

The World's New Champion.

The great event of the week in sporting circles was the fight at Coney Island last Friday night between Robert Fitzsimmons and James Jeffries.

The two men fought 10 fierce rounds. In the 10th Fitzsimmons was knocked down twice. In the 11th round came the knockout.

The blow was a left jolt on the point of the jaw. It felled Fitzsimmons like an ox, and he was counted out in 10 seconds of breathless stillness on the part of the throng.

Then a roar that was long, prolonged, and fell into many cadences proclaimed that a championship had been lost and won.

A tremendous crowd traveled to Coney Island by every means of transportation, and there were many remarkable scenes.

At 6.30 there were 2000 persons clamoring around the front door. They swarmed like bees around a hive. There were shouting and boistering, and there was a general uproar of pugilistic sentiment.

Inside the large building 100 workmen were hammering and clattering on the high scaffolds where the electric lights were placed. Loops and festoons of light trailed everywhere like vines of phosphorus.

Telegraph instruments clicked merrily. Sports of high degree, who were blessed with door privileges, were gathered in little groups all about the place. A platoon of white helmeted police marched in headed by a captain of many stripes and buttons.

Twenty-eight huge electric reflectors hung 40 feet over the ring. There was much speculation as to whether the fierce glare from these lights would not interfere with the boxers. They were on three sides of the ring. Fitzsimmons, from his choice of corners, practically had his back to them.

The talk was all of personal interference by the police. Word went round that Devery had been 'talked to,' and that the battle would not be interfered with. Just what had happened to cause the change of heart on the part of the police seemed to be as keen a mystery as the secrets of the dead.

The police formed a big square round the outer boxes to keep back the living waves that would soon roll against them.

Outside a steady drizzle was falling but the crowds paid no attention to it. They formed in long lines before the ticket windows, and with their coat collars turned about their ears waited with the stolid patience of cattle for the doors to open.

When at last they swung open the crowd rolled in with a rush like an incoming tide. The seats rapidly filled. Blue plumes from a thousand cigars rose from the rapidly blackening tiers of seats. Notables of one kind and another hung around the ring side.

In bottles of this kind it is a long cry from soup to coffee, and as there was no preliminary events, the wait was sure to be long and tedious. Word went round that Jeffries was resting quietly at Dowling's old hotel, across the railroad track. With him were "Billy" Delaney and his retinue of trainers.

The crowd increased at the doors as time passed, and at 7.30 there was a great jam. Every conceivable walk of life was represented. In the seething pool were floating bits of clerical driftwood, jammed in the debris from the Bowery. Boxholders wearing sporty yellow diamonds, were shoved and pushed by the unfortunate looking customers wearing flannel shirts. Small men were tossed and trampled and hustled about until they were well-nigh buttonless and breathless.

Shortly after 7 o'clock the crowd suddenly took a slump and the ticket holders dwined to a fine stream. Then leisurely manners prevailed.

The scene in the ring is described as follows by James J. Corbett, the former champion who was beaten by Fitzsimmons in Carson City on March 17th 1897. Here comes the Fitz, the first into the ring at 10.10 p. m. in his long blue bath robe. He looks a little bit nervous and he is licking his lips. They have handed him that great big floral emblem and he looks a little better. Yes, he is the same old Fitz as ever. He is cooling off all right now. He looks good and I think he is in good condition. He looks about the same as he has always looked in the ring.

Here comes Jeffries, only a minute behind him. "Hello, Jeff, old boy, go at him now and knock his block off. He is just as nervous as any man in this house." Yes, Jeffries is in good condition, too.

He is a little nervous, and why should he be? he'll cool down all right inside of two or three rounds. I think he'll shake off that nervousness all right. I know what a good game Jeffries is, and now is the time he will show his good heart.

There, you notice Fitz is drumming with his feet in a kind of a nervous way. Well it's natural, any man is anxious when he is going to defend the championship of the world.

