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The Rockwood Review.

AUGUST 1894.

The Rockwood Review.

VOL. I.

KINGSTON, AUGUST 1ST., 1894.

No. 6

LOCAL ITEMS.

Probabilities—That the thermometer will need an extra length if it expects to keep up with the weather.

Mr. Wm. Shea will shortly leave for New York, Newport and other watering places. He will be the guest of the Astors.

Mr. J. Davidson is on a yachting cruise — centre-board of course — and is writing a newspaper article explaining the causes of the Vigilant's defeat.

The Vigilant and Vedette are wondering, what is the matter? The Britannia and Norma are good boats, well handled. These two things count for a great deal in a yacht race, except with the skippers of the losing yachts.

Rockwood's dome has been aesthetically dingy for some years. Mr. Elliott is working a change in its appearance, and when he gets through, will be as sure footed as Blondin. In the meanwhile it is suggested that the side towers be painted by means of paint squirted through a hose.

The Kingston papers got off a joke about an Ottawa visitor, who mistook St. Paul's Lawn Party for an assemblage of well behaved patients. The true version of the joke was that the visitor mistook a Patient's Garden Party for the St. Paul's pic-nic, and has not yet discovered the error.

Mr. W. P. Fenwick did a brave thing a few days ago, and saved a patient from drowning, in the pluckiest and coolest manner possible. The details of the rescue were widely published, and the Mayor and Council of Kingston have recommended the Royal Humane Society of England to award the medal for brave conduct. Good boy! Billy!

Miss O'Brien and Miss Fitzgibbon of the Rockwood Hospital Staff, have left for New York. They were the recipients of handsome presents from the officials, and will be much missed.

What do you think of our REVIEW in pink? Business men evidently recognize a live journal, as a reference to the advertising columns will show. We have appointed Mr. N. Scott Lockie as Assistant Bus. Manager, and Norman's genial smile makes him a particularly successful agent.

Kingston Seniors defeated Montreal and the Juniors downed Picton at Cricket, this month. Victories such as these should prove as stimulating as the cold tea, and two kinds of lager, that always do duty at local Cricket contests.

The deep wells at Rockwood are being pumped this week. St. Leon and Apollinaris are "not in it" with the beverage found in two of the wells. Already the young ladies of Portsmouth are drinking deeply of these mineral waters, feeling certain that they contain the Elixir of Perpetual Youth.

JACK SCOTT'S BULL CALF.

The story of Jack Scott's Bull Calf is well known in our little circle, although there is a good deal of difference in the conclusions arrived at regarding the exact cost of the animal, and Jack insists that the very lowest estimate given is not correct, however, when I have finished my yarn, no one will dispute the figures. Jack is the same lumber king who posed as hero in the Moose Story, and in his travels last year, went to Binghampton to see Mr. Jones, who is a good customer of his, regarding a lumber deal. Now, although Jones follows lumber as a business, fancy cattle raising is his pleasure, and it was only natural that Jack should be taken out to see the herd of Holsteins that Jones regarded as the apple of his eye. Jack says he will never forget the innocent expressions of the Bull Calf that is to prove the subject of this sketch, when it was led out by the herdsman for inspection. In a weak moment he burst into raptures over the beautiful coloring of the animal, discovered a thousand and one points of excellence, and wound up by saying that if he could buy such a perfect gem for a reasonable figure, he would send him to his father in Canada, who has a farm, the furnishing of which would be complete if a Bull Calf of high degree were added to its stock. It seems that the Jones farm was long in Bull Calves at that moment, Scott was a tiptop fellow, and after all the compliments passed, what could Jones do but present Sir Reginald, as his Calfship was called, to Jack. This was a rather unlooked for situation, but Jack is not easily dashed, so carried the thing off (metaphorically), very well, and managed to have Sir Reginald shipped to Buffalo in a few days. If the Calf carried the palm, so did the

