

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X



Rockwood

Review.



A Monthly Journal devoted to

Literature, Natural History, and

Local News.



The Rockwood Review.

BATHING TRUNKS,
SWIMMING SUITS,
SWEATERS AND COOL
UNDERWEAR---RIGHT.
HARDY'S.

Jas. B. McLeod,
DRUGGIST,
City Drug Store,
Kingston.

Dispensing of PHYSICIANS'
PRESCRIPTIONS a Specialty.
Always Open.
TELEPHONE NO. 41.

G. H. Otto,
BOOKBINDER,
AND
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER.
233 BAGOT, COR. BROCK STREET.

Steacy & Steacy,
IMPORTERS OF DRY GOODS,
106 & 108 Princess
Street.

A. Strachan,
HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS.
SOLE AGENT FOR
Spooners Phenyle Disinfectant
Powder.

Kingston
Electric Street Railway.
Fifteen (15) Minute Service.
**Both Summer and
Winter.**

*Comfortable Cars, lighted and
Heated by Electricity.*

BRANCH LINES RUNNING TO
PORTSMOUTH & WILLIAMSVILLE.
And in course of construction to
Lower G. T. R. Station.
SIX TICKETS FOR 25 CENTS.
One Fare takes you over the Belt
Line, or on any continuous trip.

A. C. Johnston & Bro.,
IMPORTERS OF
Fine Gold Jewellery,
DIAMONDS, &c.
WATCHES!

*Get a Good Watch, right to the
second.*

IN THIMBLES.--We are showing
the best assortment. Other Lines
of GOODS are better than ever.

COR. PRINCESS AND WELLINGTON
STREETS.

WHEN YOU WANT YOUR YARD
CLEANED, YOUR ASHES REMOVED,
Or any kind of Carting done,
*Ring up Phone 133 for a Cart
and Driver.*

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY
ATTENDED TO.

E. A. BOOTH, Jr.

The Rockwood Review.

Wm. A. Deeks & Son,
GENERAL BLACKSMITHS, BROCK
STREET.

*Skilled Horse-Shoeing, Long
Experience.*

Quick Service, no better work done
anywhere.

ALSO ALL KINDS OF JOBBING, ALL
KINDS OF
WAGGON AND CARRIAGE
WORK.

Low Prices. Repairs a Specialty.

Model Steam Laundry.

42 AND 44 PRINCESS STREET.

TELEPHONE 302. KINGSTON, ONT.

Fine Custom Work.

We make a specialty of Restaurant,
Hotel, Railroad and Boat work.

MILNE & MILNE, Proprietors.

T. F. Harrison & Co.,

CHEAPEST HOUSE FURNISHERS.
FURNITURE!

*Brass and Iron Beds, Window
Shades, Baby Carriages.*

WE BUY CHEAP.—WE SELL CHEAP.

T F. Harrison Co.
PRINCESS STREET.

The Ontario Bank.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
TRANSACTION.

3½ percent Interest allowed on
Deposits.

Interest added to Deposit twice
a year.

A. J. MACDONEL, MANAGER.

A. B. Martin,

THE GROCER.

*Noted for fine Goods at bottom
Prices.*

DOES IT PAY

To Insure in the Canada Life?

In 1851 Sir Oliver Mowat took
out a \$4,000 Policy with a premium
of \$94.34 per annum, the profits
being used as an annuity to reduce
the premium. Since 1885 the pre-
mium has been entirely extinguished
by profits, and Sir Oliver is besides
now in receipt of an annuity of
\$144.70. It pays to Insure in the
Canada Life.

J. T. White, Agent.

C. E. CLARKE, M. D.,

Examiner for Portsmouth.

Columbia Bicycles!

RENTING AND REPAIRING.

*Franklyn Typewriter, Copying
Done.*

*BICYCLE AND TYPEWRITER
HEADQUARTERS.*

J. R. C. Dobbs & Co.

44 CLARENCE STREET.

S. Oberndorffer,

WHOLESALE MANUFACTURER

Of Fine Cigars!

SMOKE FIDO AND FRESH!

Telephone 278, Office and Factory,

81, 91 AND 93 PRINCESS STREET.

KINGSTON.

R. McFaul,

Direct Importer of Dress Goods.

*SILKS, CLOAKING AND MOURNING
GOODS.*

130 PRINCESS STREET, OPPOSITE
CITY HOTEL.

The Rockwood Review.

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.

Advertising Rates, moderate.

Editors, --- Miss Goldie and Miss Margery Clarke.

Business Manager, --- Chas. M. Clarke.

All communications should be addressed to the Box of **THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW**, Rockwood House, Kingston.

Go to Brame's, Princess Street,
IF YOU WANT
FURNITURE

That will still be FURNITURE
in A.D. 2,020.

**THE NOBBIEST
Drawingroom Sets.**
*Positively the leading Furniture
Store.*

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER.

Thos. Mills & Co.,
Manufacturers & Importers of
**Hats, Caps, and
Furs.**

Special attention to Orders and
repairs of FURS.

182 WELLINGTON STREET.

WHEN YOU WANT
**Real Good Tea and
Coffee,**
COME AND SEE US.
Jas. Redden & Co.

G. A. McGowan,
MANUFACTURER OF
SHE, BANKER'S DAUGHTER AND
LA FLOR DE FRONTENAC
CIGARS.

"Smoke Trilby."

211, 213, 215 & 217 BROCK STREET,
KINGSTON.

The Rockwood Review.

Mons. Louis Andrieux,
Graduate of Liege Conservatory
**TEACHER OF VIOLIN AND
SOLFEGGIO.**
288 BARRIE STREET, KINGSTON.

FOR AN UP TO DATE
**Shoe at the Lowest
Price,**
Haines & Lockett.

Jenkins,
Kingston's Gents Furnisher.
172 ADD 174 WELLINGTON STREET.
*OUR MOTTO: Best and Latest
Goods at lowest prices.*

ATHLETES,

We desire to interest you in our
Supplies.

Bicycle Suits.

Waterproof, perfect fitting, knitted
for Racing.

Stockings, Sweaters, Suspensories,
Jack Straps, Belts six inches
wide, Shoulder Braces, &c.

