

## The Rockwood Review.

a hundred other things, with a blow pipe and a plaster rod, were the admiration of their young beholders, but there was a lingering disappointment in the minds of their penny patrons, when they saw that those who paid more for admission secured some specimen of art as a souvenir of their visit. But to see real hair made out of a glass stick was really worth a penny after-all, and so the conscientious children, of whom there were a few even in those days, readily admitted.

Roundabouts afforded another "lumping penworth." To mount one of a dozen wild steeds, with real manes and tails, and to ride thereon for two or probably three minutes, and see a dozen other boys pushing vigorously at the long arms which sent the whole around, was bliss, even if qualms like those of sea sickness now and again overtook the equestrian. Sometimes the felicity was procurable for a hapenny, and even as payment for a very long push at the machinery, but these happy chances were infrequent.

One of the most attractive joys was to be found in "The Lilliputs." These were small figures, dolls in costume, with movable joints, suspended by wires, and "worked" from above the stage upon which they performed, and looked to very juvenile eyes, so much like reality that it was a fond belief with many that they really breathed, really lived, and more wonderful still, really talked. They danced, took part in little plays, sang, and vanished as mysteriously as they came. One figure grew and grew, like Lord Lovell's briar, until the neck pushed the head nearly up to the stage sky, outdoing easily the beanstalk of wonderful Jack, and then suddenly collapsed much to everybody's regret into nothingness. The head of a dancing skeleton, a verit-

able horror, suddenly disappeared, and was followed by arms, legs and trunk, and never came back any more. Some other Lilliputs sat down at table, and took dinner in infinitesimal portions, and at last upset their fare, which looked like a great dumpling, but rolled on the stage and was plainly seen to be a good sized turnip, and nothing more. Another wicked and highly demoralizing sell. But it was cheap, very cheap, at a penny. We have all been pleasurably taken in at times, but the cost has often been more.

To go through the whole rounds of the Fair, and to do every form of pleasure, required the purse of a millionaire. While many shows could be entered for a penny, there were other joys unattainable at less than threepence or more. Cooke's Circus, Wombwell's Menagerie and Holloway's Travelling Theatre were of these higher and more respectable forms of entertainment, but they afforded fun for the million at very low rates. In this connexion it is difficult to determine whether it was cheaper and better to see Cooke's Circus at sixpence, or to expend that sum in witnessing the wild beasts fed at Wombwell's. No such queries troubled the patrons of the Penny Show. There everything was worth the money, and probably in the long run, left just as pleasant memory in the brain as the more high-priced at exclusive exhibitions. Vive la bagatelle.

GRANDFATHER.

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Ontario Park, belonging to the Electric Street Railway Company, is being improved under the direction of Mr. J. L. Jones. Large stones are being removed, and holes are being filled up. Next year the Park will be more suitable than ever for picnic parties.