

Fights That Thrilled Me

BY JEFFERY FARNOL

Charles Mitchell, 5 ft. 8 in. in so dangerous indeed that Corbett, fending him off with the fore-arm, was at the age of thirty-two, in the zenith of his fame.

A FIERCE ENCOUNTER.

The Duval Athletic Club, of Jacksonville, Florida, offered the best purse, namely twenty thousand dollars, winner take all. The match took place on January 21, 1904.

Upon that January day Corbett was first to enter the ring and there he sat for an hour wearing only a light bath robe over his fighting costume to protect him against the chilly wind.

When Mitchell did arrive his walk and disdainful smile caused Corbett to become so enraged that immediately both were "gloved" he turned to the referee saying, "No shaking hands, let us go!"

Five-and-tenfives, Corbett pursued and, cornering his man, swung hard at him, but, ducking the blow with great cleverness, Mitchell rushed into a hugging clinch. Corbett pushed him roughly away and, leaving out of defense, Mitchell stood tense, gloved and watchful, while Corbett, contentedly menacing and keeping him thus on the strain, held back and smiled.

Floor Varnishing

To secure a hard, smooth appearance, impervious to moisture and easy to clean, stained floors need a coat of quick-drying and tenacious varnish.

Sometimes if the varnish is of poor quality, the surface takes on a dull and dingy appearance. In such cases the surface may be brightened by a washing with clean hot water or a mixture of equal parts of vinegar, turpentine, and raw linseed oil, after which it should be polished with a piece of chamois leather or soft flannel.

SMATTER POP—By Payne



Memory of August 8th, 1918, Recalled



THOUGH WONDERFUL FIGHTING MACHINES HAVE DRAWBACKS

The above picture of a tank in trouble at the recent army maneuvers in England brings back memories of that second week in August when Canadian saw over thirty tanks wiped out on one small front near Quignell in half a day's fighting.

Ants, Bees, Wasps

By J. B. CARRINGTON

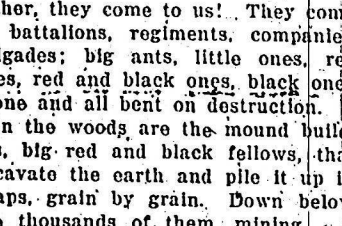
In my boyhood I recall that I was not infrequently admonished "to go to the ant, thou sluggard," and the busy little bee was ever an exemplar of the way youth should go.

I do not remember any similar application of moral precepts about wasps, probably because they were not so much in evidence. I have made their acquaintance, been touched by their business coats at times, but have been made acquainted with the big, lumbering bumblebees. We used to dig them out of their holes and then run.

Honeybees have always had a sentimental appeal to us ever since we read Whittier's poem, "Telling the Bees," in an old school reader, and the political and social ways of bees have been the study of scientists.

Very terrible for this small and indomitable Mitchell was the third round. "Brave as ever he rushed and endeavored to clinch, but, stepping back nimbly, Corbett let drive a fearful right-hand blow that smashed Mitchell's nose and back to rest on the wall. The right hand, slung back, and sprang in again, only to be met with another stunning blow in the same place and, with arms wide-flung, down he went again to lie a moment like a dead man. Yet in that painful, racked body and numb brain one thought predominated—to get up and fight. So Charlie Mitchell rose, slowly and with all that remained of his strength the little man hauled himself up by the ropes and, turning battered face towards his merciless foe, uttered forward.

POOR CONTORTIONIST



"Must be a mighty poor one if he can't make both ends meet."

Found in a Secret Drawer

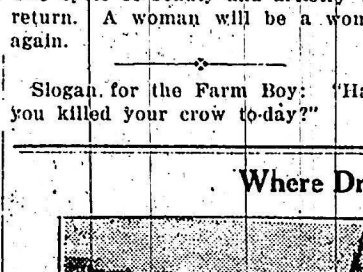
Fiction's time-honored device of finding the missing papers in a secret drawer of the old oak chest, has its counterpart in experience in the discovery of a Fitzroy (Melbourne) dealer in antiques. An old desk came into his possession, and while examining it without any particular interest he came across a hidden receptacle in which were a number of ancient faded documents.

Three of these proved to be wills more than 100 years old, another about 30, and the third about 800 years old. The dealer did not appreciate the value of his discovery until he received a visit from a wealthy customer, a collector of antiques, to whom he showed the papers.

