BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "Miramichi Advance" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N.B., every Thursday morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day.

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Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $5.00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor with the publisher.

The "Miramichi Advance" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick, and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec, in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address,

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N.B.

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# MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 28. No. 31 — CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, JUNE 11, 1903 — D. G. SMITH, PROPRIETOR
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## About the ....House

### RECIPES FOR PIE PLANT.

Pie plant—some folks call it rhubarb, but to me the name is too suggestive of the drug business—is the first green thing the housekeeper gets hold of with which to vary her bill of fare in the spring, writes "Lora." It is not only appetizing, but healthful as well. Nature provides just what we need in it. The acid is a corrective. When nature undertakes to act the part of the physician she invariably resorts to her pharmacopeia of acids.

Few housekeepers use pie plant in as many ways as they might to afford a variety and tempt the family to eat it. They stew it and make pies of it and stop here. There are many ways in which it can be prepared temptingly.

Try baking it. Cut the stalks in small pieces, leaving the skin on if the pie plant is young and tender. Alternate layers of sugar and pie plant until the latter is used. Cover tightly and bake with moderate heat until tender—about an hour. Eat cold.

Pie plant makes a tempting-looking, jelly. The recipe I use I got from The Household several years ago, and find it fine. As others may not have it I will repeat it:

Cut the stalks, after washing them, into small bits and allow a cup of water to each pound. Cook over a slow fire till it is a pulp. Turn in a cheese cloth bag and let drip. Allow a pound of granulated sugar to a pint of juice. Boil this juice twenty minutes, then add the sugar. The stalks are not to be peeled and the jelly is of a delicate pink that is very attractive to the eye. It is nice as a relish with cold meat.

A pleasant, unintoxicating wine is made of pie plant, preparing the juice as for jelly, and allowing an equal proportion of sugar. The juice and sugar are put together, and heated to the scalding point: skim, and let stand till lukewarm. A little yeast is added, the liquid allowed to ferment two days, and it is then bottled.

A pie plant meringue pie is a good variation on the usual double decker. To a half pint of stewed, boiling, add a cup of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter, a heaped teaspoonful of cornstarch and the yolks of two eggs. Beat well. Line a tin with piecrust, bake it, fill with the pie plant and cover with a meringue made of the whites of two eggs beaten with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Put in the oven long enough to set the meringue. Best when it is cold.

The nicest stewed pie plant requires only a couple of tablespoonfuls of water and should cook very slowly on the back of the stove. Some like a few raisins, cut and seeded, in it. A handful of raisins in an ordinary two-crust pie gives quite a different flavor.

I have heard that pie plant heated with sugar till the latter is dissolved and then dried, can be used like fresh during the winter, but have not tried it.

Some put a pinch of soda with pie plant to make it less sour, but a better way is to pour boiling water on the cut stalks, let stand a minute or two, then drain.

Using pie plant takes lots of sugar but it is so healthful that I don't grudge it.

### TRIED RECIPES.

Omelet with Water Cress.—Beat three eggs slightly, add one-fourth teaspoon of salt and a dash of pepper and three tablespoons of thick cream. It will not matter if the cream is sour, just add a bit of soda dissolved in a teaspoon of water. Have the omelet pan hot and well buttered, turn in the mixture, and as it begins to cook round the edge, draw it toward the corner and let the uncooked part run down on to the bare pan. Keep your mind on your work for a moment; too much cooking will ruin it, and it is impossible to tell anyone just how to manipulate it. When the egg is all thick (or nearly so, the last layer put it will cook after it is folded), turn one-half over, and if any liquid runs out let it thicken on the edge of the pan. Be sure that the pan is hot enough for the omelet to brown on the bottom as soon as the egg is set. Have ready some cress minced rather fine, and sprinkle it over the omelet just before folding it. Slip it off on to a hot platter and serve at once. There is nothing improves an omelet like a little cream.

