

P. A. is the Pathfinder

Prince Albert is the grand old joy scout. Every day it finds a hundred or so poor tongue-sore pipe smokers, "lost in the woods," smoking peppergrass and smartweed. And P. A. gently leads them straight to the cool-smoke path that the feet of hundreds of thousands of jimmy pipers have beaten into a fine, smooth trail.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

is perpetually on the warpath against the tongue broilers. It has taken scalps enough to paper a wigwam. Why? Because P. A. can't bite the tongue or parch the throat. The bite is taken out by a patented process.

*Sold everywhere in
full 2-oz. tins.*

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

