

The *Chaleur* Zephyr.

“Imperium et Libertas.”

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DALHOUSIE—SUMMER—1886.

PRICE 2 CTS.

Our Newsboy.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through a branch train slowly passed
A youth who bore a thing of price,
A paper with a queer device—

THE ZEPHYR!

His buttons bright—his coat was blue,
So cute he looked from cap to shoe,
And quick his action, sharp his eye
As loud he shouted “Who will buy

A ZEPHYR?”

“Ah, there!” an old man said,
“my son

You skip right over here, aye, run,
Linger not there but come to me,
For I would wish amused to be

WITH ZEPHYR.”

And soon from every side there came
The accents of that well-known name,

Until the happy newsboy stands
And there's not in his chubby hands
A ZEPHYR.

There on the platform clearly seen
He stands—the newsboy all serene.
A smile lights up his bright blue eye.

He whistles loud—he's stopped his cry
OF ZEPHYRS.

An Old Landmark.

Of all the dancing academies that ever were established, there never was one more popular than the “All-Nighter,” or the “Old house at home,” as the boys still refer to it on “state” occasions. It is not on Renfrew st., as you all know, or Water st., or School st.; it rather approximates to the centre part of the town, being situated in the populous and improving neighborhood of Prince

William street. It is not a dear dancing academy—25 cents is decidedly cheap. It is very select too, the number of pupils being strictly limited, and a month's payment in advance being rigidly exacted (from new arrivals only). There is private tuition in galore—a parlor and a garret-parlor. The madam's family are always thrown in with the parlor, and her friends always included in parlor price.



THE MADAM.

Such was this old-time rendezvous when the mate of the *Admiral* stepped upon the threshold and nodded to a polite assent to “come in and make himself at home.” Then followed the usual genteel “knock-downs,” such as: “Officer, my niece, Mlle. — spending the summer with me—nice girl; this my friend from Neuville—on her vacation also;” &c. Everyone expected the Pangee that evening, for the madam had announced his coming with exultation, and the guests themselves considered it opportunely to bruit it around. A royal bacchanalian feast had been prepared, the parlor was the acme of embellishment, and the candles tastefully entwined with smilax and forget-me-nots.