



Here's your joy makin's

When you say, "Give me a tin of Prince Albert," you say the *last word* in cigarette makin's tobacco. Because it rolls up into the best makin's smoke you or any other man ever put between his lips. *And that goes!*

P. A. gets right away from any cigarette flavor you ever uncovered. And it just satisfies and delights and charms your palate.

Prince Albert is pleasing and fresh and fragrant—got the real and true man-punch in it that makes a hit every time you put it to match! Built that way, you know, by a patented process, *and just can't help* making good with every red-blooded man!

Get this: If your pleasure is "makin's," then you beat it 'cross lots while your shoes are good, and stock up with P. A. Get away from the *dust-brands* and *fire-brands* for what's wrong with your smoke spirit!

Man alive, if you don't roll 'em yourself, *start now* with Prince Albert, and get wise-o to some smokejoy. P. A. is easy to roll, because it's fresh *and stays put*. Just rolls up in a jiffy. Before you know it you're firing up!

Men all over the nation know Prince Albert as the King of Makin's. It's a royal flush, a whole bunch of joy! You open up the day with a P. A. cigarette and get going with sunshine in your soul, or set fire to P. A. in a jimmy pipe! And buy P.A. anywhere you drop in—at home, or get it in any foreign land. Topy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; also handsome pound and half-pound humidors. Just you say, wise-like, give me

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO
Winston-Salem, N. C.