

June 72



Rockwood

Review.



A Monthly Journal devoted to
Literature, Natural History and
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The Rockwood Review.

VOL. 3.

KINGSTON, JUNE 1ST, 1896.

No. 4.

LOCAL ITEMS.

So much has been written about the frenzy of Spring poets, that papers like the REVIEW suffer at this season of the year, as our poets do not like to write on Spring.

On May 14th, Mrs. Forster, President of the Keewayden Bicycle Club, gave a lawn tea to the ladies and gentlemen of this organization. It goes without saying, that the function was a brilliant success. The table decorations were tastefully displayed in the club colors, violets and marsh marigolds contributing artistically in producing the desired effects. It is needless to say that most of the "smart set" were present, and the weather was everything that could be desired.

The examinations for Nurses in training in the Rockwood School were finished about two weeks ago. The following are the results:—

Graduates in order of Merit—Misses Dode Nugent, Lizzie Jacquith, Mabel Ward, Jennie Porter, Julia Smith and Mrs. Morton.

Junior Class—Misses Ethel Porter, Mary Mitchell, Nellie Jackson, Agnes Goodearle.

Messrs. Crumley Bros., Glasgow Dry Goods Warehouse, have removed to their handsome remodeled premises on the corner of Princess and Bagot streets.

Dr. Clarke spent several days in Brockville about the middle of May, giving evidence in the Lapointe trial.

Mr. Ed. Gilmore will go on the bicycle track in the racing season, and should make a fast rider. Mr. John McDonald is the latest to fall a victim to the bicycle fever.

The new Organ in the Amusement Hall was played in public for the first time on Sunday, 24th. It is needless to say that God Save the Queen was the opening piece.

Mr. Edwin Lockie came down with the Q. O. R. from Toronto. "Ned" looks stunning in his regimentals.

The "Iris" has not yet been launched, but will be put in the water when Billy Shea returns. Some wag has added an "H" to her name.

Mr. Ed. Beaupre, Jr., says that wild ducks have not been so numerous for many years as they were this Spring. He thinks that the ducks believe in protection, and come here in order to get out of way of the American pot hunters, who are heartless and thoughtless enough to allow spring shooting. It is all very well to talk about the killing of seals in Behring Straits, but what about the wholesale slaughter of wild ducks and geese at the commencement of their breeding season?

Brockville is a place that may be summed up in two or three words. Its chief characteristics are Brass Bands, Beauty and Bicycles.

Miss Dorothy Knight's poem on another page is of great merit, and speaks volumes for the genius of this youthful poet.

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Dr. Beaton, Superintendent Inst. for Idiots, Orillia, and Mr. Christie, Inspector of Asylums, visited Rockwood on April 28th.

Miss Maddie Britton, Gananoque, and Miss Clara Britton, Kingston, were guests at Rockwood House in April.

Miss Cherry Steers, who left on April 29th for Brooklyn, will be much missed in Kingston, as she was a universal favorite and much beloved by all of her acquaintances.

Of course all of "our boys" got through their exams, and Mr. Gould, "Jimmy Gage" and Jock Harty should feel proud of themselves. We are certainly proud of them, and all rejoiced when "Bobby" Irving, who was just the same as one of our boys, got his degree. Bobby has left for the far off wilds of California, and he will be greatly missed both socially and tennisically.

Last year's collection of turtles did not winter well, and failed to respond to the invitation to wake up from their long sleep. However, Mr. H. Roche has sent one monster for the McLeod Basin, and the Business Manager and his associates have done the rest. Nine turtles are on hand, and three of these weigh about thirty pounds each. The possibilities for turtle soup next fall are excellent.

Orioles came May 1st, Summer Warblers and a host of others May 2nd.

The bicycling craze is still in the ascendant, and the Rockwood Club is flourishing apace. Some of the riders are gaining experience with frequent tumbles. The only tragic occurrence was that in connection with a collision between an ambitious Columbian wheel and a King of Scorchers. As might be sup-

posed, in a thoroughly British spot like this, the Republican wheel came out of the fracas somewhat demoralized—the rider speechless and the wood-rim spokeless. Some of the members of the club are going in for long distance riding, others for sprinting, others for wearing the bicycling costume in and out of season—but with several of the gentlemen this is largely a matter of calves.

The yacht Gerda, for so many years identified with Rockwood, was sold to Mr. D. A. Cays a few weeks ago, and afterwards purchased by Messrs. H. & B. Folger, Jr. Those who knew the boat well feel gloomy when they see her responding to the touch of strange hands at the tiller. Although the Gerda is not a new boat, she is still by far the prettiest, staunchest, and if sailed for what she is worth, the fastest craft in the harbor.