herdsman, who received a two dollar trip to begin with. Jack thought, of course, that it would be a simple matter to ship Sir Reginald to Canada, and although the expense of getting the animal to Buffalo might be high, still one Calf in a lifetime, would not ruin the firm. In a day or two, notice of the arrival of Sir Reginald was received, and temporary arrangements must be made for his care. A suitable man was found to look after him, for a day or two, who agreed to perform the necessary labor for \$1.50 a day, and although the freight bill ran up to \$17.50, still this was not high for a Holstein of noble blood. Jones wrote that Sir Reginald would require at least two patent pailfuls of milk, every twenty four hours, and the milkman was instructed to bring twenty quarts a day, at a nominal charge of six cents a quart. A shed was fixed up in the yard behind Jack's residence, and Sir Reginald began city life under promising circumstances. Jack went to the Customs to make arrangements for the early shipment of the Holstein to Canada, but was staggered when he learned, that owing to an outbreak of pleuro-pneumonia, in the U. S., ports were closed against American cattle. After a certain time if the epidemic ceased, he would be able to send Sir Reginald into six weeks quarantine at Sandwich, but in the meanwhile he had a white elephant, or rather a black and white calf on his hands. There was no help for it, and the temporary arrangements with the caretaker and milkman, became an indefinite agreement, to be terminated when pleuro-pneumonia disappeared. In the meanwhile Sir Reginald grew fat and restive, and it soon became apparent that a small outhouse in the city lot did not give a royal Holstein free scope, and it was also evident that a change of

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in the way of an occasional noble of grass was requisite. Jack instructed the faithful caretaker and Sir Reginald to some overgrown bailewards in a neighboring street every morning at daybreak. This was a capital idea, and a suitable collar and chain were provided. Michael, Sir Reginald's satellite, was a hand next morning, at an early hour, and the calf was led forth to graze. The ordinary Calf of every day life can kick up his heels and ask about vigorously when occasion requires, but when it comes to an American Holstein Calf—fully aware of the liberty clauses embodied in the Declaration of Independence—and a Bull Calf at that—one can easily imagine what occurred. Sir Reginald sniffed the "air of freedom," gave a mighty snort, kicked up his heels, and went down the street with Michael in tow at a two-forty clip. Michael did his best to hold on to the chain, but soon found the truth of the adage that tells us "it is not the miles we travel but the pace that kills." The result was never in doubt, Sir Reginald soon ranged, a Calf as free as the mountain air, and for some time disported himself as only a Holstein Bull Calf can, finally settling down to graze before one of the stately mansions on Delaware Avenue. He had not been there very long before Michael, reinforced by "two of the finest," began a stealthy stalk of his lordship. Sir Reginald scented danger, and was on the "qui vive," and although he allowed a near approach of the attacking party, beat a masterly retreat at the proper moment, and began a gentle trot down the Avenue. A couple of stray dogs joined in the pursuit, the retreat became a panic, and Sir Reginald fled as if he had wings, fully rushing into a small crockery store on a side street. He was a Ball in a china shop with a record

to keep up, and before he got through had run up a bill that took a \$100 note to pay. Sir Reginald was more frightened than hurt, and having enjoyed his outing, returned very meekly with Michael to his outhouse. After this great care had to be exercised in taking the Calf for a walk, and a clever harness-maker devised a sort of a Spanish halter, that gave Michael the necessary control. Some of Scott's friends suggested an Oriental costume for the attendant, but this idea was not seriously entertained. In the meanwhile, the pleuro-pneumonia scare kept up, and it was not until the fall that the embargo was lifted. Then the Calf was sent into quarantine, at Sandwich, for six weeks, at a cost of \$2.00 per diem. Finally it was shipped in triumph to the farm, but on the way from the station Sir Reginald cut up a few capers, slipped and succeeded in breaking a hind leg. The injury was so serious that the Holstein had to be destroyed, and although the people at the farm were willing to give the fatted calf as warm a reception as the fatted calf gave the Prodigal of old, it was not to be. Neatly framed in Scott's library may be found a document that reads as follows:—

COST OF THE HOLSTEIN CALF, SIR REGINALD.

Trip to herdsman.....	\$ 2.00
Freight charges for Bing-	
hampton.....	17.50
1840 quarts of milk @ 6c.....	110.40
Michael, for 92 days @ \$1.50.....	138.00
Breakage in china shop.....	100.00
Freight to quarantine.....	8.26
6 weeks quarantine @ \$2.00	
per day.....	84.00
Freight to farm.....	3.14
 Total.....	 \$463.29

A NOVEL CAMP.

