





The  
Rockwood  
Review.



A Monthly Journal devoted to  
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## The Rockwood Review.

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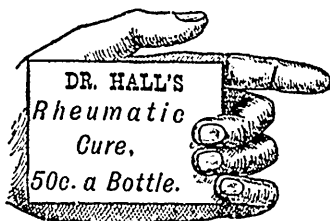
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# The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 4<sup>5</sup>

KINGSTON, MARCH 1ST, 1898.

No. 1.

## LOCAL ITEMS.

Ice Boating is all the rage in Kingston just now, and Hatter's Bay was triumphant when Reeve Fisher landed the first race on February 19th. The juveniles have a well developed musquito fleet, and show much skill in handling their boats. There is to be a race, or a series of races, between the Little Lou, "Brush McCormack;" Fire Fly, C. Sullivan; Red Bird, F. Hartrick; Icicle, Earle Hogan; Fly Away, J. Mills; Cock of the North, Harold and Herbert Clarke. These boats are well matched (about 16 feet long) and should make a good race.

Mr. Hugh Walkem, of the Bank of B. N. A., of Montreal, is visiting Kingston and renewing old friendships.

The tragic death of Captain March has thrown a deep gloom over the whole community. Capt. March had won the admiration of all citizens, and was highly respected. His death and the departure of Mr. Robert Harvey, will prove a great loss to musical circles in Kingston.

Rockwood lost the local Curling Trophy by one point only. It goes to prove that there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

Queen Street Methodist Church Choir gave an excellent entertainment at Rockwood on February 22nd.

Mr. John Graham's daughter has been seriously ill.

This is Number one of Volume four. We are still in the ring, and likely to stay for some time to come.

Mr. Geo. Walkem and Mr. Arthur Ford have secured good positions in Tacoma, Washington Territory. We are glad of their success, but sorry that these places are not in Canada.

Wild ducks (Whistlers) have been with us all winter, a flock of wild geese was seen on February 15th, and robins were reported early in the month. Of course Mr. Crow has been in evidence every day. Pine Siskins and chickadees have been seen regularly all winter.

Dr. Jock Harty returned from New York just in time to pull the Frontenacs out of a hole in their competition with the team from near Berlin. Without his help they might have met their Waterloo in earnest. There are two very weak spots in the Frontenacs, which spoil an otherwise excellent team. Even with these they stand a fair chance to win the Intermediate Championship. It was a treat to see "Jock" on the ice once more, he still remains without a rival, as far as clever and beautiful hockey is concerned.

Mr. Cochrane has organized a rink of Curlers called the four Willies. Let us hope that too much success will not make them BILIOUS.

Northern Shrikes have been very much in evidence all winter. The British sparrow is decidedly to his taste, and he treats the invader with all the hospitality at his command.

The Beechgroves still keep up their uninterrupted series of victories, and the defeat of the "Heavy Artillery" from Kingston was a great feather in their caps.

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On January 29th the Beechgroves and Gananoque Hockey players met on Rockwood Rink, and our little chaps once more demonstrated their ability to play the game with speed and skill. The Gananoque lads, although sturdy and good skaters, lack the opportunity for practice that the Beechgroves have, and fell easy victims to the combination worked by Capt. Clarke's organization. However, if the Gananoque boys were not quite as good at hockey, they proved themselves thorough little gentlemen, and took their defeat with a good grace that won them no end of friends. For the Beechgroves Herbie Clarke, W. Potter, Melville Porter and F. Hartrick were particularly brilliant performers. Gananoque—F. Lalonde, goal; Russel Britton, cover point. Centres, T. Britton, Ormiston. Wings, C. Patterson, D. Patterson. Beechgroves—J. McWaters, goal; point, Harold Clarke (Capt.); cover point, F. Hartrick. Centres, Herbie Clarke, W. Potter. Wings, M. Porter, T. McCaugherty.

Miss Sarah Hawkins has been in Montreal lately, seriously ill, having undergone a severe operation. Later reports are to the effect that she is much better.

Miss Mary Keegan, of Hamilton, is the guest of Mrs. Forster.

Mr. John Stoness has carried off one of Rockwood's charming Nurses, Miss Julia Smith.—Congratulations.

Mr. McBrearty has left us after a residence of several months, during which time he has succeeded in earning well deserved popularity.

The Annual Ball came off on February 16th, and was as usual a popular affair. As the men outnumbered the women, there were very few wallflowers. Of course the Rockwood girls were the belles, and we speak advisedly when the plural is used. It would be treason, or rather bad policy, to say which of the girls bore off the palm, but

there is not much difference of opinion in private. The refreshments were managed by caterer Bassam, and it goes without saying that he did his part of the work well.

