

JOHN L'S GRAVE DUG BY DYNAMITE

Greatest Prize Fighter of All Time Died at Roxbury, Mass., Home, in Winter, and Explosive Had to Be Used to Blast Grave—Had Many Admirers From All Stations in Life.

In these days of Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Jack Sharkey, and a dozen other of the present-day "hope-to-be" fighters, whose principal occupation seems to be in side-stepping dangerous contenders and collecting their money in the hundreds of thousands when they do go into action, it is a relief to turn back the pages of time and hear again tales of the late John L. Sullivan, without doubt the greatest fighter of all time and the idol of the fight fans of the world, who numbered among his close friends the late King Edward VII.

"Old John L." as he was called by his admirers, was a fighter. He battered his way to the top of the heap, and once on top he was ready on short notice to defend his title of champion of the world against all comers. No word of "fake" or "laydown" was ever heard in connection with his name. Instead of hundreds of thousands of dollars for his appearance in the ring, the most of this old timer's battles were fought for a small purse, or for his own money, which he would wager with his opponent on the result.

Those of us who are now nearing the 50-year mark can remember John L. in his declining years in the ring, for he practically disappeared from the squared circle after his defeat by James J. Corbett at New Orleans in 1892.

An interesting article is given below from the pen of Hype Igoe, in last week's Literary Digest, which will no doubt interest a good many of our older readers. The Digest says:

Two heads came together with a frightful impact. The young San Francisco reporter, who was also an artist, had come for his first personal glimpse of the great prize-fighter he had worshipped from a distance for years. As the young man entered the dressing-room, the old lion of the ring bellowed, "Come here, young fellow, and I'll show you how to lick an ornery bartender."

The reported could never be afraid of his hero, so he approached, only to have his ears grabbed and to receive that fearful head bumping. "That's the way to lick an ornery bartender, young fellow."

When Hype Igoe, now of the New York World, came to John L. Sullivan was winking at him from behind Saturn. Mr. Igoe's worship of old John L. began when he lived, as a boy of seven, in the Santa Cruz Mountains of California. "Perhaps I got the first real thrill of my life, he writes in his daily column, 'Pardon My Glove,' of the historic bout between Sullivan and Kilrain. "As I sat with many mountain neighbors before the big log fire, as my mother read the dramatic story of that memorable seventy-five-round battle, I held my breathless. My blood ran ice and hot lead alternately. To my bare-foot-boy way of thinking, John L. Sullivan represented power, bravery, conquest. Years passed. Other ring heroes came along—Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Johnson. Then, Mr. Igoe writes:

"Sullivan, now a respected and still beloved teetotaler, died suddenly on his little farm in New England. I would go to John L. Sullivan's wake. I would be at the end of the trail. I told the then managing editor of The World that I wanted to do the story. He was not enthusiastic, and when I told him I'd pay my own expenses he laughed and told me to take the trip to Boston if I thought that much of the story. He didn't know. He hadn't been at the head of the trail.

It was in the dead of winter. All that remained of the great warrior rested in the parlor of his sister's home at Roxbury, Massachusetts. His sister, a Mrs. Lennon, was as striking in appearance as was her famous brother. Snow-white hair covered her splendid head, but from beneath black eyebrows blazed the famous Sullivan eyes. There were no eyes like them in all the world.

I was on the trail. I camped with the other neighbors behind the old-fashioned kitchen stove, roaring hot, as these quaint characters told the stories of John L.'s career. Back of the stove, on the wall, hung a framed collection of the greatest John Sullivan photographs I ever saw. There he was, with William Muldoon, both in their corduroy road suits, little sawed-off canes in their hands, ready for a jog. There was Sullivan the youngster, Sullivan the budding champion, Sullivan the champion wearing the silk topper he sported when he slapped Prince Edward on the back and told him that, having heard of him, he was "glad to meet you."

Mr. Lennon took me up-stairs to dig into John L.'s treasure chest. It was a battered old travelling trunk. It was that big that it looked like John L.'s trunk. Belts, canes, fights, old prints, even the massive gold watch that Edward, Prince of Wales, had given him came to light. The watch was a glorious triumph of the watch-maker's craftsmanship. The royal coat of arms was worked in colors on the dial. Then Lennon picked up a dried, muddy pair of fighting shoes. I turned them over in my hands and saw the tremendous spikes on the soles. Mud and dead grass still clung to the spikes.

John L. wore those on the turf at Chantilly, France, when he met Charlie Mitchell, said Lennon in a whisper that was reverent. In a deep-set, glass-covered frame was the picture of a little lad about three. There were white wax

flowers inside the glass. "John Lawrence Sullivan, Jr.," said Lennon. "He died just after this was taken." We replaced the treasures and went down-stairs.

