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Rockwood
Review.



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



The Rockwood Review.

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The Rockwood Review

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No. 6.

LOCAL ITEMS.

At Portsmouth, on 10th July, 1898, the wife of Robert McCammon of a son.

At Rockwood Lodge, on the 11th July, 1898, the wife of William Carr, Head Gardener, Rockwood, of a son.

Dr. and Mrs. Forster returned from their camping trip on 13th July, bringing as evidence of their angling skill many magnificent speckled trout. Several of these fish weighed over two pounds each, and were a revelation to Kingstontians, who are not in the habit of seeing this variety of the finny tribe.

Queens Bowling team gamed a series of victories over Rockwood early in the season, but on Saturday, July 10th, the "irony of fate" failed to pursue the Rockwood team, and the veteran Queen's Bowlers were defeated by twenty-one points, on their own green, for the first time in many years. The Rockwood players are too modest to expect to do up such "crackajacks" as Queen's very often in a season, but are gradually learning the game, and are beginning to play with much greater certainty than formerly.

Dr. Moffatt has gone to New York to study the "Eye and ear specialty."

Miss Peirce had an unpleasant experience on July 12th, having her bicycle stolen by an enterprising and thoughtless small boy. After some hours of anxiety the wheel was recovered, and it is to be hoped the juvenile who is in the habit of doing this sort of thing was properly punished.

Herbert and Harold Clarke visited Swallowbeck Farm, Grimsby, in July.

Miss Olive Secord and Norman Lockie, Toronto, are guests at Rockwood House.

Dr. Mullin and Mr. Robin Mullin, Hamilton, paid a brief visit to Rockwood in July.

In view of the many recent arrivals, as chronicled in the Birth Notices, the possibilities of the future are being discussed. Football, hockey and baseball clubs are among the probabilities. In the meanwhile the perambulator market is lively, and the new cement walk is being canvassed as a magnificent promenade for the airing of the rival infants.

Mrs. Forster caught a speckled trout weighing four and three quarter pounds, while on her camping trip. This is no "yarn," and the fish has been mounted and placed in a glass case, as a sort of standing reproach to the piscatorial Ananias.

Dr. Clarke gave two public Lectures in Science Hall, Queen's University, one on the Evolution of Imbecility, the other on Insanity. Both were well attended.

Dr. Clarke, C. M. Clarke, Hubert Osborne, Norman Lockie and Archie Mullin left for the Petewawa on the 20th inst. They will be absent three weeks.

Miss DePencier has been spending her holiday in Burritt's Rapids.

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Miss Know-it-all:—Oh you naughty boy! You know you should not rob that pretty bird's nest. Think of the poor distracted little mother bird, how badly she will feel.

Ornithologist, Jr.:—She won't mind, she's in your hat.

There is always room for a higher education concerning birds, and their nests and habits. But the rule applies vice-versa, and it is the opinion of many sufferers that the notes of a certain bird extant and situate close to the main building, should receive a higher education than it at present possesses.

What is the difference between a parrot and a nuisance? None.

BIRD NOTES.

The Rooster—"Cock-a-doodle-do."
The Yankee—"Yankee-doodle-do."
The Old Maid—"Any dude 'll do."

A nest of the Kildeer containing three eggs was found by Mr. E. Beaupre on the late date of July 9th, and on the same day he secured a Humming-bird's nest, containing the usual two dainty little eggs,—it is an exceptionally pretty specimen. Quite close to the latter's nest was another of the same containing two little fledglings, which evidently belonged to the same parent birds.

The new Gegenstrom system of sathing has been declared an absolute success by everybody but one—our genial Steward. To him the delights of a sath in an arm chair are marred by the fact that while in such a comfortable position he cannot smoke.

It is not in the province of this little journal to discuss things political, sectarian or municipal, but at the same time we must say that of all the antiquated, useless, antedeluvian, back number by-laws, the Curfew by-law in Kingston is the worst. It's useless,

Our daily papers have given the details of the recent L. Y. R. A. Regatta, and it is unnecessary therefore for us to repeat, but, en passant, credit must be given to the masterly way in which the local executive carried out their part of the week's programme. Their entertainments were varied and up to date, and their hospitality generous to a degree. It is unfortunate that our plucky local yachtsmen did not show up better than they did, but Dame Fortune seemed to rule against them, particularly in the case of ex-Commodore Strange, who on a technicality, had to yield up the coveted Walker Cup.

Miss Helen Gardiner of Oswego, and Mr. Seymour of Fulton, N. Y., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. McLean this month.

