

Nov 1 - 1896



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Literature, Natural History and
Local News.



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KINGSTON, NOVEMBER 1ST, 1896.

No. 9.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. Thos. McCammon and Mr. John Davidson have gone north on a partridge hunt—the partridge have gone still further north.

MARRIED.—Shannahan—O'Brien. On October 7th, 1896, at the Church of the Good Thief, Portsmouth, James Shannahan to Mary O'Brien.

Kingston is football mad.

We belong to Kingston—therefore we are football mad.

The craze is a healthy one, and useful in the development of the crysanthemum fad—human and floral.

For the time being the greatest man in Kingston is the one who can make the most touchdowns.

If the Granites do not win the Junior Football Championship this year, it will not be for want of faithful and honest practice. These boys play beautiful football, their passing being phenomenal, and when playing matches their good temper and fairness to opponents are always remarkable. This is as it should be that they would defeat Brockville easily was regarded as a foregone conclusion, and their victory was not unlooked for. These youngsters are a surprise to people who do not know what a big race physically Kingstonians are, and it is doubtful if a finer lot of boys from the athletic standpoint can be found in Ontario.

Single men are disappearing from the Rockwood Staff. The few left seem to be rapidly drifting towards annexation with one of the United States—over which the Star Spangled Banner does not wave.

We have to offer congratulations to Mr. Knox Walkem and our Business Manager. These young gentlemen carried off the Championships and the Senior and Junior Medals at the Collegiate sports, and each in his class was far ahead of his competitors.

We regret to say that several children in Portsmouth have been seriously ill. Miss Edith and Miss Gertrude Campbell, Master Stanley Beupre and Master Saunders have been in the General Hospital, but are now making satisfactory progress towards recovery.

For some years past the Cadets of the R. M. C. have fallen from grace in the athletic world, and have been disliked by our local athletes on account of the hostility they displayed to our own own players. This year a welcome change has taken place, the Cadets have proved themselves "gentlemen" in fact as well as in name, and have shown the "true spirit of sport" in a way that has won them the praise of all Canada. Their football team is an excellent one, and they have played the game as it should have been played, fairly and cleanly, under the most discouraging circumstances. They have few to select from, and that they should be able to get together a team to stay in the Senior League is a matter for surprise and congratulation. Their defeat of the much vaunted T. A. C. on Saturday was hailed with delight in every town by Toronto, and if they can do the trick a second time, they will become almost as celebrated a Horatius at the Bridge.

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The sporting proclivities of some of the Rockwood Staff are well known to the community at large. Now that the Iris and Viola have been hauled out, the sailors must look elsewhere for attractions. The skipper of the Iris joined the skipper of the Wildflower and several others, and with a good supply of provisions on board sailed for Hay Bay. By the quantity of deadly weapons carried it was suspected that the destination of the yacht might be Cuba, but the party declared that they were after ducks. The ducks seem to have got wind of the affair, and wild duck does not yet appear on the menu. What did these gentlemen go to Hay Bay for is the question?

The match Queen's vs. Varsity was one of the things worth living for. The day was perfect, the crowd of two thousand excited enthusiasts good tempered if noisy, the struggle fiercely contested and equal, the result not surprising when it is remembered that Queen's has not had time to get in perfect shape. Varsity has reached its best, Queen's will be in shape for the final, when the struggle will recommence on almost equal terms. Queen's has the advantage in forwards, her wings are immeasurably superior to those of Varsity, and she can easily be strengthened in her weak spots behind the line. For almost the first time Wilson failed to accomplish wonders at full back, the half backs did not use good judgment, and the quarter back, while plucky and hard working, was too light and inexperienced for such an important match. Curtis must come out again, and with very little extra effort Queen's can land the championship once more, for Varsity has anything but a first-class team, and has much to learn about good football. Queen's has little combination, Varsity none at all.

George Kennedy is without exception the "squarest" football player on the field, even his opponents expressed sorrow when he was injured in last week's match.

Adam Ballantyne is a good referee. We wish we could find a similar compliment to offer Mr. Bunting.

Randy McLennan is a genius on the touch line, and not only uses his own head, but the other fellow's as well, to great advantage.

Hobbs and Counsell are the real stars on Varsity.

Queen's missed at least three easy chances of scoring.

