

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

son; Topsy, Hugh Robinson; Student, Ellswood Robinson; Clown, Colin Graham; Ballet Girl, Charlie Moore; Chloë, Willy Dennison; Soldier, Clarence Wheeler; Milkmaid, Elsie Saunders; Flower Girl, K. Saunders; Student, L. Herald; America, E. Worrell; Judge, Grace Wonell; Clown, F. Worrell; Footballer, Clown, Dill Calvin; Uncle Sam, Stirling Fenwick; Union Jack, C. Jones; Uncle Ned, W. Graham; Sailor, Jack Calvin; Page, Allan Fletcher; Clown, W. Oldrieve; Dude, Hillyard Stewart; Netherland Girls, Harold and Herbert Clarke; Darkey Dude, Charlie Clarke; Bo Peep, Goldie Clarke; Red Riding Hood, Margery Clarke; Pantaloon, J. McWat'rs; Old Man, Arthur Britton; Baby, Ross Hendry; Darkey Dude, Gordon Paterson.

Two little Misses, Bo-Peep,
With ribbons and crooks,
And innocent looks,
And eyes that were laughing and deep,
Like those in the Nursery story books,
Came gliding down the crystal hall,
At the Carnival,
One in blue, and one in pink,
And what do you think?

They were not hunting for sheep at all!

'Twas funny, 'tis true,
And wonderful too,
As the pair sped merrily over the ice,
Smiling and chatting as little maids do,
And demure as mice,
You saw in a trice,
That all the sheep were following too;
Strange but certain it nevertheless is
The sheep were hunting the shepherdesses!

K. S. McL.

It was in a Bluenose town of some pretensions, and it was a Presbyterian choir of some pretensions too. Only one of the bass singers materialized at the weekly practice night, and the leader was irritated. They were practising one of those crooked old tunes of the catch variety, set to the forty-second psalm, and had rested at the third line, "So pants my longing soul," for the bass solo. Now, the bass was a diffident, nervous, pink-and-white youth, and in making a frantic effort to do his best, sang stentoriously, "So long my pants," whereupon the girls of the choir giggled. The leader, in serious tones, reproved them for such levity over solemn music and beautiful poetic words (he had not noticed the blunder), and they began again. The bass, blushing furiously, made another dashing effort, and sang boldly, "So my loog pants." Another simultaneous and more audible giggle. The leader, waxing wrathful, commanded another beginning, and they managed to sing to the third line again, when the following solo, "My pants so long," followed by a shout of laughter from the tenors, altos and sopranos, the utter confusion of the bass, and the fury of the leader. The practice adjourned.

A certain musical composer of much talent and popularity—we will call him Smithkins—has a happy appreciation of his own work, as his friends all know. So highly does he estimate Smithskin's compositions, that some of his friends were much startled the other day when he said gravely, "Did you ever notice that the names of all great composers begin with M?" "M" ejaculated his astonished audience. "Yes, M," said the composer—"Mozart, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Moszkowski—and Mr!"