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The habits of the Golden Plover
are being investigated in Ontario
just now, and we have been asked
to get the dates of their arrival in
Kingston. Who can give the in-
formation? We have also been
asked to find out if the Bohemian
Chatterers (very much like the Wax
Wing or Cedar Bird), have been
seen in Kingston this winter. If so
they would in all probability be
found in the red cedars and juni-
pers beyond Barrifield.

Several dogs from the Rockwood
Kennels have departed for foreign
climes, and their place has been
taken by a very fine specimen of
the St. Bernard family, from Mount
Royal Kennels. The cruel hearted
say that the departure of the can-
ines was precipitated by the proba-
ble appearance of the assessors.

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ETC., ETC.

McRAE BROS.

The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 2.

KINGSTON, APRIL 1ST, 1895.

No. 2.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Queen's was beaten in Montreal for the Hockey Championship of Canada, and there is sorrow in the heart of Kingstonsians, and yet Queen's has learned to take defeat with good grace. When victory does perch on her banner, she can say a kind word for her opponent. It is to be regretted that Montreal cannot do the same, and if the newspaper reports sent to Toronto and other papers, are a sample of the Eastern spirit of sport, the less we have to do with these people the better. Queen's can play hockey—at least a variety of the game that was good enough to handily defeat the very strong Montreal contingent sent here to represent McGill, and the defeat received when playing for the Stanley Cup, was not a severe one, particularly when it is remembered that our boys were playing under new rules, and on a rink of different shape from that to which they are accustomed. Handicapped as they were, they made an excellent showing, and yet they are spoken of in a most contemptuous manner. This spirit spoils true sport, and makes bitterness where generosity should be looked for.

A new Rule has been made at Rockwood, and the old building still stands on its foundation. In the good old days the massive portals were closed at 9.30 p. m., and the unfortunate lovers who had to jingle the bell at 9.31 p. m., frequently complained that the jingling process had to be continued persistently for twenty minutes to

half an hour. Cerberus stated positively that those who jingled loudly enough jingled not in vain. At all events the jingle jangle has been ended, on condition that all lovers finish their billing and cooing outside before ten p. m. If they do not, it is said the old rule will be returned to.

The Senior Curling contest is over at last, and Mr. Wm. Potter goes about with the scalps of the many at his girdle, and the Medal on his watch chain. The victory of the Hamilton man is a popular one, and as it was won by steady and scientific play, there are no sore heads.

The first Robin of the season put in an appearance on March 4th, as can be proved by several witnesses whose statements are beyond question. As a general rule it is best to take the first robin "cum grano salis," to be put if necessary on his tail, in order to secure the robin in person, as this is the only way to satisfy a certain class of sceptics who doubt almost everything. It might be a good thing too for the robin, as the early bird is apt to find a March cold snap on deck, rather than the proverbial worm, which never has its early rising virtues rewarded except by being caught.

Dr. Robinson, of Toronto Hospital for Insane, took charge of a transfer of fifty patients to Rockwood, on March 6th, and received more than a warm welcome from his many friends.

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

During March a little Screech Owl (*Megascops Asio*), took up its abode in the Rockwood Rink, and has now joined the happy family of pigeons, dogs and white mice presided over by Columbine. This Owl is an extremely dignified young gentleman, who takes life seriously, at the same time enjoys a certain amount of petting, will sit on your finger, and allow his head to be smoothed. It is possible, though, that the owl and white mice may fraternize in the same way as the lion and the lamb, and lie down together. When they awake, as in the other case, the mice will be inside of *Megascops*.

The Screech Owl is one of the most useful of our birds, and should be particularly encouraged by farmers, as it destroys multitudes of mice and insects. The old idea that hawks and owls should be destroyed whenever possible is rapidly disappearing, and science has long ago proved that we have few useless birds.

The Portsmouth Assessors are now making their annual friendly call on the taxpayers of the community. Their warm welcome must prove a great source of gratification to them. They have arrived at some strange facts. It seems that there is but one dog owned in the Village, and the owner of this unfortunate cur has not yet been located, so the tax cannot be collected, although the dog might be if he were not so large. At the same time, by actual count it has been proved that, Portsmouth furnishes shelter for eleven hundred and sixty-three dogs, all of which it is claimed are the property of the Ontario Government.

