

for unavoidable Errors of Diet

It sometimes happens that the food we eat does not agree with us—probably because we have unintentionally eaten too much or because the quality of the food varied. The unpleasant symptoms which follow errors of eating and drinking are speedily relieved by an occasional "dash" of ENO'S "Fruit Salt" in a glass of cold or warm water. Your druggist sells

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

Sole Representatives for North America:
Wm. A. R. & Co., Ltd.
10-18 Market St.,
TORONTO

New Stories By O. HENRY

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

His coat was rusty and his hat out of style, but his nose glasses, secured by a black cord, lent him a distinguished air, and his manner was jaunty and assured. He stepped into a new Houston grocery yesterday, and greeted the proprietor cordially.

"I'll have to introduce myself," he said. "My name is—, and I live next door to the house you have just moved in. Saw you at church Sunday. Our minister also observed day, and after church he says, 'Brother—you must really find out who that intelligent looking stranger is who listened so attentively today. How did you like the sermon?'"

"Very well," said the grocer as he picked some funny looking currants with wings out of a jar.

"Yes, he is a very eloquent and pious man. You have not been in business long in Houston, have you?"

"Three weeks," said the grocer, as he removed the cheese knife from the box to the shelf behind him.

"Our people," said the rusty looking man, are whole-souled and hospitable. There is no welcome too warm for them to extend to a new-comer, and the members of our church in particular are especially friendly towards the tradesman who drops in to worship with us. You have a nice stock of goods?"

"So, so," said the grocer, turning his back and gazing up at a supply of canned California fruits.

"Only last week now I had quite an altercation with the tradesman deal with for sending me inferior

goods. You have some nice hams I suppose and such staples as coffee and sugar?"

"Yes," said the grocer.

"My wife was over to see your wife this morning, and enjoyed her visit very much. What time does your delivery wagon pass up our street?"

"Say," said the grocer, "I bought out an old stock of groceries here, and put in a lot of new ones. I see your name on the old books charged with \$87.10 balance on account. Did you want something more today?"

"No, sir," said the rusty man, drawing himself up and glaring through his glasses. "I merely called in from a sense of Christian duty to extend you a welcome, but I see you are not the man I took you to be. I don't want any of your groceries. I can see the mites in that cheese from the other side of the street and my wife says your wife is wearing an undershirt made out of an old table cloth. Several of our congregation were speaking of your smelling of toddy in church, and snoring during the prayers. My wife will regret that cup of land she borrowed at your house this morning just as quick as my last order comes up from the store where we trade. Good morning, sir."

The grocer softly whispered, "There Won't Anybody Play with Me," and whittled a little lead out of one of his weights, in an absent-minded way.

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THE ETERNAL QUESTION by Felice Davis

Cuthbert—I am overwhelmed that you have come to see my poor studio, Mrs. Millions.

Mrs. Millions—You know how interested I am in your painting, Cuthbert.

Cuthbert—When your limousine stopped in front of my door I felt as if an empress were coming for a royal visit.

Mrs. Millions—Not an empress—only an admirer of your work—and your friend.

Cuthbert—Friend? Alas! Mrs. Millions—Why, Cuthbert, what's the matter?

Cuthbert—Nothing—nothing. I should never have dared to hope.

Mrs. Millions—Dared to hope?

Cuthbert—That some day I—I might call you more than friend—Mrs. Millions—Why, Cuthbert?

Cuthbert—Forgive me for confessing it, but my emotion overcame me. Mrs. Millions—My poor boy! I understand.

Cuthbert—I have no right to tell you when you have everything and I am only a poor artist.

Mrs. Millions—You are a genius! Cuthbert—But at least I can worship you as I would a star far above me.

Mrs. Millions—Not—not far above you, Cuthbert. You don't mean you'd stoop—?

Mrs. Millions—It is very lonely for a widow.

Cuthbert—Then make me the happiest man in the world!

Mrs. Millions—If you are sure you want me.

Cuthbert—"Sure?" My love is as unwavering as the sun in its course!

