

## TURKISH CIGARETTES

Have you ever tried to smoke a pipe or cigar?-But, you found them unsatisfactory, didn't you?—found

that they were strong, and wouldn't draw properly.

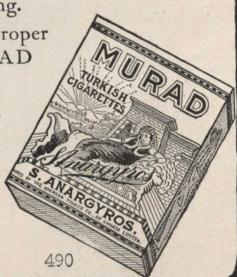
Because you've had these experiences, is no reason why you can't enjoy the pleasure of smoking.

You didn't take tobacco in the proper form-you should smoke MURAD Cigarettes.

MURAD Cigarettes, although a mild smoke, have a rich, full, delicate, distinctive flavor.

Why not try a package to-day? —10 for 15 cents.

S. ANARGYROS



## FOR COMFORT LOVING PEOPLE

"CEETEE" Underclothing always fits perfectly, being KNIT (not cut and sewn) to the form from the finest imported yarns (spun from Australian Merino Wool.) It has no rough seams, and is guaranteed against shrinking.

All sizes for men, women and children—fully guaranteed by us. Ask your dealer to show you, "CEETEE"! underelothing.

THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT, Limited

Established 1859.

threw the basket overboard. It had

served its purpose well.

"Well, Chink, old boy, here's the last of it," I cried, holding up the two bottles. I said it so the others could hear, and felt satisfied at the gloomy looks of defeat that spread over their faces.

The Chink approached. "Allee gone?" he inquired. "All but two."

"How muchee for one?"
"Same price, Chinkee, same price.

"Same price, Chinkee, same price. Only a quarter."

"Allee light. Give me one," and he handed over the quarter to me.

"Give him mine, Tom," said the bar steward. "I'm full right up."

I passed the bottle to The Chink and the quarter to Henry, this latter part of the transaction being plainly a disappointment to the Chinaman. I realised why when Henry passed the quarter back with but one word of explanation.

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"Lead," he said.

"Lead?" I inquired, then looked at it. The Chink was throwing his empty bottle overboard, watching me out of one eye. I beckoned to him.

"Chink," I said, "you're worse than I am. Here, have one on me," and I passed him over the last split, and carefully laid the lead quarter on the top of the cork.

top of the cork.

He chuckled as he pocketed it and walked away. Then we declared the final dividend. I am ashamed to state how much I really made out of the deal. Still, I needed the money.

THAT afternoon Henry volunteered to show the passengers, or such of them as wished to take advantage of his offer, around Havana. We had it all planned out beforehand. I knew that as soon as they landed they would search for gingers, and was sitting at a corner table when Jim led

ting at a corner table when Jim led them to Braga's.

They formed a line two tiers deep along the front of the bar and for ten minutes the bartenders were kept busy pouring out imported ginger ale.

The Chink and two friends slipped in later and stood waiting at the end of the bar but were ignored.

in later and stood waiting at the end of the bar, but were ignored.

Three dozen hands lifted glasses to three dozen pairs of lips simultaneously, and three dozen voices a moment later queried "What's the cost?"

The Cuban smiled. "Imported ginger ale, you know, senors," he explained. "Una peseta, cinco centavos, what you Americans call 25 cents."

Three dozen voices shouted "Twen.

what you Americans call 25 cents."

Three dozen voices shouted "Twenty-five cents again!" and three dozen pairs of eyes looked around for Henry. But he had laid a quarter on the bar and disappeared. Henry always was honest. Most of us would have left without placing a quarter on the bar.

Through the side door I saw the

on the bar.

Through the side door I saw the Chinamen file out, but a few minutes later when I joined Henry on the other side of the Prado, I was surprised to see the Chink go in again. He came out with something — unmistakably a bottle — swelling his blouse pocket. Again I hailed him.

"What you got?" I asked ungrammatically.

"You didn't pay twenty-five cents for it, did you?" I asked in amaze-

ment.

"All samee you right," he whispered. "I pay quarter all lite." Then as he glanced furtively over his shoulder he added, "Lead quarter, too, stleward. That make three bottles for one quarter. Chinaman muchee big rogue likee 'Merican stleward, eh?" and he was gone.

LATER I met the purser in a place where Cuban manufactured gin-ger ale was sold for five cents. He was negotiating for ten dozen cases.