

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	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
						✓					



The
Rockwood
Review.

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



The Rockwood Review.

J. W. Powell,

Photographer,

Cabinet and Card Photographs,

At the Lowest Prices for Good
Work.

**PHOTOGRAPHS OF RESIDENCES A
SPECIALTY.**

**KINGSTON CONSERVATORY OF
MUSIC,**

AND PIANO AND MUSIC WAREHOUSES,
Princess Street.

A School of Elocution and Orchestra. Spring Term begins February 2nd. Fall term, September 3rd. Winter term, November 10th.

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

O. F. Telgman, Director.

Mrs. O. F. Telgman, Principal
Elocution Department.

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 Children's Under-
ware, Hosiery, Gloves,*

Is Spence & Co.,

143 PRINCESS STREET,

NEXT DOOR TO STANDARD BANK.

WHEN YOU WANT

**Real Good Tea and
Coffee,**

Come and See Us.

Jas. Badden & Co.

G. A. McGowan,

MANUFACTURER OF

**SHE, BANKER'S DAUGHTER AND
LA FLORE DE FRONTENAC
CIGARS.**

"Smoke Trilby."

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

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.

A. B. Martin,

THE GROCER,

*Noted for Fine Goods at Bottom
Prices.*

Thos. Mills & Co.,

Manufacturers & Importers of

**Hats, Caps, and
Furs.**

Special attention to Orders and
repairs of Furs.

182 WELLINGTON STREET.

The Rockwood Review.

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.

Satisfaction secured by wearing

Jenkins' Bicycle Suits,

Bicycle Sweaters, Bicycle Stock-
ings, Bicycle Suspensories.

All goods guaranteed in price and
quality.

JENKINS, 174 WELLINGTON STREET.

J. Halligan & Co.,

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

Imported Wines and Liquors.

Agents for La Batts Prescot Ale
and Porter.

HAVANNA AND DOMESTIC CIGARS.

Brock Street, near Market Square,
Kingston, Ont.

Millinery does not mean expensive
Millinery by any means. We sell

English Millinery,

And it costs no more than poor
taste may elsewhere.

Hardy's, 125 Princess Street.

B. Waldron,

KINGSTON, ONTARIO.

IMPORTER OF

English, French and German

SILKS, FANCY DRESSES. MEBINOES.

Irish Linens, Cashmeres, Henrietas,

Kid Gloves, Hosiery, Family

Mourning and

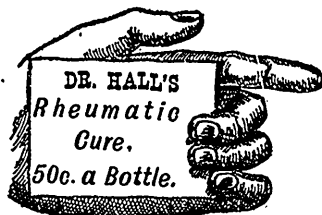
House Furnishings.

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.

Coal and Wood.

R. Crawford & Co.,

Kingston.

N. McNeil,

Plumber and Steamfitter,

BROCK STREET, KINGSTON.

Improved methods of Heating
with Hot Water or Steam.

Kent Brothers, Bankers,

CLARENCE STREET, KINGSTON.

Notes Discounted, Drafts bought
and sold. Deposits received at
Interest, subject to cheque on
demand.

The Rockwood Review.

Call on A. Abernethy,
FOR YOUR

Boots and Shoes.

LARGEST STOCKS, LOWEST PRICES.
127 PRINCESS STREET.

Call at Corbett's,
And Examine the Victor and
Victoria,

For 1896, and see if they are not
Works of Art. Also the Brantford
"RED BIRDS." All they require
is Wings to Fly.

Also second-hand WHEELS on
hand cheap.

FOR HEADQUARTERS IN
Gents Furnishings.

Go to Livingston Bros.,
75 and 77 Brook Street.

Richardson!

THE UP TO DATE PHOTOGRAPHER.
FINE PLATINOTYPES A SPECIALTY.
Studio, 157 Wellington Street,
KINGSTON.

A. J. Rees,

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

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

166 PRINCESS STREET, KINGSTON.

Dalton & Strange,

*Wholesale Shelf and Heavy
Hardware,*
PRINCESS STREET, KING-
STON.

George Mills & Co.,

170 WELLINGTON STREET,
HEADQUARTERS FOR NOBBY HATS.

Sole Agents for the
Famous Remington Bicycles!

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

Simmons Bros & Pollie,

Plumbers, Tinsmiths. &c ,

DUCHESS OF OXFORD
Ranges and Heaters

TELEPHONE 494.

J. H. Sutherland,

**Boots and Shoes,
Trunks and Valises**
Prices Always Right.

Jas. B. McLeod, Druggist,

**City Drug Store,
Kingston.**

Dispensing of Physicians Prescrip-
tions a Specialty. Always open.
TELEPHONE NO. 41.

*Our Waterproof, French Calf,
Hand-Sewed Boots,*
Only \$5.

W. Allen and Son,
*Sign of the Golden Boot, Brock
Street*

The Rockwood Review.

WHEN YOU WANT
Your Yard Cleaned, Your Ashes
Removed,
Or any Kind of Cart-
ing Done,
Ring up Phone 133 for a Cart
and Driver.

All Orders promptly attended to.
E. A. BOOTH, Jr.

McKelvey & Birch,
PLUMBERS AND GASFITTERS.
Happy Thought
Ranges.

T. F. Harrison & Co.,
UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS.
FURNITURE,
Phone's Warerooms, 90,
PRINCESS STREET RESIDENCE, 91.

