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The

Rockwood

Review.



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

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LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. Alex. Cameron, of Portsmouth, stepped on a loose board in the sidewalk lately and was severely injured, sustaining a fracture of one of his ribs. We are pleased to learn that he is making a good recovery.

Dr. and Mrs. Forster are spending a few weeks at the seaside. They are at present staying at Casco Bay, Me.

It would be a matter of interest to learn how many of the numerous American sportsmen, who visit Ontario in the summer, pay the fee demanded by the Provincial Government. As a matter of fact the law is regularly evaded by the majority of these visitors. This in itself is a mistake, but the thing Canadians in general should take serious objection to, is the wholesale destruction of fish indulged in by these aliens. The Statute says that a day's catch shall be limited to twelve black bass, but as far as the foreigners are concerned such a law might as well be unwritten, as they ignore it with a regularity that is astounding. Some striking examples of fish destruction by foreigners have come before the notice of the writer during the last two weeks, and have only served to emphasize the belief, that if we wish to preserve our fish and game from destruction, by poachers who have no interest in the matter beyond that of satisfying the desire to kill, we must enforce the present laws, even at the risk of being called inhospitable. We have not the slightest objection to Americans visiting Canada, and enjoying a reasonable amount of legitimate sport, but we certainly object to the extinction of our fish and game to gratify the selfish desires of thoughtless visitors. In one instance we saw five hundred black bass thrown on a lake shore to

decay—last week we came across a visiting sportsman, who destroyed forty large bass in an afternoon! He was doing this sort of thing regularly, and seemed to imagine that he was having a good time. These men generally escape the legal punishment they so richly deserve, because few persons care to appear unkind to a visitor; and the boatmen hired are generally so influenced by the liberal fees paid by the strangers, that they will not say anything about the breaking of a law passed in the interests of all true sportsmen. A few sharp lessons here and there will possibly prove beneficial.

Miss Bell, of Toronto, is the guest of Miss F. Wilson, Beechgrove.

Messrs. Cochraue, McGuire, McCammon and Dick went on a fishing expedition a few weeks ago. Varying accounts of the success of the party have been received, and it is difficult to estimate the number of fish caught. The Loughboro Lake party are also accused of giving unsatisfactory returns, the bad effect being heightened in each instance by the failure to produce fish of any kind.

The fact that the Frontneac Baseball Club has won the local championship, is regarded with satisfaction by the Portsmouth small boy, who did his best to aid the players by making as much noise as possible during the progress of each match.

The prospects of Football in Kingston, for the season of '99, are decidedly uncertain. The Granites are unhappy with an unsatisfactory schedule of games, and prospects of financial difficulty. They should get a readjustment of the schedule, and look about for promising youngsters to take the places of those who have dropped out.

The Rockwood Review.

The appointment of Mr. William Cochrane, of the Rockwood Staff, to the position of Bursar of the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb at Belleville, is an excellent one, and the government is to be congratulated on having wisely decided to promote such an efficient officer. Mr. Cochrane held the position of Assistant Bursar at Rockwood for twelve years, and during that time won for himself a host of warm admirers, who learned to appreciate the fact that no more sincere friend could be found. Mr. Cochrane is an enthusiast in everything he undertakes, and gives his whole energy to the subject in hand, whether it be work or play. There is never any doubt in regard to which side of a question he inclines to, and if most men were as true to their convictions, there would be fewer misunderstandings. Time and again Mr. Cochrane's ardent Rockwood enthusiasm stood the old Institution in good stead, and certainly no more loyal official will follow him. Outside his official career, "Billy" has a warm place in the affections of all of the employees, for he always gave evidence of being possessed of a tender heart and true sympathy in time of trouble, and practised even more than he preached regarding the obligations of the golden rule. In the lines of sport and amusement he will be much missed. His ability as an entertainer, either as an actor, singer or story-teller, is well known locally, and his place will be hard to fill. Mr. C. has a "pretty wit," and knows how to use it to the best advantage. What Rockwood sport will do without his enthusiasm is a difficult question to answer,—what the Curling Club will be without his cheery whoops and inspiring comments on the game is an enigma. While all rejoice in his well merited advancement, there is universal regret that we shall lose a well tried friend. Our loss is Belleville's gain, and the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb has secured one of the most capable officials in the Ontario service.

