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Rockwood

Review

A Monthly Journal devoted to
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Local News



The Rockwood Review.

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VOL. 7

KINGSTON, MARCH 1ST, 1900.

No. 1

The Rockwood Curlers feel deeply grateful to the Napanee and Belleville Curlers, for the kind treatment received at their hands. In the words of the small boy "they're all right."

Mr. W. Cochrane could not do too much for his old companions, "Billy" evidently has a warm spot in his heart for Rockwood.

A fine stereoptican exhibition was given in the Amusement Hall on February 17th. The views, all new, were particularly fine. Mr. Shea surprised the audience at the close of the performance by exhibiting a "flying lady." The illusion was most complete and the great question is "how was it done." Every smart Aleck about Rockwood has an explanation and as all are wide of the mark it is evident that Mr. Shea scored a success.

Miss Gallagher who has been much overworked for some months, has been granted a months' leave of absence.

Messrs. Davidson and Dennison have been suffering from the prevailing epidemic.

Two new plays are in course of preparation, and when they are given it will be learned that several new claimants to histrionic ability are with us.

The ice supply is being rapidly gathered as there is not more than ten inches of ice on the harbor.

Miss N. Milbourne, Belleville is visiting Mrs. J. M. Forster.

Mrs. Smith and Master Harold Smith, Calgary, are the guests of Mrs. John Davidson, Portsmouth.

On February 14th the third dance was given by the Rockwood employees. Every one declared it a most decided success.

Mr. Thos. Peirce of Loomis, Washington State, son of Mrs. Peirce, is visiting Rockwood at present.

An old and respected resident of Portsmouth passed to eternal rest January 31st at noon, in the person of Margaret Mulligan, widow of the late Sergt. Major William H. Kemp. Deceased was a native of County Down, Ireland, but came to Canada in 1836, shortly after the death of her husband, who was one of the heroes of the Relief of Lucknow. There it was that he took ill, and while en route home invalided and he died and was buried at sea. The late Mrs. Kemp was a person of many noble qualities. For many years she held a position of trust in Rockwood hospital, but advancing years compelled her to resign from the staff of that institution, since which time she has resided with her son-in-law John Graham, assistant engineer of Rockwood hospital. Deceased is survived by two children, Mrs. Graham and Charles Kemp, located at Lethbridge, N.W.T., holding a responsible position with a railroad company. He is a veteran of the northwest rebellion, and after its close he settled at Lethbridge. The late Mrs. Kemp during the last few years of her life was a great sufferer.—From the Kingston Whig.

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BRIEF JANUARY NOTES.

As a very appropriate adjunct to the January cold spell came to our field and vicinity numerous small flocks of snow buntings from about the 3rd of the month to the 14th or later. The visits of these birds seem likely to be a permanent feature of the winter season and are not likely to be affected by the process of deforestation which has for a number of past decades being prosecuted with such vigor in Southern Ontario. The cold winters and snow covered areas are an assured permanency in historic time, and the white plumaged hosts seem equally permanent attendants of the frigid months of the year as are the Orioles Tanagers and Bobolinks of our fervid and luxuriant summer period. The Bunting flocks are the the most restless of bird assemblages—by daylight (and frequently in dim dim moonlight), almost continually "moving on" in loose straggling order; hardly ever two together, but regaling on the dried seed masses of some branching weed that the snow carpet has not succeeded in enfolding and submerging, they are seen to avoid woods and thickets by keeping in sight and hearing of each other as they progress across the wintry leas, and nip off the seed of the wild millet grass—the chenopodium—or tall panicles of golden rod and St. John's Wort—or wild verbenas, etc. Their visits to these parts usually cease before the beginning of March and the recently expired month of December was signalized it is said by the advent of a few pioneer snow buntings ere the last lingering belated Robins had departed!..... A few weeks ago a farmer resident a short distance from here trapped an extraordinarily large

