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May 1 - 1896



The Rockwood Review.



A Monthly Journal devoted to
Literature, Natural History and
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The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 3.

KINGSTON, MAY 1ST, 1896.

No. 4.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Work has commenced on the addition to the East Wing, Mr. Joseph Wilson, Clerk of works in charge. When the additions are finished Rockwood Hospital will be the best building of the kind in Canada.

The Rockwood Bicycle Club is constituted as follows. President, Dr. C. K. Clarke; Vice President, Dr. J. M. Forster; Secretary and Treasurer, Thos. McCammon; Captain, Ed. Gilmour; Committee, W. Shea, Jas. Williamson, W. Carr, J. Gage. Colors those of Rockwood, viz. Cardinal and White.

On April 7th the employees gave their annual entertainment to their friends. The Breaking of the Spell and the Baby Elephant, already spoken of in these columns, were repeated with success, to an audience of six hundred. Miss Mabel Orser made a charming Jennie, and Messrs. Cochrane, J. Shea and the Chorus sustained their parts even better than at the first production. The Fencing Drill and Song of the Scythe—Miss Convery—were especial features. Hearts of Oak, by W. Shea and Miss Nugent, pleased the patriotic audience. The Clarinet Solo, W. Madill, Clog Dance, W. Potter, were thoroughly appreciated and deservedly so. "The Baby Elephant" was as usual unique, and W. Shea, J. Shea, W. Cochrane, J. Davidson, T. McCammon, Ed. Gilmour and G. Coxworthy, shared with the others the rounds of applause that are ever engendered by the Irish Elephant.

Snowdrops in bloom, April 15th.

A TRUE STORY.—Small boy, teaching his little brother his Sunday school lesson: "Now Herbie, that is not right, you must say it this way—"Or else he will hold the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and woman." Tableau in next room.

The "News" states that the funny column was absent in the REVIEW last issue. It was Lent, so was the funny column, but it has returned this number. It is evident the "News" did not borrow it.

Portsmouth holds the Ice Boat Trophy. The owner of the Defiance is enterprising enough to keep in the van next year as well as this.

The "Latest Fad" in this issue is from the pen of W. C., and is quite up to the Gilbert mark.

An interesting account of a "Shore Dinner" will appear in the next number.

The large increase in advertisements speaks for the success of our little journal.

Mrs. Ballantyne, of Ottawa, and children visited Rockwood House in the Easter holidays.

The tug Walker was again the first boat to open navigation, April 13th, but on April 15th the ice is still firm in the harbor.

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

Which one of our Mabels rides a Semper Paratus when she goes for a spin?

Can a man run a mile as fast as a Bicycle?—Well almost; the bike only wins by two feet.

If we seem to have wheels in our head this number excuse us, as we are not the only victims, those who have succumbed to the popular sport, up to date, are as follows: Brantford, T. McCammon; Columbia, Dr. Forster; Garden City, W. Carr; Kenwood, Ed. Gilmour and W. Mullin; Victors, Mrs. Forster, Miss Peirce and C. M. Clarke; Beeson & Humber, J. Williamson; Rudge, W. Shea; V. Fleetwing, Miss Cunningham; Crescent, Miss Convey; Editors of ROCKWOOD REVIEW, a Brantford. There are several others in whom the fever is in the stage of incubation, and they will bloom out with Garden City, Perfect, Remington or some other good wheels.

The ladies of Kingston are enthusiasts and up to date in all of the sports of the day. On the Golf links they are to be found playing as vigorously and skilfully as the men; on the skating rink they chase the merry puck with grace and speed, and if dame rumor be correct, occasionally crack each other across the knuckles with "malice prepense," just as the men do, and now the bicycle craze has struck them all with its intensity. It broke out in odd spots a year or so ago, and now is endemic. A Ladies' Bicycle Club has been organized, practices by the sixty odd members are the order of the day for the experienced and the order of the night for the others; road maps for the County of Frontenac are at a premium, pic-nics in far off sylvan nooks are talked of and dates secured. The question of costume is the only one threatening to bring disaster to the Club, and already two factions are reported to exist.

APRIL.

The April days have come back again,
And the skies of April are wondrous blue,
Bright, soft and clear without speck or stain,
Ethereal, melting, a lovely hue.
The snow is going, the ground is bare,
And brown and yellow the grass is seen,
Though soiled, wet, drifts linger here and there,
To mark where huge piles of white have been.
The trees are leafless, yet catkins swell,
And on the little horse chesnut tree
Large gummy leafbuds can plainly tell
Where gay green leaves will so shortly be.
The crows flap slow through the sunny sky,
The robins scold at the lagging snow,
The sparrows' boisterous hilarity,
At morn and eve, sounds the louder now.
And calls and whistles, and chirps and chirrs,
And songs and bird notes sound day long,
The crystal blood of the maple stirs
In the heat of the sun newborn and strong.
Though nightly chilled by the frost it stops,
It flows the freer throughout the day,
And sap cans fill with the sparkling drops,
And tempt the youngsters to leave their play.
Caressing breezes with touches sweet,
Like spirit fingers brush everything,
And wander down through the village street,
To tell us tales of the gentle spring.