The Rinkman's Benefit Carnival, on Monday, the 11th March, was a great success, and Mr. Fenwick reaped a rich harvest.

The Assessors are at a loss to know what to do in the matter, and probably the Patrons of Industry will add a new plank to their platform, in which a remedy for the evil will be suggested.

The ice-boating on the harbor has been very fine for some time, and the boys have taken advantage of the opportunity to indulge in this magnificent sport.

Messrs. Davidson and McCammon are taking an active interest in yachting affairs, and it is said are spending their spare hours in designing and building a small clipper of new type. Mr. Davidson is devoting particular attention to the management of the centre-board, while Mr. McCammon is providing the non-capsizable effects. Mr. Wm. Shea will handle the tiller, from a safe position at the mast-head. The boat will have a preliminary spin with the *Defiance* as soon as the ice is out, the *Minstrel* and *Viola* being considered too small game to fly for.

On March 10th, Mrs. C. K. Clarke gave a delightful *At Home*, in Rockwood House, to sixty inmates of Rockwood Hospital. Mrs. D. H. Marshall, Mrs. Derby, of Kingston, and several of the officials of the Institution, helped to entertain the visitors, who spent a happy afternoon.

On Tuesday, the 19th, a very successful Concert was given in the Amusement Hall. A lengthy programme, including a new series of Living Pictures, was provided, and it goes without saying, it was a success. The feature of the evening was the presentation of the Curling Medals to Messrs. Potter and Shea. The presentations were made by Mr. Jas. Dennison, with dramatic effect.

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

The gray pussy-willow is purring
by the pond,
And the cow-slip is moo-ing in the
lane,

The cat-nip screeches by the back
fence beyond,
Where the horse-chestnut shakes his
shaggy mane.

The dog-wood barks in the edges
of the wood,
And the goose-berry waddles on
the grass,

The crane's-bill would warble and
fly if she could,
And the lady's-slipper murmurs
Alas!

The angry bull-finch paws up the
ground,
And the crow-foot caws in the glen,
Where the sheep-sorrel nibbles in
flocks all around,
And the fox-glove hies to his den.

Such a stir, such a rush, such a
hustle, such a rout,
All the birds, and beasts, and ani-
mals at play;
Now would you believe such a bed-
lam came about,
Just because, heigh-ho, its April
first to-day!

A LADY ORCHESTRA.

It was about five or six years ago that this female orchestra was organized at Brockville, Ont. Each member had selected an instrument best suited to her taste, and was given two weeks in which to become familiar with its eccentricities. On an eventful Tuesday evening, they met at the house of the leader for a first rehearsal. The second violin and double bass were the first to arrive. The young lady who was to saw on the big fiddle had been obliged to charter an express wagon to transport it to the scene of action, and was accompani-

ed by her younger brother, who was to hold the thing while she played upon it. It is to this young man that I became indebted for a description of the rehearsal.

This young lady said that the fiddle was so heavy that it made her back ache to hold it up; nevertheless she was delighted with the progress she had made, and could produce the most beautiful sounds imaginable, and was certain that in something that contained dying groans, she would be sure of an encore.

When the first violinist arrived, she announced that she could already play upon one string without hitting any of the others, and observed parenthetically, that the first day she practised, their old cat had climbed up into an apple tree, and had refused to come down up to that time. The young lady who was to struggle with the cornet, next arrived, and after putting her instrument together succeeded in bringing forth a faint croak that rather resembled the last gasp of a dying frog; upon which she was congratulated by all present.

The flutist had evidently been crying, and said that she had nearly blown her brains out, but as yet produced no sound whatever from the instrument, and would therefore have to trust, to a certain extent, to luck.

The tromboness, on arriving said, that although blowing her horn made her eyes very red and blood-shot, she had at times succeeded in producing a most glorious burst of sound, so glorious, in fact, that the police had forced an entrance into the house, under the impression that somebody was being murdered. The other performers having arrived, the rehearsal commenced. The leader produced a curling stick, to be used as a baton, and rapped for the attention of the orchestra.

