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The

Rockwood

Review.



A Monthly Journal devoted to
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THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

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VOL. 2.

KINGSTON, JANUARY 1ST, 1896.

NO. 11.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Dr. H. B. Buchan called on his Rockwood friends on the 12th Dec., and received a warm welcome.

Miss Maude Mitchell has left Rockwood to take position in the Elizabeth Hospital

Dr. Russell, Supt. of Hamilton Asylum, recently visited Rockwood.

The 14th Band gave a good Concert at the R. Hospital about the beginning of the month.

OUR HOCKEY PLAYERS

look very fierce in cardinal jerseys and stockings and white pantaloons. The Beechgroves have adopted a cardinal and yellow St. Andrew's Cross on white jerseys, and few decorations will be required in the Rink during Hockey hours. Of course our boys are in the city league, and promise to give a good account of themselves.



Our only Mr. Shea is happy—he has become the possessor of a new india rubber mouth, which can be adapted to any shape or style called for by a comic song. The result is likely to be a greater variety in oral eccentricities than vocal variations.

The old Minstrel was not a safe craft, and Messrs. Shea and Davidson have induced Mr. Dennison to

lay the keel of a new craft, something after the style of the Viola. She will be a flyer, and carry enough canvas to enable her to beat the Viola, Flamingo, Letter B. and Big Bear.

The Rink is now lighted by gas and electricity, as well as several skaters who shine in the high and lofty tumbling acts.

We had good skating on the sixth, and curling very soon afterwards.

Brunnich Murres were seen in Sharman's Slip on the 14th. Bohemian Waxings about the same date, Pine Grosbeaks and Butcher Birds are also here.

The Troubadours gave a grand Entertainment on the 17th inst., in Rockwood Amusement Hall. The great features of the evening were Mr. Harvey's burlesque Italian song, Hugh Walkem's skirt dancing and Mr. A. Shannon's club swinging. All of these were good enough for the professional stage. The singing and acting of Messrs. A. and E. Cunningham, Ferguson, Savage, Strange Nevins and others were much admired.

The Curlers have organized, and the officers are the same as last year. A good deal of new blood has been infused, and the juniors are stronger than ever. The Skips elected are Dr. Clarke, Dr. Forster, A. McLean, Jas. Dennison, Wm. Cochrane and Wm. Carr.

A beautifully illustrated edition of Curling at Rockwood is to be published at an early date.

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XMAS AT ROCKWOOD.

Xmas at Rockwood was as usual a happy day, although a very busy one with those who had to provide for the entertainment of six hundred patients. It is always the desire of every employee to make Xmas the brightest day of the year, and as success generally follows honest effort in any walk of life, so it is at Rockwood. The old original Scrooge & Company have no place here at Xmas, and while it is true that many feel the sorrow naturally developed by being away from home and loved ones, still they are also alive to the fact that the glorious birth of Christ can be remembered even under the roof of a Hospital for the Insane.

There may be institutions where the patients are regarded as incapable of appreciating any special efforts made to add to their enjoyment, but we hope such do not exist in Canada.

Early in the day the calls of "Merry Xmas" from every quarter showed how keenly alive all were to the happiness of the day, but it was when dinner time came the first success was scored. Such a spread of good things could not be well improved upon. More luxuries and dainties might be found on rich men's tables, but better substantials no where. Turkeys, geese, ducks and chickens, the very best the market provided, vegetables galore, and plum pudding of the ruddy brown kind, where the raisins and other good things jostle each other in keen rivalry. Not a complaint to be heard anywhere, and the spirit of good feeling universally prevalent.

However after dinner is over the Xmas Tree is the "piece de resistance" to be anxiously waited for.

The rule, a present for every one, is lived up to as closely as possible, and even if times are hard the good hearts of the general public never forget the friendless ones. It may truly be said that there are no friendless ones, and even those patients who are nameless and with a history as blank and unfathomable as their future are not forgotten. The distribution of gifts is always prefaced by an entertainment, and this year a particularly bright musical sketch was given, preceded by a short Concert—a programme of which is enclosed.

It would not be fair to criticize the musical efforts of the staff of the Review, but they did their best. Mr. Madill's Clarinet Solo was well rendered and effective, and the Breaking of the Spell, a beautiful thing with its graceful dances, witty conversations and sparkling songs. Getting it up meant a lot of hard work for Miss Trendell and those who took part. The principals Miss Orser, Miss Glasgow, Miss Convery and Messrs. Cochran and Shea were very happy in their efforts to please.

Now came the illumination of the beautiful tree and distribution of presents. Such a Babel and such a sea of happy faces, and yet some eyes were filled with tears when the little packages from home were opened, and some loved child's gift found. Truly there was a pathetic side to it, and yet let us hope that under the careful direction of those who have the charge of the inmates, before another Xmas shall come many of those who are separated to-day will again be together at home.

Black birds have not all said good-bye, and several have been reported. Mrs. Cony Cartwright reports two of these birds as being constant visitors at her home.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS: FIFTY YEARS AGO.

