

DORANDO LOST MARATHON

Led all the Way but Collapsed Near the Finish Line

LONDON, July 24.—It would be no exaggeration to say that the 100,000 spectators who witnessed the final struggle in the Marathon race at the Olympian Arena today to say that it was the most thrilling athletic event that has occurred since that Marathon race, in ancient Greece, when the victor fell at the goal and with a gesture of triumph, died.

The veteran athletes of Europe, America, Africa and Australia, who have seen the greatest struggle of every sort on land and water, for athletic supremacy, declared that there was nothing comparable to the great race today, within their memories, or in the other Olympiads since the modern cycle of these began.

It was a spectacle, the like of which none living had ever seen, and none who saw it expect ever to see repeated. In the race, 58 of the best men winnowed from the runners, of four continents, competed, and in the arena, where it was finished in the presence of an enormous cosmopolitan assemblage, were the Queen of England, the royal representatives of several nations and hosts of finely dressed men and women, from the most fashionable circles of Europe, as well as several thousand Americans; these features and the dramatic and exciting denouement at the end, combined to make an historic day.

The sequel may be told briefly. Six Americans started in the Marathon race, and nine English runners. Of the first ten men to reach the coveted goal, four were Americans, and they are officially placed as follows:—

First, Joseph Forshaw, Missouri, A. C.; third, A. R. Welton, Lawrence, Y. M. C. A.; fourth, and Lewis Tewinia, the Carlisle Indian, ninth. The second was Hefferon, of South Africa. He was the oldest among the runners, being 34 years, and he kept up a remarkable pace almost to the end of the 26 miles of the struggle, but Forshaw was the better man. Friends of Hefferon, explained that he is at his best at forty miles, and that today's event was too short for him, but certainly he is one of the most wonderful runners in the world.

The first Englishman who crossed the line came in twelfth. He was W. T. Clarke, and was not one of those counted upon to win. Duncan, the former English champion, who won the preliminary English trial, fell out at the twelfth mile, and, like several other contestants, was taken into a motor car and brought to the stadium.

THREE CANADIANS WELL UP.

The three Canadians, Wood, the Indian Simpson, and Lawson, finished in fifth, sixth and seventh places, respectively.

The hero of the day was the Italian, Dorando. The admiration and sympathy of every person in the stadium went out to the gallant Italian who, although he did not win, deserved to win, and did more within the limit of his powers than any other man who run. The crisis in a battle on which the life of a nation hung could hardly have been more impressive than Dorando's entrance into the stadium. Ten minutes before the megaphone announced the "runners are in sight," guns had proclaimed the arrival of the leaders at the nearest station of the course; an intense silence overhung the stadium, while the thousands awaited breathlessly the approach of the first man.

For ten minutes all eyes were focussed on the gate, almost directly

opposite the royal stand, where the contestants were to enter. Finally after what seemed to be an intolerable suspense a runner staggered down the incline leading to the track. He was clothed in a white shirt and red knee trousers. He stood for a moment as though dazed and then turned to the left, although a red cord had been drawn about the track in the opposite direction for the runners to follow. It was evident at once to everyone that the man was practically delirious. A crowd of officials ran out and expostulated with him, but apparently he was afraid that they were trying to deceive him, and fought to go on to the left. At length he turned about and started on the right path along the track. Then followed an exhibition never to be forgotten by anyone who witnessed it.

The colors and the number told the spectators that it was Dorando, and his name was on every lip. He staggered along the cinder path like a man in a dream, his gate being neither a walk nor a run, but simply a flounder, his arms working and his legs tottering.

By various ways he pressed on. People had lost thought of his nationality and partisanship was forgotten. They rose in their seats and saw only this small man staggering onward with his head so bent forward that his chin rested on his chest. They knew nothing of him, as he had not been mentioned among the probable winners, but they realized that his effort must have been a desperate one to bring him thus right to the threshold of victory.

Dorando staggered on towards the turn and dropped to the ground. Immediately a crowd of track officials and followers swarmed about him. It was evident that the man, with undaunted courage, had run to the very limit of his endurance. None expected to see him rise, for haggard and drawn, he had fallen like a good soldier when the last degree of vitality was exhausted.

According to the rules of the race, physicians should have taken him away, but the track officials, lost in their sympathy for such a man and for such an effort lifted him to his feet and with their hands at his back gave him support. Four times Dorando fell in the 380 yards that separated him from the finish and three times after the doctors had poured stimulants down his throat, he was dragged to his feet. Finally he was pushed across the line, one man being at his back and another holding him by the arm.

