

Coffey the Roscommon Giant

AGAIN PUT AWAY BY MORAN IN THE NINTH ROUND.

Police Reserves Called Out to Keep the Anxious Crowd Into Line—Coffey's Manager Decided to Throw Up the Sponge.

New York, Jan. 8.—Coffey was knocked out again by Moran, this time in the ninth round.

Threw Up Sponge. Frank Moran, of Pittsburgh, for the second time within a couple of months, administered such severe punishment that for pure humanity's sake Billy Gibson, Coffey's manager, threw a sponge into the ring as a token of defeat. This was in the ninth round, and will be recorded as a technical knock-out, although Coffey, helpless and hanging onto the ropes, was still on his feet when the contest was stopped. It was a repetition of the first meeting between the pair, with Coffey knocked out standing on his feet, with the difference that Moran took six rounds to accomplish his object.

The garden was packed with six ever in its history. Unofficial reports placed the receipts at \$32,000, which is \$7,000 more than was taken in at the first encounter between the big men. Coffey, with youth, height, reach, weight and skill all in his favor, went up against a cool, deliberate antagonist, who showed that he could hit, and against the invincible handicap of a former defeat. Coffey, who is always a nervous beginner, was keyed up to the highest tension point, and after the first round he fought so fast that he looked almost exhausted at the end of each of the succeeding rounds.

In facing Moran, the Irish giant went in with the full knowledge that the man before him had already knocked him out and was liable to do so again if the slightest opportunity presented itself to land a crushing blow.

Had To Be on Watch. In this he suffered in that it affected his usual speed and cleverness, and robbed him of much of the confidence he displayed in the first bout. He had been coached to be careful and take no chances, but with his waning strength he disregarded all advice and waded in with the vain hope of landing a blow which would reverse the former decision.

Moran, with one victory over Coffey already to his credit, tackled his job in a smiling, confident manner. He had a fighting brain, not merely a splendid physical outfit for fighting. He measured his own ability to resist, and spent it slowly and waited for his chance to win. This came in the ninth round. A succession of blows on the body and jaw had rendered the former motorman well nigh helpless. Three or four sent him to the floor, and on each occasion it appeared almost impossible for him to regain his feet inside of the fatal ten seconds. Moran's right glove reached Coffey's right jaw each time the latter assumed an upright position, and then, with vitally sapid, energy spent and spirit broken, the Roscommon pugilist frantically clutched at the ropes to support his enfeebled body. His manager mercifully ended the contest. It was apparent to all present that he was in no condition to continue the bout. He had put forth his best efforts, and although for a time it appeared as though he might perhaps win the verdict, he was no match for his powerful opponent, whose electrifying blows left their impression every time they came into contact with Coffey's body.

Was Fast Fight.

It was a fast fight on the whole, although at certain stages in the later rounds it lacked the action which the spectators had been led to expect. Not by the widest stretch of imagination could it be classed as a scientific exhibition, as the art of hit and get away practiced by the clever men was always missing. Stiff punching there was in plenty. Solid wallops that resounded through the big building and carried plenty of steam behind them, but as a boxing exhibition it was far below that to be expected from the weight possibilities. Coffey outclassed Moran in the majority of the rounds until the latter took away his strength and speed with drives into the ribs, and then beat him down with crashing rights on the jaw. When this happened Moran had been taking a hard beating for nearly nine rounds, and was shaken and battered from the effects of the pounding.

The first two rounds of the contest were evenly contested. Coffey showed little steam in his punches and appeared to wait for openings which seldom came, while Moran laid back and met Coffey's rushes with hard body blows. Coffey appeared to gain a little confidence at the end of the second round, and was lucky to escape a finishing blow which grazed his jaw. Coffey took the third round by a good margin, and landed several stiff swings and uppercuts which, however, did not appear to worry the Pittsburgher. In the least, Moran showed his ability to assimilate punishment in the fourth round and held his own with Coffey. The latter hurt Moran in the fifth round with a number of hard smashes. At this stage of the contest he was using better judgment, but appeared to be tiring under his own efforts.

Began to Slow Up.

