

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

SPRINGIANA.

Spring is coming. The small boy's pockets bulge at the corners with marbles; the small girl carries a skipping rope under her arm; the youth dons his Christy stiff and lighter clothing, while the maiden looks over her last season's millinery, and wonders if it will do to begin spring wear; the athlete hauls out his football "togs"; the editor's waste-paper basket groans under a load of sonnets and odes to Spring; the business man thinks it is time to adjust his awning; the ever-hungry school boy calculates on what number of eggs he'll eat this Easter; the tramp endures the weather enough to take his promenade leisurely from door to door asking for breakfast; the tea agent, the picture enlarger, the lamp wick vendor, the piano tuner, the cement pedlar, the sewing machine agent, and the family medicine man, ring the front door bell, and smilingly enquire for "the lady of the house." Yes, truly these signs of Spring tell us the welcome season is near.

B. W.

CAMP AND CANOE.

PENETANGUISHENE.

Georgian Bay, Oct. 30, 1894.

Dear Sam,—I was exceedingly sorry to hear that the wise old Doctor from the west had ordered you to go to bed for a month, but these Æsculapians are always better at giving advice than at acting on it, and yet it is possible they know what they are talking about occasionally. I said that I was sorry to hear it—for that sentence read "glad to hear it," for when I last saw you it seemed very evident that the ship was badly in need of repairs, and a month in dry dock may do wonders for you. Well, we have started on our camping trip, and you will be

certain to hear from me from time to time. Our party is a small one, but has some strange elements in it, and the personnel certainly boasts of variety as well as an amount of talent, if not absolute genius, that should make life endurable. Jimmy the Bachelor is of course at the head of affairs, and is a generalissimo not to be sneezed at. His fifty-five years of bachelor-hood have made him an authority on affairs domestic, and as an expert in camp cooking, he is "away up in G," or like Miss Yaw perhaps a note or two higher. We smile at Jimmy's rigid ideas of order, and yet in our hearts we know that these ideas will turn up trump when we get under canvas. Gentleman Jack is here too, and although you do not know him, I can assure you that he is simply immense. He loves ease, and candidly I admit that he can dodge a heavy portage with an easy conscience, but then if the other fellow has to shoulder the load, his burden is made easy to carry by the genial Jack, whose fund of anecdote is never exhausted, and he has a new story to fit every incident. His hearty laugh always joins the chorus when the inevitable comic point is scored. Among ourselves Jack goes by the name of Napoleon, his generalship is so striking, to say nothing of the physical get up, so thoroughly Napoleonic. Herbert L. is one of the party, and when he got off the train looked like a bundle of animated wires, but is full of enthusiasm over the prospects, and promises to keep us entertained even if his knowledge of camp life is below par. He requests that he should be allowed to answer to the name of Pompey, and with his customary whimsicality insists that he feels sure he is a poor but honest lad who is working his way through University, and has taken up the