## PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, ..... EDITOR

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ST JOHN, N B., SATURDAY, OCT. 31

ASSISTING TOURIST TRAVEL.

The Summer Resort Association is proceeding with its work, but as FROGRESS intimated last week are not placing too much dependence upon a large civic grant in aid of their p'an. Everyone must be heartily bers. in accord with the object of the association yet but few citizens will approve of any such civic grant as \$3000. The associaton will depend, we understand, upon three sources for their support: first, the transportation companies and the hotels, both of which are directly benefited; second, the merchants who sell to tourists, who cater for their trade and supply the hotels; and third upon the community, which is indirectly concerned in the presence of a large number of visitors in the city. On the ground that it is for the good | their bail; and their cleverness and adaptof the community the city will be asked iveness fortil the assumption that they large communities in the province, such as Fredericton, Moncton, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Chatham, etc. Why not then prevail upon the province to mike a grant? The legislature has supported different industries in the province; why not encourage tourist travel? So far as this city is concerned the grant to the exhibition association is for much the same object as that asked for by the Tourist Association. The city recognizes that an exhibition brings thousands of people and it is to encourage this that a grant is given. It will not care

## POLITICAL RUMORS.

however to carry this sort of subsidy to

the end desired by the Sunmer Resort

Politicians are not making much noise at present but there are evidences that there is some preparation for contests in several counties in the province this winter. Rumor has much to say as usual and doubtless much of the report is unreliable, though interesting. Mr. Foster, in spite of his emphatic majority in York may have a fight yet for a seat at the next session. It is said that Mr. GIBSON is not so ardent a conservative as he was-a change which it would not be difficult to account for-and that the liberals have obtained the consent of a gentleman to stand for the county who would honor any constituency and whom the people of York would be proud to elect. Then in St. John there is some chat to the effect that Colonel TUCKER will not be opposed, but that Mr. Ellis will be treated to another contest. can hardly see a reason for unseating the gallant colonel if he is not to be opposed. In Restigouche the liberals are hopeful of victory. Undoubtedly the fact that the party is in power will be of great assistance to the government candidates, and Mr. Hardow may after years of hard fighting see the reward at last. Mr. Robinson cannot well fail to secure the few votes necessary to give him a majority over Mr. Powell. With the chance of gaining three seats in the province it will not be surprising if the protests are pushed to the end.

LIQUOR LAWS AND CLUBS.

The Nova Scotia liquor law it appears makes a distinction between incorporated clubs and those not incorporated. The former cannot sell liquor to members, the latter can. It is to test this that Dartmouth has brought a case before the supreme court and according to the account which we reprint from the Mail the contest will

be interesting. It follows: "A gentleman, who is informed in such matters, states that the recent decision of Stipendiary Magistrate Russell clearly establishes the ability of clubs not incorporated to sell intoxican's to members. A Halifax club sells to members and at the end of each year divides the profits of the sales between the members. They are entirely within the law. But if the club was incorporated it seems that it is not so clear that members can be furnished intoxicants legally. This is the point, as well pleased as he is. Mr. Costigan alintricate and complicated liquor acts of the only one. Mr. Burke is a fortunate in-

province will be attacked and reviewed elaborately and without any regard to cost, and it is confidently asserted that new constructions and interpretations of the liquor law will be established which were not dreamed to exist. The ball that has been set rolling will mark the course of a bitter running flight. There is no question that before the matter is over the court expenses will aggregate a handsome penny. There is no reason to suspose that the respondents, the town of Dartmouth, will with fraw from the contest. made by paying arrears at the rate | and it is certain that the appellants are settled down for a protracted seige, extending through every court in the land and therefore the promised wrangle over the l'quor law will be one of the biggest battles in years. Every lawyer knows that the multiplicity of liquor acts passed in the last ten years does not increase their strength and leaves room for much difference of opinion. It is not impossible to suppose that eventually, if the sfruggle continues, the forces of temperance and the powers of the licensed trade will be found secretly arrayed and lending covert assist- rise some other morning. ance to the litigants."