mink that during its life seemed to have possessed an appetite and ferocity proportioned to its unusual size, for in the rendezvous of putorius, its captor states that he found the partly eaten bodies of two FAIR SIZED CATS, the mink having seemingly despised the small game such as mice and batrachians that are known to be the ordinary food of the mink tribe..... Most of the small animals that winter in our forests have sound notions of coziness in preparing and choosing winter harbourment. A small tree or leaning sapling was lately struck by a Wood man's ax in the woods near here—the tree happened to have a decayed hollow under the side roomy enough to hold a pair of Nut-hatches which flew out in great trepidation on their domicile being rudely jarred by the Ax man's blow the site seemed well chosen—the entrance on the lower side of the bent sapling was well sheltered from rain, sleet and wind..... A family group of chickadees who come daily to a store of flesh food hung on a tree where their comings and goings can be observed give evidence by their somewhat tattered plumage that they do not pass the wintry nights perched on exposed tree branches; but in 'NONE TOO ROOMY' "en famille"—where their tail feathers are bent and distorted in their crowded dormitory—their will be no remedy for this temporary disfigurement until either a partial or entire moulting time..... The quadrupeds too such a Mephitis Mephitis show love for a cosy, dry winter retreat. One of these was lately unearthed by a local trapper from a deep and roomy burrow that seemed to have had a ground hog for a previous occupant. The trapper said he was surprised at the capaciousness of the excavation in a sheltered piece of forest and at the large quantity of dried grass and soft vegetable fibre that Mephitis had stored up, and which it was judged must have been brought from a considerable distance.

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THE ADVANCE OF THE ARMY.

I

In the March sunshine, storm and shade
Brave soldiers are afoot;—
The grasses thrust a shining blade,—
The hawthorn hedges shoot.
In files along the river banks,
And halting in mid-stream,
Tall rushes push their serried ranks,
With lances all agleam.

2

White tents of lilies in the sedge
Show where the camp is set,
And purple flags float past the edge
Of spear and bayonet,—
And scarlet-coated columbine,—
(Four gold horns in a row),
You almost see the colours shine,
And hear the trumpets blow.

3

Along the tilted arrow-heads
That rim the reedy shore,
Far out its green battalion spreads,—
Its leaders go before;—
While back and forth, and in and out
The russet-belted bee
Goes on his wavering lines about,
The Captain's orderly.

4

The grackle in red shoulder straps,
As sentinel in line,
With harsh voice halts intruding steps
To give the countersign.
Shrill bugle-notes sound reveille,
These mornings of March weather,
And captain robin's company
Turns out in squads together.

5

And chaplain crow, from his high perch,
With grave and solemn airs,
Announces the parade to church,
Or the call to morning prayers,—
And so with banners and with drums,
Across the wide frontier,
The army of the springtime comes,—
Crowned victor of the year.

—K. S. McL.

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FOOT-BALL.

In view of the great interest taken in foot-ball at the present time, the following is entertaining reading :—

At the end of the seventeenth century a French traveller, named Misson, wrote a very vivacious account of his travels in England. He sagely noted English customs, fashions, attributes and manners ; and airily discoursed on the English game of foot-ball.

“ In winter foot-ball is a useful and charming exercise. It is a leather ball about as big as one's head, fill'd with wind. This is kicked about from one to tother in the streets, by him that can get it, and that is all the art of it.”

That is all the art of it ! I can imagine the sentiments of the general reader of that day (if any general reader existed in England at that time), when he read and noted the debonair simplicity of this brief account of what was ever then a game of so much importance in England. The proof that Misson was truly ignorant of this subject is shown in the fact that he could by any stretch of an author's privileged imagination, call the English game of foot-ball of that day “a useful and charming exercise.” Nothing could be further from the Englishman's intent than to make it either profitable or pleasing.