There was perceptible slowing up

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Save your hair! Make it thick, wavy, glossy and beautiful at once.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most, will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and, carefully draw it through your hair, taking only one small strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment. A 25-cent bottle will double the beauty of your hair.

on the part of both men in the sixth round, when Coffey smothered the Pittsburgher boxer with more uppercuts and right swings. The Roscommon idol was tiring fast in the seventh, and the beginning of the end was in sight. Moran outgaited Coffey in the eighth, and for the first time earned the decision. The ninth and last opened with Moran adopting a more aggressive attack. He felt victory was in sight with his opponent weakening under every blow landed, and with a ferocity little short of brutal he did not let up, although it was apparent that Coffey had shot his bolt before the half hour was half over, and when the end came every body in the big building appeared to be satisfied in the manner in which it was brought about.

A representative crowd witnessed the bout. It was composed of men in all walks of life with not a few women, who seemed to thoroughly enjoy the spectacle. Everyone met on a common standing ground. All old-timers sat around the ring and compared notes and representatives of social, commercial, financial and professional circles rubbed elbows with gamblers, prize-fighters, past and present, and others who had been attracted to the big arena.

The smoke laden atmosphere made it difficult to breathe freely, and when the men entered the ring there was not a vacant seat, and several thousands of persons were forced to stand. It was, however, a good-natured crowd, and the many shortcomings they were compelled to face owing to poor managerial arrangements were lightly brushed aside in the desire to see the men in action.

Coffey was the first to enter the ring and he received a real Irish reception. He had more color in his face than when he boxed before, and appeared to be in better physical condition. Frank Moran followed two minutes later, and after climbing through the ropes he crossed over to Coffey's corner and shook him by the hand. Joe Humphreys announced the weights of the two men as 205½ for Coffey, and 196½ for Moran. The usual preliminaries occurred, but a short space of time, and the big crowd settled back to watch the contest, which ended in the eclipse of the Roscommon giant.

ESSENCE OF GINGER WINE.

Having had considerable correspondence with parties in the Old Country, I have at last succeeded in obtaining the genuine and original recipe for the "Essence of Ginger Wine," which I now offer at 15 cents per bottle. This recipe has been safely guarded for a great many years. It was originally prepared by an old Squire in Lancashire, A.D. 1575. It is made from the purest ingredients, and is strictly non-alcoholic. It makes an ideal Christmas drink for the young and the old. The contents of one fifteen-cent bottle, mixed with three quarts of hot water, in which there has been previously dissolved one ounce of sugar, makes the Ginger Wine ready for use. I have much pleasure in introducing this old (but still new) preparation.

PETER O'MARA, The Druggist, dec30,tf

46-48 Water St. West.

Fads and Fashions.

Charming evening gowns of velvet are veiled with cream lace or metal lace. Occasionally one sees a fur choker or cravat with a filmy tulle frill close to the face.

A costume of Russian green velvet and serge has pockets, triangle shaped, placed just below the hips, and embroidered in black.

The present fashions are so varied that a woman can feel quite sure of finding something to suit her own personality.

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Information for Our Advertising Patrons.

Daily Record of Sales of the Evening Telegram for 1915.

1,851,353.

