A GOOD CONFESSION.

BY MRS. KATE UPSON CLARK.

"For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

It has come to the ears of poor old Mrs. Deering that the "Church Aid" ladies were not going to assist this winter any "lazy and shiftless" people. They were going to be very discriminating.

Therefore, when a horse and carriage were seen toiling up the long, steep hill which led to the shackly Deering farm-house one bright October afternoon, there was a commotion in that usually peaceful abode. A merely social visit from people who rode in such style was inconceivable to the Deerings. No doubt the "Church Aid" ladies were even now on their way to inspect anew this family, who had been their beneficiaries for several seasons. Mrs. Deering did not see how she and her drunken, inefficient husband and her unkempt children were to get through the winter without their usual "lift" from the church; she knew well that her family belonged among the "lazy and shiftless." She felt that every effort must be made at this juncture to impress the approaching visitors with the worthiness of her household to receive their annual donation.

She was sitting inertly beside a window when the carriage caught her eye. On the instant her apathy vanished.

"Ashley!" she called harshly to her fifteen-year old son, who was whittling in a corner, "take a basket and go dig some potatoes. Sabiny, you ain't emptied your dishwater! Fly 'round now! Lucy," turning to a slender girl, whose age might have been seventeen and who was sitting idly on the doorstone, "you go gather some apples. Hurry now! You wanter to show the ladies that we all work up here."

"Sabiny" threw aside, with an expressions of dissatisfaction, the tattered novel which she was reading, but, being the eldest child at home she realized the stress of the occasion and went obediently to work. Ashley seized a dilapidated peck basket, glad of an excuse to disappear. Lucy, whose drooping eyelids and uncertain movements indicated that she was blind, started for the orchard. Her face was strangely like the heavy and stupid one of her older sister, and yet it was delicate and beautiful, while her hair, which looked like a golden fleece, curled becomingly in her neck.

She was returning from the orchard with an apronful of apples by the time that the ladies had reached the level plateau in front of the house. In her red gown, whose stains and rents were not apparent so far away, and with her broad-brimmed hat set well back on her shining hair, she made a lovely picture in the warm glory of the October sunshine. The ladies, who were a certain Mrs. Hughes and Mrs. Elliott, prominent members of the Church Aid Society, watched her with delight. The girl, with her sweet face uplifted, her closed eyes, and with one slim hand outstretched before her after the manner of the blind, had by this time reached a little stream not far away. A single log spanned its babbling waters, but without hesitation she fearlessly and safely crossed it and was soon within speaking distance of the visitors.

"What a dear little thing she is!" breathed Mrs. Elliott, watching the girl's graceful motions with admiration.

"Isn't she!" rejoined her companion with feeling. Then, "Good morning, Lucy," she added. She had a larger and more aggressive personality than her companion and naturally took the initiative. "Is your mother at home?"

"Yes, ma'am" responded Lucy, in a pleasant voice. "Is—is—it Mrs. Hughes?"

The lady laughed. "I suppose," she said, "there isn't a person in the village whose voice you would not recognize, Lucy."

"O, I don't know," returned the girl, with a pleased little laugh. "I think I ought to know yours after all your kindness to me."

By this time Mrs. Deering, very warm and moist from her unwonted exertions, was standing in the door. Her apron had been renewed, and other unaccustomed niceties of toilet combined to make her appearance less unprepossessing than usual.

"It is going to be a hard winter, they say, Mrs. Deering," began Mrs. Hughes, when the regulation compliments had been passed on both sides and the time seemed ripe for business.

"Terrible, terrible," moaned Mrs. Deering, trying not to look too warmly expectant. "And he ain't got any steady work, and our two boys that went out West they ain't don' much, an' the farm ain't done a thing this summer. The land's all worn out. It's as much as we can do to get vegetables and apples often it to keep us through."

"You remember that we have helped you to clothing and—and some other things for a year or two now every fall," proceeded Mrs. Hughes. "I suppose if things are as bad as you say, you will need quite as much this year as ever, perhaps more."