About fifty years ago, the young city of Thrivewell, in Upper Canada, was prosperous, ambitious and plucky, with dreams of future wealth, schemes of present progress, and men of "go" and energy. At all costs, and under all circumstances, it was bound to push ahead. It had wholesale houses, well known throughout the western portion of the Province, budding factories, "a real smart trade" with widely spread rural settlements, a large forwarding business, and a steady growth. That its merchant princess and professional men should regard themselves as already forming a superior class, a sort of upper crust composed of broadcloth, nails, briefs and pill boxes, was natural even if absurd, and it was not at all surprising that Thomas Lighthouse, of the widely known firm of Goodman, Lighthouse, Pluck & Co., should in conjunction with Mrs. L., deem it time to look for a permanent and eligible place in that same superstratum of society for their elder son and daughter. The Lighthouse family, in addition to its two heads had two sons and two daughters, the elder boy being familiarly known as Jack, and Miss L. being generally addressed as Mamie. They had already reached what was then known as a marriageable age, and Pater and Mater were acutely alive to the fact. In the days of the Forties, those whom the Gods loved married young, and, if they obeyed their parents, generally married well. That Jack had not yet made selection of Mrs. Lighthouse, jr., although he had been suspected of sundry efforts in that direction, was a matter of concern to Mrs. Lighthouse, and her husband, as in duty bound, shared in all her perplexities. Various names had been canvassed by the parents, but although many

were called before them in the family conference, none was chosen. Jack was permitted to drift even yet a little longer, but it was determined that he should be brought into safe anchorage, by and bye, where wealth, standing, respectability, appearance and family connexions were to be regarded as indispensable. And so with Mamie. Although society gossips had reported several "engagements" in which she was an important personage, her heart was still untouched, and she, too, was looked upon by parental eyes, as awaiting the turning up of just the right man to fill the vacancy. Such was the condition of affairs when Christmas week arrived in 184 , and with it a letter from Mrs. William Merryweather, of Daisydell, duly addressed to Mrs. Lighthouse, of Thrivewell, containing a warm and pressing invitation to the whole Lighthouse family to drive down to that quiet little village, and spend Christmas Day with their old friends, in real old Christmas fashion. A family council was forthwith called, and although Pater Familias entered demur on the ground of trouble, cold, rough roads, inconvenience, short notice, and so forth, and his amiable if calculating spouse sympathized to some extent with his objections, Jack and Mamie, Tom and Rose, were caught by the promised spice of novelty, an expectation of county fun, the prospect of good sleighing, which was assured by then falling snow, and a desire to make better acquaintance with the Merryweather family, and, it is almost needless to say, ultimately prevailed. So the invitation was duly accepted, the big double sleigh was uncovered, the rich buffalo robes, lined with bright blue and scarlet, were deliberately and thoroughly beaten, gifts for the Merryweathers were purchased, and the warmest winter wraps brought from their summer

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resting places. The pludge was to be taken, and there was a pretty unanimous determination to make the most of the coming holiday.

Lighter feet never stepped beneath the heavy buff robes of a well finished and capacious double sleigh, bright with coloring and varnish, than those of the members of the Lighthouse family on that Christmas morning. Jack lifted the reins, when all had settled down, the whip cracked, the bells sweetly jingled, and the well-matched pair of bays, infected it may be with their seasonable surroundings, and an extra feed of oats, pranced in their excitement as they started on their run over the beaten track in the streets of Thriwell. twenty-four hours' fall of snow, two days before, had covered all out of doors, city streets and city yards, green fields of wheat, and frosted meadows of yellowish brown, with one universal dazzling coat of virgin purity, and converted the wide expanse of country into a huge Twelfth Night Cake, with white-capped barns, houses, logs, and forest evergreens as appropriate ornaments. Broken and charred remains of mighty forests, but common-place stub and stump yesterday, had felt the magical influence of the change, and stood forth now as turbaned turks, now as modest nuns, now as cowed friar, now as night-capped Pickwick, now as veiled and richly robed bride, now as Queen with sceptre in hand, and now as a thousand other forms prompting the onlooker to invent a title and personify the fantastic image. Here and there some towering stub had withstood the embraces of the drifting storm, and detached black spots in odd places, which conjured up a similitude to a Blunderbore or other ancient giant of fairy-story lore. Fancy and fantasy reigned supreme,

and the Lighthouse had full opportunity to poetize had they been so inclined. But the living, ever shifting bustle of the road shut out poetry, except that of motion. Everybody seemed to be making the most of it. Horses fat and horses lean, horses fast and horses slow, horses old and horses young, horses of all sorts and conditions seemed to be alike in requisition. Thriwell faithfully emptied itself into the surrounding country. Long neglected cottes, which had slumbered through the summer in dark sheds, were brought into the bright sunlight again, and scarried along the smooth road to the music of a tinkling fairyland. Market sleighs, radiant in their glories of red and green, skimmed the track like things of life. Modest jumpers made of young saplings fresh from the forest, tied together with withes and ropes, and mounted with pot-crates, bought for an old song from city crockery dealer, darted here and there like the ephemera they were. Gay double-sleighs, with swanlike neck, and rejoicing in recent modern decorations, brightened the scene with their very gaudiness. Sober sleds, looking contemptuously at their gimcrack neighbors on the Queen's highway, plodded slowly and steadily along, dreaming perchance, despite the deep music of their sonorous bells, of heavy, crushing weight of saw-logs, of mighty sticks of square timber, of high built loads of hay, of piled-up sacks of grain, the very weight of which made the well-jointed runners groan again, or of trips to evening surprise parties, where a dozen or two of veritable witches crowded helter-skelter into their plethoric capaciousness. A four-horse stage, a man of war amongst the frigates, sloops and bomb-ketches, handled by a captain expert in the use of whip and

