

WELCOME THE TRAVELLER

(By ARTHUR HARDY)

"I MIGHT SELL!"

"Robert," said the solicitor as the door closed, "draw that chair closer and sit down."

Adam Lawley eyed him grimly.

"Robert," he said, "I have just sold Traveller's Buildings to Peter Marlow."

Robert Berry sat bolt upright in his chair, his smile vanished, his eyes dilated, his lips tightened, the colour flushed his cheeks.

"No, sir—er—I mean, I am sorry to hear that."

The half a minute's silence that followed was broken by the solicitor.

"No, Robert, I was only teasing you. Marlow wanted me to sell the buildings to him, but I dislike the man and rather than let him have the property I'd sell it to the town."

A warm pink coloured the tan of Robert's expressive face, his smile returned, his eyes softened.

"Do you care all that much?" asked Adam, noticing the flush.

"I believe I do, sir. I confess that until lately the building appeared to me as a lovely and interesting one, but it never meant anything vital. Now I think I would do almost anything to prevent its being destroyed, sir."

"How would you like to buy it, Robert?"

"But I've got no money."

"You earned five pounds fighting on Monday night."

"I have not much to add to that, sir."

"But you would buy Traveller's Buildings if you had the money?"

Unemotionally Robert considered the point. "I believe I would."

"I could sell the property to the town for twenty thousand pounds, Robert. It's a lot of money, but then the site is unique, the best in Tansworth. Meanwhile I draw a pretty good return from the rental of the offices. The cost of repairs in nearly all cases is thrown on the tenants and I can afford to keep the property."

Adam Lawley leaned across the desk towards Robert.

"Now get this point although I would not close with the offer of twenty thousand pounds tomorrow, but might sell to-morrow in trust for a buyer who preserve it, and I might let him have it for a much less sum, perhaps ten thousand pounds. My ancestor Stephen Lawley bought the property, does that sound odd to you?"

Robert smiled broadly.

Adam Lawley chuckled.

"Well, there's the what I think about it. I can afford to indulge my whims, Robert. That was a surprising show you made in the ring on Monday night. Do you have any plans? Do you intend to go on with your boxing? It might offer a career."

"What would Prunella think if I gave up farming for fighting, sir?"

"Prue is a woman. She is proud of your victory. If you go on with your fighting she will rejoice in your triumphs and bemoan your defeats. But I know she hates farming. She has bought a paste-in album and do you know what she is doing with it?"

"I can't guess, Mr. Lawley."

"She has stuck in it the pictures of the fight and all the portraits of you that have been printed in the newspapers, she has even put a note to a news cutting agency to supply her with all matter concerning one Robert Berry. She is already posing Robert to go on with his fighting? You have some news?—Ah, yes, I see. Good luck to you both."

Adam Lawley replaced the receiver.

"Bob, Daniel, I have prepared for you a contract he has prepared for you which would make him your manager. Well, he's honest, and I know nothing but good of him, I think you might do worse. It is possible for you to make good money in the ring. I should think no less of you if you turned professional fighter for good. As for Traveller's Buildings, they will remain as they are."

ANOTHER FIGHT FOR ROBERT

Robert rode the cob thoughtfully up the rise of the hill to Wood Cottage and hitched the animal outside Daniel's gate.

Daniel came hurrying along the

Worry Saps The Nervous System

Worry over business or household duties, sudden shock, the insane quest for pleasure, the foolish attempt to put a week of normal life into twenty-four hours, feverish activity, the demand for sensational literature are all conducive to the aggravation of wear and tear on the nervous system.

If you are tired, listless, nervous, and worried why not give Miller's Health and Nerve Pills a chance to help put you on your feet again. They are a body building, nerve strengthening tonic containing the essential elements for the nervous system.

The E. Millers Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

flower-bordered path, hooked Robert by the arm and led him into the house.

"Dan, I've got to horn in on this," said he, "but I have set himo weed-ing the back garden so that we can have a quiet talk. Sit down, Robert. He'll see your eyes over this. It is the usual contract a boxing manager has with the lads he handles. I don't think some of the clauses are fr-ig-ning, they don't mean a thing; they are put in there to help a man keep his coits in bounds. Another thing, if you hitch up with me, you'll see that the commission I'll take is only 15 per cent instead of the usual 25 per cent boxing managers expect to draw as a rule. I have the same understanding with my son Dan. And remember, I have to do a lot of work for the money I earn. I fix up fights, I wrestle with details, I break down prejudices, I pit my brains against the promoters, and I have to stand a lot of expenses that aren't for the eye to see."

