

Here's a Hunch:

FIRST thing you do next get a tidy red tin of Prince Albert and fill up a jimmy pipe or roll a makin's cigarette. Either will make peace with your tongue before the first inning's over. For you never smoked the likes of P. A.—tobacco made by an exclusive patented process that takes out the bite and the parch.

PRINCE ALBERT

the inter-national joy smoke

No matter what you pay for your pipe or cigarette makin's tobacco, you'll never stay put till you get acquainted with "the inter-national joy smoke."

Such flavor, such aroma, such freshness! Why, just to write about it or talk about it puts that "lead me to it" spirit right into your system.

You join the P. A. band and find out for yourself why Prince Albert is sold to more men in the U. S. than any other pipe and cigarette tobacco!

Prince Albert is the largest seller in the United States. It is now being imported into Newfoundland and is sold by all of the leading dealers in one-eighth-lb. tidy red tins.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.

The Earl's Son;

—OR— TWO HEARTS UNITED.

CHAPTER IV.

It was clumsily drawn, was full of pitfalls, and delightfully open to adverse criticism; and Mr. Talbot Denby, as he stood with one white, shapely hand resting lightly on the bench in front of him, and the other thrust half into his pocket, was dissecting it with all the cold, deliberate incisiveness of a surgeon revealing a human deformity. The opposition were chuckling and cheering and exchanging delighted glances, while his own party, inwardly squirming, tried to look scornful or unconcerned; but Talbot Denby went on his vitriolic way unrelayed by the cheers, undaunted by the murmurs which now and then reached him from the benches behind him.

"Denby's in fine form to-night," said Mr. Boucher, the well-known independent member, to his crony, Mr. Welch, as they sat in their usual places below the gangway and listened to the cold, metallic voice.

Welch nodded.

"Yes, he's a clever beggar; and he's never more clever nor more ef-

fective than when he's turning on his friends. He is the coming man, there can be no doubt of that. And yet I don't like him. But I don't know him so well as you do."

"Oh, I know him well enough," said Boucher; "but I don't like him any better than you do. He's one of the best-looking men in the House, and his manners are simply perfect; and yet there is something about the man that repels one. Oh, I don't mean because he has a slash at his party now and again; that's the fashion: it pays. It is something in the expression of his eyes, in his voice. Whenever I am talking to him or listening to him I seem to be talking or listening to a man who is wearing a mask: I am always suspicious of a man who is always on guard; and I never part from Talbot Denby without thinking, 'There is a mystery about that man; there is something in his life he is concealing.'"

"You ought to have taken to fiction," remarked Welch, with a smile. "I wish I had; anything but this!" said the famous Mr. Boucher, with a sigh and a weary glance round the crowded House, still listening with strained attention and tense excitement to Mr. Denby's cutting phrases.

"I hear that his uncle, Lord Lynborough, and he do not get on very well together," said Welch, after a pause.

"Not particularly well, I believe," assented Mr. Boucher. "Talbot Denby's father and the earl quarrelled—

the old man has a genius for quarrelling—I should say Talbot Denby gets his bitterness from him. It was not until Talbot's father died that the earl recognized and took up Talbot. He was obliged to do so, in a sense. Talbot being the heir and next in succession. The earl makes him a very good allowance, and they see each other occasionally and keep the peace, mainly owing to Talbot, who is too wise to quarrel with his bread and butter; in fact, too wise to quarrel with anyone. That's his way. He will be quite affable and friendly with his party, notwithstanding this speech which is making them all mad. And really there is nothing against the man, though you and I don't like him. He leads, apparently, an irreproachable life; lives quietly in quite modest rooms in Chelsea; goes into the proper kind of society; entertains his friends occasionally in an unobtrusive way, and appears to have no vices."