Ross and Rayside always secure the respect of their opponents and the ball as well.

If Brockville can beat the Kingstons and the T. A. C. can beat Hamilton, and the Cadets can beat Brockville, and the T. A. C. and the Granites can beat the R. M. C., how are we to classify the senior and junior teams?

A beautiful new Aqueduct is being built through Aberdeen Park, Portsmouth. It is in keeping with the chaste ornaments in this exquisite Park around the Town Hall. The structure is being put up by convict labor, and is built of massive slabs of Trenton limestone, unpolished. Next season an ornamental basin for the use of the Portsmouth geese will be advocated by some of the gentlemen who wish to be elected as aldermen. In the meanwhile the geese will still hold high carnival in the usual government haunts at the usual hours. Morning bath in McLeod Basin, seven o'clock; light breakfast in rear of Asylum, eight o'clock; stroll through the grounds till twelve; afternoon reunion and grand review of all the geese in the neighborhood, on tennis lawn, three o'clock; general parade in Redmond's garden till sundown.

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FOOTBALL.

Canada has ever been a nation of athletes, and the Canadian boy who does not love outdoor sports is scarcely worth the name of Canadian. Up to the present time we have taken our games far less seriously than our southern neighbors, and have I think had a better conception of the true aim of all sport, viz., the love of sport for the healthy exercise and pleasure it gives, rather than the mere love of victory. While it is true that we like to win, still it is also true that we do not want victory at any price. The Americans are waking up to the fact that the "victory at any price" theory has eaten the heart out of their games, and their best men are wisely calling a halt. Football has for many years been dear to the Canadian heart, and it may be truly said that no other game is as popular with the masses. There are many who condemn it on account of its roughness and brutality, but as a matter of fact, you will find the grey headed paterfamilias and his staid partner reading football notes with eagerness in the daily papers. Football is neither rough nor brutal if the rules are lived up to, and if some rough games have been played at times, the referees and umpires have been to blame for not exacting penalties provided for by the rules. Boys and men who will not live up to the rules should be rigidly excluded from the game, and my experience has been, that the roughest players are the biggest duffers at heart, and will soon submit to stringent refereeing. There are a few players who are brutal by instinct. These should not be allowed to play under any circumstances. Then again there are some bad accidents at football. This is true, and as a general rule it is the poorest players receive the most severe injuries, although it does not always happen so. Play-

ers who have passed the age of thirty are specially prone to injury, and a wise man of thirty will recognize the fact that his bones, muscles and arteries have not the elasticity of youth, and he should be content to accept the inevitable, and leave the game of Rugby to his children. As I once heard a player remark to an opponent who was complaining of the hardness of a tackle: "This is no china doll's game, and if you don't like it, don't play, but if you do play, take your medicine like a man." So much for the bad points of the game, now for the good ones. A boy who can play Rugby successfully, must cultivate endurance, self restraint, and exercise the greatest forbearance. He must necessarily learn to take hard knocks without murmur, and his temper must be under perfect control. To show how the game teaches this. Take a man of thirty-five who has never played Rugby, and let one undertake to play inside wing. In five minutes he is almost beyond control, and in ten minutes has in all probability been ruled off the field. The boy who understands the game does not lose his temper, but is the possessor of an amount of forbearance that must be of value to him in the more bitter struggle of life. Boys and young men cannot play Rugby with success without living good clean lives; on the goal line the cigarette fiend has no place, the youthful "nipper" soon finds the end of his tether, and the irregular liver occupies a place only on the bleaching boards. To the charge that young men who play football cannot follow their studies, the reply can be made that some of the most successful University teams have included many of the earnest students, and there is no reason why mental and physical training should not go hand in hand. There is danger of course that young men will devote

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more time to play than to work, but that danger existed long before the discovery of football. The game does wonders for the physique of our lads, and recent statistics show that the development of those who play the game systematically is far better than those who do not. From a spectators standpoint, Canadian football is most satisfactory, offering so much in the way of open play, magnificent runs and clear kicking. A run such as that made by any one of three or four of the players in any great match in Canada, would receive columns of praise in American newspapers, as the American game is hampered by heavy and dangerous mass plays, and cruel interference, resulting in constant injuries. Football in the whole is a good institution, and as long as it is kept clean and above suspicion, is of inestimable value in the development of our boys and young men.

