

"Sunkist" Orange Special

An Entire Trainload of Oranges Coming on Special Express Schedule for Special "Sunkist" Orange Sale

Week Beginning February 28.

Your dealer—every dealer—will be supplied with fresh picked "Sunkist" oranges. Here is fruit that is fresh as that eaten by your California friends, for it comes to you as fast as this special express freight train can bring it. It has the right of way wherever possible. The California Fruit Growers' Exchange can allow "Sunkist" oranges to fully mature on the tree because they get them to you so quickly after picking.

Picked By Gloved Hands

Picked by experts wearing gloves to keep the deep tinted skin intact—thus insuring perfect oranges. "Sunkist" oranges are tree-ripened—observe the deep tinted skin—that's Nature's guarantee for the matured lusciousness within. There are no other oranges like these. Place them on your table at every meal. Your family will appreciate "Sunkist" oranges as they do no other food.

Physicians recommend oranges for their food value to brain and nerve cells.

Be Sure You Get "Sunkist" Oranges

In order that you get the choicest of the 5,000 groves in which "Sunkist" oranges are grown, be sure the oranges you buy are wrapped in tissue paper upon which is printed the "Sunkist" label. Oranges without this wrapper are not "Sunkist" oranges. Insist upon getting "Sunkist" oranges only—then you are insured of the finest fruit it is possible to grow.

"Sunkist" Lemons

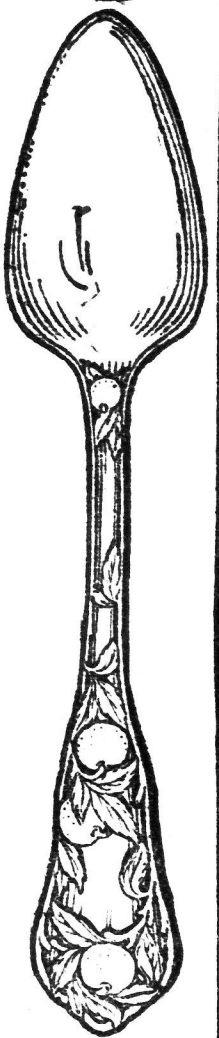
are rich in strong lemon juices. They are thin-skinned, firm, tree-ripened and hand-picked. They answer every purpose better than any other lemon in the world. That's because they are carefully cultivated by most expert hands.

FREE—ORANGE SPOONS

Save Wrappers of "Sunkist" Oranges and Lemons

Send 12 wrappers and 6 two-cent stamps for a handsome Rogers' full standard plate orange spoon. In a short time you can easily have a full table set. They are worthy of a place at every table. Your dealer is prepared for this Great Orange Sale. He will have a full supply of "Sunkist" oranges for you—for every customer.

Send "Sunkist" Wrappers and Stamps to
California Fruit Growers' Exchange
32 Church Street Toronto, Ontario



"SUNKIST" NAVEL ORANGES ARE SEEDLESS

DON'T LET THIS SALE SLIP YOUR MIND

Half a Chance

The Great New Serial Story of Adventure by
FREDERICK S. ISHAM
Author of "Under the Rose," "The Strollers," etc.
Copyright 1909, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"I guessed you were going? Ah, to-night—on the balcony?"

Did he divine what her words recalled, could not but bring to mind? A faint spring to her white face; it spread even to the white throat. The blue eyes grew hard, very hard; the little hand he had so short a while before held in his, closed; the slender figure which had then seemed to waver, straightened. He read the thought his words had evoked, but did not meet her eyes now.

"You tell me what you have— and yet you have come—dared to come here—under this roof—"

It may be she also recalled his look when first he had entered this room, and, turning, had seen her; that her mind retained the impress of a bearing, bold, mocking, "it was infamous!"

The words struck him like a whip, fashed his face to a dull red; the silence grew.

"I would not presume to dispute or contradict any conclusion you may have reached," he spoke at length in a low, even voice. "I had not, as I said, intended this last, this most inexcusable intrusion. You have now only one course to pursue—"

He turned to the long silken bell rope on the wall. "And I promise not to resist."

