

We have received the August number of the Hartland Advertiser, a county paper on our exchange list, that has in a short time quadrupled its size. This, is sufficient to show that it is appreciated by the people of Hartland. Is Glassville to be beaten by such a place as that? we say no! Our little paper is only but a few months old, and we hope in a short time to enlarge it, all we want is the generous patronage of the public; which we will endeavour to deserve, to make our little city, and its paper, known far and wide.

### They Didn't do It.

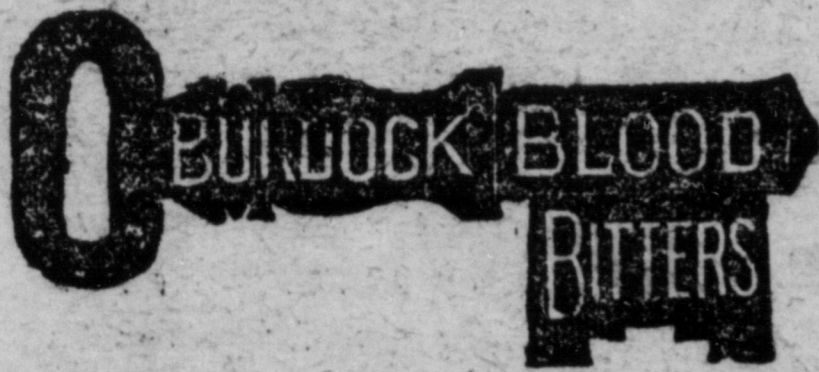
Three men-of-war-ships, Dutch, French, and English, while anchored in port were contending with each other for the best display of seamanship, so the captain of each vessel determined to send aloft an active sailor to perform some feat of grace and daring. The Dutch captain sent up a Dutchman, the French a Frenchman the English an Irishman. The Dutchman on the top of the mainmast, stood, with his arm extended. The Frenchman then went up aloft and stood with both arms extended. Now, the Irishman thought if he could stand on the top of the mast with a leg and arm extended he would be declared the most daring sailor. Nimbly he climbed aloft until he reached the highest point; there he carefully balanced himself upon both feet, extending his right hand with a graceful motion. Then he threw out his left leg until in a line with his right arm. In doing this he lost his balance and fell from the masthead, crashing through the rigging toward the deck.

The ropes against which his body came in contact broke his fall, and his velocity was not too great to prevent him grasping a rope attached to the main-yard arm. To this he hung for two seconds, then he dropped lightly to the deck, landing safe on his feet. Folding his arms triumphantly, he glanced toward the rival ships and joyously exclaimed, "There, ye frog eating and sausage stuffed furiners, bate that if ye can."

### Not Always Right,

In spite of all that inveterate grumblers say, our population is increasing. Mr. J. Brown, of Highlands, and Mr. McBrine, of Knowlesville, have each had additional aid to their future farming operations in the shape of a new born son.

## THE KEY TO HEALTH.



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.**

## GLASSVILLE,

A RETROSPECTIVE HISTORY OF ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.  
BY MARCHMONT.

Alongside of our Agriculture is the Lumber interest, a business which for many years—even before farming was known here—has been successfully carried on in surrounding districts. While there are several outside lumber operators, who occasionally send crews to the woods on the Miramichi, the well-known firm of Lynch, Bros., and M. Welch, are the big men here. For years, they have lumbered in the neighbourhood; and their operations have always been of great advantage, in every way, to our farming population and working men. They give a large amount of employment to farmer's teams, open up a ready market for their produce, hay, oats, beef, pork, &c., and furnish plenty of winter's work to men and boys, who may wish for two or three months to enlist in the ranks of the "chevaliers d'industrie" on the "pottashing" routes or to exchange for a brief season the axe for the plough.

Although we have no mills in Glassville for manufacturing lumber, carding wool, and grinding or mashing grain, to supply materials for building or the spinning wheel, and to furnish the wherewithall for the oven, the griddle and the hog trough, we have a few of these useful evidences of advanced civilization in the neighbouring settlements of Esdraclon, Argyle and Foreston. The grist mill and carding machine at Esdraclon, especially, are much patronized, not only on account of the excellent work executed there, and the good returns, but the oratorical operator, like the busy bee, "improves each shining hour," and beguiles the tedium of the milling processes by at one and the same time grinding out your buckwheat meal and his own 'ultra' views of the religious spirit of the 19th. century, and tariff reform, and by at once pretty effectually carding your wool, and your "villainous political heresies," if you are unfortunate enough to be branded as a RASCALLY CONSERVATIVE,—while, over and above, he will treat you to as fine a philippic on the "personality of Satan," as you ever listened to at a TRUTH SEEKER gathering or revival conglomeration meeting. "Oh! Hal, thou hast a damnable iteration." *Shakespeare.*

