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



The Rockwood Review

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VOL. VI.

KINGSTON, DECEMBER 1ST, 1900.

No. 10

MARRIED.

CAREY—MALONEY.—In Kingston, November 20th, 1900, at St. Mary's Cathedral, by Rev. Father Kehoe, Alexander Carey to Katherine Maloney.

BORN.

GILMOUR.—In Kingston, November 14th, 1900, the wife of Edward Gilmour, of a son.

DIED.

ROBINSON.—On the 17th November, at 109 Mutual street, Toronto, John Robinson, M.D., late assistant Superintendent of Toronto Asylum for Insane.

Many of the unmarried ones on the Rockwood staff saw the fortune teller, who recently visited Kingston. Most of them are very reticent about their experiences.

The tall pines pine,
The pawpaws pause—
And the bumblebee bumbles all day—
The eavesdropper drops—
The grasshopper hops—
While gently the cowslips sway.

Our modest friend and erstwhile clinical, Mr. Robert H. Mullin did not achieve unenviable notoriety, when he essayed refereeing a football match between the Argonauts and Granites. Although a Hamilton boy who had lived in Kingston all summer, the impression got abroad that he hailed from Toronto. That was enough to settle him in Kingston, and although everyone who knows "Robin" is quite well aware of the fact that he could not do an unfair thing, he was unmercifully

"roasted" and treated badly. Even Kingston can improve its manners in some things. All men who value their good name will leave the refereeing business alone. Rockwood resents the criticism of Mr. Mullin as a reflection upon itself, as it knows him too well not to appreciate the fact that he is the personification of honor and fairness.

We are pleased to see Mr. J. Pollie about again and congratulate him on his recovery from typhoid.

Mr. McGuire has collected a flock of turkeys at Newcourt that makes the average man stare. The birds are not in love with their comparatively confined quarters and a few days ago Rockwood's Xmas dinner might have been seen going down the front road at a pretty rapid rate. A hundred and sixty turkeys in full retreat and in a compact body make an interesting and unusual spectacle.

Miss Ethel Metcalf of Grimsby is a guest at Rockwood House.

Mrs. Herriman arrived on November 26th.

Nuthatches, crows and sparrow hawks are about the only land birds left, although wild geese and ducks are still quite common.

Mr. Fred. Hartrick shot two wild geese, recently.

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Generally speaking the man who says "I told you so" is not the most popular person in the community, but when something that has been prophesied happens, it requires a good deal of moral courage to refrain from calling attention to the fact. For years, THE REVIEW has been pretty consistently criticizing the football situation and has received not a little criticism itself for the views expressed—and yet to-day the truth of all we said has been made plain, even to the most prejudiced. Now that the faults of organization in the Ontario Union have been made so apparent, a new order of things should be established, and an honest effort made either to establish clean amateur sport or out and out professionalism. There can be no half way system, and while professional football would have little in it to attract those who do not follow sport for the money there is in it, it would at least sail under its proper colors. At present, the plan of the pot calling the kettle black makes people thoroughly disgusted, especially when no honest effort is made to clean up the whole situation. Why select one or two players as victims? If it is necessary to make the parents of juniors swear to the ages of their sons, why not insist on the seniors furnishing affidavits to the effect that they are amateurs according to the official standard. Now is the time for true lovers of sport to bury their local prejudices and rise to the occasion. The Intercollegiate League has set a splendid example and the Ontario Union would do well to follow it.

Queen's University Football Club is to be congratulated on having made a clean sweep of the Intercollegiate Championships. These were won by consistent football and magnificent team play. The players recognized the fact that while brilliancy catches the crowd and the grand stand, team play, while not earning much newspaper praise—wins games and championships. The Seniors were a thoroughly well balanced lot each man having certain work to do, absolutely essential to the success of the team. They knew that possession of the ball is more than nine points in the game, and we saw few attempts at sky scraping punts unless the wind was at their back, and in this point alone they were a study to every other team that played in Kingston this year. They combined splendid defence with good scoring ability. Queen's II. demonstrated the fact that good defence alone will sometimes win matches and they proved that there is plenty of material in the Old University from which to fashion teams for several years to come.

We congratulate our Ex-Bus. Manager, who played half back on Queen's I. this year, upon the fact that he has for the third time been a member of a Champion Football Team. Granites—96: R. M. C.. 99; Queen's, 1900.

Dr. C. K. Clarke has been elected President of the Canadian Intercollegiate Rugby Football Union.

