

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" SAVED HER LIFE

Operation not Necessary After Taking This Famous Fruit Medicine

8928 UNION ST., VANCOUVER, B.C.

"I suffered with all the symptoms of Female trouble, with chronic Constipation and constant Headaches. I had pains low down in the back and sides of the body. A doctor advised me to have an operation."

I started taking "Fruit-a-tives" and this medicine has completely relieved me of all my misery and suffering.

I am free of pain and headaches and the terrible Constipation, and what saved me is the fruit medicine, "Fruit-a-tives."

Mrs M. J. GORSE.

"Fruit-a-tives" are made from the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes and tonic — and are absolutely free of calomel, senna and other drugs which irritate the bowels. "Fruit-a-tives" will always correct Constipation and Biliousness. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent post paid on receipt of price.

FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA, ONT.

London, Eng. Ogdensburg, N.Y. Christchurch, N.Z.

New Stories By O. HENRY

NO HELP FOR IT.

"John," said a Houston grocer the other day to one of his clerks, "you have been a faithful and competent clerk, and in order to show my appreciation, I have decided to take you into partnership. From this time on you are to have a share in the business, and be a member of the firm."

"But, sir," said John anxiously, "I have a family to support. I appreciate the honor, but I fear I am too young for the responsibility. I would much rather retain my present place."

"Can't help it," said the grocer. "Times are hard, and I've got to cut down expenses if I have to take every clerk in the house into the firm."

THE PEWEE.

In the hush of the drowsy afternoon, When the very mind on the breast of June
Is settled, and hot, white tracery Of the shattered sunlight flutters free
Through the unstinted leaves to the
Pied cool sward.
On a dead tree branch sings the
Saddest bird
Of the birds that be:
'Tis the lone Pewee.
His note is a sob, and its song is
A pitched
A single key like a soul bewitched
To a mournful minstrelsy.

THE ETERNAL QUESTION by Felice Davis

HIS SEVENTY WIVES.

Dorothy—Say, Uncle Perry, do all sailors have a girl in every port?
Captain Salt—Wal, in my day at sea they all had and sometimes more than one girl.
Dorothy—My beau's a sailor boy, and I'm sure he hasn't!
Captain Salt—Maybe things have changed since my day and anyway what you don't know won't hurt you.
Dorothy—Did—did you have a girl in every port, uncle?
Captain Salt—Ahem! Now you're getting personal—don't talk so loud your aunt'll hear you.

Dorothy—Did Auntie know that you had a girl in all the ports?
Captain Salt—Sh! That's a sore subject with her. Don't let her hear you mention it—it excites her too much.

Dorothy—Tell me about some of the girls you had, uncle. Did you only marry one of them?
Captain Salt—"Marry one of 'em?" Come hear and I'll tell you about some of my marriage experiences.

Dorothy—Yes—yes—yes—Uncle, you were never a Mormon, were you?
Captain Salt—No, but I came darn near it once! It was only your aunt's fiery make-up and disposition that got between me and my other wives.

Dorothy—Oh, uncle! Then I might have had a lot of other aunts!
Captain Salt—Yes, somewhere between sixty and seventy of 'em—I forget the exact number.

Dorothy—Oh, what were they like? Were they all pretty?
Captain Salt—Keep quiet and I'll tell you—but don't mention the subject before your aunt!

Dorothy—Oh, I won't—I promise. Now tell me!
Captain Salt—Wal, to cut the story short, I was cruising among the South Sea Islands.

Dorothy—Yes—
Captain Salt—And one day I saved a big savage chief from being killed by an under chief of the same tribe.

Dorothy—Yes—
Captain Salt—So the big chief to pay me for saving his life—
Dorothy—Yes—
Captain Salt—Appointed me to be under chief and I became heir to all the former under chief's belongings.

Dorothy—Everything he had?
Captain Salt—Yes, all his weapons and his house and everything—
Dorothy—Oh!
Captain Salt—Wal, they had a great celebration when I was made under chief, and say, you should have seen me all togged up in the cannibal uniform.

Dorothy—Do cannibals wear uniforms?
Captain Salt—Wal, spears and shields and a few feathers. So I made the best cannibal of all because my skin was white and theirs was black.

Dorothy—Then did you marry a cannibal?
Captain Salt—"Marry a cannibal!" Why I inherited the ex-chief's sixty or seventy wives—and a dozen new ones for good measure.