THE POPULAR STORE!

JENKINS, TELEPHONE 473.
KINGSTON.

Power & Son,
ARCHITECTS,
Merchants Bank building.
CORNER BROCK AND WELLINGTON
STREETS.
PHONE 212.

Medley's Headache Powders,
GIVE INSTANT RELIEF.
**3 for 10 Cents, 25
Cts. a Box.**
MEDLEY, Druggist.

J. W. Powell,
Photographer.
Cabinet and Card Photographs.
At the lowest prices for good work.
**PHOTOGRAPHS OF RESIDENCES A
SPECIALTY.**

Oldrieve & Horne,
**Sail Makers & Ship
Chandlers-**
**TENTS TO RENT, AWNINGS MADE
TO ORDER.**

**KINGSTON CONSERVATORY OF
MUSIC,**
And Piano & Music Warerooms,
PRINCESS STREET,

A SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION AND
ORCHESTRA. Spring Term begins
February 2nd. Fall Term, Sep-
tember 3rd. Winter Term, Nov-
ember 10th.

Special Classes for Violin, Piano,
Singing and Elocution, \$2.00 per
Term.

O. F. TELGMAN, DIRECTOR.
Mrs. O. F. TELGMAN,
Principal Elocution Department.

The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 1.

KINGSTON, NOVEMBER 1ST, 1898.

No. 9.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mrs. Woodrow was presented with a well filled purse, by the officials of Rockwood, on the eve of her departure.

Wild pigeons which have been by many persons regarded as extinct, have not all gone yet, and at least one colony has succeeded in increasing near Kingston this summer, until it now numbers about twenty birds. Mr. E. Beaupre shot two of the birds to establish their identity, which was thus settled beyond doubt. The exact locality is not given for the reason that we have no desire to aid in the extinction of a beautiful race of birds which was practically exterminated by the heartless greed and cruelty of American market hunters and trap shooters. A law should be passed at once in the different United States and the Provinces of Canada, absolutely prohibiting the shooting of wild pigeons for ten years. As the birds are very prolific they would in this way soon regain their foothold. It is almost too much to expect though in this country, where every wanton boy has the right to carry a gun, and does not fail to slaughter everything he can hit. Wholesale destruction of birds and animals is not confined to boys either. It is to be hoped that local sportsmen who may happen to run across these wild pigeons, will refrain from shooting them in the hope that this little flock may increase.

Master T. Smith, of Portsmouth, was severely injured while playing football on the 24th October. He sustained a dislocation of the index finger, and a surgical operation was necessary before the dislocation could be reduced.

The Rockwood amusement season opened as usual on Halloween, by the customary dance.

Rockwood Orchestra will be strong this season, and will consist of six violins, cello, contra bass, French horn, clarinet, trombone, cornet, piano, aboe and flute. A number of bright selections have already been practiced.

Drs. Forster and Webster have been west lately, and report the football season as far advanced.

Footballers are very much like yacht sailors and dock sailors. The real players have little to say and gain very meagre praise. The self laudatory chaps are the pets of the multitude, and when they condescend to attempt to play the game, are "terrors" in every sense of the word. They never make mistakes, never lose games, never quit, never practice, never even play football as it should be played. If we had fewer of these players in our matches, less would be said about slugging and crooked play generally.

Mr. J. McManus has had the store repainted and generally rejuvenated. It was about time, as it is twenty years since the last coat of paint went on.

Chicken thieves are visiting Portsmouth, if they would confine themselves to geese they might be forgiven. The Fashoda question is not in it with the Portsmouth goose.

Dr. Gage does not forget the interest of the Review in things ornithological. He has added many fine specimens to its oological collection. This collection has also been increased by Mr. W. J. Shelburne of the Magdalene Islands.

The Rockwood Review.

On October 6th, preparations were made to entertain various members of Parliament, who had been invited to inspect the Rockwood Hospital for the Insane. Several intimated their intention of being present, but fewer turned up than were expected. Mr. Robt. Christie, Inspector of Asylums, Mr. Russell, M. P. P., Hastings, Mr. Gallaher, M. P. P., Frontenac, Mr. E. J. B. Pense, of the British WING, Mr. Shanks, of the Daily NEWS, and C. M. Black, of the Daily TIMES, were present. A very thorough inspection of the whole establishment was made, and all of the visitors expressed themselves as much pleased with what they saw. The Kingston papers published full accounts of the visit, and spoke in flattering terms of the work being carried on at the Institution. The idea of having the different Members of Parliament visit institutions for which they are asked to vote supplies every year originated with the Hon. Mr. Harcourt, and is an excellent one.

Those who have watched the mismanagement of the Ontario Rugby Football Union for years, smiled somewhat significantly when the news of the rupture between the senior clubs and the executive came. Some things appear to be inevitable.

Wilson's Snipe were abundant this year, but Wilson's Plover seem to have disappeared. The pot hunters of the south will soon exterminate the game birds which breed in Canada. We hear much about American Seals, but little in regard to Canadian game birds, and yet the cases are somewhat analagous. Palm Warblers were very common during the season of migration.

Mr. Hugh Walkem was exceedingly kind to the Granite footballers when they visited Montreal lately, and was loyal to his old club even to the extent of rooting "ad libitums" from the grand stand.

The first football match, Queen's vs. McGill, was not a brilliant one, although Queen's deserved the highest kind of praise for their plucky fight. As a matter of fact they had decidedly the best of it, and only the hardest kind of luck prevented them from winning. By not entering a protest when fairly entitled to do so, proved that they have reached a healthy condition, and have learned that it is more manly to endure a trying defeat than to win on a technicality. All honor to the players and their managers.

The Kingston crowd has a bad reputation in other cities, and we cannot be blind to the fact that it deserves it. The Kingston small boy is almost as badly behaved, as say the Brockville small boy, and that is saying a good deal; and the way athletes endeavouring to play football games are treated on the field, by young men who should know better, is a standing reproach. We try in our local enthusiasm to find some excuse for these offenders, and have a habit of saying that they are at least good natured, but as a matter of fact no excuse can be found for bad behaviour. Little as could be said for the officials in Montreal, the crowd was a model one, and no one could get on the field if he wished to do so. We have much to learn even from Toronto in the way of managing crowds at games.

