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The Rockwood Review

A MONTHLY JOURNAL,

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NATURAL HISTORY,

AND LOCAL NEWS.

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

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The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 2.

KINGSTON, SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1895.

No. 7.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The Skiff Races have furnished no end of sport on Wednesday afternoons, and some of the contests have become exciting.

In the Thistle-Flirt Match, the Flirt succeeded in winning three events to the Thistle's one, the Thistle establishing a rough weather record. In the Viola-Minstrel series the score stands one all, the Minstrel being awarded the last race on a foul. She was beautifully handled, and crossed the line not a boat's length behind the fleet Viola, showing great speed in reaching and running free. The skiff race for 21 footers is still undecided, Gildersleeve's Wonka and O'Donnell's Fearless having each scored at victory at the time of writing.

The punt races have been amusing and instructive to the youthful captains, and honors are easy—the Letter B., sailed by Harold and Herbert Clarke, and the Flamingo by W. Dennison and J. McWaters, having won one race each. A third race was started but not finished, as the captain of the Letter B. claimed a "crooked start," but afterward withdrew his charges, and it is to be hoped made ample apology for his mistake.

The Viola came to grief during a recent gale, and upset with a crew of experts on board. Now the great moral question is who upset the Viola, as every one of the crew blames another fellow for the accident. The case will be investigated by the local Lloyds, and the salvage

claimed by the Portsmouth rescuers paid by the delinquent. One thing was satisfactorily proved, viz., the fact that the Viola has enough air tanks and cork on board to keep a crew not only afloat, but comparatively dry in case of an upset.

Mr. Fisher, Reeve of Portsmouth, has purchased the yacht Wild Flower, and says that botanically she must be called a "daisy."

Mr. T. Carson, of Princess street, has parted with his trained Irish Water Spaniel, "Dan Rice," at the price of \$150.00. "Dan's" new home is Dakotah, U. S.

A new Secret Society has been formed in Kingston, with the suggestive name of "The Sons of Rest." Their Lodge Room is situated in a certain city boat house, and the initiation fee is payable in street car tickets. Dues are also paid in the same fee simple or initialled notes of hand.

Columbine is making great preparations for the Industrial Bench Show in Toronto, and expects to get fame and glory with a certain beautiful Gordon Setter.

Mrs. Aveling, Matron of the Verdun Hospital at Montreal, died quite suddenly this month. We heard of her death with great regret.

Miss Walker, Matron of the Institution for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, made a flying visit to Rockwood recently. Her many friends gave her a warm welcome.

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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN.)

pounds if he could. Why should not he, Jones, buy it if he can get it? He is pretty safe, for whether a real Amati or not, it must be a good fiddle, for it is so very old. Visions of himself as triumphant owner of an Amati, picked up so cutely too, flit before his mind's eye, and wrap all his common sense. Twenty pounds will mean desperate economy to him for the next three months, but what of that? To own an Amati will make up for all. Shall he chance it? He hesitates, and is lost. He buys the fiddle, cash down; the dealer lets him have it with regret, and laughs in his sleeve as he pockets the cash. Jones is in the seventh heaven of delight; he scrapes day and night; he studies the history of the elder Amati; he feels six inches taller.

A fortnight afterwards he goes to London on business and takes his Amati with him. He shows it anxiously to Hill, who at once pronounces it a clever fraud, worth four or five pounds.

In addition to the incandescent light at Lake Ontario Park, the managers have put in an arc light plant. These new lights are a great improvement to the illumination of the Park, although objected to by the average lover.

A lady of Scottish birth, who has been a guest at Rockwood House, admired the beauty of the new Basin, and asked who constructed it. She remarked, "I might have known it was a Scotchman built it."

Mrs. Kennedy and Miss Kennedy, of Hamilton, were guests at Rockwood House in August.

During the meeting of the Dominion Medical Association in Kingston, the following gentlemen were at Rockwood:—Dr. Wesley Mills,

of Montreal; Dr. Mallock, of Hamilton; Dr. Osler, of Baltimore; Dr. Smith, of Hamilton, &c., &c., &c.

