

WELCOME THE TRAVELLER (By ARTHUR HARDY)

ROBERT TURNS PROFESSIONAL

Gardner grinned. "I'll say he's good." "Bob," said Daniel as Berry jumped down from the boxing platform...

"When I like it better. I don't want to hurt or be hurt, Daniel. I'll think it over. I swore I'd never do it, but I may change my mind."

"Daniel eyed him shrewdly. "Where did you learn to hook like that, boy?" Shelton looked mystified.

"Left jab and left hook, right cross and right hook, right and left upper cut. I've always dreamed one day I'd see a fighter who had 'em all, but I never did until now. And I never taught you how, Bob. Where did you learn it?"

Robert smiled easily. "Oh, I don't know. I've tried it out against the punching bag and the punch ball and boxing a shadow..."

"Inspiration," said Daniel with a shake of his grizzled head "eye, with a right hook, right and left upper cut. I've always dreamed one day I'd see a fighter who had 'em all, but I never did until now. And I never taught you how, Bob. Where did you learn it?"

"What until I tell you." Within five minutes Daniel and Dan, in the car, were at the farm.

"It's this way, Bob," explained Daniel. "Billy Raymer was to box ten rounds with Alf Slavin, but he strained a thigh muscle and can hardly walk, in addition to which he has a busted right hand. Billiard rang me up to find a substitute for Raymer and suggested Fred Thornton. He'll pay fifty pounds for the fight. Six rounds. It's only birdseed for a big man, but it's money and it's a chance. I thought of you. What do you say? You're as fit as Dan. Will you fight Slavin? Mind you, Thornton might lick him so that it ought to be sugar for you."

"To fight on Monday night?" Robert was thinking. "In a six rounds prelim. Over eight pounds a round. It's easy money and it would make a start, Bob."

"All right, Daniel, I'll do it." "Hurry!" Dan began to dance whilst Daniel hurried out to the telephone.

"Hey! Is that you, Billiard? Well, listen. You can't have Thornton because I've got a better man. Fifty pounds to be the price but you've got to add ten pounds for expenses."

"You want to sting me for an extra tenner? Who's your man, Daniel, Joe Louis?" "No," answered Daniel. "It's Bob Berry. A nice sounding name for your programme."

A silence of some seconds followed. Then Billiard spoke again and his voice shook a little, a cough of excitement, maybe, if a promoter ever did get excited. "All right. Fifty pounds and ten pounds extra for expenses."

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FIGHT GOLDS by helping nature build up your cold-fighting resistance

If you suffer one cold here's sensational news! Mrs. Elizabeth Vickers writes: "I used to catch colds very easily. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery helped me to overcome my cold-fighting resistance. I am better, had more strength and was troubled very little with colds."

This great medicine, formulated by a physician, helps combat colds this way: (1) It stimulates the appetite. (2) It increases the flow of gastric juices. Thus you eat more; your nourishment improves; your body gets greater strength to build up your cold-fighting resistance.

Successful has Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery been that over 30,000,000 bottles have already been used. Proof of its remarkable benefits. Get Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery from your druggist today. Don't suffer unnecessarily from colds.

expenses, but if Berry don't make a show, I warn you, Shelton, I'll wipe that extra ten pounds out."

CHAPTER XI THE FIRST TEST

The first fight on the programme, a clash between two second-rate bantamweights, was just over when the two fighters' party threaded their way to the ring. They were followed by "Oh!" said Nora, stopping suddenly. "That objectionable man."

"Which?" asked Thomas Shulgrave, looking at the man who was now Nora and Prunella. "Do you mean that fellow Marlow?"

Peter Marlow wore a white carnation with evening clothes that would have shamed a tailor's dummy. Shulgrave took the chair next to him, needed for they had made a passing acquaintance.

"I see," gawped Marlow "that we have a handsome local light showing in the ring. Twelve pounds, why doesn't he plod on with his farm and leave the fortunes of the village in Dan Shelton's hands?"

A roar of cheering announced the coming of the fighters. It was repeated. Alf Slavin was the first to enter the ring. Twelve pounds he had weighed upon the scales at half past two that afternoon. He was tall, rangy, had the gaunt face of the typical prize fighter, with a swollen right ear and some scars on his cheeks. Proof that he did not stop at his opponent's blows with arms and gloves. He looked strong and grinned as he waved his hands to the applauding crowd.