FINANCE IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Sunday school needed money, and Mr. Smart, the superintendent, had a new way of getting it.

He proposed giving each boy half a crown. At the end of the month the principal, together with what it earned, was to be returned to him.

The scheme was good, but it didn't work quite as Mr. Smart had anticipated.

The fourth Sunday found the superintendent ready to admit the profit and loss accounts, and he commenced with Johnnie's class.

"How have you done, Johnnie?"

"My half-crown has earned another one," said Johnnie, with the air of one having an option on a halo.

"Good," said the superintendent. "Not only is Johnnie a good boy in helping the school, but he shows

business talent. Doubling one's money in a single month requires no common ability. Who can tell but what we may have another budding Croesus among us? Johnnie, you have done well."

"And now, Thomas, how much has your half-crown earned?"

"Lost it," said Thomas.

"What, not only failed to earn anything, but actually lost," said Mr. Smart. "How was that?"

"I tossed with Johnnie," was the reply, "and he won."

HIS OWN GREAT TROUBLE.

An old, bedridden fisherman at a fashionable watering-place was frequently visited during his last illness by a kind-hearted clergyman, who wore one of those close-fitting clerical vests which button behind.

The clergyman saw the near approach of death one day in the old man's face, and asked if his mind was perfectly at ease.

"Oo ay, I'm a' richt," came the feeble reply.

"You are sure there is nothing troubling you? Do not be afraid to tell me."

The old man seemed to hesitate, and at length, with a faint return of animation, said:—

"Weel, there's just ae thing that troubles me, but I dinna like to speak o't."

"Believe me, I am most anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman. "Tell me what it is that troubles and perplexes you."

"Weel, sir, it's just like this," said the old man, eagerly. "I canna for the life o' me mak' oot hoo ye manage tae get intae that westcoat."

INTERROGATIONS. — Magistrate: "Were you ever up before me?"

Prisoner: "Sure I don't know, your wurship. What time does your wurship get up?"

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NATURE'S WORSHIP.

Oh the sun that shines in the heavens
Is praising God with its light,
And the moon, too, offers dumb
homage
With her beams so silvery bright.

And the stars that glitter and
twinkle,
Give praise with their silent eyes,
And the earth gives praise to Him
daily
By the mists and clouds that rise.

The showers give proof of His
mercy,
And the winds give proof of His
care,
And the storms cry out "He is
mighty,"
And the breeze breathes low as in
prayer.

The mountains praise him in silence,
And sometimes the light on their
snows,
As they lift their pinnacle fingers,
Gives colours, gold, violet and rose.

The wild sea praises Him always,
With its chaunt and its mournful
moan,
Like a chorus of solemn voices,
With a thundering undertone.

The lakes and the flowing rivers,
Sing praises in liquid sounds,

As they lave their shores and their
islands,
And run by their pasture grounds.

The trees in the deep green forest,
Like harps which the wild wind
plays,
They rustle and murmur and
whisper,
And echo their Maker's praise.

And the flowers that bloom by the
wayside,
That cluster around our feet,
They praise Him with dainty colors,
They praise Him with perfumes
sweet.

And the fruits of the earth are
tokens
That tell us the Lord is good,
And the animals tame and harmless,
And the wild ones that range the
wood.

And the sweet little feathered song-
sters,
Sing each in his different notes,
'Tis a praise to the great Creator
That sounds from their silver
throats.

Let the children of men too, praise
Him,
And not with the weakest voice,
But for mercies and blessings un-
numbered
Let Nature and man rejoice.

D. W. K.

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ROCKWOOD SPORTS.

The Annual Sports took place on October 5th, and were as usual a success. The weather was all that could be desired, and the attendance of visitors from Kingston and Portsmouth large. The competition was exceedingly keen, and J. Lawless had no walk over for the championship, for the veteran athlete W. Dehaney, who was handicapped by a sprained ankle, made the pace hot. Lawless got a bad fall in the hurdle race, and Dehaney failed to get off at pistol fire in the hundred yards dash—his favorite race. Lawless is a fine athlete and a particularly good jumper. Coxworthy, Gilmour and Amey are three reliables who can always be counted on, and their victories were popular. Jones was the dark horse on this occasion, and surprised those who did not know his capabilities by his vaulting.

