

I'M TICKLED TO BE CALLED A GOOD COOK!

PEOPLE JUDGE A WOMAN'S COOKING BY HER CAKES—AND EVERYBODY SAYS MINE ARE DELICIOUS



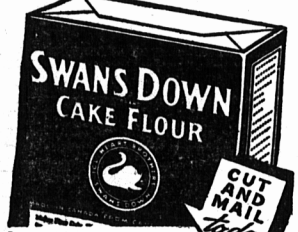
SURE SUCCESS WITH SWANS DOWN

It's so easy for any woman to make tempting delicious cakes which mark her as a good cook...

27 TIMES AS FINE AS ORDINARY FLOUR

RECIPES FOR THE 9 MOST POPULAR CAKES ARE ON THE PACKAGE

147 Recipes—Hundreds of Baking Hints in "Kate Smith's Favorite Cakes"...



General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario. Please send me "Kate Smith's Favorite Cakes"...

WANTS NO FAVORS SACRAMENTO Calif. — (CP) — State governors traditionally sport license tag No. 1 on their cars...

CAN YOU BEAT IT? REVELSTOKE, B. C. — (CP) — Sam Needham began his 30th consecutive year as fire chief here in the outfit...

Professional Cards

D. F. ARCHIBALD Chartered Accountant 140 Richmond Street Phone 47 P.O. Box 12

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CUTCLIFFE & ANDREWS FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS Hunter Liver and Bradshaw Day and Night Service

BELL & MATHIESON MONEY TO LOAN Cameron Block, Charlottetown, P. E. Island

WELCOME THE TRAVELLER

(By ARTHUR HARDY) A NEW HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

Robert had scarcely time to don his ordinary clothes before he was wanted to go out to help Dan Shelton. His fight had left him satisfied almost elated. The exercise had warmed him, the rubbing of his seconds had added to his well-being.

On returning to the dressing-room he had found Dan ready for his fight with the sitting on a ledge and swinging his feet to and fro. Dan looked a little pale and tense but he smiled, leaping down and taking Dan in strong arms.

"I knew you'd do it, Bob," said he. "It's a fine example for me." Daniel led the way to the ring, and the big crowd gave them a thunderous welcome.

The ring was thronged by past and present champions ready to challenge him. The referee was introducing with hoarse, raucous voice a big, broadshouldered fellow who wore a loud-striped suit. "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce the famous heavy-weight and challenger of Ben Brannock for the heavy-weight championship of the world—Mike McGinty."

Dan and his attendants climbed up the steps, ducked under the ropes and entered the ring amidst a frantic roar of applause. McGinty, swinging his hat, stepped up to the ropes, holding up a hand for a hearing.

"It was to have fought Ben Brannock for the title last February," he barked in a high-pitched voice, "but he strained a muscle; another way of saying he had cold feet and the fight was called off. Now I am here to-night to challenge any man in England," he waited for the applause to die down and then he said: "You were splendid, Robert, if he wins this fight."

He turned, grinned at Dan, then dropped down to the floor. His swagger was prodigious and the gesture he threw at Dan almost insulting. But Dan had the fight to think about and sat quietly on his stool, waiting while his hands were being bandaged under the supervision of Richards's manager.

At last he was called up to meet Richards. They shook hands, listened to the referee and went back to their corners. A minute later the fight began. It was Robert's first experience of seconding a boxer in a big fight. Clad in flannels and a sweater he worked with Dan and the others to keep Dan in good shape throughout the fight.

Jack Richards was a trick customer. Robert saw early on Dan was always on top and striking his blows with a snap that piled up the points as round followed round.

Habitual Constipation Is a Danger Signal

Constipation is always bad enough... it drags you down; makes you feel headachy, dull, irritable. But when constipation becomes a habit, look out! It usually tends to get worse and worse.

"At last I have seen a big fight, my boy," said he. "Fisticuffing in the old days could not have been as clean as this or Waterloo Berry would have admitted Jack Randall and the bruiser to his inn. There's money in the boxing game, Robert, money for you, I think. Come in and see me when you get back to Transworth and we'll have a talk."

It was half-past seven before Robert reached home. Dinner had been kept back for him. Daniel and Dan refused an invitation to stay to the meal, but John and his wife had come up from the town.

"You rascal," said John, with a grin as he gave Robert his hand. "Congratulate the papers and all of you." He looked Robert up and down. "Why didn't I go in for boxing instead of opening a dirty rusty old garage, I'm as big as you."

John Berry shook his head. "Thanks but no. Nice of you, Bob. I'll carry on somehow." Robert turned to his father as he took his place at table. John Robert was smiling and looked happy.

