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Review.



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

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No. 7.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Miss L. Zeigler, Nurse in training, sprained her ankle severely on July 13th.

Miss Fanny Geddes, who graduated recently, has resigned her position on the staff at Rockwood, and leaves for the west on July 31st.

Miss Marion Redden and Miss Grace Sears, are spending their vacation at Star Lake, in the Adirondacks.

We are glad to welcome Miss Cherry Steers, who has just graduated with highest honors attainable, at the Brooklyn Hospital Training School.

Miss Elsie and Mr. Norman Lockie, and the Misses Kennedy, of Hamilton, are spending a few weeks in England and France. The younger members of the party will make an extended tour a wheel.

Miss Lucy Cresswell, of Brampton, is a guest at Rockwood House.

Miss Addie Stuart, a graduate of Rockwood Training School, now of New York, visited Rockwood recently.

Mrs. Terrill, of the D. and D. Institute, Belleville, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs J. M. Forster.

Mr. W. Bucke, of Montreal, is visiting Dr. Forster.

Knapp's Roller Boat passed our dock on Sunday, July 16th. One of the patients suggested that it might eventually prove useful as a pontoon for raising sunken vessels. Few alterations would be required, and its future success would be more certain than it seems at present.

The first Tennis matches arranged with Cape Vincent, had to be postponed on account of rainy weather.

The Bicycle fad has never been so dead at Rockwood as at present. The wheel has certainly seen its day, except as an article of convenience—that is unless the apostle of good roads comes to the front.

The Gerda has made several successful cruises to Sackett's Harbor of late. It is supposed that the young gentlemen who go on these trips are collecting material for a paper to be read before the Kingston Historical Society.

The Gasometer and gas well are undergoing repairs, and the officials and patients in the Institution are able to realize what the trials of their forefathers were, when they had to depend upon the brilliant penny dip for illumination. The constant refrain now is—"let us have light!"

What is the champion conundrum? Life, for we HAVE to give it up.

Mr. Paul Hahn, the eminent cellist, is to spend a few days in the near future.

The game of Cricket seems to have few attractions for the youth of Kingston. This is to be greatly regretted, as there is no game to equal it, for skill, beauty, and as an education in honest clean sport. In order to play it properly boys must be taught at an early age by men who are proficient. At the R. M. C. a half-hearted attempt is made to keep up cricketing interest, but the melancholy fact remains that the game is practically dead. The day will come though when interest will revive, and Kingston will then regain its reputation as a good cricketing centre.

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It has always been a matter of regret, that the Americans have disfigured so many of the Thousand Islands, by building gaudy houses, out of harmony with the exquisite surroundings. Many of these houses seem to have been designed by some architect who is suffering from a midsummer madness, or by one who had travelled with Alice in Wonderland. A reaction against vulgarity appears to have commenced, and although it is found impossible to alter the shapes of many of these houses, much has been done to obliterate the crude colours which at one time made the landscape hideous. The startling announcements of the names of islands, which at one time ranked in artistic value with Safe Cure and Burdock Bitter advertisements, are also disappearing, and when Macaulay's New Zealander appears on the scene, possibly the Thousand Islands will have regained their pristine beauty.

A great deal has been written in the newspapers about the slaughter of seals, which are invariably dubbed American seals by our friends across the border. Just why they should be called American seals, is a mystery we are unable to unravel. However there is no such difficulty in connection with the question of the slaughter of Canadian wild ducks by American pot hunters. In Michigan, at the last session of the Legislature, an Act was passed permitting the spring shooting of wild ducks. This means that birds winging their way north, to commence the duties of maternity, can be legally destroyed on the American side of the Detroit River, while they are protected on the Canadian side. It seems like a return to barbarism, that any community should deliberately allow the destruction of game during the breeding season, and it is a sad reflection on the humanity of the legislators who brought such a law into existence. The only argument they have in favor of the law, is that these poor birds breed in Canada, consequently may

be destroyed without doing real harm to the American citizen. To the credit of American Ornithologists, the Michigan Bulletin has taken a firm stand against this heartless and selfish law, and holds up English ideals as worthy of study, and calls attention to the bad taste which induces any man to take advantage of this iniquitous law.