A novelty has come to Elora. It is called the Boys Brigade, and is commanded by Capt. Jamieson, of the 30th Batt., who is a very good person to be put in charge of boys. It is not a Government affair, but was got up by the English Church people in the old country. Its head-quarters in Great Britain are at Glasgow, and in Canada they are at Halifax. The General is the Earl of Aberdeen, and it is said that he is one of those who started it. The object of the organization is to keep the boys from smoking, chewing, drinking intoxicating liquors and swearing. They take a pledge not to do any of these things. The Camp is under military discipline. The Privates wear waist-belts, haversacks, and forage caps. The Sergeants wear cross-belts with cartouche boxes, waist-belts, forage caps with peaks, stripes on their arms and haversacks. They are going to be in Camp for two weeks. Duties are very strictly enforced. I will give you a programme of daily work. At six, a. m., there is gun fire, when the boys rise and assist in preparing breakfast. At seven, a. m., they "fall in," and march to the river for bathing-drill, after which they double back to Camp. At 8.30 a. m., they take breakfast, and at 9.30 meet in the Drill Shed for divine service. From 10 to 11, a. m., they have squad-drill, and from 11, a. m., to noon, they play football and lacrosse. After dinner they have recreation until two o'clock. At two, they have physical drill for half an hour: from 2.30 till 3.50 they have rifle exercise with wooden rifles, and then they play until six, p. m., when they go to supper. They play from supper time until eight o'clock, when they assemble in the marquee for chat. At 9.30 the gun fires, when all are expected to be in

Camp. At 10, p. m., "lights out" is sounded, and at 10.30 the Guards make a report that the boys are in their tents. If any boys are missing, the Guard gives their names to the Officer commanding the Camp. Last night three boys stayed out longer than their permits allowed. The Picket hunted around town for them, and they are now under arrest, and are going to spend a night in the cooler. The boys say that they look forward with pleasure to their promised confinement, as stone walls are warmer than canvas walls of a tent, but they will know more about it tomorrow morning. The boys are very well behaved, and are enjoying their Camp life very much. They belong to different churches, and are supplied with food by their parents.

DICKEY BIRD.

Elora, July, 1894.

OUR DOLLIE'S PICNIC.

Last week we thought it would be a nice thing to have a picnic for ourselves, in particular, and our Dollies in general. We made new dresses for our very large family of dolls, washed their clothes, and decked them out in the most stylish manner possible.

On Saturday, the day we had appointed for our picnic, the lake was very rough, and the surf rolling in so heavily that it was hard to land, so when we got near the shore, we took off our shoes and stockings, picked up the children, (seven in number), and waded to the beach getting only a little wet. As it was very warm, we put the children under one tree to rest, and stretched ourselves unde. another, but soon after got up and played in the water. When we were tired, we ate the strawberries which we had brought, and I am afraid forgot the dollies. Two of these babies were behaving

No perfume. On the whole, I've found this a sad depressing place, the memory of all the suffering here seems to cling around it.

Monday, May 6.—Left Camp early, and drove through a prettily wooded country, for six miles, to a small place of about a dozen houses, called "Oglethorpe," then a mile further we came to "Montesjuma," a lovely place, with fine wide streets, a prosperous town. About a mile further on, we crossed a ferry on a flat, our first experience of the kind. It is a most lovely spot, the river running swiftly, the banks densely wooded to the water's edge, with splendid oaks and other large trees, the blue sky and sun shining brightly over all. The ferryman was black, with the most terribly twisted legs; he seemed very strong, and got us over all right. Camped and had breakfast, and left at half past eleven, after two hours rest. We missed our way through the stupidity of a darkey; we climbed a steep hill, almost a precipice, very wild and rough all about, and had a deal of trouble to find our way again. Before we came to this bad place, the road went for a mile or so through a lovely lane, with high hedges of cypress on each side. After we found the right road, we camped for the night on a hill, a very beautiful spot, the moon shining brightly. Posted my letters at "Montesjuma"; Elsie lost her hat.

