

GERMAN FELT SLIPPERS, with Leather Soles.

100 pairs MEN'S at -	30 Cents.
100 " LADIES' at -	33 "
75 " MISSES' at -	30 "
75 " CHILD'S at -	30 "

These are very warm slippers and must be sold before stock-taking and at the above low prices. **CALL EARLY.**

WATERBURY & RISING



CURES PAINS—External and Internal. Swellings, Contractions, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headaches, Sore Throat, Stomachic, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Itches, and Scabies.

BEST STABLE REMEDY IN THE WORLD

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headaches, Sore Throat, Stomachic, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Itches, and Scabies.

LARGE BOTTLE!

POWERFUL REMEDY!

MOST ECONOMICAL!

25 CENTS.

Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best selling medicine they have.

Beware of Imitations of which there are several on the market. The genuine one is prepared by and bearing the name of

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.,

YARMOUTH, N. S.

TESTIMONIAL.

DEAR SIR—I was formerly a resident at Fort St. John, N. S., and there received much benefit from your Liniment, especially in the treatment of my Rheumatism. Please tell me how I can obtain it here, as I cannot do without it in my house.

Yours faithfully,
JOSEPH A. SNOW,
Norway, Maine.

N. W. BRENNAN,

UNDERTAKER,

77 CHARLOTTE ST., PORTLAND, N. B.

Special Prices for Country Trade 15-17

AS WELL AS

BEING THE CHEAPEST

You will find none better than

PAPERS. WOODILL'S 25 CENTS.

5 CENTS. GERMAN 12 CENTS.

10 CENTS. BAKING 12 CENTS.

20 CENTS. POWDER 22 CENTS.

VICTORIA HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

None gives more satisfaction than Woodill's. Have been using it nearly three years.

DR. W. MCWHIRTER, PROP.

SEE 6,000,000 PEOPLE USE

FRY'S SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

SEEDS

THE HOME.

How easy it is to spoil a day!

The thoughtless words of cherished friends.

The selfish act of a child at play.

The strength of will that will not bend.

The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe.

The smile that is full of bitter things.

They all can tarnish the golden glow.

And take the grace from its airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a day!

By the force of a thought we did not check!

Little by little we mold the clay.

And little flaws may the vessel wreck.

The careless wave of a white winged hour.

That held the blessings we long had sought.

The sudden loss of wealth or power—

And lo! the day is with till inwrought.

How easy it is to spoil a life—

And many are spoiled ere well begun—

In some life darkened by sin and strife.

Or downward course of a cherished one;

By toil that robs the form of its grace.

And undermines till health gives way.

By the peevish temper, the frowning face.

The hopes that go and the cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain;

Some good should come as the hours go by—

Some tangled maze may be made more plain.

Some lowered glance may be raised on high.

And life is too short to spoil like this.

If only a prelude it may be sweet.

Let us bind together its thread of bliss.

And nourish the flowers around our feet.

—*Mail and Express.*

Where Mother Is.

BY MRS. L. G. MCNEAN.

"The little child's idea of bliss

Finds utterance, eloquent, in this,

"My home is where my mother is."

On the street of a great city, a little

child was lost. When taken in charge by

the proper authorities, his constant cry

was, "Oh, lead me home! Please lead

me home!" But the only thing he could

say to the location of his home, was the

oft-repeated explanation that it was "where

mother is."

Dear young men, are you astray, wan-

dering from home? Were you lost last

week, last evening? Were you at home?

Unconsciously the little child has furnished

us with a correct criterion. All places are

homelike and safe where your mother

might be present, and in harmony with

her environments. Are you in places

where you would shrink from seeing your

mother before you? Then, beloved, you

are astray, you are lost. Home is where

mother is, in the place of prayer,

beside the bed of sickness, in labor

abounding for those she loves, among good

books and noble works of art, writing

and helpful words, or doing the lowliest

work with patient faithfulness. Thank

God for the motherhood that makes such

words precious realities!

But, do you say, "I have no mother."

"She sleeps beneath that low green tent,

Whose curtains never outward swing."

