THE TAX ON BACHELORS.

[Continued from 1st Page.]

CHAPTER II.

Tom was decidedly uncomfortable when he left the table. His discomfort increased as the day on which Miss Margaret was to arrive drew nearer. He was very nervous when he went to the station with Sander to meet her. He had hoped to meet her before it became necessary to announce the engagement, but she was delayed in her preparations, and it was nearly Christmas when she reached the city. All engagements must be announced before the first day of December or the bachelor was not relieved from the necessity of paying the matrimonial tax.

As Tom paced back and forth in the little waiting room he thought what a notorious joker Sander was and wondered at his own folly in trusting his happiness for the next three years in the hands of anyone but himself. Suppose Sander had indulged his passion for playing practical jokes and arranged an engagement between himself and an ancient specimen of humanity who would gladly give up her right to a pension for the sake of posing before the world as the object of a man's affections. Sander had declared that she was stunning, but with Sander that might mean anything or nothing. He would have remembered that at the time of his proposal had he not been so worried over his financial affairs. If Daisy should prove to be what the fellows called "an ugly back number," how they would laugh at him—the elegant Tom Wainwright, who had always prided himself on being first in the estimation of every young lady whom the other fellows raved about!

The train came shrieking into view, and Tom felt the pressure of Sander's hand upon his arm. He walked with him to the side of the day coach, arriving just in time to see Sander help a lady to alight and then press a kiss upon her cheek. She had come. Tom could not doubt it, for he had heard Sander call her Daisy. She had come, and she was a stunning carricature on humanity. It was worse—a hundred times worse—than his worst fears had pictured. Tom could scarcely suppress a groan. He felt himself growing pale to the lips, when he heard his name spoken in a soft voice and realized that Sander had introduced him to the woman who held his written proposal. He stammered something by way of reply to her greeting and mentally vowed to break off the engagement if it cost him every cent he had in the world. He told himself that beggary was preferable to being seen for three long years in company with such a nightmare of femininity. But he must not be rash. He had just sense enough left to realize that. There were two ways of doing everything, and he was noted for always finding the pleasanter. He allowed Sander to escort Daisy to the waiting room, and, although he walked beside her, he tried to appear more like an acquaintance of the lady than her promised husband. Arrived in the waiting room, he murmured something about being very sorry, but a most pressing engagement—

"I saw that man for you this morning, Tom," interrupted Sander, with a determined expression upon his happy face. "I told him you had a previous engagement, which you had doubtless forgotten, and that he need not expect you until later in the day."

"Ah! A'm shem! Much obliged, I'm sure," stammered Tom. He saw that Sander understood his little dodge and also that he would brook no trifling.

"Don't mention it," replied Sander cheerfully. "I'll go out to see if the carriage is ready. You bring Daisy in the course of five minutes. I suppose you will be glad of an opportunity to be alone with her."

Sander bowed gracefully and left them together, Tom felt that Daisy was scrutinizing him sharply, but that did not disturb him so much as the fact that he was also subject to the scrutiny of several of his friends. Whatever happened, he must not let them see that he was not entirely satisfied. He must appear so well pleased with his companion that they would not dare to mention her in his presence. Giving himself a mental shake, he managed to smile into her spectacled eyes as he asked her if she were ready to go to the carriage. He gave her his arm, escorting her with as grand an air as if she had been a queen, but he did not fail to hear the half suppressed titter that followed him from the room. It almost unnerved him. The carriage was at the door, but Sander was not to be seen. The small boy whom he had hired to hold the horse told Tom that Mr. Ridgway had gone to see that man whom Mr. Wainwright was to meet at this hour, thinking there might have been a misunderstanding.

A naughty word came close against Tom's smiling lips, but he did not allow it to escape. He handed his companion into the carriage, tucked the robes around her so carefully that much of her objectionable dress of bright green was concealed, took the reins and the whip and drove toward the house where Sander lived with his mother at a rate of speed which was, to say the least, extremely reckless. Miss Margaret was obliged to give her whole attention to an effort to keep her seat, and conversation between herself and her companion did not become intensely interesting.

Good Mrs. Ridgway was watching for them and came to the door to welcome her niece.

"How unusually well you are looking, my dear!" she exclaimed, and once more Tom groaned under his breath. If she looked better than usual now, he thought, what must she be like in a normal condition?

