



Vol 95

**The Rockwood Review**

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**A MONTHLY JOURNAL,**

**DEVOTED TO LITERATURE,**

**NATURAL HISTORY,**

**AND LOCAL NEWS.**

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

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memory of the old fathers and  
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We have occupied the old stand for  
about four years, and welcome all  
seekers of good goods at low prices,  
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# The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 2.

KINGSTON, OCTOBER 1ST, 1895.

No. 8.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

At Truro, N. S., on Aug. 13th, 1895, the wife of A. D. Wetmore, Esq., of a daughter.

Columbine's face is wreathed in smiles, for the Rockwood Kennels have won considerable glory at the recent Dog Shows. At Toronto, in very keen competition against the cracks of America, the Gordon Setter Gunhilda won 1st in Canadian class, against male and female dogs.

Special Prize for best Gordon Setter (female) in Canada.

Second in Novice Class against American dogs.

Second in Open Class.

In Montreal she won second in open class, the only class in which she could be entered. The Great Dane, Minor, went to Montreal and got V. H. C. in exceedingly keen competition.

Minor and Gunhilda will not speak to ordinary dogs any more.

Among the visitors to Rockwood last month were Dr. Burgess, Supt. of Verdun Hospital, Montreal, the Misses Lockie of Toronto, Mr. Martin of Hamilton, and Mr. Geo. Peirce of the C. P. R.

Mr. J. Davidson has been spending his vacation yachting, and presumably picking up pointers for his next year's racing.

Messrs. Dennison, Potter, McCammon and Carr took in the Toronto Industrial, and enjoyed their outing very much.

Miss Gwendoline Martin, who has been ill with typhoid, is slowly convalescing.

Mr. Wm. Shea is slowly recovering, but is not yet able to do the Tailor and the Crow in first-class shape.

Mr. Jock Harty did the International Yachting Contest. We have yet to learn his opinion of the affair.

Mrs. Clarke gave an At Home in honor of the Misses Lockie on the 19th inst. It was a success of course, and the music discoursed by the Rockwood Band added to the enjoyment of the occasion.

The Northern Birds have already commenced to migrate, and some of the more delicate warblers are here. Swainson's, Hermit and Wood Thrushes have put in an appearance. Chickadees and Bluejays are in the grounds, and generally speaking the migration of northern birds has commenced earlier than usual. Strange to say, however, the Goldfinches in these grounds have been a month behind time in nesting, and many young ones are leaving the nests now. It is difficult to explain this.

The Rockwood Annual Sports will take place on Oct. 9th, and the athletes are already in training. A bicycle race, three times around the avenues is one of the attractions, and all sorts of special races for patients are promised. A Silver Trophy will be put up by the officers of the Hospital, open to both patients and employees. The Fat Man's race is exciting a good deal of controversy, and several dark not to say obese horses will canter up to the starting point. In this event Sam Sk— is a hot favorite.

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

The City Tennis Tournament is now a thing of the past, and Rockwood colors have not been lowered. Our Club had done so well all season that we looked for championship honors to come westward, although it was hardly expected that two championships would be captured. The entries were hardly as numerous as in other years, but the average tennis was better—decidedly so. Dr. Forster opened the ball for Rockwood and defeated Mr. Burstall, next day he followed up his success by defeating Mr. Harvey. "Jimmy" Gage made his appearance then, and as ill luck, or a poor draw would have it, was forced to play last year's champion, "Bobby" Irving. As Bobby is three parts Rockwood and one part City Club, we regarded this contest with dismay, as it meant the shutting out of one of our best. Bobby played beautiful tennis, but was beaten out at last. Dr. Clarke and Jimmy Gage played in doubles against Dyde and Burstall, winning easily, then against their club companions, Dr. Forster and Bobby Irving. This was a fine contest, fought out with determination, but was won by C. and G. Now came the finals against those who had been working up from the other end of the line, where our Mr. Forde had come to grief against the redoubtable Smith. The final doubles were first played, Smith and Robinson vs. Clarke and Gage. Things looked a little blue for Rockwood for a time, as S. and R. played a tremendous game, but endurance and skill at last enabled our players to win. The final singles developed one of the most exciting contests ever witnessed on the City Tennis Courts. A. Smith is one of the steady calculating players, able to get anything and to place with deadly precision. Jimmy is a "smasher," and plays with great speed. The contest finally resolved itself into

