# A CORRUPT CONFESSIONAL.

## Terrible Charges Brought Against Catholic Clergymen.

### BUT WHO CAN BELIEVE THEM?

A Montreal despatch says: The *Canada Revue*, the leading French-Canadian weekly, in to-day's issue, contains a series of remarkable articles in regard to the relations of clergy and laity. The language used is very outspoken, and in some instances reflects most severely on the persons referred to. One of the articles asks if after giving to the clergy riches, consideration, respect and the highest positions, it is too much to ask that they should leave to the people their wives? Replying to the charge of looking after sensations only, the same article says that it was the duty of the journal to refer to these sad scandals, but a writer and a thinker certainly finds more scope in such questions as the Maskinonge schism, where the stubbornness of a Bishop and the brutality of a priest threw a whole population of believers into heresy; the Chambly case, when a child was exposed to die without baptism because its father did not pay the tax; the Lake Megantic affair when a woman was opened on the order of a priest, without a doctor, without anyone to establish the death, for the sole object of baptizing the child, which was afterwards returned to its place in the dead mother and buried with her. "What a contrast," it goes on to say, "between these two members of the same Church, of the same teaching, and of the same doctrine, one of whom will not sacrifice two dollars to baptize a child, while the other risks the sacrifice of a life to baptize a being which he does not know to be living; and the question of the Sisters of Providence, who have established a banquet-catering system, and who tender like regular cookshopkeepers for banquets given outside of Montreal, and that without paying any patent, license or tax."

Referring again to the scandal the article says: "The time has passed when you could crush down the man who wanted to know what scenes were enacted behind those barred wickets (confessionals) in the face of those ignominies that have been revealed. The father of a family must also establish his right to confession and apply it to know what has taken place between his own family and the priest who is to-day acknowledged for the defence of the case to be subject to human failings."

A third article declares that the clergy have used and abused everything, and says: "They command everywhere; they dispose of everything they please both in town and country, in our large as well as in our small schools, among the Rouges and among the Bleus. We are at their mercy. They make and repeal our laws. We can neither be born, live or die without their permission, and if anyone recriminates he is at once pointed out as a slanderer, a brazen-faced liar, an infidel and an atheist. It appears that this state of things has lasted too long in our Province. We are descendants of the French, and were it not for the English who live on the land and help to cool down the violence of our nature in 1792 and '93 might some good morning waken up those petty tyrants who peacefully sleep by the side of our wives and daughters, whom they steal from us by the aid of religion, and more especially of the confessional.

After declaring that the recent scandal reveals the fact that the corruption into which certain members of the clergy plunge themselves is worse than that of Zola's heroes, the article says: "It is time that we should protect ourselves. If ecclesiastical authority will not or cannot act and repress we must strike ourselves." Further on the writer adds, "An immediate, firm, and vigorous reform is needed. Our wives and daughters must be left alone. You choose to leave the world, remain then outside of the world, we have no need of you in our parlors, especially when we are not there to watch. You do not need to be intimate with your female penitents to give them absolution. It is better that you should not know with whom you are dealing when confessing. You travel too much and play too much the part of young men. You are seen everywhere, even at sea bathing resorts." The article concludes: "In one word, let the clergy keep away from the women and religion and the Catholics will only be better off. This must be, and at once."

### ALL LIKE A NOVEL.

**Story of a Frustrated Elopement and a Youth's Lapse into Barbarism.**

A Madrid cable says: The *Imparcial* publishes a remarkable story concerning a wild man, who has been captured near the desert track to Cape de Gata, in southwestern Spain. During the latter part of August this man was seen several times by hunters. He was tall, dressed in skins, and his beard and the hair of his head hung to his knees. Efforts to speak with him were in vain, as he always ran when approached. Last week a search party was organized to capture him, and after two days' work succeeded. The man is about 50 years old, and has been in the desert 25 years. He told his captors that he was a native of Galicia, Spain, and at the age of 24 had worked in a large stocking factory in Lugo. He and the daughter of his employer loved each other, but the parents of the girl forbade the marriage. The young couple eloped. A few miles from home they were overtaken by the manufacturer and two friends, who beat the young man severely and carried off the daughter. The young man was locked up while recovering from his injuries, so he could not communicate with the girl. When he regained his liberty she had married a Lugo banker. He started to leave the country on an emigrant ship, but was shipwrecked off Capede Gata. All perished except him, and he became convinced that Providence intended that he should be a recluse. Consequently he had lived in the desert, avoiding the society of man, ever since. Inquiries in Lugo, the *Imparcial* adds, tend to prove the truth of the wild man's story.