His part in the race was practically ended when he entered the stadium, for had he not received assistance he could not have finished. While this pathetic scene was being enacted, the American, Hayes, entered the stadium comparatively fresh and trotted round it. He came in less than a minute behind Dorando, but in the excitement failed to get, even from his own countrymen, the reception he deserved.

Hayes' time was 2 hours, 55 minutes, 18 seconds; Hefferon's South Africa, two hours, 56 minutes, 6 seconds; Forshaw's, two hours, 56 minutes, 10-25 seconds; Welton's, two hours, 59 minutes, 42-25 seconds; Wood's, Canada, three hours, one minute, 44 seconds; Simpson's, Canada, three hours, 4 minutes, 23-15 seconds; Lawson's, Canada, three hours, 6 minutes, 47-15 seconds; Bvanberg's, Sweden, three hours, 50-45 seconds; Lewinings, three hours, 9 minutes, 15 seconds.

Loagboat, quit near the 20th mile and returned to the Stadium in a motor car.

policeman. A chorus of groans from the prisoners greeted the reading of these statements, and then the Bishop spoke up.

"We have a right to practice our religion as we please," she said. "All of these statements are falsehoods."

"Why do the men strip to their undershirts and the women take off their skirts?" asked Magistrate Higginbotham.

"The men take off their coats because that is necessary to drive the devil out," answered the Bishop with asperity.

The Magistrate set bail at \$500 for Bishop Robinson on both charges and fixed the same amount on the charges against Miss Clark, Wecker and Danham.

The cult was established seven years ago by a school teacher, Miss Nettie Earl. Its chief tenet is that Christ is to return to earth about nine years hence and the faithful are exhorted to prepare themselves for the millennium. Miss Sarah Carter is now "supreme shepherd" of the organization which has several branches.

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AUGUST BUSY MAN'S

Appropriately prepared for holiday reading, and possessing a nice balance between the gay and the serious, the August number of Busy Man's Magazine will be found both seasonable and appetizing. It is full of good things from cover to cover. A graphic character sketch of Sir William Macdonald, and what this well known Canadian millionaire philanthropist is doing for practical education, will be read with interest, as well as other original contributions, including "The Inside vs. the Outside Man," "The Importance of Secondary Education," and "Fitting Young People for Life's Battles. Among the selections from the leading magazines of the world are the following bright and comprehensive contributions: "Great Achievements of Men Over Sixty," "My Voyage in the World's Greatest Airship," "King Edward Entirely Out of Debt," "Why Some Women Never Marry," "Business Man is Country's Best Citizen," "The City Man as a Farmer," "The Most Exclusive Club in the World," "No Sport to Equal Mountaineering," etc. There is also a generous instalment of bright, readable stories in the August issue of Busy Man's which is admirably illustrated and presents an exceptionally attractive appearance.

Granted a piano of the fine singing quality of a Goulay, and a player attachment of the quality of the Goulay Angelus, there is nothing to hinder the voracious tyro from playing the most difficult compositions with all the individual dash and finish of a virtuoso.

Two little sisters, of seven and nine, who were taken to see Othello, were much impressed by the death scene. "I wonder whether they kill a lady every night," said Lucy. "Why, of course not, Lucy," said her sister; "they pretend to. It would be altogether too expensive to really kill a lady every night!"—Harper's Magazine.

In the Player-Piano field, the Goulay Angelus is the pioneer and acknowledged leader. Its points of superiority are all protected by basic patents which places it in a position to maintain its advantage over all other makes.

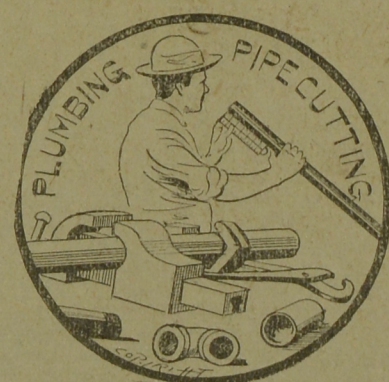
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Her Standard of Comparison. "Yes; he's her third husband." "How were the other two?" "Both worthless." "Then he must show up pretty good by comparison?" "Not by comparison with the men his wife says she might have married."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

That Particular Job



D. J. SHEA, Plumber

An Odd Post Card.

The most curious post card ever produced, according to a leading philatelist, was one which the Japanese government put out in 1873.

In describing he says it is "really a sheet of paper folded so as to form four pages of a narrow book. On the front page is a border inclosing an impressed stamp for the postage rate and a space for the address. On the second page are printed in native characters only minute directions for use. On the third page are ruled a number of vertical lines, between which the sender was to write his communication, and the fourth page was a blank." They remained in use until 1875.

THE REVELATION.

Her Suspense Was Wearing While It Lasted.

