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# Rockwood

# Review

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



The Rockwood Review.

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STREETS.

# The Rockwood Review.

VOL. VI.

KINGSTON, AUGUST 1ST, 1900.

No. 6

The reports from the Rockwood Contingent, which visited the Dominion Bowling Tournament in Toronto, are made up of the usual excuses—hard luck—bad green and didn't care to win at any rate. It is very evident though that this Tournament is not popular among outside clubs and should properly be called the Toronto Tournament. Nearly all of the competitors are Torontonians, many of them playing under assumed names for reasons best known to themselves. In the Dominion and Association Matches the Kingston players did not do themselves justice being used to level greens and good turf. As one distinguished visitor remarked the Tournament games were as 'humble bubby' compared with whist. Many of the Toronto players are good fellows who play for the fun of the thing. but with many of the others there is just the faintest suspicion of a trace of the mug-hunting spirit. The Kingstonians were kindly treated and Prof. Watson who is looked upon as the authority on all bowling matters, received a particularly hearty welcome.

Miss May H. Smart in addition to the important musical portions she already occupies, has been given charge of the Vocal Department in Whitby Ladies College.

Mr. Allan McLean visited Hamilton lately on Masonic business.

The continued illness of Dr. Robinson of the Toronto Asylum is a matter of regret to his many friends.

Mrs. W. Cochrane of the Institute for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville was in town recently visiting old friends.

Next year young Kingstonians should make an effort to revive Cricket. This grand old game is practically dead here and outside of a sickly attempt to keep it alive at the R. M. C. nothing is done for it. One can readily understand how baseball has died out, surrounded as it is by so many pernicious influences, but it is difficult to know why Cricket has failed to survive. As a matter of fact Kingston youths play few games in summer, I doubt, owing to the fact that the attractions of the water are very good.

Prof. Shortt, Queens University, Cadets Osborne and Clarke, Dr. Clarke, Harold and Herbert Clarke left on July 31st for the Petewawa, where they will spend a few weeks fishing, botanizing and studying birds. This district is the haunt of many of the rarest warblers.

The McLeod Basin has been a very beautiful sight of late with many exquisite water-lilies in bloom.

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THE fishing season has been a hard one on the "cheerful liar" because even the liveliest imagination has found it difficult to magnify the peculiarly small catches made this year. For example, the Iris and several well-known employees visited the Batteau Channel a few days ago. They had four skiffs in tow and were armed with all kinds of bait and tackle, to say nothing of an exceedingly generous lunch provided at their own expense. Strictly in accordance with the most rigid interpretation of governmental orders. The Menu included pickled oysters, pate de fois gras, jellied pigs feet, vegetable and chicken salads, boned turkey, Charlotte Russe and two bricks of Bassams ice cream—to say nothing of many other delicacies. A very pleasant time was spent, recitations by W. Shea, and stump speeches by T. McCammon helping to fill in the time between bites. After careful investigation and equally careful analysis it is surmised that in addition to the minnows not used, the piscatorial party returned with two perch averaging three ounces in weight.

THE drowning of Bernard Lomas, formerly a patient at Rockwood was a particularly sad affair. "Barney" was a favorite with all who knew him.

MRS. FORSTER gave an afternoon tea on July 25th in honor of Miss Charley who is visiting Mrs. E. C. Cartwright, Portsmouth and Miss Mary H. Smart.

SOME time ago Mr. B. W. Folger, Jr., sent out a few peas found in a mummy case in Egypt. Mr. Folger offers all sorts of evidence regarding the authenticity of the peas, although not up on the pedigree of the mummy with which they were found. If the mummy would blossom forth as beautifully as the peas have done, he or she as the case might be, to

use the language of Lennie, would prove a most attractive and unique addition to modern Society. The flowers are of great beauty and of a variety unknown to the florists about here.

