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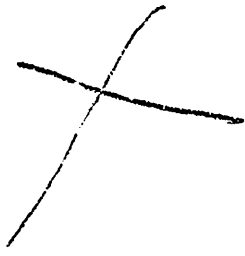
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December 99

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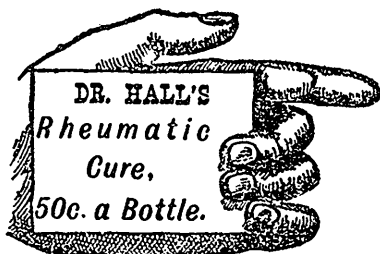
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VOL. 4.

KINGSTON, DECEMBER 1ST, 1898.

No. 10.

LOCAL ITEMS.

A successful Bazaar in aid of St. John's Sunday School was held recently.

Mrs. Mullin, of Hamilton, was a visitor at Rockwood House in November.

Rev. Canon Burke of Belleville, and Rev. C. J. Young of Lansdowne, were visitors at Rockwood House recently.

Miss Wilkinson, graduate of Rockwood Hospital Training School, is engaged in private nursing in Hamilton, and is doing well.

Dr. Wm. Moffatt made an enviable record at the recent State Service Examinations in New York, and is now engaged at the Pathological Institute in N. Y.

Mr. John Shea has made rapid strides as a singer of late. He is first tenor in the Sydenham street Methodist Church, and is now regarded as the most accomplished tenor in Kingston.

Mr. Alex. Cameron, of Portsmouth, met with an unfortunate accident late in November, falling from a step ladder and dislocating his collar bone. He is making a good recovery.

Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks promise to be a success, the only difficulty seems to be in getting the performers to remain stiff enough. This is not a complaint generally urged against amateurs.

Mrs. Forster is the happy possessor of another parrot. It is to be hoped that this bird, which is a good talker, will not become the innocent victim of any of Portsmouth sharp shooters.

Another engagement is reported—send in your guesses.

The Gerda has been hauled out and carefully housed in.

A Farce entitled "Who is Who?" is in course of production by the Dramatic Club.

Cedar birds have been common this fall, and American Crossbills were numerous at the beginning of November.

Dr. J. V. Anglin visited Rockwood recently, and made a special study of Beechgrove and its appointments.

Poultry raising has been given up as an industry at Rockwood. Poultry is so cheap that it scarcely pays to raise chickens.

Another of the landmarks has disappeared. Old Ben, the Newcourt horse, apparently fifty or sixty years of age, has gone the way of all horse flesh. He might easily have belonged to the society called Ancient and Honorable.

The new floor in the Amusement Hall is by far the finest thing of the kind in Kingston. Mr. Shea says it requires spikes to waltz successfully on it.

Mr. W. Shea had a new solo and a new wig for the opening Social. We do not know which we admire most, both are strictly up to date.

The collection of pheasants at Rockwood House has been greatly enriched by the kindness of Dr. McGillvray of Hamilton, who sent a pair of magnificent Mongolians from his Pheasantry. Next summer it is proposed to fence in a portion of the wilderness, and stock it with some of the exquisite birds of the pheasant family.

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Snowbirds have been numerous this autumn.

The ice storm in November disfigured many of the shade trees in Rockwood grounds.

It is about time the Dominion Government considered the advisability of building a Rink and Drill Shed at the R. M. C.

The Granites were out of pocket \$125 as the result of the Ottawa fiasco. The Quebec Union should see that the College Club pays half of this amount.

The Postal Notes are a great convenience, and Portsmouth Post Office does a lively business with them. The general public appreciates the advance made.

The Frontenac Hockey Club is anxious to make use of Rockwood Hockey players in the coming season. It is probable that an amalgamation will be effected.

Kingston likes to keep up with, or often institutes advances. Why not develop an improvement in the present system of aldermanic government? About three well qualified, level headed commissioners, would accomplish ten times as much at far less cost than many of the aldermen, who are necessarily tyros in the art of government, and are just beginning to discover that they know very little when they retire from the scene for good.

