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The Rockwood Review.

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E. A. BOOTH, Jr.

The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 6.

KINGSTON, APRIL 1ST, 1900.

NO. 2

Queen's College Journal, in the issue of March 17th has some very severe things to say of the O.H.A. If it has knowledge of facts such as it hints, it should not hesitate to state them openly, if not, such innuendoes come with very bad grace and are in bad taste. If officials in high places are guilty of wrong doing, their punishment cannot be too sudden—too severe. We can scarcely believe that a man of such honorable name as John Ross Robertson could countenance wrong doing, and yet the article as written leaves this impression. As for the criticism of the Queen's-Wellington game the best friends of the students will wish it had never been written. The match was a magnificent one—a veritable battle of giants and a test of endurance that made us feel proud of the fourteen Canadian lads who showed so much grit and so much skill. Players on both sides transgressed the rules occasionally, but on the whole it was a clean and gentlemanly game in which the visitors had much to fight against. The referee was not quick, but it is certain that he endeavored to give fair decisions. The Queen's players admitted themselves beaten by a better team, took their defeat in good part, and it is poor policy now for anyone to endeavor to mar a well earned victory by insinuations of crookedness. This spirit ruins sport and fair minded people are not blind to the fact that we have not a monopoly of all the good hockey players in Canada. Much as we wished the Championship to remain here, we could not blind ourselves to the fact that Wellington's were entitled to the honor.

Another wedding has been privately announced at Rockwood. Make your guesses.

The weather prophets have been most unfortunate all season. From present appearances skating in July might safely be prophesied.

Redpolls are still with us in large flocks.

The Newcourt Robin was seen as usual on March 18th. Many others have arrived since that date.

Mr. Peter McLeod is industriously cutting his way to an artistic reputation. The stone stairs he has cut for the terraces are beautiful pieces of work.

The Midgets victory over a City team—score 28 to 8, was a popular one. These players who are skipped by Dr. Clarke are Harold Clarke, W. Potter, Jr., and M. Porter.

The name "Ben" seems one to conjure with about Kingston—King Ben failed to get the cars up the hill after the last snow storm. What "all the King's horses and all the King's men failed to accomplish" our King Ben did in two days

Some virtuous walking delegate has been finding fault with a Rockwood patient for shovelling snow for a Kingston Professor. Judging by the condition of many of the sidewalks, we might with propriety let a large delegation of snow shovelling inmates loose on the community. Honest labor sometimes gets a tremendous shock from those who are willing to work.

Another old worthy, who had spent the day at the curling pond and the evening over "the beef and greens" that are so greatly relished by all lovers of the roaring game, was at last homeward bound and "setting his staff wi' a' his skill to keep him siccar."

When he reached the steep incline leading to Glenhowe Mill, which was from top to bottom one sheet of ice, Andra lost his balance at the first venture, and went straight to the bottom without a halt. On rising he was accosted by a stranger, who asked, "Is this the road to Glenhowe?"

"Na," replied Andra, "there's nae road to Glenhowe noo, but there's a deevil of a slide!"

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The old Earl of Eglington was a keen curler, as also was his head gardener. On one occasion, when they were both playing in an important match, the gardener was skip of the rink of which the Earl was third player. It was the Earl's turn to throw his stone, and a good deal depended on his shot to put the "house" on the right side, and the skip was greatly excited over the probable result.

"Jist lay on for that," said he, placing his "cove" or brush, near the edge of an opponent's stone that he wished removed, "an' I'll gie ye the shot."

But the Earl was not very sure of the gardener's directions.

"Don't you think," he suggested "that I should play——"

"Jist ye play as I tell ye," cried the skip, forgetting whom he was addressing, "or else gang aff the the ice!"

Mr. Alexander Cameron, of Portsmouth, died suddenly, on the evening of Sunday, March 19th, at the ripe age of 84 years. Mr. Cameron was one of the most respected and beloved residents of this neighborhood, and his death is sincerely mourned by all who knew him. Upright and honorable in all that he undertook; ever with a kindly thought for the poor and needy; gentle in manner and action, a magnificent specimen, physically and mentally, of the best type of Scottish manhood. In business matters he was as in everything else the soul of honor and as a contractor the personification of uprightness. An ardent Liberal in politics, and keen in thought he proved a tower of strength to his associates in election contests, and no one ever doubted his honesty of purpose. He had a warm spot in his heart

for children and his kindly face will be missed by young as well as old. The inmates of Rockwood loved this good old man, as to many of them he was a warm and generous friend, and never failed to give a cheery greeting to those he knew. Alexander Cameron was in truth one of the Natures Noblemen, and it will be long before he is forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to possess his friendship.

