



UP-TO-DATE RANGE!

The above cut shows the very latest and UP-TO-DATE RANGE in the market. Made with or without Reservoir, or with or without High Shelf. Has a Towel Rail and Teapot Swing.

Small & Fisher Company, L'td

RIPAN'S TABLETS

Doctors find
A Good
Prescription
For mankind

WANTED.—A case of bad health that RIPAN'S will not benefit. They banish pain and prolong life. One gives relief. Note the word RIPAN'S on the package and accept no substitute. RIPAN'S, 10 for 5 cents, may be had at any drug store. Ten samples and one thousand testimonials will be mailed to any address for five cents, forwarded to the Ripan Chemical Co., No. 10 Spruce Street, New York.

HARRY
W.
de FOREST,
St. John, N. B.,
TEA
IMPORTER and BLENDER.

Union Blend Tea,

Which in its several grades is sold by your dealers at 25, 30, 35 and 40 Cents a pound, is at once good enough for the most fastidious and cheap enough for the most economical. Sifted store keepers keep all the grades in stock.

Office and Warehouse:

Nos. 1 & 2, Market Sq., St. John, N.B.

For pure blood, a bright eye, a clear complexion, a keen appetite, a good digestion and refreshing sleep, TAKE

BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla

It arouses the Liver, quickens the circulation, brightens the spirits and generally improves the health.

Sixty-eight years trial have proved it to be, the most reliable BLOOD purifier known.

All druggists sell "BRISTOL'S"

He came, he saw, he bought, was satisfied, came back and bought again. That's our little story.

JEWETT'S JEWELRY STORE,
Jewett's Corner, - - Woodstock.

It is estimated that the total reduction of the Boer forces in South Africa from January of this year amounts to 12,000 men, of which 1,200 have been killed and 1,600 wounded, while 9,000 have surrendered or been captured.

Charlotte county is famous for the excellence of its turnip product, and some big ones are raised over there. Andrew McCullough of Dufferin, exhibited one in St. Stephen on Wednesday which girls 34 inches and weighs 15½ pounds.

Poetry.

On Life's Sea.

My bark, I know, is frail;
But while upon life's sea,
I'll tack, or reef, or spread each sail
To winds of Destiny.
Oh, I shall not lose heart!
Till storms will overwhelm.
I'll mind my compass and my chart,
And be here at the helm.
Onward with cheer I go
To meet my destiny,
For though my bark may sink, I know
'Tis to a larger sea.
EDWIN E. KINNEY.
Lowell, June 17.

Literature.

HIS LITTLE WARD.

A Story Having More to Do With the Child's Governess Than the Child Herself.

It was very annoying. Leslie Thomas threw the letter impatiently on the table and gazed for some time into the glowing embers of his bachelor fireside.

What had he done? He, a sober minded, single man, to be saddled with a child for the rest of his days; he, who disliked children, to be the guardian and protector of a girl who was nothing to him until she should arrive at an age to take care of herself. Yet he had promised the child's father.

Dear Mr. Thomas—I trust you will not consider this a piece of interference on my part, but I thought it necessary for you to know that your little ward, Eva Gresham, has now reached the age of five, without once having seen the face of her guardian. I am anxious to know what you intend to do in the way of her education and thought perhaps you would better judge by coming down soon to see her. Yours faithfully,
ROSE HERSCHTEL.

"A piece of impertinence," said the devoted guardian, biting his nails. "What is it to do with Miss Rose Herschel, I should like to know? The child is nothing to me. However, I suppose I must do my duty by her. I'll run down to Sevenoaks and set matters right straight away, packing my ward off to a boarding school and Miss Impudence about her business. She has had a nice, soft time of it looking after that child, and now perhaps she will be sorry she had a finger in the pie."

That was how Mr. Leslie Thomas found himself the following afternoon outside a snug little villa at Sevenoaks. He hesitated before knocking. The cottage, he thought, looked rather fine for such humble inhabitants, and yet there was the name written up over the porch right enough—Woodbine Cottage—in big gilt letters. Filmy lace curtains fluttered at the windows, through which a glimpse of a daintily furnished drawing room could be seen. The window boxes were gay with flowers, and the whole house had a thoroughly well kept appearance.

