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The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 3.

KINGSTON, AUGUST 1ST, 1896.

No. 6.

LOCAL ITEMS.

On July 17th, the "News" published a sensational account of some bicycling done by Mr. Albert E. Shannon, while item hunting. We read it all with interest and bated breath, until Albert was described as experiencing a peculiar sensation and dropping into a ditch. At this point we became sceptical, as we know the young gentleman very well indeed, and believe him quite incapable of doing such a thing, to say nothing of his getting off a bicycle to feel for the middle of the road. Some people may do such things, but Albert never.

Our Mr. Gage and Mr. Irving Smart left for Starvation Isle, Gananoque, a few days ago. They will camp as long as provisions last, and expect to have a grand time among the merry, merry maidens of the east.

Dr. C. K. Clarke gave a public lecture on Heredity, in Science Hall, Queen's University, on the 22nd July.

The long talked of matches between Iris and Viola are still things of the future. Some say that there has been a disagreement between the skips on the Iris, others again put it down to the fit of the club topsail, at all events the races hang fire.

The Kennel Club will hold a Show at an early date. Great things are promised. If it was absolutely necessary to appoint an American Judge, it is a pity that one more friendly to Canadians than Mr. C. H. Mason could not have been found. A good many lovers of dogs wonder why Canadian judges are not asked to do the work of judging. The experiment was tried before, and certainly was not a failure.

Lawn Tennis seems to have suddenly lost its popularity about Kingston, and very little has been played this summer. It is all bicycle, bicycle, bicycle.

The work on the new wing is progressing rapidly.

The back hill in Portsmouth is at last being put in good shape.

The Wildflower it is said has shown her heels to all of the Kingston yachts. Surely the ice-boat experience is not to be repeated. It would break up the yacht club.

Now that the employees at the Penitentiary have got Sir Oliver as an official head they will experience some of the "Evidences of Christianity." They will certainly find Sir Oliver an ideal Minister of Justice.

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Miss Brown, of Toronto, visited Mrs. McLean, and Mrs. Terrill, of Belleville, Mrs. Forster, in July.

Dr. and Mrs. Forster returned from their bicycling tour brown and happy. The Doctor attributed his joy to the result of the elections. He does not give a glowing account of the condition of the roads between Kingston and Toronto, and seems to think that good road-makers are rare in Canada. It is quite true, and as a general rule, new metal is put on just when it is not wanted. In summer, when bicycling and driving might be a pleasure, it is the custom to heap all kinds of angular rocks in the centre of the highway. No one dreams of driving over these until the autumn, when necessity forces them to do so. If the road repairs were left until early fall, the thanks of all sensible people would be earned, but it will take years to break up the bad habits that tradition has forced on us.

The boys with the assistance of Mr. Dennison, have constructed a fine bathing dock in the centre of the little bay. A spring board makes diving a high art as well as a luxury, and as there is no longer any necessity to pick your way over rough rocks to the deep water, everybody is happy, and it is to be hoped takes a daily bath.

Purple Finches have been getting comparatively rare of late years, although at one time very common about Rockwood. This season they seem to have returned, and several nests have been built in the grounds. Pine Siskins were present in large numbers for a few days in July, but the Orioles seem to have left us very early in the season.

Master Norman Lockie, of Toronto, is the guest of the Business Manager.

Mrs. Potter had a serious illness recently. Her condition is reported as much improved.

Cricket is dead in Kingston, and for the time being the bat and ball have been laid aside. There are several reasons to account for the collapse of the noble game, but it is quite certain that the failure of the Club is merely a temporary affair. If it is to rise again, there are two necessities, first—a good and private ground, whether it is to be the Athletics or Queen's Campus. Cricket can never thrive on the present ground, where it is impossible to keep a decent crease. One cannot convince the general public that its rights are not at least equal, in a City Park, to those of what it calls the "dude in flannels," and the average young man is intensely interested in irritating and annoying the cricketer. A second trouble is the want of a professional coach, who will teach the boys how to play cricket thoroughly, and take an intelligent interest in the game. Temporarily the bicycle craze combined with the other things mentioned, has caused the good old game to languish, but when the reaction comes cricket will in all probability take on a healthier aspect, and the present break will enable the management to lift it out of the rut in which it has joggled along so slowly for years. There is really no game to take the place of cricket, and no sport occupies as important a moral position, for a man cannot play it without being made to feel that this game, above all others, has been kept free from degrading influences, and he feels that it is every man's bounden duty to keep up the record.

