

NO LONGER CHAMPION.

SULLIVAN GOES DOWN BEFORE A RETIRED BANK CLERK.

The Men as They Appeared Before the Great Contest in New Orleans—True Predictions that Sullivan Would Not be in Good Condition.

The fact that several days before the fight at New Orleans, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, \$155,000 had been paid for seats to witness the show, points to the interest felt in the affair. The Sullivan and Corbett fight, on Wednesday, has, of course, been the great attraction. Vast sums were wagered on it. Every man, woman and child who is interested in such things now knows that Sullivan, big brute though he is, was "put to sleep" by Corbett in the 21st round. *Hinc illa lachryma* in Boston to-day.

On Monday night, Jack McAuliffe defeated Wm. Myer for lightweight honors,

portions of the champion. There is but one weak spot in the figure, and that is the stomach. It protrudes too far, and mars the symmetry of an otherwise perfect form.

Here is what the New York press had to say of the appearance of the two men when they appeared in public in New York, last week:

The champion is not in condition to fight any first class man. There can be no disguising that fact. His admirers greeted him with a salvo of cheers, but they could not help recognizing the fact that he was in the parlance of the ring "hog fat." His face looks good and hard, and if one saw him only with his clothes on he would be inclined to believe that he was in splendid condition; his eye is clear and his chest firm.

There his good points end. His flesh is white and clear, but there is too much of it and it is too soft. Below his waist there are pounds of soft, superfluous flesh which no man in condition should carry. There is no standing out of muscles on any part of his body and so fat is he that even when in action his shoulder and arm muscles

WHY THEY GO WRONG.

LAWYERS TRYING TO LIVE IN AN OVERCROWDED PROFESSION.

The Case of Lee Only an Illustration of a Bad Condition of Things—Others Have Had the Same Temptation to Do as He Has Done.

That unrivalled student of human nature, Bishop Brooks, in one of his sermons said: "When we read the story of yesterday's defaulter, fleeing today, an exile and an outcast, or sitting gloomily behind his prison bars, it is not with an angel's innocent wonder what a sin like his can mean; it is with the understanding of a man who has felt the same temptation to which this poor wretch has yielded, that you deplore his fate. With simple wonder an angel might walk through our state prison halls; but a man must walk there full of humbleness and charity; for, for as the best man that ever lived finds something of common humanity in us which makes his goodness seem nothing impossible to us, so the worst of men stir by the sight of human sin some sense of that human power of sinfulness we possess."

Not many days since a young man who had occupied a very high and honorable position in society fled, and the day after his flight, when the curtain that had hid his transactions was rudely drawn aside, almost everyone seized a stone and hurled it at his head. Perhaps had some superior and guiltless being who knew us better than we know ourselves, resided in our midst, and proclaimed in authoritative tones, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," the stones would have fallen from our unlearned hands. Lee's want of forethought, firmness and caution, not unmixt perhaps with too much hopefulness, has spread broadcast ruin and distress among those who trusted him, basing his trust on his character and the position he held in society. The sad result has convinced them and others that the man had been overestimated, and that while his heart may not have been so bad, his head was, and that he lacked intellectual capacity and moral courage. I will venture still further and say that while another man placed in a similar position might have robbed widows, orphans and others trusting him to the same extent that Lee did, he might have done it in a way that would neither have vacated his place in the church, the prayer meeting or Sunday school, nor yet in the circle of society where he moved. This may sound strange, but it is the conclusion I have reached from what has passed under my observation during my brief existence, and after I have carefully looked below the surface when society has been astonished as it is now at the disclosures about an erring mortal. Many of the inmates of the stone building that trows over the pretty little town of Dorchester, placed in it, shorn of their locks and dressed in parti-colored suits to indicate that they are outcasts from society undergoing the punishment for their offences are, maybe, no worse and no greater criminals than many of their brothers and sisters who dress in broad-cloths or silks and satins, fare sumptuously every day, bear high their brows, rejoice in the full sunshine of freedom and are the idols of the circles in which they move.