"I shall not invite you in now, Mr. Wainwright," added Mrs. Ridgway, "for I want Daisy all to myself for a little while. You may come later."

"She will soon tire of me," said Daisy, smiling at Tom with an abandonment of sentimental gush that set his teeth on edge. "It doesn't seem to take any one long to tire of me," she added plaintively. "You can't think how nice it seems to be bound to some one who is as glad to devote himself to me as I am to have him."

Tom bowed and tried to smile. He could not say a word. He did not know which he wanted most—to commit suicide or murder.

"Tire of her!" he thought as he went toward his room. "I don't see how any one can help it who has eyes and ears."

Going to his rooms, Tom found Sander comfortably ensconced in his favorite easy chair.

"Thought I'd make myself at home," he announced cheerfully.

"See here, Ridgway," exclaimed Tom, paying no attention to his friend's remark, "joking is well enough, but when it comes to unmitigated falsifying it is downright low."

"Will you please explain yourself?" said Sander, a gleam of anger in his eyes.

It suddenly occured to Tom that Sander's cousin was under discussion and that perhaps one could not be blamed for failing to see the ugliness in one's relatives. He found himself admitting that it was barely possible that Sander had not been joking at his expense, but the results could hardly have been more unpleasant had he been the victim of a practical joke, and he must get rid part of his ill feeling by expressing himself indignantly to some one. It was certain that no one was more deserving of such unpleasant attention than Sander Ridgway.

"Are you such a fool," he said, "as to pretend that you believe what you told me?"

"I am not conscious of having lied," replied Sander stiffly. "I may be a fool, but I shall not be twitted of it a great many time, let me tell you."

There was a tone in Sander's voice which was new to Tom. It was not pleasant. It seemed to say that two could show ill temper quite as well as one, and that he would come off victorious who was least in the power of the other. Tom saw that if he were to attempt to break the engagement with Daisy he would need the support of his friends, and that least of all could he afford to antagonize Sander. He resolved to control his temper and succeeded, as any man can and does when his interests are at stake.

"Sander," he said, "I have said more than I should perhaps, but if you could understand how disappointed I am"—

"Disappointed! About what?"

"You told me she was but 21 years old."

"I say so now."

"But her hair is grey."

"Did you never hear of hair turning suddenly from sickness? I think, however, that it helps rather than hurts a young face. You cannot deny that it softens Daisy's face wonderfully. Did you notice what pretty eyet she has?"

"How could I see her eyes through colored glasses?"

"Oh, I remember! She wore her goggles. She does not wear them all the time. Perhaps she will be without them this evening. Hasn't she a pretty complexion?"

"That hideous green thing she wore"—

"Do you mean that woolen veil? She is subject to attacks of neuralgia and is obliged to be very careful when traveling. She will not be likely to wear that very much here in the city."

"Will she wear it at all?"

"She may. One can never tell exactly what a woman will do—more especially a women like Daisy. As I have told you, she is very wilful and has a high temper, but you know you thought that rather an advantage."

Tom bit his lip savagely. He remembered his foolish speech about "Taming of the Shrew" and wished he had not made it. He had indulged in some delightful day dreams in which he and a beautiful young girl figured and where she had always acknowledged his supremacy in the most charming manner, and all the fellows had looked on admiringly and envied him his good luck and fascinating demeanor. The remembrance of that dream did not tend to make the reality any more delightful in his eyes.

"I must admit," continued Sander, noticing that Tom did not seem disposed to reply to his question, "that Daisy does not show good taste in dressing. I did not notice that when I saw her in the country. Such things are more a matter of comparison than anything else, I fancy. She must learn how to dress like city girls. I'm sure she will not object to a few suggestions from you when she has learned to know you well. You have such a taking way with girls, you know, and already Daisy seems anxious to please you. She is very conscientious. When she undertakes to do a thing, she does her best."

Sander talked with boyish enthusiasm, and Tom found it quite impossible to say what he had in mind. He was not sure, when Sander arose to go, whether his friend had played a practical joke on him or not. He promised to call in the evening, and as soon as Sanders had had time to get well out of sight he put on his hat and overcoat and started for the office of his lawyer.

"I thought so, my dear boy," chuckled Sander from a doorway where he had been watching for Tom. "You are going to see your lawyer. How should you feel if you knew I had already been there. Oh, Jemima, what a lark this is! I'll go to the club now and ask a few fellows if they should not like to drop in informally and see Tom entertain Daisy."