a question of endurance, so even was the play, but of course our young hero pulled out in the end. It was too bad that such brilliant players as Dr. Forster and Irving could not win too, but such is tennis. The ladies doubles were won by Miss Cherry Steers and Miss Drury—the singles by Miss Norton, Taylor. Miss Steers was looked on as a sure winner of the singles, but seemed to tire before the last set was finished.

The Skiff Races had rather a tame ending, as some of the city boys, for some unaccountable reason, seemed to lose interest. The score at one time stood, Wonka, one; Fearless, one; Trilby, one; this made a decidedly interesting state of affairs. The Wonka was allowed to win a second race without opposition, and the last race found merely the Wonka and Buzz at the starting line. The "Buzz" went to pieces "metaphorically," although she had given proof of being one of the fastest skiffs of the lot in earlier races, and there is an impression that she could do excellent work.

The Prizes—Silver Cups—will be presented to the winners, Flirt and Wonka, in a few days.

(FROM WHIG OF SEPT. 9. '95.)

"Yesterday afternoon a wild pigeon was noticed in a flock of tame ones, on Division street. This is an extraordinary occurrence. The pigeon went in with the flock a couple of days ago, and has been with them since. John Theobald who saw the pigeon, and who has hunted for such game all his life, says it is the first wild pigeon he has seen in this section for fifteen years."

[On March 31st, 1882, two wild pigeons were seen in the Rockwood grounds. These birds were here for some time. None have been noticed since that date.—C. K. C.]

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### THE OLD FIDDLER'S STORY.

TOLD AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN AFTER THE FIRST ACT OF THE OPERA.

When the curtain went down on the first act of the opera the old white-haired fiddler among the first violins, who had but recently joined the orchestra, turned to his companions and told the following remarkable story as he thrummed the strings of his own instrument:

"During a recent visit to the old country in search of health, I thought it would be an excellent opportunity to find a choice instrument. I travelled slowly through sunny Italy constantly on the alert for some sign that might lead to the finding of such a violin as I had always had in mind but which I had never seen. One day I came to a dusty-looking little shop with the sign, 'Violins Repaired and Old Violins for Sale,' staring through the little window. I entered, and found myself in a low-walled room redolent with the dusty smell of antiquity. Upon the shelves, which extended on either side of the room, were a number of violins, some labelled with the owner's name and some with the date of making. And such an array of old violins! There were violins two thousand years old!

"The proprietor came forward with a very pleasant make-yourself-at-home sort of air, and I at once made known the character of my visit. He said it would give him great pleasure to show me through his stock, and if I found anything that I wanted, all right, and if not it was all the same to him, as the pain at parting with one of his pets was so great that the money part of the transaction could not make up for it.

"He at once began to explain the history of some of the different instruments. At last coming to one

of the oldest-looking, and at the same time one that showed that it had always been well taken care of he began something in this vein: 'Here is a violin that is human. It has been in the same family for over five hundred years and readily recognizes any member of that family, although many generations have passed away since they came into possession of this wonderful instrument.' Of course, I was paralyzed with wonder and could not imagine what all this meant. I asked the price of it. 'The price of it?' he exclaimed in wild surprise. 'The price of it? Would a mother sell her child?'

"I now began to understand what he had meant when he called it human, and told him that I intended no harm in asking the question: I really wished to buy the finest violin in the world. He smiled and replied: 'If you will come here at 9 o'clock you can see the most wonderful sight ever known to mortal man. At that hour every night since the violin has been here the little girl who now owns it comes to caress it. It is truly a wonderful sight!' I thanked him and promised to be there. I spent the intervening time soliloquizing and wondering what was in store for me, and if the mysterious violin were really human. 'A human violin! Whoever heard of such a thing? What does it mean?' I kept saying to myself over and over again.