It seems absurd to make any such distinction but there are many strange things in most liquor laws. In this province our new liquor law has many interesting features not the least of which are the unlimited privileges it gives to clubs in respect to hours when it may be legal to sell to mem-

For more than a year the sympathetic heart of the people of the United States has been bleeding for the poor Armerians, and now that a boat load or two of these refugees from the fury of the Turks, have arrived at their shores it is proposed to colitics. send them back to almost instant death! Stripped of their postessions and penniless as they are, their exclusion might be in accordance with the Anti-Pauper Immigration law; but these people are not mendicants nor without friends willing to be forts to turn them back expose the bypocrisy of much of the gush which has been poured out over the suffering victims of Turkish barbarity.

The HOLLANDER who invented the patented corncob pipe has just died in Missouri. His invention is pretty well known in most parts of the world, and smoke enough to hide the world forever has been drawn from that sweet imitation. With no shade of disrespect to the numerous counterblasters of tobacco, it is possible to say that while millions of men swear by merschaum, the briar wood, the simple "T. D." and other means of of grace or perdition, the corn cob, real or imitation, has its large flock of votaries, who would not admit that any fumes may be inhaled from any bowl and stem more tranquilizing, fuller of good to the mind and more titillating to the fancy. The man who invented gunpowder was a pigmy compared with the inventor of the corn cob.

M. J. E. B. McCREADY, formerly the editor of the Telegraph and now of the Daily Guardian, Charlottetown, was in the city this week, meeting many old friends. Mr. McCready has fought the battles of the liberal party since confederation. For many years he was the editor of a newspaper which was at that time considered the best exponent of liberalism in the maritime provinces. He was always ready to take the platform and when the occasion demanded it he suffered defeat in Kings county for his party. Such services should be recognized and it would be a graceful and just act on the part of the government in this case to let the office seek the man.

Grand Duke VLADIMIR, now on a visit in Paris has received from the Czar at Dramstadt, the following despatch: "We are enjoying well earned rest under the hospitable roof of the tyrants of Hesse." The airy persifiage of this message certainly does not indicate that the Czar is troubling his imperial mind overmuch with the conclusion of alliances, the suppression of Turkish outrager, or the maintenance of the balance of power. For the time being the overworked guessers in the employ of the European newspaper have that field all to themselves; and they seem to be cultivating it to the full extent of their ability-

The manager of a New York theatre has dealt, perhaps, the most effective blow yet aimed at the large hat by providing a dressing room, in charge of a maid and furnished with numerous mirrors, in which the obnoxious millinery may be checked free and readjusted in comfort. It was a simple expedient but it is said to be working smoothly and bids fair to yield a satisfactory solution of a much vexed problem

There have been several surprises in the custom house this week and among them was the promotion of Mr. Burke. It was thought that if the government touched that official at all he might not have been however, which the Dartmouth appeal to ways had the credit of being his political the supreme court aims to decide. The backer but it appears that he was not the

dividual. Perhaps his good fortune is accounted for, if he followed the example of another high salaried official in the customs service who when he saw by the returns that the tide had turned abruptly left the Mechanics Institute and the conservative party-toward the fund of which he had contributed-and joined the jubilant liberals in the opera house. If he has saved his official head by treating his opinion to such a somersault he can be considered as lucky as Mr. BURKE.

One STUTZKE of New York, who has constituted himself high priest and prophet of a new set of calamity seekers, whose mission it is to precipitate the end of the world, declared last week that this sensational episode would surely come to pass before sundown Thursday night or sunrise Friday morning, for the reason that the North pole had reached the melting point and was about to slop over. Though Mr. STUTZKE appears to have been slight inaccurate in his calculations he should not be disheartened. It may end before sun-

The fact that the chief justice of this province was passed by in the appointment of an administrator during the absence of Governor FRASER has caused considerable comment. There is a different power behind the throne, and the hand that made Judge Tuck the chief justice of New Brunswick steers the ship of state no longer. No doubt it is humiliating to be thus passed over, but the rebuke must be considered as an evidence that the leading liberals of this province retain their opinion that for a judge of the supreme court W. H. Tuck took too much interest in

