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JAMES KILBY, Manager

Sporting News

The series for the World's Championship will begin October 8th, according to President B. B. Johnson of the American League, and will undoubtedly be between the Boston Americans and New York Giants. In the East, the championship race closes October 5th and in the west the following day.

It was just twenty years ago last Saturday—September 7th, 1892 that James J. Corbett beat the supposedly unbeatable John L. Sullivan, and thus draped on his pompadour the crown symbolic of the heavyweight championship of the world. Those who were at the ringside in New Orleans on that great day in history are now growing gray or bald, but still they thrill at the recollection of that great contest between science and strength. Not that John L. depended on brute might alone—he had a head and could use it—but Corbett had a better head, and also a pair of valuable feet that could take his upper works from where they were to where they weren't in about the shortest time on record. Corbett really won by two feet that day, for in early rounds his dancing, prancing tootsies on several occasions took him out of the way, by the mere fraction of an inch of smashing blows that would have stretched him for the count, if they had landed squarely. Sullivan was a lumbering elephant, Corbett a calm, cool and collected athlete. Sullivan did not land a blow until the end of the second, when he managed to put over two on the face that made Corbett more wary than ever. The third round was a footrace, with Corbett playing hare to Sullivan's hound. The crowd, thinking Corbett was scared, hooted and jered, and John L.'s supporters began to make plans for spending their winnings. In the fifth Corbett stopped running long enough to land some blows to the tum-tum that made John L. groggy. In the eighth Sullivan got over a stiff one to Cor-

bett's heart, but got back half a dozen blows in exchange. Sullivan landed again in the tenth, a hard one to the face that gave Corbett a black and bloody eye. As each round started John L. would chase and Corbett would run, but the champion tired quickly, and then Corbett turned aggressor. As the battle progressed through the teens, Sullivan more and more showed signs of extreme exhaustion. He was worn out by chasing Corbett, and could barely stagger after that agile human flea. In the twenty-first Sullivan was so worn that he dropped his guard. Corbett, alert for the opportunity, sent in punches to the face until Sullivan went down for the count.

When pugilists turn to Evangelists the Devil had better look to his laurels.

"Rev. Norman Selby, formerly Kid McCoy."

That is what you will see one of these days if Kid McCoy, the clever "pug" lives up to his present intentions of renouncing the ring for the pulpit.

McCoy, the trickiest of all boxers of all times, declares that his 39 years of life have been misspent and that the rest of his days will be spent in ministering to mankind, to helping others. In short Kid McCoy proposes to become an evangelist, a rival of Billy Sunday, if you please.

In his new work McCoy will have an enthusiastic second in his wife, the sixth woman, by the way, to be known as Mrs. Kid McCoy.

McCoy's ring battles have been surpassed in interest only by his matrimonial ventures. Eight times he has gone to the altar and seven times he has appeared in the divorce court. One of his wives, Mrs. Julia Crosselman, he wed and divorced three times. From the others he likewise obtained a legal separation with the exception, of course, of his present wife, who before her marriage to him was Mrs. Edna Valentine Hein.

McCoy's decision should occasion no surprise. In the score of years he has been before the public he has shown himself a most versatile fellow. Between fighting, marrying and divorcing he has found time to open and go broke in a cafe, in a jewelry store, in a hospital for broken down men, and finally on the lecture platform.

His confinement in a London prison was the cause of his latest decision.

He was in jail a few days while his wife was proving to the authorities that charges made to the Belgian government that he had stolen \$8,000 worth of jewels from the Princess of Thurn and Taxis were untrue. But those few days gave McCoy time to read and think. His reading, so he says included the philosophies of Epicurus, Aristotle, Plato and Christ.

"I do not intend to go back to boxing," he said, after his release. "I am going to the country I love—America—and my life work will be for the betterment of mankind, to which I intend to devote the balance of my days. I cannot express the gratitude I bear my wife for her goodness while this thing has been pending, but I hope to prove my worth later."

KNOWS ENOUGH TO VOTE.

A young man took a young woman friend to a ball game for the first time, and in his superior knowledge he asked her after the first innings was over if there was anything about the game she would like to have explained.

"Just one thing," said the sweet young thing. "I wish you would explain how that rheumatic bush league relie in the box ever gets the ball over the plate without the aid of an express wagon."

And in the silence that followed all that could be heard was the faint chugging of the young man's Adam's apple working feverishly up and down.

GOOD ADVICE.

"Wot your pore 'usband wants is rest. Wotts needed is a sleepin' draught." "When should you give it 'im?" "Oh, don't give it to 'im! Take it yourself!"

Mining News

Proctor Smith is expected here this week to make arrangements to put a gang of men at work on the Little Pet Mine and aggressively work the property. The Little Pet Mine is a good looking proposition, well located and lots of good ore for the amount of work done.

There are in the neighborhood 1200 men employed by 19 companies and private syndicates in this the premier gold camp of Ontario, and while the marketing of stocks is inactive and at a low ebb in price, there is no lethargy in actual mining developments. Four stamp mills are turning out gold bullion daily—other mills are being planned—and two more at least will be running by January 1913, and taken altogether, the outlook is much brighter than ever before in the history of the camp.

The Dome mill is working smooth and getting as good if not better results than any mill ever started in any camp, barring none. This company has demonstrated that \$2.00 ore can be mined and milled at a profit and all ore which shows this valuation in the sampling is run through the mill and shows a balance to the good. The output of this mill runs into big figures each week and the average yield has been estimated at over \$11 to the ton.

The Hollinger mill has been undergoing a few minor changes and as a result not all the stamps have been in operation. The improvements look to a higher percentage of savings. The under-ground work continues to show high average values and with the mill working and gathering values at top speed a good portion of this rich under-ground will be rapidly turned into bullion.

Work at the Apex is progressing in good shape, and as soon as the shaft is sunk, the additional 100 feet cross-cutting and drifting will be commenced. The shaft at present is being sunk by contract work.

In the township of Turnbull there are five syndicates and companies awaiting the building of roads before commencing active operations.

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SHE HAD THE GOODS.

"Do you know anything about hypnotism?" asked the fluffy haired girl of her friend in the pink linen gown.

"Well," replied the fluffy-haired one as she held up her left hand to display a sparkling solitaire better advantage. "you can judge for yourself."—Judge.

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