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1900



# The Rockwood Review.

A Monthly Journal devoted to  
Literature, Natural History and  
Local News





## The Rockwood Review.

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# The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 5.

KINGSTON, FEBRUARY 1ST, 1900.

No. XII.

The first curling match scheduled in the Quinte League, between Napanee and Rockwood had to be postponed on account of mild weather. On January 25th Rockwood played its first match in the series with Kingston, winning by six shots:

Rockwood Rink.	Kingston Rink
Dr E C Watson	T S Clark
T McCammon	L Henderson
W Potter	J Kearns
DrCKClarke,skip19	A Strachan--9

Rockwood Rk. 2.	Kingston Rk.2
J Davidson	W Fraser
W Carr	J Waddell
J Dennison	W Vantassel
DrJMFoster,skip11	WDalton skip15
Official scorer and umpire, W R Dick.	

Some of the local papers find fault with the Cadets because they did not play hockey in the intermediate series. While the rule allowing senior players to play as intermediates exists they might as well do battle in the senior series, for experience tells them they would meet senior players in any instance.

The Junior Frontenacs and Junior Cadets are excellent teams—perhaps too light to win championship honors, but still able to put up a stiff fight.

The Gordon Setter, Gunhilda, has gone to Vancouver, B.C. This setter has had a most distinguished career in Canada and the United States winning no end of honors.

Mrs. Gallagher, of Barrack St., who was seriously ill, is, we are glad to learn recovering.

Miss Carrie Edgar of Hamilton, is visiting Miss Sadie Potter.

In the recent billiard tournament for the championship cue Mr. A. Mackie defeated all comers with ease.

Queen's Conversazione was voted a decided success. Evidently dancing is more a satisfactory solution of the problem than the mixed affair attempted in the past.

It is said that extensive alterations are to be made in the Rockwood Cold Storage Chambers.

It is difficult to say what varieties of wild ducks are with us this winter. The Whistlers are easily identified, but there are some other birds we are not sure of. One immense duck seen a few days ago has completely puzzled the experts but possibly was an Eider. A flock with bright red beads was feeding near the shore quite recently.

Miss Annie O'Connor, Kingston Mills, was ill for several days in January. We are pleased to hear of her recovery.

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The weather clerk has been sadly muddled of late ; if the vagaries of the weather continue we may expect roses in February and possibly curling in July. The January thaw was a little too long to be appreciated.

We are reminded from time to time that the Fenians are determined to make a second invasion of Canada. It is a most convenient time of the year for us, and President McKinley should be urged to give these burning warriors every chance to invade our territory, and to congregate at some suitable centre where we could entertain them satisfactorily. If Kingston is decided on as a rallying point, possibly Alderman White might be induced to decorate the Fair Buildings with the City bunting, and they could "laager" there either in Boer fashion or in manner to which long practice has made easy to them. We would distinctly warn them to avoid Lansdowne where local option has been carried. In the meanwhile it might be well to fortify the Bajus and Fisher establishments the bar of the British American and the G.T. R. refreshment rooms which would probably be open to a flank movement.

The American papers are interesting reading at present. Great Britain evidently has the good wishes of the educated classes, but the masses may be called decidedly pro-Boer. Probably a intimate acquaintance with the Transvaal Republican would induce a change of sentiment.

Rockwood Orchestra is making steady advancement and is attempting a much more ambitious grade of music than in the past. The Overture to Martha is the latest addition to its repertoire.

Mr. W. Shea is preparing a mysterious and soul-inspiring performance and offers \$25 reward to anyone who can explain how it is done.

The first Employees Dance took place on the 11th January and was largely attended. Dancing was kept up until midnight.

Mr. Samuel Stephenson has been confined to his house for several days.

Miss Zeigler has retired from the Rockwood staff of Nurses, and has been replaced by Miss L. Stewart of Athens.

On January 23rd the Rockwood wharf was still clear of ice and no ice was to be seen to the West. Such a state of affairs is almost unprecedented. It begins to look as if hot lemonade would be the fashion next summer.

A Committee, consisting of Miss Gallagher, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. J. M. Forster, W. Shea and Dr. Clarke, has been appointed to control the expenditure of the money made at the Rockwood concert for the Contingent Fund. It has been decided to use it in behalf of the Wives and Children of the Soldiers who belong to first and second contingents. The Committee will act in conjunction with the Soldiers WIVES LEAGUE.

There was once a small boy of  
Quebec,

Who was buried in snow to the  
neck—

When asked, "Are you friz?"