In some surprise Eva's guardian reached up and lifted the shining door knocker, wondering in spite of himself that he had never had the curiosity to venture here before. The door was opened by a spruce maid, to whose skirts clung a little, girlish mite of five.

"Miss Herschel?" he inquired, with a glance of interest at the child. "Will you please come in, sir?" said the girl, and Mr. Thomas followed the girl into the snug little drawing room ever furnished. He had hardly taken a chair ere Miss Herschel entered, with Eva on her hand.

She was a tall, graceful girl of about eight and twenty, with a sweet, womanly face, frank eyes and a rich, glowing color.

"Mr. Thomas! I'm so glad you've come. I thought you would," she said, with a smile, betraying a bewitching dimple in either cheek. "I did so want you to know your little ward. Isn't she a darling?"

"A nice little girl indeed," stammered Leslie. "I am glad you sent for me. She is now at an age when she should mix up with other children. I will see about a boarding school at once."

"A boarding school!" The color deepened suddenly in Miss Herschel's cheek, and her eyes flashed indignantly. "A boarding school," she repeated warmly, "for a delicate child like that! Nonsense! She wouldn't live a month in it. Besides, I love her and cannot part with her."

The haughtiness and assurance with which she spoke surprised and irritated Mr. Thomas, who considered himself a masterful man in his way.

"Indeed," he said dryly. "But the future of the child must be considered before personal desires."

"She could go to a day school about here, or—or I could spare time to teach her."

"Thank you, but I prefer the idea of a boarding school," said Leslie Thomas. "You forget I am the child's guardian."

"And you seem to forget that I have taken the place of the child's mother," said the girl quickly.

The D.L. Emulsion
of Cod Liver Oil
(Trade Mark.)
Will
GIVE YOU AN APPETITE!
TONE YOUR NERVES!
MAKE YOU STRONG!
MAKE YOU WELL!

Dr. Burgess, Med. Sup't of the Prof. Hospital for Insane, New York, prescribes it a remedy for nervous debility, and writes: "I have used it with the best results."
50c. and \$1.00 Bottles.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited.

"Well, you have been paid for it." They were insulting words, and Leslie was sorry the moment he had uttered them. Even then he was surprised to see the effect they had upon the girl.

She rose instantly, trembling in every limb, the color coming and going in her cheeks and with her eyes ablaze with indignation.

"Paid for it! Yes," she said rapidly. "And for all you know and for all the interest you took in me and the child I might have been a wicked, worthless woman who accepted the money for her own use and shamefully neglected and ill used the child."

With this she swept him a look of utter disdain and contempt and, walking over to her writing table, unlocked a drawer and drew forth a small box in which reposed a little hoard of bank notes and golden coins.

"Here are Eva's savings," she said stiffly; "fifty pounds yearly for nearly five years. It is a nice little sum. Will you please take it with her now?"

Leslie Thomas turned abashed from the scornful brown eyes and by way of diversion picked up the child, who beat him furiously with her little doubled fists.

Leslie laughed awkwardly and set her down.

"She is a little mite," he said. "I suppose she will not be the worse for a little more coddling. What do you say? Shall we keep the peace for another twelve months?"

The girl swept him a deep courtesy. "My Lord is gracious," she said, with mock gratitude, and then, with a sudden change of manner, she turned from him, with a sob, and caught the child passionately to her breast.

Emboldened by a strong sense of duty, which had never troubled him before the interview with Eva's good friend, Leslie Thomas paid frequent visits to the little villa at Sevenoaks. Miss Herschel was consulted about a school in the neighborhood for his little ward, her talents were discussed, her toys chosen and her pleasures arranged, and in the mutual interest for the child's welfare the altercation at their first meeting was forgotten, and the two became fast friends—nay, more, for the fine color in Miss Herschel's cheek deepened to an alarming degree when the familiar knock came at the door, and, although Leslie Thomas had as yet spoken no words but those of kindly friendship, his eyes were unconsciously eloquent.

