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No. 5.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. Archie Mullin, Hamilton, Mr. Norman Lockie, Toronto, Dr. C. K. Clark and Mr. C. M. Clarke will investigate the mysteries of the Petewawa River in July, and expect to paddle many miles. They will in all probability be absent three weeks.

The enterprising boys about Rockwood have erected a trapeze above the Slip, and gave interesting exhibitions of high and lofty diving. Some of them are almost as clever as the Ontario Park tank artists.

Kingston is up to date in most things, in others far behind the times. Its parks are models for most cities to copy, its streets are mediaeval, its crossings the worst in America. Princess street should be paved with vitrified brick, and double tracked with rails which would not interfere with wheeled vehicles. Other streets should gradually be paved with brick, or other satisfactory pavement. Until this is done strangers cannot be blamed for criticising us. Our street car service is excellent, equal to any, better than most in Canada. Our street car tracks are as bad as can be found anywhere. The rails project above the roadway, and are a source of danger to vehicles. Permanent pavements would remedy this. It may be good theory to praise the memory of Macadam, and claim that his system of road-making is perfection, the trouble is that Macadam has been made to answer for the sins of a hundred other fellows who never understood even his first principles. By all means let us vote for a permanent pavement Council.

For a time Billy Shea was thought to be monarch of all he surveyed, now he surveys the broad fields and pastures green from a Monarch.

The results of the examinations in Rockwood Training School are as follows:—

Graduated—Maude Spriggs and Esther Wilkinson.

Passed primary Examination—Amy Moxley, Fanny Geddes, Margaret A'Hearn.

Bicyclists are an important element in the community, and are not accustomed to hide their light under a bushel, in fact in Kingston object to having a light to hide. At the same time many of the bicyclists are not always reasonable, in that way resembling the other less favored members of the human race. They want good roads and special privileges, but are reluctant to recognize the privileges and rights of others. On dark nights, in the poorly lighted parts of the city, it is certainly dangerous for both those driving rigs and those riding bicycles. The proper remedy would be lights on both rigs and cycles. Then again some bicyclists are extremely careless about going around corners, even at night, and not only take short cuts, but do so at a high rate of speed. The writer has had several narrow escapes when driving, as a result of this careless habit on the part of bicyclists. Bells should not be objected to by anyone, as they are a matter of convenience, almost of necessity.

Some would be campers are taking private lessons in Baking from Rockwood's baker. The different productions are sent to the House of Industry, as a result of which all tramps have fled. The Curtis Stone Pile Scheme is not in the same class.

DIED.—At Portsmouth, on May 22nd, 1898, Mary McManus, widow of the late Hugh McManus, aged 80 years.

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Wild Pigeons which have been near the border line of extinction for many years, are beginning to appear in small numbers at different places. Mr. Henry Folger and Mr. Carl Ford observed one near Kingston in the early part of June.

Miss Mabel Orser, formerly of Rockwood Staff, and now of Passaic Training School for Nurses, spent her holidays in Kingston, and received a hearty welcome from her old friends.

Red-eyed Vireos are extremely numerous this year, and nested fully two weeks before their usual date.

Mrs. Terrill of the D. and D. Institute, visited Mrs. Forster in June.

Dr. Clarke and Mr. E. Beaupre have found the Solitary Sandpiper breeding near Kingston, and Rev. C. J. Young and Dr. Clarke have found the Least Sandpiper breeding near Lansdowne. These discoveries are of great interest to ornithologists, as they are the first recorded instances in Ontario. The breeding habits of these birds are almost unknown, as ordinarily they go to the extreme north to breed. Mr. Young found the least sandpiper nesting on the Magdalene Islands, and Audubon discovered its nest in Labrador. Sandpipers as a general rule lay but four pyriform eggs, with the pointed ends arranged towards the centre, this disposition enabling a very small bird to cover large eggs. In the case of the solitary sandpiper no less than five eggs were discovered.

Bowling is once more to the front, and under the admirable guidance of Mr. E. C. Watson, Rockwood is steadily developing, and is certain to make a better showing than it did last year, when a rather protracted series of defeats showed the younger players that there was something to be learned even about bowls.