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From The Kingston. WHIG, Nov. 20

OFF FOR HAMILTON.

Last evening all the employees of Rockwood Hospital for Insane who could be spared from wards assembled in Amusement hall, and Superintendent Dr. Clarke on their behalf, read the subjoined address to Dr. Webster, assistant physician, being the eve of his departure for Hamilton on promotion:

"Realizing very keenly the great difficulty, if not impossibility, of adding anything which shall be more graceful, witty, pathetic or appropriate to the addresses which have accompanied presentations to you preceding this, your fellow officials, and the attendants and employees of Rockwood are yet moved to place one more on the list, which on the eve of your departure, they hope you will not refuse to accept. Each individual among them feels a personal debt is owing to your kindness and patience, your skill and counsel to themselves, and to the members of their families when medical skill ungrudgingly bestowed has been found needful, as well as in all social and friendly relations which have in the course of years grown up between you and them. In presenting you with this easy chair, it is the united and cordial wish of your friends in Rockwood that you may never find a harder "sit" in life's great workshop than a restful hour within its arms cannot suffice to refresh and restore.

"While we one and all regret your departure from amongst us, we rejoice in the fact that a just, if tardy, recognition of your merits and services has been made

(the number and value of which none are better acquainted with than ourselves.) Lastly, we venture to add our united congratulations and good wishes upon the near prospect of anticipations fulfilled which are still more intimate and dear. Farewell, and may God bless you in all the new relations upon which you are about to enter."

Dr. Webster was really surprised and spoke gracefully and feelingly. Rev. Father Macdonald, Dr. Forster and Allan McLean also spoke in the kindest terms, and then Auld Lang Syne was sung. Dr. Webster left for his new post to-day.

DEATH OF DR. ROBINSON, TORONTO ASYLUM.

Kingston, Nov. 20.—(To the Editor): In the paragraph which yesterday announced the death of Dr. J. Robinson, of the Toronto asylum medical staff, no mention was made of the fact that he was for years Assistant Medical Superintendent at Rockwood. He was transferred from this post to the same position in Toronto, having been first of all junior medical assistant in London Hospital for the Insane. In each of these positions he was distinguished for the energy and ardor with which he applied himself to his responsible duties, no less than for the sterling qualities of uprightness and thoroughness, carried into all his work. He became the trusted friend of all with whom he was connected in this institution for his sympathetic kindness and generosity were as much a part of his character as his pronounced hatred of shams and deceptions. Very greatly was he regretted on

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his departure from Rockwood alike by officers, attendants and patients, and the news of his untimely death was received with a feeling of profound sorrow.

He was the intimate friend of the lamented Dr. Metcalf, whose tragic death is still fresh in the memory of all connected with Rockwood, having been associated with him from boyhood, and afterward in the prosecution of his medical studies begun in the Toronto College of medicine, which in Dr. Robinson's case were finished at Queen's. His wife, the niece and adopted daughter of the late Dr. Workman, the distinguished scholar and philanthropist, whose name and fame as the pioneer of asylum reform in Canada is known to scientists and alienists in both hemispheres, has in her bereavement the heartfelt sympathy of her lamented husband, and her own many friends in Rockwood.—A Member of the Rockwood Staff.

Mr. D. H. Marshall of Elmhurst is in Europe.

Mrs. A. McIver who was seriously ill recently is much improved.

Miss de Pencier, Lady Superintendent of the Belleville Hospital and formerly of Rockwood Hospital visited his old friends here recently.

The Xmas Entertainment promises to be unusually good. Messrs. McCammon, Davidson, Shea and several others have in preparation an particularly good farce entitled, "How to Tame a Mother-in-Law."

They provide a complete answer to this problem, and if they would only consent to play in public in aid of charity, would attract a tremendous house as there are many anxious married men who would like to know how it is done.

Mr. Woods has secured a prize winner in the farce Finnegan and Flannigan. It will be given in due course.

The Beechgroves are organizing for the Hockey season. They can hardly tackle midget teams this year, and by 1901 will be quite large enough and fast enough for the junior series of the Ontario League. As it is they aspire to the honor of playing the Junior Cadets and promise to make the military lads hustle to beat them, even if the Beechgroves are much younger and smaller. They have had the advantage though of many years of team play together.

At last the electric light is to be put in at Rockwood and is to be in running order by the middle of January. No one will be sorry to see the unsatisfactory gas system used, put "out of the business." The only doubtful ones are sundry and various single couples, who complain that the avenue and front door lights will not be in the interest of Cupid and convenience.