Master Harold Workman, Stratford, is the guest of Master Harold Clarke, Rockwood.

Mr. B. Folger, Jr., and J. Webster sailed as far as Henderson Harbor in the early part of July. They had a delightful cruise.

The gasometer at Rockwood is undergoing repair, and the whole neighbourhood has been rendered unpleasant by the noxious odors arising from the gas well, which has not been exposed for many years. The prevailing opinion is, that it is high time to adopt a more modern system of lighting at Rockwood, than that of the crude and unsatisfactory gas at present used. Electric light would solve the difficulty.

A new water-pipe is being laid from the stables to the employees houses on King Street. During the excavation for this pipe, an immense leak was discovered in the old pipe near the stable door. No such leak was suspected, and strange to say as soon as it was stopped, the phenomenal springs which had been the pride of the Carruthers' lots for twenty years suddenly dried up. These so-called springs are at least four hundred yards or more from the stables, and the inference is that a crevice in the rock carried off the water from the leak, and did not give the slightest clue to the waste taking place. We regret the loss of reputation to the Carruthers' springs, but are pleased to have discovered such an extensive waste.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Bowcher Clarke left for Napanee on July 12th.

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Although the black terns were greatly disturbed by thoughtless pot-hunters after their arrival in spring, they have once more returned to their usual haunts in considerable numbers, and have evidently been successful in bringing off their young.

A writer in the Toronto *GLOBE* makes several inaccurate statements about the breeding habits of Canadian birds. For example it is said that the Cedar Waxwing is the last bird to undertake nesting. As a matter of fact the American Goldfinch is much later.

The Golf fad does not seem to prosper at Rockwood—all of the officials claiming to be under age for such a staid and sober game.

Ornamental iron ceilings are being placed in Wards one and four. They will add greatly to the appearance of these wards.

Black bass about the Hospital dock seem to be well fed and highly educated. Although it is possible on any fine day to see dozens of loafers about the dock corners, nothing will induce them to bite. Minnows they scorn, crayfish they will not look at, worms have no attraction for them, the glittering spoon they avoid. In fact they seem to content to float about idly without endeavouring to feed. Most of these fish appear to weigh about two pounds—a few may be larger, none less—and the mystery of their existence is a constant worry to the many Isaac Waltons who haunt the wharf and its vicinity. The man who invents a taking bait for these fish has many happy hours before him.

Coal vessels began discharging their loads at Rockwood on July 10th.

Congratulations are offered to Dr. E. C. Watson, who has successfully passed the Council Examinations.

A hundred and sixty of the patients went to the Circus when here, and voted it the best thing of the kind they had ever seen. The performing seals were of course the greatest attraction.

A trick Bicyclist kindly gave the patients a splendid exhibition on July 10th. His marvellous feats were received with great applause. The only dread expressed was that Mr. W. Shea would attempt to repeat the performance and come to grief. Billy knows a trick worth two of that.

The Iris is once more in sailing trim, and under the clever guidance of Capt. Daniel McNair, a salt-water sailor of no mean ability, is giving a good account of herself. As Capt. Daniel is popular with the ladies, he finds his evenings pretty well occupied in giving his many admirers outings on the water.

The lilies in McLeod Basin are doing well, and promise to make a brave showing before the end of the season.

The Frontenac Hockey Club will it is said, lose three of its forward line this winter. This will give the young blood a chance, and as there are many promising players among the juveniles, there should be no difficulty in finding substitutes for those who are no longer available.

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Captain: Did you notice the terrific storm we had on July 4th—hailstones, almost an inch in diameter?

Passenger: Yes. I thought the elements were trying to play Hail Columbia!

Aberdeen Park, Portsmouth, has never been seen to such advantage as this summer. Exquisite beds of the echium vulgare have been tastefully planted by nature in numerous patches; the criscus lanceolatus plays hide and seek with the arctium lappa, and the cichorium intybus is here and there and everywhere. Taking it all in all Aberdeen Park offers a problem in noxious weeds that stands unique; the village fathers should feel proud of themselves for having made the study of botany easy.