Mrs. Millions—The difference in our ages—you are just a boy, and I—

Cuthbert—Do you think I could care for these silly young girls? A woman's real charm comes when she is a widow.

Mrs. Millions—And the trouble about my great wealth.

Cuthbert—I don't mind your money, dearest—leave that to me.

Mrs. Millions—Are you sure it will be no sacrifice for you?

Cuthbert—No sacrifice could be too great for you—even the cares of money.

Mrs. Millions—Then if you feel that way I must say yes—I am yours.

Cuthbert—We'll be married right away, beloved, and then we'll leave this miserable studio.

Mrs. Millions—Leave the studio? But—

Cuthbert—Yes, I won't ask you to come to such a humble home. We'll travel on your yacht—visit your French chateau, your villa in Italy.

Mrs. Millions—But—your work? Cuthbert—My work—oh, that! It can go—my first concern is to make you happy.

Mrs. Millions—But what are we going to live on?

Cuthbert—Haven't you enough for two, dearest? Why should we be speedy?

Mrs. Millions—Yes, I have seven million dollars.

Cuthbert—Well, then—

Mrs. Millions—But I thought you knew—Mr. Millions was a very jealous man and when he died—

Cuthbert—Yes—yes—

Mrs. Millions—He made his will so that if I ever married again all his money would go to charity.

Cuthbert—Wh—what!

Mrs. Millions—So now I am penniless and glad, for your sake, because you can marry me without embarrassment, now that the barrier of my millions is gone!

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The Nerve-Tired Business and Professional Man Gets New Vigor from

Dr. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Enjoy them to your hearts content!

Use all you like of Certo made jam or jellies—the more you partake the better for health—splendid for children!

Use it with: Raspberries, Blackberries, Cherries, Currants, Blueberries, Apples, and other fruits in season.

CERTO

Reg. Can. (Surgell) Pat. Off.

You had to boil away too much of the fruit the old way. The result was a far too concentrated sugar tang, so strong that your jam or jelly had to be used too sparingly.

Certo-made jams are so economical so quickly and the fruit flavor predominates. Only one minute boiling, and they keep perfectly. Complete booklet of recipes with every bottle.

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Mother Nature's year-round jell maker

How to Make Red or Black Currant or Gooseberry Jam

Crush well about 2 lbs. fruit. Measure 4 level cups (2 lbs.) crushed fruit into large kettle, add ½ cup water, stir until boiling, cover kettle, and simmer fifteen minutes. Add 7½ level cups (3½ lbs.) sugar, and mix well. Use hottest fire, and stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard for one minute. Remove from fire, and stir in ½ bottle (scent ½ cup) Certo. Skim and pour quickly.

BARNEY GOOGLE.

QUEEN'S COUNTY JOCKEY CLUB

AQUEDUCT, L.I.

THE BIG

T-BONE STAKES

JULY NINTH, 1923

PURSE \$20,000.00

ENTRIES

1 SPARK PLUG (RULING FAVORITE)

2 COME TO YO PAPA

3 LONG ISLAND ITCH

4 SONG OF SING SING

5 GRANDPA'S SPELLS

6 HORSE RADISH

7 GAS HOUSE WILLY

Barney Makes Sure of His.

COME, COME, WHAT IS YOUR CONSCIENCE WHERE \$10,000 IS CONCERNED!—THIS FORTUNE IS YOURS IF YOU KEEP SPARK-PLUG FROM WINNING THE T-BONE STAKES. NOBODY WILL KNOW—THE 10,000 IS ALL FOR YOU—TAKE IT—

GREAT SCOTT! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ASKING ME TO DO!!

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS TEN THOUSAND—I'LL GIVE YOU TWO MINUTES TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND—TWO MINUTES—

MMMM

BY BILLY DE BECK

MUTT AND JEFF.

Mutt's Brother Picks An Unusual Name for His Son.

BY BUD FISHER

BY THE WAY, JEFF, MY BROTHER JIM HAS FINALLY SETTLED ON A NAME FOR HIS YOUNGEST SON!

