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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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The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 2.

KINGSTON, DECEMBER 1ST, 1895.

No. 10.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Dr. Mullin, Herner Mullin and Robin Mullin, of Hamilton, took in the Varsity-Queen's Match, and it is needless to say went home delighted with the general results, although not satisfied with the ending of the game here.

Mr. Wm. Amey, of Newcourt, was married to Miss Ellerbeck, formerly of Rockwood Training School, on Wednesday, Nov. 13th. The happy couple have received the congratulations of their many friends.

Mr. Jas. Dennison has been very ill, but is now recovering.

Miss Nugent and Mrs. Morton passed the Supplementary Primary Examination for Trained Nurses.

Miss Peirce is still visiting friends in the west.

The Curling and Hockey enthusiasts are beginning to talk of their abilities. This is as sure a sign of a cold winter as muskrat houses of large size.

The crop of hickory nuts is unusually large, but boys and squirrels are standing the strain exceedingly well.

Wild geese have been quite common this fall, and the Portsmouth crop of the domestic variety is more than ordinarily large. The whole crop is to be found at almost any hour of the day in the vicinity of Rockwood Hospital main entrance. The great puzzle is to find out who had goose for Thanksgiving dinner, and whose goose was it?

"Columbine" is playing the Contra Bass for the Harmony Club this winter, and is doing it well—it goes without saying. Farmers Mass is the work to be presented, and it promises to be a great success.

The Rockwood Hockey Club has been organized for the season with the following officers:—

President, Dr. C. K. Clarke
Vice-Presidents, Dr. J. M. Foster, Dr. J. Webster.
Sec.-Treasurer, Ed. Gilmore.
Manager, J. Davidson.
Captain, Jock Harty.

The colors adopted are crimson jerseys and stockings, and white knickerbockers.

The Club has a large membership, and will place two or three fast teams on the ice. As Jock is one of the best Hockey players in Ontario, he will be able to give valuable pointers to the team.

The football season is over, and for the first time in some years Kingston is without a championship. Queen's has the best Canadian team, but lost through over confidence—the brave little Granites were outplayed in Hamilton. They feel that they did not do themselves justice, but make no complaint now that they are assured that their opponents were juniors.

The Beechgrove Hockey Club has been organized with the following officers: Pres., Chas. M. Clarke; Vice-Pres., C. Wheeler; Manager, W. Dennison; Captain, W. Pottér. Committee, Harold and Herbert Clarke.

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K. C. & P. R. R.

King Ben and the Village of Portsmouth are at war in regard to the running of the electric cars, and the great moral question is who will win? It seems that his royal highness objects to stopping at Short's corner, and most of the Portsmouth people think his objection a most unreasonable one, because it is the custom of many of the villagers to stop at this corner almost unconsciously, not to say willingly; in fact this corner is so to speak the hub around which the social element of Hatters' Bay is wont to revolve in more senses than one. Take the telegraph pole for example at this spot—how deeply the average young villager has studied it. He has leaned against it singly, and in groups of anywhere from three to a dozen. He has gazed on it from every possible point of view—studied it philosophically with his hands in his pockets—ruminated over it with a piece of myrtle navy steadily engaged in stimulating his salivary glands, he has gone for a brief space to sit on the fence opposite Aberdeen Park, to study the progress of the thistle crops about the Town Hall, and again he has returned to the tele-

graph pole. Of course King Ben should stop his cars at this corner. Public sentiment says so, and public sentiment is right. It also wants eight tickets for a quarter, and is bound to have them. If this won't work, the by-law will prove the taxpayers friend, for if every car that doesn't stop must pay a fine of \$20, and sixty cars a day are fined, Hatters Bay will soon get rich with an income of \$1,200 per day. At this rate we shall soon have another coal oil night lamp erected in the public streets, and the geese laying golden eggs. In the meanwhile the good old ordinary goose is in possession.

BRAVERY THAT MERITS REWARD.