MARRIED.—At the Church of the Epiphany, Parkdale, on June 29th, Thomas Bowcher Clarke to Mary S. M. Lockie, elder daughter of J. S. Lockie, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Bowcher Clarke are spending their honeymoon at Rockwood House.

Miss Mary H. Smart, of Toronto, is a guest at Rockwood House.

Mr. Carl Y. Ford has been suffering from the prevailing scarlet fever. He is convalescing nicely.

Master Fred Dennison is recovering from an attack of scarlet fever.

Miss M. Gibson, Miss E. Peirce and Mrs. C. K. Clarke spent a brief holiday in Toronto recently.

Dr. James Gage, of Riverside, Cal., is once more with us, and has received a warm welcome from his many friends.

Tennis is booming at Rockwood, and a series of matches has been arranged with several American players who are staying for the summer at Cape Vincent.

Queen's Bowling Club did well at Toronto, and came within one of the championship. Hard luck.

Rockwood was well represented at Rochester on July 4th, and a prominent officer of the 14th Batt. states that our officials were models for others to follow—obedient, well behaved and respectful to superior officers. Well done Rockwood. Of course our only W. Shakespeare Shea addressed the citizens of Rochester, and referred to the sentiments which have led up to the twining of the Union Jack and Old Glory on one flagstaff in fitting terms. He also did a successful Cake Walk.

The Baseball matches at Lake Ontario Park have attracted large crowds, and the youngsters have, in the Junior League played excellent baseball. The boys should have higher ideals though, and endeavour to elevate an excellent game which has deservedly fallen into disrepute, on account of the evil associations by which it is surrounded. The most unpleasant feature to the onlooker is the vulgar coaching and sneering of the coaches. The moral effect of coarsely sarcastic remarks is not elevating, and if all coaching was prohibited so much the better for baseball. Foul language should also be totally suppressed by the authorities, and obedience to the rulings of the umpire without a murmur cultivated. When the Princess Street Nine submitted to a most unjust decision of an umpire without noisy protest, at a recent picnic, they made more friends than would have been the case if they had left the field in high dudgeon. Their opponents would have acted wisely if they had refused to accept what appeared to be an unjust advantage. The advisability of giving up the unsightly gum-chewing habit might be considered by all of the teams, unless it is found impossible to catch hot liners and sky scrapers without the comforting assurance of a mouthful of gum.

Mr. Davidson, after a serious illness, is slowly regaining his health. His condition was very critical for a time.

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THE PRISONER OF ILE AU DIABLE.

The sound of the sea is in mine ears,
And the trample of waves on the beach,
And the roar of the wind that scatters the sand, --
But never the sound of speech,
Or even the note of an exiled bird,
Homesick and sad like me
To speak to my heart like a gentle word
Of comfort and sympathy.

The days go by and the desolate years,
Each like the one before,
And the rocks and the sea are round me still,
And the brazen sky and the shore ;
But never a voice from the world outside,
Or a breath of my native air,
To whisper hope to my breaking heart,
And lighten its dumb despair.

Desolate rock and desolate sea
Are all my eyes behold,
And the desolate heart in the breast of me
For the happy days of old.
The sun shines over the dreary land,
And the poisonous mists arise,
And the very stars are aliens too,
In the strange and alien skies.

O lovely France—oh cruel France !
Is this the guerdon meet
For the loyal sons who would die for thee,
And find the dying sweet ?
Ah, lovely and terrible!—let me die
With the brave and gallant dead,
On the battle field, with face to the foe,
And the lilies overhead.

And let my bed be a soldier's grave,
With carven sword and lance,
Where men shall say his life he gave
For the honor and fame of France ;
Glad and proud as a soldier should ;
('Tis thine to give or take,)
Sealing his faith with his loyal blood,
Oh France, for thy dear sake !

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The sound of the sea is in mine ears,
And the trample of waves on the beach,
And the roar of the wind as it scatters the sand,
But never an answering speech.
The days go by, and the desolate years,
Each like the one before,
But the rocks and the sea are round me still,
And shall be evermore.