Her glance followed his, returned to his face, to his eyes, quietly challenging. She took a step.

"Well," he said. She had suddenly stopped; in the hall voices were heard approaching; he, too, caught them.

"That simplifies matters," he remarked. Her breast stirred; she stood listening; they came nearer—now were at the door. A measured knocking broke the stillness.

"Joelynn!" The voice was that of Sir Charles. "Are you there?" She did not answer. "Kindly unlock the door."

CHAPTER XIV.
An Answer.

The girl made no motion to obey and the knocking was repeated; mechanically she moved toward the threshold.

"Yes!" All the color had left her face. "What—what is it?"

"Don't mean to alarm you, my dear, but Mr. Gillett thinks the convict might be concealing himself somewhere in the house; indeed, that it is quite likely. So we are making a little tour of inspection. Shall we not go through your rooms? There! Don't be frightened!" quickly. "Only as a matter of precaution, you know!"

"I," she seemed to catch her breath. "It is really quite unnecessary. I have been through them myself."

"Might have known that!" with an attempt at jocoseness. "But though we would make sure. Your balcony, you have looked there?"

to sleep in your dressing-room? (Companions, you know! Your voice sounds a little nervous.)

"Does it? Not at all!" she said hastily. "I am—not in the least nervous."

"Good-night, then!" They went. "One of my men in the garden felt sure he had seen him return toward the house," Mr. Gillett's voice was wafted back, became fainter, died away.

The man in the room stood motionless now, his face like that of a statue save for the light and life of his eyes. The clock beat the moments; he looked at her. The girl was almost turned from him; he saw more of the bright hair than the pale profile, so still against the delicately carved arabesques of the panel.

"The other way would have been—preferable!"

There was nothing reckless or bold in his bearing now; but, looking away, she did not see. Was he tempted, it only an infinitesimal degree, to suggest a plan of mitigating circumstances—not for his own sake, but for hers—that she might feel less keenly that she had been so long in the house?

He had smiled on him, admitted him to a certain frank, free intimacy? Before the words fell from his lips, however, she turned; her gaze arrested his purpose, made him feel poignantly, acutely, the distance now between them. "What were you," she hesitated, emphasized over-sharply the word, "transported for?"

"An instant his eyes flashed suddenly back at her, as if he were on the point of answering, telling her all, disavowing; but to what end? To ask her not of her, but of others, throw himself on her generosity?"

"What does it matter?" True; what did it matter to her? He had been in prisons before, by his own word.

"Your name, of course, is not John Steele?"

He confessed it a purloined asset. "What was it?"

He looked at her—beyond! To a storm-tossed ship, a golden-haired child, her curls in disorder, moving with difficulty, yet clinging so steadfastly to a small cage. His name? It may be he heard again the loud pounding and knocking; beld her once more to his breast, felt the confiding, soft arms.

"What does it matter?"

What, indeed? That which she had not been able to penetrate, to understand in him, this was it! This!

But why?—fragments of what he had said recurred to her; she spoke mechanically—"when you found yourself recognized, did you not leave England? Why did you come here—to Strathmore House; incur the danger, the risk?"

"Why?" He still continued to look straight before him. "Because you—were here!" He spoke quietly, simply.

"I?" she trembled.

"Oh, you need not fear!" quickly. "You," a bitter smile crossed his face. "One may see a star and long to draw nearer it, though she knows it is at ways beyond reach, unattainable! May even stumble forward, led by its light—bright, beautiful! Whither?" He laughed abruptly. "One has not asked, nor cared!"

had momentarily held her. "There—there may be a safer way!" She hardly knew what she was saying; one thought alone possessed her mind; she looked with strained, bright glance before her. "The Queen Elizabeth staircase leading into the garden from any—"

"The words were arrested; her blue eyes, dark, dilated, lingered on him in an odd, impersonal way. "Wait!" Bright spots of color now tinted her cheeks; she went quickly toward the door she had left, her manner that of one who hastens to some course on impulse, without pausing to reason. "A few minutes!" She listened, turned the key; then opening the door, stepped hastily out into the hall.