D. W. K.

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HOCKEYANA.

The Rockwood Hockey season closed in capital style, and our clubs have advanced to a prominent place in hockey circles. The Seniors played six important matches, and with the following result.—

Rockwood vs. Limestons,	4	6
Rockwood vs. R. M. Cadets,	8	5
“ “	5	3
“ “	4	6
“ vs. Brockville,	2	6
“ vs. Crescents,	3	2

In regard to the defeat received at the hands of the Cadets, it may be said that Harty and Clarke were ill, and not fit to play on the soft slushy ice on which the match occurred. The less said about the Brockville match the better, as Brockville did not play hockey. The best match played was that against the Crescents, composed of six of the celebrated Victorias. By the defeat of this capital organization in a beautiful game, the Rockwoods fairly established their claim to the local championship, originally arranged to be fought out by the R. M. C. Crescents and Rockwoods.

Jock Harty, Captain, Rover, is one of the prettiest and most effective players in Canada. Being light he has to depend on great speed and clever dodging. When his rush takes place few can check him, and as a rusher he has few equals. He is one of the best on the champion team of Ontario. Geo. Coxworthy, Centre, is a "big-little" man, a wonderful athlete, and a worker from the moment the whistle blows. At one time champion roller skater of Canada, it naturally follows that he is speedy on ice, and is as full of tricks as a pet fox. He is a hard man to check and a constant rusher. Ed. Gilmour, left wing, is tall, well built and a very fast skater. This season he was simply invaluable as a rusher, and like every man on the team,

unselfish and willing to sacrifice individual glory for the welfare of the team. On big rinks his speed showed to great advantage.

Marshall Reid, right wing.—Marshall is always given the "hard nuts" to crack, and he does it with a vengeance. Strong, determined, fair and clear headed, he makes a dangerous opponent, and takes care of his man with such zeal, that the other fellow never has much spare time for fancy rushes. Reid shoots on goal hard and with great judgment. Charlie Clarke, "the kid," cover point. Charlie is a curly headed juvenile of fourteen, and having a hundred and sixty-five pounds of bone and muscle to present to the foe, can always afford to preserve a cheerful countenance under the most exasperating circumstances. He is cool, fast and ready, willing and able to check anything that comes, and when he indulges in a rush does it with vigor. He shoots with great force, either right or left handed, and is always respected by his opponents.

W. Hamilton, Point, young, but one of the best athletes in Kingston. An ideal player in his position, and always ready to surprise the other fellows by some new departure. Will frequently make a rush from his position, and when he does so almost invariably scores. In the match against the Crescents, only four shots were sent on Rockwood goal. This shows the kind of work Hamilton and the defence were doing against such players as Rayner, Taylor, Murray and Newlands.

J. Shea, Goal, last but not least. What John does not know about stopping the puck is not worth learning. Solid, quick and fearless, he makes an ideal goal keeper, and while the forwards are attacking the other goal keeper, keeps the crowd in good humor by his witty remarks.

Geo. McKay, who played centre

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twice with Rockwood in Jock Hart's absence, is the well known fair haired George of Queen's team. He and Jock are two of the greatest favorites among hockey enthusiasts in Ontario, and well deserve the reputation.

The Junior Rockwoods were a hybrid organization, but won all of their matches. Rockwood II. Juniors.—W. Dennison, Hugh Robertson, W. Oldrieve, Leo Doran, J. Robinson, L. Jones and several others, had a successful season, and met with few defeats.

The Beechgroves are the pride of Rockwood. Capt. W. Potter, right wing; centre, Herbert Clarke; left wing, T. McCoherty; rover, J. Cotter; cover point, Harold Clarke; point, J. McWaters; goal, Ernest McCoherty. These little fellows have beaten everything big and small that the city and village could furnish, by honest, gentlemanly hockey. They have played matches without number, with but one result, victory on every occasion but one, when three out of the illustrious seven were sick with Grippe. They are not puffed up over their victories, and always treat their opponents kindly and fairly.

