

HE COVETS AMERICA'S CUP.

THE ROMANTIC LIFE OF SIR THOMAS JOHNSTONE LIPTON.

The Man Who Will Graciously Grant the Ambition of His Life When He Brings His Challenger Across the Water and Tries to Win Away From American Yachtsmen the Famous America's Cup—He Is Worth \$50,000,000—How a Poor Boy's Dream Came True.

Outside of yachting circles an eager public is awaiting the final arrangements for the coming international race, and the details about the Shamrock, the new yacht which is now building, and with which Sir Thomas Johnstone Lipton, who is about everything in the world except a yachtsman, finds himself, at the age of fifty, at last in a position to gratify the fondest desire of his wretched boyhood.

A curious man is Sir Thomas Lipton. The story of his life is a most remarkable one. That he will pit a yacht against the skill of our own devotees of the sport in an international struggle is a matter of vast importance to yachtsmen. But there are other things about Sir Thomas which will appeal to the great mass of readers who have souls above mere yachts and who believe that the greatest study of mankind is man. That has been Sir Thomas' creed, and that is why he is such an interesting character.

Thirty-five years ago a ragged little boy used to sit on the docks that line the River Clyde at Glasgow, and watch the vessels on the broad river. The yachts fascinated him most, although a love of the sea and the men who go down to the sea in ships seemed innate with him. But it was the yachts with their broad expanse of sail, skimming like great white swallows over the water, that caught his boyish fancy.

A BOY'S DAY DREAM.

"When I grow up to be a rich man," said this ragged little boy, "I will have a yacht of my own. And it will be the finest and the fastest that was ever built."

And the dream of this ragged little boy has come true—at least in part. He is now a rich man, a very rich man, and he has a yacht of his own, but whether the finest and fastest that was ever built remains to be seen.

It would be difficult to recognize in that ragged little boy of the Glasgow docks the Sir Thomas Johnstone Lipton of to-day, who is planning to win. He could have had his yacht long ago had he so wished, but he always said he was too busy. Besides the time hadn't come.

Now he thinks he is rich enough. With a fortune of \$50,000,000, he is content to relinquish a portion of his many interests into other hands, and is preparing to enjoy a hobby which all these years has lain dormant within him.

Sir Thomas, it is unnecessary to state, was not born to his title. It has been less than a year since he was knighted. He is a bachelor, and has made several trips, to the great concern of match making mammas with marriageable daughters, who laid their traps to no purpose.

HERE'S WHAT HE DOES.

For Sir Thomas has a business house in New York, in addition to more than four hundred others in various parts of the globe. He is a contractor for the British army and navy; he raises tea in Ceylon; he kills hogs in Chicago; he makes ginger ale in Dublin; he has warehouses in Calcutta and Colombo; he sells tea in New York; he makes candy in London, and now he is going to sail a yacht in an international cup race. A wonderful man is Sir Thomas Johnstone Lipton.

No less than three thousand persons are in his employ. He is a firm believer in liberal advertising, and does his own printing. Of printers alone he has two hundred, and he keeps them all busy.

His visits to America have invariably attracted widespread attention. On second thought, however, that sentence should be modified. There was one that did not, and that was the first. No one paid the slightest attention to him then. He was not Sir Thomas Johnstone Lipton then. He was just "Tommy" and when he landed in New York from the steamer of one of the Anchor Line boats, he had just three shillings in his pocket. But he jingled them bravely against each other, did this embryonic multimillionaire and cup challenger, and started out to look for work. The experience was a valuable one to him. He admits that now.

HIS HUMBLE BEGINNING.

Sir Thomas' father, whose name was also Thomas—"Tammass" it was—when spoken—was a Glasgow workman. He was too poor to send his boy to school. There were no such luxuries for little "Tommy." At the age of ten, he was a messenger boy in a stationer's shop, and it is on record that more than one of his messages was forgotten as he loitered along the docks, looking at the ships and building castles in the air as to what he would do when he became rich. His salary was sixty cents a week.

For two or three years this went on, but one day "Tommy" disappeared. His parents heard nothing from him until one day they received a letter

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Upon rich, pure, nourishing blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you will be free from those spells of despair, those sleepless nights and anxious days, those gloomy, deathlike feelings, those sudden starts at mere nothings, those dyspeptic symptoms and blinding headaches. Hood's Sarsaparilla has done this for many others—it will cure you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

In Canada's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5.
Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache. 25c.

from New York, saying he had run away to make his fortune. He drifted to South Carolina and worked on a plantation. Here he discovered that his chances of accumulating wealth were decidedly slim. He shook the dust of the plantation from his feet and drifted to Charleston.