The Rockwood Review.

A double crested Cormorant, (young,) was shot in Kingston recently.

Mr. Beaupre has secured a fine specimen of the long-eared Owl.

Dr. and Mrs. Murphy, of Brockville Asylum, visited Rockwood recently.

Mr. Wm. Madill has, according to the Kingston papers, assumed the leadership of the 14th Orchestra.

Dr. Clarke has an article on the breeding habits of the Solitary Sandpiper, in the last number of the Auk.

Mrs. Forster's parrot escaped from captivity, was mistaken for an owl, and shot by a prominent resident of Portsmouth.

Cherry birds and Juncos seem to be quite at home even yet, and many large flocks of Shore Larks and Kinglets have been seen.

The new Wing in Kingston General Hospital is said to contain private rooms that are equal to the best found in any of the Canadian hospitals.

There is a good deal of discussion as to the ability of several of the billiard players about Rockwood. The only way to settle it, gentlemen, is to play.

Next spring it is the intention to place many beautiful aquatic plants in the McLeod Basin. With this end in view, Mr. Wm. Carr is making extensive preparations.

Up to the date of publication wild ducks have failed to appear in numbers. This is very unusual. The lighthouse keepers say that there are more wild geese than ducks.

Our Portsmouth contingent did yeoman service in the Granite matches, and it is difficult to say which we admire most—sturdy Behaney, conscientious Etherington, or the ubiquitous Business Manager.

Is it not about time that the Ontario Government with its new authority in fishery matters, began to look after the abuses said to exist in connection with the fisheries of Lake Ontario. If some one does not move soon, the fisheries will be depleted by the wanton methods in vogue at present.

What is Kingston likely to do with its sewage in the near future, is being asked by the Rockwood Hospital and Penitentiary authorities. The present system is a menace to the health of our households, as has been shown by the ice-borne typhoid outbreak here, and we very properly ask, now that we are above suspicion ourselves, what the city is going to do about it?

The Granites did wonderfully well in their matches against Ottawa College, and although defeated in the first match won a glorious victory in the second. The giants from Ottawa looked inevitable winners, and certainly their scrimmage was the best ever seen here; but while our scrimmage held its own, we were decidedly better in the wing line and in the back division. Ottawa played a clean and honest game.

Our own and original Billy Shea has assumed another role—quite unconsciously this time. Gen. Hutton complimented him upon the magnificent work of the band he led (the 14th.) Billy had to modestly inform the General that he was merely a private in the second rank who played the slide trombone. The General would return to his first opinion if he could see our artist manipulate the bells, triangle and drums in the orchestra.

The Rockwood Review.

POOR POLLY.

Once upon a time, the story thus begins—
A parrot just from Cuba, where Spain no longer sins—
Was purchased by a barber, and hung up in his shop,
Where he heard the daily gossip, saw the barber reap his crop,
Learned to swear in English, to scream in parrot style,
And by various other measures, the passing time to while—
One day a man of physic, went in to get a shave,
And heard this bird from Cuba sing loud a merry stave,
He thought but for a moment, then emptied out his purse,
And quickly bought that parrot for better or for worse.
Says he, "that bird's a gem, he'll brighten up my life—
He'll fill me full of laughter, he'll entertain my wife."
So Polly was installed in a well known institution,
And set to work at once to improve his constitution,
He exercised his lungs from morning until night—
And yelled and screamed with vigor as if he thought it right.
Now just beneath the window, where he hung from day to day,
There sat a gay young officer who figures up the pay,
And works out knotty problems, in facts and figures too,
And when they won't come right begins to fret and stew,
And oft he loudly whistles and sometimes hums an air,
But when there is no balance, he has been heard to swear.
Polly knew no figures and he screamed and screamed and yelled,
Until one often wondered how many screams he held.
The gent below got rattled, the gent below got mad,
His looks grew sadly muddled, we saw him dark and sad—
He cursed that Cuban parrot, threw stones up at the cage,
And said upon that bird an endless war he'd wage.
But Polly yelled and Polly screamed and called for his "Mama,"
But sometimes made variety by saying "Oh Papa."
At last that poor young officer went nearly off his head,
And often sadly murmured "I wish that I were dead."
One night he heard the Geisha, picked up the Jewel Song,
And whistled it serenely throughout the summer long.
He whistled it at daybreak, he whistled it at night,
And worked up variations, some heavy others light,
At first the parrot chuckled and tried to imitate,
But finally the Jewel Song began to irritate.
Now Polly screamed with rage but still the strains of Geisha,
Went floating up, and ever 't was the Jewel Song of Asia,
Polly's eye grew dull—he then began to moult,
But inwardly he vowed he'd make a sudden bolt.
And so it chanced one day his mistress took him out,
To play with him, to toy with him, to teach him not to shout,
He gave a scream of triumph and through the window flew.
And where he went, that Officer he neither cared nor knew.
But Polly did not hesitate, he flew to far away,
And finally alighted in ancient Hatters' Bay.
A gunner chanced to pass that road, and quickly saw the bird,
"An owl," says he "in red and green, now isn't that absurd."
So a bead he drew on Polly and shot him in the head,
And Polly quickly bit the dust and Polly soon was dead.
The moral of this story is not revealed to me,
But I leave it to my readers to guess what it may be.

The Rockwood Review.

IN THE CAT-BIRD'S NOOK.

In a secluded nook in a certain park many hours of last summer were passed in the absorbing study of the manners of the cat-bird.

So well hidden was that delightful spot, so narrow and rough the gate, and so attractive the shaded walk leading away from it, that it might have remained a secret to this day, unknown save to the birds and the squirrels; but a friendly cat-bird in a moment of confidence led me behind the veil of thick shrubs which screened it from intrusive visitors. I marked well the entrance, and day after day returned, at all hours, to study his ways in his chosen home. Each day's knowledge increased my respect and liking, no less than my surprise and indignation at the prejudice against him.

The morning our acquaintance began I had been watching his movements as he flitted about, now running madly across the walk, as though a legion of enemies were after him, now pausing on the edge to see what I would do next, then retiring to a short distance under the trees, and having a lively frolic with last year's leaves, digging into them with great spirit, and throwing them far over his head. Suddenly he rose on wing, and flew, with tail wide spread, across the walk into an althea bush, where he disappeared.

