TESTS OF ENDURANCE

SOME SPORTING EVENTS IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.

The Remarkable Performance of a Saddle Horse Ridden by Heavy Coachman.

Thormanby, in the London Sportsman, writing of equine endurance, tells these tales:

"A very extraordinary match was run at Northampton races in 1791, between a bay and a black pony, at two four-mile heats. The black was thirteen hands two and one-half inches high, the bay mare barely thirteen hands. They ran the first four miles, carrying 14st. each, in twelve minutes, the second in thirteen and one-half minutes. The odds were 10 to 8 on the black, which won by about half a length.

"A curious match was made at Epsom in 1795 for $525 between Mr. Grisewood's horse, Crop, and Mr. H. Harris' roan. Crop was to go 100 miles before the roan went 80. Crop ran his first twenty miles in one hour and a minute, but going around the eleventh time was nearly knocked out. The other was also so tired that he could not even trot. After this they walked round the course with their riders on their backs, people going before them with bowls of oats and locks of hay to entice them on. By the time the roan had done his eighty-one miles Crop had only accomplished ninety-four,

AND CONSEQUENTLY LOST.

"A Yorkshire clothier once for a wager rode his pony, which was well stricken in years and under thirteen hands high, eighty miles in eleven hours and fifty-five minutes on the Morpeth road. The time allowed was thirteen hours. The man weighed 14st. 8 pounds., the horse was only of the common cart-horse breed, and had previously been used in that capacity, which renders the feat much more remarkable, and when it was over he seemed none the worse for his exertion.

"A still more astonishing feat was performed many years ago by a horse which had never been bread to the business. A coachman weighing 14st. was sent post haste from Arlington to Exeter for a physician, his master being dangerously ill. The distance is forty-seven miles, the road was then a bad one, and the horse accomplished it in forty-seven seconds under three hours.

"Mr. Cooper Thornhill of the Bell Inn, Stilton, made a match for a large sum to ride three times between Stilton and London—213 miles—in fifteen hours, no limit being placed on the number of horses he might use. The feat was accomplished on April 29, 1745, and the following shows the result:

From Stilton to London .. 3.52:59
From London to Stilton .. 3.50:57
From Stilton to London .. 3.49:56

"This was three hours, twenty-six minutes, and eight seconds

UNDER THE TIME ALLOWED.

"In 1790 a gentleman drove a single horse chaise fifty miles on the Hertford road in four hours and fifty-five minutes, the time allowed being five hours. In the same year a man rode from the fourth mile stone on the Essex road to Chelmsford twice and back again, one hundred miles, in fifteen hours and a half, though he had sixteen hours to do it in. Soon afterward Mr. Samuel Bendall, of Dursley, Gloucestershire, at the age of seventy-six, rode a thousand miles in a thousand consecutive hours on the same horse.

"A man has been known more than once to beat a horse in speed. In 1751 a noted pedestrian named Pinwire, for a bet of $250, walked against a horse for twelve hours and beat it easily. This was not the only time his two legs came off victorious against four; in several successive years he beat some of the best roadsters in England.

"The late Mr. Edward Hayward Budd, one of the finest all-round athletes of his own or, indeed, any other day, and an especially good sprint runner, tells the following story of how he was once matched to run against a horse. 'One day after dinner a son of General Archdale offered to back his horse to do a hundred yards against me for $50. I entirely forgot to make it fifty yards out and back, added to which disadvantage on my side he brought his horse to the post in

A COMPLETE LATHER.

Notwithstanding my mistake, we started, and, as I had expected, I was beaten, but he did not get away from me until we had run eighty yards, and then he splashed the mud in my face, as the ground was much softened by rain. It was in Hyde Park, and—not much to my credit—on a Sunday morning. Races between pedestrians and equestrians have, of course, been a familiar spectacle in the great circus shows, but then these are probably "arranged affairs" and the horses are not flyers.'

