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Nov 9th

The Rockwood Review

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AND LOCAL NEWS.**

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

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The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 2.

KINGSTON, NOVEMBER 1ST, 1895.

No. 9.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. Everard Lockie, of the Ayr Branch of the Bank of Commerce, visited Kingston during the Football Carnival.

Mr. Brown, of Osgoode Hall, was the guest of Mr. McLean for a few days.

Dr. Webster did duty at Brockville Asylum during the absence of Dr. Ross, and Dr. Wilson, the newly appointed Assistant at Brockville, came to Rockwood. Dr. Webster seems to have had a good time while away, but appears to be almost as glad to return to us, as we are to have him back.

Columbine has been taking a well earned rest in Rochester. Although the ship ran aground, George claims that he is no Jonah.

A gentleman who had never seen a football match in his life was present at the Osgoode Queen's contest. It was amusing to watch him. At the first tackle he appeared alarmed and nervous, at the second he remarked that it seemed "awful rough," at the third when a Queen's man tackled a dangerous Osgoode runner, he began to get interested, at the fourth he began to get excited, at the fifth to yell all sorts of advice to the players, at the sixth he was fully initiated, shouting "off side" at the top of his voice, and a properly developed fiend. Thus is the football crank made.

Mrs. Forster has obtained a very good photograph of the Rockwood Hospital Band, grouped in front of their band stand.

Quite a lot of improvements have been going on at Lake Ontario Park since the season closed, under the foremanship of Mr. William Graham. It is said now to be as level as the City Park.

Mr. William Carr, of Galashiels fame, has succumbed to the fascinating Bike; he is progressing famously under Law's tuition.

A clergyman who has just come to the Limestone City, was upbraided for riding a bicycle, retorted by saying it was his regular business—going round saving soles.

On Saturday, Oct. 25th, a Football Carnival was held in Kingston, no less than three important matches taking place on the Athletic Grounds.

The first between the Lornes, of Toronto, and Queen's II., was the roughest exhibition of the game ever seen in Kingston, and the referee cannot be too severely condemned for allowing such a state of affairs. As far as the players were concerned, it may be said that all were in the same boat, and when they found that slugging was not prohibited, they went at in a very unpleasant way. As for the football itself, what little was played was done by the Lornes, who really could play when time from slugging operations could be spared. It is to be hoped that this is the last exhibition of the kind that will be endured in Kingston. The Lornes won easily.

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The second match was a magnificent one, and a revelation after the first miserable affair. It was absolutely devoid of roughness or bad feeling, and the play was of the most brilliant order. The contestants were the Granites, of Kingston, and Varsity II., of Toronto, two junior teams. The Varsity boys were ponderous, but lacking in skill and tactics. The Granites were light and lightning.

Their combination work was remarkable, their tackling hard but fair, their wing work nothing short of phenomenal. When goals had to be kicked, they were secured with certainty under the most difficult circumstances, and altogether the little Granites are honestly entitled to the warmest praise, for showing the public "football as it should be played." Sutherland, Hamilton, Lowe, Reyner, McCammon, Cartwright, must be especially commended for their magnificent play. Under ordinary circumstances the Junior Cup should certainly come to Kingston.

In the afternoon the struggle of the giants, Osgoode and Queen's, took place before 2,500 enthusiasts. Outside of some roughness, for which the limp referee who was so neglectful of his duty in the morning, was clearly responsible for permitting, the game was a grand one, although the result was never a moment in doubt. Queen's played in her usual grand style, no one player appearing to outshine another. It was the highest development of team work. Osgoode was a much heavier team, and had many brilliant players, but the Stars were not permitted to shine for more than a moment at any time. They were promptly checked, and were never in evidence. As usual, Queen's forwards were unapproachable, and the irrepressible Smellie imported from Ottawa for the occa-

sion, was not allowed to retain the ball for a moment. As the day was an ideal one for football, every one was happy and satisfied.

Mr. Ed. Beaupre Jr., of Portsmouth, is a rising young naturalist, and is devoted to ornithology, directing his energies chiefly to the study of shore birds and waders. His notes regarding these birds are most interesting and of great value. The following brief notes from his jottings must be recorded, and we hope to hear from him every month regarding these birds he studies:

Aug. 12, '95—Numbers of Lesser Yellow Legs (*Totanus Flavipes*), here.