Mrs. Secord and little Miss Doris are making a short visit at Rockwood House.

Mrs. Muirhead, of Toronto, is spending a few days with Mrs. McLean.

Mrs. W. Cochrane and two little sons, Willie and Archie, are summing at Kingston Mills.

The annual feast to the inmates of the House of Providence was given on Monday, July 25th. The Rockwood Hospital Band furnished music during the afternoon, and received unstinted praise from the kindly Sisters for their gratuitous services.

The R. & O.—American Line, cut rate war, still goes merrily on, and the greatest beneficiary is the public. The twenty-five cent excursion rate, during the late hot spell has been well patronized, and should the ten-cent moonlight sail around the harbor be inaugurated by the R. & O. Co. as proposed, the financial success of the scheme is assured, while from a pleasure standpoint it will be a novelty that will be enjoyed by our citizens and transient visitors.

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What might have been a sad drowning accident on July 29th, was averted by the facilities we have at this Institution, and by the promptness of action of those concerned. An upturned canoe was noticed by some of the employees, floating in the lake, and Messrs. Fenwick and Harold Clarke set sail in the Viola to recover it, but when nearing the Penitentiary buoy, they noticed some one clinging to it. Abandoning the canoe they made for the buoy, and succeeded in taking off the unfortunate canoeist, Mr. J. McD. Mowat. Mr. Mowat states that when opposite the Asylum wharf he inadvertently lost his paddle, and in the effort to recapture it the canoe upset. Owing to the direction of the strong wind that was blowing, he was compelled to swim to the buoy instead of shore. This he accomplished in a much exhausted condition, and after being over an hour in the water, was rescued in the manner described. After resting quietly for a few hours at the Asylum, Mr. Mowat was able to return home, not much the worse for his trying experience.

A seven year term convict attempted to escape, on July 28th, from the sewage works at the Penitentiary. He counted without his host however. He should have paid more attention to the gold watch charm which Guard Geo. Sullivan carries, emblematic of the amateur sprinting championship of Kingston. It was a perfect illustration of the old adage "the race is to the swift."

Miss I. M. Walker, of the Belleville Deaf and Dumb Institute, is paying a short visit to her friends at Rockwood Hospital.

Prof. Louis Andrieux had a narrow escape from drowning last week off Cedar Island. By a miss step he got beyond his depth, and being unable to swim, had it not been for the timely aid of his companion, Mr. Ogilvie, would certainly have drowned.

The fish stories told, and the specimens brought home by Dr. and Mrs. Forster, have aroused the piscatorial proclivities of our Assistant Physician, and to put it mild, he has become an ardent devotee of the gentle art. He has actually landed a dozen after ten hours arduous rowing, on two different occasions, and affirms them all to be over the ten inch limit. Owing to his modesty, he has not called in the services of a taxidermist to mount any of his specimens.

A Bowling match took place on the Rockwood Green, on July 30th, between a team from Kingston and Rockwood. The score at the finish was as follows:—

Kingston.	Rockwood.
R. S. Dobbs,	J. Davis,
M. Sutherland,	J. Davidson,
T. S. Clarke,	J. Dennison,
J. Kearns,	E. C. Watson,
Skip 18.	Skip 15.

Miss Sarah Donaldson, after two years service, severed her connection with the Asylum Staff, at the end of this month. Her friends remembered her by giving her a handsome ladies watch. Miss W. Nicholson, of Portsmouth, succeeds to her position.

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MIGRANT SHRIKE.

In the AUK for July 1898, the following description by Mr. Wm. Palmer, of the new Shrike found in Kingston occurs:—

Subspecific Characters.—Adult above bluish gray, beneath pale slaty; throat white; bill smaller, regularly tapering, hook delicate and sharply bent downwards, tail shorter than wing.

Type, No. 163077. Adult, duller, especially beneath, and smaller, Kingston, Ontario, April 4, 1898, Dr. C. K. Clarke.

From Maine, Vermont and Canada to Minnesota, southwards into North Carolina and the Ohio Valley to the Plains. Absent in winter from its more northern and higher habitats, and migrating in the autumn toward the Atlantic coast and into the Carolinas, Tennessee and lower Mississippi valley. Breeding almost entirely above the 500 foot contour in the valleys, casually up to about 2000 feet, and to within about 50 miles of the coast of Maine. From Canada and the edges of the plains intergrading into excubitoroides.

