

Alex Brown

XXII

THE GLASSVILLE NEWS.

No. 5 Vol. 3. Whole No. 29.]

GLASSVILLE, N. B. JULY 31st. 1895.

[PRICE 25CENTS A YEAR.]

See here MARIA! I'm too busy Haying to leave home, You'd better rig up and go to

CARR'S at HARTLAND

and get those things we were talking about. Here's a Ten Dollar Bill, you can get

- 3lbs. Choice Saryune Tea for \$1.
- 21LBS. BEST GRANULATED SUGAR \$1.
- 23lbs. Good Light Brown SUGAR \$1.
- 2gal. Finest BARBADOES MOLASSES \$1.
- 4gal. Best American Parafin \$1.
- 22lbs. Rice \$1.
- 5-- Pure Paris Green \$1.
- DON'T GET 'EM MIXED.
- 10LBS. EVAPORATED APPLES \$1.
- 10LBS. HERBAGEUM \$1.
- It's THE BEST THING I CAN FIND FOR FATTENING CATTLE & HOGS.
- 20lbs. Good CODFISH \$1.

That makes the TEN DOLLARS, now, here's FIVE more to get some of those **Self-Sealers** and other trinkets for Yourself.

Tell him I want him to save me another barrel of
THAT GOOD FLOUR
the same as the last.

Now, DON'T Forget The PLAGUE!
Carr's, Hartland.

BRISTOL

WOOD-WORKING FACTORY,

ALBERT BRITTAIN, PROPRIETOR.

Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Matched Lumber
Mouldings, all Kinds,
PLANING done to Order, House Finish of every description,
Screen Doors and Windows,
MADE TO ORDER.

BRISTOL, N. B.

EXCUSES.

"Why honey, 'scuses is like de grease we puts on de axletrees to make de wheels go round easy. 'Scuses makes de world go round easy. Whar'd de world be if it wasn't for 'scuses."—*Dred, A Tale of the Dismal Swamp.*

We quote the above from memory as an apology for the excuse we have to offer for being late with this issue. We might plead 'haying' but that would not be correct. The fact is that the *rapid transit* over our railways is to blame for it, a supply of paper was so long reaching us that we seriously thought of walking to Montreal to fetch it, as being the most expeditious method.

The cutting sarcasm of Artemus Ward "It's too darned slow to pass a funeral" is singularly appropriate to such a railway.

TOBIQUE LAND PLASTER.

Lime, Fredericton Brick,

GENT'S FURNISHINGS,

COMPLETE SUITS, AND OVERCOATS,

Cut and Made to Order
On the SHORTEST Notice

I HAVE CONSTANTLY ON HAND A COMPLETE
STOCK of GENERAL MERCHANDISE
Too Extensive to enumerate.

C. HUMPHREY TAYLOR,
HARTLAND, N. B.

A Summer Romance.

(With apologies to Tom Moore.)
By the fly-haunted banks of the
Miramichi,
Where the mosquito sings to you all
the day long;
For a summer vacation I went there
to fish,
And shall ever remember that myriad
throng.
That shore with it's music I ne'er
can forget,
And often at home I remember with
glee;
And I think is the mosquito singing
there yet,
By the fly-haunted shores of the
Miramichi.

No, the flies disappeared as the summer
days went,
But their stings were remembered—they
smarted so sore—
And a dread was long felt of the insects
that lent,
All the terrors of summer when summer
was o'er.
Thus memory still pictures the scene to
our eyes,
And I long for sweet summer to come
o'er the lea;
When I'll quickly forget the mosquitoes
and flies,
And again go to fish in the Miramichi.

And angling too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Isaac Walton sings or says,
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

Byron.

FACETIE.

Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt,
And every grin so merry draws one out.—*Walcot.*

What! you don't think there's any use
in snakes? Well, the other day my boy
Sam was out in the garden doing his les-
son (addition, I think it was) when all of
a sudden a snake crawled up on his slate
and took his pencil. Of course, the boy
was frightened and ran away, but when
he got over it he went back and found
his slate covered with addition sums, all
done correct. That boy keeps the snake
yet, and it does all his figuring. What
sort of a snake was it? Well, you may
often have heard of the species—it was
an ADDER!

There once was a good deacon fat
Whose poverty genius begat;
He had a queer way
Of wearing, Lord's Day
Some fly-paper up in his hat,
And so 'twas not singular that
This good deacon, solemn and fat,
Found a dollar or more,
When collection was o'er,
Sticking up in the crown of his hat.

SMITHERS: I say Jones, what a courtly
bearing that fellow Talfourd has.
JONES: No wonder. He has been a co-
respondent in the Divorce Court, three
times in the last six months.

AN UNLUCKY FELLOW.—Coroner: This
is a very sad thing, that you should run
over an old lady and kill her. Cabby: It
is, this is the thirteenth, and I knowed
the number was unlucky.
Difficult to beat. A hard-boiled egg.