Miss Jackson has been appointed Supervisor of No. 1 Ward.

Mr. Wm. Shea visited Ottawa in June, calling on Sir Wilfred and the other notables. For a few days it was whispered that he had been sent for to arrange some of the difficulties regarding the rules of procedure at great state functions. Billy says he was merely doing a little private detective work, but not in the interests of the American Government.

It does not do to believe all we read, at least if we do it will be difficult to know "where we are at" in regard to the performances of the American and Spanish armies. Americans so far have not been touched by Spanish bullets, so the papers say, but American bullets never miss unless by accident one American fires on another. Spanish accounts claim that American performances are very poor as far as marksmanship is concerned and the losses are of little account. Both sides win every victory—nearly all telegrams from Spanish and American sources are directly opposite in statement. Possibly lying is part of the glorious art of war.

Miss Minnie Spence is once more in Kingston, but will shortly return to British Columbia.

An epidemic of tonsillitis has prevailed about Portsmouth for some weeks.

Rain, rain, rain was the constant complaint early in June.

Many of the turtles failed to hibernate, and the fountain has had to be restocked to a large extent.

The colony of Black Terns nesting in Catarqui Marsh has largely increased this year, and we trust the boys have not disturbed them.

Two of our officials have returned from foreign trips—both have adorned (?) themselves with black eyes. The question is now the qua re—the answers, quien Sabe?

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Dr. and Mrs. Forster are in the west enjoying the summer vacation.

Miss H. Norris leaves on July 7th for Scotland, where she will spend a brief holiday.

Mr. Everard Lockie, of the Bank of Commerce, Toronto, called at Rockwood in June.

Ontario Park has launched out on a more extensive amusement programme than in the past, and has provided rather better entertainments than usual. The high diving that has been done there is remarkable, and somewhat blood curdling. One does not like to think of what might happen if either of the divers made a slip; when jumping from a tree some seventy odd feet high.

The first Bowling match of the season took place on Queen's Green, on June 18th, between Queen's and Rockwood. The game was closely contested, and some excellent play was shown. Although Rockwood were defeated, they gave their experienced opponents plenty of exercise, and no doubt will do even better in the future, as their green is in fair shape this year, and they have the advantage of coaching from as clever a player as Mr. E. C. Watson. The score at the finish was as follows:—

Rockwood.	Queens.
Rink I.	Rink I.
J. Riddell,	R. S. Dobbs,
J. Davidson,	Dr. Third,
Dr. Webster,	J. Clarke,
E. C. Watson,	J. Kearns,
Skip 21.	Skip 21.
Rink II.	Rink II.
J. Davis,	J. Fortescue,
W. Potter,	M. Sutherland,
J. Dennison,	R. Waddell,
Dr. Clarke,	Dr. Walkem,
Skip 22.	Skip 20.

For Rockwood Messrs. Potter and Davidson did wonderful playing, while for Kingston the brilliant drawing of Dr. R. T. Walkem tone, and again averted disaster.

The Red-eyed Vireo is usually very retiring in its nesting habits, when near the busy haunts of men, and its nest is generally hung far up among the foliage. This year a pair in Rockwood Grounds have selected a most unusual site for their nest, and so far their confidence in mankind has been rewarded. They have built in a Tartarian honeysuckle, not three feet from two of the most frequented walks in the grounds, and the nest can be peered into by every passer by. The birds are utterly regardless of visitors, and the female will not take alarm unless touched by the hand. The male bird is equally tame, and both feed their young in the presence of visitors. The food they select for the three lusty young ones is chiefly made up of large caterpillars, and the male bird seems equal to carrying a caterpillar, and going on with his endless song the same time.

Mr. C. J. Young, of Lansdowne, has found the Scarle Tanager breeding near the above named place. This find is somewhat rare, as the tanagers are generally shot on sight by the unthinking ones, on account of their brilliant plumage.

Mrs. Forster gave an afternoon tea in June, in honor of Miss Elsie Lockie.

Miss Trendell was married to Mr. A. Orr, of Kingston, on June 15th. The happy couple left for the east immediately after the ceremony. They will visit the Saguenay, Tadousac, &c.