Robert Berry followed him after a few seconds' interval and seemed to be in a hurry. Nervous, Shulgrave said to himself. A knuckle jabbed him in the ribs. "He's scared stiff," drawled Peter Marlow. "He's a stone the bigger man, but that other fellow will eat Thornton. But you haven't got three rounds."

Tom Shulgrave smiled indulgently. "As you seem to know of course you'll give me a shade of odds?" "I'll lay you two to one."

"Done," answered Shulgrave with an alacrity that surprised the film producer. Robert had taken the stool in the corner nearest to his friends. He turned his head, saw them, and smiled. Prunella was nearly as white-faced as he, biting at her underlip and looking afraid. Her nerves were jumping.

Daniel was clapping Robert's limbs, giving him water to rise out his mouth and talking again. "They're nearly ready. Remember Tom Shelton and the way he stopped the Nonpareil. This is your first fight that matters, Bob, but it looks good for me."

"Seconds out—Time." A bell rang loudly. Robert sprang from his stool as his seconds swung it away and dropped to the floor and moved to meet his opponent. The glare of the ring above his head blinded him. Slavin was a big man, tall and wide of shoulder.

They broke and got away, then Slavin came in hitting low. Robert's feet were like lead. He was slow, stupid. If only the atmosphere would clear and let him see his man. A flying glove caught him on the chin and a white flash seared his brain. What was the matter with him? If only the crowd would stop shouting. Suddenly he saw Daniel crouching below the ring, with his chin resting almost on the floor. Daniel was making signs to him to push Slavin away. This Robert did and at that moment the film of smoke seemed to roll away. Slavin took definite shape in his proper proportions, not a giant, but an ordinary big man. And with a jab and a jab one two, as Slavin came in grinning. Robert stopped him short.

The next moment Robert was crowding Slavin on the ropes and grinning stupidly at Daniel. Slavin grinned back. The boxer's eyes were not flamed over now. Daniel nodded brightly. "Beginning to like it?" answered Robert as he spread his arms wide and filled his lungs with air driven by lapping towels.

Then he was up on his feet and fighting. The left was going nicely now. Robert could see the target he had to hit. He was preparing to deal out mischief, the bell rang and the round was over.

Robert dropped on to his stool and grunted stupidly at Daniel. Slavin grinned back. The boxer's eyes were not flamed over now. Daniel nodded brightly. "Beginning to like it?" answered Robert as he spread his arms wide and filled his lungs with air driven by lapping towels.

Then he was up on his feet and fighting. The left was going nicely now. Robert could see the target he had to hit. He was preparing to deal out mischief, the bell rang and the round was over.

Robert did not crowd Slavin on the ropes this time, but stepped back to let him get away and let him circle to the middle of the floor he stung him again with the left and whammed home the most dangerous punch in the catalogue, a straight right, cross, putting into it the power of the shoulder and the right side of the body. He timed it as if reaching out to grab a wasp, closed the glove at impact and Slavin went down as if poleaxed.

He lay in a crumpled heap without a chance of getting up on time. He did not get up at all. His seconds picked him up and carried him to his corner and he was still there dropping on his stool when Robert was stripping in the dressing room.

"A round and a half," said Shulgrave, turning to Peter Marlow. "I've more than one hundred pounds a round—for me. Ah, thank you." He pocketed the bank notes with a smile, turned and glanced at Prunella. Her hands were clasped, she was staring at the empty ring unbelievably, happily, and she was smiling.

(To be continued)

SHEEP RAISING INCREASED INTEREST

The need for war-time wool is reflected in the increased interest in sheep raising in Canada. Sheep breeders in the Eastern Townships, Province of Quebec, have organized an Eastern Townships Sheep Breeders' Association which includes the owners of pure bred, as well as of grade flocks in the various counties of the T-shipships. The Association will co-operate with the Quebec Provincial Sheep Breeders' Association.

Legion Appeal Is Worthy of Nation's Generous Support

During this conflict there will be many appeals for funds to finance war work at home and abroad—many demands upon the generosity and resources of our people—but none will be more worthy or more deserving than the appeal to be launched on February 12 by The Canadian Legion War Services.

In this campaign Prince Edward Island will play its part. No organization in this country can know better than the Legion the needs of the Canadian fighting forces in this war—and after. Indeed, no Canadian body can know so well what is required for the comfort, well-being and efficiency of the men in the services, and what will arise immediately the war is over.

It is for this reason that The Canadian Legion War Services will be appealing with confidence to the Canadian people for financial support for the specialized program in hand.