### Keep Your Daughters at Home.

E. J. O'Brien writes from Boston, Mass., to the Moncton *Transcript*: I wish to state that the announcement in a local paragraph that I intended to move my family to Boston is incorrect. I was, it is true, forced to leave Moncton to obtain employment like many others. I was on Boston Commons on Sunday afternoon and it seemed as if every other person I met was from the provinces. Some are doing fairly well and some are worse off. It is not all sunshine in Uncle Sam's domains after all. My advice to young men and women of Canada is to stay at home, hang on a little longer, the tide will soon turn, and when it does, it will be with such a rush as to swamp the government which is so largely responsible for the hard times there. Every man I have met from the Provinces yet has declared that if there was a change of government he would go home to-morrow. The majority of mechanics I have met are from the Provinces. I believe that this would also be true of hundreds and hundreds of young men and women. I would like to give a word of advice to you mothers of Moncton and everywhere else. If you care for your daughters' welfare, keep them at home. This is no place for young girls to come. There are thousands of human snares watching for them. If you value your daughters' souls keep them at home. I saw two young girls on Sunday in the streets of Boston (who less than a year ago were Sunday School teachers in Moncton) in company with two fast young men, who were so drunk they had to keep them from falling into the gutter. I tell you such sights as those should cause every true Canadian to sound a word of warning. Keep your daughters at home.

### The Terms of the Bargain.

Clara—When George and I are married I'm to have my own way in everything.

Dora—Goose you won't.

Clara—Indeed I will. That's the bargain. Don't you remember, I told you he promised in a new book, and asked if I'd look through life with him just that way?

Dora—Yes.

Clara—Well, he was reading, but I was steering.—*New York Weekly.*

### A Woman of Tatem.

Mrs. X. saw a friend of hers taking luncheon in a restaurant the other day and reading a newspaper while she lunched.

"How is it possible for you to eat and read at the same time?"

"Why, I read with my eyes and eat with the other."

In Southern Europe 30,000 savages have been picked from one tree.

Sis—"Why do you toy so nervously with that fan—are you afraid of it?" He (gallantly)—"I am afraid of anything that could produce a coolness between us."

# SULLIVAN KNOCKED OUT.

## The Mighty John L. Goes Down Before a Better Man.

## CORBETT IS NOW CHAMPION.

**The California Man Had the Best of the Fight All Through—John L's. Rushes in Vain—A Clean Knock-out Blow in the 21st Round Put Sullivan on the Shelf—Corbett a Man of Wonderful Science—Details of the Greatest Fight of the Century.**

SULLIVAN beaten! These two words express the thoughts that are running through the minds of hundreds of thousands, even millions of people to day in all parts of the civilized world. The greatest fight of the age took place last night at the Olympic Club's quarters, New Orleans, and the great John L. Sullivan, the unbeated champion of many years, was laid low by a man of superior science and ability. It was in the 21st round that Corbett cracked the Boston pug in the jaw and closed his eyes, and Sullivan seemed rooted in his tracks, a chopping-block for Corbett, who Dandy Jim banged right and left. Then he sledged in a finisher. Sullivan fell like a log. In 10 seconds Corbett was declared victor, and it was not for two minutes and after water and ammonia were applied that Sullivan revived. During the early rounds Sullivan tried his famed rushes in vain. Corbett cleverly dodged them all and invariably Sullivan misdirected his blows. Corbett claimed first blood in the fifth, knocked Sullivan to the robes in the seventh, rained a deluge of blows on the big fellow's body in the eighth and ninth and always was confident. Corbett outgeneralled the big fellow and won the world's championship in an exceedingly clever battle. The story of the fight is told in the following telegraphic report:

Corbett got up at 7 a. m. and was feeling first-rate. He took a sponge bath and ate a square meal. He stayed in the house all day, not leaving it until he went to the fight.

Sullivan did not leave his room until about 10 o'clock. He was then taken to the Sporting Mens' Gymnastic Club, where he took light exercise to prevent getting stiff.

The mob went out to the club house in every car that started from anywhere along the line. It was great in numbers, and by 7.30 the galleries in the arena were as full as they should have been. The reserved seats were only pretty well filled, and the house began to look like a real good one. At the McAuliffe and Dixon affairs there were more people in the building at the same hour, but there were more people who, for this go to-night, had reserved seats and did not come away out of the club house, which is situated so far away from the centre of the city, until a time when there is a possibility of a quick assuming of hostilities.

**Dixon and His Friends Present.**

A rather interesting incident occurred while the assemblage was waiting, when one of Pugilist Dixon's friends, Lawyer Vance, was ordered out of the arena. Dixon was with Vance at the time, and when he found that Vance must go Dixon dignifiedly said he would go, too. The club does not allow colored men to see their shows, but made an exception in Dixon's case, because George had been a contestant in the ring of the organization. The little fellow was equal to the occasion, all the same, and went to President Noel to say in a quiet way that Mr. Vance must be allowed to remain. Mr. Vance remained after that.

One of Corbett's seconds to-night was Jim Daly, of Philadelphia, who has been with Corbett as sparring partner for a long time. It happened, however, it was only by a scratch that Daly got there, for he hit a man and nearly did him up at a ball in Oddfellows' Hall early this morning and was arrested. It took all the influence of the powerful Olympic Club to get Jim out of hock.

CORBETT WON THE TOSS.