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

A trifling delay was caused by the violinist entangling her bow in the cornetist's back hair, and the tromboness in pushing out the slide of her instrument gave the flutist a poke under the left eye, which later in the evening presented a very swollen and discoloured appearance. These little incidents having been smoothed over, the leader rapped for the first bar of "In the Gloaming," when the first violinist exclaimed:

"Goodness gracious, girls! I forgot all about tuning up!" And as the entire orchestra had omitted the same act of preparation, considerable time elapsed before all were once more ready. A second time the leader rapped, "one, two, th—" when she was interrupted by a strange sound, not unlike that of a diminutive pig under a distant gate. The sound had been produced by the double bass.

"Oh, you horrid thing!" the leader expostulated, "you must not commence before the others, it isn't fair." "I wasn't beginning," she explained, "I was only trying to see if I was on the right string, they all look so much alike you know." Once more the baton fell and the leader exclaimed, "Are you ready? Commence now, one, two, th-re-e—**** !! !! **** ††† ††† ** !!!!! !!!!! ††† Great Scott!" Every player stopped and gazed at every other player in sheer astonishment, and proceeded to explain how it was that everybody else had made such a horrid noise, that individually they couldn't tell whether they were playing right or wrong, or for that matter if they were playing at all. At this stage the violinist complained that the others played so fast that she had no chance to see what note was to follow; another player said there were entirely too many notes in the thing anyhow, until hot words

arose, the leader became hysterical and wished the whole lot of them would go home. The rehearsal thereupon adjourned.

The Rockwood Review

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Birth and Marriage Notices, 10 cents.

Advertising Rates, moderate.

Editors,—Miss Goldie and Miss Margery Clarke.

Business Manager,—Chas. M. Clarke.

Communications should be addressed to the Box of Rockwood REVIEW, Rockwood House, Kingston.

Lady of the House (to famous singer): "Are you going to sing, signor?" Signor Seminolini; "I'm going to zinga ze song, Walza of ze Flowers, madame." Lady of the House: "Well, will you kindly sing it a little fast, as we have just organized a dance in the next room.

Grace: "What air was that you were playing last night?" Laura: "A millionaire, and I landed him."

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

(FROM THE MAIL AND EMPIRE.)

March, 1895.

Dr. C. K. Clarke, of Rockwood Hospital, Kingston, is one of the most enthusiastic lovers of the violin in the Dominion. He has a very fine collection of rare old violins, the most distinguished and valuable of which are a Domenico Montagnana and a Thomas Balestrieri, both instruments being fine specimens. Montagnana, of Cremona, afterwards of Venice, was a pupil of the illustrious Stradivarius, and by many judges his work, although original in style, is given a rank almost equal to that of his great master. The late Charles Reade, the novelist, an enthusiastic connoisseur, of violins, named Montagnana "the mighty Venetian." Balestrieri was also a pupil of Stradivarius, and his violins are distinguished for a tone of round and telling quality.

Preparations are being made in England for the celebration of Beethoven's 125th birthday anniversary, which falls in December.

THAT DINNER-HORN.

AIR:—"VIOLA, BASS, AND GEIGEN."

There's many a pleasant sound we hear

Ring over Joseph's waters clear,
And charm us with its tone;
But the sweetest note of all;
Welcomest to great and small;
Is the far resounding—tootle, tootle,
tootle,

Of that ringing Yoho bugle;

The tootle, tootle, tootle,

Of that cheerful dinner-horn:
Calling to refresh the Inner Man.

In former days the camper out
Was called to grub by roaring shout,

Or banging on an old tin pan.
Tonier methods came with years;
Now, at eating time he hears
The ne'er-to-be-forgotten—tootle,
etc.

The hum of bees amid the flowers,
The song of birds in leafy bowers,
And splash of waves are sweet;
But we gladly leave them all,
Hastening to the dining hall;
When we hear the longed for—
tootle, etc.