The ballroom floor was waxed so thoroughly by Mr. Shea, that several of the guests (male of course) sat down while dancing, thus introducing new features in the Lancers.

John Hartrick at the door succeeded in inspiring terror to those who attempted to over ride well established rules. One disappointed guest was forced to return to the city for his card of invitation. He was annoyed, and when admitted with the requisite ticket, SAVAGELY informed John that the 1st of March was the date fixed for his decapitation. Little did he realize that Rockwood would cease to exist without John "on the door." Even the most hardened politicians learn to respect this moral influence on active duty. Not even a child would endeavour to pass him without proper authority.

The Frontenacs (Juniors) met defeat by a narrow margin at the hands of Upper Canada. The U. C. College boys are supposed to stand for what is best in Hockey up west, if so the game must still be undeveloped there, for the Frontenac Juniors were by no means a well balanced organization, although possessing some strong elements, particularly in defence. Outside of Murray and Coxworthy on the attack they were weak.

Queen's has not a showy team this year, but it is a good deal better organization than many believe, and may land the championship once more. If it could be strengthened in one spot, it would be good enough for any company.

In the first of the Curling matches between Kingston and Rockwood for the Trophy, Rockwood came out fourteen points to the good.



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### THE MAGDALENE ISLANDS.

Situate in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, some fifty miles north of Prince Edward Island, and one hundred miles from the south-west point of Newfoundland, are an interesting group of small islands called the Magdalenes. They were first discovered by Jacques Cartier, and were conceded in 1662 by the French King to Sieur de Roublet, who used them as a fishing station. After the conquest of Canada, the islands became the property of Great Britain, and were given by the Crown to Admiral Coffin, whose grandson is to-day the proprietor of the greater part of them.

The Islands are six in number, four of them named Amherst, Grindstone, Allright and Coffin, are connected by sand-bars; Bryon and Entry are separated by channels from eight to nine miles wide. There are also four detached rocky islets, the principal of which, the Bird Rocks with its lighthouse, is well known to most travellers in that region.

The population consists chiefly of French speaking people, who in religion are Roman Catholics; a small minority—some 400 out of a population of between five and six thousand—are of English and Irish origin, and for the most part are members of the Anglican Church. The soil of the Islands is fertile, of a red colour resembling that of Prince Edward Island, but there are many wet swampy tracts, and wastes of sand which remain in their primeval state. At the present time lobster fishing and canning is the principal industry, but large numbers of mackerel and some cod are caught in the early spring and summer: agriculture therefore is to a great extent neglected, although some oats and hay are raised, as well as potatoes.

During the long winter months, communication is entirely cut off from the main shore, owing to the accumulation of ice which renders navigation impossible. A steamer

plies weekly between Pictou, N.S., and the principal islands, from the end of April to the middle of December; the rest of the year the only connection with the outside world is by the cable to Meat Cove, C. B. I paid a short visit to these Islands in the early summer of 1870, sailing down the River and Gulf from Quebec to Prince Edward Island, and joining the steamer St. Olaf—which formerly sailed between Aberdeen and the Shetland Islands—at Souris, a village at the eastern point of P. E. I.

We reached Grindstone Island, the largest of the Magdalenes, in the early morning of June 15th. The outlook was none of the best, as a thick drizzling rain was falling, and the weather was raw and chilly. There is but one wharf at all the islands at which the steamer is able to call alongside, at Grand Entry; at the other places of call, the passengers disembark in boats, and are rowed to the shore, at times a very unpleasant trip. I stayed at Grindstone Island two weeks, and at Coffin, or Grosse Isle as the French call it, and Byron Island the remaining week. During that time I made a study of the birds and plants of the islands, and only lost but three or four days on account of bad weather. I will state my experiences from day to day.

On the 15th June I reached Grindstone Island, and was met at the landing by the friends with whom I was to stay. The first day as stated was unfavorable, but I soon made the acquaintance of some of the birds—the robin, the bluejay, the junco, the Hudsonian titmouse, the redstart, the yellow bellied flycatcher and the fox sparrow. The former was very common, and had young that could leave the nest, the rest were probably just laying. Vegetation was backward, the only trees of any size are spruce and balsam fir, and very few of those twelve inches through the trunk. They grow close together and the woods are dense, in

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places can scarcely be passed through. Formerly there were white birch of a fair size, but these have almost all disappeared, and with the exception of the above trees there is nothing of any size except alders and willows.

A thick growth of moss covers the ground in the spruce woods; in open and partially cleared spaces, the little plant "*Cornus Canadensis*" is very plentiful.