He replied, "Yes, I is ;

But we dont call this cold in  
Quebec."

HABIT—Habit hath so vast a prevalence over the human mind that there is scarcely anything too strange or too strong to be asserted of it. The story of the miser who from being long accustomed to cheat others, came at last to cheat himself, and with great delight and triumph picked his own pocket of a guinea to convey to his hoard, is not impossible or improbable.

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The average resident of Ontario is a well satisfied individual, and has been brought up to believe that there is little in the world worth imitating, so perfect are the laws and institutions of his native Province. In his enthusiasm he is apt to be "self-righteous" and the suggestion that the dangers of intolerance and narrow-mindedness are liable to occur is received with disdain. As a proof that we are just a little better than other people we have our Ontario Sabbath, and prayers in the schools, to say nothing of the Prohibition vote—then again we hang our murderers with painful regularity, even if not altogether certain that they should be hanged—and that is proof we are doing good—to the murderer. In view of the constant praise we find time to bestow upon our manifold virtues, it might be advisable to suggest an occasional change of programme. What strikes many observers, is not the exaggerated virtues of our people, but the callousness of the general public regarding political morality. The revelations of recent political trials form good theme for sober thought, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that while so many prominent men of various political creeds are willing to smile at such corruption it is early in the day to congratulate ourselves on the exquisite moral fibre of the community. It is quite in order to recollect too, that while our educational system has many excellent points, our advances in penology are so slow that we are open to the criticism of being far behind the times.

Under the circumstances, when the recently talked of day of humiliation is decided on, we might include other subjects in addition to the Boer War for consideration.

Cadet Clarke received a severe cut on the eyelid during the R. M. C. Frontenac match, and was invalidated for several days.

John Ross Robertson, will be known by hockey organizations as "the Man with the Club." He is pursuing the professional in the West without mercy—when he gets through there he may find a few cases worthy of study East of Toronto. A strong man such as Mr. Robertson can do wonders and if Foot Ball, Base Ball, and La crosse Unions would put men of this stamp at the head of affairs there would be some hope of getting rid of the professional.

With this number we commence our sixth volume. In spite of the fact that we still lay claim to having, with perhaps one exception the smallest circulation, of any journal in Kingston we make ends meet, and enter on another year with the same old enthusiasm and the same old hope for continued patronage. Our list of subscribers is small but select, and the fact that the Review is so largely quoted shows that we are not without honor in our own city.

Mr. W. Cochrane, of Belleville D. & D. Inst. raised \$20 for the second contingent by singing the "Absent Minded Beggar" at a concert a few nights ago. Well done William, you have not forgotten your Rockwood training.

Mr. T. McCammon represented the Rockwood Curling Club at Napanee when the Quinte League was organized.

We have decided not to permit any controversy on the question of what century we are in. We are quite satisfied to be in any century, if it is the end of the nineteenth we are of the opinion that any old thing will do for us—if it is the beginning of the twentieth we are glad to witness the youngster make a favorable start. Under any circumstances the affair stands as "naught" to us.

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Rockwood pool players were defeated in their first match with the Yacht Club, but were successful in their return contest with the Bicycle Club.

The first Curling match took place on January 18th, with the following result:

Kingston	Rockwood
M Gamon	W Potter
T S Clark	J Dennison
T McGachan	Dr Forster
J Kearns-(skip)	Dr Clarke-(skip)25

Mrs Peirce's many friends will be pleased to learn of her convalescence from a long and trying illness.

Master Harold Clarke's ice yacht "Velox," is being fitted out and promises to be a good deal faster than his former craft "The Cock O' the North." He is quite satisfied that this year he will be able to head the procession instead of bringing up the rear as in the past.

The liberated pheasants are still alive and apparently able to make a living. Some of them are occasionally seen feeding with domestic fowls, and no doubt if not destroyed by thoughtless hunters will get a foothold. There is no reason why with a little assistance they should not succeed. As these birds live largely upon insects in the summer the farmers should give them every protection.

Wild ducks, chiefly Golden eyes, are still with us and large flocks were seen flying about on January 19.

The Quinte Curling Association has recently been organized with the following list of officers:

President, W H Biggar, Belleville.

Vice-President—Dr C K Clarke, Kingston.

Secretary —W T Herrington, Napanee.

Directors — Messrs Dalton, McCammon, Bretnell, Robinson.