"A singular story of equine sagacity and emulation, perhaps almost without parallel in sporting annals, is the following: In September, 1703, at a race at Ennis, in Ireland, Atlanta, a mare belonging to Mr. Eyre took the lead of three other horses entered for the race. She had, however, scarcely run half a mile when she fell and dropped her rider. Recovering herself immediately, she dashed forward riderless and preserved the lead to the end of the heat, during which she passed her stable and the winning post twice; nor did she stop until the flag was dropped to the winner; then after trotting a few paces she wheeled around and came up to the scales to weigh. During the race she frequently looked behind, and quickened her pace as she saw the other horses gaining on her."

BUSINESS GIRLS LOSE STRENGTH

They Risk Health Rather Than Lose Employment and Eventually Break Down.

Thousands of earnest intelligent young women who earn their livelihood away from home in public offices, and large business establishments are silent suffering victims of overtaxed nerves and deficiency of strength. Weak, breathless and nervous they work against time, with never a rest when headaches and backaches make every hour like a day. Little wonder their cheeks lose the tint of health and grow pale and thin; their eyes are dull and shrunken and beauty slowly but surely fades. Business girls and women, because of their work and worry, look older than their years. What they seriously need is the frequent help of a true strengthening remedy to carry them through the day. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are like actual food to the starved nerves and tired brain of the business girl. By making rich, red blood they supply just the kind of help that girls need to preserve their health and their good looks. They bring bright eyes, high spirits and thus make the day's duties lighter.

Miss Alexandrine Bedard, a stenographer residing at 36 Richelieu St., Quebec, says:—"For the past couple of years I felt my constitution being gradually undermined through constant indoor work, and the great tax on my nerves through the long tedious hours over a typewriter. But it was only some six months ago that the climax came when one afternoon I lost consciousness through extreme weakness. The real seriousness of my condition was then pathetically apparent, as I was confined to my room, lacking even the strength to walk about. I was attended by a doctor, but after being a month under his care showed no signs of improvement. It was at this stage that one of my relatives read of the cure of a young girl whose case bore a striking resemblance to my own, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began the use of these Pills the next day, and attribute my complete recovery entirely to them. I had not taken more than three boxes when I began to get better, and after taking the pills for about a month I felt as strong and was enjoying as good health as ever in my life."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SORRY, BUT—

"Gumbolt and I have made a bet and agreed to leave it to you. He says a drowning man gets his lungs full of water, and I say he doesn't. Which of us is right?"

"What are the terms of the wager?"

"The loser is to pay for a dinner for the three of us."

"H'm—I never knew Gumbolt to pay a bet. You lose."

Railway Director—"We have divided up the work so that each of the directors has a fair share to do. Higgins is secretary, I am treasurer, and Spriggs is——" Griggs—"Why, Spriggs is so deaf that he can't hear thunder. What does he do?" Railway Director—"Oh, all the complaints are referred to him."

Girls of the present day imagine it is more dignified to be a breadwinner than a breadmaker.

ROAST BEEF INDICTED

RECEIVES BLOW AT THE BRITISH MEDICAL CONGRESS

Booms Fish and Cheese—Alcohol Pernicious in Some Cases.

The roast beef of old England received a severe blow at t sectional meeting of the British Medical Congress, at Sheffield, the other day.

Lieut.-Col. Davies, professor of hygiene at the Royal Army Medical College; Major R. J. Blackburn, Major G. S. Crawford, both of the Royal Army Medical Corps, and Capt. W. Sinclair, R.A.M.C. (militia), in papers read in the section devoted to the army, the navy and ambulance work, all agreed that abundance of meat was quite unnecessary, and that cheese and fish, both of which were cheap, were excellent and nutritious food.

Major Blackburn said that experiments had rather upset the popular notion that roast beef was the solid foundation of the British army.

How "Tommy Atkins" might deal with such a change in his diet as that suggested was indicated by Lieut.-Col Fotheringham, of Canada, who spoke out of the fulness of his own experience.

WASTE OF CHEESE.

Lieut.-Col. Fotheringham agreed that cheese had an extreme value as an article of food. An attempt had been made to introduce it into the rations of the Canadian soldiers, but they were palpably not cheese-eaters, and the savory item had to be abolished because of the abominable waste that went on.

It was urged that the revision of soldiers' rations should provide for a better supply of fish, while a bread and cheese supper would prevent a great deal of unnecessary drinking.

