



The
Rockwood
Review.



A Monthly Journal devoted to
Literature, Natural History and
● - ● ● Local News.



THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW



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The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 3.

KINGSTON, APRIL 1ST, 1896.

No. 2.

CARR.—On the 26th instant, at Bridge Terrace, Gatehouse, Scotland, Mary Moreland, aged 69 years, relict of Michael Carr.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The Harmony Club gave Farmers Mass in B Flat, on the 10th and 12th inst., and scored a decided success, when it is taken into consideration that in this small city of Kingston, no less than two musical organizations undertake the production of Oratorio. It would be better if petty jealousies were forgotten and forces joined. The good work done in the Mass proves that there is plenty of talent in Kingston, and this Concert was a distinct advance on those preceding it. On the first night the Quartette was decidedly "off," but redeemed itself at the second concert. The chorus on the whole was excellent, although weak in tenors, and with sopranos, handicapped by a pitch far too high for the compass of many of the voices. The Orchestra of twenty-two pieces did creditable work, and seemed to find great favor with the twelve hundred people who listened. Miss Daly, of Montreal, who took the solos, did magnificent work at the second Concert, and showed commendable bravery at the first by singing when suffering from a severe cold. Mr. A. Flower March, who conducted, must feel highly gratified by the success of these Concerts, and his industrious lieutenants, Mrs. English, Mr. Andrieux and Mr. Harvey, are to be congratulated on the results of their labors, as they are entitled to the highest praise for the work done by the

Orchestra. It is questionable if many appreciate how much of the success of the Orchestra depended on the generalship of Mr. Andrieux.

The Rockwood Minstrels bloomed out on Friday, the 13th March, and presented an attractive programme. The Overture bristled with jokes, jingles and jests, and the songs were well received by an expectant audience. Mr. Ed. Gilmour is improving as a vocalist, and the old reliables Messrs. Davidson, Shea (Billy and Jack), Williamson and Cochrane, are in common parlance "still in the ring." What they undertake they do well, whether it is that one proclaims the fact that his "Dad is Engineer," or tells us that the "Parrot said Come In," or asks to "Put him off at Buffalo," or sings of "Honey my Honey."

The Burlesque on Tommy Atkins was funny, but the honors rested with the "Baby Elephant." This farce never grows old, in fact a baby Elephant must necessarily be of tender age. We have seen the baby Elephant well done, but on this occasion it was simply "out of sight." McCammon is a clever endman, but it is as an actor he particularly shines. In the Elephant play he is inimitable. Cochrane as P. T. Barnum was decidedly humorous. Billy Shea, as a bad boy, as funny as Billy alone can be. Davidson and J. Shea first-class, and Coxworthy the daintiest Rose we have yet had.

Mr. Madill's Clarionet Solo was one of the hits of the evening.

Mr. Potter's dancing was greatly admired and enthusiastically encored.

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DIED.—At Kingston, March 1st, Mary Dennison, relict of the late Jas. Dennison, aged 84.

BORN.—In Portsmouth, Feb. 23, the wife of Mr. Jas. Dennison, of a son.

"OUR LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE AIR."

Out of the North two wild birds came—
Out of the north where the ice-floes be,
And the desolate land, and the cruel sea,
And the silent gulfs no man may name.
Leagues of darkness and boreal cold,
Ghastly glimmer of ice locked fiords,
And frost that cuts to the bone like swords.
Birds of the Northland swift and bold,
Glossy of feather and strong of wing,
Tell us, what are the news ye bring.
What news of the captain and his crew,
What of the ship in the ice held fast,
And the storm-worn colors nailed to the mast;
Saw ye the lips that are frozen blue,
Where the yet inviolate billows roll
Round the awful mystery of the Pole?
Small voyageurs of the gulfs of air,
Storm-vexed and thick with blinding snow,
When all the slumbering earth below
Heeds not stern March's trumpets blare,
What cheer, and whither do ye fare?
What is the quest that brings you here,
Is it kindlier skies and ampler cheer?
Nay, but the hearts of men are made
As cold as your Arctic atmosphere,
And hard by the keen demands of trade,
Fly away to your native haunts

again,
From the covetous eyes and the greed of men.

Your glacier fields are bleak and bare,

But not so ruthless and empty and vain,

As the gentle faces of ladies fair,
Graceful, and smiling and debonaire,
Who shreik at the sight of an insect's pain

Yet calmly wear such barbarous things,

Dismembered bodies, and heads, and wings,

(Christian mothers and maids and wives),

That have cost a thousand innocent lives.

So fly to your native North again,
From the covetous eyes of Christian men,

To the home of the wolf and Eskimo,
And the land of immemorial snow:
For the bitterest storms of the polar main

Are not so cruel and not so cold
As the laws of fashion, the lust of gold.

