

The Daily Mail Sporting Section

News Of Sport At Home And Abroad.

**BOXING BATTLE ROYAL  
ENDS IN GREAT VICTORY  
FOR BOMBARDIER WELLS**

Victor Conclusively Proves His Right to the Title of Foremost Heavy-weight of England.

**WELLS KEPT HIS HEAD  
TIRED OPPONENT OUT.**

Blake Fought a Game Battle But the Odds Were Against Him From the Start.

A gentleman of this city, who was present at the Wells-Blake fight, when the latter was knocked out in the fourth round, sends The Daily Mail the following story of the match from a London sporting paper:

Bombardier Wells completely out-classed Bandsman Blake last night at the Palladium and once again demonstrated that he is the best heavyweight boxer in England. Blake, after being nearly out in the third round, was knocked out towards the close of the fourth.

It was not a pretty contest by any means. Blake, with the idea that Wells's body was his weak spot, wrestling and roughing throughout the first two rounds. He found, however, that Wells had either developed a sounder defence or else had left his nervousness behind him.

**Late Start.**  
It was very late when the men entered the ring, and it was fourteen minutes to eleven before the contest commenced. Both men came in for a tremendous greeting from the packed house, which from the stage seemed one sea of excited visages.

The ring, which had a slight slope to it, naturally favored the man in the top corner, and Blake, the first to come out, naturally went straight there. But Wells's knowledge of the game would not permit this without a protest, and with Mr. Burge tossing for Blake, Wells won the right to the point of vantage.

Blake came in with his bandages already on, and as in the case with his match with Carpenter, Wells had his adjusted in the ring. However, little time was wasted in this operation, although it was clearly noticeable that Wells, whatever he may have felt, showed no trace of that nerve-sapping agitation which prostrated him before the start of his match with the French champion.

**Tense, Eager Look**  
It was the Wells that we had seen before, the man confident of his ability to hold his own against the best and doughtiest opponent who could be brought to face him.

And Blake, although inches shorter, looked a proper figure of a man. His muscles rippled in the strong

light of the battery of arc lamps erected for the purpose of taking pictures.

Confidence was expressed in every look he gave to the crowded stage and excited auditorium. And if either of the two men was supremely certain that the championship would be his at the end of this tremendous battle it was Blake.

Wells, as I have said, displayed no trace of nervousness, but the tense eager look; the almost twitching of the faultless muscles; the "all the nerves in the tips of my fingers" expression, one might say, was on his face.

**Out of the Ordinary.**  
For to Wells this battle was something more than an ordinary boxing match. His nerves had beaten him in his last great contest, and this time he seemed to have keyed himself up to concert pitch.

If anything had gone wrong with him, any slip in his training, possibly a meal served badly at the last moment, Wells might just as easily have been the nervous wreck whom, I believe, never really saw Carpenter in the ring with him.

But there was nothing of this kind; there was no motor-car accident at the eleventh hour, and there was no shouting from the excited crowd, whose feelings seemed even too pent up to permit of speech.

There was a mere buzz, little more than would be caused by the breathing of such a huge assemblage, and, as the M. C. introduced the men, even this died away for a breath-held second or two.

**Landed With His Left**  
The words "Are you ready?" came exactly at fourteen minutes to eleven, and a second or so afterwards Blake made a dash at his opponent which was intended to be a counterpart of the leopard-like spring Carpenter made at the same man.

Wells landed with his left as Blake came in, and the men came into a clinch, with Blake striving desperately to reach the supposed vulnerable point in Wells's body.

But Wells was not having any of it on this occasion. His guard was there, and he simply stood his ground, and, when opportunity served, used both hands on the Bandsman's body.

If points were counted in that first round Blake probably scored them, for he was trying whirlwind, dashing tactics to try and demoralise the man whose nerves have made him a by-word among boxers.

And those brief three minutes were to us who knew the temperaments and styles of the two men crucial, tremendous moments. Would Wells

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stand the racket? He did, and the contest was never afterwards in doubt.

**Was Confident.**

From that it must not be supposed that Blake even doubted his ability to win. He dashed into the fight in the second round with the same determination and vim, and Wells, although butted, accidentally no doubt, and with the Bandsman leaning on him and trying to reach his body with every punch, gradually but surely wore out the fierce onrush of his opponent's strength, and after that it was only a matter of rounds.

Towards the end of this second round Wells, although naturally tired by the wrestling, furious work of his rival, felt so sure of himself that he relaxed some of his guard, and exchanged punches with Blake.

And in the third round we saw Wells the boxer flushed and bruised, but smiling, and Blake the fighter game as ever boring into annihilate an opponent too strong and too clever for him, but always fighting a forlorn hope.

Blake got home the first lead in this round, a swinging left to Wells's face. But it appeared almost that Wells had deliberately given the opening, and with a straight left and that dangerous right hook he shook Blake from his head to his heels. And, keeping the Bandsman off him, Wells lashed out left and right again, then uppercut Blake with a left which caught him apparently on the jugular as he ran into it.

**Blake's Gameness**

With a less powerful man this blow might easily have ended the fight, but Blake was dead game, and, coming at Wells with a rush, landed with both hands.

But by this time Blake's punches had lost their power, and Wells's smile, although his right eye seemed puffed, was an augury of almost immediate victory.

Another left flush to the face which brought the blood from both mouth and nose shook Blake again tremendously and as he staggered across the ring Wells, dashing after him, hit him in the back of the neck with his right.

