

THE ICICLE.

SUMMER EDITION—CICALEUR ZEPHYR.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Transient advertisements 6 cents
per line each insertion.

DALHOUSIE—SPRING—1886.

To Our Patrons.

Now that Winter is melting into Spring, and Spring must soon give way to Summer, no greater boon to a kindly people can be bestowed than an extra edition of THE ICICLE. When the initiative of this venture was laid upon our shoulders a few short months since—in mid-winter—little did we anticipate of the future and that the enterprise and its associated labor would become at this stage of its infancy a sensual pleasure rather than disheartening by our friends coming so readily to our support.

Be it understood that CHASMAN BAYMAN is the sole agent for THE ICICLE in the North, and all communications and remittances forwarded to him will receive prompt attention and acknowledgment. Remittances, did we say, yes, it is the desire of the young men of our town to organize a club to be known as the "Northern Sporting Club of Dalhousie," and to this object a fund will be created, into which the entire revenue from the sales and advertising of THE ICICLE will be deposited. We trust that our people will "let their light so shine" that ere many years—say two—we shall be able to refer with pride to an institution worthy of the name and a credit to the town.

What is it?

Whence it came from, we are perplexed in solving the mystery. While busy in the sanctum driving our quill over an extended area of third-class proof paper and just putting the stamp on an article under the caption of "The Hero of Katoom," it unexpectedly flung in via some crevice or crack, chink or aperture—but really we know not how. The office devil, armed with the broom and dustpan, was just shaping himself on a baling for it, but we ejected a light "bliss" and he politely laid it on the desk before us. "Blast my tarry dog-hugs," ejaculated the imp, "what is it?" But only for an instant did it grace our presence, as it was promptly consigned to that fittest of receptacles—the ash-barrel. *St. Lawrenceville Telegraph* copy at leisure.

"Barrs vs. Carrants"

Probably the most attractive audience that ever graced the old Institute since the time of the "big wind" and the landing from H.M. S.S. of the 500 Indian grants, was set over to us gratis to take of it a moderate sustenance from bare woods and bad snowbanks; and what here let us say that the kindness of the government merits thanks for providing such comfortable homes for our English brethren, and we are sure that those who felt constrained to refrain from England will be fully repaid in their dreams by picture-fantasmas of the cosy residences in Badenau. They ever graced the old Institute—well replete—was drawn thither last evening to witness Ketchum and Serfichem's new comedy farce entitled "Three B's," or, Barrs vs. Carrants. Synopsis:

Act I. Scene—An orchard. Enter three of a kind, an onslaught.
Act II. Scene—Ketchum's room. Startling discovery. Nox land "hit it fat," but ball struck the wrong bush. Barrs, barrs, barrs.