Mr. Wm. Shea has for some time past been decorating the Amusement Hall at the Institute for Idiots, Orillia. "Our William" took his bike with him, and will investigate all the country roads about the lovely little northern town. It is said that before he left he had invented a new bicycle seat which he will have patented immediately on his return.

Lake Ontario Park promises to be an unusually attractive place this summer, and among other things to be looked for are a monster barrel organ to be run without Dago manipulation, concerts by the Free Methodists, Harmony Club and Jubilee Singers, bicycle races, baseball matches, free lunches, band concerts, fireworks and a zoological garden. The shades of Le Salle and his lieutenants will get restless at the "goings on" in the old seignory.

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The water in the lake has been steadily rising since the ice left the harbor, and it is to be hoped the pessimists who think that the lake is drying up will be disappointed in their prophecies of misfortune.

Newspapers might be made the subject of much Sunday School teaching just now—as examples in the art of not telling the truth. A few seasons ago a minister was preaching to a congregation of patients in Rockwood Hall, and said "all men are liars," the white haired "Duke of York" arose, and politely interrupted, saying, "Excuse me, sir, but do not forget the women, for they are even worse than the men." Just now the politicians are able to prove the Duke to be decidedly wide of the mark, for it is the average man's business to make light of his opponents, and if we believe all we hear, each constituency is bound to select two, if not three, representatives to Parliament. In the meanwhile we find Sam Skinner just as near the mark as Caleb Jinkins or any local prophet.

McIlraith in his book on Birds, states that there is only one record of the summer Redbird appearing in Ontario. From what can be learned it is certain that this Tanager (*Piranga Rubra*) is at present rare, but it is equally certain that years ago before the forests were cleared it was not uncommon. It is a pleasure to be able to state that at least four specimens have been seen in Kingston this season, and before long we hope to be able to show that it has come to this district regularly for some years.

Brown Thrashers put in an early appearance, and on April 17th, almost a month before their regular time, were singing merrily in the

thorn trees. This rollicking bird is a living reply to the sturdy Britisher who maintains that Canada is devoid of singing birds. It is strange that this untruthful statement passes for gospel among so many Canadians, and it is the regular thing to hear the superficial chatterer who goes through life without a glimpse of the beauties of nature, lament the absence of melody in the woods. At this time of the year let any seeker after truth go into Vanorder's Copse, sit down quietly and gain his reward. Thrashers, Cat Birds, Purple Finches, Warblers, Vireos, Song Sparrows, Wood Thrushes and a dozen other songsters will prove that the Canadian Birds are the peers of any in the world, while over the meadows Bobolinkum will carol, and about the barns the big Purple Martin will warble his liquid melody in a style that must bring joy to the heart of the average man. Later in the season many of the birds will be silent, so they will in the other countries for that is bird nature, even the boasted Nightingale sings but for a few days. When the tourist reaches Canada, the birds are past their singing period, and tourists and poets are notorious as regards their mistakes about things in nature. We will give the Britishers their Sky Lark, and admit that it is unapproachable, but we stick to our guns when comparisons are made with the rest of our songsters, and will fight for them all from Song Sparrow to Thrasher, with confidence in the ability of the feathered Canadians to stand any comparison that can be made. We hope the above will not be declared as a statement showing lack of loyalty to the English Crown, but if so we shall have to be content to call ourselves British by descent, but Canadians first.

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A MAY SONG.

O cool May morning,
The earth adorning,
With bud and blossom
And sunshine rare,
Blue skies unclouded,
The trees green shrouded
With young leaves tender
And fresh and fair.

Just newly budded,
With sunbeams studded,
They like strange jewels
Green-golden shine.
To dance they waken,
By fresh winds shaken,
Pure winds more potent
Than strongest wine.

The grass springs quickly
And deeply, thickly,

 carpets roadside
 field and lawn,
 s long and tangled
And dew-bespangled,
Appears all silvered
And bright at dawn.

The birds are singing,
Their sweet calls ringing,
From morn till evening,
Through grove and wood,
The robin voicing
His own rejoicing,
The swallows telling
That life is good.

The purple grackle
With croak and cackle,
On slim bough swinging,
Or settled low,
His black coat glinting,
Outshines his cousin
The solemn crow.

From sunrise early,
When mists are pearly,
Till peaceful twilight
The oriole,

His dear mate greeting,
Keeps on repeating
His joyous love notes
With heart and soul.

And soft but thrilling,
Is heard the trilling
Of chipping sparrows
So small and gay,
The trees surrounding

The house are sounding
With mingled bird cries,
That speak of May.