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rein, lumbered past its more humble competitors, when opportunity offered, and looked down with contempt upon all following in its wake. And then the riders in the various sleds and sleighs and cutters! Bluff farmers, clad in warm and heavy homespun, prim storekeepers, spruce clerks, smiling matrons, young wives, blooming misses and country beaux, were all alive bent on hearty enjoyment of the day, and determined, in the bottom of their hearts, to make the most of it. And if loud and healthy laughter, cheerful songs, and pleasant recognition of passing travellers indicated anything, they told that every sleigh carried a merry company. The Lighthouse had a drive of twenty miles before them when they started, and judiciously divided it, as sensible people did in those days, by half an hour's stoppage at a roadside inn, where hay was given to the horses, and the occupants of the sleigh enjoyed the warmth of an open fireplace, in which blazed a buck-log of sufficient size to afford timber for the construction of a modern building. Lighthouse, senior, cracked a round of pleasant jokes with the occupants of the bedroom, with proper Christmas solicitude for the happiness of all the world, and the party set forth once more on its journey. The horses travelled faster after their brief rest, and Daisydell was reached as the twenty clocks, which the village boasted in its scattered houses, announced, within five minutes of each other at utmost, that noon had struck. The house of William Merryweather, "Yorkshire Will," as he was sometimes called, and for which we are specially bound, was detached from the rest, and stood on his farm at the outskirts of the little rural community. A rare and cosy-looking spot it was too, although partly log

and partly frame, and innocent of other coloring than a coat of white paint on the siding and whitewash on the logs. A broad stoop or verandah along its front, latticed with green stips, the work of some rustic carpenter, and of William's willing hand, gave promise of hearty cheer within, and threw the spectator into that indescribable flutter attendant upon love at first sight, of which youthful poets often sing, and alas! know so little. The great expectations thus excited were not disappointed. The ready smile of Yorkshire William shone at one window, and was duplicated by that of Mrs. Merryweather at the other, as the barking of the farm dogs announced the arrival of guests, before the tinkling bells were heard, and then a wide open door, with Mr. and Mrs. M. upon the threshold, preceded the hearty greeting of "A Merry Christmas to you all," which was sent up on the winter air as the first shot in the day's battle with Old Melancholy of the allied forces of Fun and Frolic. And when the visitors emerged from their cozy buffalo robe environments, such a grip as was given by William to every occupant of the sleigh; such smacking kisses as each lady was saluted with by Mrs. Merryweather and her grown daughter as they entered the house; such pleasant officiousness as was displayed in the unharnessing of the horses, such an armful of split pine as was laid upon the open fire in the sitting room, such clatter through the building, emanating from bustling feet running to meet the city cousins; such numerous enquiries, exchanged in a dozen different voices upon a dozen different matters, had surely never been known even in Daisydell before, and formed a cheerful medley contrasting charmingly with the winter aspect of all without. The whole building

was a pot-pourri of the resinous but spicy odors of cedar and hemlock and pine, recently gathered, and converting the living room, and kitchen and parlor, into veritable bowers of evergreen, to which rowan berries of brilliant scarlet and fall gathered maple leaves, pressed to preserve their vivid colors, imparted the forest splendor peculiar to Canadian woodlands. The house had become a nook in Picnic land, to which the roaring blaze communicated heat and light peculiarly its own. And then, when city news had been hastily told, and one of the clocks had been warningly struck the village through, dinner was announced, and guests and hosts assembled around the table in the common room. What a formidable task was before each one of them, and with what courage and resignation they awaited it! The Daisydarian girls, of whom there were two on the verge of womanhood, waited at the table, aided by a willing if clumsy brother, while William took its head, and Mary its foot, and the guests from Thrivewell, half solemn, half jocular, settled down to the one great labor permitted on Christmas Day. Another table, of somewhat less proportions, served for the entertainment of the younger members of the great Lighthouse and Merryweather families, and if they didn't take advantage of their opportunity and loudly make the most of it, they wouldn't have deserved a little of the good things of which they so heartily partook. Soup was dispensed with that day, as a mere waste of time and energy, but the main table steamed and creaked under the bounteous load which cookstove and fireplace had made ready. A large wild-turkey, stuffed with chestnuts, served with cranberries, and fairly divided with dark meat and light, and just "a leetle

taste" of the bacon with which it had been larded, was the grand piece-de-resistance although nobody called it that, and was unanimously declared unsurpassable; roast-beef, the proverbial standby of a Yorkshire feast was merely trifled with; some partridges, shot by Harry Merryweather a week ago, for this very dinner, were duly disposed of; and a couple of ducks, specially fed by Mrs. Merryweather for the occasion, were complimented upon their plumpness and flavor, and dalled with; and so the meaty portion of the dinner ended. What Will had done in the way of execution it is scarcely fair to record, for the entertainment was his own, and every man does as he likes with that, but it is venturing little to assert that Master Jack of olden times, with his ample leathern wallet, would have stood astonished had he been permitted to witness the mysterious disappearance of the contents of sundry well-heaped plates which the carver had continued to attend to during intermission from the labors incident to his position. But we have not finished our Christmas dinner. The dessert was fully up to the preceding courses. Plum pudding, blazing with proof whiskey, mince pies, crisp in crust and rich in rasins, pumpkin pie and tempting tarts, and cheese and celery, wound up the feast. Tea and coffee, rich with unadulterated cream, hickory nuts and rosy apples, tempted those who had still a stomachic corner unfilled, and it was strange to see, but true to tell, that the younger stomach had the greater capacity—a phenomenon patent to the world but never yet accounted for. Rollicking laughter, sly jokes which made the country cousins, male and female, slightly blush, and stories of town doings, and rural gossip, spiced the entertainment.