Artichoke Omelet.—Five eggs and five teaspoonfuls of water beaten until thoroughly mixed: a little salt and an atom of cayenne; now melt one and a half tablespoonfuls of butter in a pan and when smoking hot turn in the omelet; shake the pan to free the eggs; as the eggs cook around the edges free from the pan; in another pan you will have three-fourths of a cup of cooked artichoke buttons cut in thin slices; add to these one and one-quarter tablespoonfuls of onion juice, a pinch of salt and a little pepper; when the omelet is cooked place a layer of artichokes over the top, fold over one-half, slip on to a well-heated dish and serve very hot.

Souffle of Cold Spinach.—Boil until tender; cool and set on the ice the sufficient quantity of spinach; then chop very fine, and to every coffee cupful add one well beaten egg and three-fourths of a tablespoonful of melted butter; place all in a well-buttered baking dish and place in a hot oven for twenty minutes; the baking dish should always be set in a pan containing water, to save burning. This is a most appetizing dish served for luncheon with an omelet.

Baked Rice—Cook one cupful of rice, washed clean, in a cupful of strained meat broth and two cupfuls of boiling water until soft. Remove from the fire, add a cupful of hot milk, two beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, one of butter, and a scant cupful of chopped meat. Turn into a buttered mould, stand in a panful of boiling water and bake for an hour. Dip the mould in cold water, turn out the contents; garnish with sliced lemon.

### HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

The term "double cream" nowadays not frequently seen in connection with recipes for dainty desserts applies to the thick cream taken from new milk which has stood undisturbed for from twenty-four to thirty-six hours. This, when whipped, will make a froth so thick that it can be cut with a knife. Such cream should be thoroughly chilled or there is danger of its turning to butter. If the cream is very thick and heavy and a solid froth is desired, beat under the froth which first rises and repeat until the whole mass is thick. When it is so stiff that a knife can be run through it and come out clean whipping should be discontinued.

If paint is to look well after repainting, the old paint should be cleaned. To do this dissolve two tablespoonfuls of soda in a cup of boiling water and add sufficient cold water to make a quart. With an old, soft cloth wash the paint with this water, then wipe with another cloth wrung out of cold water.

The juice of half a lemon in a teacupful of strong, black coffee, without sugar, will often cure a sick headache.

A piece of ice will not melt so rapidly if wrapped in a newspaper, but the ice in the refrigerator should not thus be protected. Its function in an ice-box is to melt and produce refrigeration. A cloth or newspaper laid over the top will retard melting while not influencing the refrigeration. It is a great convenience to have a small ice-box in the dining room or pantry just for cream, milk and butter, but is, of course, an expense. The refrigerator usually fails because it is not properly cared for, and things put into it, which have no business there, like cheese, onions, etc.

All canned fruit should be kept in a cool, dark place.

Drop a little lump of sugar among the turnips while cooking; it improves them wonderfully.

Salt should always be washed from butter before it is used for puff paste, as it retards its rising.

When scouring zinc, use a little kerosene or bath brick, pulverized, and lime. Wash in hot water, and polish with common whiting.

A stone jar with a close cover is one of the safest things to keep matches in. Place on a high shelf out of the reach of the children.

Gum arabic and gum tragacanth in equal parts, dissolved in hot water, make the best and most convenient mucilage you can keep in the house.

Scatter salt over soot when it falls upon the carpet. The soot will adhere to the salt when brushed up lightly, and leave the carpet perfectly clean.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of Itching, Bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.
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### THE INCONSTANT ONE.

A pretty girl, a winter night, a moon-impassioned fellow, a gentle word, a solemn vow, a kiss—. And all is well, oh! Again the girl, another night, same moon—— Thus far, 'tis well, oh! But if we took another look, we'd see—— Another fellow!

"Mother," said a five-year-old, the other day, "I wish you wouldn't leave me to take care of baby again. He was so bad I had to eat all the sponge-cake and two jars of raspberry jam to amuse him."

The amount of conscience money received yearly by the English Chancellor of the Exchequer in default of unpaid taxes averages $30,000.

