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Black milch cow with bell. Strayed from pasture, College Hill. Finder will be rewarded on return to,

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Poor Old "Jeff" Meets His Waterloo This Time

After the First Few Rounds it Became Apparent that He was Hopelessly Outclassed--Johnson Beat Him at Every Turn and Had the Victory in His Grasp From the Commencement--Jeffries was Only Saved From a Knockout by His Seconds Interfering.

Reno, Nev., July 4.—John Arthur Johnson, a Texas negro, the son of an American slave, is tonight the first and undisputed heavyweight champion of the world.

James C. Jeffries, of California, winner of 22 championship fights, the man who never was brought to his knees before by a blow, passed tonight into history as a broken idol. He met a real defeat at the hands of the black champion.

While Jeffries was not actually counted out, he was saved from this crowning shame only by his friends, pleading with Johnson not to hit the fallen man again, and the towel was brought into the ring from his corner. At the end of the 15th round, Referee Tex Rickard raised the negro's arm and the great crowd filed out glum and silent.

Jeffries was dragged to his corner, bleeding from his nose and mouth and a dozen cuts on his face. He had a black, closed eye, and swollen features and he held his head in his hands, dazed and incoherent.

JOHNSON WITHOUT A MARK.

Johnson walked out of the ring without a mark on his body except a slight cut on his lip, which was the opening of a wound received in training.

Ring experts agree that it was not even a championship fight. Jeffries had a chance in the second round, perhaps, but after the sixth it was plain that he was weakening and was out-classed at every point, and after the 11th round it was hopeless.

It was the greatest demonstration, the ring has ever seen of the failure of a fighter to "come back" after years of retirement. The youth and science of the black man made Jeffries look like a novice. The great Jeffries was like a log.

The reviled Johnson was like a black panther, beautiful in his alertness and defensive tactics.

Jeffries fought by instinct. It seemed, showing his pluck in every round, but he was only a shell of his old self. The old capacity to take a terrible beating and bore it until he landed the knockout blow was gone.

PLAYED WITH JEFFRIES.

After the third round, Johnson treated his opponent almost as a joke. He smiled and blocked playfully, warding off the bear-like rushes of Jeffries with marvelous skill.

Out of the sea of opinions and arguments that surrounded this fight and made it the talk of the world, these facts stand out.

The fight was "on the square." Of this there is no doubt.

There was no evidence of the famous "yellow streak" in Johnson.

Johnson proved himself so absolutely Jeffries' master that experts such as W. Corbett, the Australian writer and ring expert, says that Tommy Burns put up a better fight against Johnson and the black man was only playing with his opponent.

The end was swift and decisive. It looked as though Johnson had been holding himself under cover all the rest of the time and now that he had measured Jeffries in all his weakness he had determined to end the bout at once.

Jeffries had lost the power of defense. A series of right and left uppercuts delivered at will sent him staggering to the ropes. He turned and fought back by instinct and because he was dying hard.

With the exception of a few rounds the fight was tame. Jeffries did not have the power to hurt Johnson after he had received blow after blow on the jaw and his strength was ebbing. But even before this stage, Jeffries could not reach the black. The blows nearly always landed, minus nearly all their speed. It was like hitting a punching bag.

Jeffries crouched at times but during the fight he fought standing upright most of the time, and working with something of his old aggressiveness.

THE FINAL ROUND.

The fifteenth round started with a clinch after Jeffries had failed to land on the body. Johnson cut loose and before the spectators were prepared for the finish he had sent Jeffries down with lightning like left and right blows on the jaw. Jeffries slipped and fell halfway through the ropes on the west side of the ring. Those under him saw that he had lost his sense of surroundings and that the faces at the ringside were a blank to him. His time had come. He was feeling what he had caused others to feel in the days of his youth and power.

Johnson came over to the spot and stood poised over his adversary ready for a left hook if Jeffries regained his feet.

Jim Corbett, who stood in Jeffries' corner all during the fight, telling Johnson what a fool he was and how

he was in for the beating of his life, now ran forward with outstretched arms, crying, "Oh, don't, Jack, don't hit him."

Jeffries painfully raised himself to his feet. His jaw had dropped. His eyes were nearly shut and his face was covered with blood. With trembling legs and shielding arms he tried to defend himself but he could not stop a terrific right smash on the jaw, followed by two left hooks. He went down again. Jeffries' physician and other friends jumped into the ring.

"Stop it," they cried. "Don't put the old fellow out."

Sam Berger, Jeffries' manager, ran along the ring, calling to Bob Armstrong:

"Bring that towel—you know what I mean—don't let him get hit."

From Johnson's corner his seconds were calling to him to quit. Then the referee stopped the timekeeper and it was all over.



• "JACK" JOHNSON.