In the year 1583 a Puritan, named Philip Stubbes; horror-stricken and sore afraid at the many crying evils and wickednesses which were rife in England, published a book which he called the Anatomie of Abuses. It was “made dialogue-wise,” and is one of the most distinct contributions to our knowledge of Shakespeare's England. Written in racy, spirited English, it is unsparing in denunciations of the public and private evils of the day. His characterization of the game of foot-ball is

one of the strongest of his accusations :

“ Now who is so grosly blinde that seeth not that these aforesaid exercises not only withdraw us from godliness and virtue, but also haile and allure us to the wickedness and sin ? For as concerning foot-ball playing I protest unto you that it may rather be called a friendlie kinde of fyghte than a play or recreation—abloody and murthering practice than a felowly sport or pastime. For dooth not every one lye in waight for his adversairie, seeking to overthrowe him and picke him on his nose, though it be upon hard stones, in ditch or dale, in valley or hill, or whatever place soever it be hee careth not, so hee have him downe; and he that can serve the most of this fashion he is counted the only fellow, and who but he ? . . .

So that by this means sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their armes, sometimes their noses gush out with blood, sometimes their eyes start out, and sometimes hurte in one place, sometimes in another. But who-soever scapeth away the best goeth not scot free, but is either forewounded, craised or bruised, so as he dyeth of it or else scapeth very hardlie; and no mervaile, for they have the sleights to meet one betwixt two, to dash him against the hart with their elbowes, to hit him under the short ribs with their griped fists and with their knees to catch him on the hip and pick him ou his neck, with a hundred such murthering devices.”

Stubbes may be set down by many as sour-visaged, sour-voiced Puritan; but a very gracious courtier of his day, an intelligent and thoughtful man, Sir Thomas Elyot was equally severe on the game. He wrote, in 1537, The Boke named the Gouvenour, full of sensible advice and instruction. In it he says: “Football wherein nothyng but beastlye furie extreme

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BOTH ALL RIGHT.

violence, whereof it is to be putt in perpetual silence." The "perpetual silence" which he put on the game has not fallen even by the end of three centuries and a half. Some indiscreet testimony as to the character of the English game comes from travelers in the American colonies, where the American Indians were found playing a game of foot-ball like that of their white brothers. John Dunton, traveling in New England when Boston was half a century old, tells of the Indians' game: "There was that day a great game of Foot-ball to be played. There was another Town played against 'em as is sometimes common in England; but they played with their bare feet, which I thought very odd; but it was upon a broad sandy Shoar free from Stones which made it the more easie. Neither were they so apt to trip up one another's heels and quarrel as I have seen 'em in England." At the same time English boys were kicking the foot-ball around Boston streets, and were getting themselves complained of by the game-hating Puritan neighbors, and enjoined by pragmatic magistrates.

The man who complains of a free lunch should go buy the board.—New Orleans Picayune.

It is rumored that the Inter-State people are now going to abolish the Rocky Mountain passes.—Detroit Free Press.

"I am at your service, ma'am," as the burglar said when the lady of the house caught him stealing her silverware.—Ex.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX advises women not to wash their faces. The next thing we know Mrs. Wilcox will join the Anarch's band.—Life.

A certain Boston man is said to call his wife Ann Archy because she is always blowing him up.

A lady attired in crape entered a car and abandoned herself to melancholy. A woman behind her, with a red nose, blue veil and green spectacles, leaned forward and inquired—

"Lost somebody?"

A barely perceptible nod answered the question without inviting another, but the inquisitive proceeded:

"Father?"

A shake of the head.

"Husband?"

A nod.

"Church member?"

A nod.

"Life insured?"

A nod.

"Then what are you moping about for? He's all right, and so are you!"

WOMAN (to tramp)—Don't you ever take a bath? Tramp—(sadly) I ain't got money enough, ma'am, to buy a bathing suit.

Clara—How did you enjoy the opera last evening? Lucy—It was divine. I had the nobbiest hat in the house!

When a musician goes fishing does he castanet in the hope of catching a bassoon?—Yonkers Gazette.

Lady (in bric-a-brac store)—Let me see something handsome but cheap. Clerk—Yes'm; something for a wedding present?

"Sir," he said, as he handed the youth a tract, "are you a young man of Faith?" "Yes, sir," the young man replied, "I eat a Third avenue table d'hote dinner every night."—Life.