The Yacht Gerda went off on a ten days' cruise on August 17th, with the following crew:—Capt., Ed. Booth; 1st Mate, Geo. Walkem; 2nd Mate and Chef de Cuisine, Dr. James E. Gage; Cook's Assistant and Chiefs of the Dish Washing Department, Masters It. Lockie and Chas. M. Clarke; Brass Polisher and Jack of Hearts, Knox Walkem; Owner of Craft and Commodore of the Fleet, Dr. C. K. Clarke. The cruise was a delightful one, and the following ports were called at: Charlotte, Niagara on the Lake, Toronto and Cobourg. At the first part of the outing the weather was very high, and it was a pity the experts who have been measuring the height of waves had not been on board, when the Yacht was off Long Point, where a gale was encountered. The Yacht is a staunch craft though, and with such a combination of nautical talent as the Captain, 1st Mate and Commodore possess, the danger was reduced to a minimum.

The Rockwoods still add to their victories at Tennis, and have lost but one match in their weekly contests with the City Club.

A Camera Club has been organized in Kingston, and should prove a popular institution, as the "Kodak fiend" is legion in this city.

Ontario Park has added a Merry Go Round to its attractions, and the little folks of the town are happy indeed over this new development.

Mr. Wm. Shea has been quite ill for several days, and everybody misse "our only William," as Rockwood without him is decidedly "off color." We look for his speedy recovery.

GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

Dear Boys and Girls:—

I am about to repeat to you a story told to me a few days ago, by a man upon whose word I can rely, and who has really experienced what he relates. He isn't unduly proud of his achievement, and wouldn't advise anybody to court a similar experience. Read, mark, learn and digest the narrative, and educe just such a moral as your conscience suggests.

GRANDFATHER.

FROM WINDY CITY TO ANYWHERE.

I am a rolling stone, not very well covered with moss, as you can see, know a little of society, and can labor with head or hands when necessary. I have travelled, seen something of many if not all, conditions of men, and am acquainted with the velvety as well as seamy side of life. I have felt equally at home in barrack-room and drawing-room, have fooled away money sufficient to make me comfortable if I had it, and hope some day or other before long, to climb up a rung or two of the ladder once more. I am not complaining—never did grumble much—and don't expect to start on that line yet awhile. Life, in its many varieties, is worth living, and as I am all alone in the world, I can afford to take things as they come. But you want to know something of that ride from Chicago to Down East, by free ticket, about which you once asked me, and it is more pleasing to me to relate that experience than to moralize. It is more than a year since I found myself in the Windy City, strapped and down to the bottom dollar. The winter after the Fair was a tough one, and how I lived through it is a wonder to me now. Cheek to-day, muscle to-morrow, and catch-as-catch-can all the time, worked me through. I

was honest, but didn't starve. Exactly what I did isn't worth repeating, but I did it. When the direct pinch came, a letter from eastern friends accompanied it, and a pressing invitation to accept a fairly paid employment offered relief, if I were once more in my old home. Ashamed to acknowledge my extreme poverty, and to ask for money help, and with less than a dollar at my command, I spent a sleepless night in friendless cogitation. Telling my perplexities to a young fellow who had once been in as tight a place, he attempted to solve the difficulty. "Steal a ride: You haven't money or time enough to hoof it," said he. The word "steal" was a harsh one, even to me, case-hardened as I have become, and I winced. But needs must you know, and as he offered to get me a start on the road, it required but little persuasion to induce me to try my luck. I ate a hearty meal, went with my hospitable guide to a freight station, was introduced by him to a conductor of a freight, with a statement of my position, and received a repulse as unexpected as unpleasant. "No man deadheads on my train," fiercely asserted the official, "and I wouldn't carry my mother, if she didn't start on the square." That was a knock-down blow, but in early life every boy is told to try, try again, if at first he does not succeed. A yardman was next approached, who was more obliging and less scrupulous. He pointed to an open door of an empty coke car, which was going to an oil city not far away, and would give me at least a start. I slipped into the friendly shelter, unobserved by officials, took two newspapers from my pocket, laid them on the floor to prevent contact with the grime, and awaited events. In due course the train was clattering, lumbering, shaking along, and I sought for the soft side of a plank but couldn't

