

Get this off your mind

Cut out the fret and stew about tongue-biting tobacco.

This applies to you, Mr. Pipe Smoker; also to pipe-shy men who have had their tongues broiled—and to men who never did dare smoke a pipe, because every puff was agony. Also to cigarette smokers whose taste has been worn out by *chaff* brands!

Now, gentlemen, for a short piece of change buy the 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert. Jam it into your pipe or roll up a cigarette. Light up! Smoke it hard, smoke it fast—red hot! Be as mean to it as you can. *Just try to make it burn your tongue!* It won't!

PRINCE ALBERT

the inter-national
joy smoke

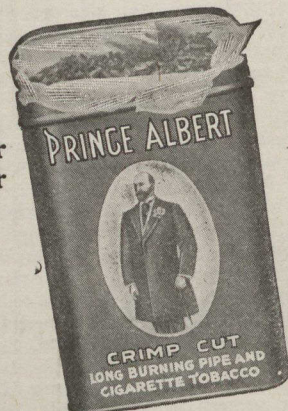
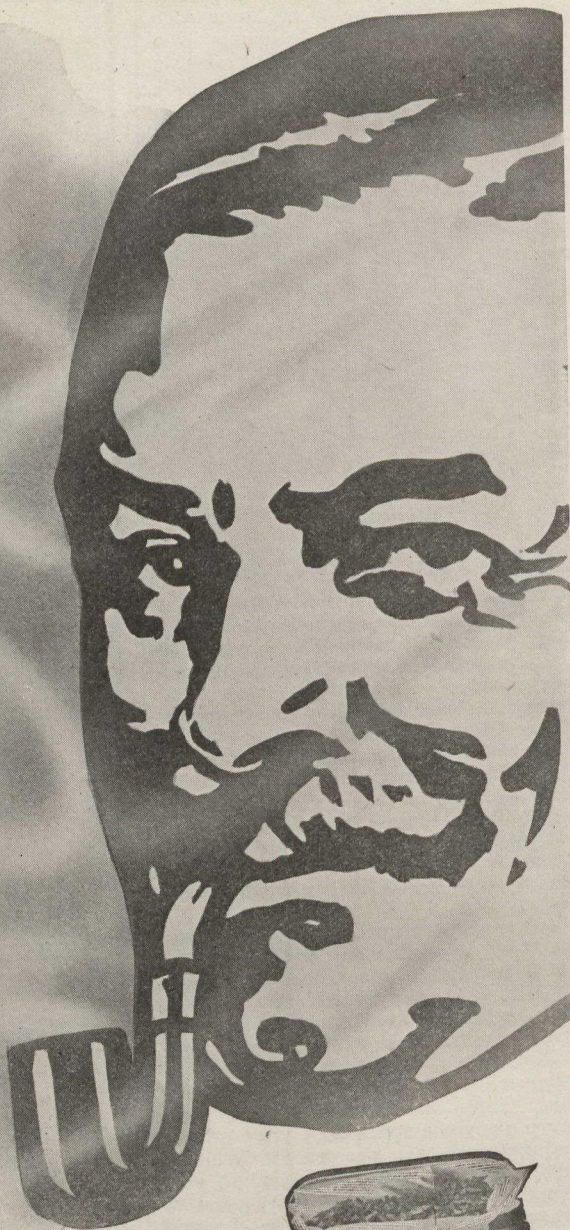
hits a high spot in pipe tobacco. There's some class to it. And stick a pin right here. *No other tobacco can be like Prince Albert, because it is produced by a patented process which we absolutely control!*

Try the imitations! We want you to know yourself just how much Prince Albert tobacco has on 'em all. Get the question settled—get it right off your mind!

G. T. I. Q.—which means "Go to it Quick!" Enjoy a pipe as you never enjoyed one before. Why, men, do you realize what it means to smoke four or five pipefuls at a sitting and never even have your tongue tingle?

Most Canadian dealers now sell Prince Albert in the tidy 2-oz red tin. If your dealer does not handle it, tell him to order from his jobber. Leading Canadian jobbers are now supplied.

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



been since searched, needless to say, without result. Now, it is easy for us, knowing the usual course of these people's proceedings, to read between the lines of my agent's communication. The box Kalfian carried was one, I suppose, that you, gentlemen"—turning to Dick and his friend—"had substituted for the original?" A murmur of assent fell from the lips of the two young men, who were following the detective's words with a strained interest. "When the moment came for the envoy to produce the proof of his obedience to the Society's orders, he found that he had been duped—that it was missing. No doubt a general clamour and uproar arose; and in the midst of it, fearing that he himself would be suspected, he managed to slip away. Panic-stricken, he fled for his life. I have sent my agent word to return, as I think we may now safely leave the scoundrel to the tender mercies of his brother-conspirators. If I am not much mistaken, the council chamber at Adana will soon receive a new wall decoration."

A prolonged shudder went round the little circle. Mr. Screed rising to take his leave, remarked—

"I shall have to hand in my report of this affair to headquarters, Mr. Emberson; but you need not fear that it will go further. Many family secrets are buried in the archives of Scotland Yard."

Ted Alston, who had conceived a great liking to the little man, volunteered to accompany him down to the gate. As he shook hands with him, he said—

"There's just one little thing, Mr. Screed, I would like to know. How did you get wind of our movements last night? There was not a creature in sight when we left the inn, for I looked all round."

"Ah, but you did not look behind the shrubs in the garden opposite, Mr. Alston," replied the detective, with a smile. "The mere fact that you two young gentlemen elected to put up at the inn instead of coming on here showed me that something was on foot. I knew pretty well what that something was likely to be; and so I kept watch. It was very simple, you see, just the result of natural reasoning and deduction."

Whilst this conversation was going on outside, the Colonel, crossing to Dick, shook him warmly by the hand, saying—

"My dear boy, I ask your pardon for having at times misjudged you. I little suspected—how could I?—all that lay behind the apparent strangeness of your behaviour. It was enough to turn any man's brain."

"And you will try not to pass too harsh a judgment on my poor father's memory?" pleaded Dick, wistfully. "Remember that had he been spared he would have atoned; he would have made restitution, ay, to the last farthing, of these people's money. I am convinced now that he had always intended to do so; and it will be an everlasting sorrow to me to remember that I parted from him that fatal night with words of angry reproach on my lips."

"I should be the last man in the world to judge my poor friend harshly, Dick," answered the Colonel, his grey moustache twitching with emotion, "for I can realize—perhaps better even than you, the full force of the temptation to which he succumbed."

"It is all over and done with now, dear lad," said Mrs. Anerley, the tears standing in her eyes as she bent forward and pressed a motherly kiss upon the young man's forehead; "do not brood over what is unalterable; but face the future with a brave heart. You will have your own problems in life to guess—your own difficulties to grapple with." For a second she paused, and her eyes rested thoughtfully on her daughter's bent head, on the restless fingers of the hand nervously twisting the fringe of the tablecloth; then, with a sigh, she continued, "Whatever may happen, remember that in the Colonel and me you have two staunch friends. I have always looked upon you as a son—and now—now—" Her voice broke, and before Dick had time to do more than murmur a few words of heartfelt gratitude, she had hurried from the room.

Perhaps Enid feared that the Colonel would follow this example and leave her alone with Dick, for a look almost of terror flitted across her sensitive face;

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THE FINEST **G.B.** IN THE LAND
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Bridge, Theatre, Week-end, Holiday.

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