MME. GERSTER's voice has failed to the sorrow alike of her friends and the music-loving public. Gerster should turn Anarchist; they never never lose their voices...Phil adelphia Inquirer.

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The Rinkman's Benefit Carnival was held in Rockwood Rink on the evening of Wednesday, February 7th. The rink was beautifully decorated with flags and bunting. About two hundred people skated to the sweet music discoursed by the Rockwood Band. Some of characters were as follows

Art Davidson...Pantaloon
 Ed. Dennison...Jester
 N. Potter...Cuffy Snowball
 Fred Dennison...Jockey
 Ed. Davidson...Patsy Bolevar
 B. Mills...She
 G. Elliot...An Ancient Dame
 A. Vanasky...Prince
 P. Dowsley...Rosebud.
 E. McCaugherty...Charlotte Cor-
 day
 F. and E. Davidson...Rockwood
 Nurses.
 M. Evans and L. Eby...Two Little
 Girls in Blue
 E. Dennison...Old Mother Gum
 N. McGeein...Grecian Lady.
 A. Pogue...Starlight
 F. Burke...Night
 M. Culceth...Grandma
 H. Sophie...Musquash Bill
 J. Scally...Kissing Bug
 W. Workman...Hoochey Coochey
 Flip
 R. McConville...Sailor
 F. Koen...Indian Hoodoo
 J. Koen...Sailor
 W. Dennison—Uncle Josh.
 W. Elliot—Turkey
 Harold Clarke—Oom Paul
 Herbert Clarke—West Point Ca-
 det.
 E. Pogue...Night.
 A. Lonergan—Oh I Dunno
 T. Hennesee—Forepaugh's What-
 is-It?
 A. Davidson—Policeman
 W. Pogue—Jockey

W. Gravelle—Cholly Off the Yacht
 A. Tait—Union Jack
 M. Kerr—Queen Mab
 J. Mathison.....Dick Deadeye
 A Gravelle.....Snow shoer
 L Gravelle.....Music
 B Porter.....Red Riding Hood
 E. Pappa...Not Like Other Girls.
 N. Donly.....Highland Cadet
 J. McWaters.....Night.
 D. Gascoin.....Highlander.
 A. McGein.....Victory
 S. Ford.....Night
 M. Ford.....Snowdrop.
 Jimmie Burke.....Horatio Gum-
 drop
 G. McWaters.....Krugers Own
 E. Hartrick.....Weary Waggles
 B. McCormack.....Anti Boer
 M. Doyle.....Aunt Susan
 S. McConville and M. Beaupre.....
 McSorley's Twins.
 J. McWater's Mince-Pie
 Prince
 S. Potter.....Hallelujah Lass
 C. Edgar.....Horsewoman
 T. DavidsonBoer Farmer
 B. Burke.....Suter Johnnie
 R. Devlin.....Ameer
 T. Taylor.....Hustling Bill
 W. Hamilton.....Red-faced Freak.
 K. and H. Workman—Helens
 Babies
 E. Reilly—Tambourine Girl.
 F. Stoness—Topsy



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off on their last run.

No applause this time, not a voice was raised, anxious faces, twitching fingers, the whole crowd tense as a stretched wire. A false turn, a wilful sheep, a cantankerous judge, and the gray dog would be beat. And not a man there but knew it.

Yet over the stream master and dog went about their business never so quiet, never so collected, for all the world as though they were rounding up a flock on the Muir Pike.

The old dog found his sheep in a twinkling, and a wild, scared trio they proved. Rounding the first flag, one bright eyed wether made a dash for the open. He was quick, but the gray dog was quicker—a splendid recover, and a sound like a sob from the watchers on the hill.

Down the slope they came for the gap in the wall. A little below the opening, James Moore took his stand to stop and turn them, while a distance behind his sheep loitered Owd Bob, seeming to follow rather than drive, yet watchful of every movement and anticipating it. On he came, one eye on his master, the other on his sheep, never hurrying them, never flurrying them, yet bringing them rapidly along.

No word was spoken, barely a gesture made, yet they worked, master and dog, like one individual.

Through the gap, along the hill parallel to the spectators, playing into one another's hands like men at polo.