Dr. Herriman, who succeeds Dr. Webster commenced his duties on the 20th of November. As Dr. Herriman is married, the staff can no longer boast of a "boy" doctor.

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"THE WILDERNESS."

It was a thicket of green leaves,
Of woven vines, and tangled briars,
Of woodbine and tall foxglove spires,
Like sunset clouds on autumn eves
Tinted with many colored fires.
Rock columbine, and bittersweet,
And lichened hole, and mossy stone,
By which some genii dwell alone,
Made it a solitude complete,
Slender and pale anemones,
Wind-flowers that delicately swayed
To the soft airs that idly played
Among the leaves in that deep shade,
Hegged in those sylvan mysteries.
Dog-roses, musk, and eglantine,
And the dew-berry's wandering vine
Made arabesques along the walls
That closed these flower-scented halls.

Through it there ran a winding path
With such a lock as nature hath
In some dense shaded ancient wood
In her most winsome witching mood.
So deft the narrow pathway wound
So thick the greenery around
Where east and western vistas meet,
There seemed nor exit nor retreat.
And in the midst a moss-grown seat,
Whose curving arms a beech tree lent;
Above, its level branches bent,
A green and golden firmament,
So lush the brown pine needles strewed
In that enchanted solitude,
So deeply carpeted the ground
Your footsteps fell without a sound.

Still might the dryads and the fays
That haunt wild unfrequented ways,
With beckoning hands and loosened hair,
Have met and passed you unaware,
And backward glancing as they fled,
With trailing robe, and wreathed head
Have cast on you a spell so sweet
You needs must trace those flying feet
To sylvan grot or moss grown cell,
Beside some fairy haunted well,
Or some remoter solitude
The inmost heart of this strange wood.
In vain the quest—the swift pursuit
Dryad, and nymph, and piping faun,
From these green avenues are gone :
Nor magic reed, nor rustic flute
Echoes along each dim recess;
The spirit of the place is mute,
The soul of solitude withdrawn,
It is no more "the wilderness."

—K. S. McL.

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ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

The average man rarely considers the subject of animal intelligence and is so accustomed to hearing the time honored platitudes uttered regarding the stupidity of our friends, that he puts down any departure from the supposedly ordinary course of events, to what he learnedly dubs instinct. Very few realize that a horse in order to get through a day's work in a satisfactory manner, must frequently use as much intelligence as the average driver. Possibly the fact that the majority of horses are sooner or later rendered unsound by the thoughtlessness of this same average driver, would not make the comparison too great a compliment in favor of the horse, but the conclusions are undisputed. Perhaps the fact that it is difficult for us to look at things from the animal's point of view, will account for many failures to note little exhibitions of a very high grade of intelligence on their part. We are quite willing to express contempt rather than admiration for the craftiness of the fox, and are reluctant to believe that *Monc. Reynard* is really a clever fellow, still as a matter of fact he knows many wonderful things. The legitimate prey of the fox is no fool and even if the saving of Rome was quite unintentional on the part of tee geese, I can remember one ancient gander, too old for table adornment, who was a model in the way of guiding and caring for his flock of wives and goslings. In the village where I was brought up geese were free commoners in

every sense of the word, and in the morning the poor people let their flocks of geese out of the yards, and sometimes I fear into other peoples yards. The gander I have reference to was most discreet, and returned to his own yard every evening and invariably opened the gate himself. This required a good deal of ingenuity and some perseverance of the Robert Bruce order. The gate had a latch to which was fastened a piece of chain. The gander would seize the chain, brace himself well and stick at it until he succeeded in opening the gate. I regret to say that his intelligence never suggested closing the gate after the triumphant entry of the flock, however he may have followed the precedent established by many people we all know. It is commonly noticed that some dogs show great admiration for horses, and not unfrequently affection is mutual, but I have never heard that goats exhibited similar likes. However, the following instance is worth detailing, being so clearly established by the evidence of reliable witnesses, and as I saw the friendship carried for months, there could be no mistake. Mr. Dalby in the village of Elora, had a faithful mare called Maggie. As time went on she became feeble through old age, and finally blind. The owner was unwilling to destroy such a faithful servant, and so it happened that Maggie was fed and saved from further work. A goat named Billy belonged to the same establishment, and a remarkable attachment sprang