At the tossing for corners between Johnson for Sullivan and Delaney for Corbett this afternoon Delaney won. He selected the "lucky corner," as it is called, the one that Fitzsimmons had twice and McAuliffe and Dixon occupied this week.

It was 8.40 when the scales were brought in to weigh the gloves, and at the same time it was officially announced that Billy Delaney and Prof. John Donaldson, of St. Paul, would do the chief work on Corbett when in his corner, and Daly, Dillon and Prof. Mike Donovan, of New York Athletic Club would be around to hand up bottles and give advice. There was a tremendous crowd in the building at this time; no room could be found anywhere.

Bat Masterson was named as Corbett's timekeeper.

Sullivan came on first at 8.51 p. m. and last handlers, Johnson, McAuliffe, Jo Lannon and Casey, were with him. Jack Ashton was not to be seen. It was said Jack had seen too much of the red contents of the bowl and been fired.

Corbett came in almost immediately after with his friends as named above, as well as W. A. Brady, his manager. Both were stripped all the way up and down, except that they wore trunks and shoes and stockings. Sullivan's trunks were of a bright green and Corbett's of a queer mixture of white and a shade of slate. Corbett seemed nervous after he had taken his seat and swung his legs from the floor up and back again like an amateur. Then all hands collected in the middle of the ring and shook hands, handlers and all. It was announced that Sullivan weighed 212 pounds and Corbett 187 pounds.

Prof. Duffy, the referee, ran from corner to corner, looking out for bandages on bodies and waists, and finding none ordered things to go on. When the 5-ounce gloves were distributed Sullivan had trouble in getting his hands into his. Corbett was ready in an instant. Sullivan laughed with his handlers, as though he had told a funny story of his own after he had shaken hands with Pompadour Jim.

**The Fight Begins.**

A hushed silence fell over the vast multitude as the giants faced each other. There was a difference of 25 pounds between the men, but what Corbett lacked in weight he made up in height.

Round 1—This was a ridiculous exhibition of prize-fighting. Sullivan made no than less seven feints within the left for Corbett, but Corbett ran round the ring each time and not a blow was struck.

Round 2—Corbett made no effort to do anything but walk around. The big fellow stood up leisurely and looked at Corbett. He then let go a left on Corbett's shoulder and a clinch followed. On the breakaway Corbett touched him on the breast. Another clinch followed and Corbett tried to land his left on Sullivan's face. Jim did get in a slight blow on the stomach before the second round ended, and the crowd was happy.

Round 3.—Sullivan missed a left-hander for the jaw and then touched the stomach. It was a rattler of no harm, however. The first good blow struck was by Corbett, who ran in on top of a run by Sullivan. Corbett also reached two lefts on Sullivan's body. Whenever Sullivan led Corbett ducked, and John could not touch him. This occurred three times.

**Corbett Avoids the Rushes.**

Round 4—Sullivan made two runs at Corbett, but Jim ran away, and no blow was struck. Sullivan continued to run in on him, but Jim's feet were too quick for the big fellow, and he slipped away like a good sprinter. Sullivan laughed at the business and Corbett let his left go lightly on John's face.

Round 5—In this round Sullivan caught Corbett a fairly hard blow on the chin, but Corbett clinched and nobody was hurt. Sullivan missed with the left and followed that with a trifler on the shoulder with the left. Sullivan made a rush and Corbett went at him. What followed is hard to describe. Corbett smashed Sullivan with right and left on the stomach and face and had the big fellow's nose bleeding in no time. Right and left, right and left Corbett banged, and Sullivan won't in it. Corbett hammered him as a Dixon could smack a Shelly. The champion became surprised, blood flowed from his nose and the big fellow was groggy. The cutting and clever work shown by Corbett was so admirable that the house got up and yelled.

Round 6—Corbett jumped around like a cat and worried the big fellow, getting in two light blows on the stomach. Sullivan missed one left leader for the face, but otherwise nothing was done in the round.

Round 7—Two slaps on the body, one from each, opened this round and after a bit of fighting Corbett let his left go on John's stomach. John did not seem to mind it, but Corbett went at him and gave him two good smashes in the face with left and two more soon after. Sullivan's nose was bleeding again freely. Corbett ran and pushed Sullivan to the ropes, letting go right and left on the big fellow's body. Sullivan could make no return. He was tired when he went to his corner, though he had done nothing in the round but take punishment.

Round 8—Sullivan came out worried-looking. He made a left lunge at Corbett, but Corbett ducked cleverly. In a sally Sullivan landed his right on the ribs, but Corbett got in two good left jabs on the body, one in the face and two on the body. Sullivan seemed to be played out or waiting for a chance to land the knock-out blow.

**Sullivan's Wind Holds Out.**

Round 9.—Corbett again led, but without effect. Sullivan led the left, but Corbett ducked. Then Sullivan gave him a backhander on the face with little harm and gave another left on the shoulder. Sullivan did not show any want of wind, although Corbett hit him five times, one after the other, three on the body and two on the face. Corbett was away ahead in points, but his blows did not seem to weaken the big fellow, who appeared only tired.

