

**CELIBATE CLUB.**

"Women," remarked Jack Forest, "are the bane of bachelor civilization."  
 "Women is woe personified," remarked Arcturus O'Ryan, known as the star bachelor of the combination.  
 "If I had choice of all things on earth," said John Temple, "I would choose woman last."  
 "What in thunder are they here for?" inquired Will King.  
 "On one she smiles and he is blest," scornfully quoted Frank Park, and added, "and then she smiles on all the rest."  
 "Fellow sufferers," said I, Thomas Tom-mington, by superiority of age and experience, chief of the celibate coterie, heartily coinciding with the individual and aggregate opinions just expressed, "permit me to offer the following resolutions:  
 "Whereas, Woman by her continued actions, shows that she is in favor of the utter extermination of bachelors; and  
 "Whereas, woman on all occasions and at all times expresses her abhorrence of bachelors as such; and  
 "Whereas, woman has no use for a man unless she can lead him around by the nose; and  
 "Whereas, woman is constantly on the lookout for that kind of a man with that kind of a nose; and  
 "Whereas, woman believes that man was provided with a nose simply as a handle for her to take hold of; and  
 "Whereas, woman thinks she owns the earth and the men thereof; and  
 "Whereas, she never was more mistaken in her life; therefore, be it  
 "Resolved, that we whose signatures are hereto appended do hereby assert our manhood and hurl defiance in her teeth; and  
 "Resolved, That we entirely ignore the existence of all womankind; and  
 "Resolved, That we do solemnly pledge ourselves to throw off the female yoke, to trample beneath our feet the fetters woman would forge upon us, to assert and maintain that we are one and indivisible, and that henceforth and forever we will neither marry any woman nor be married by her."  
 As might have been expected, these resolutions were received with vociferous applause, and the meeting of the Celibate club became so hilarious that three babies on the floor below and seven on the floor above were aroused from their angel slumbers, and soon had awakened everybody else in the building. After which we adjourned, having been implored to do so by a committee of 12 married men, who assured us that when we had children of our own we could better understand their feelings in the matter.  
 At this point, possibly, I might explain that the gentlemen whose names have been mentioned were unmarried men, whose years were numbered from 35 to 50, who had been compelled, by the emergencies to take this means of defense. They were all good men and true, and when their word had been given there was no power on earth could break it.  
 We had formally resolved to be perpetual bachelors, and that settled the business.  
 For three months this blissful condition continued, and then I was thrown from a horse and sustained injuries to the extent of a broken leg and numberless bruises. I had ordered myself to be taken to the hospital, where all good bachelors go when they are ill, but a cousin of mine, a fine fellow, except that he was married, issued orders to the contrary and took me home with him. There I was fixed up in royal style, and his wife took charge of me with such motherly solicitude that I ceased to growl about not going to the hospital.  
 Within a week I began to improve, and about the time my cousin's wife's sister came to the house on a visit, and, not having much else to do, she used to amuse herself with me. I objected at first, and vowed I'd rout myself out and go to the hospital, but those two women knew they had me where I was defenseless, and they only laughed at me when I growled, and fed me on dainties when I was taciturn and silent. I didn't want to eat their truck, but my appetite was something astonishing, and it forced me to overcome any prejudice I might have formed.  
 Later my cousin's wife's sister took to reading to me, and she compelled me to listen to her because she did have excellent taste in the matter of books, and could read exceedingly well. As to her voice, it was the sweetest I had ever heard, but, of course, she could have no credit for that. She was born with it.  
 The first day I walked out on my crutches my cousin's wife's sister accompanied me, and I think I leaned more on her than I did on the crutch. I am sure I did, as far as the crutch on the side next to her was concerned.  
 During the first two or three weeks of my imprisonment I had longed for the time when I could get out once more and join the coterie; then I began to think less about it, and now, when I was ready to start forth on my journey once more, a free man, somehow I felt I was losing something.  
 I couldn't quite understand it, and after my lately acquired fashion of relying upon my cousin's wife's sister, I asked her about it.