Black Terns have succeeded in hatching their young undisturbed, and the colony has increased enormously. It is possible to see sixty or seventy of these exquisite birds at one time in the Catarqui Marsh, and they are also to be found in the marsh beyond Baker's Point.

St. John's Social, in aid of the new Sunday School Building, was a great success, and netted nearly a hundred dollars.

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THE JULY WOODS.

The goldfinch at the thistle-down
Swings in the warm wind up and down;
The dandelion's small ballons
Swim slowly in the July noons,
The long leaves rustle in the corn,
The locust winds his strident horn.

There is no voice of any bird,
No bark of dog—nor low of herd,—
The watchful collie lies asleep,
And in the pool and mid-leg deep
The patient cattle ruminates
On matters of the bovine state.

Thick is the shade by this cool lake,
No-winds the glassy surface break,
And far off sound of voice or oar
But makes succeeding silence more
Restful and lulling and complete;
Shut in from noise and dust and heat.

The busy world seems far away,
And all the cares of common day;
The moss beneath is soft and deep,
And stealthily the shadows creep
Where drooping boughs shut out the sky,
And all unmarked the hours go by.

Voices are here unheard before,—
Whispers of mystic forest lore
Rise from the ground, bend from the trees;
Some day I shall be part of these,—
Part of the quiet and the shade,
And the long rest for tired ones made.

K. S. McL.

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A DAY ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Ontario has but few days to be compared with the spring time of the old world, but we have a jump almost at once from a lingering and reluctant winter into an enthusiastic and joyful summer, filled with sunshine, birds and flowers. The few real spring days are golden though, and the last week in May and the first days of June are incomparable. The average man feels that it is good to live, and may perchance realize the fact that Spring Awakening Romance is as near the realization of an idea of heaven as is possible—he may not analyze his sensations, may not grasp the details of the picture, but the general impression is there. To the student of nature the days are full to overflowing, scarcely a turn without its touching revelation of the story of the universe, either in plant, insect, or bird life. In the last week of May the birds are seen and heard at their best, and the majority of the eager ones are busy with their nests and eggs. To the dull eyed plodder a robin is simply a bird, one of a class, a robin's nest is a type of all nests, a thing of sticks or grass and other odds and ends, a robin's egg simply a little thing of blue, and—well just what you would expect an egg to be. What does the average man see in a morning's walk through the fields and woods—birds and trees and flowers in a general way. Ask him what birds and flowers, and he may not be able to tell you one. He has been a student in our public schools, and has learned to be the same as his companions, has arrived as nearly as possible at the "dead level" ideal set up, and has lost the use of his eyes, and a share of the happiness at the disposal of anyone who is willing to grasp it. Come with me for a few minutes, and we shall see what can be found to interest in a short excursion on which birds are to form the subject of investigation. To-day we shall sail down a few miles of the River

St. Lawrence, and see how fares it with the dainty Terns, which at one time nested on many of the rocky isles of the 1,000 island group. It will soon be a matter of history that such was the case, as the summer camper has long ago learned that a flying gull is a pretty mark to shoot at, and has not hesitated to sacrifice the exquisite Terns as a tribute to his deadly skill. Off we go in a skiff heading in the direction of a marsh, where loons and mud hens (Florida Gallinules,) at one time bred freely. As we draw near, up rises a lonely and watchful blue heron, who ever does sentinel duty in the marsh, and gives silent warning that danger is near. The heron is without doubt an exceedingly shy bird, more so even in the far northern lakes than near the haunts of civilization, where he has become in a measure accustomed to the sight of man. Now we see a marsh harrier sweeping over the rushes, now soaring; again sweeping on in restless search for frogs and rodents. What if the fiery King bird and garrulous red-winged black bird chase and chatter at the intruder, they have little to fear for the marsh hawk is one of the most useful of the so called birds of prey. The loons are not here though, the gallinules are not in evidence, and although we hear the grebes noisily laughing an invitation to come and look for their nests, we cannot stay, for it is a long row to Chimney Island, whither we are bound. At a point some two miles further down, our naturalist guide, who apparently has eyes ever in his finger tips, and whose memory for birds and their haunts is a marvellous thing, remembers having seen a yellow-bellied Sapsucker in a poplar tree some years ago. To the observer, that was a thing to be noted, for birds like men become deeply attached to their homes, and even if their nests are rifled of their treasures, will frequently return year after year to the familiar tree or favorite