Round 10.—Corbett stood up to his man like a major and the men eyed each other like panthers. Sullivan let go his left for the jaw, but only touched lightly. Sullivan missed with the left. Both landed left on the face, but weakly. The same came again. Sullivan's left found Corbett's face lightly. Sullivan missed the left and Corbett jumped back. Corbett landed left on face. Sullivan got in left on face lightly.

Round 11.—It now began to look like a long fight. Sullivan could not get in a straight blow on the clever Californian, and Corbett could not hurt John when he did land. A couple of light passes and a good deal of running around by Corbett followed. Corbett hit Sullivan in the face with his left twice, and with the left and right in a clinch. Sullivan's nose again was bleeding. Corbett walked around. Corbett made two good cracks on Sullivan, one on the face and stomach.

**Looked Like a Long Fight.**

Round 12—Sullivan was still steady, and it looked as if they might fight 100 rounds. Corbett got in his left three times in the stomach within three seconds, getting away each time and running around. Great cleverness was shown by Corbett in the way he jabbed and got away, but his blows did not seem to be effective. Sullivan now made a rush, but Corbett ran away, and when he came back laughed. Sullivan tried same thing twice now, and each time got a jab with his left on the stomach.

Round 13—Sullivan had a weary look when he came from his corner, and he let go his left. He could not get there, as Corbett ran away. This scene was repeated, and when Corbett came forward he was smiling, but was perspiring a great deal. Sullivan rushed him and Jim ran away. Sullivan did all the moving up and Corbett was jumping backward. Nothing was done in this round except one light blow of Corbett's on Sullivan's cheek.

Round 14—No blow was struck in the round that would have broken a pane of glass.

Round 15—Sullivan went in to do Corbett this time and rushed Jim three times. The Californian's long reach held John at bay and the big fellow could not break in under the guard. On the contrary Corbett's left found Sullivan's face twice. In two more rushes by Sullivan Corbett held him off and plunked John on the ribs and stomach with his left. Sullivan had become very ugly-looking before the end of the round, but Corbett did not mind that a bit. He went on dancing away from the blows as before.

**Sully's Nose Was a Mark.**

Round 16—A mutual rush occurred at the opening of the round, but both missed their blows. Sullivan fell short with a right-hander and Corbett hit him on the nose lightly. This Corbett followed up with a jab in the stomach and two on the nose with the left. Sullivan appeared to be getting desperate. He went at Corbett cautiously, but Corbett was not there. John seemed more worried than ever, especially when he received another tap on the nose from Corbett's left.

Round 17.—Sullivan succeeded in getting a light left in Corbett's face. With this exception there was only sparring during the round. The house had a good deal to laugh at in the men's actions, but nothing to get excited over.

Round 18—Corbett's cleverness in tapping Sullivan and getting away was greatly admired, and when he jabbed the big fellow four times on the face in succession the spectators raised a howl. Sullivan got in a left on Corbett's breast, but it didn't hurt. Then Corbett touched John up for two right-handers on the body amid more howls. The people seemed now with Corbett.

Round 19—On coming together Sullivan hit Corbett on the neck with the left pretty hard, and Corbett countered with the left on the stomach. Sullivan missed a left meant for the face, and Corbett laughed at him. At that Sullivan's face took on a savage snarl. He chased Corbett around the ring. Corbett again came forward and landed his left on Sullivan's stomach and face and his right on the big fellow's stomach.

**Sullivan Was Plainly Groggy.**

Round 20—Sullivan's left struck Corbett's breast as they came to the centre of the ring, but not two seconds afterward Corbett sailed into him with left and right. Corbett caught Sullivan on both sides of the head close to the ropes, and this same dose the Californian repeated after another second. Corbett followed this up with seven more blows of the same kind and Sullivan could not protect himself nor get in a single blow in return. He was plainly groggy and weak. Corbett was very fresh and confident at the sound of the gong, at which time he was smashing Sullivan at a great rate on both sides of the head.

Round 21—In regard to this trifling minute and a half which decided the heavyweight championship of the world a great deal might be said. That the contest would end in that round no man present believed. Sullivan came from his corner in the same shape that he had shown for a dozen rounds before. He had the same cross expression on his face and seemed to be as at any time during that period. He continued to do the edging in, and Corbett followed his original tactics of edging away. This sort of trade was not going on very long—not more than ten seconds—when Corbett jumped back, rushed forward, hit John on the nose, and John was dazed. Corbett went at him further and the same old nose was again smashed and more blood came out. John looked astounded and Corbett jumped back with the merry smile of a schoolboy with a big apple. Suddenly he returned to the fray, and before Sullivan knew what was the meaning of the Californian's happy look he got a crack on the side of the head that made him close his eyes. With this Corbett was on top of him in no time, with his left hand on one side of the head and the right hand on the other. Poor John L. Sullivan became an unconscious and a beaten man. He staggered about on his pins for a second or so and while displaying this fatal weakness Corbett went down on him again. A right and left ear and a left on the jaw settled the business and the championship.