Mrs. Deering almost sobbed at this. "I suppose as you say, mebbe we shall, Mrs. Hughes," she admitted, drawing her face down. "He ain't strong, you know, an' he ain't to be depended on, an' Ashly he ain't real smart, not as my other boys were."

Both ladies shuddered. Those "other boys" of the Deerings were a proverb throughout the whole town. It had been a relief to everybody when they went West, and it was hoped on all sides that they might never return.

"An' the girls an' me," Mrs. Deering snuffled on, "we can't do much. Sabiny, she's tried to make out some, but she don't make much at it—can't seem to get a steady place; an' Lucy, she's stone blind, an' so it goes. Why you, Sabiny," she cried, suddenly realizing that the wheels of industry which she had energetically set in motion were idle again, "how can you set there so lazylike when there's all the chamber work to do? Go up an' do it quick's you can! An' Lucy, there comes Ashley with some potatoes for dinner. Tell him to pick up and put in the cellar all the rest of the day."

"How pretty your Lucy is growing!" exclaimed Mrs. Elliott as the door closed behind that young person.

The mother simpered. "Well, some folks do think she's sorter pretty," she admitted modestly. "She's got pretty ways, and she's been to school a sight steadier than the others, not being able to help much to home, and folks have sort of coddled her an' learned her her lessons, an' for all her bein' blind so, she's had a sight of advantages. She's a good girl, too."

This reminded Mrs. Hughes of one of the chief objects of her visit. In spite of the Deering family's obligation to the village church, it was almost impossible to secure their attendance upon its services. Hypocritical as they were and desirous as they were of aid, they were still too indolent to make a proper toilet and such other efforts as were necessary to anything like regular attendance upon church and Sunday-school. It had been decided by the ladies that the Deerings must reform in this respect or go without assistance.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Hughes to Mrs. Deering's last remark, "Lucy is a good girl and we want to know her better down at the village. She and Sabina used to come to Sunday-school years ago, but lately they don't come. What is the trouble?"

This led to a long recital of more or less valid excuses, which ended only when Mrs. Hughes rose to go.

"Well, do try to have them come," pleaded Mrs. Elliot, as they all stood on the doorstep.

"I'm sure," added Mrs. Hughes, significantly, "our people would feel better satisfied if they would make the effort."

As the two ladies rode toward their homes, they discussed their visit.

"I have understood that one of those worthless farmers back on the hills here is waiting upon Sabina," said Mrs. Hughes. "she will probably marry him soon, and that is why she does not come to church. Her lover does his courting on Sundays. That great, stupid boy will never be of much use to anyone, but poor, pretty little Lucy! She would like to come regularly, it seems, but she cannot come alone and there is nobody to come with her. The boy just won't. I suppose that girl will never be able to earn her salt. It is too bad."

"Yet, after all, she supports the family. I know our people would not feel like doing anything for the Deerings if it were not for her. She is the one gleam of beauty and of romance about the whole miserable set. I can't help wondering what will become of her when that wretched old home is broken up, as it must be before long."

In spite of complaints from Mrs. Deering that "it was dreatful hard work keeping the roads broke out, that folks didn't help half as much as they might about givin' lifts back'n forth," and that "they was really afraid of pneumony from the awful colds they ketched goin' through the drifts to meetin'," there was a tolerably regular attendance at church of the mother and the children until after the holidays. Then meetings were held every evening and the two girls, especially Lucy, became deeply interested. They did not seem to mind climbing the up hill mile to their home almost every night, and Lucy had risen several times for prayers. Still it seemed as though she never could come out from a state of doubt and despondency which had settled upon her.

"Can't you believe, Lucy?" asked the kind minister.

"O, yes!" sobbed the girl.

"Then Christ will receive you," he assured her, and he cited many from among the precious array of promises to "him that believeth."

Still, night after night, the poor child was dissolved in tears, and was heard to murmur, amid her weeping: "O, I can't! I can't! And yet I must!"

At last she arose in an evening meeting, pale, calm, resolved. She had worn a woolen hood down from the hill, but had taken it off in the heat of the room, so that her fleece of golden hair curled uncovered about her pretty head and shadowed her face with its drooping eyelids.