FIGHT BY BOUNDS

Round 1—Jeffries walking in and leaping. Both smiled and Jack gave ground. Johnson led a straight left and landed on Jeffries' face. They were in clinch, Johnson shoving Jeff away. Jeff walked in and hooked left to neck and in clinch sent right to body. Johnson responded with a left and they continued to stand breast to breast, trying for short inside blows. As they broke Jeff sent a left to Johnson's neck and the negro stepped in with a left but missed. Gong rang when they were in a clinch. The fighting was tame and they returned to their corners; Jeff tapped Jack on the shoulder and smiled.

Round 2—Jeff assumed his crouch but missed first attempt. Jack forced and Jeff stepped nimbly away. Jack sent a left to face and then ripped in. They held together and were willing to give each other any chance. Jeff sent right to ribs, took left on face at close quarters. Jeff waited for Johnson, but he was not willing. They came together without a blow and Johnson tried his upper cut but missed. Jeff put his weight on Johnson and pushed him about. When they broke Johnson sent left to Jeff's face and tried uppercut but missed again. There was a lot of wrestling and not much fighting. The gong rang without a good blow being struck.

Round 3—Jeff sailed in and led for head but missed. Johnson hooked stiff left to body and right to head, but neither blow was hard. They shoved and pushed about the ring. Jeff hooked left to body, and they stood breast to breast and they whaled and shoved about. Johnson sent two lefts to face and tried right for chin but missed latter. Jeff sailed at the left and bore in. It was a wrestling bout this far. The gong rang while they were in a clinch.

Round 4—Jeff took crouching position and walked in. He missed and they came together in a lock. Johnson tried his right for chin but missed and they began an exchange of talk. Jeff put left to face and started blood from Johnson's lip. The crowd yelled "First blood for Jeff," but Johnson only smiled. As Jeff walked in, Johnson shot a snappy left to his face and they came to a clinch. Jeff sent left to Johnson's face and Jeff sent him to ropes with three lefts to the body. Johnson lashed out with right but Jeff neatly ducked and round ended. Jeff's round.

Round 5—Jeff tried to land left. Both sparred and Jeff sent left for body which was blocked. In clinch that followed Jeff shoved Johnson

back easily. When they broke Jack swung his left for body but missed. Johnson shot uppercut and cut Jeff's lip. As they broke Jack landed left to face and Jeff came right back with left on body. Johnson had Jeff and as they broke, Jack tried an uppercut. He missed but stung Jeff's face with left. Jeff stepped in with left to Johnson's head and the crowd cheered. The gong found them in a clinch. The pace up to this was slow not doing much damage to either man.

Round 6—Jeff crouched. They stepped around each other, Johnson putting in two stiff lefts to face. One of them cut Jeff's cheek a bit. Again they lolled in each others embrace, neither willing to take a chance. Jeff rushed but missed a left for the body and took a left in chest in return. Johnson kept up a running flow of talk to Jeff when they came to clinch but Jeff calmly chewed gum, and waited. He missed with left and took left and right on head. Johnson shot left to Jeff's face and closed Jeff's right eye, Jack missed two rights. Jeff's nose was bleeding when the gong rang. When Jeff took his seat his seconds got busy with his eye, but Jeff assured them that it was Johnson's round.

Round 7—Jeff walked right in but before he had a chance Jack led with right and left and missed. Jeff's eye was badly swollen and he rubbed it with his glove. He fainted a bit and tried to draw Jack on but the negro declined.

Jeff stepped in with a left for body but missed it and took left on the head. Jeff hooked left to head and Johnson laughed loudly. Johnson sent lefts to face twice at close range. Jeff butted his way into another clinch but failed to land. He shot left to face. Jack's lip bled. In close quarters Jack sent his left to face twice and Jeff's lip bled. This round was faster.

Round 8—"Come on, Jeff," said Johnson as they faced each other. Jeff came on and got a left in face. He missed Jack's body with a left and took two lefts to face. "Hello Jimmie," said Jack to Corbett, as he leaned on Jeff.

"Come on, break," said Jeff, as Johnson held his gloves. Rickard did not touch them.

Jeff missed twice with left and took left on face. Jeff shoved Johnson about with ease and the gong found them locked in each other's embrace.

Round 9—Jeff stood up and walked into a left to chest. "Make him fight!" yelled Corbett. "Never mind, just wait!" replied Johnson. Johnson walked in and tried left for body. Jeff got in ahead of it and put his head against Jack's chest and shoved the black fellow back to the ropes. Jeff took it all in calmly and seemed to be waiting to land a good one. Jeff walked into two left jabs on the face that did no damage. His wrist landed on the ribs and Johnson did not appear to mind.