The referee looked at his watch and still Sullivan could not rise. The 10 seconds were up and Sullivan was declared defeated. The seconds assisted him to his corner. Even then John L. was out and did not know what was going on. It was not for over two minutes that he recovered himself. Meantime Corbett had retired to his corner on the order of the referee, while the man who has so long been known as the champion of champions was counted out and carried to his chair. When the seconds were at best as an end Prof. Mike Donovan, of New York Athletic Club, and W. A. Brady, Corbett's manager, sprang to the stage and flung their arms around the Californian.

**To the Victor Belongs the Spoils.**

The young men was now champion pugilist of the world and winner of the $45,000 in purse and stakes, as well as a reputation that will turn perhaps ten times that amount into his exchequer. Corbett returned the cordial salutation with a hearty embrace. Others jumped up to the clever Californian and hugged him. They had probably won money at 5 to 3 to 1 on him. While this hugging was going on Sullivan's handlers were pouring water over him and placing remedies to his nose, and with much trouble brought him round. When he did come to he looked up at Jack McAuliffe, who was fanning him with a towel, and after opening his eyes half way, or as far as he could, said in his more than ordinary hoeing voice:

"Say, am I licked? Did that young fellow do it?"

McAuliffe sorrowfully admitted that that was the case. John did not say any more until Corbett came over and shook hands with him. John got up, took Corbett's hand, and then spoke to the crowd.

"Gentlemen," said the ex-champion, "I am only glad that the championship has been won by an American."

The speech brought down the house as it has not been affected during all the week.

**The Knock-out.**

The last blow of the 21st round sent the great John L. to the floor with a thump, the second time in all his long career that he had ever been knocked down, but he was down and surely and permanently.

It was a clear and clever knock-out blow. Sullivan doubled up his legs as if in pain, but in another instant seemed to collect his senses and made an effort to rise. He failed in that and tried the second time, with the same result. He was knocked out pure and simple. His seconds had to come to him.

**The Victor.**

James John Corbett was born in San Francisco, September 1st, 1866. He was educated at the Sacred Heart College of that city, and when graduated, Flood, the Bonanza King, secured him a clerkship in the Nevada Bank. While holding the position he won the amateur heavyweight championship of California in 1884. He became so infatuated with boxing that he threw up the clerkship, became boxing instructor of the Olympic Athletic Club and drifted into fighting as a business. His professional record:

Defeated Dave Eiseman, two rounds.
Defeated Jim Daly, four rounds.
Defeated Duncan McDonald, of Butte, Mon.
Drew with Jack Burke, the "Irish Lad," at San Francisco, eight rounds.
Defeated Joe Choynski at San Francisco, four rounds.
Defeated Mike Brennan, the Furta Costa giant, three rounds.
Defeated Capt. James Daly, two rounds.
Defeated Frank Smith, of Salt Lake, three rounds.
Defeated George Atkinson, two rounds.
Defeated Frank Glover, two rounds.
Defeated Joe Choynski, on a barge on the Sacramento River, 97 rounds.
Beaten Joe McAuliffe in a point contest, four rounds.
Defeated John Donald on at San Francisco.
Defeated Prof. William Miller, of Australia, three rounds.
Defeated Martin ("Buffalo") Costello, three rounds.
Defeated Dave Campbell at Portland, Ore.
Defeated Jake Kilrain at New Orleans, Feb. 17th, 1890, six rounds.
Defeated Frank Dominick McCaffrey at South Brooklyn, April 14th, 1890, four rounds.
Drew with Peter Jackson at San Francisco, May 21st, 1891, 61 rounds.

Has successfully met all comers on his tour throughout the country.

Defeated William Spillings, Bob Coffee and Joe Lannon in one night at Madison Square Garden.

**The Ex-Champion's Record.**

John L. Sullivan was born in Boston, October 15th, 1858. He is 5 feet 10½ inches tall. He began sparring in 1878, but previously figured as a fairly good baseball player. Here is a concise history of his fistic performances:

