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The Rockwood Review

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,
DEVOTED TO LITERATURE,
NATURAL HISTORY,
AND LOCAL NEWS.

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The Rockwood Review.

VOL. I.

KINGSTON, DECEMBER 1ST, 1894.

No. 10.

ECHOES FROM THE SPORTS.

Who thought of Kennedy as champion? He was a veritable dark horse.

Dehaney is a clever athlete, and Telgmann a very fast spinter. It is doubtful if many in Kingston can beat this pair.

Coxworthy is not as high as a steeple, but is the liveliest man of his inches in town. He has a head too, and is as graceful as a deer in vaulting.

Gilmour was unfortunate in injuring himself so early in the day. He is a good athlete, and will puzzle some of the cracks next time.

The contestants in the Comic Race were mistaken for Ottawa footballers. They had swelled heads.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The "Conviction of Pang Chou," a breezy story, by Miss Parton, of Stratford, will appear next month.

Wild geese were flying north on November 3rd.

We are pleased to see Mr. A. Cameron going about again, apparently as well as ever.

We are in receipt of an interesting communication from the far off wilds of Leeds. Our correspondent states that he understands we want a tame bear, and offers to sell us one, which he says he holds at \$50. We have advised him to continue holding it at any price, and hope that his grip is as powerful as that

of Hercules. We assure our friends that we have no use for tame bears, baby elephants, performing leopards, boxing kangaroos or wrestling lions. Our tastes are quite simple, and we can struggle through life with nothing more ferocious in the way of pets than a few Gordon Setters, a Great Dane, a Fox Terrier and an occasional quail on toast.

The football season has been one of surprises, but who doubts the statement that Kingston is the cradle of Canadian football, and when fourteen hundred people turn out to see a match on such a day as the memorable 3rd of November—the inference is plain—Kingston loves Rugby.

Already the changes occasioned by the opening of Brockville Asylum are taking place. Dr. Buchan has left Rockwood and gone to London. Dr. Forster has come to Rockwood. Dr. Beemer takes charge of Mimico, and Dr. Murphy is the Superintendent of Brockville. This makes a great change in all the Institutions, but we are told it nothing to what will occur in a short time, when the Napoleons of Organization get in their fine work; then it is said all officers will put their names in a hat and draw for positions. It has been suggested that the game of Pussy wants a Corner, for all of the officials, would be a good way of settling the difficulties of the present situation. It is all right as far as the officers are concerned, but what about the supervisors who want to get married?

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

Dr. Buchan and family left Rockwood on the 15th inst., and we sincerely trust that they will be very happy in London. On the evening of the 14th, a presentation was made to Dr. Buchan, by the officers and employees, who felt more than sorry to part with their good friend. A beautiful onyx topped, lacquered brass table, and a chaste table ornament, were the articles given, and suitable addresses were made by Drs. Clarke and Buchan. Dr. B. said that he had not felt so much embarrassed since he "popped the question," but as we have no way of gauging his embarrassment on that occasion, we can only guess at the condition of affairs. At all events, everybody seemed a good deal upset, and the Dr. and his family have left many warm friends in Rockwood.

Birds in bonnets are again the fashion, and the intense young lady who can gush over the horrors of vivisection, talk about the cruelty of the heartless carter, who whips his horse viciously, even join the Humane Society, and talk learnedly about over checks and wire bits, can still go to Church with "birds in her bonnet," and forget that she has wilfully encouraged an atrocity that has rarely been approached in this century. When we see the thousands and tens of thousands of warblers, terns, thrushes and other birds of beautiful plumage, cruelly sacrificed to satisfy the thoughtless mandates of heartless fashion, we cannot but marvel at the indignation professed by those misinformed ones, who rage because of the disappearance of our native birds, as a result of the advent of the English Sparrow. The English Sparrow has some sins to answer for, but he certainly destroys myriads of insects; unfortunately he is not big enough to remove the worst of the lost, viz, the "hat bird hunter."

McIver—At Rose Cottage, on the 25th Oct., '94, the wife of Arch. McIver of a son.