The robin's note, the squirrel's jeer,
The sea-gull's cry when night is
near,
Have each their special charm:
But one sound the camper hears
Drives all others from his ears;
'Tis the appetite-inspiring—tootle,
etc.

The songs around the camp-fire's
blaze
Recall the joys of earlier days,
Spent 'mid these pleasant scenes;
But roasts, and stews, and big plum
pies,
Not fancies, but realities,
Now wait us when we hear the—
tootle, etc.

The Trip on Wheels Across the Southern States has proved of great interest to the many readers of the REVIEW, and we shall all feel sorry when the story is ended. However, the travellers are rapidly approaching the Northern States, and we must soon say good-bye to them. When the Story is finished, it is the intention of the REVIEW to publish the "Trip" in book form. It will be neatly printed, on good paper, and the edition limited to fifty copies. The price will be 25 cents for each copy, and intending subscribers would do well to send in their orders early, as a large part of the edition has already been spoken for.

A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE SOUTHERN STATES.—CONTINUED.

man had misled us. After many enquiries, and being told always it was a mile ahead, after what seemed to us ten miles, and seeing no chance of any camping place, we tried if we could get shelter for the night, as it still rained heavily. After many failures, at seven, p. m., a man at the roadside condescended to let us drive into his yard, and have the horses stabled, poor creatures, they have had a hard day the very worst of our journey. Wednesday is always an unlucky day for us, it was the day we first attempted to start.

Thursday, June 12.—The Virginian by way of showing the vaunted hospitality of the South, offered us a room to sleep in. We thankfully accepted, and the girls and I found it to be his kitchen floor, and dirty at that. J. and the boys slept in the wagon. We spread our rugs and wraps on the floor. The children slept, but I could not, my head and bones ached, and the floor seemed so hard. However, we were glad to be out of the rain, and I hoped J. and the boys would get a rest. We arose early, and left at seven, the ground and everything wet and horrid. About a mile further on, we came to a bit of woodland, and managed to find some dry bits of wood, and cooked our breakfast, which we all needed, and the sun shining out made things more pleasant. Our "hospitable Virginian" wanted to charge for the accommodation, and J. gave twenty-five cents. I should like to have kicked him instead. Twelve, m., we are resting on the roadside, while Edwin is trying to gain permission to drive into a field for shade, to rest the horses. They are quite done. We have come through a sea of mud all morning, and are taking along more of the soil of Ole Virginny than we care for. The Valley is lovely and prosperous looking. We see numerous fine brick and wood mansions, with well, gardens and fine hedges. We have picked quantities of fine wild strawberries on the roadside, the fields seem to be full of them. We passed through "Old Glade Spring," a small hamlet, with a post office and store combined, and "Marion," our next town. About a half an hour after we had started again, the clouds began to gather, and we had hardly found a Camp ground, a place where the road widened out, and there was an enormous oak. We drove under this, and had just got the tent up when the rain began, with thunder and a very high wind. We were well sheltered and comfortable. It cleared about seven, p. m., and we managed to boil the kettle, and have tea, poor Edwin had to go fully half a mile for water. Water is very scarce all through this valley, no springs or brooks any where near the roads, which are well fenced close up to the roadside.

Friday, June 14.—Cloudy and wet in the early morning, but at eight the sun came out brightly, and the mud is drying up. Scenery very pretty and rolling, reminding us of Leon County, Florida, a great deal, only more fertile and better cultivated, the roads dreadful, mud sticking like glue, it is impossible for us to walk. We crossed the "Holstein" again, the "South Branch," and on a bridge this time. The River is very much swollen, and the rain seems to have been more than ordinarily heavy, fences having been swept away by the mountain torrents. At Seven Mile Ford the whole country seems to have been swept, large trees and drift of all kinds lying around. A blacksmith said everything had been swept out of his shop but his anvil. There was a Store here, and I bought some provisions. The children and I were amused by the country people.

A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE STATES.

