

## THE TAX ON BACHELORS.

[Continued from 1st Page.]

Tom thought how Parkhurst had tried to persuade him to appear perfectly satisfied with his engagement to Miss Daisy, and he could see that if he had followed his lawyer's advice he would now be in a position to laugh at his tormentors. Tom realized that he had blundered, and he did not know how to retrieve himself. He cursed himself and all his friends, but that did not help matters in the least. In a few moments the carriage would stop before the door of the De Quinceys, and the silence between himself and that vision of loveliness was rapidly becoming more uncomfortable. Tom would have liked to establish a friendly relation before he met his friends, thinking that by so doing he could make his own position less difficult.

"I presume," he began, "that there is no explanation" —

"I think I shall find it easier to forget if you say nothing," interrupted Daisy coolly.

Tom ventured no further remark, and the two entered the house in silence.

"Why did you do it?" asked Tom of Parkhurst, when a little later he had the pleasure of seeing Daisy surrounded by the most eligible young men in the room and making herself delightful agreeable to every one but himself.

"Because, Tom," replied the old lawyer gravely, "I thought it would do you good. So did Mrs. Ridgway, who, as you know, has always taken a motherly interest in you. You will pardon me for saying that you were becoming too firmly impressed with the belief that the best of everything belonged by right to yourself. Do not get angry with me for saying so. Remember that I was an old friend of your father."

Tom was angry. He was angry, and the more he thought of it the angrier he became. It was quite natural that he should be and his friends appreciated that fact, and bore with him as patiently as possible, believing that before many days he would be himself again.

"Tom," said Parkhurst, "take my advice and appear to enjoy yourself. You look like a thunderbolt. Keep your eyes away from Miss Daisy. Leave her as severely alone as she could possibly desire and give your attention to the other young ladies, as you used to do."

This time Tom saw that the lawyer's advice was good, and he tried to act upon it from that moment. He never spoke to Daisy unless it was absolutely necessary, and no one guessed how much of self denial he practiced in consequence. He was soon on as good terms as ever with his friends and was the idol of society, as he had always been. The young ladies raved over him, but he could not win one smile from Daisy, except when she thought it was demanded by the rules of politeness. She was the personification of iciness whenever they happened to be alone together.

At first Tom had laughed lightly when his friends mentioned her evident avoidance of him, but there came a time when he could not bear it and when his flashing eyes warned them that it was a subject which he would not hear discussed. There came a time when Tom realized that Daisy held his happiness in her keeping, and that it was a matter of indifference to her. There were days when he was filled with a fierce exultation at the thought that she was bound to him for a period of more than two years yet, and that no one could claim superior rights. There were other times when he felt that to see her and to wait upon her and know that he had no part in her life was a torture which was fast becoming greater than he could bear. There were bright mornings when he resolved to win her love or die in the attempt. There were dark nights when he thought of the easiest and surest means of committing suicide. He had played at love a great many times and enjoyed it. He was deeply in love now and was miserable.

How was it with Daisy? It is a question which that young lady would have found difficult had she tried to answer it, but she did not try. She had come to the city fully determined to give the best of herself to her music. She had resolved never to marry, at least not until she had won fame in the musical world. She had entered into the engagement with Tom principally because she believed that by so doing she would be free from importunities of other men which she might otherwise have found distracting. She was a very earnest young lady, who had brought the whole force of her strong nature to bear before the altar of her ambition. Even her pleasures were enjoyed with the thought that such recreation, if not too often indulged in, would enable her to work more profitably. It had amused her for two reasons to play a part to deceive Tom—she wished to know if she possessed the qualities necessary to a successful actor, and she fancied that it would be more enjoyable than it had proved to be to try the man whom her cousin praised so extravagantly. Daisy was inclined to be cynical in her opinions of men. When she had first seen Tom's face, she had liked it. She told herself afterward that she might have liked its owner better than she should, considering her ambition, had he not proved himself so little of a gentleman. Therefore she was glad that he had behaved just as he did. She believed she had forever dismissed that subject with her disapproval of his conduct, and that now her heart was impregnable so far as he was concerned.

At first Tom's opinions and preferences were really a matter of indifference to Daisy, but no young lady likes to have the most attractive gentleman of her acquaintance attentive to every one but herself. Daisy was not pleased with Tom's behavior. Had she shown her displeasure in the ordinary way she might soon have been the

recipient of more attention from him than she would have liked at that time, but she did nothing in the ordinary way, and she deceived even herself as to her opinion of Tom.