A LADY who visited Toronto lately is very severe in her criticisms of the most "up-to-date" coiffures. She says that most of the girls look as if they were developing a style founded upon close observation of hay stacks, Pompadour, Terra del Fuegian, Zulu Patagonian and Japanese methods.

MR. WALSH, of the Post Office Department, Ottawa, was the guest of Mr. McLean during July.

MR. Samuel Stephenson has had his cottage shingled and otherwise improved.

OSWEGO bass have been seen at the Rockwood dock but rarely in past years. This year many have been caught. The herring which was common at one time has almost disappeared and the alewife which generally dies by the million every summer, seems to be escaping the usual mortality. The passing of the cisco is greatly regretted by the lovers of fish.

THERE is a proposition on foot to establish a bowling league on similar lines to the Quinte Curling League, Belleville, Napanee, Kingston and Rockwood being represented. Such a league would furnish no end of amusement to those taking part and would not be so unwieldy as some of the Western Associations. Mr. Vanalstine has promised to infuse his Napanee friends with the necessary enthusiasm and if they develop as much skill as they possess in curling the other clubs may look out for their laurels.

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Mr. Peter McLeod is erecting another eloquent testimony to his skill and cleverness. The new stone stairways are of great beauty.

Mr. James Dennison has been chosen by the local Oddfellows to attend the meeting of the Grand Lodge at an early date.

We had a pleasant call from Mr. Atkins, of the Staff of the British Columbia Penitentiary recently. Life in the West seems to agree with Mr. Atkins.

We have a German friend who is fond of quoting proverbs. His version of a very well known one may please our readers. In a burst of excitement the other day he said 'birds mit von feder flock in a heap.'

One of our reporters comes from the West. He is a Methodist and claims that, in the village where he lived they had a strange succession of names among the parsons of his Church. The series commence with Love who was followed by Fear and Haight, then came German, French and English, followed by an ornithological series, viz., Swan, Crane, Heron and Gies. He claims that the congregation are much interested in the fact, and are now running a color series, having had Black, Brown, White and Gray. They are at present negotiating with a Mr. Green, who appreciates his value in the color scheme and holds out for a good salary. As there are no other colors left in this district he is morally certain of his engagement.

Miss Nina Orser received a handsome present from her Associates when she left Rockwood.

Miss Helen McLean has resigned her position at Rockwood. Both she and Miss Orser will undertake private nursing.

What will the newspapers do for copy when the South African and Chinese Wars are at an end.

Some cuckoos had not finished nesting on July 15th.

Trails, Flycatchers evidently bred in Rockwood grounds this summer—as did the Nuthatches. There is a surprising absence of warbling vireos this season. These birds are ordinarily very common here. A wood pewee surprised us all by building her nest within easy reach of the ground. These birds breed here in all parts of the hickory grove but as a rule their nests are fifteen to thirty feet from the ground.

Napanee and Rockwood are likely to meet at tennis before long. As we have some promising colts a good game may be looked for.

The black terns found the water too high this year to enable them to use the log in Catarauqui for nesting purposes, so went elsewhere.

The steady increase in the numbers of Crested Fly Catchers is a matter of interest to the bird students.

The Rev. Father Macdonald is making the surroundings of the Church of the Good Thief quite in keeping with this architectural gem.

Miss T. Gallagher spent two weeks at home during July.

Portsmouth has been haunted by amateur artists of late. There are many quaint and beautiful bits about the old hamlet.

Miss Addie Lonergan is spending her vacation in Rochester, N.Y.



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BICYCLISTS have good reason to complain of the Kingston streets which are anything but a credit to the City authorities. Take for example the western part of King street. Its present condition would be a disgrace to the poorest municipality in the backwoods. It is covered with rough stones, applied without the slightest effort at road building and apparently the steam roller is not to be used for some time, if at all. As a matter of fact, rough stones should not, in fairness to those who have to use the roads, be put on until the steam roller can be used. Certainly the Ontario Government has a big contract on hand when it undertakes to teach Canadians how to build good roads. We have spent millions in perpetuating mistakes in road construction, that should be patent to even the casual observer.