"When night came I hastened to the little shop again, feverish with excitement. When I entered there was an oppressive stillness; not a sound of any kind was heard. I walked to the rear, and found the proprietor with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, apparently in deep thought. I spoke to him, and he looked up with a wild, imploring look, which changed to one of delight when he

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recognized me.

"Oh, it's you, is it? Glad you came. I have often wished that some one could be present when the child I told you of is here. It is almost time for her to come. Ah, there she is. Now for the most wonderful, most sublime——"

"He did not have time to finish, for all at once from the old violin on the shelf came the clear and distinct 'do' with wonderful vibration and sweetness, as though a master hand had drawn a bow across it. No sooner had the first sound died away than it was succeeded by another. The old man reached up and took it down and handed it to me. As I took the instrument it repeated the 'do' again and again; not only could I hear the sound, but I could hear the constant vibration of the whole violin. At last I recovered from my astonishment and asked what it all meant. The old man smiled and told me that it was as much of a mystery to him as it was to me, but that always as soon as the little girl entered there was a continuous sounding of the violin until she took it.

"I handed it to the little girl, and to my surprise the sound of the vibrations ceased. She stepped to the case in which the bows were kept, and, taking one began to play. And such music — such divine music! I never heard it's equal before, and I never expect to again.

At this point there was a sharp rapping by the conductor with his baton as he called the players' attention to the score. The musicians played it as if they were in a hurry to get through the act. When the curtain was rung down again one of them reached far forward and whispered to the white-haired old fiddler in a hollow, excited voice, "Well, what then?"

"Why, I awoke," was the solemn reply.

### A SEPTEMBER AFTERNOON.

I sit alone on a garden seat,  
Under the hickory trees,  
A little bird calling sweet, sweet,  
sweet!

In a gamut of minor keys.

The crickets chirp in the aftermath,  
A myriad blended strain,  
And the ant toils over the garden  
path,  
Tugging his winter grain.

His subterranean house and store,  
With its galleries all complete,  
Its tiny cells, and its nursery floor,  
Its secret vaults, and its guarded  
door.

Are here beneath my feet.

And strange it sounds among the  
corn,  
In long crescendo chime,  
To hear the fuscus's strident horn,  
As in mid-harvest time.

For now the squirrel stuffs his cheek,  
With nuts and acorns brown,  
And stops and scolds in squirrel  
greek,  
As he comes scurrying down.

And all the still September air,  
Is sunny as in June,  
But the leaves fall here, and the  
leaves fall there,  
And the signs of Autumn are every-  
where,  
And the year's in its afternoon.

K. S. McL.



## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

The turtles in the McLeod Basin have stood the season well, and it has been interesting to watch the difference in habits between the three species represented, viz., the snapping turtle (*Chelydra Serpentina*), spotted turtle *Chelopus Guttatus*, mud turtle—*Emys*.

The Snapper is a very shy fellow, and is not often to be seen unless before a thunder shower, when he makes his appearance on the rockery, and seems a good deal upset. He has a habit too of swallowing a large quantity of water, and then forcibly ejecting it from his mouth—the Spotted Turtle has the same habit. The snapper delights in sitting where the spray from the fountain will play on him, and is not so particular about sunning himself as the other turtles are. The spotted and mud turtles love to bask in the sun, and not only stretch out their necks to the full extent, but their legs also. All seem to prefer certain resting spots, and the northern rockery is much more favored than the southern. People who use the remark "slow as a tortoise" should see a mud turtle catch a frog in motion, and the phrase will then change to "quick as a tortoise." The spotted turtle is the handsome gentleman of the collection, as well as the most active.

The football season has been enthusiastically welcomed by Kingstonsians, as this is essentially a football town. Our interests of course centered in the success of the Granites, who were champions in fact if not in name last year. It is to be hoped the definition of a junior will be stuck to by all teams in the Junior League, and as the Granites can win on their merits, without calling in the aid of boys who are over age, let them show their Toronto opponents an example of true

sport. The Ontario Rugby Union is determined to make the definition of a junior what it professes to be, and this determination meets the approval of all who wish our games to be kept clean and pure. Because others have been dishonest it is no reason why we should endeavor to follow them. It is quite true that a certain so called Junior Toronto team stole the Cup last year, but they won with it nothing more than the contempt of every other club in Canada. The game was not worth the candle. Let our boys take warning, and no matter what the temptation is to even up with the other fellows, avoid wrong doing. Hamilton Juniors were honest last year, and won the admiration of all lovers of football.