IT WAS NOT CONSUMPTION. But the Reslistic Acting That Deceived the

Society Lady. In all times it has been conceded that the closer to nature an artist gets his productions the greater the skill; and this holds good in every direction of art including the to make a grant. But if we are would be a charge on the country. Their stage—the stage of Shakespeare's day the correct, the scope of the Associa- expulsion would surely violate the much stage of the present, and the stage of the tion's work is provincial as well as local flaunted sentiment that their alleged land future. Realism is the fad of to-day. There and a civic grant from St. John should be of freedom is a haven for the oppressed are artists and artists. Apropos of this tollowed by similar contributions from the and persecuted of all countries. The ef- a good story is told of a society lady in this city well and favorably known in social literary and intellectual circles generally, and who is an admirer of the drama and a frequent patron of the Opera House. In conversation with some friends of the lady a short time ago the dramatic performances given by Miss Ethet Tucker and Company were under discussion and the lady referred to was asked it she had seen Miss Tucker. Her reply was fo the effect that 'she had seen all she desired to see of her, that a woman in the last stages of consumption as Miss Tucker war, with one foot in the grave as it wereshould be turning her attention to other subjects than dramatic performances-This remark was rather startling to her hearers who had been most favorably impressed with Miss Tucker's talent, and who then and for the first time learned that Miss Tucker was an invalid. Surprised as they well might be, one of them present said 'Why! never knew Miss Tucker was delicate; but on the contrary she seems to me to be in perfect health. What play did you see her in? Oh! replied the lady 'there cannot be any doubt about it; I saw her in Camille.

The lady did not know or if she knew had quite forgotten the fact that in the story by Dumas the central figure "Camille" is supposed to be a victim of an incurable disease which asserts its recognition at intervals, amid the wild excitement of the life led by Camille. Camille, the artist, in every stage of the play, is not unmindful of this fact and Miss Tucker, while not giving the circumstance unpleasant prominence so cleverly presents it as to create the impression given in this litstory of fact. The St. John lady in question was so entirely deceived that it was not quite easy to remove her belief, but it is, in being thus impressand so stating it she has quite unwittingly paid Miss Tu ker one of the highest compliments ever accorded to an actor or actress in this city. The compliment is all the greater because of the intellectual surroundings of the lady who made the remark. Apropos of this incident a somewhat similar mistake was made some few years ago, when it may have been 'Jean Coombs was playing "Camille"; the then editor of the St. John Daily Telegraph permitted a comment on the performances which in substance recited that the lady's work in the part was somewhat impaired by the fact that she was suffering from a

Her Faith was Shaker.

A little girl of this city with a birthday in near prospect, at the suggestion of her fond parents prayed fervently every night for a bicycle on her natal anniversary. Her faith was wonderful and when she woke on her birthday morning her attention was called to a velocipede that had been sent in answer to her prayer. She looked at the present a moment and then sank back with this remark, 'Nice God you are, not to know the difference between a velocipede and a bicycle.'

The Academy of St. Cunegonde, Montreal, has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for the use of its advanced pupils. VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Gone Before.

How calmly before us she slept, The summer was passing in bloom; And we with the beautiful wept As we laid her to rest in the gloom. And we said we would, like her, depart, To the land where there is no farewell; And a voice breathed in peace in my heart, Whatever God doeth is well.

Here often alone on my way. A watcher in shadows and night; I still hear her singing of day And telling me heaven is bright. There ever the loved and the lost, Redeemed ones in Paradise dwell, And though in life's billows I'm tost, Whatever God doeth is well.

A far in that glorified throng, Beyond all our sorrow and pain; Now singing love's heavenly song, I know we shall meet her again. And ever as fondly of old, Affection comes faithful to tell: Like an angel afar from the fo'd; Whatever God doeth is well.

Immortal in heaven how blest. Are the dear ones remaining not here; Who entered through tears into rest, Who love us and wait for us there. No sorrow their glory can shade, In that home were love's melodies swell; Though through it our pathway is made

Whatever God doeth is well.

How softly their footsteps still hail Who bring the Lord's message and take; The sweetest the best loved of all, Though our hearts in their going must break O'er the sea with the dark rising tide, We hear the sad sound of a knell: As the night winds around us have sighed, Whatever God doeth is well.

CYPRUS GOLDE.

The Last Answer.

