

'Bout Town.

A pretty little girl at the Incharran wants to know if fleas are white; because her mamma told her that Mary had a little lamb with fleas as white as snow.

We've got no time to waste on vitiate mud hens like the St. John *Globe*, the mental paralytic of the *Moncton Transcript*, the double distilled idiot of the *Toothpick*, and the arrogant and self-conceited dude of the *Advance*.

Society received a mortal crush when the facts became noised abroad that Miss Sophia Simon, the gushing belle, had eloped with an unknown, and intended making her *debut* on a western stage in 'Three Little Maids from School.'

Our private Missionary, who has been propagating the truth among the Sewerville Indians of late, was told by "Little Man Bumble" that "Campbellton whiskey no good; made of tongues and hearts, for when me drink it me fear nothing and talk like angel."

We advise giddy girls, gilded youths and crusty old bachelors to give a wide berth to the "All-Nighter." There is nothing there beyond sirens who have disgraced the town, ruined dozens and blighted proud hopes of the promising.

On August 12th the Antique Order of Old Hats gave their first "outing" since that honorable body was instituted one year ago, and together with their friends sailed on



the palace steamer Blue Nose for the tranquil picnic grounds at the Mission. The members to a unit had donned their double-turrets, and our Friend, the President, in his greeting at the pavilion, remarked with a degree of pride (used with the reflexive pronoun here): "It has been conceded, in this age of cultured tastes, that a man's estimation of himself, and the opinion he entertains of character and its elements, are designated in the hat he wears."

A life-size portrait of Gen. Middleton now grace our sanctum. It was executed in London, and is the gift of the Queen. Thanks!

Mr. Alex. Morton, the "Crown Prince" of Benjamin, has recently laid claim to the entire Indian Reservation of Eel River, and purposes converting that alluvial tract into orange groves. Hereafter it will be known as "New Florida."

No people can be effective and prominent without education, and no section can shine as a star in the firmament of Restigouche's glory unless its hilltops have heard the shouts of the schoolboy, or its purling rills reflected the dimpled beauty of blushing maidens.

The Young Men's Temperance Meeting last evening in Masonic Hall was well attended. The Hon. Peter Cormier presided and offered up a short *orison*. Addresses were made by other shining lights, and Prof. W. Edwards introduced his newest lay, "Who hit Bill Thorpe with the chickeny egg?"

The enterprising firm of W. & W. Edwards have removed their tailoring business to the McKay block on lower Prince William st. With more commodious quarters, expert workmen, and a varied stock (imported) to select from, they would respectfully solicit a continuance of former patronage.

One of THE ZEPHYR'S Campbellton subscribers writes that he wishes the address of his paper changed. The postoffice up there, he says, "is not reliable, as the cattle occupy it most of the time, and when the grass gets scarce they will begin at the papers." His wishes have been complied with.

Night running is ruinous to the morals of boys. They acquire under the cover of night an unhealthy state of mind, vulgar and profane language and a lawless and riotous bearing. Indeed, it is in the streets after nightfall that boys principally acquire the education of bad capacity for becoming dissolute men.