Sept. 6, '95—Saw a small flock of Tumstones (*Arenaria Interpis*.)

Sept. 23—Three flocks of Golden Plover seen, five birds shot.

Sept. 23—Four long-billed Curlews (*Numenius Longirostris*); observed, one shot.

Oct. 12—Secured one Hudsoian Godwit (*Limosa Haemastica*), on Amherst Island, Sanderlings (*Calidris Arenaria*), were migrating in unusual numbers. Black billed Plover (*Charadrius Squatarola*), in usual numbers, never plentiful.

About the first of June two specimens of the American Dunlin (*Pelidna pacifica*), were shot near Kingston.

On the 6th Oct. little Gwendolen Martin died, and the sympathy of everyone at the Hospital went out to Mr. Martin and Mrs. and Miss Peirce. Gwendolen was beloved by every one who knew her, and when she was taken ill with typhoid fever several weeks ago, the greatest anxiety was felt over her condition. The death came as a shock to everyone, as it occurred so suddenly when the prospect of convalescence seemed so good. This untoward event has cast a gloom over Rockwood.

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ROCKWOOD ANNUAL SPORTS.

The Annual Sports took place on the afternoon of Oct. 21st, before a large number of onlookers from the City, Portsmouth and the Hospital. The weather was perfect, the track fast and the athletes in grand condition. As several of the men were known to be evenly matched, rare sport was looked for, and anticipations were more than justified. It is not going too far to say that this year's sports proved the most successful of any yet held, and although the rivalry was keen, the contestants showed a consideration for each other that was pleasant to notice. Not an unkind word was spoken during the whole afternoon, and jockeying was not a feature of the games.

The Shot Putting contest was soon decided, and Dehaney's victory was not unexpected. He has a strong right arm. The Pole Vault was long drawn out, but finally fell to the nimble Coxworthy, who does everything with grace and skill. Gilmore and Shanahan had a hot match for second, but finally tied. The Four Legged Race resulted in a walk over for Shea, Coxworthy and Shannahan, their opponents confining themselves to a struggle with the dust in which the dust seemed to come out on top. The 100 Yards Dash for patients was won by Muir, who showed great speed. The 100 Yards Dash for championship honors was one of the events looked forward to, as several dark horses were down for the event, two of them at least showed excellent run. A blanket would have covered the leaders at the finish. Dehaney won but Lawless and Amey were very close to him. The Fat Man's Race, for patients, brought the immortal Skinner, Harkness and McCann to the scratch. It took some time to

get such a ponderous trio started, and when they did get off the earth trembled. The finish was close, and Sam claims a dead heat, but the official score will be found below.

The High Jump was one of the prettiest events of the day, and Lawless won easily. He is a beautiful jumper. The Obstacle Races were as amusing as usual, and Johnston and Coxworthy were easy winners.

The 200 yards resulted as the 100 yards dash, the mercury footed. Dehaney being too strong a runner for the others. At the Hop, Step and Jump, Lawless was again a winner, but Dehaney turned the tables in the broad jump.

The Mile Race brought out a new competitor in the shape of our Bus. Manager, who made his debut as a racer. Owing to his youth he was not regarded as a good tip, but he ran his race with great judgment, and proved that his legs and lungs were not as tender as his years. Dehaney and Lawless, who had worked hard all afternoon, were greatly exhausted after the race. In the Married Mens Race, Potter and Graham made a nice little pocket into which the amiable Marsh fitted nicely. Gilmore won the Hurdle Race in beautiful style, taking the hurdles in a graceful stride. The sack and barrel races were exciting.

A new event was the Bicycle Race, and it was expected that seven dark horses would come to the scratch, but three responded to the call—Williamson, Coxworthy and the Bus. Manager. The course was twice around the avenues, a little more than a mile and a half. The first lap found the riders well bunched, Williamson a little in the lead. On the second round the enterprising Bus. Manager spun out a good lead, which he maintained,

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Williamson making a good second. The Cup went to Dehaney, who scored 29 points, Lawless coming second with 23. Coxworthy won three firsts.