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up between the animals, until at last Billy's chief object in life seemed to be the comfort of Maggie. Together they wandered through the streets of the village to the pastures near at hand, Billy leading the way and Maggie closely following. When Maggie's particular attention was desired, Billy would prod her gently between the forelegs with his horns, and carefully lead her to all the choicest patches of grass. It was truly a remarkable exhibition of affection and intelligence, being the understanding between the animals complete. Almost as close a companionship existed between a collie and a raccoon, friend of mine possessed. These animals were inseparable and the collie ready at all times to defend his friend from attack. Birds frequently show a very high order of intelligence and any one who is the possessor of a tame crow can find material for a good deal of interesting study. We have had several captive crows, each apparently gifted with marked ability. It is the little things that show this more particularly, for example Grip 1st was very fond of a daily bath under certain conditions, viz. that the water was of the proper temperature. Crows not having access to thermometers must resort to more primitive appliances to tell the degree of heat. When Grip's bath was set before him he invariably hopped up and carefully surveyed the tin and contents, and then deliberately planted one foot in the water. If the water was cold the bath did not come off that day but was postponed until tepid wat-

er was given. This same Grip was on friendly terms with two dogs who permitted a good deal of familiarity without protest, and allowed his crowship to do a certain amount of pilfering, a collie dog, however, drawing the line when a tempting bone was given to him. Grip never clearly understood why collie growled, but it was rarely indeed that collie retained the bone. Grip would hop about with bead like eyes intent on the coveted morsel. Collie growling when he came too near, suddenly Grip would deliberately give the dog a vicious dig with his beak and the moment collie dropped his bone to resent the assault, presto, bone and crow were gone. It was a genuine comedy that the dog never enjoyed. This same collie was the innocent victim of another practical joker, an imported Irish Spaniel noted for his mildness of expression and undoubted guile. This Spaniel Carlo was an undoubted character and his eccentricities worthy of a great deal of investigation. The collie was young, Carlo a veteran, who never failed to encourage the enthusiasm of youth when it promised to bring pleasure without pain to himself. The old fellow dearly loved a fight, that is if he could manage the little affair without danger himself. Collie was not quarrelsome, but always ready to defend a point of honor and regarded Carlo as an authority on all such subjects. If Carlo was aching for warlike amusement woebetide the dog who cared to venture on our street. The plan of campaign was invariably the

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same. Without a moment's warning Carlo precipitated a fight, sailing in with the most determined vigor. He always paused to let Collie get hold of the other dog, then quietly seized the other fellow by the tail and bracing himself held on until the fight was over. It was fine fun and quite harmless as far as he was concerned. It so happened that Carlo had to sleep as watch dog in our office, Collie remaining on duty at the house with its garden attached. Carlo objected very much in summer weather to the office and often puzzled his brain to devise a scheme to get out of the unpleasant duty. His favorite scheme was the following: When the time for taking Carlo to the office arrived the poor old fellow would be found looking utterly wretched, trembling and almost tearful, and so lame that he could hardly walk. If he was fortunate to find one who did not know him well he would be allowed to remain and sometimes he was permitted to carry his point just to see what would follow. If forced to go through, Carlo would metaphorically throw his crutches to the winds, his lameness would disappear like magic, he would charge after imaginary cats and dogs and altogether make you believe that the happiest dog in town was himself. If he stayed the programme was quite different. When he felt that he was safe to remain, he began to worry about gaining admission to the handsome kennel occupied by Collie. He would first endeavor to boldly assert his right to joint ownership, but this was

almost always denied, and Carlo was never foolish enough to risk getting hurt. Then came a stratagem that never failed although it was repeated so frequently. Collie never saw through it and Carlo would stretch himself near the kennel, apparently go to sleep at peace with the whole world in general and Collie in particular. His desire to have the kennel had gone. Suddenly he would wake with a start, listen intently, then make a mad rush down the garden path barking loudly. Collie would think of cats, get out of the kennel in a moment and tear after Carlo, who let him pass, but the second Collie got ahead then, Carlo made a quiet sneak for the kennel, which he kept for the rest of the night oblivious to everything that might disturb an ordinary dog. And yet Carlo had some virtues. He was a lover of babies, and if there was not one at his own house he would search the neighborhood for one and show his devotions in a thousand little ways. For example, Carlo would not scorn to steal a choice morsel if he felt tolerably certain that he would not be caught, but let a baby or child have anything eatable and it was safe, although Carlo felt the temptation he never gave way, and even if the child offered him a share he would deliberately refuse and turn his head away. Carlo was much loved in spite of his "old soldiering" and his peculiarities would form the subject of a long sketch.

