

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

Come with me, Sweet Marie, beats  
the old time soiree,  
Not because it's very grand, love to  
hear,  
But because it's all the rage, we'll  
at least two seats engage,  
And this talent thirst assuage, Marie  
dear.

I have certain crude ideas, Sweet  
Marie,  
How from this fad to free us, you  
and me,  
There's the nickel slot machine, it's  
the best scheme I have seen,  
Beats the talent concert clean, Sweet  
Marie.  
But the plan I think the best, is the  
one I now suggest,  
To raise money for the Churches,  
Sweet Marie,  
Just you give a small per cent, of  
your income that's unspent,  
From your purse 'tis only lent, Sweet  
Marie.

P'raps you'll not side with me, Sweet  
Marie,  
Offence I may have given unto thee,  
But you know down in your heart,  
it's the truth I now impart,  
Tho' my words are somewhat tart,  
Sweet Marie.

### LETTERS.

#### HATCHLY.

December 1st.

My son banished the Town Sparrows from our farm buildings this summer by firing "blank cartridge" at them frequently, on account of their pugnacity to the Phœbes and Swallows.

One day about the last of September, when the buckwheat crop was drawn to the barn, a jovial looking old Cock Sparrow came prospecting into the barn, through the port holes left for other bird convenience. In a day or so subsequent, four or five others came in

company.

Was the first comer a delegate or merely an explorer? At any rate, our buckwheat was needed for other purposes, and more "blank cartridge" was exploded, and the intruding but chirrupy presence of the passerinæ troubled us no more.

We have during the past ten years been visited by small flocks of Doves, generally about a dozen in a flock. These frequent the corn and buckwheat fields, and during deep snows in winter show their socialistic tendencies, by coming into the farm barns for food and shelter. Even when the American Wild Pigeons were abundant here, these so called "mourning" Doves (from their doleful, despairing, sounding, "cooing,") were not unfrequently met with, but are now much more numerous all over south western Ontario. We noticed their frequent presence when, about a year ago, we rambled in the woods in the County of Haldimand. The Killdeer Plovers—like the Woodcocks—also leave here at the full moon in November.

Our terrier Nipper has some very eccentric ways and notions. It is his custom, when we are hauling loads of hay or sheaves of grain to the barn, to make a rush and get under the barn bridge, and howl and bark with all his might, during the time that the horses and wagon are passing over the planked approach to the barn doorway! This caper he invariably performs as many times a day as the team and wagon go in or back out of the barn! Even if he is up in the hay mow or loft and perceives indications of the team moving out, it is dangerous to attempt to hold him, such is his eagerness to be in position and rehearse his canine monologue, when the accompaniments are in what he thinks right shape. We are told that there is another