The following is the official score:—

1. Putting the Shot—
Dehaney, 36 ft. 6 in., Shannahan.
32 9, Gilmore, 28 9.
2. Pole Vault—
Coxworthy, 7 ft. 10, Shannahan,
Gilmore, tie.
3. Four Legged Race—
Coxworthy, Shea, Shannahan.
4. 100 Yards Dash—
Muir, Ryan, Lyner.
5. 100 Yards Dash—
Dehaney, Lawless, Amey.
Time, 10 4-5 seconds.
6. Fat Man's Race, 50 yards, Patients only—
Harkness, McCann, Skinner.
Time six minutes.
7. Running High Jump—
Lawless, Dehaney, Shannahan.
4 ft. 10 in.
8. Obstacle Race (Patients only)—
John, Brown, J. Stewart.
9. Obstacle Race—
Coxworthy, Gilmore, Shanahan.
10. 220 Yards Race—
Dehaney, Lawless, Amey.
25 seconds.
11. Barrel Race (Patients only)—
Cayean, Ryan, Brown.
12. Running Hop Step and Jump—
Lawless, Dehaney, Gilmore.
37 ft. 9 in.
13. Standing Broad Jump—
Dehaney, Lawless, Gilmore.
9 ft.
14. Potato Race (Patients only)—
Johnston, Cayeau, Tyner.
15. Potato Race—
Coxworthy, Shanahan.
16. Mile Race—
C. M. Clarke, Dehaney, Lawless.
Time 4.29.
17. Married Mens Race (over 35)—
Potter, Graham, Marsh.
18. Hurdle Race, 120 yds.—

- Gilmore, Lawlor, Coxworthy.
19. Sack Race (Patients only)—
Tyner, Cayeau.
 20. Bicycle Race, 1½ miles—
C. M. Clarke, J. Williamson,
Coxworthy.

GWENEOLEN.

The smile upon her perfect lips,
Lies she in death's long eclipse,
Face too lovely to be hid
Underneath the coffin lid,—
Blossoms at the head and feet
Not so softly, purely sweet
As the meek and childish grace
Of the still and sculptured face,
Curving cheek and flowing hair,
Form so exquisitely fair.

How shall they who loved thee so,
Watch the slow procession go—
Autumn leaves and sobbing rain,
And the wild wind's sad refrain.
All that tend thy lowly bed,
Earth the pillow for thy head,
How shall they be comforted.

All too soon thy tender feet
Found the goal for age more meet,
And thy innocent sweet eyes
(Closed to all beneath the skies,
Take with them the light away
Which made the sunshine of our day.

Little race so quickly run,
All thy work forever done,—
How shall we resume again
The daily toil, the daily pain,
The mingled cup, the common lot,
Oh angel child where thou art not.

But thou hast found thy rest again,
Where thy baby head hath lain—
Welcoming lips, caressing hand,
And mother love in the better land.
Not for thee these falling tears,
Darling, but for those long years,
Stretching on our path before,
When thou comest nevermore.

K. S. McL.

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LETTERS.

TORONTO.

Sept. 30th, 1895.

MY DEAR C.:—

J. and U. J. returned from Camp a week ago last Friday night, both looking very bronzed and feeling bright and well. They had a fine outing. All went smoothly and happily from beginning to end of sojourn in the wild wood. J. brought home a great variety of mosses and lichens, a lot of arbutus roots, autumn leaves and wild flowers.—the claws of a fish-hawk W. shot on their way out from Camp in the neighborhood of Sans Souci Island, where the hungry bird had just carried off two of Mr. P.'s chickens. J. also brought a huge roll of beautiful bird-bark for L. and E., and a couple of eggs of some aquatic bird whose nest had been deserted. There were 13 eggs lying on the bare rock, near the water, in three different places, though not very far apart. They had been left by the mother birds, so J. thought of your C.'s collection, and stowed the treasures away in a box, and put them in a hollow stump near the tent. Some one afterwards jammed a fishing-rod right in among the dainty shells, so only two are now left. C. can have one when there is a chance to give it to him. Mr. W. says they are the eggs of a night-hawk, but Mr. Y. says he thinks they are more probably belonging to one of the little waders—perhaps a sand-piper. They are long round and oval, and cream-colour.