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find it. Cold, miserable, downcast, and repentant, I would have gone back, even to Chicago, had that been possible. Rising to my feet, and peeping through a small opening at such of the passing landscape as could be dimly seen, I fancied that I smelt oil, and when we approached a station and were shunted, jumped off thinking that my destruction was reached. Day was breaking, and going to a creek close at hand, and using a cake of soap which I had previously placed in my pocket, the coal dust was partially removed from my face and hands, and wandering up town, the discovery forced itself upon me that the first stage of my trip had been prematurely ended by a mistake as to locality. Returning to the station, my train was missing, but another train was making up. I walked on to a stiff upgrade, a short distance ahead, and when the cars slowed up as they reached it, clambered between two of them, at considerable risk, and stood on the "bumpers" until another station was reached. There I dodged the train hands by going behind a building, and got on the moving cars as they were starting out again. Bumpers, the projecting timbers at the end of cars, placed there to prevent collision between the bodies of the vehicles in ordinary shunting, are not equal to a first-class seat for comfort. You can't sit, but must stand from start to finish of your trip. To hold on, clasp the brake rod and the metal ladder, preserve a stiff upper lip and a firm footing, think of the end of your journey and the loved ones at home, shut your eyes when the dust flies, and keep as wide awake as circumstances will permit. To get there is your first object, and a little temporary inconvenience must be overlooked as one of the incidents of the situation. I held on for a good many miles, until the train was side-

tracked. During the run a whole hearted fellow in a field took off his hat, and waved it at me, as if I had been a hero of a dime novel, but I shook my head warningly and entreatingly at him, and so stopped him from calling unnecessary attention to my elevated position. When I got off the train, I sought a drink of water—my breakfast in fact—and looked out for the starting of another train. To jump on one was now an easy feat; to avoid being caught in the act was another story. One came along, stopped, and I made for it. The conductor saw me, ran along the tops of the cars towards me, and ordered me to pay my fare to the next station. I urged impecuniosity, and he met the pitiful statement with the threatened application of a thick stick. I dodged, and jumped. Fortunately, neither legs nor neck suffered injury, and I ran alongside the train, then creeping slowly on a stiff upgrade, but the irascible conductor frustrated my attempts to get aboard, while the engine-driver, looking from his cab, waved his hat to me and urged me by his motions to get on. I felt that my "firing" had been justifiable, and throwing kisses to my departing friends trudged seven miles after them along the track to the next station. Here a section man informed me that there was no further freight until night, and "forward" was the inexorable order of the day. Meeting a small boy, I asked him if he knew a good natured farmer in the locality, and he pointed out to me a house where lived a man "awful good to tramps." Going to the barnyard, I saw a benevolent looking old fellow, to whom I told my tale of woe, and he, refusing my offer of proffered payment, took me into his house, and gave me a meal which seemed to be the squarest I had ever eaten. The memory of that liberal soul will remain green

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with me for life. Trudging on a town was reached, and here in the yard of the station I fell in with five poor wretches, alias bums, under stress of weather, and who like myself, were looking for a freight train and free rides. Questions as to pecuniary ability were freely put and unreservedly answered, and a collection was taken up which realized eighteen cents, and my honest looks evidently telling in my favor, I was entrusted with the expenditure of this munificent and tempting sum. Bread, cheese and onions formed the bill of fare, and furnished but a slim meal for a hungry quintette. Before the conclusion of the repast, rain commenced to fall, and I made for a side-tracked empty car, and rolling myself together therein speedily fell asleep. A rude awakening followed. "Git up! git up!" sounded in my ears, and the town constable, big with the importance of position, and half afraid of a tramp, told me that I must "git up an' git," for there were burglars around, loafers were not allowed, and every stranger must move on. My impulse was to resent this impertinence, and it didn't require the readily tendered advice of the station agent to encourage me to kick against the orders of this blustering Jack-in-office. So I didn't budge, while Bumble did. Rain continued to fall heavily, and as the box car wasn't billed to leave on outgoing freight, and a "quarter" still remained in my pocket, I invested in a bed and a sound sleep at a third-class hotel up town. Rising at sun up, I trudged breakfastless to the station, and waited around until nine o'clock, when a freight bound east pulled in with two empty box cars. Looking into one of them, a funny sight met my eyes. Half a dozen "travellers," in varying costumes and attitudes, several tin cans of the growler order, sundry

