

Our New York Boarder.

DEAR ICICLE:—It is Spring. The dull, dead, miserable old winter is over. Trade is looking up, and so are my spirits. The evening air is soft and sweet, and as I stroll up Broadway from my office, I feel on my cheek coy little gusts of warm air that foretoken Summer. Soon I will feel a desire to go away somewhere and take a big dose of seaside. I am tired of close streets, brick walls and air heavy with carbonic acid from other people's lungs. As I walk on, I open my ICICLE, half mechanically, and my eye runs down its advertising columns. I read:

DALHOUSIE AHEAD! The most delightful Summer resort in the New World. Delaney's Bon ton Hotel the leading caravanary for cosmopolitans. All the delicacies of the season; comfort guaranteed.

It is an inspiration. That is the pace for me. No crowded, noisy, showy Coney Island, with its picaresque reflex of all that is artificial and worthless in city life. Give me scenery and glacial breezes; the pure, unadulterated zephyrs from the old Chaleur. Let me fly to your blessed ensconcement, O modest, unassuming Dalhousie! There I shall not dress twice a day, and spend my hard-earned income on the indigestible and unnutritious diet of vanity; I shall loaf about in a jolly old coat; I shall lie on the pebbly beach in the vicinity of the "Old Woman" and smoke the cigar of irresponsible indolence. In a month I will be off, so I rely upon "genial Dan" to reserve a quiet room—front.

It seems that the half breed of "gambling-hell" fame didn't appreciate the advertisement we gave him recently. LeBlanc was always a sympathizer with Riel, and if he doesn't possess a loyal heart, he should be taught to keep a loyal tongue in his head.

'Bout Town.

Spring is here. Let the Tooth-pick scribe try potash lozenges and a mustard plaster.

Summer edition of ICICLE will contain a dialogue from the dead, between Wellington and Napoleon.

'Tis sad to relate, but we can't conceal it. Mme. Bisheau has taken up her bed and departed thence; she has sought a new and more remunerative field within the limits of Campbellton. We congratulate Sewerville; we do.

At the March convocation of Icicle Lodge, No. 1, A. O. U. H. (Antique Order of Old Hats), the following officers were nominated to serve during the ensuing term: Paul DuChane, President; George Widet, Vice-Pres.; Davie Ritchie, Secy.; John Miller, Treas.; Louis Silas, Serg't-at-Arms; Phil. Rafter, Assistant Bouncer.

A rumor is current that the Teds of the Sewerville Brass (Dog-Collar) Band propose giving another of their "monkey shows" here. Now, see here, have a little deference for our townspeople, please; they want no more "elephant climb the tree" business and harricari Zulu hops. Little man "Bumble Bee" from up um river can entertain us nicely with a scaping-dance. As for that other fellow, please don't "die," for we haven't time to "weep" just now.

It is with feelings of sympathy that we chronicle the destruction by fire on March 7th of Prof. Thos. Labotte's residence on the river front. The fire originated in the basement and the flames soon spread to the embellished studio on the fourth floor, where rested on the easel after years of labor the endeavor of his life and his most realistic work—"Duffy's Escape Through the Wicket." Loss, \$100,000—including one canoe, pair snowshoes, gun, fox-trap, fishing-pole and a favorite bear-skin cap. He will erect a more commodious mansion on the same eligible site.