A threat! Scene, Paris. A clarinet player approaching timidly the guests, that were sitting before a cafe on one of the boulevards, "Ladies and gentlemen," he commenced, "I should much like to give you a tune on my clarinet, but I well know that you do not like the instrument. If therefore you will kindly"—here he passes round the hat, with the usual result receiving the customary tribute from the people, who were perhaps only too glad to escape the torture. So it went on for some considerable time, the clarinet player receiving his remuneration without the least trouble. One day, however, one

of the guests at one of the cafes called out to him in good humor, "I have seen you now quite often enough, but I should also like to hear you play for once!" "But I play so badly," said the musician in his embarrassment. "I readily believe you," said the gentleman, "but that does not matter, I love the clarinet, play!" The musician now became still more confused. "Gentlemen," he stammered, "I must make a confession; I cannot produce a single tune on the clarinet, I only use it as the means of menace, and I have always found it most effective as such."

A PROPHET AND FORERUNNER.

O bird of sleek and glossy sable
coat,
And hoarse and rancous throat,
That has no voice to warble or to
sing.
Whose solemn flapping wing
Settles with slow precision in the
firs,
Making a little stir like Spring,
Among bare boughs,—there is no
voice of her's
More welcome than thy unmelo-
dious note.

I hear thy croaking call,
In which there is no melody nor
cheer,
Nor any picture of delight at all,
But just the bold announcement,
"Spring is here."
Yet in the furrows after April rains
Thou find'st a scattered few of last
year's grains,
To pay thy heedful searching, and
the laws
Of nature still obedient to thy caws.

O thou most sage of bird philoso-
phers,
Calling thy mates among the black-
boughed firs,
More sweet to me thine unmelli-
fluous croak

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Than blue bird's whistle or the
robin's flute,—
Thou sayest prophet-wise where
they are mute,
Folding about thee thy funeral
cloak,
In such an unromantic business way
That Spring has come to stay.

K. S. McL.

BIRD NOTES.

Robins and Grackles put in an appearance in full force on Sunday, March 29; Bluebirds and Song Sparrows on the 30th; Meadow Larks and Killdeer Plover on the 28th. Mr. Yates, of Hatchley, on a Postal Card, dated April 7th, says "as to the season's progress, we had a few genial days and nights in the last of March, and many migrant birds appeared, robins and bluebirds, on the 27th, killdeer plovers, pewit fly catchers, song sparrows, meadow larks on March 20th, and piping of frogs began on the 30th too. Song sparrows immediately began to build nests; first crane I saw near here on April 2nd, though a frosty wind was blowing; a white hawk with black, tipped wings and tail, feathers was seen here last week and the abnormal raptore was mobbed and seemingly much annoyed by a bevy of crows. Hawks are wheeling and screaming in midair almost every day, and maple sugar makers are now busy. We were glad to observe that bluebirds showed up in much greater numbers than last year, and are here yet. They as well as the robins, during the return frosts, congregate in the sheltered nooks and sunny openings in the woods, and scratch like poultry among the leaves. The sudden rain and thaw of March 29th caused floods, and the moving ice carried away many bridges. Large numbers of dark colored moths hover

about the sap vessels in the maple woods, and afford food for the birds. Wild ducks appeared same time as the plovers, and colored butterflies emerged from their winter retreats. A flock of snow buntings was seen, I think, on the same day that the robins appeared, thus the diverse migrations appeared to overlap."

Swallows arrived in Kingston, Ap. 10th, Juncos, Ap. 13th, Kinglets, Ap. 13th.

EDWIN BEAUPRE'S NOTES.

On Thursday, 9th April, I observed nearly one hundred and fifty crows feeding on the fruit of the sumach trees. Shirkes were here in great numbers on April 10.

The first of our shore birds to appear this season was the Killdeer, whose loud shrill whistle was heard as early as March 28th.

Upon their arrival they immediately make themselves at home, visiting the shores and pasture fields which they left in October, at the approach of cold weather, and where they now find ice and snow in many places. They are hardy birds, and except during the breeding time, very shy.

Like most of our summer residents they attract little or no notice, being common, but I think they are very interesting, and deserve more attention than they now receive; being terrestrial and almost nocturnal in their habits, they may be seen on the shore or in the open fields, running very rapidly, forgetting apparently that they possess wings, and late in the evening when I could not see the birds, I have frequently heard their shrill cry.

I never saw them in compact flocks like other shore birds. After the breeding season is over, they move about in loose, straggling groups, and I believe the migration is performed in the same manner.

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

WESTWARD, HO.

(CONTINUED.)

We visited the Kananaskis Fall, a superb tumble of the united waters of the Bow and Kananaskis over a granite table; then on into the mountains, in the gloaming of a starlit night; the great bulks of the peaks and chains, looked like a ghostly procession of giants.