Buckets of cold water were also poured on alcohol in the same section by Major Predmore, who, speaking from a long experience in India, said he had proved that non-drinkers were far more immune from sunstroke than those who did drink alcohol.

Major Blackburn, after pointing out that he held no brief for total abstainers, said experience had taught him that not only was alcohol best let alone by the soldier, but even in the hospitals its use, even on scientific grounds, could rarely be justified.

SAILORS AND RUM.

Alcohol was not a preventive of cold, and tots of rum to our sailors were not only needless, but actually pernicious.

The various papers and speakers in the discussion agreed that alcohol was not good for long or sustained effort.

Dr. James Kingston Fowler, dean of the faculty of medicine in the University of London, and president of the Medical Society of London in the course of an address on the subject of "Medicine," said he looked to a more general use of sanatoria for a variety of affections other than tuberculosis.

"As the advantages of an open-air life, combined with careful medical supervision, become better known," said Dr. Fowler, "the sea voyage, which so often means life in a windy passage on deck and a stuffy cabin below, and the hotel at a health resort on the Continent, where influenza, perhaps, is rife, will be replaced by sanatoria."

FARM NOTES.

The fittest farmer is the emphatic farmer. Weakness, imbecility and lack of purpose cannot win in the race with competition. We cannot cast aside competition. We can set aside old and unsuccessful ways if we will. New plans must be quickly put into practice. All business-men put the best brains into the study of cost. The savings will often make good dividends. Improved methods will lead us to profit. Few acres well tilled will always pay more than many half tilled.

If you will only make gilt-edge butter you can safely rely upon receiving from reputable commission-houses the same prices they pay for all butter of that quality. When you go into those commission stores, however, with a tub of butter for sale and the merchant takes a long butter tryer, "plugs" it down through to the bottom of the tub, brings it up, smells and tastes five or six different colors of butter and as many different smells and tastes, he will then, for your information, tap a tub of pure creamery butter and show you a sample more perfect in every respect. You will no longer wonder why you cannot get the top price for your butter. You must go right back home and strive for greater perfection.

SHREDDED

Brain Fag and Tired Nerves Yield to

SHREDDED WHEAT

It is a natural food and with milk or cream and fresh fruits is an ideal diet in warm weather.

BRINGS THE GLOW OF HEALTH TO WAN CKEEKS

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS 1057

WHEAT

EVERY RELIGION IN INDIA.

..From Ancestor Worship to Scotch Presbyterianism.

Shared by 295,000,000 people in India there are at least a dozen families of languages. Somewhere about 80 different languages are spoken, of which there are 20 languages spoken by not less than 1,000,000 persons each. English is very widely understood, while Hindustani is the prevalent language.

There is probably no religion which is not represented in India, from ancestor worship to Scotch Presbyterianism. Nearly three-fourths of the total population are followers of the Hindu religion, and these, together with the Mohammedans, comprise nearly 92 per cent. of the whole. There are about 3,000,000 Christians.

India possesses very few foreigners in proportion to its population. In fact, the total number of persons residing there not born in India, including the French and Portuguese possessions, is only 642,000, and most of these were born in countries contiguous to India. The actual British-born population residing in India amounts to about 100,000; as already mentioned, the population of India is 295,000,000, so it will be seen that England rules India with a mere handful of men.

YOUR SKIN IN SUMMER

Facts for Our Women Folk!

When you find your skin rough, red and patchy, or dry, scaley and coarse, with sore and inflamed spots here and there, remember there is a reason. There are 2,800 pores on one square inch of that same skin of yours, and these contain seventy feet of tubing, all provided to clear away harmful and waste excretions, but which get out of order when the skin is unhealthy. The value of Zam-Buk lies in the fact that its healing essences and juices can be absorbed by these miniature "Skin Mouths."

Applied to a rough or inflamed patch, cut, bruise, heat sore, or chafed place, Zam-Buk first lubricates, cools, and soothes the hot surface, then heals. That is why children like Zam-Buk. It stops pain so quickly. Applied to eczema, ulcers, and festering sores, Zam-Buk first kills the disease germs which cause suppuration and inflammation. Then it builds up fresh tissue.