A whirl and flutter of wings that rise,
A glimpse of swift pinions as forth they fare,

And the forms dissolve in the northern skies,

Adieu "little brothers of the air."

K. S. McL.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF REFINEMENT.—There is in this city a young man who eats crushed violets and wears azure neckties every time he feels an attack of the blues approaching. Once he awoke in the middle of the night, and rousing his room-mate, said: "This is simply agonizing." "What is the matter?" "Those two mosquitoes that are singing in the room." "Well, what do you care, so long as they don't bite you?" "They are not singing in harmony."

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MARCH.

Now March has come in with a
merry blue sky,
Where light clouds like long streaks
of snowy mist lie,
While the loud wind a strain of
wild music is playing,
With a thousand brown maple twigs
dancing and swaying.

The snow is like marble clean carved
in the sun,
Yet the bare roofs can tell how his
beams have begun
To gather more strength; and that
Springtime must follow,
With bud and with blossom, with
robin and swallow.

There is hard frozen crust on the
snow, and it seems
Like a motionless lake with white
ripples and gleams,
There are patches of agate gray ice
on the ditches,
And these, with steep drifts, are
the little one's riches.

The thick lower boughs of the
maples so tall,
Show the color of cobwebs against
a house wall
Of brick; which the bright sun to
pink has been turning,
And red painted roofs next the blue
sky are burning.
The maples stand bare as that sun-
light pours down,
In their gray and their drab, and
their bare boughs of brown,
Sungilded and windtossed, but even-
ing's bright fingers
Will turn them to coral and flame
while he lingers.

He will go, they will change then
to ash hues and black,
And the stars will step out in their
silent, cold track,
And the wind with its rushes of
music so cheery,
Will perhaps fall asleep like a child
that is weary.

D. W. K., March 1896.

Mr. John McManus was ill for
several days in March.

Coxey makes a sweetly pretty
Rose, and his voice is like honey.

Something that many people do
unwillingly, and others quite will-
ingly just now—"lose their grippe."

The Rockwood Hockey Team
journeyed as far as Brockville to
play Hockey, and gained some ex-
perience, but reached home alive.
The Brockvillians are enthusiasts,
and loyal to their players who do
not play hockey. Our boys can
now take part in the farce called
"Bruised but Cured." The score
was 6 to 2.

If King Ben wishes to rule over
the principality of Hatters Bay, he
had better give us a decent street
car service and treat us fairly. This
is a democratic age, and kings can-
not rule unless by tact and discre-
tion. Even if King Ben wishes to
break a lance with our Reeve, it is
no reason why the fight cannot go
on without offending villagers
being removed.

That Queens should win the On-
tario Hockey Championship was
not surprising, as in the West they
have not yet mastered all the mys-
teries of this fine game. The Strat-
ford boys put up the best game yet
shown by a western team, but lack-
ed the combination so essential to
first-class hockey, and were not
speedy. As the captain of the
Rockwoods is one of the bright and
particular Stars on Queens, we had
to rejoice at the defeat of Stratford,
although we are pleased that they
put up such a clean and good
game.

Mrs. Muirhead who has been
visiting Rockwood, left for Tor-
onto on the 17th March.

La Grippe has played havoc with
the Nurses and Attendants of late.

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Ice Boating has been royal sport this year, and so far Portsmouth has supplied the most speedy flyer in the shape of the Defender. Not only is the Defender the fastest yacht under conditions that are suitable for the best kind of ice-boating, but our genial Reeve is by long odds the best Skipper, and can give the boys down town several pointers about handling the tiller. A good boat is an excellent thing, but of little use without a level head to sail it. Let us hope that Mr. Fisher will win the beautiful trophy to be given to the fastest ice yacht.

Mr. Robert Harvey has commenced his Organ Recitals in St. Andrew's Church, for the season of '96, the first being given on the 22nd. On this occasion several hundred people met in the twilight hour, and then went forth full of gratitude to the young artist, who by his magic touch had enthralled every listener in the beautiful church. It is a rare sight to see an audience spell-bound even by the power of music, but at these recitals all are affected, and the hush that falls even on the wagging tongue of the society chatterer is proof of the mystic power of the organist. Mr. Harvey is modest and unselfish, but we cannot refrain from giving the meed of praise we feel due, and thanking him for the good he is doing in the community, by revealing to the masses the beauty of the best music. The following selections were performed:—Organ, Grand Chorus, Dubois; Serenade, Zaroni, Pastorale, Whitney; March of the War Priests, Mendelssohn; Song without Words, Loeshorn; Love Song—Bohm—Berceuse, Gounod; Offertoire in G, Welly. Mr. A. Flower March also sang a selection from the Messiah, and Dr. Clarke (Violin), and Mr. Harvey (Organ), played an Andante

by Pesca, and the Simple Confession, by Thome.