One young girl, who evidently thought herself a great swell, had on the first hat and feathers we have seen, red and green feathers, and blue ribbon on the hat, her hair tied with white sash ribbon, a yellowish dress, and large bustle, and very high heels. She certainly attracted a great deal of attention, and her airs and graces were too funny for anything. Her companions were two women in sunbonnets, and dresses of blue homespun. After crossing the "Holstein," we came upon the macadamized road, such a relief to the poor horses, after wading through mud for the last three days. We see high mountains every now and then. The road is wide and well fenced, too much so to suit us, for while driving till one, p. m., without finding a place to Camp, we were obliged to drive up close under the shelter of a blacksmith's shop, tie our horses and eat a dry lunch, as nothing liquid could be got, except from the clouds, the rain coming down heavily all the time. We hope it may clear, however, before camping to-night. "Marion" seems quite a nice place, evidently a summer resort, judging from the number of boarding houses we see. I counted no less than seven lawyers' offices on the one main street. People must have amusement of some kind. There is a fine large Lunatic Asylum, of red brick, just outside the town, on a very high hill. We had just left the town when it began to rain again, and kept it up all the afternoon. We drove miles over a lovely and picturesque road, even through the rain, before we could find a Camp ground. Nearly night we came to a lonely schoolhouse, and as it was still raining, we camped, and instead of pitching the tent, J. and the boys took possession after tea, which we just managed to get between showers. We just finished tea when the storm began, and we are so thankful for the shelter, the girls and J. stuck to the wagon.

Saturday, June 15.—Rained all night, and though cloudy and threatening, we are just starting, at eight, a. m., having had our breakfast comfortably, and hoping for a fine day. About eleven, we came to a lovely road, passed Green River, (which has a very oily look), and Cedar Run, one of the most beautiful of small rivers. It is bordered on each bank by northern cedars, the first we have met. There was also a curious old mill, of stone, with a very large wheel. We crossed the creek on a bridge above the mill, and saw several pretty houses. We came upon a pretty piece of woodland, and concluded to stop for lunch. The children went to a house for milk, and I proceeded to hang the wet garments to dry. J. had just fed the horses, and saw the rain coming, called to the children to come back, while I gathered the dry goods together. We all scampered for the wagon, when the rain came down like a flood. One has to know the South to be able to understand how it can rain. The rain continued for nearly three hours, and it was with the greatest difficulty we could keep dry. We had our lunch, and drove into "Weytheville." Raining still, but we could see that it was a fine, large, prosperous place, with some rather nice residences, and a very large negro population. For eight miles we drove through the rain, over a good road, the gutters at each side looking like brooks, and in many places the road was quite overflowed. At five, p. m., it began to clear, the country looked very pretty through the mist.

Sunday, June 16.—The sun shone out bright and warm, after a whole week's rain. We breakfasted, and at half-past ten, as the clouds were

THE CAT BIRD.

The spirit of romance was not abroad long, long ago, and in the good old days when existence meant a struggle with all sorts of hardships and privations, our forefathers had little time to care for anything beyond the practical. Thus it happened that the practical was applied to everything, and if John Smith lived in the most beautiful glen in the world, the hamlet that grew up about him, was considered from the Smith standpoint, and called Smithville,—in fact, Smith was a rarity, beautiful glens were everywhere and a drug on the market. This same practical spirit applied to everything, and birds and trees and flowers received a nomenclature, if not beautiful, decidedly to the point. If some of these names are crude and harsh, others have a quaint charm that makes them singularly dear to us. In the latter class cannot be included the common name given to the bright-eyed, merry little mimic, commonly called the Cat Bird. It is true that this thrush does imitate a mournful feline at times, but he has other characteristics far more prominent than this occasional pleasantry. For that matter the Mocking Bird is just as fond of mimicking the cat, and I have known each of these birds, when in captivity, deliberately lead an unsuspecting Thomas many a chase in search of a disconsolate Maria. In fact this game became so common that at last Thomas gave up his investigations in disgust, and possibly became an ardent believer in spiritualism. The Cat Bird is an inveterate mimic, and delights in mischief of all kinds, and in addition has such a contempt for everything else in the bird line, that he imagines himself lord of all he surveys. The world frequently accepts people at their own estimate—that is the unthinking world, and