The inmates of the penitentiary are senseless beings who did not rob their fellows in a legal way, and consequently made themselves liable to degradation and punishment, while their more astute compeers with plunder in their hands, with it purchased places among the elite of the land. It will scarcely be safe to pursue this line of thought further, and I will therefore switch off, and try to tathom the gulf in which poor Lee and others like him have been plunged.

Lee's first mistake was made when he entered the ranks of an overcrowded profession, a profession containing nearly four hundred men when there is not standing room in it for one hundred. I am now speaking of New Brunswick. As there is no legitimate business for the four hundred the largest number must resort to outside expedients like those that ruined Lee, and have engulged those who trusted him into distress, perhaps poverty. Had he when he stepped on the active stage of life entered the ministry, become an artisan or a farmer he might today be the respected member of some village or farming community acting in the capacity of minister, lay reader or Sunday school teacher respected by all men. Unfortunately, like hundreds of others, he entered a profession for which he was entirely disqualified.

Doubtless he is much better educated than a large majority of New Brunswick lawyers, and has perhaps as much if not more knowledge, but unfortunately he book knowledge of the law and ordinary honesty of character never stepping stones in that calling to wealth, I had almost said to the bench. Nine lawyers out of ten like Lee fled that without more qualifications than ordinary ability and a fair education, backed by industry they will fail, or barely earn enough to keep soul and body together. The profession has placed them in a position where they must make a respectable appearance. A lawyer dressed in a blouse and overalls, even if they were partially covered with the robe that lawyers have stolen from the clergy, would be a "rare bird" in court, or anywhere else. Not only must he be dressed well; he must live in some style. If he is rash enough to venture on matrimony his case will be still more hopeless, and each new pledge of his wife's affection, be it boy or girl, will increase his difficulty. He may, to eke out his almost hopeless existence, become an insurance agent, a real estate broker or descend from his position into the police court to look after the interests of petty offenders, drunks and prostitutes; or if he lives in the country he may become the slyster in Justice's courts or other places *infra dig* or by becoming a mere party hack for some paltry office, and as far as his right to act honestly and independently in political matters, become as dead as a "door nail." In his paltry office, generally paid by fees contained in a table he will have the right to select from, he may be transgressing the law of the land and the moral law, by taking from twenty-five to fifty per cent. more than he is legally entitled to, add enough to his otherwise inadequate income to make both ends meet. Taking all the petty offices that can be filled by lawyers into account, and admitting that

the men who fill those offices have sold their birth-rights and become either mere political hacks to secure them, there is still a vast number more pigs than tits. This is the case even now when lawyers are intruded into offices formerly only filled by laymen.

While speaking of the legal profession I do not say that lawyers are "sinners above all sinners." They answer my purpose to illustrate that men who are too proud to work in callings where there is plenty of room for them, and enter others where there is not, must starve or steal, and that if that they are not expert thieves, in time they will share poor Lee's fate. Law is an overstocked profession, not only in Canada but all over the continent. The time came in the history of New Brunswick when every father who had a son with fair ability set that son apart for one of what is called "the learned professions" instead of placing him as the work bench, in a shop or behind the plough. The largest number of those sons were thrust into law offices, and in due time turned out lawyers. Had a different course been pursued they could have been placed in positions where free from the anxiety that must always accompany a lawyer's life, and the temptations with which it surrounds him they could have led happy lives on the proceeds of honest labor. Some years since a young man, the son of a carpenter, entered the sanctum of the lawyer with whom he was studying, and labouring under intense excitement exclaimed: "I will have to give up the study of law or go to the devil." He was a young man of more than ordinary ability, had been brought up in the strictest manner by a father and mother respected by everyone for their integrity. He had on the morning he entered the office of the barrister had a glimpse of the probable future for him. He acted the part of wisdom, persuaded his father to sell a piece of land and give him the money. He abandoned the study of the law, went to California, where, being an excellent penman and accountant, he found ready employment, rose step by step, and is now the highest and most trusted officer in a bank, while yet in the prime of life. Fifty years ago a young man belonging to one of first families in the province, noted for his handsome person, his gentlemanly bearing and his aptness to receive education, was designated by his father for the ministry. Before the time arrived when he should be qualified for ordination the grants from the home society to provincial ministers were withdrawn. The young man was placed in a law office and afterwards admitted to the bar. For more than thirty years, although a well read lawyer of more than ordinary ability, he struggled on, becoming helplessly involved in debt, and then died, leaving nothing behind him but his good character, which even his misfortunes could not blast.