The patients entered eagerly into the sport, and their particular races were very keenly contested.

The bicycle race was very exciting, and the close finish excited great enthusiasm. Mr. Shea claims that he was crowded on the course, and failed for this reason. The following is the official list:—

PROGRAMME.

1, Putting the Shot—1st Dehaney, 2nd Shannahan, 3rd Lawless.

2, Pole Vault—1st Jones, 7 ft. 7 in., 2nd Gilmour, 3rd Shannahan.

3, Three-Legged Race—1st Gilmour and Coxworthy, 2nd Jones and Amey.

4, 100 Yards Dash (patients only)—1st Brown, 2nd Ryan, 3rd Bryant.

5, 100 Yards Dash—1st Lawless, 10 3-5 sec., 2nd Amey, 3rd Coxworthy.

6, Fat Man's Race (patients only)—1st Harkness, 2nd McCann, 3rd Skinner.

7, Running High Jump—1st Lawless, 4 ft. 9 in., 2nd Jones, 4.6, 3rd Gilmour, 4.5.

8, Obstacle Race (patients only)—1st Ryan, 2nd Johnson, 3rd Stewart.

9, Obstacle Race—1st Coxworthy, 2nd Gilmour, 3rd Jones.

10, 220 Yards Race—1st Lawless, 2nd Dehaney, 3rd Amey.

11, Barrel Race (patients only)—1st Johnson, 2nd Brown, 3rd Ryan.

12, Running Hop, Step and Jump—1st Lawless, 34 ft. 1 in., 2nd Jones, 33.4, 3rd Dehaney, 32.4.

13, Running Broad Jump—1st Lawless, 16.7, 2nd Dehaney, 16.1, 3rd Jones, 15.1.

14, Potato Race (patients only)—1st Ryan, 2nd Johnson, 3rd Cayeau.

15, Potato Race—1st Jones, 2nd Gilmour, 3rd Coxry.

16, Mile Race—1st Coxworthy, 2nd Amey, 3rd Dehaney.

17, Married Men's Race (over 32), Handicap—1st McCammon, 2nd Davidson, 3rd McIver.

18, 120 Yards Hurdle Race—1st Gilmour, 2nd Dehaney, 3rd Amey.

19, Sack Race (patients only)—1st Ryan, 2nd Cayeau, 3rd Johnson.

20, Bicycle Race, Handicap—1st Gilmour, 2nd McCammon, 3rd Shea.

21, Hammer Throwing (16 lbs.)—1st Dehaney, 2nd Shannahan, 3rd Ross.

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LETTERS.

BIRD NOTES.

DEAR EDITORS:

My brother James, who was a good observer, and enjoyed rare opportunities, through many years years employment in the primeval woods, used to think that in reality we had only one species of Tanager, and that the often talked of summer Red Bird was only a variety, as he believed the female birds of the so termed 2nd species were at a short distance indistinguishable, and when the male birds were in flight the black color of wings and tail of "Pirangua Erythromela" were scarcely noticeable. The latter named is a true sylvan habitant, and is rarely seen except on its first arrival here in the spring, out in open clearings. I think they only rear one brood in the season, and their nest is on some of the big tree branch bifurcations, and generally amid dense foliage, but the Tanager's song is frequently to be heard in the woods, after a majority of the other bush choristers have become silent.

The Wood Thrushes are rarely heard after the beginning of July, and the Green Warbler or the red-eyed Vireo are often towards the last the Tanagers sole companions. The Bobolinks cease singing as soon as their young take wing, which is about the same time as the young Orioles. The Bobolinks may now be seen here any day in the margin of our oat fields, accompanied by their sombre colored progeny. They leave for this season early in August, or as soon as the oat grains have become ripe and hard, but scarcely a note has been heard from them since the 1st of the current month. My son passed a whole family of the Bobolink last Thursday, they came out of the growing oats, and alighted on the rail fence, with fretful chirps

of alarm, caused by the presence and movements of the attendant dog (Nipper).