From a recent issue of the St. Andrews Beacon we clip the following regarding Capt. Andrews, brother of Mrs. C. K. Clarke:—

Capt. M. Andrews, of the bark Robert S. Besnard, now in St. John, figured in one of the most gallant rescues at sea ever placed to the credit of a Canadian. On the 6th November, 1894, with a heavy storm prevailing, he laid by the brigantine Victoria for 24 hours, and finally succeeded in rescuing its captain and entire crew. This was not accomplished without grave danger to his own ship, but he never hesitated for a moment, although his wife was on board at the time. Capt. Andrews early this year received a flattering letter from the Hon. John Costigan, minister of marine and fisheries, and it is probable that ere long this heroic deed will be more substantially recognized.

Miss Edith Burgess, of Verdun, and Miss Russell of Hamilton, visited Mrs. Forster recently.

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LETTERS.

HATCHLEY.

DECEMBER 17TH, 1892.

I dare say you received the weasel skin which I mailed to you in the folds of a newspaper last Friday on Saturday, 31st ult.

A Shirke (or rather two of them) have lately been frequently seen about our cattlesheds, and the flock of ten or twelve English Sparrows that have been living there all the autumn are gone away, and to-day, 17th December, one of the Shirkes struck in among a flock of Winter Finches, (Pine Siskins, I think), that have been lately congregating among the tall weeds about the border of the orchard, and the Finch, selected and closely pursued by the Shirke, and squealing at the imminence of the danger, flew in at the open door of my workshop, and found a hiding place in one corner. The baffled Shirke alighted on the lower limb of an apple tree that stood near, and his demoniacal frown, and threatening aspect were interesting to observe: he evidently believed a great wrong and injustice had been put upon him, by being threatened with blows if he entered the shop! His crest quills were "on end," his mandibles worked incisively, and the threats lurking in his eye, showed that he had half resolved to "peck my eyes out." He soon however beat a retreat, and after the lapse of a few minutes, out came the still trembling Finch, from its hiding, and after a momentary enquiring gaze or two, as to the whereabouts of its scattered comrades, flew off to the nearest bushes. Myson with two assistants had just been slaughtering several hogs, which were hanging from a tree near by, and perhaps the Shirke's indignation was justifiable, and he seemed to think his morality was quite on a par with

that of the higher order of "Butchery," and that "killing" was evidently "no murder."

Soon after the ground became covered with snow, a small Screech Owl, whose nocturnal jarring notes had been heard among the evergreens around our house, domiciled himself in the barn, for mousing facilities, (as outside the snow is a great protection to the field and wood mice). The Owl would sit on the edge of a fanning mill, and capture the mice as they crossed the barn floor to the granary. The other day we saw a young mouse evidently not more than a month old, emerge from a crack in the floor, but on taking a quick survey of the situation, he went back into his retreat. What interested one most about the incident was the impress of sagacity and cuteness that gleamed from the visage of the very diminutive rodent; his mental alertness and decision of movement was most admirable for a mere baby mouse.

He showed more rapidity of apprehension than did a full grown rat, (and rats are not slow in that regard), on a certain occasion some years ago. The rats had gnawed through the planks at the bottom of the manger in the cattle-byre, and a friend of ours who visited us one day, had with him a dog that was said to be rough on rats, and he tried his skill for half a day about the foundation of the cattle stable without apparent success; yet the next morning, hearing the rats at work again under the plank floor, I thought I located a spot whence the rustle proceeded. So loosening the tie chain of one of the bovine beasties, and letting it go outside, I uplifted (rather suddenly) a wide plank, which was quite warm with the heat from the reclining bovine, (the season was winter). Under the plank which

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it rested on, and in contact with the earth was a large rats nest of poultry feathers, cosily tenanted by a remarkably fine and plump specimen of that genus. I somewhat leisurely observed, (and almost envied), the attitude of ease and contentment in his "toute" ensemble. However, he soon came to the conclusion that it was best to skip, and he bounded safely away. I then replaced the plank, and left the nest undisturbed, but the next day I uplifted the plank quietly as on the first occasion—*mus rattus* was there tucked in amid his blankets, "otium cum dignitate,"—when, prest—down came the heel of destiny, and the rodent was like Jezabel, thrown to the dogs that he had aforetime defied and baffled. Rat logic is of an effective kind, at times, but this was a "peculiar" case.