Schedule of Matches:

January 22nd, Rockwood vs Napanee at Rockwood  
 24th, Belleville vs Napanee at Belleville.  
 25th. Rockwood vs Kingston at Rockwood  
 29th, Belleville vs Kingston at Kingston  
 29th, Rockwood vs Belleville at Rockwood ..  
 February 1st, Napanee vs Kingston at Kingston  
 February 5th, Rockwood vs Napanee at Napanee  
 February 5th, Rockwood vs Belleville at Belleville  
 February 8th, Belleville vs Kingston at Belleville.  
 February 8th, Napanee vs Kingston at Napanee  
 February 15th, Rockwood vs Kingston at Kingston  
 February 15th, Belleville vs Napanee at Napanee.

The victory of R. M. C. Senior team over Frontenacs was not unexpected by those who had been following hockey matters. The game was one sided and rough, but at the same time a much better exhibition considering the state of the ice than some of the local scribes would admit. The Junior Cadets were a surprise to the Frontenac Juniors, but certainly earned their victory. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on Mr. E. S. Elliot for the admirable way in which he refereed the latter game. As a referee he has few equals, being quick-sighted, fair-minded and prompt to giving his decisions. He cannot be asked to officiate two often if the best interests of hockey in the city are to be served.

The Kingston rink is now an ideal one for hockey matches and would be difficult to improve on. The lighting has been improved and the galleries afford ample opportunity to watch the games with comfort and satisfaction.

Mr. John Marks has lost his pet crow. The cause of death was Ataxia, John should have been more careful of his tacks.



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### ROCKWOOD AND THE CONTINGENT FUND.

Rockwood was inspired with military ardor, the accounts of British checks and Boer triumphs stirred the imagination of all, and when the second contingent was formed there was a universal Rockwood wish to have a finger in the pie. If they could not go to Africa they could at least do something to make those who were going know that they felt proud of them. When the institution gets in this frame of mind something is bound to happen, and in short order tickets were printed and bright-eyed agents soon announced the fact that an assembly of six hundred people would be entertained at twenty-five cents a head. Each official vied with the other in helping the affair on while the city people smiled good-naturedly and hurried to buy up the tickets. If O'Reilly hall could have accommodated fifteen hundred people, this number would have been present, as it was, those present numbered six hundred, the number provided for. The programme was a carefully rehearsed one; the opening number by the Orchestra putting the audience in good humor. The orchestra had fifteen performers in its ranks and never before played as well as on this occasion. Mr. W. Woods danced a Sailor's Hornpipe with grace and Mr. Albert Shannon swung electric clubs in a manner that evoked round of applause. Of course our only and inimitable Billy Shea sang two comic songs and then the serious part of the programme was taken up. Mr. J. Shea found ample scope in the Macagni Intermezzo with violin obligato to show the exquisite quality of his tenor voice, and in the duet, Angelus, with Miss Peirce was especially successful—the voices blending in sweet harmony. Miss Mary H. Smart of Toronto sang two songs Repentance and When I'm Big, I'll Be a Soldier in her usual artistic manner and a violin duet between Mons. Audrieux and Dr. Clarke was well received. The patriotic features of the evening were the Songs, God Bless Queen Victoria, by Reverend Father Macdonald and Soldiers of the Queen by Mr. E. Cunningham

These were vociferously applauded A Clarinet solo by Mr. W. Madill was brilliantly executed. The evening entertainment was ended by the usual Farce: Messrs. McCammon, Davidson; J. Shea, W. Shea, W. Woods, J. Lawless, J. Shannahan taking part.

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### PRESENTATION AT STATE HOSPITAL.

At the State Hospital yesterday a very pleasant incident took place, the presentation of a handsome alligator medicine and tablet case to Dr. William Moffatt, who has severed his connection with the institution to enter private practice in this city. The presentation speech was made by Charles Miller in a few well chosen words to express the regret of his departure from the institution as their physician and superior officer and the high esteem in which he is held by them. Dr. Moffatt responded most effectively, saying:

Gentlemen—For this very handsome gift I ask you to accept my most sincere gratitude. I feel that I have done nothing in any way that I should have been remembered by you in such an acknowledged manner. After all it is a stimulus to such incidents as these which makes life to all of us worth living. This afternoon you have manifested to me that our official relations here have been pleasant and satisfactory, as they have always seemed to me and I am very proud to feel that I have the good wishes and respect of those with whom I have come into daily contact since coming to this institution. Thanking you again for this very kind and generous expression toward me,

Dr. Moffatt entered on his duties in this hospital as physician in August, 1898, and during his short stay has won the good will and respect of all the employees by his pleasant and social way in which he was found the same at all times. He leaves the institution with the best wishes of all the employes for future success in his new undertaking.—Utica Daily Press, January 6, 1900.