As a field for botanizing, I should not consider the islands to be a first rate resort, for beyond beach plants there is no great variety. Of common ones the "Dill" is perhaps the most noticeable, and is quite abundant. My previous impression of the islands was very different to the actual case, and instead of finding a sandy waste and marshy flats, the principal islands are hilly, conical hills rising to a height of 400 and 500 feet, and on Entry Island to as much as 600 feet—the highest point of the Islands above the sea level. These hills are for the most part of red sandstone, as are the cliffs along the sea shore, and when cleared of spruce, are green to the top, the low grounds being still covered with a growth of spruce and fir. The sand hills and flats are chiefly found on Grindstone and Coffin Isles, where a long ridge of sand connects one island with another, and gives them an altogether unique character.

June 16th.—Visited to-day the west side of Grindstone Island. After crossing a range of grassy hills of the usual conical form, I came to a level flat, which was terminated near the sea shore by a gravelly beach, and further on by sand hills.

Here I met with several specimens of the Fox-sparrow, and noticed one young bird just able to fly. Though I searched and watched the birds for a long time, I could not locate the nest, but was more successful in the case of the black-poll Warbler. This is another common bird, and has its "habitat" chiefly among the stunted spruce

trees. I noticed a female with a rootlet in her beak, and after watching, located the nest in a small spruce some eighteen inches from the ground. I collected four eggs from this nest on the 28th, somewhat incubated. During my stay on the islands I found four of these nests, all built in spruce trees, at from one to five feet from the ground.

After reaching the beach proper, I heard the shrill whistles of some shore bird, and with the aid of my field glasses identified the "Piping Plover," whose four eggs laid in a slight depression of the gravel and sand I found a little later. They were nearly fresh. The piping plover is rare in Ontario; I never saw it, but a few pairs are said to frequent Point Pelee, Lake Erie.

Several of our Ontario birds were quite at home and even common on the islands, noticeably the robin, the kingfisher, the Savanna sparrow and the bluejay.

June 17th I spent in the neighborhood of the Parsonage, and was much interested in watching some pine Grosbeaks, as well as some white-winged Crossbills. Both of these birds evidently breed on the Islands.

June 18th.—I took a long ramble today, walking to the top of one of the highest hills on Grindstone Island, about 500 feet above sea level, from whence a splendid view of the group of Islands is obtained, the long range of sandy hillocks extending to Grosse Isle on the north, and enclosing what is known as the "Lagoon"—a shallow body of salt water with a narrow outlet at Grand Entry. To the south is Amherst Island, connected with Grindstone by another ridge of low sand hills, and far away in the south-east is the dim outline of the Cape Breton coast, said to be fifty miles away.

I observed several birds, but met with but few of their nests; the golden-winged Warbler, the black Snowbird, two pairs of golden-winged Woodpeckers, and a pair

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of rusty Blackbirds, which seemed to have young ones.

In walking from the hill to the sea coast, I saw a good many ducks and red-breasted mergansers, and came across a black duck with seven small ducklings hatched about a week. With the exception of four eggs of the piping plover, and a nest of the Savanna sparrow with young ones, I found nothing further.

June 19th.—In walking through the spruce woods towards the sea shore, I startled a black-poll warbler off its nest with five eggs. It was built in the boughs of a spruce tree, about two feet from the ground, and was quite a bulky and substantial structure for the size of the bird, composed externally of a few spruce twigs, some moss and coarse grass, and lined with rootlets and hair. I was also fortunate in finding a fox-sparrow's nest today with two eggs. These nests seem very hard to locate, although the bird is common. In some respects in their habits they resemble the familiar "Towhee" of this part of Ontario, and build their nests in similar places, though preferring the trees more frequently than the ground. During my stay I found four nests, three built in spruce trees and one on a decayed "stub." The towhee I have found nesting in Ontario, twice on the ground and once in a hemlock shrub. On my way home today I came across four white-winged crossbills, two of them young males in red plumage, which flew down to a pool of water to drink, after feeding on the spruce cones and buds. I also saw the golden-crowned Thrush and the golden-winged Warbler again. The following day in the afternoon, my friend and I drove to Grosse Isle, in what the Islanders call a "fly." The greater part of the journey, some twenty-five miles, was along the beach. Birds were scarce, an occasional herring Gull, a solitary sparrow, and a few piping plovers and spotted Sandpipers being about all

I saw. The drive was monotonous, for the most part by the edge of the vanes. At Point du Loup, about half way, is a cliff of red sandstone, elsewhere the sandhills fringe the shore.

