

PROFESSIONAL
F. L. Pedolin, M. D.,
NEWCASTLE
O. J. McCULLY, M. A., M. D.
Diseases of Eye, Ear and Throat

Davidson & Aitken
Attorneys,
NEWCASTLE.

Dr. H. G. & J. Sprout



Extra used without pain by the use
of Gaseous or other Anesthetics.

Dr. J. D. MacMillan,



Artificial Teeth at lowest prices. Teeth ex-
tracted without pain by the use of gas or local
anesthetics.

BRIDE ROSES FOR JUNE WEDDINGS.
BOUQUETS MADE
in the Latest and most Artistic Style.

F. F. Sherard & Son
Moncton, N. B.
IMPORTERS OF
Marble and Granite.

MANUFACTURERS OF
Monuments, Tablets, Gravestones at
our own cemetery work.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neu-
ralgia.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

TAKE NOTICE that Frank
Hachey of the Parish of Rogersville
in the County of Northumberland
and Province of New Brunswick,

And NOTICE is further given that
all creditors are required to file their
claims, duly proven, with the said
assignee within three months from the
date of this notice, unless further time
be allowed by a Judge of the
Supreme or County Court and that
all claims not filed within the time
limited or such further time, if any
as may be allowed by any such
Judge, shall be wholly barred of any
right to share in the proceeds of said
estate and that said Assignee shall be
at liberty to distribute the proceeds
of the estate as if any claims not filed
as aforesaid did not exist, but without
prejudice to the liability of the debtor
therefor.

High Sheriff of the County of
Northumberland, Assignee.
No. 6-3m.

With Edged Tools
By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN
Copyright, 1894, by HARPER & BROTHERS

Lady Cantourne was standing im-
pudently on the hearth rug, and scarcely
responded to his bow.



"John, you know something about this!"
upon which to fix her attention. It was
a characteristic movement which he
knew, although he had only seen it
once or twice before.

"I should like to know more," he
said suavely. "I am afraid—Millcent
will be inconvenienced."

"I did not do it. I merely suggested
to Guy Oscar that he should call on
you. Millcent and her fiancé—the
other—were alone in the drawing room
when we arrived. Thinking that I
might be de trop, I withdrew and left
the young people to settle it among
themselves, which they have appar-
ently done! I am, like yourself, a great
advocate for allowing young people to
settle things among themselves.

"I always believe a lady," he an-
swered, "before her fiancé. Guy
Oscar gave it only in Africa that he
was engaged to be married, and he
even declared that he was returning
home to be married. Jack did the
same in every respect. Unfortunately
there was only one fond heart waiting
for the couple of them at home. That
is why I thought it expedient to give
the young people an opportunity of
settling it between themselves."

He moved uneasily and walked to the
fireplace, where he stood with his un-
steady hands moving idly, almost nerv-
ously, among the ornaments on the
mantelpiece. He committed the rare
discretion of almost turning his back
upon a lady.

"I must ask you to believe," he said,
looking anywhere but at her, "that I
did not forget you in the matter. I
may seem to have acted with an utter
disregard for your feelings."

"The young lady," suggested Sir
John, "will get over it after the man-
ner of her kind. She will marry some
one else, let us hope, before her wed-
ding dress goes out of fashion."

"The reserve," she answered, "will
stand more than that. It has accumu-
lated, with compound interest. But I
deny the debt of which you spoke just
now. There is no debt. I have paid it,
year by year, day by day. For each
one of those fifty years of unhappiness
I have paid a year of regret."

"It is a new bin," he said.
"Yes, sir. First bottle of the lower
bin, sir."

"Nothing like blood, sir," he was in
the habit of saying, "in horses, dogs
and men." And thereafter he usually
threw back his shoulders.

"I should like to know more," he
said suavely. "I am afraid—Millcent
will be inconvenienced."

"Coffee," he said. "I like punctual-
ity, if you please."

There were no signs of haste or dis-
composure. The letter was neatly
written in the somewhat large callig-
raphy, firm, bold, ornate, which Sir
John had insisted on Jack's learning.