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Thews of iron and muscles of steel,  
Breath of vapor and eyes of fire,  
Limbs and joints of a mighty plan,  
Heart of fierceness and strong desire  
And nerves to answer the conqueror's heel  
Of his master, man.

A giant chained in the lurid dark  
Of ships that furrow the watery waste  
His heart beats the rhythm of fathoms that mark  
The swift bright rush through the day and night,  
As a bird's strong wings, or a meteor's flight,—  
Without rest—without haste.

The roar of his breath and the clank of his chain  
The wilderness knows as the hurricane's wrath ;—  
The sand of the desert—the flowers of the plain  
Are scattered and bowed in the wind of his path :  
And the primeval rocks in the silence of age  
Have echoed his rage.

In the field and the mine—in the shop and the mart,  
He ploughs and he garners—he digs and he builds,  
And the joy of his conquests are fierce in his heart,—  
He saith that his glory shall never depart  
While seed-time and harvest their season fulfil—  
O'er the valleys and hills.

But the centuries pass— the new century comes—  
Old things have an end—the new crowds the old,  
And the sound of the future pulses and hums  
In the air, and the soul of insatiable man,  
Rule on Iron King !—for blessing or ban,—  
Thy years they are numbered and told.

Thews of iron, that faint not nor tire—  
Champ in thy fetters and fret and strain  
With breath of vapor—and eyes of fire ;—  
Vain thy might and the fierce desire  
Man, the master who forged thy chain  
Shall unmake thee again.

—K. L. McL.

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### THE LITTLE SARDINIAN DRUMMER-BOY.

During the first day of the battle of Custoza, on the 24th of July, 1848, about sixty soldiers of an infantry regiment of our army went to the top of a hill to occupy a solitary house. They were suddenly assailed by two companies of Austrian soldiers, who showered on them bullets from every side. Our soldiers were hard pressed to find refuge in the house, and had time only to hastily barricade the doors, after having left some dead and wounded on the outside. Having barred the doors, our men hastened to the windows on the ground floor and commenced a brisk discharge at the enemy, who approached little by little, having arranged themselves in a semi-circle, and returning the fire vigorously. The sixty Italian soldiers were commanded by two subaltern officers and a captain, an old man, tall and austere, with white hair and mustache. They had with them a little Sardinian drummer boy, a lad a little over fourteen years old, who looked scarcely twelve. He had a small olive brown face, with two deep little eyes which glittered with animation. The captain from a room on the first floor commanded the defence, giving his orders like pistol shots, and no sign of emotion could be seen in that passive face. The little drummer boy, rather pale but steady on his legs, having jumped upon a chair, leaned against the side wall and stretched his neck to look outside the window. He saw through the smoke the white uniforms of the Austrians as they slowly advanced. The house was situated on the summit of a steep incline, and had but one little high window in the roof on the side of the slope. The Austrians did not threaten the house from that side; the slope was unencumbered and the fusilade only beat the front and two sides of the house.

But it was a terrible fusilade. A shower of bullets fell outside, and inside cracked the ceilings, the furniture, the shutters and the door frames, filling the air with pieces of wood, plaster, broken glass, whizzing, rebounding, breaking everything, and making an uproar enough to burst one's skull. From time to time, one of the soldiers who were firing from the windows would fall, crashing back upon the floor, and be taken aside. Some staggered from room to room, pressing their hands over their wounds. In the kitchen there was a dead man with his forehead cut open. The semi-circle of the enemy was drawing nearer and nearer together.

At a certain point the captain, who had been impassive until then began to grow uneasy and was seen rushing out of the room, followed by a sergeant. After three or four minutes the sergeant came running back and asked for the drummer-boy, making him a sign to follow him. The boy rushed up the wooden ladder and entered with the sergeant into a bare attic, where he saw the captain, who was writing with a pencil upon a piece of paper, leaning upon the little window. At his feet upon the floor there was a rope which had been used to draw water from the well. The captain folded up the sheet of paper and said brusquely, looking sharply at the boy with his cold, gray eyes, before which all soldiers trembled: "Drummer-boy!"

The drummer-boy put his hand to his visor.

The captain said: "Have you any courage?"

The eyes of the boy flashed.

"Yes, captain," he replied.

"Look down there," said the captain, pushing him to the little window. "down the plain, near the houses of Villafranca, where there is a glimmer of bayonets. There are our men, motionless. Take this note, grasp the rope, descend from the little window, rush down the little slope, through the fields, and

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when you reach our men, give this note so the first officer to whom you meet. Throw off your strap and your knapsack.'