She realized that he made her uncomfortable, but she said it was because he was so very ungenteel. She was sure that she should always despise a man who judged people entirely by their personal appearance. There was no dependence to be placed in one whose regard for another was regulated by that other's wealth or natural attractions. She never listened when her friends spoke of the great improvement noticeable in Tom, Wainwright during the past year. She preferred to believe that it was impossible for him to overcome the only fault which she had been able to find in him. She assured herself and others that a man with such a fault could pretend anything, but that he was false at heart, and the heart did not change.

## CHAPTER V.

Tom and Daisy had been betrothed more than a year when the hop at Calhoun's was proposed, and the proposal heartily endorsed by the young people of their acquaintance. Silas Calhoun was the proprietor of a large hotel built on the shores of a little lake miles away from nowhere—at least that is the way it was described by the enthusiastic guests who congregated there every summer for rest. It was so secluded that society, with its unceasing demands, never found it, and the favored few who kept its location a secret enjoyed themselves as unconventionally as possible. The nearest railway station was five miles distant. The young people, however, did not propose to go to Calhoun's by rail. The roads were in prime condition, and a sleigh ride of 50 miles, divided in the middle by a hot supper and two or three hours spent in dancing while the horses rested, was a prospect much too delightful to be resisted by any young person with a spark of enthusiasm and vivacity about him. The best horses to be had were engaged for the ride. Tom had no desire to make the trip alone with the coldly silent Daisy and had persuaded a friend to go with him in a double sleigh and take Daisy's cousin Stella.

Sleigh rides like this have been described so much better than I can do it that I shall pass over this part of the story, as well as over the delights which followed when the merry party arrived at Calhoun's.

It was after supper, while they were dancing in the long dining room, that the storm came up. No one noticed it until it was nearly time for the gay party to start on the homeward trip and the jolly host had gone to the barn himself to make sure that the horses had been well cared for. When he came back to the house he told his guests that he believed there would be a blizzard before morning and that it would be safer for them to remain at his place over night. Then the dancing ceased and eager young people crowded around the door and peered out into the darkness.

"If there should be a blizzard," said Stella, "we might be detained here for several days."

Daisy looked at her quickly, but said nothing. She was thinking of her appointment for the next day with a noted man who had condescended to try her voice. If he pronounced it good there was hope that a desirable position might be offered her. Daisy was deciding that she should not remain overnight at Calhoun's.

"Do you think the storm is close upon us?" asked Sander, who, for reasons which will be easily understood by those who have been in love, did not like to miss the long ride home under the stars, in the comfortable little sled which was just large enough for Alice and himself.

"I can't tell," replied Mr. Calhoun, stepping farther away from the house than he might get a better look at the heavy bank of clouds in the northwest. "Storms are dreadfully deceptive in this part of the world," he added. "Now, when I was back in York state I could reckon on a storm almost to a minute, but here I've sometimes missed it by an hour or two. However, I think we shall have it here from those clouds before long."

"Are you sure there is to be a blizzard?" asked Daisy, who put little faith in the ordinary weather prophet, unless he happened to make a prediction which suited her desires.

"One is never sure of anything in this world," replied the old man. "One thing is certain, and that is there is a great deal of snow in the air already, considering the clouds, which means that a blizzard wind is blowing. If those clouds contain both wind and snow."

"Do you think it probable, Mr. Calhoun," interrupted Daisy, "that those clouds will break over us in less than an hour?"

"They may not; they look a long way off."

"An hour would give us time to reach the station," said Daisy, "and we could go into the city on the cars."

"But our rigs," interposed Sander.

"Leave them here, and send some one after them," suggested Daisy.

"I am afraid to start when the sky looks like that," said Stella.

"You might stay here, then," replied Daisy. "For my part I prefer to go."

An excited discussion ensued, when it was discovered that Daisy was the only young lady who preferred to risk the dangers of the storm in order to reach the city. She remarked, most politely, but decidedly in response to Tom's expostulations, that she meant to make the attempt, but that she did not ask him to risk his life by accompanying her.

"I am determined," she said, "to meet Mr. Gilmore to-morrow, and

## "I AM AS WELL AS I WISH TO BE."

Miss Blake, of Hamilton, Ont., after using Paine's Celery Compound, is a picture of Womanly Vigor and Beauty.