The wills are in Latin, written in a quaint old English characters on parchment. They have been deciphered with some difficulty, and appear to relate to an English family. Members of it are still living at a manor house where, in all probability, two of the wills were written.

The first is looked upon as one of the most astonishing and interesting discoveries of the sort ever made in Australia. The oldest will, that of Henry II. He was the first of the Plantagenet kings, succeeded Stephen in 1154 and reigned 35 years.

Where Dry is Really Dry



IT NEVER SNOWS HERE, AND IT SELDOM RAINS. In Lima, Peru, it last rained in February, 1925. The scarcity of moisture is due to the fact that Lima lies on the wrong side of the Andes mountains.

Thoughts While Plowing

A young farmer was plowing his field one summer morning. The sun shone, the grass sparkled with dew, and the air was so light and bracing that no words can describe it. The horses were frisky from the morning air, and pulled the plow along as if in play. They were going at a pace quite different from their usual gait, the man had fairly to run to keep up with them.

The earth, as it was turned by the plow, lay black, and shone with moisture and fatness, and the man at the plow was happy in the thought of soon being able to sow his wheat.

A long, rather broad valley with stretches of green and yellow grain fields, with mowed clover meadows, potato patches, in flower, and little fields of flax with the tiny blue flowers, above which fluttered great swarms of white butterflies—this was the setting. At the very heart of the valley, as if to complete the picture, lay a big old-fashioned farmstead with many gray outhouses and a large red dwelling-house.

Thinking is never so easy as when one follows a plow up a furrow and down a furrow. You are quite alone, dear's in a narrow strait. There is a certain amount of time to think in a few days, and a certain amount of space to think in a few miles. The thought comes, and the thought comes, and the thought comes.

Thinking is never so easy as when one follows a plow up a furrow and down a furrow. You are quite alone, dear's in a narrow strait. There is a certain amount of time to think in a few days, and a certain amount of space to think in a few miles. The thought comes, and the thought comes, and the thought comes.

The Worst Crime of All

By H. H. OLLEY

Millions of pounds flow every year from the pockets of the public in the "swindlers of Charity." It is a scandal indeed that of this sum a high proportion is collected by callous swindlers, lazy ne'er-do-wells, and the schemers who have learned that nothing is easier than to live comfortably upon the kind-hearted.

"THE SOAP FIT KING"

The painful seizures of this man never failed to awaken sympathy. Possessing double joints and a face of woebegone appearance, this notorious impostor had always with him a piece of soap, which he was always ready to offer to the needy, and which he would always give to the poor.

"Poor Old Joe" put a stop to a number of charity peeps whose headquarters were in Dyot Street. The curious shop in front masked the real purpose of the place. The proprietor was an old man who had retired from active crime and had hit upon a more lucrative "profession." Here were beggars crutches; shades for the "poor blind"; complete wash and deg; ragged clothes and the one matchbox upon the tray, together with boards painted with piteous legends: "Arm blown off in an explosion," and "An old sailor, wrecked seventeen times," etc. These "props" were loaned out at a small sum daily.

"PATRIOTIC" SCOUNDREL.

"Poor Old Joe" himself obtained admission in the disguise of a miserable mendicant. As a result, the place was cleared out, and a bonfire made of many wooden legs and bandages. By "Joe's" vigorous campaign the fathers and cadgers that were the past of the West-end and Bow Street were cleared out. It was said of him that he "made the lame to walk and the blind to see."

By "Joe's" vigorous campaign the fathers and cadgers that were the past of the West-end and Bow Street were cleared out. It was said of him that he "made the lame to walk and the blind to see." The King of Begging Letters was at one time resident in Hackney although he so cleverly eluded his habitations that he was never run to earth. He had been a schoolmaster and his stock-in-trade consisted of a copy of the Army List. With this he wrote letters alleging that he had been wounded in the Crimea, and that he had been discharged on account of ill health, and that he had been discharged on account of ill health, and that he had been discharged on account of ill health.

Thinking is never so easy as when one follows a plow up a furrow and down a furrow. You are quite alone, dear's in a narrow strait. There is a certain amount of time to think in a few days, and a certain amount of space to think in a few miles. The thought comes, and the thought comes, and the thought comes.

Ontario...

Education... Jack M...

Are you Ready...

When your Children for it...

...

...

...

...