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Review.



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

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PRINCESS ST. KINGSTON

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VOL. 4.

KINGSTON, APRIL 1ST, 1897.

No. 2.

DIED.—At Portsmouth Lodge, March 7th, 1897, John Redmond, aged 63 years.

The annual meeting of the Rockwood Bicycle Club took place on March 16th, and great enthusiasm was shown. A delegate was appointed to attend the annual meeting of the C. W. A. in Toronto, and a good deal of important business was transacted. The Club was found to be financially sound, with a balance of \$1.16 in the hands of the Treasurer. There was some discussion in regard to voting this sum as a salary to the retiring Secretary, but on a division it was decided to expend it on sandwiches and ginger beer for the first run. Many picnics a la Keewayden are talked of, and Odessa, Harrow-smith, Bath, Sydenham and Hatter's Bay are talked of as prospective points for investigating, and the elite of each town are to be asked to participate, provided they bring their own refreshments.

The officers of last year were re-elected.

Mr. Wm. Shea has purchased a new Hartford wheel, and will try for the featherweight championship.

Several new converts to the bicycle fad are announced, and all are looking at wheels.

Mr. Wm. Potter is getting the fever, and does a little preliminary practice on the sly in Mr. Davidson's back yard.

Last season a member of the Rockwood Club sold a wheel to a dairy farmer in the west, insisting that the contract should be made in proper dairying style—so much per pound. The farmer agreed, and offered ten cents per pound. The wheel cost him \$31.18, and since that date said farmer has looked for the salesman to scalp him. The salesman is safe for he cannot be scalped. The farmer claims that the wheel has but one ball bearing in each hub, that the tires are made of rubber hose pipe, that the wheel jolts him when going over a ploughed field, that the spokes are nothing more than telegraph wire, &c. Those who know the wheel think the farmer quite unreasonable in his charges, and the real faults of the wheel are yet undiscovered. Try again—and if the wheel does not work well, put it in the next mammoth cheese you make, it will weigh well, and in this way bring its original cost.

Capt. Ed. Gilmour has decided to go in for a new wheel this season. Mr. Jas. Dennison still sticks to the King of Scorchers.

If Dame Rumor be correct there are several changes likely to take place at Rockwood before long. An investigation held by Mr. Cupid has disclosed the fact that several of the young people are anxious for a change, if not of residence, at least of name. The beans in a basket are not half so hard to guess as the present names of those referred to, or the names they are likely to assume.

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LOCAL ITEMS.

This spring has been an unusual one as far as birds are concerned, and the migrants appear to have decided in favor of a very early season. Winter birds have been very numerous indeed, and many of them are with us still. Redpolls, Pine Grosbeaks, Shore Larks, Cherry Birds, Shirkes have been common, and even Hoary Redpolls have been met with. The remarkable migration of Purple Finches referred to by Mr. Beaupre accords with an observation made by Dr. Clarke a few winters ago. On March 7th Chipping Sparrows and Kinglets were common. A large flock of wild Ducks were seen flying north on the 8th. Dr. Bowerman, of Picton, reports Grackles on the 8th, Robins were here on March 10th, and on March 19th most of the early birds had arrived.

HATCHLEY, 11th March. — The first week in March was rather wintery, but on Tuesday the 9th there was warmth and fog at day dawn, and on opening our door we were greeted by the Bluebirds notes, as well as those of the Robin, and there was plenty of them. Robins came right up to the tree branches near the house windows, so it is very plain that they sail along right on the crest of the warm wave from the south; to-day they seem wild with delight of song and ecstatic sunshine. Meadow Larks too are this morning voicing their pensive notes in the bare pastures. This may be classed as a mild and brief winter so far, and our neighbor's bees are out of their hives in myriads, in buzzing flight, and seem to have wintered favorably. A number that we know of maple bush owners have tapped their trees, and sap begins to-day to flow freely. W. Y.

Next month we shall publish an interesting biography and photogravure of Mr. Wm. Yates of Hatchley.

PURPLE FINCH.—Among the numerous birds which visited this locality during the past few months, I was pleased to note what appeared to me a remarkable migration of the Purple Finch. The first I saw of them was in February, and from that date they were in evidence daily until March 5th, when the last few stragglers disappeared. They were very numerous on the morning of March 2nd, and mixed with Pine Grosbeaks and Cedar Waxwings, eating freely of the mountain ash berries, with an occasional visit to a neighboring orchard to taste the frozen apples. There were a few mature males and females, but by far the majority were immature birds.—E. Beaupre.