White blossoms showy
Make orchards snowy,
And load the breezes
With odors sweet,
And varied flowers
Fill woodland bowers,
Or deck the pathways
Beneath our feet.

The trilliums stately
That stand sedately,
Like queens white vested
Or clothed in red,
Or young princesses
In pink streaked dresses,
Each lifting proudly
Her lovely head.

Just perfumed faintly
And frail and saintly,
In waxen beauty,
The squirrel-corn
In bush is hiding,
Low down abiding,
Full well protected
By branch and thorn.

Like garments airy
For elf or fairy,
The Dutchman's breeches
Bright tipped with gold,
Spring up together
In sunny weather,
Near dog-tooth violets
Alert and bold.

Star flowers milky,
And gold threads silky,
Fields violet sprinkled
With blue and white,
And widely spattered
Like money scattered,
The dandelions
Do please our sight.

O cool May morning,
The earth adorning,
With bud and blossom
And sunshine rare,
We mount thy treasures,
We taste thy pleasures,
They sooth all worry
And calm all care.

D. W. K., May 16th, 1896

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WESTWARD, HO.

(CONTINUED.)

In coming down Field Hill, we had an amusing instance of the fact, that all the curiosity of the world is not monopolized by our sex. The car had been sent ahead, and as I was the only one of our party, who remained in the observation car, it was getting dark, and an Englishman on the shady side of sixty, was darting from side to side, exclaiming on the awfulness of the situation and the tempting of Providence it was to build a railway in such a place. I got tired of him, and asked the brakeman if we were near Frild, he replied: "We'll be there in about ten minutes," and then added, "Your car went through this afternoon." The old gentleman instantly put in, "Whose car?" I didn't consider it right to gratify his curiosity, so remained silent; but the brakeman told him "the Superintendent's." This did not satisfy. "And what did you say his name was?" came next; this was addressed directly to me, so I answered: "I didn't say," and thought, he's settled now. But no, insinuatingly came, "What's your husband's name?" I replied sweetly: "I haven't any," and fled away to the other car. Next morning I heard some one talking to the cook, and looking out discovered Mr. Interrogation Point.

From Paliser to Golden; through the lower Kicking Horse pass, I went in company with Mr. N., on the cow catcher of an engine. It was about six o'clock in the morning, when we entered, the distance is about 23 miles. The cliff walls here narrow to a gorge, just wide enough for the river, which seems to fret and chafe, and hurry between its confined banks, foaming furiously, its roar increased by the echoing rocks. The railway clings

to a ledge on this side, then losing as it were foothold dashes across to the other, through tunnels, over bridges, zigzagging its perilous course, wherever it can cling. Here again we had the glorious effect of the sunshine and the shade, the mountain tops and snow glistening and sparkling; in the gorge nothing bright, but occasional flashes on the white mane of the Kicking Horse. After a final plunge we shoot out into the valley of the Columbia, in which river the erstwhile Kicking Horse is calmly flowing.

After leaving Donald we soon enter the Rogers' Pass. Here the road makes a gradual ascent along the side of a range, on the left we could constantly see the varying beauty of the opposite peaks, the valley beneath, with its tall firs, like tiny bushes, the river a silver ribbon carelessly thrown down.

Along here somewhere is the highest railroad bridge in the world, on our right the upstretching hills along whose sides we were travelling. The trees and verdure of all kinds is luxuriant; every little, we crossed a bridge over a chasm, or ravine, or crevice down which streamlets in falls and rapids, through ferny lined banks hastened to the valley below. This Pass, like Banff, is a natural reservation. One great drawback to the full enjoyment of the beauty is the continual passing through snow sheds.

The scenery grows grander as we go on, as if gathering for a climax which was reached in the region of the Great Glacier. The grand and beautiful became the sublime, and our wondering admiration verged into a fearful awe. All around were tall peaks, robed in the eternal snows, rising up in incomparable majesty, then the Great Glacier itself, which is said to be larger than the combined