More than once during their lives
Lady Cantourne had said:
"Never change your mind, John,"
referring to one thing or another. And
he had invariably answered:

"No, I am not the sort of man to
change."

"Anything wrong, sir? I hope you
are not feeling," he said nervously.

Jack Meredith read this letter in the
coffee room of the hotel of the Four
Seasons in Wiesbaden. It was a lovely
morning; the sun shone down through
the trees of the Friedrichstrasse upon
that spotless pavement, of which the
stricken wot. The fresh breeze came
bowling down from the Taunus moun-
tains all balsamic and invigorating.

Jack Meredith was restless. Such
odors as are borne on the morning
breeze are apt to make those men rest-
less who have not all that they want.
And is not their name legion? The
morning breeze is to the strong the
messenger of the sentimental. That
which makes one vaguely yearn incites
the other to get up and take.

By the train leaving Wiesbaden for
Cologne, "over Mainz," as the guide
book hath it, Jack Meredith left for
England, in which country he had not
set foot for fifteen months. Guy Oscar
was in Cashmere. The simlinc was
almost forgotten as a sine day's won-
der except by those who live by the
ills of mankind. Millcent Chryse had
degenerated into a restless society
hack. With great skill she had posed
as a martyr. She had allowed it to be
understood that she, having remained
faithful to Jack Meredith through his
time of adversity, had been heartlessly
thrown over when fortune smiled upon
him and there was a chance of his
making a more brilliant match. With
a civility which was not without a
keen shaft of irony father and son al-
lowed this story to pass uncontradicted.
Perhaps a few believed it. Perhaps
they had foreseen the future. It may

have been that they knew that MIL-
licent Chryse, surrounded by the halo of
whatever story she might invent, would
be treated with a certain careless non-
chalance by the older man, with a re-
spectful avoidance by the younger.

There were no signs of haste or dis-
composure. The letter was neatly
written in the somewhat large callig-
raphy, firm, bold, ornate, which Sir
John had insisted on Jack's learning.

More than once during their lives
Lady Cantourne had said:
"Never change your mind, John,"
referring to one thing or another. And
he had invariably answered:

"No, I am not the sort of man to
change."

"Anything wrong, sir? I hope you
are not feeling," he said nervously.

Jack Meredith was restless. Such
odors as are borne on the morning
breeze are apt to make those men rest-
less who have not all that they want.
And is not their name legion? The
morning breeze is to the strong the
messenger of the sentimental. That
which makes one vaguely yearn incites
the other to get up and take.

By the train leaving Wiesbaden for
Cologne, "over Mainz," as the guide
book hath it, Jack Meredith left for
England, in which country he had not
set foot for fifteen months. Guy Oscar
was in Cashmere. The simlinc was
almost forgotten as a sine day's won-
der except by those who live by the
ills of mankind. Millcent Chryse had
degenerated into a restless society
hack. With great skill she had posed
as a martyr. She had allowed it to be
understood that she, having remained
faithful to Jack Meredith through his
time of adversity, had been heartlessly
thrown over when fortune smiled upon
him and there was a chance of his
making a more brilliant match. With
a civility which was not without a
keen shaft of irony father and son al-
lowed this story to pass uncontradicted.
Perhaps a few believed it. Perhaps
they had foreseen the future. It may

To be continued.)

MOONEY'S PERFECTION
This is the pail that
takes the place of a
bakery of your own.

It's blended.
Manitoba Spring Wheat Flour
is rich in gluten—takes up water
readily—stands up in the oven.

Just two kinds of
soap—the genuine made from
the very finest vegetable oils
and flower perfumes—and the
imitations made from chemical
perfumes and chemically
bleached animal fats, so resemble,
as much as possible in appear-
ance, the genuine.

"Baby's Own"
Soap
Absolutely no expense is spared
to make "Baby's Own" as good
a soap as can be made, yet it
costs you no more than the
inferior imitation.

SCOTCH
MARINE
BOILER.
Length 10 ft.,
Diameter, 8 ft., 6 in.
Built under government
inspection.