Date	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
1—	H	5951	5829	6365	5995	5923	5918	S	5514	5830	6106	6100
2—	5848	5715	6038	H	S	6127	6107	5909	6074	6182	6197	6249
3—	S	5804	5598	6139	6057	H	5882	5695	5993	S	6000	6169
4—	5834	5816	5911	S	6066	6084	S	H	5671	6114	5955	6181
5—	5873	5878	5956	6281	5901	5945	5919	5761	S	6136	5940	S
6—	5827	5995	5853	6265	5948	S	5992	5834	5900	5978	6130	6166
7—	5863	S	S	6203	5853	6079	H	5890	6040	5856	S	6188
8—	5768	6035	5981	6232	5935	6000	5724	S	5780	5940	6040	6215
9—	5825	5922	5981	6179	S	5834	5823	5996	5878	6327	6198	6052
10—	S	5770	5641	6190	6046	5754	5775	5856	5918	S	6316	6079
11—	5781	6056	6058	S	6120	5871	S	5611	6086	5676	5848	5963
12—	5838	5963	6081	6317	6023	5971	5882	5435	S	6088	5971	S
13—	6028	6166	6084	6311	5992	S	5902	5866	6070	6244	6072	6074
14—	5602	S	S	6196	5942	6029	5555	5807	5969	6057	S	6063
15—	5665	5548	6115	6184	5986	5967	5700	S	H	5913	6162	6096
16—	5823	6116	6163	6086	S	5830	5827	6087	5866	5940	6309	5901
17—	S	6120	H	5896	5926	6009	5820	5917	5864	S	6119	5847
18—	5922	6103	6015	S	6065	5818	S	5424	5921	6210	6098	6000
19—	5959	5954	6006	6347	6093	6032	5898	5981	S	6092	5817	S
20—	5867	6011	6179	6123	5977	S	6000	5860	5945	6073	5930	5974
21—	5896	S	S	6132	5839	6172	5704	5819	6134	6042	S	6065
22—	5985	6087	6075	5992	6026	6034	5650	S	6063	6028	6086	5797
23—	6005	6201	6147	6052	H	5804	5772	5817	5845	6038	6042	5887
24—	S	5807	5973	6025	H	6008	5938	5800	5829	S	6032	5944
25—	H	6178	6081	S	5920	5917	H	5870	S	6051	6097	H
26—	6029	5904	6101	6111	6146	5735	6008	5768	S	6085	6011	S
27—	6072	5907	6040	6088	5951	S	5680	5835	5448	6027	6106	5719
28—	5921	S	S	6116	5961	6043	5267	5724	6200	5924	S	5700
29—	5879	6145	5946	6056	6149	5910	S	6080	6027	6076	5737	5737
30—	5880	6265	6039	S	5893	5807	5974	5812	5676	6241	5642	5642
31—	S	6162	6242	6242	6242	5792	5828	5828	S	5828	5828	5592
Ttl.	141040	142977	156478	153815	150066	148578	151252	139494	147770	156654	157829	155400

Total Number of Copies—1,801,353. 302 Days of Issue. 5,965 Average Issue.

AFFIDAVIT.

I, WILLIAM J. HERDER, of the City of St. John's, Newfoundland, Proprietor of The Evening Telegram Newspaper, being duly sworn do depose and say:

- 1.—That the average circulation per issue for the year ending December 31st, 1915, was 5,965 copies.
- 2.—That this statement of circulation does not include any spoiled sheets, destroyed papers, returned copies, or papers sold in any other way than day by day in the ordinary course of trade to news dealers, news vendors and subscribers, including "exchanges".
- 3.—That the above tabular statement is a correct report of the 302 issues of The Evening Telegram for the year ending December 31st, 1915.

And I have signed,

W. J. HERDER.

D. F. KENT,

Commissioner S. C.

Quality and Quantity is what THE EVENING TELEGRAM offers its patrons.
Our Motto: "A passion for giving the advertiser the utmost value for his dollar."

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Rev. John Rawlins, at Cape Broyle

APPOINTED PARISH PRIEST OF SALMONIER.

Rev. John Rawlins, who has been stationed at Cape Broyle during the past six years as Curate to Rev. L. K. Verker, left here on the 11th inst., for his new home in Salmonier, to which Parish he has been appointed recently to fill the vacancy caused by the removal of the Rev. Father O'Flaherty to the Parish of Trepassay. During those six years spent almost wholly amongst the people of Cape Broyle, Brigus and Caplin Bay, comprising the northern part of Ferryland parish, Father Rawlins labored with zeal for both the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people, building three fine schools and also added greatly to the appearance of the church in Cape Broyle by having a fine yard cleared away around the church and surrounding it with a substantial fence with a concrete foundation or wall. He also formed an Altar Society here that is doing good work in the way of decorating the interior of our neat little church.

Through his genial and unassuming manner "Father" Rawlins endeared himself very much to the people in those localities, and to show their appreciation of his good work amongst them the poor fishermen of Cape Broyle and Brigus (although it has been a very poor fishery the past season) presented him with an address and purse of one hundred and thirty dollars before he left for Salmonier. Capt. Broyle, Jan. 12th, 1916.