Tuesday, May 7.—A little after five a. m., we are just harnessed up, the morning lovely and bright. We are supposed to be seven miles from "Fort Valley," which we are told is a large place. About eight we reached it. A good sized place, with very little doing apparently, country hilly now and then, and very bad, narrow roads. Camped and left again at eleven, going down some very steep hills. On one the Capt. swerved to one side, where there was a deep gully, and J. and I were thrown under the horses heels, the wagon went over on its side. My neck was under the wheel, and my clothes pinioned, so I could not move. The horses made another movement, and I managed to extricate myself and crawl under the wagon. My first thought was if J. and I are killed, what will become of the children? God was very good to us, for I managed also to get out without being hurt, and except for being black and blue, and feeling very shaky and nervous, we are none the worse, and very, very thankful. The poor Capt. is bruised a good deal, and his skin cut in places. We shall have to be more particular about the drag after this. We camped for the night in low lying piney woods, and were troubled with mosquitoes. The scenery is pretty much the same as that we have seen all along, since leaving Florida sand and hummock. The country is, however, much better cultivated around "Fort Valley" and Macon.

Wednesday, May 8.—Left our Camp early, and got into "Macon," about seven, a. m. It is a large and beautiful place, with a fine Court House (Grecian), of white marble; wide streets, that near the Post Office, having a square with fine statues of various celebrated people. The streets are filled with people, mostly darkeys, at this early hour. Bought May a saddle, and laid in provisions of various kinds, cakes and candy. We camped for breakfast near a pool, five miles out on the road to "Milledgeville." We have had good roads for miles, but are again in the sand, making it very heavy for the horses. The mocking bird is well. Jack, however, seems tired out. The last two days have been very hot. We have tried to make Jack ride in the wagon, which he does not like. Elsie not very well to-day. Got our first letters; one from Everard. Camped on the road side.

Thursday, May 9.—Left our Camp at six, a. m., and got into a very hilly country. Some of the hills are frightful. We had to go a great deal. The hills are covered with flint and bits of granite and gravel. The country rather pretty, very few flowers to be seen. We have been trying for miles to get the natives to sell us some corn for the horses. At last we managed to get some, and honey also. The country is now level and pretty, and I have seen mullen growing at intervals all along our journey. It is uncomfortably warm. The natives seem to think we are refugees flying from the yellow fever in Jacksonville. Our wagon has Florida and the maker's name on the side. We have Camped in a lovely pine grove, close to a small river called "Fishes Creek," a few miles from "Miledgeville." I have been in search of a colored lady to do our washing. She has promised faithfully to be on hand in the morning, "Isc cindy, madam," she tells me.

Friday, May 10.—We expect to start at midday. The natives are exceedingly curious; they come in relays, and sit on the bridge near, and watch us. We have been under supervision all day. I do not mind it a bit, at first it was exceedingly unpleasant, but one gets accustomed to anything in time. The people in town took J. for a horse trader, and are all after him to swap horses. It has been terribly hot. J. and Edwin have gone in town for some repairs. The girls, Norman and myself, and Jack, guard the Camp. About five, p. m., two very impudent looking darkeys rode up to us, on horse back, and seemed inclined to be troublesome. I felt very much alarmed, inwardly shaking, though with a bold front, while I was talking, Elsie ran off and unchained Jack, and came off with him, struggling to get at the men. I seized the chain to help her, and told them if they did not go at once, I should let him go. One look at Jack was enough, they lashed their horses and started off like lunatics. The woman, as usual, has humbugged us, and we have to stay all day, the "race" are alike everywhere, I believe. The horses are having a good rest. The mocking bird has been singing madly all day, and another bird came and made friends with him, with worms, several times during the day.

Saturday, May 11.—This is a lovely bright morning, promising to be very warm; it is so already, at five, a. m., and we are just starting. The mocking bird sang all night long, the moon shone brightly, and our surroundings are so lovely, it was hard to sleep, the air as soft and mild as a Canadian July night, and such numbers of mocking birds answering ours. A fortnight to-day since we left Highwood, it seems strange how few regrets I have in leaving a place which has been our home for four long, long years. Six, p. m., we have Camped in a quiet spot, near "Sparta," the roads have been good and the scenery pretty. "Miledgeville," like the usual Southern town, straggling and old fashioned, and quiet, lots of colored folk.