## ROMANCES OF THE ORIENT

### HINDOO COOLIES' PARADISE IN THE WEST INDIES.

#### Ram Sal Left India Burdened With Debt and Became Rich.

"This," recently remarked Joseph Chamberlain, England's Colonial Secretary, as he placed a finger on a map showing Britain's possessions in the West Indies, "is the paradise of the Hindoo coolie."

"And there, too," added one of his hearers, "those same Orientals have created an atmosphere that fairly reeks with romance."

The American or European who has spent sufficient time in Jamaica or Trinidad to become acquainted with the ways of the thousands of Hindoo laborers on the plantations and the coolie tradesmen in the towns invariably makes the same assertions. To prove the first he usually quotes the case of Ram Sal, and as evidence of the latter he tells the story of a Rajah's son who turned coolie for love's sake.

Thirty years ago a Hindoo of low caste, Ram Sal by name, living in a plateau town of India, found himself inextricably in debt to a bunnia — a usurious money lender. He had been bound in his boyhood for the debt of his grandfather, and, after working for nearly twenty years to clear it, he learned to his distress that, instead of becoming smaller, the obligation had steadily increased through all the years, owing to the insignificant pay of scarcely two pennies a day and the excessive rate of interest.

Ram Sal saw starvation staring him and his family in the face, and so, when a European, coming to the village, told of a place across the "black water" where a Hindoo could earn as much as

25 CENTS A DAY,

and after binding himself to work for eight years on a plantation, would be freed of both his contract and his debt, Ram Sal straightaway prepared to follow the coolie contractor whither he led and the bunnia commanded.

The ship that Ram Sal and his family were huddled on bore them in course of time to Trinidad, and there, by the terms of the contract, Ram Sal obtained quarters in a long, low coolie barrack, from which he went out in the mornings to toil until sundown in the coffee and sugar fields, the banana, orange and spice groves.

Thus he worked for six years, the planter in the meantime feeding him on rice and clothing him, and the agent of the bunnia seeing to it that until every cent of Ram's indebtedness was paid not a cent of his hire reached his pocket, but that all was turned over instead to the agent by Ram's employer.

At the end of the sixth year Ram Sal felt the jingle of coin in his hands for the first time, for the debt of a few rupees that his grandfather had contracted when he took Ram's grandmother to wife was wiped out. The ring of the coins stirred up a strange desire in the coolie's heart — it awakened his ambition, and he vowed then and there that he would be rich some day and a planter himself.

To that end, during the remaining two years of his indenture Ram Sal saved every penny that he earned, and his children, by their labor in the fields, helped to increase the amount. At the end of that time it was something less than $500, but it was more money than Ram Sal had ever owned before, and, what was more important, it was sufficient for the execution of his present purpose, the establishment of himself as a silversmith in the Hindoo quarter of Port-of-Spain.

Ram Sal had worked at the trade in India and was skilled in its ways, so before long business was plentiful with him and he was fashioning bracelets and anklets and necklaces and toques of silver, and sometimes of gold, for the better class of Hindoos, whose custom it is to use their women as walking banks for their surplus. In short, Ram prospered exceedingly, so much so that at the end of five years he was able to go into the interior and buy a run-down plantation adjoining the one on which he had been

BOUND FOR EIGHT YEARS.

In the interim Ram had not forgotten how the fields were made to yield their increase. As a planter he so directed the labors of the hundred or more coolies indentured to him that his plantation soon became noted as one of the most productive in the valley.

Ram Sal was now fairly started on his road to fortune, and each succeeding step that he took brought him nearer it. Year by year he added to his possessions, sometimes a plantation, often real estate in Port-of-Spain, where he set himself up in a mansion.

Thus Ram Sal prospered until two years ago, when old in years, he died; and when his heirs came to reckon up the estate, they found it to be worth nearly a million dollars.

It is true that Ram Sal's efforts at money getting were exceptional, but it is also true that among the coolies in Trinidad and Jamaica are many thrifty small planters and shopkeepers whose individual possessions are valued all the way from $5,000 to $50,000 on the Government tax books.