The only reason I can suggest for the fitting of the Brown Thrasher from these parts is the peculiar local characteristics. A few miles from here to the south and south-west the country is more undulating, and there is a greater variety of scrub timber, such as pine, young oaks and chestnut, on the hills and in the nullahs or gullies. I have an acquaintance who a short time ago was plowing in the region just referred to, and near to one of the newly turned furrows was a small half decayed pine stump, at the base of which was a Brown Thrush sitting on a nest containing four eggs. As the stump had to be extricated, the ploughman carefully moved the nest (in the bird's absence,) with a spade to one of the sheltered spots in a stump fence that was near at hand, and informed us that the parent birds acquiesced in the removal, and the incubation went on as if there had been no change, and the brood got successfully away. This is authentic.

I think there have been fewer Hermit Thrushes than usual this year, but Wilson's Thrushes and T. Aurocapillus, as well as the rose-breasted Grosbeak and Cuckoos, specially plentiful.

My son passed, as he was last week driving along the road with his team near here, a very fine blue plumaged Hawk, which he thought he could have easily shot, the same being noways shy. There can scarcely be a doubt that this was the "Goshawk," as one has occasionally seen visitors of this species in our fields, and threatening the capture of our poultry stragglers.

The harvest time is a very busy one to land tillers, and I have not been many roods from home since the Stratford journey, but I intend to ask Mr. Eggman for one of his

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best efforts soon.

Perhaps one cause as to the growing incredibility about the 2nd species of Redbird is the inattention to the subject for many years. My jottings of the earlier times of our residence here have in part been lost or burnt, but both myself and associates here have many times in conversation since referred to the incident of the "summer" Red Bird with no black plumage, coming so many times in the course of a day to regale on those elderberries, and of the striking fact of the bird and berries being the exact same hue. But I am inclined to the belief that Mr. Jas. Goldie has the preserved skins of both the species in his home museum, and I will try first chance to make minute inquiries into the matter.

Mr. McIlwraith omits to give *Turdus Rufous* in his list of Ontario Birds, which seems strange, as it is one of our choice singers, and by many thought but little inferior to the Mocking Thrush of the Southern States, and is still abundant in many districts of southern Ontario!

A few Doves came into our wheat field during this month. We see and hear them frequently.

If you were to go into a large cedar swamp $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from here about the sunset hour, you would hear the strangest inexplicable clamor of uncouth eerie sounds. There is a "heronry" over there, and now the young cranes are nearly able to fly, and the uproar and jangle that they make about or after receiving their evening meal, baffles description. Arthur was there last night, and he declared the noise was like the mixed yelping and whining of a kennel of half grown hounds or puppy dogs!

The Herons have congregated and built and reared young in the same locality from time immemorial. We have recognized them for 51 years; they move a short distance,

if some of their favorite trees blow or are cut down, but it is a very wild and inaccessible locality even yet. There are 20 or 30 nests; they go miles in every direction for food supplies.

W. YATES.

Dear Editors of the Rockwood Review:

Perhaps you could throw some light on the identity of a certain little bird that I am unable to find, either in Ross's Birds of Canada or another book of ours. I first saw it five years ago in Brockville, when it settled outside my bedroom window, and never since then till a short time ago when we discovered it hopping cheerfully about in a row of hollyhocks. It could not possibly have been more than four inches long and may have been less. It appeared to be feeding on insects. It was dark slate blue all over its back, wings, tail and crown of head, and grayish white beneath with a bright sulphur yellow spot just below the throat on the upper part of the breast, I think its bill was black and slender. It was very small and shy. Also of another little bird, evidently a warbler like the first, and just four inches long. Its color above was olive brown and soiled white beneath, the breast and throat bright golden yellow. If you could tell the birds from these descriptions I would be much obliged. Believe me,

Yours sincerely,
DOROTHY KNIGHT.

The first warbler probably either Parula or Myrtle, but description lacks several necessary particulars. 2nd undoubtedly a Warbler, but like all this family difficult to identify without minute description.

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GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

THE PENNY SHOW.

Everybody remembers with satisfaction the amusements of childhood. Early impressions, whether of happiness or misery, are indelible, but it is much more satisfactory to think of such as gave intense pleasure, than to recall those which cast a blot over one's early days, and, fortunately, it is much more easy. It is well that men and women are built in that fashion, for the trials of matured life are quite sufficient to bear, without the added load of an active memory of juvenile delinquencies and punishments. The writer has a keen recollection of the bright spots of life below the teens, and never tires of conjuring them up when their pleasure is desirable. It is a common faculty, thank goodness, and not to be lightly valued.