The horrible realities of war have come home to us with force since the accounts of the first battles in which the Canadians have figured so conspicuously, have been received—Much though as we grieve over the inevitable losses still we are proud that our boys have shown of what stern stuff they are made. It is doubted if a finer body of men physically and mentally, exists in the British Army, and the second and third contingents are just as good. It was no doubt right that Canada should take part in this war and we glory that she has such good representatives. All honor to them.

If there are any pro-Boers in Rockwood they have sense enough to keep very quiet.

Dr. J. Webster left for New York on March 20th.

Among the enthusiastic curlers must be reckoned Skip J. Stuart of No. 9 Ward. James in his annual match against the City came within one point of winning. He is an excellent loser as well as a genial winner, and as a thorough going "sport" has few equals.

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The rancour of politics is shown in nearly all of the newspapers at present. Men meet each other socially and in reality have a warm regard for each other—publicly they do not hesitate to call shocking names and designate acts that are known to be done honestly the work of scoundrels—and all for political effect. If the public men of our country are half as black as they are painted by their political opponents they deserve to be expatriated. It is strange to what contemptible things the ordinary politician will descend in the hope of gaining power—even to stultifying the name of the most honorable friend he may have. There is room for a wave of public decency. The hopeless part of it is that one party is just as guilty as the other. Possibly the most humiliating spectacle of all is that furnished by a Presbyterian divine who went out of his way to attack the loyalty of the Premier.

The occurrence of the Evening Grosbeak in Ontario is sufficiently rare to be worthy of record. About the 1st of March a specimen was taken near Napanee and sent to a taxidermist in Kingston, along with some Red polls.

Mr. E. Beaupre, Jr., is of the opinion that the Shore Larks (Prairie Horned Larks) arrived much earlier than usual this year.

Crows put in an appearance about March 1st.

The Midgets Curling Team is the sensation of the season, and the style of game they have put up has been a revelation to the experts. They are only a striking example though of the fact that boys can be taught to use their muscles and heads with as much success as their fathers. If all Curling clubs would cultivate the younger element more, the average curling would greatly improve.

The Government has decided to substitute electricity for gas at Rockwood. The change will be a

welcome one, for while it is true that our gas costs us little in one sense, in another it is an expensive luxury, as it is dirty—offensive and unsatisfactory as a light. Reeve Fisher, who has had so much annoyance as the result of the pollution of the lake water by gas refuse will now be able to rest in peace.

Some Ontario Canadians are a strange bundle of inconsistencies. Let Goldwin Smith write the most seathing denunciations of Britain and British methods, and beyond a mild criticism of two nothing is said of the matter. If a French Canadian journal dares the constitutional authority of the Government when sending out contingents, the ultra jingo loyalists go into hysterics at once. As a matter of fact a good many French Canadians have been killed and wounded in South Africa—a very large proposition of those engaged. This should in itself satisfy the average man who has been content to stay at home and develop strategy for the British Generals to follow. It really begins to appear as if both French Canadians and British Generals are in the language of the small boy, "All right."

Mr. John Graham, Assistant Engineer was one of the most fortunate ones when the Fenian Raid Medals were distributed. The medal is a handsome one.

Two worthies were returning home from a curling match, more elevated with whiskey than with their success at the game. They had not proceeded far on their way when they both fell headlong on the slippery road.

"'Od," said Tammas, who was the first to find his voice, "that drink's nae to be meddl'd wi', for it aye prooves a doonfa'."

"Weel, maybe it does," replied the other, "but we've mair success w'than we had wi' the curlin'. It's the best score we've made the day, for we lie twa this time!"