In migrans the wing is longer than the tail, due to its migratory habit, in ludovicianus the tail is longest, thus indicating its fixed habitat. In consequence the third primary feather of the former is usually the longest, or is equal to the fourth, in the latter the fourth is nearly always the longest. The forehead of ludovicianus is dark like the top of the head, in migrans it is nearly always paler. In the southern bird the underparts are usually almost immaculate, in the other the slaty of the sides of the breast extends across, especially in the breeding plumage. Usually a faint trace of reddish is perceptible on the breast of ludovicianus, but is stronger in migrans, especially in the females and immature. Signs of immaturity disappear quickly in ludovicianus, they soon assume adult plumage; the reverse

is true of migrans, the duller plumage, browner primaries, and paler edgings on the wing-coverts lasting longer. Larger areas of white marking occur on individuals of both forms, and are indicative of greater age but some immature are precocious.

Migrans is distinguishable by its darker, duller plumage, especially beneath, by being stouter and longer, and by its larger bill, tarsi and feet.

In ludovicianus the upper tail-coverts are almost invariably similar to the back in color, paleness when occurring being due to bleaching and wearing. In migrans the male usually has pale upper tail-coverts, bleaching in the breeding season to a dull, dirty whitish. The stronger, duller colors of the females rarely bleaching as much. At the end of the breeding season the plumage usually presents a very ragged, bleached condition, with all the colors very much faded. The great difference, usually, between the purer colors of the males and the darker, duller colors of the females, the difference in size and the consequent varying amount of bleaching of the sexes is responsible for the identification, so common, of excubitoroides as an eastern bird. The plumage is always paler when fresh but soon darkens, especially in migrans, where the contrast is greater. In this also the contrast between the white throat and the darkish breast is nearly always evident, and exceedingly rare in the southern bird.

Measurements were made of nearly all the specimens grouped by States. These show that the birds taken at the most northern parts of the range of migrans are the largest. The averages include all the specimens measured, no weeding out of the smallest or immature being done.

Shrikes are inhabitants of open, wooded, scrubby country. The mixed prairie, savanna, open pine woods, and hummock lands of the southern coasts.

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Out in the land-locked harbor, in the gray of the morning stole,
The ships of the Spanish line, under the frowning guns
Of the batteries aloft, and still as a bodiless soul,
For the enemy's war-dogs slept with an eye and an ear awake,
While the folds of the yellow flag on Morro Castle shake,
And the cannon mouths peer over the rock-crowned barbizons.

One by one the armoured ships came gliding out in line,
There were no bright-hued pennons—no blaze of metal and steel,
But the gunners stood by the guns, silently waiting the sign
From the grim and ghostly warders that watched the harbor gate,
And gloomed along the blue sea wave as pitiless as fate—
While the stately ships swept on with swift and noiseless keel.

Aye, to be free of the broad deep sea, and the ocean tides that roll
Salt and sweet from the old home land—out of this prisoning bay,—
To fight in the open ocean—or to find the sailor's goal
And a grave in the deep at last, --but hush! the foe is awake,—
The throats of a hundred cannon the stillness of morning break,
And now it is fight for life—not flight for the wings are clipt away.

Each side of the sunken Merrimac through the jaws of the channel sped
The ships of the Spanish Squadron and the Almirante led,—
And her great guns answered the Yankee guns with thundering roar for roar,
And the smoke went up from the batteries along the embattled shore,
Till the armoured hulls were pierced and torn and riven from stem to stern,
Till the shattered masts were shorn at last, and the tangled rigging fell,
And the decks were hot with the raking shot and the rain of deadly shell,—
Where the gunners stood in a sea of blood, and answered them right well.

Ah woe to the ships that cannot fly, and fight in grim despair;—
The smoke and flames wreath the gallant frames and fill the golden air,
And the wrecks are strewn for miles along the rocky Cuban coast
Where the bones of the stately galleons lie shrivelled and stark and bare—
And another Spanish Armada is overwhelmed and lost.

K. S. McL.

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GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

AT CARACAS AGAIN.

In our last extracts from the letters of our Canadian correspondent in South America, we left him in his Boardinghouse in the city of Caracas, whence he had graphically described the people of Venezuela, and promised to tell more of their characteristics and doings. He resumes with an interesting account of his present residence:—