Robert read the conditions of the contract eagerly. He could see nothing unfair about it and did not deem it worth while to submit it to Adam Lawley's judgment. Daniel would give him a fair deal.

"There's one thing I want to make clear, Daniel. If I sign this which makes me, in a sense, your slave. I want to carry on at the farm as long as possible."

Daniel Shelton grinned.

"Sure. No objection. I've never seen harm come to a fighter through his working long hours in the open air. You can do what you like at the farm until your fighting becomes so important you'll have to put it first all the time, and if that happens you won't want to do any more farming."

Dan had already signed the document and his signature was witnessed by Joe Capstow. "Eth, Dan," Shelton bawled through the open window, Dan came running in from the garden a tumble of fair curling hair falling about his forehead. Robert affixed his signature to the deed.

"What's that, Dan?"

Dan wrote his name on the paper, winked at Robert.

"That puts us together in the same camp at last, Bob," he grinned. "I'm glad of that."

Their right hands met. Daniel blotted the paper, passed a duplicate which in turn was signed and witnessed.

"And now for a bit of news, Bob," said he, his eyes on fire. "This morning I arranged with Mark Blissard for a heavy-weight championship of the world, most likely. Dan is to get three thousand pounds or thirty per cent of the gate whichever is the most important. We fixed up a fight for you on the same night. Blissard is crazy over heavy-weights."

"A fight for me, Daniel? Already?"

"Yes, Bob, Blissard wants you. He leapt at the chance. You tickled him to death the way you beat Slavin. That's one reason why I was so keen on you under contract. Bob, you are going to fight Soldier Flynn six rounds as the main preliminary to Dan's fight with McGinty and you are to get two hundred pounds. Robert's eyes snapped. Soldier Flynn was a clumsy fifteen and a half stone fighter with a mixed record. He was good when he was bad. Size and weight had never yet scared Robert.

"So you had me on toast before you phoned Adam Lawley at the office," he remarked.

(To be Continued)

Death Follows Loose Tongues

Realizing that a word spoken in the wrong place, at the wrong time, may very easily result in loss of life or lives to the Allies, the ministry of information in England conducted a campaign this week, preaching "silence is golden."

Poster "ingles" have been distributed and the following one is applicable for any point in the Empire:

"If you've news of our munitions, keep it dark; 'Ghps or planes or troop positions, keep it dark; 'Lives are lost through conversation. 'Here's a tip for the 'duration'; 'When you've private information, 'Keep it dark!"

BRINGING UP FATHER

HERE IS ONE OF THE BOTTLES OF WATER FROM THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH I HAD SENT FROM SAINT AUGUSTINE -

YOU HAVE ONE LESS NOW - MRS. JIGGS - I SAW MR. JIGGS DRINK A BOTTLE OF IT JUST BEFORE HE WENT OUT -

OH - DEAR - I LEFT A BOTTLE ON HIS TABLE - I GUESS HE THOUGHT IT WAS ORDINARY DRINKING WATER THE BELL-BY PUT THERE -

MRS. JIGGS - I AM THE HOTEL DETECTIVE - WILL YOU COME DOWN IN THE LOBBY AND GIT YER HUSBAND? HE'S RIDING ALL OVER TH' PLACE ON 'TRICYCLE - HE'S GOT A BEAN-BLOWER -

Timble Theatre - Starring POPEYE

I KIN NOT SLEEP I KIN NOT EAT, I YAM FEELING LOW, OLIVE

POPEYE, YOU POOR THING, HURRY OVER AND TELL ME ABOUT IT

IT IS NICE TO HAVE A SWEETIE LIKE OLIVE, SHE IS SO UNNER STANDING

I MUST COMFORT POPEYE, THE SEA IS CALLING HIM, I CAN TELL BY THE LOOK IN HIS EYE

I LOVE HIM AND HE LOVES ME, BUT HE ALSO LOVES THE SEA (HE WANTS TO GO AWAY AGAIN)

WELL, IF HE THINKS I WILL FOLLOW HIM HE IS CRAZY

YOU BRUTE

TILLIE THE TOILER - CRY, BABY, CRY!

WE MIGHT AS WELL ADMIT IT... WE'VE ALL BEHAVED LIKE CHILDREN... EVEN MR. SIMPKINS -

YOU'RE RIGHT, TILLIE

YOU'RE RIGHT

- THAT IS, ALL BUT GLENNY HERE - HE'S THE ONLY ONE IN THE PLACE WHO'S ACTED GROWN-UP

GOSH, MISS JONES... HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU FOR TAKING MY PART - THE WAY YOU DID?