Now I must tell you the bear story, though J. thinks it will not be very interesting, as the result was very unsatisfactory. One morning (the very second time he went out), he paddled down to the shanty at the west end of the lake—went through the bush and up to the

ridge, to the hill where you and W. sat when you shot the deer—then he went farther west to a big gully or ravine, and again off to the south east to a high point. Just when he was passing a little slough, he saw a large animal which for an instant made him think, what a funny place for a big black pig! At the same moment he recognized a she bear and cub coming toward him out of the long grass. J. thinks they were 50 feet apart, and as he was standing on a bare and level piece of rock, he took a step or two forward, and the old bear advanced a little grunting crossly, but the little bear turned off to the left. J. had raised his rifle and waited for the bear to turn. She gave a kind of grunt, and started off towards the cub, (just what he wanted her to do to give him a good shot.) J. fired, aiming behind the fore shoulder. The bear turned half around, put her nose to the ground, and made a complete somersault, put her nose to the ground a second time, and turned another somersault, J. feeling quite sure he had killed her. In another moment though, to his surprise, she was running after the cub. J. in the excitement, having neglected to pump another cartridge into the rifle before, had to do so now running after the bear, and turning the rifle on its side, the ball didn't enter the bore but hung down and gave him a little trouble, and Mrs. Bear slipped out of sight in the ravine. He could still see the cub some distance off on some high rocks at the edge of the ravine, and ran after it, but before getting near enough for a shot, the little bear also vanished into the ravine. Then upon looking back to the right, he saw the big bear or another one coming from behind a rock, and making towards the lake. He immediately ran, and when as close

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as he could get, but still a long shot, he fired again at the bear. She stopped and turned her head, then disappeared over the rock, and out of sight (another big slough being between them.) J. then ran to a high point of rock near by, but could see no more of Mrs. Bear, or any of the Bruin family. He also searched for the cub, but he also was entirely out of sight. J. was awfully disappointed over his luck, as he was perfectly sure he would get both old bear and the cub, and cannot yet understand whether it was a mistake in the use of the Lyman sight on U.'s rifle, or the ball had not an immediate effect on the bear. He was so sure of his aim for her heart, and his hand was steady as he could wish, and when he saw her taking headers in that peculiar style, he felt confident she was his meat, and he was going in for the cub, but when she started off on the run he was completely nonplussed. He had never used the Lyman sight before, and Mr. S. had tried to persuade him not to take U.'s gun that day as he was afraid it would deceive him if he should see any game. Some hunters say he must have wounded her seriously, or she would not have tumbled over twice, but he does not know, as they could find no blood stains, and having no dog could not track her. This was about 10 a.m., so after dinner U. J. and he went back to the same place, but could find no trace, U. saying he would not have expected to meet a bear in that locality. By the way U. says, he never saw those sloughs with as deep water in them as they have this year. The shot at Mrs. Bear was J.'s first attempt at anything alive for between 13 and 15 years. A strange coincidence is that his last shot with a rifle, so many years ago, was at a partridge, when he cut the head off with the

ball, and his very next shot after the bear experience was at another partridge, when he again shot it through the neck as before. U.'s theory is that J. looked over the top of the Lyman sight, and the ball barely grazing the back of the bear, partly paralyzed her. Anyway J. feels sure if he had carried that day a rifle with notch sight, he would have had better luck, and we would have had a big rug and a little one.

The Camp was on Shepherd Island this year. J. says it must be a charming spot in spring time, for the arbutus grows on it like a carpet, and he never saw the plant looking so luxuriant as it does there. The specimens he brought home were beautifully green, and finer than anything we ever saw in High Park. J. says that U. J. was as playful as a schoolboy in camp, and he thinks the outing has been a blessing to him. One of the settlers at Sans Souci, on the return, said: 'K. you were 65 on your way to camp, and now you're 18,' so you may know that the change was a remarkable one.

Yours sincerely,

E.