On being first located in this house, so strange and outlandish seemed the surroundings, that we feared that we should never feel at home. I have already told you that through fear of earthquakes, but few houses have more than one storey. But the ground floor is extensive enough to afford ample accommodation. A small fortune is expended in the construction of a well-to-do establishment, and in a southern way, each is lavishly decorated. As an example, take that in which we have found our home. It was built over half a century ago, by a wealthy man whose family portraits still remain in a good state of preservation upon its walls. In fact every square foot of available mural space is frescoed with portraits, landscapes and historical paintings. Twenty rooms constitute the house, all but two, which we occupy, being upon the ground floor. Here are a dozen servants, negroes, mulattoes and Venezuelans. The principal street of the city passes our door, and a trainway threads its whole length. The street is fourteen feet wide, with high sidewalks three feet in width. The openings which we call windows, are large and deep, furnished with heavy shutters but destitute of glass. A cage-like construction projects about a foot upon the narrow sidewalk, between the bars of which the pretty *senoritas* look out upon the passers by. More frequently they shake hands with them, and talk, or even kiss. Really, the man outside can hardly

avoid running against their painted noses, and if courageous enough, would find no difficulty in touching their lips with his own by a simple turn of his head. Of course, I speak only of possibilities. Permanent window-seats are placed there for eternal use of somebody or other, and the elbow cushions for the window-sill are rich and gaudy. A wide double doorway, hung with monstrous doors of wood and iron, admits you to a corridor magnificently paved with tessellated mosaic, with frescoed walls and ceiling garish yet grand. The hall is wide, and leads to an inner doorway, which unfolds to the patio or inner court, again luxuriously paved with mosaic. The centre of this small plaza is open to the sky to the extent of twenty or thirty feet. Around the sides, a ceiling or verandah runs, with tiled roof and handsome pillars. Within the patio, plants of tropical beauty bud and bloom perpetually. This patio is for the lighting and ventilation of the house, the rooms of which all open here, and on no other side. It is used too as a flower garden, and is brilliant in odor from year's end to year's end. The parlor is in the front of the house, but is entered solely from the patio. It is about twenty feet square, and richly painted. The furnishings, however, are very bare, and consist of a few chairs, and hard ones at that, a stand or table, and a cold cement floor. No sofas, no carpets, none of the comforts of our northern homes meet the eye. But what few things by way of ornament are to be found in this parlor cost thousands of dollars, I am told, and am inclined to believe. The mosaic pavement in the patio alone cost over five thousand dollars. In rear of the patio is the dining-hall, open to the free, fresh air of heaven—a thing one soon learns to appreciate at full value in this tropical climate—and in rear of that again is another patio surrounded by apartments which open to it. This is the kitchen patio,

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paved with colored cement, while its centre is filled with beautiful banana and plantation plants, roses, orchids, and mountain flowers, in blooming beauty and profusion. Hung about from its verandah ceiling are dozens of bird cages, and the morning songs of their occupants are a waking delight. Parrots of gorgeous plumage are there, with songsters from the Andes, and the tropical birds from the Orinoco, whose whistle is superior to that of the mocking bird. To give a present in Caracas is to bestow another bird upon the object of your respect or admiration, and it is given to the care of the domestics who live around the kitchen patio. The kitchen fireplace is a circular mound of cement raised in the middle of a large paved room. I have yet to learn its peculiar mechanism, but am told that charcoal, and that brought across from Liverpool alone, is used as fuel. Passing to the rear of the kitchen, we find yet another paved court, thirty feet square, on the cement floor of which the laundry work of the household is done by naked negro women. Thus the apartments are ranged around three courtyards, the whole house occupying about fifty of one hundred and twenty-four feet of ground. From the first court rises a winding iron staircase, by which my companion and I reach our upper storey over the diningroom. Our balcony looks upon the red-tiled roof of the parlor, and over the whole city beyond to the magnificent Andes. So deceptive is the rare atmosphere that it seems possible to walk upon the parlor tiles and step on to the mountains. But their grand mass lies two miles away. Our room is the largest and best furnished sleeping apartment in the house. There are twenty-nine boarders and lodgers, and nearly all of them sleep upon cots or "stretchers," of canvas, their cots being the only furniture in their rooms. We, however, have iron bedsteads,

dressing tables and other little "comforts." Others use candles, but we have not forgotten our northern habits, and asked for a lamp, by which we could study, and were furnished with it and a small piece of carpet. They use gas downstairs, but very sparingly. We rise each morning at seven—a late hour for the tropics—and take coffee, which means hot water, and an orange, and sometimes if we specially ask for it, are served with delicious chocolate cocoa, or cacao. To drink their coffee is to us a sheer impossibility. Oranges are plentiful, of course, and sell at the market for five cents a dozen, while bananas can be got for ten cents a hundred. Out in the country, in this same valley, the people are of a Paradisaic frame of mind, live on bananas all the year round, and never wear clothing unless they enter the city. Then they don their shoes of cord with leather soles, their skirts or trousers, and a cloak to hide their shoulders.

