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The

Rockwood

Review.



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



The Rockwood Review.

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VOL. 5^U

KINGSTON, JUNE 15TH, 1899.

No. 5.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mrs. Forster visited Belleville recently.

Last year Black Terns increased until a large colony has been established. We supposed that they were safe, and that their beauty would protect them. It seems that they lingered until the shooting season opened, when a coterie of heartless vandals deliberately shot off every bird they could see. Such wanton cruelty is difficult to understand.

On May 29th the Rev. C. J. Young, of Lansdowne, found evidences of the Green Heron breeding in the County of Leeds, and on June 14th he and Dr. Clarke fully investigated the matter, and accurately determined the status of the bird. McIlwraith states that this southern bird is supposed to breed at the mouth of the Grand River, and at the St. Clair Flats, but nothing more than a general statement is offered. The record at Leeds is most interesting, as it marks the highest northern point at which this heron has been found breeding. Mr. Young, Mr. Beaupre and Dr. Clarke are steadily classifying the local birds, and adding many interesting facts to the ornithological literature of Ontario.

Mrs. Keegan, Matron of the Hamilton Asylum, is the guest of Mrs. J. M. Forster.

The destruction being caused by tent and other caterpillars north of Lansdowne is astounding, whole forests are stripped almost as bare as in winter time, and if something does not arise to arrest the progress of these pests the result will be serious.

The Indigo bird—unknown at Kingston is comparatively common about Lansdowne—the same remark applies to the Rose-breasted Grosbeak.

Mr. Jas. Kent, of Toronto, is visiting at Rockwood House.

MARRIED.

Garner—Ahern.—At St. Mary's Cathedral Kingston, on June 12th, 1899, by the Rev. Fr. Doyle, Frederick Joseph Garner, of Hamilton, to Miss Margaret Ahern, of this city.

Cowan—Nicholson.—In Kingston, June 14th, by the Rev. E. B. Lanceley, Edward Cowan, of Gananoque, to Miss Emma Nicholson, Portsmouth.

Married in Rochester, on 14th of June, by the Rev. Dr. Hanna, brother of the groom, Frank W. Hanna to M. C. Lonergan.

The Bicycling fever may be called a thing of the past at Rockwood. Only such enthusiasts as Billy Shea do any regular scorching, and the majority of the riders have got into the habit of riding only when it is a matter of convenience to do so.

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A recent visitor to Kingston made the following criticism which is much to the point: "Kingston as a city has an air of solidity pleasing to behold, and its parks are a credit to it, at the same time it is surprising that in these days of asphalt and brick pavements, she is content with streets rougher and more carelessly kept than many country roads." The opinions of outsiders are sometimes worth listening to, certainly the above remarks about the streets are to the point: if a small city like Utica can afford almost universal asphalt pavements, surely Kingston could manage at least two streets. Wake up city fathers, otherwise even Portsmouth may get ahead of you.

Philately has added more victims to its list at Rockwood—the philatelist specialist is the latest development—there is at least one special philatelist also, and several employees are said to be looking for a man of the right stamp.

MARRIED.

MATHESON—CARTWRIGHT.—On the 7th June, 1899, at St. John's Church, Portsmouth, Ont., by the Rev. F. W. Dobbs, grand-uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. O. G. Dobbs, Arthur John Matheson, Civil Engineer, graduate of the Royal Military College, son of the late William M. Matheson, Ottawa, to Madeline, third daughter of the Rev. Conway E. Cartwright.

MACAULEY—JAQUITH.—On the 7th June, at St. Mary's Cathedral, George Macauley, of Portsmouth, to Lizzie Jaquith, of Kingston.

The Rev. C. J. Young, of Lansdowne, and Dr. C. K. Clarke spent two days in June investigating bird life in the large marsh on Amherst Island. The number of marsh birds found was extremely limited, but in the thickets near the marsh no end of rare warblers and black-billed cuckoos were noticed. The Maryland yellow-throat warbler was particularly common.

It is somewhat strange that Kingstonians should rush off to seaside resorts of questionable attractiveness, when within a few miles of the city such magnificent beaches as those existing on the lake side of Amherst Island are to be found. Some day an enterprising American will build a well equipped modern hotel near one of these beaches, and reap a rich reward.