The Curling contests have continued with the City Club, and of late fortune has smiled on Rockwood, the Dennison Rink having suddenly developed its oldtime enthusiasm and success. Dr. Clarke feels particularly happy, having lost but one outside match in the whole season, and that by one point only. The rivalry between the City and Rockwood is of the most friendly description, and a good deal of harmless "jollying" is indulged in by the contestants.

Kingston iceboats have had hard luck this season, what with bad ice and poor winds. Then again they have suffered by want of experience. A few more contests with Cape Vincent will remedy the last want.

Miss Emma Alley, of Toronto, visited Mrs. McLean in March. Mrs. C. E. Britton and Miss Baker, of Gananoque, Mrs. and Mr. Mullin, of Hamilton, visited Mrs. Clarke of Rockwood.

The Vaudeville Troupe, the Amateur Dramatic Club and the Lone Star Club of Kingston, all gave entertainments at Rockwood last month, and won golden opinions.

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There is a common impression that it is a simple matter to distinguish the male birds of many flocks by their plumage, and some suggestions made by the Rev. C. J. Young, of Lansdowne, are strangely borne out by observations made on birds in captivity. Most books on birds would lead us to believe for example that Pine Grosbeaks in bright red plumage are mature male birds. There is every reason to think that they may be young birds, and they will lose their bright plumage when they reach maturity. This remark certainly applies to Purple Finches, and recent observations on white-winged Crossbills make it probable that it is true in regard to them. Some will say that the changes from gay to dull colors are the result of captivity, but we are quite satisfied that with Grosbeaks, Purple Finches and Crossbills the same changes occur in the wild state. At all events the question is well worth careful investigation.

We have been asked two difficult questions to which the Century Dictionary, generally our last resort, gives no satisfactory answer. What constitutes an old maid, and what makes an old bachelor? In reply to the first we would say that an old maid is as much extinct as the dodo, and if there is such a thing, we never saw one. To us all women are beautiful, and all women young, although not ever-green. An old bachelor is generally bald headed and easily detected by his old womanish ways. As to what makes him, we would suggest the uncertain ways of young women.

Mr. John McDonald, Assistant Engineer, leaves for New York in a few days, and Mr. Jas. M. Williamson is to be promoted to his position.

Mr. Chas. Pierce, Superintendent of the Thrift Department of the Sun Insurance Company, visited Kingston recently.

It is too bad that the Rockwood and Frontenac Hockey Clubs did not come together again before the end of the season. It would have been a battle royal between these teams.

The Rockwood II. came to the front at the end of the season, and played good Hockey.

WILLIAM ANGLIN.

The County of Cork, in Ireland, near to the Town of Bandon, was the birthplace of the subject of our sketch, Mr. Wm. Anglin, the present Bursar of Rockwood Hospital. His business career began in Dublin, in the dry goods trade, but coming to Canada, he settled in Kingston in the early forties. He was first employed with his two brothers, Robert and Samuel, who had preceded him here in the boot and shoe trade. Remaining but a short time with them, he launched out for himself in the shipping trade, and at the same time carried on a very extensive wood and lumber business, in which he continued till the time of his appointment to his present position, which he assumed under the Government of the late Sir John A. McDonald in 1872. He was also interested for a time in a foundry, which stood where the Street Railway sheds are now; and served as City Chamberlain from 1855 to 1866. He was married to Miss Mary Gardiner on March 4th, 1847, and celebrated on the same date of this year his Golden Anniversary of his wedding. His family consisted of four children, two sons and two daughters. The sons only survive, Dr. W. G. Anglin of Kingston, and Dr. J. V. Anglin of Montreal. Always a staunch Methodist, he was one of the founders of Sydenham Street Church, where he still continues a member. With his fellow officers and employees he is very popular, and during his entire service has proved himself a careful, painstaking and efficient officer.

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HUMOROUS.