Miss Mary H. Smart and Miss Olive Secord, of Toronto, are guests at Rockwood House.

THE staff at Rockwood has been heavily afflicted during the last month. The tragic deaths of Miss Gibson's and Miss Stuart's brothers have been a startling lesson on the uncertainty of life. These young ladies have the sympathy of the whole staff.

THE Rockwood bowlers have not been uniformly successful this year, although victory seemed to have been almost within reach on several occasions. However better luck next time. Mr. John Riddell can congratulate himself on one point though, and that is, that he and Mr. J. Lawless have succeeded in making our green almost perfect. If Mr. James Stuart will only undertake to develop as much enthusiasm for bowling as he does for curling the success of Rockwood is assured.

Mr. Etherington has left Rockwood.

THE regeneration of baseball is a subject worthy of the consideration of some of the local enthusiasts. The game seems to have reached low water mark.

Masters Harold and Herbert Clarke have disposed of their pheasants. When they come back from the Petewawa they will take up chickens as a study.

ON Sunday, July 8th, a most exciting episode took place and Captain Fenwick added another big notch to his life saving record. A gale was blowing in the afternoon, when suddenly word was received that a skiff had upset between Bakers Point and Rockwood. Capt. Fenwick hastily got together a crew: Frank and Fred, Hartrick, J. Porter and E. Hogan, and taking the Viola which was already reefed went to the rescue. It was a stiff beat to windward in such a small craft as the Viola, but the little boat made good weather of it until her peak block carried away. A clever substitute was devised by the Captain from one of the topping lifts and by and by the men were reached. Great difficulty was experienced in picking them up, as they were exhausted, and the sea was so high, however, they were eventually saved and safely landed. On the home run the Viola's jib was torn to shreds by the violent gale and when the boat reached the dock she showed decided evidence of wear and tear. It has been suggested that the City station a life boat on the Rockwood dock. It certainly is a most convenient place as nearly all of the accidents occur during heavy west winds and the number of persons saved here is so large. During the summer and fall someone is always on the lookout on the dock and very few upsets go unobserved.

THE metal ceilings in Wards 3 and 2 are a great improvement.

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## MIDSUMMER FAIRIES.

In dim and undiscovered nooks,  
By the marge of unsunned brooks,  
Children of the wood and wild,  
Untamed of man, and unbeguiled,  
Gladsome, joyous, pranksome sprites,  
Revellers of summer nights  
Are the quick-eyed furtive things  
That creep, or run, or skim with wings  
Moth-feathered over night-blown flowers.  
Nature's fine interpreters,  
With acuter sense than ours,  
Who know each varying mood of hers;  
Why the green turf greener springs  
In the small print of fairy rings,  
And where the pinnacles and spires  
Of the elfin country rise,  
And the jack-o'-lantern fires  
That light their midnight revelries,  
And make the traveller lose his way,  
Following where the phantom flies,  
Among the moats and dunes astray.  
There the dragon-flies, and midges  
Hover in the summer noons,  
And the gossamer-hung bridges  
Glitter under August moons:  
Ropes of silver lightly swung,  
Woven in a spider weft:  
Boatmen of Titania's barge  
Tethered at the rushy marge,  
And the spotted newt and eft  
Wait the tall green flags among  
Till the fairy bells are rung,  
Water weeds, and blossoms pale,  
Lily-pads that dip and float  
Spread a green diaphanous sail  
For Titania's slender boat.  
Sedges diffuse around at night  
A weird and iridescent light.  
Shining shapes in emerald suits,  
Blowing elfin hours and flutes,  
You may hear when nights are still,  
Faintly echoing from the hill,  
With the cricket's small bassoon  
Near at hand, and clear and shrill.  
But you will never see nor guess,  
Where fire-flies gem the wilderness  
With opal fires beneath the moon,  
How the fairy-folk troop out  
In a jewel-spangled rout  
For midsummer night's parade ;

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## MIDSUMMER FAIRIES—(CONTINUED).