Defeated Joe Goss, Music Hall, Boston, four rounds, 1879.
Defeated George Rooke at Boston, one round, 1879.
Defeated by Prof. John Donaldson at Cincinnati, three rounds, 1880.
Defeated Prof. John Donaldson, same city, December 20th, 1880, 10 rounds.
Defeated Steve Taylor, Harry Hill's, New York, March 31st, 1881, in a three-round bout.
Defeated John Flood, on a barge in the Hudson river, May 16th, 1881, eight rounds, purse of $300.
Defeated Paddy Ryan at Mississippi City, Miss., February 7th, 1882, for $2,500 a side and the championship of America; London rules governed the fight; nine rounds, 11 minutes.
Defeated Jimmy Elliott, July 4th, 1882, in a four-round bout for gate receipts.
Drew with "Tug" Wilson, of England, in four rounds Madison Square Garden, July 17th, 1882. Sullivan refused to box the referee, Wilson for failing to knock him out in four rounds.
Boxed Charley Mitchell at Madison Square Garden, March 14th, 1883. The bout was stopped by the police. Mitchell knocked Sullivan down in the second round, something no other man ever did.
Defeated Herbert Slade, the Maori, Madison Square Garden, April 7th, 1883, three rounds.
Started on a tour of the country in Sept. 1883. Sullivan defeated, on returning to New York, dozens of men who tried for the $100 which he offered to anybody who could stay four rounds with him.
Defeated Prof. John Lahan, Madison Square Garden, Nov. 10th 1884, three rounds.
Defeated Alf. Greenfield, Madison Square Garden, Nov. 18th 1884, three rounds.
Defeated Alf. Greenfield at Boston, January 12th, 1885, four rounds.
Defeated Jack Burke, the "Irish Lad," at Chicago, January 19th, 1886, five rounds.
Defeated Dominick McCaffrey at Cincinnati, Aug. 25th, 1885, six rounds.
Defeated Frank Herald at Allegheny City, Pa., Sept. 15th, 1885, two rounds.
Defeated Paddy Ryan at San Francisco, Nov. 13th, 1886, three rounds.
Drew with Patsey Cardiff at Minneapolis, Jan. 18th, 1887. Sullivan broke his arm in this bout.
Drew with Charley Mitchell near Chantilly, France, March 10th, 1888, 39 rounds (3 hrs. 11 min.) London rules governed this contest. The stakes were $10,000.
Defeated Jack Kilrain at Richburg, Miss., July 8th, 1889, 75 rounds. London rules governed this contest. The stakes were $20,000.

Word was received from Charley Johnson, Sullivan's backer, that he was willing to back Corbett against Peter Jackson or any man in the world for $20,000. Corbett says he is on top now and can afford to rest a while and let the other fellows come to him, that his day for pegging at other men's doors has gone by. Corbett will leave for New York on Friday morning on a decorated train, stopping over night at Birmingham, Ala., and Atlanta the following night, arriving in New York on Monday afternoon in time for his big boxing entertainment at Madison Square Garden.

Sullivan was an object of pity when he left the ring last night. His backers and seconds were a sorry lot as they gathered their goods and chattels in the corner and picked their way to the dressing-room.

When the little guard got into the room Sullivan threw himself on a lounge and broke down entirely. His self-control was gone and in a moment he was crying like a child. His upper lip was bruised and swollen to twice its natural size. There were splits of red raw meat on his stomach and his nose was cut and bleeding. It was a repulsive face. The sneer around the corner of the mouth had gone and the countenance had lost its ferocity. "I did not feel him but once," he blubbered. "The punishment did not hurt me early in the fight. It was only in the last round that it troubled me. When he smashed me in the face I felt as though I was falling backward on a bridge into water, and after that I don't remember anything."

Another spell of crying came on. "Charley, I'm sorry you backed me and lost your money," came through his lips. It was a wail of distress and Johnson felt sad. "Never mind, John," he said, "I don't mind the money; it is gone, and what's gone is lost. Nobody can lick you but Corbett, and you are better than Mitchell. When the Englishman wishes to fight you any amount of money is at hand." McAuliffe was sincere in his sympathy and he tried to comfort the ex-champion. The eastern lad had won his own great fight and his money was on Sullivan. But McAuliffe is a gambler and gulped down his grief. "Why, John, you were beaten through your own fault," he said, consolingly. "You ought never to have gone on the stage. You cannot be an actor and fighter both."

Parson Davis announced that in a few days he would issue a challenge to Corbett to fight Peter Jackson to a finish for the championship of the world for a large wager, and the biggest purse that has ever been offered by an American club.

Joe Goddard had a special interest in the fight. He wants a chance himself at the victor. "I want to fight Corbett myself," he authorized the reporter to say, "for $10,000 a side. I have my money here and am ready to put it up now."

The Grand Opera House will be packed to the doors to-night when Brady, Corbett's manager, will introduce Corbett from the stage as the champion of the world. Corbett has already joined in a request to Harry McCarty (Santan), the well-known sporting writer, to act as master of ceremonies, and the bantam will lead the champion across the stage and present him to the audience.

After the fight Corbett entered at the door of the Olympic Club amidst a perfect ovation and the company with representatives of the Southern Athletic Club drove to the uptown gymnasium where there was an enthusiastic crowd of members and guests, numbering close to 2,000. Corbett was taken into the immense hall and cheered.

**An Alibi Not to be Root.**

Cook (at the china shop)—What! only three marks! Call that a New Year's present? And to think that I have broken in the year two soup tureens, three meat dishes, fourteen soup plates, eighteen dessert plates and four vegetable dishes!

Shopman—Come, don't get excited; I'll be generous for once; here's ten marks for you.