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and when the end came, and the visitors moved into the parlor once more, with Will in the best possible humor, and the head of the city cousins exuberant in the style and with the recollection of boyhood's days, a more happy little party could not be found in all Christendom. The city girls, Mamie and Rose followed Mary, who had gone to cast a momentary and motherly eye upon the doings of her elder daughters, Lizzie and Jane, who with a female help were busily at work in that intensely important and absorbing occupation known as dishwashing and city muscle soon showed itself to be equal to helping hands. When an hour had elapsed, Will proposed to his male visitors an adjournment, to the barns to cast an eye over the wealth which every farmer properly laudably and proudly displays. He was as much at home here as at the table. It was an agricultural exhibition on a small scale, with unaccustomed judges to award the praise. First to be visited were the fat Leicester sheep, not yet common to that section, and most highly prized of all Will's belongings; then came the turn of the Berkshire swine, rooting lazily amongst the straw scattered over the flooring of their shed; then the short-horn cows, comfortably housed, and bemoaning in their sleek coats the care bestowed upon them; then the working oxen - then common in country parts chewing their cud contentedly, or manching an extra feed of turnips or chopped stuff, a Christmas gift most thoroughly appreciated; then the horses groomed with English skill and Yorkshire love of horse-flesh; then the spacious barn yet filled with heavy sheaves; and then the granary where the cereal products of the summer's labor were piled up in golden heaps, for sale at the open

ing of navigation next spring when prices would be "up." These indispensable duties performed, amidst the loud congratulations of the Lighthearts the little party returned to the snugger of the best room, where the ladies were now all assembled, and spent the remainder of the afternoon in ringing laughter, and incipient flirtations amongst the young folks, with cider to moisten the dry jokes of the elders, and hickory nuts to crack with them, until the darkening shades of evening announced the approaching close of another Christmas day. The Merryweather family had determined, however, that the observance of this annual holiday should not cease with the setting sun, and had made preparation for the passing of the night in a fashion somewhat different from that of quiet after dinner chat. A step into the kitchen would have convinced even a blind man of the truth of this. Pies of different sorts stood upon the dresser; cakes, innumerable and varied, were piled in picturesque confusion upon the best dishes of the Merryweather porcelain; mince pies, fresh from the pattypans, by the unnumbered dozen, were placed in pyramid form upon other huge plates; ginger-breads of strange design, and various flavors, were temptingly arranged for service during the evening. deep jars of wild raspberries, gathered last summer, just before the harvest time, and boiled with due exactitude until they took the form of jam, still retaining their woodland flavor and much of their natural and brilliant coloring, had been brought from dark closets where they had been stored, and with martyrlike fortitude awaited the plunging spoon which should break through their privacy; big dishes of . . . But we are exposing mysteries of the household into which

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no man has right to intrude, and must stay a too willing pen. That these preparations were not in vain was evinced by the quick arrival of numerous sleighs, differing as much in their aspect as those which had been passed on the road that day. Every house in the neighborhood had sent two of its members at least, to "help keep Christmas" with William and Mary. The Smiths, the Cooks, the Joneses, the Clarkes, the Sposbecks, the Johnsons, the Fralicks, the Nelicks, the Swicks, the Campbells, the Mackenzies, the Sullivans, and so forth, were there in greater or less numbers, and were all made welcome. "Seven" had scarcely rung out from the score of clocks in Daisydell before the house was filled with such an assemblage of village maidens and their swains, of ancient dames and lusty sires, as the present generation seldom sees. Their appearance was as various as their names, but although receiving no adventitious aid from books of fashion, or knowing milliners, the red cheeked ladies of Daisydell would not have disgraced a nobler room than that in which they were gathered. The company having all arrived, the heavy business of the night commenced. It was precluded by an indicative whispering between the hostess and her eldest daughter; then came a shuffling and giggling in the adjoining room; then the rattle of moving chairs; then a hasty patter of busy feet, a quick opening of the parlor door, and a great climax in the announcement, "Supper's ready." Now came the time when rustic gallantry could play its part to perfection, and well it acquitted itself. The old folks were placed first at the table, and the young married people filled up the remaining seats. There was no disputed precedence to determine beyond that accorded to

age, and soon active knives and forks and tongues and hands were busily at work. To attempt detailed description of the feast would be a work of supererogation. The Thrivewell contingent, accustomed to the comparative elegancies of their city home, had not previously seen in its complete fulness, the profusion of good things at the command of the well-to-do Canadian farmer - good things, with the exception of tea and coffee and foreign fruits, peel and sugar, of home production too. Fruits grown in the Merryweather orchard, or gathered in the forest; sugars extracted from the broad-leaved maple and refined with homely care and skill, to near approach the whiteness of purest loaf; cakes made with flour and eggs, and so forth, raised at Daisydell; honey rivalling the lily in its purity, and nectar in its flavor, from bees humming round Daisydell flower plots and clover fields in summer time; golden butter and luscious cream yielded by the well fed short-horns we visited but now; and all lighted by candles home made in moulds, from the fat of the fall killed "beeves" and sheep, marked a scene of sturdy independence and self reliance such as is seldom seen and never surpassed in other lands. It would be ill mannered to further linger on the bill-of-fare, or to describe the rich wreck which remained when the last party had risen from the table, and joined those already in the parlor. Seats were already at a premium, and were gracefully conceded to the elder members of the visitors. So then the parlor was willingly abandoned, and they broke into groups for gossip or card playing, "forty-fives" being a popular game here, "whist" there, and "speculation" at the centre table. Busy hands had meanwhile been at work in the common dining