But silence could not be maintained for long, and one day when Leslie had accidentally met her returning from a walk he purposely returned to the subject of a boarding school for the hapless little Eva.

This time Miss Herschel maintained her composure and smiled severely. She knew her power now.

"Do you want to be saddled with the child all your life?" he demanded.

"If you put it that way—yes."

"But you may marry," this anxiously.

"In such an event," began Miss Herschel, coloring and with a swift, upward glance, "she would still be in the care of her guardian."

"Then you would leave her?" asked Leslie.

"Oh, no. She would still remain as my little daughter."

This time her eyes were withdrawn, for, with a burst of eloquence, Leslie had caught her in a close embrace.

"Do you really mean it, Rose?" he murmured at length. "Can you really look upon me as a lover after—after my rudeness to you and my brutality to that child?"

"Yes, I think I can," said Rose, smiling, "even after your brutality." But listen, and don't think me quite disinterested with regard to little Eva. Her father was once betrothed to me."

"To you!" said Leslie, suddenly releasing her.

"Yes, but you needn't be jealous, dear. It was a most prosaic affair, and he afterward fell in love with and married Eva's mother, who died, as you know, soon after the little one's birth. Perhaps it was natural for my poor Herbert when he knew that he was dying to wish to place the little orphan in my care."

"Then you love the child for her father's sake?" said Leslie almost resentfully.

"No; for her own and for his sad memory," said Rose gravely. "Is

she to be your little daughter, too, or only mine?"

"She shall be ours," said Leslie, with some fervor. "She was the means of bringing us together, and for that alone I owe her a debt of gratitude I shall never be able to repay."

"Except by being good to her and her adopted mother for the rest of your life," said Miss Herschel, lifting her lips temptingly.

And Leslie sealed the compact.—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

LI HUNG CHANG.

THE DEAD STATESMAN WAS PROBABLY THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

In an article on the six richest men in the world, published in the New York World, in 1895, Li Hung Chang was made to head the list with the tidy sum of \$500,000,000, the second being Mr. John D. Rockefeller, with \$180,000,000. The writer says: "As Viceroy of the Chinese Empire Li Hung Chang for years was in a position to accumulate wealth of every sort. With his five hundred millions he is the owner of great rice fields and innumerable pawn shops, which are most profitable. In the district where he resides he is looked upon as a veritable god. Hundreds of slaves and servants wait upon him and except when he is called to court he passes his time studying. Li Hung Chang is a self-made man. Rumor says that a large part of his fortune is invested in English consols and American railway securities. His fortune is said to be increasing at the rate of \$50,000 per day."

Li Hung Chang was the most interesting of all the rich men. While some rich men inherited their wealth nearly all the others amassed theirs by simply devoting their lives entirely to it. But Li did neither, he built up his fortune and administered his own private financial matters while he administered the affairs of a nation.

HARD, RACKING COUGHS.

Barring accidents, the person who gets along with the least amount of cough will live the longest. Of course, the right to attack a cough is at the commencement, when it is a simple thing for the right treatment to drive the cough quickly away. As a general thing, however, people spend so much time experimenting with various remedies that the cough is well under way before they know it. Then comes the long siege. You feel the hard racking all through your system, and get relief from nothing. You fill your stomach with nauseating mixtures to no purpose. Then you use compounds containing narcotics, which deceive temporarily, and leave you slightly worse. Some coughs of this kind hang on for weeks or even months, and, of course, they frequently develop into serious lung troubles. A true specific for all coughs is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, and it should be kept in the house against any emergency. With a cough that has become chronic the first effect of this remedy is a lessening of the dull sensation of pain which usually is felt with such a cough. Then you are conscious that the soreness is leaving you, and presently the desire to cough grows less frequent. All this process is brought about by the healing properties of the Balsam. It is a compound of barks and gums. You can test it. 25 cents at any druggist's. Get the genuine with "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

Emperor William is undoubtedly the richest monarch in the world, now that Queen Victoria's estate has been divided. He inherited more than \$30,000,000 from his grandfather thirteen years ago, which was well invested and has since rapidly increased in value. He inherited another fortune from his father, the late Emperor Frederick. His wife is also rich.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE
Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Flower. It cures the ureters, clears the throat, stops droppings in the nose, and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto, and Buffalo.