The latch clicked; the man stood alone. Whatever her purpose, only the sense of hurt, of outraged pride, for desire to act quickly, to have done with an intolerable situation moved him. Once more he looked toward the window through which he had entered; first, however, before going, he thought himself of something, an answer to one of her questions. She should find the answer after he was gone! "I don't know," he thought, into a breast-pocket; he took out a small object wrapped in velvet. An instant his eyes rested upon it; then, stooping, he picked up the bit of velvet handkerchief from the floor, and laying the dark velvet against it, placed the two on the table.

Would she understand? The debt he had felt he owed her long before to-night, that sense of obligation to the child who had reached out her hand in a different life, a different world! No; she had, of course, forgotten; still, he would leave it, that tell-tale color, previous course, which he had cherished almost superstitiously.

When a few minutes later the girl hastily re-entered the room, she carried on her arm a man's coat and hat; her appearance was feverish, her eyes wide and shining.

"Your clothes are torn—would attract attention! These were not stolen—I don't know whose—but I stole them!"—stole them!"

She spoke quickly with a little broad note of self-mockery. Her voice broke off suddenly; she looked around her. The coat and hat slipped from her arm; she looked at the window; the curtain still moved, as if a hand had but recently touched it. She stared.

A Sneezing Epidemic

IT'S NOT INFLUENZA—BUT CATARRH THAT COMES WITH CHANGE OF SEASON.

Every second person that you meet seems to have a sneeze and stuffed feeling in the forehead and nostrils. To cure promptly, say, in half an hour, there is nothing wrong using except Catarrhoxone. You inhale its balsamic vapor, and feel as if you were among the Norway Pines. This is because Catarrhoxone contains a healing medicine, light as pine air, which is breathed straight into the lungs and bronchial tubes. Away goes the cold, sneezing and catarrhal cough cease, bronchial irritation stops; in short, you are cured of Catarrh by a pleasant, simple remedy, free from sedatives and irritants. Catarrhoxone is a good, safe, family remedy for coughs, colds, croup, sore throat, that may be taken by young and old with absolute certainty of swift, permanent cure. Try "Catarrhoxone," but beware of the substitutor who may try to induce you to take something instead of "Catarrhoxone." Large size lasts two months. Price \$1. Smaller sizes 25c and 50c. Sold by all dealers, or The Catarrhoxone Company, Kingston, Ont.

at it—incidentally. He had gone; he would have none of her assistance then—preferred— She listened, but caught only the rustling of the heavy silk. When? Minutes passed; at her left a candle, carefully adjusted by the maid, dripped to the dresser; its over-long wick threw weird, ever-changing shadows; her own silhouette appeared in various distorted forms on hangings and wall.

Still she heard nothing, nothing louder than the faint sounds at the window; the occasional, mysterious creakings of old woodwork. He must have long since reached the ground—the bottom of the old moat; perhaps, as the police agent and several of his men were in the house, he might even have attained the fringe of the wood. It was not so far distant—the space intervening from the top of the moat contained many shrubs; in their friendly shadows—

She stole to the corner of the window and cautiously peered out. The sky was overcast; below, faint markings could just be discerned; beyond, Cimmerian gloom—Strathmore wood.

Had he reached, could he reach it? Good-bye, farewell, her cheeks with- lessening the flush that burned there; her lips were half-parted. She stepped uncertainly back; a reaction swept over her.

How absurd! What, however, should she do? She looked toward the next room. Go to bed? It seemed the commonplace, natural conclusion, and, after all, life was very commonplace. But the coat and hat she had brought there. Consideration of them, also, came within the scope of the commonplace.

It did not take her long to dispose of them, not on the rack, however. Standing again, a few moments later, at the head of the stairway, in the upper hall, she heard voices approaching. But the coat and hat slipped from her arm and coat on a chair near by and fled to her room.

None too soon! From above footsteps were descending; people now passed by; they evidently had been searching the third story. She could hear their low, dissatisfied voices; the last persons to come she at once recognized by their tones.