Few negroes of full blood can be found here, but all the lower class are half-breeds. The best people—the four hundred—have no negro blood, but are handsome, cultured, attractive Venezuelanos of Spanish descent. The people of all classes smoke incessantly, and cigarettes are a common property. After an introduction invariably comes the offer of a cigarette. The people are excessively demonstrative, and the foreigner from North America is astounded at the embrace he receives from the Spaniard. He pats you on the back, clasps your hand tightly, holding it with firm grasp during his conversation with you, and you must, if possible, look as if you regarded all this as proof of interest in your welfare. Add to the cost of your cigarettes, that of cocktails, punches, brandies and sodas, champagne, sherry, vermouth, aggrops, and absinthes daily required to cement friendships new and old, and you can form a slight idea of a position in society here, for the better classes

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have all immense fortunes, and liberally expend their ample means. To keep pace with them is a tax upon the often limited dollars of a new comer. But no people could be more generous, polite and fascinating. Every man we have met here, whether standing behind the counter, or wearing the silk hat which is a fashionable necessity, we have found interesting, intelligent, agreeable and fascinating. No man apparently thinks it irksome to help the stranger, and we have experienced marked kindness on every hand. You shake hands with somebody at least a hundred times a day and over, and then find yours held for an hour at a time. This embarrasses nobody, even if it takes five minutes for you to think out something to say, and during your whole colloquy with him, your new friend looks pleasantly into your face with his honest, deep, generous black eyes, as though he had known you for a quarter century, and valued you for your worth. Judged by our northern standards, the morals of Venezuela, like those of all southern people, are somewhat loose. With us in Canada, Sunday is a day of rest. In Caracas it is a day of sport, and bull-fights take place upon it only. These fights are on the largest scales when brought off in behalf of some public charity. On Sunday last fifteen fine bulls were killed in the ring, and thousands of luxuriantly dressed women enjoyed the proceedings of five long hours. It is only at charity fights, however, that the better class of women are found. Last Sunday many, many gallons of bulls' blood were drawn from the wretched animals before the eyes of these women, and no native Venezuelan thought of dissent. The immense hippodrome was surrounded by men and women in full dress and brilliant coloring, and all were bent on enjoyment as Spaniards only can find it. Before them is an empty sanded court, circular in form, and one hundred

and fifty feet in diameter. Tier upon tier of faces rise up on all sides. A bugle sounds, and there enter the torturers, headed by the matador, who is the hero of the day, and whose task is to kill the bulls, when they have sufficiently afforded the desired sport. These people are uniformed in gray silks and velvets, slashed doublets, with embroidery of gold or silver lace, and wearing helmets or turbans sparkling with jewels, for like some of our pugilists, these men acquire large fortunes. After walking around the ring in dumb show, they arrange themselves at different points, awaiting the first bull to be let out of a side stall at the sound of the bugle. The scene and its storied associations is at this moment soul-stirring, spite of the cruelty and gore which you know must follow. The destined victim is stabbed with a barb of steel as he rushes from his stall, and that barb remains in his flank, tantalizing him with pain, and the gaudy streamers as its end. The poor animal, frightened at the crowd and maddened with irritation, rushes at a red mantle waved before its eyes by one of the torturers. The man throws the red mantle to one side, and jumps adroitly from it, as the bull rushes at the moving cloth and is furious to find it but an unresisting sheet of the hated color. For fully fifteen minutes the torture goes on, and a dozen other barbs are thrust into the bleeding animal, and the miserable brute often turns somersaults in its distress. Finally the matador approaches with his sword, and playing his weapon on the very horns of his victim, deludes it with tricks and wily motion, until in its blind fury it rushes at its persecutor, and the steel is forced into heart or spine, as opportunity offers, and the gory mass falls to the ground, to be dragged from the arena even before life is quite extinct. Meanwhile the applause is quite frantic, and my sorrow and disgust are complete. It is little to the purpose

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to say that the meat of the slaughtered animal is sold next morning at the public mart, at a low price to the poor of the city.