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stump. The naturalist's surmise is correct, for seated on the poplar tree, gently tapping, apparently for amusement, is the male sapsucker. He takes flight on our approach, but does not fly far, and from the air of indifference assumed, it is fair to suppose there is a reason for the indifference, and that reason is not hard to guess. Not fifteen feet up on the poplar tree, is a nicely bored hole, an inch and a half in diameter, beneath the hole are many fresh chips, and in that hole as we presently discover, is a much annoyed female sapsucker, who believes that possession is nine points, or as many more as you like to assume of the law. I put my finger in the hole to announce my presence, she replies by a very energetic and decided peck, and intimates that it would be well to keep out. She hisses whenever I come near, and her little bead-like eyes flash an indignant protest to the intrusion. Has she the courage of her connections, or is she merely covering up her terror by showing a bold front. If the latter is the case, she will make a hasty escape when we pound the tree gently with a stick. Pshaw! she cares nothing for mysterious noises, even if she has a feminine nature, and the four or five little ones which are evidently in the nest are more to her even than life. Bravo little sapsucker, he would be hard-hearted indeed who would worry you further. Success to you, and may you long live to enjoy your poplar tree and your gaily colored partner, for be it known yellow-bellied sapsuckers belong to the very aristocrats of the red-headed family, and verily fine feathers do make fine birds once in a while. A steady row for half an hour, and we near a flat and reedy island. As we approach a loon is noticed swimming and diving some three or four hundred yards away, but a careful glance will show that we are closely watched. Once on the island, we find the shore matted with dried rushes, and along this

we will look for the loon's nest, for this shy bird places it just at the edge of the water, or possibly floating in it, where it is the simplest thing in the world for the ever alert bird to dive out of sight, to come up a hundred yards or more distant. Carefully we circle the island, and at one point find the appearance of a nest, but evidently the loon will not lay her two or three dark, olive or drab eggs for a day or two yet. These eggs are among the most beautiful objects in an oologist's cabinet, and are greatly prized by the enthusiastic collector. As we walk to the centre of the island, the Spotted Sandpipers rise by the half dozen, and on the gravelly ridges beneath masses of the jewel weeds, we find their nests. In each the same arrangement exists, four clay colored eggs, splashed and blotched with deep sepia and brown, these eggs are pyriform in shape, and invariably disposed with the small ends towards the centre. In this way a very small bird can cover four large eggs, 1.35 x .95 inches. Ordinarily the "Peep" betrays its nest with the greatest simplicity, but such is not always the case. A few days ago, while walking along the lake shore, I came across a pretty little sandpiper in the greatest distress. She was apparently badly injured, and as she ran was an object of pity, as she stumbled over the stones, and her wings were dragged along with great difficulty. Finally she stumbled into the water, gasping and making a lamentable to-do. I sat down to await the next piece on the programme, and she suddenly recovered and ran past me, not more than two or three feet away, anxiously looking for insects in the weeds; when she had gone twenty or thirty yards she exclaimed, 'peep, peep, peep,' and flew off. I looked for the nest in vain, but being interested determined to watch carefully half an hour later. In passing the spot a second time, Mrs. Peep again ran before me,