Knights and ladies, squire and page  
(Belted knights from accolade),  
Flowing pennons, lance in rest,  
Tingling spur, and waving crest,  
With fair ladies' scarf for gage,  
Silken banner flowing free,  
As in the olden golden age—  
The bygone age of chivalry,  
Lost from the prosy lives of men  
Till good King Arthur comes again.  
Now the wild shy things alone  
Keep the secret for their own—  
Holding revel with the elves  
In the long midsummer nights,  
Frolicksome and tricky sprites,  
Gay and elusive as themselves.

—K. S. McL.

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### Medical Instincts of Animals.

No instinct is more marked than that of self-preservation. In animals it is so strongly developed that it often simulates medical knowledge, or perhaps in some instances is actually a substitute for it. An interesting article on this subject is contributed to the Denver Medical Times by Dr. James Weir, of Owensboro, Ky. Dr. Weir begins by telling us about the therapeutic instincts of the honey-bee. When attacked by diarrhea (a disease under certain conditions it is very prone) the bee, he says, will immediately begin to suck astringent pieces of the dog-wood, poplar, wild cherry, or hickory, and will soon effect a cure. Indeed, in winter, when bees become sick with this disease, they will readily drink a decoction of wild cherry bark if it be placed in the hive. Bees seem to know that filth is a source of disease: hence, when ill in winter, they select a spot, as far from the combs as possible, at

which all of the sick members of the hive deposit their dejecta. As soon as warm weather arrives the accumulated filth is removed and the spot carefully cleansed. In summer all excrementitious matter is deposited without the hive. About the common crayfish Dr. Weir notes the following facts:

“Crayfish are frequently the hosts of innumerable little parasitic leeches (*histriobdellæ*) which, strange to say, only become parasites, and thus harmful to their hosts, when their number has increased to such an extent that they can no longer live natural lives. As long as they are few in number they are of distinct benefit to their host, the crayfish, for they eat the unimpregnated eggs and dead embryos, thus keeping the other eggs and embryos in a healthy state. But as soon as their number becomes so great that the decomposing eggs and embryos are no longer a sufficient food supply, the mutualists become parasites—they begin to devour the

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healthy eggs and embryos. The crayfish, which carries her eggs beneath her tail, can tell at once when this state of affairs exists, and will straightway set in motion very effective measures for freeing herself from her harmful visitors."

Dr. Weir believes that many of the higher animals have discovered and use a *materia medica* that is not recognized by human physicians. Thus, he says:

"Dogs will seek out and devour the long, lanceolate blades of couch grass (*Cynodon dactylon*) when they are constipated; horses and mules will eat clay when they have the 'scours'; cattle with 'scratches' have been seen by me to plaster hoof and joint with mud, and then to stand still until the protecting and healing coating dried out and became firm. I saw a cow not long ago break the thin ice on a pond and treat her aching joints to a mud poultice. Several travelers and hunters of big game declare that they have seen elephants in the act of plugging shot-holes with moistened clay! Cats will go miles when they are feeling 'under the weather' for a dose of catnip (*nepeta*). A gentleman recently informed me that, a short time ago, after a severe snow storm, he was hunting rabbits, when he saw his house cat plowing through the deep snow some distance in advance of him. He thought at first that she was on the same business as himself, i.e., rabbit-hunting, but soon concluded that something of much greater importance had impelled her to abandon the warm kitchen on such a cold and inclement day. He resolved to follow her, and this he did for three miles, until she entered a neighbor's garden, where, after scratching in the snow, she soon uncovered a bunch of catnip. This she at once proceeded to devour! Surely a great and abiding faith in medicine must have dwelt in the bosom of this animal. \* \* \* \*

"The saliva of mammals, with the single exception of man, seems to have a distinct curative action.