Paganini was regarded by most as a supernatural being, a diabolical creature in compact with the devil. His uncanny appearance and the weirdness of his art tended to confirm this vulgar superstition. It was after the violinist had achieved a world-wide fame, and had amassed a large fortune, that Hector Berlioz first came to Paris to conduct the performance of one of his own compositions. So very poor was Berlioz that he had hardly money enough wherewith to purchase a coat in which to appear decently in public. At his first appearance in Paris Paganini was present, and after the performance, came upon the stage with his little boy, and said to Berlioz, "I embrace the immortal Beethoven's successor! You alone are competent to take up his work where he left it." Berlioz for the nonce forgot his poverty and his misery; Paganini's enthusiasm cheered him; the two talked long and earnestly together. On the following morning Berlioz received a note from Paganini which contained bank notes for 20,000 francs, a sum that made Berlioz a comparatively rich man, relieving his necessities and enabling him to pursue those noble works which will survive, a monument to his genius and a joy to all lovers of music. Like other great geniuses, Paganini had occasional eccentricities. At one time, when he was in Vienna, he asked a cabman what of all things he most desired. "I most wish I had money enough to go to hear that fiddler of whom the city talks so much," replied the cabman. "You shall hear him!" exclaimed Paganini, "and I will buy a ticket for you." Imagine the astonishment and pride of that cabdriver when, encoined in the theatre that evening, he discovered that Paganini was none other than his patron! After that the grateful fellow insisted upon driving Paganini to and from the

theatre every evening, and when it became known that the wizard had really patronized this particular cabman, the fellow became the fashion and fairly coined money. Four years later, Paganini revisited Vienna, and upon his first appearance, he was disturbed by the violence and prolixity of the applause which issued from a large party in one of the proscenium boxes. The party was the cabman's family, all dressed out, all smiling and enthusiastic, and all zealous to manifest their appreciation, both of Paganini's art and of their indebtedness to him. When Paganini found out who his noisy admirers were, he was greatly amused, and was willing to pardon their inopportune and riotous demonstrations of gratitude.

A maiden from the rural districts called on me the other day, and seeing the powdered resin lying on my violin, after a long practice, asked, "Why do you have a lot of flour on your violin? does it make it sound better?" General burst of laughter.

"Have you heard Miss Simkin sing since she came home from Europe?" "Several times." "Do you think she has improved?" "Very much." "In what particular?" "She doesn't sing as much as she used to."

"How is your daughter getting on with the piano, Jones?" "Fustrate. She can play with both hands now. Says she'll be able to play with her ear in six months."

Now that the Bicycling season is opening, men's thoughts lightly turn to life insurance, and agents are thicker than crows about the place. Our own local agent is the most persuasive talker though, and if seen slapping his thigh and talking earnestly in some quiet corner to a member of the bicycle club, take it for granted that a policy will soon issue.

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MARCH, AND HIS PREMONITIONS.

Could you believe that in a few swift days
Of April sunshine and of April rain,
And wind and sleet that turns to rain again.
The pastures and the sheltered woodland ways
With sunny blossoms would be all ablaze ?

Among the twisted roots and rugged knees
Of ancient oaks and beeches, next the sun,
Pink-veined claytonias peep out one by one,
Where later on, wind-blown anemones,
Slender and sweet will tremble in the breeze.

One must go far afield to find the place
Where once hepaticas in starry crowds,
Rosy and violet as sunset clouds,
Each on its silver stem, swayed like a vase
O'er filled with perfume, bending in wild grace.

Wood violets, and the smooth and freckled blades
And golden-tawny disks of adder-tongue
Prick through the leafy mould,—and lightly hung
The bells of squirrel's-corn ring down the glades,—
Babies and birds alone may hear the fine rculades.

In quiet pools after the warm spring rain
A lisp and whisper of a myriad throats,
Soft and incessant,—the high silver notes
Of blue birds, and the robin's bugle strain
Piping in all the fields for joy again.

Nay, but May needs nor verse nor prophecy,
Sure of her lovely folded miracle
That soon or late makes the world beautiful ;
It were all one as who should stand and say,
Looking abroad on some bleak winter day,
"There will be flowers and birds in Arcady."

K. S. McL.

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WATER'S CORNER. KINGSTON EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

(CONTINUED.)

