

The Rockwood Review.

Vol. I.

KINGSTON, ONT., MARCH, 1894.

No 1.

ECHOES FROM KIRMESS.

There was a young lady named
Firling,
Who at Kirmess went dancing and
twirling.

She spun around like a top,
When she tried could not stop,
And forever must madly go whir-
ling.

THE MINUET

Did you see the Minuet?
This is how they danced it,
In wigs and queues and satinette,
Each couple made it's transit.
Noses held with points upturning.

Now a step and then a bow,
A smirk, a smile, a look of yearning,
To dance it well you must know
how.

Kingston's maidens moved like
graces,
Looked like dames of long ago,
In quilted skirts and dainty laces,
Cheeks with roses, necks of snow.
But their partners were a contrast.
With their poor and spindly calves
Fowing gravely when they moved
fast.

As if hinged in rigid halves.

LOCAL ITEMS.

If the Queen's Second can beat
the Limestones on paper, and the
Limestones can beat Queen's Second
on ice, and if there is no Queen's
Second as their journal says, who
won the junior championship of
the city anyway? Even if the
limestones are the darlings of
their man, they can play hoc-
key any way, and that

The Rockwood Trophy has ar-
rived, and the curlers at Rockwood
now wish that they had won it, as
it is a grand affair. Sir Ernest
claims that it is a Solid Silver, but
we have an opinion. At all events
it is a handsome tankard, and if
our fellows had only curled as well
as they have been doing lately, the
city curlers would not have taken
it for the year. The design is that
of three brooms supporting a large
bowl, the lid of which is a finely
made curling stone.

Mr. Jas. Kent, the distinguished
Luthier, is at present visiting Rock-
wood, and of course we have a
good deal of fiddle lore and ani-
mated discussions on the subject
of models, fiddles old and new are
the order of the day.

HOCKEY MATCHES.—Two good
Matches were played last week,
one by Seniors against the Stars,
the other by the Juniors against
Portsmouth. In each the big "R's"
scored a victory, for they are the
stuff you know.

CURLING.—We had a streak of
luck this week, and pulled off no
less than three wins with city teams.

THE great puzzle just now is
what did Billy Shea do with the
Baseball Cup? Was it used to
build the Curling Trophy, or is it
at "my uncle's?"

Who saw Cock Robin?—It is said
that robins have been seen in this
city during the week. These robins
must have been geese or crows: as
with the thermometer at twenty
below zero, we should think it
would be a poor time for robins.

OUR RED SQUIRREL.

In the summer of 1893 two very interesting members of the mammal family decided to rear a family in a large oak tree near our columbarium, seeing it was the fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of America. I might call them Columbians. Well their mother nursed them, and their father brought all the moss and nice soft things he could find to make a winter home, so they set up house keeping in the best of style. One fine morning Jack Columbian, and his brothers and sisters, venturied out, and in a few days did not we run after Jack, and with a pair of stout gloves to avoid his sharp teeth, caught him and put him in a cage, for they get quite domesticated. After supplying his present wants, we forgot to get him a bed, which did not escape Tom's notice, he thought it was just as essential as food, so we got him a little bed of cotton batting, and a little brucite named Major, secured from our kind matron. Well, Jack took to his new quarters quite kindly, and would not allow you to pat and stroke him and let you take him out of the cage, he would run over to you and then jump back again. One morning our man Monday, (no connection with the firm of Cruse & Co.), in cleaning the cage, left one wire open, and Jack made a dash for liberty, as he had a perfect right to do so, still we regretted his company. Whether he did not fare so well as his brother squirrels or not, we spied him on top of our columbarium, and as a tortoise hope we put his cage on the pigeon airing cage. In marched master Jack, and up as quick as a wink jumped George, who closed the door, and once more we had Mr. Red Squirrel secure. He was quite a companion