hunks of bread, a large ham bone, and broad grins of different capacity, told me that my next trip need not be of the solitary or altogether hungry character. A heartily expressed welcome induced me to enter, and my confession that a knowledge of printing was one of my accomplishments, and my ready response to the name of Jack,—the professed occupation and assumed cognomen of nearly every other traveller being of such character,—secured my immediate recognition as one of the b'boys. The crowd was a jolly one, and the experiences related were an eye-opener to even me; but our trip was brief, for after a twenty miles run, I was reluctantly compelled to change cars, so as to continue on the route selected by me. I hadn't confessed my want of food before we stopped, and my pride prevented me from doing so when I left, but even yet I look back with longing to the half loaves of bread left with the laughing, merry bums.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(FROM THE KINGSTON NEWS.)

The race of the day, and a race that knocked the foregoing in the "cool shade" was one between two punts, the "Letter B" and the "Gadabout." The "Letter B" was commanded by Harold Clarke, aged 9, and Herbert Clarke, aged 7 years. The Gadabout was manned by W. Dennison and J. McWaters, who are about ten years of age. The course was from the Asylum wharf to a buoy off Ross's point and back, and the Lake Ontario Yachting Rules were strictly adhered to. Owing to a mutiny on the "Letter B" she lost her head, but her sails were hauled to, and she quickly forged ahead. The Gadabout drifted, and could not get around the buoy. The Minstrel came in the "Letter B's" course.

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LETTERS.

HATCHILEY,

July 15th, 1895.

Among the inconveniences of the long protracted drouth of the season in these parts, a destructive bush fire may be spoken of, as one of the most baneful results.

One of the neighboring farmers was in the month of May clearing for crop, a few acres of forest, and the log-fires, on one warm and breezy day, extended into the growing throng of trees adjoining the newly ferced in area, and raged with uncontrollable fury for a time, despite the strenuous efforts of many of the assembling residents of the district bordering on the 4 or 500 acres of forest reserve, whose destruction was thus threatened by the extending flames.

The area of forest invaded by this regrettable conflagration has been a rendezvous for many of the small wild quadrupeds of the region, and a sort of sylvan paradise retreat for summer bird warblers, since the surrounding parts of the district have been cleared and cultivated.

As may be imagined vast numbers of little creatures lost their lives, and were cremated by the furious flames and furnace like heat, that prostrated and reduced to ashes many of the monarchs of the forest.

When the lurid flames crackled and consumed the green foliage, Cuckoos were seen flying in wild consternation from their nesting spots, and a mother ruffed Grouse was seen in agitated retreat towards cooler quarters, surrounded and followed by her numerous brood, that seemed to be only two or three days old; and in another spot a batch of thirteen well roasted eggs, of the same species of bird, were found after the fire had abated, these latter on examination showed evidence of being near the hatching

point when deserted by their protector. Wasps or hornets nests, and many of the occupants, shrivelled to ashes instantly at the onset of the flames; colonies of ants raced over the decaying stumps and logs, not knowing what to make of the consuming terror, but were speedily scorched into invisibility. A Woodchuck, by a hasty retreat over burning embers—in which proceeding his fore feet got badly burned—was overtaken and killed by a prowling terrier, a day or two after the subsidence of the fire, and a bystander, commenting on the crisped appearance of the rodent's toes, ejaculated that it was "a charity to kill the poor brute!" The frisky gyrations of the wild Rabbits, when uncommoded by the fiery sparks falling on their furry investiture, had a comic acrobatic air.

As was alluded to above, the burned over locality was the home and breeding retreat of many curious birds and quadrupeds, a large portion of its area being swampy, and its margins and borders were encumbered by a dense growth of shrubs and thorny vegetation, and almost every species of land bird known to Ontario Ornithologists could be seen or heard there in the appropriate season; and in such portions of the area as have been saved from the fiery devastation, the clamorous vociferations of the "Whippoorwills" are now being nightly renewed.