We reached Grosse Isle, the northermost portion of the Magdalene Islands proper about seven o'clock. The evening was dull and chilly, but rain held off fortunately. There is a small settlement consisting of about ten houses, two lobster canning factories, and an English church. The latter is a frame building, close to the sea on the hill side, and exposed to the full force of the north-east and easterly winds. A graveyard is beside it, recording the fate of many who perished in the icy waters of the Gulf, and whose remains from time to time were washed up on the sandy beach. After service and baptizing of an infant, whose father had been drowned in the early spring, we passed the night in a house near by.

The next day turned out very cold and stormy, and rain fell, accompanied by a high wind from the eastward, from morning till night, so that I could scarcely leave the house.

However, on the following day, June 22nd, the Queen's Jubilee Day, which I regret to mention was scarcely observed on the Islands, I started in company with a man who is well versed in the birds, though his opportunities have been few, and drove along the shore of the Lagoon to the east point of the islands. I met with eggs of the horned Grebe, the Savanna sparrow, the piping plover, numbers of Terns, the Merganser, the Sora Rail just hatching out, and the "American Stiet" or least sandpiper. This latter was a rare find, and the Magdalene Islands are about the most southerly point of its breeding range. I imagine in years past it was numerous here, as also the Yellow-legs, but now there are only a few of these birds.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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### THE STORY OF A LOST STRAD.

By THE MCAMATI.

(CONCLUDED.)

"What have we here! Aha! Aha! a lovely model, a magnificent piece of finish. I know the work perfectly well, our best living English maker. Stupid fellow will insert these forged labels instead of his own plain English ticket. What magnificent corners, quite the Stradivari delicacy of point, the bee sting like fineness in the purfling. AND the varnish! There's only one thing puzzles me—he has not rubbed THAT down as he generally does. Imitation wear you know." I produced the unfortunate invoice. I call it unfortunate advisedly for he took it thus. "No, no, my dear young gentleman, don't tell me he has got so low as that—forging invoices, the better to palm off his wares! It is truly sad, for the man is a genius and should walk alone. I had, only yesterday, a fine example of what he can do, but I sold it for ten guineas. It would have been interesting to make a comparison. I thank you very much for bringing it to me! Good day!"

I need not tell how my old friend and I laughed over my adventures, or how severe he was on the subject of quackery.

"The awfulest thing is to think that some of them know, and speak directly opposite to their knowledge—and for the sake of catching a bargain lie through thick and thin. Now I'll show you what I have hardly ever shown anyone before. Here is a fine Vuillaume, one of the finest he ever made, a model of a Stradivarius of the same great period as your own. Take this magnifying glass and examine the purfling, follow it quite round to the corners, now your own, slowly a little bit at a time! Can there be any doubt as to the quality of the work. The fineness and delicacy of the one, the comparative coarseness of the other. The Italian ever in the front rank, the Frenchman at his finest, not to be named

in the same day. There is no other maker will stand the same test, and it is in this wonderful perfection of pure joinery Stradivarius excels all others!"

The old man asked me to leave the violin with him as it wanted attention to bridge and sound post, that would improve the tone. The clever touches he gave it had the desired effect.

For years this splendid work was my constant companion, soother of my troubles, and friend in solitude; there was a certain sympathy between us, and from it I learnt many secrets which conduced to philosophy and patience. All who have lived with, and loved a fiddle will catch my full meaning, and also be ready to sympathize with me in what follows. Secure in the possession of this priceless gem, I cared not what casual friends thought about it, and as time went on I regarded it as a very precious member of my family, and had a fire occurred in my house at any time I believe, and my wife believes, I would have seen, first of all, to the safety of my Strad. The members of my family, being endued with limbs, were all of them perfectly capable of taking care of themselves, by running downstairs or jumping out of the window: this is a point, which, when taxed with a want of feeling in this respect, I have always insisted on. But a day at last came when Nemesis overtook me, and in a manner which wrung tears from those who might naturally be expected to exult in my, to them, well-merited punishment. It was on a very beautiful Saturday in April, and my wife and I had availed ourselves of the fine spring weather to walk as far as St. James' Hall (we live at Hammersmith), to enjoy the usual afternoon Popular concert. The programme was unusually delightful; Neruda was in exquisite form, and was good enough to give us certain pieces, hackneyed perhaps to the more fastidious members of her audience, but charming to us

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from their very familiarity. In fact, my wife and I occasionally attempted portions of them when we were quite alone, the well-known slow movement of the Kreutzer Sonata being one. I also derived much pleasure in comparing the tones of her splendid instrument with that of my own.

As we left the hall we decided in devoting the evening in trying over some of the items of the programme. It was raining as we came into the street, and we had to rattle home in a four-wheeler. As I was taking off my great coat, the housemaid, who had opened the door to us, came running back to the top of the stairs exclaiming.