and we made every provision for his winter comfort, with the aid of King William an old man, who through the loss of some of his mental faculties, thinks he is King, but he is so good natured you would be sure to forgive his aspiration to Royalty. We secured over a bushel of hickory nuts, and you would be very much amused to see Jack sit and nibble the nuts, first eat out one chamber and then gnaw the other side for the same purpose. Our Jack used to be let out of his cage now and then, and one day he disappeared, no one knew where, but a scratching between the walls of the pigeon house, combined with a large hole in the hickory nut bag, gave the secret away. Jack was carrying off the nuts, and this let us know his hiding place. We suspended the bag from the ceiling, and only gave Mr. Jack daily rations, this helped to bring him out to his shell. He used to come inside the pigeon house and play about, notwithstanding our dog Vreda, a good natured Gordon setter, was in there. I used to feed him, he would take the nuts out of my hand, and sometimes I would purposely put them out of his reach, and the ingenuity he would invent to get them was remarkable; another characteristic was his being able to reach the bag suspended to the ceiling, and eat his way through the nuts if I neglected his daily supply.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

One day my father and I rowed along the north shore of Lake Ontario, and after a while went into Cataract Creek. On each side of this there is a large marsh, in which we saw many interesting birds. The marsh wren was there in large num-

bers, and I will tell what I saw of it. Marsh wrens are little birds about the size of a Chickadee; their tails stick straight up in the air, and their bills are short. They build in short stacks of grass; the nest looks something like a ball, and they get in through a little hole in the side; the nest is lined with feathers and seeds that float in the air.

May 20th, 1893.- We saw a great many new nests to-day, as well as hundreds of old ones. The new nests are made of green grass, and are lined with the fluffy stuff off bullrushes. We found one nest with two eggs in it. They were small, and spotted with dark spots. The holes in all the nests were to the south east. The nest is not more than a foot from the water, and is fastened very tight. I noticed a white streak above the bird's eye, and the tails of some nearly touched their heads, and they were very tame. Their note is not very sweet, but for their little birds they make a great noise.

FIELD NOTES.

There are many beautiful flowers in the vicinity of Kingston, and it is my purpose from time to time to describe such of these as are known to me.

Almost as soon as the snow leaves the ground, this little flower, with a long latin name, which is HEPATICA ACUTILOBA, comes out; but I think the name May Flower, by which it is ordinarily known as, is twice as pretty. It is blue or white, or sometimes pinkish in color, with three sepals. Those I have looked

at have seven petals, and a great many stamens and pistils; it has one big leaf on each stalk, divided into three. The root is long and stringy, with one piece bigger than the others

OUR PAPER.

For some time past we have published a little paper printed on a type writer. This was not a satisfactory method of publication, and the edition was of course limited. By the kindness of a good friend in Belleville, who sent us a press and outfit, we are enabled to present the "Review" in a new dress. The object is to make this paper attractive to our little friends, who are cordially invited to send us items of interest, short Stories, Letters, &c., from time to time. Natural History and Field Notes, will be particularly acceptable, as we wish to make these a special feature of our paper.

Good writers have promised to assist us, and, although we must, in the nature of things, have a column for Locals, we can assure our readers, in the words of our great Mr. Shea, we shall allow nothing to appear that is likely to "hurt the feelings of the most fastidious."

ANCIENT AND MODERN KNIGHTS
AND LADIES.

In the brace and wonderful old days
when Harold was the King,
And bold Robin Hood and all his
merry men,
Went roving through the forest, and
camping in the glen.
When a gallant Knight on horse-
back, was a very common thing,
And tough bows of yew trees, wood
and arrows had not ceased,
To be the proper weapons for slay-
ing man and beast.
Still, at the lists and tournaments,
with plumes above his crest,
Each knightly English gentleman,
did lay his lance in rest,
For the fame of merry England,
and the prowess of the ring,
In the good old fighting days, when
Harold was the King.

But now in these more modern days,
when neither Robin Hood,
Nor any bears with beds, and chairs,
and houses in the wood,
Tempt roving Knights and Goldy
Locks to seek adventures there,
You will find the studious Goldy
Locks with bow and violin,
A dainty little instrument, tucked
under her small chin,
And Margery, quaint Margery Daw
with pencil poised in air,
A calculating problems with a medi-
tative air,
While Herbert turning somersault
and curvets in a ring,
Vaults on his steed, the high trapeze,
like bird upon the wing.
But after all the tournaments, and
feats that you can name,
Twas Herbie won the guerdon, and
Harold got the game,
And Harold is the victor still, and
Harold is the King.

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dressed to Box of Rockwood Re-
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We notice with pleasure that
Master Harold and Herbert have
had their hair cut. It was a long
felt want.