the bird world is very similar. The Cat Bird is an artist as a vocalist, and with the Thrasher heads the list of Canadian songsters. To see the Cat Bird giving way to his characteristic ecstasy, and to hear him pouring forth torrents of liquid notes, full of exquisite melody, on a sunny morning in June, is a joy never to be forgotten. Cat Bird indeed! surely such a virtuoso is entitled to a sweeter name. If the frequent outbursts of melodious passion reveal the sentimental side of our little friend, we soon learn that he has another characteristic, and in his search for variety, accomplishes some grotesque feats. As a mimic the Cat Bird is unique, and when in the humor will attempt to reproduce the song of any bird he hears. I have known him sit near a canary cage, and deliberately endeavor to outdo innocent Dick at his own song. To me the Cat Bird is always a source of amusement, as he is such an audacious musical prodigy, and has an undoubted turn for fun. He is lavish with his melody, and at certain seasons sings nearly all day long, apparently liking notice. I have counted nine Cat Birds singing at one time, and in full view in Rockwood Grounds, and such a glorious concert I do not expect to hear repeated for many a day. The Cat Bird has a peculiar habit of getting a piece of newspaper worked into his nest, and in civilized districts at least, seems to insist on this furnishing. I have not pursued the subject from a political standpoint, but have no doubt the piece of newspaper invariably comes from a protectionist organ. Some winters ago, a Cat Bird captured during the summer, was given to me to care for. This black coated, bright-eyed, little gentleman proved an endless source of wonder, and could never be persuaded to behave as other birds do. He was an investi-

gator of the ardent type, and was never satisfied unless he knew the true inwardness of everything that came within reach of his beak. Every morning his bathing dish was a sight to behold, and caused him no end of delight and work. When fresh water was put in, he would have a thorough wash, and as soon as his feathers were dry, would commence operations for the day. Everything that was within reach, food, sand, &c, would be dumped into the dish, no matter how much labor the process entailed, and the result can easily be guessed. His desire to investigate everything amounted to a mania, and when a small mirror was placed in his cage, his behaviour was amusing, and quite different from that of a Mocking Bird in the next room. When the Mocking Bird saw a mirror, he immediately flew into a state of fury, and assaulted the reflected image with reckless courage, and uttered the most discordant shrieks of defiance.

The Cat Bird accepted the mirror as something to be investigated and thought over. At first, persistent efforts were made to get at the back of the glass. These essays resulted in failure, and Bob, as the bird was called, sat down within an inch or so of the glass, and seemed lost in thought, giving an occasional peck at the mirror by way of experiment. Two whole days were thus spent, and in the end the thing was to all appearances, voted a humbug, and not worth further worry. As soon as the warm days of early summer come, Bob was set at liberty, in the hope that he would be able to find a suitable mate, and like the characters in the fairy stories, "live happily ever afterward." He seemed delighted to be free, and soon made his way to a thicket, but before evening the children found him on the ground exhausted, and the

poor fellow was not only ready to come in, but full of joy when he saw his cage. The ways of civilization had unfitted him for the outside world.

Last summer one of the Cat Birds in the grounds indulged in a remarkable romance, to me inexplicable.

We had a Mocking Bird in a cage in the dining room window, and this fellow sang from daylight until dark, scarcely making the regulation pause of ten minutes for refreshments. In the early part of the season it was observed that a glossy Cat Bird was nearly always to be found perched on a shrub near the window, or hopping on the window sill, evidently trying to get at the mocker. When the weather was warmer, and the cage hung outside, the Cat Bird came to it regularly, and even fed the Mocking Bird. This remarkable attachment lasted all summer, and late in the fall, when Cat Birds were supposed to have gone South, I saw the disconsolate lover sitting on the bush outside of the window, and his appearance seemed to indicate that the world had not gone well with him.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

"Jamie, man, ye widna believe it," said a parental Fiddler one day to his son, to whom he was imparting the mysteries of the scales and the difficulties attendant upon their performance, "ye widua believe it. hoo terrible it grunts if ye only pit yer finger half-an-inch ower laigh or ower heigh upon the string."

