

Alfred 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.
- 2½gal. 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 PLAGE!  
Carr's, Hartland.

BRISTOL

## WOOD-WORKING FACTORY,

ALBERT BRITAIN, 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, 'seuses is like de grease we puts on de axletrees to make de wheels go round easy. 'Seuses makes de world go round easy. What'd de world be if it wasn't for 'seuses."—Dred, *A Tale of the Dismal Swamp*.

We quote the above from men y as an apology for the excuse we have to offer for being late with this issue. W. 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.

### FACETIÆ.

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.