Of course much of the beneficial results following the continual licking of wounds by animals is due to the resulting cleanliness; yet, beyond the mere matter of cleanliness, there is an undoubtedly curative property in their saliva. Dogs, cats, cattle, rodents, monkeys, et al., lick their wounds when they can get at them, and soon effect cures.

"It sometimes happens that animals contract wounds on their bodies which they themselves can not get at; then, as I have frequently observed, some good Samaritan in the shape of a fellow dog, cat, or monkey will step in and treat the wounds as though they were personal."

Dr. Weir tells us that the monkey, in a state of nature, when surrounded by an inexhaustible *materia medica* with which, as the author believes, it is intelligently acquainted, very often treats with success the various ills to which it is subject. Even in captivity, when handicapped by its surroundings, it is able to combat certain diseases intelligently, or successfully to treat an injury. Dr. Weir closes with the following anecdote, which is one of many that confirm his belief in this respect:

"In 1882 there was an exhibition at the St. Louis fair grounds a magnificent specimen of the dog faced ape, or chacma. This animal was very large and powerful and at all times treacherous, deceitful, and 'possessed of the devil,' as his keeper often declared. His malignant disposition caused him to be confined in a strong cage and separated from the other monkeys. There was a strong board partition between his cage and that of a number of smaller monkeys of various genera and species which dwelt together in amity and peacefulness—a 'happy family.'

"The chacma discovered a small crack in the board partition and, by diligent use of his sharp teeth and powerful fingers, had enlarged it until he could thrust

his hand through. After he had severely injured one of the smaller monkeys, which he had caught by darting one of his paws through this opening, the attendant stopped the hole by nailing a piece of board over it on the small monkeys side of the partition.

"One of the nails came entirely through the boards and protruded an eighth of an inch into the chacma's cage. One day, while this last-mentioned creature was dashing about his den in one of his unaccountable fits of rage, he ran against this nail and scratched his shoulder. He stopped at once and began to examine the hurt with his fingers. He then went to a corner of his cage where there was a box of clean sawdust, and, seizing a handful, pressed it on the bleeding scratch. In a few moments the bleeding ceased, and, when the blood dried, there remained over the wound a coating of sawdust and dried blood which effectually protected it against the attacks of flies; consequently it soon healed."

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### CONTINUATION OF CORPORAL GEORGE FOX'S DIARY.

Upon our occupation of the Fort thus vacated it was soon discovered that our opponents had sunk large stores of provisions in the river so we soon got to work without grappling irons. We hooked up out of the waters a large number of barrels of pork and flour and we had such quantities of pork for our rations that there was quite a surfeit and our men loathed the sight of it, while we were encamped near Fort Ti. The 9th and 31st regiments went up the other fork of the river to Fort George (a distance of about thirty miles), seized and destroyed all the rebels, batteaux that were met with. They had burnt Fort George, so our 31st regiment took possession of the ground, the 9th regiment pursuing the retreating foe through the woods to Fort

Anne, 24 miles distant. The flying column also pursued the rebels from Skenbury to Teubbarton where they were found cooking in camp and were surprised. When we arrived at the foot of the hill there was a fierce engagement which lasted three-quarters of an hour, our grenadiers and light infantry delivered a volley and a charge—gaining possession of the grounds. There is less clearness of description in the original manuscript narrative just here—Burgoyne's troops evidently fell into an ambushade on attempting to pursue General Gates' forces through the almost trackless wood there surrounding Lake George. But they had to hastily retreat with a loss of 150 taken prisoners, and about 35 killed and wounded. Just as they arrived at Skenbury they heard the report of cannon and small arms in the direction of Fort Anne, which is about 18 miles from Skenbury; (there is a small stream connecting Fort Anne with Skenbury which is said to be an affluent of the North, or Hudson River) "to arms" was beat and orders given to our division of the army to hasten to the assistance of the troops in the advance. The 9th regiment got cut off, and surrounded by the enemy, all but a few men being overpowered by superior numbers. The rebels sallied out of their breastworks upon our forces, it being at dusk when this part of the deadly strife began. The orders from General Burgoyne to the 9th regiment were: "that after they had left the 31st regiment at Fort George, to follow the enemy and keep them in play until they (the assistants) could be reinforced, so that they durst not retreat." But after the rebels had gone into the Fort, we met the remnant that was left coming down to Skenbury at nine o'clock at night, the night being dark and rainy, they had come two miles. The 47th regiment was sent on to look after the wounded of the 9th regiment, and they brought them down to the first