And these Hindoos, if they had not followed the contractors westward at the bidding of their masters, the bunnias, would still be slaving away in the plateau country of their native land in hopeless effort to clear off the inherited debts hanging over their heads.

That is why Mr. Chamberlain, who knows these things, spoke of his King's West Indian possessions as the coolie's paradise. But the other man called them the field of romance, because of the story of a Rajah's son, and many more like unto it. Here is the story.

The eldest son an heir of a Rajah in one of the smaller states of Rajputana fell so violently in love with a beautiful maiden he had seen on the streets of his father's capital that he had laid aside all thoughts of his own high caste and her equally low condition and proceeded to woo her.

EVERYTHING WENT WELL

with the lovers for weeks, until one of the prince's retinue, spying on him, found him keeping a tryst with the girl. The Rajah was promptly informed and, enraged at his heir's loss of caste, determined to wipe out the disgrace that the son had brought upon himself and his family.

With the craftiness of the Oriental, the old Rajah received his son with all the affection of a devoted parent until he discovered, through spies, the next meeting place of the lovers. Then, as they were seated in a secluded pagoda, a band of the palace guards burst suddenly in upon them, and without warning first slew the maiden and then turned upon the prince.

But the latter was too quick for the soldiers. Seizing his sword, he managed to cut his way clear and escape into the city, where he hid.

During the weeks that energetic search was made for him he kept himself under cover, and not until the efforts of his father relaxed did he dare crawl far from his hidden place. Even then he was in great danger, and, realizing that he could not hope to remain in his father's realm, he decided to get as far away as possible.

This he did by disguising and presenting himself to the nearest coolie contractor, and a few weeks later he was on his way to Jamaica.

He had worked as a common field laborer for five years before his story accidentally became known. Over a certain number of coolies another coolie is usually placed as overseer.

One day the Rajah's son and his overseer disagreed over a piece of work, and the latter was on the point of using a whip on the former when the plantation's superintendent, a young Scotchman, interfered.

The gratitude of the laborer was unbounded. For once he lost his Oriental stoicism and tears came to his eyes, as he said:

"Master, you have saved me from a great disgrace."

The superintendent's curiosity was aroused, and although the Hindoo endeavored to slink away, he was pressed so hard that he finally

EXPLAINED HIS REMARK.

"You have saved me from a great disgrace," he said. "I, a Rajah's son, to be struck by a Hindoo of low caste!"

Then the whole story, which the Scotchman verified later on, came out. The hero of it is still employed on an interior plantation in Jamaica.

Another story of the love of a man for a woman is typical of the countless romances that the coolies have brought with them to their new world homes. Iboran was the daughter of Chundar Lal, an inhabitant of a plateau village of India. In the same town Ram Singh lived, and Ram was engaged to marry Iboran when he could secure rupees enough to make the wedding festivities. To that end he went to work for an Englishman in a distant town. Two years later he returned to his own village with the money only to find that Chundar Lal and his daughter had followed a coolie contractor across the "black water."

Ram Singh was in despair. To his question as to where Iboran had gone no one could definitely answer him, not even the contractors, who had sent the girl along with hundreds of others to the seacoast to be shipped to any one of a half dozen places—Fiji, Natal, Trinidad, Jamaica, British Guiana, Montserrat.

Ram Singh vowed that great as was the task before him he would find Iboran and marry her. There was but one way to do that. She had become a coolie; he must become a coolie also.

"Perhaps she has been sent to Fiji," the contractors told him.

So Ram Singh indentured himself for a term of six years as a coolie on a Fiji plantation.

Arrived there he set about hunting for Iboran when he was not required to be in the fields. But his search was in vain —

SHE WAS NOT IN FIJI.

For six years Ram Singh worked and waited. Then "Maybe she is in Natal," the plantation owner, who knew his story, told him. And straightaway Ram Singh bound himself for a term of six years to a Natal planter.

Again it was six years wasted, six years of working and waiting. But on the day that his contract was ended, Ram Singh signed away his liberty for a third term of six years and was taken in a coolie ship to Trinidad.