room, and the speedily emptied tables were whisked aside, and a broad bare space was left in the centre of the floor. Chairs and benches were brought in from the kitchen, and were quickly filled in so far as seating was practicable, and the occupants quietly awaited the merry doings of the evening. Needless is it to say that, for a few minutes at least, an almost quakerish silence ensued, although every one was anxious for its end. One, bolder than the rest, whispered her companion, whereupon he bravely arose, and almost modestly proposed a game of "Turn Trencher." The words had scarcely left his lips when a wooden platter was twirling upon the floor, and each occupant of a seat had received a title, "Moveall" and "Twilight," and all the other expressive names used in his fun-creating game were duly distributed, the different seats to be occupied by the players arranged, the Queen of Forfeits selected, and "the wittiest, the prettiest, and the one I like best" asked of the Queen to commence the sport. Advancing to the middle of the room, she cast a slightly wicked glance around, and while each beholder present expected to be singled out, uttered in a low tone the magical words "Marjory Moveall." A shell coming unexpectedly into the midst of a crowd could not have produced greater confusion than did this short mandate. Seats were left and exchanged in a whirlwind of excitement, and an unfortunate bereft of sitting room was called upon to pay the first forfeit. The game thus begun was carried on with spirit, and half an hour elapsed before there were signs of fatigue. Many were the tumbles and mishaps in moving speedily to catch the twirling plate before it fell, and many the peals of laughter, the mistakes and blushes, occasioned

by the hurry skurry of Moveall. But even "Turn Trencher" has its fun creating limits, and the crying of forfeits was demanded. Here opened up a new scene in this Winter Nights' Dream. One of the young ladies gracefully knelt to a companion, and with covered head became the arbiter of fate. Wasn't she severe when the article held over her head was declared to belong to a gentleman? And didn't she seek to make its owner ridiculous when it was owned by a lady? Some of the victims were set upon chairs, and ordered to repeat dog-gel rhymes, in which they were made to laughingly declare their stupidity; others were commanded to measure off a fabulous number of yards of ribbon, and had to be taught how to do it, and "caught on" at once, and declared the vocation just fitted to their capacity, for every yard was counted with a kiss by way of keeping proper reckoning, and in this strictly commercial transaction Jack Lightheart, selected to measure off with Lizzie Merryweather, showed such wonderful knowledge of how to do it, that he won the applause of every rustic rival; others, sitting on the floor, commenced a gipsy's wedding; still others cried "Post," and did it willingly, for every letter delivered demanded a kiss from its recipient to the carrier; and yet others performed more duties resulting in more roars of cheery laughter than there is space to tell of, and so the crying of forfeits passed. Blind-man's-buff had then its turn, and this good old pastime of our forefathers, familiar in every household of half a century ago, created no less boisterous fun than its predecessors. "Hunt the slipper" followed, and "marching down to Quebec town," a variety of contra dance, patriotic in its sentiments, and "catch the thimble," and

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"thread the needle," "grab and grunt," and half a dozen more of similar character came after each other in quick succession. And then some wight more wicked than his fellows, — urged to the proposal by Jack Lighheart, who evidently had an eye to opportunities, — suggested a trip on the light fantastic toe. Will's eldest son, Harry, was an excellent violinist, seeing that he had "taught himself out of his own head," and there was a well-toned melodeon, of which the bellows had not yet grown wheezy, and as half a dozen girls could play upon it, there was no lack of music. Contra dances were the order of the night, and such rows of healthy looking lads and lasses as stood up when the first strains of "Haste to the Wedding" were heard, would be difficult to match in these days, when our young farmers too often desert their fatherland, and are off in search of fortune in a foreign state. "The Triumph," and like contra dances succeeded each other, interspersed with an occasional set of quadrilles or lancers, which were caviare to some, and made all merry as Christmas keeping Christians deserved to be. The strains of the violin pervaded the house. Tapping feet in the parlor played havoc with several hands in games of whist, and provoked careless players into unexpected and unnecessary trumping, and caused at least one revoke. Nay, so infectious was the rhythm of the fascinating fiddle that several old people crept slyly out from the parlor to the improvised ball-room, found their way into line, and were speedily dancing as keenly as the youngest of the party. And even here the desertion from the ranks of the elders did not end, for a well advanced couple whose eyes had opened upon a sun-dance one Easter morning in ancient Ireland, "stood up" when

a quadrille had ended, asked for a jig, which the violinist played with good time and tune, and started off in a series of saltatory motions, which even more astonished than amused the appreciative onlookers. A son of Scotia, not to be outdone by "they Irish folk," demanded a fling, which was cheerfully accorded, and did his utmost to sustain the honor of his country. That he succeeded is almost unnecessary to tell, but that in agility and poetry of motion he had outclassed his competitors, there were none there, save two or three patriotic Caledonians, willing to admit. But dances must end at last, and when refreshments were handed round, in quantity as profuse, and in quality as substantial as the viands which had graced the tables at noon and eve, full justice was done to the culinary abilities of Mrs. Merryweather and her daughters.