Kingstonians although loyal enough to their city and institutions, when attacked by outsiders, are sometimes blind to the excellent qualities of some of the things they possess.

How rarely a Concert is given in the City Hall, and yet musicians are agreed that this Hall is almost an ideal one from the acoustic standpoint, in fact it is questionable if there is another as good in Canada. A great violinist who played there a few years ago, said that acoustically it was the most satisfactory Hall she had performed in outside of Leipsic, the great Concert Hall of which city it much resembled.

The great drawback is the wretched seating accommodation. Might it not be a good investment if the City Fathers were to purchase comfortable but cheap seats, and boom the Hall as an ideal spot for Concerts?



WHICH OF THE ROCKWOOD SKIPS IS THIS?

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PEN DASHES.

A week or two ago, as a friend of the writer was walking (and accompanied by a small dog) along a piece of road having woodland on one side and fields on the other, he suddenly noticed an encounter between too large dusky plumaged birds, in the middle, on the road a few paces ahead of him, and it soon became evident that a large Hawk had stricken down a ruffed Grouse, and a sort of running and tumbling resistance was made by the Grouse to the Hawk's tenacious clutches. The dog immediately attacked the raptore, which soon fled in a rather "ruffled-up" frame of mind to a tree in the immediate vicinity, to ruminate on the unexpected turn of events. There was very little of life left in the Hawk's victim when picked up by the spectator of the fray, so deeply had the Hawk talons pierced the body of the Grouse; a number of these "laggard" Hawks have been this year noticed in our December woods, and these stragglers mostly stay with us after the main body of their confreres have migrated southwards, and it is believed that they chiefly depend for sustenance on the capture of the Grouse, which—thanks to the improved protection now afforded by our game laws—have noticeably increased in numbers during the last two or three years. The above episode is a cheap illustration on the ancient art of falcony, and is full of suggestiveness to those of a sportive turn of mind. The haughty physiognomy of the Hawk indicates intelligent consciousness of its fighting powers, and wherever they have been occasionally trained as pets, by our farm boys, they have responded favorably to training. An instance that came under the observation of the writer, some years ago, corroborates this assumption.

Several young fledgling falcons were taken from a nest and fed regularly with appropriate food, and they soon lost all appearance of timidity when in presence of their keepers, and being set at liberty flew off to the bush, but returned regularly at a certain hour of the day to the feeding trough, where a portion of relishable food was always awaiting their arrival. That their instincts and appetites afforded the main leverage and inlets to their embryonic reasoning powers was made evident, by the celebrated experiment of Mr. Austin, the exhibitor of the "Happy Family"—where hawks and rodents, cats and sparrows were induced to live amicably in the same large wire cage, by furnishing at all times an abundance of natural food, and preventing the pangs of hunger, and the attendant fierceness and irritabilities averted from being felt. This proposition had a pertinent illustration within one's ken a few years ago, which we may here narrate.

A neighboring farmer's son was the caretaker of several young hawks, which were confined in a large wicker cage, and although of different species, lived peaceably together for a time, but at an unlucky juncture the boy was hurried away by his father, to perform some more urgent duty at early dawn, (the hour at which the young falcons had been accustomed to obtain a good square meal). On the young man's return to offer his bird captives their belated meal, he said he was somewhat chagrined to find that young Falco Nilvus had anticipated his keeper's services by breakfasting on the corporeal part of Falco Sparverious, which seemed somewhat cowardly act on account of the latter's diminutive size! All that there was left in evidence of the bird "that failed to answer to the number of his mess," was the

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beak, legs and indigestible feathers.

Yet however sanguinary the instincts of birds and beasts of prey may be, they show an intensity of affection to their own progeny, the old birds having been known to face the deadliest dangers and risks when incited by the hungry clamours of their callow nestlings, but their love seems to be very narrow in its scope and range, and abjures all tincture of cosmopolitanism, to the pitiful appealing squeals of a captured young turkey or woodchuck, they are stolidly deaf and unresponsive. The house cat seizes the trained and accomplished bluejay, or bullfinch, from its cage with ruthless avidity, and makes a present to the frolicsome young kittens in their nest, of the victimized bird or rodent, as a meat offering, with many a "mew" of parental solicitude.

Several young reprobate gunners, living about two miles from this spot, about 2½ years ago, kept up an almost constant fusillade upon a number of species of ornamental birds, such as the larger Woodpeckers, Killdeer Plover and Meadow Lark, and upon being remonstrated with, on the scoundrelism of their slaughtering the latter, only made the excuse that the Larks "when cooked were as savory a morsel as the Quail." The result has been that the plaintive carol of the Meadow Lark is no more to be heard in these parts.