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JULY.

Blue stand the hills against the sky,
Still falls the sunshine in the vale,
And silently the ships go by,
All motionless each idle sail.
No wind blows over land or sea,
Soft mists the distant islands veil,
As out of ghost-land mystery
Ghost-like the vessels seem to sail.

So still the sunshine and so warm,
Its wavering gold the stubble haunts,
And in its tangled maze a swarm
Of midges weave their mystic dance.
Oh summer days—how sweet to be
Idle as clouds are in the sky,—
To muse beneath some greenwood
tree,

And let the busy world go by.

K. S. McL.

The Oven Bird—Crescendo Warbler, as it is sometimes called, is not a common bird about Kingston, but is occasionally found in marshy spots or damp woods. McIlwraith says: "With a little help from the imagination its song resembles the word TEACHER, frequently repeated with increasing emphasis. This loud, clear call may often be heard in the moist woods during the month of May, but the bird is said to have also another song most soft and musical, which may be reserved for special occasions, for I have not met with any one who has heard it." Mr. Wm. Yates, of Hatchley, and Mr. John Burrows have pronounced views on the exquisite

quality of the song of the "Crescendo" Bird, and the writer came across some specimens at Loughboro Lake this season, piping their little lay with a sweetness quite refreshing.

Red-headed Woodpeckers are more numerous than usual this year.

Porcupines are generally supposed to be residents of the north, but it seems are by no means rare near Kingston, being common about the Loughboro Lake district.

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Business Manager. — Chas. M. Clarke.

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A BIRD OF A STORY.

THE REMARKABLE BEHAVIOR OF AN ENGLISH SPARROW

("Whig," July 15.)

Have birds the power of reasoning, held to be the sacred gift of the human race? It would seem they have from an incident which occurred at George Offord's shoe store recently. On the day in question Archie Abernethy was seated inside the store reading. It was towards the close of the day and business had about ceased, the stores and streets being almost deserted. Mr. Abernethy's attention was attracted by a loud chirping of sparrows. Thinking that perhaps a fight was in progress between two feathered champions he paid no attention to the noise. A minute or two later a sparrow, with feathers all disturbed and standing on end, hopped nervously into the store through the front door and stopped about six feet from the entrance. The bird seemed to be laboring under intense excitement, and after chirping several times, hopped quickly out of the door again. Mr. Abernethy eyed the bird and watched its strange behavior, but still his curiosity was not aroused. The bird repeated the same tactics a second time, casting its eyes up to the hero of this story in a pleading manner. The bird's second exit from the store was marked by loud chirping outside and Mr. Abernethy could hear an answering chirp, as if made by a sparrow at some distance.

A third time did the sparrow enter the store, and began hopping back and forth towards the door. Mr. Abernethy by this time made up his mind something was wrong and that the bird was trying to attract his attention, so he arose and followed it out. The bird did not fly away frightened, but hopped

along in the lead, keeping up a running conversation in bird language. Outside the door the bird took up a position on one of the grates, covering an opening into the cellar, and fluttered its wings in a manner which plainly told of its distress and pointed out the cause.

On looking down through the grating Mr. Abernethy saw a young sparrow. It had fallen into the deep opening and was unable to get out. Going down into the cellar, he picked up the stranded youngster, and holding it up to the grating gave it liberty. The mother showed unmistakable joy at having regained possession of her offspring, and together they flew away. After this who will say a sparrow cannot reason. The only thing lacking to make the story complete, Mr. Abernethy says, is for the sparrow to return and thank him for having rescued the little one.

The remarkable development in the circulation of the *ROCKWOOD REVIEW*, and the steady increase in the number of advertisements, speaks volumes for the popularity of the little journal, to say nothing of the enterprise of its youthful agents.