"Parkhurst," said Tom, taking a chair opposite his lawyer, "I'm in a bad fix."

"What's up now?"

"Oh, it's all on account of that beastly matrimonial tax. You know how impossible it would be for me to pay it this year"—

"Not exactly impossible, Wainwright."

"Yes, impossible unless I oblige myself to live without everything to which I have been accustomed."

"Would that be so hard?"

"It wolud be extremely unpleasant."

"But think to what use your money would be put. You forget that this tax is levied that women may have a few of the luxuries which you have in such abundance."

"I forget nothing of the sort. Of course I am willing to pay a fair share toward their support, but you know that I have always been taxed beyond reason."

"I think that there are few of us who would not find fault with almost any rate of taxation. Well, what can I do for you?"

"First, forget what I have said if you can," replied Tom, with a sudden change of tone. "A man must grumble about something, I suppose or he would not be human. It might as well be taxes as anything else. I presume I shall be taxed nearly $6,000 this year, shall I not?"

"I may get it reduced $400 or $500 by proving that your financial condition does not warrant so large a rate of taxation."

"That would really be proclaiming that I am hard up. No, don't do that. If I must sink, I prefer to sink with flying colors."

"Who is talking of sinking?"

"I am. I tell you, Parkhurst, I have got myself in a tight place."

"How so?"

"Suppose I am obliged to fight a breach of promise case?"

"You can't afford it this year, my boy. It would mean financial ruin."

"I am afraid I shall have to do it, ruin or no ruin. I very foolishly proposed to Ridgway's cousin and was accepted"—

"Do you refer to Miss Margaret Blake?"

"Yes. Do you know her?"

"Very well. Tom, you surprise me. Why did you do that?"

"I had not seen her"—

"I should think not!" This was said with such energy that Tom was sure the lawyer had no higher opinion of the personal appearance of the young lady in question than he himself had formed.

"Sander has always seemed to be a friend whom one could trust," he said apologetically. "We have told each other everything for the last five years. He saw that I was worried about that beastly tax and suggested this plan as a way out of the difficulty. He represented Miss Blake as beautiful, graceful—everything, in fact, that a man could ask for except that she might be a little too high tempered."

"Ridgway always worshiped his cousin. Still, I must say that you have shown a surprising lack of common sense. Had you thought of buying a horse of Ridgway you would have insisted on seeing it first."

"I didn't have much time, you know."

"Oh, well, I guess it is not as bad as it might be. Miss Blake is quite musical and she has very pleasant manners, I believe; at least they seemed pleasant in the country. I can hardly think of her as a city girl. I have an idea that she will appear very differently from the girls whom you have usually danced attendance upon."

"I am sure of it," groaned Tom. "Parkhurst, I'm thinking of breaking the engagement."

"Have you counted the cost?"

"I presume it will pinch me for a year or two."

"Pinch you! Man alive, it will ruin your prospects for life. Not only will there be a heavy fine for the broken engagement, but the breach of promise suit"—

"Perhaps Miss Blake will not sue"—

"Don't flatter yourself. She will, I know her better than you do. She will like nothing better. It will give her just the advertisement she wants before becoming a public singer."

"Does she mean to study for the stage?"

"So I am told."

"Worse and worse." Tom groaned more dismally than before. He looked so wretched that the lawyer's heart became almost sympathetic. There was silence between the two men for several minutes. Then Parkhurst said seriously:

"I don't believe I should break that engagement if I were you, Tom."

"How can I go on? I have virtually promised to appear with her in society, and if I should break even that part of the contract"—

"She has you in her power and no mistake. If you lose everything, you will be in a more unhappy condition than you will should you play the devoted lover to Daisy. You may be chaffed for your odd preference, but if you carry yourself well it will only be considered one of your oddities, while if you throw your property away you will not be considered worthy even so much notice as is given to those whom we chaff. You will besides subject yourself to most uncomfortable personal experiences."

Parkhurst was convincing in any argument. He offered to go with Tom to call on Daisy, and when the two men stood on the steps of Sander's home Tom was quite prepared to try to play the part which he had taken upon himself in his effort to evade the tax on bachelors. But when he entered the room his courage nearly failed him. He would have left the house at once would he have done so without observation.

"Never mind," whispered the lawyer. "She will learn to dress better when she has been in the city awhile."

