

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

the grassy bank, with ominous thud, and helped to fill the bag of the loafer from the nearby city. That we boys should make snares, and attempt to bring to land the sharp nosed and wicked looking fish was not to be wondered at, but we seldom succeeded in placing the wire about the pike without alarming it. Our unskilled hands were not fitted for work requiring so much care and light fingeredness. More successful were we with "trimmers," or night lines, which we placed at night, baited with worms or frog, in the deep waters of the little stream, and upon which our occasionally found prizes worth the trouble and great expectations we had endured. An early tramp through the long wet grass was well rewarded when we found that at last success had rewarded the early bird. Water hens were to be found upon the surface and along the borders of the stream, and several times we managed to clandestinely steal upon them, and catch them on the land. Once driven into the shelter of a hedge, they were in extremity. If able to reach the stream a sudden dive carried them beyond our sight and ken. But they were fishy in flavor, and worthless for the table, and the hunt was sternly condemned by Paterfamilias, who was a close and honest protector of game, despite his losses therefrom, and shrewdly thought that he who could kill a waterhen to-day would readily learn how to destroy a partridge to-morrow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For some time past we have been busy getting up a list of the birds known to breed in the Province of Ontario. This list has now been neatly printed, giving both the scientific and common names, as well as the American check list numbers. These sheets will prove

of very great interest and use to boys who are studying ornithology or collecting eggs. A full set of names will be sent post free to any address for fifteen cents.

The average Tory can dilate for hours on the virtues of a Sir Charles or Sir John. The Grit waxes enthusiastic about the ever successful Sir Oliver or the hard hitter Sir Richard, but recent events go to prove that the small boy is indifferent to the virtues of all ordinary knights. With him first and last it is the Sir-Cus.

It is possible to have too much of a good thing. A robin with a remarkable kink in his voice has become enamoured of his distinction, and sings in the Rockwood grounds from blushing dawn till dewy eve, and never seems to tire, although many protests have been issued.

A red squirrel of unusual size and with a remarkable pair of ears has taken up his summer residence in our grounds. He is much admired by the Rockwood boys.

The horse races at Cataract Park on the 13th and 14th Insts., were of a higher class than is usual in Kingston, and were only marred by the presence of a gang of fakirs, who plied their shady trades with not a little success. Two young gentlemen of our acquaintance backed their opinion as to the whereabouts of the frisky pea—but lo! they chose the wrong shell. We don't know much about another man's game, but we do know this much—never to play it.

Mr. H. has been causing us considerable trouble by a recently acquired desire "not to wander from his own fireside." But our troubles vanish when compared with the feelings of some of our boys, who were compelled to pass dreary dry vigils on the steps of a temperance hotel.