Dr. Reynolds of Hamilton Asylum, paid a flying visit to Rockwood on the 11th July.

Mr. Percy Johnston has grown several inches in stature of late, and the great question is what to call the boy.

Dr. Webster spent his vacation in Rochester.

Miss Orser and Miss Mabel Orser have returned from a pleasant holiday.

Miss Hawkins, Miss Smith, P. Redmond, W. Madill, J. Lawless took holidays in July.

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GRANDFATHER'S CORNER. SWALLOWBECK FARM.

Every memory, however black and dense its clouds may have been, has its bright spots of heavenly blue, and even where balmy weather has been most prevalent, and skies have been clear, and zephyrs have soothed life's regular daily round, there are sunrises to be recalled which exceeded all others in brilliancy and beauty. So come to me recollections of a veritable clovernook which is photographed upon my brain, and of which the picture becomes more vivid as time passes quickly by.

Swallowbeck Farm, lying in the valley of the Witham, and within easy reach of my native city, was bounded on the south and east by a purling stream, over which had once hung a fringe of yellow willows, until the improving hand of modern agriculture had doomed them to destruction. Hence the name of "sallow" completed into "swallow," and "beck," the old Danish term for a brook. The farm comprize several hundred acres of hungry land, which greedily called for annual outlay, and had along its western borders a game preserve which filled its fields with fur and feather at feeding time. While the land yielded but scant profit to its tenant, it was regarded as the highest attainable heaven to the trio of healthy lads below their "teens"—a trio composed of the worthy farmer's growing sons and myself. It was my good fortune to visit it nearly every other Saturday, during the spring, summer and autumn months, after morning school, and to remain there until the following Monday called me back to desk and text books; and a share of midsummer holidays was freely given to sojourn there. It was my second home, and its heads were but deputies to my parents in

their authority and my affections. A semi-modern house, of fair extent, ample barn room and stabling, long sheds, a spacious dove-cot, several "hen-yards," and a large stack-yard made up of a "steading" in character with the acreage of the farm. But its chief glory, in my eyes, was its garden, which found constant employment for one person, and at extra seasons for more. It held an odd mixture of flowers, fruit and vegetables, and its trees, trained upon liberal wall-surface, and extensive espaliers, were abundantly prolific and undoubtedly profitable. And what flowers! gilliflowers, hollyhocks, daisies, tulips, roses, carnations, flags, sweet peas, primroses, and the hundred other floral habitants of an old fashioned English garden. And the shrubs! Laurels, holly, syringas, snow-ball, lilac,—everything the English climate will tolerate, and English industry cultivate, was there. The house had extensive bow-windows, and climbing jessamine, roses and ivy trailed over the brick-work. A lawn of fair dimensions, fronting the residence, was bordered with flower-beds, crowded with bulbs, and standing before a shrubbery, which formed a substantial shelter from northern and eastern winds, was a row of straw-hives, capped with earthen pans, and yielding every autumn a store of honey, duly appreciated by the juvenile palates which revelled in its sweetness. And the second glory of Swallowbeck was to be found in a range of woods, on the west of the farm which had been planted by the authorities of Christ Church Hospital on land once a heath, and thought to be unprofitable for agricultural purposes. A "Keeper" lived in a pretty cottage, embowered in honeysuckle and other creepers, set down upon its borders, and was to my imagination, one of the highest potentates ever intrusted