The small boys of Portsmouth are not only talking iceboats, but building them as well. There is good natured rivalry between the owners of the different craft, and a series of races will be arranged to show whether the Unlimited Loo, the Osprey, the Icicle, the Cock of the North or the Porter is the better boat. The boys are to be warmly congratulated on the industry shown in getting up these boats.

Dr. Clarke paid a flying visit to Hamilton, Toronto and Montreal recently.

Queen's University Journal has been improved in appearance this year. It's new cover is artistic and neat. The article on Athletics in the last number is on a high plane, and must receive the hearty approval of all right minded students.

Mr. Wm. Amey has purchased a new Rosinante and disposed of his old steed. The new animal is said to have speed, beauty and many other qualities sought for in a horse.

Now that nearly all of the male Attendants are married men, it seems impossible to get up the old time enthusiasm over annual sports. One of the arguments urged against them is that so much time is spent trotting around at night with teething children, that there is little attraction in running around the avenues by day.

The Boys Brigade is to give a minstrel show at Rockwood early in December. The juveniles promise new and original jokes, and a bright entertainment.

Dr. Jock Harty, it is said, is likely to remain in Kingston for the winter. If this is the case, some hockey club will be greatly benefited thereby.

The city Clubs should organize a junior hockey league, if for nothing more than the sake of practice.

Mr. Fisher will as usual give the city people a lively race for the ice yachting pennant. The Wallamalloo will also be heard from.

In the summer Dr. R. T. Walkem kindly placed his billiard table at the disposal of the Rockwood Hospital authorities. The table has proved a great source of amusement both to patients and employees, and is now in almost constant use.

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The Football season is at an end, and the results are far from satisfactory, although a few crumbs of comfort exist for those who hope for better things. It is a pity the crumbs were not more, because football is endangered by the taint of professionalism, and if it is to be saved from the fate which has overtaken lacrosse and baseball, gigantic efforts will have to be made by the leading spirits in each league. The Intercollegiate Series on the whole is the most promising, but even it has not been free from criticism, and it has been too prone to consider its virtue as already established to reach the highest level. The records of some of the players are not above suspicion, and all of its methods cannot be commended. It has however succeeded in passing through many of the diseases of infancy, and if it can successfully cope with those of early childhood, it will answer very nicely. It will be well though if they stick to Canadian Rugby instead of the American game, which is a decidedly inferior article, and is attractive only because it would enable the colleges to play international matches. The first experience of our collegians with the American game should prove a striking object lesson. While it is true our boys downed the Yankees at their own game with ease, the cost was terrific, and two men are laid up for some weeks, one with a broken collar bone the other with a dislocated shoulder.

The Granites did not win the championship—did not even get a chance to try. It was too bad, as the boys could have won without doubt, and the unfortunate events which led to the unhappy wrangle in Ottawa are to be deeply regretted. It has been suggested by some that the Montreal men deliberately put the Granites in a hole. Nothing could be more unlikely, and deplorable as the result of mismanagement was, no right minded man could accuse Pres. Claxton of anything worse than a grave error of

judgment, in appointing as partisan a referee as Mr. Macdougall. The Granites were not altogether blameless, and the moment they suggested Mr. Elliott as referee, they laid themselves open to the same accusation that was brought against Ottawa College. Those of us who know Capt. Elliott are aware that he would be an absolutely fair official, Ottawa College did not know this. At the same time Ottawa College were very childish in their action, and their final decision to keep the Cup at any price, might have been productive of temporary gratification to the poor spirited ones in the team, but they will learn that it earned the scorn of every true sportsman in Canada, and Ottawa College has fallen in the estimation of even its former enthusiastic supporters.

The Granites emerge from the season with a large amount of glory, but not as much as if they had adhered to the old methods which carried them to victory in former years. It is the difference no doubt between an ideal junior team and a successful senior club. Too much newspaper notoriety is not half as healthy as an overdose of home criticism.