A wide sweep for the turn at the flags, and the sheep wheeled as though at the word of command, dropped through them and travelled rapidly for the bridge.

"Steady!" whispered the crowd.

"Steady, man!" muttered Parson Leggy.

"Hold 'em, for God's sake!" croaked Kirby huskily. D——n! I knew it! I saw it coming!"

The pace down the hill had

grown quicker—too quick. Close on the bridge the three sheep made an effort to break. A dash—and two were checked, but the third went away like the wind, and after him Owd Bob, a gray streak against the green.

Tammas was cursing silently, Kirby was white to the lips, and in the stillness you could plainly hear the Dalesmen's sobbing breath, as it fluttered in their throats.

"Gallop! they say he's old and slow!" muttered the parson. "Dash! look at that!" for the gray dog, racing like the nor' easter over the sea, had already retrieved the fugitive.

Man and dog were coaxing the three a step at a time toward the bridge.

One ventured—the others followed.

In the middle the leader stopped and tried to turn—and time was flying, flying, and the penning alone must take minutes. Many a man's hand was at his watch, but no one could take his eyes off the group below him to look.

"We're beat! I've won bet, Tammas!" groaned Sam'l. (The two had a long standing wager on the matter.) "I allus knoo hoo 't would be. I allus told yo' th' owd tyke—" Then breaking into a bellow, his honest face crimson with enthusiasm! "Co'm on, master! good for yo' Owd un! Yon's the style!"

For the gray dog had leaped on the back of the hindmost sheep, it had surged forward against the next, and they were over, and making up the slope amidst a thunder of applause.

At the pen it was a sight to see shepherd and dog working together. The master, his face stern and a little whiter than its wont, casting forward with both hands, herding the sheep in, the gray dog, his eyes big and bright, dropping to hand, crawling and creeping, closer and closer.

"They're in—nay—ay—dang me! Stop er! Good, Owd Un!

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Ah-h-h—they're in!" And the last sheep reluctantly passed through —on the stroke of time.

A roar went up from the crowd. Maggie's white face turned pink, and the Dalesmen mopped their wet brows. The mob surged forward, but the stewards held them back.

"Back, please! Don't encroach! McAdam's to come!"

From the far bank the little man watched the scene. His coat and cap were off, and his hair gleamed white in the sun; his sleeves were rolled up, and his face was twitching, but set as he stood—ready.

The hubbub over the stream at length subsided. One of the judges nodded to him.

"Noo, Wullie, noo or niver! 'Scots wha hae'!" and they were off.

"Back, gentlemen, back! He's off—he's coming! McAdam's coming!"

They might well shout and push for the great dog was on to his sheep before they knew it, and they went away with a rush, with him right on their backs. Up the slope they swept and round the first flag—already galloping. Down the hill for the gap, and McAdam was flying ahead to turn them; but they passed him like a hurricane, and Red Wull was in front with a rush and turned them alone.

"McAdam wins! Five to four McAdam! I lay agin Owd Bob!" rang out a clear voice in the silence.

Through the gap they rattled, ears back, feet twinkling like the wings of driven grouse.

"He's lost 'em! They'll break! They're! away was the cry.

Sam'l was half up the wheel of of the Kenmuir wagon, every man was on his toes, ladies were standing in their carriages, even Jim Mason's face flushed with momentary excitement.

The sheep were tearing along the hillside, all together, like a white scud. After them, galloping like a Waterloo winner, raced

Red Wull. And last of all, leaping over the ground like a demoniac, making not for the two flags, but the plank-bridge, the white-haired figure of McAdam,

"He's beat! The Killer's beat!" roared a strident voice.

"McAdam wins! Five to four McAdam! I lay agin Owd Bob!" rang out the clear reply.

Red Wull was now racing parallel to the fugitives and above them. All four were travelling at a terrific rate, while the two flags were barely twenty yards in front, below the line of flight and almost parallel to it. To effect the turn a change of direction must be made almost through a right angle.