RUN DOWN AT LAST.—A very pleasing event took place at the residence of the late officer Burnett last evening in the marriage of his eldest daughter, Aggie May, to Police Officer Lawson, late of the Amherst Island Fusiliers. The bride was accompanied by Miss Mary Lawson, sister of the groom, the officer having for his auxiliary W. Carr, of Galashiels, Scotland. The happy couple will reside on Alfred street. The presents were numerous and costly.—News.

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GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—

I met an old friend, a few days ago, who had heard of you, and asked me to send you a tale which he had to tell of old times, and which I give to you as he gave it to me.

GRANDFATHER.

AN OLD SETTLER'S STORY.

It is a good many years now since I first swung the steel in the backwoods of Canada, but I shall never forget the real right-down happiness mixed with real right-down hard work, which marked those days in my early life. I was just entering upon manhood when I took up land in a western county of Upper Canada, and now I am verging upon three score years and ten. Everything was fresh to me, life was full of promise, strength and vigor seemed to be matters of course, and I was as handy with an axe as with a rifle. I was one of the first settlers, in a township spoken of everywhere as a huge swamp, and picking a dry spot, some five or six miles from the growing village of Launcelot, I determined to make a home upon a stretch of land which promised ample returns for honest labor. There were no roads to the small shanty which I built of logs, and I had to carry on my back any article which I might require in my new life. I had bought an old cook-stove, and this I took in piece-meal, a bottom to-day a side to-morrow, the top and other parts at one trip, and its furniture at still another. I couldn't build a fireplace upon my lot, for want of stone, and found the stove, in the end, worth all the trouble. Every pound of flour, every potato, every bit of meat beyond that which fell before my gun, had to be taken to my home in this primitive fashion, over logs, by

almost untrodden paths, through several continuous swamps, and amidst difficulties which would bother me much more now than they did in the heyday of youth. But I expected a neighbor in a few months, I was engaged to be married in the spring, and hope ever kept a sunny path before me. To resolve was but to do, and I had then strong resolution. Spring came, I had three acres ready for logging, and a brother came to settle on an adjoining lot. A yoke of oxen had been jointly secured by us, which picked up its living by browsing upon the tops of trees, felled in clearing, and logging and burning went briskly on. A few potatoes were planted, a little wheat was sown, and a small plot of oats was put in to supply the oxen in the coming winter. This done, I took a venture which I have never regretted, and brought to my forest home a wife who made life better worth living, and who has been spared to me as guide, counsellor and more than friend from that day to this. The world seemed to move more smoothly, difficulties were more easily overcome, and I was bappy in working from morning to night while getting into shape my new home and its surroundings. Just then occurred an incident which I can never forget, and which threw a temporary cloud over the happiness of me and mine. One bright summer day, four strangers, three men and a boy, arrived at my shanty in search of a lot not far distant from mine. They had found their way along the blazed track which led to my lot, and so shewed some familiarity with the woods. I gladly accompanied them, after they had eaten a meal, to the lot which they had "taken up." Three were Canadians, the senior being the father of a family, with his two sons, a young man and a boy, and

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the other was an old countryman, a surveyor by profession, who wished to become a settler. They had food with them, and spoke of returning to Launcelot before night, or to my place after they had gone over their lot of land. I left them at their request, satisfied that they would find their way to the shelter of my roof before sunset. Night came on, but nothing was heard or seen of them, although I was certain that they must have passed my lot, if they had gone out to the village. I was not uneasy about them, because I had faith in the woodcraft of the head of the party. Shortly before sunset of the following day, I was surprised to hear a shout from the forest land, and, answering it, went some little distance in the direction from which it proceeded. I speedily heard some person crashing through the tops of fallen trees, and following up the sound, came upon the elder son of the head of the exploring party, dazed, nearly exhausted and despairing. When sufficiently recovered from the effects of his exertions, he told me that his father had gone back to the village on the previous day, that he determined to follow, and asked the surveyor to accompany him, but that he refused, saying that he could make a fire, and that the boy could remain with him, and use a blanket which they had taken into the woods with them for a covering. The elder son assenting, set off in what he had thought the right direction for the village. Somehow he had missed his way, had wandered until darkness had rendered further progress impossible, had rested under an overshadowing hemlock, and at daybreak, foodless and almost helpless, had made another effort to find my small clearing. All day he had stumbled over logs, and waded through swamps, and ere nightfall felt as if he must