The Ontario Bank,
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
TRANSACTION.
SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT,
3½ per cent Interest allowed on
Deposits.
Interest added to deposit twice a
year.
A. J. MACDONELL, MANAGER.

The best line of COOKING RANGES
in Canada is the

SOUVENIR,

Manufactured by the GURNEY,
TILDEN CO. Our price for this
superior line of goods is as low as
many Inferior Ranges are sold at.
Call and examine these Ranges and
read our numerous testimonials.

R. M. Horsey & Co.,
PRINCESS STREET, KINGSTON.

Oldrieve & Horne,
**SAIL MAKERS AND SHIP CHAND-
LERS.**
TENTS TO RENT, AWNINGS MADE TO
ORDER.

Medley's Headache Powders,
GIVE INSTANT RELIEF.
3 FOR 10 CTS., 25 CTS. PER BOX.
Medley, Druggist.

B. McFaul,
Direct Importer of Dress Goods,
SILKS, CLOAKING AND MOURNING
GOODS.
130 PRINCESS STREET, OPP. CITY
HOTEL.

A. Strachan,
Hardware, Paints, Oils, Glass.
SOLE AGENT FOR
SPOONERS PHENYLE DISINFECT-
ANT POWDER.

Steacy & Steacy.
Importers of Dry Goods.
106 AND 108 PRINCESS STREET.

GO TO BRAME'S,
Princess Street,
If you want FURNITURE that will
still be Furniture in A. D. 2,020.
The Nobbiest Drawing Room
Sets.
**POSITIVELY THE LEADING FURNI-
TURE STORE.**

Power & Son, Architects,
Merchants Bank Building.
COR. BROCK AND WELLINGTON STS.
PHONE 212.

The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 5.

KINGSTON, DECEMBER 1ST, 1896.

NO. 10.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1896.

The season of '96 has closed, and on the whole it cannot be said that much has been added to the brilliancy of the game, and it is a fact that the Senior Clubs are not by any means equal to those of a few years ago, although there has been a distinct advance all along the line among the Juniors. The Universities are responsible for the degeneration, being carried away by a craze for mere avoirdupois. England long ago passed through the same phase in history, the Americans are now in the throes of the big man game, we have nearly ended it many hope. Any one conversant with the history of Football in Canada must have given a sigh, when he saw the cumbersome giants of Varsity win the Ontario Senior Championship, by its defeat of the ill balanced aggregation from Queen's. That same Varsity team would have been simply annihilated by a Queen's or Osgoode team of a few years ago, and even as it was, if the Queen's team of this year had possessed a moderately good quarter back it would have won, in spite of its hundred and one defects. In the Intermediate Series the Brockville men won on their merits, and although we all rejoice in their victory, we hope the champions will learn the error of their ways another year. The game they play is merely the old exploded one of "brute strength," and will undoubtedly fail when met by skill. Brockville was fortunate in its opponents this year, and if the Club sticks to its present tactics, will meet certain defeat when it runs up against a moderately good team.

Both senior series have much to learn from the juniors, and although they may resent the suggestion, still there is nothing like appreciating a good thing. England has had a thousand times more experience than we have had in football, and what has been the result? they play a cleaner and better game there. The exhibition of football given by the Granites is the nearest approach to English football we have had, and the Granites have much to learn before they reach perfection, and yet they scored 111 points to 14 made by their opponents, and at least nine of the fourteen were "happy chances." The inference is plain, there is no such disparity in the scores of the other series, and yet the junior teams were better than usual all around. It was the style of game. Let us have more combination work, less "brute force," more passing and better dribbling.

The Granites won the Junior Football Championship of Ontario with such ease that there was very little excitement in the contests. The first match against Brockville was expected to be an easy thing, as the Easterners were tyros at the game, and at a distinct disadvantage, when competing against lads who had played Rugby since the time they could walk. When the teams met the weakness of the Brockville boys was at once apparent, and the score—33 to 0—does not by any means convey the true difference. The Brockvillians are a plucky aggregation, and will give a better account of themselves in years to come, as the football fever has developed with some strength

The Rockwood Review.

in the East. The second match, Granites vs. Toronto University, was expected to be a tremendous struggle, as Varsity had toyed with its opponents on several occasions. When the teams lined up, the Varsity boys were found to be several sizes larger than the Granites, and some of the players had played on Senior and Intermediate teams, a thing that should not be tolerated by the Union nor allowed by as dignified a body as the Varsity Athletic Association. Granites supporters looked a little doubtful before the game, and when Varsity scored a touchdown within the first five minutes, things looked blue. From that time though the result was never in doubt, and the exhibition of beautiful and clean football given by the Granites has never been excelled in Toronto since the days of the crack Osgoode team, and as Toronto enthusiasts give this opinion, it must be so. Granites won by 39 to 4, and their big opponents were never "in it" either in the shoving game or the combination work, in fact became dazed at the rapidity and the lightning like passing of the Granites.