"I've—I've got a confession to make," she stammered slowly, but in a strong, tense voice. "It's hard, and my folks don't think I ought to, but I know God will never forgive me if I don't tell. I—I—am not blind—that is—I am not quite blind. I do not need to feel my way down the aisle. I can see where the seats lie; I can see a great deal more than you think. Perhaps you can understand," went on poor Lucy, "how when I was little and they saw my eyes were not right and I looked as if I was blind, how kind people were to me, and how much they were ready to do for me; you can understand how it seemed just as well not to say that I was able to see a little, to let them keep on thinking that I was stone blind."

O, yes! the whole audience knew the Deerings and could comprehend the pressure under which the poor child had grown up, but they liked her none the less because she did not blame more definitely her worthless father and mother.

"And now I want to tell you all," she continued, "because I love Christ and want to be his true follower, even if you scorn me for being wicked so long. I did not realize it till now, and I could not bear to have you think I had not been good all this while, and you may never forgive me, but God will, for he will understand—O, O!" And here she shook her yellow hair over her agitated face, pulled out her handkerchief and burst into tears.

Lucy's confession produced a profound sensation throughout the crowded room. For a moment after she sat down there was utter silence except for her convulsive sobs. Then the pastor arose and said, "Let us pray," while the woman who sat next to poor Lucy stroked her head and tried to comfort her, though Sabina sat on the other side of her like a stock. It was plain to see that she represented the family, and that they might reasonably feel their chief means of extracting benefits from the community to be gone with the delusion regarding Lucy's blindness, but the heart of everyone warmed fondly toward Lucy herself. When the meeting broke up Mrs. Hughes, who was one of the richest as well as one of the best women in the village, came up to the girl and said, "Lucy, I want you to come home with me. I will have my man drive Sabina home. I want you to come and live with me, and you had better come tonight."

"But—but," stammered Lucy, "I'm afraid I can't work enough to pay, Mrs. Hughes."

"O, yes, you can," disputed Mrs. Hughes, affectionately. "I've thought of this for years, Lucy—I haven't any children, you know—but I never understood how sweet and good you were until to-night. And, besides, I am afraid to have you go home."

"O, Mrs. Hughes," sobbed Lucy, "how good you are when I've been so wicked! O, how can you forgive me!"

Still Lucy went. Mrs. Hughes taught her to help about the house and paid her wages, but the girl was a daughter rather than a servant. She learned to play upon Mrs. Hughes's piano, and her sweet voice was trained for singing. She became the joy and ornament of the household. She honored the Christian profession which she made shortly after that memorable night. She helped the miserable parents who had taught her to deceive, and she endeared her beautiful face and pretty ways to the village people far more than ever before.

All of this happened many years ago, but "Lucy Deering's confession" is still remembered throughout all of that region. As Mrs. Hughes said to the minister, a few days after it occurred: "It was such a noble thing to do. She had carried out the idea of total blindness successfully for so many years that she had every reason to believe that she could always do it without being found out, and she really thought that everybody would shun and despise her when she was found out. Why, it was like old heroes and martyrs. I wanted to jump right up and tell how it thrilled me—the real grandeur of it. I never saw a plainer proof of the presence of God's Spirit working in the heart, did you?"

"No," admitted the pastor, warmly, "I never did."—*Congregationalist.*

WHOSE?

BY LOUISE THEUSH BROOKS.
Minneapolis.

"Come down quick, Alan, and see what grandpa has in the barn!" called Robin.

Alan, who was the indolent one in the family, roused himself and proceeded to pull on the stockings which had been half on and half off for five minutes while his wits had been wool gathering. "What is it?" he asked.

"Oh! I shan't tell you," answered Robin, "only it's twins like us."

Alan scrambled into the rest of his clothes and ran down to the barn. There were some very suspicious marks left on his hands since the night before which he neglected to wash off in his haste, and he thrust his hands deep into his pockets to hide them, and pulled his cap far down on his head to cover the uncombed hair.