"Bare arms and shoulders!" groaned Tom. "And all those men around! I wonder that they don't offer her a shawl."

"Society ladies always used to dress in that way," replied the lawyer. "I presume your mother's gowns were cut that way."

"Do you suppose my mother painted her face as well?" asked Tom witheringly.

"I should not be at all surprised were I to be assured of that fact. Ladies used to consider their toilet but half made until they had painted their faces. Daisy, in her effort to create a sensation, is slightly behind the times, but"—

[Concluded next week.]

W. T. Harris Still to the Front.

He again offers the piano or $150 in cash, on the 10th of next March; terms same as before. Buy your goods at his stores—one ticket with each dollar purchase. Come one, come all, come every time. You always get the worth of your money, and some one will get the piano or $150 free. Who will it be?

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Doaktown, and deliver it back again, carded at the same place, at the usual rate for carding—no extra expense being charged for conveyance to and from the Mill.

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The cold weather is now upon us, so ward it off in time. Protect your lungs and your whole body with one of our

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But if you pay no attention to this and the cold strikes you and leaves you with a cough, sore throat, hoarseness or any lung trouble then the only sure remedy for you is to use a bottle of

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Part of the two story double house on Foundry Lane and part of the large two story house on Muirhead Street. For further information apply to

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Chatham Sept. 5, 1894.

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The great army of sufferers from various rheumatic conditions joyfully welcome Chase's K. & L. Pills because the foster parents of their aches and pains are the Kidneys, which, on account of a diseased condition, are unable to relieve the blood of uric acid poison, which is deposited in the joints, producing on the first provocation irritating aches and pains in the bones, joints and muscles. The reason that Chase's Pills relieve and cure is their wonderful power in restoring degenerate Kidneys to a perfect and natural condition, without which the system is supplied with blood teeming with poison that adds fuel to the fire of rheumatic complaints, demoralizing the entire system and rendering it liable to a complication of diseases terminating in dropsy, diabetes, or Bright's disease. A pleasant feature of these Pills is that, while most Kidney remedies encourage constipation, Chase's relieve and cure it. In nearly all rheumatic attacks there exists constipation of the bowels, which is easily over-come by Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills; in fact, they are a perfect cure for constipation. This is endorsed by Edward Garrett, editor and proprietor of the Bradford, Ont., *Weekly Witness*, and thousands of others. One pill a dose. 25 cents a box. The cheapest medicine on earth. Sold by all dealers. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Shanty, Camp and Boat Stove.

[From Miramichi Advance of Oct 11.]

Mr George Marquis of Chatham will be looked upon as a benefactor of smelt fishermen, sportsmen and others who may have the good fortune to procure stoves of the new pattern designed by him the first sample of which was put together at his well known shop at Chatham on Tuesday afternoon and shipped yesterday to Negnac It is to be used in a moose-shooter's camp at Tabusintac and for that purpose as well as for heating and cooking in smelt-fishermen's shanties it is just the thing It is about 20 inches long, 14 inches from front to back and the same from bottom to top The bottom, top, door and dampers, etc are of cast iron and the sides and ends are composed of a sheet of 16 gauge sheet steel It will hold nearly twice as much wood as a star stove while owing to a new and peculiar form adopted in the bottom, it will burn either a small or large quantity of fuel, as may be desired It may also be fitted to burn coal There is a draft for forcing the fire and a damper for lessening the heat at will The top has two pot holes and these may, by the removal of the dividing centre-piece, which is of the usual form, be converted into an oblong hole for a big boiler or oblong pan Altogether, the new shanty-stove seems to meet a requirement that is more than local, and the cost, $5, places it within almost everbody's ability to buy it Mr Marquis has just begun to fill orders, and it will be well for those who intend to fish smelts during the coming winter, as well as sportsmen and gunners who want to be comfortable and, at the same time, have a stove on which they can do quite a range of cooking to place their orders with him, as early as possible.

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That desirable property situate near Saint Paul's church, Upper Chatham, known as the DesBrisay property, running from the river to the rear lots and containing about ninety five acres. There is a good house and barn and a good deal of wood land with some ten acres cleared in front. There is also a good fishing privilege in front.

The subscriber wishes also to sell the marsh lot at the mouth of the Tabusintac river, known as the John Murray Marsh Terms moderate.