"Just so," observed Mr. Welch. "Just the man to succeed; and of his success to-night there can't be a shadow of a doubt. His party will have to do something to shut those thin lips of his or he'll ruin them. How the other side cheer! And yet he seems quite unmoved; there isn't a touch of colour in that white face of his, not the trace of a smile in his eyes or on his lips! 'Pon my soul, I believe that young man to be incapable of feeling any emotion; incapable of experiencing one thrill of honest triumph, of generous impulse; incapable of any love—"

"Excepting for himself," put in Mr. Boucher. "Well, he's finishing. There'll be no division to-night; let's go out of this insanitary hole and go to bed."

Mr. Talbot Denby concluded, not with an eloquent peroration, but with a short sentence which seemed like the last cut of a lancet, the last thrust of a poisoned dagger; then, while the opposition was still cheering and laughing, he took his hat and, passing through his "friends" with his white, impassive face and half-closed eyes, he left the House.

The evening of the day which had

shone so brilliantly on Veronica as she rode across the moor had clouded over, and the air was blowing with a pleasant coolness as he walked across the yard and, calling a cab, was driven to his flat in Charlotte Mansions, Chelsea. He let himself in with his latch-key and went into the dining-room where Gibbon, his man, had set a spirit stand and syphon and a biscuit-box on the table as usual.

Talbot Denby rang the bell and Gibbon appeared. He was not altogether unlike his master: a tall, thin man with downcast eyes and a repressed manner; a toneless kind of man with colourless eyes and colourless hair.

Mr. Talbot Denby had shown a somewhat peculiar method in his choice of a servant, for he had taken Gibbon from the "Prisoners' Aid Society." The man was a convicted thief; but his master did not appear to be afraid to trust him, and his trust had not been misplaced. Whether swayed by love or fear or gratitude, Gibbon was that extremely rare avis, a faithful, devoted servant.

"I am going out again, Gibbon," said Mr. Denby. "You need not wait up."

The man inclined his head, his lips moved in a scarcely audible, "Yes, sir," and, with a glance round the room of his colourless eyes as if to see if there was anything wanting, he went out.

Talbot Denby leant against the



Hidden Flavors Brought out by Windsor Table Salt

mantel-shelf for a minute or two, his thin lips curved with a smile that was half a sneer: he was thinking of his night's triumph. Presently he took up a biscuit, but though he broke it, he did not eat it, and throwing it on the table, poured himself out a soda-and-brandy. He was about to drink this at a draught but checked himself and, setting the glass down, murmured:

"No, no! I've got to keep cool to-night."
He smoked a cigarette with the same air of repression, but with a kind of patient impatience, as if he were waiting for something; then, when half an hour had elapsed, he opened the door quietly and, crossing the small, artistically decorated corridor, listened at Gibbon's door. The man was snoring. Talbot Denby came back to the dining room and, unlocking a safe—an unusually large one—took out first a cash-box and then an old, long overcoat and a soft felt hat. From the cash-box he lifted a small bundle of notes and some gold.

As he counted these his lips grew tight and his dark brows drew together with an anxious frown. He put the notes and the gold in his pocket, replaced the cash-box in the safe and put on the long coat and hat turning up the collar of the former and pulling down the latter well over his face. As he assumed this disguise, his erect figure became bent, and, as if mechanically and instinctively, he slouched across the room instead of walking with his usual light and firm gait.

As he let himself out of the flat stealthily, he listened once more at Gibbon's door. Striking across Lower Sloane Street he went quickly but slouchingly through the smallest and least frequented of streets until he reached Soho, and, stopping before an ordinary-looking tobacconist's, which appeared to be closed like the rest of the shops in the squalid street, he knocked four times on the shutter.

The door was quickly but stealthily opened by an unseen hand, and Talbot Denby, going down the narrow passage, looking neither to the right nor left of him, as if he were familiar with the place, passed through a door into the usual kind of shop parlor, in which there was yet another door. He gave the four knocks on this, and it was opened by a short,

thick-necked, oily, foreign Jew, with a villainous countenance which was rendered still more villainous by the smirk with which he welcomed his visitor.

