

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.

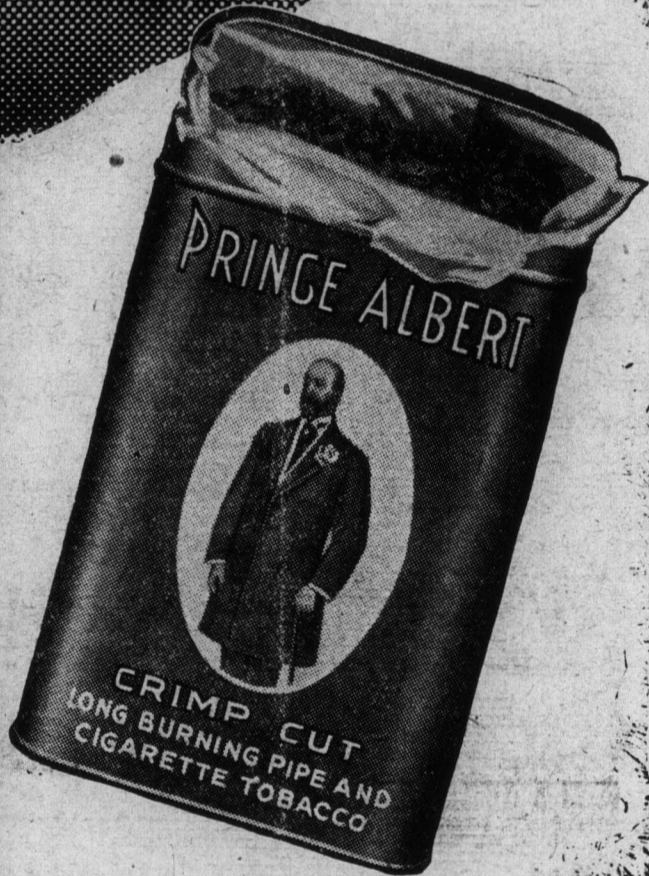
That's because Prince Albert is made by a patented process that cuts out the "grouch" and just lets in the sunshine! Never in your life have you hit such flavor and fragrance and freshness!

Play P. A. in a jimmy pipe or roll up the corkiest 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.



A Great Intrigue,

OR, THE
Mistress of Darracourt.

CHAPTER IX.

A week passed since the accident in the park, and Lucille had seen nothing of Harry Herne. She might have sent for him at any moment, for was he not her servant? But she did not do so.

Once or twice she had made inquiries concerning him of Susie, who was always ready to talk about him, and had learned that, though he still limped a little, he was in his usual good health, and that the heroic stoppage of the ponies had not resulted in broken limbs.

One afternoon, while Lucille was up in her room, Marie Verner, from the drawing-room window, saw approaching a great yellow chariot, that might have come from the Ark, supposing that Noah had stored furniture as well as animals, and a footman announced Lady Farnley.

An old—very old—lady entered, with white hair and thick eyelids, with a touch of rouge on her cheeks,

and ornaments of pearl and topaz hanging to her ears and shining at her throat. She had a large nose, slightly hooked, and sharp eyes glittering under thick, white brows, and when she came in and saw Marie Verner she stopped, bent her eyes upon her almost fiercely, and dropped a stately, dignified little curtsy.

Marie Verner, with her sweetest, demurest smile, bent her head, and old Lady Farnley came and sank into a chair, her yellow satin robe flowing round her like a balloon.

She looked at Marie Verner for a moment or two, and then commenced.

"Well, I suppose you have heard of me? I should have called before, but I thought you would have been in too much confusion to want visitors. Don't seem to be much upset however," she added, with a little grunt.

"Oh, no," said Marie Verner, sweetly. "Mr. Head, the lawyer, had the place put straight before we came down."

"Ah, Head? Yes, I remember. Respectable man! And how do you like the place, eh?"

"Oh, remarkably," replied Marie Verner, enjoying the mistake the old woman was making. "It is compact and comfortable."

"Compact? Humph! Pretty extensive, too. Comfortable? Of course it is. You speak of it as if it was a cottage."

"Oh, it's quite large enough," said Marie Verner. "Miss Darracourt says sometimes that it is too large."

"Miss Darracourt!" echoed the old lady, glaring at her fiercely. "Aren't you Miss Darracourt?"

"Oh, no," murmured Marie, with an angelic smile.

"No! Then who—who are you?" demanded Lady Farnley, with a scowl of indignation at the trick played upon her.

"I am Miss Darracourt's friend and companion, Marie Verner," she replied, with an innocent little smile.

What the old lady would have reported in her wrath will never be known, for at that moment the door opened and Lucille entered, and Marie Verner said:

"This is Miss Darracourt." Lady Farnley rose, purple with rage and indignation, but the sight of Lucille's beautiful face, and more especially the calm, dark eyes, disarmed her, and before she could curtsy, Lucille held out her hand, and Lady Farnley took it.

"Humph!" grunted her ladyship. "Well, there is no mistake about your being a Darracourt, at any rate; that's a comfort, my dear. All the Darracourts were good-looking."