He found grandpa, Abner, the hired man, and Robin all lost in admiration over Sukey, the pretty Jersey cow, and her twin calves. They were exactly alike, the same silky hair with its delicate coloring, large, soft eyes like a fawn's, and cunning little noses that felt like velvet.

"Aren't they daisies?" cried Robin enthusiastically. Just alike, can't tell them apart, and grandpa says we may have them for our own 'cause they're twins and so are we."

"Stop, stop!" cried grandpa, "not so fast! You can have them only on condition that you will take care of them faithfully when they are old enough to leave their mother. They must be fed three times a day and taken to the meadow in the morning and brought home at night, and I have an idea it will prove very tiresome for some boys I know who find it hard to stop play long enough to do anything they are asked."

Both boys were sure it would be only fun to feed such beauties as Daisy and Dolly as they had named the calves on the spot, and grandpa with a wise smile was willing to let them try.

It seemed a long time before Abner pronounced them old enough to drink warm milk from a pail, and for the first few days the twins were as faithful as the clock when the hour for feeding came. Then Alan, the indolent, allowed Robin to carry more than his share of the pail as they struggled up the hill to the pasture. Before two weeks were over Robin had sprained his foot and Alan must go alone.

"The idea of being pestered like this," said grandma, indignantly, when both boys went fishing and forgot to come home and she had to do the feeding herself.

"Boys will be boys," replied Mr. Downey. "We'll try them a little longer. I gave them a month and it is only two weeks."

"Keep your eyes on the calves today," called Abner after the twins the next morning. "I saw a band of gypsies camping down in the hollow yesterday, and it wouldn't take long to hoist one or both of them beauties into their wagons and make off with them." Both boys promised, and then forgot all about it the next minute, and went for a long ramble to the river to dig for clam shells. They were reminded of it some hours later, however, on meeting Abner, whose angry face told them something was wrong without waiting to put it into words.

"It is just as I said; one of them calves is missing. It was worse than nonsense to let such boys have the run of such valuable critters."

The twins dropped their shells and ran to the pasture. For once in his life Alan was in the lead.

"It's mine that is left, anyway," he called back to Robin.

"It isn't either," shouted Robin angrily. "It's mine!"

There was no way of telling whether it was Daisy or Dolly that had been stolen. At first the twins had tied different colored ribbons around the calves' necks to distinguish them, but they were soon lost, and now the boys stood angrily by the side of the remaining calf, neither willing the other should have it.

Two defiant, sullen little boys sat opposite at the supper table that evening; neither spoke because they had solemnly declared that they would not speak to each other again never, never!

Grandpa was very patient with them; he was sure that their better natures would triumph in the end, and he could afford to wait. There was no bed-time frolic that night, no pillow fight, and it was surely the worst punishment that could be inflicted for these fun-loving little brothers to keep each to his own side of the room.

"Only one pail of milk must be carried to the calf," said grandpa next morning when both boys insisted on carrying a separate pail. What a long day it was. It is just like being mad with yourself, thought Alan, and Robin would have agreed with him had he known what was in his brother's mind.

When Sunday morning dawned the boys went with grandpa to church, perched on either side of him in the high, old-fashioned carryall instead of side by side as they usually sat, chattering of the different objects they saw along the road.

The sermon that morning was by a home missionary, and for a time all the angry feelings were forgotten as they listened to stories of the sufferings from cold and hunger and sickness endured by those who had gone to carry the gospel message to the frontiers of their own country.

"Is there not some sacrifice we can make, something we can give up for the sake of those who have left all that makes life beautiful, and have gone to offer themselves a living sacrifice?" asked the missionary.

When little slips of paper were handed around for pledges for money to carry on this work, the same thought seemed to come to both boys. Alan glanced at Robin for the first time in two days, and there was an answering look on Robin's chubby face. Perhaps the same idea had come to grandpa, too, for he smiled down on them.

"If Robin is willing," whispered Alan, nestling close to him, "I'd like to give up my share in the calf to the Lord. It would be lots better than quarreling over the money all the time."