K. S. McL.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER OF DR. GOULD.

WRITTEN AT NAZARETH, PALESTINE.

Speaking of the general lack of order and justice in the countries ruled by the Sultan, Dr. Gould writes in a recent letter from Palestine:—

"But this interference with one's correspondence is one of the many exasperating things that we have to endure in this land of the Turk. Truly the patriarch Job must have had a prolonged experience of him as well as of his Satanic majesty, or he would never have learned the secret of patience so thoroughly as he did. In these latter days, at least, the two always seem to go up and down, and to and fro in the land together. But still, groaning under the weight of an intolerable oppression, as it is, the land possesses a wonderful and undying charm. After our repressed staid western ways, the people are wonderfully impulsive and still interesting. The last rains this year were very scanty and delayed, but after a day of promise the fall began on Monday morning, and the town was immediately filled with a perfect hubbub of rejoicing. The men shot off guns, or anything else to make a noise, the women danced, and the children joined in processions went singing through the streets. Prior to this rainfall we had what is known here as "Sirocco," that is, close sultry weather with an east wind, hot and scorching as the blast from a furnace. Then it is that one realizes the force of the Psalmist's malediction—"a wind from the desert shall smite them."

A little while ago I was one of the invited guests at a native wedding at Bassah, which, by the way, is the very next village to "Cana of Galilee," where Jesus turned the water into wine.

It is impossible for me to describe the scene with any degree of vividness. Of course, to begin with, there was a great feast for invited guests; and it is only in quite recent years that the custom of providing "wedding garments" has fallen into disuse. One disadvantage to the enjoyment of an European is that there are usually about three coffee-cups for about twenty or more guests; but the Arabs are great sticklers for their own ideas of etiquette, so the greatest must always drink first, and the least last. As an Hakim or "dire-man," as they call a doctor, I of course stand first in the front rank, and since it involves first chance at a moderately clean coffee cup, always thankfully accept the precedence and privilege. Somehow or other long before the time the second round comes, my desire for coffee has quite disappeared.

Of course your table and your seat are both the same, and that is the floor, while everybody uses his own finger and thumb to select and pull out whatever he may fancy from a common dish placed at the centre. It is not quite so bad as it sounds however; for each guest has a plentiful supply of the thin flat Arabic bread thrown down before him, and by using a piece of this, either as a scoop or a wrapper according to necessity one can often manage fairly well.

I have been rather embarrassed though, once or twice, by a parti-

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cular friend taking a favorite piece of chicken into a pair of grimy hands, breaking it up into tempting morsels, and passing it on bit by bit for me to swallow, one at a time. On such occasions one can only look pleased, keep quiet and do as he is told like "Moses in the bulrushes."

I attended one feast given by a Sheik near Jerusalem, in which the chief dish was a stuffed sheep, roasted whole, and placed in the middle of the table, or I should rather say, the floor. This is the greatest gastronomical honor an Arab can confer on a guest, many of whom are not at all slack in doing full justice to the same. As an example,—I had a man come to me for advice who complained of feeling rather heavy and drowsy after eating. Well, how much do you eat, I enquired? "Oh, only thirteen loaves!" And yet they expect a fellow to give them medicine which will make a load like that feel light and comfortable! A charge of dynamite or a small torpedo might have the desired effect, but old fashioned nostrums like bicarbonate of soda share the same fate as the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay.

However, let us return to the wedding. After the feast there is the procession of chanting girls to accompany the bride to the church, which in this case was a small mission room. The place is crammed full of men, women and children, chiefly babies, judging by the noise. There is a profusion of eastern jewelry, gay garments, and dirty faces. The bride and groom are the centre of attraction, and deserve special notice. The bride is so veiled and bundled up in a grand array of fine garments that it is impossible to see whether her face is white or black, clean or dirty. The groom of course, is there likewise, and looks frightened to death. He also is clothed in stars and stripes, red, green, brown, yellow or saffron, it makes no difference, all colors harmonize here, especially at a wedding. The poor fellow in a vain endeavor to

look extra smart, or who can tell—from sheer fright and nervousness, has left off the really pretty red fellaheen shoes with turned up toes, and put on instead, a pair of very heavy top boots, very cumbersome and extremely dirty. Needless to say, his hands were likewise. I shall not attempt to describe the service lest it should seem like throwing ridicule upon a very solemn occasion. Suffice it to say that just as soon as it was ended, a man gave vent to his feelings by putting a gun in his door and firing it off, probably with an extra charge of powder. I thought that both of my ear drums were irreparably ruptured, and hurried outside before the man with the gun could repeat the operation, which he did immediately.