We talk about the maternal instinct in a conventional way, and drown kittens without a

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second thought of the mother. In my boyhood I had a sweet little cat called Polly, and in the course of time a family of seven kittens arrived. I was very proud of them and felt deeply distressed when I found that some one had carried off the kittens and destroyed them. Polly and I mourned the loss most deeply and the sorrow of the mother was intense. Next day I found Polly in her box looking as happy as possible and purring cheerfully when I came near. It was evident that there was something in addition to the cat in the box and an examination showed that she had captured a whole family of baby mice, carried them tenderly to her corner and was caring for them in her own motherly way and endeavoring to console herself for the loss of her first family. The incident was most touching. An eminent physiologist has often told me that one of the best methods of studying people is through the comparative study of animals, and I fancy there is a good deal of truth in his remark.

CONTINUATION OF CORPORAL GEORGE FOX'S DIARY.

During the second winter of our detention in Virginia there occurred a period of intense frost and all the mills were frozen up, and we had to go without bread or flour for a time. The Indians of the neighboring wilderness supplied us with corn and a few of ceteras—we had, however, to pound the corn for ourselves between two stones, and we were only allowed twelve ounces per man per day,

and even this stinted amount was not regular. At this juncture a number of the women of the encampment were sent off and billeted with the planters families for about seventeen days, while the bread famine lasted. There was plenty of beef and pork in the cantonment stores, but it was said to have been packed down by the negro slaves of the district, and in consequence of the scarcity of salt had been attempted to be preserved in the ashes of the oak and wild cherry trees, and when the meat came to be served out it was found to be in a very decayed state and had a most offensive smell, upon which state of things being made known to General Phillips, he ordered a jury of the surgeons from the various regiments to look into the business with the result that the stuff was promptly condemned as being totally unfit for human food and so our jail keepers were obliged to haul it into the woods and bury it by wagon loads, but we picked out some of the best of it for our use as we were so straightened by hunger, and even some of the inhabitants of the country adjoining our cantonments, begged some part of it, as they said, to give to the Indians to make soup of, as these latter were much distressed by the unexpected severe frosts. News was brought into our camp that a detachment from New York under Col. Arnold had reached Richmond ninety-nine miles up country, and the inhabitants of the country adjoining our cantonments, begged some part of it, as they said—to give to the

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and an express soon came to the commanding officer of the district to move us immediately, and that very night they marched us over the Blue Mountains (a range of mountains that begins in New England and runs southwestward into the interior of the continent) we were not allowed to halt until we were about half way to Winchester where we arrived a day or two after. As soon as we got there we learned that a squadron of our light horse advancing from Arnold's forces, had visited our lately vacated barracks. Winchester is quite a large market town, and our army had to be divided into several detachments one of which was temporarily housed in a roomy church; part was sheltered in the jail, and another division was placed in the poor house; the remainder of the force was sent across the Potomac to Fort Frederick in Maryland. We were detained at Winchester for a fortnight, then we were ordered to march into Maryland and after crossing the Potomac marched twenty-six miles, and then after several more marches arrived at Frederickton (seventy miles). They put us into barracks here, and we had to cut the wood for our own requirements surrounded by a chain of sentinels; several of our officers left us here on parole, but the rest of us remained until the spring (1782). Those of our prisoners who deserted but were re-captured were marched off to Lancaster Jail in Pennsylvania; the rest remained housed in Fort Frederick. The Fort being found too crowded, the married

people were allowed to camp out on the green around the Fort. We stayed here five weeks, and then were marched off to Lancaster. Then the re-captured prisoners were removed to Philadelphia Jail, and put into the stockades. Here at Lancaster as at Fort Frederick, the married people and the men of good character were allowed to camp on the green in the vicinity of the Fort; We found difficulty in trying to gain trustworthy news of the progress of the war.

OSPREY.

Pandion haliaetus carolinensis.

The Fish Hawk or American Osprey inhabits tropical and temperate America, ranging north to Labrador, Hudson Bay, and Alaska. It winters commonly in the southern United States, and in this region it breeds regularly in suitable localities north to the limit of its range. It arrives in southern New York in the latter part of March, and in Labrador and the north during the first week in May. The typical species, from which the American bird is scarcely separable, inhabits the whole of Europe, Africa, and northern Asia as far south as India and China.

