

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

The water in the lake has been steadily rising since the ice left the harbor, and it is to be hoped the pessimists who think that the lake is drying up will be disappointed in their prophecies of misfortune.

Newspapers might be made the subject of much Sunday School teaching just now—as examples in the art of not telling the truth. A few seasons ago a minister was preaching to a congregation of patients in Rockwood Hall, and said "all men are liars," the white haired "Duke of York" arose, and politely interrupted, saying, "Excuse me, sir, but do not forget the women, for they are even worse than the men." Just now the politicians are able to prove the Duke to be decidedly wide of the mark, for it is the average man's business to make light of his opponents, and if we believe all we hear, each constituency is bound to select two, if not three, representatives to Parliament. In the meanwhile we find Sam Skinner just as near the mark as Caleb Jenkins or any local prophet.

McIlraith in his book on Birds, states that there is only one record of the summer Redbird appearing in Ontario. From what can be learned it is certain that this Tanager (*Piranga Rubra*) is at present rare, but it is equally certain that years ago before the forests were cleared it was not uncommon. It is a pleasure to be able to state that at least four specimens have been seen in Kingston this season, and before long we hope to be able to show that it has come to this district regularly for some years.

Brown Thrashers put in an early appearance, and on April 17th, almost a month before their regular time, were singing merrily in the

thorn trees. This rollicking bird is a living reply to the sturdy Britisher who maintains that Canada is devoid of singing birds. It is strange that this untruthful statement passes for gospel among so many Canadians, and it is the regular thing to hear the superficial chatterer who goes through life without a glimpse of the beauties of nature, lament the absence of melody in the woods. At this time of the year let any seeker after truth go into Vanorder's Copse, sit down quietly and gain his reward. Thrashers, Cat Birds, Purple Finches, Warblers, Vireos, Song Sparrows, Wood Thrushes and a dozen other songsters will prove that the Canadian Birds are the peers of any in the world, while over the meadows Bobolinkum will carol, and about the barns the big Purple Martin will warble his liquid melody in a style that must bring joy to the heart of the average man. Later in the season many of the birds will be silent, so they will in the other countries for that is bird nature, even the boasted Nightingale sings but for a few days. When the tourist reaches Canada, the birds are past their singing period, and tourists and poets are notorious as regards their mistakes about things in nature. We will give the Britishers their Sky Lark, and admit that it is unapproachable, but we stick to our guns when comparisons are made with the rest of our songsters, and will fight for them all from Song Sparrow to Thrasher, with confidence in the ability of the feathered Canadians to stand any comparison that can be made. We hope the above will not be declared as a statement showing lack of loyalty to the English Crown, but if so we shall have to be content to call ourselves British by descent, but Canadians first.