Dr. Clarke, Chas. M. Clarke and Wm. Shea visited the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, on the 12th Nov., and gave a Magic Lantern Entertainment to the young folks of the Institution. They came home delighted with their outing, and convinced of the fact that the Institution is at the top of the tree. As for the Printing Office, it is one of these spotless places, where a genuine printer's devil would feel it necessary to grow wings of snowy white, if he expected to have a good time. No wonder the Canadian Mute is the best printed paper in Ontario.

The football season is over, and we have something to show for the broken noses, jaws and shins that seem to be the inevitable accompaniment of championship records. Queen's has the Ontario Championship, and although beaten by a narrow margin for the Interprovincial, is without doubt the better team. Her men were badly battered in the Hamilton match, and as Capt. Curtis reasonably urged, unfit to appear on the field when forced to do so by the arbitrary Toronto people. The spirit of true gentlemanly sport is too often forgotten by the Toronto majority, and although we have little sympathy with the Hometown cry, still a few such cases of getting a championship by "hook or crook," as the notorious "Lorne" steal, will make the smaller cities detest Toronto more than ever. The Granites are junior champions, in fact if not in name, as a score of 42 to 23 shows, and yet the Lornes keep the Cup. Our Sports should be free from suspicion of unfairness, and Hamilton and Kingston have shown an example of honesty this year, that might be copied with benefit by the Queen City.

NOVEMBER.

November has come with its frost
and rain,
And the wind has a wintry sound,
And the last leaves fly past the win-
dow pane,
And the dry ones strew the ground.

The last of the asters are sheltering
now,
'Neath the scrub oak's red leaved
screen,
And the rock-ferns crown the cliff's
gray brow
With a sombre wreath of green.

The wintergreen in the pine wood
shows
Its berries of scarlet hue,
But gone is the time when golden
rod blows,
And gone are the gentians blue.

The river beats on its steep rock
walls,
With a hoarse and muffled roar,
And the pelting rain drop falls and
falls,
And the shells lie high on shore.

November is here, let our hearts be
light,
Though the skies are gloomy
gray;
Let our hearts be light and our
faces bright,
Who cares for a rainy day?

D. W. K.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

'Neath the dome of her broad, high
palace-hall,
So blue, so vast, so fair,
A festival, summer had holden, for
all
Who would pay her homage there.
In vestures of every form and hue,
Purples and yellows, pinks and
blues,
They came from everywhere.

They frolicked and danced to their
heart's content,
To the music of birds, and bees;
Till the Queen, weary, this mes-
sage sent,
"We are tired of joys like these.
Come, let us go sleep in our cham-
bers deep."
They followed her then, but she
heard them weep;
And, "Good-by, sweet flowers,"
sang the breeze.

But scarce had they vanished to
slumber, and rest,
Than a gorgeous motley throng,
Marshaled by autumn, with spirit
and zest,
Came, singing their festive song.
Brown and golden, amber and red,
Varied, and tinted so much, 'tis
said,
A rainbow seemed fallen down.

They madly danced 'neath the hazy
light
Of the sun's fast shortening rays;
And they wildly whirled through
the long cool night,
In the moon-beams' glistening ways,
Faster and faster their maze they
wove,
O'er hill and valley, o'er plain and
grove.
And the wind its minstrelsy plays.

Till, one by one, from their giddy
height,
They suddenly, fluttr'ing, fell;
And still in their robes so fiery
bright,
Formed shivering heaps in some
desolate dell;
And the skeleton trees their thin
arms wrung,
And the wailing wind a wierd dirge
sung,
But none could their sorrow tell.

ALIEL.

**SHE DREAMT SHE DWELT IN
MARBLE HALLS.**

"And oh! Mother, I felt so sorry for little Johnnie Perkins and Willie White this afternoon, for it was awfully cold and stormy, and they had such a long walk all the way from school to where they live at Invermere, that I really couldn't help it. Don't you think, Mother, there might be a bed somewhere in the school house, where little boys like that could sleep on stormy nights?" "I don't know dear, where there could be room for such a bed, or whether the little boys would care to use it if there was one," said the Mother, as she tucked little Brenda into her warm nest. "Indeed, Mother, I think they would. There would be lots of room for it in the Museum Room. It's a nice cosy place with all the birds and things, and I believe I'll speak to Miss Bryce about it, for she is sorry for the little boys too. Now, Mother, you can read to me, please, till I go to sleep. Don't stop because you see my eyes shut, I like to shut them and think about what you read. You can go right through the book from "Little Tom Tucker" to the "House that Jack Built," and don't stop because my eyes are shut, but speak to me, and if I don't answer, you'll know I am asleep. Good night, Mother dear." So Mother read on, and hadn't gone very far—had only got, in fact, through "Little Tom Tucker," and the owl that lived in an oak, "whisky, waskey weedle," when the regular breathing of the unresponsive child told that she had ceased to have any waking thoughts about anything whatever. Now it ought to be told, right here, that Brenda's school really had a "Museum Room," in which all sorts and conditions of curiosities were gathered from all sorts of places, and by