We got off at Banff. A rig had been telegraphed for and was waiting at the station, in the possession of a buckram-backed driver, who gave himself airs, and drove like Jehu the son of Nimshi.

We admired him immensely, particularly the way he swept around to the hotel at full speed, bringing his horses to an abrupt stop, and then, instantly turned into a grey statue. I wanted badly to measure the distance between the wheels and the steps, but as dignity was the prevailing fashion, we put on the best mien we had by us, and dismounted by the aid of small sets of steps, which had burst out the door, in the hands of a couple of bell boys, the identical second our statue materialized.

Our rooms overlooked the Bow River, the subdued roar of whose fall made music in our ears.

Banff is simply entrancing. We sat on the piazzas, or loitered along the banks of the Sprey and Bow, with the scent of the pine woods in our nostrils, the gurgle and murmur of the water greeting our ears, and the mighty bulks at every turn enchanting our eyes.

We had a delightful drive one morning, in a coach and four; I can't tell where we went, but round and about the glorious mountains. The conversation of our fellow travellers amused us greatly. A couple of ladies talked about the relative values of china and bric-a-bac, others on the excellence of the chefs of the different hotels along

the C. P. R. Only a few looked at the scenery. We stopped for a bath at "the Cave," a circular place, lighted dimly by a hole in the top. The water bubbled up tepid and tasted vilely of sulphur.

We had also an evening drive, which lingers among the sweet perfumes of our memory. Our stiff-backed driver drove us up Tunnel Mountain in a waggonette. The road winds and turns, going always upward. In one place called "The Corkscrew" (from the shortness and closeness of its curves), we went at full gallop, it gave one the novel sensation of being churned.

The view as we went up, was beautiful in the extreme; the sun had set, the valley was in shadow, save where a cleft in the mountains, permitted long arrows of light to penetrate, while the higher peaks were radiant with the glory of the departing sun.

When we reached the highest point of the road, and began to descend, Jehu put on a break, and let the horses trot rapidly down. It was decidedly "scarry" in places. When we were particularly impressed by any lovely bit of view, we gently nudged each other, the driver was so immovable, we were afraid to be enthusiastic, it seemed to be such wretchedly bad form.

Our next stopping place was Laggan, where we mounted ponies and took a couple of guides to visit some mountain lakes. M. and A., the New York girls, had a Kodak, so up the mountains it travelled too; we started early up a good road, which followed the windings of a merry frolicsome brook, which sang and danced over the stones, and amongst the fallen holes of the pines; always, in every break in the trees some tall cliff reared its horny head. We were in high spirits everything enchanting us, and the mosquitoes shared in our

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life without much remonstrance on our part. I may here say that the attention of these friends is pointed and unremitting. After three or four miles of a moderate climb, we came out on the level shore of Lake Louise, a broad blue expanse, calmly sitting at the base of two mighty hills; immediately in front, in an opening between these two, the snow covered slope of a more distant peak glistened in the sun. We heard a sound as of thunder, but the guide said, it was the avalanches falling across the lake, and pointing to a light green strip, down the side of a mountain, looking like the swathe of a lawn mower said, "there's the track of one that came down last summer."

We rested a short time on the shore of Louise, then remounted, and still ascended; this time, no road, just a path so called, up the steepest sort of climbing you can imagine, we leaned forward, and let our ponies guide themselves. M. who had never ridden before, shrieked and shouted for help so frequently, that we were afraid, she'd start an avalanche from above on us, so one guide was detailed for her especial benefit.

It was terrifying to look almost sheer down to see the person following, and abruptly up to view the one ahead. The pines were draped and festooned with a kind of moss, some yellow and some black; finally we came out on the snow fields, chancing to look behind, we dropped in an agony of fear and clutched at the upjutting rock—the ascent looked like a wall. However we soon forgot our terror, and exclaimed at the delicate beauty of the flowers, heather, and things we did not know, growing right up to the edge of the snow. We crossed the snow, and an ancient glacier bed, round the shoulder of a mountain, when we suddenly discovered that M. and A. were not with us, and

we had the two guides. Mrs. N. and I instantly recalled all sorts of tales, we had heard and read of people being lost on the mountains, and hastily despatched a guide in search, we remaining just where we were on the ragged edge of nothing. Meantime our fantastic Indian guide had the Kodak, which he was gravely examining, trying to look inside; his calmness was so absurd compared with our anxiety, that we involuntarily laughed. Soon the lost returned, and a few rods further on we came on Lake Agnes, a mass of half melted snow and ice. This lake discharges its waters over a series of granite boulders and shelvings, like giant staircases, into Mirror Lake and then to Louise. The view down from the edge of the lake was incomparably, indescribably, grand.