The Oddfellows of Kingston will miss Mr. Cochrane almost as much as Rockwood, as he was a tower of strength to the local lodges, not only because of his enthusiasm but also on account of his qualities of heart and head.

Mr. Cochrane thoughtfully asked the employees not to give him a formal presentation, feeling as he said, that he understood them and they him well enough without resorting to formal evidences of affection. Even this did not prevent the Curling Club from giving a pretty little evidence of their regard for him.

Miss Fanny Geddes, Trained Nurse, has left for the West. Her Associates made her a presentation before leaving.

Thoughtful men view with regret the bitterness of many of what should be leading papers of the day, regarding things political. In the interest of party, characters are blackened, facts deliberately distorted and frauds defended by the "tu quoque" argument, which is not argument in any sense of the word. A foreigner coming to Canada must think, after reading many of our "dailies," that he has reached a country where all public men are to be regarded as scoundrels and thieves—where morality is at the same level as in an institution for criminals, and where public decency is unknown. The fact that any man of ability who dares to aspire to public life, must be resigned to having his good name threatened at every possible opportunity, keeps many of our best men out of the political world. Until we can acquire natural dignity, and aim at something higher than pot-house politics, we shall not rise to an enviable position among nations. What object there is to be gained by newspapers deliberately stating untruths is difficult to see, unless "loaves and fishes" are all there is in sight. All honor then to the newspapers, which have risen higher than the demands of political

The Rockwood Review.

exigency, which in too many cases means political selfishness for party ends. There is a ray of hope in the fact that a few papers in the country are superior to the demands of party, and it is suggested that as far as the politicians of both parties are concerned, the devil is not so black as he is painted. It is also stated that the Pharisees of olden days have their living prototypes in the present age, and not all of them by any means are in Parliament. If wholesale corruption exists in elections, there is only one way to cure it, and that certainly is not by one party calling the other wicked names, because everyone with a grain of sense knows that both parties are to blame. Let the best men on both sides unite in purging politics of all that is disreputable and wicked. It is a poor commentary on our boasted civilization, if we cannot make public affairs as clean as the average affairs of private life. With the press rests the responsibility of effecting the cure, for its power for good or evil is enormous. When editors can learn to ignore the crack of the party lash, they will discover that the general public will in the long run appreciate them. After all honesty in politics, is just as much to be desired as honesty in every day life.

Miss I. M. Walker, Matron of the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, and her sister Mrs. Urquhart, visited Rockwood in July.

O Willy we shall miss you
When you are far away,
We'll "soop it up" and chap and lie,
But slow will be the play
Without your shout and cheery yell
To keep the stone well swept.
We'll have you in our minds though,
Your name will be well kept.
And when we play the trophy
match,
Whate'er may be our fate—
Remember lad, in body or soul,
You'll be "one of the eight."

Miss Helen B. Jaquith, of Sydenham, is the latest addition to our staff of Nurses, having succeeded Miss Geddes, Aug. 1st.

Mr. Thos. Evans, Jr., who now makes his home in British Columbia, is on a visit to his father, Mr. Thos. Evans, Sr., Portsmouth. He speaks in glowing terms of this progressive Province.

Mr. Alex. Mackie, of Oshawa, assumed the duties of Bursar's Clerk on Aug. 2nd, and intends shortly to move his family to Kingston, and become one of us. We welcome him, and wish him every success in his new position; and while our welcome may not partake of the stormy, turbulent nature of a South Ontario one, it is just as sincere.

Mrs. Muirhead, of Ottawa, and Mrs. Ashcroft, of Montreal, are the guests of Mesdames McLean and Forster respectively.

The management of Lake Ontario Park are to be congratulated on the fortnight's performance of the Japanese Magician, Simetaro. The performance is clean and unique, and if attractions of this standard are to be continued, we predict unqualified success, from a financial standpoint to those who provide it.

The new orders issued to the motormen of the Street Railway Co., in regard to the speed of cars descending the Penitentiary hill, is a move in the right direction. In these days of rapid transit, speed is the main object; but speed without absolute safety, is an object not to be desired—in fact, not to be tolerated. It is a matter of congratulation that the new orders have been issued before a regrettable accident made such a course imperative.

Miss Maude Dunstan and Miss Olive Secord, of Toronto, are spending their holidays at Rockwood.

The Rockwood Review.

ABOUT MORELLES.