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Although Rockwood supposed that they had won the Quinte Curling Trophy, by a safe margin. Napanee felt that they had a technical claim to recognition also. The President of the League, Mr. W.H. Biggar, of Belleville requested the Rockwood Club to play off the tie match with Belleville on neutral ice to make a satisfactory ending of the difficulty. Although this meant to Rockwood a sacrifice, not only of time and money, as well as their just claim to the trophy, they decided to play the game rather than offend such a good lot of men as the Napanee curlers. They felt that much as they would like to have the trophy, they would, if defeated gladly see such enthusiastic curlers as those in Napanee wear the honor. Napanee not only placed their ice at our disposal, but treated our players so hospitably that whatever disappointment may have been felt at the loss of the trophy was soon forgotten. Belleville entered into the contest with an intensity and warmth that was a revelation to the sober-going and mild mannered Rockwood visitors, and while it is true that Belleville won by a narrow margin, it is also true that the victory was not certain until the last stone had been played. Belleville deserve credit for doing their best to repair the mistake of one of the players, and the fact that they not only put their strongest rinks on the ice, but fought for an unimportant victory with twice as much intensity for a "win" as those whose interest it was to win, proves how keen the sporting instinct is in Belleville—

Rockwood—	Belleville—
Rink 1.	Rink 1.
Dr E C Watson	Vermilyea
W Carr	Abbott
J Dennison	Dolan—16
Dr. Forster—12	
Rink 2.	Rink 2.
W Jones	Anderson
T McCammon	Bottom
W Potter	McPhee
Dr. Clarke—17	W H Biggar—16

Hospitality is the most prominent characteristics of the Napanee curlers, if we expect their ability to curl well.

Last month the REVIEW had an excess of jokes—our facetious composition is the only person can tell the reason why. He is sometimes taken that way.

We sympathize with our friend, Supt. Robt. Matheson, of the Belleville Institute, who had to read a sort of semi-obituary in The Globe not very long ago. As it said a great many complimentary things probably it may be forgiven, but it is difficult to understand the occurrence of such blunder.

Juncos and Chickadees were to be seen in the marsh early in February.

The interest taken by the patients in War matters is very great and many of them have been busy knitting Balaclava Caps for the Soldiers.

The Rockwood Trophy has been won by Rockwood by a majority of 24 shots—

On Kingston Ice.

Rockwood	Kingston
Dr. Watson	J Power
T McCammon	L Henderson
Dr. Clarke	W Vantassel
W Potter—16	J B Walker—18
Prof. Short	A Smith
W Carr	J Waddell
Dr. Forster	J Kearns
J Dennison,	W B Dalton,
—skip 14	—skip 20

On Rockwood Ice.

W Jones	A Smith
T McCammon	J Waddell
Dr. Clarke	L Henderson
W Potter	J B Walker,
—skip 18	—skip 11,
Prof. Shortt	J B McKay.
W Carr	J Power
Dr. Forster	W B Dalton
J Dennison	J Kearns,
—skip 31	—skip 6
Total, Rockwood...	79 Kingston, 55

A LAMENT.

Where shall we write your names,
ye brave!

Where rear for you a monument

Who lie in many an unnamed
grave

In Afric's troubled continent.

Young, bright and brave, the top-
most flower

Of our Canadian chivalry,—

With you what glory ceased to be;

Nay—lives again in hearts of men.

An inspiration and a power.

Our Country holds them in her
heart,

Shrined with her mountains and
her rivers,

And still for them her proud lip
quivers,

And tears to her great eyelids
start:—

But they are tears of love and
pride;

And she shall tell to coming
years

The story of her Volunteers,

For all their names are her's and
Fame's—

The brave who live, the brave who
died,

Told to her children o'er and o'er,

Loved, and revered, and glorified

Forevermore—forevermore.

—K. S. McL.

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FEATHERED WINTER WANDERERS.

True to their common name, **HEREABOUT**, the "February" Larks made good their appearance in this Township after the rapid thaw which set in on the sixth of the sixth of the month, and the lively twittering of these earliest arrivals was an obvious spring token both on the half thawed out highways and about the margin of stubble and pasture fields. The Snow-buntings—which this winter have been unusually numerous and constant frequenters in our clearings—disappeared on the advent of the Shore-larks, and one reason we think that caused the latter named birds to be more in evidence than usual, was the circumstance that a field of Millet on an adjoining farm to the one on which we live, was through some negligence on the part of the owner **UNHARVESTED**—consequently that area afforded a bountiful supply of such seeds, the White-buntings—and as good sized flocks of these, were very frequently noticed hereabout—or even before—the **HOUR OF SUNRISE** a natural inference was that the bivouacking place of the feathered wanderers could not be far off, and on search being made there was—it is said—evidence by the impressions of the snow surface about the base of the dried Millet stems, and clustering weed growths, that **THERE** the White plumed visitants were accustomed to huddle together in close proximity, and so rest during the hours of darkness of the winter nights as is well known most of the gallinaceous birds cluster together under very slight shelter at night, even during most inclement weather amid drifting snow ridges and also the Ruffed grouse. The prairie or horned larks as well as the meadow larks prefer the field margins rather than woods or thickets and observation convinces one that the Snow-buntings seek only the very slight shelter of the caves of a convenient hay or straw stack as a