Last month we paid a tribute to Mr. W. Hamilton, half-back on the Granites, it is now in order to notice the quarter-back, Mr. Geo. B. Dalton, captain of the team. When Dalton was apparently too small to reach up to the waist of big Geo. Kennedy, 1895, he gave promise of developing into an excellent quarter-back, but in 1896, protected by the three big scrimmagers of that year, he had ample opportunity, to show his cleverness, and never failed to take advantage of every chance offering, making a reputation very hard to live up to. However he has not fallen short, and against Ottawa College in Kingston he showed that he has very few equals in his position. The great characteristic of Dalton's play is headiness, and his indomitable pluck earns the admiration of

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the giant forwards who play against them. He is clever at all times, and is able to "conjur" the ball at the most critical moments. Tricks that are white-headed in the history of the game acquire freshness in the hands of Dalton. He is an excellent general and tactician, and the only fault to be found with him is that he sometimes criticizes his men too severely when encouragement is the remedy required.

Walter Hazlitt is another Granite who has been an invaluable stand by. As a centre scrimmager he compares favorably with George Kennedy, of the Rough Riders, in fact the methods of each are very similar. Hazlitt is a powerful man, but depends on his head as well as strength, and sizes up his opponent in a few moments, never failing to take advantage of any weak spot. Hazlitt is good tempered and fair minded, and showed the true spirit of a sportsman when he gave up the position of half-back to play in the scrimmage. It meant little applause and much hard work, as well as the loss of the grand stand praise, which falls to the lot of half-back. The forwards are the real heroes in many a football fight, but very few know it.

The Ryan Stock Company played "The Editor" for the patients during their recent visit to Kingston. As this involved a great deal of trouble on their part, their kindness was particularly appreciated. It is needless to say the performance was beyond criticism.

The prospects for Hockey at Rockwood are not as brilliant as they have been in the past, although the younger generations should give a good account of themselves.

There is a great deal of talk about professionalism in sport, and yet those most interested appear to hesitate about stamping it out. Now is the chance for the Quebec Rugby Football Union to show its honesty. Let them next year introduce a rule to the effect that

all players must produce satisfactory proof that they are bonafide amateurs at the beginning of a season. Such a rule might be hard on Ottawa College, and possibly some other teams, but the ultimate benefit to football cannot be doubted. It seems treason to suggest it, but the same rule might be adopted by the Intercollegiate teams without harm resulting. As for the Ontario Union, it is supposed to be so tolerant of professionalism that the amateur rule strictly enforced might mean sudden death to such a tender plant.

Miss Gertie Elliott, daughter of Mr. T. Elliott of Rockwood, is convalescing from an attack of diphtheria—a disease which is very prevalent in Kingston at present.

The death of Mrs. Sherwin, who was regarded with great affection by the whole household, is greatly regretted by all who knew her. The sudden call was unlooked for, and it is difficult to realize that this good little woman has gone.

Dr. and Mrs. Forster spent Thanksgiving Day with Mrs. Terrill in Belleville.

The Married men have challenged the Single to play Hockey on Xmas Day. It is an absolutely safe challenge, as the only single men left are those who have been left, so the joker of the establishment says.

Mr. C. M. Clarke's iceboat approaches completion, and as she promises to be a bird in more senses than one, she has been called the Junco.

Dr. McKay, of Indiana, was the guest of his uncle, Mr. Allan McLean, in November. The doctor has a fine bass voice, and kindly sang at one of the Socials. His solos were admirable, and his duets with Mr. John Snea were loudly applauded.

Mr. Geo. Pierce, of Jacksonville, visited Kingston in November.

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GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

BACK TO CURACAO.

Life the world over has its "Ups and Downs," but the tropics see more of them, probably, than are experienced in our northern clime, where Society is comparatively settled, and men and women run, more or less, in grooves. But a few months ago, our young Canadians landed in Curacao, big with expectations, saw everything in roseate hues: since then the tropical skies assumed their summer garb of threatening clouds, followed by torrential rains, and the bright picture has vanished. The summer, so crowded with great events in low latitudes, brought revolution in Venezuela, commercial disasters and temporary ruin to the hopes of the plucky if baffled Canadians, who have told their experiences in our pages, and we have now reluctantly to reverse the shield. Let us hope, however, that they have seen the worst of the dark days through which they have been passing, and that they may live to "pull through" their difficulties, and to find ample opportunity to prove that the British-American blood which courses through their veins has good staying powers, and that they have but stooped to conquer. We shall make further extracts from a correspondence which has hitherto been pleasing, and which cannot fail to have interest to all who may have read its early instalments. The writer of them, we may premise, has been forced to leave Venezuela, and writes from the Island of Curacao, where he and his companion have found a present home. We leave him to continue their story:—

