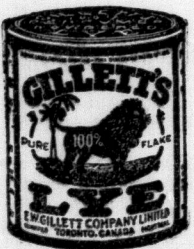


Over 500 Uses

GILLET'S PURE FLAKE LYE

It's best for cleaning and disinfecting sinks, drains, closet bowls, etc.; for softening water, making your own laundry soap; cleaning floors, greasy pots and pans, etc.; for removing old paint, destroying vermin, etc. Full directions with every can. Be sure you get the genuine Gillett's FLAKE Lye. Substitutes are usually costly and unsatisfactory.

MADE
IN
CANADANEEDED
IN
EVERY
HOME

New Stories By O. HENRY

A SPORTING INTEREST.

It is a busy scene in the year of one of Houston's greatest manufacturing establishments. A number of workmen are busy raising some heavy object by means of blocks and tackles. Somehow a rope is worn in two by friction, and a derrick falls. There is a loud, jarring crash, a cloud of dust, and a man lay stretched out dead beneath the heavy timbers.

The others gather around and with herculean efforts drag the beams from across his mangled form. There is a hoarse murmur of pity from rough but kind breasts, and the question runs around the group, "Who is to tell her?"

In a neat little cottage near the railroad, within their sight as they stand, a bright-eyed, brown-haired young woman is singing at her work, not knowing that death has snatched away her husband in the twinkling of an eye.

Singing happily at her work, while the hand that she had chosen to protect and comfort her, through life, lies still, and fast turning to the coldness of the grave!

These rough men shrink like children from telling her. They dread to hear

the news that will change her smiles to awful sorrow and lamentation. "You go, Mike," three or four of them say at once. "It's more larkin' ye have than any av us, whatever, and ye'll be after brakin' the news to her as aise as ye can. Be off wid ye, now, and shake gently to Tim's poor lassie while we try to get the corpse to shine."

Mike is a pleasant-faced man, young and stalwart, and with a hat look at his unfortunate comrade he goes slowly down the street towards the cottage where the fair young wife—alas! now a widow—lives.

When he arrives he does not hesitate. He is tender-hearted, but strong. He lifts the gate latch and walks firmly to the door. There is something in his face, before he speaks, that tells her the truth.

"What was it?" she asks. "Spontaneous combustion or snakes?"

"Derrick fell," says Mike.

"Then I've lost my bet," she says. "I thought sure it would be whiskey."

"Jife, messieurs, is full of disappointments!"

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THE ETERNAL QUESTION by Felice Davis

THE WINNER.

Lola—Why? Dick and Hal—calling together. What does this mean?

Dick—It means something very serious for both of us, Lola.

Hal—We've come to ask you to choose—which one of us will you finally decide to marry?

Lola—Marry? Why—why—

Dick—We knew it's hard for you, but we've got to know.

Hal—We've decided that each is to speak for himself.

Lola—But I can't decide! I don't know.

Hal—E'll begin. Lola, we only met a little while ago, but from that first moment I've loved you—

Dick—I've loved you since your hair was in pig-tails.

Hal—I'll give you everything that money can buy—we'll travel—the world.

Dick—I offer you a home among the old friends who love and cherish you.

Hal—I—

Lola—Stop! I can't stand this! Let me think.

Dick—We want you to be sure—

Lola—Listen, I'll settle it this way. Both of you have your motor boats in the race tomorrow. I'll marry the winner—Now please go.

Father—Well, they're lining up for the big race—both your young friends in it, eh?

Lola—Yes—yes—there goes the pistol. They're off!

Father—Which is ahead? Quick!

Lola—Which is ahead? Quick!

Father—Can't see—look! No. 7!

Lola—Seven? Hal's boat!

Father—Somebody's gaining on him! They're nose to nose!

Lola—Who is it?

Father—Passed him! Jove! That No. 5's going like a demon!

Lola—Five! That's Dick!

Father—Five's leading! He's got the race!

Lola—Father! Look! That rowboat with the children!

Father—Lord! Right in his path! They'll be killed!

Lola—Oh, oh! I can't look!

Father—By heavens, he's swerved! Missed them!

Lola—His boat's turned over! He's killed!

Father—They're picking him up—unconscious, I guess. Here they come.

Lola—I've got to find out—come on! Is he hurt?

Hal—It's all right, Lola—he's only stunned. Come away—

Lola—Dick! Are you all right?

Hal—Lola! Do you realize I've won the race? You're mine!

Lola—Yours! Do you mean you're going to claim that race?

Hal—Claim it—of course!

Lola—When Dick was ahead of you and risked his life to save those children?

Hal—Well, all's fair in love and—

Lola—Dick, do you still want me?

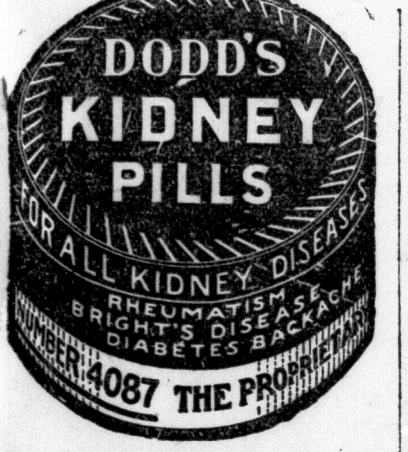
Dick—Hal's won, Lola—I can give you up to him.