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bulk of the Swiss glaciers. We had been literally all eyes, since early morning, and it seemed as if we could bear no more. We realized in some degree the feeling of the man DeQuincey tells us about. "God called up from dreams a man, into the vestibule of Heaven, saying, 'Come thou hither and see the glory of my house.' And to the servants that stood around his throne he said, 'Take him and undress from his robes of flesh; cleanse his vision and put a new breath into his nostrils; only touch not with any change his human heart—the heart that weeps and trembles.' It was done, and with a mighty angel for his guide, the man stood ready for his infinite voyage; and, from the terraces of Heaven, without sound or farewell, at once they wheeled away into endless space. Sometimes with the solemn flight of angel wing, they fled through Zaarras of darkness, through wildernesses of death, that divided the worlds of life; sometimes swept over frontiers that were quickening under prophetic motions from God. Then, from a distance that is counted only in Heaven, light dawned for a time through a sleepy film; by unutterable pace the light swept to THEM, they, by unutterable pace to the light; in a moment the rushing of planets was upon them; in a moment the blazing of suns was around them. Then came eternities of twilight, that revealed, but were not revealed. To the right hand and to the left, toward mighty constellations, that by self repetitions and answers from afar, that by counter positions, built up triumphal gates, whose architraves, whose archways, horizontal, upright, rested, rose, at altitudes, by spans, that seemed ghostly from infinitude. Without measure were the architraves, past number were the archways, beyond memory the gates. Within were stairs that scaled the

eternities above, that descended to the eternities below: above was below, below was above, to the man stripped of gravitating body: depth was swallowed up in height unsurmountable, height was swallowed up in depth unfathomable. Suddenly, as thus they rode from infinite to infinite; suddenly, as thus they tilted over abysmal worlds, a mighty cry arose, that systems more mysterious, that worlds more billowy—other heights and other depths—were coming, were nearing, were at hand. Then the man sighed and stopped, shuddered and wept. His overladen heart uttered itself in tears: and he said, 'Angel, I will go no further, for the spirit of man aches with this infirmity.' Insufferable is the glory of G.O.J. Let me lie down in the grave from the persecutions of the infinite; 'or end, I see, there is none! And from all the listening stars that shone around issued a choral voice. 'The man truly speaks end there is none that ever yet we heard of.' 'End is there none!' The angel solemnly demanded, 'Is there, indeed, no end? and is this the sorrow that kills you?' But no voice answered that he might answer himself. Then the angel threw up his glorious hands to the Heaven of Heavens, saying, 'End is there none to the universe of God?' So also there is no beginning."

There is not time to dwell on the wonderful loops, by which the railway descends from Glacier to a lower level, on the dark depths of the Albert Canyon; the calm Columbia at Renelstoke, where one can go by boat to Spokane Falls in Washington Territory, or to the mining regions of the Kootenay; of the rugged beauty of the narrow Eagle Pass; the charming variety of four placid lakes, after tumbling rivers; of the fifty miles of the road which follows the multitudinous windings of Shuswap Lake, com-

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pletely boxing the compass. Of the sleepy Kamloops with its beautiful river, the Thompson, and the railway meandering through its streets; of the Siwash ladies and their red babies; of the wonderful rock juttings pierced with tunnels; of the awful gloom of the Black Canyon; the ever changing grandeur of the Thompson Canyon, where the railway runs along the bank, and curves with the river, a sheer descent of some hundreds of feet to the emerald waters below, with a corresponding ascent to the heights above; of the wonderful effects of color on the opposite bank, sometimes a warm cream hillside, then a patch of pink, then deep red or maroon, or white or green, as if nature in a petulant mood emptied her color box on the sloping banks; of the rocks worn by wind and weather into gigantic towers and grotesque heads; of the lines of red salmon drying for the Indians; of the matchless beauty and wildness of the Fraser Canyon; of Vancouver, with its busy streets; of the wharfs with the China, Japan and Australian ships just in the docks, crowded with all sorts of merchandise, teas, silks and fruits, and seemingly all sorts of people, the wealthy traveller, the bustling trader, the idler, the coolie, the ever present Chinaman, and one day some Cingalese, and Japanese Prince with his suite; of old fashioned lie-abed Victoria, where business does not begin till ten; of the war ships at Esquimalt, which roused all our British enthusiasm, as we viewed the immaculate decks, the polished brass of the instruments, and the march of the six hundred sailors at meal time; of the sunset glory of the Gulf of Georgia and the moonlit peace and fairy like beauty of a night on Puget Sound; of the iridescent sparkling of Mt. Tacoma in the sunlight; of the natural parks and

hop gardens of Washington Territory; of the calm majestic flow of the Columbia near its discharge into the Pacific; of the flowers, hydrangeas 16 to 20 feet high, hedges of geranium and chrysanthemum; of the ferns and giant trees; of the interesting people, who seem to have travelled everywhere, and talked so charmingly. I say we have no time for all this, so back home with no stopping places on the way, take boat at Port Arthur, and reach home at five o'clock of a Monday morning; of course, bright as the proverbial lark, and fresh as the conventional daisy.

HOPPIE JOHN.

Stratford, Feb. 8th.

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THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

GRANDFATHER'S CORNER. MY SCHOOLDAYS.

(CONCLUDED.)