**3,137 Lost Children in One Year.**

Last year no fewer than 3,137 children were found by the police, lost in this city. Of these 1,326 were restored to their parents or guardians; the remainder were sent to institutions.—*New York Press.*

Our wife is following the fashion and wearing suspenders. She's been wearing the other things ever since we were married, and the wonder is she never thought of the suspenders before.—*Billville Bonner.*

The woman who never takes any interest in the fashion needs medicine.—*Sam's Joe.*

# GRAND TRUNK OFFICERS!

## The Men Who Guide the Destinies of the Great Railway.

### SIR HENRY TYLER, PRESIDENT.

Sir Henry's life has been devoted to railroad work. For many years he was Government inspector of railways in England, and was knighted for his distinguished services in this connection. He is the eldest son of the late John Chatfield Tyler, born 1827; he married Margaret, daughter of General Sir Charles Pasley, K. C. B., R. E. He was educated at the Military Academy, Woolwich, and entered the Royal Engineers as lieutenant in December, 1844; became captain in 1853; retired 1867; appointed inspector of railways (Board of Trade) 1853, chief inspector, 1870; retired 1877, on which occasion he was knighted by patent; was M. P. for Harwich, April, 1880, to November, 1885; and for Great Yarmouth from that time until 1892.

L. J. Seargeant, General Manager, Montreal.
W. Wainwright, Assistant General Manager, Montreal.
C. Percy, General Manager's Assistant, Montreal.
N. J. Powers, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.
J. Burton, General Freight Agent, Montreal.
J. J. Cunningham, Assistant General Freight Agent, Montreal.
J. Broughton, Freight Claim Agent, Montreal.
H. Willis, Mechanical Superintendent, Montreal.
J. Stephenson, Superintendent (all lines except Southern and Western Divisions), Montreal.
Charles Stiff, Superintendent Southern and Welland Division, Hamilton.
R. P. Hannaford, Chief Engineer, Montreal.
Joseph Hobson, Chief Engineer, Hamilton.
J. G. Macklin, Engineer, Peterboro'.
E. Wragge, Local Manager, Toronto.
H. W. Walker, Accountant, Montreal.
Robert Wright, Treasurer, Montreal.
J. Fred. Walker, Traffic Auditor, Montreal.
W. H. Rosevear, Car Accountant, Montreal.
H. K. Ritchie, Stationery Agent, Montreal.
John Taylor, General Storekeeper, Montreal.
A. White, District General Freight Agent, Montreal and Toronto.
John Earls, District General Freight Agent, Toronto.
A. Burns, District General Freight Agent, Montreal.
A. H. Harris, District General Freight Agent, Hamilton.
Chas. J. Haigh, Through Traffic (Freight) Agent, Detroit.
Robert Quinn, European Traffic Agent, No. 23 Water street, Liverpool, Eng.
E. P. Dwyer, Eastern Passenger Agent C. & G. T. R., No. 271 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
N. J. Grace, New England Passenger Agent, No. 290 Washington street, Boston, Mass.
G. B. Oswell, Central Passenger Agent, No. 624 Ford street, Ogdensburgh, N. Y.
T. D. Sheridan, Northern Passenger Agent, No. 277 Washington street, Buffalo, N. Y.
D. S. Wagstaff, Michigan & Southwestern Passenger Agent, cor. Jefferson and Woodward avenues, Detroit, Mich.
R. F. Armstrong, General Agent for Maritime Provinces, No. 134 Hollis street, Halifax, N. S.
M. C. Dickson, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont.
D. O. Pease, District Passenger Agent, Montreal.

### KILLED BY THE TROLLEY.

**The Electric Juggernaut Crushes Out a Young Bicyclist's Life.**

A Toronto report says: John Henry Heard, a young man 25 years of age, was instantly killed last evening by a trolley car going west on King street. The unfortunate man was employed as assistant foreman at the Polson Iron Works, and was in the habit of riding to and from his work on a bicycle. Last evening he left the shop shortly after 6 o'clock, and was proceeding along King street towards his home at No. 35 Wellington avenue. It is understood that when opposite Government House he turned out to pass a trolley car which was going in the same direction, and when he got about ten yards in front of the moving car turned in between the rails on to the asphalt pavement. Another bicycle rider whose name was not ascertained turned in at the same moment from the opposite side of the track and the two riders collided. Heard was thrown from his wheel immediately in front of the approaching trolley, and realizing his danger, made a desperate attempt to save himself, but it was too late. In a moment the car was upon him. The body was frightfully mangled, the left leg being completely severed from the body. The remains were removed to the morgue in the police patrol waggon, and an inquest will be held before Coroner Aikins this afternoon at 3 o'clock. The deceased lived with his father and mother on Wellington avenue, and was Arthur Polson's brother-in-law.

### A LONDON HORROR.

**A Jekyll-Hyde Case in Real Life Interesting English Society.**

A London cable says: The mystery of the headless and armless body of a woman found in a sack near Althorpe has been cleared up. The woman, who was identified by a piece of a chemise, was Annie Prichard, who had been living with Rae Anderson at Northampton. Anderson was found to be the assumed name of Andrew McRae, manager of a warehouse in Birmingham, who has a family and was living a double life. In June Miss Prichard had a child. McRae was arrested and his office was searched, and in the fireplace were found the bones of a child and the arms of a woman. The detectives discovered that the girl's child was murdered in the house occupied by the victim and her paramour. The girl was decapitated and the head with the arms, which were sawed off, and the baby were taken to Birmingham and cremated in McRae's office. Not being able to dispose of the trunk and limbs in this manner, the fiend placed them in a sack with lime and dumped them where they were found some days later.

