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# THE GLASSVILLE NEWS.

*Alex. Brown*  
*Alex. Bromley Brown*

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GLASSVILLE, N. B. JANUARY 1896.

[PRICE 25cents A YEAR.]

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Owing to the mild weather these goods have not sold as rapidly as usual. We don't want to have any left over so will sell at **Greatly Reduced Prices** to close out.

Remember the **COLD WEATHER** is coming so  
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CAPS, CAPES, MUFFS & BOAS.  
GLOVES, MITTS,  
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Shawls, Hoods, Scarfs, Clouds &c.**

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**AND  
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AT ALL DEALERS AND WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS

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WOODSTOCK, N. B.

### GLASSVILLE.

A district, public meeting was held in the School-house on February 1st., to take into consideration the advisability of selecting another site for the proposed New School which the Inspector has informed the Trustees they must provide. The present situation is notoriously inconvenient for a great number of the rate payers, who have children to send to the school; and, we firmly believe, that a more convenient site is not only requisite but absolutely necessary.

A majority of those present were decidedly in favour of a new, and a more convenient site, being selected for the erection of the proposed new school, but those who were opposed to the change pointed out, and maintained that neither the trustees, or the rate-payers, had any voice in the matter—that the Board of Education alone, have any power to make a change.

We apprehend that the School Laws of the Province are not framed on the principle of the old laws of the "Medes and Persians"—unalterable and unchangeable—neither are they written in blood like the old Draconic code; but are capable of a liberal translation, and modification according to the exigencies of any particular case. When a law is otherwise the sooner it is abolished the better.

At one time the meeting became quite a stormy affair, two of our well-known citizens getting to high words, each one making severe remarks on the other's lack of some of the cardinal christian virtues.

This little episode occupied the attention of the meeting for some time, but peace being restored the business was proceeded with. After considerable talk for and against, a motion was made, and carried as follows:

"That a memorial be presented to the Board of Education, praying them to re-divide the districts on the main Glassville road, so as to make three districts instead of two; and, to have a school nearer to the centre of the Glassville settlement."

This petition will shortly be placed before the public, and we would venture to recommend all those interested in the education of the rising generation, to sign the memorial and endeavour to procure a school in a more central, and in a more convenient position.

Personally speaking, we don't agree with the present school system, and consider it unsatisfactory. We would much prefer to have permanent teachers located in every district, to have periodical examinations of both scholars and teachers; and above all, compulsory attendance by all children between five years and fourteen years of age. As at present conducted the system is faulty, the tenure of office by the teachers is too short to enable them to make satisfactory progress in the education of the children; and furthermore, it does not impart the enthusiasm to a teacher which would be stimulated by the security of the position for a lengthened period.

### QUIPS and CRANKS.

Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt. And every grin so merry draws one out. *Wolcott*  
**THE DENTIST WAS DONE.**—The dentist was torturing his victim in the usual double fashion.

The story he was telling at the moment was on himself.

"When I was young in the profession" he said, "I was working in a country place for a few weeks to help a friend. One day a farmer came in—a big muscular chap, full blooded—one of the sort whose teeth come like roots of oak trees.

As he sat down he said 'Will it hurt?'  
"Feeling in a jocular mood, I answered, Well, if it doesn't it shan't cost you anything. Then I fell to work.

"The tooth came even harder than I expected, so as the man got up from the chair and pulled himself together—he had not uttered a sound—I said, 'Well, did it hurt?'"

"Not a bit," answered the countryman, and strode out of the office, leaving me minus a fee, completely nonplussed, and the laughing-stock of my friend and the two or three patrons who sat about the office.

"I have never tried to be funny professionally since," said he meditatively.

"All flesh is grass," said the dull, and wearisome preacher in the midst of an uninteresting, and somnolent discourse. "That so! Then I guess you're old hay, you're so precious dry," audibly observed a sleepy fellow in a side pew.

A Chinaman never swears when he gets mad because there are no "cuss words" in his language. He simply upsets his washing-tub, butts the bottom out, kicks a dog, and feels better.

A man down south has had four wives go off and leave him. The fifth he swapped for an old shot-gun, and now boasts that he has something that won't go off.

A Glassville man speaking of the choir at a neighbouring place of worship, says "The singing is like driftwood in a stream; it drags on the bars, yet don't amount to a dam."

The scene was a newly opened Auction room in Woodstock. The time evening. The newly fledged Auctioneer was holding up a pair of handsome vases, and inviting bids; when a well-known local wit popped his head in at the door, and said: "Am I too late to bid?" "Oh! no, you are just in time," replied the knight of the hammer. "Then I bid you Good Night," said the joker, and walked off.

We draw the veil over what followed, merely adding that the audience were convulsed with laughter; and retired to go and listen to the Grand Orchestration, at the Rink, play 'Ta ra ra boom de ay.' The vases are still unsold.

We hear that a man at Bristol, a short time ago fired six shots at a supposed burglar, and was astonished to hear the fellow ask, "Wazza madder faazzer, wazza doing zat for?"

"Yes, Mr. Cagill, I see, there is just a single syllable difference between salvation and perdition.

"Why, whatever do you mean?"  
"Well, it's a case of eternal bliss, or of eternal blisters."

*Alex. Brown*