The fourth and last round saw Wells boxing better than ever, and although Blake made a last forlorn effort to force the fighting and get into close quarters, Wells's left hand was too ruthless in its work to give him a chance.

From the top side of the ring he raised the hopes of his supporters by swinging his left to the side of Wells's jaw, but it left him open and brought reprisals in the shape of two quick jabs which shook him again.

Wells was now waiting for the coup de grace, and in one of Blake's endeavors to get into close quarters and comparative safety he met him with a tremendous uppercut with the left and brought the right across on to the jaw, and with a straight punch on the chin put the Bandsman down with a thud that could be heard in every corner of the vast theatre.

**The Fatal Count**

Slowly the seconds were counted, but not even a frankly douché of water on Blake's face from one of his frenzied seconds could bring him round. The punches had been well and truly delivered, and Wells—that extraordinary man of brilliance and mediocrity—remained boxing champion of England.

Quite what the victory means to Wells it is impossible to say. At his best, the normal Wells, I do not think any of us anticipated anything but success. But Wells's nerves and temperament are such that one never knows what he will do next.

It is quite possible that having taken part in the rushing, tearing contest with Blake he will in his next encounter with Carpenter—for it is his dearest wish to engage the French man again—be the real Wells.

For Blake one can only be sorry for a real stout game fighter who, boxing out of his class—that is out of his weight—met with defeat, but

certainly not with disgrace. He tried; but he was giving away too much in height, weight and reach, to say nothing of boxing ability, and the handicap was too great.

Blake will now be well advised to sort out the middle-weights, and win fame and distinction in his proper sphere. As I said when the match was made, he would have stood a much greater chance against Carpenter than against the Bombardier, for it was not Wells but a shadow of himself who face the Frenchman in the National Sporting Club tragedy.

**BISHOP WHO ATE  
HIS SNOWSHOES**

Dr. Stringer, of the Diocese of Yukon, Tells of His Terrible Experiences as a Travelling Missionary in the Far North.

London, March 13.—Dr. Stringer, of the Diocese of Yukon, who had the honor of dining at Lambeth Palace with Their Majesties the King and Queen, and with His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, is a fine type of missionary bishop. He is accompanied in his visit to this country by Mrs. Stringer, who is a Canadian by birth.

Mrs. Stringer, in an interview, recalled the struggle for life on one of the Bishop's long missionary journeys—from which he and his companion returned home some fifty pounds less in weight owing to the hardships they had undergone.

**Ate Snow Shoes**

"It is quite true," said the Bishop, in response to Mrs. Stringer's reminder, "that my companion and I had to eat our snowshoes in order to keep ourselves alive. These shoes were made of raw hide, and we were at first tempted to throw them away because they were worn out. But I saved them, and when all our provisions were exhausted we boiled the skin until it was sufficiently soft to eat. Here is a piece which we preserved!" And the Bishop produced from his case a dark substance which he stated still possessed certain nutriment when subjected to the necessary amount of boiling.

**Walking, Sledging, Canoeing**

"I am a travelling missionary," says the Bishop, "and travel for the most part on foot, as it is impossible for the dogs or the pony to carry you and the luggage as well. Other journeys are undertaken by flat-bottomed boats or canoes, and in this method of travel our experiences are not always happy."

"In the diocese of Yukon we have some 2,000 Indians in addition to white traders and miners."

"In appearance the Bishop is a fine type of pioneer missionary—strong physically and with a practical outlook. He ministers to a large number of gold miners and prospectors."

"At present Bishop Stringer is in this country in order to complete the endowment fund for his diocese, because it is impossible for Churchmen in the Yukon territory to provide out of their own resources for the organization of so large a territory."

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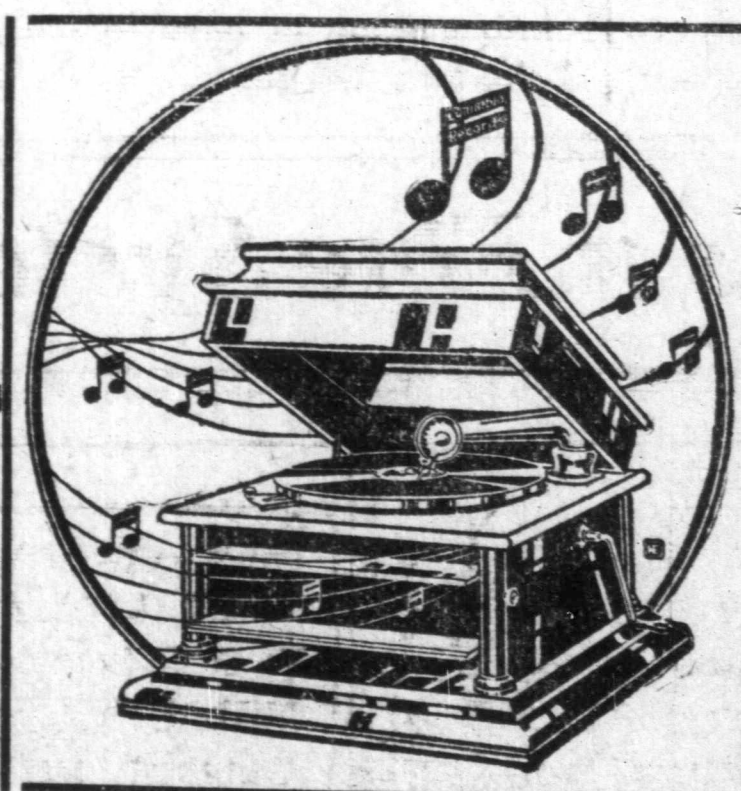
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