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houses in the clearings, where there were doctors appointed to attend them. The roads were so bad that when daylight came it was impossible to distinguish the colour of our clothes, through their muddy encasement. We had soon after daybreak a half pint of rum served out to each man. On this night I carried a regimental officer—one Lieutenant Torrienne on my back to a private house; for this the wounded officer gave me a guinea. During the next day we marched and rejoined the army, and then stayed in the encampment until the road had been sufficiently repaired to Fort Anne, to bring up the heavy artillery. When the road-making work was accomplished, we again struck our camp in the woods and marched to Fort Anne, and when we arrived there the smell from the hill proved extremely offensive, so much so, that a party of us were ordered to bury the dead of our comrades of the 9th regiment and also the dead left by the rebels. They had evacuated the Fort and set it on fire. We remained there a fortnight until the main army came up with the heavy cannon and baggage. We then removed to Fort Edward (eighteen miles off), the flying column went to Fort Mellor, six miles further. At Fort Edward our division was engaged making breastworks and constructing batteries for a fortnight.

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### A PET COCKATOO.

By LADY BROOME.

I am afflicted with a cockatoo ! I can't "curse him and cast him out," for, in the first place, I love him dearly, and in the next he is a sort of orphan grandchild, toward whom I have serious duties and responsibilities. But he certainly is the most mischievous and destructive of his mischievous species. Nothing is safe from his sudden and unexpected fits of energy. I first put him in a little

conservatory where he had light and air, and the cheerful society of other birds. This plan, however, only worked for two or three days. One Sunday morning I was awakened by ear-piercing shrieks and yells from Master Cockie, only slightly softened by distance. These went on for some time until I perceived a gradual increase in their jubilant note, which I felt sure betokened mischief, so I hastily got myself into a dressing-gown and slippers, and started off to investigate what trouble was "toward." It was so early that the glass doors were still shut, and I was able to contemplate Master Cockie's manoeuvres unseen. The floor of the little greenhouse was strewn with fern leaves, for gardening, or rather pruning, had evidently been his first idea. The door of his traveling cage—which I had left over night securely fastened—lay flat on the pavement, and Cockie with extended wings was solemnly executing a sort of "pas seul" in front of another cage divided by partitions, in which dwelt a goldfinch and a bullfinch side by side. Both doors were wide open and the bullfinch's compartment was empty, but the goldfinch was crouched, paralyzed with terror, on the floor of his abode. He evidently wanted to get out very badly, but did not dare to pass the yelling door keeper, who apparently was inviting the trembling little bird to come forth. The instant the artful villain perceived me, he affected perfect innocence and harmlessness, returning instantly to his cage, and commencing his best performance of a flock of sheep passing, doubtless in order to distract my attention. How could one scold with deserved severity a mimic who took off not only the barking dogs and bleating sheep, but the very shuffle of their feet, and the despairing cry of a lost lamb ? And he pretended great joy when the bullfinch—more dead than alive—at last emerged from the shelter of a thick creeper