The Frontenac Baseball Club has been upholding the honor of Hatters Bay in satisfactory manner. When improved in one or two places, they will give a still better account of themselves.

Cuckoos have never been as numerous as this year, and both yellow and black-billed are well represented. Their increased numbers is to be accounted for by the presence of the tent caterpillar.

Not long ago a clergyman who was asked to officiate at a patients' service came up specially prepared for the occasion. When asked what he intended to preach about, he replied that he had selected as a subject "The punishments of the Insane after death." The Medical Superintendent said that he could not permit such a subject to be talked about, and asked for something different. The clergyman said he had nothing in his sermon bag but a treatise on Indian Missions. The Superintendent said that such a subject could do no harm, even if it failed to do good, and in due course the sermon was preached. One of the patients seemed intensely interested, and the clergyman asked him what it was attracted his attention. He replied that he was interested in hearing about the mothers throwing their children into the Ganges, and also under the wheels of the Car of Juggernaut. "What was there in that to interest you?" asked the clergyman. "Well," replied the patient, "I particularly wondered why your mother did not throw you under the wheels of the Car of Juggernaut."

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In New York State the enterprising advertiser of patent medicines in particular, has succeeded in disfiguring farm buildings to an extent quite unknown in this Province, although the evil is bad enough here. We can easily understand the bad effect of such training by taking a sail as far as Alexandria Bay, and observing the patent medicine methods of advertising adopted on many of the islands, evidently owned by people of wealth, if not of culture. Of course those who made their wealth by the sale of patent pills, might be excused for glorifying the methods which brought them good fortune, from others better things might be expected. There is one part of New York State where the barn and fence advertising nuisance has been greatly abated, thanks to the energy and persistence of Dr. G. Alder Blumer, the cultured Superintendent of Utica State Hospital. He has convinced the farmers of Oneida County that every sign displayed is an insult to the intelligence of the community, and has induced nearly all to have the hideous eye sores painted out. Farmers are given neat little tin plates bearing the legend "Post no Ads," to tack up where the advertising fiend is likely to appear, and certainly the result of the Doctor's crusade is encouraging. The following quotation from a circular issued, commends itself to every right thinking farmer:—"Every sign displayed is an insult to the intelligence of the farmer. That there are some men who for a pittance are willing to have hideous signs painted upon their barns is sadly true. It is thought, however, that a discreet hint from a more enlightened neighbor to such farmers as may have fallen an easy prey to smooth-talking agents would have the effect in many cases of undoing the impudent mischief of roadside advertisement. It were well to appeal to the self-respect and sense of independence of such heedless brethren with the suggestion that the wayfarer

sometimes reads between the lines of flaring barn advertisements the compromising words, 'This Farm is Mortgaged for All it is Worth.' If there are those whom it is impossible to reach otherwise, the argument may thus be placed upon the lower plane of self-interest. After all, can any self-respecting farmer afford to announce to the world that his necessities are such as compel him to accept the small money of advertisers or to declare that in his selfishness or indifference he is not ashamed to offend the eye of his neighbor? To put this question is to answer it. Indeed every farmer, rich or poor, is distinctly the gainer by everything that makes for the improvement and adds to the attractiveness of the neighborhood in which he lives." While it is true ten farms are disfigured in New York State for one in Ontario, the evil is growing, and the press should establish a crusade against it on aesthetic grounds. If that plea does not appeal to the press they might find another one, on the ground that such methods of advertising are a reflection on the usefulness of newspapers as advertising mediums. Nearly every farmer takes not only one paper, but two or three, and a casual glance at these will suffice to show that he is not wanting for information regarding the merits of pills and powders rivalling the elixirs of youth of ancient days in their magic powers. By all means let us have landscapes free from vulgar eyesores in the way of advertisements.

The excessively late and wet season has completely upset the breeding arrangements of many of the birds.

Wedding bells have been ringing with great frequency of late about Portsmouth.

During the illness of Commodore Davidson the Iris has been placed under cover.

The Viola redecked and put in firstclass order, was launched on June 5th.

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Messrs. J. Davidson, Shannahan and Countryman, who have been very ill with typhoid fever are convalescing.

Mr. Percy Johnston is acting as Attendant during the illness of Messrs. Shanahan and Countryman.