"This is a high-handed outrage,"
as the boy remarked, when he
found that his mother had put the
cookies on the upper shelf.

Willie: Aunt, what do they call
the man who hunts up the taxes?
Aunt Sarah: Taxidermist, of
course, because he skins everybody.

"What'd that furniture dealer say
when you told him that mirror he
sent up was cracked?" "Said he'd
look into it."

XMAS STORY.

It was the night before Christmas, very cold and dreary. A little girl was sitting alone in a poor old shanty, and an old man was sitting on the other side of a poor table on three legs. All the furniture was scanty. It was only two chairs and the table I mentioned, on which was an old plate of stale bread and some milk, of which they were making their supper. It was very quiet, and all at once the little girl broke the silence by saying: "Grandpapa, to-morrow is Xmas." I wonder whether Santa Claus will come here. At any rate, I will hang up my stocking and see: and then her Grandfather sent her to bed, so she went, (her name was Kitty), and stole softly into her Grandfather's room and her own. In this room was an old bedstead, and a little cot and an old fireplace. then she went to a little drawer in an old box, and pulled out a stocking. She got a pen and a piece of paper and a pencil, and wrote her name, Kitty. That night she went to bed a happy little girl. Her old Grandfather, when she had gone to bed, sat up and read by a broken lamp. He was reading when he heard a knock at the door, he tottered to open it, and there stood and there stood an old man with a long beard and snow white hair. He was Santa Claus, he had a sack over his shoulder. The Grand-

father led him into the child's room, and the man filled Kitty's stocking. When she awoke that morning, she was a very happy little girl, for she had got a beautiful doll, and lots of other things, and her Grandfather got many presents, besides some money from Santa Claus.

A POEM WITH A POINT.

Only a pin: yet it calmly lay,
On the tufted floor, in the light of day.
And it shone serenely fair and bright
Reflecting back the noonday light

Only a boy: yet he saw that pin,
And his face assumed a fiendish grin:
He stooped for a while, with a look
intent,
Till he and the pin alike were bent.

Only a chair: but upon its seat,
A well-bent pin found safe retreat:
Nor had the keenest eye discerned
That heavenward its point was turned.

Only a man: but he chanced to drop
Upon that chair, when fizz! bang,
pop!
He leaped like a cork from out a
bottle,
And opened wide his valve de
throttle.

Only a yell: though an honest one
It lacked the element of fun:
And boy and man and pin and
chair,
In wild confusion mingled there.

PUZZLE COLUMN.

1. Prefixes to be supplied :—

What mouse is noted for generous fame ?

What mouse is shy, and hides his very name ?

What other mouse is always just the very same ?

2. Transposition :—

A word of four letters :

A kind of tough wood used in Eastern Countries.

To receive in possession.

A girl's name.

3. One of the common useful metals.

The name of a country in Africa.

The act of distributing, also a kind of wood in common use in Great Britain.

To burthen, to fill up a small valley.

SQUARE WORD PUZZLE.

4. Read me across, or read me down.

Four words you'll find, one not well known.

My first is bad, my second worse,

My third the Russians proudly nurse.

My fourth the Russians fear and dread,

And oft I fear knock on the head.

5 PREFIXES TO BE FOUND.

Two things that I devour :

1st. A small green field, a kind of drink made of honey in the time of the Britons.

2nd. First a cross and then a heart.

6 Two things that you devour:

1st. First an axe and then a coin.

2nd, First a cross and then a ten.

A word of five letters.

To improve knowledge.

To act with dishonesty.

7. **TRANSPOSITIONS.**

A word of five letters.

An article of household furniture.

The cry of a domestic animal.

8 A word of five letters.

Signifying royalty.

A animal common in Germany.

APOLOGY FOR ERRORS.

In looking over our columns, we have discovered certain typographical errors, for which we blush. However, our excuse must be lack of experience in the art typographic. No doubt the next issue will be much better in appearance than this, and we trust that our readers will make allowance for the imperfections of this number.

Answers are requested to the puzzles, &c., given each month, and we shall be glad to receive original puzzles or problems from any one interested in such matters.

The names of those who send in successful answers will be published.

PROBABILITIES.—A warm reception to the "Rockwood Review."