Of our business stores, overflowing with rich displays of general merchandise, we need only say, that in respect of architecture, fittings and stock, they are equal to many of a high order in our cities and towns. Messrs. Miller, McIntosh, Thomas, Fitzgerald, and Love, seem all destined to carry on large and extensive trades, with profit to themselves and satisfaction to their customers.

We can boast of some first-class house carpenters and general mechanics, of whom Joseph Lee, Esq. of Beaufort, is at the top of the tree in his trade; George Adams, of Esdraclon, the crack barn frame hewer and tip-top barn framer, Alexander Scott, of Esdraclon, who prides himself on being above all mental vagaries, and will stand none of your "cursed nonsense" either in putting up a building, or serving a writ; and Alonzo and Jethro Milberry, of Esdraclon,—the first, a man of a fine speculative and deeply contemplative turn of mind; and the last the man of sorrowful countenance, with a dreamy far-away look in those soft liquid eyes, that seems to speak volumes. Of late these esteemed mechanic artists have had to do with the erection of all the principal buildings in Glassville and the neighbourhood, and their work has always given the greatest satisfaction to their employers. More than this, as cart and ploughwrights, they can put up a sled or turn out a truck waggon, equal to any

in the land. There is in fact no department of carpentry to which these ready and cunning workmen cannot turn their hands to at the shortest notice, and finish their job in a tradesmanlike manner.

We have five blacksmith's shops within the limits of our parish—one at Glassville, run by David Lamont, one at Highlands run by George Guthrie, one at East Glassville run by Robert Haynes, one at Rutherglen run by Judson Milberry, and one at Esdraclon run by Jethro Milberry. These Tubal Cains are all good men and true—men of quick eye, brawny muscle and unerring blow—thoroughly understanding Vulcan's trade—moderate in their charges—punctual in their engagements—and all that sort of thing, you know.

The far famed GLASSVILLE HOUSE, one of the finest rural hotels in the country, furnishes splendid accomodation, with all the comforts of home, to permanent and transient boarders. This "abode of Love" has been so long and so favourably known to the travelling public as a resort of tourists, as a meeting place for merchants, as a rendezvous for lumbermen, and as a "Fisher's Tryst," that no further recommendatory notice is necessary here. Long may its genial Bonifacio continue to flourish and delight visitors with his "Auld Scotch Sang," and long may his better half (yes, that's the word, exactly), continue to gladden the hearts of the weary by her princely entertainment.

Valedictory in our next.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

This little paper is a free platform, on which any man may inscribe his opinions, as long as he pays due regard to the law of Libel; and, avoids injuring the courtesy of debate. We however reserve the right of censorship, and may refuse to insert any communication devoid of public interest.

For the reason given in the foregoing paragraph we decline to publish a letter about the Coldstream bridge. The writer, should bear in mind this fact, viz: That personal abuse, is not argument; and is therefore not suitable for our columns.

### The Folly of Hoarding.

It is really remarkable that so many people in this country, who have funds from which they might earn a good rate of interest, persist in locking up notes in safe deposit vaults or pack them away in old stockings. Money will earn to-day large returns, with the best of real estate security, as first class collateral to protect the lender, and yet a great many individuals, waiting for they know not what, decline to take advantage of what is an unusual opportunity for making money. The currency of a country is intended to circulate as evidence of credit. If it does not it becomes absolutely useless to everybody. In a famine in a community, the people would be no better off if it had locked up, a million barrels of flour than if it had none at all. The same is precisely true of money,—Washington News.

LONGFELLOW IMPROVED.

Lives of honest men remind us,  
That to wrong we shouldn't stoop;

Nor departing leave behind us,  
Footprints round the chicken coop.

What is the centre of gravity?—The letter V.  
Fred—Would you scream if I were to kiss you?  
Nellie—Oh, yes, but (confidentially) there's no one within hearing.

**SKODA'S DISCOVERY,  
WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS,  
CARMINATIVE ELIXIR,  
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS,  
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER,  
FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP,**

**F. B. Thomas, Glassville,  
AND WINDSOR, N. B.**