Amongst the many good things of the valued old times of sixty years ago, were the amusements furnished to the people, at truly popular prices, in the Annual Fairs which were distinguishing landmarks in English rural life. Such things have been abolished in many of the large cities, but in the agricultural districts they still have a regularly recurring saturnalia of this description, and although the fun may be faster and a little more furious now than it was then, it is not sweeter to the juvenile taste of to-day than were the cheap "penworths" of auld lang syne.

A "penworth" really meant an ample pennyworth, for the expenditure of a penny would admit a child under ten or twelve, to nearly any one of the "shows" exhibited at these annual gatherings. For instance there were Peep Shows, where six or eight little folks, standing on a slightly raised platform, and after obeying instructions, sometimes necessary, to wipe their

noses so that the bright glasses might not be needlessly blurred, glued their eyes to the large magnifying peep holes, at one end of the caravan, and, when a curtain was drawn behind them, looked into a fairyland or a chamber of horrors, or city streets, or a battlefield or naval engagement, while listening to the graphic description pompously delivered by the showman. While this worthy loudly did the outside "barking," as it is now termed, he worked the strings which elevated successive pictures. Thus did many obtain a vivid impression of the Falls of Niagara, the Battle of Waterloo, or the Death of Owd Hadmirai Nelson,—an impression not to be disturbed by more correct illustrations of these things to be seen in after life. There were Theatres, with a large outside stage, upon which a clown, and the whole dramatic company appeared every fifteen minutes, and walked through a quadrille, to the music of the orchestra, in which a bass drum and piercing pan-pipes were leading instruments, and then went inside the canvas tent to represent "Maria Monk, or the Red Barn," or some equally thrilling melodrama, streaked with blood and glowing with fury, to the gallery of which the ubiquitous penny admitted the infant Roscius—the boxes, the front benches, being speedily reserved for twopenny aristocrats. Even Pantomimes were sometimes rushed through in a quarter of an hour, and many have made their first acquaintance with a red-hot poker, and the petty persecutions of poor Pantaloon, on an elevated back seat in the penny booth. Giants in colossal caravans, and Dwarfs dwelling in doll's houses, from the window of which a miniature hand sometimes waved, were on exhibition at a penny to those under ten, while jugglers, prize-fighters, shadow scenes, and

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a host of other similarly attractive wonders,—fat women and snake charmers included,—drew in the "shekels" in the shape of copper coins. A skeleton of a whale was exhibited to little folks for a penny, and you had the privilege of walking in at the widely opened jaws and going on to the tail, and of having half a dozen Peruvian Mummies thrown in, with the distinct impression that the whale had swallowed them, and a certainty of a fearful crop of dreams that night as an inevitable result. One show will never be forgotten by all who witnessed it. Beguiled to enter by a man at the door, who ate fire instead of soup, took an after course of blue and white paper shavings, by way of entree, and produced from his mouth, which was extra large in size, a barber's pole some five feet in length, as dessert. You saw a woman, with jet-black locks reaching in equestrian style to her heels, who had then fastened about a heavy anvil from a neighboring blacksmith's shop, and lifted it veritably by the hair of her head. And, as if this were not enough for the money, there appeared a learned pig who told your fortune by cards, counted correctly enough to satisfy the juvenile mind, and could pick out the little boy who stole from his mother's sugar bowl, and, strange to say, was correct every time. And then the outdoor man did some prodigious feats in contortions and heavy lifts of ponderous weights, and put himself in a small box, with three or four dozen ginger beer bottles—quantity being no object—and kindly permitted anybody to run a formidable looking sword clear through the box, and wasn't hurt at all. And the climax was reached when he persuaded some unfortunate and credulous boy to drink a quart or less of beer, and drew it all back from him, through a funnel applied