I was about to pass on, when, fancying I heard a faint twittering in the shrub, I approached quietly till near enough to put my hand on him. There he sat on a branch about as high as my head, looking at me very sharply with his intelligent black eyes, but not in the least agitated. I stood still, and he went on with his song. It was a most extraordinary performance. The sweetest solo given with every thrill and turn the bird can execute, with swelling throat and jerking tail, yet not a note louder than a whisper! I had to listen to catch

the sound, although I could touch him where I stood. It was a genuine soliloquy. When he had finished he flew out the other side of the bush, and pushing my way between the althea and a close-growing wigelia, I found myself in his nook, a charming sunny spot, running down to the lake.

Though burdened with an undeserved and offensive name, and having somehow become an object of suspicion and dislike to many persons, the cat-bird—*MIMUS CAROLINENSIS*—is one of the most intelligent and interesting of our native birds. No bird makes closer observations, or more correctly estimates one's attitude toward him. As I sit motionless in his nook he will circle around me, hopping from bush to bush, at a distance of ten or twelve feet, looking at me from every side, and at last slip behind a low shrub, and come out boldly upon the grass with an unconcerned air, entirely different from that with which he had kept me under surveillance for the last ten minutes.

The cat-bird has an inquiring mind; nothing escapes his eye, and everything is of interest to him. Far from being satisfied to accept anything as "mysterious," he wishes and intends to know the why and the wherefore of everything new or strange. After one has gained his confidence, to induce him to show himself on the grass it is only necessary to place there something new—a bit of paper, a small fruit, or anything unusual. From behind his screen of leaves he sees it, is at once seized with intense curiosity, and is not afraid he will almost instantly come down to inspect it. This he does by trying to stab it with his sharp black bill, jumping off the ground and pouncing on it, when it happens to be hard, till one fears he will break his bill. A bit of apple treated by him is full of minute stabs or gashes like dagger thrusts. His manner, however, is not one of vulgar curiosity, but always of philosophical inquiry into the nature of substances, and

The Rockwood Review.

his look is as grave and thoughtful as though he were studying some of the problems of human or bird life.

He has also a sense of humor. I had the fortune to see from my own window in the city an amusing exhibition of this quality. Hearing the sweet song of the cat-bird, I seized an opera-glass and looked over the neighboring yards till I found him perched on the roof of a pigeon-house, singing with great energy. Several pigeons were also on the roof, and seemed interested in the stranger entertaining them, stupidly—in pigeon fashion—walking about and looking at him, turning their heads from side to side in their mincing way. Suddenly, in the middle of a burst of song, the minstrel darted like a flash among them (evidently for pure fun, for he did not touch one of them) and returned instantly to his song. Wild panic, however, seized the pigeons, and although he was a mere atom among them, they flew every way, and would have shrieked with terror had they been able.

Then the sparrows began to observe him. They gathered near, in a cherry-tree and a lilac bush, chattering and scolding, and plainly questioning the right of the stranger to intrude upon their grounds. After a while one of them flew rapidly past the apparently unconcerned cat-bird, who interpolated one scolding note, without pausing in his song. This insult not being resented, the sparrow grew bolder, returned, and alighted on the roof near him. Wishing to finish his song, the cat-bird merely scolded a while, and put himself in a threatening attitude, when the sparrow considered it prudent to retire. For a few minutes there was great chattering in the cherry-tree, and the birds, having made up their minds that he could do nothing but scold, plainly resolved to mob him in true sparrow fashion. One led the way by flying down to the roof about two feet from the

cat-bird, all bristled up ready for fight. This was too much; the song ceased, and with a fearful war-cry the singer fairly flung himself after that sparrow, who disappeared in a panic, and the whole party of mobbers with him. They very evidently appreciated their mistake, and saw the stranger was willing as well as able to take care of himself, for neither sparrow nor pigeon came near him again, and when he returned to his perch, light as a feather and unruffled as a summer morning, he finished his song at his leisure, and had the roof to himself as long as he chose to stay.

No bird is more graceful than the cat-bird, and in spite of his sober dress of slate-color and black none is more beautiful. His plumage may be grave of hue, but it is like satin in sheen and texture, and always in the most perfect order, for he takes the daintiest care of himself. To see him make his toilet for the night is well worth staying late and eating a cold dinner. For an hour without ceasing will he plume himself, carefully dressing each feather many times over, combing his head with his claws again and again, and shaking with violent effort every atom of the day's dust from him. Then when all is arranged to his mind, and every feather in place, he fluffs himself out into a ball, draws one slate-colored foot up out of sight into its feather pillow, and is ready to say good-night and enjoy his repose.

Another sight, for which one must lose his breakfast—though it will be well exchanged—is his bath. The cat-bird loves water, and he plunges in, fluttering and spattering in a way to delight the soul of a "hydromaniac." wings and tail and head all hard at work, sprinkling everything for yards around, till when he steps out he looks like an animated rag-bag, and the long, careful toilet of the evening is repeated.

The Rockwood Review.

But the rarest of all is to see him take a sun-bath, and one is fortunate indeed to catch sight of him and not disturb him in his luxurious enjoyment. Each particular feather stands on end, even to the small ones of his crown, till he looks twice his usual size, and like a clumsy imitation of a bird made of feathers stuck loosely into a ball. More than this, he leans far over on one side, and lifts his wing so that the sunshine may penetrate to every part, while his mouth is half open and his eyes are closed in ecstasy. He is a strange-looking object; one would think him in great distress rather than enjoying a sunning.

It is interesting to watch the various attitudes this bird assumes. He even seems to change shape. Now he stretches up very tall, with neck lengthened and tail standing at an angle of forty-five degrees; again he crouches in a heap, and swells out until he resembles an exaggerated wren; something attracts his attention, and he leans forward with head and tail on a level with his body, and legs closely curled under him, till he looks from the front like a snake; a thought of mischief seizes him, and he drops his tail over on one side, lowers his head, spreads far apart his sturdy legs, and the looker-on may be sure that in a moment he will dart off to frighten away another bird, or play some lively prank.