Some acquaintances about here go forth frequently into the adjoining bush—"arabbiting." They possess a well trained ferret and a fast running dog, and there is just sufficient snow to make the rabbit tracks plain and easy to follow. "The bunnys" that they capture are yet in good condition, as grass and green food can be seen in many places, above the snow. About ten days ago, a full grown bunnies' tracks were noticed that had de-

parted from the hollow at the foot of a large maple tree, up which it had ascended, like a squirrel going up the inside of a chimney. By the help of long slender poles or saplings, cut from the neighboring thicket, attempts were made to bring down the rabbit, but did not succeed; but when the first assailants had failed and gone away, the landowner came up, and interpreting the marks on the snow around the tree base, was encouraged to make an attempt to seize the captive, in the tree's inside, and soon succeeded in the effort. The furry fugitive proved to be a fine plump specimen, and it was carried by its captor to his household, where for half an hour it was examined, and admired and carressed, by a number of the man's children. Soon afterward bunny was carried back to the bush, and freely restored, uninjured, to liberty, which act of humanity seems worthy of commendation. The gray rabbit has quite a robust, resolute expression of physiognomy, and has to depend on mental and bodily alertness whereby to hold its ground. We note that the ears are much shorter than in the tame rabbit, or in the Canadian hare, quite a number of which have lately been shot around here.

Mr. Wm. Shae has purchased a Rudge (Barnaby) bicycle, and is practising daily in the Amusement Hall. It takes twenty-seven laps to the mile, and Mr. Shea claims that our Chief of Police has timed him with his stop watch, and given the time as 1.59 2-5. Mr. Carr, of Galashiels, has invested in a "Garden City," and several other purchasers will be mentioned when the ice is out of the harbor.

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LEGENDS OF THE OLD NORSEMEN.

(CONCLUDED.)

The Nisse corresponds to the Scotch brownie, and no farm house thrives unless it has its Nisse. If he favor the maids and men, the kitchen will be swept and the water will be brought in, and in the stable the horses will be groomed and perhaps fed. But woe betide the servants who are not in favor! for the Nisse can be just as busy putting things into disorder, and can punish them by placing all sorts of obstacles in the way of doing their work.

The Neck is a river-spirit and is also a musical genius, he is represented as sitting on the surface of the water, like a pretty little boy with golden ringlets, and a red cap on his head, and he has a gold harp on which he plays, charming everything in nature.

The Mermaids are sometimes evil, sometimes good; they are very beautiful and sit upon the water combing their sea-weed hair with golden combs, or they are busy driving their snow-white cattle to feed on the strands, or small islands. At other times they haunt the fires of fishermen, cold and shivering maidens; they are then dreaded, as the fishermen know, they may be enticed by their beauty to the dwellings of the mermaids, at the bottom of the sea. People that are drowned, are thought to have been carried off by these bewitching beauties of the deep.

The Norns are the Fates—Past, Present and Future, and they sit at the foot of the wonderful Tree of Life, Ygdrasil which figures so extensively in Norse mythology,—It is an Ash tree, and the ash was sacred to the gods; its roots are deep down in the kingdom of Death; its trunk reaches heaven high, and its branches stretch out over the universe. The Norns constantly

water its roots; the Past and Present sit spinning a web from east to west, the Future tears asunder the golden thread of life, which was begun in the dawn and stretched to the sunset.

Once there was a Norwegian who had a wonderful mill, which would grind out anything he commanded of it. A sea captain hearing of its magic powers, became desirous of possessing it, accordingly he came with his ship to Norway and by some means won the favor of the mill-owner and borrowed it. He placed the mill in the hold of his vessel, and as soon as he was out of port, commanded it to grind salt. It forthwith began to grind salt until it filled the hold, and the captain, not having learned from the former owner how to make it stop, it continued to grind until every part of the vessel was filled to overflowing, with salt. Finally the ship sank. The mill is still going round and has never yet stopped working. If you don't believe this story, go and see for yourself the maelstrom off the west coast of Norway; some people call it a whirlpool, but it is really what we have said. This is the true reason why the sea is salt.

Balder the beautiful was the god of the summer sunlight; he is represented as being ever just, ever kind, the favorite of all nature, gods, and men; so fair and dazzling in form and features, that rays of light seem to issue from him. Loke, the wicked one, saw that no matter what happened, Balder was never hurt, and in fact it was a past-time of the gods to have Balder stand up in their meetings and serve them as a mark, and they would hurl stones and darts at him, but he always remained unharmed. His mother, Frigg, wife of Odin, had once gone all over the earth and exacted a promise from everything in nature that it would not hurt