to ear, and mouth, and nose and finger ends, and every part of his person, and finished up by fastening a padlock on the mouth of the obliging lad to prevent him from telling his mother, who surely didn't know that her son was out, all that had happened to him after his day of wild dissipation at the Fair. What a penworth that was! Another penny show gave a view of "Seven-legged Jenny," a presumably well-known race horse, who hadn't, however, yet won the St. Leger, doubtless because so many legs interfered with her running, but who was depicted upon an immense canvas, nevertheless, as making even better time than he of the Seven-legged Boots, and distancing the field of thoroughbreds vainly struggling beyond the distance post. She was accompanied by a wonderful crocodile, captured on the Nile, who, if the large oil painting of the event was worthy of credence, had eaten, or prepared for eating, half a dozen Jack Tars, and demolished twice that number of colored citizens, and had retired from the contest only when espying a British man-of-war lying in the offing ready to receive him. The three extra legs on Jenny, it is proper to remark, were only growths on the side of the normal foreleg, of extra hoofs, and the crocodile was dead and stuffed, so that he might be touched, if you were careful, with impunity. The impression of a "sell" was somehow conveyed to the infant mind, after a sight of the not very remarkable racer, and the inanimate saurian. Viewed from that standpoint the show was decidedly immoral.

Men who ate fire, washed their hands in it, and seemed to relish both operations, were penny wonders in combination with some other performances. The Glass-Blowers, who made ships, and baskets, and pipes, and bottles, and

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a hundred other things, with a blow pipe and a plaster rod, were the admiration of their young beholders, but there was a lingering disappointment in the minds of their penny patrons, when they saw that those who paid more for admission secured some specimen of art as a souvenir of their visit. But to see real hair made out of a glass stick was really worth a penny after-all, and so the conscientious children, of whom there were a few even in those days, readily admitted.

Roundabouts afforded another "lumping penworth." To mount one of a dozen wild steeds, with real manes and tails, and to ride thereon for two or probably three minutes, and see a dozen other boys pushing vigorously at the long arms which sent the whole around, was bliss, even if qualms like those of sea sickness now and again overtook the equestrian. Sometimes the felicity was procurable for a hapenny, and even as payment for a very long push at the machinery, but these happy chances were infrequent.

One of the most attractive joys was to be found in "The Lilliputs." These were small figures, dolls in costume, with movable joints, suspended by wires, and "worked" from above the stage upon which they performed, and looked to very juvenile eyes, so much like reality that it was a fond belief with many that they really breathed, really lived, and more wonderful still, really talked. They danced, took part in little plays, sang, and vanished as mysteriously as they came. One figure grew and grew, like Lord Lovell's briar, until the neck pushed the head nearly up to the stage sky, outdoing easily the beanstalk of wonderful Jack, and then suddenly collapsed much to everybody's regret into nothingness. The head of a dancing skeleton, a verit-

able horror, suddenly disappeared, and was followed by arms, legs and trunk, and never came back any more. Some other Lilliputs sat down at table, and took dinner in infinitesimal portions, and at last upset their fare, which looked like a great dumpling, but rolled on the stage and was plainly seen to be a good sized turnip, and nothing more. Another wicked and highly demoralizing sell. But it was cheap, very cheap, at a penny. We have all been pleasurably taken in at times, but the cost has often been more.

To go through the whole rounds of the Fair, and to do every form of pleasure, required the purse of a millionaire. While many shows could be entered for a penny, there were other joys unattainable at less than threepence or more. Cooke's Circus, Wombwell's Menagerie and Holloway's Travelling Theatre were of these higher and more respectable forms of entertainment, but they afforded fun for the million at very low rates. In this connexion it is difficult to determine whether it was cheaper and better to see Cooke's Circus at sixpence, or to expend that sum in witnessing the wild beasts fed at Wombwell's. No such queries troubled the patrons of the Penny Show. There everything was worth the money, and probably in the long run, left just as pleasant memory in the brain as the more high-priced at exclusive exhibitions. Vive la bagatelle.

GRANDFATHER.

Ontario Park, belonging to the Electric Street Railway Company, is being improved under the direction of Mr. J. L. Jones. Large stones are being removed, and holes are being filled up. Next year the Park will be more suitable than ever for picnic parties.

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The Brockvillians were too much for the new Kingston team. There is but one impression that the best team won. "Jimmy" Gage played well for Kingston.

Dr. J. M. Forster's father died in Oakville recently. An extended notice is to be found on another page.

Miss Marion Forsythe, formerly of Rockwood, was married to Mr. J. Morgan, of Morley, N. Y., recently. Congratulations.

Nearly all Kingston is taking in the cheap excursion to Toronto. The Granites and Queen's will not want for rooters. Our Business Manager, who has been playing scimmage in the Granites all season, will carry the best wishes of the community.