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where he had found sanctuary, asking repeatedly after his health in persuasive tones. I gave up the cage after that and established him on a smart stand in the dining-room window; for I found that the birds in the conservatory could not bear the sight of him. A light chain securely fastened on his leg promised safety, but he contrived to get within reach of my new curtains and rapidly devoured some half-yard or so of a hand-painted border which was the pride of my heart. Then came an interval of calm and exemplary behavior which lulled me into a false security. Cockie seemed to have but one object in life, which was to pull out all his own feathers, and by evening the dining-room often looked as though a white fowl had been plucked in it. I consulted a bird doctor, but as Cockie's health was perfectly good and his diet all that could be recommended, it was supposed he only plucked himself for want of occupation, and firewood was recommended as a substitute. This answered very well, and he spent his leisure in gnawing sticks of deal—only when no one chanced to be in the room he used to unfasten the swivel of his chain, leave it dangling on the stand, and descend in search of his playthings. When the fire had not been lighted I often found half the coals pulled out of the grate, and the firewood in splinters. At last, with warmer weather, both coals and wood were removed, so the next time Master Cockie found himself short of a job he set to work on the dining-room chairs, first pulled out all their bright nails, and next tore holes in the leather.

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—A little girl, whose father was the village postmaster, and had heard him speak of "dead letters," picked up a mourning envelope and exclaimed, "Papa, this is a dead letter, isn't it?"

### RUFFS AND REEVES.

The changes of birds during the breeding season are in different parts of the world very wonderful. No transformation is, however, more remarkable than that of the ruff as the time for courting draws near. His face is then covered with singular fleshy tubercles, yellowish or pinkish color. Curious tufts of stiff plumage protrude themselves near either ear, and a large ruff of elongated feathers stands out over the neck. This ruff, from which the birds receives its name, is distensible at pleasure. The bill, legs and feet are then yellow or orange color. The color of the plumage and especially of the ear tufts and ruff vary greatly, so that two birds are seldom found alike; the ruff is usually barred black, but in some individuals it is marked with white, brown or gray. Metallic hues are often noticeable. Purplish black is more usually the color of the ear tufts while the general color of the neck ruff is chestnut. Young birds of the year do not display the ruff and other sexual changes of plumage and appearance. The assumption of this strange and beautiful breeding plumage is completed in May and begins to vanish again toward the end of June. The deeper colors, such as purple and chestnut, disappear together, and by September the change is complete and the ordinary plumage usually regained. The female makes no pretence to anything in the shape of the ruff or ear tufts. During the courting season, the ruffs, resplendent in their gay plumage, meet together on pieces of rising ground, among the fens and marshes, and there battle together fiercely for the possession of the reeves. This practice was termed by the fenmen "hilling" and the turf and herbage were usually to be found beaten down by the movements of the birds during these contests. Besides these battles the royal ruffs are in the habit of displaying their plumage, dis-

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tending their ruffs, and performing various curious antics for the benefit of the admiring reeves very much as does the peacock of Europe and Asia and the paauw or great bustard of South Africa. The eggs are usually laid in a tussock of grass; they are whitish-green in color, marked with reddish-brown blotches, and are four in number.

The range of these birds is very large, as is so often the case with many of the wading birds. The bulk of the species breed mainly in Northern Europe and Siberia, occasionally being found as far west as Iceland and even Eastern North America. Toward autumn they fare southward, visiting England and other parts of Europe; thence, seeking warmer regions, they pass into Africa, India, and even Japan. They migrate far south and are familiar birds in South Africa, being round in Cape Colony as far south as the neighborhood of Cape Town, as well as in Natal, and many other parts of the country. Their appearance in South Africa usually coincides with the approach of the rainy season. From the nature of their food, which consists of insects, worms and so forth, and from the shape of their longish bills, it is apparent that a moist soil and wet marshy localities are essentials to their existence. Ruffs and reeves are, whether in Europe or Africa, comparatively tame birds and are usually to be seen in little flights of from three to a dozen. It is somewhat remarkable that the late C. J. Anderson, the well-known South African naturalist and traveler, shot three reeves in Damara-land (now German Southwest Africa), during the month of August and that remains of the somewhat brighter nuptial plumage were then visible. It would seem probable that these birds had not passed to Europe or Asia for the spring migration, but had remained and bred in some part of Africa. Anderson himself seems to have had the idea that some of them