lie down and die, but the bark of a dog, and the glimmering break of light into the woods where my chopping had let in the sun's rays, gave him new courage, and he had raised the shouts which had made his whereabouts known to me. He thought that the surveyor and his brother had already gone back to the village, and that we need feel no anxiety about them. Sharing in this belief, I bade him welcome to my humble home, and he speedily found reviving sleep in a bed made upon the floor. On the following morning, I felt doubts about the safety of the surveyor and the boy, and told my guest that we would start out to see whether they had really gone to the village. An hour's walk through the woods took us to the spot at which they had been left. We found the ashes of a fire, but nothing more. They had evidently spent the night there and then started for Launcelot. Returning to my home, I was confronted there by the senior member of the exploring party, who had all a father's anxiety about his boys, and who had come to ascertain whether they had found my place, as they had not reached Launcelot. Alarmed at this statement, I accompanied father and son once more to the lot selected by them. We found the basket in which the lad had carried a pair of tame rabbits, but it was empty, and with it was the blanket, but neither boy nor surveyor was to be seen, although the ground was trampled, and there were signs that both had slept there. Where were they now? We shouted, and I fired a gun which I carried, but there came no response. While tracks of the boy were apparent, there were none of the man. The boy had started off in the direction of my home. Separating somewhat, we started back in a line towards my clearing, but we trav-

elled the whole distance without seeing any indication of him of whom we were in search. My brother, the father and I anxiously beat up every bush, but there were no signs of the missing lad. Night set in before my shanty was reached. The distracted father insisted upon going to Launcelot for additional help, and, making a torch to light us on our way. I accompanied him, and enlisted three or four men to aid us. We reached my farm on our return about the breakfast hour, and after a brief rest and refreshment, started out again in search of the missing ones. Going as far apart as was consistent with thorough search, we fired guns and shouted frequently. There was no response, but my dog ran to me, after we had been out for more than an hour, wagging his tail and turning back upon the track by which he had come, and whiningly invited me to follow. I knew that he had made a find, and eagerly went after him. A few rods brought me to the lad lying upon the ground, exhausted by hunger, and speechless. I had carried a small bottle of milk in my pocket, and wetting his lips with it, forced a little upon him. He feebly swallowed it, looked around, and by his manner asked for more. I gave it to him in small quantity, at frequent intervals, and he gradually brightened. He evidently regarded me as an enemy, and cowered from me as if he would gladly shrink from sight and contact. Little by little, for I had called his father to him, he recovered consciousness of his surroundings, and then asked me if we would take him home, guide him from the woods, and never leave him there again. He could tell nothing, just then, of the still missing stranger, but we resolved to place the poor lad under the care of my wife, and renew our search. Again we set

forth, and traversed the woods as thoroughly as our numbers permitted, firing often, and shouting, so that the lost man could hear us if still living. Again there was no response, and we went beyond the spot where the two had slept. Once more my dog came to me with a whimpering whine which told me what to expect. I called to my companions, and silently we followed the intelligent brute until we stumbled upon a scene which must ever be a horror in the memories of all who gazed upon it. Seated at the foot of a large cedar tree, with his head hanging down, and his face covered with his cap so drawn as to protect it from the flies, was the body of the poor fellow who had come into the wilderness but to meet this end. I leave you to imagine the shocking realism of the sight which met our horror-stricken eyes. I do not care to dwell upon the recollection, nor can I describe the hideous spectacle. Overcoming our repugnance to that which disgusted the senses of sight and smell, we cut some saplings so as to enable us to make a stretcher, and reverently placing the body upon it, started homeward in a struggle with obstacles which impeded every step on our melancholy trip to my lot. Arrived there, we cut down a large cedar tree, and chopping it into lengths, split off planks from which we constructed a rude coffin. A grave was quickly made, and the body was consigned to mother earth. Shortly after followed a coroner's inquest, exhumation of the body, and an after burial, when winter came, and snow permitted us to sled the body to consecrated ground in Launcelot. The story of the surveyor was told to me by his friend. A victim to "drink" in Scotland, he had been sent by his friends to Canada, so that he might get opportunity to master the per-