Mr. Kivas Tully, Architect of Public Works, Mr. Robert Christie, Inspector of Asylums, Toronto, and Dr. C. K. Clarke have been inspecting the bathrooms at Utica Asylum. These bath rooms are among the most modern in America. All of the new features will be adopted in the new wing at Rockwood, which will then be the best equipped Institution in Ontario.

The grounds about the Church of the Good Thief and the new Presbytery are approaching completion. The buildings are very beautiful and a credit to the community.

Wild ducks are now beginning to come in large numbers.

We are indebted to some unknown benefactor for two brace of very fine partridge. We hereby return thanks.

Mr. Davidson, Mr. McCammon and Mr. Hugh Ross report game very plentiful near Sydenham. After an exciting day's sport, they wound up an extensive battue by the capture of one black squirrel.

We are glad to see the Hon. Mr. Harty looking so much improved.

Toronto had some little lambs,
That got away with poor old Hams.
With heads all swelled, Toronto's
pets,
Looked down with scorn on our
Cadets,
Said they, we're champions born,
reserved for fame,
Cadets, why trouble us we'll win
the game?

Why make us jog to Kingston town?
Just default to us and win renown.
The Caddies young, shook in their
shoes,
And trembling much, said we
refuse,
To lose our chance, we cannot
yield,

Without a struggle on the field.
They met the lambs in deadly strife.
The "kids" skipped round all full
of life,
With rush, and pass and frisky hop,
Made of those lambs a mutton chop.
The cry now comes from Hogtown
fold,

Our players cannot play when cold,
Our best men did not care to toil,
On neck of one there rests a boil,
And yet the fact remains, Toronto's
pets

Did bite the dust to little wee Cadets.

The Rockwood Review

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JOHN FORSTER'S DEATH.

(From the Oakville Star, Oct. 15.)

On Thursday evening last death visited the home of the editor of this paper, and removed the happy presence of our aged father, John Forster. His weakness extended back for a couple of years, but the fatal illness only lasted about ten days. He was stricken with paralysis last December, from which he never fully recovered. The remains were laid to rest in St. Jude's cemetery on Sunday afternoon. Service was held in the Methodist church, Rev. G. W. Calvert preaching an eloquent sermon. The attendance was large a number of old and worthy friends from the neighborhood of his former home attending to get a last glimpse of a face they had known so long.

John Forster was born at Brampton, Cumberland county, England, and at the early age of nine years sailed to Canada with his parents. This country was then a dense forest, with the nearest store and grist mill at Little York, now Toronto. With much courage the party endured the hardships of the rude means of travel of those days and finally located on a bush farm near Britannia, Toronto township, Peel county. Busy hands soon provided a shelter, and the axe quickly made a sufficient clearing to produce a living. Energetically the work went on until the family found themselves possessed of several hundred acres of cleared land.

Deceased made an early start for himself and for over fifty years resided on his homestead, removing to Oakville in March 1886, where he has enjoyed a well earned retirement.

Mr. Forster was married twice, raised a large family, and lived to see them all settled and six stalwart grandsons had the honor of carrying him to his last resting place. His retiring disposition caused him to lead a quiet life, giving careful and active attention to the pursuit of his choice, his public services only being along a religious line. All his life he was connected with the Methodist church, and officially for thirty years. Politically he was a staunch Liberal, and stood up for the principles of that party during the stormy times of the family compact. Then there was open voting which lasted for a week and the chief law was canes and clubs. Often had he seen his friends roughly handled and some even prevented from voting at the risk of their lives. However, he lived to see a far different political condition. In 1837 he was a volunteer and saw active service at Niagara in quelling the Mackenzie rebellion. Of this small war he told many interesting stories, having had several thrilling experiences himself. In home life he was patient, considerate and mirthful, ever wishing to add to the comfort and pleasure of those about him, while in the hour of tribulation his was a nature that responded cheerfully with a kind act and sympathetic word. His family received his good and trusty counsel and his life will ever linger fondly in their memories.

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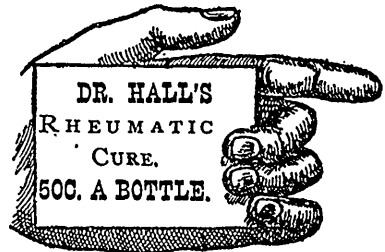
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