The food of the Osprey consists entirely of fish which it captures, although in rare cases, when hard pressed, it has been known to pick up dead ones from the surface of the water. From the nature of its food, it must of necessity dwell near bodies of water of more or less extent, which are inhabited

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by an abundance of fish especially such species as habitually swim in schools near the surface. In some localities, where there are extensive stretches of shallow water inhabited by an abundance of fish, the Fish Hawk often occurs in colonies of several hundred individuals, while in less favorable localities, a pair or so only are found.

The writer had exceptionally good opportunities in the lower Hudson Valley, New York to study the bird while procuring its food, and in no instance was it observed to capture any fish except menhaden, herring, goldfish, or sunfish. When preparing to capture a fish this Hawk descends with great velocity at an acute angle, striking the water breast first, often disappearing under the surface in a mass of foam. The writer knows of one instance where an individual in striking at a fish in Croton Lake, New York, broke its wing. The persons observing its descent, wondering why it did not fly away, rowed up and discovered its condition.

The season as well as the locality has considerable to do with the kind of fish caught by the Osprey. It has been known to capture shad, catfish, perch, trout, etc. Wilson speaks of a shad a Fish Hawk captured and had partly eaten, which in that condition weighed six pounds. Nuttall states that fish weighing six to eight pounds are sometimes taken by the Osprey.

It has been said that the Fish

Hawk will occasionally strike a large fish like a bass or sturgeon and, being unable to loosen its hold, is carried under and drowned. Large fish with dead Fish Hawks attached have been cast up by the waves on the beach. Although the Osprey feeds exclusively on fish, which in any form are of more or less value to man, with few exceptions, it feeds upon such species as are of the least use as food. The fishermen, who are the ones most interested, welcome the appearance of this bird in spring, as it indicates the advance of schools of fish and, with few exceptions, they object to its being molested or killed. Fish Hawks are encouraged to nest in the vicinity of the house, not only for the picturesque appearance of the nest and birds, but also because it is believed that they keep off the other hawks which might do damage to the poultry.

The nest is occupied for years and, as new material is added each season, it soon becomes a bulky structure, sometimes measuring five feet in diameter. It is composed of large sticks, brush, rubbish of various kinds; including weed or cornstalks, and lined with soft material, such as seaweed, cedar bark, corn leaves, etc; in exceptional cases it is composed almost wholly of kelp or other seaweeds. The nest is placed in trees, on telegraph poles, projections from cliffs, deserted buildings, or on the ground among the reeds or some eminence of the open sea beach. A very large proportion of the nests are situated in trees, usually on the top of the

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tallest in the neighborhood, and in plain sight from the surrounding country. The tree chosen is in most cases dead at the top; it is said that if a live one be selected, after a few years the portion near the nest dies from contact with the large amount of rubbish or, the oily and saline deposits on it. In a few cases Fish Hawks have been reported to repair the nests before leaving for the south in the autumn.

The eggs, which are commonly two or three in number, are deposited at widely different dates in the northern and southern portions of its range. In Florida the full complement of eggs is deposited in January, in New Jersey and Maryland in May, and in Labrador and the North during the latter part of June.

The young are slow growing and remain in the nest a long time after they are fully fledged before attempting to fly, and it is stated that the parents sometimes have to drive them from the nest. The male assists in incubation and also feeds his mate during this period.

The Fish Hawk is a gentle bird and never molests other species, even allowing the grackles and night-herons to build their nests and rear young in the interstices of its own nest. Unlike the eagles it is a brave bird, defending its home against intruders and even attacking man when he molests its eggs or young.

The Fish Hawk is very much attached to particular trees to which it resorts to devour the fish captured; oftentimes these may be situated several miles from the

body of water furnishing the food supply. The flight, like that of many of the heavier birds of prey, is ordinarily slow and labored, but when soaring or flying high in the air it is not surpassed by the eagles.

SOMEBODY WAS SHOT—A duel was once fought by two men named Shott and Nott. Nott was shot, and Shott was not, and in this case it was better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor, however, that Nott was not shot, and that Shott was shot. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It might appear that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself when the whole affair would be as at first, and Shott would be shot, and Nott would be not. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott, but Nott. Any way, it is exceedingly hard to tell who was not shot and who was not.

A LITTLE MIXED.—A Kansas newspaper editor lost two subscribers recently. One correspondent wrote asking how to raise twins successfully, and the other asked the best method for ridding an orchard of grasshoppers. The answers went forward by mail, but by accident he put them into the wrong envelopes, so that the man with twins received this answer: "Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to it, and the little pests, after jumping in the flames a few minutes, will be speedily settled." And the man with the grasshoppers was told to "give them castor oil and rub their gums with a bone."

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