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March 1, 1952

APR 15 1952



Rockwood

Review.



A Monthly Journal devoted to
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The Rockwood Review

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The Rockwood Review.

VOL. VIII.

MARCH 1ST, 1902.

No. 1

BORN.

Ross—At Hatwood on February 13th, the wife of Hugh Ross of a son.

Mr. A. Terrill of Peterboro was a guest at Rockwood recently.

Mrs. C. K. Clarke who was dangerously ill two weeks ago is slowly improving.

Love in a Light House, was the comedy recently put on the stage by Misses O'Rourke, Pugh and Convery and Messrs. Best and Shea. It was a pleasing performance.

Mr. S. Lowe, Portsmouth is steadily improving.

The Y. M. C. A. Mandolin Club gave an excellent and varied programme at Rockwood in the early part of February, Messrs. Routley and McLaughlin were particularly successful. The programme included phonographic selections, illustrated songs, stereopticon views, etc.

Rockwood won the Quinte League Curling Trophy—the standing of the Clubs was as follows:

	Won.	Lost.
Rockwood.....	3	1
Kingston	2	2
Upington	1	3

The question has been asked, how much did Mr. Davidson's large ink pay for the ad. given in the Whig, Feb. 28?

Curlers who take part in the League games this year were Dr. Clarke, Dr. Forster, J. Davidson, J. Dennison, W. Potter, T. W. McCammon, W. Jones, W. R. Pick, W. P. Fenwick, W. Carr.

Rockwood Trophy Series.
First Game.

Rockwood—Rink I Kingston.
Dr. Clarke, skip 17 Prof. Watson,
Rink II. skip 14
J. Davidson, W. B. Lesslie,
skip 19 skip 11

Rink I—Second Game.

Dr. Clarke, Col. Drury,
skip 16 skip 18
Rink II. J. Davidson 20
D. Dalton 22

Third Game.

Rink I—J. Dennison,
skip 22 W. Ellis,
skip 11

Rink II—W. Potter, F. Shaw,
skip 18 skip 16

Fourth Game.

J. Dennison, skip 16 W. Lesslie,
J. Davidson, skip 21
skip 19 M. Sutherland
skip 15

Rockwood thus winning by 19
19 points.

Third Game in Quinte League.
Rockwood. Kingston.

Dr. Clarke, skip, 20 W. Ellis, 15
J. Davidson, 15 M. Sutherland 15
Final Game.

Rockwood. Napanee.
T. W. McCammon, sk. 16 Ham, sk. 11
W. Potter, skip 13 Belhse 19

The Ariels defeated the Belleville Girls in the final match at hockey, in Kingston before six hundred spectators. The Belleville players lack combination, but are excellent individually. The Ariels have been very successful this year.

Miss Strong has resigned from the Rockwood Nursing Staff.

Mr. Billy Shea's latest accomplishment is that of dancing the Hielan Fling in kilts, etcetera-ra-ra-Billy has had many a fling in his day, but none quite so successful as this last one. He will now, no doubt wish to be called McShea and say "Hoot mon" every second sentence.

Dr. Bucke's untimely death removes one of the most prominent figures in Ontario Government circles. Dr. Bucke was greatly beloved by all who knew him and he did much for the insane of the Province.

The Rev. Mr. Bates visited Portsmouth recently and was warmly welcomed by many old friends.

The Rockwood Review

Blue jays, chickadees, nuthatches, crows, red polls, and white-winged cross-bills are our chief winter visitors. The cross-bills have been here in immense numbers and the red polls are numerous. A few flying squirrels have been in evidence also.

Mr. Fenwick's Carnival on Jan. 30th was unusually successful and largely attended. The following lines by the poet laureate of Rockwood attracted a good deal of attention and it is said were not without effect.

They were entitled—Tender advice tenderly tendered to all young Backward Bashful Bachelors attending Billy's Ice Carnival. Ye timorous youths, oh! pause, and think

Of the glorious chance at Rockwood rink,

When with your best girl by your side,

You o'er the polished ice do glide, And arm-in-arm together skate,

What better chance to learn your fate?

Just softly whisper in her ear, "The path of life is slippery, dear,

But I your champion beg to be To save from all calamity,

If you will be my own sweet wife, Together we will skate through life,

"Two lives together glide as one Until life's carnival is done."