The drummer-boy threw off the strap and the knapsack, put the note in his breast pocket; the sergeant flung out the rope, holding one end of it fast in his hands; the Captain helped the boy to get through the little window, with his back turned to the open country,

"Look out," he said, "the salvation of this detachment rests upon your courage and upon your legs!"

"Trust in me, Captain," replied the boy, as he let himself down,

"Lean down on the slope side," the Captain said, again clutching at the rope together with the sergeant.

"Do not falter."

"God help you."

In a few moments the drummer-boy was on the ground, the sergeant pulled up the rope and disappeared, the captain stepped impetuously to the window and saw the boy flying down the incline.

He thought he had succeeded in running without being observed, when five or six little clouds which rose from the ground in front and from behind him, warned the Captain that the boy had been seen by the Austrians, who were shooting at him from the top of the hill. Those little clouds were dust cast up by the bullets. But the little drummer-boy continued to run swiftly—all of a sudden he dropped. "He is killed!" roared the Captain, biting his fist. He had barely uttered these words when he saw the boy get up again. "Ha! it is only a fall!" he mumbled to himself and breathed again. The little drummer-boy had begun to run with all his might, but he limped. "He must have turned his ankle," thought the Captain. Another little cloud arose here and there around the boy, but each time at a further distance from him. "He is safe!" the Captain exclaimed in triumph, but he kept on following him with his eyes,

trembling; because if he did not reach the soldiers very soon with the note, asking succor, all his soldiers would be killed, or he would be obliged to surrender and give himself up as a prisoner with the others.

The boy ran quickly for a little time, then slacking his pace and limped, then he would start to run again, each time more fatigued, and every once in a while he would stumble and pause.

"Perhaps a bullet has grazed him," thought the captain, who was observing all his movements. Quivering and excited, he spoke to him as though he might hear him. He measured in a restless way, with a burning eye, the distance intervening between the running boy and the gleaming of the weapons, which he saw down below in the plain in the middle of the corn fields, gilded by the sun. "Go ahead! Run! Oh, he stops, that cursed boy! Ah! he begins to run again."

An officer came to tell him, panting, that the enemy, without interrupting the fusillade, were hoisting a white cloth to intimate surrender. "Let it not be answered!" he cried, without taking his eyes off the drummer-boy, who was already in the plain but not running any longer, and seeming to drag himself along with difficulty. "Go ahead! Run!" said the captain, clinching his teeth. "Run, if you have to die, you rascal, but run!" and he uttered a terrible oath. "Ah! infamous child! he has seated himself, that poltroon!" The boy, whose head up to this time he had seen above the corn field, had disappeared as if he had fallen. After a moment his head came up again, but he was soon lost behind the hedges and was seen no more.

Then the Captain came down impetuously; the bullets were showering, the rooms were crowded with the wounded, some of whom were whirling around like drunken men, clutching pieces of furniture; the walls and the floor

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were stained with blood, and bodies were lying across the doors; the lieutenant had his right arm broken by a bullet; the smoke and the dust filled everything.

"Courage! cried the captain. "Stand to your place! Succor is coming! Keep up your courage!"

Suddenly, the firing of the Austrians slackened, and a thundering voice cried, first in German and then Italian; "Surrender!" "No!" howled the captain from the window, and the fusillade recommenced more thickly and furiously from both sides. Other soldiers fell. Already, more than one window was without defenders; the fatal moment was imminent! The captain cried in a despairing voice:

"They are not coming! They are not coming," and ran around furiously, bending his sword with his convulsive hand, ready to die; suddenly the sergeant, rushing down from the garret, uttered a loud cry of joy, shouting to the Captain:

"They are coming! They are coming!"

"They coming!" repeated the Captain joyfully.

At that cry all those who were unhurt, as well as the wounded, the sergeant and officers rushed to the windows, and the resistance became more furious than before. In a few moments, a certain hesitation was noticed and a beginning of disorder among the foe. Quickly the Captain assembled a little troop in the room on the ground floor to make an exit with the bayonet. Then he ran up to the little window again. Hardly had he reached it when they heard a hasty tramping of feet accompanied with a formidable hurrah, and from the windows they saw coming through the smoke the double-pointed hats of the Italian carabinieri, a squadron rushing forward at great speed, and the lightning flash of blades whirling in the air and falling on heads, on shoulders on backs. Then the Captain darted out from the door with

lowered bayonets. The enemy wavered and were thrown into confusion and disorder. They hastily retreated, and the ground was left unencumbered, the house was free, and two battalions of Italian infantry and two cannons occupied the hill.