Chatham, 26th March 1895. MARY CHALMERS.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

All persons having any just claims against the estate of Patrick Lannon, late of the Parish of Beresford in the County of Gloucester, farmer, deceased, are requested to file the same, duly attested, with the undersigned, or either of them, within one month from date.

Dated Bellefosse N. B. 20th September 1895.

JOHN CURRY,
H. O. POIRIER, } Executors.
M. TALBOT,

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FINAL NOTICE!

SCHOOL TAX.

I am instructed by Trustees to issue Executions for all School Taxes not paid this month, and therefore notify all concerned, in order that expenses may be saved to them, as under the new administration of the amalgamated districts, rates must be promptly paid.

W. JOHNSTON,
Collector.
July 5 1895.

[ESTABLISHED 1852.]

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This wonderful Nervine Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the proprietors and manufacturers of the Great South American Nervine Tonic, and yet its great value as a curative agent has long been known by a few of the most learned physicians, who have not brought its merits and value to the knowledge of the general public.

This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia, and diseases of the general nervous system. It is also of the greatest value in the cure of all forms of failing health from whatever cause. It performs this by the great nervine tonic qualities which it possesses, and by its great curative powers upon the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares with this wonderfully valuable Nervine Tonic as a builder and strengthener of the life forces of the human body, and as a great renewer of a broken-down constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in the treatment and cure of diseases of the lungs than any consumption remedy ever used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nervousness of females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical period known as change in life, should not fail to use this great Nervine Tonic, almost constantly, for the space of two or three years. It will carry them safely over the danger. This great strengthener and curative is of inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great energizing properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten or fifteen years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen bottles of the remedy each year.

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Nervousness,	Broken Constitution,
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Female Weakness,	Weight and Tenderness in Stomach,
Nervous Chills,	Loss of Appetite,
Paralysis,	Frightful Dreams,
Nervous Paroxysms and	Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears,
Nervous Choking,	Weakness of Extremities and
Hot Flashes,	Fainting,
Palpitation of the Heart,	Impure and Impoverished Blood,
Mental Despondency,	Boils and Carbuncles,
Sleeplessness,	Scrofula,
St. Vitus' Dance,	Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers,
Nervousness of Females,	Consumption of the Lungs,
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CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., Aug. 20, '86.
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DEAR GENTS:—I desire to say to you that I have suffered for many years with a very serious disease of the stomach and nerves. I tried every medicine I could hear of, but nothing done me any appreciable good until I was advised to try your Great South American Nervine Tonic and Stomach and Liver Cure, and since using several bottles of it I must say that I am surprised at its wonderful powers to cure the stomach and general nervous system. If everyone knew the value of this remedy as I do you would not be able to supply the demand.
J. A. HARDER, Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co.

REBECCA WILKINSON, of Brownsvalley, Ind., says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, until my health was gone. I had been doctoring constantly, with no relief. I bought one bottle of South American Nervine, which done me more good than any $50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable medicine. A few bottles of it have convinced me it is the grandest

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887.

My daughter, eleven years old, was severely afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Nervine and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause.
JOHN T. MISH.

State of Indiana, Montgomery County, } ss:
Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887.
CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Public.

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

The Great South American Nervine Tonic

Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incalculable value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the experience and testimony of many go to prove that this is the ONE and ONLY ONE great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic.

HARRIET E. HALL, of Waynetown, Ind., says: "I owe my life to the Great South American Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from the effects of an exhausted stomach, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered condition of my whole system. Had given up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors, with no relief. The first bottle of the Nervine Tonic improved me so much that I was able to walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I can not recommend it too highly."

MRS. ELLA A. BRAYTON, of New Ross, Indiana, says: "I cannot express how much I owe to the Nervine Tonic My system was completely shattered, appetite gone, was coughing and spitting up blood; am sure I was in the first stages of consumption, an inheritance handed down through several generations. I began taking the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for about six months, and am entirely cured. It is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and lungs I have ever seen."

No remedy compares with SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a wondrous cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all compare with South American Nervine as a cure for all forms of failing health. It never fails to cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance. Its powers to build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the mild. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boon; if you do, you may neglect the only remedy which will restore you to health. South American Nervine is perfectly safe, and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use this great cure, because it will put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeks, and quickly drive away your disabilities and weaknesses.

Large 16 ounce Bottle, $1.00.
EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED.
SOLD BY DR. J. PALLEN & SON
CHATHAM, N. B.