In the last two months Rockwood has lost two favorites, viz., Miss Bearance and Miss Forsythe. The former has taken up house-keeping, the latter has been appointed Assistant Matron of Verdun Hospital. Each received a handsome present from the officials.

Among the plants found since last issue are the following:—

*Desmodium Acuminatum*, Tick Trefoil.

*Epilobium Coloratum*—two or three varieties of *Epilobium* unnamed by us—several varieties of *Bidens*.

*Astragalus Canadensis*, Milk Vetch, *Phragmites Communis*, *Cyperus Diandrus*, *Lycopsis*, *Cicuta Maculata*, *Cicuta Bulbifera*, (Water Hemlocks), Several Sedges, several of the *Euphorbiaceæ*, *Gentiana*, *Quinque Flora*, several of the *Polygonum* or Knot Weed family.

*Anaphalis Margaritacea*, Pearly everlasting.

*Gnaphalium Polycephalum*.

Common Everlasting, and many others of the *compositæ* family.

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### GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

FROM WINDY CITY TO NOWHERE.

(Concluded.)

Seeing another train going in the right direction, I was spotted by a conductor, who frankly said to me: "Jack, you can't travel with me. Too many fellows have been killed on my train, for me to let others try their luck, but there is a freight over there to follow mine, and you can board it." Thanking him for his good will and advice, I awaited as anxiously as my anxiety permitted, for I was hungry, chilled and out of sorts. But needs must, and there was nothing to do but grin and bear. While standing at the station, a one-legged "bum" turned up, and, recognizing a brother in distress, by some sort of insight, which took in my dirt and misery at a mental glance, he opened conversation, and speedily learned that I was as short of money as he declared himself to be. Nothing daunted, he cantingly appealed for charity to some boys and men who were on the platform, and speedily collected fifteen cents. Handing ten of them to me, he asked me to go up town and purchase crackers and onions for a joint meal, reserving the remaining five for a private schooner, when opportunity offered. His confidence was touching. I wouldn't have entrusted a nickel to him for such a purpose, and hoped for its or his return. The purchase was quickly made, and we retired behind a freight shed to enjoy our lenten but appreciated repast. Of lasting, staying, recuperative food, for an empty stomach, when there is work to do, the onion is king. Cheese may be a royal brother, but the esculant carries the sceptre. I really felt strong and happy when the frugal meal was despatched. My peg-leg friend was a Diogenes without a tub, with good traits of

character which I gratefully remember. I ate his salt and cannot, therefore, repeat the whole of the story, which he unreservedly gave to me. But it told me that from earliest recollections of youth he knew himself as a "drunk"; that he had been a soldier in the U. S. army, and had come through a western plains experience without wound or scratch; that he had been overcome by his old enemy in the usual fashion, had lain in the snow, and been saved from death by amputation. Canadian by birth, he could afford to denounce everything of Yankee origin, and, with a vigor inspired by the meal just furnished by American charity, he pitched into all and sundry south of Mason and Dixon's line. Although I had shared his hospitality, and half liked him for some things which he had said, and still more for what he had done, I was heartily glad when another outgoing freight enabled me to leave him. A tool car, built like a caboose, with platform front and rear, received my patronage. For shelter, I sat on the steps at rear, covered with the dust stirred up by the rushing train. But every turn of the wheels carried me nearer to home and friends, and the prospect of honorable employment, and hopeful anticipation did much to lessen the troubles by the way. We pulled up several times, and I jumped off before each stoppage, on the side away from the station. But I did not get through without discovery. The brakeman saw me, and told me to keep on with them, but to avoid the conductor, who was all right unless he actually came in contact with me. You may depend upon me when I tell you that we didn't come in contact. We went on and on, and although the cold wind whistled around me, and the dust at times was almost blinding, the air was