The Captain, with the soldiers that remained, rejoined his regiment, fought again and was slightly wounded in his left hand by a ricochet bullet during the last assault with the bayonet. The day ended with a victory for our men.

But the day after, having recommenced the fight, the Italians were overpowered, in spite of a valorous resistance, by the overwhelming numbers of the Austrians; and, on the morning of the 26th, they had to retreat sadly toward the Mincio River.

The Captain, although wounded made his way on foot with the soldiers, tired and silent, and arriving toward sunset at Goito, on the Mincio, looked immediately for his lieutenant, who had been taken up with his broken arm by our ambulance and who had arrived there before him. Some one had shown him the church where a field hospital had been improvised. He went there. The church was filled with wounded, lying in two rows on beds and mattresses stretched on the floor. Two physicians and several nurses were coming and going, busily occupied, and one could hear suppressed groans and cries. As soon as he entered, the captain halted and looked around for his officer.

At that moment he heard himself called by a faint voice very near him: "Captain!"

He turned around; it was the little drummer-boy.

He was stretched on a cot bed, covered up to the breast with a rough window curtain in red and white squares, and with his arms out; pale and thin, but with his eyes still sparkling like two black gems.

"Is it you?" asked the Captain

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rather sharply, although amazed, "Bravo, you did your duty."

"I did all that was possible," answered the boy.

"Are you wounded?" asked the Captain, looking for his officer in the beds near by.

"What could I do?" said the boy, who gained courage by speaking, while feeling the satisfaction of having been wounded for the first time; under other circumstances he would hardly have dared to open his mouth in the presence of that Captain. "I did my best to run bending down; they saw me at once. I would have arrived twenty minutes sooner if they had not hit me. Fortunately I soon found a Captain of the staff and gave him your note. But it was a very hard matter to run after that caress. I was dying with thirst; I was afraid that I would never arrive, and was crying with rage, thinking that every minute delayed was sending another soul to the other world. But that is enough; I have done what I could; I am satisfied. But, with your permission, look at yourself, Captain, you are losing blood."

And truly, from the badly bandaged hand of the Captain some drops of blood trickled down through his fingers.

"Do you wish me to tie up your bandage, Captain? Hold out your hand a minute."

The Captain held out his left hand and stretched the right one to assist the boy in untying the knot and tying it again; but the boy, raising himself from his pillow with difficulty, grew pale and had to lean his head back again.

"Enough! enough!" the Captain said, looking at him and drawing the bandaged hand away that the boy wanted to hold, "Attend to your own affairs instead of those of others; things that are not severe may become serious."

The drummer-boy shook his head.

"But you," said the Captain, looking at him attentively. "You

must have lost a great deal of blood to be as weak as you are."

"Lost much blood?" replied the lad with a smile. "I have lost more than blood. Look!"

And he pulled down the cover that was over him.

The Captain started back and stopped—horrified. The lad had but one leg left, the left one had been amputated above his knee and the stump was bandaged with bloody cloths.

At that moment the military surgeon, a little fleshy fellow in short sleeves, passed by. "Ah, Captain!" said he quickly, pointing to the drummer-boy, "a most unfortunate case. A leg that might have been easily saved if he had not forced it in that foolish way; a cursed inflammation; it had to be cut off away up here. Oh! but he is a brave lad. I assure you; he has not uttered a cry. I was proud that it was an Italian boy while I was performing the operation; upon my honor, he belongs to a good race, by heavens!" And he went away.

The Captain frowned and looked fixedly at the boy, putting the cover back over him; then slowly, as though unconsciously, raised his hand to his head and took off his cap.

"Captain!" exclaimed the astonished boy, "what are you doing, Captain, and that for me?"

And then that rough soldier, who had never said a mild word to one of his subalterns, answered,

with an indescribably affectionate and sweet voice: "I am nothing but a Captain, you are a hero!"

Then he threw himself with open arms on the drummer-boy and pressed him three times upon his heart.

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### LITTLE SMILES.

"A messenger boy's diary—Monday, hired; Tuesday, tired; Wednesday, fired."

The most unkindest cut of all is to be found in the average eight dollar suit of clothes.

# The Rockwood Review.

## BROAD-WINGED HAWK.

### BUTEO LATISSIMUS.

The Broad-winged Hawk inhabits eastern North America from New Brunswick and the Saskatchewan River, ranging south through the United States, east of the Great Plains, to Middle America, West Indies, and northern South America. It migrates in September and October from the region north of latitude  $40^{\circ}$  and winters from this point southward. In March and early April it again passes north, often in considerable flocks. It breeds throughout the eastern United States as far north as the limit of its range.