None of us could screw up sufficient pluck to mount our ponies and go down, one and all stoutly declaring that walk we would, so the guides cut each of us a stout pole with a sharp end, and off we started, but a short time of stumbling and jolting, was too much for a person, constituted like Jenny Wren, with "back's bad and leg's queer," so I soon told William to bring my pony, that if I had to die, it would be less personal exertion to break my neck in company with my small steed. The others seeing that the ponies were more sure footed than they were, followed my example. The ponies were so careful and went so slowly; almost the whole way down to Lake Louise, they progressed in this wise, carefully finding a resting place for their fore feet, they would then bring their hind feet to the same place, then repeat the just mentioned performance, giving us a series of bumps. After leaving Lake Louise it was plain sailing, and we wanted the ponies to go four abreast, but no, they were so

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used to going in a string, that no amount of persuasion could make them do otherwise, if the head one crossed the road, the others immediately followed suit; we were exactly like a circus procession. M., who was sweet sixteen, began to have confidence in her horsemanship, and turning round said: "When I go back to New York, I mean to have a horse and ride in Central Park." Whether the thought of so much style affected the pony, or whether he was simply admiring his feet, cannot be known, but he gently lowered his head, and M. was gracefully spilled out on the road, her great brown eyes wide with astonished terror. We were cruel enough to shout, and I laughed so much, I felt myself falling too, so slipped to the ground and went to the rescue, and consoled her, by remarking: "Never mind, M., think of the sensation you'll create in Central Park, when you show them the Rocky Mountain style of riding."

We were so tired when we got back to the car, that as soon as we could despatch a meal, we disappeared into our berths.

From Laggan the road begins to ascend to the summit, and here as in other places, we have sometimes three engines, to draw the train up the incline. At the summit on the left, the railway company have erected an arch of pine saplings, and inscribed on it, "The Great Divide." Here coming down the slope from the snow fields, are two streams, which flow towards the track, then naturally fall, one to the east, one to the west. Out of a lake up here issues the famous Kicking Horse, which speedily enters a gorge, which innumerable years of fretting has worn in the granite rock; the gorge is at first shallow getting gradually deeper. The scenery is most sublime. The depths in the chasm of the Kicking

Horse become more and more profound, until the river roars a hundred feet below the track. In front rise a number of peaks, which almost imperceptibly, seem to merge into one Mt. Stephen, down whose side and almost overhead, can be seen the greenish blue fissure of a glacier, said to be 800 feet through. The railway hugs the side of the mountain, and darting through a tunnel, comes out into a valley called Field. Here the river is gray green, and tossed by its rapid ride, spreads out and rests. Mt. Stephen rises up almost perpendicularly to a height of 8,000 ft. above the valley; as we stood close and looked up, the words of a great unknown poet came into my mind, he had written them of Niagara, but they suited here and I quoted them:

"When I stood by that great, great Fall,
Didn't it look big? Didn't I feel small?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

MY SCHOOLDAYS.

(CONTINUED.)

Leaving my radical preceptor, I was placed under the charge of a man cast in a different mould, but wonderfully like him in some leading characteristics. George Boole was a born teacher, largely self taught and standing in the ranks of the people. Of refined taste, liberal ideas and natural abilities of vast width and depth, he won love, commanded respect, and was effective in his vocation because thorough, persevering and well equipped for the work which he set out to do. And to him the schoolroom was a home, while its exacting duties were a labor of love. With an assistant, he for two years or more, taught day school in my native city, and so long as he remained there I was a regular pupil. In summer we had no home-work, but went to school at seven o'clock each morning, and studied until eight, when we were sent home to breakfast, and returned at nine. His father was a clever optician, and I have clear and pleasant recollections of several Sunday afternoons, spent in a darkened room, greedily drinking in the wonders produced by the lenses of a solar microscope of great power. I remember, still more vividly, the occurrence of a total eclipse of the sun, and the exhibition of its moving shadow, thrown upon a sheet by means of a telescope placed in the shutter of the room. At totality, the spectators were taken into a garden to see the closing flowers, to hear crowing chanticleers, and to watch jackdaws winging home to roost in the lofty cathedral towers. Knowing the difficulties of Findley Murray to the juvenile mind, he dictated to us, each morning, a portion of a brief manual of grammar which he had prepared, so as to simplify the

studies of his pupils. The black-board and numerous maps were freely used, correct orthography was strictly insisted upon, and our reading lessons were made instructive by varied questions which set us to thinking out the meaning of the author. In the selection of reading matter he travelled far beyond the average teacher as to the quality of the books put in the hands of his scholars, and he aimed at the elevation of taste and the cultivation of the mind. Compositions were his tests of progress, and they were so numerous that every boy and girl in the school could, in a more or less degree, give written expression to ideas. His pupils were from the families of the middle class of society of Lincoln, and of at least the average intelligence, while of varying age and capacity. Two or three boys were destined for medicine, another was preparing for the naval service, and was up in trigonometry, and therefore a special wonder, and others had before them a legal career. The school was prosperous, and rapidly increasing in strength and popularity, when an opening occurred which transferred many of us from Lincoln to a neighboring village.