"Lives of great men all remind us We should take a wife in time,

And departing, leave behind us A young widow in her prime.

A young widow, that another Having sought a wife in vain,

A forlorn and bachelor brother, Seeing, may take heart again."

"Let the world slide."

J. T. K.

Mr. J. S. Lockie of Toronto and Mr. Chas. M. Clarke of New York were at Rockwood House in the middle of February, being hastily summoned there on account of Mrs. Clarke's dangerous illness.

Miss Etta Reilly and Miss Marian Taylor have resigned their positions at Rockwood staff—the former to accept a lucrative position as Nurse in an American Hospital, the latter to take a Post Graduate Course in the New York Polyclinic.

Miss Beatrice M. Hopkins has been promoted to the Supervisorship of Ward 7.

There is a striking lack of originality in the names submitted for the Nurses Home. Here are a few of those sent in: Victoria Lodge—Edward VII. Place; Jubilee Hall; Old Maid Villa; Angels Roost; Peach Preserve; Romance Cottage; Iceburg House and so on. There is evidently too much levity abroad. Try again.

Rockwood was a prominent factor in sport this winter and had a glorious record. In curling it captured the Rockwood Trophy and the Quinte District Championship and Trophy.

The Beechgroves won the Junior Hockey Championship of the Eastern Ontario Group.

The Ariels (Rockwood Rink) defeated the Goo-Goos and Belleville girls. Surely that is enough glory for one season.

Miss I. M. Walken, Matron of the Institute for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, paid a brief visit to Rockwood on February 14th.

The Rockwood Review

Hockey resulted, just as predicted rather disastrously on the whole for the Kingston teams, and yet there were one or two bright spots, such as the Queen's-McGill game, the senior Frontenacs and especially the Beechgrove Frontenacs whose brilliant victories, scored against almost every kind of odds, stamped them as likely to prove an important factor in the hockey world in the future. To the careful observer it was more than apparent that the younger generation is playing the game much more scientifically than the so-called "has beens" and defensive tactics are just as much improved as those of attack. Queens in the O. H. A. was terribly lacking both in playing ability, good management and tact. It was a mistake to find senior players figuring off regularly, as juniors, and intermediates, and from the strict University standpoint, an error, to have players who were not students, on any of their teams. Then too it became apparent before the end of the season that the players selected were not always the best performers available.

Frontenacs I. will yet come to the front, even more than they did this year as the rising generation will afford some strong players in a short time. Junior hockey was really magnificent, and from the free young teams, Queens, Beechgrove and Cadets a septette of prodigies might easily be selected—a septette easily able to win the Junior O. H. A. championship.

The Quinte League afforded an excellent chance for aspiring players to satisfy their ambition. As far as Kingston is concerned

the Ramblers and Bicycle Club would have done well to join forces.

Well done Beechgroves was the tribute paid the midgets, even by their opponents, when the youngest team in the O. H. A. won the district championship and qualified for the senior finals. That they had to default to Belleville was a grief to all who had watched the career of this brilliant team of small boys, who played hockey with a vim and science that won them victories very regularly. Their strong features were absolute unselfishness, perfect team play and splendid construction. Although their opponents were always much heavier, skill, and speed and balance proved too much for weight, skill and want of balance.

The five games played in the O. H. A. resulted as follows :

Queens III.	4	Beechgroves	3
Queens III.	2		3
Queens III.	2		4
Cadets	4		6
Cadets	3		5

Mrs. Clarke's serious illness made it absolutely necessary for the Beechgroves to default to Belleville and it was a bitter disappointment that the chance of winning the championship of Ontario had to be given up. The team as ordinarily constituted consisted of J. Williams, Herbert Clarke, wings; M. Walsh, W. Potter, centres; Harold Clarke (Capt.) cover point; Chris. Robinson, point; J. Scally, goal; spare men, A. Houghton, E. McCaugherty. The team does not average sixteen years of age—and is therefore four years under the limit.

A February Thaw.

Midwinter still, but out of the warm South

Then comes a vagrant breath, sweet and beguiling,
Like the vague kisses from a dreamer's mouth.