Midnight had come and old folks, now unaccustomed to such late junketings, began to hint pretty broadly of home going, and the young people were reminded that Christmas Day was to be numbered with the past anniversaries of that birth which, eighteen hundred years before, had ushered in a higher civilization than the world had known. But Will interposed with a request that all would remain for yet another dance. So the intervening door was opened wide, converting dining room and parlor into one long apartment. Harry tuned up the fiddle once more, and Mamie Lighheart joined him skilfully in such a rendition of "Sir Roger de Coverley" as the old house had never heard before. Old and young lined up in two long rows, Will standing in the post of honor with Mrs. Lighheart as his partner and Mr. Lighheart gaily leading forth Mrs. Merryweather as his. What an ever to be remembered

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dance that was! That, once begun, it would ever end long seemed doubtful. For violin and melodeon chorded well, and labored so earnestly and easily together that it was a real pleasure to listen to the music, and a very essence of fun to keep feet moving to the strains. It was not until the elders of the party were fain compelled to seek convenient seats that there was any lack of energy, and even when these desertions of the ranks increased, the younger dancers continued a merriment almost riotous in its hilarity. At length the violin chirped its last, the melodeon keys were given rest, and while the ladies of the party were busily engaged in finding wraps, and shaking hands, and paying last compliments to the hostess, the men were out in barns and stables harnessing up and making ready for the homeward ride. With a moonlight almost distinctly Canadian in its beauty, the rural revellers were lighted to their homesteads, after such a salute of 'Good Byes' from Will and Mary, and their city visitors, as rung in their ears for days to come. And it is said, with how much truth it is hard to tell, that on some of those home going drives, young gentlemen, hitherto almost meekly modest in their deportment, but now emboldened by their opportunity, asked questions long hanging on the tips of their tongues, but hitherto not even breathed, and elicited replies thereto which found occupation, by and bye, for the guiding pastors of the several churches in Daisydell and neighborhood.

The Lighthearts didn't start upon their longer drive until they had further tested the hospitality of the Merryweathers. They assembled at the breakfast table, on the following morning, none the worse for their day's holiday, and eyes sparkled, and cheeks brightened

and tongues loosened as they, one and all, recalled their Christmas doings. Cold turkey, raised Yorkshire pork pies, the special product of the deft handiwork of Lizzie, and buckwheat cakes, completely smothered in Daisydellian maple syrup, were the chief objects of their attention for a time, nevertheless, and ten o'clock had struck before the Thrivewell party set off once more for their city home. Invitations for future visits came cordially from the elders on either side, and it was with a feeling approaching to reluctance that the younger folk, at last, finally shook hands.

Were this a novel, right here would the trouble begin. Our little story is intended to tell rather of the way in which the past generation kept and enjoyed its Christmas, and it is almost unnecessary to go further in narration of personal history. Some reader may, however, wish to know a little more of the after doings of two or three of the young people passingly introduced, and it seems but fair to gratify such laudable curiosity.

Soon after Christmas, Mrs. Lightheart, with motherly anxiety, looked for and found what she regarded as a splendid match for Jack, and not only were the praises of this perfect one daily sung, but no opportunity was lost for bringing the young people frequently together. Jack saw through his mother's clever little schemes, and smiled. With proper gallantry, notwithstanding, he paid attentions to the selection made by his mother, and even indulged in that little harmless flirtation which often ends in making two hearts beat as one. Meanwhile appeared another suitor for the hand of Mamie, Good-looking, wealthy, educated with care, manly and honorable, he was all that father's heart or mother's

solicitude could wish. He was incessant in his attentions, but Mamie made no sign. Spring came and with it an invitation to Jack and Mamie, from Daisydell, asking them to attend a sugaring off in the maple woods of Will Merryweather. What young folks, of average taste and inclination, could resist such temptation? They accepted, for Jack admired Harry, and Mamie had learned the worth of Lizzie. They had a pleasant outing, "a real good time," and returned with new admiration for rural life. Summer came, and Lizzie was invited to visit Thrivewell. When she returned to her home, Mamie accompanied her. And when Jack went there to escort his sister home remained for a coming Picnic, an outdoor repetition of the Christmas assemblage—joined a camping party in the Daisydell bush, shot wild pigeons, which filled the woods, summer and fall, fifty years ago and returned to Thrivewell, generally invigorated by his outing, although strangely troubled with a slight heart affection, which absence from Daisydell didn't lessen. Mamie, too, had become attached to farm life as she saw it at Daisydell—had acquired a love for Natural History, knew the difference between a Leicester sheep and a short horn cow, was up in the management of poultry, took an interest in the operations of the dairy, and became a perfect blue-stocking from her steady study of botany, especially that part of it relating to the language of flowers. Strange to say, all this didn't tend to imbue her with admiration for her city suitor. She and Jack thought more of Daisydell than of Thrivewell, and found in it a prolific subject for daily conversation. Jack told Mamie how much he had appreciated the companionship of Harry who was a sensible fellow, full of com-

