

## Oh, you old jimmy pipe!

"Lead me to it" say millions of men since they've found out that Prince Albert tobacco can't bite the tongue and can't parch the throat.

"Lead me to it" you'll say just as quick as you invest in a tidy red tin and find out first-hand just why P. A. has become the largest selling pipe and cigarette tobacco in the United States.

## PRINCE ALBERT

the inter-national joy smoke

brought thousands and thousands of old jimmy pipes out of the garrets. It has revolutionized pipe smoking! Today three men smoke a pipe where one smoked before.

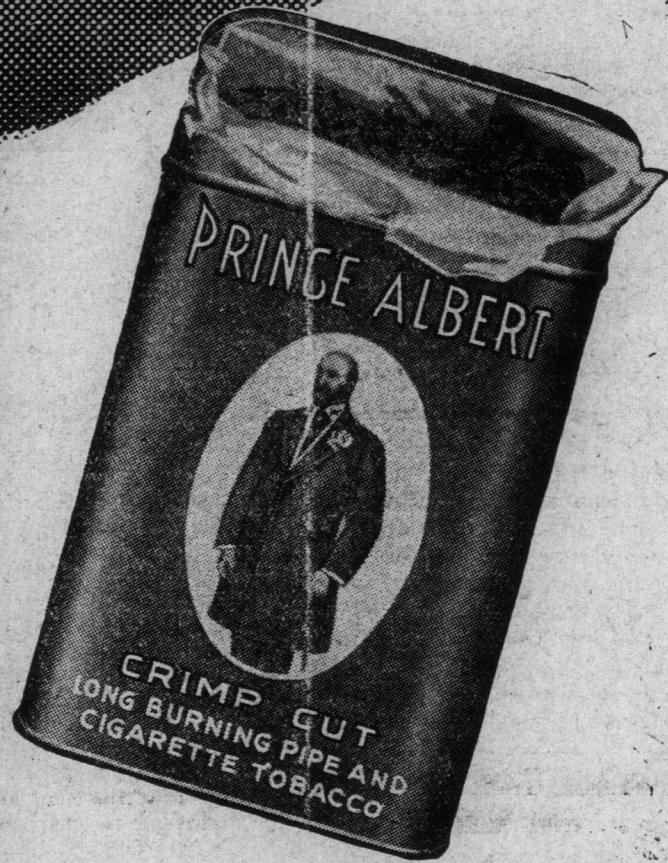
That's because Prince Albert is made by a patented process that cuts out the "grouch" and just lets in the sunshine! Never in your life have you hit such flavor and fragrance and freshness!

Play P. A. in a jimmy pipe or roll up the corkingest makin' cigarette you ever put fire to. It's all one and the same thing—just good for what ails your smokappetite! And it rolls up so dead easy. Being mighty fresh, it just stays put and doesn't blow away or run away like the dust-brands.

And, you know, today's the day!

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-pound tidy red tins.

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



## The Earl's Son;

## TWO HEARTS UNITED

CHAPTER XIV.

She thought he was going to consult her about something connected with the estate, and she gave a slight nod and glanced at him for a moment.

"Do you remember what I said last night?" he went on in the same low voice. "Do you remember that I told you how ambitious I could be if I had someone to work to, strive for?"

"Yes, I remember," she said, with faint surprise, but no suspicion of what was coming.

"I spoke involuntarily," he continued; "something impelled me to do so—no doubt it was the interest you were so kind as to show in my career; but though I spoke on the spur of the moment, on impulse, I told you the truth. Veronica, I feel my solitude, my loneliness, very acutely; and I have felt it very much more than I have hitherto done since my last visit. Do you remember me telling you how much you had improved? The word is, I know, not devoid of offence; but I can find no other

I had not seen you for some time and—Veronica, do you know that you have grown into a very beautiful woman?"

Veronica's face flushed and she looked at him quickly, with amazement and consternation. What was he going to say?