The food of this Hawk consists principally of insects, small mammals, reptiles, and batrachians, and occasionally of young or disabled birds. A specimen secured by the writer in May, just after a shower, was gorged with large earth worms. In the spring, when toads frequent ponds to spawn, it devours large numbers of them, and later in the season it is a not uncommon occurrence to see an individual with a frog or snake dangling from its talons.

Mr. Maynard mentions seeing one of these birds attack and kill an adult brown thrush. The writer considers this a very exceptional event, for from his own observations and those of other ornithologists, it is an undeniable fact that the Broad-winged Hawk rarely attacks birds, and when it does they are generally young just from the nest. In the woods the small birds pay little attention to this Hawk and show no fear in its presence. Mr. James W. Banks found the remains of three unfledged thrushes in the stomach of one killed near St. John, New Brunswick. (*Auk*, vol. 1, 1884, p. 96).

Among mammals the smaller squirrels and wood mice are most frequently taken, though field mice and shrews also are found in the stomach contents.

During August and September a considerable portion of the food consists of larvæ of certain large moths which are common at this season, notably those of the elm sphinx (*Ceratonia amyntor*); of the Cecropian moth (*Attacus cecropia*) and of the Polyphemus moth (*Telega polyphemus*), and it is the exception not to find and their remains in the stomachs examined. Grasshoppers, crickets, and beetles are also greedily devoured.

The following quotations bear on the subjects of this hawk's food:

Audubon says: "In the stomach of this bird I found wood frogs, portions of small snakes, together with feathers, and the hair of several small specimens of quadrupeds." (*Ornith. Biography*, vol. I, p. 463).

Mr. J. W. Preston says: "Their food consists of small squirrels, frogs, and, in fact, any small quarry easily captured. Never have I known them to molest the poultry." (*Ornith. and Oologist*, vol. XIII, 1883, p. 20).

Mr. J. G. Wells, speaking of the bird in the West Indies, says: "Numerous; feeds on lizards, rats, snakes, young birds, etc., and occasionally makes a raid on the poultry." (*Proc. U. S. Nat. Mus.*, vol. IX, 1886, p. 622).

Dr. F. W. Langdon says: "The stomach of a specimen of this hawk taken at Madisonville in April, 1877, contained the greater part of the skeleton and hair of a small wooden mouse (*Arvicola austerus*), a lizard (*Eumeces*) about 6 inches long, and ten or twelve small beetles, with numerous elytra of the same." (*Journ. Cincinnati Soc. Nat. Hist.*, vol. 1, p. 116).

Dr. B. H. Warren gives the following: "In twelve specimens examined by myself, four revealed mice; three, small birds; four, frogs; one, killed the 22nd of May, 1882, was gorged with crayfish, with which were traces of coleopterous insects." (*Birds of Pennsylvania*, 1888, p. 91).

## The Rockwood Review.

The only act of the Broad-winged Hawk which seems injurious to agriculture is the killing of toads and small snakes; the former of which are exclusively insect-eaters, the latter very largely so. In one respect its enormous value ranks above all other birds, and that is in the destruction of immense numbers of injurious larvae of large moths, which most birds are either unable or disinclined to cope with. The good service it does should insure it the protection extended to the other Buteos.

The following species of mammals were positively identified among the stomach contents: *Sciurus hudsonicus*, *Arvicola riparius*, *Arvicola pinetorum*, *Scalops aquaticus*, *Blarina brevicauda*, *Blarina b. carolinensis*, *Tamias striatus*, *Lepus sylvaticus*, *Mus decumanus*. The nest, which is placed in a fork of either an evergreen or deciduous tree, usually is not over 25 feet from the ground, though occasionally it is situated in the tops of the highest trees. Sometimes this hawk appropriates the deserted nests of some other bird, notably that of the crow, or even uses for the foundation the outside canopy of the squirrel. The nest which averages a little larger than that of the crow, is composed of dead sticks and lined with strips of bark, or with dry or green leaves. The eggs, of which the complement is usually two or three, are deposited from the middle to the latter part of May, consequently this species is among the latest of the hawks to breed. The male assists in incubating the eggs as well as in the duties pertaining to bringing up the young.

