

A PUGILISTIC CARNIVAL.

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him. Abbott looks winded, and Everhart jabs him hard in the mouth. Everhart staggers Abbott with a smash on the mouth and they clinch as the gong sounds. Everhart had all the best of the fighting.

The referee declared the contest a draw. Time of fight, one hour and forty minutes.

FITZSIMMONS MAKES SHORT WORK OF CREEDON.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Sept. 20th.—Those who have maintained that Bob Fitzsimmons' easy conquest of Jim Hall in their last match was effected by means of a chance blow might have changed their opinion had they been at the Olympic Club-to-night and seen the easy manner in which he checked Dan Creedon's ambition to jump into the middle-weight championship of the world. The fight was settled in less than five minutes of the Hall bout. Creedon biting the dust in the stalesk ring in defeat toward the close of the second round. At no stage of the game was he in the fight, and he had little opportunity to show his boasted ability to take punishment.

After this result had been thus easily reached Referee Duffy made public announcement of the repetition of Fitzsimmons' challenge to Creedon, and later it was announced that Jim Hall had issued at Louisville another "dell" to his conqueror. It is therefore reasonably certain that Lanky Bob will soon have another match on his hands. In to-night's bout, beside the championship, was a purse of \$5,000, was at stake. Each weighed 154 pounds.

Both men are Australians by birth, but Fitzsimmons is now an American citizen by adoption. This was the star event of the carnival, and was a match that had attracted more interest than most of the pugilistic events of recent date. Fitzsimmons has been so prominently before the public for some years that any match in which he was a participant was bound to create interest throughout the entire country. An additional feature in the importance of the match was the bearing it has on a prospective meeting between Fitzsimmons and Corbett.

Fitzsimmons has been most persevering in his efforts to secure a match with the champion heavy-weight, and from time to time has been put off with the reminder that he is not in his class. Corbett first named Chopynski as the man Lanky Bob had to whip before he could talk of a match. Fitz took on the match, and then he was told by the champion that he would have to go to Creedon to place himself in a position to talk with Corbett.

Comparatively little was known of Creedon by the general public, although the visitors from St. Louis were enthusiastic in their praises of the man. Despite that fact, however, Fitz remained a popular favorite, the polo-moos odds being hunted at from 3 to 10 to 1 to 3, while as good as 5 to 2 could be had against Creedon.

When the men entered the ring for the great contest Fitzsimmons looked indeed formidable. He was finely drawn, and but for traces of prickly teeth his skin was as white as a baby's. His enormous shoulders and chest, when compared with his narrow waist and hips, were particularly marked. His long, lithe arms and legs were covered with sinuous muscles that gave every indication of terrible force and speed. His every movement in the ring was like that of a panther watching his prey and ready to spring upon it. Creedon, as he appeared, presented a stockier look and all the lines of his symmetrical body indicated strength and excellent condition. Fitz had something to the good in height and reach, but as he

stood with his legs farther apart than Creedon it was not so marked as it might have been.

The crowd tested the full capacity of the club. The seconds for Fitzsimmons were Jack Dempsey, James Dwyer, and "Kid" McCoy, with Sam. H. Stern as timekeeper. Creedon was handled by Thomas Tracey, "Mickey" Dunn, and Tommy White, with Charley Daly holding the watch. At nine o'clock Referee Duffy entered the ring. Creedon came into the ring at seven minutes after nine, enveloped in a heavy white bathrobe. He was received with elaborate applaus. Fitzsimmons came immediately after, and his appearance was the signal for wild cheering. As he passed Creedon's corner he stopped and smilingly shook hands.

After the usual instructions the men advanced to the center of the ring and the brief fight was on.

First Round—Creedon led on Bob's stomach, again on his chest, and led short with his left for the body. Both men were exceedingly active. Fitz jabbed his man in the neck, and Creedon countered, landing on the breast. In a clinch which followed Fitz delivered an effective upper cut with his right and Creedon got in a right hander on the hip. Fitz jabbed his right viciously in his adversary's face, and his left found Creedon's neck. Fitz again led, and Creedon countered. Creedon led short, and Fitz pounded two heavy right-handers on his left ear, followed by both left and right in Creedon's face.