haven of refuge during the night and a plot of low thick growing bushes of dwarf pines or hemlocks is a choice dormitory as proved by the resulting snow tracks left by the crowding bird groups (some of which number into hundreds) and at the slightest indication of danger from the approach a nocturnal enemy the whole host takes instant flight (as also was mentioned in a former paper) The winter chickadees evince the same or a similar social or family tie as to night shelter, to wit one of a party of four that comes daily to a food supply near our dwelling, is minus the long tail feathers—another of the group has the same appendages **BENT** and somewhat **TATTERED** as if by chafing in the narrow dormitory of a true Crevice or Woodpecker excavation in an old apple tree or in a neighboring maple woods and the party as a whole are in a sort of feathered dishabille—as would be likely to result from a gipsy habit of resting **TOO MANY IN ONE BED**;—and in some January blizzard nights—close bodily contact of warm blooded things, is a likely device for the economization of animal heat and individual comfort in the wild places of nature..... The wood cutters this week describe the visits to the scene of their operations of a pair of pileated woodpeckers, which hammered away for hours in the semi-decayed tops of nearby trees, the birds convinced but little shyness of the presence of the axemen and sent down a shower of pieces or borings of the frozen wood displaced in the operation of *dislodging* the big larvae of the tree boring beetles, and the birds occasional weird screams echoed in the reverberent forest. These big birds seemed (as also did the several chickadees) attracted to the spot by the presence of the human forest destroyers, whose operations in the smashing and disseverance of timber logs made supplies of bird food more accessible during this winter. We are informed that a grove of big ash trees situated in a

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retired part of an extensive swamp near here has been cut down and utilized for fire wood purposes. This ancient grove had been the breeding place for an unrecorded number of years of assemblages of the long legged and long billed Heron tribe and from the progress of the changes like the one here recorded, probably less than one tenth of the number that ornithic species make summer visits to this township as compared to those that came forty years ago, and unless artificial protection is afforded the species will have to seek a new habitat in wilder regions beyond the bounds of civilization..... Fewer crows has been here, one feature of the present winter, but cross bills and the pine Siskins are said to be common phenomena in the cedar and other conifer shades near here, and the peculiar calls "YOLY-OLY" OR "KAYIB KEIB" of the neat plumaged blue jay is a pleasant everyday sound.—W. YATES.

NAPLES, ITALY.

* * * *
We left Paris on October 25, after a pleasant stay of five weeks. Our first stop was at Dijon, an interesting old town, its history going back to the Roman period when it was a fortified city. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries, as the Capital of the Dukes of Burgundy it reached greater prominence. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, under the Princes of Conde it enjoyed great prosperity.

The hotel de Ville, formerly the palace of the Dukes of Burgundy had been largely destroyed, and rebuilt in later years. The old tower, 150 feet high, and the great kitchens however, still remain. The latter show on what an extensive scale the old Dukes kept up their establishment, and how many retrievers and servitors had to be fed. There are six fire places very large, with a separate chim-

ney to each, and in the centre a vaulted dome with a huge ventilating shaft. The museum is well worth a visit, having a fine collection of paintings, and many articles of interest.

From Dijon we went to Avignon passing through Lyons without stopping. As a modern commercial city it is the second city in France, and would well repay a visit, but we were desirous of getting down to the Riviera, and so did not stop.

Avignon is most interesting, having been a place of importance before the Romans came. Then as the residence of the Popes from 1305 to 1377 it is full of interesting memories. The palace of the Popes is at present used as a barracks for troops: the Cathedral founded as early as the Fourth Century, is a dark sombre-looking building richly decorated, and full of historical interest. Avignon is, as you are aware, on the river Rhone and the palace of the Popes, and the Cathedral are on a high rocky hill some three hundred feet above the river. The view from thence is fine. There was a good deal of life and activity in the streets, with cafe's having their chairs lining the sidewalks brilliantly lighted as in Paris.