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nicious habit. Arrived in this country, he had entered upon his last debauch, and recovering from it had resolved to fly from temptation, make a home in the woods and so cut himself off from access to the accursed stimulant. Weakened by his previous excess, the want of food, and other stimulant, told fatally upon his hold of life, and he had succumbed where a stronger man might have struggled through. When the lad recovered memory, he told how his tame rabbits had escaped, and how he had followed hoping to recapture them. One of the last sights he saw in the woods was that of the surveyor sitting against a tree, beating his head to and fro in an agony too terrible to realize. Little wonder that the boy became temporarily bereft of reason.

THE CROW BLACKBIRD.

The latest Bulletin to reach the R. R. Office from the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, relates to the Crow Blackbirds and their food. Mr. F. E. L. Beal, in a carefully written article, gives much interesting information regarding this Bird (*Quiscalus quiscula*), so common in Ontario. We have always maintained that the Crow Blackbird has more virtues than faults, and Mr. Beal's summary is so fair that we cannot refrain from printing it.

SUMMARY.

From the foregoing results it appears that if the mineral element be rejected as not forming a part of the diet, the food of the crow blackbird for the whole year consists of animal and vegetable matter in nearly equal proportions. Of the animal component twenty-three twenty-fourths are insects, and of the insects five-sixths are noxious species. The charge that the blackbird is a habitual robber of other

birds' nests seems to be disproved by the stomach examinations.

Of the vegetable food it has been found that corn constitutes half and other grain one-fourth. Oats are seldom eaten except in April and August, and wheat in July and August. Fruit is eaten in such moderate quantities that it has no economic importance, particularly in view of the fact that so little belongs to cultivated varieties.

The farmer whose grain is damaged, if not wholly ruined, by these birds may attempt to count his loss in dollars and cents, but the good services rendered by the same birds earlier in the season can not be estimated with sufficient precision for entry on the credit side of the ledger. Thoughtful students of nature have observed that there is a certain high-water mark of abundance for every race or species beyond which it can not rise without danger of encroaching upon and injuring other species, not even excepting man. This is true of every species in nature, whether it be one which, at its normal abundance, is beneficial to man or otherwise. To no group does this apply with more force than to the insects, many species of which frequently exceed their ordinary bounds and spread destruction among crops. The same argument applies to the birds. However useful they may be in a general way, there is danger that they may become too numerous. While the destruction of a noxious insect is greatly to any bird's credit, still it is believed that the principal value of the useful bird lies not so much in this special work as in keeping the great tide of insect life down to a proper level. The examination of the food of the blackbirds has shown that they do a good share of this work, and are therefore most emphatically useful birds. This does not mean that they do no

harm, or that they should be permitted to do all the harm they wish without restraint. It is not probable that the grain eater by blackbirds under ordinary circumstances occasions much loss to the farmer, because so much of it consists of scattered or waste kernels. When, however, they descend upon a corn or wheat field in flocks of hundreds or thousands they inflict a real damage; and this simply shows that the species is too abundant and ought to be reduced, or that the birds have assembled from all the surrounding country and have become too crowded in one restricted locality. In either case the farmer should protect himself by any practical means and should not submit quietly to being robbed merely from a sentimental idea of the bird's past or probable future usefulness. If the crop and the birds' lives can both be saved, well and good; but if not let the extreme penalty be paid.

Upon the whole, crow blackbirds are so useful that no general war of extermination should be waged against them. While it must be admitted that at times they injure crops, such depredations can usually be prevented. On the other hand, by destroying insects they do incalculable good.

"CURLING AT ROCKWOOD."

The institution of Curling at Rockwood dates from the winter of 1887-88. In that year Mr. Allan McLean, the Steward, and Dr. C. K. Clarke, the Medical Superintendent, founded the Rockwood Curling Club. At first an attempt was made to play on the River and in the slip at the foot of the Hospital Grounds, but the constant upheaving of the ice caused them to try and make a Rink in what was then known as the women's airing court, but this was also a

failure owing to the water breaking through the made ground.