Mr. Powel, of Hatchley, a few days ago showed me his room-full of raw furs recently bought. He has over 400 Raccoon skins, 110 Fox skins, upwards of 60 Mink, several hundred Skunk and 1,500 Musk Rats, and is still buying others. He had a cross Fox skin, that looked as if it might have been a Raccoon Fox hybridization; it, Mr. P. said, had no extra trade value.

Last Monday morning, January 2nd, '93, one of our neighbor boys came to invite my son to a fox hunt, as Reynard's tracks, fresh made, were noticed in our sugar bush. Arthur willingly, gun in hand joined the exploiters, (three besides himself).

The fox, from the indications of the footprints on the surface of the snow, which was about five inches deep, (although there was somewhat of a crust from the slight rain of the day previous), was judged to be more or less tame, from some previous injury, as he had a rather straddling, sprawling gait, and could not gather his feet close to bound

along as foxes usually do. The hunters had no dog, and they took turns in following up the fox, who went along in looped circles whose diameter was determined by the margin of the woods and thickets. Several of the hunters stationed themselves—ready to take instant aim—here and there where the fox was to be made to show up, and the game was several times in sight, and fired at once, at forty distance, and bloodstains were subsequently noticed on the snow, (which was still rapidly falling). Reynard showed however but little sign of fatigue, as the day wore on, and the boys could see the impression where he had several times lain down to take a brief rest. In the afternoon, and at a distance in a direct line, of about a mile and a half from where the chase began, Reynard sought shelter in a large hole in the ground among the roots of a large pine tree, and after a while the hunters left the spot, for perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes, to obtain axes and spades. Very unwisely it appeared, for on returning it was found that the fox had made "a sortie," successfully, and the hunt was at an end for the day. Years ago, I was one cold, deep snowy winter's day, asked to go to stand at a deer's runway with my loaded gun. A Mr. Sherman who asked me, stated that his younger brother was about a mile to the westward of us, driving a deer toward my bush, across which there was a traditional deer run. I stood the cold sentry work for about an hour, Mr. Sherman, the elder, having placed himself about thirty rods eastward from me, on the deer path, in case I should miss, and his position was near a rail fence on my boundary line through the woods. However, I got very cold, and deserting my post, went back to the warm fire in my workshop,

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and I had scarcely got there before I heard the report of the younger Sherman's rifle at the deer. This report was immediately followed by the crack of the rifle of Sherman senior, from near my bush fence. Explanation proved subsequently that the younger S. had fired at the deer, some half mile from our position, but missed; and a fox, who was in his burrow near where Sherman senior stood, suddenly put his head and shoulders out on hearing the distant rifle shot, and was instantly shot in the throat by the nearby rifleman. The fox was brought to my shop, and left there a while, Sherman going to see if his brother had killed the deer.

The fox I thought a very large and handsome one, and about a pint of his life-blood drained out on the workshop floor, which left a peculiar wild musky odor, which remained perceptible for a number of days; and the deer was shot in my winter wheat-field, by the Sher-mans, on the day following.

In O. W. Holmes' "Table-talk" there is some wise remarks on Insanity. I think his criticisms throw a true light on the nature of mind disease.

Yours truly,
W. YATES.

AND HE GETS IT.

Where ice is thick and deep's the snow—
And winter days are drear O!
Man wants but little here below,
Zero.

Grandma's idea, (a slight misunderstanding): Brother Tom says bicycle riding is a splendid exercise for the calves. Grandma says it may be, but she can't for the life of her see how you would get them to stay on.

THREE FRIENDS.

There are three friends whom I sometimes meet,

Walking down through the village street:

One is tall, and one is strong,
And one makes you think of a hunting song.

She is so lithe and gay and fleet,
Walking down through the village street.