From its position at the foot of the long chain of lakes, and as located at the head of the St. Lawrence proper, Kingston has been of note as a port since the first keel ploughed the waters of Ontario, and its shipping interests, almost marine in character, must have been regarded from its first settlement as of supreme interest. In glancing at its history, at the period of which we are examining the records, it seems fittest to turn to the news of the day which tell of the growth and extent of the naval strength of this important lake Port. In 1815, the Kingston Packet, James Chapman, Captain, sailed regularly from Kingston to Sackett's Harbor with passengers and freight, and afforded the only means of communication, at that period, with "the other side." The trips were tri-weekly, and the fare was \$2 for each passenger.

In September of that year an advertisement told now a fast sailing schooner, captured by the Americans during the late war, was to be offered at auction. She was named the "Elizabeth," and had been built in Kingston. She was described as having undergone a thorough repair, and "Coaked from Keel to Gunnell, and is tight," with sails and rigging entirely new.

In 1816, the schooner "Perseverance," T. G. Parker, Master, was advertised as continuing to run as a Packet from Kingston to Sackett's Harbor, but whether she superseded, or was a rival to the Kingston Packet, sailed by Capt. Chapman, does not appear. That there was a constant intercourse with Sackett's Harbor, and that it was of prime importance to the Kingstonians is evident enough from the many references to the subject.

In 1817, a schooner was adver-

tised to sail between these points, which carried horses and all kinds of freight, and promised good accommodation to passengers.

It was not until May, 1817, that we find any record of the arrivals and departures of shipping, but in that month there is a first recognition of a matter so important. From it may be gathered the fact that, from the week ending May 2nd, 14 schooners and 2 open boats arrived, coming from Sackett's Harbor, Cornwall, Newcastle, Oswego, Niagara, Genesee, Sandy Creek and Gravelly Point. 12 schooners left Kingston during the same period. In the following week, 24 schooners and 3 open boats arrived, while 16 schooners cleared. The American vessels appear to have supplied Kingston with many articles of food, for in their cargoes we find wheat, eggs, flour, cyder, pork, butter, fowls, bread, vegetables, potatoes, salt, cheese, hams, lard, cattle and "provisions." In addition to these things came a miscellaneous lot of leather, plank, window-glass, rosin, shoes, wrapping paper, books, turpentine, segars, oats, boards, horses, potash, and New York newspapers. From the Canadian ports of Newcastle came fish, from Cornwall ballast from Sandy Creek hay and boards, from Belleville—nee "Myers Creek," then recently renamed—flour and beer, and from Niagara passengers. The large military and naval population of Kingston evidently compelled the resort to American markets for supplies, and Sackett's Harbor did much towards the maintenance of men who, but a few years before had appeared in hostile array before it.

The requirements of the military authorities created a demand for more food than the locality could furnish, and it was necessary, therefore, to import supplies from New York State. 1,200 barrels of flour were needed for the forces during February, March and April,



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and advertisements for enormous quantities of cordwood were not unusual, 900 cords being asked for in one issue of the "Gazette." Much charcoal was used by the naval authorities, and four or five thousand bushels did not appear to be an extraordinary quantity for which to ask tenders.

On the arrival of Sir Robert Hall from England, in 1816, he assumed command of the Lake Fleet, and the following vessels were placed in commission on Lake Ontario: the Burlington, 42 guns, Capt. N. Locker; the Kingston, 56, Com. Sir Robert Hall; the Charwell, 50, Capt. Montresor; on Lake Champlain, the Champlain, 32, Capt. Duell; on Lake Erie, the Confiance, 32, Capt. D. Pruy. The following vessels were in ordinary: Schooners Tecumseh, Tagus, Star and Newash, and the Nelley, 10, the Montreal, Capt. Owen, and Huron, Lieut. Jackson, the St. Lawrence and Chubb cutter.

From these particulars may be gathered an idea of the large naval force, of which Kingston was the rendezvous, and of the heavy expenditure necessary to its maintenance.

The commercial marine made steady growth, but influences were at work which were to entirely although gradually change its character.

Molson, at Montreal, had already established the practicability of the use of steam on the St. Lawrence, between Montreal and Quebec, and the level-headed business men at Kingston saw the advantages of the innovation. But would a steamboat be able to face the huge waves, the rough seas, the undoubted risks of navigation upon turbulent Lake Ontario? Could Niagara be reached by a power defiant of wind, and independent of sail? Enterprise and common sense answered in the affirmative, and the venture was determined upon.