Here the breath of the sea gave him new life. It seems to have been born in him, but all his life until now he has not had time to give way to it. He stowed himself away on a coasting vessel, and worked his passage back to New York. Here he worked at odd jobs, doing anything he could find to do. By frugal living he managed to save enough to pay his passage home to Glasgow.

It was not a propitious homecoming for a lad who had gone away to make his fortune, but the experience was a useful one. It had sharpened his wits and given him a broader view of life. Sir Thomas himself declares that his first trip to the States was the one that made him.

HE STARTS IN BUSINESS.

The Glasgow workman had saved \$400, his entire fortune, and so persuasive had young Thomas grown that his father advanced it to him to start in business with. The result was a little provision shop. Here the young man worked day and night. He was his own salesman, his own porter and his own delivery wagon. He slept when he found time to sleep in a little room back of the shop. He took down the shutters in the morning, and put them up again at night. After business hours he delivered the goods he had sold to his customers during the day.

He was like the gentleman of Mr. Gilbert's merry muse who Cleaned the windows and swept the floor, And polished all the handles of the big front door.

And from that humble beginning Sir Thomas Johnstone Lipton controls 420 stores, 60 of them being in London.

Little by little he spread out his business enterprises, for a time confining his attention almost entirely to tea. At present he is the largest individual owner of land in Ceylon, where he not only has extensive tea plantations, but where he has also succeeded in cultivating coffee and cocoa on a large scale. He has warehouses in Ceylon, Colombo and India, headquarters at Calcutta.

In Chicago he has large packing houses, where three thousand hogs are killed every day. Since the proprietor of this establishment was knighted, the natives of Chicago point to it with pride. "This, sir," they will remark in an offhand way to the stranger within their gates who is being shown the sights of the town, "this, sir, is the packing establishment of Sir Thomas Johnstone Lipton, where three thousand hogs are killed every day, sir." Then they will look at you slyly to note the effect.

HE RESISTED HOOLEY.

Ernest Terah Hooley, London's notorious bankrupt promoter, who is just now airing his knowledge of the financial transactions of the British nobility in the Bankruptcy Court, made Sir Thomas an offer for all his industries a short time before the collapse of the speculative promoter. But Sir Thomas declined. Instead he organized a company of his own, advertised the stock, and so firmly had his business integrity and stability been established in London that men with money to invest actually fell over each other in their eagerness to buy.

All during his years of money making, Sir Thomas had not lost sight of the ragged boy on the Glasgow docks and his day dreams. Whenever there was a yacht race, and Sir Thomas could spare the time, he went to see it. He seemed infatuated with the sport, and would go into ecstasies over it. "Why don't you have a yacht of your own?" his friends would often ask him.

"I haven't time," would be the invariable reply. "I am a man of business. My time is fully occupied with other matters, at present; but I will some day."

He was still thinking of the boy who had promised himself the finest and the fastest yacht ever built when he grew up to be a rich man. And he was thinking, perhaps, that he had broken his promise to that ragged little boy.

A MERRY MILLIONAIRE.

And yet, Sir Thomas is withal a merry millionaire. His years of close attention to business have not allowed him time to grow cynical. He has been described as "six feet of raw boned optimism." His laugh is hearty and infectious. His blue eyes are kindly and twinkle with good humor. He is a generous, big hearted, shrewd headed bachelor, who does not allow his \$50,000,000 to influence the promptings of his heart, but rather looks upon his wealth as a means of gratifying a natural inclination to communicate

some of the sunshine of his own life into the lives of those around him.

His magnificent gift to London's poor at the time of the Queen's Jubilee will be a monument to his memory and gives an insight into the character of the man. He heard that the Princess of Wales had suggested raising a fund to feed the very poor during the Jubilee. The idea was to give them one good meal if they never got another. While others were thinking of the entertainment of foreign Princes and Princesses or of preparing gorgeous military pageants the Princess Alexandra had this thought for the poor. She appealed for funds, but while millions of dollars were being scattered right and left there was little response and the poor fund had a feeble growth. One day Sir Thomas was taking a cup of tea—his favorite beverage—with the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and the poor fund came up in the course of conversation.

"How is it coming on?" asked the merchant.

"Very slowly," replied the Lord Mayor. "We have only about five thousand pounds subscribed, and the project will require at least thirty thousand."

Sir Thomas always carries a check-book in his pocket. He pulled this out, and asking for pen and ink, promptly wrote a check for £25,000. Handing this to the Lord Mayor he remarked:

"If that isn't enough to see the thing through, let me know."

But the man who donated \$125,000 to the poor in one lump has since said that he got his money's worth, and more. He witnessed the feeding at one time of 310,000 of London's poor, starving wretches. There were 360,000 in all, but 310,000 came at one time. To those who were unable to attend that memorable feast fifty cents' worth of provisions were sent.

