

# PRINCE ALBERT

the international joy smoke



NEVER was such right-handed-two-fisted smokejoy as you puff out of a jummy pipe packed with Prince Albert! That's because P. A. has the quality!

You can't fool your taste apparatus any more. You can get five aces out of a family deck! So, when you hit Prince Albert, coming and going, and get up half an hour earlier just to start stoking your pipe or rolling cigarettes, you know you've got the big prize on the end of your line!

Prince Albert's quality alone puts it in a class of its own, but when you figure that P. A. is made by our exclusive patented process that cuts out bite and parch—well—you feel like getting a flock of dictionaries to find enough words to express your happy days sentiments!

Most Newfoundland dealers now sell Prince Albert in the tidy red tins. If your dealer does not handle it tell him to order through his jobber. Leading Newfoundland jobbers are now supplied.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.

## For Her Sake;

### The Murder in Ferness Wood.

CHAPTER LXI.  
In less than two hours every visitor had left Ferness. That a murder, and one so terrible, should take place in the midst of a brilliant fete, cast an appalling gloom over the assembled guests, and they drove away in silent horror. The musicians were dismissed, the lights extinguished. For one long hour there was a continuous roll of carriage-wheels, a low, subdued murmur of conversation, at times there was a stifled cry, and then the silence of death fell over the vast mansion.

Mr. and Lady Cameron saw no one. Sir Lisle and Richard did the honors to the parting guests. Sir Lisle, seeing that Sir Royal looked tired and ill, asked him to remain; but the master of Westwater declined.

"I could not sleep under that roof," he said; adding as he shook hands with Sir Lisle, "It is a horrible affair, a horrible affair; but Diana is free." "She will scarcely care for freedom purchased in such a manner," replied Sir Lisle.

But, in spite of himself, he could not forget those words—"Diana is free!" It was not her fault that her freedom had been accomplished by a barbarous crime.

The two doctors from the neighboring town had come over and had returned. They had little to say. So far as they could judge, Lord Clanronald must have been dead for more than three hours. It was after nine when he was found. As no guest, no servant had missed, and no one had heard a shot fired, the whole affair was shrouded in mystery. The doctors were of opinion that he had been shot by a revolver; that it had been held close to his breast, and that his death had been instantaneous. They could say no more.

When Lady Cameron was informed that there must be an inquest, her face was a study.

With the dawn, quiet and order were in a measure restored. Diana had been taken to her room, and remained there. Lady Cameron was sitting with Evadne, trying to reason with her, and show her how foolish it was to attract attention to herself by her inordinate display of grief, but the girl turned from her mother, and buried her face in the pillows.

"If he had married me, he would not have died that horrible death!" she moaned.

The marquise, who had a great horror of "scenas," had accepted an in-

itation from the Duke of Stone, and had returned with him to Stonedale, consoling himself by saying that the fewer people there were in the house the better it was at such a time.

They had placed the body of the unfortunate man in the state bed-chamber. In death his face, robbed of all that was meaf and ignoble, was as chiseled marble. Ronald, Lord Clanronald, lying there dead, was invested with a dignity that was never his in life. They draped the room in black; tall wax tapers were kept burning around him; fresh, fragrant flowers were strewn over him.

Again the birds' singing awoke Diana, again the May sun shone brightly into her room, and for the first few moments she hardly remembered the hideous tragedy of the previous night. All the horrible details, however, came back to her with a shock—all the haunting fears that turned brightest day into darkest night.

It was true she had not loved her husband. She had often prayed that she might die and be freed from him;

but she had never desired his death. She repelled the thought that this tragedy, so terrible in itself, brought freedom to her. She was too genuinely shocked to feel that relief had been brought to her by so atrocious an act.

She had not loved him; but she could not bear to see the sun shine and hear the birds sing, remembering that he lay dead—victim of a cruel murder. In that, the first hour of her bereavement, she would honestly have given her life to have that terrible deed undone. And then she thought of Sir Lisle. Could it be possible that he had been guilty of this crime—that he, the noblest, bravest, most honorable of men, had taken the life of another?

Yet she had seen such hot, bitter resentment, such passion in his face, such anger in his eyes. It might be—oh, Heaven, it might be!—it must be that he had returned to remonstrate with him, and— She could not, dared not even to herself, picture the rest. Yet the doctors said there had been no struggle, that he must have been shot dead in his sleep.

