

circumstance that, "even more than Mr. Justice Jeune, the President of the English Divorce Court, he is a thorough follower of the fashion-plates." When Sir Frank Lockwood was approached by the interviewer, he hurriedly remarked, with "a *naïveté* that is so thoroughly characteristic of the man," "Oh! I'm only Lockwood, you know; it is Russell that you want to see." Questioned as to his plans, Sir Frank Lockwood said he intended to go to Saratoga, but it was uncertain whether he would deliver an address. "Russell and Crackanthorpe will do all the talking, and I can assure you that they are quite capable in that direction. After leaving Saratoga," Sir Frank added, "I intend to go to a place called Ni-Ni-Niagara, I think the place is called. At any rate, it's a village at which they have some kind of waterworks, I believe. Niagara is the name, is it not."—*Law Journal*, (London.)

DOG-LAW IN ENGLAND.—Section 2 of the Dog Owners' Act, 1865, provides that the occupier of any house or premises where any dog is kept or permitted to live is (with qualifications) to be deemed to be the owner of such dog. Such occupier *harbors* the dog. This legislative attempt to fix responsibility leads to legal results, interesting indeed to the lawyer, but highly disquieting to the mind of the common innkeeper, whether at Leicester (from which town the tale comes to us) or elsewhere. That useful personage, mine host, is entertaining at his hostelry two guests—say Box and Cox. Box is the owner of a dog. Cox, in Box's absence, humanely hires a fly and takes Box's dog out for a drive. Now Box's is a bad dog—as Mr. Mantelini would say, "a demned ungrateful bow-wow"—and he makes a base return for his pleasant airing by flying at the cab-horse and biting it. This *mens rea*, however, of Box's dog is immaterial. The result is the cab-horse is bitten; his driver seeks compensation. Against whom? The ingenuous layman who has not had the advantage of a legal training will at once exclaim, "Against Cox, or, if not, against Box!" The driver—could he have been a barrister in reduced circumstances?—was more astute. He went, not for the true owner, not for the vicarious owner, but for the astonished innkeeper, under the section, and he triumphed before a Divisional Court composed of the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Wright. What with valuables left in his charge, or not left; what with drink, licenses, lien, horses, and now dogs, an innkeeper's life is a troubled one, even for this "vale of tears."—*Ib.*