April 1895

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

WARBLER MARTIN, Esq.

(CONTINUED.)

Before I entered its magic circle, little did I appreciate the cares of matrimony! It offered unbounded happiness, of course, but brought a lot of trouble. Early and late, Velvet Throat and I were at it, carrying short twigs, odd straws, bits of hay, pieces of paper and string, sundry fragments of yarn and shreds of flannel—anything, in short, which came billy, and was flexible and soft, and could be easily conveyed. And then the lining of our new house, in the corner of the roof opposite to that occupied by the old folks, although it brought us in contact with the quarters of low-lived hens, feathers being essential to the comfort of a young Martin family, was a labor of love, for it seemed an earnest of the good time coming, when sundry open bills would pathetically gape for good. The house was finished. Next morning Velvet Throat was missing, and as I darted through the air in pursuit of breakfast, I felt half anxious, half annoyed, and dashed recklessly in every direction, down by the river, away to the adjoining village, across to the parsonage on the opposite hill, over the stream where cedars lined the banks, and so along to yet another village, but nothing could I see of my truant wife. I sailed almost listlessly back towards home, when suddenly I espied her sitting on the edge of the nest, preening her shining coat, and apparently preparing for flight. I quickly alighted by her side, and told her how anxiously I had sought her. "Stupid," exclaimed she, blushing as she spoke. One look into the nest cleared up the mystery. There lay a glossy egg, purely white, and, without exception, the most beautiful I ever saw, or

hope again to see. We discussed this newly found treasure in low yet rapturous accents for a time, and then took a joyous, rollicking flight through the air, now with rapid stroke cleaving the buoyant atmosphere, now sailing with almost immovable wing to a distant point, now circling, dashing, darting in pursuit of insect life, and fairly revelling meanwhile in the morning sunny sweetness, and the look of bright freshness pervading everything. That morning was the beginning of a new life, and that June day will never be forgotten by me. Before the month expired, I was the joint proprietor of a nest, in which five young Martins, in firm and unmistakable fashion demanded food. And those demands were not to be ignored. The pert young new-comers were veritable chips of the old block. They meant what they said, and very loudly said what they meant. I've heard of William Tell, George Washington, Napoleon Bonaparte, the Duke of Wellington, Daniel O'Connell, Oliver Cromwell, Julius Cæsar, Brian Boru, and several other friends of freedom—about whom Miss Paulina read aloud to her brother, on that broad verandah, at our southern home,—and whose names will live for a long time in history, but each of these great commanders of men, if married and having children, would doubtless have done exactly what I did, and let the youngsters have their own way. At least that is what I had to do, and it is fair to presume that these other well known characters were neither better nor worse than myself. The result was all that could be desired, and I recommend all parents to follow my example. The little fellows grew and grew, and before August came could take respectable flights, and ere it ended, were ready for our annual migration to southern lands.

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It was with reluctance that we left our Canadian quarters, before frost came and mosquitoes were scarce. I had grown to like them, not only as the scene of my early married life, but because they overlooked as pretty a spot as the northern land can claim. The village is delightfully perched on the banks of as picturesque a stream as is to be found on the Continent; the people, many of whom are Scotch, are imbued with a proper respect for bird life, especially to that good old fashioned portion of it belonging to the great Swallow and Thrush families; and proximity to abundant water, numerous bee-hives, and extensive tree culture, rendered it particularly desirable as a habitat for the Martin branch. But it had another attraction for me. Our home overlooked a garden prettily laid out, and carefully cultivated. In May it was ablaze with tulips, golden with daffodils, tinted with hyacinths, perfumed with banks of violets, and brightened with borders of polyanthus and primroses; in June it was aglow with roses, sweet williams, and peonies, and old fashioned perennials; in July, numberless annuals made it a thing of beauty; and ere we left in August, asters, dahlias, phloxes and other bright hued fall bloomers kept up the brilliant procession of floral beauty. And that was not all. For this garden was ever alive with romping, happy children, whose names of Jennie, Emmy, Charlie, Floy and Bessie, were ever ringing out in varied tones on the summer air, and became to us as household words. Their companions were yet more numerous, and it was little wonder, for while the children were lovable in themselves, red currants and tempting cherries, and early apples, and ripened strawberries, and red and yellow raspberries, possessed peculiar fascination for