YOU DESERVED IT, GLENNY

TSK-TSK-TSK... THERE ARE TEARS IN YOUR EYES... WHY, YOU BIG BABY

OUT OUR WAY

READING? OH, NO -- I JUST THOUGHT I'D LEARN SPANISH WHILE I'M DOING THIS -- IF I EVER TRAVEL IN THOSE COUNTRIES, WHY -- BUENOS DIAS -- COMO ESTA LISTED?

THIS IS TOO MUCH FER ME! IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE A WORTHLESS LOAFER!

I THINK HE'S A LOAFER -- HE'S STUDYIN' OUT LOUD SO HIS MOTHER'LL HEAR HIM -- AN' SHE'S GOT A KID OUT SHOVELIN' HIS SNOW -- HE'S A FOXY LOAFER, IS ALL!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

IF YOUR DOME WASN'T ON DEAD CENTER, YOU'D HAVE FOUND SCRAM IN 15 MINUTES! LOOK -- THE DOG VANISHES, AND WHAT HAPPENS? BAXTER'S CHICKENS STRUT AROUND LIKE GAS HOUSE BULLIES, AND THE CAT COMES OUT ON THE FENCE AS RELAYED AS A CONDUCTOR IN AN EMPTY CAR! DID YOU EVER HEAR OF THE DOG POUND?

THE MAJOR CATCHES ON EASY -- LIKE THIS!

HMP! BAXTER'S CAT AND CHICKENS -- THE POUND -- IT DOESN'T FOLLOW -- UM -- GREAT CAESAR, TIFFANY! YOU MEAN -- ? BUT SUCH VILLAINY -- EGAD, IT'S PREPOSTEROUS!

MAYBE IT IS, BUT TRY THE POUND, ANYWAY!

COLDS VICKS VAPORU

FIGHT MISERY right where you feel it--with swift-acting VICKS VAPORU

In Memoriam

MR. GEORGE H. LAIDLAW

The death occurred in Halifax on Wednesday afternoon at his

IN MEMORIAM

home, 71 Henry street, of George Halliday Laidlaw, a widely known resident of the city, in his sixty-eighth year. Mr. Laidlaw had been confined to his home since 1937 when he suffered a stroke but it was not until last week that his condition became serious when he suffered a sudden relapse.

Mr. Laidlaw, prior to being taken ill, was engaged for over forty years as a commercial traveler and has a host of friends throughout the Maritimes and in Charlottetown, who will learn with regret of his passing. He was one of the oldest members of the Maritime Commercial Travellers' Association.

In his early years he took an active part in sport and was wide-

CANADIAN POTATOES TO U. S.

Preliminary figures on imports of Canadian potatoes into the United States under quota provisions of the Trade Agreement disclose that 37,153,234 lb. of Canadian certified seed potatoes and 12,080,389 lb. of other potatoes were imported from September 15 to December 2, 1939.

TIPPIE AND "CAP" STUBBS

QUIT LOOKIN' LIKE YOU'D LOST YOUR LAST FRIEND -- OR YOU WILL LOSE 'EM ALL! MY LAND! YOU OUGHTTA BE GLAD ISABELLE IS MAD AT YOU! AFTER ALL, YOU CAN'T HOPE TO KEEP UP WITH THAT DUKE ON HER FAMILY TREE --

AN' IF MARY MARG'RET WANTS TO STAY MAD, TOO -- LET HER! SHOW 'EM BOTH YOU DON'T CARE!

MY LAND!

MARY MARG'RET ISN'T MAD ANY MORE!

WHAT'D I TELL YOU?

SHE'S GOIN' TO HAVE A BIRTHDAY, TOO -- NEXT WEEK! GRAN' MA GOTTA DOLLAR?

BRINGING UP FATHER

Grade III, Jr.--1, David Andrews; Grade I--1, Katherine MacLeod; 2, Gerald Cruwys; 3, Verna Wood. Perfect Attendance--Sara MacLeod, Jackie Wood, Hollis Cruwys, Leith Stetson, Stanley Cruwys, Lorne Wood, David Andrews, Katherine MacLeod, Gerald Cruwys, Verna Wood. Teacher--M. Esther Matheson.

BRINGING UP FATHER

The following is the report of Brookfield School for the month of January:

Grade X, Sr.--1, Helen Younker; 2, Hope MacLeod.

Grade IX, Jr.--1, Avis Cruwys; Grade IX, Sr.--1, Dorothy Moore; 2, Ralph Cruwys.