Dorothy—Did you?
Captain Salt—"Did I? Did I?" nothing! Your aunt did the rest.

Dorothy—What did she do?
Captain Salt—There happened to be a Pacific cable station on the island and the fellow cabled all about it with my full name to the New York papers.

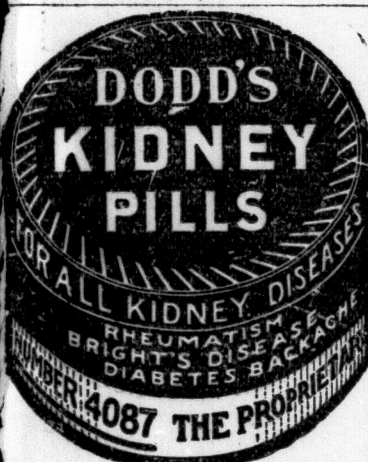
Dorothy—Yes—
Captain Salt—And before you could wink your aunt was burning up the cable to the island with her opinion of me.

Dorothy—Was she mad?
Captain Salt—"Mad"? Why, she was starting for the island to clean out the whole tribe!

Dorothy—What did you do?
Captain Salt—Wal, I kinda liked the savages and didn't want no harm to come to 'em, so I resigned right away.

Dorothy—Then you didn't marry them, after all!
Captain Salt—Nope, and I wasn't going to anyway, because, after all, there was only one gal in the world I hankered to marry, and that was your aunt.

(Copyright, 1923, by Public Ledger Company.)



CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



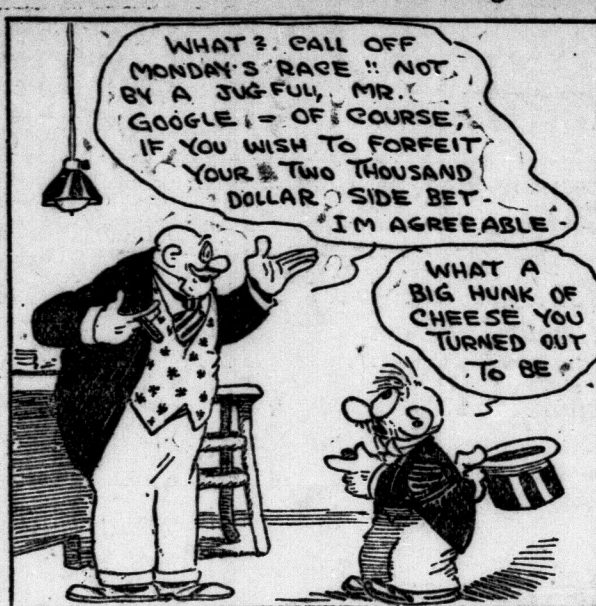
Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn. Instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with your fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

BARNEY GOOGLE.

No Backing Out For Barney Now.

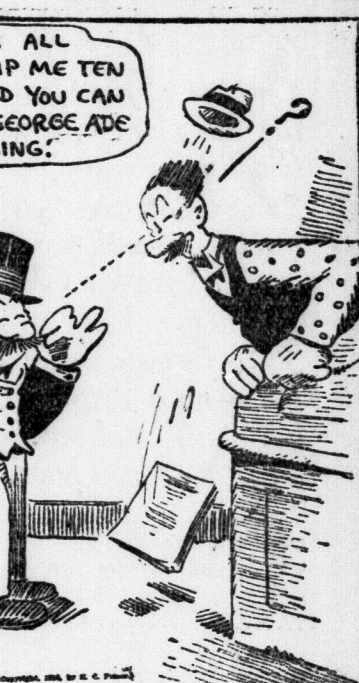
BY BILLY DE BECK.



MUTT AND JEFF.

Jeff Didn't Care for the Credit—He Wanted a Piece of Change.