The two children of Messrs. Thos. McGuire, who were ill with scarlet fever, have fully recovered.

Mrs. J. Davidson while returning from Beechgrove on June 1st, stepped of the sidewalk, and injured her ankle so severely that she was unable to walk for several days.

On May 29th the Hon. Chas. Clarke, Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Simpson and the Misses Simpson, of Derby, England, visited Rockwood House.

Mr. Carl Ford, Clinical Assistant, Rockwood, left for Philadelphia on June the 5th, to act as Judge at the Dog Show being held in that city.

The new organ to be placed in St. George's Cathedral will be one of the finest in Canada, and will contain most of the recent improvements effected in organ construction. What this means only those who are familiar with the rapid strides made of late can understand. The action will be a combination of electro-pneumatic and tubular pneumatic, and the Austin Universal Windchest will be used instead of the old fashioned and unsatisfactory bellows.

Several pairs of the Hairy Woodpecker (*dryobates villosus*) built in Rockwood Grounds this spring,—in one instance the destructive red squirrel destroyed the eggs. Chickaree and the chipmunk have many sins to answer for, when their relations with the birds are considered.

Criticism of the Educational System of Ontario is a popular amusement at present, and some of the criticism is to the point. While the defects are being discovered attention should be called to the cruel custom of asking developing children to go up for stiff examinations in July—a warm month when little folks should be allowed ample opportunity to develop physically rather than to be dwarfed mentally.

Miss Emma Nicholson and Miss Jaquith resigned their positions at the end of May. Each received a valuable present from her associates when leaving.

Miss Ahearn has retired from the staff of employees.

The Examinations in connection with the Rockwood Hospital Training School resulted as follows. The names are arranged in order of merit.

GRADUATED:

Miss F. Geddes,
" A. Moxley.

Junior Classes.

Miss E. Bamford,
" E. Courtice,
" A. O' Rourke,
" H. McLean.

One of the most promising of Kingston young musicians is Miss Norma Tandy, organist in the Congregational Church. At a Recital given recently she played the Overture to William Tell in a manner that showed great technical ability, as well a proper conception of the beauties of this great composition. In this selection she rose to the greatest height, although in the other numbers she proved that she has ability to accomplish even better results than she has yet achieved. We look for a bright future for this talented young musician.

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A MEMORIAL.

O friend of the long, long years,
Whose feet have passed the valley of death,
Whose heart hath done with sighing and tears ;
Whatever sorrow and mourning saith
From the lips that breathe with human breath,
We give thee joy for the good fight done
And the victory won.

Tears are for us who wait
By the hidden river's hither side,
Whose eyes can discern not the heavenly gate,
Nor the robes and crowns of the glorified,
And the face of Him who was crucified—
Where the mourned and the long-divided meet
In a rapture sweet.

Dull in this earthly day,
Our dim eyes miss the clear and steady light,
A good man's life shed on the upward way—
Suddenly quenched, as if a star took flight,
To be relighted, ah, so far away,
Beyond death's solemn and mysterious bars,
Beyond the stars.

O friend of the long past years,
Whose feet have passed the valley of death,
Whose heart hath done with sighing and tears ;
Whatever sorrow and mourning saith,
From the lips that breathe with human breath,
We give thee joy for the work done well—
Peace, and farewell !

K. S. McL.

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ANIMALS.

BY CHARLES M. SKINNER.

Meaning some with four feet and some with feathers, no less than men. It is well to have them about us. We can go to them now and then for lessons—lessons in calm, in content, in the art of living in the present, in simplicity, in truth, in health, in strength, most of all in modesty—for we cannot see, without admiring, their many economies and shifts, their skill and ingenuity, their self-sufficing gifts, and, seeing these, we ought to understand that we have not yet come to the high top of power or mind or morals. Then these humbler creatures have so many of our tricks that it is enlightening to watch them. They prove in a hundred ways their cousinship, and convince us that we have not evolved vastly beyond their state, if we have not fallen below their splendid physical condition. Had we the strength of a bear, the speed of a horse, the faithfulness and courage of a dog, the craft of a snake, the liberty of an eagle, the endurance of a camel, the complacency of a cat, the patience of an ant, the beauty of an oriole, the joyousness of a bobolink, the wisdom that an owl ought to have, what a race were ours! Every wide-minded man probably feels, at some time in his life, that he has suffered a deprivation in not knowing the brutes better than he does. We try to make up for this ignorance by keeping a dog and a cat, though neither is of much use to us, and, whether we will or no, we harbor a thousand minor peoples—birds, mice, weasels, squirrels, moths, flies, spiders, worms—to whom we still may turn for useful hints and comfortable companionship.