That stirs in sleep, elusive and unsmiling.

Blue are the distant hills in hazy lines,

With their dark firs outlined, and written over
In the old language of ancestral pines,
Black-letter script in balsam-scented cover.

Still the wide fields are folded, white and deep

In the broad coverlet the kindly mother
Wraps round her children in their winter sleep,
Huddled so close and warm, each with the other.

But here and there are tiny footprints light,

In many an intricate and delicate tracing,
Where field mice wove their patterns over night,
Under the starlight, deftly interlacing.

And in the swamp, among the unclothed boughs,

And whispering reeds and sedges far remote,
Where birds, storm-stayed, have made their winter house,
There comes the twitter of an April note.

Wind of the balmy South oh, call no more !

Thy sweet delusive promises are vain,
For March comes blustering up our Northern shore,
The reign of winter to begin again.

—K. S. M.L.

The Rockwood Review

VARIED COMMENTS.

Burford Township,
February 12, 1902.

Two young men when in pursuit of minks in a wild swampy piece of woods in this township about a month ago report that they noticed growing in a secluded bog a considerable number of specimens of the wild Canadian holly whose bright red berries profusely adorned the slender branches of the shrub (*Prinos Verticellata* of Linnaeus) The berries are nearly of the same size and color as those of the well known "Mountain Ash," but rarely remain on the branches so late in the winter season as did those above referred to which the observers stated, (this was about the middle of January) had a beautiful appearance contrasting with the snow covered surroundings, The scarlet berries of this holly are said to be insipid to the taste, but are sometimes eaten by robins, pine grosbeaks, cedar birds and jays. To the early Canadian settlers the fruit of this shrub was frequently referred to under the name of "Pigeon Berries" and the writer of this paper has been assured that in days bygone the American wild pigeons were frequently seen to regale themselves on this showy fruit of the wilderness; After severe frosts the leaves fall off, but in sheltered and unfrequented nooks, not much penetrated by winds or animal intruders, the red coralline berries are known to adorn the branches of the shrub until midwinter—the plant sometimes grows to the height of 7 feet, but requires a water-soaked soil to thrive in, yet

grows readily if transplanted ; its chief exigencies seeming to be an abundance of moisture.

Among the most noticeable characteristics of the passing winter is the universal presence all over this district of flocks of the pine grosbeaks' which have been seen by numbers of people: the grosbeaks come to the orchards in parties of a dozen to fifteen or more, and seem attracted to dried, withered apples wherever such scanty neglected fruit remains on the trees. The birds also eat many tree buds, and many fruit growers drive the birds away under the impression that the grosbeaks destroy the blossom buds. In the latter portion of the winter the grosbeaks nibble off the maple buds, too, and those of other garden shrubs such as those of the "Pyrus sorbifolia" and of the genus *prunus* and *crataegus*—the grosbeaks only come here at intervals of perhaps 7 or 8 years, in very noticeable numbers ; and in one of their visitations the birds entirely stripped of their buds, several thrifty growing specimens of *spirea sorbifolia* that ornamented our shrubbery, yet we were glad to discover, when summer returned, that our *spireas* leafed out and blossomed as profusely as in ordinary summers, and we were unable to perceive that the bird's winter visits had been detrimental to the vigor or prosperity of the shrubs. Yet the European Bullfinch which is thought to be a near relative to our pine grosbeak has a bad reputation among English orchardists.

W. YATES.

A VAGABOND DAY.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN
AND LOVERS OF
CHILDREN.

BY ETHEL TURNER.

"Look in your bag and you'll find two tarts, but don't eat them before you lunch, Jimmie; and here is a dime. Be sure to get your hair cut at one o'clock—I don't want Miss Metcalfe to have to remind you again about it."

"She remond Billy Smith as well as me," said Jimmie argumentatively.

"Reminded," corrected Allie abstractedly. Jimmie's past tenses required as much looking after as his neck.

"Reminded," amended Jimmie, with unusual obedience. "I say, Al, give's a nickel—Mother often does when she's at home."

But Allie thrust the housekeeping purse deeper down in her pocket. "I gave you a nickel on Monday," she said.

"Mean old thing," muttered Jimmie; and thrust all his books down heavily on his neatly packed lunch; "don't care if I do squash the things."