the youthful mind and mouth. I don't care for fruit myself, but know from the numerous "Oh My's," and singular ejaculations indulged in by these little human folks, that, upon that question, the Martins are in a hopeless minority. And there was another good feature in this Canadian home. The proprietor and his partner wife gave strict orders to their children never to touch bird or bird nest, but to protect them as closely as they did each other. Two trusty dogs—one named Carlo and the other Colley—were carefully instructed in sentry duty, and taught to remorselessly "chive" every cat entering within the fences of this preserve. They nobly did their duty, and amongst the pleasant recollections of my life are those of the narrow escape which I witnessed, every now and then, of some marauding grimalkin, chased to top of tree and kept there by the hour together, when promised reformation gained him permission to sneakingly vacate the premises. But the best of friends must part, and when September came we had made our annual flitting to the South. What a change was there! We flew over thousands of men lying upon the bare ground, unsheltered by tents in many instances, armed with muskets and protected by bristling cannon, Stamping horses were picketed in lines. Hugh serpentine lengths of wagons crawled slowly over the land, carrying food supplies for contending armies. The drilling of squads of men was going on here and there. War was declared between brother and brother, friend and friend, American citizen and American citizen. The North and South stood up in battle array, the one against the other. Belching smoke, singing shells, tearing through the air with tremendous force, scattered rifle shots, the ring of manual and

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW.

platoon, the hoarse word of command, growing earthworks and hurrying, scurrying messengers told the one sad story. We reached Louisiana to find changes, which were but precursors of yet greater changes to come in after years. The bulk of the negroes were still there, but the young men of the Master's household had departed to join the Confederate ranks. Miss Paulina had suddenly become a woman, strong in her hatred of the North, which we loved so well, and bitter in her denunciation of the Yankee, over whom her friends hoped so soon to triumph. The piano, whose music charmed us in the preceding year, was silent now. The Negroes carelessly and listlessly went about their daily work. When night came, they assembled in the shelter of a piece of bush in rear of their "quarters," and heard news of the doings of the North. The old time cheerfulness had departed. We Martins, superior in our detestation of war, and free from the rivalries which produce it, lived our bird life in usual manner—a much better manner than that of these weaker humans. Spring came and we were glad to go north to our Canadian abode. We visited a land of peace and plenty, and revelled in its freedom from the horrors which we had witnessed on our way. Summer passed and we returned to Louisiana, to find wreck and ruin inevitably preagent or at hand. But few of the older Negroes remained to do the Master's bidding. Miss Paulina was ever dressed in black. The sons had not returned to the family circle. There were vacant chairs at the table never to be filled. The curse of Cain was upon everything. The crops were neglected, some of the negro huts were burned, distrust prevailed, and the false news of to-day, which brightened the faces

of its hearers, was dispelled tomorrow by the sad intelligence that more neighbors and friends at the front had gone over to the great majority. And so the tale went on until its certain end, when a crushed South was an unwilling yet stubborn suppliant at the feet of a victorious North. And with the tidings of the last noble efforts of Lee before Richmond, and his subsequent surrender to the overwhelming forces of bare-headed Grant, came a letter which broke the heart of Paulina. In the last days of the struggle, her lover, who had gallantly fought his way to eminence in Confederate ranks, had been struck by a piece of shell, and found a soldier's grave on Virginian soil. She never looked up again, and in the following January, we saw a mournful procession carry her body to the family burying ground, and we quietly hovered over the scene, and joined with plaintive note in the requiem sung by her friends over her open grave. I am growing old now, but shall never forget that scene.

It was a relief to get back once more to Canada, where I now tell this brief story of my life, and to find it still blessed with a peace which I earnestly hope may never be broken.

Everybody's faithful friend,

WARBLER MARTIN.

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