mon sense and manly ideas, guided by right principles and of correct habits, and who hadn't even thought of courtship or marriage; and Mamie responded by extolling the virtues and affection and beauty of Lizzie, - which latter it was totally unnecessary to do,—and spoke enthusiastically of her large fund of general information and professed admiration of a single life. Now it is difficult to talk about somebody, at every possible opportunity, without acquiring either serious distaste or growing liking for the person discussed. In this case there was no reason for dislike, so that increasing admiration necessarily developed. The progress of the feeling was probably not so slow as it seemed and was certainly continuous. Meanwhile Mrs. Lightheart pursued her two matrimonial plans with unremitting vigor, and was fairly well seconded by the objects of her choice. Nothing came of Mamma's manoeuvring but repeated disappointment, and when at last she ventured to show her hand more plainly, she was astonished to find Jack and Mamie disinclined to listen to her. Why, they didn't and probably couldn't explain. Mr. Lightheart talked seriously to his son without avail, and pleaded affectionately with his daughter without success. Mamie became nervous as a result of her mother's persistent hints, and asked permission to revisit Daisydell by way of change. Her parents unwittingly consented, and Jack preferred to drive down the spanking bays which were used for her conveyance. The usual warm welcome from the Merryweathers made Daisydell, somehow or other, doubly attractive. What more natural than an evening drive after their arrival, with Lizzie and Harry as their companions? And it was equally natural and proper that Jack should drive, with Lizzie

by his side, and that Harry should take the back seat with Mamie as his partner. Nor was it astonishing that Jack, absorbed in a story of some Thrivewellian doings, should have neglected to firmly hold the reins, as he generally did, that the horses should have shied at the sight of a drunken man slumbering in a ditch, that the well-fed animals should have started at full speed, and that, before Jack could recover control, the carriage was upset. That Jack scrambled to his feet and rushed to the heads of the horses, and performed prodigies of valor in the way of controlling them, that Harry rescued the girls from the broken carriage, that Mamie fainted, that Lizzie exhibited nerve and skill, that Harry kept a cool head throughout and helped to loose the horses from the carriage, ran for water and proved himself generally to be as equal to the occasion as Jack himself, need scarcely be told. And it seems almost superfluous to add that during the time necessarily spent in Daisydell while repairs to the carriage were being executed, Jack found time, opportunity and inclination to tell Lizzie how he had suddenly discovered that he really loved her, and that she made a similar confession. What followed may easily be guessed. Mamie remained at Daisydell, and Jack returned to Thrivewell, where, in manly fashion, he informed his parents of his new intentions. Matter wept and Pater stormed, but Jack was obstinate. The usual result, where common sense prevails, in due course came about. Jack and Lizzie were married next Christmas Day, with Mamie as chief bride's maid, and ere another year had passed, on the anniversary of the fateful carriage upset, -- Harry led Mamie to the altar in the largest English Church in Thrivewell. And although nearly half a

century has passed, husbands and wives still live, and in no homes in Thrivewell and Daisydell is Christmas Day more religiously kept than in theirs.

GRAND FATHER.

AN OLD FASHIONED CHRISTMAS.

We are so often told from the lecture platform and the newspaper press that this is an age of progress, and of almost miraculous discoveries and improvements in the useful arts and sciences, the tokens of which are all about us in increased comforts and conveniences in every walk of life, that we are apt to look back with a feeling of complacent superiority if not contempt upon the knowledge and achievements of the days of our grandfathers.

Yet I sometimes think the humbler joys and simpler pleasures of those early days, mixed as they were with much toil and many privations, had a zest and piquancy which are now almost unknown.

Who can tell, for example, how much of heartfelt enjoyment, of cosy comfort, of delightful social chat and sparkling conversation has been banished from our homes with the removal of the old fashioned fireplace with its huge logs, its gleaming fire irons, and its hospitable wide embrasure filled with warmth and light: not to mention its picturesque lights and shadows which made of the humblest cottage interior a study for the artistic sense to revel in.

What inspiration of eloquence or enthusiasm to the aesthetic mind can one expect to find in the modern house, when the visible soul of the house, the altar of its Lares and Penates is confined within a furnace in the dark and cheerless basement, instead of its ancient and honorable place in the household, giving out with its generous warmth a potent

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attraction of geniality and good feeling to all who come within its magic circle. Its leaping and dancing flames adding a sparkle to even prosaic conversation, and filling the pauses with musical silence.

Most of all has its banishment taken from the joys and imaginative glories of the Christmas festival, and defrauded the children of our wiser and more scientific age of their ancient heritage in Santa Claus and his legendary visits: the fearful joy to childish ears of listening for the patter of reindeer hoofs upon the snow covered roof, the tinkling of fairy bells, and the mysterious descent of the rotund and saintly figure through the labyrinthine chimney throat, unorchestrated by smouldering embers to deposit in the traditionary stockings ranged along the mantel such wonderful and delightful gifts.

Far remote from town and city in isolated country house and wood-side cabin the tutelary divinity is still the Kriss Kringel of early love, whose rites of mystery and meritment are still celebrated under the holly and the mistletoe by rustic swains and apple-checked maidens, and a younger generation of Jack Horners who after the time-honored tradition on this auspicious day still sit in chimney corners eating generous slices of Christmas pie, whereof each fresh discovery of hidden plum maketh fresh occasion of wonder and gratulation.

Apples are roasting on the broad hearthstone, and on the high chimney piece are shining pewter tankards and flagons, wherein at stated times sparkleth and foameth the newly drawn cider. Here when the air is yet redolent of roast goose and plum pudding, and the delicate sweet herbs which enter into the composition of stuffing dear to the heart of childhood now circleth the family group their number

augmented by the cheerful faces of friend and neighbor, and the arrival of some far-dwelling son or daughter. The little ones graciously permitted to sit up "for this night only," and erstwhile nestling beside grandmamma's big chair, deep in the discussion of the several merits of dolls and hobbyhorses, have been tucked into curtained beds, each with a wooden-limbed doll or furry dog clasped to the infantine breast, the spirit whereof walketh through the fairyland of infant dreams.