Jeffries has taken off his trousers. By George, he has enormous legs! See how Fitz is looking over at him. Fitz looks a little bit anxious and he is licking his lips again, but he's a cool, clever fellow.

gives him a good right in the head. Fitz is laughing and scratching his head. Now Jeff catches him by dashing in with a left on the jaw and sends Fitz down in his own corner. Bully boy, Jeff; that isn't a 1 to 2 shot, is it? Fitz jumps up and; he is swinging both hands. The boy blocks Fitz's efforts, and smiles at the champion's unsuccessful efforts, to get in on him.

Round 3—Jeffries is in on Fitz, clinches him, laughs at him and pushes him away. The blood from Fitz's nose is on Jeff's left arm as big as half a dollar. Jeff is laughing at him. He has Fitz worried. Fitz tries left and right for the head, but Jeff is away quick as a cat. Fitz leads left for



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with the left twice and right on Jeff's head, but Jeff gives a right drive on the ribs that knock Fitz down on his knees hanging on to the ropes. Fitz takes fully five seconds to get up. The round ends with sparring. Jeff comes back looking a little bit tired, but Fitz is just as tired.

Round 6—This fight is better than they expected so far any how. Fitz is first up

When "Robert" Takes Notes. "I look on the policeman's note-book," said a Metropolitan inspector, as one of the greatest moral forces of London.

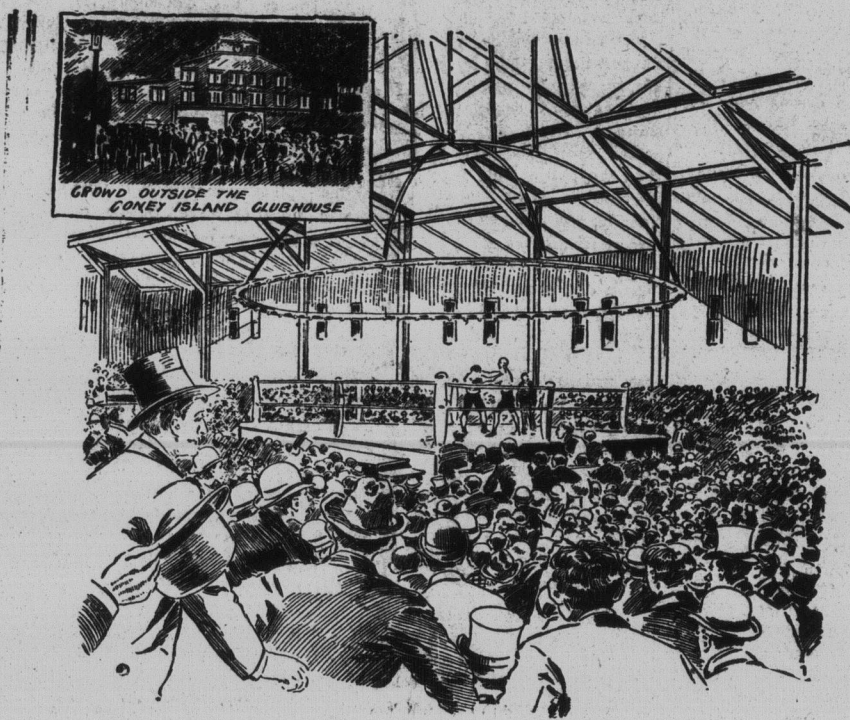
"As you know, each constable is equipped with a note-book and a pencil, and you can scarcely walk an hour in the busy streets of London without seeing one or more of them diligently writing down notes. It is the duty of constables to make a note of any incident all at out of the common that happens on his beat, and to report it at headquarters. Any failure to do this would get him into serious trouble.