While I like to see the assimilation of human traits and even the copying of some human capers by these little brothers, it is a painful thing to find them marching to the crack of a whip, standing on their heads with violent misgivings in their legs, riding a-horseback with

imploring in their faces, cringing at the firing of pistols, and heavily dancing to music that means nothing to them. Trained animals show remarkably what men can make them do, but artifice is seldom so interesting as nature, and it is in their true characters, rather than as clumsy imitators of other species, that they deserve our notice best. After we get acquainted we find their personal traits to be as well marked as our own, and shown more frankly, for animals never put on a society gloss, unless they fear injuries from us, if they fail to appreciate or reverence our worships. I do not want a frightened or furtive animal about me. I prefer him affectionate. If he is that, he will be moderately obedient, whereas if he "minds" through fear, he will be immoderately untrue to himself.

Our two cats are twins, but they are as different from each other as the Indian is different from the white man. Slubberly Tumults takes after his father, and is aristocratic. He lacks only one or two points of being a prize cat. His fur is like velvet, beautifully striped like a tiger's; his eyes have spectacle markings, which show high breeding; he is finely formed, large, healthy, spry, and the worst crank that goes on legs. Taggs, his brother, lacks only one point of being an "ornery" back-fence cat, and that is his good nature. There is just one being with whom Tumults will endure on kindly terms, and that is Taggs. He is everybody else's enemy, except for three or four minutes in the morning, when he meets us for the first time in the day and expects his breakfast; but though he and Taggs will cuff each other in play, no people were ever kinder to each other than these two. In their box before the kitchen fire on a cold winter night with their arms about each other they are as pretty a sight as a couple of children, who would surely have gone to sleep kicking rather than hugging. If they are awakened, they fall to licking each other. At meal-times

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—and this is remarkable—they seldom filch from one another, or try to; and when they drink milk, one stands aside, after a few laps, to give the other a chance; then number one again offers his nose, whereupon number two turns back; and, taking turns in this fashion, without spats or back talk, they empty the saucer. Tumults has a coaxing, wheedling note, rising like a question, a mixture of purr and call, mild and promising, when he is looking for favors; but if you try to be familiar, he will spit and squall and flatten his ears and run away, albeit he scratches only on grievous occasion. He has a big appetite, and eats for two; in his sports is like a tiger, stealthy and strong, and is a good mouser, when there are mice. Though Taggs, the good, is nearly silent, when it comes to catching bumblebees in our bleeding-hearts or occasional cockroaches in the shed, he is as quick as his brother. He invites acquaintance, likes to be spanked on the back as if he were a dog—good, sounding whacks, too—comes into the bedrooms in the morning and softly bites our toes while we are dressing, and when I walk in the yard he is at my heels, for he says to himself that he will have sport, and he tags after me until I cut a twig or spray of plant and draw it through the grass in a circle, when he gives chase with such industry that he becomes dizzy, the landscape flying around him in most confusing manner, as you can tell by the way he staggers and the trouble he has to keep his eyes on objects. After two or three turns he subsides, always pretending to have discovered something of interest near the house as an excuse for stopping, and then sits gravely on the turf to see that I water the grass and pull the weeds properly. Now, I am a little in doubt whether he intends this dissipation for drunkenness or not. Does he like the fuddle, or does he chase the twig in spite of it? He does not seem otherwise immoral. Once when he revolved for some time with

particular energy and a full stomach, the poor fellow tumbled in a fit, and I did not encourage his lapses from rectitude for some time thereafter.