all sorts of people, and were put under the special care of Janitor Brown, who wouldn't have slept in his bed that night, if he could have seen and heard as Brenda did, the strange sights and sounds which met her eyes and filled her ears. Johnnie Perkins and Willie White were in a funny little trundle bed, under a great case, on which was a label printed in large letters with the words "ORDER ANSERES." There were a dozen well mounted birds inside, with various hard looking words on tickets attached to wing and foot, of which Johnnie and Willie and other small boys, who tried to pronounce them, simply made "ducks and drakes." When Brenda stepped in the little boys woke up, and didn't seem a bit surprised to see her, and simply said "Hello," after the approved manner of all boys and telephone girls. "You've had a good sleep," said Brenda. "Sleep, nothin'!" said Willie, "but Jack has been asleep for ever so long." "No siree," said Johnnie, "at least, I wasn't for morn'a minit, but you was, and you snored awful." Just then Brenda discovered little Katie Bell, who always sat beside her in school, curled up in front of the great treasure of the collection, a fine brown bear, shot within the limits of the County, and which a clever boy in the school, who knew something about everything, but who unfortunately didn't know everything about something, had named "Ephriam," probably for the reason that it wasn't a "grizzly." Katie's curls rested upon one of bruin's paws, and her arm was thrown affectionately around his nose. Before Brenda had time to see whether Katie was asleep or awake, she heard some one behind her say, "How do you do?" and turning round quickly, beheld an animal she had never seen before, and

which she was quite sure had never seen her, and didn't belong to the Museum. He was rather ugly in appearance, with a sour, stingy looking face, and Brenda, who had been going to say politely, "I'm ve y well, thank you," drew back instead and stammered: "I don't know you." "My name is Ourang Outang, f. om Central Africa," said the stranger, "and I wasn't speaking to you, but to my small relative in there," and he nodded towards a marmoset in a case close by. "Can that pretty little fellow be a relative of yours?" asked Brenda in surprise: "is he your first cousin?" "Hardly that, I think," said Ourang Outang rather abstractedly. "Then, maybe he is your last cousin," ventured Brenda. "No, I think not," was the answer. "In fact they do say that's yourself," and he moved off muttering something about having to set the table, leaving Brenda very much puzzled and on the whole rather displeased, but she made up her mind that he was an ugly creature anyway, and really didn't know what he was talking about. Just then a bell rang, loud and insistent, and a magpie, perched on a branch near by, called out in a complaining tone: "There's the dinner bell and the table not set, dear, dear, dear!" Brenda didn't see any table, and was going to tell the magpie so, when suddenly all the birds and animals began to talk, and looking round, she saw a table, and it was set too,—quite a long table with a place for everybody. Brenda was puzzling over it, and in walked a long procession of strange animals, one by one. An elephant came first, and Brenda was sure there never had been an elephant there before. Perhaps Mr. Brown kept him in the basement or in the kindling wood chest, and fed him on the confiscated gum and apples, and abandoned lunches. Was it a pang of