Here still we have many of the customs unchanged of the days of the patriarchs. In the book of Judges occurs the expression "They that ride on white asses," meaning the chief of the people. To-day, he who would be thought much of in Palestine must ride a white horse. It is also thought a great disgrace for the bride to have to walk to her future home; but lo, in this case the women were much disturbed that there was no horse provided for the bride. Still, "where there's a will there's a way" as the crow said, and now some investigating soul suggested that the "Hakim Inglese" had ridden out on a fine spirited mare, and moreover she was white. What could be grander and more befitting the occasion! Of course, the very thing, how clever to have thought of it! Forthwith, without asking permission they proceeded to fetch out the mare, (Bridget, I call her,) tied a red bandanna handkerchief around her neck, and hoisted up the bride into the saddle. Then, while it took two men to hold Bridget, and as many more to keep the bride on her back, the young men lined up in a dance, and the girls formed procession with music and singing, and lead the way to the new home; whither

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I followed with mingled trepidations regarding the possible effect of Bridget's heels, and the probable dislocation of the bride's neck. So much for a wedding in Palestine to-day.

Last night I attended a betrothal ceremony, and as the complement of the wedding must add a few words in description. The preliminaries, of course, are of a purely monetary character, between the bridegroom and the male relations of the bride. The lady among the Christians merely gives a formal consent—among the Moslems she is not consulted at all, she simply goes to the highest bidder; and according to a man's wealth so is the number of his wives. The betrothal last night was that of one of our teachers, and took place in the house of Dr. Barton, the medical missionary here.

There were about thirty guests and witnesses, with the would-be bridegroom and the brother of the intended bride. The proceedings began with a hymn, then the native pastor read the chapter in Genesis where Abraham charges the steward to depart to Harem and take a wife for his son Isaac from the members of his father's house. On this he based some very good advice to the groom-to-be. This was followed by prayer; then the formal betrothal, consisting of certain questions and answers in the presence of witnesses, with the payment of the "lump-sum" tied up in a white handkerchief to the brother of the bride, who of course promptly pocketed the "value of a sister" according to eastern notions. The ceremony then closed with another hymn, which unfortunately for western ears, was set to the tune of "Old Black Joe." After this, of course, the inevitable refreshments; but even this did not end the occasion, for an adjournment took place to the house of the groom, where we were welcomed and entertained in truly native fashion. The welcome consisted of two or three women standing just outside the door, and including the names of the chief

guests in turn in a weird chant. The screeching powers of the women here are simply indescribable. The chant varies according to whether the occasion is a wedding or a funeral: at both it is equally atrocious. Last night it was something like a combination of the hooting of a barn owl and the yelping of a pack of jackals: heard at midnight in the depth of a Canadian forest it would freeze with terror the blood even of a red Indian.

The entertainment consisted of the inevitable sweetmeats, cigarettes and coffee. I do not smoke, and as related above, am always duly grateful for the first chance at one of the coffee cups.

At Dr. Barton's house there is one of the nicest examples of the confidence of birds in man that I have ever seen. Nearly all eastern houses are constructed with a very broad hall running from the front to the back, and known as the "Divan." When occupied by Europeans a portion of the divan is screened off, and used frequently as a diningroom. This is the case at Dr. Barton's. A little in front of the dining table is a hanging lamp, suspended by a rod from the vaulted ceiling. Around the top of this rod a pair of swallows have built the mud walls of their little home. Last night with about twenty voices singing to the tune of "Old black Joe," somewhere about ten feet below the nest, the swallows remained sitting calmly and quietly upon the eggs. Of course the nest is situated quite in the centre of the house, and the birds are locked in with the rest of the family every night. These birds have returned regularly to the same spot for several years, and the doctor has constructed a circular platform around the hanging rod below the nest for their particular accommodation.