The great event though was the final match between the former champions—Hamilton II. and the Granites—in Kingston. The Hamilton boys were known to be in excellent condition, and were recognized as the best exponents of the kicking game. How it would turn out against the perfect Granite combination was a question many debated seriously. The teams were very evenly matched in size, but the weight somewhat better distributed in the Granites. The young Tigers had evidently not considered the best methods of meeting the

passing game, and when their own style of play was met and spoiled, were at the end of their resources. They were greatly over matched, but in spite of this fought with such determination to the bitter end, that they won the admiration of every spectator, and succeeded in scoring twice. The Granites played even more brilliantly than when in Toronto, and won by 39 to 10, thus landing the championship. Now what were the secrets of success? This has been a much debated question, but the solution is simple. Granites commenced early in the season to practice team play, each boy was required to be in his place with regularity, and had to keep himself in perfect condition. The combination work was insisted on, and practised persistently in spite of much unkind criticism, passing was cultivated as a science and fast running considered a necessity. The scrimmage and wings were taught to render the back division of their opponents useless, and clearly proved that skill and endurance are more than a match for weight and strength badly applied. Among other things it may be said that the Granites were taught to play a game of football absolutely devoid of roughness, and that they finished a hard season without having a player injured, speaks volumes not only for their condition but their methods also.

The Champions are: Full Back—Reyner, 135 lbs. Half Backs—Waddell, 148 lbs.; Hamilton 150 lbs.; Walkem, 152 lbs. Scrimmage—Chown, 170 lbs.; Hazlett, 172 lbs.; C. M. Clarke, 175 lbs. Wings, Palmer 150, McKay 150, J. Clark 151, McDowall 148, Mohr 175, Gates 160, Etherington 162. Quarter Back, Dalton 125. Others who played in championship matches were, Straubenzie 148, Seale 140, Drummond 170, Wilson 140, Cotton 170.

The Rockwood Review.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. John Redmond has been ill for several days.

The barbers have experienced a revival of trade since the football season closed.

During the Excursion weeks, nearly all of the Officials at Rockwood went west.

The Curling and Hockey Clubs have organized for the year, and promise to make things interesting for their opponents.

The Hon. Chas. Clarke came to Kingston to see the final match in Championship Series, between the Granites and Tigers, and says that this is his first Rugby match. He is now an enthusiast, and sees much to admire in the game, has become possessed of a copy of the rules, and begins to scent the difference between a rouge and a touchdown.

All readers of the REVIEW will be sorry to learn that Mr. William Shea met with an accident on the evening of the 25th Nov. There was a sleet storm at the time, and Mr. Shea slipped on the stairs at the main entrance to Rockwood, and fell heavily fracturing a rib. If Billy had been a football player, he would have received less sympathy.

Portsmouth has not too many shade trees on its streets, in fact—trees do not flourish there—for that reason the disappearance of the fine old elm at the foot of the hill is to be regretted. In an ice storm a few years ago it was badly broken, and since that time has rapidly decayed, and of late has been a source of danger, so much so that our village Solons ordered its removal.

The "Whig" says that "Mr. Cochran and the Rockwood REVIEW are making Portsmouth famous." Its geese and cows have a counteracting influence, for they are making it infamous.

Mr. George Sexton, one of the oldest and best known of the residents of Portsmouth, has passed away. He was possessed of a good education, and was an indefatigable and successful fisherman. Some of his recollections of Portsmouth in the early days were very interesting. One incident, confirmed by others, referred to the capture of a fine deer in the lake, near the foot of the forty foot road.

On the evening of November 19th, the Granite Football Club were dined at Rockwood House, and the Trophy was presented to the heroes. A very jolly evening was spent in mutual admiration and general speechifying. The boys were lined up in football style to drink (nothing stronger than cider,) out of the Cup, which was handed over to Dr. Clarke for safe keeping, let us hope for some years. Mr. Chas. Webster came in for a great deal of praise, for the part he has played in the Granite victory this year.

The winter entertainments are to be unique. Already many Tuesday evenings are claimed by the following attractions: Musical Cox and Box, Cinderella; Musical Pantomime, Poor Pillicoddy; The Wizard of the East, Signor Smartshea; Electric Light Stereoptican Views, 1,500 new slides, &c. It looks as if the At Homes will be few and far between. Two or three Skating Carnivals, in fancy costume, are also noted.

The Rockwood Review.

IN MEMORY

OF THE LATE DR. JOSEPH WORKMAN,
Student, Scientist, Reformer, Philanthropist and Humanitarian,
chiefly distinguished for pioneer work among the Insane.

O Thou who wast of that heroic mould,
Student at once, and lover of mankind,
Master and healer,—whose prophetic mind,
Amid the age-long darkness round them rolled,
Found out a light and healing for the blind
Dumb captives of humanity grown cold,—
God's most unhappy children,—did'st unbind
The clanking chains, and open wide the door
Which greed or ignorance shall close no more:—
Though these, thy rescued captives cannot raise
Statues and brasses graven with thy praise,
Thy name, like the world's heroes gone before
Waits the sure justice of the coming days.

K. S. McL.

The Rockwood Review.

GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

In a few months, the Queen of a vast Dominion, of an enormous Empire, who has already enjoyed a longer reign than that of any other British Sovereign, will, let us hope, have occupied the throne for Sixty Years. At such a time, a few thoughts and reminiscences, suggested by the facts, may not be out of place.