"Oh, sir, a gentleman called soon after you was gone, and said, as you said, as how I was to give him your wirelin; he said as he was to take it away to town it, and as I knows it always takes a lot of toon-ing, I let him 'ave it."

The horror painting itself on my face as she told me this, was such as to alarm the girl, and caused her to retreat from me, or I verily believe I would have strangled her there and then.

"A gentleman!" I gasped, "What sort of a gentleman? Speak, girl! speak!" and I am afraid I yelled.

"A old gentleman in a soft 'at and a long beard, as said he would take a great care of it and bring it back very soon."

"Which way did he go, oh! which way did he go?" and I trembled in every limb.

"I think he went the way to the hunderground!"

"The nderground! Then my fiddle has gone forever! Oh, girl, what have you done? What have you done? Go away to your kitchen and never let me see your face again!" I must have said this with terrible pathos, for the housemaid left me shedding copious tears. The blow was indeed severe, and my wife and I, after eating a hasty dinner set out at once to Scotland Yard. As we told our tale to the Inspector-in-charge he

smiled a hopeless but sympathetic smile, and said he only trusted he might catch the thief, for whom the authorities had long been on the look-out. He did not confine his attention to fiddles, but had an omnivorous taste for all kinds of valuables. The theft of the fiddle gave the officer some hope of his possible capture, as an instrument of so remarkable a kind would be difficult to dispose of; but in spite of everything, pounds spent in advertising, and tireless efforts of the police, who, I believe, ransacked every pawnbroker's shop and every secondhand dealer's in London, nothing could be seen or heard of the stolen treasure. I gradually gave up all search, and all hope, and consoled myself as well as I could by playing upon a sweet old, nameless violin which a kind friend offered to me in the early days of my bereavement. About five years after my great loss I was taking a walk through Kent with my nephew, and, being weary and needing refreshment, we availed ourselves of the hospitality of a little wayside inn in the neighbourhood of the Barham Down. It was the cricket week at Canterbury, and there were many tramps on the road making their way to the city to earn a crust or two by the different diversions of which they were masters. As we were enjoying a very nice round of cold boiled beef—and pickles, and a tankard of "honest ale," as dear old Isaak would say, we heard the tuning and preluding of a harp and violin outside the casement, resulting in the performance of a then popular waltz. At first I took little notice of the infliction, but presently my attention was arrested by the tone of the violin; surely, thought I, I know that voice! The longer the fellow played, the more did the impression grow upon me. After scratching through two or three tunes the violinist, who turned out to be a woman, came to the window to make a collection. My excited curiosity led me to put some

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coppers into her shell, and to ask her to let me see her violin. She handed it up to me, and I nearly let it fall in my amazement; its form was as familiar to me as the back of my own hand. It was dirty and scratched, the varnish was rubbed from the back, and every sign of hard work, and rough usage was there; but that I again held in my hand my long-lost Strad was indisputable. I called the woman into the room and asked her from whence she had got her fiddle. She frankly told me she had bought it in a store in a street leading out of "The Dials," and that she gave ten shillings for it, and a shilling for the bow (my fluted Dodd!). She had no case with it, as she always kept it warm under her shawl. Would she sell it? How could she, as she hadn't another? If I bought her another, and gave her five pounds? Well, if I was lunatic enough for that, she wasn't fool enough to say "no." So the bargain was concluded, and I returned to Canterbury in a carrier's cart which was passing at the time, taking the fiddle and the poor itinerants with me. It is needless to say I set the poor woman up with the best fiddle and bow for her purpose I could find, and reinstated my own in a good strong case. My story has, I am afraid, run to an inordinate length, but has come to an end at last. The Strad sits smiling at me as I write. The joy I experienced in cleaning it and giving it a fresh fit-out cannot be put into words. My old friend rejoiced with me in the recovery, and fitted in fresh pegs and bridge with great gusto, assuring me that now I could sell it for almost any money, as it had received just enough rough treatment and hard wear to impart to it the picturesqueness dear to the heart and eye of the connoisseur.

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### LETTER FROM DR. GOULD.

The readers of the REVIEW, to whom Dr. Gould's face and presence were pleasantly familiar during his medical studies, part of which were carried on and supplemented at Rockwood Hospital, will be interested in the following letter received from him since his arrival in Palestine, which is to be the scene of his future labours as medical missionary, and the first sent out from Canada under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society.

"At last I am able to superscribe my letters Jerusalem, and therefore able also to fulfill my ancient promise of a letter from the Holy Land.

You will doubtless have seen an account of my wanderings up to the time of my sojourn in Constantinople in the GLEANER, so I need not burden you with a repetition. I was in that city for nine days, and of course, saw much that was both novel and interesting. The voyage from Constantinople was of especial interest from the fact that we visited many of the famed islands of the Egean Sea, together with all the coasts of Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine.