Grade VII, Jr.--1, Sara MacLeod; 2, Claude Younker; 3, Ian MacSween; Grade VI, Jr.--1, Jackie Wood; 2, Hollis Cruwys; 3, Horace MacSween; Grade V, Jr.--1, Leah Moore; 2, Alice Gallant.

Grade IV, Sr.--1, Hollis Wood.

Grade IV, Jr.--1, Leith Stetson; 2, Lincoln MacLeod; 3, Wendell Johnson.

Grade III, Sr.--1, Stanley Cruwys;

BRINGING UP FATHER

HERE IS ONE OF THE BOTTLES OF WATER FROM THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH I HAD SENT FROM SAINT AUGUSTINE -

YOU HAVE ONE LESS NOW - MRS. JIGGS - I SAW MR. JIGGS DRINK A BOTTLE OF IT JUST BEFORE HE WENT OUT -

OH - DEAR - I LEFT A BOTTLE ON HIS TABLE - I GUESS HE THOUGHT IT WAS ORDINARY DRINKING WATER THE BELL-BY PUT THERE -

MRS. JIGGS - I AM THE HOTEL DETECTIVE - WILL YOU COME DOWN IN THE LOBBY AND GIT YER HUSBAND? HE'S RIDING ALL OVER TH' PLACE ON 'TRICYCLE - HE'S GOT A BEAN-BLOWER -

Timble Theatre - Starring POPEYE

I KIN NOT SLEEP I KIN NOT EAT, I YAM FEELING LOW, OLIVE

POPEYE, YOU POOR THING, HURRY OVER AND TELL ME ABOUT IT

IT IS NICE TO HAVE A SWEETIE LIKE OLIVE, SHE IS SO UNNER STANDING

I MUST COMFORT POPEYE, THE SEA IS CALLING HIM, I CAN TELL BY THE LOOK IN HIS EYE

I LOVE HIM AND HE LOVES ME, BUT HE ALSO LOVES THE SEA (HE WANTS TO GO AWAY AGAIN)

WELL, IF HE THINKS I WILL FOLLOW HIM HE IS CRAZY

YOU BRUTE

TILLIE THE TOILER - CRY, BABY, CRY!

WE MIGHT AS WELL ADMIT IT... WE'VE ALL BEHAVED LIKE CHILDREN... EVEN MR. SIMPKINS -

YOU'RE RIGHT, TILLIE

YOU'RE RIGHT

- THAT IS, ALL BUT GLENNY HERE - HE'S THE ONLY ONE IN THE PLACE WHO'S ACTED GROWN-UP

GOSH, MISS JONES... HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU FOR TAKING MY PART - THE WAY YOU DID?

YOU DESERVED IT, GLENNY

TSK-TSK-TSK... THERE ARE TEARS IN YOUR EYES... WHY, YOU BIG BABY

OUT OUR WAY

READING? OH, NO -- I JUST THOUGHT I'D LEARN SPANISH WHILE I'M DOING THIS -- IF I EVER TRAVEL IN THOSE COUNTRIES, WHY -- BUENOS DIAS -- COMO ESTA LISTED?

THIS IS TOO MUCH FER ME! IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE A WORTHLESS LOAFER!

I THINK HE'S A LOAFER -- HE'S STUDYIN' OUT LOUD SO HIS MOTHER'LL HEAR HIM -- AN' SHE'S GOT A KID OUT SHOVELIN' HIS SNOW -- HE'S A FOXY LOAFER, IS ALL!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

IF YOUR DOME WASN'T ON DEAD CENTER, YOU'D HAVE FOUND SCRAM IN 15 MINUTES! LOOK -- THE DOG VANISHES, AND WHAT HAPPENS? BAXTER'S CHICKENS STRUT AROUND LIKE GAS HOUSE BULLIES, AND THE CAT COMES OUT ON THE FENCE AS RELAYED AS A CONDUCTOR IN AN EMPTY CAR! DID YOU EVER HEAR OF THE DOG POUND?

THE MAJOR CATCHES ON EASY -- LIKE THIS!

HMP! BAXTER'S CAT AND CHICKENS -- THE POUND -- IT DOESN'T FOLLOW -- UM -- GREAT CAESAR, TIFFANY! YOU MEAN -- ? BUT SUCH VILLAINY -- EGAD, IT'S PREPOSTEROUS!

MAYBE IT IS, BUT TRY THE POUND, ANYWAY!

Worry Saps The Nervous System

Worry over business or household duties, sudden shock, the insane quest for pleasure, the foolish attempt to put a week of normal life into twenty-four hours, feverish activity, the demand for sensational literature are all conducive to the aggravation of wear and tear on the nervous system.