The writer is old enough to remember the rejoicings which celebrated the accession of "King Billy," the Royal Tar, and has a vivid recollection of the illumination of his native city on that "auspicious occasion." The Duke of Clarence was immensely popular, for Great Britain depended upon her wooden walls, and here was a man who could keep his sea-legs even in the Drawing Room, and could rap out an oath, if he deemed it necessary, with the vim and abandon of the cock-pit. Bluff, rough and tough, he was an ideal King in the eyes of the greater King Mob. When death removed the last of the Georges, and the Duke passed from the quarter-deck to the Throne-Room, lofty were the expectations of the people. The Four Georges had reigned, in their several fashions, and been deposited in the tomb with little regret, for Prime Ministers, rather than Kings, had made such additions to British glory as were left to the historian to record. George III. alone of the Quartette had ever found his way to the affections of the populace, and even he had done much to arouse bitter antagonism. His obstinacy had cost his country the possession of a large portion of a continent, and, amiable as he was in private life, and much as he was beloved by those who there came in contact with him, he had not been altogether free from the weaknesses

that rendered the name of Georges abhorrent to large sections of their subjects. George IV. had out-Heroded Herod, and the First Gentleman in Europe was last in the hearts of his countrymen. He had died, hated and despised by an immense majority of his English subjects. There was relief in even a change of name, and the Duke came to take possession of the Crown amid the acclaims of high and low. It was thought that he would not seek to thwart reforms that had gradually worked their way to the front, and that he, a man of the people as he was said to be, would readily lend himself to an extension of popular liberty. There were those who believed that the new King could perform a miracle, and make laws as well as assent to them. A halo surrounded the very name of William. William I. had conquered, even if with rough hand, and cast English society anew: made a new England, in fact, and became a power the posterity of whom Englishmen of to-day are proud. William III. had brought liberty and security, and made a consolidated Great Britain which has since then played so great a part in the civilization of the world. That the enthusiasm with which another William's accession to the throne should be loud and universal was not surprising. His reign was short, it is true, but long enough to permit him to give the royal assent to Parliamentary Reform for England, Ireland and Scotland; to municipal reforms which revolutionized a system dating back, in some of its features, to the days of the Tudors; to a measure enforcing the abolition of Slavery; to new Poor Laws, that, although objectionable in some respects, much improved the condition of the pauper; and to an act for the commutation of Tithes, that removed many of the worst features

The Rockwood Review.

of a bad system, even if it did not extirpate the whole of them. These were all great steps in advance, and cleared the way for the happy reign of his successor. On the 20th June, 1837, he yielded his sceptre to the King of Kings, and passed away amidst the universal regrets of the British nation. There were some who styled him "Silly Billy" while he lived, but none who did not regard him as "Good King William" when he died. The writer can still hear the solemn "boom" of Great Tom o' Lincoln as the huge bell, on June 21st, slowly tolled the announcement of the departure of the King, and the clash and merry jangle of the joyous peal which burst from the old cathedral towers on the following day,—for there was no electric telegraph then, and the daily budget of news came in the mail-coach with its spanking four-horse team, and covered the doings of the yesterday,—told of the accession of young Victoria on the 21st. He had witnessed the illumination that evinced popular satisfaction at the advent of William, and so saw that which welcomed the coming of the Queen. He took part, too, in the procession traversing the streets of the ancient city, on its way to a grand commemoration service in its vast cathedral, on June 28th of the following year, when Victoria was crowned in Westminster; and proudly wore a white favor on the lapel of his jacket, when even a larger crowd, with a more pronounced display of enthusiasm, marched to the large church, on Feb. 10th, 1840, to join in thanksgiving for the happy union of Victoria the Beloved, and Albert the Good.

What a rage for everything Victorian marked the opening of the new Era! From a carriage to a shoe, all things bore the magic name. It stared from every win-

dow, was posted on every bill-board, was to be found on a new street in every city. "Vic" was a term of endearment. Babies galore rejoiced in the title. Even cigars sold the better because warranted to be of the genuine Victorian brand. One of the most attractive proofs of the prevailing "rage" was the publication of the London daily "Sun," telling, in letters of gold, the story of the Coronation, and was embellished, in gold, with a medallion portrait of the Queen. What a rush there was for one of the mementoes of this glad event. A copy went up to fabulous price, and he was to be envied who possessed it.

Times speedily came that tested the fitness of the young Queen for the position to which she had been called. With clear-headed advisers, and her own good sense, she avoided rocks upon which her predecessors had run. She never set prerogative above common right! never committed the error of even apparent opposition to the will of the majority. The rebellion in Canada beset her at the opening of her reign, but was happily quelled by the moderation displayed by Her Majesty and her Cabinet. Believing that intelligent men do not rebel against constituted authority, and so jeopardize life and property, without some reason, of greater or less importance, enquiry was made, and wrongs were righted with little effusion of blood. The blunders of George III., when American subjects rebelled in the previous century, were not repeated. She had, probably, a more severe test of her constitutional knowledge, and yet more narrow escape from the assumption of a false position, when a question arose as to the selection of the ladies of her bed-chamber. She, perhaps naturally, desired to retain about her person those for whom she had friendly

The Rockwood Review.

liking and preference, and for a short time had her way. But she became alive to the fact of the existence of the exigencies of party rule, recognized that in a free country they are paramount, and, aided by more light and experience, retired gracefully from a contention that was untenable. The discovery of her momentary error served as a warning throughout her reign, and as a result, no monarch has so constitutionally exercised the prerogatives of her office.