In May last the growths of the mushroom like "Morelle," were about as plentiful as in average May seasons, there had being an abundant rainfall during the third week of that month, which with a moderate degree of warmth is stimulative of all vegetation.

In former pioneer times, the esculent Morelles were found more abundant in the clearings, where large rock-elm trees had been left standing in the fields, and especially near to such of this species of tree as had been girdled.

But now-a-days, the Morelles are looked for with success, in groves or clumps of young pines, (2½ growths); they are also frequently to be gathered around the rooting stems of large apple-trees, in old orchards that may have been somewhat neglected. This species of fungus is said to have nearly as wholesome and as appetizing qualities as the famed European "truffle." The Morelle in shape and size resembles the edible mushroom, except that the cap, "or pileus," is wrinkled or puckered in appearance; and as these esculent growths were found no farther from the base of the tree than the branches of the same extended overhead, the fallen leaves and small twigs of the elm tree were expected of being influential factors in the Morelle generation.

In connection with the mode of generation of truffles, the laborious studies and observations of a recent French Botanist, (Mons. Gramont De Lesparre), are said in an article in the May number of Chambers Journal, to have thrown much light.

In the case of the truffles, the botanist above referred to states, that the seed spores are carried by a species of fly to the leaf-stems of certain trees, and there assume a filamentous form of growth, then in time to fall to the earth and form what the scientist terms an "ascque" or ultimate of the commingling of the sexual spores.

The Frenchman says that this

commingling gives rise to the "teleatospore," and these make their way along the surface of the leaf, which after a time drops to the soil, and produces a substance resembling the white of mushrooms, and is a nutritious and life sustaining substance.

The fact of the Morelles not being found by our early settlers outside of the range of the dropping twigs or leaves of the tree, caused the assumption that by some unknown means the germs of these highly prized fungus, came down in some one or other of the stages of their growth, from the foliage of the trees under which they were found; and to this day the Morelles—in their brief season, which is here about from the 20th May to the 1st of June—are much sought after and carefully gathered, and when stewed or fried in butter or in beef gravy, form a dish for the most fastidious epicure.

Occasionally the common edible mushroom grows here with some abundance, about old sheep pastures in rainy seasons, during September or October, and is sought after and cooked and eaten at table by many of our resident farmers.

A number of years ago we remember where a "girdling" had been sown with grass seeds after the hay crop had been mown and harvested, and the tiller of the field was gladdened by a very abundant growth of delicious mushrooms among the aftermath, (the month of August being unusually wet.)

W. YATES.

A WAIL OF THE FOREST.

This is the forest's prime evil,
Murd'ring the pine and the hemlock
List to the ax of the woodman;
Alas for the acts of the woodman,

It is said that the Emperor of Germany is weak in genealogy. He is the grandson of Emperor William I., but he thinks he is the GREAT grandson.

The Rockwood Review.

"WITH FLUTE AND VIOLIN."

Flute and viol and horn,
Harp and oboe and flute,
Where were these wonderful melodies born,
Voiceless for aeons and mute,
That thrill in each golden throat,
And tremble along the string
With the dying fall of a wind-harp's note,
Touched by the Zephyr's wing.

A ripple and dazzle of sound,
That bursts in a sparkling shower—
Fire-flies that dance in a silver round,
Light as a wind-shaken flower,—
The sea and the drops of rain
That fall, and melt, and cease,
And my heart, with its weight of melodious pain,
Is full of rest and peace.

Anon among the stars,—
Orion and Pleiades,
Where the grand march climbs the heavenly bars,
And sails celestial seas:
Till the song becomes divine,
Hushing my soul within
With thoughts which breathe of another clime,
Far from this world of sin.

Serene, and soft, and clear
Through the crystal void of night,
From some remote and unknown sphere
Of infinite peace and light,
Ye fall on the listening ear,
Ye speak to the listening soul,
And the riddle of life is solved and clear,
And the wounded spirit whole.

O viol with throbbing chords,
O flute of the silver throat,—
Ye have no need of spoken words,
For yours is a heavenlier note,
The language Eden knew
When the angels talked with man,
And the chiming spheres, and the world was new,
And paradise began.

K. S. McL.

The Rockwood Review.

BILLY-BOY.

BY WILLIAM CANTON.

Author of "The Invisible Playmate" and "W. V., Her Book."