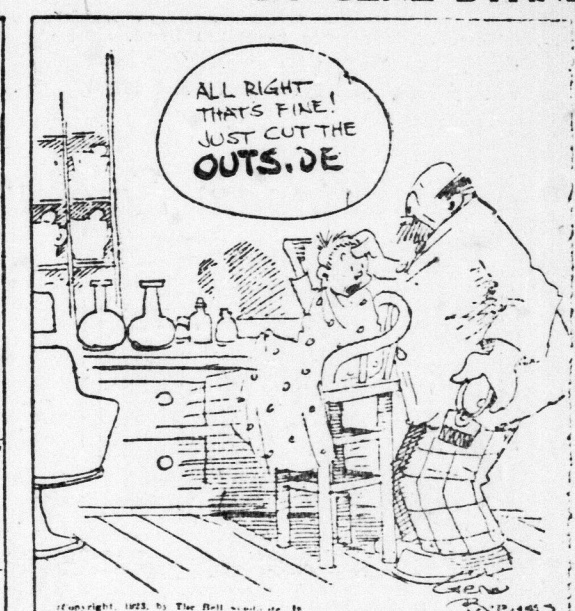
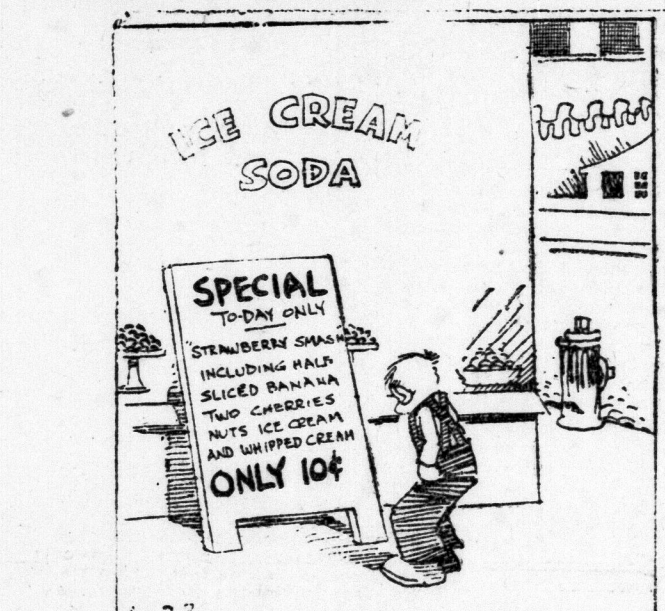
BY BUD FISHER.



REG'LAR FELLERS.

A Little Bit Off the Top.

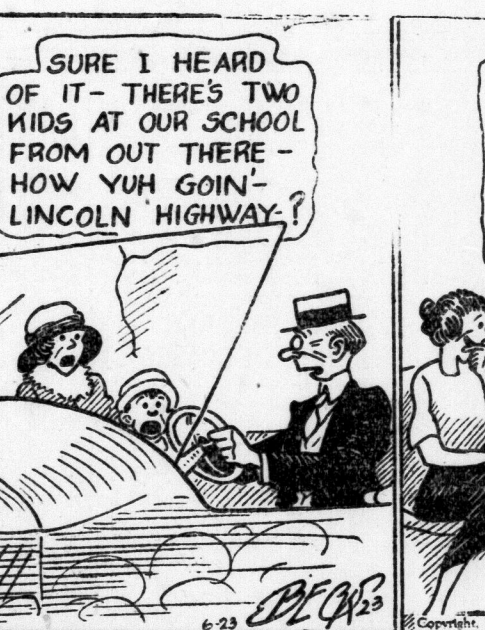
BY GENE BYRNES.



GAS BUGGIES

Things Have Changed Since Father Was a Boy.

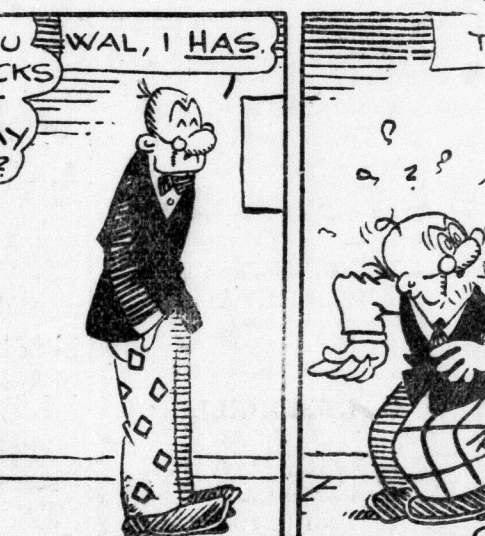
BY BECK.



POLLY AND HER PALS

Ashur Was Telling the Cold, Hard Truth.

BY CLIFF STERRETT.



TOOTS AND CASPER

Casper Makes a Clean-Up For the Vacation Fund.

BY JIMMY MURPHY.