At the front of the house Baby was gardening busily. Her tongue was stuck out, and her glowing cheeks bore dabs of mud upon them. She was absorbedly engaged in digging up some white jonquils and setting them again with the flowers downwards and the bulbs in the air.

"Well, of all little donkeys," said Jimmie, passing along the path, his satchel over his shoulder, the ten-cent piece in his mouth. "You bad girl, Baby! Poppa'll be

jolly cross with you, I can tell you. What are you setting them like that for?"

Deepest benevolence was on Baby's heated face. "Ze poor ickle zroots has to stop for ezzer and aud always down in ze dirty ole earf," she said. "I'se lettin' zem have a ickle bit of breevin' and puttin' ze gleedy ole fowers in ze holes."

Jimmie, soured by the refusal of his nickel, snatched the little spade from her hand, and half pushed, half lifted her away from the jonquil bed.

"Here, Nessie, Al, some one," he shouted, "come and mind Baby she's breaked up all the garden."

Whirlwind Nessie rushed out.

"Oh, you bad, bad girl!" she cried, and shook and smacked her lightly. "Poor Poppa's garden! Bad, bad Baby! I'll tie you in your chair for this."

Jimmie's backward glance saw the mite borue down the path, her tears making channels down her muddy, fallen face, her voice lifted woefully.

"Well," he said viciously, "Allie should have gave me that nickel."

Half-way down the road he met Billy Smith emerging, satchel-laden, from his gate.

"What ye sucking?" Billy inquired anxiously, when they had gone some hundred yards in silence.

Jimmie stuck his tongue out and displayed the dime on the end of it.

"I'll lend you my pencil-sharpener if you like," said Billy, coming closer to him.

Jimmie looked melancholy.

The Rookwood Review

"It's only to get my blessed hair cut," he said.

The distance between them widened again. Billy thrust his hand in his pocket and fished out his handkerchief, in the corner of which was safely tied a coin of similar denomination.

"I've got to go, too," he said. "That Miss Metcalfe's got too much cheek. What's it matter to her about our hair? Aunt 'ud have given me a nickel this morning, I know, only she had to give me this old dime."

"Its chucking money away," groaned Jimmie, and stopped and looked in a cake shop, all his heart in his eyes.

Billy was thinner than Jimmie, sharper faced, keener eyed. The aunt with whom he lived had so many children of her own she had never found time to undertake more for Billy than the care of his clothes and appetite, and there was not a cent's worth of principle in all his quicksilver nature. His company was the purest delight and fascination to Jimmie, who had a sister as well as a mother anxious to lead him into the paths of well-doing.

"Jimmie," said Billy suddenly, intensity in his voice and in the eyes that were fastened on a strip of cake composed of layers of three colors and displaying preserve and custard sandwich-wise—"Jimmie."

"What?" said Jim. He was licking his dime again and imagining it was a lump of taffy with almonds in.

"Let's lose our money. You drop yours and I'll drop mine, and then you pick up mine and I'll

pick up yours. Nobody can expect us to spend money we find on getting our hair cut."

Jimmie's jaw fell. Good old Allie!—it was no use vexing her by telling her untruths; her eyes could always find one out. "Oh, what's the use?" he said uncomfortably.

"Or how'd it be," continued Billy, "if I grab yours away from you and you grab mine? Then we can just stuff 'em at home that a boy in the street took them from us and ran away."

Jimmie shuffled his strong little boots about uneasily, and Billy perceived the conscience struggle.

"'Twouldn't be a cram," he said eagerly. "We're both boys in the street, ain't we? And just think of having two dimes to ourselves."

Allie always came in and tucked Jimmie's bedclothes in for him last thing. At such times, clean from a thorough soaping, and with the little white room about him, and with the little white room about him, and Allie in her pink evening dress sitting on his bed edge, Jimmie's better angel was always in the ascendancy, and he used to confess to her things he had done, with a recklessness and sorrow that sometimes surprised even himself.

The fringe of the counterpane that he used to pull shamefacedly during such confession seemed to come between him and Billy now.

He grew very red. "All this blessed lot of hair makes me hot," he said. "I want to get it cut."