Friday, to me, was the red-letter day of the week. This morning was occupied as were other mornings, but the afternoon was devoted to letter writing, and a weekly lecture, by our master, upon some subject selected by him as out of the ordinary course of studies. Aided by the blackboard or charts, he held us for sixty or ninety minutes, with a description of a mine, an explanation of the working of a steam engine, a graphic account of the construction, expansion, and ascension of a balloon, a diagram of the planetary system, a history of astrology and astronomy, an exposition of Egyptian religion, with its rites and symbols, or some similar subject of equal interest. Each Friday brought its own surprise and entertainment, and was looked forward to with expectation and supreme conviction that for an hour or more we could wander into a new world, to us much like fairyland, and hear about that of which our text-books taught but little. And then the hour of five or six brought the carrier's cart, from our native city conveying a small trunk for each lad, with the welcome complement of clean linen, and the still more welcome little presents from loving hands at home. Next to Friday in importance was Sunday. It broke up the monotony of daily life, brought out our best toggery, set aside our usual studies, and gave to us the extreme delight of seeing and being seen. After we had committed to memory several verses of the Collect of the day, we marched to church, two and two, occupied seats in the chancel, and listened with a fair amount of reverence to the prayers droned by the curate and the sermon, preached or read in orthodox style, by the

vicar. After dinner, we walked for some miles into the delightful country parts, and in the evening attended service in the village schoolhouse, which was led by the curate, and patronized by the smock frocked laborers of the locality and their wives. A tract was read instead of a sermon, and I distinctly remember that while its narrative opening attracted our attention and enlisted our sympathies, its application was unanimously voted an intolerable bore. Our spare hours were spent in reading. We had a library, well chosen if not extensive, and of its various volumes some of the most popular were the series of Peter Parley's works, which were well illustrated, and well fitted for boyish reading. On stormy Sunday afternoons, we listened to a pianoforte excellently played, or sang hymns with varying ability, and in fairly appreciative manner. As rewards for good conduct, correctly answered and well prepared recitations of our lessons, we received "tickets" of varying importance, but all possessing commercial value, because with them we could purchase a holiday. For so many hundred tickets, half an afternoon's vacation could be bought, and the holders of a superabundance of this cardboard currency were able to exchange it amongst their less fortunate companions for one of more substantial character. Such holidays were not frequent, but much more highly prized than the regular Wednesday and Saturday afternoon cessations from work. And once a month—generally on a Wednesday—we had still another holiday which we highly valued. For then a barber came from Lincoln, who cut the hair of all requiring his tonsorial attentions, and who brought with him a fresh stock of the sweetmeats most likely to be attractive to the boyish palate. Our weekly allowance of pocket

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money was doubled for that occasion, and every lad was bankrupt before the close of the orgies of the day were ended. But the briefest holiday was appreciated because each day brought its round of solid useful work. We had few laggards. Every effort was made to stimulate us to steady mental effort, and to be behind was to be disgraced. The punishments resorted to were not severe. That of a corporal character was administered when rendered really necessary, but banishment, for a greater or less period, to an empty room, termed a cell, was generally found to be efficacious. A lie was an abomination, and the almost unpardonable offence, and our code of honour was was fairly high, not romantically so, but up to the ordinary walk and conversation of average human beings. That we were not perfect was a matter of course, but taking them all in all, the Waddingtonians were fully equal to the common English boy of fair culture and normal moral training. Our peaceful games sometimes degenerated into personal combats and fierce conflicts, but no bones were broken, and bloody noses were always washable. And then we had the Cooperian method of settling school differences. "A jury of his peers" sometimes tried a misdemeanant or disposed of a knotty point between two disputants. The resort to arms, —and fists,—was often thus avoided, and "one for his nob" was given much less seldom than at Rugby and other aristocratic seats of learning. "Be a man" was an expression often used to the weak hearted by usher or senior pupil, and it made a capital motto for daily guidance. Athletic sports were encouraged in every possible manner, and every boy of health and appetite was expected — in fact needed no urging — to take part in them. We had military drill, under