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pure and bracing, and an outside seat on the steps was far preferable to a ride on bumpers, or the blackness of a coal car. After a run of about a hundred miles, the caboose was cast off, and I was forced to seek a new conveyance. A freight offered, without an empty, and in desperation I once more mounted the now dreaded bumpers. Fancy my sensations when finding that my whereabouts had been discovered by both conductor and brakeman, when we pulled up on a siding for a passenger to pass. The conductor was one of the good natured kind and winked at my breach of regulations. The brakeman was equally complaisant. He said to me, "Jack, where are you heading? How's your chewing?" "One chew left," truthfully answered I, "but you can take that, if you care for it." "You had better keep it," responded he; and then came the query, "Got any stuff?"; "Dead broke," was my melancholy reply. "All right, and better luck," said he, and so my fare was paid. The big hearts of the world are not all covered by sumptuous raiment and superfine broadcloth. I travelled the balance of the trip on the rear steps of the caboose, without interruption or further discovery. At night we reached a large city, at the outskirts of which the train pulled up and went onto a siding, and I had to look for other means of progress. To reach the road with which I had now to make connection, I had to cross several miles of city streets. Dog-tired as I was, and rather than ask my way, I for once indulged in a luxury and paid out a nickel for a ride on a street car. This brought me promptly to the spot at which I aimed, but there was no outgoing freight. With five cents in my pocket, a long night before me, an universal shiver for want of food, and an almost hope-

less frame of mind, I felt that I must find a bed or succumb. Expending my last cash in crackers,—more palatable at such a time than dry bread,—I entered a tavern, and, giving to the landlord a pair of cuff-studs, the last remnant of former prosperity, and worth more than two dollars at sacrifice prices, I asked for lodgings. He surlily sent me to a small room with a poor bed, but I had ceased to be critical and slept like a top. Awaking I found no convenience for washing, and going out to the station, roughly performed my ablutions there. Then I returned to the tavern and asked for breakfast and was refused. The gruff boss impudently told me that the cuff-buttons were worth no more than a quarter and just paid for my bed. It was useless to contend with the human brute. I was "agin" society, just then, and law and order were "agin" me. Returning to the station, I found another bum,—for I might now be regarded as duly initiated, even if temporarily, into the ranks of bum-merdom,—who was on the outlook for a stolen ride in another direction. I told him my helpless condition, and he gave me a dime to secure breakfast. Cheese, onions and crackers, and a cup of cold water at the station, duly refreshed me. Talking to a railway hand, to whom I honestly told my story, he said that a dead engine was to be sent at night to a distant point for repair, and that I could thus get a lift. A place was found for me in the cab, in which two other bums were already ensconced, and who were quickly relegated to the rear of the tender, despite their earnest entreaty of "Don't be hard on us, Jack." Before we reached the station for which we were bound, I jumped off, and entering a hotel near at hand gladly warmed myself. Talking with the hands at the round

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house, one of them gave to me for my breakfast a share of the dinner which he had brought in the usual pail and told me to hang around till night, when the dead engine would be sent further. A bed of some of the workmen's clothes was made up for me in a corner of a shed, and I remained there until nightfall. When it came, I was told to get into the cab of the engine attached to the train, and to be low, so that old "Mug," the conductor, would not see me. I never went into smaller compass. After we had pulled out, a comfortable nest was built for me with the cushions of the cab, and lying on the seat, I stuck my feet out of the front window, and slept forty winks, or more. A draught of hot tea and a thick slice of bread and butter put new life into me. Reaching the destination of the dead engine, I got down from the train, warmly thanked my friends the driver and fireman, and was introduced to the wiper. Asking me questions as to my condition, he said: "Jack, how are they coming? Hollow? On the road?" And then he took me into a little room, in which there was a stove, "good and hot," and told me to wait a little while until a train started for the town for which I was ultimately bound. At four, a. m., he aroused me, gave me a drink of coffee and a big chunk of bread and meat, and directed me to a flat ear, loaded with beer vats, shaped like pails. These were high enough to conceal my person, and I gladly slipped down between two of them, although forced to remain standing. I was going "home" and thought nothing of the inconvenience. Approaching my objective point, I was espied by some mischievous lads, who politely invited me to "come out of that," but I didn't hear their invitation, add nobody noticed their good-natured, boyish banter. The