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with earthly authority. To curry favor with old Master Woolfit—"Wuffett" in local parlance—was a sacred duty, and a pleasant one withal, for said he, "If you'll leave the game alone, I'll leave you alone." And he did, while we boys certainly didn't. Alas! boyish humanity is weak, with a louping hare or scudding rabbit before it, and three or four dogs at its heels. "Loo! boys, loo!" often sent the noisy pack in useless pursuit, from mid-fields to the shelter of the woods, and we tremblingly hoped that "Old Wuffett" hadn't heard the hullabaloo of yelp and bark and shout. If hares were especially tempting, because guided by their pricked-up ears above the grass, we could approach near to them squatting on their "forms," before they went away, and rabbits lead us enthusiastically astray by their rapid rush for cover, and pheasants provoked admiration by their gay covering of scarlet and green and mottled brown, and the whirring partridge gave us an enjoyable sensation as they rose in straight flight for pastures new, our solid pleasure and fierce delight were most surely aroused by an occasional hunt of an animal of different form and habits. Talk of the wondrous charms of a deer stalk as you will, dwell upon the ineffable bliss to be found in the chase of bruin, expatiate on the fascination of lying, midst slush and waving reeds, or in damp and wobbling canoe, in anxious expectancy of flying duck, or transfer yourself, if you will, to English fields and coverside, shoot pheasants by the score and follow the fox with unapproachable "mount" over a Leicester country, or go to Africa or India and "bag" elephant, lion and tiger at every hunt, and you cannot call up more than a tittle of the vivid realization of sporting fun, and genuine enthusiasm experienced by the English lad who

chases for half an hour or so, and captures at last, a single specimen of the red squirrels which abound in the woods and plantations of his native land. Even to-day, it stirs one's blood to recall the excitement of the headlong rush, of sixty years ago, under pine and larch and linden, oak or elm, in pursuit of a nimble and frightened little fugitive skipping from branch to branch, and making for his home in some veteran of the ancient forest, scarred and hollowed during centuries of growth. It was naughty, doubtless, but decidedly nice. The carefully aimed stick and stone often missed the moving mark amidst branch and leaves, and it was seldom, until the little victim of boyish cruelty, half exhausted, ventured to descend the trunk of a tree in search of a new line of retreat, that the blow was given which ended the flight, and yielded to the triumphant captor the "brush" that was the main object of the pursuit. That, worn in the hat band, or above the peak of cap, was a trophy carried as proudly as scalp by Indian warrior, and was as strong evidence of the innate brutality of man. Viewed from a moral standpoint, the average christian boy of a half century back, compared unfavorably with the heathen Hindoo. But our wickedness was full of fun, indescribable and never to be forgotten, yet very real and enjoyable while it lasted, and difficult for a participator in it, even in these more "enlightened" days, to honestly condemn. The sport of Swallowbeck was not confined to squirrel hunts. In the Peck basked huge pike, near deep water holes, in warm weather, and many of them were drawn out by snaring poacher who gently slipped the capturing wire noose at end of stout rod beneath and about them. A sudden jerk, and the quivering fish, half white, half golden green, fell upon

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the grassy bank, with ominous thud, and helped to fill the bag of the loafer from the nearby city. That we boys should make snares, and attempt to bring to land the sharp nosed and wicked looking fish was not to be wondered at, but we seldom succeeded in placing the wire about the pike without alarming it. Our unskilled hands were not fitted for work requiring so much care and light fingeredness. More successful were we with "trimmers," or night lines, which we placed at night, baited with worms or frog, in the deep waters of the little stream, and upon which our occasionally found prizes worth the trouble and great expectations we had endured. An early tramp through the long wet grass was well rewarded when we found that at last success had rewarded the early bird. Water hens were to be found upon the surface and along the borders of the stream, and several times we managed to clandestinely steal upon them, and catch them on the land. Once driven into the shelter of a hedge, they were in extremity. If able to reach the stream a sudden dive carried them beyond our sight and ken. But they were fishy in flavor, and worthless for the table, and the hunt was sternly condemned by Paterfamilias, who was a close and honest protector of game, despite his losses therefrom, and shrewdly thought that he who could kill a waterhen to-day would readily learn how to destroy a partridge to-morrow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For some time past we have been busy getting up a list of the birds known to breed in the Province of Ontario. This list has now been neatly printed, giving both the scientific and common names, as well as the American check list numbers. These sheets will prove

of very great interest and use to boys who are studying ornithology or collecting eggs. A full set of names will be sent post free to any address for fifteen cents.

The average Tory can dilate for hours on the virtues of a Sir Charles or Sir John. The Grit waxes enthusiastic about the ever successful Sir Oliver or the hard hitter Sir Richard, but recent events go to prove that the small boy is indifferent to the virtues of all ordinary knights. With him first and last it is the Sir-Cus.