And this is only one incident in the life of the man who hopes to win the America's Cup from us, the man who has looked forward all his life to the time when he might have a yacht to call his own. But it shows the sort of man he is.

TO CURE A COULD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Tablets. All Drug stores refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

LUCKIEST SOLDIERS IN THE WORLD.

Corporal Laurie's Seven Strange Escapes From Death in One Battle.

The most talked-of man in the British army at present is a survivor of the recent battle of Athara who was hit during the engagement by half a dozen bullets that shattered his gun, cut away his clothing and played other queer pranks without inflicting a serious wound.

The case is so remarkable that it has been investigated by a number of high officers of the army, who pronounce it the most remarkable of its kind on record. The soldier who escaped from death in this miraculous manner, Corporal Laurie, of the Seaforth Highlanders is still at his post and says he suffers no inconvenience from his thrilling adventure.

The first bullet to come in Laurie's direction struck the shoe of his left foot, cutting off the toe of the shoe neatly and detaching a piece of leather, but without touching the foot. Laurie looked at his foot, congratulated himself on wearing sensible shoes with plenty of room, and dashed forward toward the enemy.

The other adventures came a little later, after he had entered the zereba. The bullets were flying thick and fast and men were falling all around, when a bullet struck the bayonet of Laurie's rifle. The gun was held so firmly at the instant of impact and the bullet struck it so fairly that it bent it neatly over until several inches of steel stood at right angles to the gun. But the gun was still fit for fighting, so undismayed, Laurie hurried on. A moment later a shot passed through his sleeve near the wrist. It did not even graze the skin, but left two holes where it had passed in and out of the coat.

These pranks were not confined to the bullets. A native in a trench near by let drive at Laurie with a spear, which was thrown at short range with GREAT FORCE AND SKILL.

The spear missed his ribs and slit up the soldier's haversack. It had been thrown from the front and passed directly under the left arm. To vary matters, a bullet next grazed the back of his left hand, merely roughing up the skin and drawing a few drops of blood. The most frolicsome of all reached Laurie just before the firing ceased for the day. The troops had reached a river, when a body of natives, ambushed, sprang up and delivered a volley at short range. The shot that struck Laurie was fired from a point about twenty feet below him, which in some measure accounts for its odd pranks. The course of the ball was so curious that Laurie was paraded before the General for inspection. The ball first entered the lid of his ammunition pouch and bored its way through his pocket. It stayed long enough to splinter two pencils and a penknife, and then tore four holes in



his shirt, making a slight surface wound two or three inches long in Laurie's left breast, and came out near the left shoulder, passing through the braces that held his ammunition pouch. After the battle Laurie refused to have his injuries examined, though he finally strolled over to the field hospital and had a piece of court-plaster put on his hand. Laurie has been the hero of the regiment since the engagement. He says he has often been worse hurt in a football match. He is known throughout the British army as the "bullet-proof man."

Corporal Laurie's experiences sound like a chapter of lucky accidents from the thrilling adventures of dime-novel heroes who always kill off their enemies by who-ops and never receive a scratch themselves. The truthfulness of every detail of his experience has, however, been carefully verified by prominent officers of the British army.

Laurie is far from being a dime-novel hero. He is very modest, and is more than thankful for his almost miraculous escape from death. He takes it all very coolly, and is ready to try his luck again.

In describing his experiences he said: "I suppose I have been reported as slightly wounded and pictured as an interesting invalid. Well, I was struck, but the effect was so small that I have often been hurt more in scrambling through rough underbrush."

Putnam's Corn Extractor

Is the best remedy for corns extant. It acts quickly, makes no sore spots and effects a radical cure. A hundred imitations prove its value. Take neither substitutes offered as good nor the close imitations of the genuine too often offered.

AS HE THOUGHT HE WAS.

Why are some statues made life size and some heroic size? A life-size statue represents a man as big as he was, and a heroic-size statue represents him as big as he thought he was.

Persons suffering from Bunions or Corns should spread a little "Quickcure" on the bunion, or corn, before retiring at night, cover the "Quickcure" with a piece of tissue paper, and tie a piece of linen over the paper to keep it in place until the morning, then remove linen and the "Quickcure" covered with tissue paper makes a perfect plaster; reducing all inflammation causing pain.

CROWDED OUT.

I asked her if she thought she could learn to love me. She said she couldn't—because she was already studying Spanish and learning to swim.



SCIENCE STRIDES.

Jones—Medical science is making wonderful strides, isn't it? Brown—Yes, marvelous; I don't believe they'll ever discover a disease that they can't find a name for.

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by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When it is thus inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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