### DEPOSITORS IN A PANIC.

**They Make a Run on a Bank and Keep Tellers Busy.**

A London cable says: The great building and bank society, which was announced in these despatches on Friday as being involved in the failure of the London & General Bank, the Liberal or Permanent Building & Investment Society and the House & Land Investment Trust, is the Birkbeck Bank. The Birkbeck Bank is the oldest of the associated building trusts. To-day a run was made on the bank, and the premises were choked with customers withdrawing their money. The demands were met with rapidity. The manager attributed the run on the bank to the position brought about by the failure of building societies. He said: "Our total liabilities, which we may be called to pay on demand, amount to £5,674,000. We have securities on which we can immediately realize £5,544,000 and have money locked up in lands and buildings."

This evening the crowd of creditors of the bank was greatly augmented. Wild excitement prevailed, although the bank at 6 o'clock was still paying every one who demanded his money. The authorities of the Birkbeck Bank announced this evening that the Union Bank has guaranteed them the sum of £1,000,000 with which to meet their liabilities.

### ALMOST A CATASTROPHE.

**The Caution of the Servia's Captain Averts a Disaster.**

A London cable says: Passengers landed at Queenstown by the Servia agree that they had a narrow escape when the steamship collided with the American sailing vessel the Undaunted. The credit for their safety, they say, is due to Capt. Dutton, who, throughout the fog, proceeded very cautiously with the Servia's bells ringing and her fog horn blowing. The fog began on September 5th. It was so dense that a person could hardly see half a ship's length ahead. The speed of the Servia was immediately checked. At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 6th many of the passengers felt a slight shock, although about half of the passengers aboard were not even aroused from their sleep. About twenty persons ran on deck, and saw a big ship so near at hand that Capt. Dutton was calling out to learn if she needed assistance. The Undaunted's captain said that she had received no injuries, and proceeded. An examination of the Servia was also made, showing no damage had been done her.

**Years in Training.**

She—That couple in front of us—do you think that they are married?

He—Yes, I am sure they are. They have been married a long time too.

She—Why, how do you know?

He—Haven't you noticed that when a pretty girl comes on the stage she always bends the opera glasses over right away.

Ask a married woman how her husband came to propose, and what do you think she'll say? In nineteen cases out of twenty it is: "Why, I don't know—it all seemed to come around that way—don't remember any special circumstance." One little woman that I know said that; then she added: "Tell me after he had made a goose of himself, 'Say, Bess, what did I say anyway? I don't remember'; and I just told him that I didn't know myself, but I was pretty sure that he did the asking, and that it wasn't my fault either."

### HE TEACHES QUEEN VICTORIA.

**A Portrait of Munshi Abdul Karim, Windsor's Hindoo Linguist.**

Since 1888 Queen Victoria has been a diligent student of Hindustani, and that study has been coterminous with the employment of Munshi Abdul Karim as Secretary to the Queen. The Munshi is a native of Agra, and was born in 1863. Previous to coming to England he was for several years in the service of the Nawab of Jawara. He has held his present secretarial post since 1888, and is said to have found his position as an instructor of royalty a peculiarly pleasant one, while the Queen is enthusiastic over his merits as a teacher. —*Lady's Pictorial.*

**Some of Grover's Sayings.**

The legitimate motive of our Government is to do equal and exact justice to all our people, and grant especial privileges to none.

It is by those who have special interests to serve and not by those whose interests are in common with the masses that the ballot is corrupted.

If the people are capable of self-government and are to remain so, there cannot be too many safeguards about the expression of their will.

The discontent of the employed is due, in a large degree, to the grasping and heedless exactions of employers, and the alleged discrimination in favor of capital as an object of governmental attention.

The nation that cannot resist aggression is constantly exposed to it. Its foreign policy is, of necessity, weak, and its negotiations are conducted with disadvantage, because it is not in condition to enforce the terms dictated by its sense of right and justice.

It will not do to say that this is an old and determined contention. The Ten Commandments are thousands of years old, but they and the Doctrine of Tariff Reform will be taught and preached until mankind and the Republican party shall heed the injunction, "Thou shalt not steal."

The laboring man, bearing in his hand all indispensable contribution to our growth and progress, may well insist, with manly courage and as a right, upon the same recognition from those who make our laws as is accorded to any other citizen having a valuable interest in charge.

It is evident that tariff regulation by treaty diminishes that independent control over its own revenues which is essential for the safety and welfare of any government. Emergency calling for an increase of taxation may at any time arise, and no engagement with a foreign power should exist to hamper the action of the Government.

**Queen Victoria's Dolls.**

At Osborne, in a room of her