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Balder, every metal, every wood, every animal, every plant but one small one which was overlooked, and that the mistletoe which keeps green through the winter. Everything was only too thankful to give its oath, for what would the world be without the pure sunlight. Odin, ever since he drank from the fount of wisdom, knew that the light must go out from Balder's eyes, and that death and the twilight of the gods must reign over Asgard and Midgard, and this twilight is the Norse Ragnarok, the earth's dark winter. He was depressed at the thought of Balder's death, and as he went into Asgard, he saw Thor and Balder engaging in tests of strength. Another brother, Hodor, stood apart from indulging in the sport, on account of blindness. Loke, who had found out about the mistletoe, and had some of the plant with him, said to Hodor, "Why don't you throw something at Balder, and see if it would not hurt him!" Hodor's answer was, "I can't see him and besides I have nothing to throw at him." "Come then," said the mischief-working Loke, "throw this twig at him and I will guide you to the place where he stands." Hodor did as he was asked. At once Balder fell down lifeless, and the lamentations of the gods were loud and continued, but Odin knew better than any one else what this portended; on Midgard messengers were sent to tell all nature to weep, men, animals, the earth, stones, trees and metals, and they were soon covered with frost-tears, and the earth enshrouded in gloom. Balder's body was carried to his ship, Ringhorn, and that was his funeral pile,—his wife Nanna, heart-broken from the death of her beloved was laid beside him, and his horse, fully caparisoned was also placed upon the pile, and all were consumed by fire after Thor had consecrated

it with his hammer, Mjolner. After the death of Balder, Thor thundered and stormed in grief for his brother and Loke trembled for Thor blamed him for the evil he had done, so Loke changed himself into a fish, hiding beneath the seaweed of the ocean, but Odin, the all-wise and all-seeing, knew where he was, and with Thor spread a net for him. Loke could not escape for it was spread over all the ocean, and he had to come out of his muddy hiding place to breathe. Then they said, "Come back to your own form," and so he was borne back to Asgard. The decree of the gods was, "Let him be bound." So they took him to a cavern and bound him to three sharp pointed rocks placed in it, then a serpent was placed above him to drop venom upon him, but his wife stood beside him and with a cup caught the drops as they fell, however when the cup was filled and while she was emptying it, some fell on Loke and he used to shriek and writhe with pain; this produced what men call earthquakes. Loke symbolises Fire; there is still a saying among the Norse that when the fire crackles, Loke is whipping his children.

Thor was overpowered in the final battle by the deadly poison of the Midgard serpent with which he had such a terrific battle. Now comes the end; the Fenris wolf and Loke are freed from their fetters,—the gods, even Odin, are all dead; the Frost giants are on the rainbow bridge, the shining city of Asgard is destroyed, Ygdrasil, the tree of life, is in ashes; as the Norns foretold, the end has come, and the Twilight of the gods, the Reign of Darkness, rules.

In this one particular Norse mythology differs essentially from the Greek,—the gods die. It was a great factor for christian missionaries that they did die, for it made

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the dwellers in the Norseland much more susceptible to receiving the new religion in place of their paganism. In the Greek myths, Prometheus chained like Loke, goes on forever suffering,—Ixion is ever bound to the wheel,—Jupiter's thunderbolts never cease to be hurled, and we might prolong the list. But with the Scandinavians there was an end, and some assert, that they like us, believed in a still higher life than that of the gods. Be that as it may, we cannot but admire their noble rendering of the works of God.

JONATHAN.

"WESTWARD, HO."

Some of you, will perhaps be misled by the title of my paper. I am not going to give a resume of Kingsley's incomparable story, but some recollections and impressions of a trip which I made to the Pacific coast, in the summer of 1893.

I left home on the first of July, got into Toronto in the evening, and after a few hours wait, left for North Bay, where we arrived early the next morning. Here we again changed cars. North Bay is a busy railroad centre on the shores of Lake Nipissing, which spread its shimmering surface in the morning sun.

We soon "got aboard the trans-continental," and off for the land of the red man and buffalo. There were not many in the sleeper, so I soon made friends with two ladies, Mrs. and Miss California, and later in the day, through the gift of a bunch of wild flowers, with Mr. Ontario.

We were very much amused, at the geographical knowledge displayed by a lady, who was sitting near us. The Porter came through, and the following conversation took place: "Portah, Portah, where are we now?" He politely took the

map she was examining, and showed her the very spot. She thanked him, looked at it, and said: "Are we in the United States?" Without the ghost of a smile, he replied: "No, madam, this railway runs through Canadian territory only."

The country through which we passed, was so different from the cultivated farm land about home, that it took all our attention. It was wild, unfinished looking, uninhabited; giant boulders lying topsyturvy, everywhere; scrubby vegetation; it looked incomplete, untidy, as if Dame Nature were housecleaning, and had the furniture scattered about, while she was resting, but would get up and tidy things by and by.

We crossed numerous fine rivers, passed manifold mirror-like lakes, and dashed through cuttings in the solid rock.