In December, 1815, the Montreal Gazette reported the launch of an

elegant steamboat, named "The Car of Commerce," and told how the success of John Molson's efforts had induced others to imitate them. A company was formed at Kingston, for the purpose of raising necessary funds for the construction of a steamboat for the navigation of Lake and Bay, and in May 1816, George H. Markland called upon the subscribers to the Kingston Steamboat to make immediate payment of the money which was still due on their several subscriptions. Meanwhile, we are told, "The House of Representatives at New York rejected a Bill for incorporating a Steamboat Company for Lake Ontario, by a vote of 75 to 49." The spirit of improvement was abroad and could not be downed. A race between American citizens and Canadian business men at once commenced, and, by a neck, the Americans won, for under date of August 31, 1816, we are told that "From Buffalo comes the intelligence that a Steamboat of 200 tons has been launched on the waters of Lake Ontario, belonging to Mr. Chas. Smith and others of Albany. The New York legislators refused to grant an Act of Incorporation, on the ground that it would have a tendency to facilitate the communication of business down the St. Lawrence." But they could repress neither Americans nor Canadians. Not more than a week elapsed before the first Canadian Steamboat was launched at Ernestown. It was a great gala day, and crowds assembled on the banks, at what is now known as the wharf, to witness the first plunge into the waters of Quinte of the pioneer of an immense Canadian Lake fleet. She slid grandly, majestically into the placid Bay, and was named the "Frontenac" in approved nautical fashion. Rain fell just before she left the slips, and many who had come to see her went "to see a man" instead, but a large assembly of the men of Frontenac rent the air with loud shouts as she

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gallantly took the water. Her length of keel was 150 feet, and that of her deck 170. The Gazette says: "Her proportions strike the eye very agreeably, and good judges have pronounced this to be the best piece of naval architecture of the kind yet produced in America. It reflects credit on Messrs. Tiebout and Chapman, the contractors."

The proprietors of this new venture are described as the most respectable merchants and other inhabitants of the County of Frontenac. Her machinery was imported from England, and was of excellent structure. The Frontenac was designed for both freight and passengers, and was to be finished and ready for use in a few weeks after the launch. And then the editor adds: "Steam navigation having succeeded to admiration on various rivers, the application of it to the water of lakes is an interesting experiment."

Another paragraph tells how a steamboat was launched at Sackett's Harbor. The opposite sides of this lake, which not long ago vied with each other in the building of ships of war, seem now to be equally emulous of commercial superiority."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LATE JOHN REDMOND.

On Sunday, March 7th, 1897. Mr. John Redmond, who for so many years had been identified with Rockwood Hospital, passed away after an illness of nearly four months. Mr. Redmond was one of the first employees engaged at Rockwood, and entered the service in March, 1857—or six years after he emigrated to Canada from County Wexford, Ireland. He resided with his family in the picturesque little lodge at the entrance to the main avenue, and his cheery



greeting was always looked for by those who passed the garden where he toiled early and late, faithful at all times to duty. Mr. Redmond was a lover of peace and a good neighbor, and his kindly ways earned the respect of the whole community. When his final illness overtook him, he made a brave struggle, although he felt that the odds were against him, and yet no one heard him murmur when he knew that death was at hand, so just was his habit of thinking. When the employees learned that their fellow was about to die, a wave of sorrow swept over the Hospital Staff, and all grieved sincerely and deeply, for it could truly be said that John Redmond had not an enemy in the place. To have lived for forty years in a service without having one black mark scored against him, was a record to be proud of. The sympathy of the whole institution has gone out to the bereaved family.

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BLUE JAYS' CHARACTERISTICS.

Although the Bluejay is a common and widely distributed bird, it is very unusual that one has a good opportunity for studying it, for the Jay is secretive during nesting time, and usually builds too high for careful observations. Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, in "Little Brothers of the Air," says that after repeated efforts to find a nest she "abandoned the search for the Bluejay." Again in her later book, "A Bird Lover in the West," she says: "To know the little boy blue in his domestic life had been my desire for years. In vain did I search far and wide for a nest. One June morning I beheld the long-desired object right before my eyes in a pinetree, thirty feet high, near the top." Then she speaks of the female sharing in the providing of food for the young, which is contrary to my experience. She also says: "Besides him no small bird lived in the vicinity," which was not true of my jays. In some other ways our observations were similar.