"Find everything all right at the farm, dad?" Robert asked. "Why, yes, Bob," replied the farmer as he cut a gash in the middle of a leg of mutton of his own rearing, which had been well hung and was cooked. "Not a complaint to be made and, you'd never believe it, but fresh orders for the delivery of milk and butter and eggs have poured in from Transworth town. That comes of discovering a boxing champion in the family. The world is made up of snobs."

But his eyes were twinkling and he smiled as he said it. (To be Continued)

OPEN UP ON CODES

LONDON—(CP)—Certain recognized telegraph codes may be used for telegrams abroad under relaxed postal censorship rules. Previously all codes were banned.

OUR WAY



WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

The liver should pour out two pounds of bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Harmful poisons go into the body, and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks pink.

Murray River And Vicinity The many friends of Mrs. Elizabeth MacInnis regret to hear she confined to her bed through illness.

The old time sport of horse trotting is taking on some activity again. Mr. C. H. Horton had a track cleaned on the ice, and Saturday a fairly large crowd turned out for its first race. Three horses took part—Audrey owned by C. H. Horton; Dot, owned by P. M. Peden; Laddy M. Gregor, owned by Ray Stewart, Murray Harbour.

Miss Helen Keenan bookkeeper for Mr. C. H. Horton, is spending a few days in Charlottetown.

Mrs. V. E. Jenkins Point Pleasant, who was a patient in Kings County Hospital undergoing an operation has returned home.

Mrs. Walter Datzel and Shirley spent Saturday in Charlottetown.

While practising Locke Bruce Lowe received some cuts about the face which required the treatment by Dr. Brehaut.

The funeral of the late John D. Hume was held on Thursday at 2 P. M. from the Church of Scotland. On account of the Rev. H. Bishop having a funeral on the same day, Dr. McKee of Ontario preached the service. It was a large funeral showing the esteem in which the deceased was held in Murray River, where he once resided. Interment was in Murray River Cemetery. The pallbearers were: Messrs. Alexander Duitney, Earnest McLeod, Sydney

Munn, Albert McKay, John Bowles, Earl Munn. RECORD BROKEN GLACE BAY, N. S. Feb. 2—(CP)—Joe McIntyre's record of 53 years at Caledonia Colliery of the Dominion Coal Company here without a mishap is broken at last. Yesterday part of a coal-cutting fell on his foot, injuring it slightly. During all but one of the 53 years he worked at the "face" where most accidents occur.

Weak, scrawny children miss all the fun

Help their Health and Vitality with FELLOWS' DOUBLE TONIC ACTION CHILDREN who can't keep pace with their play-mates probably lack the essential mineral foods which are necessary to strong, healthy bodies.

FELLOWS' SYRUP The ORIGINAL Syrup of Hypophosphites—A Family Tonic Since 1864

Help start your children on the road to stronger health today. Get a bottle of Fello's Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites from your druggist. Accept no substitute—insist on the genuine Fello's Syrup.

MISS SANDRA JOHNSTON spent the weekend in Montague, the guest of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Louis Johnston.

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

NO, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOUR DOGS... BUT HAVE YOU SEEN MY MAN WALDO? HE HASN'T BEEN HOME SINCE TUESDAY, WHEN HE CAME IN CARRYING A BRIDLE AND SAID YOU HAD SHOT HIS HORSE OUT FROM UNDER HIM!



EXCHANGING NOTES ON THE MISSING!

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BRINGING UP FATHER

LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU GET A BITE. I THINK I HAVE SOMETHING ON THE END OF THIS CORD.



HOLD IT—TH' FISH AROUND THESE FISHING WATERS ARE NEARLY AS BIG AS THEY SAY THEY ARE.

DID YOU SAY I SHOULD KEEP PULLING THE CORD IN? BY JOVE—THIS FISH IS PULLING US OUT TO SEA.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WID YOU GUYS? YOU GOT YER LINE HOOKED TO TH' PROPELLER AN' THIS GOT'S ON TH' WAY TO CAPE HORN!

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Thimble Theatre — Starring POPEYE

I BEG PARDON, SIR. I WON'T WHAS GOING ON IN ZANZIBAR.

TILLIE THE TOILER — KINDERGARTEN DAYS!

IT CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE A KINDERGARTEN THE WAY YOU FOLKS ACT.

HAMBURG! IT HAS BEEN MANY YEARS SINCE I WAS IN HAMBURG!

SAY, I THOUGHT I HAD A FORCE OF MEN AND WOMEN HERE. NOT A BUNCH OF KIDS.

For instant ease from chest colds, ordinary sore throats.

RUSSIAN RUBBING