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and I felt satisfied that her secret was betrayed, but not so, the little anxious one was a clever actress among Peeps. There was a bank about twenty feet above the shore, and on this I stretched out at full length with my head over the edge. A crow in a neighboring pine tree saw me, and began a tirade such as a bad tempered crow can alone indulge in. The sandpiper saw me too, and flew up to my side, and made a careful inspection; however I was there to stay, and she began to feel mixed about the state of affairs, but finally disappeared. In about fifteen minutes a silent little sandpiper was to be seen stealing carefully between the rocks and weeds along the shore. Nearer and nearer she came, pausing every few moments to make sure she was unobserved. Her anxiety was evident and her excitement intense, and just as she had apparently made up her mind to run to her nest, some haunting doubt would develop and off she would go in another direction. The heat was terrific, and where she ran the sun's rays struck with violence. Her little bill was wide open, and at last just as she seemed unable to control herself longer, and I felt that she would have to give up her secret, she took wing, and I heard a gruff farmer say, "hello, what are ye watchin'." The hunt was up for the time being, so I marked the spot and again returned in half an hour, coming suddenly to the edge of the bank, but she was took quick for me; but the next time a shaking spear of timothy revealed the nest in a place where none but the most cautious Peep in the world would have dreamed of building, viz. right on the side of a perpendicular sand bank. My curiosity was avenged, and I trust that this little Peep will have no more such curious visitors during the rest of the season.

To return to our excursion. Leaving the Loons Island we pull to some rocks further east, and as

we approach screaming Terns tell us that we are not wanted. Foolish birds are these same terns, giving free notice of their breeding haunts, and laying their eggs where crows and boys cannot fail to spy them without an effort. As the skiff floats near the rock, a small bird darts up from a patch of green, and well trained eyes note the fact that it is not a familiar form. Out come the opera glasses, and it does not take the veteran observer long to recognize the Least Sandpiper. No one expects to find it breeding here, as it has never been recorded in Ontario, although found by Audubon in Labrador, and the Rev. C. J. Young in the Magdalene Islands. Look, there is the second bird, and neither seems to mind the approach of the skiff, and as we drift within a few feet of them; it is possible to distinguish every marking, and positively identify them. It is evident they are breeding, and as the rock is only some forty feet long, and bare with the exception of one small boggy patch, it will not be difficult to locate the nest. Even when we disembark, the little birds do not take fright for some time, and seem reluctant to leave the island, but as we move about, finally take wing and circle near. On a heap of drift rests a tern's egg, the beginning of a set of three—the usual complement. We investigate the boggy patch of grass, and the veteran finds as he turns back the weeds that he has almost stepped on the nest. Three exquisite pyriform eggs, clay colored and splashed with brown, are before us, large eggs for such small birds, but with an identity which enables them to be easily distinguished. The nest is quite different from that of the spotted sandpiper, being carefully made of green ribbons of water grass, and placed in a damp spot, so damp in fact that as you press the nest, water oozes into it from every side. The eggs are decidedly smaller than those of the spotted sandpiper, and proportionately thinner, viz. 1.18

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inches x .85. We are naturally excited over the find so rare and unique, and I fear forget the worries of the birds we must rob in this instance. However as the eggs are not incubated, the birds will worry but little, and in a few days will have built another nest, and commenced the duties of incubation once more.

On the next island we find three magnificent Plover, and a Dunlin, all migrating. The dunlin with his quaint black apron and long bill, has a rakish look. Here we discover a fair number of terns eggs, but crows have ruined at least one set, and having found the road to the island will no doubt destroy nearly all of the eggs. An egg is seen broken and floating near the island, and a savage assault being made on a solitary crow by a large number of enraged terns, does not leave much doubt of the identity of the robber. It is time for lunch though, and we pull for Corn Island, where there is shade. While at lunch an inquisitive loon, who is anxious to know the nature of our business, draws near and finds that we are worth watching, and determines to keep an eye on us. This is in fact one of the few remaining haunts of the loon, and that he has so long survived the perpetual shower of small shot and bullets that is poured on him, is high tribute to his ability as a diver and general. As we walk along the shore, out dart several tree swallows from a small cave in a sand bank. Surely this is not according to rule, so we investigate and find far in, a beautifully built nest, lined with the softest feathers to be stolen from the barnyard. In it are several delicate shelled eggs of snowy whiteness. The number is unusual, the average clutch containing six, and the situation of the nest is decidedly uncommon. Before the days of towns and cities; this swallow nested in hollow trees, then took kindly to the swallow houses commonly erected by kindly villa-

gers and farmers. The English Sparrow changed this order of things, and captured the houses, so now the Swallow has returned to trees, hollow telegraph poles, fence posts, and natural cavities, such as that described.