the direction of a Waterloo veteran, —Sergeant Grandy by name,—who fought his battles o'er again, when afforded opportunity, and was looked up to by all as another Wellington. To be long-winded was next to being at the head of the class, and the boy who could hold out as "fox," and escape the "hounds," in the steeple chase runs which we made through the country side, was a school yard hero. To jump the "cat-gallows," an inch higher than any other fellow was to achieve a supreme victory. And to be a "dab-hand" at knurr-and-spell was to be counted amongst the athletic Gods. Muscle and brains were prerequisites to fullest success in the eyes of the sons of Woden. There was one accomplishment which was not a source of unmixed happiness, and yet it had its almost irresistible temptation. To find a bird's nest, and capture its contents, was to share the pleasures of the poacher. Mr. Boole hated the destructiveness of lads, which is so often founded upon cruelty, and the worst, and only display of passion upon his part which I witnessed, followed the discovery of a hat-box filled with hundreds of blown birds eggs, captured by the greatest expert in this line whom I have ever known. Mr. Boole brought the crowded box into the schoolroom, his face white with rage and excitement, placed it upon the floor, and with his feet crushed every egg to powder, and followed up this destruction of treasure with a whipping which *must even now be remembered* by its recipient if he lives. And then, at first opportunity, our debating club was called upon to decide the knotty but suggestive question: "Is bird-nesting, or fishing with a rod and line, the more cruel amusement?" I well remember how the magisterial chairman summed up, and expressed his horror of unne-

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essary destruction of life, in whatever form, and how ashamed we were of what we regarded as a pleasant amusement, and how, nevertheless, when opportunity again occurred, we looked longingly for nests, and caught fish even if with a slightly subdued gusto. Our sources of amusement were not seriously curtailed, however, because two or three were tabooed. One of those permitted to us lives in my memory. Kites had their run and all sorts and sizes of highflyers were sent aloft. The master suggested an advance upon anything ever thought of by us, and subscriptions were taken up, the village carpenter was consulted, and a monster kite, about ten feet in height, with a canvas covered frame resulted. Twine of enormous strength was secured, and we whistled for a breeze. It came tearing along from the west, over that high cliff land, and the kite was taken, and with fear and suppressed excitement on our part, was sent aloft, with a tail of enormous length, and soared with unexpected steadiness and vigor. To hold it against that breeze was a feat requiring the united strength of a long line of students, and until we had fastened the heavy cord to a ponderous cart, which was dragged to a high stone wall, and held there by the pulling power of the kite, we feared the loss of our bold venture. The kite drew, the cord was at utmost tension, and we momentarily looked for a wreck, but the breeze fell off and our treasure came back to earth. It was a success and a failure, and seldom went aloft after that. Once it ascended with a large lanthorn at the end of its tail, much to our delight, and much to the horror of neighboring farmers, who predicted a fall of kite and light, and a blaze in some stack-yard. After that it soared no more. Our life was full

of incidents which might have occurred anywhere, and were not peculiar to Waddington. To tell them would be to repeat the experience of every schoolboy, and to fill several numbers of this Journal. Let it suffice to say that, another favorable opportunity offering, Mr. Boole removed his school from Woden's Town to Lincoln, and carried with him the majority of his pupils. With him I remained until I had reached my fourteenth year, when I foolishly sought greater liberty than school afforded, left the desk for the counter, and so began the real battle of life, for which I was but partially prepared. Mr. Boole successfully conducted his Academy for some years, and established a reputation as a mathematician which resulted in his appointment as Professor in Queen's College in Cork, when that institution was established by the British Government. There he died in harness, universally beloved, and leaving his impress upon the scores of students who had come under his influence. A memorial window in the old Cathedral at Lincoln attested the appreciation by his fellow citizens of a really good life.

GRANDFATHER.

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

A SHORE DINNER.

Summer time approaches, and as we lay aside the trappings of winter furs and heavy woollen garments, fastening them up from ravages of moths, we think of the delights warm weather brings. What happiness comes with the sunshine of summer! It causes the birds to sing, the flowers to burst into bloom and all nature to revive in beauty everywhere. But when the heat becomes too strong, we begin to think of rest from labor for a spell, and those of us who can, hurry to some quiet spot wherein we may gather fresh strength for the daily toil of another year. True it is that there are those whose surroundings are such that beauties of nature are too attractive at home for them to leave, but under any circumstances at midsummer we all try to enjoy life outdoors as much as possible.

To-day while occupied in making preparations for the warm weather, memories of one of the happiest vacations I ever spent flitted through my mind, and the thought came, that it might not be amiss to jot down some of my experiences, not to see how they would look in print, but because they might be entertaining to some of the readers of the "Rockwood Review." Part of this holiday was passed upon Nantucket Island, and it was the sojourn there which proved so delightful.

As you have heard before, this Island carries out the school definition. It is indeed "entirely surrounded by water"—and salt water at that—for it is forty or fifty miles out in the Atlantic Ocean. It is off Massachusetts, and belongs to that State. The whole Island is only 17 miles long and about $4\frac{1}{2}$ broad, so that one could not make very extensive explorations on a Brantford or any other kind of bicycle with-

out coming to a full stop or a dip in the salt water.

Talk about sea breezes! There they are blowing constantly, to the right, to the left, on all sides, and electric fans are not needed in that climate.