The conversation of Mrs. and Miss California and Mr. Ontario was most charming; the former told us all about their flowery, sunny home, and Mr. O. was the most entertaining man I have ever met, with a marvellous fund of anecdote, and courteous manners.

At Sudbury, we had an unusually terrific thunder storm, which caused "my courage to ooze out at my finger ends," and I thought what a wonderful thing custom is, as I stood at the car door with Miss California, and watched the vivid lightning, listened to the deafening thunder and the pour of rain. Miss C. who had never seen a storm of this kind before, was in an abject state of terror; she asked me if we often had such terrible storms. I hated her to go back to California with the idea that there was anything small about Canada, so led her to believe that such manifestations of Nature were common, so common as to excite small notice, and that I was surprised at her being alarmed, as I always under-

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stood that earthquakes were indigenuous to the soil of her State.

She regarded me with a stare of utter wonder, and said, "Earthquakes! what are they compared wi h this?"

We rose early the next day to see the curve at Jack Fish Bay. We were now north of Lake Superior, whose shore we skirted till we got to Fort William, some time in the afternoon. All day we had a moving, varied picture, of lake and rock, and sky—charming vistas of color and form.

We had to wait at Ft. William for the steamer, and to fill up the interim, Mr. O. got an order for us to go through a great grain elevator, three of which are built on the Kaministigua, each will hold a million bushels of grain—truly they are enormous. The cars are loaded and unloaded by machinery. We got back to find the steamer in, and our car full of new people, many of whom were well known to Mr. O., so we filled up four or five seats, and had a merry evening. Then next morning we were in Winnipeg. Here I regretfully bade good bye to my kind car friends, as I got off to spend a day. I don't know much about this place, save that its main street is wide, it has a fine hotel, and handsome city buildings. It poured rain all day, and they had an earthquake, I think, but nobody mentioned it. I know the floor rose up every time I tried to walk, and when I lifted my foot to meet this rise, it ignominiously sank away, leaving me pointing out the pictures on the wall with my foot.

I left next day and went as far as Brandon, getting my first view of prairie land. Brandon is prettily situated on the slope of the Assiniboine, and is a lively go ahead place, the centre of a magnificent grain producing country. From here I went south to visit some relatives on a farm, where I remained some

days, revelling in the strangeness of things. First the prairie; how can I tell about it! Its immensity, one feels in the centre of an illimitable world; its loneliness, which sounds unspeakable depths of sadness, especially in the evening, when the wind which moans uninterruptedly always, seems to gain in weirdness and dreariness, as "darkness falls from the wings of night."

The flowers, which nestle on the earth's broad bosom, would delight the soul of a nature lover; the prairie was literally covered with "all sorts and conditions" of blossoms, the most conspicuous being scarlet lilies, very much like our cultivated amaryllis, just as large and brilliant; then there is a blue flower, whose blossoms are similar in color, shape, and arrangement to the campanula of our winter window gardens, the roses! pale pink, or deep red. I can never forget a drive we took over the prairie, for nineteen or twenty miles, one day. We started early in the morning; the roads are superb in dry weather, like driving over rubber, no stones, and they wind at their own sweet will all over. We passed through acres of roses, which were yielding up their exquisite perfume, in response to the imperious summons of the sun god; the air was so pure, every sense was alert to natures touches; hundreds of gophers skurried out of our way to the sides of the trail, where they perched up in a most absurd attitude of curiosity.

It seemed odd to my eyes to see birds resting on the backs of cattle, which went on calmly grazing, taking no notice of their musical attendants. On asking for the reason of this novel sight, I was told, that on account of the lack of trees and fences, the birds have no choice of a resting place, so the cattle are a sort of Hobson's choice.

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My way further west was not so pleasant, the sleeper was full; among the occupants were two crying babies, who had evidently made an arrangement to take turns, with the noble ambition of banishing sleep. This scheme they carried out with an attention to business worthy of a better cause.

Together with a couple of girls from New York, who were to me guests like myself of my friend Mrs. N., I got off at Medicine Hat one rainy morning at daybreak.

This little town, situated in a cup-shaped valley of the Saskatchewan, was at one time a great place for the Indians. In the severest winters there is one spot on the river which never freezes, this the Indians thought the breathing place of the Great Spirit, and the medicine men of the various tribes frequently assembled here to hold communion with the god; this circumstance coupled with the shape of the valley, accounts for the name, so I was told. Here we stayed twenty-four hours, and then off west for the mountains in a private car.