Grandpa nodded encouragingly, and in turn whispered to Robin what Alan had said. For a moment Robin hesitated; he had already spent the money the calf would bring a half dozen times in his mind, and how could he give it all up?

"I'll do it," he said at length.

After service was over grandpa went with the boys to the minister and told him the whole story.

"They will never be able to tell whose the calf is," he concluded, "so they decided to share in the happiness of giving it to the Lord."

Two happy little boys carried the milk to the pasture that evening and stood with their arms around each other's neck watching the pretty creature drink. All the old differences were forgotten in the desire to see the calf thrive in order to bring as much as possible for the home missionary offering. Grandpa smiled as he listened to their laughter.

"The only way to settle trouble in money matters," he said, "is to share it with the Lord."—*Advance.*

And what shall I say more? for the time would fail me to tell of all the virtues of Puttner's Emulsion.

Father—Everything I say to you goes in at one ear and out at the other. Little Son (thoughtfully)—Is that what little boys has two ears for, papa?

Hood's Sarsaparilla, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, and in this way positively cures catarrh.

Servant—Please, ma'am, there's a poor man at the door with wooden legs. Young Housewife—Why, Babette, what can we do with wooden legs? Tell him we don't want any.

The best recommendation for K.D.C. is the cure it makes. It has cured sufferers from every stage of indigestion. It will cure you too.

"What's that noise?" asked Willie, as the owls began too hoot. "It's a howl," said his English nurse. "Poh!" cried Willie: "I know that; but what is it that's howling!"

Dandruff is due to an enfeebled state of the skin. Hall's Hair Renewer quickens the nutritive functions of the skin, healing and preventing the formation of dandruff.

Mrs. Gotham—I adore traveling. Were you ever in Greece, Miss Loin! Miss Loin of Cincinnati—No, I never was; but papa was in that land trust, you know.

"Turn the rascals out"—the familar party-cry—may be applied to microbes as well as to men. The germs of disease that lurk in the blood are "turned out" by Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the old postmasters are displaced by a new administration.

Mrs. O'Neil—Do yez make the ould man do the washing? Mrs. Murphy—Yis. You see, he's out av shteady worruk, and it's mane loike not ter give him a job whin wan can.

Let the Women Speak.

Mrs. A. Sampson, 208 Bennington St., East Boston, writes: "I had been afflicted with dyspepsia for the last four years, was so bad that I did not dare to eat as it caused me terrible pain. Hearing of K.D.C. I procured a package. It gave me almost immediate relief. One package cured me. I have not been so well for a number of years. I cheerfully recommend it, and feel justified in saying that dyspeptics who can get this medicine have no excuse for suffering."

I was cured of painful Goitre by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Chatham, Ont. BYARD MCMULLIN.

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I was cured of facial neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Parkdale, Ont. J. H. BAILEY.

Indigestion is Stubborn but K. D. C. overcomes it.

For Immediate Relief after Eating Use K. D. C.

A MILLIONAIRE'S OPINION OF RICHES

The following story is told of Jacob Ridgeway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died some years ago, leaving a fortune of five or six million dollars.

"Mr. Ridgeway," said a young man, with whom the millionaire was conversing, "you are more to be envied than any gentleman I know."

"Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgeway, "I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied."

"What, sir!" exclaimed the young man, in astonishment. "Why are not you a millionaire. Think of the thousands of dollars your income brings every month!"

"Well, what of that?" replied Mr. Ridgeway; "all I get out of it is my victuals and clothes; I can't eat more than one man's allowance, or wear more than one suit at a time; pray can't you do as much?"

"Ah, but," said the youth, "think of the hundreds of fine houses you own, and the rental they bring you."

"What better am I off for that?" replied the rich man. "I can only live in one house at a time, and as for the money I receive for rents, why, I can't eat it, or wear it; I can only use it to buy other houses, for other people to live in—they are the beneficiaries, not I."

"But you can buy splendid furniture, costly pictures, and fine carriages and horses; in fact, anything that you desire."