The mustard and ginger bread of Dijon has quite a reputation. We did not try the mustard, and did not like the ginger bread.

The department of Vancluse of which Avignon is the Capital is famous for its truffles—these we found more to our taste. The hotel at which we stayed was, in the times of the Popes the residence of a Cardinal. It is an old old building among narrow streets but very comfortable.

From here we journeyed to Marseilles, a city next to Lyons in population, and one of the chief seaports on the Mediterranean.

They had just celebrated their twenty-fifth Centennial, just think of it! And we are proudly cele-

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brating our first centennial in some of the the western cities. The Centennial of Cleveland was to us quite an event. What will the twenty-fifth be? In 2500 years Marseilles has grown to be a city of about 450,000: in one hundred years Cleveland has grown to be a city of over 325,000.

From Marseilles we went to Nice, and found there a most delightful pension kept by a Mrs. Busby, an English lady. We can most heartily recommend the maison Busby to all intending travelers in the south of France.

The season does not fairly begin until in January, so we were in advance of the fashion and gaiety. Many people, however, go in October to enjoy the delightful climate, and the brightness of the Riviera. One stay of three weeks was exceedingly pleasant.

A splendid orchestra played in the public gardens four afternoons in the week, the markets were full of roses and beautiful flowers; and an afternoon walk on the Promenade des Anglais, overlooking the blue sea with the lovely sunsets was a never-ending delight. One day we drove along the Corniche Road to Mentone, a distance of about eighteen miles. The Maritime Alps form high rocky cliffs and promontories along the sea, some peaks approaching 2,500 feet in height. This road was constructed under Napoleon I and has been splendidly kept up. The mountains on the one side and the sea on the other giving constantly changing views, and the handsome villas and fine grounds make the ride one not to be excelled either in beauty or grandeur. We saw groves of orange, lemon, fig and olive trees. The palm trees give a tropical aspect, and the brilliant flowers, although it was the 3rd of November gave evidence of the delightful climate. The villas perched along the hillsides and high points needed many retaining walls, along these walls were hedges of roses and geraniums.

that dropped down and trailed in long and brilliant festoons.

Mentone, with high mountains to the east, north and west, is completely sheltered from the cold northern winds, and is especially well situated for invalids, among whom there have been some highly distinguished names in state, society, and literature of late.

On our return we stopped at Monte Carlo, the celebrated gambling place in the Principality of Monaco. Monaco is an anomaly in states, being a distinct and separate sovereignty entirely surrounded by French territory. It is two and a quarter miles long and less than twelve hundred yards wide in its widest part. It has an area of five and three quarters square miles, and a standing army of one hundred men. The Czar failed to invite the Prince of Monaco to send a representative to the recent Peace Conference at the Hague. It issues its own coinage and postage stamps, and is, I presume, on a gold basis; but the question of finance has no importance politically considered, as the Casino of Monte Carlo pays all the expenses of the Principality, and gives a royal income to the Prince, it is said 25,000,000 francs a year.

No permanent resident of Monaco is allowed to enter the Casino. Every visitor is required to give his name and place of residence, as well as the name of the hotel or pension where he is stopping. This is done, I presume, that suicides, which are said to be frequent, may be quietly hustled away without exciting too much remark.

They have one of the finest bands in Europe, and the concerts are delightful. The gardens, which are extensive, are full of rare plants, splendid beds of flowers and exotics, with palms and other tropical trees, shrubbery and views. It is said that \$50,000 a year are spent on these grounds.

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No one is supposed to be admitted to the gaming tables who is under twenty-three years, yet they made no objection to my taking Carrie in. The games are Roulette at which the stake is five francs as low as at the lowest, and TRENTE ET QUARANTE in which the lowest stake is twenty francs. As the fashionable season at the Riviera had not yet begun, there were only about eight Roulette tables, and two TRENTE ET QUARANTE.

It was a strange sight to watch the players, some visitors like ourselves drawn thither by curiosity, who would put down their five francs or twenty francs with a little flutter of excitement at the possibility of winning, but still quite cheerful at losing as a small price to pay to see all the beauty of the place.