Billy looked at him searchingly. "They'll give you another dime

The Rockwood Review

to-morrow," he said; "you can wait till then."

"That's the only dime we've got," muttered Jim.

Billy knew what was the matter, and sighed impatiently. They went on in silence till a good fruit store was reached.

"Just look at the bananas!" said Billy in a tone that thrilled. "Fourteen for a dime—there'd be a dime left."

Jimmie gave one eager, loving glance at their yellow beauty.

"Go on," said Billy's gentle voice; "where's the harm? It isn't like telling a real cram."

Jimmie was red with shame at his own scruples. He kicked savagely at a bit of orange peel and walked on. "There's such a blessed lot of skin on bananas," he said; it's half waste."

Again Billy sighed and walked after him moodily. At the barber's, where at lunch-time they were due, they stopped as usual to admire the rustic cottage that was built up of tobacco, and for chimneys and ornamentations had pipes.

"Jimmie," said Billy again after a deep silence, and this time the emotion of a sudden brilliant idea made his voice quite unsteady, "I'll tell you."

Jimmie looked at him yearningly, yet with suspicion. "What?" he said.

Billy moved up close and spoke in an impressive whisper.

"Le's cut our own hair—it's as easy as snuff. You cut mine and I'll cut yours. That wouldn't hurt anybody. Then they'll ask if we got our hair cut, and of course we can say 'Yes.' It 'ud be a lie to say

'No,' Jimmie—can't you see it would?"

Jimmie's face was brightening like dulled tin beneath a housemaid's leather.

"What could we cut it with?" he said. "We haven't got any scissors."

But Billy was equal to anything now that he had this amount of encouragement. "I'll get the scissors," he said; "you leave it to me. What'll we buy, Jim? Le's go back for that cake," said Billy, wise enough to strike at his iron instantly.

"Won't we be late?" said Jimmie.

"We can easily run," said Billy pushing back and plunging into the shop of delights.

There remained eight cents in each horny young palm when they emerged.

"Peanuts?" said Jimmy; "a cent's worth of peanuts and a cent's worth of cocoanut between us?"

"Um," said Billy, and they entered the fruit store.

"Haven't you got any bananas cheaper than fourteen for a dime?" Jimmie said anxiously to the boy who served them with their nuts.

The boy shook his head. "They're prime," he said, "and only just in. But what about apples?"

"How much are those?" Billy said, indicating a rosy, shining mountain on the counter.

"Them's expensive—quarter a dozen," the boy said; "but if you want something real cheap, now, I've some others, not so red, but good." He opened a case in a corner and displayed untempting rows of hard green apples.

The Rockwood Review

"Can't we taste?" Jimmie said. "P'r'aps they're sour."

The boy gave his shoulders a shrug. "If you have one to taste, I'll have to charge you a cent for it; but if you like to take a dozen you can have 'em for a nickel."

The little boys closed with the offer instantly, and their pockets and the fronts of their coats stuck out as they pursued their way further up the street.

They were at the barber's again, and Billy's eyes began to glitter with excitement.

"Jimmie," he said again in a whisper that thrilled, "pipes are only a cent each here, and we'd get a lot of tobacco for a nickel. Why should Evans and Tommy Smith be the only fellows who've had a smoke?"

Evans was thirteen, and a hero to Jimmie ever since he had seen him once behind an old shed in the playground airily smoking a cigarette. The suggestion seemed the most glorious one in the world; Jimmie felt he had suddenly grown two inches taller as he lifted his foot to follow Billy over the barber's threshold.

But Billy gave him a little push back. "You walk on," he said; "if both of us went, he might think we were going to smoke, and say he wouldn't sell it. I'll go by myself and say it is for father. Give us your money."

Jimmie unclosed his palm and yielded up three cents, and Billy entered the shop to negotiate. Then with his last cent Jimmie slowly sauntered on. Two doors further away there was a delightful general store, where one could buy the most astonishing things in

the world for sums varying from a cent to a dime. The school-children flocked to it like ants to spilled sugar. Jimmie flattened his nose against the window, where some hundred little noses were pressed daily. There was a blue-eyed doll there with a black china head, and when he saw the price was just a cent, Jimmie's thoughts flew back to Baby's poor little muddy, tearful face.