Our boat is now pointed homeward, and we shortly invade a Grebe's paradise, and soon see a pied-bill grebe on her nest. Theoretically she should disappear and dive to come up fifty yards off, but as a matter of fact she simply glides quietly into the water, and nonchalantly awaits our approach. Of course there is a reason for this unusual behaviour, and this we shall make a point of finding out if possible. First let us investigate the nest, here it is floating clear of the rushes, and a marvel of clever architecture. It is built of weeds, carefully piled in a compact mass, and anchored by four strands of weed rope, running in different directions. Two eggs are in the nest, and these are at once seen to be unfertile and "sat upon." The grebe is within a few feet of us, and something is moving by her side. See, she is raising her wings, and from beneath them on her back are peering out four pairs of little bright eyes; now a little fluffy form comes out, and in another moment we see the baby dabchicks at sea on their mother's back. No wonder she will not dive, and leave these precious treasures of black down, and the little ones are not afraid when their mother shows no fear. Loons will protect their young in the same way, and will carry their chicks on their backs when pursued. We watch the baby dabchicks and their brave mother for some time, and then reluctantly pull the boat to the landing, convinced that the day has been all too short, and knowing that we have missed so much that must have been going on before our very eyes.

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LETTERS.

LEIPZIG, Germany, May 23, '98.

Dear Editors:—

We have felt indebted to the editors of the Rockwood REVIEW for keeping us in touch with what is going on in your pleasant community. I have many times intended writing to you, but I have not the facility with the pen that I could wish, and therefore do not write a great deal. Rockwood must be almost in the height of its beauty just now. We miss the bright sun and clear skies of Canada. We had scarcely any winter proper here—neither snow nor ice, but damp foggy weather and a tardy spring.

The Germans call MAY "Wonne-monat" the month of joy, but so far, it has been dull and cool, with the exception of two or three very warm days in the beginning of the month. The trees are almost in full bloom however, and the parks and country are very beautiful. Flowers are abundant and so cheap that almost every house has some in the windows. The roads are beautifully kept both in and out of the city, and one can wander far with great delight and comfort. The Germans have learned to protect their forests, and have land reserved for new ones all through the country, in which young trees are planted. Leipzig has many beautiful parks with ponds, fountains, monuments, &c., and in the ponds are fish, ducks, swans, etc., which add greatly to their attractiveness.

We are making plans now to do a little travelling. This has been a good place for preparation. We are now familiar with the ways and customs of the people, and understand their language to some extent. It has been a very pleasant winter to us. Being all together we have felt quite at home, and have greatly enjoyed the grand music and all the novelties of the strange country. I hope to see you on our return, and we will

have much to talk about, but I must tell you a little about the customs now.

M— is an enthusiastic student, and we have breakfast just now at 7.30, so that he may get to the University by 8 o'clock. When I look out of my bedroom window early enough, I can see the children going to school, which opens at 7; at 11 they are dismissed. The afternoon session varies with the age and class, but it is usually from 2 until 4. If the temperature rises above a certain point in summer, there is no afternoon session. The children look very much like ours, except that many of them have broader faces, and are more stoutly built. They are early taught to respect the laws of the land, and are well trained generally. The teachers take them to the Museums in classes, where they see the products from all the countries of the world, miniature people dressed in the costumes of the country, and the different professions and occupations represented, and so geography and history is made more interesting. The girls are taught sewing, knitting and even fancy work, so that when a girl leaves school she can at least make all her own underwear. The schools are compulsory—girls must attend until the age of 14, boys until 16. They pass examinations and are confirmed in the church, and then are supposed, if necessary, to be able to do for themselves. The girls put on long dresses, wear their hair up and generally feel they are no longer children—the boys become apprenticed to trades, or select a profession, etc. Your girls would be amused at the name the girls receive after they leave school until they are mature young ladies, "Backfish." I have seen made up dresses in shop windows labelled "Backfish Kleider."

Laws are stringent here, and there seems no tendency to resent or break them, and I think one reason is because of the training and discipline in the schools.

