

PROMOTERS TRYING TO GET HEAVIES BACK IN THE RING

New York, Oct. 22.—We have long contended that the idea so industriously promulgated by Jess Willard's loving friends, and apparently so generally accepted by the ring followers, that no man in the world has a chance against the big Kansan, is wholly ridiculous.

Jess' admirers began calling him the invincible, soon after he won the championship; and they have given utterance to it so often since then that the public seems to have accepted it as an indubitable fact, forgetting that the very same thing was said of Jack Johnson only a short time before.

No man had a chance against the black, it was generally declared, and we said then that this statement was ridiculous, just as we say now that the statement as to Willard's "invincibility" is ridiculous. We hold that any time two fighters, matched under conditions anywhere near equal, crawl through the ropes for an on-the-level battle, the result is no cinch until the referee has intoned the final "ten."

No Man "Invincible."

In Willard's case, his followers have never even conceded that there is room for argument. He was "invincible," they yelled, pointing to his size, and his victory over the aged black hulk, Jack Johnson; no man could lick him; and by the great horn spoon, no man was permitted the chance to try.

Away went Jess with a circus, and the "invincible" stuff has served to protect him from demands that he show a little more of his ring ability, and from the challenge of any presumptuous big men who might be heating around in the pugilistic waters.

Jess Must Prove Himself.

Willard never licked a single man

SUPERIORITY OF CLUBS IN BAN JOHNSON'S LEAGUE

That the American league has something on the National in the matter of playing strength has been forcibly illustrated by the results of the world's series and other post-season series, every one of which went to the American league teams. The contention that the Phillies were not outclassed by the Red Sox because the games were all close does not hold water, if the system of play of the Boston champions is analyzed. Carrigan played a one-run game in every game but the last.

In no other world's series was the sacrifice hit so frequently resorted to as in this world's series by the Red Sox. Any time the first man in an inning got on, an effort was made to move him up a peg with a sacrifice.

Had the Sox played that sort of ball during the regular season they probably would not have won the pennant. When the pennant was in doubt the Sox always scored a lot of runs. Official averages will show that, and there is not a single instance on record where the team applied the sacrifice system unless it was late in the game and a run was needed.

But the system was changed entirely in the world's series and this, more than effective pitching on the part

of the Phillies' staff, explains the closeness of the low scores.

In the final game the Boston were being led from the outset, and of course they could not play the sacrifice game. Instead they hit, and the result was that they made more runs in this one game than in any other two. And yet it is probably certain that if the score had been a tie in the eighth, that Lewis, who hit a home run and tied the score, would have had orders to sacrifice Gagner, who singled before him, because it would have been figured that one run would be sufficient to win.

It certainly reflects on the strength of the National league when a team like the Phillies can win a pennant. Pat Moran is indeed a miracle man to bring that team into a world's series. To begin with, the National league champions lack speed. Their pitchers can not be compared with most of the staffs of the American league clubs, and on the whole the team is not one which would make a respectable showing in real fast company.

It really seems now that McGraw hit the nail on the head when last summer he said, "Eight second division clubs are fighting for the pennant in the National league."

of any class before he met Johnson, and Johnson's alias at Havana is a matter of debate. He was licked by at least one of no class—Gumbost—and has never retrieved that licking. Consequently, while we are willing to accept Willard as the face value of a heavyweight championship, and accord him all the honor due the title, we cannot yet concede that he is "invincible." And we refuse to believe that no man in the world has a chance against him until Jess proves it.

Moran, Jack Dillon, Gumbost Smith, Charley Weinbert and all the rest may be "too small," or the "bums," and "dubs" and "jokes" that Jess' friends term them when they are mentioned in a championship fight with Willard, but nevertheless we'd like to see the champ lick a few of 'em. That's all—just let him lick a few.

James C. Johnston, formerly known as Jimmy until he became general manager of Madison Square Garden, wants to stage a return battle between Frank Moran and Jim Coffey. He desires to get the two big scrappers into the ring during December. James felt out the managers of the pair today. He talked about the big gate, vox populi, (demanding a return match and how well the recent fight was conducted for all but Coffey.

Moran is willing to mingle with Coffey again, for he is satisfied he can beat the mottoman any minute of the day. Coffey, of course, is anxious for a chance to come back.

per from the musty keg at his side. A dozen others of the brigand crew sprawled or squatted around the smouldering embers of a dying campfire. They had gathered to swap tales of adventure at the old forest lurking place.