It is needless to here recapitulate the history of her sixty years of rule, for it is known to every intelligent reader, and will be told again and again, so long as time shall last. It is impossible however to cast an eye over its length, to see the enormous progress of her people, to witness the continuous and rapid extension of empire, to look upon the prodigious increase in the number and wealth of her subjects, and to survey the vast territory over which British rule, British language, British manners and customs, and British love of liberty have gradually found their way, during the three-quarters of a century through which she has intelligently lived, without a conviction that she has played a noble part in the good work, however unimportant some may affect to think it, and left her mark so indelibly printed upon her times that it will never be obliterated.

In this reign of sixty years, changes of more import than the civilized world ever experienced in similar interval, have become matters of history. To recapitulate them would be to tiresomely catalogue nearly every necessary of daily life beyond actual bread and meat. Food is more varied, dress is improved, locomotion has changed, religion has put on a new phase, medicine has passed a revolutionary stage, education is more

diffused if not more thorough, laws have been simplified and rectified, justice is more accessible, and intelligence has ceased to be the mark of a class. Amidst this time of change, the Queen of Great Britain, forbidden to initiate, and almost to suggest, has given her countenance to every good work she could possibly assist, and has been throughout her reign, in unison with whatever has tended to the advantage of her subjects. By example, if not otherwise, she has helped to make men and women better, for she has lived a pure and truthful life, frowned upon evil, extended a helping hand to the suffering, and sympathized with the afflicted. Well may her subjects everywhere join in the fervent petition: "God save the Queen."

HIS WAY.

A gentleman was visiting a Scotch lunatic asylum, where new premises were being added. The inmates were assisting. On seeing one of the latter wheeling a barrow upside down from the building to the stones, the visitor asked him why he wheeled it in that manner. "Oh," said the lunatic, "that's the best way." The visitor took the barrow, and, turning it upside down, said: "This is the proper way." "That's a' ye ken," said the inmate. "I tried it that way, but they filled it fu' o' bricks." So saying, he trotted on his usual way.

The Rockwood Review.

THE SHRIKE OR BUTCHER BIRD.

L. H. M. PALMER.

The name of Butcher Bird is given to the members of the Shrike family because of a 2nd habit common 1st habit to them all. One winter day, looking from my window in Virginia, I saw a plump little bird of pleasing black, white and gray plumage, sitting among the thorny branches of a syringa bush. This was the White-rump Shrike, also called Butcher Bird, and he was not the only tenant of the bush; near the branch upon which he sat dangled a gray SOMETHING, which, upon closer inspection proved to be a well-grown field mouse which the bird had impaled upon a thorn. This notorious practice of hanging up their food (which consists of insects, small birds and mice) is not very well understood, because in many instances the bird never returns to eat this reserved supply. The barbwire fences are a great convenience to the Butcher Bird, who doubtless finds them an improvement upon the thorn bush. One such fence had an average of three insects stuck upon the barbs, between each post, for a distance of a quarter of a mile. Though very unlike the hawk in appearance, these birds resemble them in many of their ways, being quite as bold and rapacious. Their method of attacking a bird is to dart with great force and swiftness upon the victim, seizing it by the throat and suffocating it, then tearing it with the strong beak. The great northern Shrike breeds far to the north, and is a winter visitor in New England. The White-rump Shrike builds further south—many nesting in New York. These nests are placed in hedges by the roadside, and are quite bulky for the size of the bird, being four or five inches in depth and thoroughly lined with feathers. The eggs are six in number.

A HUSHABY SONG.

Autumn winds are crooning low,
Lulling soft the buds below;
Close thy bright eyes drooping
weary,
Hush thee! hush thee! slumber
dearie.

Dreamland elves hover near,
Whisp'ring dream-songs in thine
ear:
Covers soft I tuck around thee,
Hush thee! hush thee! slumber
soundly.

O'er the land, fair nature spread
A coverlet, e'er summer fled;
The fields were patches, gold, and
green,

The fences, stitches, worked be-
tween:

Now the earth is brown and dreary,
Hush thee! hush thee! slumber
dearie.

Royal hues, and harvest moon
Tell that winter cometh soon,
Tenderly covering the flowers
asleep;
Hush thee! hush thee! slumber
deep.

Starry lamps glint in the sky,
Each one lighting the way on high,
Of angel guarding some earth child
here,
Hush thee! hush thee! slumber
dear.

Through the shadowy curtain'd
gloom
The moonlight gleams o'er the toy-
strewn room:

Thy simple joys too soon will go,
The coming years bring strife and
woe,
Feet will lag, and hearts be weary,
Hush thee! hush thee! slumber
dearie.

ALIEL.

The Rockwood Review.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

To many of you there are fields as yet unexplored, in which can be found a thousand and one attractions that are more suggestive of the grandeur and completeness of the universe, and the infinite wisdom of a Supreme Being, than the most abstruse and subtle arguments of philosophy. How prone we are to go through life with our eyes but half open—some of us indeed sleeping as soundly in the midst of the hum of nature, as did Rip Van Winkle in Sleepy Hollow—and these are content with misty dreams that are necessarily inferior to the realities of the wonderland about us, simply because our conceptions cannot possibly rank with the creations of divine nature. I do not intend to preach a sermon on the imperfections that are so characteristic of most of us, but wish to give a few hints in regard to every day occurrences generally unobserved—to tell of the little tragedies that make life full of burdens to some harmless friends of mine, and to put in a word for several of my acquaintances who have achieved an unenviable notoriety, simply because their virtues have not been understood, while their faults have been magnified by thoughtless enemies, who have mistaken tradition for fact. Tradition is a terrible thing when it takes the place of reason, and I fear most of us have at some time in our lives been sacrificed on the altar that bears the inscription, "this must be right for my grandmother said so." Do not construe this into a slur on the good old dames of whom we all have the most pleasant recollections, and without whom the problem of our present lives would have been difficult—but I ask you all privately, if you do not think the habitual dose of Saffron tea that we were doomed to take when only two days old was just a little unnecessary.