Waddington was supposed to have derived its name from "Woden" in the days of the Danish invasion and settlement in Lincolnshire, and to have received its terminal "ton" at the instance of the Saxon intruders who succeeded the Norsemen. It was a quiet village, perched on the top of the cliff highland which runs throughout the length of the fenny country, and which terminates in the Wolds amidst which Tennyson was born, and the beauties of which he has sung in eternal verse. Below it is a valley of vast extent, and the eye overlooking it takes in a vision embracing much of Nottinghamshire and the Sherwood Forest in which Robin Hood

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was King, and distant views of portions of Rutland, Leicestershire, Derbyshire and Yorkshire. What a magnificent panorama under either sun or storm! Field after field, grange after grange, masses of woods here and there, church spires everywhere, towns and villages in the profuse number which distinguishes so much of thickly populated England, and on every hand evidences of thrift, prosperity and beauty, make up a picture which Turner alone could have done justice to. Sunny Italy itself cannot produce a scene more exquisitely finished than that which meets the eye on a clear summer's day from the brow of the hill slope of Woden's town. In this village, one of a long series of similar clusters of farm-houses, shops, inns, churches, schools and chapels, standing a mile or so apart, and extending throughout the remaining length of the country, was a Boarding School, in a large stone building of which a portion had been erected in the days of much abused and yet absurdly glorified Queen Bess, and with an established reputation, as a seat of learning, throughout that rural district. It was attended by some sixty lads who paid sixty pounds yearly for board and education, and had been the academic source from which had sprung much of the learning of the well-to-do in that district. Its proprietor had recently died, and Mr. Boole was urged by his friends to become its tenant. He lacked capital, but found financial friends, and it was thought that his now established reputation as a teacher would ensure a large attendance of pupils. He left Lincoln, full of hope, and opened the school with a well-filled roll of students. I was one of them, and spent the remainder of my scholastic life under his tuition. The main building had been erected for the purpose to

which it had been so long dedicated, and apart from the dwelling in which the master resided, was exclusively devoted to the use of the scholars. Its first storey was a long, rectangular room, with spacious windows on the outer side, and an open fire-place at either extremity. This room was furnished with desks at one end and long tables at the other—making it at once a class room, refectory and study. The furniture was of the plainest, and there were few of the comforts of an ordinary home. The food supplied to the pupils, if plain, was plentiful and wholesome, and with milk, bread, beef and potatoes as its bases, was suited to the capacity and requirements of growing lads. Above the schoolroom were the dormitories, in each of which were six or eight beds, an objectionable feature being the fact that two boys occupied each of them. We rose at seven in winter, and at half-past six in summer, and retired at nine all the year round. Our lavatory was on the lower floor, where eight basins, the usual "sinks" and an abundant supply of water sufficed for our toilet, each boy furnishing his own towel, brushes and comb. Our ablutions were pretty thorough, for we striped to the buff, and sponged and soused under the superintending eye of a vigilant usher. We had baths, used on Saturdays, and at other times when requisite, and we kept about as clean as we felt necessity for. Prayers and the reading of a portion of the scriptures followed our morning scrub, and preceded our retirement at night. Our studies were as thorough as vigilant ushers could enforce, and were commenced by half an hour's hard work before breakfast, proceeded from nine to twelve, were resumed at two and continued until five, and were kept up at night from seven to half past eight. Our meals were served at

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regular hours. Breakfast, consisting of bread and milk, was partaken of at eight; dinner was called at half past twelve, with a well known bill of fare distinguishing each day of the week; and "tea" of bread and butter and coffee at six o'clock. At half past eight we had a collation, termed "supper," consisting of bread and cheese or bread and treacle, as we preferred, and every night we were polled to ascertain how many rations of cheese were required or how many "treacles" were called for. It was seldom that the total poll fell short of the total number of voters. Our holidays were not numerous. On Wednesday afternoon, we closed our books at three o'clock, and on Saturday afternoon had full freedom from school work. We had no dissipating, all-day vacation on Saturday. That our play hours were fully employed goes without saying. The games were fast and furious, and as various as the tastes of the pupils. There were seasons for them, and passing waves of cricket, shinney, marbles, tops, fox and hounds, prison-bars, football, bull in the ring, foot races, knurr and spell, and the hundred other amusements which fill up the play hour of young John Bull followed each other with a regularity which was pleasing in its kaleidoscopic characteristics. But cricket was with us as a "stand-by," and ball games always had a preference. In those days baseball was unknown, and hockey a sealed book to English lads. The games, however, helped to develop pluck, and courage and strength in those days just as surely as do those of to-day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GRANDFATHER.