A rivulet meanders through the locality in the moister months of the year, and that part is the resort of Batrachians, whose piping is thereabout a leading feature or incident when the ice begins to melt in the last days of March. The bush fires, while being checked and limited for a number of days, would burst into activity on the occurrence of a brisk breeze, and on one such

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day, a matron Raccoon was seen in transitu with her four cubs, which were about the size of groundhogs. (This was in the month of June, and the fires continued for five or six weeks,) and in an evil moment for the family party, it came under the ken of one of the woodmen's dogs, who despite the brave fighting of Materfamilias in defence of her progeny, soon succeeded in worrying to death one of the cubs. Another couple of full grown racoons, in course of their migrations through the bush, got into a fierce growling and fighting contest, and one of the combatants got captured ere he could climb to the security of the tree tops. A neighbour boy is now trying to tame this Procyon as a pet. The quadruped is said to be lean and mangy-looking in condition, as if having recently passed through some fiery hardships, and he does not take kindly to the restraint of kennel life.

Among the secrets revealed by a walk over the ashes-strewn area, after the extinguishment, was that a black Squirrel, despite his nimbleness and sagacity, had perished in the burning death trap, and the line of residue of his skeleton testified to where the life movements had ceased.

The tolerably complete skeleton of what a local expert pronounced to be that of a half grown Fox, was also gathered up, and also the burnt and broken remnants of the shelly integuments of mud turtles. This sort of suggestive evidence goes to show what a miscellaneous assortment of animal life still lingers in the bits of primitive forest that have been allowed to remain in the vicinity of long cultivated, well settled districts.

The forest fire alluded to is not quite extinguished yet. It has caused much trouble and loss of time, and despite all our efforts and watchfulness, "stole a march upon

us" at last. It got into our small timber reserve and sugar bush, of about twelve acres, and burnt the line fence or a part of the same, and overran about four acres, killing about forty of the useful maple trees. We think we can prevent its further spread now the rain has come, and have little apprehension of serious loss.

My toning of photo prints was a failure to-day, through the deterioration of the acetate of soda, but I send the specimen. It is a representation of a Picnic Party, on last Queen's Birthday, on the Otter Creek, eight miles from here. The young fellow sitting on the rustic bridge is a relative of ours, just out from England, and named Grosvenor.

Yours sincerely,
W. Y.

BOTANICAL NOTES.

Among others the following specimens have recently been collected by the editors:

Lathyrus Palustris, Marsh Everlasting Pea, Sagittaria Latifolia, Arrowhead, or Water Plantain.

Gallium Trifidum, Small Bedstraw.

Convolvulus Sepium, Hedge Bindweed.

Datura Stramonium Thornapple, or Deadly Night Shade, Staphylea Trifolia, American Bladder Nut.

Epilobium Angustifolium, Great Willow Herb or Fireweed, Inula Helenium or Elecampane.

Saponaria Officinalis, Bouncing Bet.

Rubdeckia Hirta, Cone Flower.

Lobelia Syphilitica, Great Lobelia.

Lobelia Inflata, Indian Tobacco.

Steironoma Ciliatum, Fringed

Loose Strife, Polygonum Amphibia,

Knot Weed, Sedum Acre, Mossy

Stone Crop.

Hypericum Perforatum, Common

St. John's Wort, Lysimachia Stri-

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cata, Loose Strife, Pentstemon Perfoliata, Beard Tongue, Erigeron Annuus, Daisy Fleabane, Sweet Scabious.

Erigeron Bellidifolius, Robins Plantain, Trifolium Procumbens, Lesser Hop Clover.

The Editors have to express their thanks to Dr. T. J. W. Burgess, of Verdun Hospital, Montreal, for his great assistance in naming specimens of the doubtful orders.

CAMP AND CANOE.

LETTER 5.

LAKE KAHPEEKOG,

Nov. 10, 1895.