I said some time ago that "I was off for the land of the red man and the buffalo"; the red man we saw in all his glory, one circus day in the village, and all circus attractions were as nothing, while we gazed on gorgeous "Lo." One brave in particular won our hearts, he was so unconscious of his grandeur, and our admiring glances, so unassuming in his manner, "yet even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed" in such splendor. Let me describe him,—he was tall, at least six feet, his hair was parted in the middle, and the portion on either side in front, was braided and tied with red yarn, the back hair hung in straight black masses; down the part was a broad streak of yellow paint, each cheek bone was ornamented with a daub of red paint, and his eyes were encircled

with outspreading rays of yellow; a couple of large pearl buttons ingeniously fastened on with strings, dangled from his ears; a blanket with broad stripes of yellow and red, covered his shoulders and body, reaching the ground in places; his nether garments were fringed, moccasins adorned his feet; altogether he was a most fantastic object, yet he suited the prairie and had a certain free dignity, which he would assuredly lose, were he garbed as a white man.

The buffalo is almost as fabulous a thing as the dodo, great heaps of bones, piled beside the track, were all that remained of the immense herds, which roamed over these plains, in the not far distant past.

The country between "The Hat" and Calgary is monotonous in the extreme and we were glad to reach the latter place, where we made a brief stay. This is the chief place between Winnipeg and Vancouver, is prettily situated, and has fine stone buildings. We left just before lunch, tacked on the end of a long freight train. After lunch we adjourned to the cupola of the car just in front. Here we were able to see all about us, and away down by the sky line, immediately in front and to our left were the far off Rockies.

If I could only make you see them as we saw them that sunny afternoon; soft, indistinct, billowy, ethereal, cloudlike masses, with amethystine and opaline tints, "now pure as a dove's throat, now warm as a flame," shimmering in a light "mystic and wonderful"—rising, spreading, growing, changing—filling our souls with a delight so great as to be pain. Gradually the formless assumed form, and the fairy-like unreality gathered shape, and the majesty of the eternal hills was before us.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

MY SCHOOLDAYS.

(CONTINUED.)

My experience with the next teacher to whose care I was entrusted was a brief one. A clever, fresh colored, bright young fellow of generous disposition, great teaching ability and amiable character; who won the affections as well as the attention of every pupil, within a week after the opening of his school. He had taught for about three months when he was suddenly stricken down by small-pox, a disease which even then was a scourge of civilized communities, and carried off its victims in every rank. After a fortnight's wrestle with death he quietly succumbed, and no man was ever so sincerely mourned. His successor was a genius, and wonderful to relate, a practical and wonderful instructor. Thomas Cooper, poet and chartist, was no common man. Born in his humble life, he worked as a shoemaker until twenty-three, in that town of Gainsboro loved so much and described so well, by George Elliott, as St. Oggs on the Floss. There he picked up a knowledge more or less thorough, of Latin, Greek, Hebrew and French, so that he fairly read and translated these languages, and even when he was conducting the school which I attended, received instructions in Italian while we boys were at play at the noon recess. Our schoolroom was as attractive as our homes, for its walls were decorated with numerous oil paintings, of small size, executed by a Gainsboro lad, who, another genius, had early burnt out the lamp of life and left these records of his love of art and unflagging industry. They were the heads of the apostles and biblical characters, and gave proof of wonderfully strong artistic ability. On brackets between the windows were

busts of Milton, Shakespeare, Byron, Cromwell, Cæsar and Homer, and upon the walls opposite the light, were numerous engravings, in copper and steel, and colored lithographs—then much more rare than now—and the purchase of them must have absorbed the savings of the struggling preceptor. A black-board above the fire-place was the first I had seen of this invaluable aid to teacher and pupil, and upon it were conveyed to us lessons which indelibly impressed themselves upon the youthful memory. Our hours in school were from nine, a. m., to noon, and from two, p. m., to five, and the days never seemed long, although the holidays, which we had from three o'clock on Wednesday, and the half-day on Saturday, were always welcome. At four o'clock on winter afternoons, school books were closed, and for an hour our teacher read aloud some interesting narrative, which from his excellent manner and intelligent choice of subject, held us truly spell-bound. Bonaparte's unfruitful campaign in Egypt, and the horrors of the retreat from Moscow, were thus made known to us; the graphic description from the pen of a French servant, telling of the mysteries of the Pyramids, was made common property; the changing fortunes of the fateful day at Waterloo were told in thrilling tones; and travels, adventures and discoveries daily trod upon the heels of the wonders of the preceding afternoon. The beauties of Milton, Shakespeare and Byron were in turn presented to us. We crossed the Sahara, scaled the Alps, followed Columbus across the Atlantic, heard the jubilant death cry of Wolfe, and stood by the rude grave of valiant Sir John Moore. The leaves of ancient history were opened to us, and we trod the soil of Italy, entered the Roman Amphitheatre, fought at Marathon and