It is possible to have too much of a good thing. A robin with a remarkable kink in his voice has become enamoured of his distinction, and sings in the Rockwood grounds from blushing dawn till dewy eve, and never seems to tire, although many protests have been issued.

A red squirrel of unusual size and with a remarkable pair of ears has taken up his summer residence in our grounds. He is much admired by the Rockwood boys.

The horse races at Cataract Park on the 13th and 14th Insts., were of a higher class than is usual in Kingston, and were only marred by the presence of a gang of fakirs, who plied their shady trades with not a little success. Two young gentlemen of our acquaintance backed their opinion as to the whereabouts of the frisky pea—but lo! they chose the wrong shell. We don't know much about another man's game, but we do know this much—never to play it.

Mr. H. has been causing us considerable trouble by a recently acquired desire "not to wander from his own fireside." But our troubles vanish when compared with the feelings of some of our boys, who were compelled to pass dreary dry vigils on the steps of a temperance hotel.

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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.

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Master Harold Clarke undertook to ride the celebrated bucking horse. Bol, a few nights ago. The victory remains with Robert, who not only threw his rider, but added insult to injury by stepping on his chest. The youthful rider had a very narrow escape from death, and is grateful to have escaped with a badly sprained arm and shoulder.

Congratulations to Clarence Wheeler, Herbert Osborne and the Business Manager, who passed the Entrance Exam. with flying colors.

The Bicycle Club is to visit Bath at an early date.

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ONTARIO SCHOOLS.

It may be permitted further to remark, that although Dr. Ryerson did good and faithful work for Ontario, the value of it has been quite overestimated. This is owing to a fallacious idea prevalent in Canada and the United States. It has been supposed that any intelligent person could go over to Europe with an empty pail, and bring back the cream of its institutions in that pail. Neither Dr. Ryerson nor any other man could do that, and it is purely a mistake to imagine that the cream of European education has been for some years on tap in the Province of Ontario. Another error, prevalent in the United States, was that the new features of American education made it superior to all Old World education, but this is now pretty well exploded. A letter by Charles Nordhoff to the New York "Herald," pointed out the glaring faults of American Public Schools in such detail as could not be here attempted. Note also that wealthy and intelligent Americans have for some years been sending their children to school in Europe. In addition to this, so convinced are they now of the value of private schools, and so plainly do they see the faults of their once vaunted public schools, that they are rapidly establishing private schools, and in the American "Review of Reviews" for July, more than 150 of these are advertised. In these private schools they will pay from \$250 to \$500 for each

pupil, and the parents would rather pay this than send their children to the public schools. It may be noted here that Munsey's Magazine for July has a paper on the military training which is being extensively adopted in these and other higher schools. There is no doubt that this arises from the knowledge that many Americans have that there is a possibility of a social war. There may yet be a struggle between the poor and the rich, which from its nature should bring on a war between the Western and Southern States on the one side, and the Middle States and New England on the other. This would result in splitting up the Republic into two Republics, to the great advantage of Canada, and perhaps of the United States also. Preparations have been made for some time past, for trouble between the classes and the masses in the cities. Some of the New Jersey militia have been supplied with special equipments, and have had special training for street fighting. The Seventh Regiment of New York is a class or aristocratic organization for keeping down the masses, and in the Brooklyn Street Railway Strike the members of this corps used their weapons in a manner that would not be permitted or tolerated in England. It would take but little to bring on serious trouble, and the Chicago riots came near precipitating it, and it is curious to see the moneyed class of Americans training their sons to handle not only small arms

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but also field guns.

With regard to the subject of public schools as compared with private, it may further be observed that the only high-class literature that has been produced in the United States, has been the work of a little knot of Unitarians, who, belonging to a clique, were separated and saved from the stupefying and vulgarizing influences of the Public School system. Consider the works of Longfellow, Emerson and Holmes, as the most eminent examples of this little school, and it may be seen where are the advantages of private teaching. The similarity between the American and Canadian school systems renders all this worth noting.