No one else had any ground for enmity toward him; no one else had threatened him; no one else in the whole wide world loved her well enough to have risked his life to avenge her. It could be no one else. But, as yet, thank Heaven, no suspicion of Sir Lisle had entered anybody's mind! She would not betray him; but he must go from her presence, and never in this world would she look upon his face again.

As she stood thinking of the tragedy that had happened, there came to her the words, "As a man sows so shall he reap." She had sown pride, obstinacy, willfulness; she was reaping bitterness, tears, death. In that hour of regret, remorse and repentance, Diana realized the sins and follies of her youth. From her pride and defiance had sprung this fearful crime.

While the tears were still wet upon her face, a knock came at the door, and Lady Cameron entered.

"You are crying, Diana," she said. "Well, I am not surprised. I shall never be myself again. What a finish to a brilliant day! Certainly poor Lord Clanronald was in many respects a most unpleasant companion; but his death is too horrible! Diana," she added, looking searchingly into the beautiful colorless face, "have you any idea who did it?"

Though she had expected the question, Diana's heart almost ceased to beat when she heard it. She knew that one moment's hesitation would be fatal.

"Certainly not!" she forced herself to say, with a supreme effort. "It is most mysterious to me," Lady Cameron continued. "I cannot im-

agine any motive for such a barbarous murder; can you?"

"I cannot," she replied, inwardly praying Heaven to shorten her ordeal.

"Nothing has been stolen from him, and he cannot have killed himself," Lady Cameron went on. "The marvel is who has killed him. The police are sure to find it out. What is the matter, Diana?"—for a low groan of irrepressible anguish broke from the girl's white lips.

"I cannot bear to speak of it!" she cried.

"I shall ask your father to leave the country for a time," resumed Lady Cameron. "Of all things to happen in a house, a murder is the most horrible. Diana, you will like to— to see your unfortunate husband? Shall I go with you? Poor child, you look almost dead yourself!"

There was no trace of the brilliant Diana in the pale, sad woman who seemed to have hardly sufficient strength to walk upstairs. Diana never forgot the shock of entering that darkened room—the black draperies, the burning tapers, the silent figure covered with flowers. She could not realize that this was the husband with whom she had lived so unhappily, who had been so coarse and cruel to her, and who, only the previous day, had pushed her from him. Peaceful and calm in his last sleep, he bore no trace of the characteristics which were his in life. Inexpressibly awed, for she had never been face to face with death before, Diana fell on her knees with a passionate outburst of tears.

Lady Cameron stood by the bedside, her face pale with emotion.

"Oh, Diana," she said, "if he could speak, if he could open those dumb lips to speak one word to tell us who did this horrible deed!"

And Diana, shuddering, buried her face in her hands. If the dumb lips could open, she believed the name they would utter would be that of the man she loved best in the world.

Then the door opened, and the Marchioness de Vere entered. She heeded neither her own mother nor the dead man's wife. She went up to the calm, motionless figure, and stood mutely gazing upon it.

CHAPTER LXII.  
Such a tragedy was not on record in the annals of the country. It was extraordinary that a nobleman of wealth and position should be found dead, shot through the heart, without there being the slightest clue to who had done the deed, or why it had been done. The favorite theory of the detectives was that a burglar had found admittance to the grounds, and in the crowd had escaped notice; that, finding an easy prey in Lord Clanronald, he had attempted to rob him; and that the unfortunate man, awakening, had been shot after which the would-be thief had taken alarm and fled. That was the only theory they could advance, and many implicitly accepted it.

Of all the numerous guests present, not one could be dreamed of as having any feeling of revenge against the deceased. Lord Clanronald was known in that part of the world only as the man who had married Peter Cameron's daughter. Another, and to the detectives most singular thing was, that no weapon could be found. The grounds were searched, the lakes were dragged, but without success. So the wonder grew. Eventually the police adopted one theory after another, each in its turn being abandoned, until it was evident that they were baffled and unable to solve the Ferness Court mystery.