A FLOWER.

O would I had a poet's gift
To sing of all her graces:
It seems to me she doth possess
The pleasantest of faces.

Her touch is known to rich and poor,
To Queen and peasant maid—
And often in that blissful hour,
When either stands arrayed
To pledge the vows of love for life,
Her presence is made known;
Sweet guest she'll be where e'er
she's sought,
From cottage up to throne.

She's pretty when or where she's
found,
But sometimes she is so fair
And loveiy that no words express
Her charms beyond compare.

She is often welcomed by the sick
As gift from God above,
And in her every breath gives forth
A message of his love.

She tells the anxious one of hope,
The weary one of rest;
She soothes with smiles the sorrow-
ing one,
And whispers "God knows best."

She's sought by lover, wife and
friend,
In sickness and in health:
She'll clasp the hand of flower girl,
And turn to maid of wealth.

She's dressed in cream, or white,
or pink,
In velvets of rich hue—
In yellow, or in damask red,
While never seen in blue.

Her name is short and very sweet,
'Tis spelled in letters four;
If you have guessed the "Flower
Queen,"
What need I tell you more?

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THE LATEST FAD.

There are very many manias in a
well developed state,
To be found at Rockwood Hospital,
but there is one of late,
Whose spread is quite alarming,
may some expert soon invent
Some panacea powerful, and thus
its spread prevent.

Of epidemic character, it seizes
young and old,
(To me the great preventive is, a
woeful lack of gold),
The aged and the youthful, all alike
its power feel,
The prepossessing thought is to be
owner of a wheel.

If you want to be in fashion and
considered quite au fait,
If you want to be right in it, buy a
"bike" without delay,
Don't consider the expenses, do not
hesitate at cost,
Or your glorious opportunity may
be forever lost.

You then may talk of bicycles from
early morn to night,
At tea or dinner table, for you have
a perfect right,
Introduce it in the parlor, in the
office or the hall,
'Tis the only leading subject and of
course it has the call.

No matter if 'tis Sunday and relig-
iously at church,
Don't forget your darling bicycle,
don't leave it in the lurch,
But 'tween the solemn chanting and
the pastor's strong appeal,
Be sure to think of sprockets, and
the beauties of your wheel.

If your friend has bought a "Victor,"
say Columbia's the best,
Or the Fleetwing, or the Kenwood,
put his feelings to the test,

Don't forget to ask the price he paid,
and when you find it out,
Assert him "sharped" for twenty-
five—you haven't any doubt.

E'en if you cannot ride at all, a
bicycle is fine,
The fun's not all in riding, it's in
talking, I opine,
The highest and the lowest have a
mutual subject rare,
To display their wondrous knowl-
edge with a confidential air.

You can talk about ball-bearings,
talk of sprockets and of gear,
Talk of different makes of handles,
talk of rubber tubing dear,
You can talk "machine" eternal,—
but don't forget to TALK,
And tell your wheelless neighbor
what a fool he is to walk.

So prevalent this mania, of a form
that's so acute,
So marked the various symptoms are
in those it once takes root,
I'd recommend a special ward at
once be set apart,
And each one with a "wheel" be
promptly treated from the start.

No longer do they go aboard, afloat
they never reel,
Afield they're never roaming now,
but all are gone a-wheel,
It's "wheel" at noon, it's "wheel" at
night, it's "wheel" at dawning too,
You can't escape this wheeling craze
no matter what you do.

No wonder Burns did crave a friend
to give that gift divine,
'To see ourselves as others see'—for
cyclists 'twould be fine,
If they'd adopt this motto, give us
sufferers peace desired,
For their ceaseless cachinnation
makes us really very "tired."