A neighbor told me how he found, a few years ago, that several jays had taken winter quarters in the ravine in front of his house, and of his determination to befriend them. He began showing his good will by placing a dish of oyster-crackers near their retreat, three or four rods from his dwelling. They suspiciously tested the quality of this repast, and were forced to pronounce it good, but it took a long time for them to put confidence in man. Gradually the food was moved nearer his home, but they noted every change, even to a different dish. Two or three years passed before they would come to the piazza or window-sills, but now they come nearly every day for their breakfast, and are so greedy they will cram three oyster-crackers into their capacious mouths and throats before flying to the ravine.

There were fourteen jays in the flock, and six or seven of them

became so tame that their individualities could be studied. One was a perfect coward, and he had to hop around the dish several times before he dared to dive for a cracker, for, if one chanced to roll over, as it was quite apt to, it frightened him nearly out of his senses. A few would eat together, but one or two would not allow others to come to the dish with them.

After five or six years, a pair of jays paid their benefactor the highest possible compliment by building in a pine only twelve feet from his parlor window, hardly five and one half feet above the ground, so, from a slight elevation one could look directly into the nest. I was invited to study their habits, and on June 8th, at 9:15 a. m., the formal introduction took place. The mother bird watched me critically for a day or two, then gave my movements little attention. I called at all hours of the day from 3:45 a. m. to 8 p. m., in all kinds of summer weather, spending nearly sixty hours in close observation of jay ways.

The nest contained three eggs, upon which the female had been sitting about two weeks. She sat very closely, never being absent over three or four minutes. She noticed things about, preened her feathers often, stood up on the nest, looked at the eggs, moved about, and went through motions that I suppose were made in turning the eggs. At times these motions were quite violent, and it was wonderful that the eggs remained unbroken; but practice makes perfect, even in turning eggs. There was no regularity about this part of the hatching process. One afternoon in less than two hours the motions occurred seventeen times, with intervals ranging from one to eighteen minutes.

About once an hour the male provided his mate with food, which was brought in his mouth. It never

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hung out, but sometimes the tip of it could be seen between his somewhat opened beak. He always alighted near the bottom of the tree, and hopped to her presence branch by branch, sometimes, but not always, encircling the trunk, though almost without exception he fed from a certain side of the nest. He was not so precise in his mode of departure, yet he showed some method even in that. Every thing was enacted very quietly about the nest. Before the triplets appeared he never seemed to care to dally to repeat any jay news, nor did she ask questions, but he did show an inclination to linger and admire his children. This waste of time the mother bird would never tolerate, and she hissed and even pecked him if he delayed his departure.

This pair of jays had lived under exceptional advantages and perhaps were more highly civilized than others of their family, who are generally regarded as quarrelsome and domineering; but it is certain that many other birds either lived near this jay home or came there to feed, gossip, or sing in peace and safety; with them these jays never picked a quarrel. The Baltimore Orioles, Kingbirds and Goldfinches, however looked upon the Jays with hatred, and gave chase if they dared.

On the morning of June 15th three scrawny birdlings, "bald all over," or so sparsely covered with down as to afford no protection, were discovered in the nest; then I watched operations with renewed interest. That forenoon, when the male brought food, the female took it from him and fed the babies. In the afternoon Father Jay was allowed to feed them, in which task he became so proficient that he soon not only had the providing, but nearly always the feeding to do also, giving a mouthful to one, two, or all three at one visit. When he fed more than one he threw his head forward, as if to send another

worm (for that was the recognized diet) nearer the front of his mouth so that he could manage it properly in feeding number two. Sometimes he let the female feed one worm. When thus condescending he gave it to her before feeding any of the young; then both parents fed together. Once the male gave a salute from a tree near by, and the female flew to him and begged him for the food. He gave it to her and flew away.

I witnessed the feeding of the young ninety-nine times, and feel sure that the female did not bring food to the babies half a dozen times. The only distinguishing marks of the parents were their habits. When one brooded I was sure it was the female, and am positive that she returned again and again and covered the young without feeding them, and scarcely ever did the children open their mouths to ask food of her. If the female was absent when the male came, she usually returned to be present at the feeding.