A Story for All who Stand in Need of Perfect Health.

Miss Isabella Blake, of 303 Hughson Street, Hamilton, Ont., is one of the fairest and best known young women in the ambitious city. To-day, she is a picture of womanly health, vigor and beauty, and joyfully declares, "I am now a new woman, can enjoy life, and am as well as I wish to be."

When Miss Blake makes the declaration that she is a "new woman," she does not wish it to be understood that she has changed the ranks, and adopted the fashions of those light-brained women who would usurp the legitimate positions of men, and go through life clad in half masculine attire, with the fixed idea of altering the plans of an all-wise Providence, and turning the world upside down. Ah! no; this is far from what Miss Blake wishes to imply from what she makes the statement that she is a "new woman."

The "new woman" that the world values is not the modern creature that dons the open vest, exposed shirt front, four-inches, straight and high collar, stiff D-ring hat, who walks out on the streets with cane in hand, giving evidence of empty brain and unsatisfied vanity. The true "new woman," is perfectly represented by Miss Blake, made healthy, vigorous, strong and active by the use of Paine's Celery Compound. This is the "woman" that sensible and rational beings honor and appreciate—the type of "woman" that blesses home, friends and the world at large.

Miss Blake, though a young woman, can relate a tale of sad experiences. In the past, she has stood in her way threatening destruction; she knows what one affliction is, owing to the rough grasp of disease; and as

times the cold touch of the destroyer, death, has made her shiver, and caused her to think of the dark gloom of the silent tomb.

When Miss Blake's heart was faint, sick and void of hope; when all the doctors and medicines failed to do good, and when threatened with that relentless foe, consumption, an angel of mercy suggested the use of a remedy that has brought new life to thousands of poor sufferers in the past. Yes, it is Paine's Celery Compound that is recommended; it is used, and in a short time makes a "new woman" from the material that the grave had battled for.

These facts, dear reader, are not over drawn or colored in the least. Miss Blake and her friends will gladly vouch for the truth of the statement that Paine's Celery Compound, and it alone, under God's blessing, was the agent that saved life at a critical juncture. The following letter from Miss Blake is surely of sufficient weight to convince the most hardened unbeliever:—

"For years I suffered greatly, and was under the care of doctors who finally told me I was going into consumption. I was becoming worse through the use of medicines, and I gave up my doctors. While in a very critical condition, not able to sleep or rest, always faint and weak, appetite and digestion bad, and my system run down and little life left in me, I commenced to use Paine's Celery Compound. After taking one bottle I felt much relieved. I have used in all seven or eight bottles, and am now a new woman, can enjoy life, and am as well as I wish to be. Many thanks for your great medicine."

I have no doubt that I can hire Mr. Calhoun's stable boy to drive me to the station."

"You will not be left to the care of Mr. Calhoun's stable boy," replied Tom coldly. In another moment he was inside his overcoat.

No further opposition was offered to Daisy's plan. Mr. Calhoun insisted on loaning Tom a fresh horse—one that knew the road—and told him he might leave it with the hotel keeper at the railway station, to be cared for until the owner came to claim him. The horse was hitched to Mr. Calhoun's cutter, which had been made expressly for travel over country roads, and plenty of fur robes were wrapped around the occupants.

The air had seemed almost springlike when the young people left the city, but a biting wind had arisen which blew directly in their faces as Tom turned the horse's head toward the railway station. They drove for some time in silence, broken only by the clatter of the horse's hoofs on the frozen snow and the dismal creaking of the sled runners which is always to be heard in very cold weather.

The air was rapidly becoming more dense with the frozen sleet, which struck their faces like fierce little darts. The wind was steadily rising, and it seemed to Tom as if he came from every direction at once. In many places the road was made almost impassable by heavy drifts. Not a star was to be seen in the sky, not a ray of light anywhere which could have been used as a guide. The horse patiently fought his way along and Tom finally reached the conclusion that the faithful creature knew more about the road than he did himself. He certainly could not have known less, for Tom had been guiding him in a circle for the last half hour. Left to himself, he promptly turned his face homeward, but Tom did not know that.

Notwithstanding the intense darkness Daisy knew that Tom had loosened his hold on the reins. "Are your hands cold?" she asked quickly. It was the first time she had spoken since she bade her friends goodbye at Mr. Calhoun's door.

"I am very comfortable, thank you," replied Tom ironically.