jealousy that seized her, as she saw him walk past her, over to Katie Bell and gently lifting her in his trunk, placed her in a chair and sat down beside her at the table? For Katie had on a lovely pink silk frock, pink shoes and stockings and a wide hat with a fine feather in it, while Brenda realized all at once that she was wearing one of her old school pinafores, with a hole in it too. Johnnie and Willie were suddenly alert and ranged themselves on each side of the giraffe, who had hung up a pail on a hook in the opposite wall, and was eagerly eating his dinner from it. Just then Brenda was lifted into a seat, with little ceremony, and looking round, saw that she was beside Ourang Outang, and felt more certain than ever that he wasn't any cousin of hers, first or last though he was evidently anxious to thus politely assert his claims to relationship. "Stop there," said the elephant, calling down the giraffe; "telescope your neck till everyone is seated. Now, all ready. I'm hungry as a hunter. Pass the macaroons; where, and oh where, are my macaroons?" and he trumpeted so loudly that all the plates rattled, but nobody seemed to mind. "Here's your baron of beef," said the bear, placing a huge dish in front of the mouse. "And this curry powder is for you, brother snail." "I don't want it," querulously said the snail; "give me strawberry jam on the shell; rats and mice may have their choice and surely I'll have mine." It was feeding time in earnest now, and for five minutes the clatter of knives and forks, the smacking of lips and the eager drinking of deep draughts, caused Johnnie to say to Willie, "Ain't this like threshing day at home?" "Music is next in order," said the elephant, and then he bluntly added, "Will the rhinoceros be good enough to blow his own horn?"

That animal cornetist responded with a solo, which was played so low that nobody heard it. The applause was vociferous, nevertheless. Then the Hippopotamus noted "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and grunted as all professionals do, "Starboard Watch, Ahoy!" Hasn't he wonderful chest notes?" Brenda heard the Partridge ask the Pig. "Chestnuts, I thought them," was the surly reply. "But then," said Brenda to herself, "what can you expect from a pig but a grunt?" A Grasshopper who had been eagerly devouring canned turkey, handed the tin, which he had emptied, to the Carrier Pigeon, requesting that it might be given to the Goat with his compliments. But the Goat was just finishing a section of ORTHOCERAS, which he and the Ostrich had found amongst the geological specimens, and told the Pigeon he didn't want tin cans to-night, for constant use of this edible had caused it to pall upon his appetite, and he went on talking to the Oyster, who sat by his side, about the latest fashion in beards. An ancient Raven called across the table to the Blackbird, who sat next to the Bullfrog, who would a wooing go, and recommended him to try a little tongue; but the Blackbird declined the delicacy, explaining that a recent indulgence in nose, during his encounter with the King's laundry maid, had seriously impaired his digestion. At this stage, the Elephant, blowing his trumpet once more, and waving his ears to attract attention, demanded "Order," and proceeded to inform the company, that his friend, Jim Crow, had kindly offered to tell a story about an old woman, a distant connection of their valued friend who lived in a shoe. Everybody shouted: "Jim Crow's story," and after much hemming and cawing, Jim cocked his eyes, and began, "There was an

old woman, who lived under the hill, and, she's there yet, if — she hasn't gone." Wings were flapped, tails whirled and hoofs pounded in approval of this wonderful performance. And in the midst of the hurricane of applause, Brenda said to herself, "I think I've heard it before, but it doesn't sound quite right." And then she closed her eyes to think about it, and, suddenly opening them again, saw her mother standing by her bed, in her own little room. "Oh! Mother, it was all right! Johnnie and Willie didn't have to go home in the storm after all, but slept in the Museum, and what do you think, Mother? Katie Bell was there with just a lovely dress! It wasn't quite so nice as Beauty's dress, in the book, where she marries the Beast after he's turned into the Prince, but still it was a VERY nice dress, you know; and oh Mother! the Orang Outang said I was his lost cousin, and —." And that is how Mother knew all about the wonderful night in the "Museum Room," where Brenda dreamt she dwelt in marble halls, and Janitor Brown was of no account whatever.

THE MARCHIONESS.

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GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—

Shall I tell you something of what I knew of Upper Canada fifty years ago? On the 23rd of June, 1844, I, a young fellow in my eighteenth year, full of hope and high resolve, first set foot upon its soil, at a small village dignified by the name of Port Robinson, on the Welland Canal. I was born in an eastern county of Old England, in a sleepy and ancient city, built by the Romans, established by the Britons, possessed by the Saxons, captured by the Normans, won and lost, again and again, as the fortune of war determined, by the people and contending factions springing from these various elements, and, after an active life for several centuries, dozing away its existence until the free trade of the nineteenth century gave it a renewed vitality and energetic re-awakening. From this semi-Roman, semi-Medieval city, to a land unknown to the civilized world until the early days of that old city were almost lost in the fogs of the "good old times," seemed to be a great step, but the change was, in many of its main features, more one of imagination than of reality. What the old land had acquired through centuries of experience became the property of the new country, in greater or shorter time, and to make a home in the Niagara district, in the forties, was to find it speedily surrounded by a state of things, in so far as mere necessary comforts went, not very far behind that existing in the old world beyond the huge Atlantic waves. But there is a greater difference between the Canada of to-day and that of half a century ago, than there is between the England of the Nineties and that of the Forties. On dress, homes, travel, education,