They were a weather beaten band. Some lay in a drunken stupor, a few crouched and spat at the fire, muttering curses as they recounted bloody deeds of plunder. Now and then a knife gleamed in the dull glow. The drunken revelry has already lasted well into the night and a hundred weird tales of adventure had passed around the fire. One of the company had seen the "good old days" on the "Spanish Main," one was on old tar from the Madagascar pirate haunts. A noisy fellow with black whiskers swore he was a cousin of Captain Kidd, and one had looted privateers in the Barbadoes.

Such a scene as this it would be considerably more fun to imagine than to come upon actually. Planted comfortably in the soft cushions of an automobile, it is real sport for one to imagine the dark deeds of former days, and that is just what the motorists at Bradford, Ont., do when they visit a certain spot near that town, which is shrouded in mystery.

A huge ship's anchor of enormous weight rests on an open piece of ground with nothing to explain its presence. It is called the "Mysterious Anchor" and the mystery surrounding it is how it came to be located near a town that is so far inland.

Even the "oldest inhabitants" confess they are baffled in this matter, which only adds to the mystery, and they claim that it has been in the same position now for over a hundred years.

The "Mysterious Anchor" is the rendezvous for automobile parties who take great pleasure in driving to this point and making all sorts of guesses as to where the anchor came from. Needless to say many wild tales of pirate sloop, brigands and other happenings of earlier days have been imagined in connection, and it makes a most interesting point to visit in one's car and to point out to one's friends and guests.

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THE STANDARD has secured, at a price which will appeal to all, a number of very fine portraits of SIR ROBERT L. BORDEN

THESE are beautifully made engravings, said to be the best likeness of the Premier in existence, and are printed on a heavy paper suitable for framing.

THESE Portraits may be secured from The Standard on payment of thirty cents, by mail, or twenty-five cents delivered at this office. They will also be given, as long as the supply lasts, as premiums for bona fide new subscriptions. The shipment is limited, and any desiring these portraits should apply at once.

NOTE RAILWAYS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Excursion Tickets
Vancouver and Victoria, B.C. SAN FRANCISCO and LOS ANGELES, Cal. on sale daily to November 30th. To return until December 31st.

5.70 from St. John, N.B. going and returning direct via Chicago, returning via Vancouver, or vice versa, \$17.50 total.

Winnipeg—The Time to See the CANADIAN ROCKIES at their best. B. Howard, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

DIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS

INTERCOLONIAL
ICE EDWARD ISLAND R.R.

OCEAN LIMITED (Daily).
arts Halifax 9 a. m.arts Moncton 2.35 p. m. Arrives Montreal 8.05 a. m. following day.

MARITIME EXPRESS.
(Daily except Sunday.)
arts Halifax 3 p. m.arts Moncton 6.10 p. m.arts Montreal 6.50 p. m. following day.

Canada Pacific Exposition, San Francisco. For latest information re fares, routes, time tables, etc., at City Ticket Agent.

THE NATIONAL
Train via a New Route through a New Country.
en Eastern and Western Canada via Grand Trunk, Semelkaming and N. O. Ry. International Ry.
Toronto 10.45 p. m. Tues Thurs Sat
Winnipeg 3.50 p. m. Thurs, Sat Mon

STEAMSHIPS.

Eastern Steamship Lines
All-the-Way-by-Water.
INTERNATIONAL LINE.
Steamships Calvin Austin and Governor Cobb
arts St. John, Mon., Wed., and at 9 a. m., for Lubec, Eastport and Boston. Return leaves at Wharf, Boston, Mon., Wed., Fri., at 9 a. m.

MAINE STEAMSHIP LINE.
Steamships North Land and North Star
ave Franklin Wharf, Portland, Thurs. and Sat., at 8.30 p. m. Ticket Office, 47 King street.

CURRIE, Agent, St. John, N. B.

E. FLEMING, T. F. & P. A.,
St. John, N. B.

Eastern Steamship Lines
FALL EXCURSIONS
INTERNATIONAL LINE
LOW FARES
ST. JOHN to PORTLAND AND BOSTON
On Sale Until Oct. 29. Return limit 30 days.
Portland, \$6.50
Boston, \$7.00
Seats and staterooms at City Ticket Office, 47 King St., also at Wharf Ticket Office.

THE MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO. (LIMITED.)