Dying eyes, what do ye see? The look that, lighting, leans to bless, The little daily tenderness; Smiles without words; the sweet, sure sign Which says in silence, I am thine, Returning feet met a the door; Alas! for these which run no more! Ah, me, for lips that whispered. "Dear Earth is all heaven, for thou art here," I see a figure like a stone; The house where one sits on slone. O God, have pity! for I see The desolated needing me.

Dying eyes, what do ye see? -I see he Love that taketh me Loud in the breakers, soft in song, Even the summons calleth strong, I see upon an unknown strand The signal of a distant Hard. The leaf is light, the bud is out, The leaf is fight, the boat about,
The pulse leap high, the heart is voung,
Tae sweetest chimes are yet unrung.
My bravest deeds I never did; And, struggling with the coffi a lid, Hopes, dreams, and joys and happy tears Start, throbbing, to live down the years.

Almighty! Listen! I am dust, Yet spirit am I; so I trust, trust Thee with my sinking breato, trust Tuee, though I see Thee not In heaven or earth, or any spot, I trust Thee till I shall know why There's one to live and one to die,
I trnst Thee till Thyselfshall prove
The Lord of life and death and love.
—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in Harper's Bazar.

Jes Layin' Erbout. Doin' nothin' jes layin' erbout, Watchin' the rassen trees put out. Tain't been er week sense the woods low it's a livin' green ever'where It all come on so sudden en quick 'm all done up en can't work a lick-Don't wanter do nothin' but jes lay erbout

Watchin' the grass en trees put out The ellum tree allus gits green fus' When the beeches see it, co'se they mus' But ever'thing green don't look jes right, So the dogwood puts on clo'es uv white They're purty thick now—time ter plant corn. But I'm jes ez lazg ez w'en I wus born— Don't want fer to do nothin' but jes lay erbout Watchin' the grass en trees put out. Watchin' the calf en the coli at play; Watchin' the cat hold the pup at bay; Watchin' the old dog asleep on the floor; Watchin' the chickens feed roun' the door Smel in' the roses' at freshen the path; Hearin' the cricket' at sings on the h'a'th Watchin' the milk-white clouds sail by, Like angels' wings 'neath the April sky, Don't want ter do nothin' but jest lay erbout Watchin' the grass en trees put out.

Ain't got no energy; can't even fish; It ud purty nigh kill me to hear my line "swish." Jes one year today, while pullit. er trout I heard a loud splach, en a heart-tearin' shout, En runnin' ez fas ez I could up the creek— But what is the matter, I can't hardly speak— I can't do nothin' but jes lay erbout Watchin' the grass en trees put out. Watchin' the ivy en flowers at grow Over the bed of my drown'd boy, Jo; Watchin' the lila s'at nod on the breeze, En seem to feel sorry for her on her keees At weeps by the grave uv her lone little son En asks fur the prayers uv the Heavenly One. 'Tain't strange ter me 'at I jes lay erbout Watchin' the grass en trees put out. -New York Sun.

The Land of the Long Ago. There's a dear old home in the Far Away, A soft, snug nest where the children play, A realm of rest where the old folks stay, In the Land of the Long Ago. And the truit hangs ripe on the tree and vine; Where the Fates were good to me and mine In the Land of the Long Ago.

Oh, never a map shall point that place; Nor ever the drift of time erase, But the hungering heart that lines shall trace Of the Land of the Long Ago.

And ever the tide of my life's swift stream Rolls back to the bay of a blissful dream, And I live and laugh in the glint and gleam Of the Land of the Long Ago. On the north and south are the joy and rest O1 a sister's smile and a mother's breast;

And a father's love to the east and west Of the Land of the Long Ago. We shall all come back from the desert, "Sigh We shall all come home to the "Sou.'s Reply," We shall all return in the "By and By"

To the Land of the Long Ago.

Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin. The Old, Old Friends.

The old, old friends ! sight; Some enemies, and in the world's swift flight The old, old friends Where are they? Three are lying in one grave; And one from the far-off world, on the daily wave,

No loving message sends.