Sunday, May 12.—Another bright, quiet Sabbath, all by ourselves in the woods (piney), close to a brook. I forgot to mention yesterday that Miledgeville has street cars, drawn by a dummy engine. A few miles out of it we came upon an imposing white stone gateway, with a hedge of Spanish bayonets and yuccas, and all sorts of fragrant flowers; there was no trace of the mansion, it evidently having shared the fate of all the old time places of which we hear about before the war. About half a mile further on, we came upon another entrance, precisely like the first. For

the last two hundred and forty miles, we have seen nothing but cotton and corn crops. In the afternoon our horses stamped for Florida, and were only caught after a mile's chase. "All's well that ends well."

Monday, May 13.—We got into "Sparta" about seven, a. m., a most miserable little place. Could get no bread, there is no bakery, no hay or fodder for the horses. The roads delightfully smooth; we made thirteen miles before camping at nine for breakfast. It looks cloudy, like rain, wind rather high. Have seen no flowers in the last fifty miles. The blackberry is here in great quantities, and in fruit, while the other side of Macon, it was only in blossom. We have seen the cherokee and multiflora roses in bloom, between here and "Milledgeville." Cotton, corn crops, still in view everywhere. "Powdstorm" is our next town. A thunder storm came on, and we went into Camp, on the brow of a hill, where there are some magnificent trees. Scenery pretty much alike ever since we left. The roads around here simply abominable, rough and full of stones. We had just finished tea when the rain came down in torrents. We are dry and comfortable, and it's delightful to hear the rain pelting down on canvas roof, and listening, I fell asleep. All slept well.

Tuesday, May 14.—A bright morning, everything glistening with rain drops, which look like diamonds in the sunlight. Several colored women, neatly dressed, passed while we were at breakfast, and bowed to us. A young swell drove by with umbrella over his head, kid gloves, etc., and stared rudely. They have taken the horses some distance to a spring to water them. We start late owing to the rain. The tent is too wet to pack, it's a great bother. The people tell us it's very unhealthy to camp near water, and if we camp on a hill the water is always scarce. We have to use the settlers' wells. About three, p. m., we came upon an awfully stony road, and broke the wheel of the wagon. A man directed us to a blacksmith's shop to have it repaired. We have had to unload, and go into Camp. It's very cool, and threatens rain. We shall all sleep in the tent to-night.

Wednesday, May 15.—Dear little May's birth-day; I hope it may be a happy one; the day is as bright as her little self now, at five, a. m. We are waiting for the wagon. There has been a very heavy dew, which makes moving about rather uncomfortable. We slept well, and feel fresh and ready for anything. The country is rolling and pretty, but two hundred and fifty miles of it has become rather monotonous. There are no nice houses, nothing but log cabins, without windows, and dilapidated old rookeries. The negroes are better looking and cleaner all through this State. The whites are a miserable, dirty looking set of people. The darkeys are aristocrats compared with them. We are only three miles from "Washington," (Georgia), said by our Southern friend, Jule Bitton, to be the centre of culture and refinement in this part of the world. These words cover a large piece of ground. We find Washington a really beautiful place, fine large houses, with extensive well kept grounds, and streets shaded with lovely large trees. It is apparently a very wealthy place. The stores, very old fashioned, with small windows. The people here, as elsewhere, very curious about us. It's fortunate that we can close in our wagon, and see without being seen, and Jack keeps all comers at a distance. The country highly cultivated. We were driving along merrily, singing, and speculating upon how soon we should reach Baker's Ferry, and Camp. All at once came a crash, and we found the hind

wheel had collapsed completely. Edwin rode off to look for a blacksmith and heard that the nearest was four miles. J. rode the eight miles to find the smith, a miserable, useless creature. The other smith was six miles further on. J. came back tired and discouraged, and said he would try again in the morning. After looking around, found a good camping place, across a field, (all the time the children and myself were sitting on the roadside), and got two colored men to carry our traps across. After a time we got the tents up and our beds made, just as the moon rose brightly. We had our tea on the roadside, which had red sloping banks, covered with trailing vines of smilax, which looked beautiful in contrast with the red earth. At the top of the bank was a fringe of scrub oaks.