Mr. Igoe went in and looked at the old hero. Hair snow white, his great flowing white mustache wisping like across the powerful face, he describes him as he writes further:

There he lay—in evening dress—his great right fist resting on his tremendous chest, drab and still but tightly clinched, defiant even in death! It had echoed around the world! A Chinese green jade ring seemed to accentuate the unusual color of that once mighty fist. I closed my eyes, it seemed, and my memories took me back down the trail—to the little log cabin on the mountainside at Felton, and in the smoke of that big fireplace I again saw that fist—the fight with Kilrain on the turf under the boiling sun. I was fascinated by that fist. It seemed like the clapper of some great bell that had boomed the brazen message of America's glory as a fighting nation from one end of the earth to the other. As I looked upon him I couldn't help thinking that, with all his faults, John L. Sullivan had been a keystone, one of the really great Americans of history.

Beside his casket I sat with Mrs. Lennon and told her the story of the beginning of the trail in that little log cabin in the Santa Cruz Mountains. As we conversed, an old man came in, looked long and sorrowfully at the face of John L. He was of the old Irish school. His faded green cutaway was edged with braid. He selected an old fashioned rocker for his roost, and as he settled back he drew from his pocket a plug of smoking tobacco. Carefully he cut chips from it and rolled them between his palms. Then he fished from his pocket a small, short-stemmed, black, clay pipe. He filled it, lighted it and with it riding upside down between his teeth he folded his hands across his stomach, leaned back and began to rock back and forth as he slowly repeated: "My poor bi—my poor, poor bi."

I asked Mrs. Lennon who he was. She never had seen him before. Just one of the many millions who know, or thought they knew, John L. Sullivan.

Morning came and the most memorable of Roxbury's funerals. Little children sang in the choir of the old church on the hill. Zero weather. They had carefully sanded all the line of march. En route fire companies stood bareheaded before their red machines, draped in black crepe; bells tolling a farewell to John. They buried him on the side of a little knoll. The ground was frozen hard, and it seemed a fitting end that they were compelled to dynamite a resting-place in the earth for John L. Sullivan. A big man at my side whispered: "It was just as John would have had it." I looked up into the face of Jake Kilrain. He was stooped, snow about his temples. His kindly eyes were filled with tears. It was the end of the trail.

Fire destroys the green standing timber, leaving dead trees to dry out as kindling for the second and third fires which generally follow. Thus young growth doesn't get a chance. Human carelessness accounts for most fires in the woods. Only carefulness will save Canada's remaining forests.

In Strict Confidence She: "If you tell a man anything, it goes in one ear and out of the other."

He: "And if you tell a woman anything, it goes in at both ears and out of her mouth."

It will pay you to advertise in The Chronicle.

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REASON TO DOUBT DEATH ENDS ANYTHING

Toronto Divine Thinks Scientists Not Equipped to Deal with Such Subjects as Immortality—Death Only Ends Relationship Between Spirit and Body.

Preaching at St. Augustine's church, Toronto, Sunday morning, on "Does Death End All?" Rev. J. J. Robbins said that very few scientists are equipped for treatment of such subjects as "Immortality," just as very few theologians are competent to deal with matters such as Evolution. Each belongs to a particular sphere of investigation.

"There is good reason," he continued, "to doubt whether death ends anything. The body of a departed person is not dead. It ceases to function as a human body because the personality which hitherto controlled it has departed from it. By reason of disease or old age, it was no longer of use. But activity is still going on in it. We call this activity, 'dissolution,' which is simply the process of reducing the substance of the body to form, in which its energy can again be utilized by nature. This is the case with all matters. Activity is always in progress. There is no death. All that death ends is the relationship between spirit and body which we call 'this life.'"

The Accounting of Man "Man cannot be accounted for by analysis of his physical nature, nor by examination of the brain. There is little difference between the human brain and that of certain monkeys, though man himself is vastly different. The explanation of this difference can only be found by an examination of that which is behind the brain. The brain is like the keyboard of a musical instrument. By playing upon it the musician forces the instrument to do his will. So the mind, or personality, or spirit operates the body through the brain. Brain and body may be deprived of their functional powers by death. But mind or personality remains.

"Personality is immaterial. Since death applies only to a change in the matter of organisms, in the case of man personality remains untouched by it.

Personality Form of Energy "It is certain that whatever else it may be, personality is a form of energy. Science teaches (principle of Conservation of Energy) that energy cannot be destroyed. Therefore personality is incapable of being destroyed—that is, the soul is immortal!