Dear Sam, The weather is getting decidedly colder, and the summer ducks have pretty well disappeared, an occasional Widgeon and Sheldrake marking the advance of the northern host. At the same time ducks are not what they used to be, and Uncle Sam is not as careful of Canadian bred ducks as he is of Canadian bred seal. Where a thousand ducks used to be seen one cannot find ten. The slaughter in the south during winter and spring is the cause of this. The autumn foliage is strikingly beautiful this year, and I long for a development of the photographic art, that will enable one to preserve the actual tints to be found in nature. Neither water nor oil colorist has yet succeeded in satisfactorily reproducing the exquisite tints of the Canadian autumn foliage, though many a good artist has tried.

You will remember that I invested in a double bladed paddle before coming up here, and had the maker produce a very large article, so that speed might be attained in the hands of a muscular Christian. You should have seen Parit and Joe, and Jimmy, turn up their noses at the outlandish implement. The paddle was condemned without a

moment's hesitation. It was a foot thing, clumsy, bound to wet the paddler, and of course not to be compared for speed with a single blade. I had never tried it, but having been at a certain canoe camp where the double blades invariably got away with the other fellows, boldly assumed the air of an expert, and challenged one and all to mortal combat. I was quietly told that when I had proved my ability to even manage a canoe with a double blade, the matter would be considered and my downfall arranged for. Napoleon, just for the sake of argument and policy, championed my cause, and expressed a belief in the double blade. Next morning proved a bad one, and a juvenile gale was kicking up a nasty sea for a canoe, even in Kahpeekog, the kind of a sea that no single blader likes to tackle alone. A chorus, "now let us see you paddle," greeted me early, and as I urged that I wanted ballast, it was decreed that Napoleon should act in that capacity, taking his rod and flies along as an excuse for an outing. I confess that I should have preferred a quieter sea, but the crowd were inexorable, and a lot of quiet chuckling going on determined me. Charlie L. gave us a helping hand, and as soon as Nap. got his tackle in shape we shoved off in the lee of the island. A few strokes proved that I could in smooth water get along splendidly, and then Nap. turned and said, "Look here, old man, I'm seeing you through this scrape, but feel that I am running a mighty big risk. I can swim but little. I wear top boots and a great coat, and though I hate to give those grinding curses a laugh on us, it would be better to do that than get a soaking." Just then I saw Jimmy hiding behind a log, Pompey seeking a stump, and even Parit and Joe selecting coigns of vantage on the windward side of the island, from

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which to witness the tribulations of the canoeists in the heavy sea. This settled it. We soon struck the big waves, and the double blade was a revelation; the canoe went ahead in beautiful style, and the laugh on shore never came off, although Napoleon chuckled by the half hour. When we returned Parit declared that either I was as strong as a horse, or the paddle was a great invention, although he still doubted it, and said although it might do for fancy paddling, it would not answer for narrow streams or deer hunting. Perhaps it wouldn't, but Joe thinks it would answer splendidly "for his old squaw." So when I return the paddle is to be sent in the direction Joe indicates. In the meanwhile Charlie L., Pompey and I, are making a record with the double blade, and I saw Jimmy making a gigantic effort on the sly with it a day or so ago. My conclusions on the matter are that a double blade is bad form in this region, but it is mighty convenient.

Pompey made a great discovery a few nights since, and succeeded in thoroughly arousing the camp. There was bright moonlight, and he could not sleep, so he got up, put on that Flash Light overcoat of his, that might be dressing gown, or night shirt, or anything else that imagination could suggest, so fearfully and wonderfully is it made, and went down to the shore. On a sand beach on the mainland, some forty yards away, he saw a dark object moving about, slowly and sedately. It was certainly a wild animal, and in the moonlight loomed up in an amazing way. Bear it is, by Jove. Pompey crawled back to the tent, and took the first gun he could come across. It proved to be a Colts Hammerless, loaded with buckshot. Pompey made a masterly advance to a suitable spot, and drew what he believed to be a deadly bead on the bear, shut his