If you are tired, listless, nervous, and worried why not give Miller's Health and Nerve Pills a chance to help put you on your feet again. They are a body building, nerve strengthening tonic containing the essential elements for the nervous system.

The E. Millers Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

flower-bordered path, hooked Robert by the arm and led him into the house.

"Dan, I've got to horn in on this," said he, "but I have set himo weed-ing the back garden so that we can have a quiet talk. Sit down, Robert. He'll see your eyes over this. It is the usual contract a boxing manager has with the lads he handles. I don't think some of the clauses are fr-ig-ning, they don't mean a thing; they are put in there to help a man keep his coits in bounds. Another thing, if you hitch up with me, you'll see that the commission I'll take is only 15 per cent instead of the usual 25 per cent boxing managers expect to draw as a rule. I have the same understanding with my son Dan. And remember, I have to do a lot of work for the money I earn. I fix up fights, I wrestle with details, I break down prejudices, I pit my brains against the promoters, and I have to stand a lot of expenses that aren't for the eye to see."

Robert read the conditions of the contract eagerly. He could see nothing unfair about it and did not deem it worth while to submit it to Adam Lawley's judgment. Daniel would give him a fair deal.

"There's one thing I want to make clear, Daniel. If I sign this which makes me, in a sense, your slave. I want to carry on at the farm as long as possible."

Daniel Shelton grinned.

"Sure. No objection. I've never seen harm come to a fighter through his working long hours in the open air. You can do what you like at the farm until your fighting becomes so important you'll have to put it first all the time, and if that happens you won't want to do any more farming."

Dan had already signed the document and his signature was witnessed by Joe Capstow. "Eth, Dan," Shelton bawled through the open window, Dan came running in from the garden a tumble of fair curling hair falling about his forehead. Robert affixed his signature to the deed.

"What's that, Dan?"

Dan wrote his name on the paper, winked at Robert.

"That puts us together in the same camp at last, Bob," he grinned. "I'm glad of that."

Their right hands met. Daniel blotted the paper, passed a duplicate which in turn was signed and witnessed.

"And now for a bit of news, Bob," said he, his eyes on fire. "This morning I arranged with Mark Blissard for a heavy-weight championship of the world, most likely. Dan is to get three thousand pounds or thirty per cent of the gate whichever is the most important. We fixed up a fight for you on the same night. Blissard is crazy over heavy-weights."

"A fight for me, Daniel? Already?"

"Yes, Bob, Blissard wants you. He leapt at the chance. You tickled him to death the way you beat Slavin. That's one reason why I was so keen on you under contract. Bob, you are going to fight Soldier Flynn six rounds as the main preliminary to Dan's fight with McGinty and you are to get two hundred pounds. Robert's eyes snapped. Soldier Flynn was a clumsy fifteen and a half stone fighter with a mixed record. He was good when he was bad. Size and weight had never yet scared Robert.

"So you had me on toast before you phoned Adam Lawley at the office," he remarked.

(To be Continued)

Death Follows Loose Tongues

Realizing that a word spoken in the wrong place, at the wrong time, may very easily result in loss of life or lives to the Allies, the ministry of information in England conducted a campaign this week, preaching "silence is golden."

Poster "ingles" have been distributed and the following one is applicable for any point in the Empire:

"If you've news of our munitions, keep it dark; 'Ghps or planes or troop positions, keep it dark; 'Lives are lost through conversation. 'Here's a tip for the 'duration'; 'When you've private information, 'Keep it dark!"

BRINGING UP FATHER

HERE IS ONE OF THE BOTTLES OF WATER FROM THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH I HAD SENT FROM SAINT AUGUSTINE -

YOU HAVE ONE LESS NOW - MRS. JIGGS - I SAW MR. JIGGS DRINK A BOTTLE OF IT JUST BEFORE HE WENT OUT -

OH - DEAR - I LEFT A BOTTLE ON HIS TABLE - I GUESS HE THOUGHT IT WAS ORDINARY DRINKING WATER THE BELL-BY PUT THERE -

MRS. JIGGS - I AM THE HOTEL DETECTIVE - WILL YOU COME DOWN IN THE LOBBY AND GIT YER HUSBAND? HE'S RIDING ALL OVER TH' PLACE ON 'TRICYCLE - HE'S GOT A BEAN-BLOWER -

Timble Theatre - Starring POPEYE

I KIN NOT SLEEP I KIN NOT EAT, I YAM FEELING LOW, OLIVE

POPEYE, YOU POOR THING, HURRY OVER AND TELL ME ABOUT IT

IT IS NICE TO HAVE A SWEETIE LIKE OLIVE, SHE IS SO UNNER STANDING

I MUST COMFORT POPEYE, THE SEA IS CALLING HIM, I CAN TELL BY THE LOOK IN HIS EYE

I LOVE HIM AND HE LOVES ME, BUT HE ALSO LOVES THE SEA (HE WANTS TO GO AWAY AGAIN)

WELL, IF HE THINKS I WILL FOLLOW HIM HE IS CRAZY

YOU BRUTE

TILLIE THE TOILER - CRY, BABY, CRY!