Here he got his first ray of hope. One day as he was about his search, he ran across a man who had been a neighbor of Chundar Lal, Iboran's father, and he told Ram Singh that Iboran, mourning for her lover whom she never expected to see again, had gone with her father from India to Jamaica.

That was enough to cause the years necessary to his release to pass swiftly for Ram Singh, and then, with the money that he had saved, he took passage to Jamaica and began his search with renewed heart.

It was in an interior village that Iboran was found, still unmarried, still true to the memory of her lover. At first she would not believe that Ram Singh was other than a ghost, but when he had convinced her and told of his world-wide search for her, the wedding festivities were straightway planned.

To-day Ram Singh and his wife, Iboran, the daughter of Chundar Lal, are living back of their little silversmith shop in the town where five years ago Ram Singh found his sweetheart.

Fashionable Mother (languidly): "Well, Sarah, how is baby to-day?" Nurse—"He cut two teeth this morning, ma'am." Fashionable Mother (still more languidly)—"That was careless of you, Sarah. You oughtn't to let baby play with knives."

Hammerfest, in Norway, is the most northern town of any importance in the world, and Puntas Arenas, in Patagonia, the furthest south.

The average life of horses in the British cavalry is just over five years; but army service draught horses last half as long again.

A Waterspout spins with enormous speed. Its velocity at the sea level has been estimated at six miles a minute.

The first novel by an English woman novelist was "The Adventures of the Black Woman," by Mrs. Aphra Behn, published in 1684.

The Italian Government has for sale 600,000 rifles made in 1887, together with 1,370 obsolete cannon.

Leo XIII. has had more money left to him than any of his predecessors. It is said that the total sum is $6,000,000.

## Jonas Wilkins' Birthday Present

"Certainly Jonas must have a birthday present! Now the question is, what shall it be?" said black-eyed May. "Just think! He'll be 25 years old, and has never had one, except when he was a little boy, almost too young to remember!" she added, sympathetically.

"Did he say that?" asked Jennie Deering, with a curious blush.

"Yes, he told Uncle John so," said Mary, quickly, "and, when Uncle repeated it to me, I just decided that he should have a present this year, sure."

"Let's send him something that is useful! An old bachelor needs so many things that he would never think of buying himself. We could send him a clock," said Jennie, but again May frowned upon the sensible suggestion.

"No, indeed! That won't do. Jonas has no end of clocks and needs no more. Let's give him something that he would never dream of getting for himself."

"Oh, girls!" broke in Sallie Green, with a ringing laugh. "I've thought of the very thing! Let's give Jonas a wife for his birthday present! He has everything else that he needs, and you know he is altogether too timid to ever secure a wife without some assistance!"

"Won't he resent it?" asked the girls, timidly, but May checked them imperiously.

"Certainly not, if she is the right one! What man would? The only thing is to see that she is in every way worthy of him, for Jonas is really a splendid fellow, even if he is bashful. Jonas shall have a wife for his birthday, that much is settled! Now, who shall she be, and how will we present her?"

The three girls sat for a moment in silence; then suddenly May was struck with a bright idea. The other girls stared at her in breathless amazement when she told them what it was.

"Why, May Gardner, you must be crazy!" they cried simultaneously.

"Not a bit of it," said May stoutly. "Now, see here, girls, be sensible. Here we are, getting older and older every day, and not a man in the village that is marriageable except Jonas. Now, we all like him, you know we do; but, if we wait for him to propose, we'll all die old maids, and that would be awful, of course. There is little encouragement, and no one will ever know that we used our influence for each other!"

And, finally, her reasoning prevailing, possibly by the aid of a tender sentiment existing toward Jonas in the hearts of both the blushing maidens.

"I say, Jonas, you'd oughter be thinkin' of marryin'," said "Uncle John" Gardner, shortly after the important agreement between the three young ladies.

"I s'pose so," said Jonas, absently, with little blush.

"'Pears to me you'd better be lookin' around," continued the old farmer, as indifferently as possible. "Your 35th birthday is comin' and you've bin half your life without a wife. Must be sort o' desolate fer ye, I'm thinkin'."