Round 10—They came up slowly. Jack shot a left to face but Jeff brushed it away and responded with left to body. Jack again missed a lightning right for jaw. Jeff put his shoulder against Johnson's body and shoved him back. At close range Johnson sent a left uppercut to Jeff's face. Jeff got under a left head and seemed to want to wear Jack out by bearing his weight and shoving him. Jeff struck two lefts to face from a clinch and got one of the same kind. Jeff took two lefts on the face when they broke. He slipped in quickly and shot left to body as long range. Jeff appeared to be fresh as when the gong rang for the first round. Johnson was also fresh.

Round 11—They walked up carefully. Jeff finally trying his left once and found it clocked. He took left on face three times but smiled and talked to Jack. They broke away, and Johnson sent a stiff left uppercut to face and right to body. He kept Jeff hobbling his head to escape and sent right up percut whenever they came to clinch. Jack sent two uppercuts to face and Jeff appeared tired. They shoved him about, Jeff with his head on shoulder and when they finally broke Jack hooked left to nose, drawing blood. Jeff appeared slow compared with Johnson. Just before the call of time Jeff rushed in and sent left and right to body, but Jack was going away and was not hurt. Definitely Johnson's round.

Round 12—Jim walked over, waiting for a chance to get inside the negro's defence. Jack simply drew back and looked left to face. "Thought you said you were going to have me wild," said Johnson. He worked into close quarters, but got left on sore nose which bled freely as he turned to his seat at gong he spat out a mass of blood. Jeff was no worried, apparently, and looked fresh

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MUNICIPALITY OF YORK

The semi-annual session of the County Council of the Municipality of York will convene at the Council Chamber, Fredericton, on TUESDAY, the FIFTH day of JULY, next, at 10 a. m.

F. ST. JOHN BLISS,
Secretary-Treasurer of York.

Round 13—Putting his right glove before his face, Jeff walked into a clinch without a blow. When they broke, Johnson sent a left to body and right uppercut to chin. "Stick there, Jim," shouted Corbett. Jeff stuck until he was forced away. Then he took two lefts and a right uppercut to face. Holding him with right on the shoulder, Johnson sent in three lefts to face in quick succession and then uppercut to the face. Jeff seemed tired and slow. He could not solve Johnson's defence and took all the blows that came his way. Jack swung to face and clinched. Jeff continued to lat. The round was all Johnson's. Jeff's eye was almost closed.

Round 14—Jeff walked into a left to the ear. Jack blocked Jeff's attempts at close fighting. Jeff took three straight to face. Jeff's lefts were blocked. He could not get within six inches of the face. "How you feeling, Jim?" said Jack. "How you like 'em?" Jeff made no response. He took three more lefts. "They don't hurt," said Jeff.

Round 15—When the men faced each other it was plain to all that Jeffries was in distress. His face was puffed and bleeding from the punishing blows he had received, and his movements were languid. He stumbled after the elusive negro, sometimes crouching low with his left hand stuck out in front of him and sometimes standing erect. Stopping or erect, he was a mark for Johnson's accurate blows. The negro simply waited for the big white man to come on and chopped his face. They came to a clinch after a feeble attempt by Jeff

fries to land a left on the body, and as they broke away Johnson shot his left and right to jaw in a flash. Jeffries staggered back against the ropes. His defensive power seemed to desert him in an instant. Johnson dashed at him like a tiger. A rain of lefts and rights delivered at close quarters sent Jeffries reeling blindly. Another series of short, snappy punches, and the giant went down for the first time in his ring career. He fell under the top rope, over the lower one, and upon the overhang of the platform. Resting on his side and right elbow he looked around in a dazed way and got up at the count of time. While he was down Johnson stood almost over him until Rickard waved him back. He stood ready to strike, and when Jeffries arose from his knees he dashed in again. Jeffries reeled about and tried to clinch, but Johnson eluded him and as the former champion swung around to the south side of the ring, Johnson hit him twice on the jaw. Jeffries sank to his knees, weak and tired, but got up again at the count of time. It was then that Jeffries' friends began to call to Rickard to stop the fight.

"Stop it, stop it," they shouted from all sides. "Don't let him be knocked out."

Rickard gave no heed to these appeals. Jeffries was helpless now and as he staggered to a standing position the negro was waiting for him. A left, a right and another left, short, powerful blows, found their mark on Jeffries' chin and he went down for the third time. Again he sprawled over the lower ropes, hanging half outside the ring. The timekeeper raised and lowered his arm, tolling off the seconds. He had reached the count of seven when some of Jeffries' seconds put foot inside the ropes and Rickard walked between the fallen man and the negro champion. Placing his hand on Johnson's shoulder, he declared him the winner. Jeffries was not counted out, but this was merely a technical evasion. It was evident that he could never have gotten up within the ten seconds.