train stopped at a crossing not far from "Nowhere," and I gladly got from my cramped position, landed on terra firma, and so ended my series of stolen rides. Going down to a river with which I had been familiar enough in early days, I thoroughly washed myself, cleaned up as well as I could, and then walked by back ways to my father's house. Slipping unobserved into the stable, I scrambled into the hay loft, until, a sister coming in for some purpose or other, I revealed myself, and was soon properly clothed and restored to the family circle. The fatted calf was not killed, but the awaiting situation was speedily filled.

Looking back, I am ashamed of some things which I did or left undone, but to my dying day it will be impossible for me to forget the better side of human nature, which was revealed to me in unexpected places, and amongst many men of whom the world makes small account. Poverty was a passport to charity, nearly everywhere in the hearts of those who had least to give, and my trip, while bringing me in closer contact than before with men whose horny hands make happy homes, taught me the true nobility of labour, and made me intimate with the better, if not the best side of "fallen humanity." Depend upon it, original sin does not take deepest root in poorest soil.

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### CAMP AND CANOE.

LETTER 6.

LAKE KAHPEEKOG,

November 10, 1893.

Dear Sam:—

I have not much that is exciting in this letter, but may give you a little insight into camp ways, and tell you of some of the incidents that go to make up our daily life. I am sorry to say that we have neighbors camped on Healy's Lake, and very unpleasant ones at that, although they are blue blooded autocrats from Toronto. They are here ostensibly for the purpose of deer hunting, but the name of the sport is unfortunate—deer slaughter would be more suited. Six 'gentlemen of leisure' are in the party, and they have no less than eight Indians to care for them, eight boats and canoes, and a pack of yelping, snarling curs they call hounds. The lordly sport they follow is easily described. A point is surrounded by boats and watchers, the hounds are put on the first fresh trail found, and the deer, if a buck takes to the water at once, if a doe or a fawn circles about for a time but eventually swims, and is met at every point by a distinguished visitor from Toronto, who is paddled up to within two or three yards of the unfortunate deer, which is blown to pieces by a ball from a 44 Winchester. Such is almost the invariable history of the deer slaying performed by these Nimrods. When they have butchered enough game, the deer are hung up on a long pole, and the mighty hunters, arrayed in true hunting costume, are posed in striking attitudes and the Kodak fiend called in. The venison is not eaten by the party, that would destroy the record, but is shipped to Toronto on the same train as the returning hunters, and after it has created a sensation

among the local sports, is sold to the butcher. This is not an over-drawn picture, it is a fact that makes me boil with indignation every time I think of it. No wonder such pressure is brought to bear on the Ontario Government to put an end to the hounding of deer, but it must be ended at any price, and the less we see of these monied sports the better. Not only that this party in particular is decidedly offensive to the true lover of nature. While it is true that these men have a legal if not a moral right, to come out into the wilderness and guzzle as much whiskey and soda as they please, even at the expense of their livers, they have no right to make night and day hideous by a constant fusillade from their extensive battery of rifles. They shoot for coppers, they shoot at coppers—they bang away at everything living about the camp from chickadee to chipmunk—they go in and have a drink, and return to their shooting, and even in the middle of the night constant volleys are fired at goodness knows what. These pot hunters evidently have more ammunition than sense. We made a friendly call on Sunday evening, but when we found them playing poker at \$2.00 limit, even the greatest sinner in our crowd felt decidedly queer. Do not think though that all Toronto sports are like that, there are some delightful exceptions, and in Blackstone Harbor we have found some fine fellows who shoot and fish and photograph just for the sake of true sport. No less than three of them are Professors from Toronto University, and they have camped so often that they know how to extract the benefit, mental and physical to be derived from an outing in the woods. Like ourselves they do not believe in the wanton destruction of game, and do not come into the woods to do things that the fear of the