Poor Lee, like many others, is an outcast and exile, simply because he entered a profession where there is no room for a man who wants to live on the returns from legitimate business. At the very start of his professional career his income was not equal to his wants, and he had to incur debts. To meet them he had to resort to questionable means; to save himself from exposure he rushed into gambling speculations and when all his efforts to extricate himself from disgrace failed, he fled bankrupt in mind and estate. His more astute brothers in the law will laugh at his want of tact, his victims will listen to the abuse showered upon him, and consider it but poor compensation for their loss of property and the trials to which that will subject them, and time will efface him from the memories of all but a few, his wife, children and victims. Other young men will follow him in the procession that has its terminus outside the land of his birth where his ancestors held deserved and honorable positions, and by and by mourned by a few friends, and only remembered by them and his victims, he will quietly sleep his last sleep under an alien flag.

Don't Forget the Season for Bartlett Peaches, Grapes, Blueberries, Tomatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Sweet Corn, etc. Also preserving sugars and fine Groceries from J. S. ARMSTRONG & CO., 32 Charlotte street, next Y. M. C. A.

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Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

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ADVERTISING. IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE, WRITE TO GEO. F. ROWELL & CO., No. 10 Spruce street, New York.

BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT or Transient Boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 78 Sidney street.—Mrs. McINNIS. May 2.

STAMPS WANTED. USED before coming to the original envelopes preferred. Also want pairs and blocks, and on off envelopes for my collection. Actually the highest prices paid. Particularly want some New Brunswick 7 1/2d. provisional (rate to Great Britain). Send list of what you have for sale. Sheets of stamps sent on approval to collectors. H. L. HART, 71, Gottening street, Halifax, N.S. June 11—14

Cowan's Grocery, CORNER Sidney and Leinster Sts.

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If you want any order quick, we will have no more this season. They are all new machines, in first-class order, fully guaranteed.

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Sermon on Cycling.

The Rev. L. D. Temple, of Lansing, Mich., in a recent sermon on cycling, said in part: "The bicycle is one of the good gifts of God through modern inventive genius. Let us hail the use of the bicycle by women. The need of the homes and the country is health. We are a people of strong tendencies to nervousness and dyspepsia. Pale complexions, flabby muscles and sick headaches, as woman's heritage, steal silently away with the use of the wheel. Diversion is wanted and people will have it. The bicycle is a wonderful encouragement to participate in recreation which is at the same time helpful to health and not harmful to the better self. I believe its use is helpful to morals. Satan gets in his fine work on people who are idle. Leisure gives evil haunts their chances to entice and evil thoughts their time to work. The use of the wheel allays excitement, elevates the imagination and expends energies in wise and exalted ways."

Incidentally to the above the SINGER SAFETY Bicycles are still the favorites.

Ladies' SINGERS with Pneumatic Tires to arrive by next steamer.

A few second-hand wheels in stock will sell very low.