One attribute of these cats is a human amount of curiosity. They are on the window-sills watching the life of the street, they nose about the bric-a-brac, they shy at unusual and suspicious sounds and objects, they lie on the fence contemplating with interest, but without the slightest dread, the furious conduct of the dog next door who wants them for his meat. When I take Tumults into my lap to cut his finger-nails—for so soon as they become long he is incessantly dulling them on our rugs and carpets—his brother is consumed with anxiety to know what is going on, and he stands on his hind legs at my knee, watching the performance, objecting vehemently when his own turn comes. We had one old Tom that we used to wash, for he was vagrant in his tendencies, and he accumulated coal-dust and fleas that showed on his white coat. These washings were almost tragical events in his career, but to our unsympathetic selves they were funny. His body, sleek with wet, his tail tapering to a stream, his wild eyes, his feet striking in all ways for a hold, as we lifted him from the tub, made a veritable picture of woe. After his bath he was allowed to crawl into the oven, curl up on an old carpet there, and dry. I took him away once, to lose, and carried him in a bag, so that he could not know where he was going or how he got there, to another part of the city; but he was back again in a few days, squalling to be let in.

Cats seldom store up ill feeling against anybody, and only persistent ill treatment will make them fear a person. Ten minutes after they have been smitten for misdemeanor they rub against your legs to prove that their confidence in you has been restored. At night they may be wild. It seems as if they were not sure of you out-of-doors, in the dark, and mistook

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you for a stranger. Can it be that, in spite of their supposed sharpness of sight, they distinguish only bulk and motion, and not detail? I should not be surprised if this were so. Taggs looks near-sighted. I would like to put him into spectacles. Animals are not so good seers as we, sometimes, and the envied eyes of insects are useful only at short range. Some of them see hardly a yard before their noses, except to distinguish light from dark. Trundling down the bicycle path, I remove my cap, to enjoy the air, and presently my hair is covered with lice—hold on!—plant lice. These aphides have got their wings—it is June—and are bumping feebly into my hair, over my clothes, and into my eyes. Have they time to see where they are going? Do they fancy that the dark of the pupil of the eye is an opening of escape into some recess, I wonder? Are they in the maples overhead, or flying up from the roadside weeds? For these wee cattle of the herbage are very common, sometimes. A road near Randolph, N. H., I saw alive with thrip one autumn day.

Dogs have a quick instinct as to character, and know who are friends and who otherwise. As with human beings, they repay like with like, and hate with its own coin. Several times I have been flattered by the friendship of many curs, and some well-bred ones, the owners of the latter telling their surprise that I had not been bitten, as their dogs were unfriendly to strangers. In a case like that we are apt to like the dog better than the one who has spoiled him. Draughtsmen for the comic papers offer amusement in the vexed expression of the man who leaves his friend's door with a bulldog hanging to the seat of his trousers; but, really, this kind of conduct in the man who owns the dog is not pretty. The opposite kind of dog can be ridiculously friendly sometimes. I was once lugged out of the surf by a huge St. Bernard who was bent on rescuing me when I merely wanted

to swim. He and I had become acquainted, and he went down to the sea with me, but directly I had run into the water he struggled away from his master, who could stay with him no more than he could hold a bull, and plunged after me, making a mouthful of a tender part of my bathing suit, and hauling me ignominiously to land. Our Newfoundland pup, Arthur, used to climb into our laps when he was young, and because we made no objection he kept on climbing; and now the great calf, who weighs over a hundred pounds, still lumbers across our knees when we sit in low chairs, and laughs when we upbraid him.

We ought to have more tame animals for friends. There are several of whom we know too little. Cows are placid and wholesome, but it is not always safe to take them into the parlor, and horses are uncertain in their tempers. Squirrels, rats, snakes, spiders, elephants and tramps have been partly domesticated, and raccoons, if adopted early, are amusing. The latter are liable to moments of wrath, when they bite, but it is usually when they have been abused. A coon that a New Hampshire man kept in a cage near his house used to be bothered by a tame crow that would stand just out of his reach and gibe at him. In vain the coon tried to get him through the bars, sometimes putting out a hind leg, which had a longer reach than his fore leg, until one day he caught his trampler by the tail, pulling out a lot of his feathers. After that he felt visibly better. This crow was a greedy fellow, who would bolt everything that was thrown to him, without stopping to inquire. A man of an experimental turn of mind had some old opium pills that heat and handling had formed into a puttylike chunk, and these the crow swallowed with the same confidence that he gave to meat. In ten minutes he discovered that he was in the act of falling asleep, roused himself with a start of

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astonishment, tipped and teetered over the ground, giving occasional jumps of surprise, and finally shook of the lethargy. More tragic was the fate of a tame bear who had learned to drink whiskey, and who jumped into a river and drowned himself while suffering from undoubted delirium tremens.