Thursday, May 16.—J. after our usual cup of coffee, rode twelve miles to get the smith to work at the wheel, which may take till to-morrow. There is nothing to be done but wait patiently, and be thankful that the break did not occur in a swamp, instead of this nice, dry, high land. The day is very hot, the flies very troublesome. The mocking bird has been singing since early morning, (steadily.) There are several darkey houses. Near one the mother has gone to work, having a tiny little woolly headed girl of three, to mind, two children, one of two years and the other an infant. She sings and rocks the infant, almost incessantly, and keeps an eye on the other child. The girls and I tried to make friends with her, by giving her cake, but she seemed terrified; her eyes were like saucers, and her knots of wool stood upright. As soon as she could get away from us, she went in the house and shut herself in, and there she has stayed all day. We have not been able to buy a drop of milk, though butter is plentiful, at ten cents per pound. Fortunately for us we have plenty of condensed milk.

Friday, May 17.—The wheel arrived at five, a. m., and we are all in a bustle breaking up camp. This part I dislike most of all our experience in camp life. All the rest comes easy, things which at first were very irksome, do not give any trouble now, it's such a busy life, and we awake feeling so fresh every morning, and ready for anything the future has in store for us. There is no time for reading or writing, the days seem to fly. It is a lovely bright morning, and looks as if it would be very hot later. I don't care much for starting on Friday, but have discovered an old rusty horse shoe, which I shall take along for "good luck." There is superstition for you. At nine we crossed the river on a flat boat. The "Broad" is quite a wide river, running very fast; the banks are covered with trees, to the water's edge, some of them in the water. Like all Southern rivers I've seen, it's very muddy. The "Suwanne" and St. Mark's are excepted, they run over limestone ledges, and the water is so clear you can see the bottom quite distinctly. We are resting, and the children are bathing in a small stream; the Oxalis, and a great many lovely flowers and vines are around us. The air is full of their perfume, and the shade of some very magnificent trees, very refreshing. A peculiarity of Southern foliage is that nearly all the trees have shiny, waxy looking leaves. We shall soon reach "Elberton," where we expect to get our letters and papers. I am anxious occasionally about our boy, letters are so uncertain. We are nearly out of "Georgia," and I hope shall soon be rid of this sand. My letters tell me of poor Katie W——s death. It is terrible, so young, and with all that makes life pleasant, to be taken from her husband and children. I am quite heart broken over it.

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very badly, so we whipped them and put the naughty ones beneath the others by way of punishment. Just then Toodles, a little dog with us, ran away, and it took us quite a time to find him, and by this time the skiff came for us. Just as we got settled in the boat, we shipped a big wave, and then two more, so we were able to paddle our feet in the water in the bottom of the boat. We arrived home safely, the babies didn't catch cold, and we all said that we had enjoyed a very happy day.

IN HOSPITAL.

Ever and ever so long ago,
Me and Charlie and cousin Joe,
Three little chaps that liked to play,
And build big forts on a holiday,
And march with a sword and a wooden gun,
And blow on horns all day for fun,
Three small lads, that used to race and roam,
All got the measles at our house at home.

First one got sick and had to go to bed,
And then another had a buzzing in his head,
At last all three were laid upon the shelves,
And had the whole nursery all to themselves.
Then we got a holiday for which we didn't ask,
A long, long holiday without a single task;
All the books were put away, and all the nicest toys
Came to cheer and comfort us, poor sick boys.
Funny what processions marched along the line,
All the men and animals on Charlie's bed and mine;
Cats that would mew, and furry dogs that bark,
Camels too, and elephants, out of Noah's Ark,

Soldiers in red coats, and sailor boys in blue,
Battle ships, with cannons, and Jack tars for a crew,
Union Jacks a-flying from mizzen mast and main,
Sailed along the billows in the counterpane.

Then we made a tent of sheets, and camped out on the beds,
And fished along the banks between, with fishing rods and leads,
And caught the silver shiners, nurse had set afloat,
With magnets in the wash-basin, and oarsmen in a boat.
And then we went to war, and made a dreadful noise, and got Quite out of breath with firing pillows 'stead of shot,
And nurse came in and straightened out, the tumbles in each bed,
And gave us jam and jelly, for supper, without bread;
And when we all got well again, and out of doors could run,
We voted having measles, after all, was jolly fun.