Of all our Hawks this species seems to be the most unsuspecting often allowing a person to approach within a few yards of it, and when started flies but a short distance before it alights again. During the early summer the Broad-winged Hawk often may be seen sitting for hours on the dead top of some high tree. At other

times it is found on the smaller trees in the deep woods, along streams, or on the ground, where its food is more often procured. Although sluggish and unusually heavy in its flight, it is capable of rapid motion and sometimes soars high in the air. One of its notes resembles quite closely that of the wood pewee.

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ALL the world 's a stage, and all the people thereon would rather play than work.

HIS WIFE—Now don't fergit while ye're in the city to get some uv them 'lectric-light plants we heern so much about. We kin jis 'ez well raise 'em ourselves, an' save kerosene."

An enthusiastic professor was advocating the advantages of athletic exercise. "The Roman youths he cried," used to swim three times across the Tiber before breakfast." A Scotch student smiled, at which the irate professor exclaimed: "Mr. McAllister, why do you smile? We shall be glad to share your amnsement." The canny Scot replied, "I was just thinking, sir, that the Roman youths must have left their clothes on the wrong bank at the end of the swim."

NOT OLD AGE.—"Well, John, how are you to-day?" said a Scotch minister to one of his parishioners on meeting him on the road. "Gey weel, sir—gey weel," replied John, cautiously, "gin et wasna for the rheumatism in my richt leg." "Ah, weel, John, be thankful; for there is no mistake, you are getting old like the rest of us, and old age doesn't come alone." "Auld age, sir!" returned John; "I won'er to hear ye! Auld age hae nothing to do w't. Here's my other leg jist as auld an' it 's quite sound and soople yet."



## The Rockwood Review.

A MEAN man is more to be dreaded than a mean animal. A man's superior intelligence enables him to do meaner things.

AT THE TELEPHONE—A business house in Aberdeen, Scotland, recently engaged as office-boy a raw country youth. It was part of his duties to attend to the telephone in his master's absence. When first called upon to answer the bell to the usual query, "Are you there?" he nodded assent. Again the question came, and still again, and each time the boy gave an answering nod. When the question came for the fourth time, however, the boy, losing his temper, roared through the telephone: "Man, a' ye blin? I've been noddin' me head off fort' last hauf 'oor!"

THE GRATITUDE OF SNAKER—Here is the latest snake story, told by a Western man: "One day, some twenty odd years ago, while out hunting in the woods near Kickapoo Creek, I found a large rattlesnake lying torpid. It was a cold day and I passed him by, noticing that he had nine rattles. Soon afterwards I went to California, and on returning eighteen years later, I took an early occasion to go on another little hunt. Passing by the same place as before, I ran upon a snake again, much larger and with twenty-seven rattles, which I concluded was the same one I had seen on my previous trip. It was another cold day, and his Majesty was stiff with the cold. I gathered him up and took him home and tlawed him out. He became a great pet and made himself at home in and around the house. I lived in the suburbs of the town, and one warm night when I had left the windows open, I was awakened by an unusual noise. I found a burglar had entered the house and the snake had coiled himself around the bed-post and partly around the burglar, and had his tail out of the window rattling for the police. This case shows that the reptiles are not devoid of gratitude.

Lime wash is good for hens but bad for lice. Now is the time to use it.

Rhubarb or pie plant makes excellent shade for the chicks and is easily grown and profitable. It should be more generally used in fauciers' yards.

A WISE LITTLE GEORGIAN ON KISSING—Vivian is one of the bright youngsters at Kimball. "Why is it, papa," he asked last evening "that Governor Gordon went to Ohio just to kiss a man? I would have kissed a woman."—Atlanta Constitution.

A LITTLE flaxen-haired girl asked her mamma the other day if she could take her best doll to heaven with her when she died. "No, child, of course not," replied the fond mamma. "Then can I take my next best doll to heaven?" continued the child." No; they don't have any dolls in heaven, answered the mother. "Then I'll just take my old black doll Susan and go to hell," said the little one with a most determined air.

CHARACTER NOT GOOD—In some rural districts of England there are held annually hiring fairs, where farmers and others attend to engage servants. At one held in Gloucestershire last autumn a farmer opens negotiations with a lad who seemed suitable for his purpose. Various questions having been asked and answered, the farmer inquired at last:

"Hast got a character from thy last place?"

"No," replied the boy; "but my old gaffer be about somewhere, and I can get he to write I one."

"Very well," was the reply, "thee get it and meet I here again at four o'clock."

The time came, so did the farmer and the boy.

"Hast got thy character?" was the query. The answer came short and sharp:

"No; but I ha' got thine, and I bean't a-coming."

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