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There is much in this old town that is extremely interesting. Here for instance Luther preached in some of the churches, which are yet in a good state of preservation. We have heard grand concerts in one of them, in which Bach was for many years Cantor, and much of his music is still rendered there. It has a memorial window to each of these great men.

Here Mendelssohn for long conducted the old Gervandhaus Concerts, Wagner was born here, Schiller lived here, Goethe got some of his inspiration for writing Faust in an underground room here, which contains frescoes of his time, and a mighty barrel for beer hundreds of years old.

But rapid changes are taking place, new buildings are going up. So great was the change from the time M— was here before, that he scarcely knew the place at all. The old town that was formerly fortified, and had a wall round it, forms now the centre part of a much larger portion. The walls were removed, and a beautiful wide promenade two miles long now encircles the old town. The old fortress and castle have been mostly torn down since we came here to make room for fine buildings. The town still stands, and it is hoped may be allowed to remain. For hundreds of years, and until the railways, telegraphs, &c., were in use, Leipzig was noted for its annual Fairs, to which merchants and people from all parts of Germany, Russia and other places brought their furs, crockery, cloth, etc., to be sold, and great trading was carried on. These fairs still survive, but they have degenerated. Many side-shows, circuses, etc., fill up the empty places, and the quality of the wares are much inferior. Still we saw what they were like, as one has been held during the past three weeks. All the principal squares in the city were filled with temporary wooden structures, which looked as if they might have been

used for the same purpose for 50 years back, and probably they have for wood is scarce and costly, and after the fair was over they were carefully taken apart and carried away. The letting of these places brings quite a little revenue to the city. There was a great display of crockery and glassware of every description, but chiefly such as were for common use. Then woollen goods, stockings, prints, lace braids, buttons, jewellery, toys, etc., in endless variety. Booths with candy, cake and especially hot sausages and rolls, were also without number. During the whole three weeks we never saw a person intoxicated, or in the least way noisy, though often the streets and squares were crowded with people. Thousands came in from the country, especially on Sunday, which is counted one of the best Fair days. After the morning church service, all the stores were opened, and there was no appearance of Sunday in the city except in the holiday dress of the people. At a certain hour in the evening every place was closed, and perfect quiet prevailed.

We are pleased to see the squares free and clean again. They have been thoroughly swept and covered with fresh gravel. The perfect order that prevails in every large gathering always impresses us. M— went to see bicycle races yesterday, and he says there were probably 10,000 spectators, but there was no more confusion or inconvenience than if there had been only 200. People delight in walking—that is their recreation on Sunday afternoon and holidays. Thousands upon thousands wend their way into the distant parks and out into the country, often whole families together. At the concerts and theatres there is no display, the plainest dressed person and even the very poor may go without attracting any notice, and many of the best foreigners take the cheapest seats without feeling their pride in any way touched.

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The prices for operas, &c., are much lower than in most places, and range from 50 pfennigs (12cts.) standing room, to 5 marks (about \$r.25). The corridors are all supplied with (Garde robes) cloak rooms, and everyone must remove their outer garments—these are ticketed for a small fee (2½—5 cents), and no trouble to get them back. During the intervals between the acts, most people go out and promenade in the large corridors. When an opera is very long, especially Wagner's, many people take lunch with them, and beer, sandwiches, &c., can be obtained in some of the corridors. The pauses are generally 10 or 15 minutes long, and a bell is sounded to call all to their seats. Having no extra outer garments, the going out and coming in only occupies a minute or two, and one gets much refreshed and able to listen better.

But I must weary you. I should be glad to think you could all come over and spend a winter here. You are all so musical that I am sure you would get more benefit than most people. I would not advise a woman to let her daughter or daughters come alone. Most decidedly not. They should be under the control of a wise guardian, if not their parents.

I am yours sincerely,
E. M.

"WHAT IS SO RARE AS A DAY IN JUNE?"

June the first, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, will be a red letter day in the childhood memories of some forty Kindergarten children, in a western town of Ontario. For that day arrangements had been made with a kind hearted man to take them to the woods with the Kindergarten director, her two assistants, and last but not least, a goodly supply of edibles. The conveyances were a phaeton and a two-seated democrat. I happened to be in the second

load and it was a case of "children in front of you, children beside you, children behind you, children on top of you," there being some eleven little ones in all.