A Four-year-old does not look back, but for a minute in the new sunshine of the morning it seemed a most wonderful experience. Yesterday the world was a long street of tall houses in the midst of a maze of streets; to-day, after a sweet mossy sleep, it was a sunny road coming from between grassy banks and great trees, and widening out to make room for a dozen gardens and brown-tiled cottages on either side. There were green fields running up and sloping down, as far as one could see. Who would have thought there could be so much grass in all the world? But stranger than the fields were the woods. They grew in a muffling ring all round the sky; they ran up hill and down dale; and where they did not press together in crowds, they loitered about in twos and threes; so that between the woods and the fields it was an enormous green space with a sunny road running through it and playing at hide and seek among the bushy hollows. Over all there was a fresh blue sky with silvery cloud: but though Billy-boy was conscious of this in a dim way, he only discovered it afterwards.

It was in this wonderful new country that he was to be left with the gamekeeper and his wife till he grew brown and plump and strong, and then his mother was to come and take him home. There was a storm of sobs at parting, but before the tears were dry the little man had been bribed into smiles; and then with an invisible hand Nature drew him to her enchanted bosom and found him companionship.

Who can describe the glamour which falls on a child, or explain the play of illusions by which he contrives to make himself happy? Henceforth Billy-boy's life was a long day-dream, in which everything was alive and had stories to tell, and in which there was no

perception of time or of the sequence of events. For instance, what seemed the first of all his impressions must really have been gradually acquired much later. The Sunny Road ran two ways—like most roads, but Billy-boy did not know that. Up-hill it wound away on the ridge of the downs to London Bridge, where, as you know, the children sing and dance in a ring all day long in summer. Down-hill it ambled along through the woods and across the meadows and over the dark pine ridge to the south till it reached the Sea, and you saw the white ships sailing to and fro. Sunny Road southwards was the way of romance and adventure; the carts that came up the slope appeared to have come all the way from the Sea, and the carters must have talked with the sailors in the ships, only Billy-boy did not like to question them. It was enough to watch the carts go by, and dream: it was specially good to see them on a wet day when one could not live out-of-doors.

At the foot of the gamekeeper's garden another road branched off from the Sunny Road, and was bordered by green banks covered with bracken and tufts of heather. If you were not going to the Sea or to London Bridge, you followed this road, for it just went rambling on and on to any place you might want to go to. Billy-boy never found a name for it, but I always think of it as Wishing Gate. There was a strip of woodland along the left-hand side, and the village children took Billy-boy there to play with them beneath the trees. Their favorite spot was underneath an old larch whose boughs swept the ground on three sides and formed a snug house full of green shadow. Here the youngsters made a ground-plan of rooms and passages with pebbles and pieces of stone, and visited each other after they had decked their hats with wild flowers and plumes of bracken. Sometimes, too, they played at school, and sometimes at shop; sometimes they simply nursed their dolls and

The Rockwood Review.

chattered; but whatever they did, it was just like being in fairyland.

Occasionally some of the bigger boys and girls climbed up into the trees, laughing and shouting to each other. Billy-boy longed to be big enough to go with them. There was nothing he wished more for than to be able to hide high up among the thick green leaves. He loved the trees, and liked to listen to the low, soft voices in which they were always sighing or singing to each other, and he often wished that they would reach out their strong green arms and lift him up to them.

When he was not with the children, you would generally find Billy-boy in the paddock with the retriever Captain. Captain was chained to his kennel because he was so savage and dangerous; but at first sight Billy-boy had gone up to him, put his arms about his glossy neck, and entered into brotherhood. He shared his bread and butter with Captain, showed him the matchbox in which he kept his big brown furry caterpillars, hung pansy or nasturtium chains about his neck, and arranged in front of the kennel all the shells, bits of glass, and colored pebbles he had gathered. What delight the little man took in those jewels of illusion! He would wet the dull pebble, and, lo! the shy color came gleaming to the surface; or he would hold up the fragment of glass to the sun, and then he and Captain became the joint owners of a rainbow.

He reconciled Captain and Mrao, the cushiony and companionable cat. Once, as he sat by the kennel, Mrao brought a live field-mouse as a tribute of friendliness, and Billy-boy took it and stroked it softly and then let it go free. Though he knew he was very strong, Billy-boy was extremely gentle to all the wild creatures. Now and again he would catch a grasshopper and try to tame it, but the curious springy creature would escape at the very moment he fancied he had succeeded. With the slow, twisty shelled snails he held long parley,

asking why they made tracks of silver wherever they went, and telling them how good it was for them to have little houses which they could carry about with them. It was a very shocking thing to see a thrush pounce down on one of them after a shower and split its shell to pieces on a flat stone. The gamekeeper's pigeon who lived in a doll's house on the top of a pole would never have been so cruel!