When I look back to the days of infancy, I feel my little baby fist rise in indignant protest against the wrongs tradition forced upon me.

My plea will be for the cultivation of a love of nature by the young men of the day, in the belief that a study of what is around us is not only likely to add to the general culture, but to afford actual rest to many a mind wearied with business and other worries. In Canada a man well rounded is a rare sight, as the tendency of our country, where the "gentleman of leisure" is unknown, is to develop the bread and butter instinct to the exclusion of everything else. In the race after the golden butterfly we are apt to become lost to everything else, and often it is the old story, "it is not the miles we travel but the pace that kills." The most uninteresting man in the world is the one who knows nothing outside of his business or profession. The doctor who has at his finger ends the names of all the ills that flesh is heir to, and not only knows the names, but is prepared to treat the diseases in the most scientific manner, is a very desirable companion, when we have the measles; but if he cannot forget his pills and potions for more than five minutes at a time, nature—that is our good nature—rebels, when we receive a metaphoric overdose of the remedies that are good enough in their place, but useless out of it. As I said before many of us are apt to go through life with our eyes but half opened. The beauties and wonders of nature are accepted facts, we cease to regard them unless something out of the ordinary rivets our attention for the time being. The sun is a convenience, the stars are nothing more than the little twinkling stars of childhood, the birds, and trees and flowers exist, the fleecy clouds of

The Rockwood Review.

summer float lazily by unnoticed, as we whirl through life, our thoughts busy with the pressing affairs of every day. No man is so busy that he cannot accept a portion of the rest nature offers him, and if he cultivates his powers of observation he must find food for thought in every nook and cranny of nature's storehouse. It may be urged to do this successfully, one must have a scientific education, but such is not the case. Science frequently depends for its facts on the observations of men who have had no special training for field work, but these toilers have made the most of their opportunities. Who can read the prophetic histories of Drummond, the Baker, or Edwards, the Cobbler, without feeling that these men made the most of what was offered to them. There are some so called scientists who dig and delve among the most glorious secrets of nature, and yet never discover the nuggets that are to be found in every spadeful of earth they carefully toss aside.

It is not unusual to hear people remark, how few songsters there are among the birds of Canada, and the Old Country folks have a habit of making very disparaging comparisons between our birds and those of Britain. I well remember one determined Englishman who had elaborated a most extensive and original classification of birds, based on British models. Our birds were, of course, descendants from English birds, and were classified in groups to accommodate the theory. It is unnecessary to say that EVOLUTION was not a part of my friend's system, and with a sad shake of the head he would deplore the evil effects of the Canadian climate, not only on our birds, but on our people. The supposed degeneracy of the Canadian Robin and Black Bird was a constant source of grief to him, I fancy to

be ascribed to demonical possession. I always admired his fondness for the past and could afford to laugh at his grumbling, as he really loved our birds and their music. His criticism was more the result of "home longing" than accurate observation. After all there are few persons who really listen to the songs of the birds, and although poets write sonnet after sonnet to the Nightingale, how many have heard it sing. The Nightingale's song is an ideal one, and as the bird is comparatively rare, and sings during a season limited to a few days in the year, there are few persons who can give an accurate description of this song. As a matter of fact those observers who have had opportunity to make careful comparison between the birds of Europe and America, give our songsters the palm and I am willing to accept their decision, although I shall not quarrel with the old countryman who waxes enthusiastic or sentimental over the incomparable melody of the song of his nightingale or skylark. His Skylark cannot be equalled in many respects, and I shall always feel that until I have heard the Lark far up in the sky, I have missed some of the most divine music in nature. True our Bobolink can sing most exquisitely while in mid air, but there is always a rollicking measure in his song that is suggestive of a spirit bubbling over with fun, while the skylark pours out an impassioned glorification of everything that is beautiful.

The Bobolink is one of the birds worth searching for, and those of you who will look in the meadows in June are certain to be amply repaid for the trouble. Bobolinkum is a sociable fellow, and does not hide his light under a bushel. In early summer he is in his fantastic dress of black and white, and will be discovered on the fence, or

The Rockwood Review.

daintily balancing on some slender elm branch. Every few minutes he will take an excursion into the field, and as he flutters near his partner's nest, the air will be filled with the merriest of music. As the season advances Bob, assumes a sombre appearance, and is clothed in brownish yellow. His cheerfulness departs, possibly in anticipation of harsh treatment to be expected at the south, where he becomes the ortolan or rice bird, and is classed among the four and twenty black birds fit to be set before a king. The bobolink is essentially a bird of the fields, and did not make his appearance in Ontario until the country was cleared of its forests. A Canadian ornithologist tells me that forty years ago the bird was almost unknown here. Certainly a marked increase in numbers is observed yearly, and Bob, is now to be found among the field marigolds and clover in nearly every meadow.