The city Market is a very large building covering a whole block, and the morning scenes to a foreigner are indeed extraordinary. The trains of burros fill up the narrow street, and within sight are some thousands of these patient, tireless animals, laden with bales and barrels and sacks, until you would expect them to sink to the earth exhausted and overcome. There are from six to eight burros in each string, tied together and in control of one bare-legged driver from the country. Fruits, meats and vegetables are in profusion. Cartload after cartload of beautiful oranges, bananas, pineapples, melons, cocoa, chocolate, coffee, chickens, olives, limes, plantains, cacao, beans ten kinds and ten colors, and other varieties of eatables of which I have forgotten the name, literally cover every inch of space. The baker rides his jackass with its panniers up to the door, ringing his bells meanwhile. Meat is seldom eaten, however, as it costs fifteen cents a pound. Cake is never seen. Little butter is used. Olives, on the other hand, impregnate nearly everything you eat. You find their flavor even in the fresh eggs when you open it. How I hate olives! Sherry, champagne, claret and vermouth are taken with your meals. Cigarettes are smoked everywhere. The barber while wielding his razor, the waiter at the table, the gentleman at his wine, all smoke, always and everywhere. Everybody learns quickly how to roll his cigarette. The better class of women, it is pleasing to tell, do not smoke. But the mixed classes do. The market women smoke cigars, always with the big end in their mouths, and the small end protruding. Boot-blacks, newsboys, match boys, market servants rush about the streets cigarette in mouth. Amidst all the freedom of the individual

which prevails, women and well-dressed men are given the walk. Policemen are armed with rifles, clubs, pistols and swords. Detachments of cavalry patrol sauntering at all hours. Beggars sit on every doorstep, and are much patronized and indeed respected. Everyone lifts his hat while passing the many cathedrals and shrines. Bells are ringing, ringing, tolling, tolling, ever musical chimes are struck perpetually by relays of bellringers. On fete days the roar from the belfries is deafening, and the whole populace turns out in many colors on the way to mass. But no one can comfortably hear another speak until midnight, when the beautiful chime of the municipal bells tolls the knell of the finished day, and affords an agreeable and appreciated contrast to the monotonous clangs of the brazen ecclesiastical music of the preceding morning, noon and evening.

The hideousness of war has been brought home to us by the engagements in Cuba. That men in the nineteenth century can be found who are willing to let loose the most diabolical passions imaginable, and talk as flippantly of death and destruction as the American papers do, is at least surprising. A war undertaken, it has repeatedly been stated, in the interests of humanity, has been productive of more misery and suffering ten times over than the misery it was supposed to relieve. We wish we could believe that the cry "interests of humanity" is not being used as a cloak for sinister purposes which time will reveal. Now that it has become apparent that the real cause of the war was America's intense desire to acquire more territory, and to rob a weak nation, she has lost hosts of friends in Canada. We cannot forget that we too are a weak nation, and the day may come when an overbearing neighbor influenced by selfishness may desire to swallow us up, and

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destroy our people by fire and sword. To the credit of a portion of the American nation, be it said that their best minds repudiate the present unrighteous conflict as sturdily and honestly as outsiders. But what can they do in the face of political demagogues and heartless spectators. In the meanwhile our sympathy goes out to the striven families in Spain and the United States. Truly war is a crime.

At Hatwood, July 3rd, 1898, the wife of Hugh Ross, Head Farmer, Rockwood Hospital, of a son.

Maryland Yellow-throated Warblers have been found breeding in this district by Mr. E. Beaupre, Jr.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Probably the old time herbalists had some notion of modern Bacteriologic theories and germicides, by giving such quaint names to plants as vermituge. "Fleabane," pedicularium, and "Bugbane," our modern pyrethrum, or insect powder, merely to come in contact with which, or to touch, is death to such larval forms as the common cabbage caterpillar. The name "Catmint" indicates perhaps that that labiate was eaten by domesticated felines as an Anthelmintic, and to the malady of intestinal parasites the cat tribe are frequent victims, the epidemic being sometimes spoken of as the "cat murrain," and as a remedy for which ailment powdered Arecanut has been recommended by newspaper correspondents. The eating of astringent herbs, such as the *Lobelia inflata*, may have a powerful sedative effect on horses and colts which are occasionally seen to bite off the leaves and stems of that plant, although the same is very acrid in taste, as it grows abundantly in many pastures, and is believed to cause copious salivation when eaten by equines, though the same effects are also attributed

by some to the fondness which horses have for the blossoms of white clover, the ripening seeds of which plant are said to cause working farm teams to lose flesh in the later summer months. An acquaintance here thinks that the eating of acrid herb substances, such as burdock leaves and bitter sumac, as well as the blue lobelia plant, is as an item in natural pharmacy, as a prophylactic for "Bots," which are believed to be an insidious and frequently a fatal foe to the equine genus of farm animals. And another rural philanthropist whose name one could mention, used to aver that tobacco juice was the proper and efficient destroyer of the Typhoid bacillus, and he earnestly and persistently advised his rural confreres at times of Typhoid prevalence to take abundant and frequent 'chaws' of Myrtle Navy, or other brands of the opiate weed, and as was popularly believed with beneficial results to such as could "bear up" against the heroic remedy.