Then, by all the power that heaven holds

over earth, she draws you by the words,

"Home is where mother is." For is there

not in the grave? "Why seek ye the living

among the dead?" Your mother is at home

in heaven; and knowing the mother-love,

stronger than death, we almost think that

heaven is hardly heaven to her until her

boy comes home to her, and her love

beheld? Would you be led home? Enter,

then, no place where mother could not be

happy beside you. Speak no words you

would not have her hear. Listen to nothing

that would bring a blush to her faded

cheek. Do not that would pain her gentle

heart. Follow no primrose path that

leads away from "mother, home, and

heaven."

On Being Pleasant.

Says Mr. Thackeray about that nice boy,

Clive Newcome, "I don't know that Clive

was especially brilliant, but he was pleasant."

Occasionally we meet people to

whom it seems to come natural to be

pleasant; such are as welcome wherever

they go as flowers in May, and the most

charming thing about them is that they

help to make other people pleasant too.

Their pleasantness is contagious.

The other morning we were in the midst

of a three-day rain. The fire smoked, the

dining-room was chilly, and when we

assembled for breakfast, papa looked rather

grim, and mamma tired, for the baby had

been restless all night. Polly was plainly

inclined to fretfulness, and Bridget was

undeniably cross, when Jack came in with

the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He

had taken off his rubber coat and boots in

the entry, and he came in rosy and smiling.

"Here's the paper, sir," said he to his

father with such a cheerful tone that his

father's brow relaxed, and he said, "Ah,

Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly.

His mother looked up at him smiling,

and he just touched her cheek gently as he

passed.

The top of the morning to you, Polly-

wog," he said to his little sister, and

delivering the rolls to Bridget with a "Here

you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't

go yourself this beautiful day?"

He gave the fire a poke and opened a

damper. The smoke ceased, and presently

the coals began to glow, and five minutes

after Jack came in, we had gathered around

the table and were eating our oatmeal as

cheerily as possible. This seems very

simple in telling, and Jack never knew he

had done anything at all, but he had in

fact changed the whole moral atmosphere

of the room, and had started a gloomy day

pleasantly for five people.

"He is always so," said his mother when

I spoke to her about it afterwards, "just so

sunny and kind and ready all the time. I

suppose there are more brilliant boys in

the world, but none so good as my son."

Very few people have the courage

of that cheeriest of men, Mr. Mark Tapley,

THE HOME.

How easy it is to spoil a day!

The thoughtless words of cherished friends.

The selfish act of a child at play.

The strength of will that will not bend.

The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe.

The smile that is full of bitter things.

They all can tarnish the golden glow.

And take the grace from its airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a day!

By the force of a thought we did not check!

Little by little we mold the clay.

And little flaws may the vessel wreck.

The careless wave of a white winged hour.

That held the blessings we long had sought.

The sudden loss of wealth or power—

And lo! the day is with till inwrought.

How easy it is to spoil a life—

And many are spoiled ere well begun—

In some life darkened by sin and strife.

Or downward course of a cherished one;

By toil that robs the form of its grace.

And undermines till health gives way.

By the peevish temper, the frowning face.

The hopes that go and the cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain;

Some good should come as the hours go by—

Some tangled maze may be made more plain.

Some lowered glance may be raised on high.

And life is too short to spoil like this.

If only a prelude it may be sweet.

Let us bind together its thread of bliss.

And nourish the flowers around our feet.

—*Mail and Express.*

Where Mother Is.

BY MRS. L. G. MCNEAN.

"The little child's idea of bliss

Finds utterance, eloquent, in this,

"My home is where my mother is."

On the street of a great city, a little

child was lost. When taken in charge by

the proper authorities, his constant cry

was, "Oh, lead me home! Please lead

me home!" But the only thing he could

say to the location of his home, was the

oft-repeated explanation that it was "where

mother is."

Dear young men, are you astray, wan-

dering from home? Were you lost last

week, last evening? Were you at home?

Unconsciously the little child has furnished

us with a correct criterion. All places are

homelike and safe where your mother