A little boy whose grandfather owned the woods whither we were going, amused our driver by informing him that his Uncle Willie had thousands of cows, and millions of pigs.

When all had arrived at our destination, for the class had to take the drive in relays, the first thing on the programme was luncheon. Our lemonade was made with fresh spring water brought by a couple of willing lads, who of course had to wet their feet in obtaining it. One small boy was daring enough to say, and being a feast day it was said without reproach:

"Ice-cold lemonade,
Here, in the shade,
Made by an old maid,
Stirred by a rusty spade."

And soon we had a whole chorus singing this sweet refrain, until their voices were silenced by the munching of sandwiches. It was astonishing how food appeared and disappeared on the paper plates for a quiet three-quarters of an hour.

The ground was carpeted with white violets, and the blossoms of ginseng, mitella, phlox, and wild geraniums amongst which the children revelled. Now and again one would hear a cry of delight as a jack-in-the-pulpit was espied, and borne in high glee to be exhibited; our own Jack mounted a stump, and pulling down a branch of a tree to form a canopy above his head, said, "Now, I'm Jack-in-the-pulpit."

We next played some of our regular games, the little squirrels having real trees around which to chase each other; whereas in the Kindergarten we have to represent the abode of chickaree by children standing straight and tall. We played "The Stream," and crossed

CONTINUED ON LAST PAGE.

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ETCHING I

Know ye what Etching is? It is to ramble
On copper; in a summer twilight's hour,
To let sweet Fancy fiddle tunefully.
It is the whispering from Nature's heart,
Heard when we wander on the moor, or gaze
On the sea, on fleecy clouds of Heaven, or at
The rushy lake when playful ducks are splashing;
It is the down of doves, the eagle's claw;
'Tis Homer in a nutshell, ten commandments
Writ on a penny's surface, 'tis a wish;
A sigh, comprises in finely-chizelled odes,
A little image in its bird's flight caught.
It is to paint on the soft gold-hued copper
With sting of wasp and velvet of the wings
Of butterfly, by sparkling sunbeams glowed.
Even so the Etcher's needle, on its point,
Doth catch what in the artist-poet's mind
Reality and fancy did create.

From the Dutch of C. Vosmaer,
translated by Holda.

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the real brook on stepping-stones; this performance gave untold delight. We climbed the hill on the opposite bank; here Professor Wind had blown down an immense tree, the little ones all climbed up on it. How we wished we had a kodak to preserve that picture of forty happy faces as they sat astride the trunk. Suddenly a wee chap cried, "What's that up in that tree?" We looked, and saw something brown and furry; it was a groundhog or woodchuck. The remarks heard were, "It's a squirrel," "No, it's a baby bear," "It's a coon," and "It's sitting on eggs," said another young naturalist, who is evidently interested in our feathered friends. However Mr. Groundhog refused to "come off his perch," and it was very considerate of him, for had he been so inclined, a panic amongst teachers and pupils would have been the inevitable result.

Refreshments were again served, and then it was time to think about home. After the first party had started on the return trip, the rest waited at the edge of the woods.

Presently a man was seen coming down the road; one of the larger boys at once shouted, "Here's a

tramp," and with a great show of bravery stationed himself well to the fore, hands in pockets, shoulders back, ready to face the oncoming foe. Strange to relate as the man advanced the boy receded, until by the time the stranger, who was really a respectable farmer, reached the little group our courageous defender was behind every one else, seated on the fence he has already learned the wisdom of the old adage:

"He who fights and runs away,
Lives to fight another day."

Two score little folks went to bed early that night, completely tired out with running about and gathering wild flowers. The outing was a most happy one, and very instructive in its practical teaching. Many of the children had never been in the woods before, and gained much knowledge about the subjects of their songs. It would be a great advantage if picnics like this one could be made one of the regular exercises of our Kindergarten, following as it does, the teaching of the greatest educationalist, Freidrich Froebel.

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