Her manners at the nest were almost precisely as before the eggs were hatched; preening, turning around, and jostling the nestlings just as she did the eggs, and, for a few days, she sat as closely, and was herself fed by the male. When she began to provide her own sustenance, she left the nest as hunger demanded, and several times ate a hairy caterpillar, after wiping or scraping it to suit her taste on a branch of a tree. It seemed to be her especial duty to guard her family, so she never went too far away to be beyond the call of her babies. As they grew older, she often left the nest for half an hour at a time, but I could not see her watching from the top of a tree near at hand, the slightest disturbance in the home pine would always bring her to view on short notice.

At the age of twelve days, the birdlings opened their eyes, tried to preen their feathers and spread

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their wings, which were now tinged with blue. Their photographs were then attempted, and they were given three sittings. When, right in the face and eye of the camera, Father Jay came and fed, we took a snap on him, but, unfortunately, all the pictures were failures. The experience proved however, that they had great confidence in us, feeding the young when two or more people were operating a camera on a tripod only about twenty-five feet away.

Breakfast was soon served and their morning gymnastics properly executed. To my eyes these exercises were droll affairs. They stood up in the nest, stretched themselves as high as possible, then dropped down again; lifted their wings high over their backs and flapped them energetically; extended their necks, and, in fact, probably exercised the whole body. Often they visited the rim of the nest as if they meditated departure. Several times the start seemed evident, but, on second thought, they lingered.

The next morning, before the rosy light had dawned, and while the moon was still visible, I was off to the jay neighborhood, and arrived before Madame Jay or the children were up. Just before the clock struck four the mother left and the young began morning toilets. On this, their sixteenth day, they were checked and spotted with all the colors their forefathers wore, except bluish gray instead of black bills and feet, but they had no intention of entering upon the arduous duties of getting their own living before being fully prepared. They belong to a rather aristocratic family, and receive such excellent care they do not need to hurry. Both parents exercise much care in properly tending their young, not only by brooding and providing wholesome food, but also in matters of cleanliness. Neither were their manners or habits of dress neglected. Papa Jay was always courtly about home; Mama Jay taught

them how to press their feathers; and the table etiquette was about perfect. They never ate ravenously, did not beg food between meals, though food was not put before them frequently, and there was very little jostling or crowding for the first bite.

The contrast to a family of cat-birds under observation was most noticeable. These babies always seemed famishing, and with open mouths and outstretched necks they fairly shook with excitement in begging for something to eat, whether their parents were in sight or not, and both father and mother were rushed from morning until night. These children also left the home nest before being so well developed, apparently, as the jays were when two weeks old.

One morning a large fox-sparrow took occasion, though by accident, to visit the jay home in the absence of the parents. He hopped up, branch by branch, until he lighted on the edge of the nest just where the father was accustomed to feed. The young opened their cavernous red mouths, which are large even if they have not been unduly stretched, and the sparrow fled precipitately, as if he feared being swallowed alive.

On the morning of July 1st, I stayed continuously for seven hours. During that time food was brought only fifteen times, but sometimes more than one was fed at one call. The jay children were more observing, and looked at me curiously when I now approached the nest. They also napped less frequently, and their faithful attention to physical training made them strong. Many times they struck their wings over their backs so loudly as to be heard at quite a distance. This recalled the mother in great haste if she happened to be absent.

One day the father brought such a large mouthful that his mandibles were widely distended. It proved too much for his children, and after their repeated efforts at swallowing,

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he had to take the food away. I questioned if it were not the callow young of some other species.

July 2nd found me again at the jays' home at four o'clock in the morning. After they had breakfasted, I went to the tree and smacked my lips softly to the young. One opened his eyes quickly and Madame Jay promptly put in her appearance, gave one warning trumpet blast, and erected her crest so menacingly, I concluded not to arouse her anger further. A fog hung heavily over the valley and plainly this morning was not favorable for home leaving. The mother tried to cover her young. They took exercise as usual, and one went so far as to scratch his head, but that philosophical act did not arouse the idea that he ought to provide for himself. Papa brought another tremendous mouthful that looked bloody, which again aroused my suspicions, but this morsel soon disappeared down a child's throat.