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world's opinion would keep them from doing when at home. If I were asked to form an opinion of a man's character, on short notice, I would say let me "go a fishing" with him for two weeks, and I will tell you all about him. Nothing like camp life for bringing a man's true character to the surface. Our Blackstone Harbor friends have a parson from New York with them—one of the healthy kind—and on Sunday Prof. E. asked me if our party would come over to a short service they were to have. I replied that our people would be pleased to attend, and I went over to notify them. All accepted the invitation with evident pleasure, with the exception of Napoleon, who is not devoid of a reasonable suspicion regarding many of our movements. He smilingly said that he would "go to church," but the impression left on our minds was that he thought the service a very hypothetical creation, and even when we burnished up general appearances he still lacked faith. However, we sallied forth, Napoleon accompanying us with a good natured smile. When we reached the meeting place, the want of ritualistic appliances, and the general absence of the usual restraints, considered necessary at many religious functions, confirmed Nap. in his theory, and he was prepared to be facetious to any extent. The parson asked if any one could lead the singing with any reasonable certainty of striking the right key. Nap. at once rushed in with a brutal remark about the advisability of going over to our camp for a Kazoo, as accompaniment, and even suggested a comb and thin paper. His funny remarks were received in grim silence of the company, and it was only after several minutes Napoleon "tumbled" to the situation. By that time we had found it possible

to get our risibilities adjusted, and Nap. was extremely quiet for the rest of the service. The Litany was repeated without books, and the parson was evidently a little startled by some of the responses, as they had an air of originality, not usually detected in the Litany as we hear it at church, but if out of the usual form they were at least intended to convey some meaning, and as you know such is not always the case at home. The prayers and sermon offered by the New York parson were just such as you would expect from a pure minded man in nature's church, and I can honestly say that the service as a whole was one of the most impressive I can remember. There is not much in the way of sport in this letter, but surely the last bear story was enough for a time. However here is an item—Nap. generally manages to hook the largest fish. This week he caught a large mouthed black-bass, weighing eight pounds. Its head has been preserved, and its outline carved on a soft rock. For all its size, it was a very tame fish, and came up to the boat as quietly as a haddock. Au revoir.

### WOODPECKERS.

Some things not generally known about them:—

The U. S. Department of Agriculture is doing excellent work in the way of educating the general public, and giving the people an intelligent idea of the usefulness of birds. One of the latest bulletins issued is in reference to the Food of Woodpeckers. Included with it is a technical article on the Tongues of Woodpeckers, by F. A. Lucas. The first article, by F. E. L. Beal, Ornithologist, is of deep interest to all lovers of birds, and furnishes the arguments necessary to answer the superficial grumbler with a shot

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

gun, who is at all times ready to destroy every Woodpecker found in the neighborhood of an orchard. This fellow can only be knocked out by facts, hard facts such as are furnished by the fair minded report of Mr. Beal. Of course any one who has studied Woodpeckers with any sort of care, is well aware of the fact that insects are the attraction for the bird, even in an orchard. In fact insects are first considered at all times. It is quite true that an occasional cherry finds its way into the stomach of our red headed friends, but as the death penalty is not exacted in the case of the predatory boy occasionally found in the cherry tree, it might be dispensed with in the case of the Woodpecker. Mr. Beal gives many interesting facts regarding the food of seven varieties of Woodpeckers, all known in Kingston, viz., the Downy, Hairy, Flicker or Highholder, Red Headed, Red Bellied, Yellow Bellied and Pileated, and the commonest and smallest, viz. the Downy, must be regarded as the most industrious insect destroyer. One hundred and forty stomachs were examined, and were found to contain 74 per cent of insects, 25 per cent vegetable matter, one per cent of mineral matter or sand. Many wood boring caterpillars and plant lice were found, to say nothing of the eggs of grasshoppers. The Hairy Woodpecker is much like the Downy in appearance, although larger, and similar in habits. The Flicker is a genuine ant eater, the very common Red Head feeds largely on insects found on bare spots, such as telegraph poles and rail fences, and evidence is given to show that the Red Head sometimes stores grasshoppers in the cracks of posts. The Pileated Woodpecker, or as we know him, Cock of the Woods, is not written of at any great length, but is of