"Yes, Martha Farnley, the principal woman in the place until you came. And now, I suppose, I sink into insignificance before a child of a girl! Not that that title fits you! You're tall, aren't you? Humph! I rather like you! I tell you what, I don't like that girl you've got here! Impudent minx, amused herself with playing a practical joke upon an old woman! Passed herself off for you."

"Marie Verner! She is an old schoolfellow of mine," said Lucille, conciliatingly; "she's full of spirits."

"Humph! So I should think! Don't like people who are full of spirits; always mistrust them, especially when their spirits prompt them to take liberties with me. Never mind, my dear, I'll be even with her. Now let's talk about yourself! How do you like being mistress of Darracourt?"

"I don't think I could help liking it," said Lucille, deciding that it would be the wisest course to meet the old lady's appalling candor frankly.

"No, I suppose not. Well, you take it quietly. I'm glad of that. I thought you'd make a fuss. I told everybody so. I thought you'd put on airs, and behave like a schoolgirl. But you don't. Yes, I like you. It's because you are pretty, I suppose; or because you've got a good voice. There, you needn't blush. You'll hear plenty of compliments, and some of them from somebody else besides an old woman. Are you engaged?"

She wrapped up the question like a shot from a gun, but Lucille met her keen glance with a frank, open smile.

"To be married? No, Lady Farnley."

"Quite right, I'm glad of it," reported her ladyship. "Plenty of time. I was afraid you might have entang-

worser luck to them! But I don't remember any with that hair of yours. Got it from your mother, I suppose. And now, I imagine, you know who I am?"

"You are Lady Farnley?" said Lucille, amused at her visitor's eccentric manner.

"Yes, Martha Farnley, the principal woman in the place until you came. And now, I suppose, I sink into insignificance before a child of a girl! Not that that title fits you! You're tall, aren't you? Humph! I rather like you! I tell you what, I don't like that girl you've got here! Impudent minx, amused herself with playing a practical joke upon an old woman! Passed herself off for you."

"Marie Verner! She is an old schoolfellow of mine," said Lucille, conciliatingly; "she's full of spirits."

"Humph! So I should think! Don't like people who are full of spirits; always mistrust them, especially when their spirits prompt them to take liberties with me. Never mind, my dear, I'll be even with her. Now let's talk about yourself! How do you like being mistress of Darracourt?"

"I don't think I could help liking it," said Lucille, deciding that it would be the wisest course to meet the old lady's appalling candor frankly.

"No, I suppose not. Well, you take it quietly. I'm glad of that. I thought you'd make a fuss. I told everybody so. I thought you'd put on airs, and behave like a schoolgirl. But you don't. Yes, I like you. It's because you are pretty, I suppose; or because you've got a good voice. There, you needn't blush. You'll hear plenty of compliments, and some of them from somebody else besides an old woman. Are you engaged?"

She wrapped up the question like a shot from a gun, but Lucille met her keen glance with a frank, open smile.

"To be married? No, Lady Farnley."

"Quite right, I'm glad of it," reported her ladyship. "Plenty of time. I was afraid you might have entang-

led yourself at that school before you came to Darracourt. Humph! It won't be long before the swains come round you. Be careful, my dear."

"I will," said Lucille, laughingly. Lady Farnley laughed, too, for the first time, a short laugh that was not unlike a bark.

"You are a match for me, my dear, and I admit it," she said. "Well, you need to be cool and have your head set on straight. A young girl like you to be the Lady of Darracourt! You must come and see me at the Grange, and soon, mind. Don't wait until you think it proper to call, but come soon. I'm going now," and she got up quickly.

Lucille went with her to the door, but the old lady seemed loath to part with her.

"If I send my carriage on to the park gates, will you walk with me that far?" she asked.

Lucille, for reply, ran and fetched her hat.

"Humph!" said her ladyship. "That's sensible. I thought you'd keep me half an hour, while you put on all your fallals."

"I haven't any to put on," said Lucille.

The two passed out, and followed the carriage, Lady Farnley talking, Lucille listening, and rejoicing occasionally. The old lady told her a great deal about her neighbors, and, in turn, warned her against them all. Presently they came to the little clearing in which Harry Herne's cottage stood.

Lucille glanced at it sideways, as they were passing it, when there strode almost across their path Harry Herne himself. He was walking slowly, with his head upon his breast, a fishing rod in hand, and did not see them.

At sight of him Lady Farnley started slightly and turned pale under her rouge.

"Who is that?" she demanded sharply, and the tone in conjunction with her change of color surprised Lucille.

"That is—Harry Herne," she said, with a faint touch of color.

Perhaps he heard her, low as she had spoken, for he stopped short and looked back.

He stood for a moment as if uncertain whether to greet them, then raised his hat and was going on with his slight limp, when Lady Farnley called to him.

(To be Continued.)

THE LONDON DIRECTORY.