No words can express contempt or a shrug of the shoulder better than a certain upward, sideways jerk of the tail and saucy twitch of the body which he will give to signify his opinion of the song of some other bird; wide-awake interest is never more clearly displayed than by the jerks of body and rustling switches of the tail with which he contemplates a strange sight. He is alive to the tips of his toes, every movement is so alert, so unexpected; he will start off as if intending to fly a mile, and bring up on the next

twig, a foot away; standing quietly on a branch as though settled for life, suddenly, like a flash, he will slip off the other side, and dive after a berry or a worm his sharp eyes have seen.

I had a great desire to find a nest, so when I saw a cat-bird go several times in one direction, worm in mouth, I watched closely. The bird hopped all around the bush, eyeing me sharply, and at last jumped upon the lowest branch, gave me one last glance, slipped to the ground on the other side, and returned in a moment without the worm.

"Now," I said, exultantly—"now I have you!"

Carefully I crept up and parted the branches, while the disturbed bird hopped from twig to twig, saying "Quit! quit!" I looked in, confidently expecting to see the low nest I knew so well. No nest was there. Then I searched the neighboring shrubs, and even the grass around, but no sign of his home could I find, while the bird, who had watched and followed me, plainly chuckled in a way that said, "Humph! you missed it, didn't you?" and I firmly believe that the saucy fellow ate the worm himself, and went through all that pretense of mystery to mislead me and rebuke my prying curiosity.

The singing of the cat-bird is as characteristic as anything else about him. No song of his ever comes from the top of a tall tree, where the robin delights to pour out his inspiring notes, but out of the deepest shade of the thickest shrub his music salutes the ear. It is the most charming of songs, exquisite in quality, and of compass and variety. His common chirp as he goes about in the bushes is soft as raindrops plashing into a quiet lake, and his low chatter to his friends has the same liquid character. But he has harsher tones; he has a sharp "tut, tut," like the robin, and he has the cry from which he is named, which at a little distance resembles the "mew"

The Rockwood Review.

of a melancholy cat, but closer sounds more like the cry of a young baby. Then, also, when his anger is roused, and he flies furiously almost in one's face, he gives utterance to a harsh, grating sound that one finds it hard to believe can come out of his mouth, like "Crack-rack-rack." In fact, I do not know a bird possessing a greater variety of notes.

When a cat-bird stands up three feet from you, not in the least fluttered or disturbed, calmly looking you full in the face with both his bright black eyes, not turning his head from side to side in the way common to birds, you recognize in him something like intelligence and reason, and you cannot resist the conviction that he has his opinions, and could express them if only you could understand his language.

O. T. MILLER.

WHAT WAS THE MUSICAL ACCENT.

At a trial in the Court of King's Bench as to an alleged piracy of the "Old English Gentleman," one of the first witnesses put into the box was Cooke. "Now, sir," said Sir James Scarlett, in his cross-examination of Cooke, "you say that the two melodies are identical but different. What am I to understand by that, sir?"

"What I said," replied Cooke, "was that the notes in the two arrangements are the same but with a different accent—the one being in common while the other is in triple time; consequently the position of the accented notes is different in the two copies."

"What is a musical accent?" Sir James flippantly inquired.

"My terms for teaching music are a guinea a lesson," said Cooke, much to the merriment of the court.

"I do not want to know your terms for teaching," said the counsel; "I want you to explain to his lordship and the jury what is musical accent," Sir James waxed

wroth. "Can you see it?" he continued.

"No," was the answer.

"Can you feel it?"

"Well," Cooke drawled out, "a musician can."

After an appeal to the Judge, the examining counsel again put the question:

"Will you explain to his lordship and the jury—who are supposed to know nothing about music—the meaning of what you call accent?"

"Musical accent," rejoined Cooke, is emphasis laid on a certain note just in the same manner as you would lay stress on any word when speaking, in order to make yourself better understood. I will give you an illustration, Sir James. If I were to say 'you are a DONKEY,' the accent rests on donkey; but if instead I said 'you are a donkey,' it rests on you, Sir James, and I have no doubt that the gentlemen of the jury will corroborate me in this." The story is more personal than polite, nevertheless it is well worth telling as an instance of forcible illustration. It is useful, too, since it may serve to impress upon the minds of that very large circle of people who plume themselves on being musical, some faint notion of what accent in music really is. It is the outcome of that wonderful invention, the division of music into bars, but for which music might still be only the magical accomplishment of a few.

Professional.—Blimber (to Quickley, who is an actor): "They say domestic felicity is incompatible with your profession. Tell me, do you find it difficult to keep from quarrelling with your wife." Quickley (gravely): "I assure you I find the greatest difficulty in making up."

Mrs. Musicmad: "Doctor, why is it that all the great pianists have such long, bushy hair?" Prof. Savage (reflectively): "I presume it is to keep off the flies while they are performing."

The Rockwood Review.

Kingston was more than ordinarily gay at the middle of October, what with the installation of Archbishop Gauthier, the visit of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, as well as Sir Wilfred Laurier.

Mr. W. Woods received a severe wound while working with a handsaw on October 14th. The wonder is that he did not lose his hand.

Mrs. Jas. Dennison and Mrs. Culceth, Portsmouth, have been ill.

The appointment of Archbishop Gauthier gives general satisfaction to all classes and creeds.

Heard during Granite-Montreal football match:—

Disgusted Montrealer: "What is the matter with our boys, they must be asleep?"

Fair Companion: "Yes—dreaming of victory!"

Sir Wilfred Laurier's sunny smiles were much in evidence at Convocation. Both Sir Wilfred and Principal Grant uttered sentiments worth pondering over by true Canadians. The students were decidedly better behaved than usual and rather witty.

The proposal of some Americans to erect a monument to the memory of Montgomery in Quebec, is a most preposterous one, and will of course be frowned down. A bronze to Isaac Brock in Central Park, New York, would be more to the point, as Brock died while repulsing a horde of ruthless invaders, while Montgomery did nothing more noble than attempt to steal for his adopted country something which they had not the least right to claim. High as the place Washington must rise to in history, the American attempts to capture Canada will take rank with the campaigns in Cuba, really to acquire new territory "in the interests of humanity."