"Why do you drop the reins?"

"Because I can no longer see the road."

"Mr. Wainwright, are we lost?"

"I do not know."

The words could not have been spoken with greater indifference. Tom was not in the happiest mood when he left the Calhoun House. It had seemed to him a reckless proceeding to start out in the face of such a storm, for no better reason than that a girl wished to try her voice before a theatrical manager, but there was not money enough in the world to have tempted him to allow Daisy to go without him. When he found himself alone with her, all his anger was forgotten in his love and in his despair because of its utter hopelessness. Then came the thought that there might be a worse fate than to die with Daisy before they reached the station. He had been excessively morbid for days, and this new fancy was a not unnatural climax to such a state of mind.

Daisy was irritated over his silence. She felt that she had been foolish in insisting on coming out in such a storm, and she wanted to say so, but it is never easy to introduce such an acknowledgment. She felt that it would be less hard if Tom could be beguiled into conversation.

"I should have thought," she said, with a feeble attempt at playfulness, "that you might have allowed the stable boy to accompany me when you knew I preferred it."

But in a howling wind playful tones are not always apparent. Tom believed that Daisy's remark was intended as a reproach because he had shown himself unable to guide the horse. It angered him

so that he could with difficulty control himself.

"Believe me," he said curtly, "had I known that you preferred the company of the stable boy I should not have forced mine upon you."

At this moment there was a sudden jerk of the cutter that nearly unseated them. The horse had plunged into a deep snowdrift and was floundering in an attempt to regain his footing. He recovered himself, gave one leap, which freed him from the cutter, and with a snort disappeared into the darkness.

"Oh," gasped Daisy, "he has left us."

Tom was himself in a moment. All his petty grievances were forgotten in his desire to make Daisy as comfortable as possible! The true manliness which had won him so many friends in spite of his egotism now asserted itself. Springing from the cutter, he spread one of the robes upon the snow, then held out his hand to Daisy.

"Let me help you out," he said cheerfully. "I am going to tip the cutter over to make a partial shelter against the storm."

"Must we stay here?" faltered Daisy. She was recalling stories she had read of people who had perished in blizzards, and was a little fearful of the consequences of her persistence.

"I can see no better way," replied Tom. "Even if we could walk in such a storm we should not know which way to turn. The horse will doubtless find his way home, and when the stable boy knows you are in danger."

"Mr. Wainwright, can I help you turn the cutter over?" interrupted Daisy, who did not care to hear more about the stable boy.

"Thanks, no. I think I can manage it."

The sled was soon turned bottom upward against the drift where it had stuck. Tom scooped snow from beneath it until he had succeeded in making a room large enough for two. The robes were spread down, and when he and Daisy had succeeded in crawling under the sled and had placed one of the robes against the opening to their den they were really quite comfortable. The wind piled the snow against them, making them still warmer, and they congratulated themselves on the coziness of their retreat. Notwithstanding the unpleasantness of their position they were far from being unhappy. Indeed Tom was more wildly happy than he had ever been in all his life.

When the first faint blush of crimson appeared in the eastern sky, Calhoun and his guests started on an exploring expedition and had no sooner left the house than they caught sight of the overturned cutter.

Don't ask me for a detailed account of what followed; neither my pen nor my patience is equal to it. It began with tears and exclamations of joy and ended with happy laughter and merry jests. It is not unlikely that as long as they live Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright will be teased about their experience and their preference for a circular track when driving to a point five miles distant.

When Tom hears a bachelor friend wondering how he can manage to evade the matrimonial tax, he invariably says: "By getting married, my boy. A man is a fool to remain single when it will cost him no more to have a home of his own."

"And if it did cost more?" asks Daisy.

"He would still be a fool," replies Tom.

THE END.

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 store—one ticket with each dollar purchase. Come one, come all, come every time. You always get the worth of your money, and one who will get the piano or \$150 free. Who will it be?