The old, dear friends! One passes daily; and one wears a mask; Another, long-estranged, cares not to ask Where causeless anger ends. The dear, old friends So many and so fond in days of youth! Alas that Faith can be discovered from Truth

When love in severance ends The old, old friends ! They hover round me still in evening shades urely they shall return when sunlight fades,
And life on God depends.
—All the Year Round.

The Opera House management have few bill boards that are supposed to go with the rental of the house but the manager of Albani had a surprise when the demand was made for 100 complimentary tickets in return for the use of them. It would be less expense to him to build a few bill boards.

McArthur's for Wall Paper.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U.S. Gov't Report.

## Baking ABSOLUTELY PURE

WHAT FRIENDSHIP IS.

It Carnot be D stribute! Promiscuous'y L'ke Other Trits.

Friendship in its purity is that bond existing between two individuals-not necassarily of the same sex-of the which there cannot possibly be any go-between and mutual sympathy, that time or dis-

as destruction, where .... have taken root, and have Lept moist by the water of little kindnesses, that this same friendship begets. It is one of the most ennobling traits of which our natures are capable of expressing, tha to accept in the same spirit they to on the other, and while those lives may never approach nearer than 'friendships' (if of opposite sexes) still the thought that each may be happy through all the various changes, disappointments, ups and downs, etc, is a sort of compensation that makes up, in a small degree, for what may have prevented a chosen union, and and heartfelt desire to hear and know of each other's success in all the coming years, true friendship with a seal that savors of a very much stronger emotion. The reason there is not so very much real friendship in the world, arises from the inability on our part of distributing it promiscously. It is a thing that requires more and far better concentration, than does, say, benevolence, or some other of our traits, consequently when a friendship arises, it does to in a manner that makes it quite impossible for us to bestow it upon very many, when is not confiined to a few it becomes superficial, and as such is more of an imitation, than the genuine article. Religious or political differences sink into the natural oblivion to which they belong, where friendship exists, and while these same differences may effect the surroundings, the fact is still the same, that not withstanding all differences, friendship itself remains as intact as when it was first given birth, and the man in whose mind there are no remembrances o such a friendship, lacks one of the most blessed privileges it is possible for him to miss, friendship, whether between sexes alike or opposite, should form an incentive to a better life than the one lived prior to such formation, as there is much in it that appeals to our better natures, that little else is so successfully capable of. Then here's a health to Friendship, the experience of which makes us far better than we could possiby hope to be without it, as the deprivation of the same would tend to a moroseness quite unknown in the realm of friendship. It is a true oasis in the desert of life that is as

THE LARGE THEATRE HAT.

in the great Sahara.

welcome as any that a traveller could find

It has Many Lives and Absolutely Refuses to Give up the Ghost.

That the large hat worn in the theatres by some ladies is a nuisance and an abomination is beyond a doubt. It is attacked everywhere, in public and private, in the press and out of the press, but its vitality is surprising. In spite of every onset, no matter how violent, it strives desperately for life. The proverbial cat would fall a victim to less forcible assault. In construction they are wonderful, and when one unfortunately is seated behind one of showed amusing coolness; he dropped into the more aggravated and aggravating few yards from the bank, and watched the specimens of this kind of head-gear good terrier's proceedings. Having satisfied opportunity is afforded for its study; there is nothing else to do. There is nothing hing beyond dry shikar, he returned tranelse to be seen. It absorbs all attention. To see the stage is impossible unless one keeps up a continuous 'peek-a-boo' performance, now on one side and then on the frequently, seeks his pray on land. I am other of the fair—or rather unfair wearer. so 'as occasion serves,' and that in such a The hat in the abstract studied from the case, at all events, he does not seize his rear is 'fearfully and wonderfully' made. victim from below.

