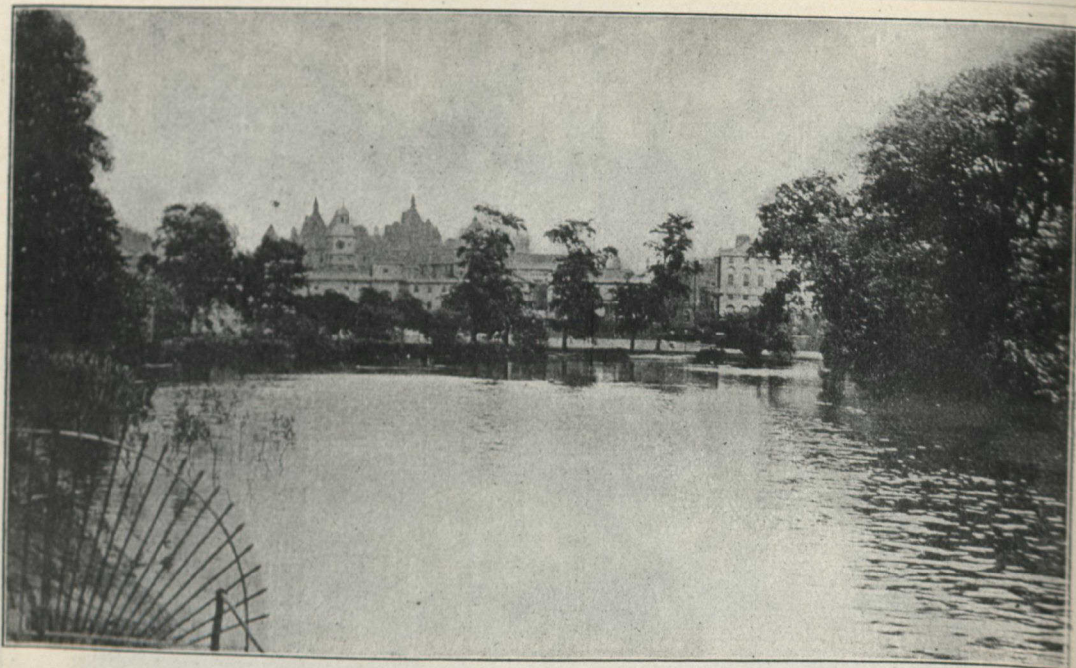




ST. JAMES' PARK AND ORNAMENTAL WATER—Shewing the Horse Guards and Parade, the Scottish Office and Whitehall Court, a handsome residential building, in the background. The scene in summer from bridge over this water is one of the prettiest in the metropolis. Over 1,500 various water fowl are kept by the Government in this Park, and some excellent Canadian specimens of ducks and geese.

The Soul of Tobacco

Maeterlinck says of flowers that they yield up their Soul in perfume.

What a noble thought!

But to the pipe-lover there is something infinitely sweeter than the perfume of flowers—the Soul of Craven Mixture.

The Soul of "Craven" is inimitable, unmatched. You cannot find it in other Tobaccos any more than you can find the perfume of the natural rose in a soulless imitation.

And the appeal to the sense of taste! How bewitchingly and entrancingly Craven captivates the taste. How lovingly the smoker of Craven Mixture handles his pipe. To him the taste and perfume of Craven are indeed the very SOUL of Tobacco—something to dwell upon, to revel in; something, as J. M. Barrie says, "to live for."

*In every good tobacco shop all over the world you will find Craven Mixture
It is packed in patent vacuumized tins*

Craven