One pretty little Swedish lady at our pension came back one evening quite elated. She had won four hundred francs. In Roulette there are thirty-six compartments, into which the little ball can drop—0 to 35: if you put your five francs on any one number alone, you win thirty-five times your stake. She had won twice on a single number.

A Russian grandee was putting down 12,000 francs at a time—at TRENTE ET QUARANTE, sometimes winning, sometimes losing. It was pitiful to some of the haggard faces watching so eagerly the fall of the card, or the little ball—"playing to a system" which was sure to win in the end—but alas, with nearly every one the end is bankruptcy and a ruined life. It is reported that an English gentleman won 1,000,000 francs, and then had the resolution to quit the place and go home. The chances are, however, that the fascination of play will continue to draw its victim until ruin is reached at last. No one knows what the profits of the Casino are, but it is quite evident that the average is hundreds of thousands of dollars each day, as the expenses are enormous, and all the proprietors grow rich. A

few days after our first visit to Monte Carlo we went again to see the celebration of the birthday of the Prince of Monaco. It was a clear beautiful day. The decorations were superb, flags and flowers everywhere: in the evening myriads of lights flashing out in every direction in a grand electric display from every point of vantage—and magnificent fireworks transforming the whole scene with light and colour. I never expect to see a more beautiful sight. 300,000 francs were said to have been spent during the two days of the festival.

I confess to but small admiration for the French people, as a nation. Any feeling of friendly regard which their help given during the war of the Revolution, may have excited has long since vanished from my mind. Their course during the United States War with Spain, and the attacks now being made on England and the Queen, have led me to believe that their apparent friendliness at the former period was largely due to hatred of Great Britain, and the desire to see England crippled rather than from any love for the United States.

With a few noble exceptions there was no genuine love for liberty or justice, or any desire to promote Republican institutions.

The ribald caricatures of Queen Victoria are without any excuse. A dignified criticism of English policy, and English public men is one thing, but indecent and scurrilous cartoons and editorials are quite another.

Queen Victoria has gone to the Riviera in the early spring for many years. She went to Cannes, twenty miles from Nice for several years, then to Nice for several successive seasons, where she occupied a large part of the Excelsior Regina Hotel at Cimiez, a near suburb of Nice on the hill at the back of the city, but particularly part of the town. This year she has leased a hotel at Bordighera

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in Italy, a few miles from the boundary of France, and a most charming place. Without doubt, it is the attitude of the French people which has caused this departure from her usual plans. I would not say that the whole French native are in the same class, I have an admiration for President Loubet, and the War Minister M. Gallifet, who are honestly trying, as it seems to me, to establish the Republic on permanent and just principles. The FIGARO has had some most excellent editorials.

But the whole Catholic Church is opposed to the Republic, and their entire influence is exerted for its overthrow, and the return of a Monarchy that shall more strongly uphold the Church.

France is a decadent nation, as are all the Latin peoples. It is surprising to note how the recent American war with Spain has affected Continental policies. The warm anxiety and sympathy of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, with the exhibition of strength and wealth of resource of the United States has caused European governments serious thought.

There is no love for us in France, but the Emperor of Germany, a wonderfully shrewd and sagacious young man, has read the signs of the times, and thinks that the Anglo-Saxons and the Teutons are more alike in purpose, in civilization and growing strength than the Teutons and the Latins—so like a dutiful grandson he visits his grandmother, the Queen of England, and takes with him his Minister of Foreign Affairs. Some whisperings of the possible results of this visit are coming out, and the serenity of the atmosphere of France has not thereby been increased.

Russia is looming up with immense proportions in the East, and who can prophesy what she will be—and what advances she will have made fifty years from now.

It is the Anglo-Saxon and his cousin the Teuton against the Slave and the great battle field, not of war, but of occupancy and development will be the Pacific Ocean and Asia. Our coast line on the Pacific makes us the dominant power in those waters, and while we should hold aloof from all European complications, we cannot refuse to be one of the actors in the far East. You can readily see that I am an Expansionist, and that I believe firmly that we should continue to hold to the Phillipines, a territory that came to us by the fortunes of War, and which we did not seek. Wisdom did not die with the Statesmen of a hundred years ago. In spite of the criticisms of carping pessimists we have the ability, the wisdom, and the righteous purpose which will carry us to a just solution of the problems forced upon us during the past two years.

