

**BITS FROM BOOKS.**  
**GIBRALTAR.**

Up above, where the signal station is, where no one, not even an officer in uniform, not engaged on the works is allowed to go, are the real fortifications. What looks like a rock is a monster gun painted grey, or a tree hides the mouth of another. And in this forbidden territory are great cannon, which are worked from the lowest ramparts. These are the present triumphs of Gibraltar. Before they came, the clouds which shut out the sight of the rock as well as the view of the sea from its summit rendered these great pieces of artillery as useless in bad weather as they are harmless in time of peace. The very elements threatened to war against the English, and a shower of rain or a veering wind might have altered the fortunes of a battle. But a clever man named Watkins has invented a position finder, by means of which those on the lowest ramparts, well out of the clouds, can aim these great guns on the summit at a vessel unseen by the gunners lost in the mist above, and by electricity fire a shot from a gun half a mile above them so that it will strike an object many miles off at sea. It will be a very strange sensation for the captain of such a vessel when he finds her bombarded by shells that belch forth from a drifting cloud. The rock is undermined and tunneled through, and food and provisions are stored away in it to last a siege of seven years. Telephones and telegraphs, signal stations for flagging, search lights, and other such devilish inventions, have been planted on every point, and only the Governor himself knows what other modern improvements have been introduced into the bowels of this mountain or distributed behind bits of landscape gardening on its surface.

It will never be attacked, for the reason that the American people are the only people clever enough to invent a way of taking it, and they are too clever to attempt an impossible thing.—*The Rulers of the Mediterranean.* Richard Harding Davis.

**A LION AT HIS BEDSIDE.**

I often used to warn Billy against going so far by himself, and sleeping by himself all night as he often did. But he didn't give a curse for lions, and never could be brought to believe that lions were capable of attacking a white man. "I wish the brutes had the pluck," he often said, for he had promised his girl in Capetown a necklace of lion's claws, and was keen about killing lions. Well, one day, when we had not had a bit of meat for two days, he started on ahead. In the evening we stopped at a river, and concluded that Billy had camped for the night farther on. In the morning we started on again, and had not gone ten miles when we came across a still smoking fire. "Hallo," cried Bryne, "Billy's left his billy behind." Just then I found Billy's rifle about twenty yards away from the fire, with an exploded cartridge in the breech. I felt somehow that something had gone wrong with my old chum, and we all scattered with the idea of finding and following up his spoor. In half a minute Bryne called out "Ouch!" just as if he had stepped upon a snake, and when I got up to where he was standing, I saw him glaring at one of Billy's boots. "Man!" he whispered "there's the foot in it still!" And sure enough the poor fellow's foot was there. There was blood all over the place, and the spoor of a big lion could easily be seen on soft ground. We followed up the spoor, and found half of Billy's head near a tree. The tall green grass all round was crushed down showing that the lion had been lying there. It was the top of Billy's head that was left, and both eyes were open and seemed to be looking at something on the ground fifty yards away. We buried the poor remnants at foot of a wild plum tree, and spent a week in tracing that lion; but we never came up with him.—*A Nobody in Mashonaland.* C. E. Pinlason.

**IN THE YEAR 2,000.**

"We have no such things as law schools," replied the doctor, smiling. "The law as a special science is obsolete. It was a system of casuistry which the elaborate artificiality of the old order of society absolutely required to interpret it, but only a few of the simplest legal maxims have any application to the existing state of the world. Everything touching the relations of men to one another is now simpler, beyond any comparison, than in your day. We should have no sort of use for the hair-splitting experts who presided and argued in your courts.—What, indeed, could possibly give a more powerful impression of the intricacy and artificiality of that system than the fact that it was necessary to set apart from other pursuits the very cream of the intellect of each generation, in order to provide a body of pundits able to make it barely intelligible to those whose fates it determined.

The treatises of your great lawyers, the works of Blackstone and Chitty, of Story and Parsons stand in our museums, as curious monuments of intellectual subtlety devoted to subjects entirely remote from the interests of modern men.—*Looking Backward.* Edward Bellamy.

**HITTIN' A SPLINTER.**

"How is the advertising business, Cannon?" queried a friend to the well-known advertising manager.

"Dull, sir! Dull!" he replied. "Everybody economizing. Scared to death. Pulling in their horns. No enterprise left in 'em. Some of 'em carrying it so far, sir, that if they don't take care they will hit a splinter."

"Hit a splinter! What do you mean?"

"What! Do you mean to say you never heard that expression before? Well, I will tell you: Old Bill Soper, near Henderson Ky., was about the closest-fisted old man in the state—wealthy and miserly. His son young Bill Soper, went to town and spent 5 cents on a ginger cake. It nearly broke the old man's heart, so he sent him to old Hugh Tate, an economist, to take lessons in economy. 'Ask him questions, Bill' said the old man, 'and bear in mind what he tells you. He will make your fortune for you.' Old Hugh Tate was a close-fisted farmer, and when Bill got there it was dark—just in time for supper. They had nothing on the table but bread and water. 'Why don't you have vegetables?' asked Billy, 'there are lots in the garden' 'Sell 'em' said the economist. 'Why don't you have mutton, you have lots of sheep?' was the next query. 'I sell the mutton,' said Tate, and so the lesson proceeded. When the meal was over Tate blew out the candle. 'What did you do that for?' queried Billy. 'Candles cost money,' responded the old man, 'we can talk in the dark.' Just then he heard a rustling on the other side of the table, and said: What are you doing, Billy? 'Takin' off my pants' said Billy, 'save wearing the seat out, nobody can see in the dark.' 'Good boy, Billy! Good boy! You can go home in the morning, I can't teach you anything. But, sonny; mind you don't hit a splinter and ruin yourself.'

**DIED.**

At Biggar Ridge, on the 13th. inst, Lyman, infant son of Mr. Hiram Biggar.

If you feel weak, tired and run down, don't fly to potent drugs, or to delusive stimulants, but subscribe at once for the Glassville News, and be happy.—See Testimonials in future issues.

**CHILBLAINS**  
**FROST BITE**  
and **ACHES & PAINS** relieved at once by **Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER** also Coughs - Colds - Sore Throat - Diphtheria - Rheumatism and Neuralgia  
"ask for the New" **BIG 25¢ BOTTLE**

**DR. WOOD'S**  
  
**Norway Pine Syrup.**  
Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.  
**A PERFECT CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS**  
Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obstinate coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant piny syrup.  
**PRICE 25¢ AND 50¢ PER BOTTLE.**  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

**BAIRDS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND**  
Purely Vegetable  
NATURE'S REMEDY FOR Coughs, Colds, Croup, WHOOPING COUGH, CONGESTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, IRRITATION OF THE THROAT, AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.  
CURES AS IF BY MAGIC.  
Unprecedented Success proves its reliability  
AT ALL DEALERS AND WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS  
H. PAXTON BAIRD, PROPRIETOR  
WOODSTOCK, N. B.

**FARMERS!**

Before commencing your FALL PLOWING you should secure

**A PATTERSON PLOW,**

These Plows are Guaranteed to give every Satisfaction, and to stand the WEAR and TEAR of

**The ROUCHEST GROUND.**

All who have used them speak Highly in their favour.

FOR SALE BY

**F. B. THOMAS,**

DEALER IN

**DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,**

CLASSVILLE, N. B.

Also PLOW POINTS and Fixings.

**BURDOCK**  
Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.  
**BLOOD**  
CURE'S  
DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEART BURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES  
**BITTERS**