It is a monstrosity. Words fail to do it anything like justice. It is the incarnation of selfishness. So is its owner, unless it is removed by the time the curtain goes up. Gentlemen placed behind one of these curios doubtless frequently study every detail of the coiffure of the lady with the to sever it. It is that form of true regard, hat, while it the hat were removed for the t'me as a manifestation, first of all of ladytance cannot, even for a moment, obliterate like consideration, and the absence of all the fond reminiscences of, because of its selfishness, and of a desire that others who have secured admission may have and enjoy equal rights in the entertainment, many of these details it not all of them indeed would be unnoticed. Such a detail for instance as two kinds of hair on the lady's head or the fact that she was very careless and untidy in the arrangement of her hair, or the fact that she had a very more especially, as it is one of the most | small quantity of hair, or that her hair was naturally expressive feelings a human being | falling out and getting lamentably thin; all is called upon to exert, and when once these things it is probable would be unformed, the :esult cannot fail to be most observed it a study of them were not absatisfactory to the parties concerned, and solutely forced upon one by ladies persistwhile there are those who contend that but | ing in wearing and retaining the objection little friendship exists, it is, and has been able hat. Gentlemen like the ladies go to the happy privilege of many, to have ex- see the play and the players therefore their perienced it in its very intensity, both as view of the stage being unobstructed by to thought and act, thought, in so far as the | the obstacle hat, the stage would necessinability to forget, act, the impossibility of arily claim their attention. There is withholding those little kindnesses that something horrible about this large hat in spon aneously exhibit themselves in a man- the theatre—it is a sort of a hoo-doo. Only ner that compells the recipient thereof | the other day at a matinee in the Opera house there were, at the least calculation, were proff red, and at the same time, qui'e | twenty persons in turn who changed their aside from the thought, that any obligation | seats because of two of these weird creaexists through it. It is a sort of social tions. They look as though they were the cement that binds two people together in product of the brain of a victim of insomnia. such a way, that their interests are co- | Consideration for one's neighbors is an unequal, and whose thoughts one for the mistakable sign of the true lady-and a other, are ever uppermost, and that no charming instance of this occurred a short matter what comes or goes, that inn te time ago when a lady who was wearing a pleasure, each receive in the knowledge small hat turned to another seated behind that they do really enjoy that heavenly her and courteously enquired if her hat gift "true friendship" to a degree that interfered with her view. Beside this true on the one side is not inequal lady was another with a bat that did emphatically obstruct the view of the lady behind, whose polite request that the hat be removed was met with the rude reply "My seat is paid for." The contrast is evident. Comment is unnecessary.

A Handione Calender,

The Mutual Life Insurance Company, through its genial general agent Mr. J. A. Johnson of Halitax, is sending its friends a very handsome calendar for 1897 which shows but one day date and month eich time is adjustable and convenient.

THE OTTER AND HIS PREY. A Naturlist Watches Him Capture a Rabbit

on the Bank. 'I may claim some right,' says Mr. H. R. Frances, 'to speak confidently of the otter's proceedings when in pursuit of his prey, since I was the first person to record, from the testimony of intelligent eye-witnesses, the course of his dealing with his victims, both by land and by water. It is unlucky that Major Fisher, who writes on such subjects with the keenest interest of a sportsman, should not have seen this testimony, which would have saved him the gratuitous error of denying that the otter seeks his

prey on land as well as in the water. 'No doubt this error has been encouraged by the position of Lutra's eyes, which look upward from above a rather flat snout Naturali ts at once inferred that this arrangement was for the convenience of the otter in seizing his slippery victims from below. This being demonstrably a mistake we are tempted to suggest that this upward gaze enables him in his long dives to keep in view the course of the eddies and the outline of the bank-matters which closely concern him. But, of course, this is mere conjecture. We know, however. that whether on land or in the water, he seizes his prey from above, infixing almost in half a moment his four claws, and inflicting with eager haste what is designed to be a fatal bite. When he was watched while seizing a rabbit on the bank of the mole he seemed not to have bitten deep enough and dragged his victim, piteously squealing, into the river, where he deliberately drowned it, and then ate it at his leisure, washing the flesh from time to time, so as to suggest that the warm blood was over-

strong for his digestion. 'The observer on this occasion, whose attention was first drawn by the cries of the rabbit, was fortunately himself a master of otter hounds, used to watching the stealthy maneuvers of the enemy. He had with him a sharp fox terrier, and, though on the opposite side of the stream to that on which the otter was dining, rather expected the latter to make himself scarce when the dog appeared. But the Marauder the stream, raised his head above water a himself that the dog had no taste for anyquilly to his dinner. Here we had a depredator bold as well as cunning, and obviously a clean feeder. Of course, I do not assume that the otter usually, or even content to know that he is capable of doing