Once on the road called Wishing Gate Billy-boy saw a squirrel for the first time. It ran a yard or two up a tree and looked out at him with its soft bushy tail curled up its back and over its head. It chattered for a moment, then jumped a yard or two higher, looked out again, and finally disappeared. Sometimes, before he fell asleep, Billy-boy would tell himself stories, and this adventure with the brown nut-cracker delighted him beyond measure. "Once," he would say, "I went down the road, and a squirrel popped out of a tree; and he saw me and shouted Hullo! and I shouted Hullo! and then he ran away." A four-year-old's stories are amazingly brief and artless.

Billy-boy told the children about the squirrel, and they went with him in search of it. Peering up vainly into every tree, they trotted along the road till they came to the top of a rise from which they looked down on Willowmere. Billy-boy uttered a cry of delight. The sun was glittering on the lake among the hoary willows; the road ran along it; and far away beyond, on the top of Juniper Hill, the great sails of a windmill, silvery white in the sunshine, were whirling round and round. They were like the bright arms of angels waving to him to go to them. He stood gazing with eager eyes and open lips. "Oh, if you were not so far—so far away!" Many a night after that he cried out joyfully in his sleep, for he saw the white arms beckoning to him, and voices called to him across the shining water, "Come to us, Billy-boy; come to us, Billy-boy!"

The Rockwood Review.

One memorable afternoon Billy-boy saw the villagers standing at their doors or out in the middle of the road all staring up into the sky. He looked up too, and high above him, like a great golden moon in the heavens, floated a large balloon, with people in the car. It drifted slowly over their heads in the beautiful summer air, and the soft wind steered it gently to the south and the Sea. What a vision of beauty it was! The little man watched it as it glided away and away, growing smaller and smaller, till at last it crossed the dark pine ridge and sank down out of sight. When it had vanished he looked up overhead once more, and discovered—the vast blue luminous depths of heaven. Then, in some strange way, it seemed to him that he and the children and the village and the woods and all the earth were part of a wonderful blue balloon which was drifting away and away like the golden one.

It must have been about this time that Billy-boy was greatly perplexed by a nursery rhyme which the gamekeeper's wife used to recite to him :

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn!

The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn ;

Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep ?

He's under the haystack fast asleep.

There was a haystack in the paddock, and Billy-boy was certain, in his own mind, that this was the haystack of the rhyme. Time and again he ran round on tiptoe to surprise little Boy Blue, but he never found anyone sleeping there. One hot day he sat down in its shadow, and dropped off from day dream into slumber. Far away from the forests of elfinland he heard liquid voices crying, "Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn," and elfin echoes repeated the words, "your horn — your horn — your horn!" till they became too thin to hear. When he awoke and saw that he was in the shadow of the stack, he began to wonder whether

it was he who was little Boy Blue, or whether he was only Billy-boy.

And so the happy, dreamy days glided by. He watched the reaping machines as they went whirring up and down among the wheat, and he saw the sheaves stacked against each other all over the fields. These he thought must be the houses of the tiny "corn people." The berry bunches on the rowans deepened from orange to crimson. The bracken all turned to lemon color and red and brown. The trees were dyed a hundred colors, and the days were short and the mornings sharp with cold. The air was filled with spider-threads and films of gossamer.

Then there was rain and rain for days together. When it ceased, you saw on the sloping garden paths how the gravel had been sifted; the big pebbles left, the little ones washed down, and the fine sand riddled out and spread in a smooth sheet. The days grew still shorter, and morning and evening it was colder and colder. When he went out, Billy-boy found that the chestnut and other leaves had fallen in barrowfuls. It was as if the trees had loosened their clothes and let them drop in folds about their feet.

All day, too, the leaves came down in little showers; and there were gusts of whirly-wind which sent them flying along the ground with strange pattering noises; and small troops of sparrows were blown about with the leaves, so that one could not say which were leaves and which were birds.