"I got her in the row," he muttered. One stealthy look he gave behind him to make sure Billy was not yet in sight, then he shot himself into the shop, asked for the doll with a red face of shame, flung down his penny and hurried out again, stuffing it deeply down in his knickerbockers pocket. He breathed freely when he found Billy was not yet out of the barber's, and he walked on till he had put a dozen shops between himself and the one that held the doll.

Then he saw Billy coming along with a fresh parcel in his hand. He, too, stopped for a second at the general store. What child under twelve had ever walked straight by? He gave a glance over his shoulder, and not seeing Jimmie, he too slipped into the shop and made a curious purchase—a thimble to propitiate his aunt; once before he had found an unexpected present save him a punishment.

"P'r'aps they'll go and let on to him that I bought that blessed doll," Jimmie thought with reddening cheeks. But Billy was out again in a very little time.

"What ye go to Robertson's for?" said Jimmie, when they were abreast once more.

The Rockwood Review

"Matches, of course," said Billy; "they were a cent, so you can spend a cent on something and give me half of it."

Jimmie's face was suffused with scarlet.

"I've lost my cent," he said. "I—I think there was a hole in my pocket."

Billy called him names with great vigor and cheerfulness. "We haven't anything left," he said. "Well, we'd better cut along to school now; we're twenty minutes late, and she'll keep us in all lunch time."

It certainly was Miss Metcalfe's firm intention to keep the pair of dilatory comers in for half an hour when lunch-time came, for she would not accept Billy's statement that his aunt kept him to rock the baby, nor yet Jimmie's mumble about the clock being fast.

But at half-past twelve precisely, while she was engaged in delivering two of her youngest pupils to their nurse, the boys slipped away, both from the room and school bounds.

Jimmie looked a trifle anxious

"Don't be such a goat," said Billy; "surely it's worth a bit of a row, and she can't hit even as hard as Aunt. It 'ud be a lot worse for us if we went home without our hair being cut."

Jimmie saw the truth of this and grew cheerful again as they pursued their way towards a favorite wood of theirs some distance away.

"We'll get the hair-cutting over first," Billy said; "then we'll have all the rest of the time to eat the things and smoke. I'll have to go to one of those houses and borrow

scissors. Here, you hang on to some of these apples, only don't go and start on anything before I come back. Promise sure as I die."

Jimmie gabbled through their formula of honor with swift gestures of licking and drying his first finger.

"See my finger wet, see it dry. I'll cut my throat as sure as ever I die—

if eat a thing. Go on, Bill."

Bill "went on." He set his hat perfectly straight, pulled his collar up, and put on his most engaging and innocent expression as he knocked at the door of a small cottage.

"If you please, ma'am," he said to the woman who opened it, "my mother says would you be so kind as to oblige her with the loan of your scissors for half an hour."

The woman looked at him and noticed the air of exceeding respectability he owed to his aunt.

"Where do you live?" she said.

Billy smiled at her to gain time. Then he pointed to a house a fair distance away.

"Why," said the woman, "my friend Mrs. Andrews lives there."

Billy smiled again. "Yes, I know," he said; "my mother and me's just come to stop with her a few days; my father's out of work."

"But hadn't Mrs. Andrews no scissors?" said the woman.

"She'd just sent them to be ground," said Billy; "but Mrs. Andrews said you were so kind you'd be sure to lend my mother a pair."

The woman went inside and returned with three pairs—button-hole scissors, large bright ones, medium-sized dull ones.

The Rockwood Review

"What's your mother want to cut with them," she said.

Billy was almost undone; ingenious as his brain was, he could not remember at that moment a single one of the uses to which women put scissors.

"She wants them very sharp," he said.

"But what for?" persisted the woman.

Then a scene he had witnessed that morning in his aunt's kitchen flashed before his eyes.

"She wants them to cut fish scales with," he said.

The woman held the shining pair and the little buttonhole scissors and even the dull pair jealously to her.

"Why couldn't she cut them with a knife?" she said.

Billy looked at her patiently. "It's so hard to cut their fins with a knife," he said; and, besides, all Mrs. Andrews's knives have gone to be ground, too."