Stately and slim in figure and limb.
And looking neither to left nor right.
Grave as a medieval knight,
With the soldierly air that belongs to him,

And speaking to none he may chance to meet,

One walks—a prince—through the village street.

And one is massive and strong and wise,
With a gentle look in her great kind eyes,

Eyes that speak with a human faith,
Eyes to trust to in life and death;
Three dog friends that I love to greet,

Walking down through the village street.

K. S. McL

OUR XMAS NUMBER.

Our readers must excuse us if this REVIEW does not come up to their idea of a Xmas number. We think it better to give the Xmas season particular attention in the next issue. A delightful story is promised and altogether we hope to make the REVIEW sent out just about Xmas day, by far the most attractive number yet published. As our circulation is steadily increasing, and our financial standing becoming more firmly established, we hope to be able to add some attractive features to the journal in the near future.

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"CURLING AT ROCKWOOD."

[CONTINUED.]

developing among the Rockwoods, gave rise to many keenly contested matches, and though their interest was purely local, they tended to give the players skill and confidence; the "Gerda's Crew" vs. "The Scotchmen," "The Oddfellows" vs. "All Comers," were among these, and were played with varying success.

Besides these local matches the Rockwoods played other friendly matches with their Kingstonian brothers of the "besom." "The Oddfellows" went to town and took the "Bachelors" into camp though not conferring on them the encampment degree. This was the score.—

At Kingston, February 20th, 1894.	
"Oddfellows."	"Bachelors."
Williamson,	McNab,
Potter,	W. B. Carruthers.
Dennison,	Jas. Gunn,
Cochrane, sk. 17.	A. J. Watson, 9.

In the same season that grand and genial opponent and skip, James Stewart, met his first defeat on Rockwood ice. It had been his boast that he had never been, and gently insinuated he could not be beaten under these conditions; however, our worthy President thought different, and put his theory into practice on February the 22nd. 1894. The following is the tune to which genial "Jim" danced:—

Rockwoods.	Kingston.
Carr,	A Shaw,
Cochrane,	K. McIver,
Dennison,	Walkem, J. B.
Clarke, skip 15.	Stewart, 13.

But the interest taken in the inter-Club matches this year was completely over shadowed by that taken in the Club's single-handed competition. This year saw many promising juniors coming to the front, who in their practice games were accustomed to play lead and second for their senior club mates. The

knowledge of pace and distance thus gained served them in good stead as the competition scores shows, and after a very exciting contest in which many sure things did not pan out and many "ringers" were left at the post, Messrs. J. Davidson and M. P. Reid competed for the pair of Curling Stones, which form of prize had been decided on for that year. The game itself was a grand exhibition of this style of competition, and finally resulted in Mr. Davidson winning by 13 shots to 11.

Meanwhile the ever active mind of the President had been evolving a scheme which was to fairly revolutionize the game at Rockwood. Some of our patients had shown a great aptitude for the game; likewise the younger attendants had caught the Hockey fever which was fairly epidemic in Kingston; then again, a long felt want was something to take the place of the old arcing courts; this something must also overcome the inconvenience of bad spring and fall weather, and provide a place of recreation and amusement for the patients when the weather precluded the possibility of out door exercise. To compass all these many wants and provide for these many contingencies, remained therefore a problem for the President to solve, and having received the sanction and the permission of the government at Toronto, our Gymnasium was the answer to the intricate question. Here alike in winter as in summer, both patients and employees could enjoy themselves— but I am digressing, my subject has been temporarily forgotten and I must leave to the pen of some other enthusiast to describe the joys of the hockeyist or the delights of a drill-sergeant.

With such commodious quarters, the members of the Rockwood Club, now greatly increased numerically, like Alexander, looked round for

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other worlds to conquer, and with this idea in view, a meeting of the Club was called October 24th, 1894, and the Secretary was instructed to write to the secretaries of the various clubs belonging to the Central Ontario Curling Association and apply for membership therein. Satisfactory answers having been received, at a Club meeting on January 9th, 1895, the Secretary was instructed to accept, and this action was ratified at the Association's business meeting, held after the annual banquet at the British American Hotel, Kingston. At this January Club meeting Mr. M. P. Reid was elected an honorary member, and the club skips for the year resulted, after a ballot, in the choice of Drs. Clarke and Forster, and Messrs. McLean and Dennison.