If the Kingston newspapers want a subject for agitation, why not suggest the advisability of urging the "Skating and Curling Rink Co." to enlarge the present Hockey Rink and to light it properly. In the past on unfavorable nights, playing hockey in that rink was something of a blind man's holiday.

What has become of the Drill Sheds promised the city and the R. M. C.? It is about time they were built.

The Kingston papers reported a great migration of Snipe during the fall. The birds heard whistling as they flew over at night were "Sanderlings." They exist in immense numbers, and are very noisy during their migration at night.

Up to the present very few wild ducks have been seen in the market, and sportsmen report ruffed grouse scarce. This is the greatest squirrel year on record, and both black and red are very common.

Many of the wise people of this country are seriously concerned over the importation of degenerates from Europe. The concern is not remarkable, and the fewer of certain varieties of immigrants, recently welcomed by some of the newspapers we receive, the better. What we should do is to develop ourselves, find some way of inducing Canadians to remain north of the St. Lawrence, and to open and improve the fertile regions of the west. If we are to become a great nation numerically, let it also be great in the best elements. It is all very well to talk of Anglo-Saxon unity, but we can scarcely expect it to be built out of a hodge-podge containing such elements as the worst of the Austrian, Russian, Tartar, Polish, and a dozen other varieties of the old world production.

The Rockwood Review.

The Granites have covered themselves with glory during the last month, and the playing against Montreal on two occasions was somewhat remarkable. When these boys entered a Senior League they were regarded by many critics as having unmitigated "cheek," and there has been a reluctance on the part of a certain class of critics to recognize the fact that the Granite game is truly the highest development of football science. The game in Montreal was clearly won by the Kingston team, but through the incapacity of the referee, not dishonesty as has been asserted, they were robbed of what was coming to them. The newspaper war over the game was very undignified and unfortunate, not to say bad tempered. While it is true some unpleasant things were said and done on the field, they were much magnified and exaggerated. These games should really be reported by men who understand the intricacies of football and who are above being partisan. There are a few of this variety—not many. The second game in Kingston was a wonderful exhibition of football—probably one of the best ever seen here, and for once in the history of local games, the crowd did not interfere with the players, but kept off the field and generally behaved themselves in a satisfactory manner. The score forty-four to eight was earned, and could have been increased by the Granites without much trouble.

Of all the footballers turned out by Kingston, one boy shines out as an example, so near the ideal that he should serve as a model for all others. W. Hamilton is without doubt the most brilliant half-back Canada has seen. He always does the right thing at the proper moment, plays a faultless game in the most unassuming style, and above all never forgets for a moment to be as honest in his methods as it is possible to be. Physically he is a marvel, and it

he rarely gets the full credit coming to him by those who do not realize that all grandstand work is denied in the true interests of the game. Those who really know never fail to give him the honor to which he is entitled.

The sudden death of the Rev. Dr. Cochrane, of Brantford, proved a great shock to his son, Mr. Wm. Cochrane, of Rockwood Hospital. The sympathy of the whole household has gone out to Mr. Cochrane. Dr. Cochrane was one of the most distinguished members of the Presbyterian ministry in Ontario, and was greatly respected by those who knew him.

Miss Frankie Davidson, Masters W. Elliott, Harold and Herbert Clarke won many prizes at the Victoria School Sports.

Mr. E. Watson, Clinical Assistant, has given up work at the Hospital, and has resumed his studies at Queen's.

It was a matter of regret to many that the Business Manager could not play in the second Granite match against Montreal.

W. Dehaney proved too much for the celebrated Barclay, of Montreal. Billy is a man of muscle and can stay with the best of them.

Master Willy McCammon was rather severely injured on October 14th. He was knocked over by a horse, and falling on a heap of stones cut his face.

Kingston has more than a fighting chance for four football championships this year. This is truly a great football town.

The Cadets are at last coming to the front in sports, and are giving a good account of themselves.

DIED.—At DeRuyter, New York, on October 6th, Mrs. Geo. Pooler. Mrs. Pooler was the eldest daughter of Mr. Thos. Lonergan of Rockwood. Mr. Lonergan's many friends sympathize with him deeply in his bereavement.

The Rockwood Review.

KHARTOUM.

Between me and the shimmering hills,
Between me and the nearer plain
Some haud unseen shakes out and fills
The gossamer curtain of the rain.
The slant lines weave a liquid woof
Across aerial wefts of rags
Sloped tent-wise, like a Moorish roof,
And swaying as a fountain swags.
Wind-blown among its towers and trees
Where all day long the sunshine lies,
In those warm lands beyond the seas
Whither my frost-clipt fancy flies.
Pale through the silver-tinted mist
The autumn landscape colours shine
In sapphire and in amethyst,
In opal and clear hyaline.
Yet looking forth I but behold
The desert stretching many a mile,—
The Arab and his camel-fold,
In rainless valleys of the Nile.
Under the Sphynx's level lids,
O'er arid plain, through rocky gorge,
Once more beneath the pyramids
Advance the standards of St. George.
Once more the ancient faith-cry
"St. George and merrie England" stirs
The vault of the Egyptian sky,—
The dust of her dead Emperors.
O gallant Cheistain brave and bold,
The flower of Christian chivalry,—
Look from thy fastness, and behold
The price thy England pays for thee!
We weep for him of Khiva slain,
With Albion in her sea-girt isle,
And Egypt gives us not again
All our young voyageurs of her Nile:—
But thou, caged eagle! at thy gate
The traitor Sheiks betray thy faith,
And thy brave comrades come too late
For aught but to avenge thy death.
Land of dead glories,—meeting-place
Of Christian faith surviving loss,
And the false prophet and his race,
The crescent and the holy cross:
It must be that the Cross shall win.
That flag, to every wind unfurled,
Shall gather from the nations in
The hope and blossom of the world.
And English hands plant here again,
Where history and mankind began,
The seed of that divinest grain
Whose noblest fruit is nobler man.
Rain, winter rain!—lower winter skies!
To-day ye wrap the world in gloom
For our dead hero where he lies
Voiceless and slain in fallen Khartoum.

K. S. McL.

This poem was written in 1885, within a few days after the news came of the death of the heroic General Gordon in Egypt.