"It is very amusing to watch the effect of these pocket-books. However malicious or abusive a driver or a drunken man may be, he becomes as submissive as a sheep when the pocket-book and pencil are produced. Things begin to assume a serious aspect, and he is reduced to order at once. "Oh, yes! Some very strange entries find their way into these books. There is no one so zealous as your raw constables and as he is often not gifted with too many brains, he jots down some strange things. At any rate, everything worth reporting finds its way into these books, and among them they are a fair, complete diary of London morals."

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Too Much. Carlyle could not stand the persistent optimism of the transatlantic philosopher, Emerson. "I thought," said the Chelsea sage, "I would try and cure him, so I took him down to some of the lowest parts of London and showed him all that was going on there. This done I said, 'And now, man, d'ye believe in the devil now?' "Oh, no," replied Emerson; "all these people seem to me only parts of the great machine, and on the whole I think they are doing their work satisfactorily."

"Then," continued the sage, "I took him down to the House of Commons, where they put us under the gallery. There I showed him a 'chiel getting up after another and looking and peering. Then I turned to him and said, 'And now, man, d'ye believe in the devil now?' "Emerson made the same answer as before, and then Carlyle gave him up in despair.



Jeffries' sweater is off. Great Scott, but he's enormous! He has taken off a great deal of flesh. To me he looks very fine, maybe a little bit too much on edge, but I guess he's all right.

Fitz has taken off his long blue bath robe off. He looks well; I never saw him better. I should say he was in condition to fight for his life.

They are both stripped, standing in their corners, with their hands resting on the ropes. Aren't they a picture of strength and quickness? They have shaken hands in a very friendly way, as all good fighters should.

Round 1.—Jeffries is going right at Fitz feinting at him again with his left and Fitz is keeping well out of harm's way. Notice how low Jeffries is crouching and how far out he has his left. Now, Fitz, come in. See how low Jeff crouches. He is a terribly hard man to get at at that distance, he is such a big fellow. Fitz leads his left at him, but Jeffries ducks and the left comes down on his back between his shoulders. Jeff clinches and he is well out of it.

Jeff makes a left hook for Fitz's head but the champ jumps away. After sparring Jeff comes in with another left hook at the head, but Fitz blocks it. They clinch. Fitz pushes big Jeffries away, although he looks very small alongside the California man. Jeff is in again with his left, but Fitz blocks it. Fitz tries his left now to Jeff's head and Jeff is nearly under it and clinches. Now you notice he throws Fitz away as easily as if Fitz was a boy. Both men were nervous in this round. Jeffries not a bit more, however, than Fitz. The boy is doing well.

Round 2—I have just told Jeffries to swing his left. Fitz makes a left lead and gets in on the breast to high to hurt any. Jeff tries a left by the jaw but it is short. He comes in again and Fitz clinches him. Jeffries clinches then shoves Fitz away. After sparring Jeff gets in his short right jolt on the body, then his left on the ribs, then the right on the body again. Jeff is doing well. Fitz is making the pace but Jeff keeps him off. Jeff puts in a left hook in the belly and comes up for two lefts on the head that Fitz jumps back from. Fitz bluffs with his left and swings his right for Jeff's head, but he is a mile out of the distance, Jeff rushes again and shoves Fitz fully 12 feet across the ring.

Jeff is forcing the fighting and draws first blood from Fitz with his left on the nose. Jeff seems to be enjoying the game. He bluffs with his left at Fitz's head and

the head, but Jeff ducks under and clinches him safely. Jeff is in with the left on the nose. Now both rush at each other, and both land lefts on jaw. They clinch, and Jeff throws Fitz away again. Now see Jeff rush him. He's got in twice on Fitz's cheek. Fitz misses a right swing for the head by Jeffries stepping inside of it. Now Jeff gets in his left on short ribs, and follows up with right on other side. Fitz gets home a left on Jeff's body, and Jeff comes back with a right on the ribs. Barring accidents, barring a punch like the one I got, it looks as if Jeffries ought to win inside of 10 rounds.