The usual club competition took a dual form this season, a senior and junior class having been instituted, the Secretary's epigrammatic proverb "There's nothing so uncertain as a dead sure thing" was clearly illustrated. The senior winner turned up in our esteemed engineer, Mr. Wm. Potter, and anomalously Mr. Shea, sr., captured the junior medal. Both series were hotly contested and honestly won; and the medals accompanied by suitable addresses were presented publicly in O'Reilly Hall. The lengthy address to the junior champion completely knocked the wind out of that doughty player, and the innate modesty of the man from the ambitious city prevented him from replying, though he insinuated that he might have responded had sufficient time been given him to rehearse before a glass. The ambiguity of this statement leaves both the writer and the reply in the dark.

Rockwood's new Rink was the scene of the first of the home and home matches, for second annual

Cup competition between the local players and the City Club. The season opened auspiciously for Rockwood as the score shows:—

<p>No. 1 Rockwood. Potter, Carr, Cochrane, Dennison, sk. 19.</p>	<p>No. 1 City. Richardson, Skinner W. B., Stewart, Strachan, 14.</p>
<p>No. 2 Rockwood. McCammon, Dr. Forster, Davidson, Dr. Clarke, sk. 22.</p>	<p>No. 2 City. Kearns, Leslie, Dr. Watson, Col. Cotton, 18.</p>

Majority for Rockwood, 9 shots.

This match was played January 31st. The return match played on the Kingston ice, however, decided that the Cup remain with the City Club another year, they winning by a majority over all of six shots, exactly one half of the previous year record. The score:—

<p>No. 1 Rockwood. Potter, Carr, Cochrane, Dennison, sk. 17.</p>	<p>No. 1 City. A. J. Watson, Stewart, Dalton, Ct. Hamilton, 20.</p>
<p>No. 2 Rockwood. McCammon, Fenwick, Davidson, Dr. Clarke, sk. 12.</p>	<p>No. 2 City. A. T. Smith, Shaw, Walkem W. B., Drury May, 24.</p>

Every member, however, was on the qui vive for the outcome of the Central Ontario Bonspiel, and much speculation was indulged in as to the standing the "Baby Club" would take among the veterans. February 12th saw Perth in battle array, pitted against Rockwood. The contest took place on the Kingston Rink, and the "cranks" won by the handsome score of 45 to 22. Score:—

<p>No. 1 Rockwood. Potter, Carr, Cochrane, Dennison, skip 23.</p>	<p>No. 1 Perth. Burrows, King, Walker J., Walker W., 8.</p>
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No. 2	No. 2.
McCammon,	Hersey,
Dr. Forster,	Meighen,
Davidson,	Taylor,
Dr. Clarke, skip 22.	Grant, 14.

Bets were freely indulged in by our late opponents, that ours was the Tankard for '95. But alas! for human greatness or rather human weakness!! On that fateful night took place the annual banquet. Toying with the cup that cheers, indulging in pate de foi gras, late or perchance more thoughtfully early hours are the various whispered causes of the defeat sustained by the Rockwoods on the following morn at the hands of the five timed Tankard winners—the Pembrokes. Such an impression did these doughty knights leave of their prowess that even to-day one of our defeated skips, on seeing a good shot made, will jump from the ice like Jamieson of the "cheeses," and exclaim: "There's a Pembroke shot for you, score one for the Boys." We sadly but truthfully append the record:—

No. 1 Rockwood.	No. 1 Pembroke.
Potter,	Behan,
Carr,	Kennedy,
Cochrane,	Jamieson,
Dennison, skip 14.	J. Stewart, 19.

No. 2.	No. 2.
McCammon,	Irvine,
Dr. Forster,	Forgie,
Davidson,	Miller,
Dr. Clarke, skip 10.	Russell, 21.

The only satisfaction remaining to us was to see our latest opponent leaving the Tankard with our Kingston bretheren, having been defeated that same afternoon by 10 points.

Numerous local matches followed with the city clubs, in which Rockwood made a most excellent showing, and the most eventful and the most enjoyable season in the Club's history ended with a match on April 1st, the latest date on record.

The players score were:—

McCammon,	Stewart,
Potter,	Fenwick.
Davidson,	Dr. Clarke.
Cochrane, 32.	McLean, 7.

This game was not only remarkable for its late date, but had it been continued would have necessitated the introduction of a second score-board, as 30 is the limit score per board.

The Doctor insists that no notice should be taken of this game, as even curlers are not responsible for the events of All Fools' Day.

Without making any comments on a game whose merits even such a pen as that of J. M. Barrie does not scorn to describe with praise, and simply speaking of it as we have played it and enjoyed it ourselves, we have naught for it but good words. At Rockwood all other forms of amusement and recreation have come and gone, but of Curling might be used the words of Cæsar, "veni vidi vice." The twinge of defeat, or the disappointment at non-success, have no permanent abode in the true curler's heart. On the rink he will scream himself hoarse, cut capers like a boy till his sanity is questioned; he cajoles, encourages, commands, but there it ends. To-day he suffers a crushing defeat, but thoughtless of the past, "bobs up serenely," on the morrow ever ready to take philosophically "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." All honor to the founders of our Club. "May their shadows never grow less."

"You may talk to me of Rugby,
Sing hockey's praises gaily.
Or descendant on cricket's beauties,
Praise tennis to me daily;
You may talk about your baseball,
It's catchers and it's twirlers,
But give to me the broom and stone,
There's no game like the curler's."

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GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

BOYS AND GIRLS:—

Did you ever travel on a railroad? Isn't it fun? Variety, some one said, is the spice of life. Perhaps so, and if so, where is there a bigger spice-box than a first-class car on a first or second-class road? I have tried both kinds of road, and largely varied sorts of car, and in my day have seen many spicy things, and am now able to declare that ahead of everything funny stand the doings of railway travellers. There are as many kinds of them as there are changes in a kaleidoscope, and if they are not so attractive as the multimorph productions of the optical wonder, in some respects, they surpass them in others. There are several distinct types more pronounced than the rest, and a small space will be sufficient for an enumeration of some of them. Amongst them are the people I don't like, and the people I do. Let us take the bitters before the sweets. Imprimis, I don't like the fellow who comes into a car with an air of all possession, if not of all possessed, and making for the central and best seats, turns down with a ferocious bang the back of that immediately in front of the one selected, and thus imprudently appropriates four sitting spaces instead of one, and makes the settlement sure and perpetual by piling his baggage promiscuously thereon. I don't like the impudent air with which he lyingly tells successive passengers looking for sitting room that these seats are "engaged," and sends them in search of others less favorably situated. I don't like the woman who enters a car with a bang, fussily takes possession of every sitting space within reach, and who, aided and abetted by some slavey in trousers, piles up a small mountain of parcels, satchels, umbrella, rain cloak, bird cage,

bonnet box, lunch baskets, and sundry other "goods and chattels," not forgetting the goloshes, who brings three female friends, in addition to the male something already enumerated, to "see her off," and who pushes up a window to its utmost extent, and who chatters volubly with other friends on the platform, at the top of her voice, and with a thorough exposure of her mental and social equipments. I don't like even the more modest woman who find the cars "stuffy," because they have walked too fast to reach them, and think it therefore necessary, despite incoming dust, cinders, smoke and raw atmosphere, to open a window every five minutes or so, and subject to draught, annoyance and dirt more delicate women sitting behind and before them. I don't like the fiends who suck oranges, and deposit the rind upon the window sill, or who devour bananas with fierce zest, and throw the sticky slimy skins upon the floor. I don't like that other fiend, the tobacco devourer, who chews a piece from a large black plug, and whose jaws work with tutti frutti frenzy, while the floor is made the recipient of the superfluous saliva. Much as I love children, at proper times and places, and wouldn't care to live on the earth if they were all taken off it, I don't like that misconducted family of two or three, who so often travel, and run from end to end of the car aisle, and with sticky paws catch at seats and dresses as they pass to and fro, and become veritable representations of a lower sphere than ordinary children are supposed to reach. To be sure there is consolation, now and then, in a collision with some projection, but a howling chorus is another of the things which it isn't pleasant to hear even from erring juveniles. I don't like the young "hawbucks" who tramp

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from end to end of train in Indian file, without Indian modesty, and who indulged occasionally in an Indian war-whoop indicative of their elevated ideas of the surroundings. I have grown so accustomed to the sight, that I have almost forgotten the existence of the news-boy, whom I don't care to see boring ancient mariners, old maids, and verdant youths with offers of antiquated candies, bog-oak jewellery, inefficient shawl-straps, venerable literature, mangy satchel-tabs, California everything in the shape of fruit, and similar indigestible, unattractive and out-of-date products. I don't like the half-drunken fool who stumbles into the car, staggers into the seat nearest the door, and risks his neck and limbs, every five minutes or so, in a vain endeavor to go and get another drink. I don't like the elown who brings his glowing pipe or half-smoked cigar into the car, and surreptitiously smokes it, and when checked for his want of better manners, pretends that "he thought this was a smoking car." I don't like the newly-married bridegroom, even if he is amusing and interesting, to two-thirds of his fellow passengers, myself included, who "gives himself away," by perpetually lolling upon the shoulders of his young wife, and nearly strangles her by gradually encircling her neck with his arm. I don't like the bevy of girls who exchange confidences in loud tones, laugh shrilly, flirt openly, and do their innocent utmost to convert a railway carriage into a seeming casino. I don't like that other bevy of men who put their foreheads together, tell doubtful stories, stealing guilty glances at their fellow passengers, meanwhile, burst into a coarse and loud guffaw, when the "point" is reached, and so inform their wives and daughters around them that they have

been telling in their presence, even if they have not permitted them to hear, what they dare not repeat to their wives and daughters in their own homes. I don't like the fellow who impudently attempts to stare every woman out of countenance, and whose leer tells of his satyrlike propensities. I don't like the man or woman who, bidding adieu to friends, remains in a car until it is sufficiently in motion to render successful landing on the platform an uncertainty, and who sets everybody's nerves on edge by such a foolish and needless risk of life and limb. I don't like the man who, when all other sittings are filled, crowds overcoat or satchel upon that otherwise empty at his side, and who with affected interest, looks out of the window, or to his front with stony, icy stare, and permits a seeker of a seat to pass by unprovided. I don't like the dogmatic disputant who sets a whole car ablaze with his strongly held religious or political opinions, and whose voice, deliberate or strident, penetrates everywhere, and overcomes the rattle of the very wheels and brakes and hiss of steam. There are others I don't like, but they are not numerous, for after all, a railway car in its variety is a little world, and we must all admit that in the larger world the good far outnumber the bad, that the cranks are the exception to the rule, and that the average man or woman possesses redeeming features concealing original depravity. There are, fortunately, on every train, many more whom we like than we dislike, and after all, the disagreeable exceptions to the general average are just sufficiently numerous and marked to imprint their existence upon our memory. Amongst those we all specially like are those rational folks who remember that a railway company contracts to give

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one sitting to every passenger, and that a fellow-man or woman with a ticket, and the possession of ordinary politeness and good manners, has equal social as well as purchased right with any other. We like, too, the people who look upon a car as a sitting room, and take into it the forbearance and good nature which distinguish them in their own homes or in the homes of their friends. We cannot avoid liking those who, in every possible or called for manner, respect the feelings and even the prejudices, it may be, of those who chance to be fellow passengers. And, probably better than all, we like the young and active who assist the old and decrepit, and unostentatiously help the weak, give information when asked to those unaccustomed to travel, and in every emergency keep their heads and inspire others with the confidence which they possess themselves.

GRANDFATHER.

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BIRD NOTES.

EDWIN BEAUPRE, JR.

The Sheldrakes, (*Meganser Americanus*), arrived Oct. 15. These birds are regularly hunted by boys and amateur hunters,—but being "fish-ducks" are of course unfit for table use.

Velvet Scoters (*Melanitta Velvetina*), arrived about Nov. 1st. They remain here as long as there is any open water; their flesh is strong and oily and not fit for eating. I have seen them in flocks of hundreds, but this year they are not so numerous as usual.

Scaup Ducks—Bluebills—(*Fulix Marille*), arrived about Oct. 10th, in good numbers. These birds are choice eating.

American Golden-eyes—Whistlers—(*Glaucionetta Cangula Americana*), came in large flocks on Oct. 20. They remain where there is open water all winter.

Barrows Golden-eye, (*Glaucionetta Islandica*, Nov. 1st.

These are always later in arriving than the foregoing variety, being I think more northern in their habits.

Buffle-headed Ducks—Butterballs—*Bucephala Albeola*, arrived Oct. 20th in great numbers; remain until frozen out.

Snowflake, (*Plectrophenax Nivalis*). These interesting little visitors arrived from the north about the 20th of October. This year I saw a pair on the 9th; these were in advance of big flocks.

On the 18th of Oct. the first flock arrived, about forty in number. They are very restless little birds, being continually on the move, very tame and easy to approach when on the ground, but wild and irregular in their flight. When on the wing one would think they were going to fly for hours, then, with one impulse, all swirl around and settle down, as if they had not moved for

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a whole day.

Their food consists chiefly of the seeds of the *Andropogon Scoparius*. I also notice they like to run on the moist bog with the waders.

The Snow Bunting (*Emberiza Nivalis*), on the 6th. While duck shooting in the vicinity of the Brothers, I observed that since the 18th of October a great number of Snowbirds had arrived, and among these there were two that immediately attracted my attention, and I set out to hunt them down.

I walked along the beach for half a mile, and during that walk I saw more than 300 snowbirds, but the ones I wanted could not be seen. At last I reached a part of the beach where there is a little bog, I saw this handsome bird enjoying a bath, not more than ten yards from me.

I retreated a safe distance and secured it. Upon examination I found it to be as I expected—a Snow Bunting in beautiful plumage.

There is no mistaking this species, the most casual observer could not fail to note it among any number of snowbirds, as my companion remarked at the supper table, "it was the only pretty one I saw all day."

This is the first record I know of it round here; but my pleasure in collecting a rare bird was somewhat lessened, when the next morning I discovered that in spite of the care I had taken to wrap it up in batting, place it in a box and secrete it in my boat, a greedy, prowling mink had found it and made a midnight meal for himself.

The other one that I had observed could not be found.

THE VISION OF THE SEASONS.

I watched fair Summer till she disappeared,

And then there came a chilly breath of air.

I looked and lo! 'twas Autumn wild and sad.

She sat within her car of withered leaves;

Her eyes were darkest brown and so her hair.

Her face was small and flushed with hectic red,

The red of crimson leaves; and she was clad

Most gaily all in yellow beech leaves fair,

And bravely trimmed with scarlet, flaring bright,

Ta'en from the maple; and upon her breast

Asters and golden rod were shiring gay;

And in her hair a wreath of crimson leaves

Did make her look more beautiful and sweet.

But swift and soon sere Autumn went away,

And then my dream was o'er and I awoke.

And now when'er I see

The snow so cold and white that covers all,

And hear the tall trees groaning in the blast,

I think upon that Vision. When I see

The green of Spring-time spreading through the fields,

And when I gather violets in the woods,

Or strawberries and daisies by the path,

When leaves grow crimson and the sun is warm,

Then that sweet Vision doth return to me.

June—Sept. 21, 1893.

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