You cannot always count on the tameness of tame bears. A cinnamon, out in British Columbia, came for me while I was talking to him, with a most surprising suddenness and speed, and if it had not been for a chain that brought him to a quick and strangling top after a career of perhaps twenty feet, my interest in bears might have been permanently diminished. A large black-and-tan dog, who was a friend of his for three or four minutes at a time, used to visit him in order to be licked, but when the bear got as far as his ears he would begin to nibble, then to bite, each nip a little harder, as if to test how much of that kind of thing a dog would stand. Then it was amusing to see the dog's hind legs lift slowly from the sitting to the standing posture, to see each leg stiffen like a peg, his back to ruffie, and his throat to stir with growls. At last he would leap back, scold vociferously, and trot away, while the bear would fold his hands with weary resignation and say, as plainly as words, "Hasn't anybody got a dog with better-tasting ears and more sand than that one?" But I commend the dog's prudence. A bear's strength is prodigious; he will twist a steel trap like pewter; and a mere cub will hug your legs with a closeness too near like that of a trap to be pleasant. If bears would only remain cubs, you would stand the hugging for their "cuteness;" and you feel the same toward infant lions and leopards, though they show the wild strain early, and will crawl away when you try to caress them. Indeed, all animals commend themselves to you when young—even alligators.

If it were not for several kinds

of a likeness he bears to the boy of the human family, a monkey would be among our constant domestic interests. But his habits of investigation, together with an agility that enables him to investigate everything you would rather he didn't, make him expensive. He can break more porcelain than Bridget will smash in her days of greatest enthusiasm, and a certain resemblance in these two destroyers is pretty sure to create enmity between them, possibly based on jealousy. A monkey, with his round eyes, close together, his long chin fringed with "Galways," his greed, his indifference to reproaches, his willingness to fight, his way of bullying and "picking on" smaller and weaker brothers, is so like some kinds of people that an hour in his company converts you to Darwinism. The monkey is not a negro. Herbert Ward, the African traveler, said that once when he was chaffing an old chief on his likeness to an ape, the negro arose, went over to a pet ape that was tethered near, parted his hair, and showed the skin to be at least as white as Mr. Ward's. A monkey becomes a valued member of a house in which he cannot find a great deal to disintegrate. I have a friend whose arrival at home in the evening is an occasion for wild exuberance on the part of his pet monkey. The little creature puts its arms around his neck, and hugs him as if he were a prodigal father just come home with a fortune. It chatters and gibbers and almost cries in its joy of friendship.

Why is it that we must own an animal before we feel any sense of kindness toward it? It is a sorrow that we have bred such fear in the minds of the birds, who mean to be our friends. There is fight in nearly all of them, if you rub their feathers the wrong way, but that does not excuse our incessant persecutions. When they see the dead bodies of their wives and husbands and the torn wings of their children flaunted on the hats of that half of the human race that we hold to be considerate and

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sympathetic, is it any wonder that they fly to the wilderness to get away from the other half? The bird has his share of curiosity, but he likes a few leaves between you and himself when he studies you. As you go up the road he meditates: "Well here an unhappy creature! He's lost all of his feathers, except a few around his mouth, and his skin fits him wretchedly. Guess he'll shed it by night, so we can work it over into nests. It's a queer fungus he has on his head. What is he doing with that shiny stick, and why does he point it at me? I don't like that look in his eye. I've seen it in a weasel that was robbing my nest, and a wild-cat I met in the woods. I'd like to know—Horrors! I'm off! What a noise! He made it come out of the stick! Dust, too. And he threw something at me. I've lost two of my tail feathers. He needs them to put on his face, I suppose. His mate has picked off his own. We learn something every day, and now I know another kind of animal to keep away from." He has flown away. Listen: Deep in the wood he calls to his wife; one of the sweetest, most modest of notes. And you could kill that little creature? You would violate his trust in you? You could kill a baby.