Hal—Of course I've won! Don't forget your promise!

Lola—I promised to marry the winner, and Dick's won a greater race than you!

Hal—But Lola—You may have the silver cup, but I give Dick a consolation prize—my heart!

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Bilious Attacks Are Usually Due to Constipation

When you are constipated, not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid is produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. Doctors prescribe Nujol because it acts like this natural lubricant and thus secures regular bowel movements by Nature's own method—lubrication.

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. Try it today.

Nujol

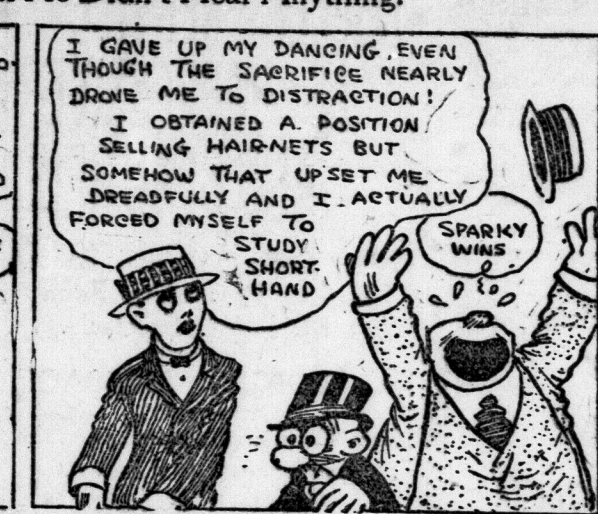
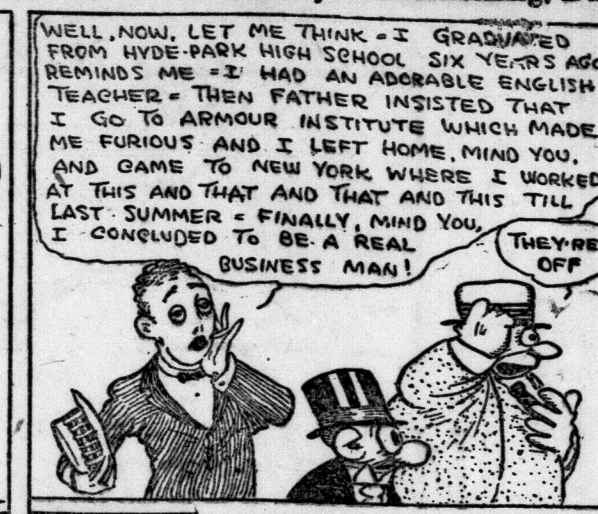
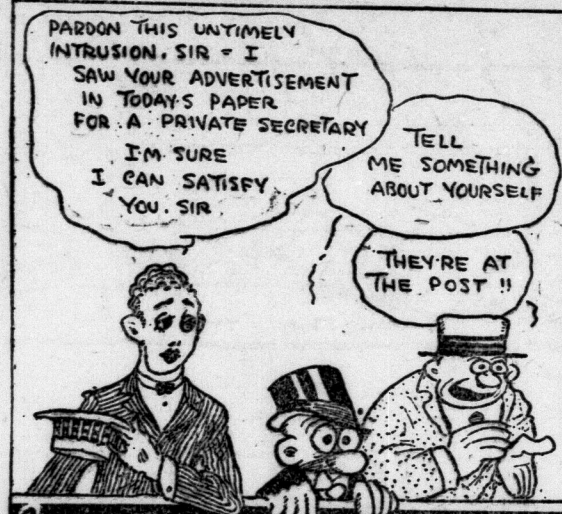
A LUBRICANT—NOT A LAXATIVE



Keeps Baby's Skin Healthy
Prevents Chafing & Eczema

Dr. CHASE'S OINTMENT

BARNEY GOOGLE.



MUTT AND JEFF.

Playing Golf Isn't a Pleasure. It's a Job.

BY BUD FISHER.



REG'AR FELLERS.

Answer That One!

BY GENE BYRNES



GAS BUGGIES

Ignorance Is Not Always Bliss.

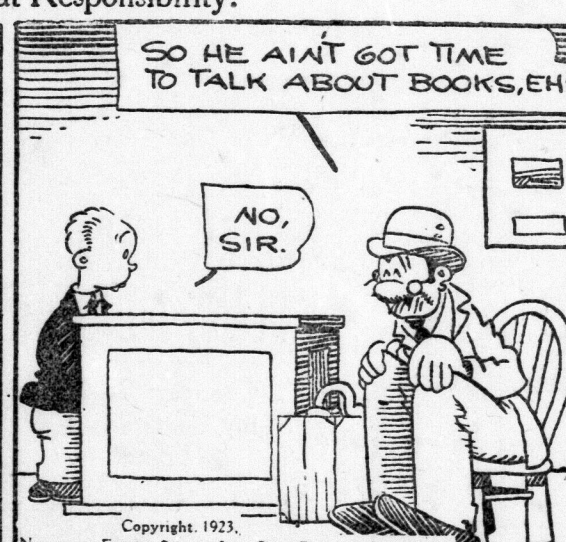
BY BECK



POLLY AND HER PALS

Pa'd Be Relieved Of That Responsibility.

BY CLIFF STERRETT



TOOTS AND CASPER

Casper's Suit Is So Modest It Shrinks.

BY JIMMY MURPHY