Outside the wind rattleth the casement, and the frost gathers its fern like tracery over the pane, while inside the red brand falling down sendeth a storm of sparks up the roaring chimney.

The dark-eyed daughter, her round cheek shielded from the ruddy blaze by the family newspaper, readeth therefrom the tale of witchcraft or of ghost-haunted dwelling. The solitary skater on lonely ice-mantled pool lingereth to eat yet one more marvellous and fantastic flourish ere he turneth away to join the light and warmth and jocund laughter of the home circle. Far off along the level country roads is heard the faint music of merry sleigh bells where rustic beaux and belles are gathering in gay cavalcades at some country inn for the dance.

Returning toward the lights twinkle bravely along streets deserted for once by the hum and bustle of trade. The passer by encounters only here and there a hurrying passenger or vehicle going to or returning from some festive scene. For to-day the tradesman and the man of business have laid aside the cares of the work day world, and every eye is a welcome, and every tongue is ready the friendly salutation.

As if the solemn and joyful news

First announced from angel lips to man two thousand years ago, and to-day chanted by village choirs, and rehearsed by reverend lips, and glowing in evergreen letters along the arches of countless christian churches—of peace on earth good will to men, had filled and warmed the human atmosphere with an unwanted love and charity, so that to-day even the miser's grasp relaxes upon his worshipped gold, and the hungry and naked are warmed and filled.

K. S. McL.

LADYBIRD'S CHRISTMAS BALL.

In scarlet cloak and velvet sleeve
 And tippet ermine-spotted,
 Sat Ladybird one Christmas eve,
 Among the plants allotted
 To fill a cozy window seat
 Where she might view at leisure
 The passers in a city
 Who walked or rode for pleasure.
 Her slender hand, silk-gloved and
 fine
 For flirting or for scorning,
 It held a glass of cowslip wine
 Distilled that very morning,
 And as she sat and sipped demure
 Small sips at her small table,
 She laughed to feel herself secure
 And snug and comfortable.
 For all outside who walk or ride
 With frost were pinched and bitten.
 Rich furs and jewels side by side
 With ragged cloak and mitten.
 She saw her garden-mates — the
 worm,
 The ant, the bee, the beetle
 With naught to shield each shiver-
 ing form,
 Not even a rose petal.
 While she the paragon and peer
 From higher forms deriving
 Her happier fate to flourish here
 The fittest still surviving,
 She spread her fan and fluttered it,
 And tossed her jaunty feather,

To think that so much grace and wit
 For once should go together.
 Ah tragic fate! a tale though brief
 To make the red blood curdle,
 A careless maiden plucked a leaf
 To wear it in her girdle,
 And with it, all unguessed, as well
 Transferred to that position
 Proud Ladybird, whose heart did
 swell
 With gratified ambition.
 The winking wax-lights flashed and
 slept
 On lovely forms and faces:
 To merry music lightly stept
 The dancers in their places.
 'Twas Christmas Eve, you may
 believe,
 Responsive to the fiddle,
 The very chairs joined hands and
 swung
 Each other down the middle
 The children danced, a fairy chain,
 With peals of silver laughter
 The squire danced, and his portly
 dame,
 And shook the very rafters.
 And mistletoe with blissful spells
 Beneath the lamps was hanging,
 While in the steeple all the bells
 Were musically clanging.
 Ladybird spread her silken train
 And flaunted her gay feather,
 The dancers and her dizzy brain
 Bobbed up and down together,
 And no one at the Christmas ball,
 Nor in the whole wide city
 Beheld poor Ladybird's sad fate,
 Or felt one pang of pity.
 As crushed and bruised and tram-
 pled on
 She dying gazed about her,
 And wondered how the ball had
 gone—
 The Christmas ball without her.
 The moral is—if such you want
 (It could not well be stronger,)
 Were she less given to flirt and
 flaunt,
 She might have lived the longer.

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BIRD NOTES.

EDWIN BEAUPRE, JR. ARCHIBUTES LAGOPUS.

The Rough-legged Hawk, (Archibutes Lagopus), Oct. 25th. This large and beautiful Hawk occurred in unusual numbers during the latter part of October and all November; three specimens were shot at Cataragui Marsh, and Mr. Stratford, the taxidermist, told me that several of these birds had been brought to his shop. It was his first acquaintance with them.

A live specimen was brought to me, and is still in my possession, it seems to thrive in captivity. They varied greatly in size and plumage, the larger ones being nicely marked, the bright salmon color on the breast contrasting with the dark brown belt across the belly. Most of the smaller specimens were almost uniform, darkly brown.

The best authorities on ornitho-

logy agree in placing this Hawk on the list among those wholly beneficial to the country, there being not one bad mark against it; but, of course, it is a "chicken hawk," and must suffer for the bad deeds of others.

The food of this bird consists of field mice and frogs, and they are hunted by the Hawk sailing over the marsh, or perched on a tree near by. I did not see any after the 20th of November.

Mr Wm. Hazleton, of Renfrew, is the happy possessor of an excellent old violin, made by Sawes Kiaposse, the most eminent of Russian makers. The instrument is well preserved, of beautiful model and workmanship, and was made in 1733 or 1748. Its tone is of fine quality and large. As there are few violins of high degree in Canada it is interesting to keep account of them all.



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