K. S. McL.

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GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

BOYS AND GIRLS: I am going to talk to you now and then, in this quiet corner, kindly given by the Editors to you and me, to have all to our own selves. There are many things to speak of, but to-day we will have a little chat about Kingston. I was'n't born there—through no fault of my own, understand—but if the tenth commandment did'n't stand in the way, I should just envy those who were. Once on a time, it was amongst the most beautiful and important points in Canada. It has lost a few of its old time beauties, and somewhat of the importance arising from position, but although in these respects the glories of the past may be a little dimmed, they have been surpassed by many others of modern origin. But to my story. You already know that the first white men to take possession of the St. Lawrence were from Old France, and made settlements at Tadousac and Quebec, and on the banks of this, one of the most noble streams of the world, up to what is now Montreal. Missionaries led the way further and further west, fur traders followed, or kept pace with, but scarcely ever got ahead of them, and a few settlers made homes here and there outside of the walls of the fortified towns. In all Canada, two hundred and fifty years ago, there was not so many people as live in some single Township, in an Ontario County. The red man owned the greater part of the Continent of North America, and all of what we know as Canada. But he had furs which were valuable in Europe, and the French Government in old France and Canada knew the enormous profits to be made out of a trade in them. So while missionaries came from France to make Christians, governors and French soldiers came to make fortunes. The English, at

the same date, had possession of New England, of which the chief town was Boston. The Dutch held New York and Albany, then known as Manhatte and Orange, and the Hudson River and its tributaries. The Iroquois Indians, or Five Nations, called Senecas, Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas and Cayngas with their allies, the Mohicans, lived in what is now the State of New York. In what are now Ontario and Quebec dwelt the Hurons, and their allies the Ottawa's and Algonquins. There was constant war between these ancient enemies but the Iroquois, trading with the English and Dutch, and possessing superior weapons in consequence, were enabled to overpower the Hurons, and plunder them of their peltries, and to give passage through their territory, to Lake Ontario, to the English and Dutch adventurers, who were thus put in position to readily trade with the Hurons. The English and Dutch paid much more for furs than the French were willing to do, and so interfered with the French trade. This diversion of trade was a serious loss to the Frenchmen, and it was resolved that steps ought to be taken to check so undesirable a state of things. To command the Lakes, was to control the intercourse with the Hurons. Two missionaries, Fathers Dolier and Galinee, and a few French adventurers, reported that a suitable site for a strong fort existed at the foot of the first in the chain of the great Lakes. In 1671, Mons. De Courcelles, having obtained authority from the French Government, set out from the little town of Montreal, on the 3rd of June, to find his way up the St. Lawrence, to the mouth of Lake Ontario. Here he found what appeared to be an open sea without any bounds, and was able to confirm the report of the Sulpician missionaries. The Indians named

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this Lake from two Indian words "Montaie" Lake and "Io" great. The Frenchmen, however, called it St. Louis, after the French King. On the 14th, De Courcelles started on his return to Montreal, and occupied only three days in his trip. "The whole world," say the narrators of the event, "was greatly surprised to see that in fifteen days a large bateau was carried up to, and brought from Otondiata, without the loss of a man." Count De Frontenac, a bold, intelligent and resourceful leader of men, was appointed Governor of New France in 1672, and at once informed the French Government of the advisability of following out De Courcelles' plan for the establishment of two forts on Lake Ontario. He represented that he would visit the Lake in the following spring, and hoped thereby not only to prevent the fur trade with the Ottawas from going to the Dutch, but to strengthen the Mission already existing at Quintay or Quinte. In 1673, he made suitable preparations, constructing two bateaux, each of which carried a small cannon and sixteen men, asked aid from officers and settlers, collected a large force and numerous canoes, and started for Quebec on the 3rd June, blessed by the clergy and cheered by the people, and reached Montreal on the 13th, having made short stops by the way, at Three Rivers and elsewhere. He landed at Montreal "amidst the roar of all the cannon and musketry of the people of the Island, who were under arms." Remaining here until the 29th, he and his command set off to brave the dangers of the various rapids. He had 120 canoes, two bateaux, and 400 men, a good supply of provisions, and numerous presents for the Indians, whom he hoped to meet at the foot of the great Lake. The adventures of the large party, the succession victories over the

