

The Chaleur Zephyr

Winter Edition — THE ICICLE

CHIP. BATEMAN, - - AGENT.

DALHOUSIE — SUMMER — 1886.

The Editor's Diary.

The newspaper is the Editor's diary; whether at home or abroad he is supposed to be ever on the alert for something to interest, something to amuse his news-reading constituency. "Your business, sir?" inquires the hotel proprietor, and the modest response, "I am connected with the CHALEUR ZEPHYR," acts at once as a stimulant to "mine host," who immediately proceeds to expatiate on the superior advantages of his municipality as a summer resort, and incidentally informs the quill driver that there is "material here for a good article." Thus, by universal consent, it is conceded that the Editor cannot "live unto himself alone," but must at all times and in all places consider himself as an 'open book, read by all men.'

Don't Hurry Home!

A spell of cool weather, coming just about the first of September, always drives a great many people at this charming summer resort back to the city. People forget that we often have cool weather in August, followed by a decidedly warm period in September, and they hasten home at the first intimation of coming Fall. This is a great mistake. The country, even the mountains, is never so enjoyable, so beautiful or so healthful as in September and early October. Those who are not compelled to return to the city by the demands of business, will consult their own best interests by a longer sojourn among Nature's beauties.

Men of Letters.



Above represents the Balmoral Lawyer, poet laureate, author and editor, and also astronomer. He writes fearlessly and pointedly; he writes unmindful of spiritual objects which are hovering about him and stabs his enemy to the heart with his pen; and were he tossed skyward by a volcanic eruption or a kicking mule, he would come down all right with his note book well filled; and should you become a continuous reader of this paper, can be sure of finding something pleasing and interesting.

For the Fair Sex.

Silver jewelry is all the rage and bracelets are much worn. Tucks are revived for dresses and immense bustles are going out. Bordered stuffs are worn again. The feminine taste in hosiery turns to solid hues. Little girls' dresses are made with round waists and full skirts. Daffodil yellow is very fashionable in trimmings. It is the first duty of a woman to be a lady, for bad manners in women are immorality.

When "Doc" Splude wrote

"There's a far-off, mystic country,
Sunned by Hope's eternal beam,
In whose green and perfum'd valleys
I have wandered in a dream,"

it is safe to say that he was not seeing in his mind's eye a pork-packing establishment, with accompaniments of gold digging and a pleasure trip to New York. If he had, he would doubtless have preferred to keep on wandering in his dream. Apples next, Doc.