Well, I must not weary you. I will resume the course and narrative of our journey from Nice to Genoa and Naples in another letter.

W. A.

LETTER FROM DR. GOULD.

ACRE, PALESTINE.

January 26th.

After so long an interval I trust you have not been led to think that new interests have quite blotted out the remembrance of my kind friends of other days. By the above address you will perceive that I have made still another move from the extreme south of Palestine near the river of Egypt to the more northerly regions of Galilee.

My various moves were caused by the uncertainty which so long existed with regard to the advance of a medical mission to Khartoum, and the consequent shuffling of the rest of the staff in Egypt and Palestine. We are now I trust finally

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and comfortably settled for a considerable time at least.

I was not at all sorry to leave Gaza;—it was a very trying place, sleep at night during the summer being almost entirely out of the question. Acre is also on the plain, but is built close to the sea. In fact the sea-wall is built in the water.

You will probably be acquainted with more or less of its history, as the great stronghold of past days, from the crusading period onward. It was taken by Richard Coeur de Lion from the Saracens, and was the last place to surrender to the Moslem, when the Crusaders were finally driven out of the country.

Napoleon called the town "the Key of Palestine," and it is the only place which has the honor of having successfully resisted all the attacks of the great soldier. It was captured by the British fleet about 1840, on account of the presence of the army of the ferocious Ibrahim Pasha within its walls.

At the gate there is still a large beam across the archway, where it is said that the latter gentleman was accustomed to hang those who did not altogether coincide with the justice of his views and actions.

I think I have told you before that we have only one gate for all ingress and egress;—apart from this one opening the entire landward side is defended by a triple system of ramparts and ditches. In the old days, the entire system must have mounted nearly if not quite a thousand guns, I counted positions for nearly a hundred in a comparatively small space near the gate. Like everything else terrestrial it is falling rapidly into decay and ruin, though the range and power of modern artillery has, I presume, robbed it of its ancient claim to impregnability.

I have here a great part of Gallilee as my field of operations, and from time to time I hope to send you more or less interesting ac-

counts of rides and work among its many historical scenes and places. * * * * *

Please give my very kindest regards to all Rockwood friends, including the "special ones" among the patients. I think of them all very frequently, indeed; especially during the busy scenes, and merry doings of Christmas-like.

Being comparatively near the seat of War, I have felt many a burning desire to go off and join the ambulance corps. But I hope the tide has now definitely turned.

A WRONG KIND.—An old Irishman was sitting out in front of his house puffing away and pulling heroically at his pipe. He would light a match and pull and pull at his pipe, then throw the match away and light another, and he continued the performance with great patience until the ground was literally strewn with burnt matches. "Come in to supper," said the wife at the door. "Faith and Oi will in a minute, Biddy," said he. "Moike has been a telling me that if Oi shmoked a bit of ghlass Oi could see the shpots on the sun. Oi don't know whether Moike's been a-fooling me or whether Oi've got hold av the wrong kind of ghlass."

Beth had never before seen an ox with its large, well-formed horns. "Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed with wide-open eyes, "just see that animal's handle-bars."

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THINGS NEW AND OLD.

In the March number of THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW is cited an account of the English game of football by a French traveller named Misson, and it is supposed that he wrote ignorantly. His account was this! "In winter, foot-ball is a useful and charming exercise. It is a leather ball, about as big as one's head, fill'd with wind. This is kicked about from one to tother in the streets by him that can get it, and that is all the art of it." I am disposed to think that Misson described correctly what he had seen and that his estimate of the art of the game was a very fair one. From my own personal knowledge I can testify that the game was played in precisely this way in a town in Warwickshire, in England every Shrove-Tuesday—and very probably it had been played so for 200 years or more. It was very rough, as there were no rules, and the game was varied by side-shows in the shape of boxing matches, which were fought to a finish, a ring being formed, and time called for rounds. The contestants stripped to their shirts, or their skins, and the contests were frequently severe. They were supposed to arise out of the game, but in many cases they were almost prearranged, the contestants having come to town to look for one another. No police interference was tolerated, and the town was practically abandoned to the mob for the day. All the stores, the bank, and many private houses were closed for the day, and strongly shuttered with wooden shutters to prevent injury. The game was supposed to be between town and country, but instead of two teams being chosen, a mob of some hundreds of able fellows from the country came in, and some hundreds of men of the town turned out to meet them. The game was not allowed to be played in a field, but only up and down the town streets, and was conducted as Misson says. The town council were obliged to furnish the ball

