

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

pletely boxing the compass. Of the sleepy Kamloops with its beautiful river, the Thompson, and the railway meandering through its streets; of the Siwash ladies and their red babies; of the wonderful rock juttings pierced with tunnels; of the awful gloom of the Black Canyon; the ever changing grandeur of the Thompson Canyon, where the railway runs along the bank, and curves with the river, a sheer descent of some hundreds of feet to the emerald waters below, with a corresponding ascent to the heights above; of the wonderful effects of color on the opposite bank, sometimes a warm cream hillside, then a patch of pink, then deep red or maroon, or white or green, as if nature in a petulant mood emptied her color box on the sloping banks; of the rocks worn by wind and weather into gigantic towers and grotesque heads; of the lines of red salmon drying for the Indians; of the matchless beauty and wildness of the Fraser Canyon; of Vancouver, with its busy streets; of the wharfs with the China, Japan and Australian ships just in the docks, crowded with all sorts of merchandise, teas, silks and fruits, and seemingly all sorts of people, the wealthy traveller, the bustling trader, the idler, the coolie, the ever present Chinaman, and one day some Cingalese, and Japanese Prince with his suite; of old fashioned lie-abed Victoria, where business does not begin till ten; of the war ships at Esquimalt, which roused all our British enthusiasm, as we viewed the immaculate decks, the polished brass of the instruments, and the march of the six hundred sailors at meal time; of the sunset glory of the Gulf of Georgia and the moonlit peace and fairy like beauty of a night on Puget Sound; of the iridescent sparkling of Mt. Tacoma in the sunlight; of the natural parks and

hop gardens of Washington Territory; of the calm majestic flow of the Columbia near its discharge into the Pacific; of the flowers, hydrangeas 16 to 20 feet high, hedges of geranium and chrysanthemum; of the ferns and giant trees; of the interesting people, who seem to have travelled everywhere, and talked so charmingly. I say we have no time for all this, so back home with no stopping places on the way, take boat at Port Arthur, and reach home at five o'clock of a Monday morning; of course, bright as the proverbial lark, and fresh as the conventional daisy.

HOPPIE JOHN.

Stratford, Feb. 8th.

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