

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

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BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS THROUGHOUT CANADA

FIFTEEN BRANCHES IN MIDDLESEX AND ELGIN COUNTIES.

THREE BRANCHES IN LONDON.

Market Branch, F. D. Finlayson, Manager, 121 Dundas St.

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New Stories By O. HENRY

CALCULATIONS.

A gentleman with long hair and an expression indicating heavenly resignation, stepped off the 12:30 train at the Grand Central depot yesterday. He had a little bunch of temperance tracts in his hand, and he struck a strong scent, and followed it up to a red-nosed individual who was leaning on a truck near the baggage-room.

"My friend," said the long-haired man, "do you know that if you had placed the price of three drinks out at compound interest at the time of the building of Solomon's temple, you would now have \$47,988,445.22?"

"I do," said the red-nosed man. "I am something of a calculator myself. I also figured out when the doctor insisted on painting my nose with iodine to cure that boil that the first lantern-jawed, rubbernecked son-of-a-gun from the amen corner of Meddlesome Company that made any remarks about it would have to jump seventeen feet in nine seconds or get kicked thirteen times below the belt. You have just four seconds left."

The long-haired made a brilliant

retreat within his allotted time and bore down with his temperance tracts upon a suspicious looking Houston man, who was carrying home a bottle of mineral water wrapped in a newspaper to his mother-in-law.

NEWSPAPER DICTIONARY.

Function—Cold beef and mustard at the house of a regular subscriber.

Duel—A word used to describe the preliminaries of an amicable adjustment.

Demise—Death of a man good for his funeral expenses.

Brawl—An affair of honor between private citizens.

Man—An animal that cannot drive a nail into the bottom of a mahogany table with the back of a hair brush.

Accomplished—Homely, stupid. Newspaper word in speaking of one division of the female sex.

Opposite of "ravishingly beautiful."

Denial—Part of news matter crowded out—for use in next issue.

Lie—Untruth told by homely female.

Same as "tact" in handsome person.

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THE ETERNAL QUESTION by Felice Davis

THE CURE.

Herbert—I wish you'd stop humming; you're perfectly callous to my sufferings!

Emily—I'm sorry, dear—I thought you felt better.

Herbert—I'll never feel better in this world—and you know it!

Emily—But Herbert, the doctor said if you'd only look at the rosy side of things and take some interest in life you'd be all right.

Herbert—All doctors are fools—what does he know about the way I feel?

Emily—How would you like to go for a little ride in the new limousine? You haven't even looked at it!

Herbert—Nope—all cars look alike to me.

Emily—We might get up a party on the yacht and cruise in the Mediterranean.

Herbert—I'm sick of yachts—parties—all that's left for me is to lie here and think how I can leave you comfortably fixed after I'm gone—all

the thanks I get for it!

Emily—Herbert! How can you—Herbert—The estate'll be too much for you to handle alone, and I don't trust lawyers—pack of thieves!

Emily—I can always go to Mr. Darcy for advice—he was father's best friend.

Herbert—And an old fossil, too! Keep away from him, Emily!

Emily—Well then, there's Will Trevor?

Herbert—Too much of a gambler—he'd speculate with your last penny.

Emily—Then there's no one left but Jim Halliday—you've always liked him.

Herbert—Hm—I guess Jim's about the best—though that's not saying much!

Emily—Oh, I'm so glad you approve of him because I have it all planned.

Herbert—Planned? What planned?

Emily—Well, it will look so queer for a young widow to be continually running to a good-looking young bachelor for advice, so we—we've decided that the only decent thing will be for me to marry him!

Herbert—Marry him?

Emily—Yes, I knew you'd like the idea, dear—my future will be off your mind—so I've asked Jim to drop in this afternoon and we'll have a nice little chat and settle it.

Herbert—W-what? You—you're planning to m-marry him before I'm even—

Emily—Hush, dear—here's Jim now!

Jim—Hello, Herbert! Feeling better?

Herbert—You—you—

Emily—I've just been telling Herbert about our plan, Jim—he's delighted!

Jim—Pleased, eh? I knew he'd see things our way!

Herbert—Emily!

Jim—Now you needn't have a minute's worry about Emily's future, old chap—I'll take care of that!

Herbert—Listen here! I—

Jim—Poor old Herbert! Well, if he has to go we must look on the bright side of it!

Emily—Yes, the bright side is left for us, Jim. Come, let's sit on the window seat and plan our future!

Herbert—Emily! Come here!

I—Jim—That's it—sit here. Think how wonderful it's going to be when we can sit together this way in our own home!

Emily—You love nest. You'll want us to keep the country house, of course, Herbert?

Herbert—I—I—I—

Jim—Think of being greeted each evening by you and the little voice of our—

Herbert—Stop! I forbid—

Jim—And the little voice of our Pekinese—we must name one for Herbert.

Emily—And you'll be my great, big, wonderful husband!

Herbert—Emily! I—

Emily—It's the illness that makes Herbert so excited, Jim.

Jim—It's the end coming on. I'm afraid—but it means the beginning for us—when you're my wife!

Herbert—"Wife!" You snake in the grass! You're not going to get rid of me so easily!

Emily—Herbert! Get back in bed! The doctor wouldn't—

Herbert—Get out of my way! Let me at him! I'll show you both I'm no dying invalid!

Emily—Jim! Quick—go! He'll kill you!

Herbert—There—and there! Now get out of my house!

Emily—Don't! Don't—don't! Oh! You've thrown him downstairs!

Herbert—If that scoundrel ever shows his face here again he'll be sorry!

Emily—You don't understand! It—it was all a plan to cure you—to make you jealous—Jim was only helping!

Herbert—Throw those medicine bottles out—get my clothes!