remained during the breeding season in the neighborhood of Lake Ngami. Amid the vast swamps and river systems of that country there is certainly ample solitude for nesting purposes. During the last century, when ruffs and reeves were still comparatively plentiful in England, their haunts seem to have been chiefly in the fens of Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, the Isle of Ely, the East Riding of Yorkshire and the Somersetshire fens near Bridgewater. Colonel Montagu, the well-known ornithologist, to whom we are indebted for much of the lore concerning these birds, made special journeys in the fen-country at the beginning of this century for the purpose of collecting information about them. By the year 1812 he found that they were, in consequence of the drainage of the fens, becoming much more scarce, and even in his time their haunts in Lincolnshire were chiefly restricted to the north fen near Spalding and the east and west fens between Boston and Spilsbury.

HE MAY CALL AGAIN.—Sam Peasley was an odd character. He used to go and sleep in the graveyard—said it was "better than sleeping outdoors, anyway." Judge Sawyer once built a new tomb, and Sam took the first night after it was done to sleep in it. Meeting the owner next day he called out: "Hello! Judge! I laid in your tomb before you did." "Did you really, Sam? Well, did you see anything?" "Nothing much. Toward morning the devil came along and looked in, but he see 'twa'nt Sawyer, so he went away agin."

A CLASS was being examined in spelling the other day at a school in Manchester, when the teacher questioned a little girl as follows: "Ethel, spell kitten." "K, double i, double t, e-n," replied Ethel. "Kitten has two i's then, has it?" said the teacher. "Yes, ma'am," answered Ethel, confidently; "ours has."



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## MY MITHER-IN-LAW.

When I courted wi' Maggie her mither did cry  
That nane could be suited like Maggie and I;  
But since we've got mairret a chenge is owre';  
Noo, I canna get on wi' her mither ava'.

When she tak's a rin up by the fireside she sits,  
An' gets on to Maggie for cleaning my buits;  
She says, "Dinna learn him sic fashion ava'."  
She's a middlesome lady, my mither-in-law.

She picks fauts wi' this, and she picks fauts wi' that;  
She even picks fauts wi' oor innocent cat.  
She scolds at oor wean when he greets on his maw;  
She's a heidstrong auld lady, my mither-in-law.

When she speaks o' our neebours she rins them a' doon,  
An' she thinks there's no mony like her in the toon;  
If she does ony guid turn fu' loudly she'll blaw,  
She's real fond o' herself, my auld mither-in-law.

Some nicht I will open my mind on her yet,  
An' tell her o' something she winna forget;  
I'll tell her she winna come here an' misca'  
Folks wha niver hae herm'ū her, my mither-in-law.

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## THAT "FELLOW" WHO CAME ON SUNDAYS.

Mr. Busyman Piper a family had,  
Of toddlers who rarely had seen their own dad.

For he went to his work while the morning was gray,  
And left them in dreamland all sleeping away.

And when he came home, always late in the night,  
The sandman had closed little eyes again tight.

Mr. Piper, of course, to the cribs often crept,  
To gaze on his treasures, who blissfully slept.

But only on Sundays those tots and that dad  
Could see one another, which truly was sad.

One Sunday at home Mr. Piper, so meek,  
Sat quietly reading the last Once a Week.

When Johnnie disturbed him with mischievous pranks,  
And got from strange papa a few little spanks.

With a glance that showed clearly he knew not his dad  
Johnnie rushed to his mamma, boo-hooing and mad.

And hiding his tears in her sheltering lap,  
He whispered, "Oh, mamma! he hit me a slap."

"Who hit you?" asked mamma. Wept Johnnie, "Boo-hoo,  
That fellow who comes here on Sundays—he do."

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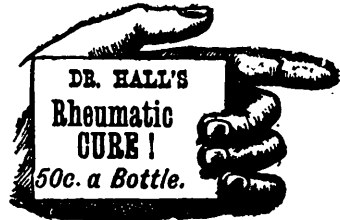
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