

served specimen, in the Museum of the Geological Survey. As Mr. Billings says of this specimen, it exhibits only "an artificial polished section passing through the central plane of the whorls, shewing clearly the construction of the tube to the apex, where it has a diameter of only one line; some of the septa and almost one-half of the transverse section; but neither the siphuncle, the character of the surface, nor the length of the produced oral extremity is indicated."

The attention of collectors in Kingston and Ottawa is called to these two very imperfectly defined species, in the hope that a renewed and diligent search at these localities would result in the discovery of specimens that are sufficiently perfect to establish their position among modern genera, and to more fully elucidate their specific characters.

Ottawa, Sept. 21st, 1903.

A ROBIN STORY.

EMERY PERRIN, Ottawa.

One early morning in the first week of June last, as I was standing at my bed-room window, facing the garden, I perceived a male robin which was literary dancing on top of the fence, while chirping loud without interruption.

On opening the window, I knew by the bird's antics and shrill voice that something was wrong, possibly with its mate, and that the brave fellow was actually *calling for help*.

I hastened down to the garden, and the moment the robin saw me it redoubled its efforts to attract my attention, flying to and fro and from me to the fence, as if to indicate that the trouble was on the other side of it. At which I concluded that some prowling cat must be in the very act of devouring the robin's mate or one of its young.

But no, there was no devouring being done yet. Only a big tom-cat was crouching on a pile of old lumber and watching from that point of vantage a poor female robin that was hanging by a piece of twine fastened to its broken leg from a heavy lopped-off plum-tree branch lying on the ground between pile and fence. The