This episode had a date before the era of Pasteurism, or at least before those notions had obtained notoriety.

Another acquaintance who owned a valuable retriever spaniel, but who had frequent cause to be absent from home for weeks at a time, was assailed on his return by complaints of the threshing machine owners, that the 'dorg' had carried off their lubricant substances, such as mutton, tallow or lardina. The dog owner, who was a well-known humorist, growled out that the retriever wants were always unattended to in the master's absence, only dry mouldy crusts his portion, and the dog being a pedigree animal got sick with appendicitis, the fashionable disease of masculines, and had to steal the tallow in lieu of his habitual medicamentum (Harlem), Dutch oils.

Many farmers are made aware by experience that young lambs, and those too in very thriving condition and fit for the butcher, are infested

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with "Tapeworms" in the smaller intestines. Said parasites do not seem detrimental for a time to the lambs health, which are often in a state of extreme fatness, but about weaning time show a strong propensity to take bites of bitter herbs, or to nibble bark of bitter shrubs, such as that of the wild cherry and sumac. This habit occasionally causes the death of the lamb, from inflammation of the throat or salivary glands, ending in much swelling of the throat and gangrene.

The Tobacco quack had a rough philosophical notion of the microbes in the blood source of Typhus, and of the serum method of treatment, and had unshaken faith in his method of immunism, akin to the homeopaths combating evil by a lesser ill, or as the politicians sometimes say, fighting the devil with fire, i. e. outlying the liars.

A rural Burford cow leech relied on logical analogues, and in treatment of a sick ox or cow, cases of what he called "Embargo in the manyplus," recommended to give a drench of a ½ lb. of gunpowder in water solution. Sometimes the cure threatened by exaggeration worse dangers than the malady had done!

A neighbor boy raided a Hawk's nest last week. The old pair had been making depredations on poultry near by. The nest contained four young hawks of various ages. One was just entering the pin feathers stage, with long white down on the head, the others nearly ready to depart from the nest, which was situated in the main divide or bifurcation in a large red maple tree in the swamp, and it was rather a dangerous climb to reach the raptore.

Scarcely any samples of the hermit thrush, or even the veery, around us this year, fewer individual strictly woods birds than ever before, but field and pasture birds, normal.

The Pyrethrum insecticide is a plant of the compositae order, and is closely allied to the common garden tansy (*tanacetum vulgare*),

and is said to be imported from the Balkan regions. If kept slowly burning in a censor, the aromatic mild fumes immediately drive house flies and mosquitoes from a room. A majority of the mint tribe of plants are inimical to the insect race as the Lavender, Rosemary, Hyssop, Thyme, Penroyal, Wormwood, ect., and the housecat's love for Napeta is easily seen, as they purr, lick and nibble over a leafy sprig.

The Cat plague breaks out at irregular periods in a locality, and numbers die off in spasms and convulsions. About the time of cutting the adult teeth, healthy cats brought from a distance into an infected district, have been known to die in a day or two.

An intelligent acquaintance thinks the cause is frequently the felines are fed on unsterilized milk, that is they attend at milking time in the cowbyres, and get new milk as from the udder, unstrained, in a saucer kept there for the purpose, and lung tubercles may possibly thereby result.

Milk of ruminants seems to be a substituted food for cats, being specialized carnivores.

W. Y.

THE TREATMENT OF STRAY DOGS.

*A Plea for Their Preservation
from the cruel Dog Catcher.*

LOVE REWARDED BY DEATH!

AN ARTICLE WRITTEN FROM THE
STANDPOINT OF THE DOG.—
INDIVIDUAL TREATMENT.

An interesting correspondence is reported to have recently taken place between his Worship the Mayor and Mr. Commissioner Coatsworth, respecting the treatment of stray canines by the dog-catchers. Into the merits of the question in dispute between these gentlemen, it is no part of the purpose of this article to enter. This, like most other matters of opinion, no doubt, is one upon which even wise men may differ. So far as we are aware neither science, philosophy, nor religion has defined with any degree of precision the rights of this class of our fellow creatures, nor to what extent we, in the exercise of our lordship over our humbler brethren, are bound to respect those rights. Most of us have, indeed, a sort of dim perception that even dogs have a common origin with ourselves. Even those of us who are old-fashioned enough to believe in the doctrine of creation, have to admit that the hand that made the man made his dog also. It is not necessary for us to be Darwinians in order to be able to grasp this truth. And if it be true, as some people would have us believe, that to be a creature of God is to be His child, the former of these relations being the equivalent of the latter, it is not quite easy to see how we can evade the conclusion that the Fatherhood of God—we write it reverently—extends even to dogs. There is a class of religionists who find great comfort in the Scriptural quotation, "Have we not all one Father?" But, on this hypothesis, Tiney and Tray have as good a right to shelter themselves under

this fragment of Holy Writ as the man who claims to be their owner, and who exercises absolute lordship over them. If there is any difference between the dog and his master, evidently it is not to be found in their origin or descent, but in the super-added element of a spiritual nature in the case of a man and in the facts of Redemption and the New Birth.