At last there came a mighty gale and volleying rain, and with an awful hollow roar the woods seemed to be flying under bare poles before the tempest. Watching from the window, Billy-boy thought sorrowfully of the dead summer, and the golden balloon, and the sleep under the haystack; and then, as in a dream, he saw the shining white arms of the angels beckoning to him from Juniper Hill. There it must be sunshiny and warm and beautiful, he thought; and he determined to go in quest of that

The Rockwood Review.

radiant height.

The gale died down in the darkness, but next morning the ground was white with the first fall of snow, and the trees were striped white on the windward side. He trudged maufully along the road called Wishing Gate, which is the way of heart's desire. Bleak and comfortless he found it, lonely and gloomy; but his courage never flagged. At last he reached the top of the rise, and, behold! far away on Juniper Hill, silvery white in the sunshine, the great arms were still waving. But down in the hollow, gray and cold and menaceful amid the snow, the lake gloomed among the willows. It seemed a long, lonely, eerie way to go, but the bright hands were beckoning, and to be on Juniper Hill, under the shining of those arms, would, he felt, be like heaven.

He ran down the slope towards the lake till he had to pause for breath; and when he paused he realized how grim and shuddery the place was, and how unfortunate it was to be there alone. His heart began to beat fast; he wished he had not come; and then a strange adventure befell him. Out of the bare willows and the dead wood by the lake, a swarm of birds sprang up and suddenly dashed down on him with sharp screams and a rush of wings. On a broken stump a huge black crow cawed viciously and egged them on, and at last flapped heavily up on its wings as if it too were about to attack him. The birds—but there could not have been so many thousands as he imagined—wheeled about him like a gust of dry leaves, and drove him back. With a cry of terror he turned and fled up the rise. They did not pursue him far, and when he looked behind him he could not see them any longer. But far away beyond Willowmere the silvery white arms on Juniper Hill kept waving and beckoning.

Next day Billy-boy's mother came to take him home, for he had grown brown and plump and strong. He was sorry to leave Captain, but

otherwise he was glad to go. The sunshine had faded from his fairy world, and the only spot he knew of where it was bright and happy lay beyond a waste of water guarded by flying griffins and quite inaccessible. Many a time he saw it in sleep, with the bright arms waving, and heard sweet voices calling to him. Sometimes they cried, "Come to us, Billy-boy." Sometimes, "Your horn—your horn—your horn!" But Billy-boy was too shy and too dreamy to speak of either his terror or his delight.—
From THE OUTLOOK.

The difference between pride and vanity is that we have one and other people have the other.

A man is startled sometimes when he thinks of his former ignorance; but he generally feels that his present knowledge is ample.

Mamma—Oh, dear! Jimmy, I don't believe you know what it is to be good. Jimmy—Yes, I do, mamma. It's not doing what you want to do.

"Dearest, you blush like the roses red,"
Said he, and he thought that rather neat.

In after years he simply said,
Great Caesar, Jane! you're red as a beet."

Among the advertisements in a provincial paper there recently appeared the following: "The gentleman who found a purse with money in Burford Street, is requested to forward it to the address of the loser, as he was recognized." A few days afterwards the reply was inserted: "The recognized gentleman who picked up a purse in Burford Street requests the loser to call at his house.

Jones—My doctor advises me to ride a wheel an hour a day. Wheeler (contemptuously)—Only an hour a day! He must be a homeopath.



W. COCHRANE.
BURSAR OF INST. FOR DEAF AND DUMB,
BELLEVILLE.

The Rockwood Review.

A series of matches has been arranged between Cape Vincent and Rockwood Lawn Tennis Clubs. The first formal matches took place at Cape Vincent in the last week of July, on the courts belonging to their enthusiastic but small club. The Rockwood players felt somewhat at a disadvantage on the dirt courts, but gave a good account of themselves, as the scores appended will testify. The members of the club were most hospitably entertained by Mr. C. Livingstone Stone, and have nothing but the most pleasant things to say of their treat-

ment at the Cape. The play was keen and certainly closer than the scores would indicate. It simply happened that Rockwood played in good luck, and with the advantage of a great deal more tournament experience than that possessed by their opponents. Mr. N. Stone is a young player of the best type, and with further tennis opportunities will take a high rank, as he uses excellent judgment, and has the ability to return the most difficult balls with certainty and ease. His placing is also excellent.

DOUBLES.