Early on Sunday morning we issued from the iron-defended jaws of the Dardanelles, and all that day over lovely calm sunlit seas, pursued the same course as that followed by the Apostle Paul when returning from his third missionary journey. (Acts xx., 5-6 and 13-16, also xxi. 1-3.) We skirted first the shores of the historic Troad, the scenes of the valorous deeds of the Homeric heroes, then, sailing close in shore past the precipitous basis of snowy Mount Ida, we passed through the channel between the island of Mitylene and the main land to enter the Gulf of Smyrna,

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where we remained for a day. Anything so grand as the play of light and shadow upon the mountain on that Sunday evening, I scarcely ever expect to witness again. The next day at even we dashed out of the gulf, and resumed the apostolic course.

On the following morning we passed Patmos, Khios, with many other islands, and anchored about four o'clock in the afternoon in the fine old fortified harbour of Rhodes, where the brave Knights of St. John so long upheld the cross against the crescent, and bade a sturdy defiance to the hosts of Mohammed.

From Rhodes the course was laid direct to Messina, the scene of the recent friction between Austria and Turkey, and the modern port of the ancient city of Tarsus, the birthplace of St. Paul. The view of the snowy stupendous ranges of the Taurus mountains in the background, and seen as I saw them, glorified in the glistening radiance of the rising sun, entirely surpasses my limited powers of description.

We then called successively at Alexandretta, Laratici, Tripoli, Beyrout; on Christmas day, Haifa under Mount Carmel, arriving at last in Jaffa after about ten weeks of wandering and changing scenes. Such an earth-encircling pilgrimage really seemed sometimes like a miniature forty years travel toward the Promised Land.

This historic port of Jerusalem is famous for its rough and hazardous landing; on the very day after I arrived a boat was driven on the rocks, and three of the occupants were drowned.

It is impossible for me to attempt any description of the numerous incidents of the voyage. The fore deck of an eastern vessel is a complete study in itself. The natives merely pay for an open deck passage, and then arrive burdened with beds, pots, pans, water bottles and all the other eastern paraphernalia. They are of course chiefly

Mohammedaus, and very conscientious in the discharge of their religious duties. It was quite a common thing to be able to count fifteen or sixteen brawny sons of the desert, bristling with pistols and daggers, drawn up like a squad of soldiers, and devoutly following their leader in baring their feet, repeating prayers, turning to Mecca, and prostrating themselves upon the deck. When the vessel stops at any port, a most amusing scene occurs. There are no harbours as a rule, and the vessel anchors in an open roadstead. The natives come off by scores in open boats, racing and yelling, they fairly carry the vessel by storm, bringing for sale all the varied products of the East, turkeys, hares, oranges, lemons, figs, canaries and other singing birds, eggs and chickens, with other articles too numerous to mention, and all vociferously pressed upon the passengers.

I had hoped to spend my Christmas in Jerusalem, but instead of that we passed most of the day at anchor in the artificial harbour at Beyrout. I landed in the afternoon, and visited the very fine American College which has accomplished such a splendid work, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Bliss. It was the first Christmas I had ever spent where I was able to see oranges ripening on the trees, and plants I had always considered as rare exotics blossoming in the open air.

There is a wonderful fascination about this land, in spite of its bare and rocky character in all the upland regions. One ride which I took was especially interesting. We went some little distance up the Nabius or Samaria road, over parts of the old Roman pavement, then turning to the right we passed along the top of Mt. Scopus to Olivet and the Bethany road, returning by Gethseman and Calvary, one place of starting not far from the Damascus gate. The view from mount Scopus is especially beautiful. It was from this point that

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Titus is said to have viewed the city, and wept over the thought that owing to the fanatical bravery of the Jews the city could not be taken without complete destruction.

On one side we look down into the deep cleft of the Jordan valley, with a distant view of the waters of the Dead Sea, and the mouth of the Jordan, beyond which rise the blue mountains of Moab; on the other side the valley of the Kedion with all its numerous points of interest; then the walls with the golden and St. Stephen's gates, then the temple area with its mosques, and rising in the background the hill of Zion and the tower of David.

I have been appointed by the local Conference to the important medical work at Nablus, to relieve Dr. Gusham Wright, who is being invalided home to England. Nablus is the ancient Sechem to which Joseph was sent by Jacob to visit his brethren. It is situated in the valley between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim, the scene of the blessing and cursing. It is also close to the site of the later city of Samaria, and near by are Jacob's Well and Joseph's Tomb still in existence.

