

Alex. Brown

VIII

THE GLASSVILLE NEWS.

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GLASSVILLE, N. B. NOVEMBER, 15th. 1893.

[25 CENTS: a YEAR.

Here, There and Everywhere.

Hans Christian Andersen, the Danish writer, in one of his delightful fairy tales, tells the story of an egg which was put with other eggs under a duck, when the eggs were all hatched out the young bird from that particular egg was flouted, despised and jeered at because it was ugly; but after many adventures, trials and tribulations, it developed into a beautiful and graceful swan. We are reminded of Andersen's Ugly Duckling when we look at our little city; only a few years ago it was a decidedly ugly duckling, but lately has shown that it is gradually changing into a beautiful swan. Nowhere is this transformation more apparent than in Mr. James Miller's residence, this has for some years presented a very dingy outside, that has very much marred the general appearance of the place, particularly on entering from Bristol. Mr. Miller has however, had a staff of workmen busily engaged on the work of repairing and restoration of the premises, and the result is, a complete change has been effected and the ugly duckling has become a graceful swan, not only in general outlines but in the pearly whiteness of that snowy bird's plumage. We are always delighted to mark any improvement in the country round about us, and it is more than ordinary pleasure to note the change that has come over Glassville in a short time, a change that has so modified and beautified it, that visitors from a distance, and who have not seen it for a few years would scarcely recognize the ugly duckling of some years ago, in the beautiful swan it has become.

Our friend the *Sentinel*, and the *Beacon* have been doing a little quiet sparring, over the size and weight of the turnips grown in their respective localities, each claims to have the biggest. We have not yet chronicled any extraordinary sample grown hereabout, but, we don't like to see this part of the county left behind in respect of farm produce. We therefore have pleasure in recording the fact, that Mr. Archibald Scott, of Glassville, has this season grown a large crop of turnips on a piece of land, that less than a year ago was in the original hardwood forest; these turnips were of enormous proportions, many of them would weigh a full hundred weight. We received from that gentleman a few small specimens which kicked the beam, at twenty pounds.

How's that for Yell Oh! Aberdeens? Mr. Staten, of Foreston, has also grown a fine crop of turnips, a purple topped white variety; and we were particularly struck by some of extraordinary size and matchless symmetry of shape, but have no record of their circumference, or the weight of any very fine ones.

One of our prominent Aberdonians who lately paid a visit to the sister province, on the return voyage fell a victim to the distressing and disagreeable malady, *The mal de mer*. His devoted partner, alarmed at his symptoms, went to commiserate him when he expostulated thusly:

On the ocean, oh! my darling,
When the ship rocks to and fro.
Don't you think 'twere better darling,
You and I were down below?
When the ship is tossing wildly,
Comes a sudden unknown woe;
Don't you think 'twere better, darling,
We should both go down below?
On the ocean, oh! my darling,
Cling not lovingly to me.
For I often, at short warning,
Rush to view the deep blue sea.
Now I feel o'ercome with something,
Something struggling to be free:
Haste! 'twere best to leave me, darling,
Best for you, and best for me.

This is very suggestive of the miseries of sea sickness, though we have a faint idea of having heard a poem similar in rhythm, called "In the gloaming."

The lumbering industry does not seem so brisk as in former seasons. We think that perhaps the strikes in the old country, which, to a great extent paralyze all branches of trade, may have a depressing effect on the lumber trade here and elsewhere. Still there are a great many small operators preparing to put in a few short months "Far from the madding crowd." Messrs. Welch, and Lynch, are curtailing their operations on the upper waters of the Miramichi. On the Nashwaak, Mr. Gibson, has some crews preparing for the winter's work, and no doubt the coming of snow will see the teams busy on the portage, carrying supplies for man and beast, into the various camps that are scattered on the numerous tributaries of the Miramichi and St. John rivers.

The steamer Jeannie, of the Arctic whaling fleet, has arrived at San Francisco. She reports that the steam whaler Newport passed last winter in the Herschel Islands, and, aided by a sea singularly free from ice, worked her way this summer in pursuit of whales as far as 84 degrees, or within 6 degrees of the North Pole. This is the most northerly point man has ever reached. The ship was unable to proceed further, but it is believed that had the Newport been supplied with dogs and sledges, the Pole could have been easily reached over the ice.

We have received as an exchange *The Lancaster Argus*, a neat little monthly in book form, published at the Insane Asylum, St. John. We have for some time, been conscious of a little mental aberration, but did not think our friends in that institution had got wind of it. However we shall always welcome their little paper, and think of Falstaff, and Bardolph's nose.

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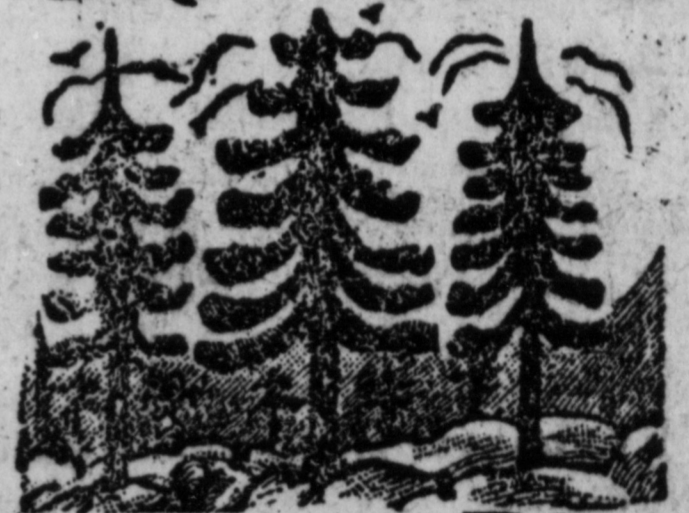
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