THE HIGHLAND RANGE

Is unexcelled as a coal saver and a thoroughgoing baker, it is also a good looking range

Call and see it at our store and read the testimonials as to its superiority

CULLED FROM EXCHANGES -- Cont'd

Bless Thou the grab-bag and the gypsy tent,

The flower table and the cake that's sent.

May our whist club be to thy service blest;

The dancing party gayer than the rest.

And when Thou hast bestowed these blessings—then

We pray that Thou wilt bless our souls. Amen!

-Caroline A. Walker in Life.



Sir Thomas Lipton.

About forty years ago a ragged little boy named Tommy used to sit on the piers at Glasgow and watch the boats skimming over the waters. He was neglecting the messenger service for which he was paid sixty cents a week; but he could not help that, for the yachts fascinated him.

One day he said, "When I grow up to be a rich man, I'll have a yacht of my own, the finest and fastest that was ever built." Suddenly Tommy disappeared, and a letter post-marked New York told the old folks that he had run away to America to make his fortune. Prosperity proved somewhat coy, but the young emigrant managed to save enough to pay his way home to Glasgow. That boy to-day declars that his first trip to America made him.

His father had managed to amassa fortune of \$400, and this whole amount was advanced to start the young man in business in a little provision shop. This was the humble beginning of Sir Thomas Lipton's four hundred and fifty stores in all parts of the world. He is the largest individual landowner in Ceylon, where he cultivates tea, coffee and cocoa; in Dublin, he makes ginger ale; in London, among a hundred other lines, he is a contractor for the British army and navy; he has warehouses in Colombo and Calcutta; in Chicago, his packing house kills 3,000 hogs a day; he sells tea in New York, makes candy in London, and runs a restaurant that cost \$500,000, where 12,000 are fed daily at a halfpenny a head.