

LETTERS.

ST. LAWRENCE CO.,

March 3, 1894.

To the "Rockwood Review".—

I have seen the first number of your valuable paper, and I accept your invitation to send a question about a matter that causes me a great deal of worry, especially as it has to do with natural history. Our woodshed is troubled a great deal with cats, just as if it had the spasms, especially night times. Now, there is a great big Maltese cat that comes around every afternoon to see if things are all O. K. for the night; around her neck is a nice blue ribbon, and on it is the word "Tom," her name I suppose. How the other cats do skedaddle when that blue ribbon with "Tom's" fair neck is seen perambulating the peak of the woodshed, next to Smith's, the big one; not the one stupid black and white: it isn't painted at all. I would like to ask why the name is "Tom," and why they put a blue ribbon on her neck? She is so harmless, and always looks so innocent. "Tom" was on the fence the other day, picking her teeth with our buzz saw, and the fence didn't fall down either; but "Tom," it wasn't nitroglycerine, or it wasn't powder, it wasn't anything, but "Tom," after she had got through, wiped her mouth, curled up her tail, cast a glance at her black hair, and away she went with a yelp after Smith's nice little brown cat, and chewed and chewed, till Smith's nice little brown cat could'n't walk. It was a shame. Smith's nice little brown cat hasn't been seen since. Now, what I want to know is, if there is a cat in the city that can match her? If there is, trot her out, for "Tom" is getting to be too much of a boss over the wood-

shed, and it ain't her's either.

I remain, dear Editors,

Yours, with great respect,

QUINTUS QUELLEY.

The editors have had a consultation regarding your "Thomas," and in a future edition one of our associates will tell of a much more remarkable case. Last spring was a very favorable one for cats, and if we are not mistaken, the one you have, left here just about the close of the season; at least a cat answering to that description is missing. His or her absence is not mourned, but we can assure you that traps, dogs, &c., are useless in this case. Pass him or her on to the back yard of your deadliest enemy.

HATCHLEY,

March 7, 1894.

Dear Editors.—Many thanks for the "Rockwood Review." We are now having the semblance of spring, and maple sugar making is in full blast, and some of the migrant birds have arrived. A few Blue birds were singing around here all last Sunday, (4th), and a Robin came and voiced his cheerful calls in our garden yesternorn, the 6th. The thermometer was 60 degrees in the shade, and thunder was heard on Monday. Toward the gloaming of the day of the great snow storm of the 12th ult., a vast flock of snow buntings swirled around over our stacks of hay and straw, and seemed disposed to roost there. Like stormy Petrels the birds are an integer or "gilt edging" to the phenomena, and their twittering was as energetic and defiant, and kept time with the pulsations of the furious gale. The presence of the birds in winter evenings' gloom, lent a certain degree of fascination to the whole scene.