In 1889 the various officers of the Asylum formed a Syndicate, and under the direction of Mr. James Dennison, a single-sheet covered Rink was built on the dock, having for one side the stone wall which ran along the water front. This Rink continued in use till the present gymnasium was erected in 1894.

During the season of 1888-89 the young curlers of Rockwood were frequently initiated into the mysteries of the "roaring game" by several delegations from the Kingston Club, who in that year were without a Rink; among whom might be numbered Clark Hamilton, Majors Drury and Wilson, Col. Cotton, A. Strachan, James Stewart and others. At this time the Rockwoods were modest, and in the presence of such past masters of the game were naturally meek and of a very retiring though of an observant turn of mind, but they were fully determined to accomplish the feat which they afterwards attained, viz., teaching their teachers a few new wrinkles in the slippery game. It was in this year that a very amusing incident occurred which I think will bear telling: A rink of curlers consisted of Clark Hamilton, Col. Cotton, and I think the gallant and lamented Major Short came out for a game late in March. The ice was sticky, and it was hard work getting the stones up, when Col. Fox, of Cape Vincent, N. Y., arrived. His mission was to purchase two "shoats" from the Steward, and when that official generously told him to go and take his pick from the pens, he produced a corked and sealed bottle of Cuttus old reserve Rye, which he naively remarked was for the delectation of the curlers, and which he stated there was no harm in smuggling over for such a worthy object. Imagine his

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surprise and discomforture when he espied coming up the Rink none other than the astute Collector of Customs himself. Explanations were useless, and the fate of the "contraband" hung in the balance until the gallant Captain informed the guilty Colonel that he was not there like Sir Joseph Porter "officially." It is needless to say that the American beverage was instantly substituted for the oatmeal water the players had been drinking, and the play developed thereafter into as fine an exhibition of the "roaring game" as the most enthusiastic son of Scotia could desire.

The following year the Kingston Curling and Skating Association built these two present Rinks, and though they were not quite so frequent visitors to Rockwood, the friendly relations continued, and in recognition of the season of 1888-89, they not only elected the members of the Rockwood Club honorary members of the Kingston Club, but also generously donated a Medal for single competition between the members of the Asylum Club. This medal was won after a series of spirited contests by Mr. Allan McLean. His victory was very popular, as no one begrudged the "old man" the honors he so fairly won.

Before passing on it may be as well to state, that from the start of the Club Dr. Clarke has been the unanimous choice for President, Mr. McLean Vice President, and Mr. Wm. Cochrane Sec'y-Treas.

In 1889-90 but three regular games were played between the city Clubs and the Rockwoods, the latter capturing one match of the three. The Rink opened January 11th, 1890.

The next year more matches were played, the season having opened on December the 12th, 1890. This enthusiasm was characteristic of the following year, as the records

show; and in the year 1892-93 an annual single competition was instituted. This year saw the worthy President the winner, and it was meet that he should win, tho' his victory was not "easy meat" by any means. The Doctor was heartily congratulated, and his fellow curlers were glad that the prize had been gained by one who has always taken a deep interest in manly sports and been their constant friend and champion. Still further interest was manifested in the game in the season of 1893-94, the chief cause of this was the fact of the Rockwood Club presenting a Cup for annual competition between themselves and the Kingstons. The Cup was paid for by Club subscription, and the conditions were made that it was for annual competition, home and home matches of two rinks per club, and only to become the absolute property of either club in the event of a two successive years' default. The first matches were well contested; below I append the score:—

At Rockwood, February 5th, 1894.
McCammon, Capt. Donnelly,
Davidson, J. Gunn,
Dennison, K. McIver,
Clarke, skip 17. James Stewart, 26.
Potter, Kearns,
Carr, Shaw,
Cochrane, Dalton,
McLean, sk. 22. Sutherland, sk. 17.
At Kingston, February 17th, 1894.
McCammon, Leslie,
Davidson, E. Hamilton,
Dennison, Drury,
Clarke, skip 21. Strachan, sk. 14.
Potter, A. J. Watson,
Carr, D. Watson,
Cochrane, Sutherland,
McLean, sk. 12. Dalton, skip 27.

The Kingstons thus winning by a total majority of twelve shots. Other rinks and coteries of curlers

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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