For such timid birds as the swallow I have never heard of a similar instance.

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FRIENDLY, VERSUS UNFRIENDLY HABITS OF BLACKBIRDS.

Among our resident farmers a difference of opinion exists in regard to the influence of the Grackle genus of birds on farm crops and the economics of land tillage, probably a large majority of the cultivators of the soil regard the presence of the blackbird tribe as unquestionably inimical to corn growing, as well as pestiferous to orchard products, such as cherries, strawberries and raspberries. Those hostile to the dusky feathered visitors, by the use of the gun, traps or poison, try to drive them from their fields or roosting places in the groves; while a few land managers seem more benevolently disposed towards the ornithic part of created things, and tolerate and even encourage the visits of almost every species of bird, except the owl and falcon tribe. One farmer that one could name averred that it would be impossible to grow corn profitably were the grackle family annihilated! This man was regarded as an eccentric or cranky individual by many of his neighbours, and another of the same disposition as to bird patronage, and who has a fine and extensive grove of conifers on his farm, which grove is from year to year a perfect "rookery" or breeding place for the blackbird tribe, and for quite a number of other species of our feathered summer visitants; and the proprietor of the evergreens and of the surrounding fertile acres, maintains that he suffers no appreciable loss in his harvests, and that as far as he is aware his coniferous grove, judging from the song and babel-like utterances of his bird tenants, the "locale" may be and probably is almost an ornithic elysium!

Although the Redwing Grackle's usual habit is to choose a site for its nesting purposes near the roots of willows, or on a tussock of reeds in some secluded bog, the bird occasionally adopts a different way of proceeding. We have many times known them to breed in

societies of ten or more pairs of birds amid the close matted branches of the Lombardy poplar tree, near to the farm house. These families in time of danger from the visits of hawks, crows or other intruders, seem to form a clan and to co-operate in mobbing the common enemy.

One can however testify that however beneficial grackles may sometimes be in larvae grub, and insect destruction, they occasionally give way to a most mischievous penchant for pulling up and feasting on recently sown and sprouting corn; and also at unexpected times they show a caprice to assemble in large flocks of young fledged birds and their elders, and strip a whole orchard in a few hours of its luscious cherries.

Several years ago, the writer of this suffered a serious damage to his corn crop in the month of June, from the pertinacious visits of a multitude of hungry redwings. The original or first seasonal planting had been mainly a failure, and about two-thirds of the four acre field had to be resown, and the second planting was just in the sprouted stage that is most sweet and delicious to the corvine palate. The state of matters in the field was discovered by some grackle scout or other, and the hint promptly acted upon; myriads of the clammerous grackles got to work uprooting and devouring the kernels, and despite the gunning and shouting and belligerency of the planter and his auxiliaries, all the growing corn except what remained of the first planting, and which had attained too advanced a condition of growth to prove nourishing, was dug up and devoured, and was only the bird work of part of two days. The feathered host then moved on "to pastures new" and repeated the same nefarious proceedings, and but little philanthropy has been felt to the crimson wings since that impudent piece of larceny.

The birds must have been an aggregate of assembled family groups from a great extent of

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territory, and about four-fifths of the numbers were unquestionably young birds in immature plumage. On another occasion, when a sudden irruption of grackles troubled us was into our cherry orchard, and their name was Legion; but on this latter occasion the host had in its ranks many rusty grackles. The birds seemed infatuated, and would and must have the cherries; they kept on purloining, although a chum had just been knocked off by shot from an adjoining branch, and seemed oblivious of danger from gunpowder; the most efficacious "scare" was found in a similar device to that which bird boys in England are accustomed to make use of, in driving off flocks of town sparrows from fields of ripening wheat,—namely, a large wooden clapper, two pieces of hardwood the size of a shingle but thicker, hinged at one end to a longer middle piece, and violently shaken near to the place of the depredation. By incessantly serenading the dusky host, and moving about from tree to tree with three or four of these unmelodious inventions, for the space of four hours or more, we tired out the persistent thieves, and they at last moved off to an orchard a quarter of a mile distant, and stripped the trees therein of every ripe cherry, ere the owner became aware of what a "blow-out" his bigareans were affording to the uninvited visitors!