W— is lying on his bed, in the Dormitory of this College, cursing the day upon which he landed here, while his face is swollen with heat, and he is hungering for civilized food which seems to be unattainable. I am denouncing the climate, and writing under stern

difficulties, for I can hardly manipulate my pen on account of my recently vaccinated arm. And that, strange as it may seem, really tells all that is actually disagreeable in our present position. But keep in subordination your curiosity, and listen to my story, for better than the needy knife-grinder, I have one to tell.

Six months ago we landed in Venezuela, a country which rich as it is in natural advantages, cannot be richer than were our expectations. Nothing within reason was left undone in our attempt to make a success of our venture. But we soon recognized that our entrance into the field was ill-advised, not altogether on our part, for we were ready for any consequences, but on the part of the Company as well, whose agents we were, and who had not made the investigations which business prudence demanded. On account of the ruin of coffee values, and as a result of revolution the people are poverty stricken, and although we determined to do business by sheer force of will, and dominating push, the effort was useless. Older hands than we made the attempt, and retired in disgust. Still we refused to give up. "Come home-go home" was urged, but we would not listen. We had not reached South America to return as failures. In the midst of our resolve to "do or die," W— went to bed for six weeks with some kind of low, malarial typhoid or typhus fever. That was emphatically the end. Several physicians were consulted, and of these one stuck to us. We two were the only persons who went near him during the trying time. He lived through it. The Company offered to return us to the North. Not willing to lose a last chance of getting out of the country, we postponed our reply. W— got well slowly, and we struggled on, determined to live, if that were possible, until times improved. It was useless. So we contrived to pay our debts—a big doctor's bill,

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and a large druggist's bill being amongst them—and found ourselves several hundred dollars poorer than when we landed in the country, and with almost empty pockets. Out of the wreck, by dint of severer diplomacy than we wish ever to be forced to use again, so nearly did it border on a miser's crime, we held a precious balance of \$35. When W—— was able to walk, we took the train for La Guyara, intending to make our way to the city of Mexico. We had to wait in LaGuyara for more than a week for a steamer, and when that arrived the captain would not accept a passenger. The smallpox had been raging in Valencia, Caracas, Porto Cabello and LaGuyara for three months. Thousands have died. At last we found a boat which would take us to New York. But we had only \$15. The captain listened to my entreaties and accepted me as a waiter and cabin boy. Next day he refused to take me, as he was afraid of his own position and the smallpox. I could not blame him. We were not entirely at the end of our resources. We could at least get to Curacao, for the deck passage could be had for ten dollars. We took it, and slept under the starlight, with a party of Turks and Arabians, who had recently arrived by a steamer from Europe. Towards early morning there fell a tropical shower that drenched us to the skin. We did not care, for it was the first stage homewards. That we suffered from the violence of the rushing shower need not be told, but the mingled scarlet, white and gold of Curacao, bursting upon our view as morning broke, made us speedily forget our hunger and distress.

On landing, we gave our last dollar to a hotel-keeper, and took up our abode with him. The sun blazed forth soon after our arrival, and we have had reason often since then to dread the recurrence of this daily scourge. For four days we found friends amongst

merchants who gave us subsistence, but could find us no employment for which we were thought to be fitted. The American Consul told us of a College where we might meet with a home of more or less value. But we were anxious to reach the city of Mexico, where we hope yet to find success. We boarded steamer after steamer, Italian, French, American, German, Holland, but none would take us under any condition. The dreaded smallpox was our bugaboo and theirs. We tried to get a Carthegena Columbo, but were repulsed. We found shelter in a brig bound for New York, a two-master about 75 feet long, but they sailed without us. Everywhere, upon everybody, was the horror of the deadly smallpox.

