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Spring.

'Tis Spring again
The Sun-God's train
Our Isle comes trooping o'er :
The feathered throngs
Resume their songs
Within our groves once more :
The unchained sea
Rolls merrily
Around us as of yore.

—T. CLARK.

Our Fur-Bearing Animals—The Otter.

THIRTY-FIVE or forty years ago it was no unusual sight to see an otter track or slide passing over the newly fallen snow. A favorite course for them to travel lay between Moss Lake through to Wisener's or Heard's Mill Pond and on by Black Creek to Pisquid, and there the writer, in his younger days had many an opportunity of observing them.

About thirty-five years ago quite a number of otters wintered at Wisener's Mill Pond. The dam had broken away after the first frost and the windfalls, stumps and rushes kept the ice up clear of the water, thus forming a