"Oh, well, take her these," the woman said, and gave him a small, almost black pair with one of the points broken off. "They're quite good enough for that purpose."

Billy thanked her warmly and politely, but sighed when he reached Jimmie. "I never saw anything like women are," he said; "you'd think their blessed old scissors were made of gold."

They found a sheltering rock and fell to work immediately—Jimmie upon Billy's thick, light hair. He sawed at it and struggled with it both with the blunt old scissors and their penknives for fully ten minutes, till Billy's eyes were full of tears at the constant dragging, and his head was cut and

scratched in more than one place.

"The worst of it is," Jim said, "it's got such a crooked kind of look; some of it's long and some of it's short."

There came a lightning flash of another scene across Billy's brain. He had stayed in the country once where there was a large family of boys and girls. And he remembered a morning when the mother had taken the whole shock-headed tribe into the back yard and acted the barber's part to each head.

"I remember she used a basin," he said excitedly—"jammed it on the back of their heads, and then clipped the hair evenly all round. What a goat I was not to think of it before. We'll have to get a basin, Jimmie."

Jimmie looked doubtful. "How could we?" he said.

"Oh, you'll have to go this time," Billy said. "They'd only stare at my hair; I suppose it looks pretty donkeyish just now. You go down to one of the houses over there—not the third one, 'cause that's where I went—and say your mother wants to know if they'll lend her a basin to make a pudding in. Say she's smashed all hers, if they ask."

Jimmie went slowly, repeating his speech all the way.

He entirely forgot that Billy had said "not the third house," and as the first one had a man sitting on the veranda, and the second an unpleasant-looking dog, that was the one he chose.

"If you please, my mother says she'll be—she's making a pudding, and—and she'll be much obliged—she'll be much obliged—She's got no basin, and will you lend her a basin?"

The Rockwood Review

"If this doesn't beat everything!" the woman said, and gazed at him.

Jimmie gasped for breath.

"Well, look here," said the woman—and in a labored way she suddenly removed suspicion from her voice—"I wouldn't like to go for to disoblige your mother. Just you come in and set down in the kitchen a bit, and I'll step round and borry one from my friend Mrs Andrews. Unfortunately all mine are broken."

But Jimmie recognized the suspicion.

"She'll go for the police," he thought wildly; and wrenching himself free from the hand she had just put on his shoulder, he rushed madly down the steps and into the road again.

He durst not, however, report himself a failure to the redoubtable Billy. When he had run breathlessly half a dozen streets away from the woman he feared, he came across a little girl, about the age of his own youngest sister, playing in a tiny garden. On the window-sill of the cottage actually stood the desired article—a small basin—placed there presumably for the milkman.

"Hi," said Jimmie, in the insinuating manner that always proved too much for the little sister at home—"look! What's this?" He displayed one of the green apples.

The little one put out an eager hand for it. Jimmie drew it back.

"You lend boy pretty basin, then he give you," he said.

The child trotted off for the basin, gave it to him, and again held out her hand for the apple.

Jimmie thrust one upon her and darted off thankfully with his piece of crockery.

But before he had gone more than a hundred yards compunction seized him. Little Baby at home was never given green apples. It had been impressed upon him always by his mother and Allie and Hannah that a single bite of green fruit might mean a sudden and terrible death for the sweet little girl. What if that other child were to die from eating his gift? There seemed no mother about to object. He put his basin beneath a bush and hastened back.

"Hi!" he said.

The little girl was munching happily.

"Hi, nasty! Make you ill!" he said, snatching at the remains of the delicacy.

The little girl went red in the face, stiff in the back. She opened her mouth wider, wider, and finally there issued from it the wildest of agonized shrieks. Jimmie turned round and incontinently fled. Then he heard feet behind him, swift feet that gained on him, caught him up. He turned desperately and faced a large, rough girl of about fourteen, who had, in fact, been asked to keep an eye on the child in its mother's absence.

The boy was no match for her. She did not fight him and give a chance to stand up to her; she simply showered blows upon him, boxed his ears till he reeled with giddiness, banged him about, shook him by the collar of his jacket.

"Teach you to steal from a baby again!" was her parting salutation.

Jimmie went on his way, sadder and wiser, picking up the basin as he passed.

(To be continued.)

The Rockwood Review

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