Long and steadfastly he looked into her eyes. She returned his gaze steadily and without winking. For a minute neither spoke. Then she broke the silence:

"You think it is"—She hesitated. He gazed into her eyes again—those great, heavenly blue eyes.

"I did not want you to understand"—he began.

She interrupted him with some impatience. "Can we not understand each other?" she cried. "The suspense of it all is wearing me out. Do you wish me to believe?"

He broke in upon her. "It is not what I wish you to believe," he said gently. "It is what you must know. I have determined."

She covered her face with her hands as if preparing herself for the worst. But she was a woman—a proud, imperious woman. She would show him that she could suffer and make no sign. She rose from her chair.

"Well?" she demanded.

"It is only a little granulation," he continued. "Nothing serious whatever. I will give you a prescription. The charge will be \$10."

For had he not looked long and steadfastly into her eyes?—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Artful Dodger.

Ben had been going to school all of a month, and Ben's father thought it high time to find out how things were running. So he asked one day, "And what was it you learned all about this morning?"

"Oh, a mouse. Teacher told us all about mouses."

"Fine, sonny! Now, how do you spell mouse?"

A long moment's silence, and then the future editor blue penciled the earlier communication thus: "Father, I guess I was wrong. It wasn't a mouse. It was a rat."—Harper's Weekly.

Slightly Different.

Borus (struggling author)—I was surprised at the favorable reception accorded the little farce comedy I wrote last month. But what did your dramatic critic mean by suggesting that I write another one before I retire?

Naggus (literary editor)—He didn't put it quite that way. He said you ought to write one more and then quit.

—Chicago Tribune.

Overheard on the Links.

"Neatness is essential on the links," said H. J. Whigham, the golfer, at a dinner in Chicago. "At Shinnecock Hills one day I played behind two young and pretty girls. Overtaking them, I heard the younger say, 'How many holes on this course, Aileen?' 'Nineteen, dear,' said Aileen, 'including the one in your stocking.'"

Sour Grapes.

"What a pity you are engaged so young, my dear," said the maid who was beginning to carry weight for age. "You will never know what fun it is to refuse a man."

"No, I suppose not," rejoined the fair debutante, "but you can't imagine how much fun there is in accepting one."—New York Press.

Took Out the Starch.

He thought he had nerve, and he proposed to the beautiful heiress. "Wilt thou?" he asked poetically. "No," she stormed, with hauteur; "thou wilt."

And he did wilt. He wilted like a two ply collar at a ball game on an August afternoon.—Houston Post.

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POLICE RAID QUEER SECT.

Men and Women Charged With Practising Weird and Indecent Rites.

NEW YORK, July 24.—Thirty-two disheveled devotees of the Church of the First Assembly of Christ, twenty-five of whom were women, were taken from cells of the Vernon avenue police station, where they had spent the last end of a bad night, and lined up before Magistrate Higginbotham in the Lee Avenue police court, Brooklyn. They were the members of the new sect who were arrested near midnight on Tuesday after policemen had broken in upon what they allege to have been weird and indecent religious rites that were being carried on by the congregation behind locked doors of their church at Willoughby and Tompkins avenues.

The court room was crowded when the thirty-two enthusiasts filed in from the anteroom, headed by their "Bishop," Miss Elizabeth Robinson, carrying a large Bible.

"BISHOP" ON TRIAL.

Magistrate Higginbotham singled out Miss Robinson, who gave her address as 179 Pulaski street. There were two charges against her. One was that of "providing a place for persons to visit for lewd, obscene and indecent purposes," in violation of section 322 of the Penal Code. The second was that of outraging public decency under section 675 of the same code. The magistrate read the charges

and explained their import. Then Magistrate Higginbotham arraigned Isabel G. Clarke, Daniel Hecker, one of the men who wore a visible undershirt and H. G. Dunham on the charge of outraging public decency.

The affidavits of Policeman Seims, who had witnessed through a window the alleged rites of the sect and of the Rev. Malachi Gabriel, a Kurdish priest who had once attended the church and later lodged a complaint with the police, were read. The affidavits attested to the practice by the sect of obscene orgies.

POLICEMAN'S STORY.

The story of the watching policeman was that when he and Policeman Hirschowitz peeped through a half-opened window in the rear of the ground floor of the church they saw Miss Isabella Clark and Bishop Robinson, both partially undressed, doing a sort of a war dance in the middle of a squatting group of worshippers. The seven men who were in the room were sitting in their undershirts and trousers about the floor moaning and praying. Miss Clark, so the affidavit read, pranced about the group, calling upon God to give her power, then when she seemed exhausted by her frenzy she fell to a couch.

The affidavit of the Kurdish priest was more explicit than that of the