On Tuesday next I start off with our local Secretary for a tour of the northern Stations, going first to Nablus, then on to Nazareth and the region around Acca and Mt. Carmel. We expect to be absent from two to three weeks, and of course make the journey on horseback. I then expect to return to Jerusalem for a few days before going to relieve Dr. Wright, and settle down for the present at Nablus.

The other day I rode out to Naby-Samoil, the ancient Mizpeh of Benjamin, the highest point in the region around Jerusalem. It was well named the Watch tower, for from it the Jordan valley and the Mediterranean Sea are both visible."

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### THE BONSPIEL.

The Curling Bonspiel of the Canada Central Association is a thing of the past, and the Tarkard stays at Rockwood for a year, not because our players proved much superior to those of other Clubs, but because Old Probs. insisted on leaving a January thaw in February, a most unkind act on the part of the Clerk of the Weather. Rideaus of Ottawa, Pembroke, Perth, Carleton Place, Kingston and Rockwood provided teams for the Bonspiel, and the first match opened on Tuesday afternoon between the two local clubs, Rideau and Carleton Place, refusing to commence owing to the sticky ice. At the end of the eleventh Rockwood had secured a comfortable lead on each rink, and at the request of the Kingston players, agreed to finish the match later on. In the evening the Clubs were invited to meet the youth and beauty of Kingston in the Amusement Hall, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Some four hundred visitors were present, and an elaborate programme was gone through. The Patients Band opened the performance, and were followed by the Orchestra. Songs by W. and J. Shea were encored, a Highland Fling by Mr. Woods pleased the Scottish contingent, Club Swinging by Mr. A. R. Shannon was a popular hit, and instrumental Solos by Bandmaster Madill and Dr. Clarke were loudly applauded. The wind up was the time honored and ever attractive Farce "Ici on Parle Francais," with the following cast of characters:—

Major Regulus Ruttan, Mr. S. Stephenson; Victor Dubois, Mr. W. Cochrane; Mr. Spriggins, Mr. T. McCammon; Mrs. Spriggins, Mrs. M. Woodrowe; Angelina, their daughter, Miss Ethel Porter; Julia, wife of Major Ruttan, Miss Belle Convery; Anna Maria, Miss Jennie Porter.



## The Rockwood Review.

The Dramatic Club never did better work, and we felt proud indeed of our local talent. Mr. McCammon as Spriggins was of course the life of the play, but he was admirably backed up by Miss J. Porter and Mr. Cochrane, who made decided hits. Miss Convery, Miss Ethel Porter and Mrs. Woodrowe were capital in their respective parts, while Mr. Stephenson, of the Cape Coast Slashers, was simply immense.

On Wednesday the weather was as mild as the middle of May, and the Curlers did the different institutions until night, when the event of the season, viz. the Annual Banquet, came off in the Amusement Hall. Rockwood has had many successful functions, but the Banquet has left everything else in the shade. Every one in the house felt that the reputation of the place was at stake, and very few outside of the "family circle" realize how unselfishly one and all, officers, employees and patients, gave their assistance. The tables were artistically decorated in Rockwood colors (cardinal and white), and illuminated by numberless candles prettily shaded. The Tankard was a prominent decoration, and three cleverly designed rinks (mirrors) of Brownies with curling stones, attracted universal attention. The menu was elaborate, and the dinner as perfectly served as possible. The scene was one to be remembered. Among the prominent guests were Prof. Watson of Queens, the Rev. Dr. Milligan of Toronto, Dr. R. T. Walkem, Mayor Livingston, Mr. J. B. Walkem, Capt. Donnelly, Mr. A. Strachan, Mr. W. B. Dalton, Mr. Felix Shaw, Capt. Leslie, and the curlers from the north. Dr. Clarke proposed the health of the visiting Clubs, and while regretting the fact that this was a Bonspiel without curling, said that the time would not be lost by the curlers, for they were being sent back to their homes labelled "insane on curling, but too harmless for

detention in a Hospital." Prof. Watson was in a distinctly humorous frame of mind, and proved to the satisfaction of everybody that he was indeed the oldest curler in the room, having curled for 290 years. Dr. Milligan in a witty speech paid high tribute to the manliness of curlers in general, and explained that the soft weather was caused by the warm debates on the Alumni Association going on at Queens. Mr. Jenkins of Rideau was very happy in his remarks, Mr. Patterson of Carleton Place eloquent, Mr. Grant of Perth reminiscent and witty, Mr. Forgie of Pembroke decidedly complimentary. Mr. Allan McLean proposed the health of "Our Guests," and among others Dr. R. T. Walkem, Mayor Livingston and Capt. Donnelly replied. Dr. Walkem with a warmth of feeling that we know he possesses, paid tribute to Rockwood as an institution, and said many things which showed his kindness of heart. Capt. Donnelly followed in the same strain. Mr. Cochrane cleverly introduced the toast of the Ladies, and said many nice things of those who had aided in getting up the banquet. He was applauded to the echo. Mr. Walker, a bashful young editor from Perth, replied, and Mr. Van Tassel and Mr. Jas. Farrell modestly backed him up. Mr. Dennison proposed the health of the Press, in a neat speech, Messrs. Shannon of the NEWS, Hunter of the TIMES and Newman of the WHIG replying. Dr. Walker moved a vote of thanks to the Rockwood Staff, to which Dr. Clarke, Dr. Forster and Mr. McLean replied.

