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THE DAILY EXAMINER

OCTOBER 8, 1897.

TANDEM JUMP A FENCE.

Two tandems jumped a five-foot fence on the M. A. A. grounds.

It was the strangest and most marvelous bicycle accident ever heard of, so strange that only the testimony of the thousands of spectators present can make others who did not see it believe such a thing possible.

They reared like frightened horses and cleared the fence like old hunters. Like things possessed of life, they seemed to become frightened and unmanageable, and the riders say that though they realized what was about to happen they could not prevent it or stop the wheels.

Happily there is not a death to record, and it was a most miraculous thing that neither one of the four riders who started in the first heat of the tandem race was eye dangerously hurt.

The heat was a mile, and the starters were Robertson and Drury and Provencher and Eaves. The latter pair had the pole and were leading when entering the back stretch on the final lap. Robertson and Drury went after them, and the speed attained by both was terrific. At the corner they were on even terms, and what was a pretty race was in the twinkling of an eye turned into one of the most peculiar accidents ever seen on a bicycle track. The wheels apparently became unmanageable at the turn, owing to the awful speed, a collision occurred, and all four riders and both wheels went over the five-foot fence so quickly that it was hard to realize what had happened.

Robertson was the only one who required attention, the others receiving only slight injuries. A stretcher was carried across for Robertson and he was afterwards sent to the Western hospital, and from there proceeded to his home. Drury also went home, but Provencher and Eaves, after putting in a new front wheel, started in the final, and got second place, Robertson's wheel was not injured.

Drury, who occupied the rear seat on the tandem steered by Robertson, said that the cause of it all was the lack of proper banking of the track. The accident itself he describes as follows:

"I saw the fence coming towards me and I felt we could not stop, but I really don't know what happened between that moment and when I found myself on the benches at the other side of the fence."

According to Robertson, who was on the front of the tandem with Drury on the way when they reached the back stretch both were running close together, and at the 440 mark, about half way down the wheels ran alongside of each other. Robertson's pedal caught Provencher's wheel and ripped a spoke or two out of it. The wheels broke away without any other incident and made for the turn.

Both were now spurring and were going at a clip of about 15:4. Provencher was inside, and when at the turn saw that he was too close to the edge of the track, and began to work out. Robertson was in the centre, and both wheels came together. A pedal on Provencher's wheel caught Robertson's front wheel. This of course, locked the wheel and prevented Robertson from steering around, and both wheels made for the fence. The front wheels were lifted and ran this way and struck the fence at an angle; this, with the momentum at which they were traveling, shot men and wheels over the fence. All were thrown in a bunch about twenty feet on the other side of the fence. The riders are satisfied that the affair was purely accidental. Robertson's shoulder blade was splintered at the end, but he is not seriously injured and will soon be around all right. Drury was badly bruised but others escaped with scratches.—Montreal Star.

The topic of the day in Paris is the refusal of M. Loze French Ambassador at Vienna, to accept the appointment tendered him as Governor of Algeria on the ground that he does not desire to leave his aged parents. The Marquis de Reseroux has already been appointed to replace him.

Keep on Coughing

if you want to. If you want to cure that cough get Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures coughs and colds.

CANADIAN BUTTER IN ENGLAND.

London Canadian Gazette: A marked change is surely coming over the reputation of Canadian Butter in British markets—especially those of London and Manchester. "If," said a large Scotch dealer to Professor Robertson the other day after examining a lot of Canadian creamery butter fresh from a cold storage chamber, "you Canadians can send butter like that all the time, you will take first place in the markets here." That is just what the Canadians mean to do. Already they are making good headway here. In the year ended August 31st, 1897, foreign countries supplied 88.6 per cent. of British butter imports, and the colonies only 11.4 per cent. But of that colonial contribution Canada sent 93,862 cwt., a marked improvement upon former returns. All Australia sent 188,142 cwt. and New Zealand 71,753 cwt. Of the total British cheese imports of 2,449,043 cwt., Canada sent no less than 1,394,282 cwt., or 57 per cent. of the total British cheese import. Recent London prices for Canadian cheddar have averaged 45s. 6d. per cwt. This is what quality does!



To be idle is the hardest of all tasks. Our grandmothers understood this and even in their leisure moments were never found without some little task in their hands, if it were only knitting, tatting or crocheting. There was a reason for this that does not appear upon the surface. Our grandmothers were healthy women, imbued with a spirit of ambition and activity that would not permit them to be idle.

If many modern women are much less active and more given to idleness than the stately dames of yore, it is because they enjoy a smaller measure of good health. A woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organs, who is racked with pain, and tortured with headaches and nervousness, cannot be active and helpful. Idleness and invalidism are the natural results of suffering of this description. The poor invalid woman is not at fault, save in her ignorance of her own physical make-up or neglect of her womanly health.

Thousands of women are neglectful in this way because they shrink from the embarrassing examinations and local treatment insisted upon by the majority of obscure physicians. Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., has discovered a wonderful medicine that cures all diseases peculiar to women, in the privacy of the home, without the necessity of these embarrassing ordeals. This great medicine is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of wifehood and motherhood. It makes them strong, healthy and vigorous. It heals internal ulceration and inflammation and stops debilitating drains. It transforms weak, nervous invalids into healthy women.

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The Minister's Mistake.
In a rural parish in the Mearns an Aberdeen divine, who had driven over in a hired vehicle, occupied the pulpit. Only one person attended service, and the minister apologized for the length of his discourse. His audience signified his approval of his preaching, and the minister continued. Guess his consternation when he discovered his audience consisted of his driver, who had been engaged by the hour.—Edinburgh Dispatch.