Well, if you will believe me, I was never more surprised in my life than I was at the result of this simple question on my cousin's wife's sister. She blushed and stammered and said her sister wanted her right away, and I just stood still in my amazement. She had always been such a help to me, and now, in a little matter like this to go all to pieces, almost made me lose confidence in her. Then she looked up at me and all of a sudden I felt that old heart trouble come back and—and—  
 I hope it is not necessary for me to go into particulars. Suffice it to say that between my cousin's wife's sister and myself we managed to have the matter satisfactorily explained.  
 At the next meeting of the coterie I began to feel that I was under suspicion. Perhaps it was merely a guilty conscience, but I thought my bachelor friends cooled when I appeared among them. I know that when John Temple proposed the toast, "Earth would be heaven without women," and I did not empty my glass, every member present looked directly at me and then at each other. Any person of the most ordinary sensitiveness knows how he feels under such circumstances.  
 As time went by, and suspicion grew apace, it became evident to me that I must get out of the coterie. There was no other honorable course left me. I could see that there was no longer harmony, and when I read our resolutions, as I did religiously at every meeting, they were greeted with silence. Each man suspected the other; each man seemed to have a secret that was burdening him. It was evident that I was the Jonah, and I proposed to make a sacrifice of myself and save the others.  
 At the next meeting, therefore, when the time had come to open the exercises with the resolutions, I rose in my place and held up my hand for attention.  
 "Men and brethren," I said solemnly, "I shall not read the resolutions this evening, nor shall I read them again. For some time past I have observed that our ancient harmony has been disturbed to such an extent as to threaten its very existence. (Cheers.) I feel that I am the disturbing element, and I confess to you that your ill-concealed suspicions concerning me are not unwarranted. I have betrayed the trust you have reposed in me (suppressed excitement); I am no longer worthy to be your chief (great excitement) I—I—I, brethren, I cannot continue what I would say to you in disparagement of my actions. All I can say is that I am to be married three months from next Monday." (Vociferous applause.)  
 I sat down after my effort and looked helplessly at my accusers, as I felt them to be. I was astonished at the reception of my speech and explanation, and could form no idea what action the coterie would take.  
 Jack Forrest as vice chief, slowly came to his feet, and, instead of looking at me, as I feared he would, gazed about on the other members.  
 "Gentlemen," he said, "you have heard the statement made by our worthy (how could he ever say that!) chief, and I cannot lead you in the action upon the matter, in view of the fact that I am to be married myself 10 weeks from next Tuesday."  
 Forrest sat down, and I sat in gasping expectancy that the roof would fall in upon us.  
 John Temple, next in authority, then took the floor, and I could see that Forrest was even worse rattled than I was.  
 "Fellow citizens," said Temple—he was a stump speaker in campaign times—"I haven't a word to say. I'm to be married a month from tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock."  
 Park, King and O'Ryan, who was the youngest of the lot and the most vindictive and hardened bachelor I ever saw, which was why we called him the star bachelor, seemed to be dazed by this revelation, added to the two which preceded it, and King was the first to rise in response.  
 "Gentlemen and brothers," he said, "I might be able to say what I think of the disclosures which have been made here this evening, but really it would be unbecoming for me to say anything. My wedding day is set for Wednesday two weeks."  
 As King went down Park came up.  
 "I can only say, gentlemen," he said, almost in a whisper, "that I am no worse than those who have preceded me. I can offer no censure, for day after tomorrow I am to be married to the one woman in the world for me."  
 This was rubbing it in. We who had preceded Park felt that it was enough to have confessed our crime without glorying in it, and when Arcturus O'Ryan arose I almost hoped that he would scathe Park with scorn.  
 He stood straight as an arrow. O'Ryan was the handsomest man in the coterie, and looked first at me, then in turn at each of the others. I felt that the lightnings of his wrath would strike us all and strike hard, but I had less fear than if I had had to stand the blow alone. However, I unconsciously braced myself as he began speaking.  
 "Mr. Chief and fellow members of the Coterie," he said, in that majestic and overpowering manner of his. "I am pained beyond all expression at what I have heard here this evening. I had expected something better of you. I had hoped you would set me, the youngest member of this Coterie, a better example. But you have failed utterly.  
 "Our chief is to be married within three months, think of that, gentlemen, as you read our beloved resolutions, now withering fast away; our vice chief is to be married within 10 weeks; Temple is to be married within a month, King in two weeks, and Park in two days, while I, gentlemen—I, to whom you have stood as exemplars—I, the youngest of you all, shall not marry."  
 O'Ryan paused, and we, culprits that we were, bowed our heads to receive the blow we felt to be so well deserved.  
 "No, gentlemen," he fairly thundered, "no, I shall not marry. It is not necessary for me to marry. I was married 10 days ago. Congratulate me, she's the finest woman in the world."  
 And those remarkable resolutions had been adopted less than a year previously!  
 O, woman, woman!!—W. J. Lampton.