"That's so," said Jonas, a little mournfully. "There ain't much fun a-settin' alone o' evenin's, but I'm used to it," he added, despondently.

"Pshaw! There ain't no sech thing as gittin' used tew it! It ain't nat'ral!" said Uncle John, stoutly.

"What'll I do?" asked Jonas, sheepishly.

"Ask one of these pretty girls around here to marry you — sort of a birthday present to yourself, don't you know." The old man chuckled as he glanced slyly at Jonas.

"They wouldn't have me," said Jonas, with a decided shake of his head.

"There's three of 'em that would"—began the old farmer, but checked himself abruptly. He had come very near betraying his pretty niece's secret. "Just you ask 'em," he finished abruptly, but with an encouraging smile.

"Which one'll I ask?" queried Jonas.

"Ask 'em all!" said the old farmer, with a roar of laughter. He had evidently thought of something that was exceedingly funny.

"John Gardner, be you out of your head?" said Jonas, half angrily.

But the farmer's words burned in his brain long after he had parted with his friend and neighbor.

And that evening he put on his best suit and went over to call on Jennie Deering.

An hour before midnight they were sitting alone in the kitchen, for the old folks had gone to bed in a most accommodating manner.

"Did you know my birthday was next week, Jennie?" said Jonas, suddenly. He was sitting as near her as he dared when he asked the question.

Suddenly Jennie giggled in a most unaccountable way.

"Do you want a birthday present, Jonas?" she asked, with a fit of laughter that bordered on hysterics.

Jonas looked at her with some surprise, but when he answered her he was in desperate earnest.

"I want a wife!" he said, boldly, and then blushed as red as a poppy.

"That's what I mean!" said Jennie, still hovering on hysterics. "Do you want a wife for a birthday present?"

Jonas caught his breath and looked at her sharply. Had she turned mind reader, or was it only a chance question?

But Jennie was desperately in earnest, as well as Jonas. She had to fulfill her part toward securing the combination wife and present.

"May Gardner or Sallie Green would marry you, I am sure. They are both nice girls, and you're bound to like them." She blurted out the words in the most astonishing way, and then finished by bursting into a fit of crying.

"But I don't want Sallie Green or May Gardner! I want you, or nobody, for my wife!" Jonas said bravely.

The sight of her tears had made him bold, and he was holding her hands now in the tenderest fashion.

And before 12 o'clock she was his promised wife, and when he left her there was only one cloud upon her happiness. "The girls will be awfully mad," she said over and over, "but, anyhow, I have kept my promise — I am going to give Jonas a wife for his birthday."

### PERSONAL POINTERS.

#### Interesting Gossip About the World's Prominent People.

Major Gantz, of Fairfield, Iowa, is supposed to be the smallest man at present alive. He is thirty-six years old, but only 18 inches high. He weighs 30 pounds.

Mr. August Manns, the famous musical conductor, first went to England in 1851 and obtained a position at the salary of $15 per week in the very band of which he became director just four years later. Since that day his record of work has been enormous. He has conducted over 12,000 concerts, while as many as 1,550 different compositions have been played under his conductorship.

The Sultan of Turkey is said to possess a fire screen made of tanned human skin, exquisitely embossed, and over two hundred years old. The skins are those of twelve faithful servants who rescued one of his Majesty's ancestors from a blazing wing of the palace, afterwards succumbing to the effects of their burns.

Ireland possesses the oldest judge in the United Kingdom. This is Vice-Chancellor Chatterton, who was born in 1819 — six years before Lord Halsbury — and who stepped from Parliament to his present position in 1867. As the office will end with his own life, he will enjoy the distinction of having been the first and last Vice-Chancellor of Ireland.

Mme. Marie Roze cherishes among her treasures two strangely contrasted memorials. One is a programme printed in gold letters on white satin of the songs she once sang before Queen Victoria; and the other is a beautifully executed testimonial presented to her by a convict forger when she sang to the inmates of Auburn Prison, N. Y. The testimonial, which is a beautiful work of art, was executed entirely by the convict himself.