King's Cove Notes.

A patriotic tea was held by a committee of young ladies of St. James' Church congregation, in the C. of E. Schoolroom, on Tuesday, January 4th. When quite a large number of patrons were entertained and all seemed to enjoy the dainties so plentifully provided. After tea the Rev. St. A. Dawson made a patriotic speech and eulogized the loyal and patriotic action of the ladies in their country's hour of need. Dancing was then enthusiastically indulged in to the "wee sma' hours" of the morning. The affair was gotten up by a committee of young ladies consisting of Misses Alice Hart, Winnie Hart, Rebecca Brown, Ruth Brown, Elsie Curtis, Beatrice Coffin, Janet Brown, Flossie Dawson, Blanche Brown, Elsie Stewart, Laura Brown, Bertha Brown and Nellie Pittman. Assistance being given by Mrs. Priscilla Brown, Mary A. Hancock, Mary J. Hancock, Bertha Curtis, Ellen Brown, Daisy Brown, Minnie Brown, Lizzie Brown. The real selling that over \$36 was added to our Red Cross Fund which speaks well for the ladies who took part.

DR. DE VAN'S FEMALE PILLS Retains medicine for all Female Complaints. It is a box of three for \$1.00 at drug stores. Mailed to any address on receipt of price. This is a box of two for \$1.00 at drug stores, or by mail on receipt of price. See Notice in "The Evening Telegram" of Dec. 10th, 1915.

Amusements.

SPLENDID PICTURE PROGRAMME AT THE CRESCENT.

The Crescent Picture Palace is showing a fine picture programme to-day. Lloyd V. Hamilton, the funniest man in the movies, and Bud Duncan, are a riot of fun in "The Pollywogs Picnic." A great modern society drama is "Such Things Really Happen," produced in two reels, featuring the great Lubin stars Orm Hawley and Earl Metcalfe. "Jean the Faithful" is a fine pastoral drama with Augusta Anderson and Charles Perley. "The Children's House" is a remarkable picture of the training and care of children.

Mr. Dave Parks, baritone, sings: "When 'Tis Time in Holland," a new and very pretty ballad. This is a big show don't miss it.

BRITISH THEATRE.

Last night's programme at the British was one of varied interest and delighted the audience. "In the Twilight" is a beautifully tinted two-reel drama, presenting Vivian Rich and all-star cast. Of thrilling and exciting interest is the picture: "A Romance of the Sawdust," in which a villainous master of a circus meets the reward of his treachery. Both of these stories, widely different in character, with the intensely interesting picture "Caught in the Web," point a moral, which must be seen to be appreciated. "Mrs. Cook's Cooking," with which Mr. Cook (a chronic grumbler) was not a great admirer, supplied the comic side. The singing by Madame Timmons last night was of a high order, her two numbers: "The

Rosary of Spring" and "Mighty Lak a Rose," being faultlessly rendered. Mr. McCarthy accompanied in his usual classic style. This great bill will be repeated again to-night. We are requested to state that beginning Monday next effects will be again introduced by a drummer of no mean order.

W. C. T. U.

The regular meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union was held in the Grenfell Hall on Thursday evening, Mrs. Benedict presiding. After the usual devotions, led by Mrs. Pippy, the roll was called and the reports presented. Pleasing services were held at the Penitentiary during the last Sunday of the old year, one in the men's department, the other in the women's. In the latter only a few of the visitors could be accommodated, owing to lack of space. Touching addresses were given at each service. Songs were sung by Misses Jones, Mitchell and White-way. The inmates were treated with fruit, cake and candy, etc. A large amount of literature was distributed, after which the W. C. T. U. members returned to their homes.

A large number of members visited the Poor Asylum on Wednesday last and entertained the inmates there. A programme of music and recitations was prepared by Misses Benedict and Mitchell, while gramophone selections were given by Mrs. Pippy. Those who contributed numbers were Misses White, Mitchell, Kean, Hawley, Mrs. Johnston and Mr. White. Miss Munro, an inmate, also gave a recitation. The W. C. T. U. will hold their next meeting on the 27th inst.

