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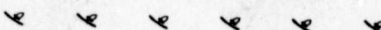
Saturday, Dec. 8th, 1900.



Price Five Cents.



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NO. 10!



*The* alert looking young gentleman that occupies such an honorable and prominent position in this week's BLUENOSE was during the days of his pilgrimage on this earth, Mr. W. C. Northup's Skye terrier, "Snap." Snap is dead, now, poor chap, but during his life he was well and unfavorably known to a large and influential colony of rats about the vicinity of Pickford & Black's wharf, with working branches at other places. Only nine short years passed over "Snap's" head and he died. But his little life was one continuous process of victories, for he is reported to have killed more members of the old, established family of rodents than he had hairs on his body. His office was on Granville Street where he constantly associated with a fox terrier that still lives and rejoices in the Apostolic name of John. Snap was a constant companion of his master, and the envy of all well behaved dogs even including John. There was nothing retiring or modest about Snap. He never lost an opportunity of opening his mouth to make known the fact that he was. But no more does his bark resound in the warehouse of 119 Granville Street and there consequently has reigned much grief and less noise at that place.