"Goot-efening, goot-efening, sare!" he said, in a hoarse whisper, half servile, half impudent, and with a confidential leer which one would have thought would have been an irresistible temptation to the great Mr. Talbot Denby to strike him across the thick, evil lips. "I was afraid you wasn't coming; you wash so unlucky the other night. But there! Luck ish always changing; thatsh the beauty of it; thatsh what makes it so—what you call it—fashinating. Come this way; there ish a goot company to-night."

Round the table were seated about a dozen men; a motley crew. There was the dissipated "gentleman" with blood-shot eyes and bags under them; the swarthy Pole with hollow cheeks and pointed chin adorned by a blue stubble; the well-to-do Jew merchant in evening dress, with a diamond stud in his creased shirt-front and rings half way up the fingers of his dirty hands; the gilded "youth about town" with a vacuous smile on his flushed face; the book-maker, with red, swollen lips and bulbous eyes; in short, the usual crew of lost souls, which may be found any night in their fitting place—the low gambling halls of London or Paris or Vienna.

They were so absorbed in watching the roulette board that they scarcely noticed the entrance of the newcomer, and Isaacs, the keeper of the hall, had to push two men apart so that he could place a chair for Mr. Talbot Denby.

(To be Continued.)

Beef, Butter, Cheese

To arrive per
S. S. "Morwenna."
Lowest Prices.
JAS. R. KNIGHT
Commission Merchant

LADIE'S HATS! HATS! HATS!

in abundance.

LADIE'S SPRING and SUMMER HATS

and as they are all Manufacturers' Samples and therefore as there are no two alike, we would especially advise you to inspect our showing before you purchase. We can also suit your children with very pretty STRAW HATS, which, at our prices, are sure to suit everybody. When you do your next shopping, call at

GEO. T. HUDSONS,
867 and 148 Duckworth Street.
Where Goods and Prices are both right.

When We Measure You

you are sure of a fit.

The making of good clothing is an art, and we have attained efficiency in every branch by constant study and close application to business.

It's a two to one shot that if we make you one suit, we will make you another.

W. H. Jackman,

The West End Tailor,
38 WATER ST. WEST,
St. John's, N.F.
Phone 795.



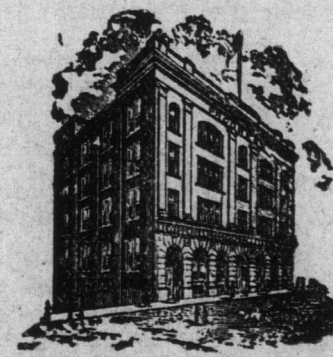
The Indication of Value

Plumbing is the Workmanship.

A good plumber can do wonders with a difficult job. The number of orders received from friends of customers leads us to believe that we are good. We have on hand a large stock of STEAM & HOT WATER RADIATORS, all sizes, and can fill any order sent us cheaper than you can import at the present time.

PITTMAN & SHAW,
Plumbers, Steam and Hot Water Fitters,
Phone 461.
66 PRESCOTT STREET.

OUR CLOTHES



represent a conscientious effort on our part, to give you maximum value for your money.

EACH SEASON we carefully choose the best quality-fabric in the most attractive patterns and colors and manufacture into suits, combining the latest

Fashion and Fit. Ask your dealer for our popular Brands, AMERICUS, TRUEFIT FITNER, RM, STILL-ENFIT, PROGRESS.

Made only by

Newfoundland Clothing Co., Limited.

July Pictorial Patterns

NOW ON SALE.

Directions for Outports: Cash must accompany order. Patterns 17 cents, postage paid. Patterns cannot be returned. Quarterly Fashion Books 27 cents, postage paid, with free Pattern on receipt of Coupon—your choice from \$800. When ordering, substitute, fearing one may be out of stock.

CHARLES HUTTON,
June 4, 1914
Sole Agent.



IF YOU WOULD KNOW HOW GOOD THE BEST BRANDY CAN BE, BUY

HINE'S Three Star BRANDY

Guaranteed Twenty Years Old

H. Hine & Co. are the holders of the oldest vintage brandies in Cognac

D. O. ROBLIN, of Toronto, Sole Canadian Agent
JOHN JACKSON, RESIDENT AGENT.