Availing ourselves of the American Consul's honest and valued advice, we sought the principal of the College in which we are now resident. Three weeks ago, we came here to teach on trial for our board. Now the Director wishes us to contract to remain for four months, after which he will give me at least the position of second director and head teacher of English, with three other teachers under me, at a salary of \$75 per month, or \$900 American gold for a year. We do not wish to remain here, and are anxious to reach Mexico, but needs must when the unmentionable drives, and impatient as we are, we must learn to wait. We have not made a contract yet, but expect to do so in a few days, and hope to be guaranteed \$35 each per month, with board. For this we are to teach five hours per day, and take charge of studies at night, and on Sundays. As board here is worth \$25 per month, this is not an illiberal arrangement with starving men. We still hope to leave for Mexico, and to be there on Christmas Day, with a capital of \$50 each. What shall we do? Money is made by Trade alone, and that we shall attempt. If we should

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fail under average conditions, we must confess that we cannot make money, but we will not say that until we are forced to admit it. We intend taking commercial agencies for bicycles, photographic supplies, firearms and periodical trade publications. In any case, and as a last resort, it may be, we can open an English School. "To Mexico, to Mexico," but—and these "buts" obstruct one at every turn—if the climate of Mexico city is not better than that of Curacao, I will stay no longer than it will be necessary for me to pack and get out. In Curacao, the climate is beautiful and temperate the year round, but in one day—yes, in one hour—there is a change of thirty degrees. The sun shines to a heat of seventy-five degrees, when in a minute, low clouds tumble down the mountain side and lower the temperature to fifty. A northerner springs up about that time, and still further tries the constitution of the stranger. I have been threatened with malaria for five months, and at this moment perspiration pours down from me on to the floor. It is mid-day. The heat is about eighty-six. A trade wind blows from the northeast, a tiny breath creeps through my window, and I shiver. I put on my overcoat, and suffocate, while rheumatic chills creep down my limbs. Such are the effects of malarial fever in the system. Do you wonder when I tell you how I would rejoice were I permitted once more to stand under the falling snow of Canada? W— has been troubled with similar ague since arriving in Curacao, and has no chance to recuperate since his ordeal in Caracas. But if we can live here, and we must be pushed to the verge of endurance before we give in, we shall remain until December.

And now let me relieve what must have been a tedious narrative of "hard lines" by the relation of one incident amongst several others, which prove how good the average civilized man is after all.

We were not long in this isolated Dutch dependency, before each individual of its thirty thousand inhabitants knew of our arrival and our plight. Many were anxious to aid us, and of the number was a Hollander who gloried in the possession of an American wife. We were invited to call upon him, and after passing through narrow cobbled streets in search of the worthy man's office, we ushered ourselves up a stairway as steep as gravity. Arriving at the top, we were suddenly addressed by a tottering old man, once tall, still almighty with his heavy Dutch jaws and steel spectacles. "You're American?" he queried. "So'm I. So's my wife. The American flag flies over my house to-day. Command me! Here I am. I've been in New York. God's country. This is my office. Walk in. No? Then come again. Come again. My wife's American," saying which he ushered us down stairs, and in two breaths told us once more to "come again." When we had reached the street, and recovered a portion of our senses, we suddenly stood laboring under the discovery that we hadn't said a word! But we knew that he had a heart as warm as his language, and henceforth we shall ever respect a Dutchman.

At this moment, when I look into the yellow, fitful flame of the candle by which I am writing, I recall one scene which, as I think of it, ever arouses me from animal misery. I see myself once more climbing a cliff of coral, gathering here and there its fragments of fantastic shape, eluding its thorny acti, passing up and over the clefts where pineapples rust in the sun, higher and higher over its rocks that know neither weeds nor grass, until at last, I find myself far above city and sea! That is heaven with its clouds of fire coming in armies from the west, clouds of blue and scarlet and jet, with shreds of gold, and marvel with me, others of livid green.

