

# New Stories O. HENRY

By

## A HELPING HAND.

A Houston young man has been paying devoted attention for a long time to one of the fairest maidens on Prairie avenue. He was quite slow about declaring himself, and one night she hinted that her parents were beginning to object to her receiving his attentions.

It is human nature for a man to want anything all the harder when he finds that it is difficult to obtain, so the young man made up his mind in a flash that this was the girl in the world for him. He proposed, was snapped up, and she laid her head coyly against three ten-cent cigars in his vest pocket.

Becoming truly alarmed about obtaining his treasure now that he scented obstacles in the way, he suggested an immediate elopement. The girl hesitated for a long time, but finally consented, and the next night was set for the deed. About twelve o'clock when everything was still the young man stood with anxiously beating heart beneath his loved one's window.

He had provided a carriage, which was waiting around the corner, and a rope ladder down which she climbed with sundry little mouse-like squeaks and squeals. At least she man clasped her in his arms.

"At last, dearest," you are mine at last. Come quickly and

we will fly from the power of your heartless parents. Good heavens! What is that?"

He saw something in fluttering white bearing a heavy burden coming around the corner of the house. "Don't be afraid, George," said his loved one, calmly. "It's only papa bringing down my trunk."

## THE OLD FARM.

Just now when the whitening-blossoms flare,  
On the apple trees, and the growing grass  
Creeps forth, and a balm is in the air;  
With my lighted pipe and well-filled glass  
Of the old farm I am dreaming.

And softly smiling, seeming  
To see the bright sun beaming  
Upon the old home farm,  
And when I think how we milked  
The cows,  
And hauled the hay from the  
meadows low,  
And walked the furrows behind the  
plows,  
And chapped the cotton to make it  
grow.

I'd much rather be here dreaming,  
And, smiling, only seeming  
To see that hot sun beaming  
Upon the old home farm.

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MRS. K. MANVELL, of 528 Nelson Street, London, Ontario, tells an interesting story of help received from famous herb remedy.

A story that every woman should read is told by Mrs. Manvell. It reveals in a striking way the sufferings that are caused by ailing digestive organs. Many of her symptoms may be yours, traceable to the same cause. The remarkable help she found in Droco will, therefore, be of intense, practical interest.

"It was in such pain I could hardly do my housework," says Mrs. Manvell. "Dizzy spells would attack me and it seemed as though I was fainting and spots floated in front of my eyes. Pains through my stomach and rifling of gas tasted like bitter poison. I couldn't keep my food down, and my appetite was very poor. I have treated myself for constipation for the past four years, but it seemed that no medicine gave me any help."

"I often had severe bloating spells from the gas. Pains through my back over my kidneys caused terrible agony, and also through my hips. It was a misery for me to go out visiting, as I never knew when these gastric spells would attack me. Often I had to go home immediately, but since taking four bottles of Droco, I can go to shows or to my friends without the fear of those dreadful pains."

"My system is not entirely cured of all these pains, but I can eat better and sleep better. I have had no bloating spells; the pains through my back are greatly relieved and my bowels are acting regularly. I found Droco Laxative Tablets were a great benefit in connection with the tonic."

"My husband and I are greatly pleased over the benefits I am obtaining, and he insists I continue the treatment until I am entirely rid of my troubles. I am glad to praise the good merits of Droco."

Droco will help you as it is helping Mrs. Manvell. It acts on the organs of digestion in a way that speedily restores them to their normal functioning—and proper digestion means good health. Droco is compounded of herbs, roots, bark and leaves with scientific care and exactness and contains no mercury, potash or habit-forming drugs.

Droco is being specially introduced in London by Standard Drug, Limited, and is sold at all their stores in London, St. Thomas and Woodstock. It is also sold in Chatham by W. W. Turner, in Sarnia by Ingleside's Drug Store, in Stratford by Nasmyth & Harwood, and by a good druggist everywhere.—Advt.

## Snowy Linen

Is a sign of Sunlight—a sign that the gentle efficiency of this wonderful laundry soap has loosened all grease and dirt, dissolved it all, and caused everything to run freely away in the wash. Not a trace of soap remains in the fabric to coarsen or "grey" it. The purest of coconut and palm oils—nature's finest cleansers are blended into Sunlight.

The purest laundry soap in Canada.  
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED  
Toronto



## BARNEY GOOGLE

Barney's Not So "Keen On the Scent."

BY BILLY DE BECK.



## MUTT AND JEFF

Ten Words. No More. No Less.

BY BUD FISHER



## REG'LAR FELLERS

No Doubt About That.

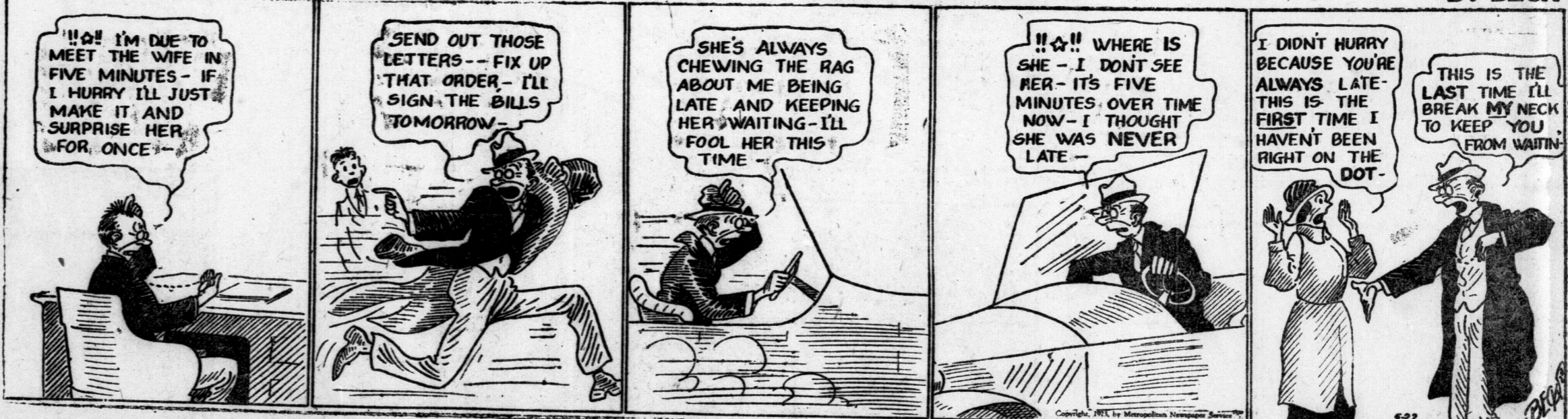
BY GENE BYRNES.



## GAS BUGGIES

Virtue Is Its Own Reward.

BY BECK



## POLLY AND HER PALS

Pa Certainly Is Practical.

BY CLIFF STERRETT.



## TOOTS AND CASPER

Buttercup's the Brightest of 'Em All, of Course.

BY JIMMY MURPHY.