Darwinianism, if it be true, even serves to illustrate and confirm the natural relationship between men and dogs. Embryology teaches us that up to a somewhat advanced stage in their pre-natal development the man is not distinguishable from his humbler relative; and if, as the Darwinians think, this makes the line of ascent by which the nobler animal has reached his present exalted status, surely it furnishes a good reason why we should not forget the hole of the pit from which he was digged, neither carry himself too loftily even in the presence of dogs. A witty American is credited with the saying that "there is a good deal of human nature in some men;" and this might be affirmed with almost equal truthfulness of some dogs. There is almost as strongly marked an individuality among them as there is among their masters. No two of them appear to be cast precisely in the same mould. They differ in their leading traits of character almost as much as men do, some of them being grave and some gay, some with a remarkable development of the social characteristics, and others are born cynics and recluses, preferring, like Diogenes, to live in their own tubs and mind their own business. But however widely they may differ from one another in these and many other respects, there is one characteristic which they all seem to possess in common—the strength of their affection, and their consequent fidelity to their friends. All dog lore is full of illustrations of this. It furnishes material for one of the most interesting, thrilling

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and pathetic chapters in the animal history of our globe. There are but few men, it is to be feared, who have the same constancy of affection which is every day to be seen exemplified in the conduct of some poor mangey cur, for whom the unworthy object of it has only the scantiest degree of respect. It has been said of woman that her love is often placed where the mystery is what she can she find there to love. It is so with the love of dogs, as well as of women. It is pathetic to see the poor faithful creature licking the hand that has so often cruelly smitten him, or even the foot that has so often brutally kicked him. No wonder that a true man in whom is the milk of human kindness, loves his dog; and often becomes so identified with him in feeling that the hand that strikes his dog strikes him, and if he be of the vengeful sort, he will avenge the insult or injury done to his dog as if it were done to himself.

Dogs, like men, are the creatures of heredity and environment. There is all the difference between the well-bred and lightly and well-educated dog, and the one that is basely born and badly bred, that there is between the gentleman and the savage. Canine society has its extremes, its classes and masses, as distinctly marked as the society of men. The poet Burns, in his day, found both patricians and plebians among the canine species; and in the friendly relations and sympathy that he found existing between them, that gifted son of genius discerned an object lesson which the lords of creation would do well to lay to heart. It is only in the best specimens of our own species that we find an illustration of the possibilities of human nature; and the same observation is true of dogs. It is only in the educated dog, whose culture has been carried on through many generations, that we get a glimpse of what doghood may attain to under the most favorable circumstances.

But it was about stray dogs, or that class that are likely to fall into the hands of the dog-catchers, and their treatment, that this article began, and though it has wandered far from the subject, it ought not, perhaps, to be altogether lost sight of. Most of this unfortunate class of quadrupeds—though no doubt some of them are unamiable and disreputable specimens of their class—are more sinned against than sinning, and therefore more to be pitied than blamed; and what they suffer, especially what they suffer at the hands of the dog-catchers, is rather for the sins of others than their own. And sometimes—often, perhaps—no one is to blame. A noble dog that comes into the city from the country loses sight of his master, his mistress, or some member of the family to which he belongs; with a heartache which can never be understood by us until we are able to fathom the unfathomable depths of a dog's love, he becomes almost frantic in the object of his affection; and for this he is netted, cast into a black hole, in company, it may be, with some of the most disreputable of his species, and is hurried away to prison, and, finally, to execution. And if he resists, especially in a manner becoming the spirit of a true dog, it appears he becomes the object of more summary vengeance, is knocked on the head. Or the pet of the household, scarcely less dear than one of the children, has broken his collar, or lost his tag, and getting into the street without these defences, he is subjected to the same treatment. But some of these dogs have not paid the municipal tax, or it has not been paid for them; and this brings us to the most serious aspect of the case. If there be people who can pay and will not pay a reasonable tax, they ought to be made pay.—From the Mail and Empire.

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