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Under these serpent colors the sea lies black and silent, brooding yet on the midnight storm. The sun bursts through a rift, and looks with me on the plain. The coral hills of the reef skirt away to the rear, and the left in the distance, to meet the green sky. Behind lies the lazy lagoon, where the men-of-war ride at anchor, things of beauty and might in their gorgeous surroundings. To the east a second lagoon divides the reefs in low tongues from the massed rocks of the main island. In every direction water and land are mingled in layers of blue and brown. Back among the circling shores of the inner lagoons, large inviting Dutch villas are dimly seen. At my feet is the city I have just left. Nothing could so blend those vivid colors but the chance and accidental aggregations on the palette of a Titian or a Turner. Dear to the Dutch heart is the rainbow effect of the vari-colored homes. As dear to me are the mingled tints, softened in a distance rendered dim and more dim by the waning light. And beyond are the waves of the Carribean, a huge floor beneath a canopy such as might have covered Paradise itself. To breathe this evening air, to feel the sweet romance of tropic life, to know that at your feet lie the walls of an ancient fort now dust and history, that below is the cave of the buccaneers, and beneath the waters of the lagoon are the moss-covered bones of the galleons of the daring Kidd, is to forget for the moment all else the world contains. Overhead the stars, large, white and innocent, shine as brilliant sparks from some electric-laden dynamo. From the narrow streets the melody of negro chants rises to the hill. Hordes of natives, half clad and of both sexes, air themselves in the open. And now from the Bay boatmen sing a song of maudlin glee as they row apace to meet the incoming and welcome ships from Europe. The guns from the fort boom out a salute, and the

streets are bared to line the quay. Amid these scenes and sounds life's worries seem trivial and remote.

But I must check my pen, and leave to another letter a description of our College and its daily life.

SEASONAL NOTES.

Notwithstanding the genial summer days of August, about the 20th or 21st, the time of full moon, there was a fall of temperature for one or two nights, and in this locality there was about midnight a slight hint of frost, and the thermometer indicated 32 degrees, but for many days afterwards the weather might truly be termed "sweltering." Yet at the date above noted, the swallows promptly departed from these parts, and the numerous broods of house wrens only remained around their summer haunts and nesting places two or three days longer, their sojourn here being as brief or more so than that of the hirundines. Although flies and small winged insects were almost pestiferous for many weeks after ornithic migrations (autumnal) began, the numbers of small green larvae that infest the tenderer foliage of the earlier summer months, must have assumed the maturer stages of chrysalids or imago, and for the winged insects the wrens show less relish than for the small juicy caterpillars, that find food and shelter on the more succulent sprouts and expanding buds of the June and July foliage. The swallows may perhaps have lingered for a few days or weeks later, where large expanses of water are located, and aquatic insects like the crane-fly and gnat tribe abound, but their time of leaving these parts is observed to vary little from the time of full moon, whenever that event happens late in the month of August or in the early part of September. Orioles revisited these parts in unusual numbers, from the middle of August until the 17th or 18th of September, and were also quite noticeable by

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their vociferations, and the same remark holds true of the warbling vireos, which were daily in evidence for several weeks after their usual time of departure. And as the autumnal frost kept off longer than normal, wild and garden flowers remained longer in blossom, and as a consequence the humming birds continued their daily visits to the flower plots until the middle of September, one of their favorite flowers being as usual the Morning Glory and nasturtium, also the cultivated geraniums, and potted flowers on the sills of open house windows were by no means neglected. One of these little brilliant feathered birds came to an unfortunate end about the first hot days in September last. The trochilus—it was the hen-bird—came to explore the recesses of some geranium and begonia flowers that flourished in their pots on a window sill of our dwelling, which window was daily kept open. With their usual propensity to soar aloft, the bird after examining several of the pot-flowers, buzzed up violently against the room ceiling, and quickly exhausted itself by its hysterical flutterings, in a few minutes fell dead, and with its slender beak fractured on the floor of the room.

This was a second or third instance in our experience where humming birds had entered our dwelling, and so conducted their movements in a nearly similar irrational manner.

An acquaintance who is a lover of birds, and also a vigilant observer of their proceedings, tells that in his opinion the humming bird rarely if ever succeeds in rearing its young in latitudes as far northward as our Province of Ontario. For he avers that, having a number of times found the nest of the humming bird rubythroat containing eggs, he never knew any to be successfully hatched in these regions, never has seen them taking care of the immature young, and has also questioned a number of

well qualified observers on these points, and whose opinions and assurances were in unison with those that his long searches and investigations had caused him to entertain. Who can settle this moot point?