"He's beat! he's beat! McAdam's beat! Can't make it, no-how!" was the roar.

From over the stream a yell.

"Turn 'em, Wullie."

At the word the great dog swerved down on the flying three. They turned, still at the gallop, like a troop of cavalry, and dropped, clean and neat, between the flags; and down to the stream they rattled passing McAdam on the way as though he was standing.

"Weel done, Wullie!" came the scream from the far bank, and from the crowd went up a an involuntary burst of applause.

"Ma word!"

"Did yo' see that?"

"By gob!"

It was a turn, indeed, of which the smartest team in the galloping horse-gunners might well have been proud. A shade later and they must have have overshot the the mark—a shade sooner, and a miss.

"He's not been two minutes so far. We're beaten—don't you think so, Uncle Leggy?" asked Muiel Sylvester, looking up piteously into the parson's face.

It's not what I think, my dear; it's what the judges think," the parson replied; and what he thought their verdict would be was plainly writ on his face for all to read.

Right on to the centre of the

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and T

bridge the leaping sheep galloped and—stopped abruptly.

Up above in the crowd there was utter silence—staring eyes, rigid fingers. The sweat was dropping off Long Kirby's face; and, at the back, a green coated book-maker slipped his note book in his pocket and glanced behind him. James Moore standing in front of them all, was the calmest there.

Red Wull was not to be denied. Like his forerunner, he leaped on the back of the hindmost sheep. But the red dog was heavy where the gray was light. The sheep staggered and fell.

Almost before it had touched the water, McAdam, his face afire and eyes flaming, was in the stream. In a second he had hold of the struggling creature, and, with an almost superhuman effort had half thrown, half shoved it on to the bank.

Again a tribute of admiration, led by James Moore.

The little man scrambled, panting, on to the bank and raced after sheep and dog. His face was white beneath the perspiration; his breath came in quavering gapes, his trousers were wet and clinging to his legs—he was trembling in every limb, and yet indomitable.

They were up to the pen, and the last wrestle began. The crowd silent and motionless, craved forward to watch the uncanny, white haired little man and the huge dog working so close below them. McAdam's face was white, his eyes staring, unnaturally bright, his bent body projected forward, and he tapped with his stick on the ground like a blind man, coaxing the sheep in. And the Tailless Tyke, his tongue out and flanks heaving, crept and crawled and worked up to the opening, patient as he had never been before.

They were in at last.

There was a lukewarm, half hearted cheer—then silence.

Exhausted and trembling, the little man leaned against the pen,

one hand on it, while Red Wull, his flanks still heaving, gently licked the other. Quite close stood James Moore and the gray dog. Above was the black wall of people, utterly still; below, the judges comparing notes. In the silence you could almost hear the panting of the crowd.

Then one of the judges went up to James Moore and shook him by the hand.

The gray dog had won. Owd Bob o' Kenmuir had won the Shepherd's Trophy outright.

A second's palpitating silence—a woman's hysterical laugh, and a deep mouthed bellow rent the expectant air—shouts, screams, hat tossings, back-clappings blending in a din that made the many-winding waters of the Silver Lea quiver and quiver again.

Owd Bob o' Kenmuir won the Shepherd's Trophy outright.

Maggie's face flushed a scarlet hue. Wee Anne flung fat arms toward her triumphant Bob, and screamed with the best. Squire and parson, each red-cheeked, were boisterously shaking hands. Long Kirby, who had not prayed for thirty years, ejaculated with heartfelt earnestness. "Thank God!" Sam'l Todd bellowed in Tammas' ear, and almost slew him with his mighty buffets. Among the Dalesmen some laughed like drunken men; some cried like children all joined in that roaring song of victory.

To little McAdam, standing with his back to the crowd, that storm of cheering came as the first announcement of defeat.

A wintry smile, like the sun over a March sea, crept across his face.

"We might a kent it, Wullie," he muttered, soft and low. The tension loosed, the battle lost, the little man almost broke. There were red dabs of color in his face, his eyes were big, his lips pitifully quivering, he was near to sobbing.—From *Red Wull* of Battle.

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