IT CERTAINLY TOOK THEM LONG ENOUGH! HOW DID THEY SETTLE IT?

WELL, IT WAS GETTING ON MY NERVES SO I BOUGHT THEM A BOOK ON NOMENCLATURE!

WHAT'S THAT?

OH, IT'S A BOOK GIVING OVER A THOUSAND NAMES FOR CHILDREN TO BE CHRESTENED!

AND SO THEY FOUND A NAME THAT PLEASED THEM, EH?

RIGHTO!

WHAT WAS IT?

JOHN!

REG'LAR FELLERS.

It Beats Playing Harps, Thinks Jimmy.

BY GENE BYRNES

WHADDU YOU LIKE THE VERY BEST THING IN THE WHOLE WORLD?

GOIN' TO THE CIRCUS!

ME TOO! I LIKE TO FEED THE ELEPHANTS—AN' SEE THE DOG-FACED BOY AN' WHEN I SEE THE CLOWNS I CAN'T STOP LAFFIN'! AN' DO YOU REMEMBER THE SEALS—ALL THE TRICKS THEY DID?

AN' HOW ABOUT THE FELLER ON THE BICYCLE WHO DROVE INTO THE TANK? AN' THE LADY IN THE WHITE SUIT WHO RODE THE HORSE STANDIN' ON HER HANDS?

AN' THE COWBOYS! AN' THE LIONS! AN' THE TIGERS! GEE WHIZ! AN' THE PARADE!

WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER DO, GO TO HEAVEN OR THE CIRCUS?

I'D RATHER GO TO THE CIRCUS FIRST!

GAS BUGGIES

Breaking the News Gently.

BY BECK

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF RENTING THE HOUSE WHILE WE'RE AWAY ON THE TRIP OUT WEST?

HO-HUM—I DON'T KNOW!!

BUT YOU CAN'T RENT UNLESS YOU TAKE CHILDREN—AND YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'D DO TO THE PLACE—

YEH-UM—

I DREAD TO THINK OF IT—WE'VE ALWAYS TAKEN SO MUCH PRIDE IN OUR HOME—

WHY WORRY ABOUT IT!! DON'T RENT IT—THAT'S ALL—

BUT IT'S RENTED!!—AND FOUR KIDS IN THE FAMILY—

YE-OOEE!

POLLY AND HER PALS

Pa Was Making It Worse.

BY CLIFF STERRETT

IT'S THE HOMBLIEST LID I EVER LOOKED AT

IT LOOKS LIKE A PEANUT.

LISTEN TO THEM GALS KNOCKIN' MY NEW LID. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, ASH?

WHOM? ME?

WAL, IT AIN'T MUCH TO LOOK AT, UNK.

IT AIN'T! WHY AIN'T IT?

CAUSE YOU'RE SETTIN' ON IT, THAT'S WHY.

TOOTS AND CASPER

BY JIMMY MURPHY

I'LL BE GLAD WHEN WE START ON OUR VACATION, TOOTS! I CERTAINLY NEED A GOOD REST! WE'VE BEEN ON THE GO SO MUCH TO DANCED AND PARTIED I'M ALL IN! WE DIDN'T GET IN FROM GUS SCHULTZ'S TILL THREE THIS MORNING!

I'M ALL IN TOO, CASPER!

WHERE'LL WE GO ON OUR VACATION?

I DON'T CARE JUST SO WE CAN GET A GOOD REST! LOOK, TOOTS! HERE COMES ELEANOR WILSON!

OH, TOOTS! I JUST CAME FROM THE BEACH—I STOPPED AT THE HOTEL SWELLO! SUCH A LIVE CROWD THERE! AND TALK ABOUT WONDERFUL DANCE MUSIC!! SOMETHING DOING EVERY MINUTE!

ISN'T THAT FINE, ELEANOR?

CASPER! PACK YOUR TUXEDO AND DANCE SLIPPERS! WRITE THE HOTEL SWELLO FOR RESERVATIONS!