WE MIGHT AS WELL ADMIT IT... WE'VE ALL BEHAVED LIKE CHILDREN... EVEN MR. SIMPKINS -

YOU'RE RIGHT, TILLIE

YOU'RE RIGHT

- THAT IS, ALL BUT GLENNY HERE - HE'S THE ONLY ONE IN THE PLACE WHO'S ACTED GROWN-UP

GOSH, MISS JONES... HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU FOR TAKING MY PART - THE WAY YOU DID?

YOU DESERVED IT, GLENNY

TSK-TSK-TSK... THERE ARE TEARS IN YOUR EYES... WHY, YOU BIG BABY

OUT OUR WAY

READING? OH, NO -- I JUST THOUGHT I'D LEARN SPANISH WHILE I'M DOING THIS -- IF I EVER TRAVEL IN THOSE COUNTRIES, WHY -- BUENOS DIAS -- COMO ESTA LISTED?

THIS IS TOO MUCH FER ME! IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE A WORTHLESS LOAFER!

I THINK HE'S A LOAFER -- HE'S STUDYIN' OUT LOUD SO HIS MOTHER'LL HEAR HIM -- AN' SHE'S GOT A KID OUT SHOVELIN' HIS SNOW -- HE'S A FOXY LOAFER, IS ALL!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

IF YOUR DOME WASN'T ON DEAD CENTER, YOU'D HAVE FOUND SCRAM IN 15 MINUTES! LOOK -- THE DOG VANISHES, AND WHAT HAPPENS? BAXTER'S CHICKENS STRUT AROUND LIKE GAS HOUSE BULLIES, AND THE CAT COMES OUT ON THE FENCE AS RELAYED AS A CONDUCTOR IN AN EMPTY CAR! DID YOU EVER HEAR OF THE DOG POUND?

THE MAJOR CATCHES ON EASY -- LIKE THIS!

HMP! BAXTER'S CAT AND CHICKENS -- THE POUND -- IT DOESN'T FOLLOW -- UM -- GREAT CAESAR, TIFFANY! YOU MEAN -- ? BUT SUCH VILLAINY -- EGAD, IT'S PREPOSTEROUS!

MAYBE IT IS, BUT TRY THE POUND, ANYWAY!

Worry Saps The Nervous System

Worry over business or household duties, sudden shock, the insane quest for pleasure, the foolish attempt to put a week of normal life into twenty-four hours, feverish activity, the demand for sensational literature are all conducive to the aggravation of wear and tear on the nervous system.

If you are tired, listless, nervous, and worried why not give Miller's Health and Nerve Pills a chance to help put you on your feet again. They are a body building, nerve strengthening tonic containing the essential elements for the nervous system.

The E. Millers Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

flower-bordered path, hooked Robert by the arm and led him into the house.

"Dan, I've got to horn in on this," said he, "but I have set himo weed-ing the back garden so that we can have a quiet talk. Sit down, Robert. He'll see your eyes over this. It is the usual contract a boxing manager has with the lads he handles. I don't think some of the clauses are fr-ig-ning, they don't mean a thing; they are put in there to help a man keep his coits in bounds. Another thing, if you hitch up with me, you'll see that the commission I'll take is only 15 per cent instead of the usual 25 per cent boxing managers expect to draw as a rule. I have the same understanding with my son Dan. And remember, I have to do a lot of work for the money I earn. I fix up fights, I wrestle with details, I break down prejudices, I pit my brains against the promoters, and I have to stand a lot of expenses that aren't for the eye to see."

Robert read the conditions of the contract eagerly. He could see nothing unfair about it and did not deem it worth while to submit it to Adam Lawley's judgment. Daniel would give him a fair deal.

"There's one thing I want to make clear, Daniel. If I sign this which makes me, in a sense, your slave. I want to carry on at the farm as long as possible."

Daniel Shelton grinned.

"Sure. No objection. I've never seen harm come to a fighter through his working long hours in the open air. You can do what you like at the farm until your fighting becomes so important you'll have to put it first all the time, and if that happens you won't want to do any more farming."