But we do not see life at its fullest here in the wood. Let us ramble down by the seashore, where it has less hiding. As to that, where does so much of it conceal itself? Where does it all die, even? For whoever sees a wild animal die, except when some one murders it? The need of food takes the shy things into all kinds of places, at all sorts of times, and how seldom we come upon them! And such queer food and medicine as some of them want. You have seen dogs eating grass, but did you ever see the greed of cats for squash-rinds, and of tigers for catnip, and of bears for honey? Ha! that sniff of the brine is good. On the sea edge we breathe a new air, get a saline tingle in our blood. The swallows whirling over the

green and brown infinitude of marsh are as free as the waves whose thunder on the bar we hear a mile inland. Life is in new forms. Look into this pool and watch the crab. Isn't he like a human being? You have seen men eat in just the way he is eating that mussel. He has opened it, somehow, and is turning it around and around, holding it off now and again to look at it, and you can almost see his studious scowl. How busy he is! How his claws work at the morsel as he squats on a block of peat, precisely like a glutinous fellow in a tavern with his elbows on the table! Minnows line up before him, expecting crumbs. He cries "Scat!" You don't hear him, but he makes a dash of two steps, and away they go.

Here, at a little hostelry, where shoremen put in for beer and sandwiches, we find our four or five rowdies from the city actually forgetting their drink, their obscenity, and their oaths, such an interest has been aroused in them by the discovery of mud-wasps who are building houses under the veranda roof, just over their heads. Truly, that is a hopeful sign, for the trouble with our thugs is that they have so little Nature in them. Still, we are willing to walk on.

Thousands of dragon-flies are in the marsh. One alights at our feet, and the sun striking through his stained-glass wings paint russet tints on the earth. And what does he purpose now, when he alights on a plantain rod, busily rolls his head from side to side like a lawyer in argument, and moves his chaps, biting at nothing? He crawls upon my hand when I put it softly against his wing, and clings there for some seconds. And out there on the tumbling water and the whistling winds are the gulls, and under the blue flood are the shining fish and the mighty whales. Dr. Nansen found pools of water in the Arctic flocs filled with algæ, diatoms, animalcules, and even bacilli. Truly, it is a teeming world. We do not even have to

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leave our rooms and offices to realize that. We can study flies, moths, gnats, roaches, and the like small deer from our easy chairs. They are worth the study. They have brains. Walking through the upper floor of my house when it is closed and windless, the family being in the country, I break spider-threads with my face. Out-of-doors the spider lets her thread out on the wind, and it catches on a tree some feet away; but how is it here? Does she climb to the opposite wall by way of the ceiling, paying out web and afterward pulling in the slack? How else can she stretch those bridges?

If only we could think with their brains, we should know lots and lots of things to do without. How clean and orderly the insects are! They seem to need freedom from dust and dirt, in order to keep the delicacy of their senses. You have seen how choice they are of their antennæ, for those "feelers" are half eyes to them; indeed, the snail has his eyes on the end of them. This ichneumon fly, on a wall, leans away backward when he takes a dry wash, in order that the antennæ may clear the brick as he bends them downward. And if you "nag" a grub with a hair or straw, how often he develops temper—plain human temper—like that of a man struggling with the tin cuffs and collar of his Sunday shirts, or of a woman who finds that the man in the seat in front of her at the play persists in wearing his high hat during the performance. Other failings we shall find, yet withal it often seems to me that the brutes, and the insects most of all, live on a plane of higher average morality than we. They are not intentionally guileful. They take no more than they need, while the tramp who robs us takes more than he will use. Are not our moral philosophies too much concerned with abstractions and generalities? "Let us live worthily," they say; "do less work and have more worth, for it matters less what we do than what we are." Nonsense! It matters what we do,

From that only can it be known what we are. We have most worth when we have most use. If we lived as harmoniously with our conditions as the insects do, we should not be such a very bad sort. Watch humble things grow. Find' calm in that. Study the economies of little folk in the sand and grass. Realize their health, and take to yourself the reasons for it. What we call sins were created by our departure from their state. These small people who hold us in love or fear, as we hold them, are reminders of that paradise where all was harmony, and of that millennium of a grander concord that must be, somewhere, sometime, in the future.—THE OUTLOOK.