food, speech—on every particular of daily life, in fact—the stamp of progress has been put. Often and generally, this change is for the better; in some matters its value is dubious. The world has truly moved onward, dark places have been made bright, and modernity has done its effective work.

"I am not, however, about to deal with the present: I sit down to tell you a little of the past. Let us begin with the Dress of fifty years since, and take the ordinary farmer of that day as our lay-figure. Heavy full-cloth satinette, coarse linsey-woolsey, all of home manufacture, comfortable, strong, and serviceable, formed the staple of his wear. Stoga boots and straw hats generally completed his costume. In winter his head dress was often a cap of fur, the trophy of some victory over a denizen of our forests, and for the season re-placed the almost universal straw. Home-made wincey and flannel, with a calico dress, and a black orleans or alpacha for "best wear," were the pride and ambition of the farmer's wife. Canada tweeds were unknown, fine store bought flannels were little used, a black silk dress was a rarity. Woollen hoods in winter, a straw hat or sun-bonnet in summer, with a go-to-meetin' hat or bonnet, formed the head-gear of our gentle country cousins. Plug hats were a rarity, producible at funerals, and were regarded as a venerable remnant of old country finery. Broad leaved hats of felt were the outcome of the visit made to America by Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, some years later. Town folk made a near approach to European fashions, but they were often a year or two behind the mother land. Food, which is ever regarded as at least next in importance to dress, partook of a similar simplicity. Salt meat, eggs and potatoes were the staple

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edible after bread. Fresh meat, in country parts, was, at some seasons, a comparative luxury. Veal was obtainable in spring, mutton in summer, and beef or pork in the fall or winter, while poultry was generally marketed as soon as possible after the fattening stubbles were exhausted. Fancy groceries were actual luxuries. I have seen imported currants sold at "three yorkers," $37\frac{1}{2}$ cents per pound, and raisins often commanded a "quarter." Tea was dear, although duties were low, and frequently brought a dollar, and Coffee, cheaper in proportion, was more freely used. Native fruit was cheap. Peaches were bought of the tree in the Niagara district for 25 cents a bushel, apples had little commercial value, unless dried, and cherries could be had, away from the towns, at 25 cents "a tree," the purchaser picking off the fruit. Ale and beer were obtainable of drinkable quality, in town, but little of either reached country parts. Cider was more often used, the most desired being "frozen," so that the watery element was eliminated, and a very potent intoxicant produced. Whiskey, the common drink of the country, could be had at the numerous distilleries, by the barrel, at 16 and 20 cents the gallon, and there were few bees, loggings, and raisings, at which it was not more freely dispensed than water, and there was a prevalent opinion that it was much more wholesome. Venison, now a luxury, was a common article of food in many sections, and obtainable at three or four cents a pound. Wild pigeons, pheasants, or partridges, wild duck and quail were offered at figures which would be startling to people with modern ideas of value. Maple sugar and molasses were as common an article for "trading" transactions in country stores as home made straw

hats, butter, dried apples, timothy seed, socks, whittled butter ladles, and axe helvies. Dwellings were more advanced, probably, in proportion to the age of a settlement, than food or dress. While the majority of houses were of logs—the first building material used by the settlers in a wooden country—frame buildings rapidly superseded them in older settlements, and preceded the more substantial erections of brick and stone which now so liberally deck the landscape in many of our farming districts. There was not much of what is termed architectural beauty or even variety, but then as now solid comfort was the distinguishing feature of Canadian homes. The open fire-place in the living room, the huge back-log, the piled up fire on winter nights, which often afforded light as well as warmth, held undisputed sway before the growing scarcity of fuel made the dark and frowning cook stove a sad and unavoidable necessity. That fireside was a home institution from which men and women of fifty years since grudgingly cast loose; and many look back with regret to the day when the andirons kept in place the crackling logs, and the griddle, swung over the blazing or evening fire, sent forth sweet music to the hungry crowd of boys and girls, as the sizzling lard or chunk of fat pork made it ready for the batter whence came those steaming buck wheat cakes, of cinnamon brown on either side, and which, piping hot, were food for gods or hardy backwoodsmen. Fifty years back, the cattle on the hills, the sheep in the meadow, the hogs in the beech woods, the cows in the corn, and the horses and oxen at the plough, were further apart from their successors of to-day than aught else that Canada has brought forth. But few paid attention to breed or pedigree. The