(Published Annually) enables traders throughout the World to communicate direct with English MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS in each class of goods. Besides being a complete commercial guide to London and its suburbs the Directory contains lists of

EXPORT MERCHANTS with the goods they ship, and the Colonial and Foreign Markets they supply;

STEAMSHIP LINES arranged under the Ports to which they sail, and indicating the approximate Sailings;

PROVINCIAL TRADE NOTICES of leading Manufacturers, Merchants, etc., in the principal provincial towns and industrial centres of the United Kingdom.

A copy of the current edition will be forwarded freight paid, on receipt of Postal Order for £5.

Dealers seeking Agencies can advertise their Trade Cards for £5 or large advertisements from £15.

THE LONDON DIRECTORY CO., LTD., 25 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

EUROPEAN AGENCY.

Wholesale Indents promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all British and Continental goods, including

Books and Stationery, Boots, Shoes and Leather, Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motor Cars and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Piece Goods, Fancy Goods and Perfumery, Hardware, Machinery and Metals, Jewellery, Plate and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions and Oilmen's Stores, etc., etc.

Commission 2½ p.c. to 5 p.c. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Sample Cases from £50 upwards. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.

WILLIAM WILSON & SONS (Established 1814.) 25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. Cable Address: "Annulare, London."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARBET IN COWS.

Try DANNAWAUA TEA, 40c lb.

5 lbs at 36 cts. lb.

By s.s. Florizel:	100 bags Mixed Oats — 4 bushels.
20 brls. New Potatoes.	200 bags Mixed Oats — 2½ bushels.
10 brls. Cabbage.	100 bags Whole Corn.
10 brls. Apples.	100 bags Corn Meal.
10 cases Cal. Oranges.	Fidelity Hams.
10 bunches Bananas.	Fidelity Bacon.
California Pears.	Bologna Sausage.
Fresh Tomatoes.	Sinclair's Spare Ribs.
Grape Fruit.	N. Y. Corned Beef.
Cucumbers.	Purity Butter, 2 lb. prints.

T. J. EDENS, Duckworth Street & Military Rd.



TRAPNELL The Eyesight Specialist

Examines the eyes without DRUGS, DROPS or DANGER.

He not only finds the trouble, but with his perfect optical machinery he can grind the correct lenses to suit the most complicated cases, and do it quickly.

There was a time when all compound lenses had to be sent out of the country for, involving a delay of three or four weeks, but that day has passed; an hour or two is sufficient to produce any lens that may be called for.

Prescriptions filled or broken lenses replaced if you have the pieces.

TRAPNELL

IS YOUR MAN WHEN EYE TROUBLE APPEARS.

Exceptionally Good New Fiction!

(Colonial), 50c. paper, 70c. cloth. Twenty Rippling Good Stories that we can recommend.

John Barleycorn by Jack London. The Price of Love by Arnold Bennett. The World Set Free by H. G. Wells. Blake's Burden by Harold Bindloss. The Gate of England by Morice Gerard.

A Tale of Gold by David Hennessey. The House Round the Corner by Louis Tracey. The Story of Fifine by Bernard Capet. The Six Rubies by Justus Miles Forman.

Cleansing Fires by L. G. Moberley. Two's Company by Dorothy MacKellat. Unto Caesar by Baroness Crezy. A Mother in Exile by Anon. The New Road by Neil Munro. Her Happy Face by L. T. Meade. Her Husband's Property by Amy Le Feuvre. The Double House by E. Everett Greet. From Pillar to Post by Alice M. Diehl. Why She Left Him by Florence Ward.

We have five hundred more. Come in and look over them.

DICKS & CO., Limited,

Biggest, Brightest and Best Book, Stationery and Fancy Goods Store in Newfoundland.

New POTATOES, NEW CABBAGE, BANANAS.

BURT & LAWRENCE.

MOIR'S

Sounds Like More, Tastes Like More, More Centers, More Coating, More Popular, More for the Money, Many More More's. BUT ONLY ONE

MOIR'S

When talking of

Chocolate.

Come up to DEVINE'S on the Corner of Water and Adelaide Streets.

BIG TEN DAYS SALE

All Goods Marked Down.

Great time to BUY Men's Shirts, Overalls, Caps, Etc.

J.M. Devine

THE RIGHT HOUSE



For your Digestion's Sake

Windsor Table Salt

"I hear the sights, sisters at ten cents." "I hope admission." "It was put in Ber mind the company of." "I'm jealous sister." "These excit and d." "We'll at throp?" said "Count." "The singe but the au rible. Wi Bowery be right unde with the s ministered at the rec Barker i sister spo ly Miss W love's youn this sentic would you "I some had my w sentence a ng in lov Marian. "Misanth ker. "No, I'd the reply. Barker n proposed a an plead writing. five soul, s

The C in

A series led "Creatio Perfection" daily at a L. no charge i was no colli parts, so th four attend tively. It i International dication, and complete; t visited by and many e readers ha on the spot indicates as tually occur To the This is o tions of th lition. The slow to rea able teachi ma, though is a justifi subject ma reverence. "The ave munity favo ficance of agency in a hday in "W of this silen have learn industrial, the world o than during a century. "Far me

AS W IS

of tell y for t able p anyor you w it is, of "H For cent.