**Racked with Rheumatism**  
**Unable to Walk, owing to excruciating pain.**  
**After ten years' terrible torture, Cured by Scott's Sarsaparilla.**  
 A. H. Christiansen, writing from the Clifton House, Niagara Falls, says: "I owe you more than I can ever pay. For ten years I suffered the tortures of the damned with rheumatism. Father had it before me, and I believe it is an hereditary disease. My knee joints would get inflamed and if I was out in any 'weather' I was sure to be laid up, which to a travelling man is a calamity. In a score of Canadian towns local doctors treated me, some giving relief, others none. I read that Sarsaparilla was a rheumatic cure, and I asked a druggist for 'a bottle of the best Sarsaparilla on the market.' He gave me Scott's, remarking that it was an improvement on all others, and that he could honestly recommend it. I have taken four bottles, and am as free from pain as a man can hope to be. I was out in a rainstorm two days ago and never felt a twinge. As I said before, to Scott's Sarsaparilla I owe more than I can ever repay."  
 The best remedy for rheumatism, sciatica, and neuralgic pains—all arising from the presence of poison in the blood—is Scott's Sarsaparilla, a modern concentrated medicine, prompt in its curative effects. Doses from one half to one teaspoonful. At \$1 per bottle of your druggist.

**NOTICE.**  
 To Bradford Yersa, Elizabeth his wife, and all others whom it may concern:  
 NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that there will be sold at public auction in front of the office of D. B. Gallagher, barrister-at-law, in the town of Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, on Thursday, the Twenty-First Day of May next, at the hour of twelve of the clock noon, the following described land and premises, that is to say, all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land and premises situate lying and being in the Parish of Richmond in the said County of Carleton in the Province of New Brunswick, bounded as follows, to wit: "Beginning at a post standing at the south westerly angle of the grant to John Marshall on Bull Creek sixth tier, south Richmond, thence running by the margin of the year A. D. 1884, south eight-seventeen degrees and thirty minutes, east forty chains, thence south seventeen degrees, east twenty-five chains to a stake, thence north eighty-seven degrees and thirty minutes, westerly chains to a post, and thence north seventeen degrees, east twenty-five chains to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less," being same land deceded by Jonathan E. Marshall to the said John N. Marshall by deed bearing date the 12th day of April, A. D. 1882, and by James Marshall also to the said John N. Marshall by deed dated the 22nd day of April, 1882, and on same day deceded by him to said Bradford Yersa, and improvements thereon and the privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging or in any manner appertaining.  
 The above sale will take place under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of mortgage bearing date the twentieth day of March, A. D. 1885, and made between the said Bradford Yersa of the Parish of Richmond, at one part, and the said County of Carleton, farmer, mortgagee of the one part, and the undersigned Dennis B. Gallagher, mortgagee of the other part, default having been made in payment of the moneys thereby secured.  
 Dated this thirteenth day of April, A. D. 1896.  
 DENNIS B. GALLAGHER,  
 Mortgagee.