Will further notice the S. P. Con-Bros. will run as follows:
ave St. John, N. B., Thorne Wharf Warehouse Co., on Saturday, 2.30 for St. Andrews, calling at Dipper Harbor, Beaver Harbor, Black's Harbour, Letete, Deer Island, St. George. Returning a St. Andrews Tuesday for St. John, calling at Letete or Back Bay, Dipper Harbor, Beaver Harbor and Deer Harbor, tide and weather permitting.

AGENT—Thorne Wharf and Warehouse Co., St. John, N. B.
Black's Harbor, N. B. responsible for any debts contracted after this date until a written order from the company or captain of the steamer.

FURNESS LINE

London. From St. John.
Shenandoah Oct. 2
8—Fraser River Oct. 2
—Kanawha Oct. 23
14—Messina Oct. 23
ates subject to change.
WM. THOMSON & CO., Agents.

MANCHESTER LINE

From Manchester. From St. John.
L. 7 Man. Exchange, Sept. 22
L. 18 Man. Engineer Oct. 2
L. 3 Man. Miller Oct. 14
WILLIAM THOMSON & CO., Agents, St. John, N. B.

"MASTER WORKMAN" SMOKING TOBACCO

CUT FROM THE GENUINE PLUG

GENUINE MASTER WORKMAN

Master WORKMAN
SMOKING TOBACCO
is also put up in packages, and is CUT from the GENUINE PLUG
Same fine aroma—
Same delicious taste—
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

DID BUCCANEERS VISIT BRADFORD

Deep Mystery Surrounds Giant Anchor Which is Over Hundred Years Old.

"Yo ho! Yo ho! Yo ho! Here's to ol' Jerry Bones."

As the gruff chorus died away on the cool night air, one swarthy pirate stooped to draw another cup of bum-

per from the musty keg at his side. A dozen others of the brigand crew sprawled or squatted around the smouldering embers of a dying campfire. They had gathered to swap tales of adventure at the old forest lurking place.

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MADE HIGHWAY TRIP WITHOUT REPAIRS.
Performance of Studebaker Car in Transcontinental Journey Considered by Motorists as Phenomenal.

The performance of the Studebaker car in the coast-to-coast tour of the Lincoln Highway, regarded by motorists as being little short of phenomenal. Traveling country rough from hills and mountains and over roads rutted and water logged in places where highway improvement was under way by the unusual rains of the present year, the Studebaker made the 5,373 miles from New York City to San Francisco without replacement of a single part. Nor was it necessary to take down the motor, or overhaul it during the trip. Not only was the staunchness of the Studebaker

for long distance touring and hard usage proven, but the fact, which is decidedly interesting to motorists, was developed that Studebaker service stations average one to every 31.5 miles along the Lincoln Highway, and that between New York City and Laramie Wyo., a distance of 2,941 miles, there are but three instances where an automobile tourist need travel further than 50 miles to find a Studebaker representative. The longest of these three stretches is 73 miles.

The highway trip was for the purpose of making motion pictures of the route and its many points of interest, that are to be exhibited over the country. The start was made from New York City, Saturday, May 15, and the trip was completed August 25, requiring longer time than the schedule first called for, due to inclement weather interfering with the work of the camera men. The Studebaker not only covered the 5,373 miles without replacement of a single part, or requiring engine overhauling, but it attained the remarkable average of 31.5 miles per gallon of gasoline. This despite the fact that the route crosses three mountain ranges. The car has been placed in the Palace of Transportation at the Panama-Pacific exposition, to remain there until the close. It looks and runs well, according to R. C. Sackett, the Studebaker representative on the trip, as the day the rear wheels dipped into the Atlantic at Coney Island, headed for the Pacific. At the end, to make it an actual ocean-to-ocean journey, the fore wheels of the Studebaker, Packard and Stutz cars, comprising the cavalcade, were run into the Pacific.

The transcontinental tourists were met outside of Oakland by Mayor Rolph, of San Francisco, heading 500

Here's Looking At You!

Refreshing? Yes.
Healthful? Yes.
Invigorating? Yes.

In Sickness or In Health Always "Red Ball."

SIMEON JONES & CO. Brewers
St. John, N. B.

Bringing Up Father

BY GOLLY—HERE COMES A PEACH!

UH—HUM!!

AH—LITTLE ONE—NICE WEATHER WE ARE HAVING!

AH—LITTLE ONE—CAN I BE OF ANY SERVICE TO YOU?

YES—COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE MRS. JIGGS LIVES?—I'M AN OLD FRIEND OF HERS!

NO!!