R. S. KNIGHT.

A vocalist of some New York renown was to sing at a concert in a Western city not long ago. One of the best of the metropolitan "string quartettes" was also down on the programme for a number or two. A week before the concert the singer wrote to one of the quartette, begging that it would play an accompaniment to one of his songs. Incidentally he asked, "What instruments are included in your string quartette?" This was the answer--"Dear Sir--Our string quartette consists of trombone, French horn, accordion and cymbals. It will be impossible for us to accompany you as you request, as the instruments are scarcely fitted for that line of work."

An episode in the life of Gounod relates how a poor, worn out musician, carrying a violin which he was too feeble to play, was met with in Paris by three young students of the conservatoire. In response to his request for alms they searched their pockets, the united contents of which yielded only sixteen sous and a cube of rosin. Thereupon one of them proposed to take the old man's violin and accompany the voices of his companions. No sooner said than done. Commencing with a solo upon the theme of the "Carnival of Venice," a large concourse of listeners was soon attracted. Then came a favorite cavatina from "La Dame Blanche," sung in such a manner as to keep the audience spellbound, and yet again the trio from "Guillaume Tell." By this time the poor old man was galvanized into life and activity by the artistic performance. He stood erect and with his stick directed the concert with the authority of a practised leader. Meanwhile contributions of silver and even gold rained into the old man's hat. To his astonished and grateful demand to know who were his benefactors he received from the first the name of Faith, and from the others the response of Hope and Charity. "And you do not even know mine," sobbed the poor musician; "my name is Chapner, and for ten years I directed the opera of Strasbourg. You have saved my life, for I can now go back to my native place, where I shall be able to teach what I can no longer perform." The young violinist was Adolph Hermann, the tenor was Gustav Roger, and the originator of this charitable scheme was Charles Gounod.

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JACK SCOTT'S RUSSIAN BATH.

After Jack Scott's adventure with the Bull Calf, I did not see him for a long time, and thought that since his marriage he had settled down to humdrum domestic happiness. A few nights ago I dropped into the Club, and found Jack surrounded by an interested crowd, who were evidently much amused at something he was relating. As I joined the group, he smiled serenely on me, and said that he would give me the commencement of his story, so that nothing might be lost—for he felt that he had a duty to perform in warning faddists on bathing—knowing that if I have any claim to a title, it is to that of Knight of the Bath. He said: Perhaps some of you know Herr Kordschmeiter, the pianist, on Delaware Avenue! He is an enthusiast, and when not loading up the juvenile mind with crotchets and quavers, follows up certain well defined lines of hygienic investigation. For three months of the year bran porridge is the proper caper, next term hot water and salt will have an innings, to be followed by a chopped raw meat diet, trusting in good luck and a special guardian angel to keep him clear of entozoa. In internal remedies for imaginary complaints, he has run the gamut from Smith's Carmine Pills to Zoroasters Zuni Zataclysm, and of course derived benefit from all. Six months ago the hydropathic method was on top, and then he declared in favor of a Russian Bath system. Every time I met him he waxed enthusiastic over the merits of his bath, told me how he had reduced himself in flesh ten pounds in two weeks and expected to lose ten more in the next fortnight, although looking like a shadow then. He could talk nothing but Russian Bath, and insisted that I must come and try it; so in a weak moment I consented,

and one beautiful afternoon in June found myself ringing at Herr Kordschmeiter's door-bell, on my way to taking one of the famous baths. The Herr was delighted, and greeted me effusively, quickly conducting me upstairs to a room where the apparatus stood in readiness for action. The bath consisted of a cone shaped box, inside of which was a chair; beneath was some species of stove guaranteed to get up a proper heat at a moment's notice. After unrobing I was induced to get into the box, and the Professor locked the top of the cone about my neck, with some sort of a padlock. There I was a prisoner, without the ability to do more than turn my head much after the style of a maudarin doll. The festive Kordschmeiter was at this moment summoned to take charge of a pupil, and told me not to worry, as his faithful attendant knew all about the working of the apparatus, and would let me out at the proper time. The appearance of the attendant was not reassuring, as he was old and so deaf that the Herr had to shout to make him understand! At all events there I was, helpless and left alone with a deaf old codger who might not hear me if I called for help. The bath was placed opposite a window, overlooking an exquisite portion of a park, and I had to interest myself studying the beautiful works of nature. Gaudy birds flitted from tree to tree, robins sang their sweet carols, and the whole scene was refreshing and soothing. I soon forgot my dread, when the fact that the bath was getting uncomfortably hot suddenly dawned upon me, and perspiration began to roll down my forehead. The old man noticed the condition of affairs, and approaching said that I must feel thirsty, and if I would not worry for a few minutes, he would get me some tansy wine, particularly admired by Herr Kord-