The most melodious of our songsters is the Thrasher or Brown Thrush, but strange to say this bird is to be found in but certain localities in Ontario, but about Kingston is very common. What it is that determines this bird's presence in any locality I cannot say, but possibly the attraction is some particular berry or insect. The Thrasher is in color a bright reddish brown on the back and sides, with light speckled breast, and his characteristic feature is a remarkably long tail. He is almost as large as a robin, but longer, and is to be found in thickets such as those on the Vanorder farm west of Rockwood. In the early part of summer the Thrasher pours out a volume of melody that is excelled only by the song of his first cousin, the Mocking Bird. The notes are full, rich and liquid, and varied to a wonderful extent. In the Vanorder thicket there are three thorn

trees, that are the favorite perches for brown thrashers in the musical season, and I have listened by the hour to these beautiful birds, and cannot imagine any song more enchanting. When the thrasher is singing, he perches himself near the top of some tall shrub or low tree, and throws himself into his song with remarkable abandon and enthusiasm. When we begin to talk of our song birds, so many claimants for position on the list come to mind, that it is difficult to assign them their proper rank—the thrushes alone with the thrasher, cat bird, hermit thrush, veery, robin and Swainson's thrush demand a large share of attention—but we must be content with a brief reference to the Catbird. This name is not in any way suggestive of beauty, and it seems a pity that such an audacious freebooter should have been given a title that is not only unmusical but to a certain extent repulsive. There are times when our mimicking friend does imitate the mewling of a cat, but there are other characteristics far more prominent than this little bit of pleasantry. For that matter the mocking bird is just as fond of imitating the cat, and I have known each of these birds when in captivity deliberately lead an unsuspecting Thomas many a chase in search of a discousolate Maria, in fact this game became so common that at last Thomas gave up his investigations in disgust, and possibly became an ardent believer in spiritualism. The catbird is an inveterate mimic, and delights in mischief of all kinds, and in addition has such a contempt for everything else in the bird line, that he imagines himself lord of all he surveys. The world generally accepts people at their own estimate—that is the unthinking world—and the bird world seems very similar. The catbird has a sentimental side to

The Rockwood Review.

his nature, and as a songster is next to the thrasher. The thrasher has the advantage in volume of melody, but cannot excel in variety. As a mimic the catbird is a success, and will attempt the song of any bird he hears. I have known him sit near a canary cage and deliberately try to outdo the canary at its own song. To me the catbird is always a source of amusement, as he is such an audacious musical prodigy, and has an undoubted natural turn for fun. He is lavish with his melody, and sings nearly all day long, and appears to like notice. At one time I have counted nine jolly fellows in full view, and singing in a delightful manner.

The Catbird has a peculiar habit of getting a piece of newspaper worked into his nest, and in civilized districts at least, seems to insist on this furnishing. I have not pursued the subject from a political standpoint, but have no doubt the piece of newspaper in variable comes from a protectionist organ. Some winters ago, a catbird that had been captured during the summer, was given to me to care for. This black coated, bright eyed, little gentleman proved an endless source of wonder, and could never be persuaded to behave as other birds do. He was an investigator of the ardent type, and was never satisfied unless he knew the true inwardness of everything that came within reach of his beak. Every morning his bathing dish was a sight to behold, and caused him no end of delight and work. When fresh water was put in he would have a thorough wash, and as soon as his feathers were dry commenced operations for the day. Everything that was within reach, food, sand, &c., would be dumped into the dish, no matter how much labor the process entailed, and the result can easily be guessed. His desire to investigate everything amounted to a mania, and

when a small mirror was placed in his cage his behavior was amusing, and quite different from that of a mocking bird in the next room. When the mocking bird saw a mirror he immediately flew into a state of fury, and assaulted the reflected image with reckless courage, and uttered the most discordant shrieks of defiance. The catbird accepted the mirror as something to be investigated and thought over. At first persistent efforts were made to get at the back of the glass. These essays resulted in failure, and Bob, as the bird was called, sat down within an inch or so of the glass and seemed lost in thought, giving an occasional peck at the mirror by way of experiment. Two whole days were thus spent, and in the end the thing was to all appearances voted a humbug and not worth further worry. As soon as the warm days of early summer came, Bob, was set at

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Rockwood Review

A monthly publication, printed at Kingston.

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

Single Copies, 3 cents.

Birth and Marriage Notices, 10 cents.

Advertising Rates, moderate.

Editors,—Miss Goldie and Miss Margery Clarke.

Business Manager, — Chas. M. Clarke.

All communications should be addressed to the box of Rockwood REVIEW, Rockwood House, Kingston.

The Rockwood Review



JAS. DENNISON.

For the past twelve years, James Dennison has occupied the position of master Carpenter at Rockwood Hospital, with credit to himself and the entire satisfaction of those who have the supervision of his work. A short review of his life will tend to show his adaptability for the work in which he is now engaged. Mr. Dennison is a native of Kingston, having been born there July 30th, 1854. At the early age of thirteen, he was bound apprentice to A. McCorkell, to learn the skiff and yacht building trade. Having completed his apprenticeship, he next worked for the Weber Piano Company for about two years, after which he engaged in business for himself at his first trade, but finding it unremunerative he entered the employ of S. Jenkins, with whom he continued for nearly ten years.