Among the slain blackbirds under one of our cherry trees, we found a mother matron who had but one leg!—the short thigh stump whence the absent limb had been removed, (probably by trap), was perfectly healed over, showing that the amputation might have taken place years previous to the cherry stealing escapade, yet had not incapacitated the bird for the duties of maternity.

The instances where the red-wings chose the tall Lombardy poplars for nesting purposes are quite numerous, and the birds' presence being unpopular so near to the farm house or garden, causes attempts to break up the sanctuary,

but little short of cutting down the tree proves an effectual repellent. The choice and attractiveness for their purposes of this species of tree seems an acquired trait, as the L. poplar is an introduced species.

W. YATES.

PETS IN THE SEA.

BY C. F. HOLDER.

During a visit to one of the islands off the coast of southern California I found that the fishermen were in the habit of feeding certain wild animals, which in time became so tame that strangers might almost think they were domesticated. The fishermen fed the gulls every morning when cleaning their fish, some of the birds becoming so friendly that they allowed the men to touch them, while others followed them out to sea, alighting on their boats, and exhibiting remarkable confidence.

Among the animals which frequently came into the little bay to feed was a large seal. It sometimes followed fishing-boats in, and once, when rows of fish were hung up to be photographed by their fortunate captors, it raised its head high out of the water, apparently eyeing the fish so eagerly that the boatman gave it a share.

The fishermen usually went gill-fishing late in the afternoon, and the seal, perhaps perceiving that the whole operation was for its benefit, began to accompany them; and as soon as a fish became entangled it would dive down and take it out of the net, returning to the surface to toss it in the air in high glee before the eyes of the fishermen. In this way the seal robbed the nets, growing bolder and bolder. At last one day when one of the fishermen had returned from the banks and was washing his catch from a boat not far from a spot where the writer stood, splashing the big red fish to and fro, suddenly a large dark form darted up from below, two black eyes looked at the amazed fisherman for a moment, and then the

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seal snatched the fish from his hands, and swam away amid the shouts of laughter from the lookers-on.

A few days later, presumably the same seal appeared off the wharf where several anglers were fishing, and deftly carried off their bait without being hooked. In the latter sport the seal was joined by a black diver—a bird with a long, snake-like neck and pointed bill—which was as much at home beneath the water as above, and which watched the fishermen with eager glance. The moment the bait struck the water the bird plunged beneath the surface and seized it. Finally it was hooked and hauled ashore—an operation which did not prevent it, on being released, from renewing the pilfering on the following day.

A fisherman on the Maine coast once claimed to own a remarkable pet, though it must be confessed that the question of proprietorship was open to doubt. The man was in the habit of fishing about ten miles off shore on what was known as the cod banks, and often took fish of little use, which he tossed over. One day he noticed a tunny playing about the boat, and, tossing a dogfish at it, he was surprised to see the big fish turn and seize it. Wishing to see how near the fish would approach, he threw another, bringing the tunny within a few feet of him. On another day he saw what he assumed was the same fish in the same locality, and fed it again, repeating the act until the fish displayed no fear, and finally approached to the very side of the boat. The writer once had a number of singular pets in the guise of loggerhead turtles. He had led an expedition to capture them on Loggerhead Key, about seventy miles from Cuba—a locality somewhat remarkable for the animals—and gradually they had accumulated until nearly a dozen were living in an inclosure about sixty feet wide and an eighth of a mile long, into which the sea-water flowed freely.

