

The Rockwood Review.

of only a few minutes time, the humble wayside dandelion is immediately responsive to the extent indicated above.

At the date just referred to, two friends of the writer spoke also of the vivifying effect that the bright crisp atmosphere and sunlight produced on the activities of the smaller rodents in the bush. Mice came out from their hiding places, and gambolled and squeaked amid their play with evident enjoyment and glee; one of the cosy mouse nests was broken up by the chance removal of a big prostrate log, and the sociable family were unceremoniously scattered and reduced to desperate shifts; and although the "best laid schemes" went somewhat aglee in this instance, as in many another, alarm and surprise were soon succeeded by wise resolution and effort, and the worker numbers of the *mus sylvestris* compact could soon after be seen running hither and thither with sizeable bunches of grass fibre in their mouths. A suitable site for a new dwelling place had been selected, and ere the going down of the sun, the ant-like foresight and perseverance and success was an object lesson to all and sundry. The wood mouse, like the mole, and also like the shrew mouse, is sometimes captured by the house cat, but none of these are relished by the feline tribe. The wood mouse is said to have a strong civet like odour that perhaps is a protective trait in mouse economy. When in the extreme of hunger, the house cat happens to overcome gastro-momic scruples, and regales on the wood mouse. It is said that emetic symptoms are the invariable result.

One neighbouring poultryman, whose feathered stock have this fall been diminished by the murderous visits of *Strix Virginiana*, set a trap on or near the mutilated, half devoured body of a hen—a

victim of the *Strixine* visitor—the previous night. Next morning on examining the trap, a tuft of Owl feathers were found fast in the trap jaws. No more visits therefrom this fall! to a purblind Owl "a wink is as good as a nod."

In New Zealand, says the "London and China Telegraph," the Chinaman absconds, and he has to resort to strategy to make good his position. In Otago, where Scotchmen are in the majority, a contract for mending a road was to be let, and the most acceptable bid was signed "Macpherson." Notice was sent to the said Macpherson to complete the contract, and lo!—he appeared in all the glory of yellow hue and pigtail! "But," gasped the President of the Board, "your name can't be Macpherson." "All lightee," cheerfully answered John Chinaman, "nobody catchee contract in Otago unless he named Mac." The contract was signed, and the Mongolian Macpherson did his work as well as if he had hailed from Glasgow.

Landlady (to lodger): "Beg pardon, sir. Did I understand as you were a doctor of music?"—Lodger: "I am, ma'am. Why?"—Landlady: "Well, sir, my Billy 'ave just bin and broke his concertina, and I thawt as 'ow I should be glad to put a hodd job in yer way."

Here's a yarn, not new, but good, and attributed to the composer, Cherubini. One day a young fellow called on him to have his voice tried. Cherubini heard him give a song or two, and then the youth asked, "What branch of the profession do you advise me to go in for?" "Auctioneer," promptly replied the maestro; and then the interview ended.