The Rockwood Review.

SCREECH OWL.

MEGASCOPS ASIO.

The little Screech Owls are distributed over the temperate parts of the globe and are among the better known of the Owls.

The Common Screech Owl is distributed throughout the whole of the United States and the southern portions of the British provinces. It is separable into several geographic races, as is usual in species having such an extensive distribution. The typical form (*MEGASCOPS ASIO*) ranges from the eastern United States and the British provinces south to about the thirty-second parallel and west to the Great Plains. The Florida Screech Owl (*MEGASCOPS ASIO FLORIDANUS*) inhabits the Gulf States from Louisiana to Florida and extends north along the coast to South Carolina. The Texas Screech Owl (*MEGASCOPS ASIO MCCALLII*) is found in southern Texas and eastern Mexico southward to Guatemala. The Mexican Screech Owl (*MEGASCOPS ASIO TRICHOPSIS*) inhabits northwestern Mexico, Lower California, Arizona, and New Mexico. The California Screech Owl (*MEGASCOPS ASIO BENDIREI*) is limited to California. Kennicott's Screech Owl (*MEGASCOPS ASIO KENNICOTTII*) inhabits the Northwest coast, from Oregon to Sitka, and east to northern Montana. The Rocky Mountain Screech Owl (*MEGASCOPS ASIO MAXWELLIÆ*) is found in the Rocky Mountains, from Colorado to eastern Montana.

Their food consists of a great variety of animal life, including mammals, birds, reptiles, batrachians, fish, crustaceans, and insects. At night-fall they begin their rounds, inspecting the vicinity of farm-houses, barns, and corncribs, making trips through the orchard and nurseries, gliding silently across the meadows or encircling the stacks of grain in search of mice and insects. Thousands upon thousands of mice of different kinds thus fall victims to their

industry. Their economic relations therefore are of the greatest importance, particularly on account of the abundance of the species in many of the farming districts, and whoever destroys them through ignorance or prejudice should be severely condemned.

Those who have rambled much in the country in the clear winter mornings must have noticed the tracks of mice which often form networks in the snow, crossing and recrossing, passing in and out of walls and stacks, or converging toward some choice bit of food—all tending to show how active these little rodents are during the night, a period when most of the world sleeps. Occasionally a track stops abruptly, and while the observer is trying to read more of the history written in the snow, his eyes catch the faint impression of a pair of wings near where the trail ends, and instantly he recognizes that a tragedy has been enacted. Beside the different species of mice, the Screech Owl feeds on other small mammals, such as chipmunks, shrews, moles, and occasionally bats. During warm spells in winter it forages quite extensively, and stores up in its home considerable quantities of food for use during inclement weather. It may be said in this connection that with one exception the only specimens of pine mice procured by the writer in southern New York were taken from the storehouses of this Owl.

Frogs are devoured greedily, while other batrachians and small reptiles are occasionally eaten. Crawfish are sometimes found among the stomach contents, but not so often as in the case of the Barred Owl. Evidence goes to show that at times this Owl is an expert fisherman. Capt. Chas. E. Beudire found it feeding on fish in the Northwest, and the following note by Mr. M. A. Frazar, from Watertown, Mass., shows that it will sometimes travel a long distance for this food:

The Rockwood Review.

"On November 29, 1876, I took from a Mottled Owl's hole (SCOPS ASTOR) the hinder part of a Woodcock (PHILOHELA MINOR). Within two weeks after I took two Owls from the same hole, and on the 19th of January last I had the good fortune to take another. After extracting the Owl I put in my hand to see what else there was of interest, and found sixteen Horned Pouts (AMIURUS ATRARIUS), four of which were alive. When it occurred to me that all the ponds in the vicinity were under at least two feet of snow and ice, I could scarcely conjecture where the Horned Pouts could have been captured. After visiting all the ponds I found they had most probably been captured in one fully a mile away, where some boys had been cutting holes through the ice to catch pickerel bait. The Owl probably stationed himself by the edge of the hole and seized the fish as they came to the surface. What a busy time he must have had flying 32 miles after sixteen Horned Pouts."

Mr. Wilard E. Treat, of East Hartford, Conn., speaking of this habit, says: "I secured a Screech Owl February 2, 1889, which was caught in a steel trap, the latter having been set in a spring where there were a number of small fish. When found it was dead, having been drowned, and its legs were more or less covered with fish scales. The trap was at least four or five inches below the surface of the water, which seems to show that the Owl must have plunged into the water in order to have got caught. This is the only instance in which I have known this species to enter the water for the purpose of securing fish."

No Owl except the Burrowing Owl is so destructive to noxious insects as this species, it devouring with relish grasshoppers, crickets, and a number of night-flying beetles. The stomachs of two young birds which had recently left the nest were found distended with May beetles. Prof. Samuel

Aughey found remains of insects in all the specimens he examined in Nebraska, and states: "It is largely an insect-eating bird." Dr. B. H. Warren says: "During the summer months and at other times when insect life is abundant the Screech Owls subsist mainly on an insect diet." During the years of 1884 and 1885 Mr. Charles Dury received at least sixteen specimens from the vicinity of Cincinnati; twelve of these, including one killed in January, contained remains of insects.

Writers almost universally speak of the Screech Owl as a beneficial species;

"It preys on mice, small sparrows, etc., and very often catches nocturnal beetles and other insects. It thus destroys a large number of field mice and the large cockchafer, so injurious to our fruit trees. In winter it familiarly enters our barns and outhouses, where it becomes an expert and industrious mouser."

The food is chiefly small quadrupeds, insects, and occasionally, when they have young, small birds. They destroy a large number of mice, beetles, and vermin, and are of great service to the agriculturist.

After dark it is all alive; not a mouse can stir without being observed, and so quick and noiseless is the flight of the bird that few escape which expose themselves.

A large number of castings of this species were examined on various occasions, and found to be composed almost entirely of the fur and bones of meadow and white-footed mice; with feathers of bluebird and some sparrow in several cases; and sometimes insects.

Mr. George C. Jones, writing from Brookfield Center, Fairfield County, Conn., says: "I think the smaller species of Owls feed upon the cutworm to some extent. I have found cutworms in the stomach of the common Screech Owl and in the Long-eared Owl.

