

NOTICE!

Mr. Laurance,

From the house of B. LAURANCE & Co. the Opticians of Montreal, will visit, as under, for CONSULTATION, and for the purpose of suiting to all DIFFICULT & UNUSUAL CASES

—OF—
DEFECTIVE EYESIGHT,
The Most Perfect AIDS TO VISION
KNOWN, The
"B. LAURANCE"
SPECTACLES
AND EYE GLASSES.

Mr. LAURANCE is eminently qualified to adjust Spectacles to every case where relief can be afforded, and as his visit is for the convenience of the public, no charge being made for consultation or any extra charge for the Spectacles, advantage should be taken of it.

NOTICE DATE OF VISIT.

Thursday, Sept. 28th, 1893.

—AT—

LOVE'S HOTEL,
Glassville,
FOR ONE DAY ONLY.

I. O. F. COURT GLASSVILLE.

A FORESTER'S BALL

And Sociable,

Will be held under the auspices of the above Court, in the

CALEDONIAN HALL,
Glassville,

On MONDAY OCTOBER 9th, 1893.

An Efficient BAND will attend,
Under the Leadership of Mr. DYER.

A FEW DOSES OF THE

GRANGER



CONDITION POWDER

Will repay many times the price of a package of the Granger. For Horses and Cattle, Sheep and Poultry, they are worth their weight in Gold. They help digestion and assimilation of food, remove fever, and all impurities that cause loss of appetite, thick water, distemper, cough, bad blood, &c., in Horses and Cattle. The fact that thousands of packages are sold annually throughout the Maritime Provinces proves that the

TRADE MARK **GRANGER** TRADE MARK
is appreciated. Try one package. At all dealers.
Price 25c. 5 packages \$1.00.

H. PAXTON BAIRD, Proprietor
WOODSTOCK, N.B.

Rutherglen.

A Pie sociable was held at this romantically named settlement, on August 30th for the purpose of raising funds to purchase a stove for the I. O. G. T. Lodge held there. As usual there was a fine display of Pies, Cakes, and other triumphs of the culinary art, and which when sold realized good prices. Mr. Jud. Milberry, auctioned off the pies &c. while Messrs. E. Spence, and G. Elliott, were assistant and clerk. The proceeds obtained by the sale amounted to the respectable sum of seventeen dollars, and forty-five cents, a sum sufficient to buy a good stove, that will help to keep the aquatic people of Rutherglen from freezing, while attending their teetotal soirees during the coming winter. After the sale, when "The flaws and the custards, had all disappeared" the room was cleared and the inevitable dance followed, and to the enlivening music discoursed by two violinists, the young people thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and had what they describe as a Good Time.

Mrs. and Miss Maggie Elliott, of St. John, are on a visit here at present.

Biggar Ridge.

On the 5th. inst. A Pic-nic was held at Biggar Ridge in connection with the day and Sunday schools. The day being particularly bright and warm, there was a large number of visitors, at one time in the afternoon about two hundred guests had assembled from the surrounding locality, and at the refreshment tables did ample justice to the bounteous cheer the generous people of the neighbourhood, had gratuitously provided for their visitors and friends. From the shouts of joy sent forth by the juveniles, and the beaming smiles of the adults, we may venture to say that all enjoyed the day's outing, we did however, and hope we may have a repetition of that pleasure, when the genial folk of Biggar Ridge, again hold their annual Fete Champetre.

A Merry Mountain Maid.

BY BILL NYE.

It is now that everything is in full leaf in this country. A young woman a trifle over 7 feet high comes to my slish on the French Broad and sells me berries. Once my wife was away, and I did not know how we were fixed for berries.

Berries, both black and straw and rasp, are sold here at 5 cents a big quart and hulled ready for the table at that. They are good all summer.

"Sit down on the porch, Birdie," I said "and converse."

She sat down, but still remained taller than I was. I never saw a longer waisted person or one who was so uniformly of one size all the way down, as my friend Comstock says—not Anthony, but another man altogether. She had a chest like a grasshopper, and as she sat there with her long sad face, reminding me of a horse with a sunbonnet on, I said to myself: "Shall I buy these berries and let her go home or wait till my wife comes and discovers us conversing and then remains for ever unhappy? Shall I break up our happy home or not?"

She looked hungry too. She was. I would say that, regarding her from a Scriptural standpoint, she was without form and void.

The red bugs seemed to annoy her a good deal about the ankles. That is how I came to learn that her calves were on the front side. She reminded me of a Staten Island ferryboat—you couldn't always tell whether it was going over to Staten Island or returning.

She was a merry little mountain maid. I think they call her about here Splayfoot Sal, but it may be another girl who gathers berries and goes by that name. I am not sure. She is the Tarheel Sequoia of Ticktown. It would do you good to see her guileless ways. Some day she will marry a low set man with eleven dogs and they will live on wild cucumbers and blackberries and rear their young, and

they will never laugh, and he will never get asphyxiated unless some neighbour in the feud business, asphyxiates him with a double barrel shotgun, and their lives will be as even and devoid of incident as they would be in a penitentiary.

Something in Prospect.

A ragged coloured boy about 12 years old sat on the sidewalk in the full glare of the noonday sun with his back against the board fence. A very solid old man, walking with great dignity, came along and halted to look the urchin over and inquire.

"Boy, hain't I dun seen yo' sumwhar befo'?" Hain't yo' de widder Taylor's son?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"An what yo' loafin round yere in this fashun fur?"

"Am dat yo'r bizness?" saucily demanded the boy.

"Am it? Am it? Waal, I should declar to reckon it was!"

"What yo' got ter do 'bout it?"

"What I got to do 'bout it? Why, boy yo' doan' 'pear to know me! Permit me to interduce myself as the gem'lan who has bin co'rtin yo'r mudder fur de las' three weeks an who's dun gwine to marry her dis eavenin and become yo'r step-fadder! Look out fur me 'bout 7 o'clock tomorrer mawnin, boy! I'ze gwine to begin at dat airy hour to make yo' wish you'd nebbor bin born in dis here state of Alabama to show yo'r peartness!"

Since our last number was published New Settlers have continued to arrive, Mr. Henry Lovely, has a new son, so has Mr. Peter Quinn, while Mr C Stockford, has had a daughter added to his family circle.

I would like to call the attention of my numerous Customers, and the Public generally to the

FINE LINE OF TOILET SOAPS,

I am now carrying in stock, consisting of—

GLYCERINE.

BABY'S OWN,

CUTICURA,

CASTILE, OATMEAL,

SKODA'S GERMAN,

AND OTHER STANDRD SORTS

I have also a Nice Assortment of

Shaving Soaps, Razors, Stropps, Perfumery,

COMBS, BRUSHES, &C.

At my usual LOW PRICES,

F. B. Thomas, Glassville.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE.