



# The Rockwood Review.

VOL. I.

KINGSTON, MAY, 1, 1894.

No. 3.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

The electric cars have reached Lowe's corner. Talent concerts and cheaper buns are next in order.

There is something in a name. Why not call the expanse about the Portsmouth Town Hall, with its lovely grove and turf and swan pond, Aberdeen Park? The Governor General must have been impressed when he drove by.

Mr. Shea is writing an Idyll on an Ideal Irish Stew.

The Bursar's Office has been tinted. The result suggests, "Hail Smiling Morn"—the Aurora Borealis—of a basket of Easter eggs.

On the 17th April, Miss Lulu Britton was married to the Rev. Donald McPhail, of Picton. Everything contributed to the success of the occasion, and even Dame Nature put on her best bib and tucker. This was no more than Miss Britton deserved.

Wild flowers are abundant in Hatwood. The Kingfisher is abroad, and the small boy with a gun is very much in evidence. Some people seem to have more firearms than sense, and forget that guns have a disagreeable habit of going off and taking little boys with them.

The City Fathers of Portsmouth are in a grave quandary regarding the sidewalks, some of which, to say the least, are in need of repair. Can it be that the introduction of granolithic pavements is contemplated, or is it possible that in future all people in this town will

go by electricity, and allow the sidewalks to be used for kindling wood. In the meanwhile, let all visitors to the Bay walk with great caution, and in Indian file when making an approach to Rockwood.

Rockwood loyalty has been questioned many times of late, and two things have been asked, first why does the Orchestra always omit the National Anthem at entertainments, and second, how comes it that no bunting is displayed on great holidays? To the first we would reply that the Orchestra believes that this sort of thing is generally overdone, and it reserves the tune for great and impressive occasions, to the second, we would say that ownership of flags is a grave responsibility in this town—a every Society in Kingston insists on its right to borrow, without believing in its obligation to return. As a result, six fine flags are missing; however, through the kindness of a clever friend, Rockwood will, on the twenty-fourth, spread to the breeze an Ensign fifty feet long, at the top of a staff over a hundred feet high, and the man who succeeds in borrowing that flag will indeed be a genius.

We congratulate G. Kennedy on his promotion from the ranks to Col. Sergeant of 1 Co. 14 P. W. O. R.

The dispute over N. W. Rebellion affairs reminds us that no less than three of the staff were there. Each has a medal but cannot show a beaver skin. The inference is that all were in the ranks.

**A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE SOUTHERN STATES, 1839.**

Wednesday, April 24.—We are all ready, and the horses are to be tried in the Camping Wagon, which has six springs, a water-proof cover, 12 feet long, with a high seat in front for the driver; under the seat is a large, long basket, the width of the wagon, and contains our groceries, tinned meats, bread, &c. etc. Our cooking utensils are frying-pan, coffee-pot, tea-kettle, and sundry tin pails with covers. We have also a leather trunk, which fits in at the back of the seat, and contains 3 changes of under-clothing each, stockings and boots, we can only take a thick and one thin dress each, and a lot of wraps and water-proofs. Our dressing things are contained in bags, to hang also a small mirror. The gaiters, habits and saddle are also taken. The party comprises my husband, self and two daughters, and two sons. We have a tent, a large mastiff for protection, a gun and revolver; 2 ponies for the children; 2 good carriage horses, young and spirited. The horses on being put in the "Ark," as the children have dubbed our tourist wagon, stampeded, and but for the quickness of our two colored men, would have smashed everything. As it is, they have taken so long to calm down, we have decided to wait and start to-morrow, and leave a good many things behind, and take tinware instead of crockery, and only one knife and fork and spoon to each person. We must leave everything except it is necessary, 2 barrels have been packed, of various articles, and we start so much the lighter to-morrow. I forgot to say we each have a blanket and feather pillow, and 2 large, heavy comfortables; we have a folding table also, and my mocking bird.

Friday, 25.—A pouring rain, and no chance of clearing off. It's a fortunate thing for us the horses made that attempt to run away, or we should have been out in it. We are not very comfortable, having to sleep on the hard floors, as all our furniture, except our Camp things, have left for Canada.

Friday, 26.—We are ready, but my husband not feeling very well, and I not caring to start on Friday, we are resting, and preparing many forgotten tasks. The weather is lovely, and I've never seen Highwood look more beautiful, the honey-suckles, red, white and yellow, roses of all kinds and colors, red and white lillies, verbenas, the bananas and myrtles are beautiful, and Judge Gwynn's magnolia is in full bloom. The perfume is almost overpowering to me, sitting on our verandah. The mocking birds are singing everywhere, and an orange tree is in bloom close to the house. We have said good-bye to all our friends, and I am feeling content nothing has been forgotten.

Saturday 27.—A beautiful, bright, sunny morning, 5, a. m. We are just starting on our long drive to Canada, from Tallahassee, which has been our home for four years. I have never seen the country look more lovely than this morning; the dew is shining like diamonds on each leaf and blade of grass; my mocking bird sang a farewell to his native land just as I placed his cage in the Ark. We are off with May and Edwin on the ponies, Alfred and Jones, our colored men, driving, and the rest of the party walking down the steep hill to the station. Very few people are about; we get through the town nicely, but not far from Capt. Hare's, our English friend where we are to

( to be continued )

CUCKOO SONG.

Grandfather sat in the chimney  
nook,  
With his big-bowed spectacles on  
his nose,  
And the firelight played on his open  
book,  
And over his old-fashioned Sunday  
clothes,  
And twinkled and winked from  
the China shelf,  
And the little maid dancing all by  
herself  
With the shadows that danced on  
the wains-cotted wall ;  
*Singer and dancer and piper and all,*  
As she merrily caroled and danced  
away,  
"The Cuckoo comes to the fields  
in May ;  
She feeds on the lilies to keep her  
voice clear,  
And she never sings Cuckoo till  
spring of the year."

Grandfather nodded and dozed in  
his chair,  
The firelight shone on his silvery  
hair,  
And the grandmother's flax-wheel  
buzzed and sung,  
Like a blithe brown bee as the  
spindle flew,  
While the little maid balanced and  
gaily swung  
Her shadow partners as waltzers do.  
The crickets chirped on the kitchen  
hearth,  
And the very fire dogs twinkled  
with mirth,  
And still she sung as she danced  
away,  
"The Cuckoo comes to the fields  
in May ;  
She feeds on the lilies to keep her  
voice clear,  
And she never sings Cuckoo till  
spring of the year."

CROW BLACKBIRD.

This Bird is sometimes called the  
Grackle. It is black in color, and  
when in full plumage its neck glis-  
tens like a pigeon's. In size it is a  
little larger than a robin, and about  
Rockwood is very common.

It generally goes in flocks, and  
where you find one nest you may  
look for others.

The nests are not carefully built,  
and are made of mud and grass. I  
have generally found four or five  
eggs in each nest, and one would  
almost think that the eggs belong  
to birds of different kinds, as scarce-  
ly any two are alike. The color  
varies greatly, although the ground  
color is generally blue or green.  
These eggs may be marked with  
cloudy blotches of brown, or irregu-  
lar markings like snakes or lizards.  
Specimens of eggs in my collection  
vary in length from an inch and a  
quarter to an inch and a third, and  
in width from three-quarters to  
seven-eighths of an inch.

WOOD PEWEE.

This is a little dark grey-bird,  
with a brownish back and lighter  
breast, and is smaller than a Phœbe,  
although very similar in shape.  
We have it at Rockwood every  
summer, where it builds in the  
hickory trees. Its nest is very shal-  
low, and built on the upper side of  
a limb, out of moss and shreds of  
bark. The nest is the prettiest I  
have ever seen, and you can  
scarcely tell it from the limb on  
which it is placed. The eggs are  
as beautiful as eggs can be ; they  
are three or four in number, a  
kind of pinkish yellow, with reddish  
spots on them. This bird flirts its  
tail up and down, and says pee-  
a-wee.

C. M. C.

## The Rockwood Review

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The Rockwood Nurses have found a new and effectual cure for Neuralgia, but it is a great secret, although we have discovered it. The recipe is as follows:—

Ingratiate yourself with some good natured shoemaker, and borrow from him a piece of cobbler's wax, about the size of a walnut. Possibly, it might be better to buy the piece, as sometimes there is a little difficulty in returning the borrowed article. You must now locate the pain exactly, and put on the wax accordingly. If the pain is in the back of the neck, that is the spot for the wax. The pain will now disappear, but not so with the wax. In successful cases, a piece of wax weighing not more than half an ounce, has been known to cover an area equal to fifty-six square yards, especially if the nurse stood near a radiator for any length of time. The remedy is particularly successful when it comes in contact with the hair. Try it and be convinced. It has but one rival,

viz: The Acetic Acid Cure, recommended by several here, who are easily distinguished by the scars they wear.

### RHYME OF THE RHEUMATIC RING.

Dedicated to those persons who are charmed with the latest craze.

We've carried chestnuts in our pockets, and we've swallowed winter green,

We've swathed ourselves in flannel, consulted doctors keen;

Who could tell a thousand cures, not one of which would work,

Or prevent rheumatic pains from stabbing like a dirk.

But now we've found the cure, a simple little thing,

It costs us but two dollars, does this magic leaden ring;

It's quite the proper caper, to wear it on your finger,

Though when Indians work a fetish, (that's where fetishes yet linger,)

They hang it through the nose, where it gives an air of tone,

And is a pretty ornament, when made of polished bone.

Of course it's not a faith cure, it's a scientific fact,

And it really is not difficult to get the thing to act;

Of course we wear a cunning look, and call the ring a fad,

But privately believe in it, and swear it is not bad.

We're coming back my friends to the days of fairy folk,

When Aladin worked his marvels, and the giants rose from smoke.

In the meanwhile shrewd New Yorkers, who are "Genii of the Ring,"

Pocket on two dollars, perhaps dance a Highland Fling,

O'er the innocence of those who believe that Rheumatiz

Can be banished from the system by any faking biz.

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

### BOOK REVIEWS.

#### McILWRAITH'S BIRDS OF ONTARIO.

In 1885, McIlwraith's Birds of Ontario first came out, and was warmly welcomed, although most lovers of birds felt that the author was capable of greater things, and regretted the poor appearance of the book. This has all been changed, and the Birds of Ontario, just issued, (Wm. Briggs's, Toronto), leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. McIlwraith did well to secure the services of that gifted artist, Mr. Ernest E. Thompson, and as a result the illustrations are, without doubt, among the best that have appeared in America. Mr. Thompson knows his subject so well that his birds are those we meet in grove and field, rather than the dusty counterfeits of the glass case. Mr. McIlwraith has performed his labor of love with rare skill and accuracy, and from a scientific stand-point alone, his book must be regarded as a valuable contribution to literature. Much as we appreciate the scientific part of the work, we delight more in the entertaining sketches and adventures of the naturalist, who is evidently a true lover of nature. The book is beautifully printed on good paper, and should certainly be in the hands of every boy in the country. If such a work as the Birds of Ontario were made a text book in the Public Schools, instead of some of the useless lumber that is made to do tribute to a mawkish public sentiment, girls and boys might easily acquire an intelligent interest in wonders of nature that generally go unobserved. It is a fact that ninety-nine people out of a hundred cannot call half a dozen of the common birds by their proper names, and yet nearly every healthy girl and boy in our schools would find the study of our birds one full of interest and pleasure. Under the circum-

stances, we accord the Birds of Ontario a hearty welcome.

A booklet, small in size, but of great moment, is on our table, and as we pick it up, the thought that "mighty oaks from little acorns grow," instantly flashes across the mind. The booklet, called "Other Verses," is written by Miss Dorothy Knight, of Lancaster, and is a continuation of a series of verses published for private circulation more than a year ago. Miss Knight is a little maid of some twelve or thirteen summers, and we naturally look for work lacking in force of imagination and style, but here we recognize the poetic instinct, and admit the touch of genius. Miss Knight frequently goes to the fields and river side for inspiration, and woos the sweet muse with strange success. Her dainty verse is already free from the slightest hint of crudity, and as this sweet singer develops into womanhood, we feel certain that her name will be written high up among those of the very few poets of high degree that Canada has produced. We sincerely trust that Miss Knight may be blessed with abundant health to enable her to develop the genius with which she is so clearly endowed. The following selections amply illustrate the character of her work:—

#### CRADLE SONG.

Softly shines the little star,  
From the western deep,  
See it twinkles faint and far,  
Sleep, my baby, sleep.

Daisy flowers are all at rest,  
Buttercups are too,  
Birdies sleep within the nest,  
Sheltered from the dew.

In the meadows dusky green,  
Lie the snowy sheep,  
And the gentle cows between,  
Sleep, my baby, sleep.

How the night winds gently blow,  
O'er the silent hill!  
Hear the murmur and the flow  
Of the little rill.

Silent lashes fringe the eyes,  
Hazel-hued and deep,  
Sweet breath comes in gentle sighs,  
Baby's fast asleep.

THE CRY OF THE LOON.

At night when I lie in bed  
In a house by the river side,  
With a pillow beneath my head,  
And list to the dashing tide,  
On the wind there comes a cry  
To the hidden stars and moon,  
A sound on the storm blown by,  
The cry of the loon—  
The shrill strange call of the loon,  
The weird wild cry of the loon.

When the river's cold and still,  
On a dismal, rainy day,  
When the mist hangs on the hill,  
And the sky is dull and grey,  
O'er the water comes a call,  
'Tis a sad and mournful tune,  
While the pelting rain-drops fall,  
The cry of the loon—  
The shrill strange call of the loon,  
The weird wild cry of the loon.

When the west is all aglow,  
When the sky is red with light,  
When the evening breezes blow,  
O'er the daisies large and white,  
The form of a bird goes by,  
Goes by and vanishes soon,  
And anon there comes a cry,  
The cry of the loon—  
The shrill strange call of the loon,  
The weird wild cry of the loon.

UP THE RIVER.

I am rowing up the river,  
Where the sunbeams dance and  
quiver,  
Laying out a sheet of silver  
On the blue.

Past the cliffs and slopes and high-  
lands,  
Past the green tree-covered islands,  
Shutting out the skies' clear azure  
From my view.

There are cliffs and there are  
beaches,  
With their yellow sandy reaches,  
Where the river shells lie buried  
In the sand.

Where the water's gently laving,  
Where the plumypines are waving,  
And the strawberries are ripening  
On the land.

Sweetly is the wild bird calling,  
And like fairy music falling  
Sounds the rushing of the water  
'Neath my boat.

But when evening casts her shadows  
Over pines and over meadows,  
Idly down the tranquil river  
I shall float.

I will watch the striped perch  
sleeping,  
I will watch the young chub leaping  
Making rippling, eddying circles  
At my side.

I will watch the moonlight shimmer,  
And the misty pale stars glimmer,  
Homeward down the mighty river  
Will I glide.

## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

(Continued from April No.)

me, for in some marked manner, it brought itself so much under my notice, that I gave special attention to it, which was acknowledged by it flying on me timidly at first, (for Owls are very timid birds), then gradually getting tamer and tamer, flying on my head and shoulders, and picking gently at my ears and around my face; and when I would enter the Pigeon house, would make the most loving coo's, and persuasive movements, to show its eagerness to get out of the enclosure and fly on me. It now became the pet of the loft, and would be specially charmed if I would sing to it at times. It would be quietly sitting on its perch, and on hearing me either play or sing, would go through the movements I have just described. It would fly up on my head, and pick and eat food as naturally as out of the hopper. Experience showed how attached it got to me, for when taken to a strange place, would perform just as at home, and even if thrown in the open air. One day I told a gentleman I would call a bird from the Pigeon house, and have it light on me. I did so to his surprise. He confessed he did not think it could be done. I could relate more about this bird, but will finish by saying, it had another almost fatal illness, which a little care again overcame. I was not feeling well myself one day, and laid down in the Pigeon house. It flew on me, and acted in the most loving way, kissing, and picking at my face to show its affection. One strange thing about it was, when mated, it would drop all attention to me; but when the breeding season was over, would make up to me as before. It is now over three years old and well, keeping up its friendly

associations, and any of our subscribers, or their friends, are invited to our Columbarium, when they can both see the subject of this account, and a number of other varieties of this feathered family.

COLUMBINE.

### LETTERS.

HATCHLEY,

March 20, 1894.

Dear Editors:—

Since I mailed to you the P. Card of the 8th inst., the weather has been consistently and persistently genial, and I hear of some one in this neighborhood having started to plow, although there are specks of ice in the shady nooks yet. A host of the feathered migrants are here. Hawks sail and circle in the sky, "mewing" or screaming as is their wont, almost every day. The season is about three weeks earlier than the last one, and the dates of calendars seem to be rather unreliable as to the advent of spring temperatures, and there are variations of twenty or thirty degrees in a day. Since the display of brilliant Aurora, on the night of Feb. 25th, we have had abnormally bright, warm and calm weather, and there has been an abundance of maple syrup made in these parts. Frogs began piping in the swamps on the 9th, and have sung their song continuously, Pheasants began drumming on the same day. Blackbirds were seen on the 11th; Killdeers, two or three days later. Meadow Larks sang on the 4th, and are now numerous, as are also Shore Larks, which have been here all winter, in full song on fine days. The Phœbe came on Sunday, 18th, as well as a few Woodcocks, but the arrival of the Cranes has not yet been announced.



## THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

A few days ago I went to interview those rare Black Cage Birds at Norwich, and as soon as I entered the room, recognized the gurgling, though pleasant, liquid notes of the cow bunting (*Molothrus Ater.*)

Yours sincerely,  
W. YATES.

PORTSMOUTH,  
March 29th, 1894.

To the "Rockwood Review":—

Dear Editors:

I have just received the second number of the "Review," and must say that you deserve great praise for the manner in which the journal is presented. The Local Items are sparkling and racy, the Field Notes are accurate, and the accounts of our little feathered friends, and their arrival here this spring, are deserving of special mention. I also wish to refer to your description of the Dairy Maids Convention, as I was present at that entertainment, and can thus appreciate the delightful article written by you of the parts taken that night. I might say that I receive a number of magazines and papers, but the warmest welcome is reserved for the "Review," which attracts the attention of the whole household. Wishing you every success with your paper, and that you may not have the smallest circulation east of Toronto,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,  
WELL WISHER.

Mrs. Rafferty: "Your daughter has a fine touch on the pianny, Mrs. Moriarty."

Mrs. Moriarty: "Yis, she has a great taste for music; but thin 'tis only natural, for her grandfather had his skhull opened wid a cornet at a timperance fate."

### THE SPRING BEAUTY.

Where the fire had smoked and smouldered,

Saw the earliest flower of Spring-time,

Saw the beauty of the Spring time,  
Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.—  
(Longfellow.)

Miskodeed is the Indian name for this flower, although the poem says it is the earliest in blossom, yet this is not the case, as the *Hepatica* is out a day or two ahead. The Spring Beauty seems to grow every where around Rockwood, and is a pretty little pal-pink blossom, between two narrow but long green leaves, We generally find it towards the end of April or in the beginning of May. It seems a pity to pick this flower, as it closes its petals almost as soon as you pick it. Two varieties of this flower are said to exist, but I have only found one. It has five petals.

Essay on "Breath," by an American schoolboy, who has attended a course of lectures on physiology: "Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our livers and our kidneys. If we wan't for our breath we should die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait until they get out doors. Boys in a room make carbonic acid. Carbonic acid is more poisonous than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and carbonic acid got in that black hole, and killed nearly every one afore morning. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeeze the diagram. Girls can't run or hop like the boys, because their diagram is squeezed too much. If I was a girl I would rather be a boy, so I can run and hollar and have a good big diagram.— Educational Engraving.

**EQUES—CURRICULUM.**

We children all went to the Horse Show, and didn't we have a good time. For some days previous to Prof. Bristol's coming to Kingston, we both talked and looked forward with interest to the production of this equine entertainment. Mother profited by a previous experience, when some of us had to stand during a whole matinee; but this time we were among the first to get in, and we had good seats from start to finish. We appreciated everything, and there was a regular Horse School. Of course lots of things were done that would be punished at our school, but as we are neither horses, nor mules, nor even horses of another color, it is all right. They were entitled to their fun, and so were we, watching the antics of Denver, who filled to the full the role of Clown. He put on the Professor's coat, brought a hat and even a table, led on a blind playmate, brought a coat, took off his master's over-shoes. His three best acts were, ringing the bell, leaving school for being called a dunce, and taking his place as one of the audience, and shaking his head at the rest as if to say, P'shaw! I can beat the lot of you.

Comanche, a most docile animal, distinguished himself by his act, "A Swing Rocking Horse," a motion difficult for a horse to make. Alfonso "teetered" two horses over a half-inch iron rod, and turned on a plank twenty inches wide.

Sultan reminded us of the fabled Arab steeds; he brought note paper, and told month, day and hour, and also distinguished colors. Lotta brought either silver or paper dollars, as required. Some of our contemporaries claim that they know how the horse mathematician did his questions, but we give it up, and say the trick is decidedly clever.

The Military Drill and Bell Ringing were excellent.

We wish the Professor a long and successful career, especially as he says he uses only humane and kind methods in obtaining his results. If so he has truly been rewarded, and it is certainly wonderful to see these noble friends of man performing their feats, without bridle or rein, and showing sagacity almost human.

COLUMBINE.

**DR. JOSEPH WORKMAN.**

It is with sadness we record the death of our good friend Dr. Workman.

His long life was spent in living for others, and his name will be cherished by those who knew him, as that of a perfect man. He was spared to the many who loved him longer than the time generally allotted to men, but when his spirit passed away, all felt that his loss was irreparable. He left us when the birds and flowers, so dear to his gentle soul, were returning, and his memory will be as sweet as the fragrance of the arbutus that had just unfolded its dainty petals.

**ARRIVALS.**

- April 1st, Phœbes.
- " 5th, Loons.
- " 7, Snowdrops in bloom.
- " 8, Frogs tuning up.
- " 9, Golden-winged wood-peckers.
- " 12, Swallows.
- " 15, Hepaticas.
- " 18, Summer Wrens.
- Kinglets.
- Brown Creepers, and a host of Warblers.
- " 19, Red-headed Wood-peckers and Greater Yellow-legs.

**MARRIED.**—At the residence of the bride's father, on the 17th inst., Annie Louise, third daughter of Byron M. Britton, Q. C., to Rev. Donald McPhail, of Picton.

**DIED.**—At 113 Mutual Street, Toronto, on the 15th inst., Joseph Workman, M. D., aged 89 years.

**PUZZLE COLUMN.**

**DECAPITATIONS.**

1. I am a word of five letters.  
My whole is a fish.  
Cut off my head and I am havoc and destruction.  
Behead me again, and I am not in it.

2. A word of five letters.  
A common mineral.  
Cut off its head and it is a quality of sound.  
Cut off both head and tail, and it is an immense weight.  
Behead it again, and it is single.

**3, BEHEADINGS.**

A word of five letters.  
My whole is a kind of attraction.  
Transposed, I am in the Calendar.  
Beheaded, I am evil.  
Beheaded again, a member of the human body.  
Twice beheaded and transposed, I am an animal.

4. A square word of four letters.  
My first is a ruler.  
My second is an object of worship.  
My third is not any.  
My fourth is a ravine,

**5. PUZZLE.**

My 1st is an animal race.  
" 2nd, an indefinite article.  
" 3rd, two-thirds of a rat.  
" 4th, a French relative pronoun.  
My whole, an old French trading post.

**6. RIDDLE ME REE.**

My first is in Hat, but not in Boot,  
My second in Arrow, but not in Shoot,  
My third is in Iron, but not in Steel,  
My fourth is in Meadow, but not in Field,  
My fifth is in Fiddle, but not in Bow,  
My sixth is in Cold, but not in Snow,  
My whole is a favorite we all like to see, so come now and guess my Riddle me Ree.

**7. ENIGMA.**

My first you sing,  
My second you ring,  
And my whole you put on to distinguish a thing.

8. My first is a thing that can hum,  
My second's a waiter that's dumb,  
And my whole you won't do if you keep a thing mum.

9. Why could't Dunraven pay his crew after the International Races?

Answers to Puzzles in April Number of Rockwood Review:—  
Riddle me Ree—mistake in Printing.  
"Admiral"—answer, monkey.  
Enigmas—Rockwood Review, Portsmouth:  
Transpositions, No. 1—Mourn, Munro.

No. 2: Smile, Miles, Slime.

No. 3: BONE,

ONE(B),

NEBO,

EBON.

Successful answers to nearly all of the questions on Puzzle Page were supplied by Miss M. McWaters, Miss Bella Convery, and Charles Workman, of Stratford.

A clergyman named Fiddle, refused to accept the title of D. D., because he said, "he didn't want to be called the Rev. Theobald Fiddle, D, D."