and it was thrown out from a window in the town hall, about 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning. The ball was gaily bedecked with ribbons, and was greeted with cheers. It was considered the proper thing for the magnates of the town, the manufacturers, the bank managers, the professional men, the chief storekeepers and others, to "get a kick at the ball," and many of them did so, usually in the morning, before the fun got too fast and furious. The street was no safe place for boys, but some of the more enterprising used to climb the iron lamp-posts, and sit upon the cross-bars. They were thus above the heads of the crowd, and when a scrimmage came past, the boys could look down upon it in safety, from their perches on the lamp-posts. The glass lamps had of course been removed. The scimmages were on a gigantic scale, the mob sometimes becoming packed in a solid mass in the street, so that they could not move or extricate their limbs. The little boys on top of the lamp-posts would take advantage of this to get down and run about over the heads and shoulders of the mob. This foot-ball game served other purposes besides that of mere amusement. If any resident of the town had during the year made himself obnoxious to the poorer class of people, the foot-ball would be kicked up on the roof of his house, and some smart fellows would be up after it. In process of getting it down they would manage to break some tiles or tear off some gutters or do some damage. There was thus a good deal of bye-play, and the residents of the town and their families used to sit at their upper windows and look down into the roaring street and watch the fun. This was so hot sometimes that a lady or nervous person could hardly witness it, especially in the case of boxing matches, in which the contestants used no gloves, and became badly smeared with blood. The kicking was also rough, as instead of wear-

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ing light shoes, as the Rugby players do, the kickers provided themselves with heavy boots. I, myself, have seen in the show window of the principal shoemakers there, a strong boot, exhibited just before Shrove-Tuesday. It was supposed to be a foot-ball boot and had a strong iron spike, an inch long, firmly fixed in the toe, and projecting straightforward. No defensive armour was dreamt of. The foot-ball was supposed to be carried off before the end of the day, by anyone who was active enough to do it. If anyone tried this before mid-day, the crowd would not scruple to break his bones. The ball was usually carried off in the afternoon, and generally this was only effected by collapsing the ball. Being flattened, the ball was slipped under the clothing of the man who attempted to carry it off, and then he ran for his life. If the mob suspected any one of having the ball, they would not hesitate to tear his clothing off his back and strip him naked to find it. The man who got it had to be active and a good runner. He only got away by a lucky rush and away round street corners, and through entries, to the edge of the town, and so out into the country. There frequently ensued a kind of paper chase or fox hunt of the most headlong description, the ball-carrier being pursued over hedge and ditch till his followers were tired out or lost him. The man who got away with it would keep very quiet for a day or two, and then he would come out boldly and boast about it. Some of the gentry in the neighbourhood would give him a good price for his trophy, and he would be a hero for the rest of the year. As the hotels and public houses were wide open all day, there was a certain amount of drunkenness. But towards the day's end, after the ball was lost, the country fellows would be straggling away home, and it was very seldom that anything serious occurred. The mob used to police itself fairly well, being gathered

ostensibly for fun. As for the small boys, they firmly believed that Shrove-Tuesday was the festival of foot-ball and pancakes, and did not know that it had any other significance. I think that foot-ball is or was played in this way in many English towns, and in those towns which had not foot-ball, some other yearly celebration replaced it,

R. S. KNIGHT,
Lancaster,
Ont.

RADICAL CURE—In the public schools of some cities measures are taken, by presumably competent officials, to test the children's eyesight, upon the assumption—often too well founded—that the parents are not sufficiently watchful in that important particular. A little boy came home one day, soon after the fall term school had opened, with the following note, duly signed by the principal: "Mr. Judkins: Dear Sir—It becomes my duty to inform you that your son shows decided indications of astigmatism, and his case is one that should be attended to without delay." The father sent the following answer the next day: "Mr. Kershaw: Dear Sir—Whip it out of him—Yours truly, HIRAM JUDKINS.

WHY HE DIDN'T REPLY—"Why don't you answer?" said madame, impatiently, to the Scandinavian on the step-ladder engaged in putting up new window fixtures. The man gulped and replied gently: "I have my mout' full of screws. I not can speak till I svaller some"

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