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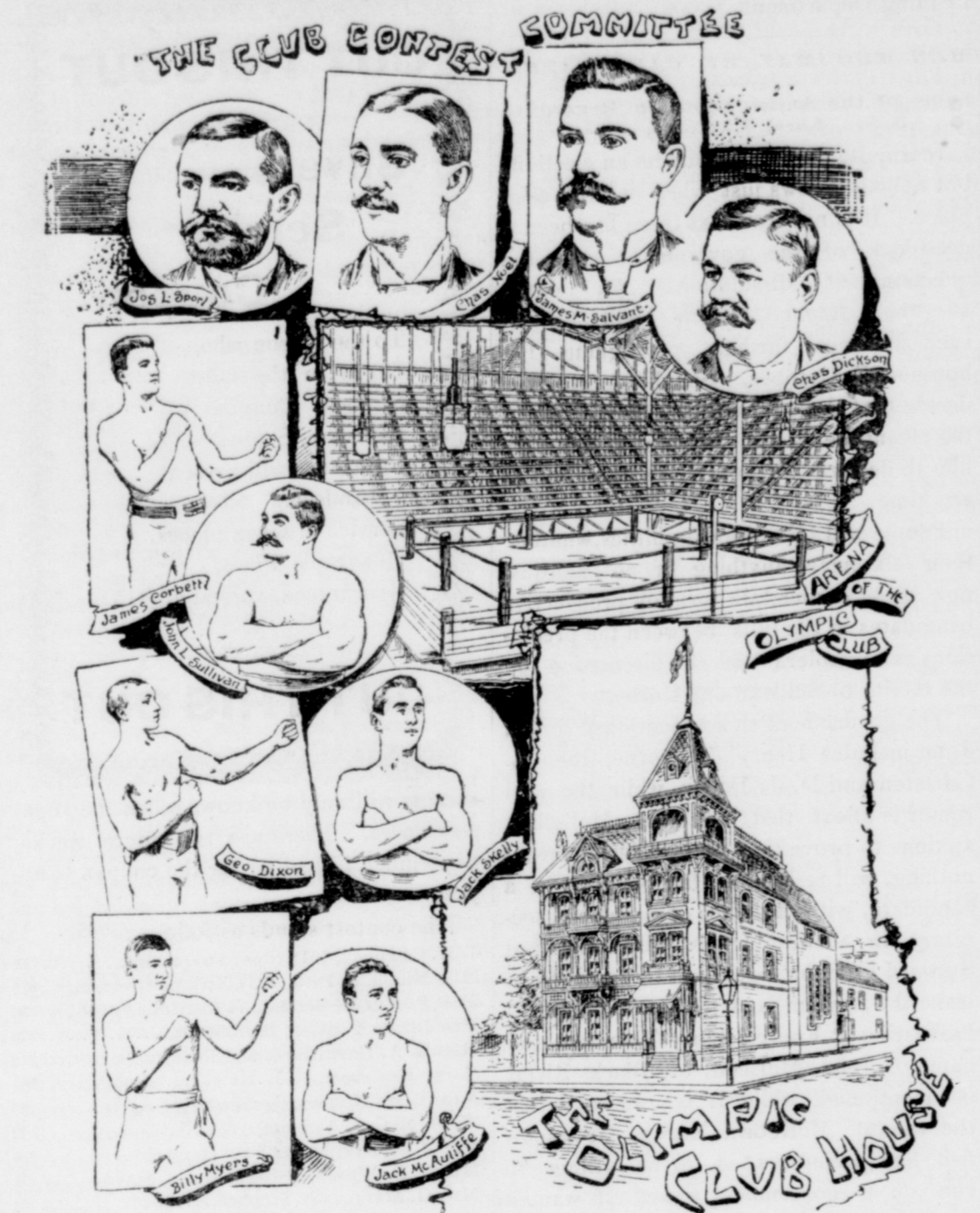
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THE THREE GREAT FIGHTS AT NEW ORLEANS, SEPT. 5, 6, & 7 '92

after an hour's battle. The fight was for \$5,000 a side and \$10,000 added.

On Tuesday night, Geo. Dixon knocked out Jack Skelly in a fight for the feather-weight championship of the world, a stake of \$5,000 a side and \$7,500 added.

As everybody knows, Sullivan is a Boston boy, and if he lives to the 15th of next month, will be just 34 years old. He began to fight at 16, and has been at it more or less ever since. In the intervals he has done a good deal to disturb the peace in other ways. Sullivan has been fighting as a professional since 1880, and has been travelling in the theatrical companies of recent years, since his fight with Kilrain.

