

Dalhousie's Pride.

St. John's the town of stores and trade,

Monoton the place for churches,
While fair Newcastle has display'd

No soot or grimy smirches;
Bathurst leads in wickedness,

And Sewerville's great on beans,
And Chatham to the excess

Can boast the fastest teams;
But Dalhousie, all the rest confess,

Beyond all other places,
Has more of female loveliness,

More interesting faces.

"The Hero of Kartoum."

The fact of the fall of Kartoum having passed into history, a year and a half since detracts not from the interest in its magnanimous defender. The world is better for C. G. GORDON having lived in it, so let us drop a flower to his memory; and although there was an especial sadness to Canadians in the announcement of his betrayal and death, there is still a sadness by those to whom he was a friend, when his honored name is mentioned, and always will be until the same stern death severs their connection with earth and earthly things. He has been aptly described, "honest, manly, courageous, affectionate, gay and tender." He leaves a memory dear to all who felt at any time the magnetism of his presence, especially the faithful soldier who tramped weary miles by his side over burning sands beneath a scorching sun, and who now stands with bowed head listening to that sweet and imaginary appeal as it wafts across from the far Soudan—"My men, we are Englishmen; I beseech you to stand firm in defence of the old flag!"

Laughing Philosophy.

"BOOBY-TRAPS."

If all the engines for the entrapment of the unwary were as mild as the clothes-line fiend's, we should have good reason to congratulate ourselves; but they are not. Trap-doors over cellars and subterranean regions have frequently an awkward trick of betraying the confidence placed in them; the same with snow houses. We do we recollect the night Duncan gave chase, but the pursuit was in vain—he quickly disappeared, precipitated ten feet down the snow-hole 'booby.' The world in which we live is not constructed for heavy-weights like elephants and Dunvilles; but even those who have no pretensions to undue dimensions, who are lean and lithe, are apt at times to suffer the fate of the more corpulent, when they tread on spots never meant to be standing ground.

"CHERRY RIPE."

An age of many opinions like the present cannot but be an age of immaturity. Crude sentiments, callow principles, hasty generalizations and ill-formed judgments flourish and abound. Unripe cherries are the order of the day. Unledged and half-ledged politicians, doctors and lawyers, chirp and flutter their foolish ungrown wings on every perch and every platform. Look at a woman who possesses every charm, who has received the last touches and enchantments of her development, supremely perfect in all her parts, combining symmetry of form with color, rippling over with the rich impulses and effluences of conquering life. She is 'cherry ripe.'

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 disconcerting 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-eyes," 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 Footing: cap 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 let us 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. That ever graced the old Institute—re-referate—was de. on th. her. Est. evening to witness K. of them and Ser. them'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—Karr's own room. Startling discovery. Nos. Land. "hit it fat," but ball struck the wrong bush. Barrs, barrs, barrs.

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 caravansary 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.

Rough, isn't It ?

The Marquis of Lorne came out here as mild-mannered a young man as one could wish to see, but since his return he has broken out in the most startling fashion. If there is one institution which a scion of the house of Argyll might be expected to defend, and with his last breath, too, surely that institution is the Kirk of Scotland; yet, what do we behold? The eldest son of the Macallum Mhor, and heir to all the traditions of Established Presbytery, hobnobbing with "Liberationists," and breathing forth threatenings and slaughter, through the medium of magazine articles, against the Kirk for which his fathers fought and died! Nor can it be said that his lordship's colonial experiences have improved his taste; and faith, little did the country benefit during his stay with us. What we want is another Dufferin. A short time since when that "fell spider of the North"—Russia—was doing all the crowing, he reminded the world that—

"We fought the bear before,
And while we're Britons true
Russia shall not have Constantinople!"

The "Slang Daisy."

Why will people bear false witness against their neighbor? Ned Jones, the hard-boiled egg-eater, has cruelly libelled the belle of Sewerville—the Campbellton girl, by saying that the average 'daisy' up there takes 9's in shoes and 11's in gloves. He actually said that they talked slang too. We interviewed one as she sat astride a spruce log in the boom, dangling her feet in the placid. Said she: "The feller who told it is 'way off his base. There be some of us who sling slang, but I never work the slang-racket myself, not this chile; and now, you can hear my br Zoo, we can discount Dalhousie on beauty every time. Tumble?"

HOTELS.

DELANEY'S HOTEL—Most commodious on the North Shore, with all modern improvements. Daniel Delaney, Prop.

PHILIPS HOUSE—Old and reliable. Preferred by families and renowned for sociability. Mrs J Philips, Prop.

MURPHY'S HOTEL—Situated at the seaside, and its praises sung near and far by the man with the gripsack. T. Murphy.

MCINTYRE'S RAPID TRANSIT HOTEL—In close proximity to R. R. depot. Meals at a 1/2 hours. Wm McIntyre, Prop.

MCASKILL'S HOTEL—Leading retreat for tourists and those in quest of comfort. Modern appointments. J. McAskil.

HOTEL MORIN—Open day and night. Special attention to transient boarders. Pool-room in connection. A. P. Morin, Prop.

TRADES.

N. M. BATEMAN, dealer in Boots and Shoes. Hand-made work a specialty.

PAUL DUCHANE, Boot and Shoe emporium. Quickness and dispatch; work guaranteed.

LEWIS EDWARDS, Merchant Tailor. Wedding suits a specialty, and perfect fit.

Scintillations.

Which travels fastest—heat or cold? Cold, 'cause you can catch it quicker than heat.

A Montreal female institute contains 34 red-headed girls, and the principal dispensers with gas.

A Chicago news item says: "the Canadian hog holds its own." The Campbellton hog at a picnic holds a good deal more than his own.

A branch train moving at rate of 35 miles an hour will clear 50 ft. in one second, or at same rate of speed that a Restigouche accepts an invitation to take a drink.