"No man could see you without being moved by your beauty, by your grace, by the charm of your manner. That it should affect me is not to be wondered at; it was only natural that I should realize, quite suddenly, if you will, that I had long admired you, long learned to love you without suspecting it."

Veronica's hands tightened on the reins and she looked straight in front of her. It was her first proposal—for yes, he was proposing—and, though it did not send the delicious thrill of love through her which is felt by the woman who listens to words of love from the man to whom she has given her love, her heart beat thickly and she felt confused and bewildered.

"I love you, Veronica," he went on, his keen, hard eyes noting the sudden blush, the tremor of the exquisite lips. "I have loved you for months without knowing it; but now my heart has declared itself, has made itself heard with an imperative force, and—I must speak."

He paused, not ill satisfied with himself; and, indeed, he did not make

love badly. He was fluent of speech—far too fluent for your real lover, whose heart is on the quake, whose whole soul is in terror lest he should fail—and his voice was low and earnest, if a trifle cold, though he simulated well the warmth of passion. His dark eyes dwelt on her face for a moment with keen scrutiny, then drooped, as if with self-deprecation and doubt.

"I fear you will not think me very abrupt and—sudden, Veronica; that I have taken an unfair advantage of you; but my love must plead for me. One cannot always choose the time and place; one is driven by the impulse of one's heart."

She did not speak, did not turn to him with the blush and smile which he felt he had a right to expect; but he knew that she was proud, that she would not yield too readily, and he told himself that he must be patient with her.

"I can scarcely hope that you return my affection, Veronica," he said, with appropriate humility. "That would be too much! But I hope to win your love in time, and I am willing to wait. But, dear Veronica, perhaps you will let me plead my cause, perhaps I may win your consent now, I am not a stranger; you know me, we are kith and kin—that is not to my advantage, perhaps; but I have some claim on your interest. Veronica, you know my ambitions, that I have a career before me that may be no mean one. With you to help and encourage me, better still, with you to work for, I feel that I could attain to the highest position in this kingdom. Yes, Veronica, the hope has been a secret confined to my own bosom, but I venture to tell you—that, given luck and opportunity, I might become the leader of our party. It is an exalted position, one which is the legitimate ambition of the best and highest in the land. Will you help me to achieve it? Will you share it with me? Think, Veronica! To be the wife of the foremost man in England—yes, in the world! And you would reign so worthily, would fill the position so admirably, so nobly

! Ah, Veronica, don't think I rest my claims to your love on this; you will not think I am trying to bribe you! No, I merely lay the chance, the prospect, before you, as a monarch might lay his crown, a conqueror his laurel wreath. It is because I love you that I ask you to be my wife."

His voice dropped to an earnest, eager murmur, and he leant forward and looked at her. The blush had faded from her face, which wore its usual hue of ivory, her lips were set and her brows drawn straight with a troubled, doubtful expression.

She was trying to picture the future he had drawn so cleverly, but though her pride was stirred and flattered her heart was not touched, and it beat slowly and doubtfully.

"In any case, whether I reach the premiership or miss it, you would be the Countess of Lynborough," he went on in smooth, persuasive accents. "And, Veronica, I do not think a lesser title, position, would satisfy you. I know your heart, I know how proud you are. You would not be happy in a lower sphere, one less worthy of you. You were born to reign, to move amongst the high and noble, you would not be satisfied, content, in a sphere beneath that in which you were born. Am I not right, Veronica?"

She turned her head away from his



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dark eyes as she tried to tell herself that he spoke truly.

"Together, hand in hand, we can move the world—our world," he murmured, temptingly. "Oh, I think I see you the mistress, the leader of our party, with all the world at your feet, its acknowledged queen! But, Veronica, we won't speak more of this. After all, I rest my claim on my love for you. The rest may come afterwards, my love shall be first and foremost."

She tried to think, to weigh his words, to tell herself that he was in earnest and that she had no right to refuse what he offered her. She called her pride to her aid, tried to see herself the leader of fashion, the wife of the first man in Europe—but her heart would not respond, and still beat heavily. She grew impatient with herself and her lack of enthusiasm, called herself dull and irresponsible, and with a gesture of impatience turned the ponies down a lane which led to the road beside the river.

