

VII

*Ally Brown*

# THE GLASSVILLE NEWS.

No 9, Vol. 1.]

GLASSVILLE, N. B. OCTOBER 15th 1893;

[25 CENTS A YEAR.

**J. McINTOSH.**

GENERAL DEALER IN

**DRY GOODS, & GROCERIES,**

GLASSVILLE, N. B.

Eggs to announce to his Customers and the Public, that he has just received

**AN ENTIRE NEW STOCK,  
OF LADIE'S DRESS GOODS,**

CONSISTING OF

**HENRIETTAS, FLANNELS, & OTHER CHOICE MATERIALS.**

**FINEST BARBADOES MOLASSES,**

**Flour, Cornmeal, Oatmeal.**

**AND A NEW STOCK OF CLOTHING,**

Expressly selected to suit the coming season.

**HARDWARE, TINWARE, EARTHENWARE,**

and a variety of goods too numerous to mention.

AGENT FOR CONNELL'S PLOWS, STOVES, AND IMPLEMENTS.

**CONNELL BROS.,**

MANUFACTURERS OF

**IMPROVED LITTLE BENT TRESSING MACHINES,**

**Mowing Machines,**

**STEEL CULTIVATORS.**

**SPRING TOOTH HARROWS**

**Horse Rakes, Horse Hoes,**

**PLOWS, STOVES, SINKS, ETC.**

**WOODSTOCK, N. B.**

A FEW DOSES OF THE

**GRANGER**  
  
**CONDITION  
POWDER**

WILL repay many times the price of a package of the Granger. For Horses and Cattle, Sheep and Poultry, they are worth their weight in gold. They help digestion and assimilation of food, remove fever, and all impurities that cause loss of appetite, thick water, diarrhoea, cough, bad blood, &c., in Horses and Cattle. The fact that thousands of packages sold annually throughout the Maritime Provinces proves that the

(TRADE MARK) **GRANGER** (TRADE MARK) is appreciated. Try one package. At all dealers.

Price 25c. 5 packages \$1.00.

**H. PAXTON BAIRD, Proprietor**  
**WOODSTOCK, N. B.**

**THE KEY TO HEALTH.**

**BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS**

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver; carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of **BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.**

For Sale by all Dealers.

**T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.**

**Here, There and Everywhere.**

We hear from Paris that M. Gambette, a survivor of the Great Napoleon's Grand Armee, and one of the combatants at the battle of Waterloo, has recently died there. We had an idea that all those who took part in that crowning defeat, had been gathered to their fathers long ago; we were deceived however, it appears. Can't they manage to find us a survivor of the battle of Hastings, that is not so very long ago; or at least one of the Dauphin's army at Agincourt.

The prying habits of the animal race sometimes lead them into fatal troubles. The mouse explores the trap, mostly with disadvantage to its own safety. But a remarkable case of animal curiosity has lately come under our observation, which is perhaps quite unique. We had lately brought to our office, by one of our subscribers, a curiosity found in the sugary deposit at the bottom of a molasses puncheon, after cleaning off the incrustation of sugar and submitting it to examination it proved to be a young Alligator, apparently only recently hatched. We presume it had developed habits of prying into other people's business early in life, and had either stowed itself away in the cask, or had fallen into the syrup; when, like Tom Thumb, trying to get a surreptitious taste of the sweets of life.

We see by the Royal Gazette that Mr. F. B. Thomas, has been appointed as an Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Now is the time, Mr. Thomas, can supply the Ring, the License, the Furniture, the necessary Cradle, the various comestibles for the larder and nearly everything that may be required to start the newly married, on the highway to happiness.

Mr. J. McIntosh, and Family have returned home, after a very pleasant visit to the fruit growing districts of Nova Scotia. They were delighted with the beauty and luxuriance, of the charming Valley of Annapolis, which we would imagine at this season of the year, bears a strong resemblance to our own native county, described by the poet as "Exuberant Hereford, with verdant beauty crowned, And boasting her four harvests in the circling year."

In his lifetime the author of the ever-green Robinson Crusoe was an unfortunate man, in turn suffering poverty, the pillory and the debtor's prison. His descendants seem also to share his ill luck, for recently his last lineal descendant who is living at Bishop's Stortford, England, has been forced to the necessity of accepting out-door parish relief; He is seventy years of age and nearly blind.

Lord Burton recently shot in his forest of Glenquoich a stag which is exciting the wonder and envy of sportsmen in the Highlands. It has no fewer than twenty

points—the largest number ever heard of in a genuine Scotch red deer. There are ten points on each horn, with the tops formed by a rare cluster of seven on each of its splendidly developed beams. The stag was brought down with a shot at 300 yards.

A Russian priest, Father Jean de Bonstadt, is reputed to possess the gift of prophecy, and his least important utterances are treasured by the people as the words of an oracle. A great sensation has been caused by the rumour that the reverend father predicts a war to take place in 1893, during which Russia will, he says, lose Poland, Bessarabia, the control of the Dnieper, and the Baltic provinces.

Dalziel's correspondent at Vancouver says:—Edward I. Limes, an English journalist, has arrived here from Montreal, having walked the entire distance in 117 days. He had undertaken to perform the feat in 143 days, so that he has twenty-six days to spare.

A Magdeburg newspaper gives the following as a result of the Lord's Day Rest Law. The wife of a small manufacturer sent her two children to a confectioner's for some favourite cherry tarts. After a time the little ones returned, but their basket was empty. "We bought the tarts mother," said they, "but the gentleman dared not allow anything to be taken through the streets from his shop, on account of it's being the Day of Rest. He said they must be eaten in his house. So we ate them, mother."

On board a man-of-war bound home from China was a young midshipman of the name of Jones. The midshipmen were told off for duty forward, and every hour it was their duty to come aft and write up the weather columns of the ship's log showing the readings of the barometer and thermometer, and to heave the chip log for her speed. The captain, in company with an officer of the deck, was on the poop, when Midshipman Jones came aft to write up the log. The barometer, a mercurial one, was hung in the captain's cabin, and Jones, after having read it, helped himself liberally to the captain's sherry on the cabin sideboard. In walking down the cabin skylight and saw all the midshipman's proceedings. When Jones came up on the poop to heave the log, the captain addressed him as follows:—"How is the barometer, sir?" Jones saluted, and said "Steadily rising, sir,—steadily rising." The captain then asked, "And how is the decanter, sir?" Jones was taken aback, but with a steady voice replied "Steadily falling, sir,—steadily falling." This reply was too much for the captain, who laughed heartily, and said "Young man, it's a long way to 'Frisco, so in future don't consult the decanter, as often as you do the barometer."