eyes, and pulled both triggers. The terrific roar made by the two barrels, caused us to turn out in a hurry, and we found Pompey lying on his back, completely knocked out by the force of the recoil. He told us of his adventure with the bear, and Joe took his canoe and rifle, and went over to the bush to investigate. Pretty soon we heard him coming back, chuckling to himself at a great rate, and he produced a magnificent porcupine, riddled with buckshot. Pompey joined heartily in the general laugh, and Joe said: "The quills very good for my Old Squaw, who does fancy work in winter." Joe will require a tug to take back the property he is acquiring for his old squaw. She certainly must be a wonderful old lady. I told you in my last that we had bear steak in camp, but the great moral question is, who shot the bears? For years it has been my ambition to shoot a bear, and the chance never seemed to come in my way, but once when camped with Jimmy on the Madawaska. At that time a settler's wife used to come to the camp every day, with what little garden truck she had to spare, and invariably requested me to come up to their place in the afternoon, with a gun, to shoot a bear and two cubs, which were a constant nuisance to her children. I always promised to appear, but having nothing more formidable than a twelve gauge, with shells loaded with No. 6, for partridge, never found it convenient to go. I heard too that her husband had a very good rifle, and evidently there was a mystery about the bear. On the morning of our departure she came to the Camp, and made the usual request. I told her that I had heard that her husband was at home and had a good rifle, and I asked her why she did not get him to shoot the bears. She replied quite seriously and promptly that all this

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was true, but she did not want her husband to get "et up." Amid the howls of laughter from those who enjoyed the joke on me, I explained that this was the very reason I had not gone to see the bear too.

But to return to our bruins. Parit has always insisted that bears are the most difficult animals to get near, Joe backs him up in the statement, and Jimmy declares that until the present occasion he has failed to get near the animal. We found a dried up cranberry marsh where bears evidently slept pretty regularly, and the oak trees partly stripped of acorns told that the feeding ground was near. This marsh was not large, and we arranged to surround it as well as possible in the morning. The novices, Charlie L. and Pompey, were entrusted with the leeward side, Napoleon and I took the ends, and Parit, Jimmy and Joe came up from the windward side. We reached our positions without incident, and then the question arose, were the bears asleep in the long grass?

Pompey was without gun, and declared that his flash-light overcoat was killing enough for anything, and would certainly turn a bear from the beaten track. We waited patiently for three hours, when suddenly Parit and Jimmy seemed to become interested. Then Parit slowly put his rifle to his shoulder, and in a moment a shot rang out. We could see a wild movement in the long grass, in fact three places the grass began to move violently, and it was evident that bruin was astir. Presently Pompey began to yell like a howling dervish, and to shake his Flash Light with vigor—then Charlie L. let fly at something we could not see—Napoleon was heard from too, and I let fly at a black streak ploughing through the marsh some hundred yards away. Surely the whole place was alive with bears. Now Jimmy was seen

taking aim, and his shot evidently went home as the movement in his direction ceased. A good sized cub went flying past Pompey, receiving a parting salute from Charlie L., but was evidently unhurt. The bear I fired at went straight at Napoleon, and was neatly dropped by that gentleman at forty yards. An investigation showed that three bears, an old one and two large cubs, had been in the patch, and we had bagged two. There were three bullets in one and two in the other, so the great moral question comes up, who really shot the bears? These are the facts of the case, and no doubt every fellow will tell his story in a different way. All the same the best skin has fallen to my lot, and excitement runs high over this battue. It was not a very glorious achievement after all, and lacks a good deal of the high toned flavor of many hunting stories, but you remember that I have always been rather matter of fact, and the Davy Crockett element has been lacking. Those bears, when the American contingent reach Buffalo—will be grizzlies. Will write soon again.

Yours, &c.,
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THE CAPTIVE HERON.

I saw a lonely captive with clipped wings,
A swift wild creature of the wave and sky,
Freest and fiercest of all soaring things,
And strong of foot and wing to dive or fly,—
His brave plumes shorn, and dull his piercing eye,
The rocks his prison-house, the wave that springs
In silver spray from the clear fountain nigh,
And the free wind among the pines that sings,
Sole comforters of his captivity.
From morn to night he sat dreaming forlorn
Of woods and waters he should see no more,—
Of the green river-reeds where he was born,
And the tall flags that hemmed the sylvan shore,
Where first his untried wing he taught to soar
Among his brother herons when the morn
Was young among the hills, and gray before
The coming of the sun, as with glad scorn
He cleft the clouds and heard the wild winds roar.
Like the great chief of far St. Helen's isle,
Discrowned and sceptreless, and kingly still,
He stood among his prisoning rocks the while—
Mute, motionless,—a captive whose wild will
No chains could bind though haply they might kill.
The sunshine vexed him with its constant smile,
And the long days that brought no change of ill,

The mockery of his captors, and the vile
Close round of thralldom, strong on every side
To hold the fierce wild creature—so he died.