Dr. Clarke and Dr. Gage (R.), beat
N. Stone, G. Pease (C.V.), 6-2, 6-2.
Dr. Forster and C. Y. Ford (R.), beat
N. Stone and G. Pease (C.V.), 2-6, 6-4, 6-4.

SINGLES.

C. Y. Ford (R.), beat
C. Livingstone Stone (C.V.), 6-3, 6-3.
Dr. Gage (R.), beat
N. Stone (C. V.), 6-2, 6-3, 6-3.

So many weddings have taken place of late, that a wag at Rockwood has had his attention called to the deserted condition of the summer houses in the evenings. Next day the startling notice, For Sale or to Let, appeared on one of them.

Dr. and Mrs. Reynolds, and their little daughter, paid a flying visit to Rockwood in August.

Mr. C. Y. Ford visited Battersea lately, and renewed some old friendships.

Mr. H. B. Osborne and Mr. C. M. Clarke are taking a trip through the Lakes on the Rosemont.

Master William Potter is in Hamilton spending his holidays.

Loughboro Lake has more campers this season than usual. The lake is certainly a very beautiful one, and the wonder is that more people are not attracted by the many advantages it offers to those who wish for a delightful outing.

Mrs. T. Ballantyne, Jr., and son, are guests at Rockwood House.

Dr. Gage spent a few hours among friends at Mount Chesney and Pious Hollow recently.

Miss Bessie Clarke, of St. Catharines, was the guest of Mrs. Peirce for a few days.

Mr. Hugh Ross claims that the highway between Sunbury and Battersea will take the first prize in the rough roads competition.

The Rockwood Review.

THE PROPER IDEA OF SPORT.

Caspar Whitney's efforts on behalf of an improved condition of affairs in American Sports, have on the whole been admirable, and his page in Harper's Weekly is always readable. That such a censor has been required is well known, and it is to be regretted that one who ordinarily a fair critic should on some questions show such bad temper, and want of the very spirit of fairness he asks others to cultivate. Mention England or Canadian sport to him, and it is like shaking a red rag at a bull, and he immediately becomes so ultra American that one might easily infer that gentlemen did not exist outside of the United States. His ill tempered sneers at the representatives of Oxford and Cambridge Universities a few weeks ago, were in execrable taste and not calculated to do good. It is a notorious fact that the average American is the worst loser in the world, simply because the idea of winning is the central idea of sport with him; even Caspar Whitney cannot get beyond this in international contests, and his criticisms of these events are invariably ill natured and unfair. As far as the Oxford and Cambridge vs. Yale and Harvard trials were concerned, the contests were simply between what should be the best elements in these Universities. The Americans did their best, and were beaten by a better team, took their defeat as gentlemen should, and made a pleasing impression too often absent from such contests. What if other American Universities have better performers than those who went to England, it has nothing to do with the question. Those of us who know what the usual composition of American teams who fight for international honors is, are delighted to think that once at least a team of Americans has been found to do battle for their country. Generally speaking such teams are composed of hirelings scraped together from the four corners of the earth, with we

are sorry to say a great many Canadians thrown in. Scarcely a Canadian who has become prominent in sport, has escaped offers from Universities or Athletic Clubs in the U. S., and that so many have succumbed to the tempter is a matter of regret and shame to us, especially as they are Americans only as long as they win, Canadians when they lose. When Canadian sport is mentioned, Caspar Whitney immediately begins to sneer, and even goes to the trouble of mixing up yellow journal ideas of the Alaskan question with international yachting contests, although how they affect each other is difficult to understand. The Seawhanka Cup contests have certainly been unsatisfactory to the Americans since they have invariably lost, and lost with the worst grace in the world. The races have developed little or nothing but freaks rather than boats, but who have the offenders been? A careful comparison of the boats built for trials does not show that the worst of the freaks came from this side of the line. True it was that the much abused Dominion was the greatest departure from the normal of all, but she proved to have qualifications worth developing. The unfortunate Constance-Glencairn fizzle was not the fault of Canadians, but the result of the babyish conduct of the Americans. The race committee with great good nature made several changes of course, to suit the hypercritical Yankees, but no sooner made than another protest was lodged. The result of the race was not in question, as it was Glencairn weather, and the Canadian impression is that the Americans would have shown to much better advantage by taking their defeat like gentlemen. We certainly can commend our lads for their ability as a general rule, to accept defeat with quite as good grace as victory, and in England our athletes are honored for their manliness and gentlemanly behaviour.