In this way an eczema patch, ulcer, abscess, ringworm or open sore is removed completely by Zam-Buk, and a cut or burn healed.

For insect stings, sore feet, bruises, chafed places, for eczema, ulcerations, blood poison, chronic sores, and for piles Zam-Buk is without equal. Fifty cents a box at all stores and druggists, or from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Three boxes for dollar twenty-five. This offer is for family use.

HOW FLOWERS HIDE HONEY.

Where Sweets are Stored in Lily—Concealed Nectar of Monkshood.

Before "the bee sucks," as Ariel put it, he must find the wonderful places where the flowers hide away their honey, to be found like the priest' hiding holes in ancient mansions, by the right sort of visitor, and to keep away all intruders.

In the recesses of the crown imperial lily at the centre can be seen six large honey pits, one on every floral leaf, and each is brimming over with a big drop of honey and glistening like a tear drop. Shake the flower and it "weeps" as the big drops fall from it, soon to be replaced by other tears in the rapidly secreting flower. The simple folk call the flower "Job's tears."

The snowdrop is literally flowing with honey, for in swollen veins traversing its fragile whiteness are rivers of nectar. The petals of the columbine are ingeniously and elaborately designed with a view to providing good places of hiding for the honey. Each is circular, hollow, shaped like a horn. In each the honey is secreted in a round knob at what would be the mouthpiece end of the horn, and the five are arranged in a ring side by side with the honey knobs aloft. Though the honey store is obvious from without, yet the insects who would sip it must creep into the flower and penetrate with a long nose up the curving horn to the knob.

Sometimes the petals are joined together into a tube and the sweet nectar simply exudes from the inner side of the wall and collects at the bottom. This is the case in the dead nettle, the tube of which forms so toothsome a morsel that some children call it "suckies." The honeysuckle is similarly planned, and its sweetness is so striking as to have furnished its name.

The monkshood has quaint nectaries. If the hood be drawn back there suddenly springs into sight two objects on long stalks which are sometimes like a French horn, sometimes like a cowl, or, looked at sideways, not unlike a pair of doves. Their presence within the hood has provided the nicknames "Adam and Eve" and "Noah's Ark." Thus the honey bags are carefully tucked away and protected.

STING IN THE TAIL.

"Harry, love," said Mrs. Knew to her husband, when he entered his home a few evenings ago, "I've been dreadfully insulted."

"Insulted?" repeated Mr. Knew, indignantly. "By whom?"

"By your mother."

"My mother, Flora? Nonsense, dear. She's the kindest woman in the world. And how could she insult you? She isn't here; she's miles away."

"But, Harry, she did insult me," persisted Flora, "and it was done in a letter."

"Show it to me."

"I'll tell you about it. A letter came for you this morning, addressed in your mother's handwriting, and so, of course, I opened it."

"Of course," said Mr. Knew, dryly.

"It was written to you all the way through, you understand?"

"Yes, I understand that, but where does the insult to you come in?"

"In the postscript. When I read along to that it said, 'Dear Flora, —Don't fail to give this letter to Harry; I want him to have it.' Now tell me, wasn't that an insult?"

AMATEURISH.

Last year they wed.
With much regret
We hear she can't
Make biscuits yet.

Better a cheerful failure than a morbid success.

We live and learn until we are forty; then we live and unlearn.

Woman isn't necessarily the weaker vessel in the courtship class.

"Do you consider it unlucky to walk under a ladder?" "Not so unlucky as to fall off one."

Though fair-haired people are not so strong as those with dark hair, they usually live longer.

Benevolent Old Gent—"I am sorry, Johnny, to see you have a black eye." Promising Youth—"You go home and be sorry for your own little boy—he's got two!"

Old Bullion (the millionaire) — "What, you wish to marry my daughter? She is a mere schoolgirl yet." Gussie Ardent — "Yes, sir, I came early to avoid the rush."

SALADA CEYLON TEA

"For goodness sake," for the sake of the satisfaction you get from using it, buy "Salada" Tea. It pays to pay for quality.