Sir Henry Blake, who is said to be likely to succeed Sir J. West Ridgeway as Governor of Ceylon later in the year, is now Governor of Hong Kong. Lady Blake, whose father was an M. P. and whose sister is now a Duchess, has her own idea of pets, and at Hong Kong a tame leopard is allowed to walk freely in the grounds of Government House. One night a young subaltern and his partner, who were Lady Blake's guests at a ball, left the ball room for a walk in the grounds, and sat down on a seat built round a tree. They were up again in a moment. Two piercing screams fell upon the quiet evening air, and when it was all over the subaltern and his partner found that they had sat down on the leopard.

The infant daughter of Mr. Armour, the American multi-millionaire, on whom Professor Adolf Lorenz, the famous Vienna surgeon, performed his remarkable operation some little time ago, spent the first months of her life in an incubator, and her childhood — she is not yet six years old — has been saddened by the affliction of hip disease, which baffled the skill of so many prominent medical men until the famous Vienna scientist's treatment was given a trial. The child is heiress to more than $20,000,000.

Dr. Alexander Whyte, is, perhaps, the most renowned preacher in Scotland. Like many another Scottish minister he has arisen from the ranks. To-day he is pastor of the most influential church in the Scottish capital, with Lord Rosebery's favorite preacher, the Rev. Hugh Black, as his assistant, and a blind man at the organ almost as famous as the men in the pulpit. It is said that when Dr. Whyte first preached at Free St. George's an office bearer in the church went up to him after the sermon and cautioned him that "that kind of preaching will never do for St. George's." The speaker was a lawyer and a lord, and Dr. Whyte replied: "My lord, when I seek advice on legal matters I shall be glad to bow to your supreme wisdom and knowledge; but permit me to say that I take advice on what and how to preach from one Lord, and that is not you, my lord!"

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## WILL SHAMROCK WIN IT?

### FIFTY YEARS FIGHTING FOR A CHALLENGE CUP.

#### Another Attempt Will Be Made This Summer to Capture the Trophy.

John Bull is so much in the habit of getting anything on which he sets his heart that an article which he has coveted and done his utmost to appropriate for more than fifty years, and which still lingers tantalizingly on the wrong side of the Atlantic, is almost more to be desired than a new colony, says London Tit-Bits.

There are many people living today who can recall that gallant race in 1851 around the Isle of Wight between the Old and New Worlds of sea-faring men, in which the New World's yacht sped first past the goal and England had to confess herself beaten by one of her own offspring at her own game. It was to celebrate this victory that the owners of the winning yacht purchased a cup and handed it to the custody of the New York Yacht Club as a permanent challenge to the world; and from that day to this that piece of silver has found no one strong enough to carry it across the Atlantic.

And yet it has not been for want of trying; for there is no more interesting chapter in the history of sport than that which records the long sequence of gallant fights for this elusive cup, although the struggle was a long time in beginning. It was in 1869, after the cup had rested eighteen years at its headquarters, that the owner of Cambria, which had proved herself the speediest schooner in English waters, threw down the gauntlet to our American rivals after she had

CROWNED HER FAME

by winning a race across the wide stretch of the Atlantic.

This challenge caused a flutter in the American dovecote, for no fewer than seventeen yachts were produced to fight this solitary English vessel, and of these seven succeeded in beating her. Three years later Livonia renewed the challenge for England, and this time our rivals were content with four yachts to champion their supremacy, one yacht to compete in each race, and to be named in the morning of the race. Another innovation was to substitute five races for the single contest, the winner of three out of the five heats to claim the cup. In the first two races the Americans scored an easy victory with Columbia, the remaining three yachts, Dauntless, Sappho, and Palmer, being held in reserve.

The third race was in the nature of a fiasco; for Columbia was to a great extent disabled, and could do little justice to her reputation, leaving Livonia an easy task to romp in a winner. For the two concluding races Sappho took up the running, and proved herself so much the swifter boat that on each occasion she left Livonia half an hour behind her at the finish.