River, the hazardous crossing of the lakes on the St. Lawrence, the narrow escapes from disaster, are graphically told in the documents to be found in Paris, and published in 1855, of the Government of New York State, but I shall not now trouble you with an account of them. One item, illustrative of the novelty of the whole adventure, will interest you. Says the writer: "We had the pleasure to catch a small loon, a bird as large as a wild goose, of the most beautiful plumage, but so difficult to be caught alive, as it plunges constantly under water, that is no small rarity to be able to take one. A cage was made for it, and orders were given to endeavor to raise it, in order to be able to send it to the King." On July 11th, the party passed almost all the vast group of Islands, with which the River is studded, and camped on a point above a River called by the Indians Ornodokoni, now Gananoque, and "caught two more loons alive." On the 12th July the Camp was again broken, and after a few miles of paddling and rowing, through scenes unsurpassed in beauty upon this Continent, the broad surface of the Bay, with the immeasurable expanse of the magnificent inland sea beyond, gratified the sight of the French warriors and adventurers, and their Huron allies. That was indeed a glorious twelfth, worthy of remembrance by every son of Canada, for it ushered in the reign of civilization over barbarism, of christianity over heathenism, and of intelligent power over ignorant savagery. So long as the tale of Canadian progress is told, this date should be imprinted on the pages of our text books, and spoken of in our schools to the millions of boys and girls who, in the long centuries, will fill your places, as the true birthday of Ontario's growth and prosperity.

Frontenac, a soldier as well as statesman, arranged his forces, before seeking a landing place, so as to ensure the safety of his enterprise. The canoes were divided up into squadrons, and four of such bodies composed the vanguard. Then came the two bateaux, painted fancifully in red and blue, with their cannon and military crew. They were followed by Count Frontenac himself, heading the canoes of his guards, staff and volunteer supporters. On his right was the squadron for Three Rivers, on his left that composed of his Huron and Algonquin allies. Two remaining squadrons formed the rear line. What a subject for a historic picture by a Canadian artist! The wooded and rocky points on the right, the cedar-covered Island on the left, the glistening Bay in front, the stretch of river, and island and shore in the rear; the broad bosom of the mighty waters below, and the costumes of soldiers, and courriers du bois, and Indian warriors, make up a grand whole which will ever live in Canadian memory, and ought to be perpetuated by canvas and poem. Add to this the advancing canoe, swiftly impelled by sinewy Iroquois paddlers, which brought down steam Abbe D'Urfe, and accompanying canoes filled with Iroquois Chiefs, who sought to bid the comers welcome—for the Five Nations had agreed to meet the French Governor here—and noted the whole flotilla. Greetings exchanged, round the Point and seek the shores of Cataragui Bay, making the history of a nation meanwhile, and you have a scene as worthy of preservation as the Landing of Columbus or the Discovery of the Pacific. Just call it up in your imagination boys and girls, and let that live in your memories, until I tell you in next month's "Rockwood Review," had Fron-

tenac took possession of the site of Kingston.

OUR TRIP TO THE A. C. A. MEET- OF '93.

I will endeavor to pen an account of a very interesting trip, four of us fellows took in a skiff called the "Thistle," and in very bad weather, so much so that hardly any one else in Kingston attempted it. We all resided some distance west of the city, and having the good fortune to each secure an oilcloth sou'wester, we bid defiance to the weather. Our boat was a well made skiff, carrying two sails of the batwing style, and of no mean dimensions, when I say our main sail contained no less than one hundred and twenty-five superficial feet. What prompted us to make the trip was the fact of the American Canoe Association holding its annual meet at Long Island Park, some four miles below Kingston. We made a scudding run of about two miles, calling into Sherman's Boat House, to ascertain if the main object of the trip would take place, i. e., The Skiff Race, which were billed for that day, also our Captain being one of a crew of a contesting boat. We got to say the least very dubious encouragement of this coming off, owing to the state of the weather. However, nothing daunted, we again set sail and went away on our easterly course, the wind, if anything, growing fresher. Down we swept like a racehorse past the good old city of Kingston, apparently the only boat of our dimensions on the water, steering our course well to the south of the peninsula, with its Martillo Tower and Military College, our reason being the approach of the fine new R. O. Navigation Co.'s steamer Columbian, filled

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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