Dainty Women Preferred.

Personality leaves its stamp every time, but not always a pleasing one. It is purely feminine, I presume, to desire to leave a good impression, but since we are women let us live up to the attributes of our sex, always provided they are the nice ones. A truly feminine woman is delightful, but the monstrosity known as the masculine woman has no place in either sex. She occupies the position of the bat in the fable—a sort of an outcast since barred out by bird and beast. There never was anything lovable about the girl who aped her brother in clothes or manner, or the woman who relied upon her strength to rule in the hearts of others—her sex is a much better weapon. Men abominate assertive women, and the members of their own sex avoid them. Bear that in mind in the training of the little girls. Make them dainty specimens of womanhood, even though they will have to fight their way through the world. The task will be easier, be sure of that.—Betty Braden in Boston Traveler.

Help... Nature

Babies and children need proper food, rarely ever medicine. If they do not thrive on their food something is wrong. They need a little help to get their digestive machinery working properly.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME & SODA

will generally correct this difficulty.

If you will put from one-fourth to half a teaspoonful in baby's bottle three or four times a day you will soon see a marked improvement. For larger children, from half to a teaspoonful, according to age, dissolved in their milk, if you so desire, will very soon show its great nourishing power. If the mother's milk does not nourish the baby, she needs the emulsion. It will show an effect at once both upon mother and child.

all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, Canada.

All Mussulmans Secure Converts.

Europeans habitually forget that every Mussulman is more or less of a missionary—that is, he intensely desires to secure converts from non-Mussulman peoples. Such converts not only increase his own chance of heaven, but they swell his own faction, his own army, his own means of conquering, governing and taxing the remainder of mankind.

All the emotions which impel a Christian to proselyte are in a Mussulman strengthened by all the motives which impel a political leader and all the motives which sway a recruiting sergeant, until proselytism has become a passion, which wherever success seems practicable, and especially success on a large scale, develops in the quietest Mussulman a fury of ardor which induces him to break down every obstacle, his own strongest prejudices included, rather than stand for an instant in a neophyte's way. He welcomes him as a son, and, whatever his own lineage and whether the convert be negro or Chinaman or Indian or even European, he will without hesitation or scruple give his own child in marriage and admit him fully, frankly and finally into the most exclusive society in the world.

The Game of Whirlwind.

To play an exciting game arrange, in a circle, as many chairs as there are players and let all but one be seated. There will then be a vacant chair for the person left standing. This he must try to occupy, and, if he succeeds, the player on his left must take his place in the centre of the circle. The only way for the players to prevent the vacant seat from being taken is for the player on the left of it to move on and occupy it. In this way the whole circle is kept constantly on the move, and there is a great deal of merriment over the difficulties experienced by the standing player in procuring a seat.

Few People Escape The Torture of Piles

And Dr. Chase's Ointment is the Only Positive and Guaranteed Cure for This Wretched Disease.

There is usually very little satisfaction in consulting a physician regarding a case of piles. In nine cases out of ten he will recommend a surgical operation, forgetting, it may be, the risk, suffering and physical as well as financial expense which this treatment entails. For this reason very many people are going about in misery with piles, believing that they cannot be cured except by means of the surgeon's knife.

It is to such persons that this advertisement will bring good news of great value. Dr. Chase's Ointment has never failed to cure piles and it is recognized the world over as absolutely the only preparation that can be relied upon to cure every form of this frightfully common ailment.

It seems strange that anyone should suffer the wretched uneasiness and acute torture of burning, itching piles when it is so easy to procure Dr. Chase's Ointment. Nearly every dealer in medicine keeps Dr. Chase's Ointment, and you can apply it at home without any inconvenience. If you prefer send 50 cents to Edmanston Bates & Co., Toronto, and a box will be sent postpaid to your address. Ask your neighbor or druggist about this remarkable remedy.