But though the Island is small, it is by no means devoid of interest; it is full of novelties, from Nantucket town down to the little hamlet of Wauwinet.

Our stopping place was at 'Sconset, and from that radiating point we took various excursions, although in one direction we only took very short trips, and then always in bathing suits; the reason being that 'Sconset is on the farther side of the Island, and right on the sea. Three thousand miles lay between us and Spain in that watery space, and often I have stood upon the shore and have tried to imagine myself in that land of peculiarities. We scarcely ever saw a sail, except that of some tiny fishing boat: Nantucket is known and dreaded by the sailors on account of the shoals, and in times gone by there have been sad wrecks near the part of the Island upon which 'Sconset lies.

There is a little narrow gauge railway running from Nantucket to 'Sconset, a distance of about ten miles, and when we left the boat to take the train, the experience was novel not to say exciting. There was no hurry, no tearing along to make up for lost time, and above all no danger of collision, as I was informed we were behind the only locomotive on the Island. My companion told me moreover not to mind if the fire-box dropped out (as it sometimes did), and there might be delay getting all fixed up again. It didn't drop however, and we travelled along enjoying the ride extremely. Since that time the tracks were washed away, and a new railway had to be built: I

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believe the route has been changed somewhat and two engines take the place of one.

After a few days at 'Sconset, where we were constantly finding new restful sights and sounds, it was proposed by our friends that we should pay a visit of several hours to Wauwinet, and there partake of a "shore dinner." Accordingly the next morning a carriage was brought to the door, and we started upon our drive. Words fail to describe the trip, but I shall make an attempt, though it prove feeble. The roads were heavy and anything but smooth, on account of the sand which predominates everything on the Island. The sun shone brightly; the air was loaded with saltiness and the odor of wild-flowers, while our hearts were light with freedom from care and responsibility.

Bits fit for an artist's brush or a poet's pen were constantly coming to our view. Glimpses of the sea, which gleamed in the bright sunshine and was beautiful to gaze upon, were to be had now and then, and never in my life did I so wish for the power of description. Large wild roses grew everywhere in profusion, and often indeed right in our waggon road, so that it was impossible to avoid crushing them. Wild honeysuckle too bloomed on all sides, and the pink and white blended prettily together. The scents of the sweet-brier and the honeysuckle made a delicious addition to the salt-laden air.

At last we reached Wauwinet, and there above the little dining room, which was open on one side to the sea, waved the stars and stripes, for we were on American soil.

We soon found ourselves at the table along with a goodly number of guests, some of whom were strangers like ourselves to the treat of a shore dinner. My compan-

ions were determined to give me no information, but to let me find out for myself the methods of partaking of the different viands of the bill of fare; but I was not at all disconcerted, as I have long ago learned in my varied life to take notes quietly and act accordingly. I saw the couple opposite had been at the table before, and intended to get their fifty cents worth and more if necessary.

The bill of fare lay before me and I wish I had it now, however memory is vivid about this occasion, and I shall not need to refer to it. I took all the dishes as they came but not much of each, rising from the table in the condition doctors say we ought, viz. hungry.

But in the words of Samantha Allen "to resume." First came clam-chowder of which a few spoonfuls sufficed. I was so much engaged gazing out upon the harbor which lay before us that I did not eat much of this course.

Clam-fritters—did you ever eat them? I took a little then as a matter of "course," but I do not think there will ever be any danger of my over-eating on that kind of diet.

Next came "steamed clams," and I shall not soon forget my feeling when a heavily piled up plate of shells was placed before me. I really didn't know what to do, but I toyed with my forks for a moment and watched the couple referred to. O how happy they seemed to be, and how fast their shells were emptied: I boldly did as they did for a shell or two, and my companions found that I had got the better of them in being able to manage properly without any instruction from them, but alas! after laying aside four shells emptied of the contents, I was unable to proceed, and again turned my gaze seaward, and thought or tried to think not of the clams

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themselves but of where they came from. I was pleased to note that my friends did not succeed any better than I did—not much better anyway. (The pair across the table ordered two heaping plates each by the way.) Next item—broiled blue-fish. I am never very fond of this particular brand of fish; I tried to eat a little, but did not manage much. However a glance at the menu assured me that the next article would make up for all deficiencies.

Fresh lobster—boiled. "Delicious" I thought, but whether it was that I was so occupied with the scenery, or that I had partaken of too many clams, I was not hungry even for lobster and my plate went away almost as it came.