These are the men of "that other war," the men who formed the old Canadian Corps of 1914-1918, men who discharged their duty with consummate skill, courage and devotion; and who are still "carrying on for Canada and the Empire."

During the week of February 12 these men will be appealing for charity or doles; they will not be requesting anything for themselves.

They will be asking, on behalf of their younger comrades in the new C.E.F., the citizenship of this country to support a campaign that has everything to commend it.

For more than twenty years the Legion has done a great deal of splendid work for its more unfortunate comrades. Often when it felt the general public was forgetting, the Legion did not forget. It has given unparagoning of its time and energy and resources in keeping alive a spirit of helpfulness and gratitude in this country.

Now the Legion is taking on another task—one that is as urgent as it possibly could be. Still remembering and caring for the disabled men of the Old Army it turns its attention to the new C.E.F. The Legion does this without thought of reward of any description, save "the consciousness of work well done." And in this work it will have the full right to appeal for the support of all Canadians will back the legion up. It will not appeal in vain.

Empire Life Pays Dividend

Announcement is made that the Board of Directors of The Empire Life Insurance Company has declared a dividend of 4% on the paid-up capital of the company, payable 15th February 1940 to shareholders of record 10th February 1940.

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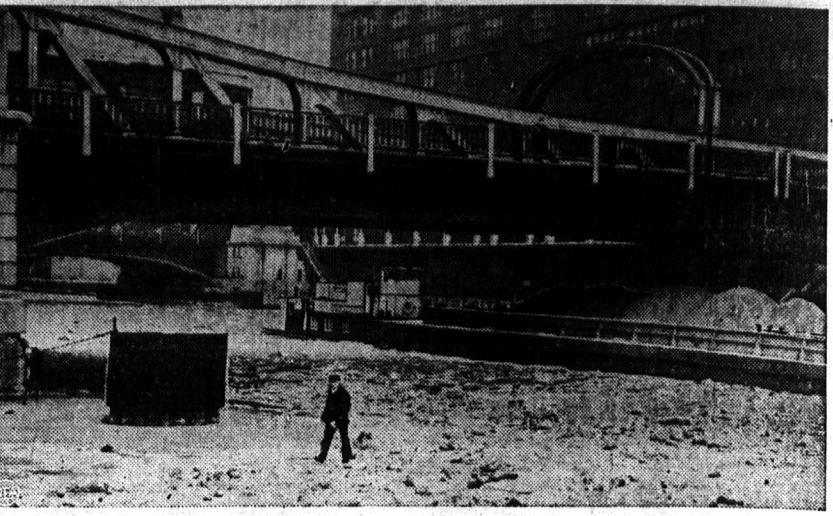
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Finnish Girl Training For Ski Championship

JASPER, Alta., Feb. 6.—A sponge in the boot is worth two in the tub, according to Miss Gertrude Wepsala, of Vancouver, B.C. Miss Wepsala, is Finnish, young, fair-haired, with a face like a silver dollar. Because she is also Canadian women's downhill and slalom champion, she is at present at Maligne Lake Chalet in Jasper National Park training for the forthcoming Canadian ski championships. With her are Art Coles, also of Vancouver, who placed in last year's Dominion events, Douglas Groff, ex-champion of Manitoba, Peter Valda, Swiss ski instructor and others, each of whom, to satisfy Miss Wepsala's whim, has carried with him in his rucksack a sponge, preferably green, bought at the pharmacy in Jasper town. Ski boots must be stiff to give control of the skis and Miss Wepsala, who learned to ski following her father through forest trails on the Pacific slope, has found that by binding a sponge about her sock, she is able to protect her ankle from some of the strain involved in a two mile downhill run at forty or fifty miles an hour.

Miss Wepsala, in the course of her competition, has visited the leading ski resorts of the continent but expects to finish her training at Maligne Lake. "Ski conditions here," she says "are the best I have encountered anywhere. Although snowfall in most of the west has been below average, here we have deep powder snow, we have gentle slopes and steep ones." Miss Wepsala speaks as an expert, exacting in her requirements. "But," she adds, "the novice as well as the experienced skier can be sure of getting what he wants at Maligne. Unnumbered high valleys, without so much as a blaze on their trees are at hand for those who wish to tour for a day or to make the journey over the skyline trail, passing their nights at timber line cabins."



Here's one boy that walked home from a boat ride, and he didn't need his water wings. When his barge became ice locked in Chicago river, crewman walked ashore to get firemen's aid in freeing it.

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