Lady Clanronald did not leave her room from the day of the murder until the inquest. She was in a state of nervous exhaustion, utterly overcome by horror, and prostrate with the dread that racked her heart. She lived in a state of constant dread, and with but one cry on her lips: "Have they found out who did it?" The answer was always "No," and then for a few minutes she was less unhappy.

"Who did it?" The question was never out of her mind; and Peter Cameron, seeing the mental agony she could not conceal, suffered almost as much as his daughter did.

Lady Cameron had begged Sir Lisle to stay for the inquest, and the funeral. She felt quite unequal to any exertion herself.

(To be continued.)

Permanganate of potash will cleanse dirty filters of all impurities. A solution should be passed through the filter until it comes out as pink as when it was poured in.

## Fashion Plates.

LADIES' COVER ALL APRON.



3049—Here is a smart and attractive apron model in one-piece style, which closes at the front over the sleeve portions. Gingham, percale or seersucker are good for its development.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

A PRACTICAL MODEL.



3037—Here is a very comfortable work dress; suitable for gingham, percale, lawn, linen, drill, chambray, repp, or poplin. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. Width of dress at lower edge, is about 3 1/2 yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

No. ....  
Size .....

Address in full:—  
Name .....

.....  
.....  
.....

.....  
.....  
.....

.....  
.....  
.....

.....  
.....  
.....

.....  
.....  
.....

.....  
.....  
.....

A Suit or Overcoat at Maunder's, selected from a splendid variety of British Woollens, cut by an up-to-date system from the latest fashions, moulded and made to your shape by expert workers, costs you no more than the ordinary hand-me-down. We always keep our stocks complete, and you are assured a good selection. Samples and style sheets sent to any address.



John Maunder,  
Tailor and Clothier, 281-283 Duckworth Street

## The "Our Own"

Cooking Stove is known to be the very best stove for

OUR OWN

people, because it burns either wood or coal (and the bread sometimes??), and is made from

OUR OWN

iron ore, and supplied by

OUR OWN

JOHN CLOUSTON,

140-2 DUCKWORTH STREET.

(See this Stove in our Eastern Window.)

PHONE 406.

P. O. BOX 1243.

tu,th,s

## SLATTERY'S

Wholesale Dry Goods

are now offering to the trade the following

English and American Dry Goods.

English Curtain Net.  
English Art Muslin.  
White Nainsook.  
Children's White Dresses.  
Misses' Colored Dresses.  
Gent's White Handkerchiefs.

White Curtains.  
Valance Net.  
White Seersucker.  
Children's Gingham Dresses.  
Ladies' Handkerchiefs.  
Gent's Colored Handkerchiefs.

Also a very large assortment of SMALLWARES.

SLATTERY'S DRY GOODS STORE,

Duckworth and George Streets.

CIGARS! CIGARS!

Just received a shipment of the now famous

GOVERNOR CIGARS.

Wholesale and Retail.

JAMES P. CASH,

Tobacconist, Water Street.

## European Agency.

Wholesale orders 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, Earthwares and Glassware, Cycles, Motor Cars and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Piece Goods, Sample Cases from \$50 upwards, Fancy Goods and Furnishery, Hardware, Machinery and Metal.

Jewellery, Plate and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions and Olives' Stores, etc., etc.

Commission 3% p.c. to \$ p.c. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account. (Established 1814.) 25 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. Cable Address: "Aurora, Lon."

William Wilson & Sons

Advertise in the Evening Telegram

## Automotive Storage

We are prepared to store in a fine dry warehouse and we will see that it is carefully maintained during the winter months.

Storage for Fifty Cars

T. A. Macnaughtan

Overland District

Tel. 444.

nov25,19

## Convicts' Silent Language

Prison messages were mentioned in a recent case at the Old Bailey, London, England.

Talking is not allowed in prisons here, however, several ways in which convicts communicate with one another without talking.

Most of these silent conversations take place during exercise, especially on mornings after a session, when news of crimes and sentences is soon over the yard.

In a short while every new-comer has been "in" before, tells all the news of his offence and of the length of his sentence. Those who know the code send long messages to one another when they are in the workshops, where they hammer the nails in a way as to produce long and short sounds.

Generally, the first signal a man has taken tells the crime he has been convicted of. He puts his hand to his mouth and brings his jaws together. He has been passing counterfeit

## WRIGLEY'S



made and bottled by MEEHAN