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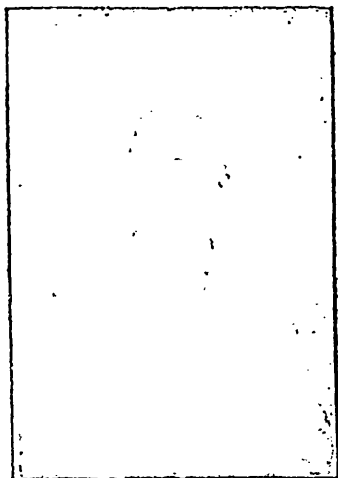
schmeiter. I said, "Never mind the tansy wine, I am roasting alive in here, let me out." The old gentleman did not hear a word, but politely replied, "Yes, I know you are thirsty, and the trouble of going to the cellar is nothing," and in spite of my entreaties, away he went. Now ensued one of the most remarkable experiences I have ever gone through. Something seemed to add fuel to the infernal stove, and if the heat was great before, it was terrific now. Looking out of the window, I seemed to be gazing into Paradise, while beneath me raged a perfect Hades. My legs began to dry up and feel crisp, I felt the skin about my ribs draw tight like parchment over a drum, I was being slowly roasted to death. I called out loudly, but in vain. Seconds seemed to be hours, minutes years of agony. After an endless time, I could hear the attendant coming slowly up the stairs, and at length he walked deliberately into the room, carrying a goblet and bottle of tansy wine. My shouts did not seem to make any impression on him, and if you want to know what helplessness means, get boxed up in a Russian Bath with nothing but your head free. Pouring out a goblet of wine, the old snail came near saying that he had experienced some difficulty in finding the wine, but hoped I would enjoy the drink all the more for the delay. At this time I felt certain that several inches of my spinal column were becoming carbonized, and so I called out, "You old fool, I don't want any of your tansy wine. I'm being burned to a crisp, so let me out." "Bless my soul," the old man replied, "why didn't you say so before." He seemed much agitated, and endeavored to undo the padlock without success. I became frantic with fright, and felt the rest of my spinal

column carbonize. The idea of being converted into animal charcoal seemed horrible. Agitation passed into panic with the attendant, and he called frantically for Herr Kordschmeiter, who came running in with a white face. "For heaven's sake get me out of this quickly," I called, but even Kordschmeiter was rattled and could not undo the catch. Presently the attendant came running in with an axe and saw, and began to demolish the apparatus as quickly as possible, but when I got free, I still had a wooden collar attached. A hasty examination of my legs and body, showed that things were not as bad as expected, and what is more remarkable is the fact that there had not been a fire in the stove five minutes after the commencement of the sitting, as the fuel was unburned. It was in fact a case of powerful imagination, which cost me untold agony, and the Professor his Russian Bath. That made little difference though, for in a short time the enthusiast had another hygienic fad quite as unique as his bath.

BIRTH.

Ballantyne.—At Stratford, July 6th, the wife of Thomas Ballantyne, Jr., of a daughter.

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W. COCHRANE.