Dan had already signed the document and his signature was witnessed by Joe Capstow. "Eth, Dan," Shelton bawled through the open window, Dan came running in from the garden a tumble of fair curling hair falling about his forehead. Robert affixed his signature to the deed.

"What's that, Dan?"

Dan wrote his name on the paper, winked at Robert.

"That puts us together in the same camp at last, Bob," he grinned. "I'm glad of that."

Their right hands met. Daniel blotted the paper, passed a duplicate which in turn was signed and witnessed.

"And now for a bit of news, Bob," said he, his eyes on fire. "This morning I arranged with Mark Blissard for a heavy-weight championship of the world, most likely. Dan is to get three thousand pounds or thirty per cent of the gate whichever is the most important. We fixed up a fight for you on the same night. Blissard is crazy over heavy-weights."

"A fight for me, Daniel? Already?"

"Yes, Bob, Blissard wants you. He leapt at the chance. You tickled him to death the way you beat Slavin. That's one reason why I was so keen on you under contract. Bob, you are going to fight Soldier Flynn six rounds as the main preliminary to Dan's fight with McGinty and you are to get two hundred pounds. Robert's eyes snapped. Soldier Flynn was a clumsy fifteen and a half stone fighter with a mixed record. He was good when he was bad. Size and weight had never yet scared Robert.

"So you had me on toast before you phoned Adam Lawley at the office," he remarked.

(To be Continued)

Death Follows Loose Tongues

Realizing that a word spoken in the wrong place, at the wrong time, may very easily result in loss of life or lives to the Allies, the ministry of information in England conducted a campaign this week, preaching "silence is golden."

Poster "ingles" have been distributed and the following one is applicable for any point in the Empire:

"If you've news of our munitions, keep it dark; 'Ghps or planes or troop positions, keep it dark; 'Lives are lost through conversation. 'Here's a tip for the 'duration'; 'When you've private information, 'Keep it dark!"

BRINGING UP FATHER

HERE IS ONE OF THE BOTTLES OF WATER FROM THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH I HAD SENT FROM SAINT AUGUSTINE -

YOU HAVE ONE LESS NOW - MRS. JIGGS - I SAW MR. JIGGS DRINK A BOTTLE OF IT JUST BEFORE HE WENT OUT -

OH - DEAR - I LEFT A BOTTLE ON HIS TABLE - I GUESS HE THOUGHT IT WAS ORDINARY DRINKING WATER THE BELL-BY PUT THERE -

MRS. JIGGS - I AM THE HOTEL DETECTIVE - WILL YOU COME DOWN IN THE LOBBY AND GIT YER HUSBAND? HE'S RIDING ALL OVER TH' PLACE ON 'TRICYCLE - HE'S GOT A BEAN-BLOWER -

Timble Theatre - Starring POPEYE

I KIN NOT SLEEP I KIN NOT EAT, I YAM FEELING LOW, OLIVE

POPEYE, YOU POOR THING, HURRY OVER AND TELL ME ABOUT IT

IT IS NICE TO HAVE A SWEETIE LIKE OLIVE, SHE IS SO UNNER STANDING

I MUST COMFORT POPEYE, THE SEA IS CALLING HIM, I CAN TELL BY THE LOOK IN HIS EYE

I LOVE HIM AND HE LOVES ME, BUT HE ALSO LOVES THE SEA (HE WANTS TO GO AWAY AGAIN)

WELL, IF HE THINKS I WILL FOLLOW HIM HE IS CRAZY

YOU BRUTE

TILLIE THE TOILER - CRY, BABY, CRY!

WE MIGHT AS WELL ADMIT IT... WE'VE ALL BEHAVED LIKE CHILDREN... EVEN MR. SIMPKINS -

YOU'RE RIGHT, TILLIE

YOU'RE RIGHT

- THAT IS, ALL BUT GLENNY HERE - HE'S THE ONLY ONE IN THE PLACE WHO'S ACTED GROWN-UP

GOSH, MISS JONES... HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU FOR TAKING MY PART - THE WAY YOU DID?

YOU DESERVED IT, GLENNY

TSK-TSK-TSK... THERE ARE TEARS IN YOUR EYES... WHY, YOU BIG BABY

OUT OUR WAY

READING? OH, NO -- I JUST THOUGHT I'D LEARN SPANISH WHILE I'M DOING THIS -- IF I EVER TRAVEL IN THOSE COUNTRIES, WHY -- BUENOS DIAS -- COMO ESTA LISTED?

THIS IS TOO MUCH FER ME! IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE A WORTHLESS LOAFER!