One morning late in August, some bluejays were noticed in our orchard, mobbing a screech owl that sat blinking and much perturbed in the main forking branches of a big apple tree. The owl's whinnings had been noticed among the shrubbery around the house for a number of nights previously, and marauding among the nests of the yellow finches which were numerous in the orchard was suspected, but pressing work on the farm prevented closer observances at the time. However one or two evenings later, just as lamps had been lit in the house, an inexplicable commotion of booming sound seemed to proceed from an open barrel about half filled with cold water, that stood on the ground just outside the kitchen door. The children were somewhat scared, and their father Arthur (my son), came presently forward with the lantern to sift the explanation of the hubbub. On looking out over the edge of the barrel, there appeared the big round yellow eyes, also the threatening panicky beak head and mottled brown gray outspread wings, of a screech owl on the surface of the water. "Lift the bird out immediately," said Arthur, "for it is at its last gasp through drowning." "Not much of that," replied the party of the first part, "I would as soon think of handling poison ivy." "Then bring me the tongs," said Arthur, and the ill-omened owl was lifted out of his chill bath vessel, only to close his eyes in a dying tremour. His too eager pursuit probably of a large moth had brought him to grief.

One of our neighbors last June removed a young heron from the parental nest on a tall tree, in a cedar swamp not far from here.

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The bird was well tended and kindly treated, and soon became as familiar as a pet crow, and perched at nights in a shed among other poultry. The crane soon learned to respond to the name of "Billee," and when any of the boys of the farmers family found a mouse or a frog or lizard, a loud call for "Billy," and the holding aloft of a white rag, or white handkerchief, would immediately bring Mr. Crane flying to the spot, on a bee-line.

The long-legged pet used to utter a number of strange guttural notes when hungry, and had amusing voicing to express its eager cravings for food, and also as was thought to indicate gratification and contentment. The bird was hardly expected to stay with its quondam friends the whole year through, and its powers of flight were not checked or interfered with, and its captor says he frequently had thoughts of fastening a label with date and locality to its neck or legs, but neglected to place any mark of identification; and so one day last August, when a threshing engine was placed vapping and hissing near to the Ardean roosting perch, the bird seemed to suppose there were solecisms about, and took farewell in a unhesitating and far away flight, and has not been heard or seen since the advent to its caravanserai of the screaming steam marvel!

This incident had a parallel in the "going off" equally sudden, unceremonious, and seeming impromptu of a bird of the same Wader family, viz, the common bittern. Several years ago, (a decade or more), a friend of the writer took a young bittern from a nest found among growing sedges, in a bog in the rear portion of the farm, and like the crane adverted to above, the bittern was fed and familiarized by the farmers children, and had the run of the shanty at meal times, and was at times allowed to seize pieces of potato or bread from the edge of the table, and sometimes gave much amusement

to onlookers by its contortions on attempting to masticate pieces of potato, with which no particular pains had been taken in a cooling process. The bird seemed as much at home as the rest of the poultry flock, and had frequent comical encounters with roosters, but seemed somewhat overawed at the barbarian "gabbling" threats of the turkies. At last one fine Indian summer day, late in the fall, the family sitting at table, doors and windows open, quite suddenly the bittern erected its head, took a run out of the open door, through the yard in a running flight towards open space in the fields adjoining, thence took curving flight, circling skyward, until the true bearings were found, was soon but a speck in the distance, nor since has been seen or heard of by Burfordites. There was surmising in the mind of the bittern custodians that the bird heard a voice none else could hear, i. e., the "call" or slogan cry of its congeners, as in flight they passed the mau's house that afternoon.

THE ACTUAL POSITION OF CANADA.