K. S. McL.

THE VISION OF THE SEASONS.

A moment's pause, and then the south wind came.
With summer in a sunbeam chariot.
Her eyes were blue, warm, kindly gracious blue ;
And brighter than her chariot even shone
The golden hair that crowned her comely head.
Daisies and buttercups together wreathed
With blue eyed grass and clover scented sweet,
Made a gray garland mid her shining hair ;
While on her bosom, which did fall and rise,
E'en as the lappings of some peaceful lake,
Ripe strawberries in bunches rich and red
As summer's lips and cheeks were trimly grouped
In tempting clusters. Summer was arrayed
In golden robes spun from the yellow wheat ;
And round her neck, a necklace made of dew
Did sparkle clearly. She was very fair,
So like an angel, that I almost thought
That she had left some bright elysian fields
And entered here into this darkened earth,
That she might shed her brightness over all.
But soon a sadness on her countenance
Betrayed the secret that she too

must go.
 She raised her lovely head and tear-
 ful eyes
 And said "I now must go, farewell!
 farewell!
 Autumn is coming and I feel her
 near.
 Oh fare ye well! I cannot longer
 stay."
 With that she gathered some red
 roses up
 And bade the south wind waft her
 far from earth.

D. W. K., Lancaster.

THE STORY OF A FIDDLE.

Enter Jones who has learned to play tolerably, and wants a better fiddle. Then the fun begins, and the game is played somewhat as follows:—

Dealer: "Good day, sir."

Jones: "Good day. I want to look at a few violins."

Dealer: "Yes, sir; about what price sir?"

Jones: "Well, I ought to get a good violin for £10."

Dealer: "Then I think I can suit you, sir. Here is a genuine Klotz for £9; and there is a Fendt, £11; this Collin Mezin I can sell for £7; and there is a fine old English fiddle, name unknown, price £10."

Jones tries the violins one after the other, hesitatingly, while the dealer looks about the shop for others likely to tempt his customer. Jones meanwhile keeps his eyes open to try and pick up a bargain. The dealer in his search, apparently by accident, opens a case, and discloses for a moment the doctored, dishonest fiddle.

Jones: "Hullo! What fiddle is that?"

Dealer (closing the case): "Oh, that violin is one I don't want to part with; but here is a guaranteed Nicolas in first rate condition, and—"

Jones (growing interested in the dishonest fiddle): "Yes, yes; but may I look at that violin in the case?"

Dealer: "Certainly, sir; I don't want to sell it, because I am not quite sure of its value, and I don't want to throw money away."

The dishonest fiddle is very tenderly unwrapped and lifted out of its case. The dealer tunes it, and runs a bow over it, Jones growing more and more interested.

Dealer: "Not a powerful fiddle, sir, but rich and soft with age."

Jones (who knows just enough about fiddles to think he knows a lot, and who has learned to recognize a full tone): "Yes, beautifully mellow! How did you get it?"

Dealer: "I bought it from a customer who was in difficulties and wanted the money. He had seen better days, and used to pick up fiddles. He was very fond of this one."

Jones: "Do you know the maker?"

Dealer: "Not for certain, but I showed it to a professional gentleman, Herr Pollywoski, and he believed it was by Andreas Amati, father of Hieronymus. I am going to take it up to London next week to find out its real value."

Jones (who has meanwhile been reverentially handling the dishonest fiddle, and has espied a fragment of a label inside—. . . eas Am . . . —and is trying to keep calm): "Do you feel inclined to take an offer for it?"

Dealer: "Well, sir, as I said, I really don't care to part with it, there may be a treasure in it. At any rate I would not take less than twenty pounds for it."

Jones thinks to himself that here is a chance that may never come again. An Amati, and at such a low figure! The dealer cannot guarantee it; of course not; he would not sell it under one hundred

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