I THINK HE'S A LOAFER -- HE'S STUDYIN' OUT LOUD SO HIS MOTHER'LL HEAR HIM -- AN' SHE'S GOT A KID OUT SHOVELIN' HIS SNOW -- HE'S A FOXY LOAFER, IS ALL!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

IF YOUR DOME WASN'T ON DEAD CENTER, YOU'D HAVE FOUND SCRAM IN 15 MINUTES! LOOK -- THE DOG VANISHES, AND WHAT HAPPENS? BAXTER'S CHICKENS STRUT AROUND LIKE GAS HOUSE BULLIES, AND THE CAT COMES OUT ON THE FENCE AS RELAYED AS A CONDUCTOR IN AN EMPTY CAR! DID YOU EVER HEAR OF THE DOG POUND?

THE MAJOR CATCHES ON EASY -- LIKE THIS!

HMP! BAXTER'S CAT AND CHICKENS -- THE POUND -- IT DOESN'T FOLLOW -- UM -- GREAT CAESAR, TIFFANY! YOU MEAN -- ? BUT SUCH VILLAINY -- EGAD, IT'S PREPOSTEROUS!

MAYBE IT IS, BUT TRY THE POUND, ANYWAY!

Worry Saps The Nervous System

Worry over business or household duties, sudden shock, the insane quest for pleasure, the foolish attempt to put a week of normal life into twenty-four hours, feverish activity, the demand for sensational literature are all conducive to the aggravation of wear and tear on the nervous system.

If you are tired, listless, nervous, and worried why not give Miller's Health and Nerve Pills a chance to help put you on your feet again. They are a body building, nerve strengthening tonic containing the essential elements for the nervous system.

The E. Millers Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

flower-bordered path, hooked Robert by the arm and led him into the house.

"Dan, I've got to horn in on this," said he, "but I have set himo weed-ing the back garden so that we can have a quiet talk. Sit down, Robert. He'll see your eyes over this. It is the usual contract a boxing manager has with the lads he handles. I don't think some of the clauses are fr-ig-ning, they don't mean a thing; they are put in there to help a man keep his coits in bounds. Another thing, if you hitch up with me, you'll see that the commission I'll take is only 15 per cent instead of the usual 25 per cent boxing managers expect to draw as a rule. I have the same understanding with my son Dan. And remember, I have to do a lot of work for the money I earn. I fix up fights, I wrestle with details, I break down prejudices, I pit my brains against the promoters, and I have to stand a lot of expenses that aren't for the eye to see."

Robert read the conditions of the contract eagerly. He could see nothing unfair about it and did not deem it worth while to submit it to Adam Lawley's judgment. Daniel would give him a fair deal.

"There's one thing I want to make clear, Daniel. If I sign this which makes me, in a sense, your slave. I want to carry on at the farm as long as possible."

Daniel Shelton grinned.

"Sure. No objection. I've never seen harm come to a fighter through his working long hours in the open air. You can do what you like at the farm until your fighting becomes so important you'll have to put it first all the time, and if that happens you won't want to do any more farming."

Dan had already signed the document and his signature was witnessed by Joe Capstow. "Eth, Dan," Shelton bawled through the open window, Dan came running in from the garden a tumble of fair curling hair falling about his forehead. Robert affixed his signature to the deed.

"What's that, Dan?"

Dan wrote his name on the paper, winked at Robert.

"That puts us together in the same camp at last, Bob," he grinned. "I'm glad of that."

Their right hands met. Daniel blotted the paper, passed a duplicate which in turn was signed and witnessed.

"And now for a bit of news, Bob," said he, his eyes on fire. "This morning I arranged with Mark Blissard for a heavy-weight championship of the world, most likely. Dan is to get three thousand pounds or thirty per cent of the gate whichever is the most important. We fixed up a fight for you on the same night. Blissard is crazy over heavy-weights."

"A fight for me, Daniel? Already?"

"Yes, Bob, Blissard wants you. He leapt at the chance. You tickled him to death the way you beat Slavin. That's one reason why I was so keen on you under contract. Bob, you are going to fight Soldier Flynn six rounds as the main preliminary to Dan's fight with McGinty and you are to get two hundred pounds. Robert's eyes snapped. Soldier Flynn was a clumsy fifteen and a half stone fighter with a mixed record. He was good when he was bad. Size and weight had never yet scared Robert.

"So you had me on toast before you phoned Adam Lawley at the office," he remarked.

(To be Continued)

Death Follows Loose Tongues

Realizing that a word spoken in the wrong place, at the