Some remarks were made in the November ROCKWOOD REVIEW, upon the evils inseparable from the introduction into this country of diseased or degenerate immigrants. It is quite time that we took down the sign "Rubbish may be shot here," for we do not really need immigrants of any description. The U. S. have taken down their sign, and set up barriers at their ports to keep immigrants out. Instead of immigration agents they have appointed so-called consuls all over Europe, in order to find out openings for American trade and labor. And they would be glad to expel a large portion of their poor population, if they knew

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how to do it. In Canada we are not so badly off as that, but we have no room for immigrants, and cannot even find employment for native Canadian youth. The only immigrants that are wanted in the U. S. and Canada, are people with money, who will lose it in those countries, and then get out. This is stating rather badly what they are really wanted for, but it is the honest truth. The money is wanted, but not the people.

Why immigrants are not wanted is a very simple matter. This is no longer a new country. It is now old, and everything belongs either to some person, or to a corporation, or to the Government. And it will not be sold to any newcomer, in the open market, except for more than it is worth. It is therefore impossible for a man to obtain land to make a living on. The old idea of coming to Canada, chopping a farm out of the bush, and living independent in a backwoodsman's cabin, is now exploded. We have relegated it to the domain of fiction of the beginning of this century. The forest districts of Eastern Canada have been for a long time the exclusive playground of the lumber kings and politicians. No one attempts now to invade their precincts, as settlers, except the colonizing parties of the Roman Catholic priesthood.

In the great plains of the Northwest, however, there are wheat lands, open as a public domain, for settlement. It is true that fine wheat can be grown there, and it is now known at what a cost in human endurance, not to say suffering. It is known what some of our hardy Ontario farmers suffered, who joined in the first rush to the wheat lands. And it is known in England, though not so well here, how much more some of the inexperienced English suffered, who went to the storm-swept, frozen plains. In spite of the suppression of reports of these matters by time-serving newspapers, the facts have become known through a large

private correspondence. Commercial travellers also reported these things, and the stories of survivors who escaped back to civilization, maimed by the keen frost, could not by any means be doubted. This explains very easily why there is no rush of Canadians or English to fill up the Northwest. There will be no further attempt to take that climate by storm, it will be slowly approached by siege and sap.

The introduction of foreign colonies into the Northwest is a simple effect of causes hereinafore alluded to. The Russians and Poles, being ignorant of the disasters of the first English colonists, can be induced to come by our immigration agents. At the same time, happily, they come from a similar severe climate, and are fitted to cope with this one. What makes them still better able to overcome the difficulties of the climate, is the fact that they come in communities, and not only their communal system, but their personal habits are all in their favor for such a life as they must lead in the Northwest. The Mennonites and Mormons appear to have proved this beyond dispute. There seems no doubt that if the Mormons and Mennonites will keep clear of our political system, and our public school system, they will continue to be as they are now, solvent, thriving and contented. If they adopt our political system and public school system, they will certainly become mortgaged, discontented and restless. Should the Doukhoborts, who are said to be coming from Russia, prove to have a good communal system like the Mennonites, they may thrive equally well. Their safety lies in keeping separate from Canadian life and society, and if they do this they may form a very useful agricultural population in the Northwest.

R. S. KNIGHT,
Lancaster, Ont.

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THE TOMBS OF THE MACLEANS.

In the Island of Iona, supposed to be among the oldest relics of Christian occupation and sculpture in Great Britain, and coeval with St. Columba, the first Apostle of Christianity in the British Isles.

Where stormy winds and angry seas
Sweep down from the roaring Hebrides,
And the mist and spray of Stornoway
Drift over the rocks of the desolate bay,
Swept by the clouds and drenched by the rain,
And the trumpet music of wind and main,
Stark and straight and carved in stone,
Each in his storm-rocked burial place,
The chiefs of the ancient highland race
Still guard the isles that were once their own.

Here in the old Ionian isle,
Where the crumbling walls of the stately pile
Upreared by the saint so long ago
Shadow and shelter the tombs below,
Stark and straight, with the battle blade
By each mute figure grimly laid,
The cross above, and the sword beside,
Worn and trampled by wind and tide
The ancient chiefs of the highlands sleep,
While the centuries move slowly by.
And the moan and the croon of the restless deep,
The old nurse mother from cliff and steep
Sounds forever her lullaby.

K. S. McL.

2

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