

a blow, and then ducking quickly, put all his weight into a low, straight right.

The effect was remarkable. The Bear-Cat uttered a startled grunt, a look came into his face of mingled pain and reproach, as if his faith in human nature had been shaken, and he fell into a clinch. And as Freddie vainly struggled to free himself a voice murmured in his ear:—

"Say, cut that out!"

The stout referee prised them apart. Freddie darted forward, missed with his left, and the Bear-Cat clinched again—more, it appeared, in order to resume the interrupted conversation than from motives of safety.

"Leave me stummick be, you rummy," he hissed, rapidly. Ain't you got no tact? 'Blinky' promised me fifty if I'd let you stay three rounds, but one more like that, and I'll forget meself and knock you through the ceiling."

Only when he reached his corner did the full meaning of the words strike Freddie. All the glow of victory left him. It was a put-up job! "Blinky," to ensure his patrons something resembling a fight, had induced the Bear-Cat to fight false during the first three rounds.

The shock of it utterly disheartened him. That was why his jabs and hooks had got home with such clockwork precision! Probably his opponent had been laughing at him all the time. The thought stung him. He had never been remarkable for an even temper, and now a cold fury seized him. He would show them, by George!

The third round was the most spectacular of the fight. Even the regular patrons of "Blinky's" Saturday night exhibitions threw aside their prudence and bellowed approval. Smiling wanly and clinching often, the Bear-Cat fixed his mind on his fifty dollars to buoy himself up, while Freddie, with a nasty gleam in his eyes, behaved every moment more like a Santa Barbara Whirlwind might reasonably be expected to behave. Seldom had the Bear-Cat heard sweeter music than the note of the gong terminating the round. He moved slowly to his corner, and handed his chewing gum to his second to hold for him. It was strictly business now. He thought hard thoughts as he lay back in his chair.

In the other corner Freddie also was thinking. The exhilarating exercise of the last round had soothed him and cleared his brain and he, too, as he left his corner for the fourth session, was resolved to attend strictly to business. And his business was to stay five rounds, and earn that hundred dollars.

Connoisseurs in the ring-seats, who had been telling their friends

"Just as it was pictured"



This picture depicts a moment of intense pleasure and supreme satisfaction—when the thing one has eagerly waited for and wanted so much arrives, "just as it was pictured," and just as good as the Catalogue said it was.

THIS supreme satisfaction is the experience of every man and woman who shops by mail at the Simpson Store, whether the purchase be wearing apparel, furnishings for the home, or any one of the thousand and one things described and illustrated in the Simpson Catalogue. As it is pictured and described, so it will arrive.

All illustrations are exact and descriptions truthful. Every article is carefully selected—each garment must be Fashion's "last word" in style—each item of merchandise must represent the one best value of its kind. Remember we guarantee satisfaction or your money back.

Here, however, is a wonderful feature of the Simpson Mail Order Service—the feature that makes it supreme:

We pay delivery charges to your nearest station or post office whether your order be for 50 cents or \$500.

OUR SPRING AND SUMMER CATALOGUE is now being mailed. Send for a free copy. Just write your name and address on a Post Card and ask for Catalogue Number 221.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO



You saw this advertisement in this magazine. Don't forget to say so when writing.