

That animal cornetist responded with a solo, which was played so low that nobody heard it. The applause was vociferous, nevertheless. Then the Hippopotamus noted "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and grunted as all professionals do, "Starboard Watch, Ahoy!" Hasn't he wonderful chest notes?" Brenda heard the Partridge ask the Pig. "Chestnuts, I thought them," said the surly reply. "But then," said Brenda to herself, "what can you expect from a pig but a grunt?" A Grasshopper who had been eagerly devouring canned turkey, handed the tin, which he had emptied, to the Carrier Pigeon, requesting that it might be given to the Goat with his compliments. But the Goat was just finishing a section of ORTHOCERAS, which he and the Ostrich had found amongst the geological specimens, and told the Pigeon he didn't want tin cans to-night, for constant use of this edible had caused it to pall upon his appetite, and he went on talking to the Oyster, who sat by his side, about the latest fashion in beards. An ancient Raven called across the table to the Blackbird, who sat next to the Bullfrog, who would a wooing go, and recommended him to try a little tongue; but the Blackbird declined the delicacy, explaining that a recent indulgence in nose, during his encounter with the King's laundry maid, had seriously impaired his digestion. At this stage, the Elephant, blowing his trumpet once more, and waving his ears to attract attention, demanded "Order," and proceeded to inform the company, that his friend, Jim Crow, had kindly offered to tell a story about an old woman, a distant connection of their valued friend who lived in a shoe. Everybody shouted: "Jim Crow's story," and after much hemming and cawing, Jim cocked his eyes, and began, "There was an

old woman, who lived under the hill, and, she's there yet, if — she hasn't gone." Wings were flapped, tails whirled and hoofs pounded in approval of this wonderful performance. And in the midst of the hurricane of applause, Brenda said to herself, "I think I've heard it before, but it doesn't sound quite right." And then she closed her eyes to think about it, and, suddenly opening them again, saw her mother standing by her bed, in her own little room. "Oh! Mother, it was all right! Johnnie and Willie didn't have to go home in the storm after all, but slept in the Museum, and what do you think, Mother? Katie Bell was there with just a lovely dress! It wasn't quite so nice as Beauty's dress, in the book, where she marries the Beast after he's turned into the Prince, but still it was a VERY nice dress, you know; and oh Mother! the Orang Outang said I was his lost cousin, and —." And that is how Mother knew all about the wonderful night in the "Museum Room," where Brenda dreamt she dwelt in marble halls, and Janitor Brown was of no account whatever.

THE MARCHIONESS.

The Rockwood Review

A monthly publication, printed at Kingston.

Yearly subscriptions to residents of Kingston and Portsmouth, 25 cents. To persons residing at a distance, 35 cents.

Birth and Marriage Notices, 10 cents.

Advertising Rates, moderate.

Editors—Miss Goldie and Miss Margery Clarke.

Business Manager—C. M. Clarke.

Communications should be addressed to the Box of "Rockwood Review," Rockwood House, Kingston.