"You have made a bungling job of it," said Lord Ronald. There was a suppressed, fierce bitterness in his accents, which, however, in the excitement of the moment, the girl failed to notice.

"He had made up his mind not to be taken alive, my lord."

"Then—" The other interrupted Mr. Gillett harshly, but she failed to catch more of his words.

"We've not lost him, my lord," Mr. Gillett spoke again. "If he's not in the house, he's near it, in the garden, and we have every way guarded."

"Every way guarded!" The girl drew her breath; as they disappeared the striking of the clock caused her to start. One two. About four hours of darkness, hardly that long, remained for him! And yet she would have supposed it later; it had been after one o'clock when she had come to her room.

She became aware of a throbbing in her head, a dull pain, and mechanically seating herself near one of the tables, she put up her hand and started. Her hand was cold, her head soon desisted. Again she began to think more clearly, this time, more poignantly, of all she had experienced—listened to—that night!

(To Be Continued.)

THE AUTHOR OF "CHANTECLER," OVER WHICH PARIS RAVES

Something About Edmond Rostand—His Early Successes and Failures—Cyrano Made His Fame.

At the present moment there is no more talked of writer in Paris than M. Edmond Rostand, and it is likely that no dramatic work has ever aroused so much interest prior to its production as his "Chantecler" ("The Cock").

The death of the elder Coquelin caused one postponement, but there have been many others. Months ago the shops of Paris were displaying in their windows "Chantecler" hats, ties, and waistcoats. For weeks there have been paragraphs in all the newspapers, not only of Paris, but of every civilized country. Actions are pending against the Secolo, of Milan; The Eclair, the Paris Journal and the monthly Bonne Chanson, for printing alleged scenes and verses from the play, and copies of these journals containing the previous lines have been confiscated on the boulevards. Never in the history of the stage has any play been so well advertised, before its performance, nor has any work of drama or literature created a title of the almost frenzied interest aroused by the repeated delays, the alleged revelations of plot, incidents and words, and the consequent angry denials and legal reprisals on the part of author, producer and manager.

Famous at Thirty.

The eyes of the world are upon the Porte Ste. Martin. Let us turn our attention then to the man who is responsible for all this excitement. M. Edmond Rostand, author of "Cyrano," "Les Romanesques," "La Princesse Lointaine," and "L'Aiglon"—a list of his triumphs that is not exhaustive—is one of those lucky authors who have not had to wait for public recognition. He had written the last lines of "Cyrano de Bergerac" before he was 27, and in a year or so the piece had taken Paris by storm. Another year, and the

Porte Ste. Martin is still packed night after night, with the great Coquelin in the title-role; ten companies are playing the piece in America to full houses. Germany is ecstatic over Ludwig Fulda's version; Spaniards throng to see the play in Madrid; Russia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, all have their own versions; Serbia looks to hear the piece, in all of all languages. Croatian "Cyrano" is an acknowledged masterpiece, and its author an accredited genius.

A Brilliant Debut.

Born in 1868 at Marseilles, Edmond Rostand comes of an intellectual stock. His father, a member of the Institute, was a distinguished savant; his uncle is still known in the public life of Paris. He was educated at the Lycée of Marseilles and the Stanislas College in Paris, whence he took his degree in law. His maiden book of poems, "Les Musardises," was published in his 20th year, and its author was hailed in the Revue Bleue as having made the most brilliant poetic debut since Alfred de Musset published his "Contes d'Espagne."

Shakespeare, Dickens and Victor Hugo were his early favorites, and the authors whom he resolved to emulate. With his first success many would say that he had repeated the wonderful achievement of his great master, that he had marked a new epoch in the drama in "Cyrano," as Hugo marked a new epoch in "Hernani," the foundation-stone of French Romanticism. "Cyrano" took but a few months in the writing, but years in preparation. In his undergraduate days it became a fixed purpose with him to write a play in which the hero should be marked equally by nobility of character and some grotesque physical defect. In history he hit upon the figure—a real figure—of Cyrano. His own experience of life furnished him with the plot.

"Les Romanesques."