"Further, justice demands another life for man. Moral living is right. We know this because persistent immortality causes disease and destruction and is therefore against nature. Yet often wickedness achieves success and wealth in this life, while the good man endures misfortune. If there is no life beyond, such a condition involves the failure of justice, and introduces an irrational element. Science maintains that the universe exists on a rational basis.

"This being so, there must be another life in which the wrongs and inequalities of this life will be set right and virtue adequately rewarded. Since the world is based on reason, it is necessary to admit immortality.

The Resurrection of Christ stands out as a fact of history. It is the guarantee of immortality.

To Split or Not to Split There is a movement on foot in England, says a literary weekly, seeking to deliver the users of language from the tyranny of the rule which says that to split an infinitive is an offense against good English. This is a typically English crusade, but it won't get very far, especially in England.

The same weekly quotes Prof. George O. Curme, of Northwestern University, as saying that there are good reasons for splitting an infinitive occasionally and that the only reason infinitives are not split with greater regularity is just prejudice. "But it is more, it is an inherent dislike for having your friends or readers think you are ignorant, that you 'don't know any better.' That is the obstacle in the path of ridding the English world of the split infinitive tyranny.

Yet it is a tyrannical and senseless rule that binds us. Why cannot we say "to properly understand" or "to understand properly?" Only because of prejudice and fear. If it is said that a law of grammar is being violated, then there are many English writers of eminence who are lawbreakers—and millions of speakers.

Also, it is a law which it is better to break at times. Can the precisionist in the use of English find an equivalent for "Enough to more than cover expenses" conveying the same shade of meaning, or rewrite into English as terse and clear this series of split infinitives: "To more than compensate him for his sacrifice is impossible, to less than compensate him were a crime to quite compensate him demands equal sacrifice from us?" Furthermore, the placing of the adverb before, after, or in between the infinitive can greatly change the significance of a phrase or sentence.

Admitting all this, however, it will be a formidable task to break down respect for the rule against splitting. In other words, common sense is not the only factor, because observance confers a sense of correctness and an air of scholarship.

An Acrobatic Wife The solemnity of a meeting was somewhat disturbed when the eloquent young lecturer pictured in glowing words the selfishness of men who spend their evenings in clubs and leave their wives in loneliness at home. "Think, my hearers," he said "of a poor, neglected wife all alone in the great dreary house, rocking the cradle of her sleeping babe with one foot and wiping away her tears with the other."

New York specialist says a woman's refusal to talk is a sign of insanity. Fortunately, such cases are rare.

HULLED OATS FOR HOGS MAKE EXCELLENT FEED

Less Than Three Hundred Pounds Produced One Hundred Pound Gain.

Pigs fattened on hulled oats have set a new record at the Ohio Experimental Station. Less than three hundred pounds of feed produced one hundred pounds of gain in the experiments, which required 267 pounds of hulled oats, 1 1/2 pounds of tankage, 8 3/4 pounds of alfalfa meal and 7 1/2 pounds of minerals, and only 74 days' time.

If a farmer has a thousand bushels of oats to hull he will have just as much hog feed in the hulled product as he had before hulling. W. L. Robinson, in charge of the swine feeding at the station, points out, since the hulls are worthless for hogs. In fact, they are worse than nothing because of their high fibre content.

The Experiment Station has purchased an oat huller with a capacity of sixty bushels an hour, and costing \$125, and is using the hulled oats in these experiments.

Because of the high price of corn and the prospect of a bumper crop of oats, many farmers will be interested in feeding a part of the crop to their pigs, but the present difficulty is, where to get the oats hulled. Many elevators and mills do custom grinding. These elevators could be equipped with an oat huller and do custom hulling. Mr. Robinson suggests, and thereby render a real service to their patrons, suggests, and thereby render a real service to their patrons.

When a mother breathes her last farewell, That stroke means more than tongue can tell. The world seems quite another place, Without the smile of a mother's face. She was the best that God could lend. A faithful mother, true to the end. A daily thought and in heart a silent sorrow.

Sadly missed by family.

A. Y. P. A. PLAYERS PRESENT "Making Daddy Behave" in Durham Town Hall Tuesday, June 5, 1928. Admission 50c. All seats reserved.

A PLAY ENTITLED "LOOK OUT FOR PAINT" will be given at the Ebenezer school on Tuesday, May 29. Admission 25c. and 45c.

Or Dress in a Phone Booth "A dancer spun round on her too thirty-eight times—of all the useless stunts!" "Oh, I don't know. It would come in handy if she ever had to get the dinner in a kitchenette."

IN MEMORIAM

Benton—In loving remembrance of Edward Frossard Benton, died May 25, 1913, aged 25 years. "Not dead, but entered into Life". —Mother, Harry and Ben.

Hill—In loving memory of Mrs. Mary Hill, who passed away May 23rd, 1927.

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