The world is less familiar with James Corbett. He was born in San Francisco and was 26 years old on the 1st of September. Like Sullivan, he is of Irish extraction, his father having come from county Mayo and his mother from Dublin. Corbett had a position in a bank, but his mind was on sports, and he gave up his situation to become sparring instructor for the Olympic club. His first professional fight was with Jack Burk, of England, whom he defeated. He afterwards defeated several San Francisco celebrities. In a fight to a finish with Joe Choynski, Corbett broke both his hands in the third round, but continued to fight, defeating the other in the 27th round. Corbett next, in a six-round contest for points, bested Kilrain for a \$2,500 purse. In the sparring tour which followed he bested McCaffrey in a four-round contest in Brooklyn. His last event of importance was his meeting with Peter Jackson, which resulted in a draw after sixty-one rounds. These are all of Corbett's big affairs. Of minor events he has had many, among which were the following, in all of which he proved the victor: Defeated David Eisenman, two rounds; James Daily, four rounds; Martin (Buffalo) Costello, three rounds; Duncan McDonald, of Butte; Frank Smith, three rounds; Mike Brennan, four rounds; William Miller, three rounds.

The fight of Sullivan and Corbett was for \$20,000 a side and a purse of \$25,000. Sullivan and his friends left New York last Thursday, in a special train of six cars.

A recent picture of Sullivan shows that he was in hardly the best condition on the eve of battle. The Herculean proportions of the man stand out with impressive boldness, and naturally bring to mind the figures of ancient gladiators. Sullivan's square-jawed, determined face and small head rest firmly on the thick, bull neck, which is a characteristic of all men successful in contests of physical power. The stout neck merges into those great shoulders, wherein lies the force that enables him to strike with ox-killing power. The wide, deep chest is in keeping with the shoulders, and the large muscular arms, and great bony hands, seem capable of tearing a lion's jaws apart. The legs look sturdy, well proportioned, and well able to support the great weight imposed upon them.

The figure as a whole gives one an impression of overwhelming physical powers, and makes it easy to understand why so many of his opponents have been practically beaten after a look at the massive pro-

show very little play. Last night his legion of friends and admirers were disagreeably disappointed.

In other respects he is the Sullivan of old, possessing all the speed and force that gave him a ring reputation greater than any other man ever possessed. Today he stands in greater danger of defeating himself than of suffering defeat at any other man's hands, because of the mistakes which have been all too plainly made.

Corbett's friends, on the other hand, have reason to congratulate themselves on the condition of their man. He is hard as iron and strong of wind and limb. Yesterday afternoon he played hand ball half an hour, punched the bag fifteen or twenty minutes, ran three miles and retired in excellent condition. In his work last night as well as in his bouts with Daly and McVey he made a splendid impression and proved that he was in excellent shape.

He is in the pink of condition. No man ever went into a ring better fitted to give battle, and if his friends have a heart as big as a mouse they will play him. He is in condition. Sullivan is not. Should the fight go beyond ten or twelve rounds, condition will tell, and unless the champion possesses a physique immeasurably superior to any man that ever donned a glove, he is not in shape to make a long battle.

All classes in New York appear to have been excited over the contest. At both places where the men appeared on the night in question, there were bankers and brokers, doctors and lawyers, politicians and gamblers, mechanics and laborers—for the time intermingling and commingling, discussing the probable outcome of the big fight and pointing out the merits and demerits of their men. All met on a common level, and each bent low in admiration before his respective favorite.

Sullivan's appearance in the ring was the signal for a hurricane of applause and cheers, which lasted three or four minutes, only to be renewed an instant later when somebody bore aloft an elegant floral harp bearing the words, "Sullivan is Champion." Then the big fellow, with his mighty arms folded on his magnificent chest, stepped into the center of the ring. At the sight of his grand physique the spectators burst forth into an applauding multitude, while the champion, with arms folded, calmly surveyed the scene, as might a Roman gladiator several thousand years ago.

To-day, how is the mighty fallen. I've met a younger man. I've stayed once too long," is the official declaration of Mr. Sullivan. The sad event has cast a deep gloom over Boston and St. John.

Somerby's Greatest Show Coming.

One of the most attractive illustrated advertising stands ever in this city is displayed on Charlotte street, announcing the coming of the famous Bristol Educated Horses, under the management of Rufus Somerby. This show has been in Halifax for the last few weeks drawing immense crowds, the wonderful things that the horses do still being talked about. Mr. Somerby has always brought popular shows to this city, but this promises to "cap the climax." He works gradually from Halifax to this city, and appears here on the evening of September 20, in the Mechanic's Institute.