It was desirable to learn whether

the turtles were susceptible to the taming process, so a system of education was begun that was fruitful of some exciting episodes. The turtles, when not feeding, lay at the bottom in water eight or ten feet deep, their huge bodies plainly outlined against the sand. Here they undoubtedly slept or dozed, and it was comparatively an easy matter to swim down and grasp them from behind by the back of the shell just over the head. The moment the turtle felt the grasp it bounded to the surface and took a long breath, then dived again, dragging the rider along at a rapid pace, now under water, again at the surface, endeavoring in vain to shake off by desperate plunges the enemy, who, like the old man of the sea, clung closely to its back. If the turtle had been left to its own devices, it would soon have escaped; but by placing the knees upon its back enough resistance was brought into play to force it to the surface, and after a number of rushes up and down the inclosure it was reduced to submission. This experiment was tried many times with a view to domesticating the huge loggerheads, who finally apparently submitted with some degree of grace to the daily exercise, and would gather at one end of the inclosure to be fed.

The strength of these reptiles was marvelous. Not only could one of the largest size tow a man through the water and beneath it, but when two were fastened in a rude canvas harness and attached to a flatboat, they towed it round for an indefinite period; and when the first fright was overcome, they swam along nonchalantly, as though they rather enjoyed it.

A resident on the Hudson River once conceived the idea of training several sturgeons. Adjoining his place was a lake or pond that was connected with the river, and, noticing that large sturgeons came into it at various times, he watched until several were within, then stopped the entrance and kept three or four of the largest fish prisoners in water less than five

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feet in depth. A harness of canvas was now made, with long traces, and, after many attempts, slipped over the head of a fish, the traces being made fast to a light boat. At first the sturgeon made frantic efforts to escape, rushing about the lake in a vain endeavor to find an outlet, almost tipping the boat over; but finally it became quiet and swam along in leisurely fashion, towing the boat and owner about as fast as it would have moved under the influence of a pair of oars. The harness was a loop which fitted over the head, and was finally replaced by bands which were buckled over the fish's back with a loop extending upward, which was hooked up with a boat-hook whenever a ride was desired and fastened to the traces, whereupon the sturgeon would move away at a moderate speed. For some time it was a source of wonder and entertainment to visitors, being in every sense a pet.—THE OUTLOOK.

A PLUM-PUDDING COINCIDENCE.

(From the London Spectator.)

In the French weekly paper, "Les Annales Politique et Litteraire" of March 26, M. Camille Flammarion in one of a series of articles on psychical problems gives this story of coincidences: "The poet Emile Deschamps tells that when he was at school at Orleans he happened one day to dine with a M. De Fontgibu, a refugee who had lately returned from England, and he there tested some plum pudding, then an almost unknown dish in France. The memory of this was gradually fading when one day, ten years after, passing a restaurant on the Boulevard Poissonniere, he caught sight of a delicious looking plum-pudding. He went in and asked for some, but was told that it had just been sold. The shopwoman saw that he looked disappointed, and said: "M. De Fontgibu, would you be so very kind as to let this gentleman have part of your plum pudding?" He then recognized M. De Fontgibu

in the middle-aged man in a colonel's uniform, who was sitting eating at a table near, and who courteously offered him some pudding.

"Many years passed without his coming across either a plum pudding or M. De Fontgibu, when one day Deschamps was invited to a dinner party to eat a real English plum pudding. He accepted, and laughingly told his hostess that M. De Fontgibu would certainly be of the party, telling her his reason for saying this. The day came. Ten guests filled the ten places laid for them, and there was a magnificent plum pudding on the table. They were beginning to laugh at his M. De Fontgibu when the door was opened and the servant announced 'M. De Fontgibu,' and an old man came in, walking with difficulty and helped by a servant. He walked slowly round the table, evidently looking for some one! and seemed quite bewildered. Was this an apparition or a joke? It was the time of the carnival, and Deschamps thought that at first it was a hoax, but when the old man came up to him he saw that it certainly was M. De Fontgibu. His hair stood on end. Don Juan in Mozart's masterpiece could not have been more terrified by the guest of stone. It was all explained, however. M. De Fontgibu was dining with some people in the same house, and had mistaken the door. This series of coincidences is so surprising that one can understand Deschamps saying, when he told this startling story: "Plum pudding has come into my life three times, and so has M. De Fontgibu! Why is this? If it happened a fourth time I should be capable of anything or nothing."

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