Geo. Burchill & Sons

Smelt shocks on hand and for sale by

Geo. Burchill & Sons

Smelt shocks on hand and for sale by

Geo. Burchill & Sons

Smelt shocks on hand and for sale by

## CHATHAM

## CARRIAGE AND SLEIGH WORKS

## CARRIAGES, HARNESS AND FARM IMPLEMENTS OF ALL KINDS

I wish to make known to the public in general that I have on hand the best stock of carriages and farm implements ever offered for sale in this country. They consist of the following:

OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES of different styles, PHEATONS, MIKADOS, JUMP-SEAT WAGGONS, open and with tops, CONCORD WAGGONS, (one and two seats), EXPRESS WAGGONS and a number of other styles too numerous to mention. ALSO TRUCK WAGGONS, (one and two horse). I have both the IRON and SKANE AXLE WAGON. I have a SPECIAL LINE OF HARNESS MADE TO ORDER. I handle the world-famed MASSEY-HARRIS FARM IMPLEMENTS. I have always an ENDLESS SUPPLY IN STOCK suitable for the different seasons of the year. I also keep THE DAISY CHURN on hand. I have a few SECOND-HAND WAGGONS for sale.

I would ask intending purchasers and others to call and examine my stock, as

## I Can Sell Cheaper

and on as good terms as any other person in the County.

## I GUARANTEE ALL THE GOODS

I sell to be first class. All goods sold by me proving defective in stock or workmanship will be made good.

## FREE OF CHARGE AT MY FACTORY,

St John Street, Chatham, N. B.

## Carriages made to order.

## Repairing and Painting

executed in first class style and with despatch.

Correspondence solicited.

## ALEX. ROBINSON

## Miramichi Advance,

CHATHAM, N. B.

THE LEADING NORTH SHORE NEWSPAPER.

PRINTED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING.

TERMS ONE DOLLAR A YEAR PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

## JOB PRINTING

AT LOW PRICES AND THE SHORTEST NOTICE

ALWAYS ON HAND:—

RAILWAY BILLS,

CUSTOM HOUSE FORMS,

FISH INVOICES,

BILLS OF EXCHANGE,

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS,

NOTES OF HAND,

MORTGAGES & DEEDS,

JOINT NOTES,

BILLS OF SALE

DRAFTS,

SCHOOL DISTRICT SECRETARIES BILLS FOR RATEPAYERS,

TEACHERS' AGREEMENTS WITH TRUSTEES,—

DISTRICT ASSESSMENT LISTS.

## THREE MACHINE PRESSES

and other requisite plant constantly running. Equipment equal to that of any Job-Printing office in the Province.

The only Job-Printing office outside of St. John that was awarded both

## MEDAL AND DIPLOMA

—AT THE—

## DOMINION AND CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION

AT ST JOHN IN 1883

Orders by Mail promptly filled & Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Z. TINGLEY, HAIRDRESSER, ETC.,

HAS REMOVED

—HIS—

SHAVING PARLOR

Water Street, - Chatham.

He will also keep a first-class stock of

Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes,

Smokers' Goods generally

FINAL NOTICE!

SCHOOL TAX.

SMELT SHOCKS.

Smelt shocks on hand and for sale by

Geo. Burchill & Sons

J. F. BENSON, TYPEWRITER, & C. & C.

—ALSO—

AGENT FOR "NEW YORK" TYPEWRITING COMPANY FOR NORTHERN COUNTIES.

OFFICE:

BENSON BLOCK CHATHAM, N. B.

W. JOHNSTON, Collector.

July 5, 1895.

July 5, 1895.

July 5, 1895.

July 5, 1895.

July 5, 1895.

July 5, 1895.

July 5, 1895.

## ESTABLISHED 1852. THE GILLESPIE CHATHAM FOUNDRY, CHATHAM, N. B.

The subscriber having leased the above FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP is prepared to meet the requirements of Railway, Mill and Steamboat owners and other users of Machinery, for all work and materials in his line.

IRON AND BRASS CASTINGS will be made a specialty. Stoves, Plow-castings, etc., always in stock. ORDERS IN PERSON, OR BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. Estimates for work furnished on application.

JAS. G. MILLER.

## Established 1866.

Dunlap Bros. & Co.,

AMHERST, N. S.

Dunlap, McKim & Downs,

WALLACE, N. S.

DUNLAP, COOKE & CO.,

AMHERST, N. S.

DUNLAP COOKE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

—AND—

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS.

MHERST.

N. S.

This firm carries one of the finest selections of cloths including all the different makes suitable for the trade. Their cutters and staff of workmen employed are the best obtainable, and the clothing from their establishment has a superior tone and finish. All inspection of the samples will convince you that the prices are right.

## THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN

## NERVINE TONIC

## —AND— Stomach and Liver Cure

The Most Astonishing Medical Discovery of the Last One Hundred Years. It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar. It is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Milk.

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