**NOTICE OF SALE.**  
 There will be sold at Public Auction at the Post Office at Woodstock, in the County of Carleton, on Thursday, the 16th day of July next, at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title, interest, property, claim and demand whatsoever, either at law or in equity of David Elliott of, in, to, out of or upon the following described lands and premises, viz.  
 All that tract or lands situate in the parish of Wilnot, in the County of Carleton, in the Province of New Brunswick, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post standing on the eastern side of a reserved road, at the southwest angle of the western half of lot number twenty-six (26) granted to Adolphus Estey in Tier six Williams-cown Settlement, thence running by the magnet south eighty-seven degrees east twenty-five (25) chains to another post, thence south three degrees west forty chains and fifty links to a cedar tree standing on the northern side of another reserved road thence along the same north eighty-seven degrees west twenty-five chains to the eastern side of the first aforesaid reserved road, and thence along the same north three degrees east forty chains and fifty links to the place of beginning, containing one hundred acres more or less and distinguished as the western parts of lots number twenty-seven and twenty-eight in tier six, Wil-liamstown Settlement.  
 The same having been seized and taken under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Supreme Court of the Province of New Brunswick at the suit of John Fisher against the said David Elliott.  
 W. D. BALLOCH,  
 Sheriff Carleton County.  
 Sheriffs office Woodstock Dec. 30, 1895.

**Men's Long Boots,**  
**" Heavy Boots,**  
**" Light Boots,**  
**" Heavy Shoes,**  
**" Slippers.**  
**Ladies' Button Boots,**  
**" Laced Boots,**  
**Children's Boots & Shoes.**

All Sizes, Qualities and Styles of Men's, Women's and Children's Boots, Shoes and Slippers.  
**BAILEY BROS.**  
 There is more power for good in a life of hard work than in a life of luxury, and there is more of the higher kind of happiness in the years which so rudely tossed us about that we were compelled to cry to Heaven for help than in the years when we had all we desired and were satisfied with the earth.



**SYRACUSE**  
**STEEL : PLOW,**  
**The Best in the Market.**  
 We sold 120 of these Plows last season, and they are pronounced by everybody the BEST PLOW ever used in the County.  
 We have on hand and are manufacturing a full line of  
**Chilled Plows,**  
 Including our Celebrated No. 1; also,  
**SPRING TOOTH HARROWS**  
 Wood and Steel Frames and with Lever Attachment for Raising and Lowering the Teeth.  
**Horse Hoes**  
 With either Cast Iron or Steel Wings.  
**CULTIVATORS**  
 &C., &C.  
**Prices Low to Suit the Times.**  
 Give us a call before placing your orders.  
**Connell Bros.,**  
 Main Street, Woodstock, N. B.

**NOTICE.**  
 To inaugurate the CASH SYSTEM I shall begin with a genuine MARK DOWN SALE, and trust that my friends will assist me in my good intention by not asking for credit.  
 This sale will commence on the First day of April with NEW PRICES, which will place you and me on better footing, and enable us to cope with any changes that may come.  
 Yours truly,  
 R. W. BALLOCH.  
 Centreville, March 10, 1896.

**DO YOU WANT**  
**Tinware,**  
**Stove Pipe,**  
**Hot Air Furnaces,**  
 Or anything of that kind. If so call on  
**C B Churchill**  
 You will find him in WOODSTOCK at  
**21 KING STREET,**  
 —AND AT HIS—  
**New Store**  
 —AT—  
**HARTLAND**  
**WANTED.**  
**Birch, Ash, Pine,**  
**Butternut and Spruce**  
**Planks and Boards.**  
**I will pay cash.**  
**JAMES HAYDEN, Woodstock.**

**HARD WEAR SUITS**  
**FOR \$2.75.**  
 Greatest Wonder of the Age.  
 We have been trying to get a Suit for the working man that costs but a trifle and will stand the every day  
**Wear and Tear**  
 We have succeeded.  
 Come and see it.  
 —ALSO—  
**Men's All Wool Suits,**  
**From \$5.00 up.**  
**Waterproof Cape Coats,**  
**\$5.00 up,**  
 Warranted Rain Proof.  
**R. B. JONES,**  
**MANCHESTER HOUSE**  
**HARNESS**  
**Made & Repaired**  
 GREAT VARIETY OF  
**HARNESS FITTINGS**  
 ALWAYS IN STOCK.  
**H. V. MOOERS, Main Street,**  
**WOODSTOCK.**