The subject of our sketch is the son of the Rev. Wm. Cochrane, D.D., of Brantford, Ont. He left home for the wild and woolly west when a mere lad, and spent three and a half eventful years in Chicago, where he acquired much valuable experience in the Corn Exchange. Like a loyal Canadian though he gave up a promising future to return to his native land. In 1887 he entered the Ontario Government service, and came to Kingston as Assistant Bursar in Rockwood. He is one of the citizens of Kingston known by nearly everyone, and is popular with all classes except at election times, when his much dreaded ability in the handling of recalcitrant voters causes fellows on the other side to speak rather bitterly of "Billy." As an athlete Mr. Cochrane has seen better days, when he could show his heels to

nearly all of the sprinters in the community. When on the baseball diamond he was a good performer, and gave promise of whirlwind speed at tennis. He is now recognized as by far the best baseball umpire in this district, and woe betide the bluffer who dares to dispute his decisions, for William has a "pretty wit," and knows how to maintain the dignity of the position as well as to keep within the bounds laid down by the rules, and as he is quick and impartial in his decisions, what he says "goes." As a curler, Mr. Cochrane is well known third of the celebrated Dennison Rink, and Skip of the Oddfellows Rink—a combination at one time thought to be invincible. In curling circles Mr. Cochrane is an important factor, not only because of his skill on the ice, but also on account of his ability as an after dinner speaker and entertainer. When a clever topical song is wanted in Kingston, it goes without saying that Mr. Cochrane not only writes it but sings it as well, and some of these productions have been quite on a par with the Gilbert Bab Ballads, and have a spice of originality that makes them interesting.

Mr. Cochrane has occupied several important positions in Oddfellows Lodge No. 59, and was the youngest Past Grand Master elected in the history of the Lodge. He has filled these positions with credit to himself and the Society as well.

His energy and enthusiasm are bye words in the town, and if any scheme of merit is languishing, the best move for the projectors is to secure the services of the subject of our sketch. He has been an important element in many of Rockwood's most brilliant successes, and has a host of friends in the Institution.

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our great regret we found we had passed "Sheerness" and the mouth of the Medway, and shortly found ourselves opposite Tilbury Fort, on the left bank, and Gravesend on the right, and numerous craft about, but in the dim light of dawn all seemed rather still. An interesting incident soon after we reached the deck, for we saw a boat approaching from Gravesend, rowed by two men, and they had on board a third man, a Norwegian resident of Gravesend, whose wife was one of the passengers on our ship, and who had come to England to join her husband. No doubt he had arranged to be called as soon as the ship entered the river, whatever the time. So here he was to rush into the arms of his wife in the true spirit of a lover; after their meeting they were naturally anxious to leave the ship,—but no! until the tide waters had put a man on board and examined the luggage no one is permitted to leave the ship. Considerable delay resulted. We breakfasted at 7.30, and after our luggage had been inspected, we left the ship and landed at Tilbury Fort, and arrived in London at about 10 a. m.

The last incident that happened just before we left the ship was interesting and pleasant. A large American war ship lay close by us in mid stream, and it being Sunday morning her band was playing sacred music which delighted all on board our ship.

It was an experience to us to see the Custom House officials speeding about the river in their launches, among the newly arrived vessels; each launch had about a dozen men on board, and an officer was placed on every new arrival until a general overhauling could be made. We were away just 17 days, the cost for two of us was under £30, and we could not help remarking how much may now be accomplished in

sight seeing in a very short time and at but very moderate expense.

In reference to my being on the Thames, and at its mouth, on last Sunday week, I may mention that I was at the same place fifty years ago, viz. in 1845, and have never been there in the interim. From the city to Sheerness is quite forty miles, and what a change has come over London since my first visit! The river at that time was foul with the sewage of a vast city being poured into it, and the stench was dreadful when the paddle wheels of the steamers churned up its foulness,—now all that is changed, the sewage is intercepted and carried under a vast and ornamental embankment, and this stately structure is built on the foul mud banks, which when the tide was out lay festering in the sun, tainting the air and spreading disease. If it had been permitted to remain in that state much longer there would probably have been dreadful pestilence. The sewage matter is now carried down the river banks to vast tanks, and is treated with lime, and when the residuum has settled, the mud is carried far out to sea in barges and "dumped." One gets an idea that a better use might be found for the "stuff" as manure, but the quantity is so vast that no outlet can be found for it, and water carriage to the sea is cheap as compared with any other mode of disposal.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES BROCK.