"I was just out of college," M. Rostand once remarked to an interviewer, "and one day I showed M. Jules Claretie, of the Comedie Francaise, a one-act comedy I had done. He urged me to submit it formally, and said he was sure it would be accepted. I was delighted, of course, and submitted it; but the little play was rejected, partly, I believe, because I intrusted the reading to an actor instead of doing it myself. But M. Claretie stood by me, and told me to go ahead with a three-act comedy, and submit it as soon as I could. So I wrote 'Les Romanesques,' and it was accepted with special honor at the Comedie Francaise; and the first thing I knew was that Sarcey was proclaiming me as the modern 'Gauguin,' and I found myself looked to write light comedy all my life. But I had no intention of accepting any such narrow mission. What I wanted to study—and depict—was life. So I wrote a play forthwith, 'La Princesse Lointaine,' which was delicate, and sad, and tender—in fact, as far as possible from light comedy—and I let the critics reproach me as they pleased, although it often hurt. Yes, I knew what I was doing. And then I wrote 'Cyrano,' which, I suppose, has a little of everything in it, like the world about us."

Coquelin and Bernhardt.

Both Mme. Bernhardt and the late M. Coquelin—the two dominant figures of the French stage at the time when Rostand burst upon the dramatic world of Paris—realized at once that the young author would shortly have

the theatrical world at his feet. Coquelin, indeed, succumbed to his spell within ten minutes of being introduced. "To quote his own words: 'It was in the autumn of 1894 that I met Rostand first. I was at Mme. Bernhardt's one day when he was reading his "Princesse Lointaine," produced later at the Renaissance. I was present only as a friend, but was greatly struck by the beauty of the lines and the high, artistic quality of the author's rendering. Bernhardt was stirred to tears; in fact, was ill in bed two days afterwards from the emotion it was presented to Rostand, and told him how sincerely I admired his work. Then, just as I was going, he said: 'I should like to write something for you. I think I have a good idea.' At once I said that whatever he would write for me, on whatever subject, at whatever time, I would accept, without question or reservation, and put on the stage at my own theatre.' That is how "Cyrano" came to be written. Coquelin would run down frequently to the author's home at Boulogne St. Leeger to see how the work was getting on. 'Sometimes,' he has said, 'it was a delight to see Rostand chorusing and smoothing his lines for you. I found gardener who waters the flowers he loves and gives them sun. Again, he wrought out his lines in torture, like a spirit driven through hell with forbidden. There are men, you know, like Sardou, who can rise every day at a certain hygienic hour, work so long, and refuse to work any longer. Rostand is not of that order."

Better Than Sermons.

The great actress, who has divided with the author the honors of "La Princesse Lointaine," "La Samaritaine" and "L'Aiglon," is even more enthusiastic than the actor. "I think," she has once ejaculated, "that he has it in him to be alive now to interpret a part, at least, of what this great genius will produce. If Rostand were to die, it would be a calamity to mankind and I think—why, I think I should want to die, too." The role she interpreted in "La Samaritaine," exhausted her, she has declared more than once, "because of its spiritual intensity." She acknowledges herself as convinced that the play has done more good than any of her own. Thus the actors, the flesh and blood realizations of the author's dreams. But the critics, colder, less impressionable, and more methodical, have proved, as might have been expected, hardly so eloquent. On some hands Rostand has been dubbed a French Kipling, a poet of Chauvinistic patriotism, assured only of a limited immortality.

New York tradesmen find that ex-travellers meet when they have their greatest trouble in collecting money from customers who have no money, and from customers who have the most money.

THE COMPLEXION PROBLEM

rather a difficult one in this extreme, changeable, windy weather, is solved by using Campana's Italian Balm. A soothing, cleansing, purifying and healing skin food, not greasy or oily. It prevents chaps or roughness, keeps the skin soft, white and beautiful, and leaves no visible trace after application. So a bottle of your druggist's or from E. W. West & Co., Toronto.

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the standard Cod Liver Oil preparation of the world. Nothing equals it to build up the weak and wasted bodies of young and old. All Druggists

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