BLACK ROCKS.

A Story of the Early Days of the Connelisville Coal Region.

A writer in Forest and Stream says that Elias Blank, one of the early settlers of what is now the great Connelisville coal region, in western Pennsylvania, was among the first Americans to burn soft coal. How the thing came about is thus described:

One night Mr. Blank was aroused by a rapping at his door. Opening it, he admitted a famous Indian fighter, Lewis Whetzell, and a companion, Jonathan Bates, commonly known as "Long Arms."

"Friend Lewis," said Blank, "where have thee and our friend been and where bound?"
"I want to get out of here at once," said Whetzell, "and Long Arms is of the same opinion. This country's bewitched, and Long Arms and I are nearly scared to death."
"Friend Lewis, thee must not tell such stories to me," said old Elias. "Thee knows I am thy friend, and I have saved thee when a price was on thy head. I know thou art a man of courage, and friend Jonathan Gates, whom some call Long Arms, fears nothing on earth, and I'm fearful nothing anywhere else, and yet thou tellest me that he and thee are scared even almost unto death. Shame on thee so to declare before thy friend, who loves ye both as he were thy father!"

"No, no, Elias," said Whetzell, dropping into the Quaker speech. "I tell thee no lie. We are scared. Yesterday afternoon we were in hiding about a mile from Dunkard creek, and in the evening we built a fire under the bank very carefully, and we got some black rocks to prop up a little kettle and put them beside the fire rather than in it, and the black rocks took fire and burned fiercely, with a filthy smoke and a bright light, and Long Arms said the devil would come if we staid, and we grabbed our kettle and poured out the water and made our way here, leaving the black rocks to burn."

Elias Blank was much interested. He did not tell Whetzell what the black rocks were, but he found out exactly where the men had made their fire, and when they went away he gave them each a new Ezra Engle rifle, a knife and a tomahawk, with four pounds of powder and a supply of lead.

Then he hunted up their camping ground, found the "black rocks" and opened a coal bank into one of the river hills, and this coal bank is still in existence in a 12 foot vein of coal that is absolutely free from slate and burns like pitch.

Resting at Unyanyembe.
My march is nearly over. I have got back into well beaten tracks and an even occupying a house where nearly every Englishman who has entered this region of Africa has lain and groaned over his fevers, his delays and the thousand and one troubles incidental to African travel. Livingstone waited here with patient resignation for months, ruminating no doubt now on the great lake, anon on the "great open sore of the world." Stanley barricaded and looped his walls in the war with Mirambo. Here Cameron groaned over his fevers and his delays, and before me rises the picture of Murphy, stout and burly, sinking with a groan to the ground, and Dillon, blind and helpless, lying wearily on his couch. In later times Captain Carter of elephant fame had to flee from the house as from a house infected, and but a few days ago his Scotch assistant and two Belgians were on the point of shooting each other with their revolvers, and last of all, to close this "strange, eventful history," here lies yours truly, resting from his long and lonely march and feeling as if his work was over.

I am at the present moment a prey to that horrible scourge, prickly heat, making me feel as if needles were oozing out of every pore of my corpus. Mosquitoes by the million buzz about my ears, but sing no pleasant love song to my maddening brain. I am also a martyr to certain volcanic eruptions vulgarly known as boils, which prevent me from sitting, lying, walking or standing with any degree of comfort. Then the temperature is so high that at midday I have not got out of my pyjamas, while to get a breath of air I have continually to resort to the fan.—Biography of Joseph Thompson, African Explorer.

Which would you rather trust? An old, true friend of twenty years, or a stranger? You may have little health left. Will you risk it with a stranger? If you have a cough, are losing flesh, if weak and pale, if consumption stares you in the face, lean on Scott's Emulsion. It has been a friend to thousands for more than twenty years. They trust it and you can trust it.

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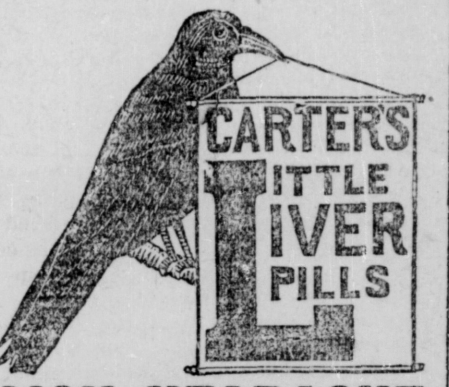
Acids and the Teeth.

It is a dentist's word that acids are quite as injurious as sweets to the teeth, unless their traces are promptly removed. Oranges or apples eaten at night need the brush as certainly as do candy and other sweets. If persons would be careful, too, what is taken before a teeth filling appointment, those with sensitive teeth will find some mitigation to their suffering. Acids that set the teeth on edge are particularly to be avoided.

Good Argument.
Yabs!—Mudge, what makes you laugh at your own stories?

Mudge—Why shouldn't I? If they were not worth laughing at, I would not tell them.—Indianapolis Journal.

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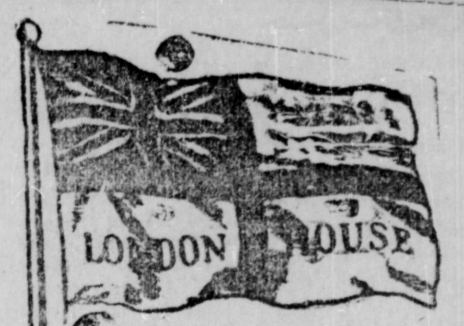
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