In 1876 the Countess of Dufferin made a brave attempt to bring back the cup, but suffered an easy defeat, and for five years no further challenge crossed the Atlantic. Then in 1881 the owner of Mischief made a gallant bid for the trophy, but had to return home without her laurels or the cup. After four years Genista was sent out on

A MISSION OF CONQUEST,

and, in spite of so much disillusion, hopes again ran high that she would bring the cup back with her; but she had no better luck than her predecessors and had to sail home in the wake of Puritan. In the very next year a young naval officer, Lt. Henn, who had carried all before him with his yacht Galatea, made a bid for victory, but he found more than his match in Mayflower.

Then it was that the Scotsmen made up their minds to succeed where so many yachtsmen south of the Tweed had failed; and a special boat was designed and built on the Clyde and appropriately christened Thistle. This time victory seemed assured, for never was such a flyer launched as this child of Scottish brains and hands. But the Americans were prepared for her, and there was wailing from John-o'-Groat's to Land's End when the news came that still the cup refused to be "lifted," since the American Volunteer had triumphed over the best boat the Clyde had ever turned out.

It was not for half a dozen years—until 1893—that John Bull entertained any further designs on this most obstinate of all trophies, and then Lord Dunraven took over his Valkyrie, a yacht with a splendid reputation, but he found in Vigilant a better boat than his own. Nothing daunted, however, Lord Dunraven made a second attempt, which was marked by unpleasant incidents, and ended inconclusively and unsatisfactorily.

The two later spirited efforts by Sir Thomas Lipton to annex the cup are of such recent memory that it is scarcely necessary to record that they were not crowned with success. Thus, after fifty-two years of vain effort on our part, the cup remains as inviolate as when our grandfathers were young. How much longer it will bid us defiance remains to be seen; but sooner or later it will make a journey across the Atlantic, and—who knows?—perhaps it may fall to Shamrock III. to bear it proudly to our shores, in spite of the disaster that has befallen her.

Danko Pista was a Hungarian gipsy whose inbred capacity for music had raised him to some reputation in the Roumanian capital, where he had settled. Recently he died, and his funeral had all the picturesqueness of the Romany race. The dirge, which the deceased had composed for himself before his death, began with the lines, "My viol is broken; I shall sing no more." At the head of the procession walked the Prince of the Roumanian gipsies, carrying Danko's broken fiddle and bow on a black cushion.

## Weak Stomach in the Spring

### Indigestion and Dyspepsia the Natural Result of Exhausted Nerves and Weak, Watery Blood—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Most people suffer more or less from stomach weakness, indigestion and loss of appetite in the spring, but many do not realize that this condition of affairs is due to low vitality, poorness of the blood, and exhausted nerves.

The digestive organs, like the other organs of the body, are entirely dependent on the nervous system for the energy or power which enables them to perform their functions. Without this the digestive fluids do not flow, the muscular contraction and motion of the stomach is weak and irregular, and consequently arise indigestion, headaches, dizzy spells, sleeplessness and other distressing symptoms.

Digestive tablets, pepsin, and such treatments can never do more than afford temporary relief. By their continued use to effect digestion the muscles of the stomach waste away for want of exercise, the natdral digestive fluids cease to flow, and the ailment becomes chronic and serious.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures indigestion and dyspepsia just as it cures other ailments, by making the blood rich and creating new nerve force—the vital power which runs the machinery of the body.

Mrs. M. A. Sharp, 346 Dublin street, Peterborough, Ont., writes: "For some years I was troubled with indigestion, which developed into nervous dyspepsia, and beside suffering from nervousness, strange dizzy spells would come over me. Hearing of the good results obtained from Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I decided to try it. After a pretty thorough test of this medicine I can say that I never used anything that did me so much good. It seemed to be the very treatment that I needed, and as a result of its use I am quite restored to health."

By noting your increase in weight while using this great food cure you can prove that new, firm flesh and tissue is being added to the body. The appetite is sharpened, digestion and assimilation are improved, the form rounds out, the ruddy glow returns to the cheeks, and in every way there is evidence that the system is being restored and built up.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.