"Well, Veronica," he murmured, will you give me some hope, at least? It is not only I who will be made happy if you will say 'Yes,' Veronica. I think—I am sure—the earl wishes to see us united."

She started slightly as she remembered the condition on which she was to inherit Mayneford and the earl's private fortune. Had he contemplated the marriage with Talbot? Yes; it would be only natural that he should do so. The estates and title and the money would go together; the scheme would be complete and rounded off. Her lips parted and she sighed. He saw the effect his artful suggestion had made and bent a little closer to her.

"You will say 'Yes,' Veronica?" he whispered. "You will make us both happy—and, dare I venture to add, yourself, also?"

The words jarred upon her, and increased her doubts, but she fought against them and called her pride to her aid again. And pride might have won, for she was slowly turning her troubled face towards him, when the ponies swung into the river road, a sound of men shouting, of the blows of hammers broke the stillness, and, looking round swiftly, she saw a gang of men at work on the weir opposite which had just arrived. On the weir itself stood a tall form, a crowbar in one hand, the other raised in an attitude of command.

It was Ralph. He had taken off his coat and waistcoat, the collar of his shirt was unfastened, and the sleeves turned up over the muscular, sun-burnt arms. He did not see, or hear, in the noise of the work, the pony-carriage, but Veronica could see his handsome face all aglow, yet set, with earnestness; and in an instant her heart spoke out and clamoured its protest against the thing she was about to do. A kind of deadly sickness assailed her, the sort of vertigo she feels when one is drawing back from the edge of a precipice. It was not only a protest which clamoured for recognition, but a deeper, a more intense feeling; as if the temptation to which she had been on the point of yielding were loathsome and despicable.

(To be Continued.)

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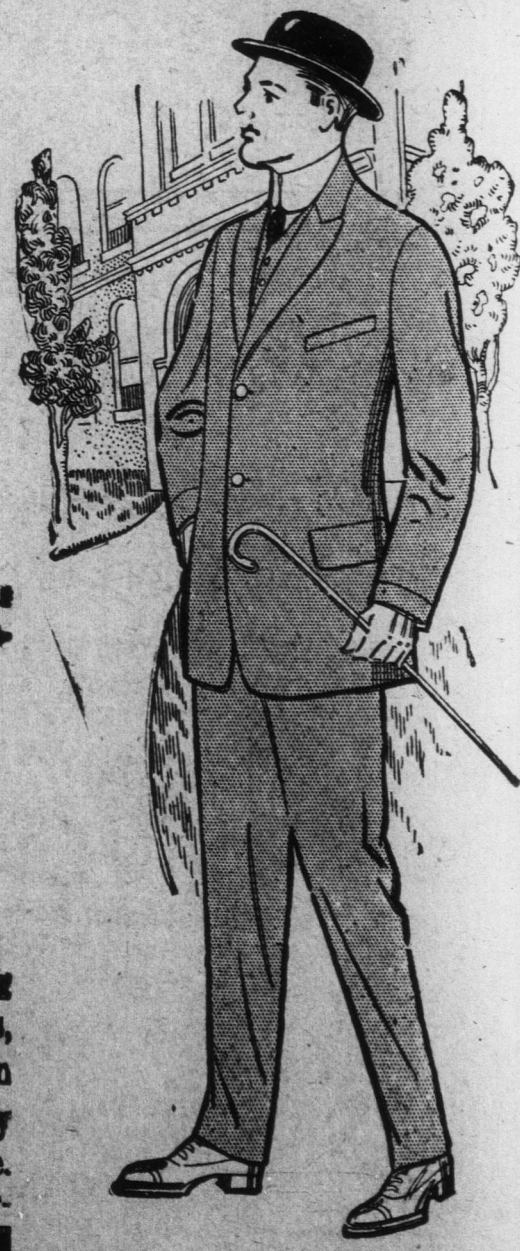
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