Wauwinet Cakes: Here will be something substantial I thought, but I found that they were fashionable cakes, very like one gets at an afternoon tea and only a little bigger than a penny, and it would have taken a large pile of them to satisfy me. Politeness forbade me taking more than two or three, which with a cup of coffee finished the repast. It was a clammy affair and no mistake.

After most of the guests had departed I sat down at the piano, and played a great many airs by request of friends. We then went for a walk, and after our return to the diningroom, I was surprised to find quite a large number assembled, waiting to hear some of my music. A request was made to me to play some Scotch airs, and I was highly complimented and applauded by the little company as tune after tune was asked for. It gave me peculiar pleasure to feel the ability to rattle off those good old airs under the stars and stripes, and my memory was kept busy as now came a request for "Bonnie Dundee," now "Scots Wha Hae," "Ye Banks and Braes," &c., &c., on

through the catalogue down to every one I had heard of. An invalid said to me later with tears in her eyes, that she had not had such a treat for a long time. She was as I learned the wife of a millionaire, but she could seldom get out, and had but little music while at the sea shore. The pianos are rendered very tin panny on account of the moisture in the atmosphere.

Tired but happy we returned to 'Sconset, and were ready for the meal we found awaiting us there, which was all the more enjoyed by me because of its freedom from clams.

THE WHITE-THROATED SPARROW.

Clear—clear—clear and far,
Dropping down from the sunset sky,
Like flute-notes from some waning
 ing star,
I hear thy lyric cry.
Clear—clear—clear and high,
Where the violet shadows of sun-
 down lie.

Receding still, and faint and dim,
And thrice repeated like a strain,
From some antique Gregorian
 hymn,

Those three bird-syllables again,
Ascending vesper-wise and holy,
That thrill me with this melancholy.

O silver throat that sings unseen,
And by the careless ear unheard,
So sweet, so sad and so serene.—
To me thou art not any bird,
But the pure soul escaped and free
Of some lost heavenly melody.

Three dropped notes from a poet's
 song,
That found no fuller utterance here,
Whose solemn harmonies belong
To some diviner atmosphere,
Beyond these earthly clouds obs-
 cure,—

Forever clear—forever pure.

K. S. McL.

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

MISS ELLEN BFACH YAW, supported by her talented artists, gave another of her grand Concerts in the Opera House, on Wednesday evening, April 22nd. Ordinary language seems to fail to convey the charm produced by this wonderful singer, and to use a metaphor it was like drinking wine from fruit of the choicest vines. Her Morceaux were all good, having to appear three times to encores from an audience that seemed unsatisfied only from a desire to hear more. Miss Yaw was specially brilliant in "Birds of Springtime," and her Laughing Song. Miss Georgiamia Lay, her accomplished accompanist, was all that could be desired in that capacity, being so close in touch with every phase of the singing, that it seemed as if the whole music came from one soul. Her solos were also exquisitely rendered and evoked much applause. The talented young violinist, Mr. Maximilian Dick's playing, aroused the greatest enthusiasm. He is gifted with a talent to execute on this king of instruments music that fills with a feeling so thrilling and sublime, that it reminds one of what De Maurier says in *Trilby*, that music of a high order is none less than an inspiration.—COLUMBINE.

Columbine went to hear the famous Innis' Band, at the Opera House, on Friday, 17th April, and writes about them as follows. They opened their programme by an overture "Fest," by Lassen, in this the Band from start to finish won hearty appreciation. The leader's magnetic influence, with the splendid balancing of the fifty instruments, and freedom from the least approach to undue noise, produced well deserved applause; then followed two of Innis' own compositions, "Cupid's Story" (*Intermezzo*), and "Danse Americaine," which were so original and unique that

consensus of opinion was the Band even excelled Gilmour's. Innis then played a trombone solo with such abandon and effect that the audience fairly lionized him. He played as an encore a selection from Donizetti's *Lucia de Lammermoor* that pleased everybody. Mme. Kate Rollo, accompanied by the Band, sang a waltz song, "Nymphs and Fawns"; she had a well trained soprano voice, and received an encore. The Band then played a serenade, *La Veille de L'ange Gardien* (for Reed choir), this was one of the choicest pieces. A March composed by Innis was very spirited, and its performance was enlivening. Miss Bertha C. Webbs' violin playing was of the choicest quality, her "Souvenir de Haydn" captivated her hearers, she having to appear no less than three times. We were then treated to a fairy tale set to music, "Frolics of Til Eulenspiegel," a famous character in German folk lore. The last piece was Rossini's overture—*William Tell*. This fully tested the Band's talent, and stamps it as the greatest Concert Band on this Continent. Mr. Martin deserves great credit for bringing them here, and the only regret is his Opera House was not filled as full as a Band like Innis' deserved.

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