"And after I have bought them," responded Mr. Ridgeway, "What then? I can only look at the furniture and pictures—and the poorest man, who is not blind, can do the same. I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you can in an omnibus for five cents, without the trouble with attending to drivers, footmen and hostlers, and as to any thing I 'desire,' I can tell you, young man, the less we desire in this world the happier we shall be.

All my wealth cannot buy me a single day more of life; cannot buy me back my youth; cannot purchase exemption from sickness or pain; cannot procure me power to keep afar off the hour of death: and then what will all avail, when in a few short years at most, I lay down in the grave and leave it all forever? Young man, you have cause to envy me."

Such, as I remember it, is the substance of the story. Oh, wise Mr. Ridgeway! The fleeting treasures of this world can bring to your soul no happiness; its gold is only bright as the flowers are, and like them, it fades; its lustre grows dim, when death has glazed the eye, and the music of its ring is unheard by the dull ear of the dying. But up in yonder "better world," the treasures do not fade; the moth doth not corrupt them; the thief doth not steal them; the brightness of their glory is incorruptible, and "fadeth not away."—*Religious Intelligencer.*

Danger From Catarrh.

The most important feature about that very common complaint, catarrh in the head, is its tendency to develop into some other more serious and dangerous disease. The foul matter dropping from the head into the bronchial tubes or lungs is very liable to lead to bronchitis or consumption, that destroyer, which causes more deaths in this country than any other disease. As catarrh originates in impurities in the blood, local applications can do but little good. The common sense method of treatment is to purify the blood, and for this purpose there is no preparation superior to Hood's Sarsaparilla. The powerful action of this medicine upon the blood expels every impurity, and by so doing cures catarrh and gives health to the entire organism.

"The senator who has just sat down," whispered the guide in the visitor's gallery, "began his public career as a gage." "Indeed?" said the visitor. "I judge from his speech that he has developed into a volume."

If you suffer with neuralgia, bathe the parts freely with hot water and then apply Dr. Manning's german remedy, which is an infallible cure for this complaint.

Only a cold in the head, neglected, produces catarrh. Only twenty-five cents invested in Hawker's catarrh cure will effect a speedy cure. Try it.

A dull sick headache in the morning with a feeling of nausea will be promptly relieved by a dose of Hawker's liver pills.

Piles are speedily cured by Hawker's pile cure, a mild and always certain remedy.

Chappy—O deah! I'm so nervous about that speech I've got to make at the club. I'm afwaid I'll break down in the delivery. Cholt—Aw! but me deah boy, why don't cher hish a messenjah boy, and get him to deliver it faw yah?

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and rapidly growing children derive more benefit from Scott's Emulsion, than all the rest of the food they eat. Its nourishing powers are felt almost immediately. Babies and children thrive on Scott's Emulsion when no other form of food is assimilated.

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"Four years ago while in the old country (England), my daughter Hannah was sent away from the hospital, in a very low condition with consumption of the lungs and bowels, and weak action of the heart. The trip across the water to this country seemed to make her feel better for a while. Then she began to get worse, and for 14 weeks she was unable to get off the bed. She grew worse for five months and lost the use of her limbs and lower part of body, and if she sat up in bed had to be propped up with pillows. Physicians

Said She Was Past All Help

and wanted me to send her to the 'Home for Incurables.' But I said as long as I could hold my hand up she should not go. We then began

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

to give her Hood's Sarsaparilla. She is getting strong, walks around, in out doors every day; has no trouble with her throat and no cough, and her heart seems to be all right again. She has a first class appetite. We regard her cure as nothing short of a miracle." W. WYATT, 89 Marion Street, Parkdale, Toronto, Ontario.

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Intercolonial Railway.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 1st October, 1894, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	13.10
Express for Quebec and Montreal	16.35
Express for Sussex	16 40

A Parlor Car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.20 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping cars at Moncton at 19.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex	8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	10.30
Express from Moncton (daily)	10.30
Express from Halifax	15 50
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	18.30
Accommodation from Moncton	24.00

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All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time

D. POTTINGER,
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Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.,
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$5 Will be paid to the three persons sending most wrappers of

$3 WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER.

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The above offer is to St. John City and County, and is open until Oct. 31.

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