SOME BUCOLIC EXPERIENCES.

The Cuckoos were, as usual, the latest arrivals on the list of feathered summer visitants this year; the warmth that expands even to a slight extent the green leaves of the pear or apple tree, is here regularly productive of the presence of this decisive evidence of summer: in the pioneer times the cuckoo's presence was nearly unknown in this district, there seemed to be little that was attractive to them in the vast solitudes of the primitive forests, but as soon as clearings had been established, and blossoming orchards had taken the place of the lofty beechen and maple groves, the cuckoo became as regular a June visitant as the Catbird, or the melodious Brown Thrush, the Oriole, the coterie of the Whippoorwill and Humming Bird; it was observed too that the pestiferous tent caterpillars were in multitudinous evidence among the expanding foliage of the apple trees, and that the visits of the bird-friends of the fruit culturist were well timed. There is an undoubted diminution in the numbers of the strictly forest birds annually visiting this district, as the area of primitive woodland diminishes in extent. The melody of the Hermit Thrush is now rarely

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heard, where twenty-five years ago it was one of the most common morning and evening festivals. And it seems safe to make the prophecy that in twenty or thirty years more this species of bird music will be hereabout a matter of history or a theme of tradition. As the bird's name truthfully indicates, its presence is noted only in secluded shades of the forest, and when the ruthless axe of the woodman, and the mission of the land drainer, have accomplished their purpose, the voice of "the swamp angel" will have to be sought for elsewhere.

A number of pleasing phenomena that were once justly accounted adornments of the landscape, have now no existence except in the recess of memory among the early settlers in the backwoods. On an elevated "brae" or ridge of land, about a mile south-westward from the spot of the present writing, there was wont to be much fascination in looking at the illuminated peaks of a grove of lofty pine trees, as the first rays of the sun just after day dawn, glistened through the dark foliage of the tall monarchs, whose abiding place must have for four or five centuries been the aforesaid swell of land. The lofty summits of this extensive community of conifers, towered far above the general level of the groves of maple and other deciduous trees that intervened between the standpoint of the eastern observer and the graceful outlining of the horizon; and the annihilation of that romantic experience by the exigencies of the saw mill owners, has oftentimes been referred to by present residents of the locality in words of sincere regret,—but "a scene of beauty is an enduring joy." The sun shone on the pine tops for a number of moments ere the lower levels of hardwood timber had been illumined.—W. YATES.

AN EGG WITH A RECORD.

LAI'D BY A BRUNNICH'S MURRE IN
PELHAM BAY PARK.

When, on rare occasion, a bird wandering from the regions of the frozen zone into warmer climes builds a nest and lays an egg in our latitudes it is, perhaps, worthy of record.

The Brunnich murre is an Arctic seabird, belonging to a certain family known to science as the alcidæ or "auk family" (including auks, murre, puffins, guillemots, ect.), and is somewhat clumsy in build, has rather a large head, and legs placed far back, with only three toes. It has been known for a long time as an "irregular visitant," or one of many birds that spend the summer north of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, only visiting this region during the coldest part of the winter, migrating southward along the American coasts sometimes as far as South Carolina, driven by the fury of the storm. After the blizzard of 1888 numbers of these birds were shot as far inland as Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin and other central States; but as a rule they are found only on the islands of the Maine coast, and rarely in the vicinity of New York.

Pelham Bay Park, through which the northern line of New York city passes, is about three miles south of the town of New-Rochelle, on Long Island Sound. It was in 1897 that the writer chanced to be on the western end of this island, and, finding a few arrow heads in the small sandy beach, shouted to a friend, who was a little way behind.

At the sound of his voice a bird rose from some rocks near by, and half flew and half fluttered to the water, where it instantly dove out of sight. Thinking it was a wild duck, the visitor went to the spot from where it had flown, and was astonished to find at his feet, lying upon a bunch of coarse straw and seaweed, a large bird's egg, slightly warm, long and pointed in shape, light blue in color.

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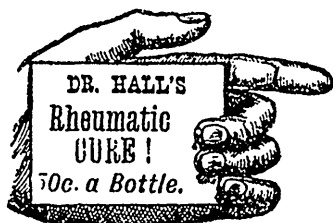
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