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pail was the test of the cow, and other points were nowhere. Beef wasn't King. Butter was the magic wand with which the good housewife filled her tea caddy, replenished the sugar bowl, secured her bonnet, or renewed those store clothes which it was so often the darling desire of her heart to possess. Nearly every "boughten" thing owned by her came from the churn, or the plundered products of the hennerly. If cows were "mixed," swine, the pork factors, were as ugly as their famous possessor, who, we are told, once drove them pell-mell into the sea, and they wore manes as do wild boars you may yet see in a menagerie. Sheep, in the majority, of the merino breed, were small, and seldom approached even the doubtful beauty of their progenitor, an animal of no value for mutton and as ugly, when poorly bred, as a camel, a sunfish hog or a kangaroo. Cattle were sometimes large when, at four or five years old, they reached maturity, but even then, they were bony, coarse, and more of active than of adipose tendencies. There were but few men known as breeders of thorough bred stock, and importers of such animals could have their names counted upon less than the fingers of both hands, and it may be added that where they did exist they were regarded as "lunies." The Provincial Exhibition had not yet begun its work of instruction, and "book farming" was at a fearful discount. Horses, spry and active, and manageable, were the best and most valued product of the farm, for every farmer was more or less a horseman. Here was one of the chief redeeming features of rural life, and I often think that for general purposes, the farmer of that long ago knew better what suited Canadian requirements than his successor of the present time. In other words, the average

horse, of fifty years since, came more closely to one's idea of fitness of things than his more pretentious and it may be better pedigreed successor. People didn't seek to drive "Clydes" over country roads half a century back. partly, it may be, because no heavy horses had found their way to Canada, but largely because there was no common use for them. We hadn't "Clydes," or other heavy weights, or "twenty" speeders in the ring, or racers, worthy of the name, but we were justly proud of a patient, lively, useful, fair sized animal, an all round equine friend, in every young horse we saw; and if he didn't fetch fancy prices he was worth more money than the average horse of to-day, could do quite as much if not more work, and was as hardy and useful upon the road as on the farm. I don't sigh for him, but would welcome his return, and would willingly trade off some of the lumbering, clumsy, heavy weights for his more active frame and firmer muscle. But in Roads our up-to-date style of doing things has every advantage, while even better highways are promised. Talk of mud, with a big M—, why you don't know the meaning of the word, unless you go into the wilderness, and attack a slough, or attempt to cross a swamp. And what can you tell of corduroys, cross-ways, and culverts, and jolting bridges, of mud holes, wide and deep, of ditches ever absent where most needed, and huge stumps round which wagon wheels or sled slipped or bumped, of sticky clay piled into yawning chasms, or of big boulders dumped into a hole only to make jumping, groaning, creaking, squeaking wheels work a wider margin of sloppy, slushy, indescribable confusion? Think of the weary drive—nay tramp—to mill or market of fifty years ago, if you can

conjure up the ideal horror, and compare it with the ease with which the journey is now performed. Talk of bad roads, as some do nowadays, who are anxious to find a grievance, and laugh, as I cannot help doing, when thinking how easy it is to forget more than they ever knew on the subject. Roads, in these days of progress, are made by townships, or companies or counties, or even governments, patent road scrapers, good staunch ploughs, and stump lifters, when necessary. In old times, spades, hoes, axes—especially axes—brawn, muscle, good-will, handspikes, and a long pull, and a pull all together, were the prime factors in the production of a travellable crossway, and a meandering pathway through stumps and big boulders as numerous as flocks of wild pigeons used to be. But I must leave the rest of my story untold until next month.

