the death of the third and last Earl of Somers, in 1883, the Earldom of Somers and his Viscounty of Eastnor, became extinct. His Barony of Somers, dating from 1784, descended, however, along with the entailed property, yielding an income of about $15,000 a year, to his cousin, the present Lord Somers. The earl at the same time bequeathed the major portion of his property, including a lot of real estate in London, known as Somers Town, and also Eastnor Castle, to his daughters, Adeline, widowed Duchess of Bedford, and Lady Henry Somerset, of temperance fame, for life, the property to revert at their respective deaths to young Lord Somers, who will then become very rich indeed.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON

"A PITTSBURG clergyman has recently notified his flock that henceforth he is going to marry no couples who cannot give probable evidence of an annual income of at least two thousand dollars."

I quote that interesting item from a contemporary publication.

What do you think of it?

I'll tell you gladly what I think. I think it is one of the worst examples that I have yet seen of the foolish and harmful tendency prevalent just now—the tendency to advise young people to delay marriage until all material difficulties are smoothed away by plenty of money and material possessions.

I wonder if that minister realizes that the average American wage is about $900.

I wonder if he realizes that 67 per cent. of American men do not get more than $1,000 a year.

What, pray, would he do with these men and the women they would naturally take to wife?

Would he condemn them to eternal singleness and keep their women's arms eternally empty and hungry, because their lovers could not give "probable evidence of an annual income of at least two thousand dollars?"

I believe that the tremendously high standard of material possessions necessary as a preliminary to marriage, which we are encouraging our children to raise, is doing vastly more harm than good.

The idea is good enough if we didn't carry it to such ridiculously excess. Everyone knows that when the wolf is continually howling and scratching at the door, and even peering glumly in the windows, there isn't apt to be much billing and cooing going on inside the home.

But, does it take two thousand a year to keep the wolf away from a young married couple's home?

Indeed it doesn't. Or, at any rate, shouldn't.

Nor—well, I started to say nor half that, but I suppose I ought not to be quite so definite. Circumstances alter cases, and whereas there are couples that might get along very comfortably on seven or eight hundred a year, there are others who require more than that. But I don't believe than any two people would starve on twelve hundred a year.

And anyhow, it seems to me that a reasonable amount saved up for a rainy day and good prospects of advancement, count for more than a large income to start with.

If all the harm that is done by long drawn out engagements and by the advanced age for marrying among men could be known, I think perhaps we should say less about having just so much to start with, and more about getting married at the time when nature wants men and women to marry.

What relation do you suppose the prolonging of bachelorhood to the age of thirty and thirty-five has with the social evil?

Of course, no one can know that exactly, but I'm sure of this—that if I had a son I'd rather see him marry at the age of twenty-two or three, on a thousand a year, than wait until he was thirty for two or three thousand.

Perhaps, Mr. Pittsburg minister, you were misquoted in your sweeping exclusion of all folks who couldn't qualify in the two thousand class from the state of matrimony.

For the honor of your cloth, I hope so.

The HONOR of the BIG SNOWS

By James Oliver Curwood

Author of THE DANGER TRAIL

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(Synopsis of Previous Chapters)

As Melisse, wife of John Cummins, lies dying in her cabin home in the far Canadian north, she plays music. Presently the door opens and Jan Thoreau, with his violin, enters. After the death of Melisse Jan, who soothed her last moments, is invited to stay on in the cabin with Cummins, who is a hunter.

The mother has left a little girl, also named Melisse, for whom Jan feels a supreme love.

In the frequent absence of the little Melisse's father, Jan, cares for the little baby, prevents her Indian nurse from bringing her up as a pappoose, and often plays to her.

Of Jan's past no one knows anything. He tells simply that he came from the Barren Lands.

One night during the annual caribou roast, in which all of the hunters at the post took part, Jan sees a newcomer whom he recognizes as a mission-ner that he has sworn to kill. The man makes his escape on a sledge pulled by fleet dogs and when Jan follows them and they fight he leaves Jan for dead in the snow.

A hunter friend of Jan's named Gravois finds Jan and revives him and also finds, a little distance away, the dead body of the missioner.

CHAPTER XI.

For Her.

Upon Jan now fell a great responsibility. Melisse was his own. Days passed before he could realize the fullness of his possession. He had meant to go by the Athabasca water route to see Jean de Gravois, leaving Melisse to Cummins for a fortnight or so. Now he gave this up. Day and night he guarded the child; and to Jan's great joy it soon came to pass that whenever he was compelled to leave her for a short time, Melisse would cry for him. At least Maballa assured him that this was so, and Melisse gave evidence of it by her ecstatic joy when he returned.

When Cummings came back from Fort Churchill in the autumn, he brought with him a pack full of things for Melisse, including new books and papers, for which he had spent a share of his season's earnings. As he was freeing these treasures from their wrapping of soft caribou skin, with Jan and Melisse both looking on, he stopped suddenly and glanced from his knees up at the boy.

"They're wondering over at Churchill what became of the missionary who left with the mail, Jan. They say he was last seen at the Etawney."

"And not here?" replied Jan quickly.

"Not that they know of," said Cummins, still keeping his eyes on the boy. "The man who drove him never got back to Churchill. They're wondering where the driver went, too. A company officer has gone up to the Etawney, and it is possible he may come over to Lac Bain. I don't believe he'll find the missionary."

"Neither do I," said Jan quite coolly. "He is probably dead, and the wolves and foxes have eaten him before this—or mebby ze feesh!"

Cummins resumed his task of unpacking and among the books which he brought forth there were two which he gave to Jan.

"The supply ship from London came in while I was at Churchill, and those came with it," he explained. "They're schoolbooks. There's going to be a school at Churchill next winter, and the winter after that it will be at York Factory, down on the Hayes." He settled back on his heels and looked at Jan. "It's the first school that has ever come nearer than four hundred miles of us. That's at Prince Albert."

For many succeeding days Jan took long walks alone in the forest trails, and silently thrashed out the two problems which Cummins had brought back from Churchill for him. Should he warn Jean de Gravois that a company officer was investigating the disappearance of the missionary?

At first his impulse was to go at once into Jean's haunts beyond the Fond du Lac, and give him the news. But even if the officer did come to Post Lac Bain, how would he know that the missionary was at the bottom of the lake, and that Jean de Gravois was accountable for it? So in the end Jan decided that it would be folly to stir up the little hunter's fears, and he thought no more of the company's investigator who had gone up to the Etawney.

But the second problem was one whose perplexities troubled him. Cummins' word of the school at Churchill had put a new and thrilling thought into his head, and always with that thought he coupled visions of the growing Melisse. This year the school would beat Churchill, and the next at York Factory, and after that it might be gone for ever, so that when Melisse grew up there would be none nearer than what Jan looked upon as the other end of the world. Why could not he go to school for Melisse and store up treasures which in time he might turn over to her?

The scheme was a colossal one, by all odds the largest that had ever entered into his dreams of what life held for him—that he, Jan Thoreau, should learn to read and write, and do other things like the people of the far South, so that he might help to make the little creature in the cabin like her who slept under the watchful spruce. He was stirred to the depths of his soul, now with fear, again with hope and desire and ambition, and