course beyond suspicion, as he is a bird of the woods and avoids civilization. A few years ago he was comparatively common about Kingston, but the boy and his gun have made him scarce. Not many years ago though, I saw a large number exposed for sale on the Kingston market. Mr. Beal's investigations go to prove the Woodpeckers among the most useful of our insectivorous birds, and while it is true that all take fruit and vegetable matter to a limited extent, the fruits and seeds selected are generally those growing wild. The impression that nearly all of the Woodpeckers are sap-sucking and so injurious to trees is done away with, and the Yellow Bellied is the only one convicted to any extent, and in his case the virtues outweigh the faults. Strange to say in Ontario the Nuthatches are commonly called "Sap Suckers," although there is little evidence to show that they should be included in the list.

The Woodpeckers have now been clearly and scientifically proved to occupy a position of usefulness in the community, and it is to be hoped that their claims for protection will be generally recognized.

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Liszt stayed once over night in a small town. Naturally enough, several of his admirers, amongst them the Mayor of the place, got up a banquet for him. They were already seated at the table, when the burgomaster remarked that the party consisted of thirteen in number. "Do not be alarmed" said Liszt "I will eat for two."

A musician returned a MS. with the following inscription: "people may play your composition, whom Beethoven and Wagner are long forgotten but not before!"

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### THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE.

Now that the Yacht Race is a thing of the past, we can sit down and look calmly at the situation, and boys can easily learn a lesson of value from it. They have seen a nation humiliate itself in the desire to win at any price, even at the sacrifice of honor, and they have observed a gentlemanly sportsman take a dignified way of protesting against unfair treatment, without making any great fuss about it. The Americans are a wonderful people, and we all have unbounded admiration for many of their good qualities, but Englishmen and Canadians agree that American ideas of true sport are quite different from ours. With us we are taught to believe that games are instituted for some other purpose than the mere winning of events, no matter what the cost. We admire the determined athlete who puts forth the last endeavor to win, but we have no place for the athlete who adds sharp practice to his abilities. Baseball soon died in Canada, as we could not stand the professional element, an element that immediately came in conflict with our ideas of sport. We did not care to hire people to play our games for us, we were content to do our own playing, even if it was not as good as "professional ball." We have a few professional cricketers, not to play fancy cricket, but merely to teach others to play. This is strictly legitimate. In the U. S. football has become really a professional game in the Universities, as a result of the "win at any price" idea, and we all know what American football is as a game.

The example of the Defender playing sharp practice at the start, as all well informed yachtsmen admit—then accepting the gage of battle as shown by her sailing a

race and losing it—then claiming a foul that she could not be entitled to the moment she crossed the line in pursuit of the Valkyrie, and accepting a present of the race she did not and could not win, is an example we would not care to have our boys follow. The better classes of Americans feel that they have been done an injury as a nation, by such unsportsmanlike conduct, and possibly good may come out of evil. Always remember boys that to learn to lose well is just as great an achievement as to learn to win modestly, and to lose honorably is ten thousand times better than to win with even a suspicion of anything discreditable. From a close study of boys and men at play, I have learned that as a rule boys are inclined to be much fairer to each other, in our country at least, than certain classes of men, and outside of baseball, which is almost dead, there is little to complain of in the way of "crooked work." Boys, on you the future depends, keep yourselves pure in all of your games, and never try to defeat an opponent by unfair means. As long as this is your creed, you can extract good, and good alone, from any manly sport in which you engage.

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Mr. Ed. Beaupre, of Portsmouth, sent us a fine specimen of the peculiar plant "Monotropa Uniflora"—Ghost Plant or Indian Pipe plant as it is popularly called. This exquisite parasitic flower generally grows on the roots of pine trees, and plant and flower are white and wax like. It is not at all common about Kingston, although an occasional specimen is found. Its shape is quite suggestive of an ornamental smoking pipe. When old or dried it unfortunately turns quite black.



## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW



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