GRANDFATHER.

LETTERS.

LANCASTER.

October 18th.

Dear Editors of the "Review":—

November is upon us, and I am now writing the letter that I should have written two months ago. It was in September, I think, that I saw a bird in an apple tree, which may have been the same one mentioned in one of the letters in the June number, but I cannot remember it right now. It was a large bird, as big as a good sized Robin, perhaps bigger, and bright scarlet all over, with the exception of some few bars of black on the wings, maybe, but I do not remember. I do not expect to be told what it is from such a vague description, but we hunted up every bird that had the least spot of scarlet, crimson or orange, in Dr. Ross' Birds of Can-

ada, and it differed from them all. Another bird, however, I can describe accurately. I saw it but a week or so ago. Two or three of them came and settled under the window in our next neighbor's garden, but it was so near that we saw them perfectly. They were about six inches long with the tail, which must have been two inches, I should think. The top of head, shoulders and back were a deep ash gray, with chesnut stripes on the lower ends of the long wing feathers, and lower end of back, and when they flew two distinct stripes of white were seen on the tail. The under parts were a dusky white, tinged with a sort of yellowy gray. The bill was yellow. They were, in fact, nearly the same size as the Sparrows, but more slender. Could you give me any idea of what they were?

If as you say, stories about animals are particularly acceptable to your paper, I know the biographies of some half a dozen pets which we have had at different times.

Lancaster is poor in Spring Flowers, but rich in some of the Autumn ones. Two species of the Gentian, the Closed, *Gentiana Andrewsii*, the Fringed Gentian, and the Lady's Tresses, *Spiranthes Gracilis* and also the purple *Gerardia*, abound here, especially the second and third. The Closed Gentian is eighteen inches high. On first picking it, we thought it was in bud, till we found it in the book. It has deep green leaves, and four or five very blue flowers (almost ultramarine), coming out all together at the top of the stem, in an umber like bunch, and also in the axiles of the leaves, and rather the shape of a shelled almond, or a little bag closed at the top. It grows in rich, wet meadows or ditches.

I have often noticed that flowers which make a pretty combination

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

are often combined by nature. The Aster and the Golden Rod, who has not seen them decking the roadside with violet and gold? So it is with the Fringed Gentian and Lady's Tresses. I found them in a field, and it was as blue and white with them as it is with violets in the springtime. The Fringed Gentian was of the shorter kind. It is a lovely flower, prettier than the Closed. I don't think this short species ever grows higher than ten inches, the specimens I saw did not. The stems are rather dark colored, and the leaves and flowers all point straight upward. The flowers do not grow all on one stem, but often several stems rise straight from the root, and bear two or three cup or bell shaped azure blossoms. They are more bell shaped, but stand straight up. In cloudy weather they remain closed, and only in the sunshine do the four petals turn back their fringed buds and exhibit the insides of the bells. These bells are about an inch long. Bryant says of these flowers that they are "Blue, blue as if the sky let fall, a flower from its cerulean wall," and that is a perfect description. The plant and stem are dry, not very green or juicy.

The Lady's Tress is an Orchis. It grows about nine inches high, and has two long slender green leaves, rising from the root and spreading out rather flat. Between these leaves rises a straight, single stem, round, smooth and green, (first white near root.) As soon as the blossoms begin, this stem curls round with spiral ridges, and the small, white flowers follow the spiral. The whole forms a spike of great beauty, and attractive to the eye if a number of plants besprinkle the field. The flower is finely fringed, and smells very sweet. Turas brown easily when gathered, and is nearly always in company with the

Fringed Gentian. The Purple Gerardia grows eight inches high, flowers like those of a fox glove, pointing up a little, rose purple. All these flowers do not bloom now, but in September and beginning of October I am not sure but some forlorn Gentians might show their blue eyes in November, but it is doubtful. In Brockville, where I lived nearly three years, there were endless and pretty varieties of the Golden Rod and Asters. I remember gathering a November bouquet of small Rock Ferns, that love the cliff, and a Wintergreen, three inches high, three dark green shiny leaves tasting of wintergreen, and from one to three scarlet berries. The combination was pretty, and very good to brighten the house in place of flowers. It was then the middle or end of November. I must close now, and if you think this fit to print, why print it. I have described those flowers, (with which you are perhaps familiar), as well as I could, thinking some of the readers of the REVIEW might not have seen them, as they do not grow everywhere. I enjoy the REVIEW very much. The Trip on Wheels is exceedingly interesting, as are also the Field Notes. With all good wishes for the REVIEW, and hoping it is not too late for this to appear, if it be at all worth the trouble of printing, I remain, yours sincerely, D. W. K.