During the evening songs were sung by Messrs. Shea, fils et pere, Mr. J. B. Walkem, Capt. Donnelly and Mr. Berry, and the Cock of the North was recited by Mr. Patterson of Carleton Place, in a soul inspiring manner.

At midnight the Banquet was over, and Auld Lang Syne sung in the heartiest manner possible, even if nothing stronger than coffee was

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supplied to the guests.

It would be difficult to find a sturdier lot of men physically and mentally, than the curlers from the north. They are a credit to Ontario.

The mild weather did not prevent several lively games with Granites going on, and the Infants Home is the gainer thereby.

Mr. Cochrane was several entertaining committees in himself, and showed a wonderful capacity in this particular line. He could, we believe, be elected Mayor of Curlersville by acclamation.

Mr. Cochrane gave the Napanee curlers several pointers in the way of making a game lively, and his melodious voice made the rafters ring with such refrains as—"All the way, all the way, she's one of the eight!" It had its effect, and late in the evening after the match, a farmer from Lennox was seen staggering along the street, and murmuring to himself a la Cochrane, "All the way boys, all the way, she's one of the eight."

The generous action of the North clubs in leaving the Tan'ard at Rockwood is appreciated.

Here's to the ladies who made the Banquet the success that it was—the men got the credit, but they are not without a full knowledge of where it really belongs.

One of the jokes on the menu card did not hit the mark as cleverly as intended. Under the heading "game" was the following:

"Frisky deer and fluttering quail are absent for one good reason."

"And CURLING is the only game we dare to call in season."

The representative of the Rockwood REVIEW was very much afraid that he would be called on to reply to the Press, and it is said had copious notes on his cuffs.

Nearly all of the skips carried away some of the miniature curling stones from the Brownie rinks, as souvenirs of the banquet, and others captured the dainty brooms.

Dr. Watson is convinced that Rockwood shows evidence of degeneracy when using granite instead of iron for curling. He says man first passed through the wooden age, then the rough stone age, the polished stone, and finally the iron age was reached. Going back to stone is distinct evidence of reversion.

Rink Manager Fenwick's ice was a revelation to the hardy curlers of the north. It certainly looked perfection, and deserved all the compliments received. "Billy" spent many an hour in getting it just right, and one rink marbled and figured with geometrical designs, was unique. Every Oddfellow in the association wished to play there.

Dr. Milligan, Dr. Watson and Dr. Clarke were all right when they paid such high tribute to curling as a game, and curlers as men. Men who play this game in a proper spirit are apt to be better citizens in every sense, and are likely to have more patience with humanity at large, than the splenetic weaklings who follow the game of listening to malicious falsehoods, and repeating them as gospel. The world in the end judges men by their works, not by the loud mouthed protestations of the over virtuous. There used to be a proverb about a mote and a beam. It is still good reading.

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### MARCH.

Dun clouds race over the windy sky,  
And the woods are black, and the fields are bare,  
Far to the northward, weird and high  
Ghost-like the clang of the wild geese cry,—  
BUT THE LION LIES CLOSE IN HIS LAIR.

The griding ice-floes dip and strain ;  
We hear the sound on the wintry air,  
And the fingers of rain on the window pane  
Bert and pause—and begin again,  
BUT THE LION LIES STILL IN HIS LAIR.

Down from the hills with invisible feet  
Rush the freed brooks over brae-side and glen,  
Out of snow caverns tumultuously fleet,  
Down through the valleys melodious and sweet,—  
AND THE LION SLEEPS ON IN HIS DEN.

In sudden strange silence the fierce winds drown,  
The sunset dies in a crimson flare,  
Quenched in the cloud-wracks gathering frown,  
As a fiery ship in the sea goes down,—  
AND THE LION STIRS IN HIS LAIR.

And the waking comes! Over forest and moor,  
A whisper—a presage of fear and doubt,—  
And the strong winds break with a thunderous roar  
Into blackness and ruin and wrath on the shore,—  
AND THE WILD MARCH LION IS OUT!

K. S. McL.

## The Rockwood Review.

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