The Rockwood Review.

James P. Gildersleeve,

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY.

Fire, Marine, Accident, Guarantee,
Plate Glass.

General Ticket Agency.

Rail, Ocean, Lake and River.
Ocean Tickets a specialty.

Notary Public, Issuer of Marriage
Licenses.

42 CLARENCE STREET.

PIANO TUNING.

International Pitch if Desired.

REPAIRING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Orders for TUNING left at my
residence.

131 Union Street,

OR AT J. W. KEELEY'S BROCK ST.

Promptly attended to. A large
quantity of choice

SHEET MUSIC ON HAND.

J. Reyner.

A. J. Rees,

**Fine Confectionery,
Fruits, &c.**

*Ice Cream, Soda Water and
Oysters in their season.*

166 PRINCESS STREET, KINGSTON.

Always go to Clark Wright's,
WHEN YOU WANT A STYLISH HAT.

**A reliable place for
FURS.**

PRICES REASONABLE.

Kent Brothers, Bankers.

CLARENCE STREET, KINGSTON.

Notes discounted, Drafts bought
and sold, Deposits received at
Interest, subject to Cheque on
demand.

Call on A. Abernethy,

FOR YOUR

Boots and Shoes.

LARGEST STOCKS, LOWEST PRICES.

127 PRINCESS STREET.

All are agreed that the best
Canadian Bicycles made are those
produced by the Welland Vale
Company.

The "Perfect" is as its name
implies, beyond criticism and really
a luxury at a reasonable price.

The Garden City is good enough
for anyone.

Racing men pronounce the Per-
fect Racer the easiest running
Wheel on the track.

A. STRACHAN, PRINCESS STREET,
Sole Agent for Kingston.

McRae Bros.,

GOLDEN LION GROCERY, KINGSTON.

For very fine blends of

**Black and Green
Teas,**

FRUITS, CONDIMENTS.

FRESH GROUND COFFEES,

And the largest variety of
OLD WINES, BRANDIES, WHISKEYS.

The Leading House for
Millinery, Mantles,

**LADIES
AND CHILDRENS UNDERWEAR,
Hosiery, Gloves, &c., is**

Spence & Co.,

143 PRINCESS STREET,
NEXT DOOR TO STANDARD BANK.

The Rockwood Review.

J. Halligan & Co.,

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

Imported Wines and Liquors.

Agents for La Batt's Prescott Ale
and Porter.

HAVANA AND DOMESTIC CIGARS.

Brock Street, near Market Square,
Kingston, Ont.

GO TO

Frank W. Coates,

Jeweler and Practical Optician.

FOR

First-class Watches or Jewelry,

Of any description, or have your
eyes properly fitted for

Glasses!

EXAMINATION FREE.

Bank of Montreal.

CAPITAL—(Including Reserve
of \$6,000,000), \$18,000,000.

In SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT,
Deposits of \$4 and upwards are
received, and Interest allowed at
current rates, (from date of deposit
to date of withdrawal).

Interest is added to the Deposit
twice a year, on the 30th June and
31st December.

R. B. CROMBIE, MANAGER.

J. Routley,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

TOBACCOS, CIGARS, CIGARETTES.

And all kinds of

Briar and Meerschaum Pipes.

Fishing Tackle, Guns, Revolvers,
Rifles and ammunition,

173 PRINCESS STREET.

Professional.

Arthur Ellis, Architect,
KINGSTON.

R. E. Sparks, D.D.S., L.D.S., M.D.
Dentist.

230½ PRINCESS STREET, KINGSTON.

Britton & Whiting,
Barristers, &c.

B. M. BRITTON, Q.C.

J. L. WHITING, B.A.

Offices, 69 Clarence St., Kingston.

J. S. Skinner,

BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.

81 CLARENCE STREET, KINGSTON.

Jas. Reid,

LEADING

UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER.

ALSO THE

Best Assortment of Furniture,

At the Lowest possible Rates.

R. REID, MANAGER.

254 and 256 Princess Street.

We don't claim to be the only

CLOTHIERS!

In the City, but we do say we are
the Leaders.

Grand Union Clothing Co.

COLD IN THE HEAD,

And HEADACHE, cured in five
minutes, CATARRH cured in a week,
by using DR. HUNT'S MAGIC SNUFF,
25 cents a box, for sale at

WADE'S DRUG STORE.

The Rockwood Review.

J. Craig & Co.,
NO. 89 BROCK STREET,
Fine GROCERIES,
Fancy Goods.
China and Crockery.
TELEPHONE 256.

WE ACKNOWLEDGE

The "ROCKWOOD REVIEW" to be a well edited and printed visitor, in fact a very readable and spicy little Journal.

YOU WILL ACKNOWLEDGE

If you call at our elegant and comfortable new quarters, on the corner of Princess and Bagot Sts., that we are showing the latest novelties in seasonable Dry Goods, at the lowest cash quotations.

CRUMLEY BROS.

Coal and Wood,
R. Crawford & Co.,
KINGSTON.

N. McNeil,

PLUMBER AND STEAMFITTER,
Brock Street, Kingston.

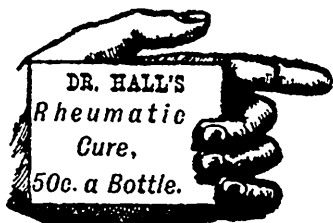
Improved methods of HEATING
with Hot Water or Steam.

Dalton & Strange,
WHOLESALE SHELF AND HEAVY
HARDWARE,
Princess Street, Kingston.

WANTED!
500
BEAUTIFUL GIRLS,
TO BUY
NOBBY FURS!
FROM
George Mills & Co.,
Prize Furriers.
170 WELLINGTON STREET.

SUTHERLAND'S SHOES
Wear Like Iron.
THAT'S WHY THEY LEAD.
ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS!
J. H. Sutherland & Bro.

WE DON'T KEEP
TOBACCO, CIGARS AND FISHING
TACKLE,
We Sell Them.
W. J. Paul, Tobacconist,
Princess Street.



Never fails to cure any form of
Rheumatism or Neuralgia. Taken
internally.

At Wade's Drug Store.