1st Bird—Without doubt, the Scarlet Tanager.

2nd—Probably the Vesper Sparrow.

Streaked everywhere above—lesser wing coverts, chesnut, and one to three outer pairs of tail feathers, white; above grayish brown, the streaking dusky and brown, with grayish white—below, white usually, buffy tinged.

C. K. C.

THE ROCKWOOD SPORTS.

Last year saw no sports at Rockwood, but this season there was a revival of interest in the matter, and for a month before the date, (Oct. 31st.,) "dark horses" were prancing about the Grounds at all sorts of unseemly hours. The records that were broken in private were legion those smashed in public, not so numerous. The weather that has not been propitious to sports this fall, was just right this day. The sun smiled his broadest, almost a haw-haw, when he saw the athletes gather at the main door, at two p.m. Some of these were slim as to their ankles and stout as to their calves, others were vice versa, and all chewed gum with a determination that showed a do or die spirit. The athlete who can't or doesn't chew gum in these days is of no account. The first event took place in the Rink. Kingston and Portsmouth contributed largely to the crowd of spectators, and when the first contest, that of putting the shot, came off, many hundreds were present. Billy Shea had made a record two days before by putting the shot where no one could find it, so was excluded from this trial of strength.

The four legged Race made plenty of fun, and seems to have the same sort of difficulties as one encounters in rubbing his chin and patting his leg at the same time. The potato Race fell to the nimble Coxworthy, who seemed to be nearer to his work than Giant George. It is useless to attempt to follow the details of the different events, but several incidents of an exciting kind took place. In the 100 yard Dash, two of the contestants got off before the pistol, and the Brush Shop contingent ran into the inevitable small boy, who was bound to get on the track at any cost. That boy has a faint conception of what

it feels like to stop a trolley car. The finish of the 440 yards Race was one of the events you read of, and two of the contestants staggered over the line, not a foot apart, threw up their arms in a tragic style and fainted. Not so with the others, they may still be on the road, or else may be doing "around the world in forty days" contract, for they have not yet crossed the line. On the whole, the Sports were a grand success, well managed and free from bad feeling.

I. Putting the Shot—1st, Kennedy, 36.9; 2nd, Dehaney, 32.8; 3rd, Shanahan, 29.1.

II. Four-Legged Race—1st Shea, 2nd Shanahan, 3rd, Coxworthy.

III. Running Broad Jump—1st, Kennedy, 16.2; 2nd, Dehaney, 14.7; 3rd, Shanahan, 13.3½.

IV. Potato Race—1st Coxworthy, 2nd Shanahan, 3rd Kennedy.

V. Running High Jump—1st, Gilmour, 4.6; 2nd Kennedy, 3rd Cochrane.

VI. 100 Yards Race—1st Dehaney, 2nd Telgmann, 3rd Gilmour.

VII. Married Men's Race, (over 35.)—1st Potter, 2nd Graham, 3rd Shea.

VIII. Running Hop, Step and Jump—1st, Telgmann, 32 feet; 2nd, Dehaney, 30 feet; 3rd, Cochrane, 30 ft.

IX. Obstacle Race—1st Coxworthy, 2nd Shanahan.

X. Pole Vault—1st, Coxworthy, 6.8; 2nd Kennedy, 3rd Shanahan.

XI. Obstacle Race, (patients only)—1st W. Stewart, 2nd Horn, 3rd J. Stewart.

XII. 440 Yards Race—1st Telgman, 2nd Dehaney, 3rd Shanahan.

XIII. 100 Yards Race, (patients only)—1st W. Stewart, 2nd McDonald, 3rd J. Stewart.

XIV. Comic Race—1st Shea, 2nd Davidson.

XV. Hurdle Race, 120 yards—Telgmann, Kennedy, Dehaney.

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