Now Fitz is forcing the pace. Jeff ducks into Fitz's left lead, but it does not hurt him at all. You see he laughs as he straightens up. Now Jeffries rushes in on Fitz, and the champion clinches to save himself. This has been Jeffries' fight, though up to date even on points.

Round 4—Fitz rushes, but Jeff blocks him beautifully with his elbow. Fitz gets in a left on Jeff's jaw, but Jim is a little too far away. Fitz makes a bluff with his left for the head and comes up with a right swing for the jaw, but misses it. Jeff waits and swings in a left hook that catches Fitz under the right ear and staggers him from head to foot. The Cornishman is unsteady on his legs. Fitz comes in. Jeff blocks him and gives him a terrific right jolt under the heart. Fitz tries with his right for the head, but Jeff protects himself and jumps in with a right on the ribs. Fitz tries a right swing for the head, but Jeff ducks under. He tries it again, but Jeff gives him a right jolt in the ribs. Now Jeff smashes his right in the belly twice and drives Fitz away. Fitz is a game old boy. He keeps coming right in for more of it.

Round 5—I don't see how Jeff can lose. He is the cleverest man by far. Fitz is coming in at him though, just as if he was right in it. Fitz comes in and Jeff meets him with a left on that sore nose and brings out more blood. Fitz dashes in with a right under the eye and raised a lump, but Jeff meets him with a right jolt on the ribs. Fitz keeps coming, and Jeff stops him with a left in the belly, quickly followed by a right on the ribs. Jeff lands a solid left smash on the bleeding nose.

They are mixing it up very fast. Each one is slugging hard. Now they are resting for three or four seconds. In comes Jeff with a left on the nose. Fitz keeps following. They are both looking for a chance to land a knockout. Fitz rushed

before the gong and Jeff meet him. Fitz is aggressive and misses a right swing for Jeff's head. Jeff is taking his time and is resting. He is using nothing but his left straight. I told him to do that. Now Fitz comes for him and he has a good opening and Jeff almost knocks his head off with a left hook. A little glance is all that saves Fitz. Fitz comes in and tries twice with his left for the face, but Jeff stops him with right-hand jolts on the ribs. Now Fitz tries what he has been waiting for, a long left swing for the jaw and Jeff fools him.

The Cornishman follows with a right swing for the head, but Jeff is close inside. They clinch and Jeff pushes Fitz away. Jeff is pretty tired. Fitz rushes again and Jeff bangs him on the ribs with his right. It looks now as if Jeff is going to tire. His heavy legs are beginning to slow down under him. Fitz comes in briskly and Jeff meets him with a straight left counter. As Jeff ducks Fitz tries a left for his face, but Jeff blocks it. Jeff is a very tired man. Fitz is pretty tired too. Jeff's tremendous weight is telling on him.

Round 7—Now, Jeff go right at him. But no. Fitz is the one who is doing the rushing. Fitz is feeling gay. He has recuperated wonderfully in one minute.

He misses a left swing for Jeff's head and Jeff smashes his right in on the body as Fitz comes in. That warns the champion not to take liberties. Jeff dashes in with a left on the belly. You can see how much taster Fitz is on his feet, but he's afraid to take any liberties with Jeff in spite of the fact that the big fellow is tired. Three times Fitz comes in and Jeff ducks under his attack and clinches him in safety. The fourth time Fitz comes in Jeff meets him with that right smash on the belly. That tires Fitz.

Jeff makes a left lead which Fitz steps inside of and counters Jeff with his left on jaw and shatters him up. Now they are mixing swings with the left, and neither one is quick enough to get on to the other. Jeff is doing most of the clinching. Fitz comes in as Jeff leads at him with his left and gives Fitz a tremendous right jolt in the body. It's all right, though. There is the gong. Both men are very tired, but Jeff is in the worse condition of the two. His heavy legs are getting slow. Fitz is in great condition.

Round 8—Jeff looks a little anxious and Fitz is grinning. Fitz tries left and right for the head, but Jeff gets inside of him.

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