W. C.

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW



Mr. William Shea, the well known subject of our sketch, was born in London, England, some fifty-four years ago, and his name is a household word in the city of Kingston, as "Billy" is without doubt a genius and one of the most important personages about Rockwood. He was the youngest in a family of four, and although small in body had large ambitions. At an early age he determined to go to sea, and without consulting his parents made his way to Somerset House, where the Board of Admirals sat, and in spite of the funkeys who attempted to block the way, succeeded in getting before the high dignitaries. His little figure and big demands threw the jolly Admirals into good humor, and the persistence of the ambitious stripling enlisted the sympathy of Admiral Cater, who gave him a letter to a retired officer. This officer obtained a vacancy for the lad in the Naval School at Greenwich, and when the documents to be filled in before admission, were sent to Mr. Shea, Sr.,

there was a scene, as the aspirant for naval honors had kept his parents in the dark regarding his projects. "Billy" went to bed without his supper, but morning cleared the clouds away, and off the lad went to Greenwich, where he found himself by far the smallest among four hundred. After passing through this School he was drafted in the East India Co. service, but the mutiny broke out and the company failed, so he joined the merchant service shipping on the Admiral of Hull, and was wrecked at Grimsby. Now shipped on the Eagle of Falmouth, and spent some time in the Mediterranean and Baltic. After sailing five years, he gained a silver medal and some money, and decided to "cruise on shore a bit," where medal and money disappeared in a much shorter time than it had taken to gain them.

Billy now joined a Circus troupe as general hand, taking care of ropes and canvas, and occasionally appearing in the ring in minor parts. From this he eventually drifted into theatrical life, and was very successful in double parts and pantomime. Had a good deal of experience in the Alhambra Palace Theatre, and is full of funny stories of his experiences. The panic occurred, and Billy was left stranded, and being married he sailed for Canada, and came to Kingston, where he got work at once as fireman on a steamer. From that he went to a position in the Locomotive Works, and after working for thirteen years, became an Attendant on the Rockwood Staff, having deputed to him special duties in connection with the amusements of that Institution. In comedy of a certain class the humorous William has few equals, and as an enthusiast none to compare. He is as much an institution as Rockwood itself, and sips at every fountain of know-

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

ledge with the same love of variety that characterizes the humming bird as it flits from flower to flower. To-day Billy has won the Curling Championship, to-morrow he has donned a Golf suit, and next week will be President of the Bicycle Club. As far as his connection with bicycling is concerned, Mr. Shea has the honor of being by far the oldest bicyclist in Canada, as in 1862 he appeared with Prof. Brown at the Pavilion Theatre, London, in a velocipede act. The velocipede was a crude affair, but the acrobats managed to do some wonderful feats upon it, such as cooking and boiling eggs on an alcohol stove, and loading and firing a gun. On one occasion the gun kicked and knocked Billy out much to the amusement of the gods, to say nothing of the disgust of Prof. Brown. Mr. Shea is one of our greatest favorites, and the fact that the ROCKWOOD REVIEW refers to him so frequently, shows the extent of his popularity. Our best wish is that he may live for many years to amuse and entertain us, and the only advice we have to offer is, to ask him to be careful not to break his neck on the new bicycle in an effort to rival the efforts of 1862.

Messrs. Thos. Mills & Co. have removed to 182 Wellington street, where they show a choice selection of new spring hats and caps.

BILLY AND HIS RUDGE. — Once upon a time there grew, on our back avenue, a stately elm tree or two, but now we look in vain for what we ne'er shall see again, in sunshine or in summer rain—those lovely trees of elm. Gone are the drooping limbs of green, the boles are rent in twain I ween, split, smashed like broken soup tureen. 'T'was early on a spring like day, on bike he steered his zig-zag way, and cut them down, did Billy Shea, those lovely trees of elm.

What song would Dr. F——r sing well? Hail Columbia.

What difference will it make to the Business Manager if he passes or fails in his exam? If he succeeds IT will be a VICTOR, if he fails HE will be a VICTIM.

The back Avenue is no longer a resort for lovers in the gloaming.

Bicycle school hours, from 7.30 p. m. until gun fire.

Why did Ed. G——re buy a fire red machine? Because he thought people would imagine the bike a scorcher even if he ——."

Why did W. C——r buy a Garden City? The name seemed so appropriate you know, and he's by no means a PERFECT rider.

The report that robins arrived on April 1st was not correct, it was merely Thos. McC——n taking a whirl on his new "Red Bird," in Davidson's back yard.

Fears that an erratic comet would strike the world were expressed early in March. These fears were without foundation. Dr. W——r, like Ajax defying the lightning, will mount a second-hand "Comet" in a few days, and if the earth is not struck by both comet and Dr. in ten seconds, we will retire from the prophecy business.

The Rockwood Bicycle Club, in view of the fact that most of its members are novices, has decided to adopt black and blue for its colors, for the first season at least.

An indignation meeting will be held by the proprietors of the goose industry in Portsmouth who have from time immemorial enjoyed, or seized, the sight of goose pasturage on government property. These proprietors claim that the industry, or at least the geese are in danger of extermination, now that so many inexperienced bicycle riders have been let loose at Rockwood. In this way the goose question has become more complicated than ever.

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

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