We next find him with A. Williamson, Contractor, whom he left to enter upon his present duties, much to the regret of his employer. From the foregoing history it will easily be seen that Mr. Dennison is not lacking in experience, and it is his modest boast that he can just about make anything that is made out of wood, and when questioned by your chronicler if he had ever made any blockheads, immediately replied, "Yes, lots of them—for the hat trade." Though not a very robust man, he has always identified himself with the promotion of sport at Rockwood.

The yachts "Viola" and "Iris" are products of his skill, and he not only can build them but sail them much better than many would-be commodores. He is the holder of the medal for rifle shooting, and has twice come within an ace of capturing the much coveted medal for single competition at Curling. But, speaking of curling, that is where "Jim" shines, and it is no flattery to say that he is the best all round man in the Rockwood Club. The same enthusiasm that characterizes his every day work is, if possible, doubled when he sets foot upon a rink, and to this quality of his may be attributed the success of the rink of which he is skip.

His married life dates from Nov. 1877, and he is the father of seven children, five of whom are now living. He has been quite a society man in his day too, having belonged to the 'Prentice Boys, the I.O.O.F. and the Orangemen—in the latter society attaining to many high offices. In religion, he is a Presbyterian; in politics, needless to state, a staunch Liberal, and altogether he is a rattling good fellow.

The Rockwood Review.

The Finest Pianos,

At the Lowest possible Prices.

SHEET MUSIC AND FITTINGS.

PIANO AND ORGAN TUNING,

International pitch if desired.

Repairing in all its branches.

J. Reyner,

Golden Lion Block, Kingston.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA.

Special attention is directed to the following advantages offered by our Savings Bank :

Deposits of One Dollar and upwards received, and interest allowed at current rates.

Interest is added to the deposit twice in each year, at the end of May and November.

Interest commences on the day the money is deposited, and continues until it is drawn out.

W. D. HART, MANAGER.

Richmond & Co.,

DRY GOODS, MILLINERY AND
CARPETS.

118 TO 120 PRINCESS STREET,
KINGSTON.

*Fall and Winter Goods Just
Opened,*

LARGEST STOCKS, LOWEST
PRICES.

F. Nisbett,

**Bookseller and
Stationer,**

*Cor. Princess and Wellington
Sts., Kingston.*

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.

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

In connection at low prices. Repairs
a specialty.

Trusses! Complete Line!

PRIVATE OFFICE FOR FITTING

At Dr. A. P. Chown's,

The Pharmacy,

185 PRINCESS STREET, KINGSTON.

M. Dolan,

MANUFACTURER

**Of Harness Horse-
Boots,**

Also a stock of everything per-
taining to the Horse.

219 Princess Street.

The Rockwood Review.

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 premium 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. K. CLARKE, M. D.,
Examiner for Portsmouth.

Columbia Bicycles!

RENTING AND REPAIRING,
*Franklin 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, No. 278, Office and
Factory: -*
81, 91 AND 93 PRINCESS STREET,
KINGSTON.

MONS. LOUIS ANDRIEUX,
Graduate of Liege Conservatory,
TEACHER OF VIOLIN AND SOLFEGGIO.
288 Barrie Street, Kingston.

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 ROCKWOOD REVIEW, Rockwood House, Kingston.

COLD IN THE HEAD,

And Headache, cured in five minutes, Catarah cured in a week, by using DR. HUNT'S MAGIC SNUFF, 25 cents a Box. For sale at
WADE'S DRUG STORE.

We don't claim to be the only

CLOTHIERS

In the city, but we do say we are the Leaders.
GRAND UNION CLOTHING CO.

J. Routley,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
TOBACCO, CIGARS, CIGARETTES,
And all Kinds of
Briar and Meerschaum Pipes.
Fishing Tackle, Guns, Rifles,
Revolvers and Ammunition.
173 PRINCESS STREET.

The Rockwood Review.

Frank J. Hoag,
DISPENSING CHEMIST,
COR. PRINCESS AND MONTREAL STS.
Telephone, No. 258, Kingston.
A Drug Pointer.

You cannot do better than give us a call when buying anything in our line. Prices the Lowest and Quality guaranteed. Favor us with a call.

GO TO
Frank W. Coates,
Jeweller and Practical Optician.
For First Class Watches or Jewellery,

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.

Always go to Clark Wright's
WHEN YOU WANT A STYLISH HAT.
A Reliable Place for Furs,
PRICES REASONABLE.

A. O. Johnston & Bro.,
IMPORTERS OF
Fine Gold Jewellery,
Watches, Diamonds, &c.,
IN THIMBLES,

We are showing the Best Assortment. Other Lines of Goods are better than ever.

COR. PRINCESS AND WELLINGTON STREETS.

Professional,
Arthur Ellis, Architect,
KINGSTON.

R. E. Sparks, D.D.S., LD.S., MD.
Dentist,
230½ PRINCESS STREET, KINGSTON.

Britton & Whitting,
Barristers, &c.,
B. M. BRITTON, Q. C.,
J. L. WHITTING, B. A.
Offices, 69 Clarence St., Kingston.

J. S. Skinner,
Barrister and Solicitor.
81 CLARENCE STREET, KINGSTON.

James Reid,
Leading Undertaker and Embalmer, also the
Best Assortment of Furniture,
At the Lowest possible Rates.
R. Reid, Manager.
254 and 256 Princess Street.

W. H. Hambly, Hardware,
The Best in Town.
115 Princess Street, Phone 438.

Apr 5. K 68. Vol 15. p. 10