

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

mosquitoes were swarming in the shade. The dinner set was rather incomplete, but honey can covers make excellent substitutes for cups and plates, and jack-knives answer well in a pinch, and the boys were gallant enough to give up their best pieces to their visitors. As hunger is the best sauce, our repast could not have been more enjoyable than it was. Even if His Imperial Majesty did commit the crime of taking his humble subjects' tea when his back was turned, but the cup was a baking powder can, and the tea was hot, so great was the down pour thereof, and the can felt heavy if not warm.

Dinner over, the Prime Minister repaired to the creek, the scullions waited upon him whilst he performed the elaborate ceremony of washing the dishes. He strongly objected to washing dishes for the public, for on ordinary occasions it is every man for himself, and no grumbling at the quality of the work. The method employed is first to cover the plates with sods, and then to wash them off. Thrice did Fred lave his hands, thinking his hard day's task was done, and thrice did Tom bring him a fresh relay of dishes, until it finally ended with: "Look here! if you can't bring them all at once, I'll kick," and Tom in dulcet tones, replied: "Yes, madam."

Of course we must "do" the village, so we set off. Fred wouldn't play, so he stayed at home, with two assistants, to catch frogs' legs, for the evening meal. After narrow escapes from drowning, we reached the dusty granolithic pavement. Heads were to be seen at every window, as the natives tried to get a glimpse of the Avondale folk. We climbed a miniature mountain, and obtained a magnificent view of the rolling country for miles around. Then we went for a

row on the pond, and it began to rain. We pulled for the shore, and went to the store to buy some butter, which the salesman said was running oil, so George said he would drive it home with a stick.

Nearing home we discovered marauders in the Camp, namely cows seeking what they might devour, but the interlopers were put to rout without having done any damage.

We dried our shoes at the Camp fire, and for a few moments wore roomy running shoes belonging to the boys.

In a meantime a storm was brewing, and the rain began to come down in torrents, so we quickly decided to have tea in the tent, where "Alice in Wonder Land's" Queen did not cry. "Off with his head;" but the Emperor yelled: "Look where your head is!" "Haven't you any sense?" "Don't you know that wherever you touch the canvas the water will come in?" "Oh, the guns! the guns!" "Put them under the blankets, quick!"

The cedar boughs formed our table cloth; only three of the party had seats; the Emperor had to leave his throne, the berry can, quite often; while the Prime Minister reclined gracefully on a valise; and one of the scullions sat on his mortal enemy, the potato bag.

The Emperor's hearty appetite seemed to desert him. We thought it was because he was going to lose his guests so soon, but the potato bag scullion told us that after we were gone, His Majesty would cry, "I bags all that's left."

The rain did not cease to patter on the white roof of our tent, so we asked them to sing some songs, and His Majesty was about to lead off with "Home Sweet Home," when the Prime Minister, who is an only son, objected to his singing that old thing, and suggested something