The Squaw Man.

A SPLENDID PRODUCTION.

One of the finest melo-dramas seen in this city was "The Squaw Man," presented by the Klark-Urban Co., to a full audience at the Casino Theatre last night. The play deals with the story of Capt. James Wynnegate, a member of a proud and aristocratic English family, who to save his house from disgrace brought about by his cousin, Henry Wynnegate, the Earl of Kerhill, by the defilement of trust funds, decides to leave the country, and inferentially thrusts the guilt upon himself, the principal motive being his love for his cousin's wife, who reciprocates the feeling. He emigrates to the wild west and in a short time becomes a successful rancher, and gathers around him a number of faithful cow-boy friends. His love of law and order arouses the animosity of a gang of cattle thieves headed by one "Cash Hawkins." The latter attempts to put Jim Carston, by which name our hero is known in the west, "out of business," but while in the act he is himself shot by an Indian girl named Nat-u-Rich. The subsequent fidelity of Jim's rescuer, particularly at a time when he was ill of fever, induces him to marry her, and to them a son is born. With the passing of years, changes have taken place in the old home. The guilty cousin dies and Jim, now a Squaw man, becomes the heir. The family lawyer accompanied by Diana, the cousin's wife, succeed in finding him and entreat him to return and take his proper place. Though the prospects are most enticing, his honor, and his devotion to his Squaw wife prevail and he refuses, and reluctantly permits his little son to be taken to England to take his place. In the meantime Nat-u-Rich, the Squaw's wife is being sought by the Sheriff for the murder of Cash Hawkins which intensifies Jim's grief. The parting with her child is too much for the Indian mother and in her grief she shoots herself. The scene closes with the little boy in the arms of the one Jim so dearly loved and for whose sake he left home, and the Squaw man kneeling beside his faithful wife now still in death. Albert Patterson, who played the title role gave a splendid portrayal of his part, and Harden Clark, as the Earl of Kerhill, and also as "Bill" of Carston's Ranch, was particularly good. Thomas Brower, as Tabawana, Chief of the Utes, gave a fine portrayal of the Indian, and Arthur Tenney, as Daco, the interpreter, left nothing to be desired. Lillian Dean, as the Earl's mother, and also in the part of Minn, the barmaid, was particularly good. Her role represented two extremes and she gave a faithful delineation of each. Her clear enunciation and fine stage appearance have won for her many admirers amongst theatre goers, Miss Cecil, as the Earl's wife, gave a good portrayal of her part. Marion Allen, as Nat-u-Rich, and Australia Clarke as Jim Carston's son, were very faithful in their delineations of the Indian mother and child. Charles Mills, as the Earl's solicitor, and also as Cash Hawkins, was particularly good, as were the rest of the company who appeared in the minor roles. The play will be repeated to-night, and another full house may be anticipated.

Reids' Boats.

The Argyle is due at Placentia from the Red Island route. The Clyde left S. W. Arm at 5.20 p.m. yesterday, going north. The Ehule left Seldom early this morning for this port. The Glencoe left Burin at 9.45 a.m. to-day, inward; due at Placentia this afternoon. The Home arrived in port at 1.30 a.m. to-day. The Kyle left Port aux Basques at 3.15 a.m. to-day. The Meigle arrived in port from North Sydney at 6 p.m. yesterday. The Sagona is due at Port aux Basques.

Here and There.

There will be a Card Tournament in the Star Club Rooms on Monday night, the 17th, beginning at 8.30.—jan15,11

WEATHER.—It is calm and dull along the line of railway to-day with snow in places; the temperature ranges from 20 to 35 above.

Stafford's Prescription "A" cures Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gastritis and Nervous Dyspepsia. Price 25 and 50c. bottle. Postage 5 & 10c. extra.—jan5,1f

DOES DAMAGE.—A horse belonging to Mr. Ross, farmer, which was left standing on Water Street to-day, was frightened by the sweeper and backed the catamaran attached through Bartlett the barber's window.

Upside Down!

It shows no sediment! No matter how rigorously you test Convido PORT. For it shows no flaw.



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