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with intense satisfaction witnessed the discomforture of Xerxes. And we were taught the A. B. C. of citizenship during our scholastic course. A Mayor and Municipal Council were elected for the boys by the boys; by-laws for our management were passed; and then even Courts were established for the trial of minor offences. A row in the playground was disposed of before a tribunal in which the Master became judge, and some of the pupils acted as counsel, witnesses and jurymen—the sentence being properly in the hands of the Bench. I was too young to be a very active participant in these formalities, but have a distinct recollection of them. We were made as familiar as boys could well be with the various forms of government, and while politics were not openly taught, we were strongly tinctured with the belief that a free republic is infinitely better than an unlimited monarchy. Although full of nervous energy, impulsive and positive in his opinions, Cooper possessed wonderful control over his temper, and seldom exhibited its weakest side. Once only did I see him lose ordinary curb over it, and then he severely chastised a lad who had, without provocation, applied an opprobrious epithet to another. Once again I witnessed the coming storm, but then it was softened by a feeling of regret which mitigated deserved punishment on the part of an offender. A lad full of animal spirits, and the victim of an irresistible feeling of drollery, took advantage of the master's absence on one occasion, bored a hole into the plaster bust of Milton, near to the melancholy mouth of the great poet, placed a short pipe in the aperture, and decorated the neck of the author of "Paradise Lost" with a narrow blue ribbon, tastefully tied into a fashionable bow. Need it be wondered that such a profanation

called forth the lightnings of our offended Jove? The hurricane came, and the sinner quailed before it, but Humor pled with Mercy, she prevailed over frowning Justice, and with a smile, sad and forgiving even if somewhat grim, the Judge kindly warned the culprit never to repeat such a desecration of the memory of the highest and noblest in England's Pantheon. Our work was not all play. Young as I was, a place was found for me in a Latin class, and my text-book was a grammar which, from the first page to the last, was written in the Latin tongue. I was too young for the work, even with English instruction, but in some fashion or other, stumbled through translations of Æsop's Fables before I left that school. I had made fair progress in geography, arithmetic and Lindley Murray, when I bade farewell to my teacher, and was placed under other control.

To tell of Cooper's erratic career, after he closed his Academy, let me add a few words. Abandoning the cane, he took up the pen. For some months before he closed the school-room door for ever, he had been engaged as a local correspondent of one of the oldest newspapers in England, and by his trenchant style and powers of sarcasm attracted the attention of its editor. For a short time he attempted trade, sold leather, and lost money, but he was not born to die a millionaire. He entered into an engagement with the Stamford "Mercury," had a brilliant opening made for him, but desired complete independence not only of thought but of action, and threw up his commission. Leaving the newspaper, he started the world afresh, and opened a coffee shop in Leicester, his native town. Here he rapidly drifted into political discussion, became prominent amongst the chartist stocking weavers, lectured, and was wor-

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shipped by his hearers. A convention of working men was to be held in Manchester, and he was selected as a delegate. The country was seething with excitement. A wave of unreason swept over the artisans of the old land, and wherever a match was applied a conflagration followed. On his way to Lancashire, Cooper addressed a crowd of citizens at Hanley, in the Staffordshire Potteries, and his oration was followed by the destruction of the residences of the parish parson and of the two other local magnates. He was not actually present at the riot, but was arrested and committed on a charge of inciting to arson, and although he conducted his own defence, was acquitted. He was shortly afterwards tried for sedition and convicted. His trial lasted several days, and his defence was vigorous and brilliant, if not effective. He was sentenced to two years imprisonment in Stafford Jail, and manfully served his term for what he could not have regarded as a crime. It was a time of trials and convictions and punishment of men who asked for a measure of liberty which has long been accorded to Canadians, and has been largely extended to Englishmen. During the term that he was immured in Stafford Jail, he was afforded facilities for literary work, and wrote a poem in the Spenserian stanza, which is of remarkable power, and called forth high praise from even grudging critics. His jail poem, "The Purgatory of Suicides," evinced vast literary erudition and depth of thought, and was speedily followed by other work, in prose and verse. He made the acquaintance of Jerrold, Thomas Carlyle, Bulwer, Dickens, D.Israeli, and others whose names are "Household Words." But in political and religious belief, although a Methodist in early life, he was a heretic, and for years derived

a precarious existence from Lectures on subjects which he viewed from the extreme Radical standpoint. As life sped on, his ultra views were softened, and although he remained a Liberal in politics, he spent many of the later years of his life in the enunciation of "The Evidences of Christianity," using arguments made stronger by his own experience. He died but a short time ago, at a ripe old age, respected and beloved by all who knew him. Probably his life would have been more happy, and his services to mankind more valuable, had he played throughout his earthly career the part of Dominic for which he was so eminently fitted.

GRANDFATHER.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Rockwood Review

A monthly publication, printed at Kingston.

Yearly subscription to residents of Kingston and Portsmouth, 25 cents. To persons residing at a distance, 35 cents.

Single Copies, 3 cents.

Birth and Marriage Notices, 10 cents.

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