Second Round—Creedon began the work by leading his left on Fitz's face, and repeated, only to get a ferocious right hander on the left ear, followed by Fitz's right on his neck. Creedon went down, but was fully self possessed, and sat crouched down while Duffy counted eight seconds. He nodded to Duffy to indicate that he knew he was doing, Bob meanwhile standing off in his corner. As Creedon rose to his feet Fitz rushed him viciously. He drove both left and right into Creedon's face, landed his left on the ear, and again put both left and right into his face with crushing blows. Creedon clinched, but Bob did some short-arm work. Creedon tried to rush, but was plainly showing his punishment. He received three successive doubles of left and right on the head and face. He again attempted to clinch, but Fitz sent a pounding left hander on his ear, and immediately followed with another in the face. Creedon fell flat upon his back with arms-outstretched. His time was counted out and the great mill was at an end.

FITZSIMMONS MARVELOUS WORK.

The work of Fitzsimmons in the second round was the most marvelous ever seen in this section of the country. The three right-handers which Creedon received on the head in one-two-three order amazed the spectators and dazed the recipient, but they were nothing from an artistic pugilistic point of view compared with the three heavy lefts delivered in the one-two-three order on Creedon's nose, which floored the latest aspirant for middle-weight honors, and caused Creedon to fall as easy prey to Robert Fitzsimmons. The main fighting of the battle was done in the center of the ring, the river and of which was ploughed up more by the footmarks of the two men in the actual fighting time, which was four minutes and 40 seconds, than it was ever before, even in all-night battles.

Creedon was carried to his corner gasping hard for breath and showing traces of blood trickling from his nose. He was comparatively unharmed during the first round, and went to his corner smiling happily and chatting with his attendants. The inference then is that he was beaten in one minute and forty seconds and his backers were started beyond measure,

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and even those who desired Fitzsimmons' defeat, and there were many, were overawed and full of wonderment at the tall man's marvelous fists skill.

GENERAL GONE GLIMMERING.

We trust our readers will excuse us if we indulge in a little feminine reasoning to-day by gently reminding them that "we told you so." Not long ago we prophesied that by the end of the year every important racing record would be broken, and already is our prophecy fulfilled. The following are some of the records which, at this writing, have been landed in the sweat by and by, but which we chronicle with some tenacity, fearing as we do that by the time this article gets into type the entire list may appear as ancient as last year's bird's nest in the fork of a dead apple tree.

- Fastest mile against time (Robert J.) reduced from 2:04 to 2:01
- Fastest mile in a race (Robert J.) reduced from 2:04 to 2:02
- Fastest three heats in a race (Robert J.) reduced from 2:02, 2:04
- Fastest two-year-old record (Directly) reduced to 2:17
- Fastest three-year-old filly (Whirligig) reduced to 2:07
- Fastest three-year-old stallion (Brookside) reduced to 2:11
- Fastest stallion record (John H.) reduced from 2:04 to 2:01
- Fastest gelding race record (Robert J.) reduced from 2:01 to 2:02
- Fastest furlong against time (Robert J.) reduced from 2:04 to 2:04

So far the yearling record of Belle Aton 2:20, and the two-year-old filly record of Lena Hill 2:12, remains unbroken, but nearly all the others above have succumbed. This is a splendid showing for the year. It shows not only that he is improving in speed and race horse qualities as he grows in popular form, and as more pains and care are taken in his development, but it also demonstrates that he is capable of reaching a far lower notch in speed than any other harness race horse in the world. When two-year-olds in one year jump from 2:11 to 2:07 3-4, it is time practical horsemen should stop to think, and the question which naturally arises is this: If two-year-old pacers like Directly, Carbonate, Judge Hart and Theodore Shelton can be made 2:15 race horses, at an expense of \$50 or \$100 for training, what is the use of spending five times that much and waiting as many years to find out whether you have got a trotter or not? Some hardstod breeder with a lot of fairly good rustlers on his hands will please rise and answer.—Clark's Horse Review.

"Give me \$2 worth of Canary Bird," said a countryman to Orlando Jones one day recently at Gravesend. Orlando looked at the man, and, taking pity on him, called 30 to 2 Hawk Hawk, and as he handed the ticket to the buyer, said: "Friend, the Black is a stronger bird in this going than the Canary. If he don't beat the bird a block come back and I'll refund your money." Needless to say, the countryman collected his \$32.

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