That afternoon the children made for the first time the "peeping" noise peculiar to young birds when being fed. After this they often began to make it before the old birds quite reached the nest.

On July 4th five of us went to call on the birds at five a. m. One young one had at last left the nest with full determination to celebrate. It was his twentieth or twenty-first birthday, and he had gone to an elm a few feet away, where lunch was served him. He took a short flight from one limb to another, but this was the only exhibition of his ability to fly that I was permitted to witness. At 6 a. m. home duties demanded my attention.

The jays' benefactors told me that in about half an hour the other two left the nest nearly together, and, after nesting in the home pine an hour or two, went to the elm, where all three staved the remainder of the day, never returning to the home cradle. But if anyone went to the pine and pulled the limbs aside, Mother Jay quickly returned

and sat upon the empty nest, each time loudly squawking her firm resolve to guard the homestead. This she did half a dozen or more times that day.

The next morning all took their departure; but some jays, perhaps the same, came back to the yard nearly every day, and when their young were self-supporting they forsook quiet and secretive ways and recklessly flung themselves all over the yard, blowing their rousing trumpets in defiance, at all hours of the day.

ELLEN E. WEBSTER.

He: "That nocturne was beautifully executed, Miss Edith. May I ask how long you have been practising Chopin?" She: "Oh, let me see! I began about a month before poor aunt Maria went crazy, and she's been in the asylum a year.

Miss Smith: "Now what would be your terms, Mr. Daubini, for giving me a course of, say, a dozen lessons in violin playing?" Daubini: "Well, frankly, Miss Smith, I'm afraid you should have begun much earlier to start a career of art, that is if you wish to take it up seriously." Miss Smith: "Oh, but I don't! I only want to learn enough to be able to teach."

Mrs. Rafferty: "Your daughter has a fine touch on the pianny, Mrs. Moriarty." Mrs. Moriarty: "Yis, she has a great tashte for music; but thin 'tis only natural, for her grandfather had his shkull opened wid a cornet at a temperance fate."

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From a recent number of the "Mail and Empire" we clip the following:—

There was a select reunion of the "knowing" in fiddle matters at noon yesterday, at the rooms of Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer. The central figures were Mr. Gregorowitsch, the Russian solo violinist, and Dr. Otto Hahn. For many years Dr. Hahn, who is now a resident of this city, has been engaged in a research as to the process of making the Cremona varnish, his belief being that the varnish has much to do with the beautiful tone which distinguishes the old Italian instruments. The reunion was for the purpose of hearing Mr. Gregorowitsch play upon a number of cheap fiddles, which had been varnished with a preparation discovered by Dr. Hahn. For purposes of comparison several violins of the same grade, with the ordinary tradespirit varnish, were also tested by the distinguished soloist. Mr. Gregorowitsch does not speak a word of English, but after playing for half an hour on the various instruments submitted to him, in which he delighted his hearers with all kinds of improvisations in plain melody, as well as in brilliant passages in arpeggio, harmonics, double and triple stopping, etc., he said in German that he was delighted with the preparation of Dr. Hahn, and believed that it would prove a most valuable discovery. Dr. Hahn's varnish is prepared in oil, and the opinion of the experts was that it has a wonderful effect in mellowing the tone. Every violinist will wish success to Dr. Hahn in his praiseworthy effort to rediscover the long lost art of making the Italian varnish. En passant, I might state that Mr. Gregorowitsch uses for concert purposes a violin by Joseph Guarnerius, valued at \$5,000.

As a matter of fact there have been a thousand and one wonderful varnishes discovered, and probably

more nonsense has been written on this subject than any other, in connection with violins. Good varnishes were made in the past, and very excellent varnishes are made to-day. Cheap shop fiddles are nearly always varnished with quick drying spirit varnish, which ruins the tone of any violin. What is required is a slow drying article, containing oil in sufficient quantity to make it elastic, though hard. Few makers have patience to wait long enough to varnish a violin properly, and in their haste frequently impair the tone of their instruments. There are "tricks in the trade" of putting on varnish, and it is here the genius steps in and produces unique results.

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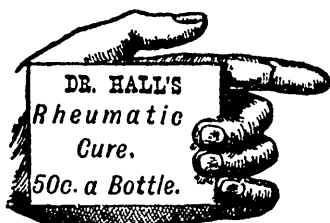
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