Emily—Herbert! Why Jim's engaged to Betty Tyler!

Herbert—Never mind explaining—I see your little plan all right, but it doesn't work! I won't die to please you two—not if I have to hang on until I'm two hundred! Get my golf clubs and tell the cook to have a big dinner ready—and if I find your Romeo on the porch when I get back I'll wipe up the earth with him!

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Little feet give hardest wear

RUNNING, jumping, climbing, romping, kicking, dancing, all these need tough, wear-resisting Fleet Foot shoes for summer.

Tender, growing feet need the light, flexible, easy-fitting foot comfort of Fleet Foot. Nothing in shoedom has ever met all these needs so well, nor so economically as Fleet Foot.

Rubber soles, canvas uppers—designed with all the care used in finest footwear—built of best materials with highest skill for children and grownups.

They are not Fleet Foot unless the name Fleet Foot is on the shoe.



Fleet Foot was originated and is made only by the Dominion Rubber System. The name Fleet Foot is on every pair. It is your guarantee of quality and value.



BARNEY GOOGLE

Sparky Breakfasts When He Is Sure of It.

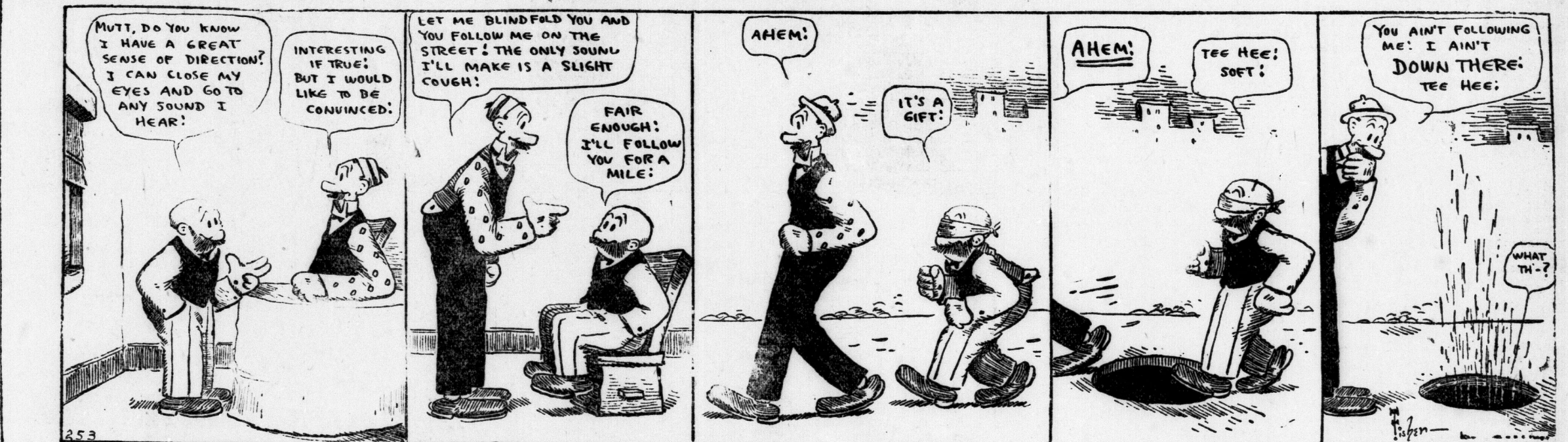
BY BILLY DE BECK.



MUTT AND JEFF

It's a Great Gift.

BY BUD FISHER



REG'LAR FELLERS

That's a Sure Sign.

BY GENE BYRNES.



GAS BUGGIES

How Some Men Think

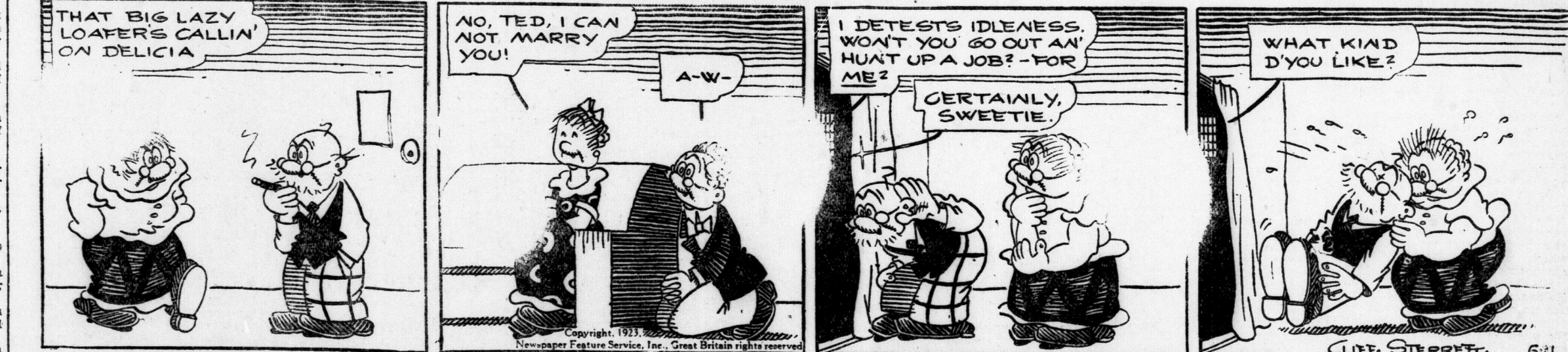
BY BECK



POLLY AND HER PALS

It Was Up To Delicia To Decide.

BY CLIFF STERRETT.



TOOTS AND CASPER

Casper Raises More Excitement Than Anything Else.

BY JIMMY MURPHY

